

Michelle Robinson

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It Is What It Is

SEA LO QUE SEA

❧❧❧
Petula Caesar

I've always valued a great personality, intelligence, and inner beauty in women. But as a very handsome man and a partner at a very successful law firm, I had access to what my brother calls "top shelf girls." So I dated them, and really didn't pay much attention to other types of women. I've always tried to remain modest about my "Brad Pitt good looks" (as one of my exes described me once) and my accomplishments, but honestly, I knew in my heart I deserved the "top shelf girls." I went to the gym regularly and kept myself well groomed. I was well dressed and interesting. Most important, I made sure I treated the ladies well no matter how serious or casual the

involvement. I wasn't a bad guy. I was just very busy with my career and preferred that a woman's beauty be . . . easily accessible. I could get past a not-so-great personality if the woman had a frame that still managed to balance generous breasts, a flat abdomen, and a thin waistline, combined with alluring eyes, a pouting mouth, and a pretty face. I could muddle along for a good while without stimulating conversation or common interests. Or, to quote my wife Evangeline's words (the very words that bought us together in fact) "*Sea lo que sea*," which roughly translated means "it is what it is."

The first time Eva and I were naked in bed I stared at her rounded, cocoa-colored abdomen and her breasts topped with fudge-colored nipples that were beginning to slope softly downward. I would watch her breasts sway, bounce, and swing while she rode my dick. I would imagine the wind moving the trees on Isla Verde Beach near her home in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I was surprised that she allowed me to look at her fully undressed the first time, but she did. Her body was sexily

imperfect. Her face was pleasingly plain to me at first glance. She possessed two slightly sad, coffee-colored eyes, an ordinary nose, two pale pink full lips, and a smooth, spacious forehead. Her body was a collection of voluptuous, slightly oversized curves that easily led one into the next. When she smiled it was a haunted-looking, closed-mouth curving of her lips that faded quickly. Her hair was long and hung straight down to her generous hips, like a thick sheet of midnight silk or a heavy dark waterfall. But she was completely honest about all these things in her personal ad.

I started reading *El Diario* when I was transferred to my firm's headquarters in New York City. I was looking forward to starting a life far from the comfort of the familiar. Once I got settled I started checking out the personal ads. I wasn't really sure why. I hated to think of myself as the stereotypical white guy looking to have a sexual experience with a Latina now that I was in the Big Apple. There had been minorities of all kinds around me in college and in law school; they were nothing new to me. I quickly realized how prejudiced that sounded, and

stopped trying to prove to myself that I wasn't racist. I didn't like struggling with political correctness when I contemplated my dealings with women. Having a conscience was inconvenient as hell sometimes.

I scoured each ad with my most discerning eye, scrutinizing every word and phrase, looking for any hint of dishonesty, deceit, or mental illness. Anything that sounded too good to be true was immediately dismissed, as was anything sounding too desperate, too freaky, too underage, or illegal. Evangeline's ad was the only one left at the end of this process. The headline for her ad was "*sea lo que sea*." In it she said she wanted a man who would have a "sexship" with her. Not a relationship . . . a sexship. She said she was looking to "create a sexual rapport with a man, but not necessarily any other kind." When describing herself she said she was "no great beauty" but "one wouldn't throw her out of bed." I was intrigued. There was something about the way she presented herself that had the ring of truth to it. She seemed at ease with herself . . . which I admired and even envied slightly. I sent her an email, she

responded, and we agreed to meet at the Starbucks near my office. On the appointed day she was sitting near the window, peering out anxiously, obviously looking for someone.

“Excuse me,” I asked as I approached the table. “You’re Evangeline?”

“And you’re William,” she replied, motioning toward the empty seat at the table.

“Please sit down. Would you like a cup of coffee?”

She had a beautiful voice. It was very carefully modulated, and precise. It was soft like a caress. It had a rhythm to it that my dick seemed to be able to hear because it began dancing to it as soon as she spoke my name. I had never reacted to a woman’s voice like that.

I shook my head in response to her as I sat, and began taking mental notes about her physical appearance. In spite of the sexy voice she was just what her ad said she was . . . an ordinary-looking woman. I released my disappointment with a sigh. Only in that brief moment did I acknowledge that I had some preconceived ideas about what my new Puerto Rican

lady-friend would look like. Even though my mind's eye recorded all the things I didn't much care for, my dick still seemed interested. She pushed her long hair back from her face and said, "Let's get down to business. Why did you answer my ad?"

I hesitated for a moment. She answered her own question, saying, "It's the no-strings sex, right?"

"Yeah." I chuckled. "The whole idea of sex without emotional attachments seems nice on the surface. Not sure how well it really works, though."

"So why are you here?"

"I liked your 'it is what it is/it is as it is' headline, once I looked up the translation."

"Thank you." And she smiled her closed-mouth smile.

"You were pretty up-front about everything you had to offer and everything you wanted. I liked that, so I had to see if it was real."

"And what do you think?"

"I think you have the most beautiful speaking voice I've ever

heard.”

“Again I thank you.”

“As for whether or not I think you’re being honest, I’ll have to see.” We locked eyes and I felt as if we were about to do battle. “Why are you looking for a no-strings-attached thing, and not a ‘serious relationship’?” I made quotation marks in the air with my fingers as I said “serious relationship.”

She drained her coffee from her cup and sighed, closing her eyes for a moment. The air around us suddenly filled with tension and sadness. It was as if she were prying herself open with a crowbar. She paused, trying to decide if she wanted to tell me why I was in Starbucks with her today.

She finally plunged forward. “I’m originally from San Juan, Puerto Rico. I came to the States to attend Columbia University. Once I finished my undergrad, I got my first real job, my first little apartment on my own. I invited my parents here to visit me for Christmas. I was always the one flying there to see them, and I wanted them to come see me for a change. I wanted them to see New York during the holidays. The tree in

Rockefeller Center, the Rockettes at Radio City, the decorations everywhere. A complete tourist's Christmas in New York City. They agreed. I saved up money for months, even took a part-time job so I could pay for everything and make it just perfect. The plane had difficulty landing, it was icy . . .” She halted there. Her eyes pleaded with me not to make her say the rest. So I didn't. I could see the shadows of pain and grief lying on her face, completing the sentence for her.

She continued. “My family, my friends wanted to help, but I didn't want help. I wanted to mourn quietly by myself. But they were all around me, trying so hard to say the right thing, to do the right thing. Everyone around me saying, ‘*Pobre bebé. Que triste es.*’ So much tragedy in her life.”

I figured that the Spanish she'd spoken probably meant “poor thing” or “poor baby.”

Clearly becoming uncomfortable, she finished her story. “They asked me to come back to San Juan. I didn't. I stayed here, went to grad school. It's been hard sometimes. But I built myself a life on my own terms. And my sex life is built that way

too. Anyway, I feel more comfortable with strangers now. I can tell them what I want about myself, or not tell them anything.”

I took her right hand into mine impulsively. It was cold, even though she had just been holding a hot cup of coffee. The skin was smooth. I rubbed it between both my hands to warm it. I managed to pull an “I see” from my throat. Once her hand got warmer I released it, and I took her left hand into mine to warm it as well.

“Where do I fit into all of this?” I asked.

“I do allow myself one form of comfort and release . . . sex. It is my pain reliever of choice. But I am not promiscuous or inclined to seek out random encounters, so I want one regular partner. A man with a killer tongue and a dick that understands a pussy like it used to be one.”

She had a way with words. I remembered in her ad she said she was a writer. She looked down at my hands.

“William,” she said, “your hands are very sexy. Strong. Even though you’re only touching my hands, I can feel your hands all over my body.”

The way she said my name was driving me crazy. It was the only time her speech was accented, and it was sexier than any naked woman I'd ever seen. And her directness was causing my dick to ache and moan softly. I wondered if she could hear it crying out for her.

She removed her left hand from mine. Then she took my right hand in hers. Reaching underneath the table, she placed my hand between her legs. Though her hands had been cold, her pussy was hot. Her hair brushed my arm and grazed my hand as she reached for me. It was as soft as her voice. Goose pimples formed on the places her hair had touched. The smell of it wafted over to me . . . wildflowers. I could taste the sweet scent in my mouth. I looked deeply into her eyes and got lost in their sorrowful cloudiness. My dick got harder, and my breathing became slightly ragged.

Was I turned on by her words? Was I moved by her story? Her hair, her voice, her eyes . . . when had I ever cared about any of these things? Tits, asses, hips, legs . . . that's what I was into. Accessible beauty. Surface sexiness. Was I experiencing a

sympathy erection? I tried to focus on her plain face, too round and too open. But I kept returning to her eyes. The momentary sadness had passed and I found myself gazing at the desire in the pools of cherry blackness. I became more aroused.

“You mean to tell me it’s that hard to find a man to fuck you,” I asked forcefully, trying to snap myself out of it. I wanted to see if bluntness would unnerve her.

She met it head-on. “A lot of the men I’ve met assume casual sex means I’m a slut. A lot of men still have that serious Madonna-whore complex. Good girl or bad girl, pick a side and stay on it. My sexuality isn’t that simple by a long shot. They think I’m promiscuous, so they treat me disrespectfully. They seem to feel the absence of a ‘relationship’—now *her* fingers were making quotation marks in the air—“means an absence of courtesy and consideration. That’s not what I had in mind.”

My hand was still between her legs, somehow caught there. I pulled my chair closer to her. I extended my index finger and began slowly rubbing against what I estimated to be her clit. The way her hips shifted in her chair told me my aim was

perfect.

“What did you have in mind, Evangeline?”

She opened her legs a bit. She pulled her chair closer. I added another finger to the first and continued to rub her clit. I could hear and feel it throbbing and pulsing.

“What I want is a man who’ll respect and befriend me enough to make the verbal exchanges that are the preamble to sex comfortable. Then I want the shit fucked out of me.” She reached for my dick, squeezed it, and ran her fingertips across the head. “Very nice,” she said. My dick lunged forward like a racehorse heading for the final stretch.

“I want casual sex with the same level of respect and deference that occurs in more evolved relationships. How do you feel about that, William?”

“Evangeline, your hand’s on my dick right now. How do you think I feel?”

She squeezed me again. I swear I think my dick called her name.

“I think you feel . . . just right,” she said. She licked her lips.

“I want to suck your dick right this minute. You’re a very handsome, sexy man. Clearly smart. Definitely appealing. I’ve hit the personal ad jackpot. If this interview is over and if I’ve answered all your questions, could we go to my place now? It’s not far from here.”

“Now?” I repeated. My dick grew frantic at the thought that it might lose this opportunity.

She said, “Well, if you must go, you must, but . . .” She trailed off, continuing to rub my dick. “It seems a shame to waste this.” And she tossed her hair back again.

Twenty-six minutes later I ripped open a condom, fresh from a shower we took together where I sucked her breasts while she cried out my name. Once in bed, I hovered over her fleshiness as I rolled the prophylactic onto myself. She was a wide expanse of uncharted territory. A new sexual frontier. I grabbed her caramel legs and hoisted them over my shoulders, and she locked her knees there. I slid my hard dick in her to the hilt, and felt like a king when she drew her breath sharply inward and bit her bottom lip. She was so fucking soft, like a

thousand down pillows, and tighter than I'd known a woman could be. With her legs locked over me, she pushed her pussy against my dick, bearing down on it and looking up at me. She grabbed her own breasts as her eyes stared into mine. She flicked her tongue across the nipples, and then sucked them as I watched from above. I fucked her harder, pounding into her with stronger, deeper strokes as I watched her partake of her own chocolate brownness. The look on her face and the wet, mounting, tightening pressure around my dick almost made me come immediately, but I managed to focus and to fuck the shit out of her as she fucked the shit out of me. I liked her cool, independent, and self-possessed nature. I loved her acceptance of everything life was, and everything it wasn't. I loved *sea lo que sea*. I wanted to be her friend. But she didn't want a friendship . . . she wanted a sexship. So be it.

Once a week I went to her home. I usually brought food with me, but occasionally she would cook. I loved her cooking and marveled at the seasonings in her cabinet that were foreign to me. She always made a huge pitcher of sangria. I turned on the

television, and she'd bring our food and drinks into the living room. She always served my plate, and asked about my day at the office. I'd tell her few stories about my meetings with my partners, or my day in court. Sometimes we'd get into heated philosophical debates about this or that. Those conversations were foreplay for the brain. (I never realized before Eva that the best fucks start in the mind.) I would ask how the writing was going, and she'd tell me about her latest assignments, her insane editors, or her impossible deadlines. Occasionally she'd let me read something she was working on.

Once we'd eaten and cleared up, we'd watch TV. After a while she'd turn off the television and go up to the bedroom. I would follow her. She had a wrought-iron candleholder on her dresser, and I would light the candles before I got in bed. We would lie together, marinating in each other's personal space. Some nights we would bask in sweet, silent complicity. Some nights we'd laugh and joke and tickle each other. It was the only time I could get her to laugh out loud and smile with her mouth open. Eventually I would reach around to rub her

swollen nipples, or kiss her neck. Sometimes I would wind my fingers around her hair with one hand, or I'd snuggle close enough to her so she could feel my hard dick against her backside. She'd sigh, turning to face me. We would kiss once. It was always a long kiss, a wet and passionate kiss that would go on for minutes. My tongue would enter her mouth as she sighed and let her tongue find its way into my mouth. We would kiss and breathe each other, inhaling and exhaling and giving and taking each other's mouths and lips until we were satisfied.

I would spend a good deal of time bringing her to an initial climax with my hands and mouth. Gently finding her clit with my thumb and forefinger, I would touch it ever so slightly, enjoying the arch of her back that was her response. I would dampen my forefinger and thumb with her juices, then bring my hand up to our faces, placing my thumb in my mouth and my forefinger in hers. We would taste her in unison. She'd lick my finger and begin to suck it, and my dick would rise up, jealously wanting to take my finger's place. After we had both

adult movie superstar. Some nights she was standing-on-her-head-doing-a-split-in-midair good (yes, she could actually do that). Some nights she was freaky-scary S&M good. She took handcuffs and long silk scarves and feathers and tongue vibrators and warming gel out of her nightstand, and our imaginations would have us climaxing all night long. She was reliably and consistently satisfying, as open and honest at her ad. She knew what I liked, and always gave it to me. Her consistency was as sexy as her honesty.

She gave me excellent head exactly how I liked it . . . shamelessly and skillfully. She'd clench her hand around my cock and run her hand up and down, squeezing it as her mouth bobbed up and down on it. Not a nick even in the throes of our most heated sessions. And she never forgot to give my balls attention too. She would fuck me excellently from any position, at any time. I could wake her up from a sound slumber and get the shit fucked out of me. Even if we skipped the foreplay, she would still be ready. Missionary—she fucked the shit out of me. Doggy style, both kneeling and lying down—she fucked the shit

masturbated alone in my bed, my brain clogged with sticky sexy thoughts of her. I became obsessed with her long dark hair, and loved to look at it and feel it falling down over and around me when she was on top. I learned to enjoy grabbing her wide hips as she offered her mind-blowing, wonderful pussy from behind, watching her head bury itself in the pillow, trying to hide from the intensity of my rock hardness in her sweet softness. I found a supermarket not far from her house that carried Goya products and tried to score a few brownie points by picking up things like adobo seasoning for her.

After several months of seeing each other, she started to occasionally ask me if she was fulfilling my Latina fantasy. She would jokingly apologize for not being intimately familiar with *West Side Story*, or for not having Jennifer Lopez's ass, or for not liking the Latin house music I had come to enjoy since moving to New York, or for hating Taco Bell. I would laugh warily at these jokes, hoping she was not serious. Sometimes she would laughingly referring to herself as my "*El Diario* ho." I always got angry and told her it wasn't funny. I didn't like her

calling herself a ho. Since I showed our “sexship” respect, I felt she should too, and her words were hypocritical to me. In spite of those occasional bumps in the road, we hung on together for fifteen months. The sex continued to be amazing, and so did she.

And then late one night in bed after giving me one of her mind-blowing forty-five-minute blowjobs that left me dry as the desert she said, “William, how would you feel about me seeing other people?”

My state of post-ejaculatory bliss evaporated.

“Excuse me?”

“Well,” she began as she sat up to lie back on the pillows propped up in the bed, “I went on a date with a guy before I met you, but it went badly, so I didn’t see him anymore. I ran into him a couple of months ago, and we talked about that horrible date we had, and we’ve talked a little more since then, and . . .” Her voice trailed off. For the first time in fifteen months her voice was ugly to me.

I sat completely up.

“What’s his name, Eva?” I asked, swallowing hard.

She hesitated a moment. “His name is Harold.”

I paused, trying to figure out if she was just being coy. “His whole name, Eva,” I said, biting off the words.

She paused, finally catching my meaning. “His name is Harold Manuel Ortíz.”

“Ah,” I said.

She frowned. “Does it really matter, William?”

“Is it because I’m . . . I’m . . . not . . .” I tried another way. “Is it because I’m white?”

She seemed to grow angry.

“Is what because you’re white? *Sea lo que sea*, William. We have never gone out on a real date. I have never met your family though you’ve gone to visit them twice and they’ve come here once. I have never been to any of the functions at your job, nor have I met any of the friends you’ve made here. And I’m not angry, William. *Sea lo que sea*.”

I was speechless.

“You’ve kept me in a tiny corner of your life,” she continued.

“And I haven’t complained. But if you had really wanted me, you would have made a bigger place for me. You’re a smart man, a successful man. Hell, a gorgeous man. Master of the universe. You know how to get what you want out of life. Half the time life hands it to you and all you have to do is reach out for it! So I know you would have tried to get more from us if you really wanted more.”

“It wasn’t that I didn’t want to, Evangeline. But I’ve just been . . . trying to figure out how to . . . and you’re always acting like nothing between us can ever be serious because of how we got together. So I—”

She cut me off dismissively, waving her hand at me as if to shoo away a fly. She raised her voice to me for the first time since we’d met. “William, you have dated many women before me. ‘Top shelf women,’ your brother calls them, right? You mean to tell me you have no idea how to let a woman know you’re serious about her? You didn’t know how to let me know you wanted more than what we have now? Face it, because I already have. *Sea lo que sea*. I just want to try something a

little different now. I want to be more than—than—someone's personal J-Ho."

Now I was enraged. She didn't get it. I really didn't know how to be serious with a woman, a woman I respected and admired who had a huge impenetrable wall built around herself. Why would she automatically assume I did know?

I raised my voice to her for the first time since we'd met. "I'm so sick of this shit! Why can't you try 'something different' with me? The way we are now . . . you set this up! These are the terms you set! *Your* terms! Was I supposed to assume you wanted me to sweep you off your feet? And by the way, Evangeline, you aren't the easiest person to get to know. Since your parents died you've pretty much shut everyone out, so forgive me if I couldn't figure out how to get in, or if I was waiting for you to let me in. I'm not a lover boy with all the answers. You think because I've dated a lot of women that I automatically know how to handle every woman I meet. I'm not Prince Charming or a mind reader. I'm not some Mighty Whitey *americano* that goes around sweeping women off their

feet with flowers and candy and shit. I'm not some smooth operator who knows what women want and can just make whatever he wants to happen happen. Why would you expect me to know what to do when you're different from every woman I've ever known?"

There was silence.

"Mighty Whitey," we both repeated. Then we cracked up laughing because we had spoken simultaneously.

I caught my breath first. "That was a good one, huh?"

She continued to chuckle. "It was. I think my way with words is rubbing off on you."

"Maybe so," I agreed.

There was silence.

"What do we do now?" she asked.

"Well, you're the one always saying it is what it is," I replied. "Maybe we finally need to find out exactly what this is."

I saw her face grow cloudy for a moment. She was still afraid, not quite ready to trust me.

"We'll take as long as you need," I added. "I'm not going

anywhere.”

She smiled one of her rare, openmouth smiles, and planted her lips around my dick. “Don’t want to attach bad memories to the blow job experience,” she explained as she began to suck my dick back to life.

Muchas gracias, I thought to myself, and rolled my eyes to the back of my head as the sensations shut them tight.