

## *MEET SHELBY LUSTONE*

The rain was pouring down uncontrollably. Wind was blowing water through the porch screen as Shelby sat in her long hot pink night shirt daydreaming about her life. Who was she? She knew she was a wife, mother, and professional. But what happened to her? Six years of marriage and two babies had stolen her identity. She gained twenty pounds, isolated herself from her friends, and wrapped herself into her family. And in the six years of her marriage she had never been away from her husband or kids. She was a psychiatrist who suffered from separation anxiety and displayed dependent personality characteristics.

“Happy Birthday,” shouted Shelby’s husband and two kids, waking her from her self analysis of her life, stealing her privacy. “We’ve been looking all over for you. How old are you mommy?” Shelby replied, twenty five before the kids finished their question. She hadn’t seen that age in years, but it seemed like life raced by after twenty one. Reality was, she was finally in her dirty thirties and hating every minute of them. Dexter Junior looked at his mom with his big pretty eyes and long eyelashes not knowing she was lying about her age. Then he tapped her arm and pointed to his sister. “She said the ‘B’ word. She said the ‘B’ word, with her bad self.”

Savannah little hands tapped her mother again. “No, I said Ima a bad bithz. Ima bad bithz.”

“Don’t say that.” Shelby scolded her daughter, feeling guilty because she had learned the vulgar word from her. Ever since her identity crisis she walked around the house singing “Check” by Stef ‘G.’ *I got my money right, check. My hair fixed, check. My nails done, check. I’m a bad bitch.*

“I farted.” The little girl added with her small thumb in her mouth.

“It’s I passed gas and say excuse me,” Her father said, shaking his head.

“It stinks, daddy. Me farted.” Savannah giggled crumbling up her nose. Dexter turned to his wife and smirked, their kids were always making them laugh. “Why you out here anyway?” He asked, handing her a medium sized gift bag and two cards.

“Hiding from you and yo kids. I need some privacy sometimes.” Shelby taunted, rolling her eyes at her family with teary eyes. “Go in the house with your granny and your cousin, Chad. And you, watch your mouth, Savannah. No more “B” words.”

“Mommy, open our card first,” her son yelled, exposing his missing front tooth. “No, let me give it, she’s my mommy, D.J.”

“Give it back, stupid,” Her son taunted, snatching the card from his sister.

“D.J., you a big head monkey.”

“No, you are.”

Shelby ignored the kids as they argued back and forward. “I told you guys not to get me anything.” She sighed as she opened their cards, feeling guilty for hiding from them. Happiness invaded her soul as she read the sweet, pink, card from her kids with Snoopy on the front. But nothing was more heart-warming than the card her husband gave.

“Thank you,” she cried out as tears darted across her flushed cheeks, watching the \$500 dollar gift certificate to the spa fall to the floor. “I’ll be able to get the works with this card.”

“Dook in daddies bag, mommy.” Her two year old daughter ordered, not pronouncing her “L” correctly in look, before following her big brother back into the house.

The bag opened and Shelby’s eyes protruded out. A twenty-five dollar pear berry candle stood before her. She wiped her tears, rolled her eyes and tightened her mouth.

*Didn’t he pay attention to what I liked?* She wondered.

”Honey, I only buy vanilla sugar cookie candles from that company. I don’t know what were you thinking?”

“I forgot. I can’t remember everything,” he retorted with a little attitude in his voice.

“You could be more observant and pay attention to what I like. I’ve been telling you for months to get me the twenty-five dollar Vanilla Sugar Cookie candle from the mall.”

“I’ll exchange it.” Dexter replied, grabbing the candle back from his wife. “I can’t do anything right for you.”

”No, it’s me. I’ve centered my entire life around you and the kids and I don’t know who I am. I know I’m a wife, mother, house keeper, bill payer, cook, and a hooker in the bedroom. And I also have to work to help pay half of the bills. A man would be a fool not to get married. Hell, you bastards have your own personal servants called wives.” She ranted. “And I need a break!”

“Whatever.” Dexter stood up over Shelby, peering down at her with slits in his light brown eyes then walked away without looking back.

*Was I being hard on him? The thoughts kept pouring in. Hell, it is my birthday. Six long years, Dexter should know what I like by now. But no, he never paid attention when we went to the mall or the boutiques. Nor did he ever listen when I’d say “I like this or that”. All I want is for him to be a little more observant and romantic.* She thought as she watched the glass on the patio door vibrate after being slammed shut by her husband.

Shelby’s emotions changed from anger to empathy. Guilt overshadowed her as she wondered how she could want a break from such a wonderful family. After all she realized she was blessed. Dexter was the best husband and father in the world. He was rich, intelligent, thoughtful, attentive, caring and compassionate and although he didn’t always express himself verbally or buy the perfect gift he always found the right card to communicate his feelings.

Smiles dominated her being when she decided to go back and read back over Dexter's card. He had written a special note to her on the blank page of the card.

*My Dearest Wife,*

*You've had two beautiful babies for me. And for that I love you. Your body has gone through so much to give life and I wanted to do something too. Consider this vasectomy as a token of love and gratitude for all the sacrifices that you've made for our family.*

*Loving you always and forever, Dexter*

Dexter returned to the patio where she was sitting crying. He serenaded her neck with kisses. "Shelby, I love you, I'm sorry. I'll do better. Go take a trip by yourself. I'll be fine with the kids."

"No Bay, I'm sorry. It's the thought that counts. I would've been happy with the card...And as far as leaving you guys. You know I can't leave without you and my babies." She wept aloud, allowing his hands to explore her curvaceous body. He lifted her night shirt and delicately licked her stomach. "Am I being spontaneous now?"

"Yeah,s, but I look disgusting. These c-sections have destroyed my teenaged figure." Shelby said with a smile pushing his mouth away from her stomach. "Look at this pouch." She growled pulling on her skin. "I never had a stomach. If anyone sees me from high school they are going to get a kick out of my fat butt."

"Shelby, you look fine. I always tell you how sexy you are." He replied sitting up to face his wife. "Don't worry about what other people think. You just had a baby. Look!" He pointed down to his pants. "You still turn me on. I get horny every time you walk by." His face became serious. "That's why I'm getting that vasectomy. You don't have to worry about birth control

pills or patches making you gain weight. The recovery is two days, I only need a local anesthetic, it's cheap, and most importantly I won't be putting your body in jeopardy."

She perked up, just thinking about how wonderful sex would be without condoms and worry about getting pregnant again. The thought alone made her pussy wet. "You act like you want some of this *bad bitches* big juicy ass at seven in the morning."

"I always want some. No matter the time," he answered attacking her neck and ear with more wet, affectionate kisses.

Dexter's groin area connected with his wife's firm shapely butt and he rotated in circular grinding motion. Shelby's mouth flew open, her head swung back, and soft moans escaped her lips. His spontaneity excited her. The thrill of making love with company awake in the house made her juicy morsel swell up. Miss Clit began pulsating, beating like a heart. She wanted him bad. "I just hope your momma and nephew don't catch us."

"Naw, they're keeping the kids occupied." Dexter said dismissing his wife's paranoia as they escaped to the side of the house like two mischievous teenagers in love.

The humidity swept over them like heavy clouds as Dexter flipped up the long night shirt. "Put your hands on the side of the house and bend over." Like an obedient child she obeyed, placing her hands on the stucco siding, scaring the green lizard away. The rain beat down on her body, setting her free as Dexter slipped her panties to the side, squatted down on the grass, with his head against the house.

His long, thick tongue plunged inside of her sopping, wet vagina. She screamed each time his tongue attacked, grabbing his head with her thighs.

"I want you baby. I'm sorry for being mean to you earlier. I appreciate you and everything you do. Please give it to me now." Shelby pleaded with her husband.

Dexter continued to indulge in his wife's sweetness. Taunting and teasing her, letting the rain drench her aching body. "Fu... Fuc... Daddy, give it me! I need you so bad! Please fuck me!" She said emphasizing the letter "f" in the word fuck. Dexter stood up, dripping wet from the rain. He smacked her butt and watched it jiggle as dark clouds and rain poured down. "No, you're a bad bitch. You're going to appreciate whatever I give you next time." He said as he smacked her butt again. "I want you to beg me."

"I'm sorry. Baby, please." Shelby begged, allowing the rain to plaster her mouth. The rain and lightning wasn't a concern for her. All she wanted was her husband, longing to feel the warmth of his big long dick growing inside of her.

"I'm going to fuck the shit out of you." Dexter sighed, pulling off his t-shirt and leaning his six feet four inch body over her back.

"Yeah baby, talk dirty to me." She massaged between her legs, poked her index finger inside and pulled it out. "Look at how wet and fat this is. Feel this juicy pussy." Shelby demanded getting excited about their passionate hedonistic moment, an occasion that happened frequently to keep the spice in their marriage.

Dexter shut his wife up with one swift motion. His long, thickness gliding in, replacing her begging with moans of pleasure as the two became one. He reached his mouth over her arm, seized her hanging juicy ripe mango breasts, and caressed them with his hungry mouth, taking a taste or two between licks. Squeezing and massaging them as he prodded in and out of her creamy pussy.

He took his mouth off her breast. "You like the way I'm giving it to you. Say it's good. Tell me it's good. You want me to make that pussy cum."

“Oh Yeah! Make me cum! Make me cum! I have to cum...” Shelby groaned as she held her hands on the side of the house.

“Work that pussy. Come on girl, work that pussy. Bounce that juicy ass on daddy’s dick.”

“You like how this big ass feels.” Shelby yelled back to her husband, enjoying their wild rendezvous, as her bottom smacked against his pelvic area making a loud smacking sound.

“Oh yeah, daddy loves it. Your pussy is so wet. Grrr... Grrr...”

“Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!” Shelby groaned and inhaled deeply, enjoying her husband’s powerful thrusts.

“Yeah, ummm... This the best pussy in the world.”

Shelby continued to whimper sighs of pleasure, taking in ten of her husband’s inches, her vaginal walls gripping tight on his girth with each rhythmic movement. “Baby, this is how I want you to make love to me all the time. You hitting this pussy right.”

“Like that, you like that, huh... kiss me, give me that tongue so we both can cum.” Dexter reached over and tongued his wife. The two entangled in lust. Their mouths filled with each other’s liquids.

Minutes later, Dexter broke away from his wife’s quick tongue. He quivered and gasped for air. “Oh that’s that spot, you about to cum, huh? Cum on that dick.”

“Yes... I’m a...bout to cum. I know you came already and you bet not pull it out. Fuck me harder. Fuck me until I cum. Take this pussy. Oh yeah... yeah... that’s it.” Shelby screamed and exhaled while releasing her orgasms as Dexter removed his flaccid penis. Giggles exited her mouth and a look of satisfaction covered his face until the two adults locked eyes with their eighteen year old nephew, Chad who was recording them on his brand new digital camcorder.