



## CHAPTER 1

### *A Good Thing No More*

#### **TROY WILKINS...**

As I stand in the elevator admiring myself in the mirrors on the interior doors I think, I'm not a bad looking brother. I'm the color of your darkest thoughts and desires. I'm in good health, I am a nice dresser and I'm very successful. I have beautiful daughter and a fine ass wife why can't that be enough for happiness? I wonder what I would do if I lost all of that?

I look a little bit harder at myself, then think, there is no way possible I can get caught, I'm just too good and I've been doing this far too long! I got this! I took one last look in the mirror as the elevator doors opened and off I strut to this sweet piece of ass who I know wants to please me and only me.

"Hey, Poppi!" she screams as she runs and gives me a great big hug and kiss as I enter into my corner, second floor loft. "Hey, how's my sexy little lover?" I inquire, while she immediately starts tantalizing my hardness, which is already standing at a full attention.

Just the thought of how good Honeys' sex is and after looking at her provocative ass in that outfit I know I want her right then, right now. Her ass is playing peek-a-boo from under the bottom of the shorts, her hardened nipples in that cheap wife-beater staring me right in the face, and the scent of her sweet smelling fragrance is lingering in the air.

“I’m good now that you’re here. I’ve been missing you, Poppi, what took you so long?” she says mimicking a toddler by poking out her lip and crossing her arms while rocking her body from side to side. “I thought you forgot about me today.”

“What matters is that I’m here now, right?” I ask, really not wanting her questioning my whereabouts. “You know better, my business is my business.” “I know, Poppi, I know. By the way, is today finally the day that you’re going to tell me you left your wife?”

“What did I tell you?” I express very hardheartedly.

“I know, I know but you said you would probably be gone by the time of your daughters’ birthday? Well isn’t her birthday coming up?”

“I’m tired of you asking me about my business. Don’t ask me about my wife anymore and never ever mention my daughter, again! My life and family are my personal business and you don’t have any business asking me about either one, so as soon as you get that through your hard ass head we can move forward.”

“Okay, Poppi, relax it’s just that you’ve been telling me that we are going to be together as a real couple and I’m getting tired of waiting. It’s been two years now and the date you said is coming up, I’m just anxious to be your woman and your woman alone. How long will I have you today anyway?” she asks grabbing my hands signaling for me to run them along her tight little body.

“I’ll let you know,” I answer as I notice a big black bruise on her hip and left arm making my sex lay back down. Something about it just didn’t feel right. “What happened to you?” I ask showing somewhat of concern.

“Oh, that’s nothing, Poppi. A customer got a little physical with me the other night. It’s no big deal, I’m fine,” she explains trying to throw me off the subject.

“I can’t tell you what type of job you should be doing, but how long do you plan on being a *stripper*? You know all you have to do is get your GED and I can hook you up somewhere making good ass money with great benefits.”

“Thanks, but no thanks. Like I told you before that is not my scene, Poppi. I can’t be working no nine to five taking bullshit from *the man* and jealous ass women. I won’t be able to dress how I want to dress and I’ll always be on somebody’s damn clock. No thank you, I don’t see how you do it?” she says as she grabs me around my neck to kiss me gently in my ear.

“I don’t...remember, I own my own business, remember? I am the boss, I do what I want to do, when I want to do it, where I want to do it,” I say as we both laugh. “Enough of that, why don’t you come on over here and take care of your Big Poppi the way I know you can,” I state, looking down at the huge bulge in my pants.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about, Poppi,” she states excitedly as she kneels down in front of me and unbuckles my pants looking up at me with a hungry look in her eyes. She slowly unzips my pants making them fall down around my ankles. She gently strokes my hardness up and down, teasing it with a slow kiss, forcing me to let out moans of expected pleasure...

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