

CIROC NIGHTS DIDDY AFTER HOURS

After a few weeks at the tranquil Blue Lagoon in Iceland, the newlyweds were happy to return to their luxurious spacious mansion in Harlem Hills. Sebastian couldn't keep his hands off his new bride Naomi. She welcomed his advances that always led to fierce, highly orgasmic lovemaking. Naomi felt sore many days from Sebastian's hard thrusting's and languished in warm baths infused with rose oil. Pure Bulgarian rose oil has an aphrodisiac effect on most women, and Naomi was no exception. The lovely aroma of the oil kept Naomi feeling calm, feminine and eager for her husband's affection.

Naomi was enjoying a warm soak in her sunken Roman tub when hubby was knocking at the door. "Come in", Naomi whimpered. Admiring his wife's sleek, nude body, Sebastian says, "I need to get to the office to see what flights are going out tonight". Smiling seductively at

Sebastian, Naomi purrs, “See you tonight if you can get back”. Sebastian reassures her that he is still searching for her lost wedding ring and will get another one for her to wear in the meantime.

He kisses her passionately then gets in his car and leaves for Chastain Air.

The Apple I-phone next to the tub rings, and it’s Naomi’s mom. They talk about the honeymoon, how the ring could have come up missing. “Mom, I just know that it was that slick Silvio that took the ring”. “How can you say that dear, you can’t accuse his brother without proof”, her mother said defensively. Naomi had a mistrust of Silvio for a long time, he gave her a bad feeling. She hated the way he stared her down. Silvio would brush up against Naomi and deliberately touch her ass, trying to act innocent. If Sebastian was too blind to see that his brother was truly evil, he was in for some real disappointment. Silvio kept the wedding ring in his safe, every so often he would laugh to himself that his clueless brother trusted him. Sebastian would never in a million years accuse him or even suspect he was the wicked villain who stole the ring. He would accuse his mother before him, and that’s what made this Sebastian game even more enjoyable.

Naomi ended her phone call with her Mom after they agreed to meet for lunch and shopping the next day. She was exhausted from the honeymoon and a late night of fulfilling sex with Sebastian. She shampooed her hair with a delightful chamomile and honey shampoo, finished showering, she dried off, wrapped her hair in a towel and enveloped her whole body in lavender and rose oil. Rose oil was excellent in fighting wrinkles and restoring overall radiance. A good quality rose essential oil was a woman’s best friend. She was 25, but she still looked 16 years old. She was about 120 pounds, five feet two, and had nice firm breasts with large nipples. She called her hair stylist to come over for a deep condition and flat iron treatment. Wrapped her hair in a towel after applying an organic virgin coconut oil. Her hair should stay soft until her

stylist Lisa arrived. She went into her bedroom, bent down on her knees and chanted the prayer of the High Priest Jazz, “ I am a sister of the Illuminati, grant me power, beauty and riches in return for my soul”. Then she climbed into her California King bed with satin sheets and fell into a deep sleep.

Sebastian made it to Chastain Airlines by two o’clock. He pulled into the underground parking garage. Silvio was already there in his own office. He looked up to see on the security camera that his brother was getting out of his car and heading towards the elevator. He rings Cassie’s office to tell her if his brother asks for him, he’s not there yet. “Why lie”, Cassie inquires. “Just do it, okay”, demands Silvio slamming down the phone. He opens the top drawer of his marble desk taking out a black porcelain box filled with grade A cocaine. He snorts a line then replaces the box. It gave him a hard on. He decided he needed to run to the Catholic Church for a quick confession. He left his office through a secret door that lead to a hidden elevator. He jumped in his car and drove like a maniac to the church. His hard on was growing bigger. He got out the car and popped his trunk taking out a briefcase filled with two kilos of cocaine. He straightened his clothing, popped a breath mint then strutted confidently into the church. There weren’t many people there, it was Tuesday, most people were at work. It was perfect, Silvio didn’t want to be seen. He stopped by Father Patrick’s office to give him the two kilos of cocaine and in exchange was paid a very handsome sum in cash. “Where is she”, Silvio spoke in a low tone. “Sister Leah is in the room of ‘illumination’ Father Patrick informed him. “Thank you Father”, Silvio said patting him on his back. “Thank you”, Father Patrick said as he watched Silvio walk down the dark hall that was beautifully lit by vanilla scented candles. Silvio came to the end of the hall where there was a peculiar door that didn’t look like it belonged in a Catholic Church. The door had a small window in it that could be opened from the inside. It was painted

lavender. Silvio knocked on the door lightly. Slowly the door opened and a nun dressed in the usual habit opened it. "Sister Leah, it's nice to see you again," he said aggressively opening the door then shutting it behind him. Silvio began to kiss the quiet, pretty nun on her rosy lips. Sister Leah welcomed his kisses and allowed him to undress her. Underneath she had on lace black panties, a black garter belt with black sheer stockings. Sister Leah was very attractive even without makeup. She removed her expensive black lace Christian Dior bra that Silvio bought her. Her breasts were big and firm. He loved to suck her nipples making them hard. Silvio told Leah to get on her knees and give a long, slow blow job. She did as she was told. Silvio's fat cock was super hard and hurt the inside of her mouth. Sister Leah's pussy ached for Silvio to fuck the shit out of her. It had been about a month since he had been to visit her. "Stop, I'm about to cum", Silvio moaned. "Get on the bed, lie on your back", he barked at her. He was so horny for her. Her pussy was so tight and wet. He spread her thighs open and entered her slowly because she could moan loudly. It gave Silvio sheer pleasure to watch Sister Leah moan and cry in ecstasy. She gave her virginity to him for a price of ten grand that went to the Catholic Church. Silvio loved to fuck virginal nuns. He didn't mind paying for it. Nuns were quiet, submissive, they had a natural beauty about them. Plus Sister Leah didn't wax her pussy, she had a full bush that turned him on. Silvio made love to Leah for a long time. She was starting to fall in love with him. Silvio reached into his pocket to take out his porcelain black box. He placed a dab of cocaine on her clit. Then he began to tease her clit and pussy with his tongue. This gave Sister Leah multiple orgasms and she couldn't help but cry out with each wave of pleasure that overtook her. She would whimper softly, then arch her back grabbing Silvio's hair moaning and shivering over and over. Finally, Silvio came all over her big breasts, thick cum splattering everywhere. Sister Leah licked up every drop. Silvio kisses her deeply then got dressed after a

quick shower. He gave her one thousand dollars, and jokingly said, “Here’s for tithing”. He got in his car then sped back to Chastain Air.

Naomi awoke from her long nap around six that evening. Hazel her private chef knocked on her bedroom door to inquire about what to fix for dinner for her. “Will Sebastian be joining you for dinner tonight?”, she asked. “I’m not so sure”, Naomi purred as she stretched out on the bed. “I’ll just fix a late plate for him”, Hazel replied as she closed the door. Naomi loved to read. She found a Jackie Collin’s novel in her nightstand and began to read. She could always get lost in one of Jackie’s stories. Hazel went into the huge, pristine kitchen to start the evening meal. The kitchen was always well stocked with fresh fruits and veggies. Examining the menu for the week, she saw that turkey pot pie, served with a garden salad was to be prepared. Hazel gathered her ingredients together for the homemade crust. She then started chopping smoked turkey to go into the pie. The oven was pre-heated to make sure the pie backed perfectly. The phone rang in the kitchen. “Hello, the Chastain residence, this is Hazel, how may I help you?”. “Hazel tell Naomi I’m tied up at Chastain Air and won’t make it for dinner”, ordered Sebastian. “Sure Mr. Chastain, anything else?” asked Hazel. “No, have a good evening”, Sebastian said hanging up.

Sebastian always felt bad he usually missed having dinner with Naomi. He felt she understood because with him being a pilot, he was going to be gone a lot. There was a full staff of other pilots who did most of the flights, but he and his brother were called upon to do the private flights for celebrities and politicians. That evening there was supposed to be a private flight with comedian Kevin Hart scheduled to depart around 9 p.m. Cassie, the administrative assistant had just finished going over flight plans with Silvio. Cassie confirmed that Kevin Hart wanted a private flight for him and his family members to depart at 9 p.m. sharp. “You will let your brother know this won’t you?” asked Cassie. With a smirk on his face, Silvio agreed, “I

sure will". "Well if there is nothing else, I'm going to my office", Cassie said smiling as she closed the door. Silvio pages Sebastian on his intercom. "Yes," answered Sebastian. "Kevin Hart wants to depart at 10 p.m. sharp tonight", lied Silvio. "Okay, I'm going to snooze here in my office, wake me at 9 p.m.", Sebastian agreed. "Sure, no worries bro, I got you", Sebastian lied again. Sebastian's office was about as large as a normal one bedroom condo. He had a private bedroom and a bath for times he couldn't leave the office. He went to his room, undressed, read from the book of Matthew in his Bible, and then fell asleep. Silvio was playing office golf in his office with Cassie. He made her remove a piece of clothing every time she missed. She was down to her navy blue lace panties and bra. This office golf was foreplay before he fucked shit out of her. As usual, Cassie ended up losing all of clothing. She was so turned on by Silvio's bad boy persona, the dirty way he tricked women into satisfying his sexual appetite. Silvio grabbed Cassie by her throat, then started kissing her neck, then thrusting his hungry tongue into her mouth. He fondled her wet pussy until she whimpered for him to fuck her. Silvio bent her over his desk and fucked Cassie hard making her scream his name over and over in deep ecstasy. Their lovemaking ended by Silvio experiencing an earth shattering orgasm into Cassie. "Get cleaned up, you're accompanying me and Sebastian on Kevin Hart's flight at nine", Silvio ordered. Cassie went to her office to shower and pack for the flight. She loved attending Kevin Hart's flights. He was a natural comedian everywhere he went he was the life of the party. Silvio, Sebastian and Kevin had been good friends for a long time. Kevin was always booking flights with Chastain Air. It wasn't cheap either. Kevin loved how he was catered to on flights. He always pre-ordered his favorite meals and beverages. On this flight, Kevin ordered a dinner of roasted chicken, with macaroni and cheese, collard greens, mashed potatoes, and cornbread. Kevin also ordered a case of Aqua Hydrate water and Tasmanian iced tea. Silvio and Cassie

were dressed and ready to board the flight around 8:45 p.m. Some of the baggage handlers personally came to their offices to retrieve their luggage. Silvio pulled out a Cuban cigar and lit it. He wanted to smoke outside the plane for a moment and relish in the fact that he gave Sebastian the wrong information. Cassie went on in to board the plane. She sat in a luxurious cream leather seat behind where Kevin Hart was to sit. Silvio was greeted by Kevin Hart arriving at 8:55 p.m. He had his wife with him who gave her designer luggage to the baggage handler. Eniko boarded the plane in style wearing Versace denim jeans, a black lace blouse, and lots of gold bling. She was a perfect size six, and had a killer body. She and Cassie were good friends and were happy to see each other. They had lots to talk about. A stewardess came over to serve them both tea sandwiches, green tea and bottled water. Silvio and Kevin made their way to the captain's cockpit, sharing cigars and discussing their favorite football teams like Clemson. It was now 9:15 p.m. and Sebastian was just getting in the shower. Kevin asked Silvio, "Hey man, where's your brother, I need to be on time I'm doing a show in L.A. "I don't know what's keeping him, let me call ", Silvio lied devilishly.

Sebastian's phone was in the bathroom with him. He heard it ring, but had to let it go to voicemail because he was soaped up with argan oil body wash. He finished his shower, dried off, then checked the voicemail. It was his brother Silvio letting him know that Kevin Hart was already on the plane and was going to be late. Sebastian called Silvio back letting him know he was told the flight wasn't until 10:00 p.m. Silvio threw his head back and laughed a dark, demonic laugh. He told Sebastian he was sure he informed him the flight was to leave promptly at 9:00 p.m. "I'm almost ready I will be there shortly", Sebastian barked hanging up the phone. Sebastian made it to the plane and entered the cockpit around 10:00 p.m. an hour later than Kevin Hart had wanted to depart. Kevin was irritated, but hid his feelings. "Hey he made it",

Kevin boasted standing up hugging his longtime friend. “I’m sorry, I was told the flight wasn’t to depart until 10:00 p.m.”, Sebastian apologized. “It’s fine, I should make the show, those muthafuckas can wait for me”, Kevin laughed. Kevin joined his wife in the seating area of the plane. Silvio and Sebastian went over the flight plans together and prepared for takeoff.

Chapter Two

The flight arrived at Gray Butte Field Airport. They arrived about two hours behind schedule. There was a limo waiting for Kevin Hart and his wife. The baggage attendants retrieved the couple’s luggage and placed it in the trunk. Sebastian putting his arm around Kevin apologized, “Hey man I am so sorry you’re late, I swear sometimes someone is sabotaging me”. Signing for the flight so Chastian Air can be compensated, Kevin replied, “No problem man, you got us here safe and sound. The show can’t start without the Kevster”, chuckled Kevin. Kevin agreed to meet up again for another flight soon and the two men departed with their friendship still intact.

Silvio reached for his porcelain box of pure cocaine, snorted a line. He then boarded the plane to wait for their limo to take them to the Beverly Hilton where they could rest up for a couple of days. The two brothers watched an episode of Empire, sipping on Ace of Spades champagne and orange juice until their limo showed up. Cassie was still sound asleep in the lounging area of the plane. There were two cream colored leather sofa beds on the plane. Sebastian, Silvio and Cassie relaxed at the Hilton in Los Angeles. The three of them were going to be grounded for the next three days before returning to New York. The three of them enjoyed golf, swimming, and just watching movies in their suite. The Beverly Hilton had one of the best

chef's in the county. Rosario Gandolfini from Milan, Italy. Sebastian and Silvio always loved authentic Italian cuisine. They called their menu in to the chef before they arrived at the hotel. Chef Gandolfini prepared deep dish lasagna, chicken parmesan with endless Caesar salad for them. Fresh homemade rolls were hot out of the oven served with real cream butter were waiting for them. Cassie didn't eat much. She was happy with fresh fruits, salads, nuts and Greek yogurt. The two brothers spent time going over the flight plans and golfing together. Cassie spent most of her time working out, and getting pampered at the Pink Lotus spa. She stayed on the phone a lot having Facechat with her mom and friends. She had a couple of boyfriends who were crazy about her. They called her constantly. Always sending her lavish gifts like pearls and expensive jewelry. The two men who dated her were unaware of each other. Cassie kept it that way. Both men were ready to ask for her hand in marriage. She was stringing them along. Deep inside she was obsessed with Silvio. She was madly in love with him and secretly wished he would marry her. He would always withdraw early and was careful to not get her pregnant. Silvio was happy fucking Cassie and other women he toyed with. Even the nuns at the Catholic Church he attended gave him lustful pleasure. Silvio wasn't ready for marriage. He couldn't see himself getting married until he was in his sixties.

Chapter Three

On the third day, the threesome was packed up and ready for a private black car to pull up taking them to the private downtown airport. Cassie, Silvio and Sebastian were well rested from their short staycation. Silvio and Sebastian enjoyed cigars as they awaited the car while Cassie sipped green tea and working on her laptop. The private car was right on time taking them

to the airport. The three of them sat in the back all chatting like old friends. “What are you staring at bro?” asked Sebastian. “I just wondered if you ever found out anything about your ring?” inquired Silvio. “No, but I’m still looking into the matter”, Sebastian replied. Smiling a devious smile to himself, Silvio felt a rush of power being able to play mind games with his naïve brother. Sebastian thought he saw a devious smirk across Silvio’s face but when he looked again, Sebastian was deep in thought playing on his Blackberry. Sebastian looked away thinking he must have imagined the evil look on his brother’s face when he asked him about the ring. Their private plane was waiting for them on time. It was gold colored, with leather seats, two full sized bathrooms with Jacuzzis. There were two master bedrooms, fully equipped for a comfortable flight. Silvio and Sebastian gathered in the cockpit but then decided to let their partner pilots take over. The two brothers went to their own bedroom. Cassie joined Silvio in his. Cassie and Silvio couldn’t get enough of each other. “What can I do to please you my King?” Cassie purred. “Tease my cock with your pretty feet”, Silvio said in his dirtiest tone. Cassie slipped off her Versace gold pumps, showing off her perfectly manicured toes. Her feet were a perfect size seven and always kept polished and smooth. Silvio started sucking on her toes one by one. Then he unzipped her white sundress, taking her panties down. Cassie laid back on the bed spreading her thighs wide. Silvio inserted his middle finger deep inside her tight cunt. He finger fucked her while massaging her hard clit. “OOOh, yeah, you’re gonna make me cum”, Cassie moaned. She spread her thighs wider as Silvio started sucking her clit. It drove Cassie wild, she was at the point of no return. She gasped and started moaning loudly as juice squirted from her gushing pussy onto Silvio’s face. Silvio’s hard cock slid into Cassie’s wet waiting cunt. He fucked her hard doggy style making her scream and cum over and over again. Silvio would pull out just before he was about to cum. Pulling out he would stroke his hard cock pumping

loads of hot cum into Cassie's open mouth. "Swallow every drop whore", Silvio barked. They showered together. They watched the Fox show 'Empire' together until they landed at Harlem's downtown private airport.

CAPTAIN SEAN DIDDY COMBS

Silvio and Sebastian were good friends with most of the staff at Revolt TV. They frequently booked private flights for them at discounted prices. Angela Yee, a journalist at Revolt wanted to call Chastain Air for a flight to Honolulu, Hawaii. She was going there for a business women's conference. Many A-list celebrities would be there. Angela called Sebastian on his cell phone. His phone rang three times before Sebastian answered. He saw on his caller i.d. that it was a V.I.P. Angela Yee. "Yes, Angela baby, what can I do for you?" asked Sebastian. "Hey Boo, how are you?" Angela asked sounding excited. "Couldn't be better," replied Sebastian. "I need to book a flight out of Manhattan to Honolulu for this Thursday," said Angela. Checking the company database for flight schedules, Sebastian check to see if Thursday had any openings. "I have two different times we could pick you up in Manhattan. There's a 10 a.m., and a 3 p.m. flight," Sebastian informed her. Taking a minute to think about her own schedule before she answered, "I'll take the 3 p.m. Boo," said Angela. "It's done girl, we'll be there around 2:30 p.m. at the downtown airport in our usual spot," said Sebastian.

The two talked a little more about the conference then hung up. Sebastian added Angela to the database and called Cassie in her office to make sure she adds Angela to her flight schedule. Cassie as an administrative assistant for Chastain Air, her duty was to bill the customers and make sure they had all of their personal requests taken care of. Angela Yee was single, petite, of Creek Indian and Italian heritage. She was about five feet two, about 120 pounds, had waist length thick wavy, brown hair. She had green eyes, high cheek bones, and a very sexy figure. Angela spoke several languages like Spanish, Italian, Russian, Swedish and Japanese. She was well educated. When she flew on Chastain Air, her requests were simple. Angela usually ordered Beef Wellington with roasted veggies and Sonoma Valley wines.

Cassie went online to order a special gift basket of Blue Lagoon bath products for Angela to receive on her flight. Guest who flew with Chastain Air were pampered, made to feel special, and were catered to. After all, most of them were A-list celebrities, they had to be kept happy. Cassie paid for the gift basket online with the company credit card. The order should arrive next day via Fed-Ex in time for Thursday's flight.

Silvio arrived at his office at Chastain Air around 10 a.m. All of the staff were there. There was a staff meeting scheduled for noon and afterwards a company banquet. It was being catered by Martha Stewart and Snoop Dogg. They too were customers of Chastain Air. Some people had doubts about Martha and Snoop's cooking show. Some people felt the two would clash or it would come across as fake. Unbelievably, it turned out well and was a success!

The two actually get along well. The cooking show has benefited Snoop Dogg immensely. He has been exposed to the classier, persnickety side of life and has learned to cook dishes he has never heard of, such as Beef Wellington. At the meeting, Sebastian and Silvio discussed old business first. The minutes were read by Cassie. She looked absolutely gorgeous in a silk, red Japanese style dress that hugged her size 7 figure. Her waist length hair hung over her shoulder seductively as she read last month's old business. Cassie sat next to Silvio. He was distracted by her.

The two of them kept playing footsie under the table. Cassie and Silvio had an undeniable attraction to each other. She wanted to have him all to herself. She craved this man day and night. Cassie had no idea that Silvio led a double life, fucked nuns in a convent, dealt drugs with the priest of his church, and has people killed. She is under the impression that Silvio is a playboy with too much money to spend and that's it.

Sebastian pretty much ran the meeting and went over new policies that came into play. Cassie got a notification on her phone reminding her there was a woman coming in for an interview for an accounting position. Sebastian brought the meeting to an end.

Cassie could see on the surveillance cameras that Martha and Snoop's catering arrived. "Excuse me everyone, I need to let the caterers in," Cassie apologized. As Cassie got up to leave the meeting, all eyes were on her as she walked as graceful as a puma towards the door. Silvio bumped Sebastian's arm, "Bro don't be looking at Cassie like you wanna sop her up with some gravy". "Why, are you banging her," teased Sebastian. Grabbing a cup of coffee, Silvio tries to hide it. "Wouldn't you like to know?" He smiles, and then goes to find Cassie to help let the caterers in, so they can set up the banquet.

The woman interviewing for the accounting position arrived. She was an obese, dark skinned black woman, in her early thirties. She had a blonde weave in her hair that was high quality and nicely done. Her name was Becky Porter. She was dressed in sheer sophistication, wearing a knee length navy blue dress with a Hermes silk scarf elegantly draped around her shoulders.

Becky wore good quality expensive pumps and carried a tasteful navy blue brief case. She rang the doorbell at the main entrance. Cassie looked up from her typing and to look again. She saw on the company surveillance cameras that Becky was waiting at the door. Cassie thought the woman was too overweight for the job, but she couldn't discriminate and had to interview her. Opening the door, "Welcome to Chastain Air, are you my afternoon appointment?" Cassie exclaimed. Offering her hand being polite, Becky says, "I sure am, sorry I'm running a little late." Shaking the woman's hand firmly, "Oh, you're fine, come right in" offers Cassie. "I'm Cassie Villareal, the company administrative assistant." "Nice to meet you,

I'm Beck Miller, and I hope to be your accountant" she said smiling. Well for an obese woman, she smelled wonderful, like a Christian Dior fragrance such as Poison, thought Cassie.

"Well, follow me and we'll go to my office to start the interview. Can I get you something to drink", asked Cassie. "Do you have Aqua Hydrate water?" asked Becky. "We sure do, I'll be right back. Have a seat, make yourself comfortable," said Cassie. Becky found a comfortable chair in front of Cassie's desk and sat down. Cassie went down to the kitchen to get a couple of Aqua Hydrate water's and returned to the interview.

Meanwhile, the company banquet catered by Martha Stewart and Snoop Dogg was going well. They brought in platters of roast beef, and roasted chicken, steamed veggies, fresh rolls, herb roasted potatoes, salads and different sorbets, like lemon and cherry. Everyone was happy to see Snoop Dogg. "What's up my brother?" asked Snoop, hugging Sebastian. "How have you been man" says Sebastian. "Oh, you know I stay high as the sky, smoking that good weed, letting Wiz Khalifa take the lead, you know how it go?" laughs Snoop. Laughing out loud, "I see you're still the life of the party," says Sebastian. Pulling out two joints and offering one to Sebastian, Snoop laughs, "always will be baby, always will be." The two of them go out back to a hidden patio and enjoy a smoke and talk about old times.

Martha Stewart was busy setting up the platters of delicious, hot food. Everyone was having a good time. A well-known d.j. came in to supply good tunes. Silvio found a couple of pretty secretaries to dance with. Bottles of Ciroc in all flavors like the newest, mango, were brought out. Bottles of DeLeon tequila were also put out at the bar. There were a couple of professional bartenders that were hired. The company didn't spare any expense at the gatherings.

Cassie thought the interview with Becky was going well. She intended to hire her providing her references checked out. Cassie invited Becky to join her and the crew for the

banquet. “Oh, I don’t know if I should,” hesitated Becky. “Girl, come on, you will get a chance to meet Martha Stewart and Snoop Dogg,” encouraged Cassie. Not wanting to seem too shy, Becky agreed to stay, meet people and socialize. “You can leave your purse in my office, if you want. I’ll lock the door behind us,” said Cassie.

So Becky handed her purse over to Cassie, and the two of them went to join the others for a good time. As Cassie entered the room, everyone stopped talking and looked at the two women. Cassie was so beautiful and her presence commanded your undivided attention. Naomi was missing her husband. She had just finished a Pilate’s workout in her home gym. Grabbing a bottled water, she sat down on the floor of her exercise studio. Getting her cell phone, she called her hubby Sebastian.

Snoop and Sebastian were getting high on the patio smoking California Gold weed. Sebastian’s cell phone rang, he saw it was his wife. “Bro, it’s wifey, gotta take this,” said Sebastian. Snoop put out his joint, then went in the building to find Martha to help her serve everyone. Sebastian answered, “Hey baby, what’s up?” “I miss you and want you home,” crooned Naomi.

“Do you sweetie?” said Sebastian. “Oh yes, I want you so bad,” Naomi said in her dirty girl voice. “Talk dirty to me,” said Sebastian. He lies back on the patio sofa to listen to his wife say the dirtiest, kinkiest things to him. Listening to her, her sultry voice made his cock hard. “Daddy do you want to know what I’m wearing?” purred Naomi.

“Yes, tell Daddy what my little slut is wearing,” moaned Sebastian. “Well, I have on a pair of red, crotch less panties, and a matching red, lace bra,” Naomi said in her slutty voice. Grabbing his thickening cock, Sebastian says, “Mmm, you know Daddy loves to see his little

whore in red.” “I’m spreading my legs, and touching my wet clit,” continues Naomi. “I love touching it, it’s so sensitive, when I rub it right, it makes me cum,” says Naomi.

Getting so hard and turned on, “Preach!” says Sebastian. Naomi explains to Sebastian how she takes her dildo and pretending it’s his rock hard cock, she takes it in her mouth, slowly sucking it. Sebastian was so horny, he almost wanted to leave right then and there to get to Naomi. But he knew he couldn’t leave until later evening.

Silvio was entertaining two hot blondes, who worked in the marketing department. They were petite, with big boobs. The ménage a trois were having a good time, dancing and drinking Ciroc. Cassie glared at Silvio from across the room. She couldn’t stand to see him with other women. The d.j. played Lil Freak by Usher and the two blondes danced around Silvio seductively, giving him the ‘I will let you fuck me look’. He allowed the two of them to press their big tits against him. They allowed him to grind his cock against their big black girl booties. Silvio was totally ignoring Cassie. This was more than she could stand. Cassie was supposed to be entertaining Becky. The two women were at a table by the fireplace. Becky noticed Cassie was distracted by the way she kept looking towards Silvio’s way. “Are you okay girl?” asked Becky.

Trying to hide her anger, “Oh yes, everything is fine,” lied Cassie. Lifting her glass of DeLeon to Becky, “Here’s to you and your new career here,” said Cassie. Gasping, grabbing her face, “You mean I got the job!” exclaimed Becky. Looking Becky in the eye, “It’s yours girl,” smiled Cassie. “Oh thank you so much,” Becky said, trying to retain her composure.

Cassie happened to look over at the wrong time, what she saw almost made her want to stand up in the party, and shout, get your fucking hands off my man! But, she couldn’t. Silvio had gone too far this time. Silvio was on the black leather sofa with the two blondes on each side

of him. He was taking turns French kissing them both. “What’s wrong girl?” asked Becky with concern. Getting up from the table, Cassie excused herself. “I’ll be right back, “ she says. Picking up a piece of roast chicken, Becky says, “Ok, take your time.” Cassie is heated and ready to kill Silvio. She walks up to him. “Excuse me, sir. Can I see you a minute?” Looking at her with defiance, Silvio says, “Can’t you see I’m busy?” Cassie bursts out crying right there. Then she runs out of the room to her office and shuts the door behind her.

Silvio gets the two blondes off him and follows Cassie to her office. He knocks on the door. There’s no answer. He then just barges in to find Cassie on her sofa having a hard cry. “Haven’t I told you that when you see me with other women to find something to do!” barks Silvio. Looking up at Silvio, Cassie gets up to face him. She slaps him across the face. “You can’t keep treating me as if I don’t have feelings,” Cassie cried.

“Bitch, don’t you ever hit me again unless you want me to slap the fuck out of you,” yelled Silvio. Cassie cowered and felt afraid. She didn’t want to get out of control with Silvio. She didn’t want to provoke him to beat the shit out of her. Submitting to him, “Baby, I love you and want you to myself,” said Cassie unzipping her dress. “You got me right now,” said Silvio, unzipping his pants, pulling out his hard, fat cock. “Suck my dick, bitch!” demanded Silvio.

“Ok, Daddy, obeyed Cassie, removing her bra and panties. Cassie got down on her knees, taking Silvio’s dick deep in her hot mouth. He loved the way Cassie gave head, she could really take him in. Silvio fucked her mouth the way he’d fuck her pussy. Cassie got up and started kissing Silvio on his neck and chest. Then they indulged in the hottest French kiss. Stepping back, Cassie slaps Silvio again. “What now bitch?” says Silvio.

“I can smell those whores perfume all over you!” Cassie says starting to cry. Silvio just stared at her for a moment. “Look bitch, you fucking hit me again, I’m gone fuck you up!”

threatened Silvio. Taking off her panties, and bending over the sofa, Cassie spreads her pussy saying, “Daddy I want it!” “Fuck me hard, Silvio!” begged Cassie. Silvio thrust his cock inside her tight cunt, spanking her ass saying, “What’s my name?” over and over. All Cassie could moan was, “Daddy, Daddy, I want it, Oh Daddy.

CAPTAIN SEAN DIDDY COMBS-

It was a sunny afternoon in downtown Manhattan at the private airport of Chastain Air. It was about 3:00 p.m. and Angela Yee was ready for her flight. She was sitting in the V.I.P lounge enjoying Aqua Hydrate water with fruit, doing something on her phone. There were a few single, movie producers there who were admiring her.

They would be joining her on her flight. Right on time, the two Chastain Captains came strolling in the airport dressed to kill, and smelling absolutely divine of Sean John fragrance. Angela noticed Sebastian walked in and stood up to greet him and Silvio. “Well, hello Boo,” said Angela hugging Sebastian. Kissing her on the cheek, “What’s up girl, looking good as ever,” admires Sebastian.

Stepping back blushing, “Oh, you know I try,” teased Angela. Secretly admiring Silvio, Angela looks over at him offering her hand. “Hello Silvio, it’s nice to see you.” Taking her hand and kissing it lightly, “You too as well.” Silvio and Angela shared a long lingering look, then they both looked away. “Well, we should get on the plane to get ya’ll to your destinations on time, shall we,” said Sebastian.

A baggage handler came to get Angela’s luggage and together they all boarded the Chastain private jet. A private executive car had pulled up to drop Cassie off who usually attended most flights. She had a gift basket filled with Versace and Sean John goodies for Angela. All of the celebrities received specialty baskets when they flew Chastain Air. Cassie’s driver got out to open her door. She got out looking Foxy Brown fine in a cheetah print catsuit, Versace pumps, and a mid-length black mink coat.

She smelled of strawberries and champagne. The driver retrieved her luggage cute little Maltese puppy named Molly for Cassie. Looking around to the driver, Cassie says, “Did you get Molly?” “Yes Madam, I sure did,” says Brett. Cassie found her favorite seat next to the master bedroom and got comfortable. She didn’t notice Angela Yee was in the back snuggled up with the latest issue of Essence magazine. Kicking off her Versace pumps and removing her coat, Cassie goes to the back to give Angela a greeting.

“Hey girl,” Cassie says. Startled, Angela looks up from her magazine. “Hi Cassie, how are you?” smiles Angela. “Doing fine, I can’t complain.” “You look beautiful as ever,” continues Cassie. “Thanks,” replies Angela. Over the P.A. system, Captain Sebastian announces that they are about ready for takeoff and the two stewardesses should make sure everyone is seated and seatbelts are securely fastened.

Cassie goes back to her seat. Sebastian and Silvio get the jet safely off the ground and into the New York horizon on the way to Los Angeles, non-stop. Silvio gets a text message on his phone from Sister Leah at the convent. The message read: Baby I'm hot and need to see you. Smiling to himself, Silvio missed that tight, virginal pussy too.

He texted back, see you soon sexy lady. Silvio loved fucking Sister Leah. Each time she made him think his fat cock was spitting her open. The sex just got better and better. She made him have powerful orgasms. There was a magnetic, sexual attraction between them both. Silvio wanted to taunt Sebastian at the moment. He still had Naomi's wedding ring locked in his safe.

"Bro, have you found Naomi's ring?" Silvio asked slyly. Sebastian wondered why Silvio kept asking him that. "No, man I haven't." "I'm going to get her another one, a pink five carat diamond," says Sebastian. "Oh that's right Naomi loves pink," replied Silvio. "Yeah, she sure does," sighs Sebastian. Silvio wondered if Sebastian was dumb enough to let him see the new ring when he gets it. He thought he better not ask or it might bring suspicion his way.

The stewardess brought Sebastian and Silvio Icelandic iceberg water and a ginger ale. She asked them what they wanted for lunch, took their orders, and then left them in peace. The two brothers talked amongst themselves about the high cost of airplane fuel, and how they could get better prices using domestic fuel. They discussed investing in an oil well. "You know when we touch ground in L.A., I want to stop by Martha and Snoop's restraint for fried chicken," said Sebastian.

"I think you may want a little more than chicken if you're seeing Snoop," joked Silvio. The two brothers laughed together. "Why don't you text Snoop and see if they can hook us up with a private table," offered Silvio. "You know, that ain't a bad idea," said Sebastian. So he sent Snoop a text message about getting a private table for later that evening, and a little sumthin

sumthin, having to do with puff puff pass. Snoop texted back, come on in dog, we'll be glad to hook you up. If you want some fire ass weed, nigga I got the shit that you need. One more thing Homie, I'll fix the fried chicken, you don't want Martha's, it's a little on the bland side, lol.

You know I season mine with flour with slap yo mama and cuss out your daddy soul seasoning, black pepper, and onion and garlic powder. Sebastian texted back that it all sounded good and to expect them around 7p.m. The flight was smooth sailing through clear skies and very little turbulence. Cassie, Angela Yee and the movie producers on the flight slept most of the flight. The flight finally came to an end. Everyone made it safely. The baggage handlers came to get everyone's luggage off of the plane. Sebastian made sure that Angela made it safely inside the private airport to meet another executive car.

"So did you enjoy the flight girl?" asked Sebastian. Hugging Sebastian and giving him an innocent kiss on the cheek, Angela says, "It was fine Boo, I enjoyed it as always." "Did you get your gift basket?" asked Sebastian. Looking around to make sure, "Yes, the baggage handler took it inside the terminal with the luggage," says Angela. Being concerned with Angela's well-being and comfort since she was a Revolt employee and longtime friend, Sebastian made sure she was safely seated inside the V.I.P lounge to wait for an executive car. He hugged her and bid her good bye until next time.

Cassie joined Silvio and Sebastian in the V.I.P. lounge. They were going to spend the night in L.A. at the Beverly Hills hotel while the jet was being serviced. A private black Lincoln Town car arrived for them. They were taken to their hotel and were booked for the penthouse suite. The three of them shared a four bedroom, four bath suite. Each of them had their own bedroom. "Hey Sebastian, what time do we have reservations at Martha and Snoop's?" asked Silvio.

Looking at his phone, Sebastian said they had about an hour and a half to get ready. A private care would meet them out front of the hotel at 6:45 p.m. “Okay, I’m going to take a long soak and rest before we go,” added Sebastian. Yawning and starting to remove her catsuit down to her pink lace bra and matching thong, Cassie started to undress.

Right in front of both of the brothers, Cassie slowly undressed provocatively. She didn’t care. They both turned her on and kept her panties wet. She would gladly fuck both of them if Sebastian was game. Looking embarrassed, Sebastian tried to look away, “Do you mind getting undressed in your room?” To be rebellious and show how horny she was, Cassie stood right in front of Sebastian, she slowly removed her bra revealing perfect 36D boobs. All Sebastian could do was stand and stare in awe. As if that act weren’t enough, Cassie bent over and peeled her pink lacy thong down, then tossed them on the floor with her delicate foot.

She went into the living room, laid back on the pink suede love seat, opened her legs in front of Sebastian and said, “Daddy, I want it,” Sebastian felt his cock start to rise and harden. Instead of being further tempted, he shook his head and went into his bedroom to bathe and rest. Silvio grabbed his black porcelain box out. He looked at Cassie, “Bitch, get your ass in my room,” Silvio barked. Smiling provocatively, like a slut in heat, Cassie was only too willing to go with him. Her sexual appetite was hard to quench.

A continuous passion always burned within her. She longed for a man with a fat, long dick to be up in her. “Ok Daddy,” obeyed Cassie. Silvio grabbed Cassie by her hair and roughly brought her into his bedroom. He shut the door. Cassie, lie an obedient puppy, sat down on the bed in front of him. She started playing with her nipples, making them hard. Silvio opened his porcelain black box and put two lines of pure cocaine on the bar.

He took out a \$100.00 bill, rolled it and did a line. Then he gave the bill to Cassie. She got off the bed and bent her ass in the air suggestively in front of Silvio snorting the white horse. Putting her arms around Silvio's neck, and kissing him on the lips. Cassie murmurs, "I love you Daddy." Slapping her on the ass, Silvio grabs her butt, pulling her close and shoves his tongue in her mouth. Cassie sucks on his tongue, kissing him fervently and deeply. Pulling back, Silvio says, "If you love Daddy, let me tap that ass," Backing up acting scared, "You're not fucking my ass with that thing," toward Cassie.

Laughing, Silvio responded, "Don't act like you never had a dick in your ass before." "Shut up, get down doggy-style so I can cum my ass off," says Silvio. "Fuck you, you bastard, go fuck your mama," yells Cassie.

Grabbing his belt from his slacks, Silvio slaps Cassie on her ass. "Get on the bed bitch and spread your legs," he hollers. Almost crying, Cassie knew better than to provoke him too much. So she obeyed and got in the doggy-style position. Silvio undressed, his cock was fully erect and hard. He spits on Cassie's bung hole, then slowly slides his cock in her making her cry out in ecstasy. Silvio leaned his head back grunting like a cave man, her tight ass gripped his cock perfectly.

He was so turned on, he thought he'd go mad. Cassie screamed from the strong orgasms she was experiencing. She was indeed in sexual heaven. Silvio pounded her ass until he exploded spilling every drop of cum in her. He pulled his cock out. Slapping her ass one more time, "Go get cleaned up, we're going to Snoop and Martha's for dinner soon." "Ooh, Snoop, I want to spend time with him," moaned Cassie. "Bitch, you just had a thick cock in your ass, besides he's married, you surely don't need his wife coming at you," admitted Silvio.

“Oh,” Cassie said innocently. “Go get cleaned up,” Silvio said once again. The private car arrived around 6:45p.m. Silvio, Sebastian and Cassie were ready to go. The two brothers were dressed in black silk shirts, black jeans, one wore a red leather jacket, the other a white one. Cassie wore an elegant silk, long Valentino gown with a slit on the right leg, and the back out.

She wore her hair in a French roll. She looked and smelled beautiful of Fendi perfume. They arrived at Snoop and Martha’s place shortly. Snoop met them at the front entrance. “Hey bro, it’s good to see you man, how have you been doing?” asked Snoop hugging Sebastian.

“Never better,” replied Sebastian. Snoop then kissed Cassie’s hand making her blush. “Hello pretty lady,” flirted Snoop. “Hello Daddy,” purred Cassie. “Oh you want me to be your Daddy?” teased Snoop. Cassie turned away and giggled. The three men laughed. “Allow me to take you to the private table you requested,” said Snoop trying to be hospitable. “You came to the right place for fried chicken, choose my batch, not Martha’s and it’ll be your fingers you’ll be licking. Oh what time is it? Let me get you to your table, the clock don’t stop ticking, rapped Snoop. The place was filled with A-list rappers, and celebrities and bored, rich housewives who all enjoyed the mini-rap. They all started yelling, “Encore, encore.” “Don’t worry party people, it’s time to relax, enjoy Martha’s good food and chill. Leave your problems at the door, we serve cold milk her that don’t spill.” Someone in the crowd yelled, “Hook up up with some California Gold.” “Come on Homie, keep that on the down low,” laughed Snoop.

Cassie, Silvio and Sebastian had a good evening with the best fried chicken in town served with DeLeon tequila.

CAPTAIN SEAN DIDDY COMBS

Naomi was busy doing a photo shoot with John Casablanca's modeling agency. She was wearing an assortment of long, glamorous gowns with sequins, to be worn with feather boas. These gowns were by fashion designers like Valentino, Vera Wang, and Sean John. Naomi was flying to Paris, France to attend a fashion show to show off the latest collection of evening gowns of these designers.

She would be paid handsomely, for she was one of the most sought after models. Naomi missed her husband Sebastian and hoped to see him at home later that night. Peven Everett music played in the background providing the atmosphere with a lively, party feel. Silvio, Sebastian and Cassie were well rested from the few days they spent at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They flew back to New York in their jet. It felt good to be back in New York thought Silvio.

HE NEEDED TO VISIT FATHER PATRICK AND GO FUCK SISTER LEAH. HIS DICK BECAME HARD JUST THINKING ABOUT HER PUSSY. SISTER LEAH WAS VERY YOUNG, PRETTY, WORE VERY LITTLE MAKE UP AND SMELLED LIKED GARDENIA FLOWERS. SHE ALWAYS SPRAYED LANCOME'S TRESOR PERFUME ON HER BUSH, SO HE WOULD NEVER FORGET WHAT HER PUSSY SMELLED LIKE. WHENEVER STRANGE WOMEN WOULD PASS HIM BY WEARING TRESOR, THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT CAME TO HIS MIND WAS SISTER LEAH'S PUSSY. A PRIVATE LINCOLN TOWN CAR WAS WAITING FOR THE THREE OF THEM TO DROP THEM OFF AT THEIR HOMES.

"Hey bro, you feel like meeting up at the house for dinner and chess?" asked Sebastian. Silvio was tired, and horny, he had things to do. He didn't want to be bothered with Sebastian for a while. "I have to catch up on some studying for the new jet we're purchasing remember?" lied Silvio. Looking disappointed, Sebastian accepted it and suggested they meet up another night. The driver let Silvio off at his home first. Grabbing Cassie's hand and pulling her close to him, Silvio whispers, "See you later, my little slut."

They kiss passionately with Silvio putting his hands under her dress. The driver takes Silvio's bags to his front door of his mansion where he butler is waiting to take them inside. Sebastian and Cassie drive off together. "So how did you enjoy the flight with Angela Yee?" asked Sebastian. Watching him intently, like a puma waiting to ambush it's kill, Cassie answers him in a seductive tone. "Oh, she is fun to be around, almost like a sister." "Did you remember to bring her the welcome basket?" asked Sebastian. Filing her nails, she looks up at him adoringly, "Of course I did, Daddy," she purred. Feeling uncomfortable with being called Daddy by a very, sexy, pretty available woman, when he was just married. Sebastian felt the need to correct her.

“Sebastian, just Sebastian.” Staring at him with a sultry look on her face, Cassie licks her pretty lips slowly and says, “Sure, whatever you want.”

Sebastian nervously looks away, and just stares out the window while the car goes into Harlem Hills where Cassie stays. The driver pulls into a long driveway that leads up to a private gated community. The driver showed his identification to the security guard who let him enter. Cassie doesn’t let Sebastian off the hook that easy. She lightly touches his arm, “What are you doing tonight?” she asks. Looking her at without blinking, Sebastian says, “I’ll be enjoying my lovely wife Naomi.” The driver pulled up in front of Cassie’s condo. He opens the door for her and helps her with her luggage to her door.

Sebastian is sitting in the Town Car watching Cassie walk off with her hour glass figure, perfectly hugging the dress she was sporting. Cassie turns around facing the car and blows a kiss to Sebastian, then wave’s good bye. Sebastian just stares blankly at her. The driver takes Sebastian to his lovely home. He is happy to be back at home and can’t wait to see Naomi. Naomi will be late getting home tonight because of the photo shoot she is doing with John Casablanca’s.

Sebastian’s butler greets his master, “Good to see you Captain!” says George. “You too as well, old man,” greets Sebastian. George had been in the Chastain family for many years. He was a slim, very good-looking older black man. . George grew up in London, England where he attended chef school. He had worked in the finest steak houses in London until he had met Sebastian and Silvio’s father, Melvin Chastain at one of his steak houses. Melvin was so impressed with the way George cooked steak, he made it melt in your mouth.

So Melvin convinced George to become a private chef and butler for the Chastain family. “What am I serving for dinner tonight, my lord?” asked George with a sly grin. Putting his hand

on his chin thoughtfully, stroking his goatee, Sebastian says, “Porterhouse steak and twice baked potatoes, please.” Bowing gracefully as if Sebastian were a king, George says, “Your wish is my command.” Sebastian goes to his room, kicks off his shoes and lies back on his comfy California King bed. He grabs the remote and finds something to watch. He finds a Clemson football game to enjoy. Sebastian’s Apple I-phone gave a tone that he had a text message from Naomi. It read, I will be in late tonight, still busy with photo shoot. Fuck the shit out me when I get home. That put a smile on Sebastian’s face. He was so horny, and needed to feel Naomi’s wet pussy around his cock.

He looked at the beautiful nude painting of his wife on their bedroom wall. He cock began to thicken, throb and grow in his pants. Sebastian stood up and started removing his pants and shirt and socks. He grabbed his extra virgin olive oil that he kept in the nightstand and began rubbing his cock and balls with it. He took a horny goat weed pill to produce a very strong orgasm. Sebastian moaned ecstatically as he rubbed the oil up and down his thick shaft.

He stared at the nude painting of his wife. He love dhow the artist depicted how firm his wife’s breasts were, her trim waist, her shapely thighs and ass. She had a nice black triangle bush between her legs that turned him on. He needed Naomi at that moment, he had been without sex for the last few days and his cock ached. He knew he was going to splash cum everywhere. He grabbed his cock tighter, stroking it faster, he added a bit more olive oil. He imagined he was deep inside Naomi’s tight cunt banging the shit out of her, making her scream.

Sebastian felt an explosive orgasm come over him, he shuddered wildly with each stroke, hot white liquid shot out all over the carpet. He was still hard. So he went to his walk in closet. He opened a secret door that contained a dark, embarrassing secret. Kim. Kim was his

\$10,000.00 human like slut doll. Kim had human hair down to her waist, blue eyes, brown hair, big tits, a big fat black girl ass, and a nice bush between her legs.

Her pussy was lifelike, almost as good as a human. Sebastian took Kim out and laid her on the bed. He straddled her and slipped his throbbing cock down her throat. It felt so warm, slippery and tight. Kim didn't gag like real girls did. Kim's mouth and throat could accommodate a twelve inch cock. Sebastian grabbed her hair, fucking her mouth long and deep. Man her mouth felt better than any girl who has given him head.

Sebastian then spread Kim's legs and shoved his dick in her, pounding her pussy. Kim's pussy felt just like the real thing. It was very tight, and made of lamb's skin, like the natural condoms. Kim didn't need lubrication, because it was already mechanically inside her, the more he pumped her moisture shot out in small spurts. I almost didn't marry cause of Kim thought Sebastian. But he was a Captain of his own airline and dealt with important people.

They would question his lifestyle choices after a while. Sebastian could fuck Kim in the ass hard without her crying. Kim stared at Sebastian with a faraway look in her eyes as he enjoyed her satisfying pussy. This isn't cheating on my wife, she had vibrators and black cocks that reminded her of me when I'm gone too long. Kim could be programmed to say anything you wanted her to say. As Sebastian fucked his sex doll, she purred "Fuck me Daddy, make me cum!" Sebastian felt another wave of orgasm rise in his groin and spread all over his sweat, glistening body. Grunting he pulled his cock out and stroked more hot cum all over the face of Kim.

Sebastian leaned over Kim breathing hard, while sweating. He didn't realize how late in the evening it was, but he wanted to get cleaned up before his wife came home. God forbid if she caught him with Kim. She'd either laugh her ass off or wonder why she married him. At John

Casablanca's, Naomi finished her shoot early. "Okay, that's a wrap for this evening," says Tiger the photographer. "Naomi, you're as beautiful as ever, you don't seem to age," complimented Tiger. "What's your secret?" he added. "Sex and lots of Aqua Hydrate water," Naomi said while looking over her shoulder at him. Naomi got dressed and drove home, she couldn't wait to see Sebastian. Sebastian gathered his clothing off of the floor and took them in the bathroom and placed them in the clothes hamper. He turned on the rainfall shower to let the water get steamy hot. He examined himself in the mirror. He had beautiful skin, a perfect chiseled face, yes he was quite handsome.

He brushed his teeth and used Aqua Hydrate water to gargle with. "This stuff is the best!" he said to himself. Stepping into the shower, he soaped up with his favorite vanilla goats milk shower cream. It made his skin smooth and radiant. One of his celebrity friends had a farm with goats and made all sorts of delights with goat's milk. Naomi arrived home earlier than Sebastian anticipated. She walked into the mansion, it smelled so good. She knew George was in the kitchen making steak, she could smell it.

She hurried up to her bedroom. She noticed the door was locked. So she knew her husband was home. Naomi grew anxious and couldn't wait to get into the room. She waited to surprise her hubby whom she figured was asleep in their bed. So she undressed, taking everything off. She unlocked the door and walked in, "Hi babe, I'm so ready for you," said Naomi. What she saw in the bed surprised her, it almost stopped her heart.

At first she thought Kim was a real woman, "Bitch, you betta get the fuck outta my house!" yelled Naomi, taking a pistol out of her purse, then as she came closer to the bed, she realized it was a human-like sex doll. "Oh, my husband is a super freak," said Naomi. She went

to the bathroom door and heard the shower. “I’ll give him a show he’ll never forget,” says Naomi. She puts her purse in the closet, gets her pink vibrator and gets in bed with Kim.

“Hey girl, what’s your name?” says Naomi teasing her pussy with the pink toy. “Have you ever been with another woman?” Naomi asks in a nasty girl tone. Naomi takes the pink toy and eases it in and out of her mouth. She then lets the toy glide up and down Kim’s pussy. Kim had fat pussy lips, a hard clit, and a bush. She was just like a real woman. “Do you want your pussy fucked?” Naomi asked. “Yes,” said Kim. Looking surprised, Naomi says, “Oh, you talk.”

Let’s see how you like it when I fuck you with this toy.. Naomi begins to fuck Kim’s pussy with the pink cock. “Daddy, fuck me, make me cum,” says Kim. “Did Sebastian tell you to say that?” Naomi laughs. “Yes,” says Kim, staring blankly into space. “Well, we are going to fuck each other in front of Sebastian,” says Naomi. Naomi gets on top of Kim, she spreads Kim’s legs wide and puts her pussy on hers, clits touching each other. Naomi starts to grind on Kim’s pussy. “Oh God, this feels so fucking good,” yells Naomi. Kim’s hard clit touching Naomi’s clit, and vulva was more than she could stand. The feeling of lesbian tribadism is out of this world. Naomi started to cum, she couldn’t help it, she was so turned on and stimulated.

Naomi turned over on her back, she spread her thighs, she placed Kim on top of her, their pussies melted together. She started grinding Kim’s pussy in a circular motion. The tip of Naomi’s clit would enter Kim’s cunt and she would let Kim fuck her clit. This sensation blew her mind. No wonder so many men stalked women, the pussy has power over everything in life. A woman’s sexuality is so raw and powerful, it can cause you to have earth shattering orgasms you never knew you could have.

Sebastian turned off the water. He dried himself off. Damn, his cock was still hard and throbbing. Sebastian opens the bathroom door and finds his wife in the bed with his sex doll,

Kim. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He thought he was dreaming. "What are you doing?" he barks. "I wanted you to catch us," teased Naomi from underneath Kim. "I love pussy too!" admits Naomi. "It feels so good to fuck another woman, to feel her wet pussy on top of mine," continued Naomi. Crossing his arms, Sebastian says, "Do tell." Naomi kisses Kim, sticking her tongue in her mouth while grinding her hips up against Kim. "Ooooh, I'm gonna cum again," cries Naomi. Naomi moans as she has a powerful orgasm with Kim. Sebastian pours himself a drink of DeLeon tequila. He has a few sips before putting his drink down. He goes to the bed with his wife and Kim.

"Come here Naomi, the two of you are going to give me deep head, then I'm fucking the shit out of both of you," demands Sebastian.

Silvio is at his home having a drink of DeLeon while relaxing in his whirlpool spa. Life is good, he thought. He got a text message from Father Patrick. It read, that he needed another kilo of cocaine. He texted that he could bring it in a couple of hours. He asked if Sister Leah was available. Father Patrick told him she's wet and oh so ready for you. Silvio lit a Cuban cigar and received a call from Jay-Z, one of the most powerful rappers around.

"Hey J, what's up?" asked Silvio. "I need to be flown into Las Vegas this Saturday to the MGM Grand hotel," says Jay-Z. "It shouldn't be a problem, call Cassie at the office so she can check our schedule," says Silvio puffing on his cigar. The two men talked a bit about the music business then hung up. It was good hearing from J thought Silvio.

Silvio grabbed a quick bite to eat. He had to go see Big Dogg for the kilo of cocaine. Silvio got in his expensive car and drove to West Los Angeles. He pulled up to Big Dogg's place. He texted him the secret code before he went to the front door. Someone met him at the

door and he was led to the Big Dogg. It was a quick exchange. Very little talking was done. There were goons around that cared about nothing in the world except cocaine and money.

Silvio got in his car. He took out his porcelain black box and snorted a line. He then drank a bottle of Aqua Hydrate water. “Got to stay hydrated,” he said out loud. He started to drive to his church to see Father Patrick. In the parking lot a dark spirit came over him that he couldn’t control. He started to shake, he felt hot, then cold. His thoughts no longer belonged to him. He began to chant, my soul belongs to the Illuminati. I took the blood oath. Nothing can harm me. He dropped to his knees, screaming and writhing in agony, yelling, “I have deep love and respect for the Illuminati”. There were nuns in the parking lot who seemed a bit frightened.

Sister Bernadette walked over to Silvio and took her cross out. She started praying for him and started to touch him. “Don’t touch me!” yelled Silvio. “I can help you, son,” offered Sister Bernadette. “No one can help me, it’s too late!” said Silvio. He started to regain his composure. Father Patrick watched the whole scene in his office from his window. Sister Leah was also with him. “Silvio needs to learn how to deal with his demons,” Father Patrick smiled at Sister Leah.

Stroking her hair, he said, “You better go get ready for him,” Sister Leah head to her room. Her pussy started to throb and become wetter as she fantasized about what she was about to do with her secret lover. “Father forgive me, but I am a Holy Slut,” prayed Sister Leah.

FEET,” SAYS SILVIO. CASSIE SLOWLY REMOVES HER SILK BLOUSE, THEN HER

BRA. SHE TAKES OFF THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 7

BY CANDY MICHELLE JOHNSON & SEAN “PUFF DADDY” COMBS

INSIDE THE CONFINES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE DARK, LUMINOUS ROOMS WHERE UNDERGROUND ACTIVITIES TOOK PLACE, SILVIO WAS DRENCHED WITH SWEAT FROM GIVING SISTER LEAH A POUNDING. “AH, DON’T STOP BABY,” SCREAMED SISTER LEAH, AS SHE PLAYED WITH HER CLITORIS. SILVIO WAS SERVING HER DOGGY STYLE. SHE FUCKED HIM BACK, HER DERRIERE PUSHING INTO HIS PELVIC AREA, TAKING HIS COCK DEEP INSIDE HER PUSSY.

HOW SHE COULD KEEP UP WITH HIM, SILVIO THOUGHT. SISTER LEAH GRABBED HER SOLID GOLD CRUCIFIX SHE BROUGHT IT TO HER LIPS, AND KISSED IT. “OH, OOH, OOH, YES BABY, I’M GONNA CUM AGAIN,” SHE MOANED. HOT LIQUID SHOT OUT FROM SISTER LEAH’S PUSSY ONTO SILVIO’S CHEST AND RAN DOWN HIS LEGS. KISSING HER GOLD CRUCIFIX, SISTER LEAH MUMBLES A PRAYER.

“FORGIVE ME HOLY FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. I LOVE TO BE MADE LOVE TO,” SHE ADMITTED. “OW BABY, IT HURTS,” GRUNTED SISTER LEAH. SILVIO SLAPPED HER TIGHT ASS AS HE CONTINUED TO ENJOY HER TIGHT, WET CUNT. EACH TIME SILVIO WAS ON THE BRINK OF UNLOADING HIS WAD, HE MANAGED TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE AND HOLD BACK. SISTER LEAH KEPT HIM INTERESTED, HE WAS VERY SEXUALLY ADDICTED TO HER. “LAY ON YOUR BACK, MY LITTLE SLUT,” BARKED SILVIO.

HE TOOK A SIP OF HIS DELEON TEQUILA. IT KEPT HIM HARD AND VERY HORNY.

SEBASTIAN HAD HIS HORNY GOAT WEED, HE HAD DELEON TEQUILA. SISTER LEAH LAID BACK ON THE BED, SHE SOFTLY RUBBED HER NIPPLES, AND THAT ALONE BROUGHT HER TO A SHUDDERING ORGASM. HER CLIT STARTED TO THROB AS HER PUSSY SHOT OUT MORE HOT JUICE ONTO SILVIO. “DAMN GIRL, YOU HAVE SO MUCH CUM IN YOU,” TEASED SILVIO. “BABY, READ TO ME THE SONG OF SOLOMON FROM THE BIBLE,” BEGGED SISTER LEAH. SILVIO LOOKED

AT HER LIKE SHE HAD LOST HER MIND AT FIRST.

THEN A WICKED GRIN CAME ACROSS HIS FACE. GETTING UP FROM THE BED, SILVIO GETS SISTER LEAH’S BIBLE FROM HER DRESSER. HE LOOKS AT HER SEDUCTIVELY, THEN THROWS THE BIBLE AT HER. “YOU READ IT!” ORDERED SILVIO. SISTER LEAH SAT UP AND BEGAN TO READ. “THE SONG OF SONGS, WHICH IS SOLOMON’S. LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISSES OF HIS MOUTH. FOR THY LOVE IS BETTER THAN WINE,” SAYS SISTER LEAH. SHE SAID IT WITH PURE LUST IN HER VOICE, IT WAS A VERY PASSIONATE STATEMENT. “MMM, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO KEEP A MAN INTERESTED,” SAID SILVIO.

SISTER LEAH BLUSHES THEN LOOKS AWAY. THEY HAD BEEN MAKING LOVE FOR TWO HOURS. THEY WERE BOTH GETTING HUNGRY. “HEY BABE, ARE YOU HUNGRY?” ASKS SILVIO. AT THAT MOMENT, SISTER LEAH’S STOMACH GROWLED. SHE DIDN’T HAVE MUCH AT BREAKFAST. “YES, I AM,” SISTER LEAH ADMITTED. SILVIO GRABBED HIS APPLE I-PHONE AND SENT A TEXT MESSAGE TO FATHER PATRICK TO SEND IN A TRAY OF FOOD. IN ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR, FATHER PATRICK PERSONALLY BROUGHT A TRAY OF TUNA SANDWICHES AND MILK FOR THEM. “THANK YOU FATHER,” SAID SILVIO TAKING THE TRAY FROM HIM PLACING IT ON AN ANTIQUE TABLE IN THE ROOM. “YOU’LL NEED YOUR PROTEIN,” SAID FATHER PATRICK SMILING DEVILISHLY AS HE BACKED OUT THE DOOR. “SO, HOW IS THE CHURCH INCOME FROM TITHING?” ASKED SISTER LEAH. PICKING UP A TUNA SANDWICH, THEN WIPING HIS MOUTH, SILVIO SAID, “ACCORDING TO FATHER PATRICK, IT’S PRETTY GOOD.” SISTER LEAH LAUGHS, “IF OUR CHURCH CONGREGATION ONLY KNEW THE SINFUL DEEDS WE DID, THEY WOULD NEVER COME TO CHURCH OR CONFESSION AGAIN.” SILVIO GRUNTS TO HIMSELF BEFORE ANSWERING. “DON’T BE SO SURE OF THAT ONE, REMEMBER FATHER TELLS ME ABOUT A LOT OF THEIR CONFESSIONS,” SAID SILVIO. “FATHER PATRICK AND I LAUGH ABOUT THEIR CONFESSIONS TOGETHER OVER DELEON TEQUILA,” ADMITTED SILVIO. THE TWO OF THEM FINISHED THEIR SANDWICHES AND MILK. THEN THEY CURLED UP TOGETHER AND FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.

SEBASTIAN WAS AT HIS OFFICE AT CHASTAIN AIR. HE WAS BUSY GOING OVER FLIGHT EXPENDITURES AND NEW AVIATION REGULATIONS. HE WAS ALSO CHECKING THE WEATHER REPORTS FOR THE WEEK AND GOING OVER FLIGHT PLANS. HE WONDERED WHERE SILVIO WAS AT. HE NEEDED TO GO OVER NEW FAA FLIGHT REGULATIONS WITH HIM. “DAMN, BRO, I NEED YOU HERE LIKE YESTERDAY,” SAID SEBASTIAN. SEBASTIAN PAGES CASSIE ON THE INTERCOM.

“CASSIE, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM SILVIO?” SHE WAS BUSY TYPING UP THE FLIGHT PLANS WHEN SHE GOT THE PAGE.

“HE SAID HE WOULD BE IN THE OFFICE IN THE MORNING.” “DAMN HIM!” SAID SEBASTIAN SLAMMING HIS FIST ON HIS DESK. HE TRIED TO CALM DOWN AND NOT ALLOW SILVIO’S IRRESPONSIBILITY TO STRESS HIM OUT. HE LEANED BACK IN HIS EXECUTIVE LEATHER CHAIR, AND STRETCHED HIS LEGS OUT ON HIS OTTOMAN. HE TURNED ON HIS WATERFALL FOUNTAIN AND PEACEFUL ARABIAN MUSIC TO ADD A PLEASANT AMBIANCE. WITH SILVIO MISSING WORK THAT DAY THAT MEANT IT WOULD CAUSE EXTRA WORK FOR HIM THE NEXT MORNING. THERE WERE NEW REGULATIONS FROM THE FAA THAT WERE IMPORTANT AND SILVIO NEEDED TO BE INFORMED OF THEM.

HE THOUGHT OF HIS WIFE NAOMI AND HIS COCK STARTED TO GET HARD. HE DECIDED TO CALL HER TO SEE HOW SHE WAS. "HEY LOVELY, HOW ARE YOU?" ASKED SEBASTIAN. SMILING, FEELING GOOD ABOUT HEARING FROM HER SEXY HUSBAND, NAOMI SAID, "I'M DOING GREAT, I'M RELAXING AT HOME TODAY."

"SO YOU DON'T HAVE A PHOTO SHOOT TODAY?" ASKED SEBASTIAN. STRETCHING IN THE DOWNWARD DOG POSITION, NAOMI PURRS "NOOO, THAT WAS FINISHED LAST WEEK." "BABE, CAN WE EXPECT YOU FOR DINNER TONIGHT?" ASKED NAOMI. "YES, I SHOULD MAKE IT AROUND SIX. BUT I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE EARLY IN THE MORNING, SILVIO WASN'T HERE TODAY," REPLIED SEBASTIAN.

LAUGHING A WICKED LAUGH, NAOMI SAYS, "HE'S PROBABLY INTO SOMETHING DARK AND DEVIANT." "SILVIO IS A SAINT, AND A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!" ADMONISHED SEBASTIAN. SIGHING DEEPLY, "YOU KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT!" NAOMI WONDERED WHEN SEBASTIAN WOULD WAKE UP ABOUT HIS BROTHER. THE TWO HUNG UP AND FINISHED THEIR DAY.

FATHER PATRICK WAS IN HIS OFFICE COUNTING A STACK OF CASH WITH ONE OF HIS MOST TRUSTED NUNS. MOST OF THE MONEY WAS FROM DRUG DEALS THAT TOOK PLACE IN A ROOM DOWN A DARK HALLWAY. THE NUN WAS IN HER FORTIES, FAIRLY ATTRACTIVE, SHE WAS A BRUNETTE WITH A VERY SHAPELY FIGURE THAT DROVE FATHER PATRICK ABSOLUTELY WILD. HER NAME WAS SISTER MELISSA DUNCAN. SHE WAS QUIET, VERY DEMURE AND SUBMISSIVE. WHAT FATHER PATRICK REALLY LIKED ABOUT HER WAS THAT SHE GAVE SOME MEAN HEAD.

AND SHE LOVE TO SWALLOW. “OH NO, FATHER, I ALMOST LOST COUNT AGAIN,” WHINES SISTER MELISSA. PATTING HER ON HER DERRIERE, HE SAYS, “TAKE YOUR TIME, AND FOCUS ON WHAT IT IS YOU’RE DOING.” REMEMBERING HER VOWS OF OBEDIENCE AND SUBMISSION, SISTER MELISSA LOWERS HER EYES TO THE FLOOR, “YES, FATHER.” SMILING AT HER IN A LOVING WAY, “THAT’S A GOOD GIRL,” SAID FATHER PATRICK.

“COUNTING ALL OF THIS CASH TURNS ME ON, I FEEL LIKE I’M HIDING A DARK SECRET, COMMITTING A FORBIDDEN ACT,” SAID SISTER MELISSA. LOOKING UP AT HER LIKE A MAN FULL OF WISDOM, OVER HIS READING GLASSES, “OH YOU ARE DEAR! YOU ARE!” SAID FATHER PATRICK. HE TAKES A DRINK OF HIS DELEON TEQUILA, BRIEFLY LOOKS OUT HIS OFFICE WINDOW THAT OVERLOOKS THE PARKING LOT, HE CONTINUES; “YOU KNOW, I WONDER WHY PEOPLE BOTHER WITH COMING TO CHURCH. CONFESSING THEIR SINS TO ME. IT FEELS SO GOOD BEING BAD,” COUNSELS FATHER PATRICK. SISTER MELISSA STOPS COUNTING THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS FOR A MOMENT TO LOOK UP AT HIM. SHE BLOWS HIM A MARILYN MONROE TYPE KISS AT HIM. “FATHER IF THE CONGREGATION STOPPED COMING TO CHURCH, WE COULDN’T LAUNDER THIS DRUG MONEY EFFECTIVELY, NOW COULD WE?” SISTER LEAH FLIRTED.

COMING UP BEHIND HER, FATHER PATRICK RUBS HIS COCK AGAINST HER ASS.

“YOU CATCH ON GIRL, QUICK YOU ARE, NOW LET’S FINISH UP HERE. I HAVE CONFESSIONS AT SEVEN,” SAID FATHER PATRICK. IT WAS AROUND SIX IN THE EVENING, SILVIO HAD OVERSLEPT. HE AWOKE LYING NEXT TO SISTER LEAH, HIS PRECIOUS LOVER. GETTING UP OFF THE BED GENTLY, HE DIDN’T WANT TO WAKE HER. HE DECIDED TO LET HER SLEEP. SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM, AND DEPARTING FROM HER WAS ALWAYS HARD.

SHE’D CLING TO HIM AND BEG HIM TO TAKE HER AWAY WITH HIM. MAYBE ONE DAY HE WOULD HE THOUGHT AS HE WASHED UP. HE TOOK A QUICK SHOWER, AND BRUSHED HIS TEETH IN THE FULL SIZED BATHROOM. AS HE DRIED HIS HAIR WITH A TOWEL, HE WATCHED HIS SECRET LOVER AS SHE SLEPT. HER BREATHING WAS SLOW AND STEADY. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, SHE’D SMILE IN HER SLEEP. DAMN SHE WAS SO PRECIOUS SILVIO THOUGHT.

HE LEFT HER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON HER NIGHTSTAND, SO SHE COULD BUY PRETTY LINGERIE OR PERFUME. SHE LEFT HER PRETTY LACE PANTIES ON THE FLOOR. HE PICKED THEM UP, SNIFFED THEM, BREATHING IN HER SCENT. HE THEN STUFFED THEM IN HIS FRONT POCKET. BEFORE LEAVING, HE STOPPED BY FATHER PATRICK’S OFFICE. HE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. FATHER PATRICK ANSWERED. “HELLO SILVIO, OLD MAN, COME IN!” SAID FATHER PATRICK. SISTER MELISSA LOOKS UP FROM THE CASH, LOOKS SILVIO UP AND DOWN IN A WAY THAT INDICATED SHE’D SUCK HIS DICK ALL NIGHT.

“SILVIO, HAVE YOU MET SISTER MELISSA DUNCAN?” INTRODUCED FATHER PATRICK. TAKING HER HAND AND KISSING IT, “I’M SILVIO CHASTAIN, CAPTAIN SILVIO CHASTAIN,” CHARMED SILVIO. HER HEART STARTED BEATING OUT OF HER CHEST, SHE HADN’T SEEN A MAN QUITE THAT FINE IN A WHILE. “I’M PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE CAPTAIN,” SAID SISTER MELISSA. SHE OPENED THE DOOR TO LEAVE WANTING TO GIVE THE TWO MEN THE RESPECT OF PRIVACY. “I’LL LET YOU TWO VISIT. IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU CAPTAIN CHASTAIN,” SAID SISTER MELISSA. WITH THAT, SISTER MELISSA SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND WENT TO THE KITCHEN TO HELP PREPARE THE EVENING MEAL.

“WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SILVIO?” ASKED FATHER PATRICK. FATHER PATRICK STARTS TO COLLECT THE CASH THAT HE AND SISTER MELISSA COUNTED. HE TURNS HIS BACK ON SILVIO WHICH WAS A MISTAKE. SILVIO WAS MORE DEVIANT THAN A COBRA SNAKE. SILVIO KNOCKS FATHER PATRICK OUT WITH ONE PROFESSIONAL BLOW TO THE HEAD. THE PRIEST’S LIMP BODY FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SILVIO GENTLY MOVES THE MAN NEAR THE BATHROOM IN HIS OFFICE. HE PLACES THE DELEON TEQUILA BOTTLE IN HIS LEFT HAND TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT EXCESSIVE DRINKING CAUSED HIM TO PASS OUT.

SILVIO MUTTERS, “SLEEP WELL, OLD MAN. I HOPE I DIDN’T CAUSE YOU ANY HARM. THIS IS JUST BUSINESS AS USUAL,” . SILVIO THEN PROCEEDS TO COLLECT ALL OF THE CASH WHICH AMOUNTED TO \$100,000.00 HE LEAVES THE DOOR AJAR.

AS SILVIO WALKS OUT TO THE PARKING LOT TO HIS CAR, HE NOTICED SISTER LEAH’S PANTIES WERE MISSING. HE PUTS THE BAG OF MONEY IN HIS TRUNK. HE THEN RETRACTS HIS STEPS AND FOUND THE LACE PANTIES LYING ON THE STEPS OF THE CHURCH.

“CAN’T FORGET THESE,” SAID SILVIO PUTTING THE PANTIES UP TO HIS NOSE SMELLING THEM. “IF GOD MADE ANYTHING BETTER THAN PUSSY, HE KEPT IT FOR HIMSELF,” LAUGHED SILVIO. HE GETS INTO HIS CAR AND SPEEDS AWAY HOME.

THE NEXT MORNING, IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL FALL BEGINNING. THE TREES WERE STARTING TO LOSE THEIR COLORFUL LEAVES OF GOLDEN AND ORANGE. IT WAS WHAT IS OFTEN REFERRED TO AS AN INDIAN SUMMER. SEBASTIAN AND SILVIO WERE ON GOOD TIMING, AND MADE IT TO THE OFFICE AROUND NINE. MANY OF THE STAFF AT CHASTAIN AIR WERE IN THE LAVISH COMPANY BREAK ROOM, CHATTING OVER COFFEE, PASTRIES AND GREEK YOGURT. THE AQUA HYDRATE WATER DELIVERY TRUCK SHOWED UP. CASSIE SAW THE DELIVERY GUY ON THE SECURITY MONITOR AND WENT TO LET HIM IN. “COME ON IN, I’M SO GLAD YOU’RE HERE. WE ARE IN NEED OF REPLENISHMENT,” BOASTS CASSIE, COMING OFF AS A HOLLYWOOD STAR.

“SEBASTIAN WOULD HAVE ME FIRED IF I DIDN’T MAKE IT TODAY!” TEASED SCOTT, THE DELIVERY GUY. CASSIE SHOWED HIM THE WAY TO THE BREAK ROOM WHERE HE COULD RE-STOCK THE MACHINE AND WATER COOLER. BECKY, THE NEWLY HIRED ACCOUNTANT APPROACHED CASSIE, “HEY, GIRL, THAT’S A CUTE SKIRT. HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING?” ASKED BECKY. “OH, I COULDN’T BE BETTER, HOW ARE YOU?” REPLIED CASSIE. BECKY AND CASSIE HAD BEEN BOSOM BUDDIES SINCE SHE STARTED WORKING THERE. THE TWO WOMEN FOUND OUT THAT THEY HAD THINGS IN COMMON, LIKE DISCUSSING MEN AND KEEPING UP WITH THE LATEST FASHIONS.

“HAVE YOU SEEN SILVIO THIS MORNING?” ASKED BECKY. “I SAW HIM FOR A MOMENT WHEN HE ARRIVED TODAY, WHY?” ASKED CASSIE. MUNCHING ON A PASTRY, BECK SAYS, “GIRL HE SURE IS FINE, IS HE SINGLE?” BECKY INQUIRES. OH NO SHE DIDN’T, THOUGHT CASSIE. SHE IS NOT GOING TO TRY TO MOVE IN ON MY MAN. CASSIE LOOKS AT BECKY, SMILES AND SAYS, “HE MAY BE SINGLE, BUT TECHNICALLY HE’S OFF LIMITS!” BECKY APOLOGIZES, “MY BAD.” “THAT’S OKAY, NOW YOU KNOW,” SAYS CASSIE AS SHE WALKS OFF TO HER OFFICE.

OVER THE INTERCOM, THE DIRECTOR OF AVIATION, MICHELLE JAMES MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE MEETING IS ABOUT TO BEGIN AND EVERYONE SHOULD BE MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM A. SEBASTIAN STOPS BY CASSIE'S OFFICE. "GOOD MORNING GIRL, YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD. DO YOU HAVE THE MINUTES READY?" ASKED SEBASTIAN. PUTTING HER LIPSTICK AWAY AND PUTTING ON HER PRETTY VERSACE PUMPS CASSIE REPLIES, "YES, I'M GETTING EVERYTHING TOGETHER NOW." SEBASTIAN STEPS CLOSER INTO HER OFFICE, "WHO IS IN THIS PICTURE, I NEVER SAW THIS ONE BEFORE," SAYS SEBASTIAN. "IT'S A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER AND I IN THE PHILIPPINE'S," SAYS CASSIE. "OH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE HALF FILIPINO," SAYS SEBASTIAN TAKING HER PORTFOLIO AND LAPTOP CASE FOR HER. THE TWO OF THEM WALKED OUT OF THE OFFICE TO HEAD OVER TO CONFERENCE ROOM A. MICHELLE JAMES WAS SEATED AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. SHE HAD HER SECRETARY SEATED TO THE RIGHT OF HER, WHO WAS GETTING THE TAPE RECORDER READY FOR RECORDING MINUTES.

HER SECRETARY'S NAME WAS LISA PORTER, A PRETTY WOMAN IN HER TWENTIES WITH A SLIM FIGURE, AND WHO HAPPENED TO HAVE GRADUATED FROM HOWARD UNIVERSITY WITH A DEGREE IN MATHEMATICS AND BUSINESS. LISA WAS VERY HELPFUL TO MICHELLE WITH THE COMPANY FINANCES AND BUDGET. THE COMPANY MADE PLENTY OF MONEY, BUT MICHELLE JAMES WAS VERY GROUNDED AND BELIEVED IN LIVING WELL, BUT NOT TO THE EXTREME OF SEBASTIAN. MICHELLE JAMES HELPED WITH THE ACCOUNTING TEAM TO BUDGET THE COMPANY'S FINANCES. "ARE WE HAVING THE MEETING CATERED TODAY?" ASKS LISA. SHAKING HER HEAD NO, WHILE GOING OVER THE NEW REGULATIONS ISSUED OUT BY THE FAA. "NO, TODAY WE'LL JUST HAVE SANDWICHES, FRUIT AND COOKIES," SAID MICHELLE. SEBASTIAN AND CASSIE ARRIVE TOGETHER AND SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE OPPOSITE END FROM MICHELLE AND HER SECRETARY. ALMOST PANICKING THAT SILVIO DISAPPEARED, SEBASTIAN SAYS, "CASSIE HAVE YOU SEEN SILVIO?" TOUCHING HIS HAND LIGHTLY, "RELAX, HE'S HERE AND WILL BE IN SHORTLY," SMILED CASSIE. "SPEAK OF THE DEVIL," SAYS SEBASTIAN. SILVIO STROLLS IN DRESSED IN AN ARMANI SUIT, SMELLING OF SEAN JOHN FRAGRANCE. STOPPING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ALL OF THE LADIES, HE NEVER STOPS CHARMING THE PANTIES OFF OF WOMEN.

WHEN HE SEES BECKY, HE STOPS TO INTRODUCE HIMSELF. “I DON’T BELIEVE WE’VE MET BEAUTIFUL,” SAID SILVIO KISSING HER HAND. BECKY ALMOST CAME IN HER PANTIES. “OH YES, DARLING, WE MET THE SECOND DAY I STARTED,” SAYS BECKY. CASSIE STOPPED TYPING ON HER LAPTOP TO STARE AT SILVIO. HE CAUGHT HER EYE, STOPPED FLIRTING, BUTTONED HIS JACKET THEN TOOK HIS SEAT NEXT TO SEBASTIAN. CASSIE CONTINUED TO STARE SILVIO DOWN. SILVIO LOOKS AT HER AND THROWS HIS ARMS UP AT HER IN A MANNER THAT SAID, “WHAT THE FUCK?” MICHELLE JAMES CAUGHT THIS SCENE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. SHE LOOKED AT BOTH OF THEM WITH A LOOK THAT SAID, “STOP PLAYING!” STANDING AND ANNOUNCING, “THE MEETING SHALL NOW COME TO ORDER. IS EVERYONE IN AGREEMENT THAT MY SECRETARY LISA RECORDS THE MEETING, IF YOU AGREE, SAY I, IF NOT SAY NE,” SAID MICHELLE.

EVERYONE IN UNISON SAID, “I.” THE FIRST BUSINESS OF THE MEETING MICHELLE JAMES DISCUSSED THE NEW AVIATION REGULATIONS ISSUED BY THE FAA. “CASSIE, IF YOU WOULD PLEASE PASS OUT THE FORMS AND MEMOS TO EVERYONE.” STANDING UP STRAIGHTENING HER SKIRT, LOOKING ABSOLUTELY SEXY AND FABULOUS, “YES MAN,” AGREED CASSIE. “I AM NOT IN FAVOR OF PAYING HIGHER FEES, FOR LICENSING, THAT’S LUDICROUS,” SAID SEBASTIAN. BITING ON HER PEN, LISTENING TO SEBASTIAN AND SILVIO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE FEE INCREASE, MICHELLE SAYS, “I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, BUT IN THIS CASE THERE’S NOTHING TO BE DONE BUT TO PAY THE HIGHER RATE.” SEBASTIAN AND SILVIO STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME.

“WELL, IF THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DISCUSS ABOUT THE INCREASE, I’D LIKE TO MOVE THIS MEETING ALONG,” SAID MICHELLE. “CASSIE, WHO DO WE HAVE SCHEDULED TO FLY NEXT THIS WEEK?” ASKS SEBASTIAN. GOING INTO THE DATABASE ON HER LAPTOP, SHE PULLS UP THE INFORMATION. “IT’S MARTHA STEWART AND SNOOP DOGG,” SAID CASSIE. EVERY VIP CLIENT WAS GIVEN A GIFT BASKET WHEN THEY FLEW ON CHASTAIN AIR. “HAVE YOU ORDERED THE GIFTS FOR THEM YET?” INQUIRED SEBASTIAN. LOOKING OVER AT SEBASTIAN, SMILING HER MOST DEMURE SMILE, “NOT YET, I’LL DO IT TODAY WHEN I FINISH DECIDING WHAT TO GET SNOOP,” SAYS CASSIE. “OH THAT’S EASY, JUST ORDER HIM A NEW BONG,” LAUGHED SILVIO.

“LET’S BE NICE,” SCOLDED MICHELLE JAMES. EVERYONE JOINED IN SHARING A GOOD LAUGH. THEY FINISHED THE NEW BUSINESS AND THEN WENT OVER THE OLD. THE MEETING WAS FINALLY WRAPPED UP. REFRESHMENTS WERE SERVED IN CONFERENCE ROOM B. LIGHT JAZZ PLAYED IN THE BACKGROUND. NAOMI WAS BORED AT HOME AND DECIDED TO HAVE A LIMO PICK HER UP AND TAKE HER TO CHASTAIN AIR SO SHE COULD HAVE LUNCH WITH HER HUSBAND. SHE WAS DRESSED IMPECCABLY IN A VERSACE WHITE LINEN DRESS AND VERSACE GOLD PUMPS, THE SAME STYLE CASSIE WAS SPORTING THAT DAY. FOR SHOW, SHE WORE A FULL LENGTH WHITE MINK COAT. SHE HAD PHONED IN A CARRY OUT ORDER OF A SURF AND TURF PLATTER FOR HER AND SEBASTIAN AT RED LOBSTER. THE LIMO DRIVER STOPPED THERE TO PICK IT UP. NAOMI CALLED RED LOBSTER ON HER CELL PHONE SO THEY COULD BRING HER ORDER TO THE LIMO.

SHE GAVE THE WAITRESS A NICE TIP. “OH THANK YOU SO MUCH MRS. CHASTAIN, BY THE WAY YOU LOOK FABULOUS DARLING!” SAID THE WAITRESS.

“THANKS,” SAID NAOMI. “ARE WE READY MADAM?” ASKED THE DRIVER.

“PROCEED TO CHASTAIN AIR,,” ORDERED NAOMI. THE DRIVER HELPED NAOMI TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE WITH HER PLATTERS. SEBASTIAN SAW HIS WIFE ON HIS PHONE SECURITY MONITOR. “EXCUSE ME, NAOMI IS HERE,” SAYS SEBASTIAN TO CASSIE. “YES WIFE IS HERE,” EXCLAIMS SEBASTIAN. HE COULDN’T WAIT TO SEE HER. “COME ON IN BABY, LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT,” OFFERS SEBASTIAN. HE TAKES HER TO HIS OFFICE WHERE THEY HAVE A PRIVATE LUNCH TOGETHER,

“I’M SO IN LOVE WITH YOU BABY,” ADMITS SEBASTIAN. “I KNOW YOU ARE,” SAYS NAOMI AS SHE FED HIM CRAB MEAT. “SO, HOW DID THE MEETING GO?” ASKED NAOMI. “WE TALKED ABOUT THE FEE INCREASE FOR THE LICENSING,” SAID SEBASTIAN AS HE RUBBED HIS TEMPLES. NAOMI COULD TELL THAT WAS STRESSING HIM OUT, SHE WANTED TO HELP COMFORT HER HUSBAND. “DON’T LET IT WORRY YOU, MICHELLE MANAGES THE COMPANY FINANCES WELL,” SAID NAOMI. “YOU’RE RIGHT, I’LL TRY TO NOT STRESS ABOUT IT, “ LIED SEBASTIAN. HE WAS A NATURAL WORRIER.

CASSIE AND SILVIO WERE IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM GETTING PLATES OF SANDWICHES. “AREN’T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING YOUR CALORIC INTAKE?” SAYS SILVIO. TAKING AN EXTRA SANDWICH BITING INTO IT, CASSIE SAYS, “I’M HUNGRY.” “IF YOU GAIN FIVE POUNDS, YOU WON’T BE ABLE TO FLY WITH US.” “YOU EXAGGERATE, I’M 120 POUNDS IF THAT,” LAUGHS CASSIE. THE TWO OF THEM GO TO HER OFFICE TO ENJOY LUNCH TOGETHER. CASSIE’S PHONE RINGS, IT’S MARTHA STEWART. “YES MARTHA, HOW ARE YOU?” SAYS CASSIE. “FINE, LISTEN I WAS JUST CALLING TO CONFIRM THAT SNOOP AND I WILL BE NEEDING THAT FLIGHT FRIDAY INTO THE HAMPTON’S,” MARTHA SAYS. “SURE THING, WE HAVE YOU BOOKED IN THE SYSTEM. DO YOU WANT YOUR CONFIRMATION NUMBER?” ASKED CASSIE. “I’M IN A HURRY JUST TEXT IT TO MY PHONE, OR SEND ME AN EMAIL,” CONTINUED MARTHA. THE TWO HUNG UP. JUST AS CASSIE WAS ABOUT TO RUB SILVIO’S FEET, HER PHONE RANG AGAIN. “HELLO,” SAYS CASSIE. “HEY GIRL, IT’S YOUR DOGG, SNOOP WHO CAN FLY THROUGH HOOPS,” SAYS SNOOP DOGG. “ARE YOU CONFIRMING YOUR FLIGHT WITH MARTHA FOR FRIDAY?” ASKED CASSIE. “I SURE IS AS MICHAEL J ONCE PLAYED IN THE WHIZ,” RHYMED SNOOP. LAUGHING, “YOU ARE TOO FUNNY, YES WE HAVE THE TWO OF YOU BOOKED,” SAYS CASSIE. “I MAY BE FUNNY, BUT THIS HERE NIGGA NEVER RUNS OUT OF MONEY,” SNOOP SAID. “PEACE OUT,” SAYS CASSIE.

“NOW BABY, WHERE WAS I?” ASKED CASSIE, STARING AT SILVIO. MUNCHING ON A GRAPE SILVIO STRETCHES HIS LEGS OUT IN FRONT OF CASSIE. “I BELIEVE YOU WERE JUST GETTING READY TO SERVICE MY SILVIO’S SOCKS AND STARTS RUBBING HIS FEET AND ALLOWING HIS TOES TO LIGHTLY TOUCH HER NIPPLES. “SUCK MY TOES!” DEMANDS SILVIO. “FUCK YOU BASTARD!” YELLS CASSIE GETTING UP TO LEAVE.

“Bitch, you better close that door or your ass is gonna be sore!” yells Silvio. Pouting but submitting to Silvio’s demands, Cassie gets on her knees and starts sucking Silvio’s toes. Silvio has his I-phone in his hand, and for a minute Cassie thought he was filming her to put it on SnapChat. Cassie stops sucking his toes,”Are you filming me?” she asks. “What if I am,” threatened Silvio. Tears started flowing down Cassie’s face. She loved this man. He satisfied her sexually and secretly she loved the way he dominated her.....

Inside the confines of the Catholic Church, the dark, luminous rooms where underground activities took place, Silvio was drenched with sweat from giving Sister Leah a pounding. “Ah, don’t stop baby,” screamed Sister Leah, as she played with her clitoris. Silvio was serving her Doggy Style. She fucked him back, her derriere pushing into his pelvic area, taking his cock deep inside her pussy.

How she could keep up with him, Silvio thought. Sister Leah grabbed her solid gold crucifix she brought it to her lips, and kissed it. “Oh, ooh, ooh, yes baby, I’m gonna cum again,” she moaned. Hot liquid shot out from Sister Leah’s pussy onto Silvio’s chest and ran down his legs. Kissing her gold crucifix, Sister Leah mumbles a prayer. “Forgive me Holy Father, for I

have sinned. I love to be made love to,” she admitted. “Ow baby, it hurts,” grunted Sister Leah. Silvio slapped her tight ass as he continued to enjoy her tight, wet cunt. Each time Silvio was on the brink of unloading his wad, he managed to regain his composure and hold back. Sister Leah kept him interested, he was very sexually addicted to her. “Lay on your back, my little slut,” barked Silvio.

He took a sip of his DeLeon tequila. It kept him hard and very horny. Sebastian had his horny goat weed, he had DeLeon tequila. Sister Leah laid back on the bed, she softly rubbed her nipples, and that alone brought her to a shuddering orgasm. Her clit started to throb as her pussy shot out more hot juice onto Silvio. “Damn girl, you have so much cum in you,” teased Silvio. “Baby, read to me the Song of Solomon from the Bible,” begged Sister Leah. Silvio looked at her like she had lost her mind at first.

Then a wicked grin came across his face. Getting up from the bed, Silvio gets Sister Leah’s Bible from her dresser. He looks at her seductively, then throws the Bible at her. “You read it!” ordered Silvio. Sister Leah sat up and began to read. “The song of songs, which is Solomon’s. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. For thy love is better than wine,” says Sister Leah. She said it with pure lust in her voice, it was a very passionate statement. “Mmm, you sure know how to keep a man interested,” said Silvio.

Sister Leah blushes then looks away. They had been making love for two hours. They were both getting hungry. “Hey babe, are you hungry?” asks Silvio. At that moment, Sister Leah’s stomach growled. She didn’t have much at breakfast. “Yes, I am,” Sister Leah admitted. Silvio grabbed his Apple I-phone and sent a text message to Father Patrick to send in a tray of food. In about a half an hour, Father Patrick personally brought a tray of tuna sandwiches and milk for them. “Thank you Father,” said Silvio taking the tray from him placing it on an antique

table in the room. “You’ll need your protein,” said Father Patrick smiling devilishly as he backed out the door. “So, how is the church income from tithing?” asked Sister Leah. Picking up a tuna sandwich, then wiping his mouth, Silvio said, “According to Father Patrick, it’s pretty good.” Sister Leah laughs, “If our church congregation only knew the sinful deeds we did, they would never come to church or confession again.” Silvio grunts to himself before answering. “Don’t be so sure of that one, remember Father tells me about a lot of their confessions,” said Silvio.

“Father Patrick and I laugh about their confessions together over DeLeon tequila,” admitted Silvio. The two of them finished their sandwiches and milk. Then they curled up together and fell into a deep sleep.

Sebastian was at his office at Chastain Air. He was busy going over flight expenditures and new aviation regulations. He was also checking the weather reports for the week and going over flight plans. He wondered where Silvio was at. He needed to go over new FAA flight regulations with him. “Damn, bro, I need you here like yesterday,” said Sebastian. Sebastian pages Cassie on the intercom. “Cassie, have you heard from Silvio?” She was busy typing up the flight plans when she got the page.

“He said he would be in the office in the morning.” “Damn him!” said Sebastian slamming his fist on his desk. He tried to calm down and not allow Silvio’s irresponsibility to stress him out. He leaned back in his executive leather chair, and stretched his legs out on his ottoman. He turned on his waterfall fountain and peaceful Arabian music to add a pleasant ambiance. With Silvio missing work that day that meant it would cause extra work for him the next morning. There were new regulations from the FAA that were important and Silvio needed to be informed of them.

He thought of his wife Naomi and his cock started to get hard. He decided to call her to see how she was. “Hey lovely, how are you?” asked Sebastian. Smiling, feeling good about hearing from her sexy husband, Naomi said, “I’m doing great, I’m relaxing at home today.” “So you don’t have a photo shoot today?” asked Sebastian. Stretching in the Downward Dog position, Naomi purrs “Nooo, that was finished last week.” “Babe, can we expect you for dinner tonight?” asked Naomi. “Yes, I should make it around six. But I’ll have to leave early in the morning, Silvio wasn’t here today,” replied Sebastian.

Laughing a wicked laugh, Naomi says, “He’s probably into something dark and deviant.” “Silvio is a saint, and a perfect gentleman!” admonished Sebastian. Sighing deeply, “You keep telling yourself that!” Naomi wondered when Sebastian would wake up about his brother. The two hung up and finished their day.

Father Patrick was in his office counting a stack of cash with one of his most trusted nuns. Most of the money was from drug deals that took place in a room down a dark hallway. The nun was in her forties, fairly attractive, she was a brunette with a very shapely figure that drove Father Patrick absolutely wild. Her name was Sister Melissa Duncan. She was quiet, very demure and submissive. What Father Patrick really liked about her was that she gave some mean head.

And she love to swallow. “Oh no, Father, I almost lost count again,” whines Sister Melissa. Patting her on her derriere, he says, “Take your time, and focus on what it is you’re doing.” Remembering her vows of obedience and submission, Sister Melissa lowers her eyes to the floor, “Yes, Father.” Smiling at her in a loving way, “That’s a good girl,” said Father Patrick.

“Counting all of this cash turns me on, I feel like I’m hiding a dark secret, committing a forbidden act,” said Sister Melissa. Looking up at her like a man full of wisdom, over his reading

glasses, “Oh you are dear! You are!” said Father Patrick. He takes a drink of his DeLeon tequila, briefly looks out his office window that overlooks the parking lot, he continues; “You know, I wonder why people bother with coming to church. Confessing their sins to me. It feels so good being bad,” counsels Father Patrick. Sister Melissa stops counting the hundred dollar bills for a moment to look up at him. She blows him a Marilyn Monroe type kiss at him. “Father if the congregation stopped coming to church, we couldn’t launder this drug money effectively, now could we?” Sister Leah flirted.

Coming up behind her, Father Patrick rubs his cock against her ass. “You catch on girl, quick you are, now let’s finish up here. I have confessions at seven,” said Father Patrick. It was around six in the evening, Silvio had overslept. He awoke lying next to Sister Leah, his precious lover. Getting up off the bed gently, he didn’t want to wake her. He decided to let her sleep. She was in love with him, and departing from her was always hard.

She’d cling to him and beg him to take her away with him. Maybe one day he would he thought as he washed up. He took a quick shower, and brushed his teeth in the full sized bathroom. As he dried his hair with a towel, he watched his secret lover as she slept. Her breathing was slow and steady. Every once in a while, she’d smile in her sleep. Damn she was so precious Silvio thought.

He left her one thousand dollars on her nightstand, so she could buy pretty lingerie or perfume. She left her pretty lace panties on the floor. He picked them up, sniffed them, breathing in her scent. He then stuffed them in his front pocket. Before leaving, he stopped by Father Patrick’s office. He knocked on the door. Father Patrick answered. “Hello Silvio, old man, come in!” said Father Patrick. Sister Melissa looks up from the cash, looks Silvio up and down in a way that indicated she’d suck his dick all night.

“Silvio, have you met Sister Melissa Duncan?” introduced Father Patrick. Taking her hand and kissing it, “I’m Silvio Chastain, Captain Silvio Chastain,” charmed Silvio. Her heart started beating out of her chest, she hadn’t seen a man quite that fine in a while. “I’m pleased to make your acquaintance Captain,” said Sister Melissa. She opened the door to leave wanting to give the two men the respect of privacy. “I’ll let you two visit. It was nice meeting you Captain Chastain,” said Sister Melissa. With that, Sister Melissa shut the door behind her and went to the kitchen to help prepare the evening meal.

“What can I do for you, Silvio?” asked Father Patrick. Father Patrick starts to collect the cash that he and Sister Melissa counted. He turns his back on Silvio which was a mistake. Silvio was more deviant than a cobra snake. Silvio knocks Father Patrick out with one professional blow to the head. The priest’s limp body falls to the floor. Silvio gently moves the man near the bathroom in his office. He places the DeLeon tequila bottle in his left hand to give the impression that excessive drinking caused him to pass out.

Silvio mutters, “Sleep well, old man. I hope I didn’t cause you any harm. This is just business as usual,” . Silvio then proceeds to collect all of the cash which amounted to \$100,000.00 He leaves the door ajar. As Silvio walks out to the parking lot to his car, he noticed Sister Leah’s panties were missing. He puts the bag of money in his trunk. He then retracts his steps and found the lace panties lying on the steps of the church.

“Can’t forget these,” said Silvio putting the panties up to his nose smelling them. “If God made anything better than pussy, He kept it for Himself,” laughed Silvio. He gets into his car and speeds away home.

The next morning, it was a beautiful fall beginning. The trees were starting to lose their colorful leaves of golden and orange. It was what is often referred to as an Indian summer.

Sebastian and Silvio were on good timing, and made it to the office around nine. Many of the staff at Chastain Air were in the lavish company break room, chatting over coffee, pastries and Greek yogurt. The Aqua Hydrate water delivery truck showed up. Cassie saw the delivery guy on the security monitor and went to let him in. “Come on in, I’m so glad you’re here. We are in need of replenishment,” boasts Cassie, coming off as a Hollywood star.

“Sebastian would have me fired if I didn’t make it today!” teased Scott, the delivery guy. Cassie showed him the way to the break room where he could re-stock the machine and water cooler. Becky, the newly hired accountant approached Cassie, “Hey, girl, that’s a cute skirt. How are you this morning?” asked Becky. “Oh, I couldn’t be better, how are you?” replied Cassie. Becky and Cassie had been bosom buddies since she started working there. The two women found out that they had things in common, like discussing men and keeping up with the latest fashions.

“Have you seen Silvio this morning?” asked Becky. “I saw him for a moment when he arrived today, why?” asked Cassie. Munching on a pastry, Beck says, “Girl he sure is fine, is he single?” Becky inquires. Oh no she didn’t, thought Cassie. She is not going to try to move in on my man. Cassie looks at Becky, smiles and says, “He may be single, but technically he’s off limits!” Becky apologizes, “My bad.” “That’s okay, now you know,” says Cassie as she walks off to her office.

Over the intercom, the director of aviation, Michelle James makes an announcement that the meeting is about to begin and everyone should be making their way to the conference room A. Sebastian stops by Cassie’s office. “Good morning girl, you’re looking good. Do you have the minutes ready?” asked Sebastian. Putting her lipstick away and putting on her pretty Versace pumps Cassie replies, “Yes, I’m getting everything together now.” Sebastian steps closer into her

office, “Who is in this picture, I never saw this one before,” says Sebastian. “It’s a picture of my mother and I in the Philippine’s,” says Cassie. “Oh, that’s right, you’re half Filipino,” says Sebastian taking her portfolio and laptop case for her. The two of them walked out of the office to head over to conference room A. Michelle James was seated at the head of the table. She had her secretary seated to the right of her, who was getting the tape recorder ready for recording minutes.

Her secretary’s name was Lisa Porter, a pretty woman in her twenties with a slim figure, and who happened to have graduated from Howard University with a degree in mathematics and business. Lisa was very helpful to Michelle with the company finances and budget. The company made plenty of money, but Michelle James was very grounded and believed in living well, but not to the extreme of Sebastian. Michelle James helped with the accounting team to budget the company’s finances. “Are we having the meeting catered today?” asks Lisa. Shaking her head no, while going over the new regulations issued out by the FAA. “No, today we’ll just have sandwiches, fruit and cookies,” said Michelle.

Sebastian and Cassie arrive together and sit at the head of the table opposite end from Michelle and her secretary. Almost panicking that Silvio disappeared, Sebastian says, “Cassie have you seen Silvio?” Touching his hand lightly, “Relax, he’s here and will be in shortly,” smiled Cassie. “Speak of the devil,” says Sebastian. Silvio strolls in dressed in an Armani suit, smelling of Sean John fragrance. Stopping to shake hands with all of the ladies, he never stops charming the panties off of women.

When he sees Becky, he stops to introduce himself. “I don’t believe we’ve met beautiful,” said Silvio kissing her hand. Becky almost came in her panties. “Oh yes, darling, we met the second day I started,” says Becky. Cassie stopped typing on her laptop to stare at Silvio.

He caught her eye, stopped flirting, buttoned his jacket then took his seat next to Sebastian.

Cassie continued to stare Silvio down. Silvio looks at her and throws his arms up at her in a manner that said, “What the fuck?” Michelle James caught this scene between the two of them.

She looked at both of them with a look that said, “Stop playing!” Standing and announcing, “The meeting shall now come to order. Is everyone in agreement that my secretary Lisa records the meeting, if you agree, say I, if not say ne,” said Michelle.

Everyone in unison said, “I.” The first business of the meeting Michelle James discussed the new aviation regulations issued by the FAA. “Cassie, if you would please pass out the forms and memos to everyone.” Standing up straightening her skirt, looking absolutely sexy and fabulous, “Yes man,” agreed Cassie. “I am not in favor of paying higher fees, for licensing, that’s ludicrous,” said Sebastian. Biting on her pen, listening to Sebastian and Silvio complain about the fee increase, Michelle says, “I understand how you feel, but in this case there’s nothing to be done but to pay the higher rate.” Sebastian and Silvio stare at each other for a long time.

“Well, if there is nothing else to discuss about the increase, I’d like to move this meeting along,” said Michelle. “Cassie, who do we have scheduled to fly next this week?” asks Sebastian. Going into the database on her laptop, she pulls up the information. “It’s Martha Stewart and Snoop Dogg,” said Cassie. Every VIP client was given a gift basket when they flew on Chastain Air. “Have you ordered the gifts for them yet?” inquired Sebastian. Looking over at Sebastian, smiling her most demure smile, “Not yet, I’ll do it today when I finish deciding what to get Snoop,” says Cassie. “Oh that’s easy, just order him a new bong,” laughed Silvio.

“Let’s be nice,” scolded Michelle James. Everyone joined in sharing a good laugh. They finished the new business and then went over the old. The meeting was finally wrapped up. Refreshments were served in conference room B. Light jazz played in the background. Naomi

was bored at home and decided to have a limo pick her up and take her to Chastain Air so she could have lunch with her husband. She was dressed impeccably in a Versace white linen dress and Versace gold pumps, the same style Cassie was sporting that day. For show, she wore a full length white mink coat. She had phoned in a carry out order of a surf and turf platter for her and Sebastian at Red Lobster. The limo driver stopped there to pick it up. Naomi called Red Lobster on her cell phone so they could bring her order to the limo.

She gave the waitress a nice tip. “Oh thank you so much Mrs. Chastain, by the way you look fabulous darling!” said the waitress. “Thanks,” said Naomi. “Are we ready Madam?” asked the driver. “Proceed to Chastain Air,,” ordered Naomi. The driver helped Naomi to the main entrance with her platters. Sebastian saw his wife on his phone security monitor. “Excuse me, Naomi is here,” says Sebastian to Cassie. “Yes wife is here,” exclaims Sebastian. He couldn’t wait to see her. “Come on in baby, let me help you with that,” offers Sebastian.

He takes her to his office where they have a private lunch together, “I’m so in love with you baby,” admits Sebastian. “I know you are,” says Naomi as she fed him crab meat. “So, how did the meeting go?” asked Naomi. “We talked about the fee increase for the licensing,” said Sebastian as he rubbed his temples. Naomi could tell that was stressing him out, she wanted to help comfort her husband. “Don’t let it worry you, Michelle manages the company finances well,” said Naomi. “You’re right, I’ll try to not stress about it,” lied Sebastian. He was a natural worrier.

Cassie and Silvio were in the conference room getting plates of sandwiches. “Aren’t you supposed to be watching your caloric intake?” says Silvio. Taking an extra sandwich biting into it, Cassie says, “I’m hungry.” “If you gain five pounds, you won’t be able to fly with us.” “You exaggerate, I’m 120 pounds if that,” laughs Cassie. The two of them go to her office to enjoy

lunch together. Cassie's phone rings, it's Martha Stewart. "Yes Martha, how are you?" says Cassie. "Fine, listen I was just calling to confirm that Snoop and I will be needing that flight Friday into the Hampton's," Martha says. "Sure thing, we have you booked in the system. Do you want your confirmation number?" asked Cassie. "I'm in a hurry just text it to my phone, or send me an email," continued Martha. The two hung up.

Just as Cassie was about to rub Silvio's feet, her phone rang again. "Hello," says Cassie. "Hey girl, it's your Dogg, Snoop who can fly through hoops," says Snoop Dogg. "Are you confirming your flight with Martha for Friday?" asked Cassie. "I sure is as Michael J once played in the Whiz," rhymed Snoop. Laughing, "You are too funny, yes we have the two of you booked," says Cassie. "I may be funny, but this here nigga never runs out of money," Snoop said. "Peace out," says Cassie.

"Now baby, where was I?" asked Cassie, staring at Silvio. Munching on a grape Silvio stretches his legs out in front of Cassie. "I believe you were just getting ready to service my feet," says Silvio. Cassie slowly removes her silk blouse, then her bra. She takes off Silvio's socks and starts rubbing his feet and allowing his toes to lightly touch her nipples. "Suck my toes!" demands Silvio. "Fuck you bastard!" yells Cassie getting up to leave.

"Bitch, you better close that door or your ass is gonna be sore!" yells Silvio. Pouting but submitting to Silvio's demands, Cassie gets on her knees and starts sucking Silvio's toes. Silvio has his I-phone in his hand, and for a minute Cassie thought he was filming her to put it on SnapChat. Cassie stops sucking his toes, "Are you filming me?" she asks. "What if I am," threatened Silvio. Tears started flowing down Cassie's face. She loved this man. He satisfied her sexually and secretly she loved the way he dominated her.....

Cassie, Silvio and Sebastian all arrived at Chastain Air early Friday morning, around 4:30. They needed to prepare for an important flight for Martha Stewart and Snoop Dogg into the Hampton's, from Harlem, New York. "Cassie, baby get the coffee brewing," said Silvio slapping her derriere. Silvio especially had to have his morning brew or he was very difficult to deal with. "Yes darling, I was just getting to it," smiled Cassie. She was so infatuated with Silvio. She absolutely adored him, and wanted to please him in every way possible.

Sebastian hurried into his office, turned on the computer to check the flight plans. "Hey bro, I need you to join me to go over the flight schedule," Sebastian said on the intercom. "Be right there," replied Silvio. It was going to be a busy day. They needed to fly Martha and Snoop into the Hampton's around 9 a.m. and pick them up that night at 10 p.m. Martha was a very persnickety client. Everything had to be done in decent and in order, according to her plans. Silvio entered Sebastian's office just in time to stop him from preaching a sermon about punctuality. "Save it! I'm here," said Silvio checking his watch.

Straightening his tie, Sebastian glanced at his brother for a moment as if he wanted to say something but changed his mind. The two of them spent an hour going over the flight schedule while Cassie made sure that the flight cleaning crew had the jet immaculate. The welcome baskets Cassie ordered for Martha and Snoop had been delivered. Martha's basket was filled with Caswell Massey soaps, lotions, bubble baths, and lilac scented candles. Cassie really had to think when she ordered gifts for Snoop Dogg.

Cassie was well aware that Snoop smoked organic weed. His life WAS weed. So she ordered him natural air fresheners, rose scented room sprays, rose scented candles and marble ash trays. Cassie finished typing up her reports. She made sure the reservations in the system

were confirmed and deposits received. She went into her bathroom to brush her long dark hair. She put a dab of olive oil on her brush to give it sheen. She looked young, pure and beautiful.

Cassie retouched her lip gloss and put a generous amount of jasmine perfume on. She turned off her computer, straightened her office, turned off the lights and locked the door. She headed to Sebastian's office so the three of them could visit before they needed to board the jet. Sebastian and Silvio stopped talking when Cassie came in. She was dressed in a pretty, light blue velour jogging suit with a white lace camisole. She was casually dressed, but still looked like a million bucks.

"Hey girl, you about ready to go?" asked Sebastian. Putting her arm around Silvio's neck, Cassie says, "I sure am." Silvio rubs her shoulders making her moan a little. "Ooh baby, that feels sooo good," moaned Cassie. "I know baby. Daddy know how to make you feel good," said Silvio with confidence. Cassie started to feel very wet and horny. She wished they had time to fuck before the flight. She needed his hard cock badly.

Sebastian knew the two of them craved a morning fuck session. They needed to board the jet soon, and couldn't afford to be late. "Don't you two even think about doing anything this morning," snapped Sebastian. Sebastian got a call that Martha and Snoop had arrived at Chastain Air and were being assisted with boarding the jet. "Okay crew, let's go," ordered Sebastian. The flight crew came to get their bags and the welcome baskets. Sebastian hoped Snoop Dogg brought some good weed to share. Silvio did too.

Snoop's weed was organic, and made you relax and become creative. One of the baggage handler's reached for Snoop's black fun bag that he was taking on the plane. "Hold up Homie! You moving too fast. I gots to have this bag go on this flight, so I can last," said Snoop. Martha looks at Snoop, "I hope you don't plan on having too much fun on the plane." Snoop places his

hand on Martha's shoulder, "I promise I won't," he says. There was an additional passenger boarding on this flight. His name was Donald Starr. He was a new model for Sean John.

He was young, medium brown skinned, well-groomed and had an athletic build. Donald didn't know Snoop Dogg, but the two of them would soon find out that they had the love of weed in common. Cassie noticed Donald and kept staring at him and he at her. Donald was kind of quiet, well-spoken and very polite. Snoop Dogg and Martha found their seats together. Donald Starr sat in the seat across from Snoop Dogg. Snoop put his black fun bag in the overhead compartment and sat back in his chair to relax.

Cassie sat behind Donald Starr. She kicked off her pink sandals and relaxed in her seat. Sebastian and Silvio were up in the Captain's quarters getting ready for takeoff. Snoop introduced himself to Donald Starr. The two of them talked about the rap business. Donald told Snoop about his modeling career at Sean John. He mentioned that he was on his way to a photo shoot in the Hampton's. Donald knew about Snoop Dogg smoking weed and wanted to ask him for a joint. Snoop must have read his mind. "Home, do you smoke?" asked Snoop.

"Yes, I indulge," said Donald. Snoop goes into his storage compartment to grab his fun bag. He gets his porcelain green box out filled with joints. He hands two of them to Donald. "Thanks, do I owe you anything?" asked Donald. "No Homie, but I think you are like me. When we fly in the sky, we like to stay high," said Snoop. The flight attendant served Aqua Hydrate water, DeLeon tequila and finger sandwiches.

Donald had been wanting to strike up a conversation with Cassie, but felt a little apprehension. Every now and then, he would turn around to try to lock eyes with her. She would either be playing games on her laptop. Or zoned out watching something on Netflix. Finally it came to him, he would ask her if it would bother her if he let his seat back. "Excuse me, would it

bother you if I let my seat back?" asked Donald. Batting her eyes, trying to flirt, Cassie says, "No not at all." "Are you tired and wanting to rest?" asked Cassie.

"Yes," said Donald. Cassie had been thinking about this quiet, alluring man with bedroom eyes ever since she laid eyes on him. He gave her dangerous thoughts. He made her want to do things to him she knew she shouldn't. At the moment, Cassie felt like a dangerous woman. Her panties were wet thinking about him. She thought she had seen him somewhere before. Like maybe his face had been on a billboard somewhere. Cassie taps Donald on his shoulder. Turning around, he says, "Yes?" "I wanted to introduce myself. I'm Cassie the administrative assistant for our Captain's Sebastian and Silvio." Shaking her hand, "Nice meeting you. I'm Donald Starr, I model for Sean John," says Donald. "I thought I saw your face somewhere before," said Cassie. "My face is on billboards in New York and California. I'm usually modeling jeans, suits and leather jackets," said Donald. "You're very handsome," said Cassie. Donald was turned on by Cassie. He wouldn't mind hitting it on the plane. "Since you're tired, let me show you our master bedroom," offered Cassie.

"Sure," said Donald. Cassie led him to the bedroom. She shows him the room and full bathroom, fully stocked with everything you need. Donald closes the door and locks it. "What are you doing?" asked Cassie. Donald's facial expression hardened. He became more serious. Cassie noticed he had a large bulge in his pants. She felt nervous and hot all at the same time. "Why did you really bring me back here?" Donald asked. Cassie almost felt cornered. She also felt she should just be honest and say what she wanted.

She may never see Donald again. "You are so fine and sexy," said Cassie. Donald started breathing hard, his pulse was raising. He looked Cassie up and down slowly. "Undress!" demanded Donald. Cassie didn't hesitate for a moment. She was barefoot because she left her

pink sandals under her seat. So she slid down her light blue pants. She takes off her light blue jacket throwing it on the bed. She then removes her white camisole. Then she takes off her bra and panties. Donald starts to kiss her on her mouth forcing his tongue in her mouth. “Mmm baby,” moaned Cassie. Donald steps back and removes all of his clothing. He has a fat ten inch dick that is fully erect for her. Cassie gets down on her knees and takes his cock in her mouth, sucking it slow and deep.

“Damn girl, you suck good dick,” said Donald. Cassie loved sucking his fat cock, she could feel it pulse in her mouth. “It’s my turn, pleasure my pussy with your tongue,” said Cassie. She gets up on the bed and spreads her legs for him. Donald had a very long tongue, I mean unusually long; it was like a cows tongue. He was an expert at licking pussy. He stroked her pussy and up and down with his tongue. “Yes, like that,” said Cassie. Donald then started circling her clit with his tongue driving her out of her mind. “Oh God, don’t stop,” Cassie yelled. She felt she could cum any minute, he was too good. Donald didn’t mind that she had a black bush that was trimmed; it was sexy to him. Plus Cassie was very clean. She took care of her vagina daily by drinking lots of Aqua Hydrate water, eating organic fruits. Her pussy always smelled good and pure.

Donald dove his tongue deep into Cassie’s pussy, fucking her with it. “Oh yes, I’m going to cum,” she yelled. Cassie moaned loudly and her eyes rolled back into her head. A stream of liquid gushed into Donald’s face from her pussy. “Oh baby, I’m sorry,” apologized Cassie. Donald stopped eating her pussy to look at her. “That’s okay, it’s good you get to that point,” admitted Donald. He took her pretty feet and started sucking on her toes that were neatly manicured. She had delicate, size seven feet that were very feminine. He sucked her toes on both feet, then he went back to flicking her swollen clit with his tongue.

Cassie arched her back, moaning, she started to cum again; yes, he was that good. “You have an unusually long tongue,” purred Cassie. “Yes, it is a gift, women absolutely love the intense pleasure it gives them,” said Donald. “With a tongue like yours, you don’t need a dick,” Cassie said. “Turn over and let me give you a taste of my dick,” teased Donald. Cassie gets on her back, she spreads her thighs wide. Donald thrusts his cock in her wet pussy. Cassie cried out from the pain. Donald fucked her expertly. He fucked her deep and hard, making her scream.

“Oh fuck, it hurts, oh shit!” begged Cassie. Donald continued fucking her, he loved the sensation her tight pussy gave his cock. The deeper he fucked her, the tighter the grip her pussy had. It was almost time for the plane to land in the Hampton’s. Silvio made an announcement on the intercom. Donald pumped an enormous amount of cum into Cassie. His cock kept pulsating emptying his nuts of hot jism. With every pulse, Donald would shiver, closing his eyes allowing the jism to leave his balls giving him a deep feeling of pure ecstasy. The orgasm must have lasted four minutes. He just couldn’t stop cumming., having this delicate, young pretty woman under him, in a submissive position is an ultimate turn on ugly men don’t experience much. Too bad for them Donald thought.

If God made anything better than pussy and money, He kept it for Himself. He leans down and kisses Cassie sweetly on her mouth. They both head to the bedroom to shower before they landed. Meanwhile, in the Captain’s quarters Silvio and Sebastian were talking amongst themselves. “Yeah bro, Naomi doesn’t do much cooking, our personal chef does it,” said Sebastian. “At least you have a wife,” said Silvio. “What’s stopping you from having one?” asked Sebastian.

“Me,” admitted Silvio. “I’ll be glad when you settle down,” said Sebastian. They both laugh together. Martha and Snoop were playing a game of Scrabble together. Martha was

winning. “What word is zealot?” inquired Martha. She smiles at Snoop. “Now you’re resorting to making words up.” Taking a bite of quiche, “No, I’m not. I am for show that zealot is a word,” said Snoop. Martha reaches for her purse to get her dictionary. Putting on her reading glasses, and looking over them at Snoop with an all knowing school teacher look, Martha says, “Let me see if I can find this word.” Martha does find this word on Dictionary.com “Ok Snoop, I guess you’re right,” says Martha.

Standing up clapping his hands as if he’s at a Laker’s game Snoop says, “See I told you, you didn’t want to believe Snoop. You tried to make me blue. But saying thangs that ain’t true ain’t what Snoop do,” Snoop laughs. “Okay, okay you’ve gotten your way. Saying I didn’t believe you almost spoiled your day,” rhymed Martha. Snoop covers his grill, “Uh oh! Martha got rhymes!” said Snoop. “Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to descend into the lovely Hampton’s where the fabulous Kardashian’s vacation at this time. If you run into Kanye West, please ignore him and pretend you don’t see him. Orders from Jay-Z,” announced Silvio. Martha and Snoop fasten their seat belts. Aye aye Captain, your wish is my command,” agrees Snoop.

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THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 9

By Sean “Puff Daddy” Combs, & Candy Michelle Johnson

Sister Leah had become deeply infatuated with Silvio. Daily she masturbated and thought of him making love to her. On her knees, early in the morning she prayed to the Illuminati Spirit. “Oh powerful Spirit, controller of all things. Grant me the never-ending love of my lover, Silvio Chastain. Bond us together forever,” prayed Sister Leah while holding her prayer beads. She had some free time that morning and decided to go to a well-known, upscale jewelry store in New York.

She wore her habit out of the convent, but carried an overnight Gucci bag with her that contained a linen, navy pantsuit, red silk blouse and lacey bra and panties. She changed in the mall bathroom before she entered the jewelry store. She slipped on a pair of silk Gucci pumps.

She looked beautiful and professional. She took the escalator to the third floor, walked around a bit, browsed at different stores like the Gap, Banana Republic, Abercrombie & Fitch, and a few others. She spotted the jewelry store and hesitated going in right away. It was around 10 a.m. when the store just opened, so there wasn't anyone there yet. There were two store clerks there engaging in a conversation about receiving a shipment of pink diamond rings. Sister Leah slowly entered the store. She stopped in the front to act as if she was admiring designer watches.

She even looked at the Rolex watches. The store clerks stopped talking to acknowledge her and show customer appreciation. "Hello Miss, is there anything I can help you find?" asked George the senior store clerk. Looking at him, making eye contact and smiling, Sister Leah says, "Yes, I wanted to inquire about a pink diamond ring." George was impressed, "Well, you certainly came to the right place." Stepping close to the counter enthusiastically, Sister Leah says, "Did I now?" "Do tell," said Sister Leah flirting with George.

George will never know that Sister Leah is an Illuminati nun. Putting his reading glasses on, George has time to spend with Sister Leah to educate her about diamonds. That's part of the upscale jewelry shopping experience. Senior sales clerks want to encourage their clientele to be knowledgeable about fine diamonds and jewelry. So they'll feel more comfortable about asking for what they desire. "My name is George, and I'll be happy to help you with your jewelry shopping experience," holding out his hand to her.

"Thank you George, I'm Leah," said Sister Leah blushing. George may have been in his sixties, but he still had it by her standards. "You look familiar. Do you attend church?" asked George. "Oh no, not as much as I should," lied Sister Leah. George stared at her a moment as if he didn't believe her. "Oh well, let me inform you about diamonds. Then we'll get into the exquisite pink one's okay?" said George. Leaning into him closer, "I'm all ears," said Sister

Leah. “You know, a diamond is a metastable allotrope of carbon, where the carbon atoms are arranged in a variation of the face-centered cubic crystal structure called a diamond lattice.” “Are you bored yet?” asked George smiling. “Not quite,” said Sister Leah. “A diamond is less stable than graphite, but the conversion rate from diamond to graphite is negligible at standard conditions.” George was getting thirsty and he thought Leah might be too. “Leah, how about an Aqua Hydrate spa water with kiwi and mint?” “Sounds lovely,” said Sister Leah. She felt like a celebrity getting this one on one treatment.

George says to the other sales clerk, “Carla, get us two glasses and a pitcher of spa water please,” said George. George continued with his education in diamonds. “A diamond is renowned as a material with superlative physical qualities, most of which originate from the strong covalent bonding between its atoms.” Carla brought the spa water and poured them both a drink. “Cheers to getting a lovely pink diamond ring with superb quality,” toasted George. Holding up her glass to his, “Salute,” said Sister Leah. “In particular, a diamond has the highest hardness and thermal conductivity of any bulk material.”

“Those properties determine the major industrial application of diamond in cutting and polishing tools and the scientific applications in diamond knives and diamond anvil cells,” George concluded. “Wow, I didn’t know all of that,” admitted Sister Leah. “How did you get your education in this industry?” asked Sister Leah. Feeling proud of his accomplishments, George said, “I attended the Corlia Roberts Diamond Education College in South Africa,” boasted George. “Where can I see diamonds displayed in various colors?” asked Sister Leah.

George thought for a moment before answering. “Ah, the Aurora Pyramid of Hope displays a spectacular array of naturally colored diamonds, and the most rare diamonds, the red,” said George. “Where is the richest diamond area in Africa?” inquired Sister Leah. “That would

be Cape Province in South Africa,” George informed her. “Are you familiar with the famous New York diamond cutter, Isaac Wolf?” asked George. “No, I don’t think so,” admitted Sister Leah. “Well, he was the buyer of the 59.60-carat pink diamond that sold for \$83 million in Geneva, Switzerland. That was a record for any gemstone at an auction,” informed George. “Let me show you the pink diamond rings that I have here. If you want, we can have one custom made.” Sister Leah was caught up in a dream. She hoped Silvio would surprise her with a lovely pink diamond ring with a set of Christian Dior pink lace panties, bra, stockings, and garter belt wrapped in a pink and gold box.

She felt deep inside that she was special to Silvio. She hoped she was right.

Snoop Dogg and Martha’s flight landing in the Hamptons on time. Snoop puts on his Versace shades and leans over to Donald Starr. “Hey, you want to light up when we get off the plane?” Martha interrupted, “Hey we don’t have time for that. Our car will be waiting!” “Okay,” said Snoop. He looks at Donald Starr, “She the boss. Always keep women happy,” said Snoop doing the hip-hop fist bump with Donald. “I’ll be okay, I got to stay pretty for my photo shoot,” smiled Donald.

“Cassie girl, are you up?” said Silvio over the intercom. She takes a sip of her amaretto DeLeon tequila. She’s feeling hospitable and shares a drink with Donald. “It was nice getting together with you. I hope to see you again sometime. Good luck with your modeling career,” said Cassie. “Yeah, it was nice meeting you too,” said Donald. Sebastian landed the plane with expert ease. Silvio, Sebastian and Cassie would spend the day in the Hamptons and pick Snoop and Martha up that night to fly back to New York. The baggage handlers retrieved everyone’s luggage. Snoop wanted to thank Sebastian and Silvio.

“Hey Captains, thanks for the flight, and not interrupting my plight, you know Snoop hates to fight,” rapped Snoop. Laughing, Silvio says, “Dogg, you keep me rolling.” “You mean I keep you rolling in dough,” teased Snoop. “We’ll be taking off around 10 p.m. tonight,” said Sebastian. “Okay, our car should have us here on time,” said Snoop. “Mr. Starr, is your car coming to get you?” asked Sebastian. Donald was so radiant, beautiful and had a glowing personality. “Yes, I’ll be fine,” said Donald. Cassie had on her designer shades, she was standing next to Silvio. She was watching Donald intensely. Her pussy started to get wet just remembering how he banged her without mercy yet satisfactory.

Donald’s car pulled up and he was off to his photo shoot. Shortly after a car arrived for Cassie, Sebastian and Silvio. The three of them go to a cozy villa owned by Martha Stewart. They will enjoy a butler and a private chef. Isn’t the life of the wealthy absolutely fabulous? There are three massage therapists waiting for them at the pool. The three of them go directly to their private bedrooms and strip off their clothing. Cassie takes a luxurious shower first. She doesn’t bother moisturizing her toned body because she is about to be pampered with lavish jojoba oil from head to toe.

The three of them meet in the living room to chat a bit. They look gorgeous, wrapped in Japanese silk robes. “Can I interest anyone in a DeLeon tequila before we indulge our bodies?” asked Sebastian. “Hello yes!” said Silvio. Sebastian poured the three of them a nice amount of fine tequila. Silvio takes Cassie’s hand and leads her out back to the pool area. There are three massage therapists dressed in white scrubs, each standing by a massage table. None of them are shy, they immediately disrobe. Silvio is obviously turned on by Cassie, his cock is hard and ready for her. She gets aroused when she looks between his legs. Cassie is in the middle of the two men.

All three of them are lying face down, ready to have the tension and stress rubbed out of their bodies. Cassie is a total freak. She likes to have a butterfly vibrator laying on her pussy while she is massaged. She turns over to have the therapist help her slip on the device. It looks pretty between her legs. The massage therapist turns to Silvio handing him the remote control. “Sir, you do the honors,” said Jeremy, Cassie’s masseur. Cassie looks over at Silvio. “Go easy on me darling,” Cassie purrs sensuously. Sebastian loved olive oil slightly warmed for his massage.

Silvio liked jojoba oil. It turned him on. It had a sexy scent. Silvio gave Cassie no mercy. He put the remote control setting to very light, so she would barely feel the sensation of the tiny lips of the butterfly massager caressing her clit. The sensation was pleasurable. It was almost annoying. Cassie would gradually open her thighs to allow more pressure from the butterfly. It felt awesome while she was being massaged by Jeremy. “Mmm, Daddy more, increase the intensity,” cried Cassie. Silvio was lying on his table next to hers. He was wearing Versace shades in which made his face very sexy. “Oh no, just take that, take that!” exclaimed Silvio being mean.

“It feels like I’m almost about to cum, but I can’t,” begged Cassie. “I know,” admitted Silvio.

At the jewelry store, Sister Leah was there for two hours trying on different pink diamond rings. She was impressed with most of them. They were in different shapes and carat sizes. George gave her a business car and bid her a good day. Sister Leah was on cloud nine. Against better judgement, she sent Silvio a sexy text message. Their relationship arrangement was to let him initiate the communicating. She text him, ‘I love you and want you soon’. Silvio was busy on the massage table in the Hamptons getting pampered while pleasuring Cassie.

Silvio's phone was at the head of his table. He heard his phone notification signal. He read the text. "Wow," he said flatly. "Who was that, babe?" asked Cassie. "Some girl who is in love with me," admitted Silvio. Cassie laughed out loud. "Just for that, I'm going to punish you," teased Silvio. Silvio increased the pulsating motion up just a notch, it was barely noticeable. But it was just enough to drive Cassie insane. She was now lying on her back with her thighs open, letting the tiny lips of the butterfly suck and tease her clitoris. The lips glided up and down on her clit, gently gripping it then letting go.

It was maddening. "Oh, I can't cum, but I want to and need to badly," said Cassie. She massaged her nipples. At this point, Jeremy had went inside to give Cassie privacy. Jeremy then came outside with two long feathers in which he used to stroke Cassie's lovely body from head to toe while Silvio tormented her with the butterfly vibrator. Jeremy started lightly stroking Cassie's feet with the feather then working his way up her legs, and her inner thighs.

The sky was clear blue, not a cloud to be seen. The weather was perfect. Cassie was in heaven. When she felt like she was going to orgasm, she'd arch her back and scream, "More, more." But then the feeling would melt away. Sebastian watched the whole show, his cock became hard. He would love to bang Cassie, but would exercise restraint. "Cassie you have a beautiful body," said Sebastian drooling. "Thank you Captain," replied Cassie. "How do you feel?" asked Sebastian. "Like I want to cum forever," sighed Cassie. "Should I take her to the next level bro?" Silvio asked. "Yeah, I think she's suffered enough," said Sebastian.

Silvio increased the sensation on the remote. The tiny lips sucked harder and seem to know the right spot to zero in on. In no time Cassie was cumming over and over. She was a squirter too. Hot liquid shot from her pussy everywhere as she threw her head back and screamed. "My massage is over," Silvio said. "Woman, let's go into the house," Silvio said as he

helped Cassie off of the table. Cassie laughs as she looks back at Sebastian suggestively licking her finger. She looked hot naked. Sebastian watched as she and Silvio walked back into the house. “Naomi, you’re gonna get it good tonight,” Sebastian said out loud. The doorbell rang. It was a top model for Sean John, DeAndre Ward. He flew in from Kansas City to join Donald Starr on his photo shoot. He was going to stay at Martha’s villa for the next few days. The butler let him in and offered him a drink of DeLeon tequila. “Ohhh this stuff is the bomb!” exclaimed DeAndre. “I’m glad you like it Sir,” said the butler as he showed DeAndre to his private room.

I want to thank all of the fans of Thy Evil Side that have joined @ThyEvilSide on Twitter. I want to announce that the writers for this series have changed. As of today, January 15th, 2017, the main writer will be Donald Lee Starr of Kansas City, Kansas who is an aspiring actor and model. He and I will take over writing Thy Evil Side together and bring it to the Netflix screen. Sean “Puff Daddy” Combs has retired from social media and will no longer be involved in this project. This series will be done by Donald Starr and I. Donald is my fiancé and we will work on this together while in Los Angeles, California. Donald and I are on a break relieving stress in Iceland at the fabulous Blue Lagoon spa for some much needed rest and relaxation. Thy Evil Side will resume in the Spring of 2017. See you soon. Join us on Twitter @ThyEvilSide to keep updated on events and new releases.

Silvio awoke to Cassie’s luscious lips wrapped around his hard cock. She sucked him with enthusiasm. Like she just couldn’t get enough. His phone notification alerted him. He

phone was lying on the nightstand next to him. Silvio started to reach for it. Looking up at him seductively, “Don’t you dare touch that phone,” demanded Cassie. “Shut up bitch and keep sucking!” yelled Silvio. Silvio checks his phone and sighs. He was going to have to explain to Sister Leah that he was not about to be all hers and he was not in love with her enough to make her the only one.

He didn’t text her back hoping she would take the hint. Cassie played with her pussy while she gave Silvio some damn good head. Her beautiful, long silky black hair brushed against his thighs and balls as she moved her mouth up and down. “That’s my baby, take in Daddy’s cock,” Silvio comforted his main lover. He played with her hard nipples as she took his balls in her mouth. “Awwww shit,” moaned Silvio squirting hot cum down her throat. Cassie stroked his cock with each pulse that shot the hot jism into her throat. It was so thick and hot she almost gagged. “Fuck me Daddy,” begged Cassie getting in the doggy style position.

Sebastian is in the next room with a raging hard on. He puts olive oil on his erection and strokes his long, fat cock thinking of his wife Naomi. “Fuck it!” exclaims Sebastian. He walks out his bedroom down the hall and knocks on his brother Silvio’s door. Cassie licks her fingers in a way that indicates she’s about to be part of a gang bang. “What nigga?” yelled Silvio. Sebastian walks through the room naked with a bulging hard on, holding a bottle of pure Italian olive oil. Sebastian gets in front of Cassie and lets her mouth engulf his massive cock. Silvio spreads Cassie’s pussy open as he slides his waiting cock in her tight cunt.

“Oh yes, put it in deep,” she moans. Silvio fucks her deep and slow, driving her wild. Cassie whimpers while Sebastian fucks her mouth. She moans loudly from the orgasms he’s giving her. Cum gushes out of Cassie’s pussy onto Silvio’s stomach and the bed sheets. Sebastian watches the facial expressions Silvio makes as he goes deep inside Cassie.

“Yeah bro, her pussy grips your cock harder the deeper you go,” teased Silvio. “I know you dying to hit this. Come on,” said Silvio withdrawing his dick. Silvio goes to his nightstand to get his black porcelain box. “What’s that?” asked Sebastian. “Nose candy, try it,” offered Silvio. Silvio put three lines of pure cocaine on the coffee table for them. He rolled a \$100.00 bill and took the first line. Cassie and Sebastian followed Silvio. Cassie lay back on the bed, she spread her legs wide for Sebastian. He rubbed his cock with olive oil for easier penetration. “Oh my God,” Cassie screamed. Sebastian could only enter her halfway, she was that tight. “You like that baby?” asked Silvio as he watched his brother fuck his best lover. “Oh yeah, oh my God, I love your cock Daddy,” she moaned loudly. Cassie had an amazing pussy thought Sebastian. “Damn girl,” Sebastian said as her cum gushed out on him. “Mmm,” said Sebastian getting between her legs licking her pussy, sucking her hard clit. Arching her back, running her long, red nails through his hair. “I’m gonna cum again,” screamed Cassie, squirting in his face.

It turned Silvio on to see Cassie get fucked and sucked by his brother. DeAndre Ward the new model from Kansas City, was in one of the guests rooms down the hall. He could hear Cassie’s moans of ecstasy. He was busy putting his wardrobe together for a photo shoot. He smiled to himself. Man these people have lots of sex he thought. He put his headphones onto listen to a cool rapper named Yung G. DeAndre was jamming to his song, ‘Come Wit Me’. Sebastian fucked Cassie with her standing against the wall. It all ended with him shooting his cum inside her.

“We have a flight to Los Angeles in two hours, let’s get ready,” ordered Sebastian. “Who is it this time?” asked Silvio looking at Cassie. “Yung G, an A-list rapper,” she said while going into her bathroom to shower. “Thanks bro for sharing,” said Sebastian. “It had to happen eventually,” laughed Silvio. The three of them, Cassie, Silvio and Sebastian were driven to

Chastain Air to fly out a few celebrities, Snoop Dogg, and Martha and the rapper Yung G.

Captains Silvio and Sebastian Chastain looked sharp dressed in navy blue suits, crisp white shirts, shiny Italian dress shoes. They smelled fabulous too, wearing Sean John's Moroccan King. Silvio greeted Snoop Dogg. "Hey Dogg, we meet again," the two engaged in a short Long Beach style hug.

"How's the young nephew?" asked Sebastian. Taking a long puff on Cali's finest, Snoop says, "He good, doing his thang, just like a spicy chicken wang," Snoop said while laughing. Martha Stewart is standing at Snoop's side, she smiles shyly and pretends to not have heard his rap. Two baggage handlers rush to their side and whisk away their Coach luggage. "I'd be fine with Samsonite, but Martha said to be seen with me with that brand, she'd rather swallow dynamite," laughed Snoop. The baggage handler was a dorky, nerd type. He pushed his glasses up on his nose. "What did you just say?" he asked Snoop. Snoop pats the man on the back, "Thanks for handling our bags man," as he hands him a twenty dollar bill.

"I do thank you Sir," says the nerdy man. Snoop puts his arm lovingly around Martha as they board the jet. Cassie boards after them. She takes her seat across from the master bedroom. A black sedan pulls up near the jet. The driver get out and opens the door for a very handsome, chicly dressed rapper named Yung G. Baggage handlers quickly go to his car to retrieve his luggage. A pretty blonde steps out the car with him. She resembles Nikki. They embrace passionately then she gets back in the car. Yung G boards the plane. Snoop and Martha are already comfortable engaging in a game of Scrabble.

Snoop looks up over his Versace shades. "Hey Yung Playa, looking so clean like ya robbed the Compton maya!" boasts Snoop. "It's Yung G," corrected the young rapper. Stepping back from him, "Okay, how you been?" asked Snoop. "Real good Uncle," said Yung G. "Sit

down, these seats are open,” said Snoop gesturing to the seats across from he and Martha. Snoop wanted to make Yung G feel at ease and comfortable. “Hey nephew, this is Ms. Martha Stewart, she owns a catering business,” introduced Snoop.

“I know who she is,” said Yung G offering his hand. “Yung G, pleased to meet you,” he smiled politely. “Likewise,” said Martha. A stewardess came by with a tray of beverages. Yung G had an Aqua Hydrate water. Martha and Snoop had a cocktail of Amaretto DeLeon and milk. Silvio announced that the flight was about to take off. It was non-stop with the exception of a short stop in Denver, Colorado. Yung G was a very successful musician and businessman. His phone was blowing up. He was constantly answering the phone and answering text message. He was on his way to Los Angeles to do a concert. He had three homes. One in New York, one in Los Angeles and one in the quiet, pristine area of Mission Woods, Kansas. Not many knew it, but he loved the quiet calm of the country where he could ride his horses on his ranch.

A good gang of rappers love to play cowboys and Native Americans on their horse ranches. Plus it attracted a certain type of woman that was naturally beautiful on the outside and the inside. Up in the Captain’s quarters, Sebastian and Silvio talked about the sexual escapade that took place earlier. The two men were laughing and cruising on auto-pilot. “When you gonna let Cassie switch teams, bro?” teased Sebastian. “Never!” shouted Silvio. “Damn, bro I can still feel her pussy grip on my dick,” laughed Sebastian. Sipping cranberry juice, Silvio agreed.

“This is a long flight bro, have the stewardess put on a movie for the crew,” said Sebastian. The flight landed in Denver at the private downtown airport to re-fuel.

Yung G was excited about doing his concert. His family was meeting him at the airport in L.A. when he landed. The press would be there too. He was one of Twitter’s hottest rappers.

Everyone wanted to be in his circle. Men dressed like him and all types of women wanted his affection. Martha and Snoop tired themselves out with Scrabble.

They dozed off on the comfortable leather seats that converted to a bed with down comforters and pillows to match. No expense was spared on Chastain Air. Celebrities and the elite were well taken care of in posh, opulent surroundings. The stewardess delivered the gift baskets to the crew. Snoop and Martha's basket was French themed from Loccitane and were left by their beds as they slept. They would have a nice surprise upon awakening. Yung G was still up. "Here's a welcome gift from Chastain Air," she said handing him the basket. "Thanks, I appreciate it," said Yung G. His basket was filled with expensive headphones, fine pens, leather notebooks, movies, and a Sean John hoodie. The flight continued into Los Angeles. Martha and Snoop were headed to the studio to air their cooking show. Martha was going to show how to properly prepare smoked turkey wings and collard greens.

Yung G's family was there to greet him. His mom, sister, brother, and cousins. The paparazzi took as many photos of Yung G as they could. Cassie made sure everyone got off the plane and had their welcome baskets. Silvio's phone notified him he had a text message from Sister Leah. "I'm pregnant, and it's yours," it read. "Fucking shit with yo damn dick!" shouted

THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 12 FEATURING SOULJA BOY

By Candy Michelle Johnson

Sister Leah lie in her bedroom at the convent crying her eyes out. It had been two months since her period had come. What was going to happen to her? She had all the symptoms of pregnancy, but wanted to wait until Silvio would go with her to a doctor to take a test. Silvio still hadn't answered her text messages. It was if he didn't care about her anymore. She tried to call

him, this time he answered. “Hello my love,” said Silvio. Sister Leah paused before answering. She had been crying deeply, her throat and mouth was dry. “Silvio I may be pregnant,” said Sister Leah. “I know babe, I got the text message,” comforted Silvio.

Sister Leah started crying again. Silvio cared about her deep inside and wouldn’t let her go through this alone. He doubted she was pregnant and felt she was going through stress. “Listen, I’m going to arrange to take you to the doctor after my flight,” said Silvio. This immediately made her feel better. “You will?” she asked in her sweet, gentle voice. “Yeah, I’m not gonna leave you alone. You may be carrying my baby,” said Silvio with swag. “I’ve got to fly Chris Brown and Soulja Boy to Las Vegas from New York tonight,” said Silvio. “Don’t they want to kill each other,” asked Sister Leah. Silvio laughed. “So I’ll see you when I get back?” asked Silvio. “Yes love,” Leah said feeling a million times better. After hanging up with Silvio, Sister Leah fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Silvio, Sebastian and Cassie were preparing to fly Chris Brown and Soulja Boy from New York to Vegas. “Did you get their gift baskets ready?” asked Sebastian. “Yes, I put swords and machine guns in their baskets,” said Cassie with sarcasm in her voice. “Very funny,” said Silvio. The threesome drove to the Chastain Air to board the jet. Right on time, Chris Brown and Soulja Boy were at the private airport with bodyguards and beautiful women.

Champagne and Deleon tequila filled everyone’s glass. Sebastian was a die-hard fan of Soulja Boy’s. He walks up to him doing the Harlem handshake and a brotherly love hug. Silvio slaps Cassie’s ass and helps her board the plane. Women kiss Soulja Boy and Chris Brown good bye. The two board the jet innocently. They sit across from each other wearing designer shades staring at each other intently. They say nothing to each other, just giving each other menacing looks.

The stewardess comes around her their gift baskets. They ignore her and the expensive gifts. Cassie retires to her master bedroom to masturbate. She undresses in the mirror slowly. She admires her perfect body in the mirror, then goes to the bed to start fingering her wet pussy. The jet gets off the ground and for a good while, all is peaceful.

When the plane reaches Kansas, all hell breaks loose. Chris Brown is annoyed at Soulja Boy's snoring, so he throws his glass of DeLeon tequila in his face waking him up. "Nigga what the fuck is wrong with you!" said Soulja Boy jumping up out of his seat. "Shut up bitch!" raged Chris Brown. The stewardess heard the whole thing and locked herself in the bathroom out of fear. Chris takes off his glasses and throws them in his seat. Soulja follows suit. "What's up nigga!" said Soulja Boy hitting Chris in his mouth.

The two start boxing on the plane. They throw glasses and liquor bottles at each other drawing blood. Sebastian and Silvio put the plane on autopilot to try to break up the fight. Soulja Boy and Chris Brown are so fired up and strong, neither Silvio or Sebastian could hold the men apart. Soulja Boy gets Chris in a head lock. Chris gets sick and starts puking everywhere. "Nigga you is nasty," yells Soulja Boy. Chris kicks Soulja Boy in the stomach knocking him down the aisle. "I think you broke my rib," moans Soulja Boy. "That ain't all I'm gonna break," says Chris Brown.

The two start doing martial arts on each other. The plane is a hot mess. The plane is malfunctioning and is starting to lose altitude. Silvio radios for help. They are going to have to do an emergency landing in the fields of Kansas. Both Chris Brown and Soulja Boy are black and blue and bleeding, oblivious to the fact that the plane is forced to do an emergency landing on a farm in Horton, Kansas.

Farmers are in the field working when they spot the jet wavering in the air, coming near to land. The two red faced farmers take cover in their barn for safety. “What the Sam hell is that?” said Farmer Ted. Sebastian landed the jet on the farm, there was ample room. No-one was hurt except Chris Brown and Soulja Boy. The two farmers came running to the plane to see if anyone needed help.

Sebastian and Silvio ran out to meet Farmer Ted and Farmer Bill. “Are ya’ll alright?” asked Farmer Ted. Sebastian was shaken up, but still in control. “I’m Captain Sebastian Chastain, call 911 for assistance, and ambulance for celebrities Chris Brown and Soulja Boy,” said Sebastian.

Farmer Ted had a perplexed look on his face. “I know who Chris Brown is, but who is Soulja Boy?”

THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 13 FEATURING SOULJA BOY

By Candy Michelle Johnson

Farmer Ted ran back to his huge, white farm house, frantically. He didn’t know whether to call 911 or the press first. Publicity would help get more tourism to the small town of Horton, Kansas. Farmer Ted had a conscience and chose to call 911 on his cell phone. The operator answered. “Yes, I need an ambulance out here on Route 9 at the Brown farm,” stuttered Farmer Ted nervously. The operator asked what the emergency was. “A jet made an emergency landing on my farm. There are two celebrities who are in need of medical attention,” he continued.

The operator asked him who the celebrities were. “Chris Brown the rapper, and someone named Soldier, I ain’t never heard of him before,” admitted Farmer Ted. Farmer Ted rushed out his house and ran across the field to meet Captain’s Sebastian and Silvio Chastain. Chris Brown

was black and blue all over, with a broken nose. Soulja Boy had a broken rib, and a busted lip. Sebastian stayed with Soulja Boy and Silvio with Chris Brown. The two rappers nearly killed each other and were exhausted. They stayed on the plane until two ambulances showed up. Also, the NTSB showed up with the media and fire department. Cassie, the stewardess were fine, just a little emotional from witnessing a brutal, vicious fight that could have ended the lives of Soulja Boy and Chris Brown easily. The plane was trashed inside with broken glass, vomit and blood.

It was a very sad scene. The media pounced on Sebastian and Silvio with all kinds of questions as to what happened. The NTSB questioned Sebastian. He wanted to lie but how could he explain the luxury jet being trashed with blood and vomit. It was obvious. The two rappers were hurt and bruised and bleeding. There was more company. Two dark blue sedans with antennae's on the back showed up. Four well-dressed men got out of the sedans and approached Sebastian and Silvio.

They asked many questions and two of them entered the plane to do an investigation. "Those two rappers must be on drugs," said Agent One. They were FBI agents, and they suspected a crime had happened that caused the plane to almost crash and make an emergency landing. They would question Soulja Boy and Chris Brown at the hospital. Soulja Boy and Chris Brown were taken by the ambulances to Horton Medical center where they would be looked after. Cassie, the stewardess, Sebastian and Silvio were taken to the Horton Bed & Breakfast Inn until they had rested and would fly back to New York.

Cassie was highly emotional and kept crying. She had never witnessed such a vicious battle before in her life. Silvio did his best to comfort her that night. A doctor of Horton, Kansas made a house call to the inn to give Cassie a sedative. Sebastian and Silvio sat up most of the night sipping DeLeon tequila and cursing the two silly rappers. It could cost them their aviation

license. If anything, they would be fined a hefty fee for the bloody massacre. The media was already airing the story nationwide on all channels. Michelle James, the director of aviation at Chastain Air immediately called Sebastian when she heard the news. “Yes, Michelle,” said Sebastian. “Is everyone alright?” asked Michelle nearly pulling her hair out. “Yes, Michelle, not to worry,” sighed Sebastian stretching his legs out in front of him. “What about Chris Brown and Soulja Boy?” asked Michelle. Here it comes, thought Sebastian. “They are both in Horton Medical, pretty beat up,” admitted Sebastian. “They need to be horsewhipped pulling some foul shit like that,” vented Michelle. “I know, we’re gonna get fined behind this mess, plus get unwanted media attention,” continued Sebastian.

“What is Silvio up to?” asked Michelle. “Oh, well you know, spending time with Cassie. She had to be sedated,” said Sebastian. Meanwhile at Horton Medical center, nurses and doctors did their best to make Chris Brown and Soulja Boy comfortable. The men’s vital signs were taken, x-rays were given. Both rappers attorney’s flew by private jet out to Kansas City International Airport, then arrived by helicopter. The attorneys stopped by the admissions department to make sure the hospital was compensated. The two attorney’s went to their client’s rooms to intercept the FBI agents that were going to question the two rappers.

Mr. Goldstein was Soulja Boy’s attorney. He was a well-spoken, wealthy attorney in his fifties. “How are you Soulja, sorry I didn’t bring flowers,” said Mr. Goldstein. Soulja was out of it and hurting really bad. A nurse finally came in and gave him a morphine shot in his I.V. drip. “That should kick in real fast,” said Mr. Goldstein. “I want to be here when the agents question you. You may have to go to court here in Horton, Kansas. Soulja Boy lay back with his eyes closed as the morphine entered his blood stream. He felt like he was in a bad dream. His ribs were wrapped up.

Chris Brown was a Pit-bull that was set lose against him and he truly regretted it. Chris Brown's attorney Mr. Rubenstein entered his room. He just stares at him in disbelief. "What were you thinking trashing a jet, fight with Soulja Boy and almost causing the jet to crash?" asked the angry attorney. "Are you crazy, or just anxious to do Federal time?" the lawyer continued. "I can't get you outta this one!" admitted Mr. Rubenstein. "Man that nigga started the whole thang!" yelled Chris.

"You should not have been on the plane with him in the first place!", ordered Mr. Rubenstein. Chris grabs his head, it's throbbing. He's in too much pain to argue. "Where's the fucking nurse, I need drugs!" yelled Chris. A nurse with a shapely figure, and a pretty smile came in and gave Chris a drug to make him sleep and ease his pain. Soon he was knocked out. The two FBI agents came in and talked with the attorney's. A meeting was set up at the Horton courthouse the next day with the judge, attorneys and media. Sebastian, Silvio, Cassie and the stewardess were lifted out of Horton, Kansas to KCI airport to catch a private jet back to New York.

Chris Brown and Soulja Boy would be taken care of by their attorneys until they were taken back to Los Angeles. To be continued.

THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 14 FEATURING SOULJA BOY

By Sean 'Diddy' Combs & Candy Michelle Johnson

The Director of Aviation for Chastain Airlines, Michelle James was furious. How could this happen, she thought? This scandal was going to bring negative media attention to Chastain

Airlines worldwide. Michelle sat in her office squeezing a stress relief ball in between going over notes for the meeting that was going to take place with Sebastian, and Silvio, minus Cassie.

Cassie was still sedated and out of sorts. Chastain Airlines was going to face fines for negligence that was certain.

Michelle's secretary helped her go over the minutes for the meeting. The two women chatted and sipped green tea. "This whole fiasco just irks me," said Michelle rolling her eyes. "How could Soulja Boy and Chris Brown be that damn stupid?" Michelle continued. "I absolutely agree with you!" confirmed her secretary. "They aren't thinking about anyone but themselves," said the secretary. Turning around in her expensive, leather chair facing the window to soak in the beautiful view. Chastain Air was out near the vast countryside, it was serene, wooded area that every now and then a few deer would appear. Sebastian and Silvio arrived around 10 that morning in their own cars just in time for the meeting.

"Hey bro, you ready to get chewed out?" asked Silvio smiling. "I'm about as ready as you are," replied Sebastian. The two brothers walked together into the private entrance of Chastain Air. "How's Cassie?" asked Sebastian. Grabbing a cup of coffee in the lush employee break room, Silvio said, "She'll be alright. A doctor came to the house to give her another sedative. Her mom came over to sit with her too," said Silvio.

Looking down at his expensive shoes from Milan, Italy, Sebastian breathes a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear. I may try to and see her later," said Sebastian. "Meanwhile let's go get our ass whipping from Michelle," said Sebastian. At Horton Medical Center in Kansas, a week had gone by. Chris Brown and Soulja Boy were recuperating nicely. They had the best doctors at the medical center taking care of them. Soulja Boy's family was very concerned about him and had flowers sent to him. His mom Pamela flew out from Los Angeles to be with him

until he was released. Chris Brown's girlfriends were crazy about him and sent flowers and his favorite candies to his room.

The girls blew up his phone calling and texting. Chris Brown's sister flew out from Los Angeles to be at his side until he was released. The two rappers attorneys stayed at the Horton Bed and Breakfast Inn until they could see the judge. There was one courthouse in Horton, Kansas, and it dealt with city, county and Federal cases. There were four judges. Chris Brown and Soulja Boy were going to face Judge DeLeon. The judge was in his forties, very attractive, physically fit from gym workouts and golf and tennis. Judge DeLeon said he was aware of some hip hop names like Diddy and French Montana, but wasn't familiar with Chris Brown and Soulja Boy. The two rappers attorneys, Mr. Rubenstein and Mr. Goldstein went over to meet with Judge DeLeon to discuss the matter. Mr. Goldstein and Mr. Rubenstein drove up to the courthouse together in a rented sedan. The two attorneys got out of their cars at the same time.

"I hope he's there, I want to settle this thing and get back to Los Angeles," said Mr. Goldstein. "I agree, I'm tired of roosters crowing waking me up in the mornings," said Mr. Rubenstein. The two attorneys walked into the courthouse which was very modern to their surprise. Since they handled Federal cases, Federal tax dollars made sure it stayed a state of the art facility. It even had excellent security measures installed too. The men walked up to the receptionist to ask to speak with Judge DeLeon. "May I see some identification?" asked the receptionist.

The two men showed their driver's license then were instructed to wait until they were called to see Judge DeLeon. The receptionist offered the men a choice of coffee or Aqua Hydrate water. They chose the water. It had been rather humid in Horton, Kansas the last week. Back at the Horton Medical Center, Chris Brown and Soulja Boy were up walking around with their

nurses. Chances were they would be discharged after their attorneys met with the judge. Chris's nurse was Heather Rose. Heather Rose was a young, petite blonde with a slim figure.

She was fresh out of nursing school, but she was very good at her job. She helped Chris walk up and down the hall so his legs wouldn't get blood clots. "How long you been working here?" asked Chris. Tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulders, fluttering her eye lashes, Heather Rose said, "About a year. I just finished nursing school." Chris was feeling much better. He looked at his pretty nurse with a long, lingering look that let her know she could have her way with him if she wanted. Heather Rose sensed Chris wanted her. She felt a bit bashful but would not pass up the opportunity to fuck him. "How are you feeling, do you need any pain meds?" asked Heather Rose with concern in her voice. Slowly Chris walked up the hall with Heather Rose holding onto his right arm. Chris wanted sex. It had been a week and he needed it bad. Heather Rose would definitely quench his appetite. "No baby, I just need my sponge bath," said Chris with lust in his voice. Both Chris and Heather Rose looked at each other.

They locked glances, this time Heather Rose did not look away. Her panties started to get wet from anticipating how Chris's cock was going to feel in her cunt. She too needed to be fucked. She was a virgin and had only given two guys a blow job. "Let's get you back to your room so you can freshen up," said Heather Rose. Soulja Boy was out in the hall walking with his nurse Veronica. Veronica was an older woman in her forties, but looked 25. Veronica was very pretty. She was light complexioned, half Italian and half black. She had big breasts, a small waist and was super sexy. She smelled gorgeous too, like an expensive rose, jasmine perfume.

Soulja Boy and Chris Brown passed each other in the hall. The two men stopped and glared at each other menacingly. The two nurses nearly swallowed their tongues. "Nigga get out the way!" barked Soulja Boy. "I ain't in the way bitch!" yelled Chris Brown. "Boys, let's get you

back to your rooms,” said Veronica. The two rappers backed down and obeyed their lovely nurses. Once Heather Rose got Chris Brown back to his room she asked, “Why do you two hate each other so much?” Chris started to take off his hospital gown. He didn’t want to talk about Soulja Boy. He wanted to get laid by fresh, Kansas pussy. His gown hit the floor. His cock was hard and bulging. “Oh my gosh!” gasped Heather Rose. “Let me get your sponge bath prepared.”

Veronica helped Soulja Boy back to his room. She instructed him to undress. “Why I got undress?” said Soulja Boy. “So you can fuck me,” said Veronica. “How old are you?” asked Soulja Boy. Veronica smiled and unzipped her nurse’s uniform letting it slip to the floor. She exposed her big tits, and spread her pussy open in front of him. “Once you’re inside me, none of the will matter,” said Veronica seductively. Heather Rose prepared Chris Brown’s sponge bath. She got body wash, massage oil and towels ready. Chris was ready to fuck. Heather Rose looked at Chris Brown shyly as she locked the door and turned up the volume on the television. Chris is naked on the bed waiting for her.

Heather Rose brings the tub of water and soap next to the bed. Chris looks at her, “Aren’t you forgetting something?” “What?” she asked demurely. “To take off your nurse uniform silly. You don’t want to get wet,” said Chris. Heather Rose undressed in front of Chris. She’s got nice sized tits, hard nipples, and a flat stomach, a little booty and smooth pussy that’s dripping wet. She starts to bathe him with warm soapy waters starting with his chest. She works her way down to his erection. She strokes his cock with the warm, soapy water.

Chris moans with sheer pleasure. He takes her hand and guides her mouth to his aching cock. Heather Rose takes his hard cock deep in her mouth, sucking him deep and long. In the room down the hall, Nurse Veronica climbs on top of Soulja Boy and puts her pussy on his face. “Lick and suck on my clit,” instructed Veronica. Soulaj Boy did what he was told. He had an

amazing tongue thought Veronica. “Oh, that’s it, I love how you suck my pussy,” said Veronica as she rubbed her pussy against his lips and tongue.

Veronica throws her head back grabbing Soulja Boy’s 12 inch cock. She strokes his cock keeping it hard. “Oh, I’m gonna cum,” she said. Bursts of pussy juice squirt in his face. Veronica climbs off of him and tells him to fuck her doggy style. The size of his cock was painful entering her tight pussy. It was fat too. Veronica screamed as he fucked the shit out of her. “More, don’t stop,” said Veronica. She loved his big dick, he fucked amazing for a man his age. “You love my dick?” said Soulja Boy in his dirty voice. Veronica grabbed the bed and moaned loudly in the pillow. She came over and over on his big cock. She never wanted it to end. Finally, Soulja Boy pulled out his fat cock and pumped cum all over Veronica’s big ass. Heather Rose finished sucking Chris Brown’s fat dick. He had her get on top of him and ride his cock. She was a virgin so he had to go easy on her. He fucked her in different positions. She was so tight and wet, her pussy felt amazing.

Chris pulled out and began to lick her wet pussy, teasing her clit with his tongue. This drover her wild. She kept crying out in ecstasy as he fucked her cunt with his tongue. She thought Chris was an amazing lover. He made her cum over and over. Chris couldn’t hold back any longer. He took Heather Rose by her head and pumped hot cum in her mouth. “Swallow it!” demanded Chris.

Back at the Horton courthouse, attorneys Rubenstein and Goldstein were summoned to Judge DeLeon’s chambers. “About time,” said Mr. Rubenstein under his breath. “Good afternoon gentlemen, come right in,” said Judge DeLeon getting up to shake their hands. “I’m Mr. Rubenstein and I represent Chris Brown,” Mr. Goldstein steps forward, “I’m Mr. Goldstein and I represent Soulja Boy, or D’Andre Cortez Way,” said attorney Goldstein. “Take a seat

gentlemen,” ordered Judge DeLeon. “I read over the report from Captains Silvio and Sebastian Chastain. I also read the FBI report,” said Judge DeLeon.

Attorneys Rubenstein and Goldstein both held their breath. They were hopping some serious cash could make this situation go away. They were tired of smelling cows and hearing roosters. They wanted to get back to Los Angeles. Judge DeLeon puts his feet up on his desk and tosses the report in front of him. “I’d prefer to cut to the chase on this matter. Chris Brown started the fight by throwing his DeLeon tequila in the face of D’Andre Way,” says Judge DeLeon. Both Mr. Rubenstein and Mr. Goldstein look at each other as if need the other’s permission to breathe. “Now the way I see it, since Chris Brown started the fight, he has to pay a fine of \$10 million dollars, five to D’Andre Way, and five to the county of Horton, Kansas in which a portion will go to the farmer whose life was disrupted,” finished Judge DeLeon. Mr. Rubenstein normally would have objected for his client, but Chris was a billionaire and this fine was change to him. He knew Chris wanted to get back to Los Angeles too.

“No objections from me judge,” said Mr. Rubenstein. “Everything copacetic?” asked Judge DeLeon. “Yes,” the two attorneys said in unison. Judge DeLeon struck his gavel on the desk, “Meeting adjourned, see the court clerk to pay the fine. Have a safe trip back to Los Angeles,” said Judge DeLeon. The two attorneys smiled at each other as they went to the court clerk. After the paperwork was squared away, the two attorneys made their way back to Horton Medical Center where they briefed their clients about the outcome.

“So I won the fight, I mean the case?” asked Soulja Boy. “Yes, you certainly did,” said Mr. Goldstein.

THY EVIL SIDE EPISODE 15 SOULJA BOY TOURS WITH DELEON TEQUILA

By Sean 'Diddy' Combs & Candy Michelle Johnson

The two rappers Chris Brown and Soulja Boy were relieved their asses were off the hook for facing federal charges for the part in the fight that caused the jet to land on a farm in Horton, Kansas. Their attorneys Goldstein and Rubenstein wasted no time jetting off back to Los Angeles. Judge DeLeon ordered the two rappers to arrange separate jets to take them back to Los Angeles. It was a sunny morning, clear skies in Harlem, New York and Silvio and Sebastian needed a break from the two rappers. So they arranged for Sean 'Diddy' Combs private jet to get Soulja Boy.

Another pilot who owns his own jet would take Chris Brown and his sister home. Soulja Boy and his mom Pamela were visiting in his room while waiting for Diddy to swoop down in his jet to get them. Pamela was a petite woman in her forties who had expensive taste in clothes and cars. Soulja Boy loved his mom and looked after her well. "Come on boy, let me have your black card. I need a new car," said Pamela rubbing her son's feet. Soulja Boy was on his phone with one of his girlfriend's name Karuchie. "Quit bugging me Mama, can't you see I'm on the phone. Shit!" snapped Soulja. "I'm your mom, I brought you in this world, and I can take you out!" snapped Pamela tapping her solid gold nails on the bed railing. Nurse Heather Rose came in Soulja Boy's room with the discharge papers. She looked different, almost like she was transformed into a black girl. The two rappers had exchanged nurses. Heather Rose came in the room snapping her gum loudly and had the front of her long blonde hair French braided.

"What's up Soulja. How are you feeling?" asked Heather Rose in a Southern drawl. She did sound blackish thought Soulja. Heather Rose stood close to Soulja sticking her perky breasts

in his face, ignoring his mom. Pamela stopped and stared at Heather Rose like she couldn't believe what she was seeing. "You smell good this morning, Heather Rose," said Soulja Boy covering the mouthpiece on his phone. Too late, Karuchie heard what he said. "Who the fuck is that?" Soulja Boy rolled his eyes and sighed. "Shut up bitch, you know I'm P.I.M.P "Boy watch your mouth, you see me standing here," snapped Pamela. Soulja slammed his phone down on the nightstand next to him.

"Excuse me Heather Rose, I signed the papers. Am I free to go?" asked Soulja. "Yes darling," said Heather Rose blowing him a kiss as she walked out the door. Soulja Boy waited for Heather Rose to shut the door, then he jumps out the bed. He musters up the strength to confront his mom. He stands up straight and looks her in the eye. "Look woman, I take care of you. I pay all the bills. I don't need you in my business. I am the man of the house," demanded Soulja. Pamela gave him that special black woman's look then slapped the right side of his face. "Shut up and get your clothes on so we can get back to Los Angeles," said Pamela with complete authority in her voice. Soulja Boy grabbed his cheek and winced in pain. "Damn Mama, why you hit me?" "Watch how you talk in front of me, You ain't too big to beat," snapped Pamela lighting a cigarette. "Mama, you can't smoke in here," said Soulja. Pamela looks at him, takes a long drag, then blows smoke in his face. "Says who?" said Pamela defiantly. Sean 'Diddy' Combs and his pilot make it to Horton, Kansas where they are to get Soulja Boy and his mom. Diddy strolls into the Horton Medical Center looking fly in a white crisp linen Valentino suit and gold jewelry.

He smells absolutely divine as he passes the nurses. They all stop what they're doing to stare at him and smell him. Alongside Diddy is his personal pilot. "How's everyone this fine morning?" Diddy greets the hospital staff. Diddy stops at the nurses' station. "Yes my name is

Sean Combs and I'm here with my pilot for Soulja Boy aka D'Andre Cortez Way and Pamela Way," said Diddy in a professional yet friendly tone. "He's in room A-5 just down the hall on the right Mr. Combs," said the nurse. Nurse Ciara watched Diddy walk away, walking with the confidence of an Egyptian Pharaoh would have. Soulja Boy's doctor came up behind Nurse Ciara, "Be careful, aren't you a married woman?" smiled Dr. Barnes. "Oh you scared me Dr. You weren't supposed to witness me in such a state," she blushed.

Dr. Barnes laughed patting Nurse Ciara on the back, "I forgive you this time." Diddy and his pilot stroll to room A-5 and don't knock. "I forgot I had Karuchie on the phone," said Soulja Boy. Diddy strolls in the room clean as he can be, he removes his Versace shades. "Who is Karuchie?" said Diddy being cool. "Aw shit! My man. Am I glad to see you," said Soulja Boy. "Heard you and Chris almost made the Chastain Captains plane crash," said Diddy putting his foot on a chair sucking on a toothpick. Soulja Boy starts rubbing his hair with both hands. "Aw man, don't remind me. Just get us home," said Soulja. "How you doing Mom's?" greeted Diddy to Pamela. "I'm doing real good Diddy. I'm so glad you came to get us," said Pamela hugging Diddy. "Well, get your stuff together and we'll get out of here," said Diddy looking around helping himself to an Aqua Hydrate water in the mini fridge.

In Chris Brown's room his sister Amber was dancing to music videos that were playing on the big screen in Chris's room. Chris loved to play video games like Mortal Combat, and Call the Pilot so he had ordered a 65-inch Sony smart television to be delivered and set up in his room. Veronica his nurse came into the room with his discharge papers. Amber was so caught up in Yung-G's music videos doing the latest twerk, she didn't notice Veronica.

Veronica was not Chris's usual nurse. The two rappers exchanged nurses to sample their pussies. Veronica leaned in close to Chris Brown revealing her ample cleavage. "Sign these,"

moaned Veronica. “Okay,” said Chris as he put his hand up her dress to fondle her wet pussy. “Oooh, I’ve got to go,” said Veronica as she pulled back from him. Veronica slowly walks away from him looking over her shoulder, opens the door then disappears down the hall. Chris’s phone rings. “Yeah Dogg,” answered Chris. “Yeah we can be ready,” said Chris. He then tosses the phone on the bed.

“Get your stuff together,” yelled Chris over the loud music to Amber. Amber stops twerking, “What?” she yells. Chris grabs the remote and mutes the volume. “I said get your stuff together.” “The private pilot is almost here to pick us up.” Back in Harlem, New York, Silvio is relaxing with Cassie. She’s starting to feel better emotionally and more like herself. The couple were in Silvio’s living room on a faux polar bear rug lying together nude. Music by Carl Thomas was playing on the stereo. Silvio was feeding Cassie grapes and strawberries.

Cassie was lying on her back, her long black hair draped on the rug. Her slender body glowed from the jojoba oil Silvio rubbed all over her. “Mmm, this is so nice baby,” purred Cassie as a sultry cat would. Silvio adored Cassie. He made love to other women to fulfil his lusts, but he truly loved Cassie and would never leave her. “How are you feeling sweetie?” Silvio asked his lover. Stretching her lovely arms over her head, then stretching her delicate, pretty legs one by one, Cassie answers, “Much better.” Silvio strokes her body, starting at her black landing strip between her legs, then up her flat abs, to her full breasts rubbing each nipple lightly.

Cassie arched her back moaning. “I’m so turned on,” she purred. Silvio keeps teasing each nipple making them harden between his fingers. Cassie spreads her thighs and plays with her clit. The combination of Silvio lightly teasing her nipples and her own touching her clit caused her to have deep orgasms. Cassie slowly moved her pretty face back and forth crying out in ecstasy. Silvio looks at her, admiring her as she enjoyed cumming.

Silvio gets up on his elbow, facing Cassie he says, “You have had your dessert, now it’s my turn!” Silvio grabs the whipped cream, he spreads it on thick in between her legs. “You nasty boy,” teased Cassie. Silvio takes a grape, dips it in the whipped cream that’s covering Cassie’s mound, then pops it into his mouth. “Oh this must be love,” murmured Cassie grabbing her pretty breasts. “I know baby, its love,” said Silvio coming up for air. “Oh my gosh, I don’t want to give in too easily,” moaned Cassie running her hands through her lustrous black hair. This time, Silvio dips a strawberry in cream, sucking on it seductively while watching Cassie. “Oh Daddy, you make me so weak. I can’t fight it, Can’t fight this feeling you give me,” said Cassie spreading her thighs wider.

“Do I drive you wild baby?” teased Silvio. Cassie begs for him to lick her pussy. “Aww, do it now, stick your tongue in me,” demanded Cassie. Wiping the excess whipped cream off her pussy, Silvio dives into her aching pussy granting her what she asked for.

Back at the office of Chastain Airlines, Sebastian was in his office going over the fines the company was going to have to pay because of Chris Brown and Soulja Boy. “Damn,” Sebastian said as he threw his pen across the room. He goes to his bar that’s in his well-stocked office and pours himself a DeLeon tequila. His view in his office is of a tranquil waterfall in a small pond with a few dolphin statues. Sometimes, he would go out to the pond and sit listening to the bubbling water sounds as it soothed his soul. Sebastian put his drink down on his desk. He ponders thoughtfully as to what he wants to discuss with Michelle James, the Director of Aviation. His secretary Cassie was still resting at home, so he had to summons people himself. “Michelle, you got a minute?” said Sebastian on the intercom. Michelle was having her secretary take notes from her and having letters typed up. She looks up and motions to her secretary to pause. “Yes Sebastian, I’ll be right there,” said Michelle.

Standing up, straightening her Chanel linen skirt, Michelle excuses herself. She goes directly to Sebastian's office. Tapping lightly on the door, Michelle waits for an answer. Sebastian goes to the door and opens it. "Come in," he says gesturing for her to sit on the couch. "How's Naomi, I haven't talked to her in a while?" asked Michelle. She was trying to make chit chat during a stressful situation. "She's fine, spending lots of money, you know how it is," said Sebastian. "Can I offer you a drink?" Sebastian said showing hospitality.

Going to the bar, Sebastian turns around facing Michelle, "You like DeLeon Amaretto on the rocks. Am I right?" smiled Sebastian. "Yes you got it," said Michelle removing her Gucci pumps getting comfortable. Sebastian walks over to Michelle, hands her a drink, then goes back to make his own. Michelle takes a sip of her drink and stirs it with the tip of her finger. Sebastian notices, "Oh I'm sorry, let me get you a stirrer." Sebastian offers Michelle a stirrer and sits on his leather chair with a drink. The two of them sit in silence for a few minutes before speaking. They sip on their drinks enjoying the smooth taste of the tequila. Breaking the thick silence, Sebastian picks up the papers that address the fine. "Have you seen the figures for the fine because of the fight?" asked Sebastian cautiously. Soulja Boy and Chris Brown's names were kept out of the mouths of everyone at Chastain Airlines for a while. Almost every hip hop publicist or radio and magazine had called for two weeks since the incident.

It drove Michelle mad and had put her in a foul mood. "Yes, yes, I have," admitted Michelle rubbing her temples. "This madness has stressed me out beyond belief," said Michelle tensing up. Sebastian touched her hand lightly, "Take it easy," he soothed.. Michelle was like a sister to him and Silvio. She was the most trusted and respected employee. Everyone looked up to her. If there was a problem, Michelle was the one people sought after. "I've thought about having Chris Brown and Soulja Boy each pay half to cover the fine," said Michelle reluctantly.

Sebastian takes a sip of his tequila. Putting his drink down he asks, “So our insurance won’t cover the whole cost of the fine?”

“I don’t think so. As a matter of fact, our insurance rates may increase,” said Michelle stretching out on the couch. “Wow, is that a fact?” said Sebastian leaning back, closing his eyes. He was trying to find a way to lesson this fine. He was a conscious problem solver. Sebastian was influential, many people listened to him. He had friends in many areas of business. He’d find a way to cut this fine in half. “You know if we ask Chris Brown and Soulja Boy to pay the fine, we risk losing their business.” “Do we even still want their business?” Michelle boasted.

“Hold on-we would also risk losing other rappers business too. The ones who are laid back, continued Sebastian. “You do have a point there,” said Michelle rubbing her sore feet. Sebastian picked up his drink, took a long sip. “Have you had dinner yet?” he asked. “No, can’t say that I have. I usually have it when I arrive home,” laughed Michelle. “How bout you and I go finish this conversation over steaks at Justin’s?” offered Sebastian. Sitting up, putting her pumps back on, “I’ll get my purse, “said Michelle. “Oh before you go, we’ll have a driver take us in a sedan. We’ve been drinking,” said Sebastian being thoughtful. At Sebastian’s house, his lovely wife Naomi is talking to Snoop Dogg and Martha Stewart on Face Time about a dinner party. She wants to them to host. Naomi is in her bedroom dressed in a silk white gown and matching robe by Christian Dior.

“You look so pretty, Ms. Lady,” complimented Snoop. “Where your husband at?” continued Snoop. Laughing at him, Naomi says, “Dogg can we be serious long enough to get the menu planned?” Staring intently at Naomi, Snoop replies, “I am serious.” Martha interjects, “Go on Naomi, you were saying you wanted roasted veggies served with Cajun fish?” Twirling her long dark curls, “Uh yeah, that’s what I was thinking. Something low in fat,” said Naomi.

“What’s wrong with fat? Why not have chicken and waffles?” added Snoop. “Shh, she’s thin and wants to stay that way. We don’t want to help her lose her modeling contract. Do we Snoop?” said Martha.

“You’re too kind,” added Naomi. “I have a suggestion, why don’t we serve Cajun fish and roast turkey with roasted veggies and a fruit platter?” offered Martha. “I like it. I think my guests will enjoy that,” said Naomi walking into her modern, large kitchen. “Get me a ginger ale on ice,” said Naomi to her housekeeper. “Right away Madam. I’ll bring it to your room.” “You got a housekeeper. Why you need me and Martha?” asked Snoop. “Because I like Martha’s presentation. That’s her specialty. Dinner parties,” added Naomi. “So we can be there next week to put this together,” said Martha closing the deal. “Sounds good,” said Naomi hanging up.