



Black Butterfly – Sex Checks

“When does Nolen return?” Portia asked. She puffed her cheeks like a blowfish for Nolen Jr. and crossed her eyes. The toddler squealed with laughter.

“He’s so cute Sydney. Aww look at him! And big too. I’ve missed you guys.” Portia tickled little Nolen with him fastened behind a plastic tray in his high chair. Sydney was shocked but glad to see her friend again. She had changed a bit since she last saw her.

Portia wore her long auburn locks in the new trendy style. One side of her head was shaven to just behind her ear. The rest of her tresses were thickly combed over to the other side of her face. Sydney didn’t like the fashion statement adopted from some pop star, but Portia always had that need to be a part of the latest rave. She could rock anything. And her jet setting lifestyle demanded it. She now found it funny how their roles were reversed. Portia, thanks to Sydney and Nolen was at the top of the scene in the modeling industry. Sydney was now just a housewife.

Nolen Jr. leaned forward for a kiss. Surprised Portia puckered and gave him one. Sydney’s son grinned in response. “He’s a flirt too! You see that? Did you see him?” Portia exclaimed.

“Oh yes, he is. Trust me I know. Can’t go to the grocery store without him waving and reaching for any pretty lady that passes by.”

“Well Auntie Portia is different, isn’t she sweetie! That kiss was just for me.” Portia grinned and kissed him again. Nolen Jr. had mocha brown skin and round brown eyes under silky brows that were as dark as the curly locks that covered his head. Whenever Sydney took him out in town he turned heads. She adored her baby boy.

“Just like his daddy.” Sydney shook her head kissed her son on the cheek. Nolen Jr. pushed her face away. The toddler remained fascinated with Portia’s bigger than life personality.

“Stop flirting and eat up baby,” Sydney offered him the spoon. Her son scooped up some applesauce from his bowl and fed himself with his hand, he offered some to Portia who pretended to eat from his fingers. “He’s only ten months old. Can you believe it? He grows and changes every day.” Sydney smiled.

“Your husband? When does he get home?” Portia pressed her for an answer.

“Some time later tonight. He called early this morning before he boarded the plane.” She avoided Portia’s eyes. Nolen had been gone for six weeks on a trip where he traveled between South Africa and Dubai. The days were long and her nights even more lonely with her husband absent. Nolen had several hotel expansion deals he was managing outside of the states. After defeating the federal indictments he threw himself into legitimizing all of his business deals. Sydney told him she understood. However, they’d never spent this much time apart since they were married. Of course he called, and they did a few Skype sessions. None of it appeased her. She’d been hopelessly depressed. In fact the other day she cried all night on the phone with Trish. And then today of all days Portia shows up on her doorstep. She didn’t ask but she knew Portia wanted something. Possibly a loan, or some celebrity hookup from Nolen that Sydney would have to barter. No matter how much hurt was between them in the past she and Trish took care of Portia, they were all sisters.

“You know I love you Portia but—well I have to ask—?”

“I get it. You want to know why I’m here?” Portia asked. She sat back in the chair and stared hard at Sydney. “I came for you sweetie.”

“Me?” Sydney withdrew. “What are you talking about?”

“I spoke to Trish. Nolen has been dealing with a lot of stuff with his business. I see him on the news. I know the pregnancy was hard and I’m sorry I haven’t been here like I wanted too. Traveling and stuff, well it’s no excuse.”

“Oh forget about that. I had Nolen. Trust me I couldn’t make a move without him on my heels. Besides Trish and Todd were here and I had Nolen’s family, they were all so sweet. We’ve settled down in Westmore.”

The corner of Portia’s mouth kicked up. “I see what settling means. Surprised that a man as important and wealthy as Nolen chose to bring you guys here.”

Sydney looked around their ranch style home with six rooms, four bathrooms, a entertainment room, and huge kitchen. It was tucked into the most scenic part of the mountain resort of Westmore, and very posh. But Portia was right. This wasn’t New York.

“Plus you gave up dancing for awhile—.”

“I’m fine.” Sydney lied, casting her gaze over to the window beyond her kitchen. The trees that cascaded down her landscape had long branches that swayed in the wind. She felt an old ache surface in her heart. With Nolen here and their son to care for her desires to dance on Broadway didn’t rule her emotions. But the truth was she missed it all. Especially dancing. After the federal indictments and the legal battles he faced she wanted to take care of him. And then she had Nolen Jr.

“Trish told me.”

Sydney gaze swung back to Portia.

“I know you were offered to a gig to be a choreographer for that new Motown Broadway hit show.”

“She shouldn’t have said anything. I declined.”

“Did you tell Nolen?” Portia pressed.

“No. Damn Trish. I told her that in confidence.” Sydney stood. She snatched the tray off the chair and picked up her son. Portia was quick to follow her. Sydney cleaned him with a wipe.

“You were upset, you called her crying. Said that things were different with you and Nolen now.”

“They aren’t—.”

“You said he works a lot, you barely have sex. When he’s here you barely have time for each other. And you’re lonely. She told me everything.”

“She got it wrong.” Sydney turned on Portia. “I’m happy. We’re happy. I am!” her eyes began to well with tears and she wanted to scream in frustration.

“Of course you are sweetie.” Portia pulled her in a hug. “But everyone needs to recharge their battery. He’s coming home. Todd said he’s just as miserable without you.”

“What?” Sydney let her go.

Portia shook her head. “You two are some pair. Neither of you talk to each other but you tell everyone else everything. He’s worried about you. Says you don’t seem happy in Westmore. And he blames himself for all the chaos since you two have been married.”

“I never said I wasn’t happy. I love him.”

Portia rolled her eyes. “Good. Show him. Tell him. Trish and I know just how you can do it.”

Nolen Jr. stood in his playpen and began to whine for his mother to free him. Sydney turned to comfort him but Portia took her hand and made her face her. “I came here for a reason. But first you need an icebreaker. Something to get you both back on track.”

“What are you talking about?” Sydney smiled. Portia’s schemes meant nothing but trouble. She couldn’t believe Trish sent her of all people to the rescue. Portia hurried to her pure and returned with a red box with a black bow.

“Open it.” Portia grinned.

Confused Sydney did as she was asked. She removed the ribbon, tore at the gift wrap paper, and lifted the lid to the box. She peeled back the tissue paper. “What on earth is this?” she asked with a chuckle.

“Sex Checks!” Portia grinned.

“Huh?”

“Check them out girl.”

Sydney opened the checkbook and couldn’t contain her laughter. Oh it was the most authentic sexy bunch of checks she’d ever seen. She could write a check to give Nolen a free lap dance, or a strip tease. He could cash a check for a blowjob or a several kisses. In fact each check that one could write their lover was naughtier than the next.

“Nolen’s this big financial investor. He makes huge deals. Trish said he’s some kind of brain. Right?”

“He’s smart. Yes.” Sydney said smiling. Her husband was more than a brain. And in the bedroom he was all man. She really didn’t need sex checks to connect with her guy.

“Are you telling me that Trish came up with this? I don’t believe it.”

“Nope.” Portia grinned. “Trish came up with the second half of my surprise.”

“Really?” Sydney looked over to Nolen Jr. Her son had dropped down on his pampered butt to observe them. “You hear that baby? There’s another surprise.”

“Trish said the problem you to have is the lack of communication. You know that girl has been in so much therapy she thinks she’s a therapist.” Portia grinned. “You need some time to reconnect with Nolen. And since you refuse to hire help you got me.” Portia stood and turned in a full circle with her hands to her hips. Sydney looked down at the checks. Sex games with Nolen could loosen the mood for her to have the heavy talk. But how on earth could she explain her reasons for wanting to go back to New York without sound selfish of her role as a mother and wife?

Portia continued. “Tonight I will take Nolen Jr. while you get ready for your husband. Be creative with the checks. Give him some dick crushing loving, and then be honest. You know I know how badly a relationship can end if you aren’t honest.”

“End?” Sydney bristled. “We aren’t that pathetic. Trust me. Nolen gets all the loving he needs. Thanks but no thanks.” She handed the checks back to Portia.

“Why not!” Portia pouted. She refused to take the checks back.

“Nolen wants to see his son. They’ve been separated for weeks. Besides I was thinking of a quiet night with the two of them. A family reunion, our own private one.”

“Oh Syd. C’mon. Why are you so uptight!”

“Don’t start Portia,” Sydney sighed. She dropped on the sofa and put her face in her hands. The truth was she feared the conversation with her husband. What if Nolen wanted this life and this life only? What if a life in New York with two working parents hurt Nolen Jr.? She had too many fears.

Portia sat next to her. She rubbed her back. “Have a little fun. Surprise your man. Get back to why you two were so hot for each other. Girl I swear this town is having its effect on you, and it’s not all good,” Portia said.

Sydney lifted her face from her palms. Portia put the naughty check book back in her hand. She stared down at it and considered the gift. Maybe a special homecoming is what she and Nolen both needed. “What if we are different? What then?”

“You aren’t sweetie. And I promise you if you work it right tonight your hubby will eating out of the palm of your hand.”

Sydney let tears drop. “So he told Todd he was worried about me?”

“He did. He loves you Sydney. But you have to be honest with the man.”

She nodded. She looked over to her son who now stood in his playpen watching them both. She smiled. Nolen Jr. smiled. “I’ll do it.”

“Woohoo! Let your freak flag fly girl!”

“Portia!”

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Nolen opened the door with one hand and held the handle of his suitcase with the other. His muscles screamed from strain after eighteen hours of travel. But the overwhelming feeling of relief when he arrived pushed him onward. The house was dark and silent. He expected no celebration for his return. After all it was close to midnight by the time he was able to drive up into the mountain. Most non-residents wouldn’t venture out to travel on a starless black night along the winding roads. Nolen fought against fatigue during the drive determined to stay the course. All he wanted was a warm bed. All he needed was her and his son. He closed the door and slipped the keys in his pocket releasing the tightness in his chest with a single exhale. He was home.

The prolonged anticipation of their reunion made his senses sharp and his heart beat rapid. And one step inside the melodic beauty of a song called to him. It played

somewhere in the house. Faint and seductive he felt the melody tug on his manhood. Drawn within the harmony he walked through his home inhaling the vanilla wax scent of burning candles in the dark. His stroll ended at the opening of the hallway that led to their bedrooms. Along the hardwood floors were white candles in tall glass jars aligned a curving trail. And next to each candle was a ticket of some kind.

Nolen stood there perplexed. He squinted at the scene trying to discern the meaning. It wasn't a line of tickets it was checks. Several checks paved the way to the bedroom. He was certain of it.

Had Sydney lost her mind? For the life of him he couldn't imagine why his wife would spend an evening playing with his checkbook. Curious, he approached the first and knelt to retrieve it. The check was written to him and signed by Sydney for the total sum of one dick massage. Nolen's brows lowered on the words and endorsement. His gaze swiveled up the hall to the door that was left ajar for him.

"What the hell are you up too Sydney?" he chuckled.

The next check he found was again endorsed to him. It offered a 'new sexual investment strategy' several options for sexual positions were listed in fine print. And the other said he could have a 'private insider trading position' to be done with her on top and him the bottom. He picked up checks for stripteases, dick sucks, and a bare ass lap dance. Nolen chuckled to himself. "Well, well, these I intend to cash," he said.

He glanced up to the open door once more.

Nolen stood tall. All checks were in his hand. The beautiful scent of his Sydney called to him, as did the sultry voice of an R&B singer he couldn't name.

Nolen pushed the door open and entered. Sydney waited for him in front of their bed. And she was beautiful. Her body was any mans fantasy. Long dancer legs that were smooth and brown reached up to heart-shaped hips. The negligee panty was sheer lace slipping into the folds of her plump pussy. The middle section of the negligee was tightly laced like a corset with red lace cups that lifted her breasts with barely enough material to cover her nipples. The brown sheen of her skin was made bronze by the room's candlelight. Sydney wore her hair different these days. She called it a 'natural style' of crinkly locks that reached beyond her shoulders and were as thick as a lion's mane. He preferred this look.

"Which check do you want to cash first?" Sydney's mouth took on a decidedly sensuous curve.

"Can I deposit each one tonight? Or am I too late?" Nolen leveled his gaze on her.

"Hmm, let's see. Well that's a big deposit, honey. You're lucky I keep late hours for these type of transactions," she teased.

Nolen chuckled. He hadn't expected this homecoming. He quite openly studied her as she approached. A gentle sway of her hips and a sly lift to the corner of her kissable lips and he was hers. "Hi honey." Sydney said in that sweet submissive voice reserved for the bedroom. "You're lucky the candles didn't burn out. I've waited for hours."

She kissed his chin. Both of her slender hands ran under the lapels of his blazer, and across his shirt to remove the jacket from his shoulders. Nolen stared down into her eyes as she did so. He kept the checks in his hand as the sleeve slipped off and the blazer dropped to the floor.

"Mmm, you did miss me didn't you?" she sighed when her free hand touched his erection.

“Where’s Nolen Jr.?” he asked glancing to the crib in the room. Sydney insisted their son slept with them. And after a few arguments over the arrangement he caved. Besides he loved having them both with him. But this game of hers awakened a need in their sex life he chose to abandon when she told him she was pregnant. In fact he was very careful and protective of her during their lovemaking. He missed some the more heightened levels of their passion.

“That’s my surprise. Portia has him down at the resort. They’ll be back in the morning. Tonight is ours,” she said the latter as a seductive whisper in his ear, rising on her toes. “I hope you aren’t too disappointed. He missed Daddy. Mommy needs daddy.”

The news was indeed a surprise. His brother and his wife volunteered often to watch Nolen Jr. for them. Sydney always refused. Nolen tried to hire her help, and she rejected the offer each time. The few times his mother was granted the privilege Sydney would break and go get their son.

Speechless he stared hard at his wife. She took the checks from his hand and shuffled through them. “Hmm, first deposit of the night.” She flashed him a smile. “Have a seat handsome, you’re in for a show.”

Nolen rubbed his jaw hard. He struggled with the game or just ending the tease and taking her to bed.

“Hey, do as I said. Have a seat like a good boy, and I promise you will enjoy everything tonight.” She gave him a gentle push. Nolen decided to give in. How could he refuse? He took a seat on the edge of the bed and leaned forward with his hands clasped between his parted knees. Sydney loved to dance. It was her passion. In fact her dancing had been all he thought about during his time away. Todd told him of the offer in New York. Why hadn’t she? He intended to get to the bottom of it later. Right now he was more interested in that lovely lace piece she wore for him.

She hurried over to the music box and chose a tune with a seductive beat made for fucking. Again he needed to brush up his music because he couldn’t name the artist.

Sydney turned on her toes with a playful grin. She picked through the checks and found the one she wanted. She tossed it to him and it floated down to his foot. Nolen picked up it up. The check offered a strip tease. It seems that his wife was intent on giving him just that. She worked her hips in a slow rock from side to side as she reached behind her and began to release the binding to the corset. Slow and easy she went low and spread her knees for him to see her center and in a matter of seconds freed the black and red ribbed corset. Rising in a graceful move that kept up with the rhythm on the music Sydney kicked the corset at him with her toe and began to dance. Her hands slid down her curves. Her nipples peaked in their confinement as her now larger breasts thanks to their son. Nolen smiled. He enjoyed this dance.

Both of her hands cupped her breasts and squeezed. She ran the tip of her tongue over her top lip glistening with cherry gloss, and eased her hands down her flat tummy until her fingers met at the delta of her pussy. Nolan’s brow arched when she slid them both between and released a snap that made the negligee loosen and rise. The trim hairs over her pussy were revealed. Sydney raised her arms and swirled her hips to give him a full view of her flawless round ass.

The music tempo changed. A pulsating beat that he could feel in his dick filled the room and his wife bent at the waist to expose her pinky dewy center to him. She made her ass shake. She bent her knees and worked her ass. She dropped low with hands flat to

the ground and pumped her ass at him all the while showing him how lovely her pussy was.

Nolen cleared his throat and willed himself not to smile. “Wiggle that ass baby,” he rasped. And just as he thought he could stand no more she ended the sexy tease and straightened to remove the lace now only covering her stomach and breasts. When she turned on him she was beautifully exposed. A curvy wild beauty with jutting breasts, slim waist, childbearing hips, and shapely thighs—every curve of her body was in lush proportion.

Every part of his body went rigid. His breath shortened and he raised his gaze to meet hers. “Come here,” came his thick, hoarse reply. No woman had ever moved him, excited him, scared him as much as his beautiful Sydney. He had clipped her wings by bringing her to Westmore, keeping her up on this mountain away from them all. He had his regrets for moving here and tonight he was certain by seeing her dance she needed more from him.

An indication of his inner turmoil must have played across his face because she stopped, staring at him with concern. Nolen masked his conflict and commanded her to come to him with the narrowing of his gaze. Sydney approached so slowly he almost stood and got her himself. “We aren’t done, you have a lap dance, a dick massage and suck, the option to fuck me in my...”

“No more games,” he ran his hands down her hips loving her figure. “I want this pussy now.” He rubbed his nose across her sex, which was now leveled with his face, and inhaled her natural scent. He kissed her there, once, twice, and then his tongue eased out of his mouth to glide down and part her labia and tease her clitoris. Sydney’s breath gusted.

“Now this is a check I forgot to write.” She parted her left leg and bent it at the knee to lift and rest and her foot on the bed to the left of him. At last her pussy was pressed into his lower face and Nolen took over with ease. His tongue swiped, pierced, swirled and thrust as he feasted on her sweetness. She gripped his hand with both hands and groaned. His gaze shot up and he could see the fortifying breath she swallowed when he began to suck hard on her clitoris. Her release was sudden and explosive. Nolen chuckled.

Sydney stumbled back. “You think that’s funny?” Nolen lids lowered and he fell back on the bed with a smile. “We aren’t done Nolen,” she panted. “I’m not done with you at all.” She tugged at his belt and lowered his zipper. He liked the homecoming, and enjoyed the gravel texture of her voice. So he didn’t respond. Sydney removed his pants, boxers, shoes and socks. He was bare from waist down. Maybe she’d ride his dick and put an end to his suffering.

It was not be.

Nolen eyes opened. Sydney slowly straddled him and his hands naturally went to her waist. He arched his hips to put his cock in her but she forcefully pushed him back down. “Fuck me Sydney,” he said, as her head rolled and she gave him a tempting view of her throat.

“No yet!” she said.

Her soft, warm, moist pussy glided over his cock as she worked her hips and ass better than any exotic dancer he’d ever seen. “I see you looking at me Nolen,” she teased,

sitting upright. She put a hand to her throat. "It's been a long time since we've played together."

"I.. can't..." he wheezed, closing his eyes. God help he wanted to fuck her hard and strong. But they were different now. She was the mother of his child. He had to protect her, even from his dark urges that she never rejected. His eyes opened. *Why hadn't Sydney ever rejected his needs in their bed?*

She settled her hands on his shoulder and leaned in lifting her pussy from his cock. Her breasts pressed against his chest, the hard tips brushed his skin.

"Do you want to make another deposit?" she asked, her hands clenching his shoulders and her lips only a breath away from his. He was able to stare directly into her lovely brown eyes. Damn he loved the way she shivered over him. Oh yes, his woman wanted it, and she wanted him to give it to her the ways he liked it best.

"I do."

"Where baby? In my mouth? My pussy? My ass?" she giggled.

Nolen couldn't remember every being this aroused. "You're blowing my mind."

"Let me blow your dick next." She lifted but he captured her. He sat up forcing her to sit upright on his lap. Sydney grinned. Nolen put one hand to her throat gently to keep her from moving away. He placed the other to her ass giving it a squeeze. "Play with me later, fuck me now." he said.

She obeyed and lifted a bit on her knees and he positioned her over his cock.

On the precipice of excitement, her breath stilled in her chest as the thick head of his cock stabbed and then pierced her cunt. "Feels so good baby, so fucking big." She grunted as she eased down his length. His hold on her throat was light and sensitive with his hand slowly massaging the length with his strong calloused fingers. He hadn't treated her like his woman in ages. Though their lovemaking was always gratifying she missed this, she missed them.

Her pussy clenched around his cock and she slowly screwed down his length and worked her hips in circles so he could go up and down each thick inch of him. If her lids weren't rapidly fluttering and her heart was going to arrest she would have seen the dark excitement cross her lovers face as his beautiful eyes became narrow and intense. Nolen never looked away. He grunted, and groaned, but he never looked away. Riding his dick, all seven inches of him, was a task. Sydney ground downward and bounced upward in rhythm with the song playing in the background.

"Fuck me harder," Nolen demanded.

She braced a hand against his shoulder and reached behind her with the other to brace against his knee. Raising her hips she powered down on his cock until she had him all in her and then began to work and pump her hips to deliver on his request. Her head dropped back and his hand circled her neck this time more firmly, with his thumb gently rubbing.

"Harder!" Nolen growled. She did as best she could now with short little thrusts that were more precise and warmed her inner channel. "Yea baby, like that," Nolen exhaled. Sydney smiled. A drumming sensation in her pelvis became a liquid burn through her pelvis and she felt the cramp of a pending climax.

"Now Nolen, I'm ready, now."

He understood and his hold on her neck tightened. The air caught in her lungs, her lids fluttered and blood rushed to her brain. “Tighter!” she wheezed as her breath staggered and the tension wound so tight inside her she couldn’t move with any more grace. On the verge of a blackout pure pleasure flooded every sense and she crashed.

Nolen flipped her on the bed, his hand left her throat but he power-drilled her pussy to get out the last of his passion. She opened her eyes to see his gaze remained glued to her as he too gave in and then soon collapsed under a toe curling release.

Spent. Nolen dropped on her.

Sydney dragged in a deep breath and replenished her lungs. Her throat and pussy were sore but she had never been this satisfied. “I missed us Nolen. Who we are, what we are, I’ve missed you baby,” she said. She stroked his back.

“We can’t do this, it’s a dangerous game Sydney. I should have never taught it to you.”

“Shhh, I’m not as fragile as you think.”

He lifted his head. “I was going to wait. I haven’t finalized things, but I can’t wait to tell you. Not after tonight.”

The thick emotion in his voice worried her. She touched his face. His eyes glistened with the makings of tears. He held them back and regained control before he spoke again. She could tell. She knew him so well. “We’re moving back to New York.”

“What? What!” she gasped.

“The government is no longer investigating me. My business deals in Dubai are solid. And... I know you sacrificed for our family Sydney. Delayed your dreams for me and our son.”

“But Nolen—.”

He kissed her silent. Tears slipped. She only told Trish, and confessed to Portia today, that she missed dancing. If she couldn’t take the stage she at the very least wanted to own her own studio, and be a choreographer. She longed for it.

“No more buts. You gave me everything Sydney. I plan to give you more. Whatever you want babe. Name it. Our penthouse is being made ready. I’m having a dance studio built in the building for you. Tell me what you need. Tell me you will always be mine.”

“Forever Nolen. Always. I love you. So much!” she hugged his neck. “So very much!”

Nolen kissed her tears and her cheek, he rested his face in the crook of her neck. “Me too Sydney. I love you so much.”