

No Escape

Dwight Uriah Ingram took another sip of his lukewarm Heineken as he stared through the windscreen of his black 2010 SUV. Before him two rabid mongrel dogs squabbled over a discarded styrofoam box of chewed chicken bones and stale rice, but he was oblivious to their presence. Save for the flickering light of the street post grounded closest to the pier and the crescent moon that shun from above, the streets of downtown Savanna-la-mar were a hollow shell of looming shadows.

Through his side window, a wisp of soft sea breeze grazed the thick, coarse hair that lined his gaunt-like cheeks, but he was unmoved by its caress. *Maybe just one more sip*, he thought, just one more sip might dull the ache that had become his unwanted companion for the past year. Maybe one more sip, and the memories that continue to hound him, might dissipate into bearable discomfort. But Dwight knew better.

Two days from now will mark the one year anniversary of his wife's death; a death he did not witness, because at the time when his ailing wife was taking her last breath in the hospital, he was busy emptying his seed into the crater that lay invitingly between his secretary's legs.

Dwight took another sip, his thoughts becoming as bitter as the liquid that coursed down the lining of his throat. *I should have been there*, he berated himself. *She needed me and I was not there*, at least that was what his fourteen year old son had hurled at him when he had finally arrived at the hospital.

"Where were you?" Akeem had asked, his eyes awash with tears. "A call you. A text you. Where were you? Where were you?" He had been inconsolable, Dwight remembered, and his heart broke when he saw that the hurt reflected in his son's eyes was aimed directly at him.

“Awh...Darling, not so hard okay.” Dwight winced; his thoughts, savagely brought back to the present.

He shimmied further down in his seat to get more comfortable as his free hand descended upon the head which bobbed up and down his exposed genitals. His eyes closed as he forced himself to concentrate on the experienced lips covering his wet shaft. Though he wore a condom, the warmth of the whore’s mouth seeped through the thin sheet, but it did nothing to thaw the block of ice that stood like a fort around his frigid heart.

Her name was Cherry Darling, an alias, Dwight surmised, but in her line of work, it only made sense. Dwight had never once made an attempt to ascertain her real name, even though he had been soliciting her favours for the last three months. But that arrangement was fine with him. Knowing her real name meant acknowledging the fact that she was a real person, who deserved to be cherished, instead of being used as a brief respite, a receptacle of sorts, in which to deposit the frustration that rebuilt itself by the end of each week; a frustration that lay waste to a heart shrouded by both guilt and disgust. Though he climaxed during every encounter, there was no joy in such coupling, only a soreness left behind like a constipated bowel given the freedom of movement through the consumption of a strong laxative; only this, nothing more.

“Hsssuup.....umm...sssup.” Cherry’s lips slurped as she lapped and sucked vigorously, determined to get a rise from him. Nonetheless, the lack lustre response that she was receiving from her client only made her job doubly hard.

There was something different about him tonight, Cherry thought, a distraction that made him even more restless; if that were even possible. In the brief time that he had been coming to her, she was able to recognize him for what he was, a tortured soul haunted by great sadness. It showed clearly in his eyes; the way he often looked through her, as if staring at a mirror of

condemnation. He was one of her easiest clients because of this – never demanding much, just a quick release and then he was gone, but not tonight.

He had grown thinner since the last time she had seen him. Cheeks that were once prominent had sunken beneath an overgrown beard that could use a visit from a razor. The greys atop his head were more pronounced and had coiled into small lumps among black strands, thirsty for the sleekness that came from a good wash and a healthy dose of moisturizer. Like his face, his suit, though rich in its material, was dishevelled and wrinkled. His body had gone rigid from forced concentration, Cherry also noted; a stark contrast to the heavy appendage which hung limp within her mouth.

With a sigh Cherry raised her head, allowing the appendage to fall lifelessly between Dwight's legs.

“Baby, a don't think this going to work.” Cherry murmured.

Dwight said nothing. Instead his steady gaze blazed a hot trail of remorse on imagined images only he could see, hear and feel; images of his past life with his wife. Cherry's words reverberated in his head.

“Baby, a don't think this going to work.”

Instantly Dwight was transported to an earlier time; a time before the unwelcomed death, before the agonizing years of struggle that came with dealing with his wife's debilitating disease and before the vice had gripped his heart when he was told by his doctor that his beloved Grace had cancer.

No longer was he in the car with Cherry. Instead the voice that floated to his ears had the sultry drawl of the only woman he had ever loved.

“Honey, a don’t think this is going to work.” Her sweet voice floated to him once again, this time as clear as the day Grace had stood over him in their bedroom and said them sixteen years ago. Her face had glowed as bright as the sun that shun through the open windows, as she looked down on him. At the time, he was surrounded by the scattered pieces of a crib he had ordered only two weeks before.

“Grace...baby, just have a little faith. I can do this.” Dwight had dropped the confusing manual on the floor, stood and pulled his wife into a gentle hug. Her six month old tummy snuggled comfortably within the curvature of his loving arms.

Sighing, Grace had wrapped her arms around his neck as both lovers started swaying silently to their own inner music.

“A do have faith in you honey, but the last thing you try to put together broke apart...while I was sitting in it, I might add. Almost broke my back.” Grace smirked.

“It wasn’t that bad.” Dwight muttered.

“Tell that to my sore bottom.”

At her invitation, Dwight lowered both his arms to cup the underside of her luscious pegs, effectively pulling her pelvic area closer to his. He felt the core of him stir to life as he rubbed himself in slow circular motions against her softness.

“Oh, I intend to.” Dwight grinned as his splayed fingers kneaded her flesh like a chef moulding the dough of a large pizza.

Grace was a plump woman, with soft curves in all the right places; made even chubbier by her late pregnancy. Both her honey-dew skin and dark brown eyes sparkled from the pure joy emanating from her. Her long, straight locks which usually hung at the base of her back, were wrapped in an elaborate style atop her head. Her dimpled cheeks creased as her smile

broadened at the admiration being meted out to her from the knowing glow in her husband's eyes. At the mature age of forty two and after fifteen years of marriage, Dwight still looked at her as if she were the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Hmm, you keep looking at me like that and you might end up making another baby."

Grace purred.

Dwight bent to nibble at her throat. "I don't mind. I always wanted two anyways."

"Oh..., mmm..., you might get your wish." Grace moaned as her eyes closed at the delicious sensation of her husband's tongue in her ear.

She felt the wetness start to pool between her own legs and the uncomfortable throbbing that demanded her husband's special attention.

"Baby..." She whispered on a ragged breath.

"You like that." The deep baritone of his voice affirmed and its echo sent a shiver through her limbs. Her clitoris jumped in response and her heart increased its tempo.

"You know I do." She grabbed a clump of his hair, raised his head and kissed him urgently. His lips welcomed the intensity of her need as his hands roamed the expanse of her back. Tightening his hold, he turned his head at an angle so he could delve deeper; his tongue capturing hers in a delicate duel of emotions.

Her body shook; he sighed as time ceased to exist. God, she felt so soft, his mind registered, and smelled just as good. He needed to touch her. He needed to feel the warmth of her naked flesh flush against him. Raking his fingers against her hips, he gathered the material of her maternity dress until its hem hung above her exposed underwear. Reluctantly, he dislodged his lips from hers. Her soft protest was short lived, as he lifted the dress from her body and over her head. His hungry gaze journeyed across the contours of her figure noting the

firmness of her stomach and the swollen mass of her breasts, which strained against the white bra that gave them support.

“Grace, honey, you are so....” The rest of his statement died in his throat, as her quick fingers unclasped the clips securing the front of her bra.

“I am so what?” Grace taunted, pulling aside the cups and releasing her globes for his inspection. She let the bra fall to the ground.

“Beautiful.” Dwight whispered as he filled his palms with her mounds. They were heavy and extremely sensitive; a fact proven by her involuntary gasp after he rubbed his thumb across one pert nipple. Lowering his head he took the same nipple within his mouth, circling his tongue around its peak, while he lightly squeezed the other. He felt her body slacken immediately and her hands rose to his shoulder for support.

“Baby, a need to lie down or a will fall.” She panted; her grip growing stronger.
“Please.”

Without releasing her, Dwight bent his legs, lifted her and carried her to the queen sized bed that lay close by. Kneeling on its soft cushion, he crawled to its centre and lowered them both, never breaking the rhythm of his oral assault. He settled his weight at the left side of her, mindful of the bundle she carried with such love underneath her heart. At 220 pounds and 6ft 3 inches, he knew that his bulk was not easy to carry, but Grace never complained. On the contrary, she always welcomed it, at times even demanded it.

Dwight sensed more than felt her readiness and in response placed his jean clad leg between hers and nudged them apart. Lowering his free hand, he paused to affectionately caress her abdomen, awed by the tautness of her flesh. He glanced at her face then, and saw within her eyes, a reflection of his own love. Keeping his gaze fixed, his hand dipped into her matching

white panties and slid two fingers smoothly within her slippery tunnel. A satisfying smile crept unto Dwight's face as his wife's mouth opened, her eye lids lowered and her head was thrown back. Yes, she was ready.

He pulled her panties down her legs, turned her unto her side and curled her knees up; her back now flushed against his stomach.

"Now...please." Grace wiggled her ass against his crotch, prompting him to move faster.

Without pulling the button on his jeans, Dwight unzipped his fly and released his swollen cock; its prominent veins making harsh ridges along its length, equating its appearance to an angry gladiator geared to do battle.

"Open up for me baby." Dwight whispered, parting her folds and burying himself deep within her. Both lovers sighed at their union.

For a few seconds Dwight held himself still, willing his body to calm down, so as not to come too early. He wanted this moment to last more than a minute, but his wife had other plans. Gripping his leg from behind, Grace ground her core on him, desperate to reach that peak that she knew her husband was more than capable of taking her.

"Oh honey...awh." He gritted his teeth, overwhelmed by the intensity of his need for her and his need to pleasure her.

"I wanna come." Grace said.

"I want that too." Dwight responded.

Steadying her hips with the weight of his thigh, Dwight began a slow motion, pushing in and pulling out of his wife. Her vaginal wall constricted with each thrust like an eager farmer extracting that last drop of precious milk from the tender breast of his prized cow.

“Gracie, you feel so fucking good.” Dwight panted, as he planted both arms on either side of Grace’s head then lifted his weight above her balancing himself on his knees and never breaking that singular bond that was currently wreaking havoc on his wife’s senses.

Turning her head to look up at him, Grace grabbed at his plain white T-shirt and pulled him down for a passionate kiss. The pulse of his hips increased, as restless tongues continued their dance; all signs of playfulness replaced by the determination of both lovers to reach their goal.

The bed now shook with each plunge that Dwight took – its headboard announcing to the world, the nature of their activity as it banged against the wall over and over again.

“Baby, I’m gonna come.” Grace whimpered like a child.

Her lips moved to clamp down on that sensitive spot at the base of her lover’s neck. She knew just what he liked and took great pleasure in giving it to him. Her body grew tense, as she was rewarded with the increased tempo of his rocking hips. He tasted a bit salty, Grace silently acknowledged, as she sucked harder at his throat, leaving behind an angry bruise on skin that was now covered with a film of sweat. Her teeth bared themselves like a vampire ready to suck its victim dry, and bit down hard into Dwight’s shoulder as her body stiffened from the strength of the orgasm that struck her.

Dwight grunted, his mind centred on the tightening of his wife’s sweet pussy around his pulsating staff. With much force, he buried himself one last time within her, arching his back and closing his eyes, as he too succumbed to his own climax and collapsed on the soft, welcoming mattress. He lay there basking in the aftermath of their love making. His breathing was erratic and with each breath, his heart swelled with the memory of their cosmic union.

With eyes still closed, Dwight reached over to gather Grace closer to him, but his arms came back empty.

“That’s a good boy. Feel better now?”

Dwight froze. The voice that floated to him bore no resemblance to Grace’s. Its syrupy tenor was a clawing reminder of what was, what is and what could never be again. The weight that had momentarily been lifted with his recent climax returned with as much force as being kicked by an angry thoroughbred. *What the fuck did I just do?*

He was afraid to open his eyes; afraid to face the truth of his actions; afraid to face the fact that his wife was lost to him forever. It was funny how the body worked. A second before, Dwight heaved at every breath, frantically trying to get his heart beats under control; but now, exhaling the breath taken upon his return to reality, was met with much difficulty. It had become like a rock in his throat, which strained against his chest begging for release.

Reluctantly his eyes popped open and immediately had to adjust to the darkness that surrounded him, and then he saw her; saw her face. *Her*, not his wife. Cherry was everything that Grace was not; young, naive and very much alive. Life was simply not fair, he thought. He should have been the one to go, not Grace.

He shook his head to clear himself of such thoughts and then peered down at Cherry’s tiny hand which still gripped his traitorous cock. It had shrunken; its head hung low as if in shame at the cloudy fluid it had vomited, which now gathered in the tip of the transparent coating it still wore. It dawned on him then what had happened.

Jesus. His mind interjected and he shook from the revulsion that flooded his consciousness. How dare he sully his wife’s memory by being jerked off by a common whore?

The veins in his throat became pronounced, while his chest burned. He felt like crying, but the tears would not come.

“Sweetheart, you need to breathe.” Cherry directed as she lifted her hand to gently graze his rugged cheek.

Dwight grabbed her offensive hand and looked at it as if it were an anomaly and then pushed it away. “I need you to leave.” His words came out on a puff of air, barely audible.

Cherry was not sure that she had heard him correctly, “What?”

Dwight busied himself ridding his flaccid member of its used condom and discarding it out the window. Next, he stuffed himself back in his pants and then pulled his zipper up. He looked back at her and saw the confusion that marred her youthful features.

“I need you to get out.” The crease in her forehead deepened. “Wait...” Dwight pulled his wallet from his back pocket and fumbled to extract a wad of cash.

He slapped the wad of cash in her hand. “Now go.”

“Wait, you not bringing me back uptown?” Cherry asked incredulously.

“I said, get the fuck out of my car.” He reached beyond her and opened her door. “Get out.”

Cherry paused to scrutinize him. His eyes had grown wild and his movements were shaky, like a man going through a serious case of withdrawal. He seemed scared as well, of what, Cherry had no idea, but whatever it was, she knew that it lay deep within him. *Why was he acting like this? Why was he so quick to get away from her?* Cherry wondered, perturbed at her inability to provide a plausible answer. She thought that she had pleased him.

“Please just go. Just go.” His voice softened as the familiar sadness returned. He wreaked of it now, his eyes again focused on the road ahead.

“Okay.” Cherry said as she slid outside.

Dwight quickly closed the door and sped off in search of something stronger than a Heineken to drink. He needed to get drunk, so drunk that he was incapable of remembering.



Cherry watched as the car got smaller the farther it went up the road. She looked around her and noted the silence that persisted, a clear contrast to the busy night activities that awaited her only a mile uptown.

“Shit.” Cherry swore as she jumped at the sound of a drum pan falling over and the vision of a cat being chased by a hungry dog. “A need to get out of here man.”

With quick steps, Cherry tried to put as much distance as she could from this part of the town. She knew that it was not safe; especially for a woman as scantily dressed as she was in her off the shoulder, fitted black dress, which barely covered her bubbly ass. She held her matching handbag tightly to her body. Her head shook as she recalled Dwight’s anguish, but just as quickly as the memory had surface, she dosed its flame. After all, she could not afford to concern herself with other people’s problems, as she had her own demons to deal with.