

Sex &
WHINE

THE SEQUEL TO "SEX & SANDWICHES"

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-to Mom & Dad
thanks for making me (write)

CHAPTER 1

Camilla needed to get laid properly since every time with Bryan Bryant was unremarkable and flat. After several tears and boxes of tissue, she pushed through the pain and had finally gotten over him. Because the mothering thing was new to her, Camilla often felt bad for leaving her son Gabriel with Hailey or the babysitter so she could date. Camilla knew in her heart this could not continue, but she still had unfulfilled desires to be met.

When that man told Camilla he still owned a Polaroid Instamatic was when the red flags should have flown up the pole. Camilla thought that Felix would be a prime candidate. She had met him on a website after swearing she would never venture down that particular avenue to find a man. This site was different though. The men on the site had verified salaries in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand and above annually.

Camilla put off dating for over two years to raise Gabe and now that he could speak, she thought it would be a good time to get back into the dating scene. Felix was nice looking, with an extremely dry sense of humor. Frankly, he was corny and laughed at all of his own jokes unnecessarily. Of the hundred or so jokes he would tell in a short span, only three or four warranted a chuckle from Camilla. After a month of yakking it up online and on the phone, they decided that it was time to meet. After numerous rejections and feeling undesirable, Camilla had a newfound confidence. She worked out as usual, lost the baby weight fairly quickly and was blessed to not even have any stretch marks.

She met up with Felix at a happy hour. To her surprise he looked exactly like his photo. *Okay, he seems honest*, she noted to herself.

“Wow! You look . . . amazing!” Felix commented as his eyes bathed her body from top to bottom.

“Thanks. I try to look good whenever I’m having a night out,” she said to him.

“Try? You are doing it . . . well. What are you drinking?”

“Oh, nothing just yet. I need to talk to you with a clear head my friend,” she admitted.

“Okay, I respect that. After the day I’ve had, I hope you will excuse me,” he guffawed. “I need Jack, Johnny and maybe Samuel!” his dry laugh matched his dry joke perfectly.

“Okay . . .,” Camilla flatly responded. It was time for her to get down to brass tacks. “So what brought you to the money website? Or should I say MyMoneyMate.com? What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a club owner. Two in D.C., one in Princes George’s County and another in Montgomery County. They all are doing very well. I thought the site would be a good way to meet women. I’m typically not in the clubs, I have promoters for that. I’m more behind the scenes. I chain myself to my desk and my secretary just throws me a few slices of bread every few hours!” he laughed again.

“Wow.” Camilla said. Not in reference to being chained and thrown bread, but the fact that he laughed about it.

“What do you do?” he asked her.

“I hate telling people what I do. They always give me a strange look like I owe them something. I’d rather not say just yet.”

Felix took a swig of his Jack and Coke and lightly nodded. He then looked at Camilla as if she were pulling his leg. He awaited her response.

“I’m serious,” she reiterated.

“Oh come on. We’re adults. What is it?”

Camilla gave a labored sigh, “I’m an auditor for the IRS.”

“Ah, I see what you mean now. Luckily since I’m a numbers person too, the IRS has been a friend,” he chuckled. “A damn good friend!” He laughed even louder.

“Well, I just have to ask. Being on a site that broadcasts your annual salary to potential mates, well . . . that doesn’t make you . . . nervous?”

“How?”

“Do you think women will want you or your bank account?”

He sipped his drink again, thought for a moment then replied, “If I like her, my bank account won’t matter and if my bank account matters, I won’t like her.”

The conversation continued and carried on in a light banter for another hour or so. Once Camilla felt as though she asked all of the pertinent questions, she relaxed and ordered a drink. It wasn’t until after Felix’s third drink that he mentioned that Polaroid Instamatic.

“For those intimate photos,” he explained. “No photoshopping there!” he laughed again at his punch line. For whatever reason, that intrigued Camilla. She imagined that he had cameras mounted to the ceiling, bondage gear and attire, chains, gagballs and such. She never ventured that far into her sexual promiscuity, but was always fascinated.

“A Polaroid? I thought they stopped making those?”

“No, they’re back. The pictures are clearer and they don’t take as long to ‘air dry’ as I like to call it. It could be a lot of fun. You up for some fun?”

“Umm, let me think a second on it.”

“Think long, you think wrong. Did I tell you how gorgeous you are?”

Camilla sipped her drink and shifted uneasily in her seat. She guessed this was the start of the campaign to get her to his house.

“No you didn’t tell me,” she said, “but it’s cool. I know it already.”

Felix reared back in his seat with a surprised expression. Obviously impressed with her confidence, he decided to push the envelope on their conversation.

“Okay, I hear you,” he started, “I bet you’d look gorgeous naked in my Jacuzzi too.”

“Jacuzzi?” she asked.

“It’s square,” he added as if it would firm up a commitment from her.

Like you, Camilla wanted to say but refrained from doing so. Even though he was a bona fide cornball, Camilla intuitively guessed that he was probably a freak. He may be just the sort of adventurous guy she needed to get her orgasms back into gear. *Freak from a geek*. That would be a perfect introduction back into the dating world.

“Where do you live?” Camilla asked.

“Mitchellville.”

“Okay,” she twirled herself around on the barstool to prepare herself to stand, “let’s go. I don’t have a swimsuit.”

Felix looked at Camilla up and down before he seductively replied, “I said naked. You won’t need one.”

Camilla gave a sly grin and headed for the exit before she lost her nerve. Felix stared at her round ass that Camilla didn’t always have before the baby. He could not take his eyes off of it, wondering how good it would feel cushioned against his pelvis when he would screw her from behind in just a few moments from now.

As Camilla drove behind Felix’s car, she put on some soothing music to calm her jittery nerves. She had also packed along a flask filled with vodka. She took a moderate swig of that when they reached a red light before entering his neighborhood.

What am I getting myself into again? Camilla thought to herself. Her stomach curdled lightly, but she conveniently attributed that to the alcohol. She wondered what the sex with him would be like as she tried not to think how many times she had attempted to do this before. Camilla wasn’t in love with Felix and need not be just to have sex with him. When they arrived, she noticed that he had an elaborate home with plenty of land surrounding it, although his neighbors still seemed close.

She parked her car behind his in the sloped driveway and noticed another vehicle but thought nothing of it. It wasn’t uncommon for men of his

financial caliber to have two or more cars. Camilla took another swig from her flask and left her wallet locked in her glove compartment. She quickly texted Josephine Felix's home address and his license plate number. With the press of the send button, she oddly felt safer knowing that her friend knew where she was. She let her hair down which had grown drastically during her pregnancy. It was always shoulder length, but was now to the center of her back. She gave it a gentle comb through with her fingertips and then applied some lipstick. The chime from the cell phone penetrated the silence of the car as it indicated that she had received a text message. Camilla glared at the phone, and debated indulging her instinctive reflex to check it. After a few seconds she grumbled, decided against it and tossed the phone in the glove box as well. Now feeling the effects of the alcohol, she hopped out of the car. Felix was standing nearby patiently waiting to lead her inside for a night of ecstasy.

"This isn't your friend's house is it?" Camilla asked with a smile. Felix laughed and shook his head. "You do know where everything is, right? And how to operate everything?"

"Will you stop, girl?" he teased. "We are going to have a great time."

They entered the large foyer and Camilla looked up and around at the art work and trim details – taking mental notes of what she could recreate in her home when the time came. She loved her condominium loft, but it was going to be too small in a few years. Even though Gabe was a toddler, they were already running into each other. As Camilla continued to look around, she noticed an abstract iron figurine on a pedestal that caught her attention. It was an odd-bodied woman with a cone shaped wiry afro holding the scales of justice. Perhaps he was a Libra. It fascinated her nonetheless.

"This is beautiful!" she complimented on the figurine.

"I got her in my travels to Europe. The sculptor is Roman Velihurskiy. He's very creative and very expensive," he told her.

"Is that right?"

“I had it appraised and apparently, this thing is damn near priceless. Would you like another drink?”

“I’m good. I’d rather hop into that Jacuzzi,” she verbally nudged him.

Felix smiled at her enthusiasm and loosened his tie, “your hair is nice. I didn’t know you had all of that packed in that bun. It is yours, right?”

Camilla averted her attention from his artwork and looked at him a bit perturbed. “Uhh, yeah . . . it is.”

“Didn’t mean to offend you with that. What I meant was, you wouldn’t want to get it wet would you?”

“I’ll be fine.”

“Okay sexy, let’s go,” he suggested.

Felix led the way to the rear of the house where the Jacuzzi was. It was one of those endless pools where you could swim laps in place but it also doubled into a whirlpool spa. That was why it was square shaped. Camilla mentally noted that swimming wasn’t on his list of hobbies. There were large windows that surrounded the pool with several plants and about six lounge chairs. She guessed that he probably entertained in this area quite a bit. Above was a skylight and Camilla could faintly see the stars shining on the two of them. By now the alcohol from her flask had gotten her more than tipsy and she was ready to have a bit of fun with Felix. They embraced and kissed as if they had known each other for years.

Camilla was enjoying his touch and hoped to God Felix would not say anything else corny to wreck the flow of the euphoric mood she was in. Felix was handsome to her and stood at about six feet. He was in great physical shape, dressed well and had a laid back yet regal air to his demeanor.

“You comfortable?” he asked as he prepared the sound system with some soft R&B tunes. He dimmed the recessed lighting to make it romantic.

“Quite,” she responded as she began to take off her shoes. The water looked soothing as the surface rumbled – she could barely wait to enter. When she unzipped the side of her dress, Felix’s eyes were glued on her

throughout the entire act. When she saw the pleasure on his face, she slowly stepped out of it to tease him a bit more.

“Wow. You look fantastic,” he said as he continued unbuttoning his shirt and trousers. Camilla felt the need to dominate so she approached him and began kissing his neck and chest. He pulled her close to him and returned her affection. Camilla allowed him to grip her body with his firm hands. She looked around the room and noticed the Polaroid camera tucked away in the corner. Obviously this was not a first for him.

“So I see your camera over there,” she noted.

He ceased kissing on her body for a moment and replied, “I won’t take any pictures of you unless you want me to.”

“I’d rather you didn’t,” she confirmed with a lighthearted smile. Taken slightly aback by her statement, he leaned backward to get a good look at her.

“You got it. I won’t.”

“Let’s get in,” Camilla suggested. This was just one night, she rationalized to herself. Then she recalled the one night with Steve that resulted in a child. She loved her son, but didn’t want an instant replay of that again. Camilla had a NuvaRing, which could be inserted and removed like a diaphragm, was on the pill and stocked up on condoms.

The water temperature was perfect when she slowly stepped into the whirlpool. It enveloped her body like a soft, warm fleece blanket in winter. Felix stepped in immediately after Camilla and moved behind her. He massaged her shoulders and began kissing on her neck and upper back. To Camilla his touch felt better than the water. Gently, she closed her eyes and tilted her head backward to confirm her pleasure. His massaging reminded her of Bryan’s touch, even though she knew full well that Felix was not Bryan.

Camilla shook the notion and concentrated on Felix’s masculine hands as they rubbed her body sensuously. His hands went from her shoulders down her back to her waist and rested on her hips. He swiveled her around

to face him and began kissing her lips tenderly. Camilla was thinking herself to orgasm, just based on his touch and the water lapping between her thighs.

A pleasurable moan oozed from her parted mouth. Feeling encouraged by that sound, Felix increased the movements of his hands and mouth across her body. Camilla was mentally engaged and close to climax. She stared into Felix's eyes before placing a French kiss upon his full lips. She gasped seductively when she felt his finger entering her. The sweetness she felt was escalated when he inserted a second finger in and out of her.

“Oh, Felix.”

Camilla imagined that this was her man, her lover that she hadn't seen for months. She was fully prepared to toss all of her inhibitions aside for the next several hours. Any and everything that he asked her to do tonight, she was willing. She longed to be fucked and hoped that Felix possessed the stamina and drive that her body needed. Camilla still remembered all of the Kama Sutra tricks but hadn't been able to use them on anyone. Being more than ready, she'd exercised her pelvic floor muscles every day by doing Kegel exercises since Gabe was born. She was prepared to hold Felix's dick hostage in her tight love hole. The feel of his long thick fingers was enjoyable and she assumed his manhood would match.

Felix sat on the edge of the underwater bench. Camilla without hesitation straddled him. She lifted her body up and down on his midsection to simulate how she was going to ride him in just a few minutes. Felix squeezed her ass and spread her cheeks apart. Camilla bit down on his shoulder – the water from the hot tub was being lapped up with her hot tongue.

He gnawed and sucked gently on her neck as his fingers worked in and out of her. Camilla wanted to fast forward the foreplay and feel his pelvis pressed firmly next to hers. She whined in anticipation, unable to contain her lust any longer. It had been years! Camilla slightly flinched when she felt a different kind of sensation on her back. She ignored it and began massaging

his hardness instead. The sensation on her back returned and she jerked a little. When the pressure on her back increased, it felt as though she was being touched by foreign hands. She turned to see and flailed about slightly in alarm while she pressed her tensed body close to Felix for protection.

“What the fuck?!” she demanded loudly.

Felix smiled and held Camilla close to his body and caressed her back. Although Camilla was holding Felix close to shield her frontal nudity from the stranger, her fist remained clenched just in case she needed to land two blows to someone’s head. Camilla’s eyes remained fixed on the woman as she made her way beside the couple.

“Camilla, this is Gia. I called her on the way here and asked her to join us.”

Gia had to have been a 50 quadruple E, clearly outshining Camilla’s dirty pillows. Gia even had the nerve to have a flat stomach and was ridiculously curvaceous. She looked like a horny teen drew her frame on a sketch pad one rainy afternoon and prayed that she’d become real. Camilla hunched her body closer to Felix’s.

“I hope you don’t mind,” he said coolly.

“Are you crazy? Hell yeah, I mind!”

“You are gorgeous girl,” Gia told Camilla as she caressed her some more. Camilla pressed her body even closer to Felix.

“I’m sorry, Camilla. Gia baby, can you give us a minute?” Felix asked her sweetly.

“Sure, Felix,” Gia said as she casually stepped up and out of the Jacuzzi. She gave a sly smirk to Felix. Afterward, she winked and blew a kiss to Camilla on her way out of the sunroom. Camilla, clearly disgusted by the idea of an impromptu ménage à trois, waited until Gia exited and leapt out of the Jacuzzi. She began drying herself rapidly, barely listening to Felix’s explanation.

“I thought you were into having fun?”

“With you, yeah! Not you and some damn chick who’s got built in floatation devices. What the hell’s wrong with you? That’s not something you just spring on someone!”

“Camilla, I’m really sorry,” Felix’s weak apology was delivered from the Jacuzzi. He clearly had no intentions of ejecting himself from the endless pool to show her out, or offer her any sort of physical consolation.

Camilla fumbled awkwardly to toss on her clothes as quickly as she could. Although she was still wet from the pool, she zipped up her dress and grabbed her stilettos.

“You sure you won’t change your mind? A lot of women become addicted to Gia. I don’t know what she does to those girls, but they lose their fucking minds!”

“Uhh, I’ll show myself out. You and *chesticles* enjoy yourselves,” she told him as she headed out of the sunroom.

“Camilla? Camilla, wait!” he called to her. She turned to face him.

“What?”

“Can you send Gia back in?” he asked with a smile.

“Fuck no! You get your ass up and go get her!”

Camilla stormed out of the sunroom and through his home to the foyer. She doubled back and swiped the iron Libra sculpture from Roman what’s-his-name and slammed the door behind her.

“Asshole.”

She settled herself in the car, squishy ass and all, and barreled out of his driveway. She sped in the direction of the beltway. Her phone which was locked in her glove compartment was sounding off indicating she had more text messages. When she reached a red light, she retrieved it to check them. One was from Josephine, who obviously responded to her earlier text. Camilla read it aloud.

When are you going to stop doing this to yourself?

Camilla gave a labored groan and shook her head as she looked up at the red light. “When I’m tired,” she replied. “And tonight, I just got tired.”