

Chapter Two

Pulling a cardigan over her tank top Aubrey padded across the hall to the nursery where Jameson wailed from his crib. He had kicked off his blankets but Ya-Ya kept the temperature in the house plenty warm so there was no fear of him catching a chill even in February.

“What’s the matter, baby?” Aubrey cooed as she gathered him into her arms and held him close.

He quieted almost instantly happy to be in his mother’s arms. Now that she was there, she would get rid of his uncomfortable, wet diaper and feed him. Aubrey chuckled kissing him and carried him to his changing table. She still couldn’t believe she was a mother.

Last year she had the opportunity to travel to New York. After her breakdown she dove back into her work and gained notoriety for her large canvases and murals. A gallery contacted her wanting pieces for their art show highlighting African-American artists. She was only too happy to attend as it also gave her the opportunity to reconnect with Sarah who she hadn’t seen since her wedding.

Aubrey wished it had been a happy reunion but one look at Sarah and she knew things were not going well. Yet Sarah insisted everything was ne. It was frustrating to deal with someone who insisted on doing everything on their own rather than sharing their burdens. Perhaps this was how Ya-Ya felt when Aubrey turned to drinking and drugs during those dark weeks. If Sarah was unwilling to talk the least Aubrey could do was show her a good time.

Naturally she dragged her to the art show not wanting to attend it alone. It was clear Sarah was genuinely happy for her but also distracted by her troubles. Aubrey was at a loss wishing they were in New Orleans and the upcoming Mardi Gras celebration. It wasn’t until a fellow artist informed her St. Patrick’s Day and its parade were the last day of the exhibit that she realized the solution to her conundrum. She practically dragged Sarah out into the March chill to meet up with Ruth and see the parade.

Rosy-cheeked Sarah began to perk up so Aubrey seized the opportunity to take her to an Irish pub in Noho another parade-goer told her about. There they drowned their hurt in music and whiskey recapturing some of their freer college days like proper Musketeers. While dancing Aubrey bumped into what had to be the most handsome man she had ever seen.

He was tall, broad-shouldered and built like a linebacker. His face had an adorable ve o’clock shadow. His brown hair was swept to the side and his brown eyes were more than a little surprised by their unexpected meeting. Though his clothes were casual there was something about his stature that spoke of someone used to formal gatherings. It seemed he had come to the pub to unwind but was having a dicult time relaxing.

“Do you mind?” Aubrey asked taking his hand and spinning under his arm as if they had always danced together.

She laughed as he stared at her incredulously.

“It’s St. Patrick’s Day, sweetie, everyone is Irish today!”

Still holding his hand she tugged him to the dance oor and nally got him to take a step. Then she spun back wrapping his arm around her until they were pressed up against each other. She coyly smiled grinding against him brievely before spinning away.

“If you don’t want to dance I can always nd someone else,” Aubrey teased.

A moment of panic crossed his face and he pulled her back. Aubrey laughed stepping into his embrace. She slid her arms around his neck holding him close.

“I take it that’s a no to other partners?” Aubrey asked.

“I—ah—never did this before,” he said in a rather husky voice.

“Oh sweetie, you don’t have to tell me,” Aubrey moved her hips enticingly against him. “Don’t worry I don’t mind leading.”

She spent the rest of the night with her new dance partner and their grinding got a little hot and heavy as he started to loosen up. The rounds of whiskey lowered his inhibition further as the girls continued to toast. It had been almost a year since Aubrey last had any intimate relations with someone and it felt good to be touched again but she had come to the bar on a mission.

When her gaze fell on Sarah and Ruth they were practically bursting with laughter. She wanted to apologize and insist on leaving with them but they shook their heads and waved her off with not so subtle winks. With their blessing she was ready to commit to her handsome Irish stranger.

She didn’t remember how they ended up at the hotel. The concierge couldn’t get them a room key fast enough as they eagerly devoured one another. God, he tasted so good. Stumbling into their suite he hesitated suddenly shy and seemingly lost as to what happened next. Aubrey laughed at his awkwardness.

“Tell me, baby, are you a virgin?” she asked with a mischievous smile.

The crimson blush that came to his cheeks made his answer all too obvious. Aubrey pulled him close kissing him deeply her tongue swirling around his until he groaned.

“You won’t be a virgin after tonight,” she whispered. “Let’s see what we’re working with.”

Her hands caressed down his torso making their way to his belt. She loosened it before undoing his pants never breaking eye contact as she tugged them past his hips and let them slide to the oor following them with his briefs nally releasing a rather impressive erection.

“Need some help with that?” she asked her ngers gently stroking it at a nice easy pace that soon had him groaning.

She held his eye contact as she increased the pace until his head tilted back in pure bliss making her wonder if he had ever even m*****d before. Sometimes white people were just so repressed.

“Feel good?” she asked.

He moaned.

“Want me to make it feel better?”

Before he could answer she dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth. He sucked in a breath as she took his shaft all the way to the back of her throat before pulling back. Her tongue swirled around his head and she took him in again.

“Holy...hell...” he moaned as she increased her pace.

His ngers curled into her hair as he began to thrust in time with her. She could feel him shaking as he neared his climax. Given it was his rst time she gured it wouldn’t take long. He shuddered, cumming into her mouth. She took all he had to give before slowly rising caressing him until she once again stood face-to-face.

“You like that?” she teased.

He groaned seemingly unable to form words as he slowly came down from his high.

“You need to learn to pace yourself or we won’t have any fun,” Aubrey smiled.

She backed away toward the bedroom with a coy smile. With his pants around his ankles he stumbled forward. Reaching the door he paused to watch as Aubrey slowly stripped pulling off her pants and blouse leaving her only in her underwear. Maintaining eye contact she slipped those off next before sitting on the bed in all her glory before beckoning him with a curled nger. He kicked off his shoes and nally managed to rid himself of his hobbles before tugging off his shirt and inging it to the side.