

Eve's
Confession:
Songs of a Lustful
Soul

A Novel By

Ebony Nicole Smith

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The Intro: Fantasia: Even Angels

“Okay, Mrs. Dawson, your physical therapist should be here shortly. This is your first session, which should last for two hours. After that, it will be an hour to an hour and a half, depending on how you take to the exercises. Should you need to move, let me know, okay?”

I nodded my head, looking at the half dozen or so people working to bring their dead limbs or dormant muscles back to life. I overheard one of the therapists say, “This is a long time coming, Jim. The day we worked hard for is finally here. Are you ready?”

I wished someone would ask me if I was ready, ask me if I was ready to move on my own, without assistance. I waited to be asked if I was ready to get rid of my wheelchair or if I was ready to be the old me.

I looked down at my feet and sent a demand for them to move. *Move damn it. Move. Big toe, move*, I thought. Nevertheless, no matter how much I cursed at my toes and feet they never exercised any motion. Was this how the rest of my life would be? Was I destined to be invalid? *No*, I told myself. I could and would move. *If Jim did it then so could I*, I thought. I was determined. “Move damn it,” I said with conviction.

My toes ignored me.



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The salt and pepper haired man, no older than sixty, nodded his head while taking hold of the two bars on either side of him. With the help, he stood up with shaky arms. The therapist told the nurse to keep the wheelchair close. Jim lifted his left leg forward, and then moved the right leg in the same direction. A few family members hugged and sobbed, giving their praises to God for *His* blessings as Jim moved his left leg again, then his hands, followed by his right leg.

“That’s it Jim, you got it,” the therapist encouraged him along the way.

It should be easy for me to walk. I tried to convince myself I am half his age. If my legs would move maybe, my toes would follow. “Move knees. Thighs. Calves. Any part down below. Move!” I wanted to yell, but I was sure I would only draw attention away from him. I didn’t want the attention. Why was my body so stubborn? My life was so useless. Why was it determined to make a fool out of me? “Do it already. Move! I’m ready to get on with my life, to not be stuck in this one spot forever. Move!” I almost cried. My legs didn’t listen either. I knew if he could it, so could I. I had to take that first step. All I had to do was try.

Jim grunted while taking one-step after another. His family’s cheers grew louder with each step. I turned my head as my eyes filled with tears. A bit of jealousy rolled over me. It settled in my heart as a lonely tear fell down my cheek. How could this have happen to me? Perhaps, this punishment was for what I did. I wished I could press rewind, restart, and edit the last two years. I would do so much differently. I would make decisions with my heart and not with my

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head. I would love stronger instead of hate deeper. If only I could undo the lies I told and the lives I destroyed. If only... Still, life wasn't an mp3 player. There were no repeats, rewinds, fast-forwards, or pauses. Just play. Only play.

I reached for my bag to retrieve my iPod and ear buds. I shuffled through the different playlists, looking for *My Mixtape2*. I peered over at the group as Jim reached the end of his walk; the jealousy ate me alive. I put my ear buds in and the iPod chimed, flashing *Battery Life Forty Percent*. That was how I felt about my body—sixty percent dead. I tried to ignore everyone in the room as other patients cheered Jim on while the wheelchair was pushed up behind him. I turned my head as they helped him sit and his family surrounded him.

As the first beat dropped, I reminisced on my past occurrences. I reflected on how my decisions led to me lying on my back, looking up at a white ceiling. I thought about being equipped for the day to walk with my children again. I was set for the day I could dance once more. I was ready...

Track 1: Mary Mary:

I T r y

“How can I help you my child? I was informed this is an urgent matter.”

For as long as I will remember, Reverend Charles Green was always the one I could talk to about whatever I went through. Not only was he my Pastor, but he was my godfather. He baptized me as a child and my children. He had officiated my wedding and provided pre and post-marital counseling to help deal with the difficulties of marriage. My parents sought his guidance when they dealt with an affair fifteen years prior. It almost destroyed them, but with his infinite wisdom, brought my parents back to love and forgiveness. However, could he save my family? Could I confess to him my own sins and destructive secrets?

I took a deep breath as I searched my mind for a way to put my words together. “Godpa, I don’t know where to start.” My eyes welled with tears of regret and embarrassment. “Everything is falling apart. I can’t tell right from wrong or which way to turn. Moreover, when I make a decision, I find myself lead to a place I don’t want to go.” My head and heart ached. Stress caused me to become ill. “I feel like two devils are on my shoulders telling me the wrong things to do. I try to do it on my own, but I quickly realized I could not do it without your help. Please, help me.” I cried for the first time since it all hit the

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fan and spun out of control. I covered my face and let the tears roll.

Reverend Charles hugged me and rubbed my back. “Eve, it’s okay. Tell me what is going on. Are these the same issues we had to deal with before?”

I looked up at him, wondering if he would view me any differently after I revealed my indiscretions. “Which of the enemy’s tricks do you want to know about first? How much time can you spare?”

He blinked a few times in responses to my questions. His eyes expressed concern and love for me. In a tone that held no judgment he spoke, “I want to hear about all of it.” He handed me a tissue to wipe my running eyes and nose. “I have all the time you need to get rid of this plague. Let us begin, when did the darkness first come over you?”

I sat up straight and smoothed out my shirt. Glancing up at the wall behind his desk where a picture of Jesus hung with his arms open. I closed my eyes. “Okay, from the beginning...”

Track 2: Mya: It's All About Me

I arrived home from my job at I.C. Steele L.L.C. Accounting Firm where I worked for four years. By the end of the day, all I thought of was relaxing in a hot bath with my husband. The plan was to listen to Trey Songz sing about the invention of sex while we sipped on a bottle of wine. We could allow the CD to replay as we invited, patented and displayed erotic passions. I had everything figured out within the thirty-five minutes it took me to get home. I sent him a text message telling him to have the kids feed and ready for bed.

'I want 2 put u 2 bed 2nite <3' He didn't respond to my message so I assumed he just hopped to it.

I pulled into our driveway at the end of the Cul de sac, grabbed the bottle and my bag, ready to knock out a much needed *attention* session. However, the plan went down the drain along with my nerves upon entering our home.

Stepping into the living room from the hallway, I heard our son, CJ , excitedly say, "Again, Daddy! Again!"

"Alright, son, one more episode and, then we need to clean up. If your mama sees us like this she'll kill me. Okay?"

"Okay."

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For once in his life, he was right. Killing him was definitely an option. Shirtless, the both of them stood in the center of the living room wearing basketball shorts, knee high socks, and towels around their neck like capes. They even had a towel around the dog's neck. Sitting on the sofa watching the foolishness was our daughter, Jaylynn, and a bunch of her baby dolls.

I watched them as anger began to stir in me. *Isn't this some bull!* I thought.

"In this episode of Captain Big-n-Tall and Short-n-Small," my husband began. "We have our heroes rescuing the damned Miss Big Ears from the secret lure of Mr. F. Will. Can our heroes save her or will she be lost forever?"

I didn't know what Mr. F stood for, but I knew the word I thought of ended with a k.

My husband lifted CJ up to rescue Miss Big Ears from a windowsill, but immediately put him down when I cleared my throat. They both looked back at me with surprised expressions on their faces.

"Bab..." he started, as I tossed the bottle and my bag on to the love seat. "Baby, we were about to clean up."

"Ma," Jaylynn called out as she stretched her arms towards me.

"Hi Mommy, we're rescuing Miss. Big Ears from Mr. F. He put her on the mountain top." He pointed at the rabbit.

I smiled back. "Really? That's great, honey. I know she will be happy to get rescued. Now!" I spoke through clenched teeth as I gave my husband

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the please-do-not-make-me-flip look. He smirked and lifted CJ up to take down the stuffed animal.

“You’re home early,” Captain Big-n-Tall said as he removed his cape. “I wasn’t expecting you home for like another thirty or forty minutes.” He rolled his socks down and walked over to me. “Welcome home.” He kissed my cheek.

Oh what a welcome it is. I rolled my eyes from the top of him to the bottom. I walked away, carrying Jaylynn on my hip as she played with the two-karat diamond necklace he gave me for our seventh anniversary the prior year. He followed us into the kitchen along with our son and the dog, who were still wearing their capes.

I sat Jaylynn down in her highchair at the red and brown marble island and asked, “How long have you been home? Here it is six-thirty and you haven’t even done what I asked of you.”

“What did you ask me? What are you talking about? You didn’t ask me anything,” Shamar replied with a confused look on his face.

I glanced over at him while looking for something to cook for my family. “I sent you a text message when I left my office.”

“What message? I didn’t get a message from you.” I knew he’d say that.

He never ceased to amaze me. Of course he didn’t get *my* message. But, let it had been from one of his boys, he would have never missed it.

“Whatever, Shamar. I sent it. But, I see you find it convenient to play superhero instead of looking at your phone.”

“Wow. Are you serious right now?”

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“Dead serious,” I said with vehemence.

“Well excuse me, Mrs. Dawson, for entertaining our kids instead of looking at my phone waiting on a text message I didn’t know I would receive.”

“Cut it out, Shamar. I’m not in the mood.” *Smart ass.* His phone was always on his hip or in close earshot.

I searched the refrigerator and freezer for something quick to cook. Unfortunately, everything was either frozen or not enough for a complete meal. I made a mental note to go grocery shopping that weekend then slammed the freezer door shut, picked up a stack of menus, and found a coupon for *Salvatore’s Pizzeria*.

“Okay, you got it. I don’t know what the big deal was with you, so I’ll just remove myself from your bad attitude.” He walked towards the doorway, mumbling something.

“I don’t have an attitude.”

“Yes, you do.” He turned back to me. “You’re upset because I was playing with the kids? Sue me, Eve, for having a little fun. Crazy!” He sucked his teeth.

“Wait, you call a thirty-four year old man in basketball shorts, socks, and a towel around his neck entertaining? I’m the crazy one? Yeah, okay. All I wanted to do was come home and relax with my husband, but, oh no! Not tonight. I come home to play second fiddle to knee high basketball socks and some damn teddy bears! Excuse me for being tired and needing you to do more around here to help me.”

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With his lips parted and eyebrows creased, Shamar appeared offended by my comment. He walked over to where I was, laughing hysterically as he looked up to the ceiling. Then, fixing his eyes on me, he stopped laughing. "My phone is on the mantel. It is probably dead now because I did not get a chance to charge the battery. Not everyone has the luxury of working behind a desk all day. I opted to for my son to be in my hands versus my phone. Am I wrong in my actions? If so, deal with it!"

Shamar stared at me, waiting for my rebuttal. I had none but, said, "Right," followed by waving him off. I sucked of my teeth and headed into the pantry. For once, I wanted my *job* to end when I walked through the door. I guessed being a wife and a mother was a career too. I should not have been upset with him for playing with our kids. I thought that night would be different. Seeing how we had been on a rocky path, any alone time was well enough for him to *play* with me, for us to relax, and be with one another.

I assumed he was done with the argument, unfortunately, I was wrong. He would not shut up until he settled his case.

"Listen, to make you feel better, here's what you do. Go sit in your car until I call you. I will charge my phone, read what you asked me and do it. Would that resolve this dispute, Mrs. Dawson?" He folded his arms across his chest, staring at me for an answer. There was not a thing I could say to Captain Big-n-Tall, which he was aware of. "I didn't think so." He ended his closing argument. He kissed the kids and went to walk out of the room before turning to me and saying, "Oh, you know what? I'm *sorry*."

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The defense attorney in him just did not quit. “Since playing with my kids is against the law around these parts, I will be in my office drafting a petition of ratification for its removal. CJ,” he looked at his son. “We’ll play again this weekend no matter what. Okay?”

CJ nodded his head, removing his cape from his neck and the dog’s. He finally closed his case by walking out. He mumbled something again, but I decided not to say anything. Our children looked at me confused by the interaction between us two. For all they knew, nothing was wrong. I guessed I still had some work to do—on myself.

“CJ, Honey, go get changed. The food should be here soon.” Sadden he hurried to do what I asked. I heard him whimper as he ascended the stairs.

It would not be a surprise if Shamar presented a document concerning the law he mentioned. He had become a senior attorney at Martin and Bradley Law Firm where he worked for eight years. One of the leading criminal defense lawyers, he grossed more than one-hundred thousand annually, before bonuses. Nonetheless, none of it mattered because that night was supposed to be all about me.

The nights prior were rough for all of us. Jaylynn had a fever, which required an emergency visit to the after-hours pediatrician. Since she slept with us on those nights, we were unable to invent, let alone patent anything. We both were frustrated at that point. I expressed my frustration in a different manner than he did. If he woke up aroused and me unable to assist him, he took care of himself in the shower. I, on

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the other hand, selected anger to relieve the pent up frustration I felt.

The entire day, all I thought of was sexing him senseless and relaxing in his embrace. Since we had a master bathroom, he could make all of the noise he wanted as I sucked, licked, and swallowed him whole. It was one way we enjoyed each other. I wanted to gaze into his brown eyes and watch his orgasm build from the motion of my hips grinding against him.

He often said, "Don't move. I got this," when he gripped my waist while penetrating me from the back. Had I tried to move from the sensation growing between my legs he would say, 'Stop all that nonsense,' or 'You're doing too much moving. Just relax.' Immediately the thought of him turned me on. I was in dire need of a full-fledged Mr. F. Which in my case, the ending of his name would be spelled uck.

Since I lost my case, as usual, I fed our kids and put them to bed. He remained in his office until around ten o'clock. *What a way to end my Thursday.*

Most of the following morning was quiet between us. He made small talk with CJ about the next episode of the superhero show they would put on for Jaylynn. He left for work without a kiss or a goodbye to me.

"I'll be home late tonight—around eight," was all I received from him.

I was not in the mood to question his late arrival, so I just nodded my head in lieu of saying how I actually felt. *Bastard. Eight o'clock? Whatever.*

I usually strolled into work at nine a.m., but I had a meeting with my supervisor, Jameson. He

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referred to himself as the grandson of a very important person. Hired a while after me his promotion came within months of starting with the company. It was a little thing called nepotism, which got people ahead faster than others.

The meeting was conducted in the office of the firm's VP, Ms. Vivian Harris. She was the type of woman you had to walk on eggshells around. Stern would be the nicest way to describe her. I recall how when she interviewed, me she hardly looked up at me. When she did, it was from over her purple trimmed glasses.

I had become a bit alarmed to our interactions over the last year. Vivian cleared me of three key accounts. I was sure she was out for me by doing it a fourth time. I worried she eliminated me from the cases to fire me, but on what grounds? I showed up to work on time and handled my clients, and their money, with great regard. I informed Shamar of my worries. His insight into the situation did not help much. His claim, "You will have to become my little Suzie Homemaker again if she fires you." I had no ambitions on becoming a housewife; again. I remembered doing so landed us in circumstances I would soon never forget.

"Well, Eve I don't know what to say about your work over the last year," Ms. Harris began. "To say pleased would be an understatement. The Thomas La Rue account has more than doubled since you became one of the primaries on it. La Rue raves about the success his portfolio has seen. Jameson told me you were one of the best he had so I had to put you to the test. I'm glad I did." Vivian stood up from behind her desk and walked over to a four-tier file cabinet.

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“We would like to offer you a position as a senior accountant here at the firm. We are more than confident you will be able to do vast things with the Brooks report.”

She handed me a folder with Brooks Barnyard Grocery Store labeled on the front. I still tried to recover from the initial shock of the promotion when she inquired, “Are you familiar with the account?” Familiar could not explain how much I knew about the company. Gavin Brooks had taken over his father’s empire a mere five years before. They grossed over a billion annually between their stores in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Barnyard’s biggest competitor was Wal-Mart. I knew they were struggling to meet market standards, due to his social calendar. His agenda was filled with the likes of supermodel Veronica La Mar and rappers Dunna Man, B/EZ and Coach Parcels. With such mixed priorities, it was a wonder he hadn’t driven the company under sooner.

I informed her I was well aware on the status of the account.

“Excellent. You will take over the file for me. It needs a lot of attention. We are at risk of losing them next quarter if it does not turn around. Are you up for the challenge?”

“Yes I am. I have a few tricks up my sleeve to help them. I will start with the first quarter from two years ago to see what I can do. ”

Slapping his knee, Jameson chimed in, “That’s my girl.”

“You will meet with Mr. Brooks, his advisors, and other board members in a few weeks. In the mean

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time, we will need to schedule a couple of meetings to get you fully up-to-date with this case.”

“Okay, sounds like a plan.”

“You’ll also need to pick a team of six. I am quite sure you are able select people who are capable of holding their own weight. Just have them chosen by the end of next week.”

“Yes Ma’am, will do.” I scanned over the file quickly taking a few mental notes. I was excited and could not wait to dive into the account and to inform my family and friends about my new position.

“Alright, we are all done here,” she stood up, extending her hand to me. “Congratulations, Eve. You deserve it.”

I shook her hand, “Thank you Ms. Harris.”

“You’re welcome. Continue to progress the way you are and you will move up in the firm in no time. A few people have noticed your commitment to our clients and the company. We are all impressed.” That meant the CEO had taken note of my capabilities. “By the way, you’ll be getting a new, bigger work space as well. Just a little perk for becoming a senior.”

“Okay, so I get Jameson’s office? I can go for that.”

We laughed as he said, “My plush corner office? Ha, I don’t think so. I had to kiss a lot of ...” He cleared his throat, adjusting his suit coat. “I mean, I had to work hard for my spot. It’s not easy being the grandson of the big boss. I’ll tell you that.”

“I’ll see what I can do about getting you into his *spot*.” She winked at me.

“Okay, that will be greatly appreciated.”

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“When hell freezes over is when I will give up my corner. I thought we were friends, Eve. I guess not.” He pouted and smiled as I excused myself to get my day underway.

Heading to my office, I was still overly excited. I thought about the changes ahead for my family. With Shamar’s career being demanding, it kept him away from his family. Unfortunately, his career was a burden I could not alleviate. However, with the new promotion, he would not have to carry most of the financial responsibility anymore. With the increase in my pay, I would go from forty-five thousand to sixty-three thousand a year, in addition to whatever commission the Brooks portfolio would bring in. It meant shorter hours because I only had the one account to handle. I could leave work early to spend time with my husband, something we definitely needed more of.

The elevator chimed and the doors opened for me to be greeted by a PYT—Pretty Young Thang—named Will. PYT smiled, backed up, and shifted himself with his trolley of packages to the left side of the elevator. My future happily unfolded until I noticed Will admiring me. I caught him staring through the reflection of the gold plated doors. He looked me up and down with a grin on his face.

Inquiring to his mirrored image, “Do you like what you see?” I asked him.

“Yup,” he said, as his grin became a smile. “Every *inch* of me does.” He exaggerated the word inch.

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“Hmm... Good for you.” I looked down at my nails as the thought of how many inches lingered longer than it should have.

The elevator slowed down as it reached my stop. I exited my level, leaving PTY to enjoy what intrigued him from the start of the ride. Sensing he was still looking, I turned to find his smile had gotten wider. The curves of his lips were alluring to me. I shook my head and quickly spun around to continue my course.

In route to my soon-to-be old office, I stopped to retrieve a few pieces of mail and messages from the receptionist’s desk. Skimming the stack of calls, which included one from an old client whose account I kept an eye on from time to time, my mom and best friend called me. The one communication I was reluctant to see was from Shamar. Given the way he left in the morning, I was surprised he reached out so soon. The last thing I needed to hear, after a wonderful morning, was a pitch about his invented bylaws. I decided to call him first to get the lecture, I am sure he would want to share, out of the way.

Tapping a clipboard with her well-manicured French tipped nails, the receptionist, Bridget, said, “We are ordering from Loraine’s Lunch Basket at ten-thirty if you want in.”

“Yeah, I’m in. Let me see what I want.” I laid the folder on the counter to search over the menu for something to eat. As I was finalizing my decision, I heard, “Good morning, ladies.”

I crooked my head to see PYT walking up behind me.

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“Morning, Will. How’s it going so far?”
Bridget moistened her lips as a smile formed on her face.

“Better, Miss. B, now that I’ve seen you.”

“I bet. I’ve made your day a lot better, huh?”
She leaned toward him resting her forearms on the desk.

“Yes, you have.” His eyes went right to where she wanted them.

“Good. What items do you got for me to sign for?”

“Well, if you can handle it, it’s a very big package.”

She glared at him in a teasing manner, smirked, and then giggled as he handed her a small gray palm pilot to write her signature on.

Becoming annoyed, I told Bridget, “I will get the BLT on wheat bread with mayo, Provolone cheese, and a side of sweet potato fries. Tell them to toast the bread this time or I’m not paying.”

Handing Bridget the clipboard to write my order down, I watched PYT as he bent over to retrieve the big package from the trolley.

“Have a good day you two. Bridget, email me when lunch is here. I will be making a few callbacks.”
I waved the stack of messages and left.

Half way back to my office, I realized I had left my packet at her desk. Just as I was a round the corner, I overheard her say, “Who, Eve?” She giggled, adding, “Yes, she is feisty and fierce, but she’s on her game.”

I saw them through a glass frame on the wall that decorated the entrance to hallway.

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“Hmmm. Is she married?”

“Of course she is. Didn’t you see the huge rock on her finger? They have two of the cutest kids I’ve ever seen. Look. Here is a picture of her family from a few months ago. I love them.” She handed him the wallet-sized photo I had given her. She adored the children as much as my other friends did.

Taking my family’s photo, “I never seen him. He works here?”

“No, he doesn’t. He’s a high profile attorney. He was on the news a few months ago about a case won. He comes in on Friday’s to take her to lunch. They always go to that expensive restaurant in Pittsford called...”

“Cheesecake Factory?” Will interrupted her.

“Please, that place is for guys who want to impress a broke girl, so no. He takes her to Black and Blue. I wanted to go there one night, but it’s kind of out of my price range. But, Cheesecake is right by it.”

“Oh. Must be a nice place.” He stroked his thick beard as he looked toward the hall where I stood.

“Why?” Bridget asked as she crossed her legs and arms.

“Why what?”

“Why do you want to know if she’s married?” She pouted her lips and rolled her eyes.

“I’m only curious, that’s all.” Puzzled by her question and demeanor, he asked, “What? A man can’t be curious about a woman?”

“Yes, but you don’t seem too curious about me,” she snapped.

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He smacked his teeth. "Now, how would you know if I did or not? Maybe I collected all the info I need on you. Ever thought about that, Miss. B?"

"Will, you've been delivering packages here for two years and you never asked me if I was married, engaged, or got a boyfriend."

"I checked on her with you, how do you know I didn't check on you with somebody else?"

Correcting her posture in her seat, probably from the possibility PYT had inquired about her, she stood up, wrote on a piece of paper, and then handed it over to him. "Here is my cell phone number. In case you heard wrong about me, I'm not married, engaged and I don't have a boyfriend," she lied. Her boyfriend visited her for lunch on Wednesday.

The things we did and said for a man. He leaned up against the counter to take her number while whispering something in her ear nice enough to make her laugh.

"Bye, Will. See you tomorrow. Make sure to bring the bigger carrier because we are shipping a few larger items that may be too heavy to lug."

He flexed his muscle and patted his bicep. "These guns will hold and cart anything. I bench press two hundred and fifty pounds with no problem."

They shared a laugh as PYT walked to the elevator. When the doors opened, he stepped in, turned and blew a kiss. I was unsure if it was for me or for Bridget.

Probably Bridget since he knew I was married,
I thought.

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Track 3: Avant: This Is Your Night

“Anthony Dawson’s office, this is Lucia. How may I assist you?”

“Good morning, Lucia. Is he available?” I asked.

“May I ask whose calling?”

I knew she could not have been serious. After being his personal secretary for five years, my voice was distinct as her mother’s voice.

“This is his wife, Eve. Is he in?” As much as I wanted to go the other way on her, I remained professional. After all, I was calling *his* office from *my* office. Nonetheless, I did enjoy hearing her tone change when I confirmed who I was. My favorite Jill Scott song rang true to me, *Hate on me hater...*

“Sorry Mrs. Dawson. You’re voice sounds a bit different.” Her tone was condescending as could be. From that, I could tell she wanted more than my attitude.

“Hmm, well, is my husband available or not?” She tested my patience as much as my children. My day started bad then turned around. At that moment, Lucia was one comment away from setting me back. But, I wouldn’t let her get to me. Besides, I knew he was there because the message he left said so.

“I’ll see if he can possibly speak with you. Hold please.”

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“Sure, tha—” I looked at the receiver of my phone and wanted to kill her. That heifer put me on hold before I finished my sentence.

Moments later, the same baritone voice that caught my attention ten years before did so that day. “Good morning, Mrs. Dawson.”

“Hello, Mr. Dawson. I’m returning your call.”

“I’m glad you are. I thought you were avoiding me.”

I sarcastically asked, “Now why would I do that?”

“Due to the way I conducted myself this morning and last evening. I need to apologize for my attitude.”

“There’s no need to—”

“Eve, let me finish.” He cut me off and sighed heavily as he continued. “My day ended early so I decided to spend some time with my children. Had I known about your plan, trust that I would’ve had them fed and bathed. I yearned for you last night. Still am, exclusively. The last thing I wanted to do was fuss and fight.”

“Pumpkin, it wasn’t you—”

“No Eve, hear me out. I feel like I’m missing out on everything. I come home to find everyone has eaten, bathed, and nodding off to sleep. I wanted to enjoy my kids and wife when I left work. Instead all I got, from my wife, was rolling eyes and harsh tones.”

“Aww Shamar.” I felt like a jerk.

“Sweetheart, very soon things will change. I promise once they do, you and I will go away. No kids, cases, accounts, clients, or anything that would make my hands leave your body. I want to cater to

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you. That's all I want to do. Can you excuse your husband for screwing up?" If he could convince a jury of his client's peers to find him not guilty, he knew he could get me to forgive him and feel bad about it what I did.

"Shamar, you shouldn't ask me to forgive you. I should be the one asking for it. I could have called you on my way home. I was wrong to get upset at you for being a father. They cherish those moment, as do I. I am sorry I acted how I did and made you feel the way you had. I can't wait to have you all to myself. I guess I need to work on not being selfish, huh?"

"No, you're not selfish. You wanted your husband and your husband wanted you. Let's just agree we had a bit of miscommunication last night. We both misspoke about a few things, which we are sorry for and we will do better next go-round. Does that sound good to you, Mrs. Dawson?"

There were times I felt as if he didn't deserve me. That was one of those moments. "Yes, Mr. Dawson, that sounds perfect to me."

"Good. Are we still meeting for lunch today? I'd like to receive the kiss I missed this morning. I don't think I can wait until I get home."

"I thought you would have wanted to cancel so I ordered food with a few others. But, I can nibble on it to save room for later."

"Maybe we should skip lunch so I can *eat* something else." He let out a sly chuckle and a deep moan.

"Uh huh. I hope we make it to the restaurant." I giggled at the thought of taking him down in the back of his car.

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“Don’t start, Mrs. Dawson. I’ll call Jameson and tell him I need you home for an emergency.” He chuckled as I heard a faint *pop* from his end of the phone.

“Whatever, I wouldn’t be upset. Speaking of Jameson, I have some great news for you?”

“Oh really? What is that? No. No. Let me guess. You know I’m good at this.”

“Okay, go ahead. I bet you don’t get it.”

I heard him clap his hands before commencing the guessing game. “Given last night events, your fertile right now and want to become pregnant, am I right? I’m right! Damn, I’m good.” It sounded as if he slapped his desk.

“With that comment the call will end.”

He laughed and coughed, “Go ahead and tell me. I’ll get another baby soon.”

“Ha. Anyways...” I told him about my promotion and all it entailed. He became happier as he congratulated me on my new endeavor. As we spoke, I heard a few more faint *pops* from his line.

“What is that noise?”

“Email notifications. I get them all day, usually a bunch of interoffice nonsense. This is cause for a celebration tonight. This is your night, baby. I’ll have your mom keep the kids. That way we can work on number three without any interruptions.”

“I was going to call you an unholy name.”

We shared a laugh, which was broken up by, “Damn. I just received an urgent message from Jacob. Let me check into this. I’ll call once I leave to come get you.”

“Okay. I love you, King.”

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“I love you too.” I was about to disconnect the line, but paused when he yelled my name. “Look out for something very special.”

“Really? For what?”

“It’s Flower Friday. I didn’t forget. Well one time, that’s why I pay Lucia the big bucks to remember.”

“So sad is the mind of an aging man.”

“Hahaha. You’re not too far behind me. Second, I’m sending you a make-up-I-love-your-crazy-ass gift.”

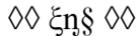
“You’re too much for me.”

“Mmm. I love it when you say that.” He laughed seductively.

“Oh goodness, I’m hanging up. I don’t think phone sex would be a good idea right now.”

“Bye, Queen.” As I went to hang up, again, I heard his line click along with a second one. On the other hand, I could have been mistaken.

True to his word, I received my favorite flowers, gardenias and a large edible arrangement. The dark chocolate covered strawberries and pineapples along with white chocolate covered strawberries made my day even sweeter.



Overly excited by the day’s events and the pending interaction with Shamar had me wishing I had held time in my hands. I left my desk for a few moments and returned to find I missed his call. Grabbing my purse, I headed towards the elevator to

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meet him out front. However, I did not get far when he called me again.

“I am heading to an emergency meeting. Sorry, love, I’ll make it up at dinner.” The urgency in Shamar’s voice told me all I really needed to know. I was a bit disappointed because I wanted to see him. He was a businessman and when business called, he had to answer.

“Oh, okay. Well, I’ll grab something from one of venders outside.” I pressed the down button for the elevator.

“I sense the disappointment in your voice. We will talk when I get home, alright?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“I love you, baby, and I’m sorry.”

“Okay.” If it was not one thing, it was another. I already knew what would happen in the evening. He would return home, head straight into his office to remain there all night. Probably on a conference call, he would hash out whatever plan of attack he and his partners had come up with for their defense.

I continued my workday, while playing out different scenarios in my head. Another one was he coming home, prepare a sandwich, while on his phone and then hibernate in his office. Just when I figured out how it would play out, he surprised me, and not in a good manner.

On my way home, ready to enjoy his company, he called me telling me more of what I did not want to hear. Most of what he said was ignored. What did register with me was “...missing subpoena should have been there this afternoon...” The worse

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part of the call, "...cancel tonight. I'll be home later than eight p.m."

"Uh huh. Whatever you have to do. I'll celebrate by myself."

"Come on, Eve, don't act like that. You know I'd rather be with you eating dinner than sitting at table with them and a bunch of paper. Do you think I want to be here this late?" He breathed heavily into the phone. He was frustrated, as was I.

"Well, it doesn't seem like you have choice. I'll see you when you get home."

I hung up, leaving him to call out my name. I powered off my cell phone, tossed it in my purse, and turned on the radio to enjoy the ride to our empty house. The DJ played a spin of The Isley Brothers. I wished they had skipped *Drifting on a Memory*. That song always sent me drifting to a memory I tried many of times to get rid of.

♪ Track 4: Lil Kim: Ladies Night ♪

At the start of the day, you can never truly know how it will end. There was always something to throw it for a loop. How you handle it is the true test. I put that philosophy to the test a lot sooner than I ever imagined.

“Future ex-baby mama.”

I giggled as my best friend, Deidra, or DD as she preferred, greeted me after I answered her call. “Hi, baby daddy.”

“What’s going on? I thought you and hubby had plans tonight?”

I had returned her call after speaking with Shamar and told her about my day. Out of my best friends, she was the sensible one. She would always be the one to see the positive in any negative situation. If I had an angel on my shoulder, she’d whisper the things that Deidra would say.

“No, he’s still at work. My babies are at my mom house so it’s only me.” I sighed, looking into the darkness of our living room. I had not turned on the lights since arriving home two hours earlier. I dropped all my things at the door, kicked off my heels and headed straight for the wine cooler. I wanted to get our party started early. I didn’t think I would by myself hours later.

“So, you’re celebrating your promotion alone?”

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“Yup, sure am. It’s me, a bottle of Merlot, some cheese and my collections of Jill Scott and Anthony Hamilton.”

“Ha, hold on. You are *not* doing that by yourself. Let me call Q to see if she wants to head out for the night.”

“Uh huh,” was all I said.

I held the line while she dialed Qualinda. If Deidra were my angel, then my girl Q would surely be my demon. If there were a chance to get even, she took it without regret. She was the one who made bad seem worse than it was and make a mountain out of a molehill. I was not in the mood for the company of my girls. I wanted the company of my husband. If I had my way, he would be home playing with me in the dark.

“What did that nucca do?” Q joined the three-way conversation. “Don’t tell me I have to rev my bike up his back.”

“Relax Ms. Q. You are such a badass. Geesh, he didn’t do anything. He has to work late. *Again*,” I said as annoyance crept into me. “I earned a promotion today and we were supposed to celebrate together.” I slowly exhaled, trying my hardest not to cry.

Jill Scott and Anthony Hamilton’s *So In Love* played and I immediately thought of him. I loved how my husband handled himself amongst other men. He was never a follower of the crowd because the crowd always followed him. His leadership skills were what made him senior partner at the firm. It was also, what kept him away from home. I sighed deeply as I tried not to become angry.

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Thinking of him, I remembered when I first saw him. His laughter caused me to take notice. I watched him as he spoke about his entrance into law school with such passion. The young man he spoke to asked many questions, which Shamar eagerly answered. I would spot him easily in a group because he stood tall and strong. He demanded respect without having to ask for it. Jill was describing him when she sang, "I see you cross the room talking with some men/I love your mannerisms, babe/The way you handle them/Oh, I'm so proud to be with you/So attracted to you to/You're so damn good to me/In everything you do."

"Well, you don't have to do it by yourself. We toast to things as small as new pedi and mani colors," Q replied. "You know we'll toast to a promotion in a heartbeat."

We shared a laugh as I said, "I really don't feel like it now. He should be home any minute anyways. He said eight p.m., so we'll do something, I guess." I was trying to convince myself more so than them. Actually, lying to them wasn't the plan as he did say it would be way later than eight p.m.

"Humph, it's eight-thirty two. He's thirty-two minutes late," Q pointed out. DD had been quite most of the call.

I looked at the time on the cable box. "Yeah, well traffic or something."

"Or something?" Q questioned. "You don't need to wait for him. Let him wait for you for a change. You're about to be making big money. You need to party like *big money*."

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“You’re crazy girl.” I tried to laugh it off. However, she was right. I did need to get out. He would be on his way home soon, I hoped. Even if we only relaxed in bed, at least I wouldn’t be alone.

“No, you are for being in the house with no husband, no kids, on a Friday night probably sucking down your fourth glass of Marlon.”

DD giggled repeating, “Marlon.”

I corrected her, “It’s Merlot, not Marlon.”

“It doesn’t matter. You’re enjoying Marlon alone.” She had a bit of attitude in her tone.

“Listen, maybe we can celebrate next—”

Before I could finish, my cell phone buzzed next to me. “Hold on, Shamar is calling.” I hit the mute button on the receiver of the phone to answer his call. After a few minutes, I returned to them.

“Girl,” Q said, “We will not have a good time next week. We are doing it tonight. Didn’t you have to go to an award ceremony by yourself when you were recognized by your job a few months back because he had to go out of town? When you got the chance to work under the boss of your company for a few weeks, wasn’t he a way again and couldn’t join the celebration for that accomplishment?”

“Q, I know, but he had to work. What am I to do? Tell him to leave his job, *please*.” I became annoyed by her questions. As much as I loved her, there were times I couldn’t stand her.

“No, you need to put him in his place. It seems to me that he’s never around for your accomplishments. But hey, it’s just me.”

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I hated when she was right. “Okay, we’re going out.” I had gotten the push I needed to go over the cliff.

“Wait, what?” DD asked, sounding confused.

“Okay, that’s what I’m talking about. What did hubby say to make you change your mind?” Q laughed a little cold-heartedly into the phone.

“Well, he called to let me know he’s unsure of when he would be coming home.” I could not believe he let me down again. Anthony’s *I Tried* played as I thought about how I tried for so long to hold on just as he did.

“Hmm, sounds like you’re free to me.” Q added just before DD chimed in.

“I don’t know, y’all. Eve, you should stay and wait. He might get home earlier than expected. He may want to do something then.”

“Early!” Q yelled into the phone. “It’s almost nine o’clock. If he ain’t home now, he ain’t gone be there soon enough for her to wait up. She might as well party and bullshit with us. What trouble can she get into besides getting drunk and passing out?” She laughed alone.

“Since you don’t have a man—” DD started, but was quickly interrupted.

“Whoa, so because I’m single I don’t understand? Does having a man mean I can’t hang out with my friends? I have to drink alone because *he* can’t get home at a decent hour. If having a man means having to fight other women and worry about them becoming pregnant and putting him on *chisup* then I pass. You married and engaged bitches got it worse than us single ones.”

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Most of what she said stung me. I knew the rest of her words did the same to DD. What was a woman to do when commitment was no longer committed to her?

“Q’s right, DD, we should step out for a few drinks. Besides, I know you need to get out too. We haven’t been out in over a month. Let’s go.”

“What!” Q jumped in. “A month. Humph. I guess being married and engaged is quite boring. You two need lives. I was out last Thursday. It was *Go Get It Girl* night at *Maxwell’s*.” She began to chanted, “Go get it girl.”

“I bet you went and got it too, huh?” I asked.

“You know I did. I got it all night long from Jackson. Mmm. That piece of man.”

DD added, “Yeah, he’s everybody’s *piece*. I can’t understand why you want Community Man.”

“I know you’re not talking about a Community Man—”

“Okay, okay. We’ve agreed we’re going.” I could not let Q say what I knew she would. DD’s fiancé, Franklin, had been Mr. Community Man for awhile . I wondered if she and I remained best friends for over eighteen years because we were both crazy in love with commitment.

“Plush is where it’s going down tonight,” Q stated.

“DD, are you good with going there or do you want go somewhere else?” I waited for her answer, but did not get one. As I was about to ask her again she replied.

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“You know what. That heifer Q is right. Let’s party, hard.” DD sounded as if she had perked up from a shot of adrenaline or something stronger.

“Did Franklin send you an ‘I’ll be home late’ text?” If Q were a mind reader, there would be no telling how much money she would rake in because the line fell silent to her question.

“I’ll buy the first round.” We laughed at DD’s comment, said our goodbyes, and see you later. At that point, I knew commitment would miss us both that night.



“Can I request an ongoing round of drinks in my hand, please?”

“Eve, the only way that is going to happen is if I have the same rotation. Otherwise, it’s not going to work for you because I’ll be scooping up your drinks and drinking them myself.” We giggled at DD sounding like a seasoned alcoholic.

Our friend Sam, who recently given birth to a daughter, joined the affair too. Sam was more of a people pleaser than the rest of us. If she wanted to go right but we went left, she would follow our way. “I can’t wait to get on the dance floor,” she said, as we exited the car. “I need to shake off ten pounds up in here.”

Q glimpsed back at Sam, “Honey, you need to shake more than that.”

Everyone laughed at her insensitive remark, except Sam. Glancing down at her baby pouch she smiled at Q before saying, “Since Tray likes all of

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this,” she made a circular motion around her stomach. “I couldn’t care less what anyone else says.”

I knew I should not have joined the laughing session as I ran my hands down my thighs. They got a bit thicker over the years; it was well past time for me to join a gym.

DD said in defense of Sam, “I know that’s right. You’re going to go in there and shake what Shayla gave you. To hell with skinny mini, she isn’t the smallest one out the clique.”

We sang, “*Shake what cha’ baby gave ya! Shake what cha baby gave ya!*” as we walked up to the line that had formed at the door. After a five-minute wait, we entered the crowded club. The occasionally random hand and rubbing against others to get by, was the norm as we made our way to the bar. Finally pushing our way to the front, DD got the bartender’s attention. “Hey ladies, what can I get for you?” she asked.

DD held a one-hundred dollar bill towards the bartender. “We would like bottle service. Moet would be great with four shots of tequila.”

“Does it matter which kind?”

“Yeah, Patron. We need it.” DD rolled her eyes at the woman and looked at me.

“Okay, you got it.” She walked away, and then returned with the order.

She popped the top, poured the shots, and slid them across the bar. I watched as the crowd swayed to the beat of the music. My shoulders moved to the rhythm of the base. My hips danced to the sound leaking from the speakers. While the outside of me enjoyed the atmosphere, my mind was far from it.

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Checking out the scene, I thought I saw a familiar face in the dimly lit room. Being that it was a side view, I wasn't too sure. After a few moments, I realized who he was. He turned to pick up his drink, looked up, and grinned at me. Lifting the drink in a toasting manner, his smile widen before tasting the dark substance in the cup. I returned the gesture along with a smile and then spun around to face my friends.

As the night flowed on, the spirits hit me hard with their one two punches, but did not knock me down. I watched my girls take pleasure in the time we shared, and I tried to do the same. However, it was hard to do so when all of my thoughts led to my husband. Q's words bit hard and left venom flowing through me. She was right in that it seemed Shamar was never around to celebrate my success and accomplishments. Granted, he had a career to pursue, but I was his wife, he should have pursued me as well.

I was there for him through every step, jump, and leap in his career. Why couldn't he do the same for my career? I finally understood why Michael Jordan's wife wanted half of his empire. Hell, she might not have been in the gym shooting with him, but she rubbed him down with Icy Hot after every game. When Shamar won the Attorney of the Year award a while back, I had taken the day off from work to prepare for the evening. I showed my husband the support he deserved. He hadn't done anything remotely close for me.

'I'm sorry, Eve. I have to...' Blah, blah, blah was his excuse; always. Then again, he was missing in action so often, had so many excuses that maybe he

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wasn't really working at all. Maybe he was— No. I stopped that thought in its track. "Not tonight."

"What? Not tonight what?" Q looked back at me as she filled her cup to the brim with the champagne.

"Uhhh," I struggled to come up with anything to hide what I thought. "Oh, nothing, looking at that mess," I lied, pointing to a girl dancing against a guy. The only thing separating her crouch from his was a thin net fish dress. "They really need a room." When I was sure her attention was off my unintentional outburst, and me I allowed my mind to go back to thoughts of my husband.

I wanted us to back in my achievements together as we did for each of his. Yet, there I was doing so with my friends. I would never have let him celebrate such an accomplishment alone. I wondered if he told his bosses about how important tonight was for me. I wondered if they would even care, probably not.

"I'm just his damn *wife*," I gulped back my drink.

"Well, duh. We know you're his wife." Q's words slurred my way.

"Hush up and top me off." I playfully punched her arm. She filled my cup with a generous amount of commitment-is-a-joke.

Subpoenas this, subpoenas that. Damn lawyers. I married a man married to a law firm. I became the mistress to the firm, or at least one of his mistresses. "*I'm going to NYC for a few days. I'll bring you back something nice.*" He told me that on the day I had been removed from two of the accounts

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I was on. I was upset throughout the day and needed his comfort. *'The firm wants me to assist another attorney down there.'* Assist, ha. I bet he was assisting...

“Ahhh!” The sound made me jump.

I looked over as Sam began hugging a male friend of hers. She introduced us to him, but I was barely listening. I stared at him as he hugged Sam from behind. I watched his dark skin frame caress against her behind. I imagined something that could get me into some *pleasurable* trouble. The spirits in my friend's system caused her to forget about Tray; at least for the night it seemed. I wished Shamar could have held me like that. I needed him against me.

Sam's friend bought us a round, adding to what we had already consumed. As the drinks were placed in front of us, DJ Killah B played Ludacris' *How Low Can You Go*.

Sam grabbed my hand, yelling, “This is our *Ladies Night* and that's my jam! Let's go!”

I threw the last bit of my drink back, and then grabbed DD as she grabbed Q. Why we let Sam lead us I would never know. Before I knew it, we were all low in the middle of the floor. On my way back up, I felt two strong hands on my waist.

I twisted around to see whom it was just as one of my girls yelled out, “Get it, Eve. Show him how we do it.”

The DJ switched it up quickly and started playing Ester Dean's *Drop It Low*. So, I moved with the beat of the song. *“Drop it, drop it low, girl. Drop it, drop it low, girl. And move that ass around, and move that ass around.”* I grinded hard against him as

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he held on to my hips, grinding and pushing back on me. He wasn't supposed to be holding me, Shamar was supposed to be doing that. Instead, my husband was holding subpoenas or better yet, he was holding... I shook my head hard to ward off that thought and put my focus back on the man that was closely dancing against me.

Playing only the first forty seconds of the song, the DJ switched it up to dancehall. "*Bend over, bend over, bend over, bend over, Back way back way, girl, I want to pull you in a little bit closer.*" He bent me over and moved as if we were having sex. I liked the way his body felt against mine, hard as a man's body should feel. I stepped closer to him, enjoyed him, indulged in him until I found myself all hot and bothered. We created an atmosphere mixed with his cologne, alcohol and thoughts of a disappointed wife. It wasn't supposed to be him or his body, it was supposed to be Shamar, my husband.

Nuvo and Patron threw punches that almost knocked me out, the room began to move from side to side a little. I stood up, but that didn't stop me from dancing close up on him as if he was Shamar. It didn't stop me from rubbing my body against him, being turned on, wishing he was the man I'd married. That didn't stop me from touching him, caressing him, damn near fondling him on the dance floor. It didn't stop me from craving him the way I craved my husband who chose everything over me.

Feeling like a second place fool, my fury hitched up a notch. I got as close to my dance partner as I could, and then I used my body to let loose on him. All of the pent up anger I felt toward my husband

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came out on the dance floor, on the man doing a damn good job of keeping up with me. He wasn't the man I married, but he was there, giving me the time and attention the man I married hadn't given me in a long while. When he caressed my body in a dance move that made me shiver, I knew trouble was lurking just around the corner.

With me leaning on his chest, he said, "Imagine what I would be doing to this *fierce* kitty-cat if I was up in it."

A drunken tongue speaks sober thoughts, I thought as I realized mine was about to do the same. Before I thought to stop myself, my tongue boldly announced, "Well, you don't have to imagine what I would be doing to *you* if you were in this," I said, turning around to face PYT. "Since I'm leaving with you tonight you can know for a fact." For the first time in our marriage, I decided to cheat on my husband.

Throwing all caution to the wind I held on to his waist, dropped it low, booty popped, and then stood up and bent over, shaking my behind to whomever was behind me watching. I made sure, before releasing him as my jam *Five Star Bitch* played, he was aroused.

"Five star bitches right here!" Sam yelled, pointing to us. "Bitches, hold on to your dog, so he won't break his leash to come get at these pussies!" Sam seemed to change when she became intoxicated. We barely knew who she was.

At the bar downing another shot, I felt PYT's hands on my behind. He leaned in to whisper, "Yo,

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Ma, were you for real when you said you comin' home wit' me?"

I sucked on my lime while looking at him. "Why? You scared?"

Turning his N.Y. Yankee's fitted hat backwards, he responded, "I ain't never scared." He planted a big, juicy kiss on my drunken lips. I stepped back, shocked as hell, looked at him, and then pulled him closer.

"This is how you kiss me from now on," I slurred.

I took his bottom lip into my mouth and hungrily sucked it. I gently bit him while letting out a soft moan, and then I pushed him away, telling him to let his boys know he was leaving to get into some *fierce kitty cat*. I had seen DD out of the corner of my eye, so I turned toward her. She gave me the sign of *true sistahood*: a peace sign, and then her middle finger to her closed mouth. After being friends for so long, we shared the sign more times than we would care to admit.

In thirteen years, we had been able to share the sign with Sam and Q. The sign which meant, If you hook up with him, I keep my mouth closed, this stays between you and me. It was a close link between us all. Not one has ever opened her mouth. We referred to it as *true sistahood*, because we kept our mouths closed if one of us decided to open our legs.

Will came back to the bar. "Yo, ma, you ready to be out?"

"Yeah, let's go so Mama can put you to sleep."

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He laughed in a confident way. Oh, yeah? I'm gon' have that cat calling me Big Daddy Long Stroke." We laughed as he threw back what was left of his Henny shot with a Red Bull chaser. Seeing as though he drunk a downer and upper at the same time, I guessed the night would be *short* lived.

Walking out of the door, I spotted Sam and Q sitting at a bank of wall seats, and they too give me the sign. I winked at them as Q put her fingers to her ear and mouthed to call her later. As we left, Gucci Mane's *Wasted* played. *'I don't know why, but that Remy turns me to a whore.'*" I laughed a little as I realized that tequila did it to me.

Outside the club, I felt the last punch from the drinks and I was down for the count, or at least all my inhibitions were. My legs felt a little wobbly and I almost fell. PYT held me up, asking, "You good, right?"

"Yeah. I'm good, Big Daddy Looonnnngg Stroke." I giggled, holding on to his muscular arm.

He smirked and looked at me with lust still in his eyes. "You sure? I don't want you to have to pay for my car to get cleaned because you threw up."

"Negro, please," I said, finding my balance and fixing my hair. "I just need to come out these damn heels. Here, hold these." I gave him my shoes. My feet were cold against the concrete, but that didn't matter. I was sure he would warm my entire body once we reached his place. "There. I'm good." I put my hands on my hips and held my head high in a superwoman stance. He laughed, grabbed me by my waist and pulled me closer. I almost lost what was left of my balance in his strong grasp.

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“You crazy, baby, *and* drunk. You sure you wanna do this? I mean, I know when we get back to my crib it will be on and poppin’. I only hope you don’t sober up, realize you might be making a mistake and change your mind. If we start and you want me to stop, I will. I’m not tryin’ to get locked on rape charges.” Worried appeared over his face, which didn’t remain long after I reassured him.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulled him closer, kissed his lips, his cheek, his neck and moved up to his ear. I softly declared, “You can’t rape the willing.”

I could have been wrong, but commitment should have come home, as it was supposed to. Since it had not, adultery knocked on my door. Without a care for commitment, I allowed adultery into my life, and then I wondered how long it would stay.

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♪Eve's Confession: Songs of a Lustful Soul ♪

Ebony Nicole Smith

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Redemption: Colossians 1:14 (KJV) In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins:

Revenge: 2 Corinthians 10:6 (KJV) And having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled.

Forgiveness: 1 John 1:9 (KJV) If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Marriage: Hebrews 13:4 (KJV) Marriage is a honourable in all, and the bed undefiled: but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.