



Starting in 2010, this is my current work available that I sell. I love this story. It's very different from my other work.

Why?

#1: It's written in first person. The last time I wrote in first person was with *How To Meet & Marry In 24 Hours*. (Check out [my myspace page](#) to listen to that one.)

#2: It's where my main character is very independent successfully. Usually I write about women hitting the bottom of the bucket where as Sheryl is far from that, but too darn independent to look past her nose to see love.

#3: Sheryl was also a person who wouldn't back down and was openly promiscuous. She had no problems other than her dysfunctional family and her penchant to "love the one you're with" philosophy.

I'm glad my readers enjoyed the book, although it would be nice if they went on [Amazon](#) and added a review (hint hint.. [Click here if you're feeling me!](#))

Reason the author named this book, Diary of A...

Because there was so many "diaries of" something that I just couldn't decide what to name it. Hence, I decided to let the readers decide what they thought of Sheryl and subtitled it: *A Diary Of A Woman's Inner Temptress*.

About Diary of A....

"Trying to find the right man, but I keep sleeping with all the wrong ones!"

Sheryl Banks decided to start this diary of ... (well she doesn't know yet). Join Sheryl on her journey to find what every woman wants... a man. A good man. Yet, somehow she keeps getting lost along the way. Don't expect an entry every day, because her life isn't that exciting, but she thinks it's sure to keep you on your toes.

Inside of Book at Author's Notes to Readers

First I'd like to thank three special people in my life. My children. They are the encouraging fire that gives me the ability to get my butt out of bed. I think the formula for the fountain of youth is not somewhere in this world, but to have three children of various ages and genders.

They keep your mind young and your reflexes sharp and "their ceaseless in entertainment" according to my mother. (I think she's just being sarcastic and having fun watching me pay for what my siblings and I did to her.)

As for writing this book, this was my first novel in first person. I'm more of a third person kind of writer and I had to fool myself to do a first person. Hence, I made it feel as if the main character, Sheryl is writing her story in a journal and you, the honored reader gets to read it. In her head, Sheryl doesn't mind you reading her inner most thoughts because she wanted to tell someone, just not someone close. A girl's got to have some secrets and Sheryl doesn't tell business to just anyone.

Just a warning to readers of my previous work, you will meet Lethal Heart in here. Yes, I know that gets you excited (if you're an old reader). And yes, he'll have his day soon, but this is just to suffice until I can bring that story into fruition.

Your Author, Sylvia Hubbard

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Diary of A... was featured every month featured at:

<http://diaryofa.wordpress.com>

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual person, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

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Excerpt of Diary of A... (Entry One thru Five)

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Entry One

I don't know if I would call myself a whore. Maybe a freak, though it all just seems so nasty to admit, but not nasty to be one. LOL.

I wasn't always like this. Matter of fact, I didn't lose my virginity until I was twenty-one, around my birthday and it was with my best friend. Rick and I had been best friends since sixth grade. He even dated my first best friend, Monica.

Their relationship ended once we all graduated from high school. Monica chose to leave the state and go to Spellman, while Rick and I had a variety of scholarships to go to Michigan State University. I had taken a lot of accelerated courses and overloaded myself in high school, so I received my bachelors by the time I was nineteen and a half.

Rick and I moved in together by our third year of college in a one-bedroom apartment to offset the costs. Our parents were cool with it. Matter of fact, my mother thought for sure Rick and I would eventually get married.

He was damn handsome. Without the moustache, Rick could have been Morris Chestnut's younger brother and I was the envy of the campus. Yet our relationship stayed platonic. Not because I wasn't attracted to him, but because I think we both feared that if we took it further we might mess up a really good friendship.

I don't really know how it all happened. The day before my 21st birthday, I turned in my master's thesis and knew I was done with college. I was so elated that Rick and I went out to celebrate. Though I wasn't a drinker and Rick was just a social drinker, we still knew how to have a good time together.

Next thing I knew, we were lying on his bed, back at our apartment, kissing. I think we kissed for two days all over each other's body, avoiding the sexual parts.

By the third day, we had progressed to deeper oral. Rick was such a good teacher. I wasn't drunk anymore with alcohol and I wanted to take our relationship to the next level. Rick didn't mind at all.

"Take it slow, Sheryl," he gritted out, so aroused by not having any relief.

I was taken aback when he erupted in my mouth and almost choked. Yet by the fourth day, I could swallow not only his essence, but I was deep-throating like Linda Lovelace.

That was also the day I lost my virginity. Rick guided me to straddle him and I slowly lowered down, filling myself up with his thickness. I was so aroused and wanton, but also terrified and scared.

It hurt only briefly due to my moistness and as I used my weight and was able to control the strokes, I felt more confident in the whole matter. He tenderly edged me on; caressing my breasts, whispering my name, instructing me on how to give him pleasure and receive it, as well.

I don't know any woman I've ever met that said she had an orgasm on her first time, but I did. Matter of fact, I had multiples! Rick was a wonderful lover and he spent a summer teaching me everything there was to know about sex.

I was offered a job in Florida and it was an excellent opportunity for me career-wise. We had a long talk about it and Rick said to go ahead and take the job.

There was the phone, and since we were such good friends before sex, we found a great deal to speak about. We dealt with the separation sexually a little at a time until we were back to friends again.

I was even comfortable with Rick telling me how he was dating and sleeping with other women. I understood. I had no ties to him. It was okay with me that he didn't have any ties to me.

I found myself using men for pleasure while I devoted most of my time moving up in the company I worked for. Truthfully, men were just time passers, where I could get that inch scratched at will. I never took any of them serious while I worked in Florida. Nor did I pick up any really close girlfriends because I was such a workaholic. I mean, there were co-workers that I hung out with from time to time, but no one that I could really open up to about my personal life.

I've always felt that black people, which is what I am, spent too much time trying to make friends at work. I feel that if you don't sign my paycheck, why the hell should I share what I've been doing in my free time with you? I go to work to get a check and that's it. Nothing more and nothing less.

Anyway, so Rick not getting jealous about me sleeping with this guy and that guy made our relationship kind of cool. It was definitely helpful that I could talk to him about stuff like that. And like I said before, it was all-cool when he went into details about his lovers, as well.

That is until he called me two years after I had been in Florida and told me that he was getting married. That kind of got under my skin.

“What’s her name?” I asked.

He sighed, but answered, “Cassie.”

“How do you like her?”

“I love her.” He sounded sincere.

“She’s cool, Sheryl. You’d like her. I think you’d both make good friends.”

“Does she make you happy, Rick?”

He teased, “Never like you, Sheryl, but she’ll do.”

We laughed about it. By the time we got off the phone seven hours later, I was okay about everything. Thank gawd for free nights and weekends.

Of course Rick asked me was I seeing anybody, but there was never a permanent guy in my life. Only others. Rick was one of my best lovers. Not just because he was the first, but because he genuinely knew how to make love to a woman. I was positive his wife would never have a problem with his bedroom skills.

In Florida, before I got into a high-level supervisory position, my co-workers and I loved to go to Thursday Ladies Nights at all the clubs. Free admission until eleven and free drinks, as well. Since I still was not a drinker, I was usually the designated driver for everyone. So of course I was treated to a lot of things and used to being pampered all the time.

When the company I worked for made some major changes, they asked me to move back to Michigan to oversee a key project three months after my 30th birthday. I would get a great salary and, of course, they would fund my move, along with a company car of my choosing. I chose a light gray Chrysler 500. It was art on wheels and just getting into it the first time made me moist.

I found a great house in Eastpointe, Michigan, which was only minutes away from Detroit. It was a three-bedroom ranch style house with a pool and a big backyard.

The neighbors recommended a person to help with the landscaping. Chris was even a great “fixer” around the house. He reminded me of an older version of Colin Farrell without the accent and all the cursing.

Like any white man, Chris was all business with me and I was all business with him. A white man didn't intimidate me like they did my girlfriends. I worked with them all day long.

I was good at my job and taken very serious.

Being only five foot four, I was stuck on stupid for heels with everything because I was short. Thickly built at a size twelve – fourteen during Aunt Dottie's visits – with a small waist at a hundred and forty pounds. Even though I worked out, I was thick boned and just accepted the way I was built. I kept my hair very short in an Afro, curly cut and just recently dyed in a dark honey brown that brought out the honey brown in my flawless skin tone.

With an angelic face, big brown sultry eyes, and sensual dark pink lips, I knew I looked good. I had a nice butt and a medium size chest – not too busty but enough to say, ‘Hey, I'm woman. Hear me roar, mother-fucker!’

Coming back to Detroit, I was reunited with my high school friends.

Rick and I had always kept in touch, but he liked keeping his marriage life separate from me. I understood his position and didn't want to ruffle any feathers in his nest. We mostly communicated through emails, text messaging or long phone calls back and forth to work. I always sent him something for his birthday to his job, making sure I used either a plain white envelope or something from the store for a gift certificate or pass. Every once in a while we got together and had a cup of coffee somewhere discreet, talking and enjoying each other's company.

Now that I've caught you up, I can tell you why this blog is called Diary of A.... Well I don't even know yet, but you decide.

Entry Two

Not much is happening right now in my life. Since moving to Detroit, my life's been really hectic.

On top of that, today I lost my secretary. She got homesick for Florida and changed her mind about staying in Detroit. Being carjacked last night didn't help matters.

Since I've been so busy just getting my life together while in Detroit, I haven't been able to post. But Monday, I promise I'll have more to say in this journal of mine.

Thank you for enjoying the ride.

Sheryl Banks.

Entry Three

I've dated more than one man at a time.

As a professional single woman, I found that a meaningful relationship while you're trying to knock everyone off the top in your career is inane and takes up too much time. So I find guys I can date, but I've never wanted to have a meaningful relationship with any of them.

When I started to hit the big 3-0, I began really thinking that I needed to settle down. Maybe even have a few kids...maybe. But after I passed the 3-0, I was like; I could wait a few more years, right?

So I've never told a man, I love you, except to Rick. But at the time, I couldn't make up my mind whether I loved him as a friend or as a lover. I think I loved him as both, but I never took the time to really examine it.

Could that be why he didn't wait for me? Or even come to Florida?

It's way too late to think about that now. Plus, it's not worth wasting the little time we spend on the phone to ask.

In any case, I've never dated more than two men at a time. That was my limit because in some crazy sort of way, anything more than that would be sluttish and that I'm nevah! LOL.

Now I can be monogamous. If he ASKED and I really liked him, I would.

I always find it amusing the way a man will ask you to be monogamous. This conversation usually takes place after we've had sex for the first time and he really enjoyed himself. And oh yeah, I had a good time too, cause he's got to come correct if he wants me to save this sweetness just for him.

"You know I'm digging you, gurl," he will say.

"Yeah, I know," I say, already knowing what's coming, but trying to pretend like I don't. The male species - in my opinion - can be so predictable.

He'll move his hands to caress the front of my moins. Or sometimes men will stick their finger in my wetness at this point. (Why don't they just pee on me? LOL) "This is mine, right, Sheryl?"

If I liked him, I would smile coyly and say, "Yeah, boo. All yours."

We'd end up making love again and I'd really blow his mind.

I can be very monogamous to a man, when I really like him.

But coming back home, I wasn't seeing anyone, so I wasn't monogamous or felt a need to be. But I wasn't a freak either. I can go without sex, which is what I was doing.

I take my job seriously. Upon coming back to Detroit, I had to do a whole lot of work on the project my company assigned me to. On top of that, we also did some work for the Detroit International Auto Show – one of the largest auto shows in the world – and I was looking for a great bonus for Christmas.

So sex was put on the back burner, while I focused on getting my feet wet back in town and getting my ass in gear at work.

I knew coming into work today was going to be a bitch because I didn't have an assistant anymore. On top of that, Erin Nabors, the east coast Vice President of the company was looking for someone to bitch at.

Today was the last day of the Auto Show and I wanted to make sure that things got back to normal and all our ducks had been in a row. Instead of heading into work, I headed over to Cobo Center.

I forgot that I left my pass on my desk, so I went over to the V.I.P. desk for another.

"Hi," I said pleasantly to the teenage looking attendant. "My name's Sheryl Banks. I need to check on my exhibit, but I forgot my pass."

The attendant looked at me as if I was making it up. "There's no more temporary passes, ma'am."

"What do you mean there's no more?"

"Today's the last day. They're taking most of this stuff out of here. They said we gotta break down fast and-"

"Look," I said, cutting him off because I didn't have time to deal with idiots. I never had patience for stupidity. "Why don't you do me a favor and get your manager down here, because obviously you have no idea who you're talking to."

The attendant used the walkie-talkie as I impatiently waited for the supervisor to come down. A guy in a security outfit that looked like it had been painted on him, because he was so damn big and brawny, came by as I stood tapping my \$300 dollar Manola Blancs.

“You know you could scuff your shoes doing that.”

I whirled around at him. He was a hefty big black man. Not fat, but he was thick, about six feet six and a half, with a wide build. He talked silky, but rough – real deep and as if sandpaper was over his voice box.

“These shoes cost more than you’ve *ever* made in a day,” I sneered. “Go do your job and mind your own business.”

He looked up at the sign, as if he just realized he was standing at the V.I.P. section, and then he looked back down at me. “What’s your deal, lady?”

“My deal is that I want you to get the fuck out my face and mind your own business.”

He ignored me and leaned on the counter. “What’s her story, Poe?” he asked the attendant.

“She forgot her pass, but Mr. Mason already took the temps up, plus I don’t see her name on the register.”

The cornbread fed security guard looked at me sharply as if I was telling a lie. Matter of fact, his light brown eyes looked from my face down to my toes and back up again. He licked his thick dark pink lips as if he was a wolf about to feed on his prey.

Now I know I’m a good-looking sister. In one word – luscious. Men love to look at me no matter what I am wearing, because I seem to accentuate whatever they like about a woman’s body. My flawless soft honey brown skin, size 36 C cups (not too heavy and just right for gawkers), and round ass that perfectly curved at the bottom often made a man scream “damn” whenever I walked by.

But today, I was passed pissed and didn’t care for this man’s admiring looks. “Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” I snapped, but those eyes were making me hot and not just around the collar. He was definitely going to make me mess up my silk underwear very soon.

Poe gave the security guard my identification.

“Misses Cheryl Banks?” he confirmed. “From Florida?”

“Where I’m from shouldn’t matter,” I sneered. “Why don’t you go frisk someone, flashlight cop?”

He chuckled. When I tried to snatch my I.D away, he raised it up and stood to his full height. Even with my three-inch heels, I still wasn't able to reach his hands.

“You need a fucking life.” In my frustration I hit him in the chest and broke a nail. It was like hitting live cement. Did he have a damn steel vest under that shirt, because this Negro couldn't be *that* built?

“I think you need to come with me, Ms. Banks,” he sneered, grabbing my arms.

“Get your hands off me.” I tried to snatch away, but he dragged me away from the V.I.P. booth.

WTF?!!! Now I knew it was against the damn law to hit a police officer, but this was a fucking security guard. A nice ass looking guard with nice white teeth, sensual light brown eyes, and even well-manicured hands (or should I say paws because they were gripping into my arm like claws).

Before I could utter another word of protest, he was practically hauling me towards a room right behind the V.I.P. booth.

Soon as he enclosed us alone in the room, I hauled off and slapped him across the face.

“Let go of me!” I ordered.

“Wait-”

I tried to hit him again because he had yet to let go of me. Never in my life had a stranger manhandled me like this before.

He blocked my swing, reached out with his free hand, and grabbed my chin. The next thing I knew, his sensual lips were pressed down on mine.

At first I was really angry. But the anger quickly left when I felt his muscular body press against mine and those thick strong arms move around my waist tenderly. Tenderness coming from a man who seemed so rough took me aback for a moment. But only for a moment.

With a smooth tilt of my head, I parted my lips and almost giggled when his tongue slid naturally to entwine with mine. It felt so powerful to have this big beautiful man succumb so easily to me, my body, my essence.

He wanted me. I could feel his want pressed against me. Our tongues seemed fused together as if we had been conjoined like this from the beginning of time.

He could kiss. He loved to kiss and that was rare in a man – especially a man like this.

Abruptly, he pulled away, panting with this heated look in his brown eyes. “S-sorry,” he said. “I just meant to...”

“Shut me up?” I asked, checking my makeup and giving him a very stern look.

He nodded, flushing. “Yeah and no. I mean, I was just trying to calm you down.”

“Kissing doesn’t calm me down.”

“And I wanted to give you this.” He handed me a temporary pass. “That’ll get you through the door, but as far as getting you where you need to be, you’ll have to be telling the truth about that.”

I took the pass and smiled with my heart-shaped lips. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. My name’s Theo.” He outstretched that thick hand for me to shake.

I shook his hand, noticing that his nails were very clean and that there were no rings on either hand.

Watching a grown man blush was fascinating. I adjusted my clothes and purposely dropped my business card on the floor before leaving. If he was a smart observant man, he’d pick it up and take advantage of it.

If he was a stupid man, he’d overlook it and lose the opportunity. I liked to be chased and pursued. It turns me on the more the man lets me know I’m wanted. And Theo definitely wanted me.

Reapplying my lipstick, hoping that my mouth didn’t look passionately ravaged, I made my way over to where we were exhibited. I didn’t get a chance to see Theo again that day, but as I lay in bed that night I did wonder if that gorgeous man picked up my card.

Entry Four

Of course I didn’t expect Theo to call. And I definitely didn’t lose any sleep over it.

I was too damn busy getting my final report together for Erin (of course I don’t call her that to her face. LOL). She wanted the stats of our success on her desk this morning and that’s where it was when she walked in two hours late.

Erin called me into her office shortly thereafter. But I knew I wasn’t in any trouble. I had excellent reporting skills, which meant that all of my documents were over thorough.

Erin was almost six feet tall and skinny as a toothpick. She was also black. A very successful black woman about three years older than me. She had this angelic face, slanted black eyes and even a pinched nose. Just like any executive, she dressed in dark colors, which made her look even skinnier. She was always looking at everyone suspiciously. I had a feeling she didn't trust a lot of people.

In the back of my mind, I also felt that Erin was a little jealous of me. The position that I'm in now, she was in for almost a year and it had taken her a lot longer to get there than it did me.

"These results seem a little bit *too* positive," Erin said suspiciously. "Are you sure you did the calculations correctly?"

The fact that she was questioning my work pissed me the fuck off, but I answered coolly, "I went over them twice and even called Florida this morning to verify that my calculations were correct. I wouldn't want to turn in something that required more work. What would be the point of my job?" I tried to sound lighthearted, but inside I was saying, "Bitch, go check yourself."

Erin flipped through the reports and sighed, as if she were very upset that she couldn't find something to nitpick me about. I think I was the only one in the office that hadn't gotten on her nerves in the past month since I'd been there.

I suddenly noticed the dark circles around her eyes.

"Are you okay, Mrs. Nabors?" I asked, not really concerned, but just trying to get out of her office. If I got personal, maybe she'd get upset and kick me out.

"I'm fine, Sheryl, why?"

"I just noticed that it doesn't look like you got any sleep lately."

"The changes in the company have...well, they've been daunting, but I can handle this."

"It doesn't look like that's what's bothering you. I know you could run this office with your eyes closed."

She liked that compliment and sat back in her high and mighty leather chair. "Yeah, and you're right. Trouble on the home front is always hard to hide from. My husband just asked for a divorce and I don't want to give it to him."

"He wants alimony?"

"Oh no. He signed a pre-nup."

I was waiting for her to say something like, “It’s none of your business,” but she kept talking, so I kept asking. “So why does he want to leave *you*?” I made sure I said this like she was the best thing since ice cream, when I actually could give a flying fig.

She shrugged. “I cheated.”

I didn’t say anything. The fact that a person in higher authority revealed this information to me was a little uncomfortable.

“I was weak and feeling under appreciated, so I cheated.” She said this as if everyone did it.

I mean, I couldn’t say that it was wrong or right. I’ve never been married because that’s just ultimate commitment city. Plus I don’t know if I want to be with one man for the rest of my life. I don’t care if my time clock is ticking away like crazy.

“And he’s leaving? Did he want money?”

“He doesn’t want to see my face, let alone my money. I offered, but he said no. Does that sound strange to you?”

“For a man? Sounds like you pissed him off, Mrs. Nabors.”

She squinted her eyes at me suspiciously. “Thanks for the report, Sheryl.”

That was my queue to leave and I did so shaking my head. Erin’s assistant, Lisa, handed me a list as I was leaving the office. It was a list of clerical assistants from the hiring pool.

Damn! More work.

“I have to pick her myself? Couldn’t you just pick one?”

“They said they want it permanent,” Lisa said. “You’ll have to make the final decision, but I highlighted good prospects.”

“Thanks Lisa,” I replied and tucked the list under my arm. “I’ll be in my office for the rest of the day.”

Lisa was a mousey looking white woman. She had no sense of style and I’m sure a good washing with Pantene would liven up her dull brown hair. She couldn’t be more than forty, but with no makeup on, she actually looked like someone’s grandmother trying to look under thirty. (I know that’s so mean.)

“Umm... Ms. Banks, did Mrs. Nabors say anything?” Lisa asked evasively.

I frowned. What happened in that office was between my boss and I. Plus I don't gossip.
“What do you mean?”

“I'm not trying to cause you to say anything, but Mrs. Nabors has been acting very touchy lately and she's... well, last night, I overheard her phone conversation with her husband and she was begging him not to leave.” Lisa shook her head worriedly. “I just thought maybe if she got some of it off her chest to someone...” She stopped talking and frowned at Erin's door, looking extremely concerned.

Touched by her concern, I said, “She got a little off, if you must know. But I don't think that her personal life is affecting her work.”

“I know, but I just know she loves him and what she did... It was in a moment of weakness.”

“You know?”

“Yes,” she said obviously. “Everyone knows that she slept with the president of the company, but it wasn't to get the V.P. spot. She would have gotten that spot even if she hadn't slept with Earl.”

This was a real blow to me. Erin slept her way to the top. Smart and beautiful, I didn't think she would have to sleep her way to the top. Still, this made me feel a little good about myself since I never had to do that in order to get where I wanted.

“Well,” I said, trying to hide the fact that I wanted to smile. “I'm sure Mrs. Nabors is going to be fine, Lisa.”

“I hope so.” She snapped her finger suddenly. “Oh yeah, Peter left this morning because his wife went into labor. He asked if you could take his three o'clock. I checked your calendar and didn't see anything in that slot.”

I didn't have anything left. Yet I wondered why Peter, the office sales supervisor, would ask me to take his three o'clock.

“Let me check my email and I'll call you back,” I promised, wanting to hurry away before I started to grin about Erin's condition.

I know it was wrong to find her situation so humorous. But damn, when you find out the woman (whose job you really, really would like to have) slept with the boss, then that can be pretty fucking funny to you. Especially because you now know that you're better than her.

And better is going to get me where I want to be.

Getting to my desk, I popped open my Outlook and checked my messages. Peter had written me an email with the subject line, "Really Big Favor!"

Opening it, he said, "Gotta get to my wife, but I would love for you to grease the wheels for me by taking Mack Jackson out to Seldom Blues. The reservation is made and everything's all paid for. Just sign my name on the credit slip and it'll be fine. I already had it approved by Earl, so you're cool. Just sit and listen to him ramble off and let him know he's in good hands. Can you do this for me? Didn't want to go through the bitch, 'cause she's been acting like a cactus is up her ass."

I knew he was talking about Erin. Peter had written this from his cell phone. I emailed back. "Got your back, but you owe me big, buddy."

I called Lisa to confirm that I'd take Peter's three o'clock. She promptly delivered Mackeroy Jackson's file to me. We needed his business to push out about half a million dollars worth of orders. I'm the best, so letting Mackeroy Jackson know that our service is the best would be no problem.

I called the company car to be prepared to take me to Seldom Blues while I freshened up in my private bathroom.

Entry Five

(Yawning)

I went and met Mackeroy Jackson, feeling very confident that I could sway him to choose our company. I wasn't a sales associate, but I knew Peter wouldn't send me if there were financial negotiations involved.

Most likely this was an old white man just undecided and needing a little convincing.

The host led me to a table, where there sat this guy about six feet in height, wide shoulders, light chocolate skin and a head of red hair, which was very rare for a black man. Mackeroy Jackson was far from white.

When he stood up, I was even more aghast or more like turned on at the most handsome man I had ever met.

I said his name hesitantly to make sure I was not addressing maybe his assistant. When he shook my hand, looking just as wary, I said, "That's a strange name."

"Maybe," he agreed. "But Peter is a strange name for a woman."

I blushed furiously. “I apologize. I thought the assistant or Peter had informed you that Peter’s wife went into labor and he asked me to come because he didn’t want to cancel. I’m Sheryl Banks.” I handed him a business card with my title and contact information on it.

Mackeroy looked very impressed. “Lovely name for a lovely woman,” he said, kissing those thick pink lips against my knuckles. Then he waved the host away to help me sit.

When he sat across from me, we ordered drinks and then met each other’s eyes. I was feeling warm all over. He had this sultry, sensuous stare that made me flush from my head to my toes.

Dammit! I have to change my underwear yet again.

Pushing away my sexual need, I began to focus on business. I answered all of his questions along with relaxing conversation. I garnered a few things about him in the process. He was thirty-six, president of his family’s business, divorced, with two children - one of which was heading to college in a couple of years (he said this gratefully).

We laughed and I found myself very attracted to this man. When our dinner was over, I knew I had to get back to the office. But I could tell he didn’t want me to leave, so I called the office and asked Lisa to adjust some conference calls and a late appointment.

“A man named Mr. Patrick called,” Lisa said. “He said he was referred to you by your business card.”

I frowned, not really catching the name. “Can you forward his information to my palm?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

After I hung up, Mack asked while licking his lips hungrily, “You didn’t move your schedule around for me, did you?”

“That depends. I don’t mix business with pleasure, Mr. Jackson.”

“So when do you get off work?”

I laughed, loving his teasing nature. “That all depends on when you are finished with business.”

He checked his watch. “Let me make some calls and refresh myself. I can meet you outside in a couple of minutes.”

“Should I call my company car to pick me up?”

“No. I could take you back to your office. If you don’t mind?” His eyes danced.

I nodded, feeling the moisture increase between my thighs.

When he left the table, I signed the receipt and then went to the bathroom to refresh myself. I didn't know what to expect from him and I was almost nervous.

He was fine! Past fine and damn if he wasn't overly successful. I'd love to have him wrapped around my finger.

I stepped outside a few moments before him. His gray Benz limousine pulled up and we sat in the back. Soon as the door closed, Mack asked, "Since you don't mix business with pleasure, I assume kissing you would be crossing the line?"

"It would be," I said, smiling mischievously. "If it meant kissing you would garner that account our company wants."

"I was going to give you the account because you're damn smart and because if Earl has a team of you, then I know I'm in good hands. Kissing me would have nothing to do with the decision I make concerning your company."

I liked that response.

Leaning over, I kissed him with so much passion that even I was amazed. Yeah, I was definitely turned on.

He pulled me into his lap to straddle his waist as our tongues circled each other. I tilted my head to feel more of his ravaging my mouth. One moment I thought the breath was being sucked out of me. The next moment I was breathing in *too* much air.

He was touching my body, revving me up some more. I wanted whatever he had to offer.

Somehow we maneuvered our clothes out the way. Then there was nothing between my heaven and his shaft to impale inside of me, except a rubber. I was glad he had one, because I had not brought any with me.

It was feeling glorious. Or was it just the need to release a lot of sexual tension? Either way, I was a sex vixen, riding his thick rod like I hadn't had dick for centuries. I think I came when he first entered me. My muscles clasped around him so tight that he cursed like I was choking the life out of him.

"Damn sweetness," he hissed, sweating and breathing heavily. "Oh shit!"

I like it when they talk.

I rode him real good, feeling my thick juices coat him, loving the friction our bodies made. I vibrated repeatedly as I orgasmed multiple times all over his manhood.

He threw his head back, clutched my waist and held me close. “Oh damn, Sheryl. Oh damn!”

Mack’s fat nine inches pulsed deep within me. We shuddered together. Yeah! It was good, right, and I didn’t regret it one bit.

When our breathing calmed down, he whispered in my ear, “When can I have some more?”

I giggled, because I was thinking the same thing.

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