

Sierah King and Isari Al-Farid's first date.

He escorted her through the door of The Place Moroccan restaurant.

"I think you like Moroccan food." He smiled.

"You did some homework."

"If you only know, Sierah King." He smiled to himself.

They were escorted to a table and served champagne immediately.

"What are we celebrating?" Sierah asked.

"New beginnings for you and me tonight. I had a lot on my mind yesterday, I saw you and the way you were talking to Hakim and I thought you were having an affair with him. I was mad and, I must admit, jealous."

"Jealous of what?"

"You're a Goddess. You were giving him so much attention."

"Are you nuts? Hakim is an old man and he drinks like a fish. That's a disgusting thought, eww!" She made a face.

"Whoa, that much disdain." His heart did a triumphant backflip.

"I like him as a person but doing him would be like fucking my father. I wouldn't do that and my father is younger and more attractive and smarter, plus Hakim fucks every..." She stopped talking. *"Zip your lips this is his son you're talking to."* "I'm sorry."

"Don't be, that's not news to me. That's why I'm keeping him on a tight leash until he's retired at the end of the year and out of my and Farid Global's hairs."

"I'm sorry Isari."

"You don't have to apologize. I don't have a perfect father or family and I'm not surprise many people know. You, your family Rosalind and Arai are probably the only ones who would openly show your displeasure to my face. I like that candor about you. Hakim has had his time anyway."

"You don't call him Dad."

He gave a wry smile. "He lost that privilege a long time ago."

"You want to talk about it?"

"We have more important things to discuss, no more talk about Hakim."

"Fine by me."

"Anyway, I heard you like goat tagine; I took the liberty of ordering it for us."

“Taking control huh?”

He reached across the table putting his champagne glass to her lips and she sipped.

“Well after a long day of work, I don’t mind having you make a decision on what I eat for dinner. But I hope you added saffron couscous”

“Just the way you like it, hot and spicy.”

“You seemed to have run an all-out investigation on me since yesterday. And what if I had declined this date?”

“We’re on a date? That’s nice.”

“Count yourself lucky.” She sipped her champagne.

“Amaad Ishmael?”

She raised her eyebrows.

“That’s fishing in some deep, dangerous waters Mr. Al-Farid.”

“I have the best bait and line.”

She chuckled at his fishing expedition. “Nice try. I really don’t appreciate people digging around in my personal life.”

The waiter arrived with a tray of fresh, fragrant Msemen and Taktouka.

“Your meals will be ready in a few minutes. Would you like to make a dessert order at this time?”

“I’ll have my usual dessert.”

“Sure Miss King. And for you Mr. Al-Farid?”

“I’ll have what she is having.”

“Ok. Thank you.” The waiter left.

“You don’t even know what I’m having.” She laughed.

“Grapefruit and pomegranate salad with orange water glaze.”

“I’m really not liking you. Did you spend all day inquiring about me?”

“You’ll be surprised how much I can get done in a short time with the right motivation. Tell me what I want to know, Sierah.”

“About what?”

“Who is the man in your life?”

“You don’t need to get hang up on that and since you have investigated me, I should be asking you to tell me about you and who is the woman in your life?”

It was his turn to raise his eyebrows.

“You’re the first woman to ever ask me that question. Most women would assume that if a man shows interest in them they are the only one.”

“I do not relax in the façade of assumptions.”

“Fair enough. I haven’t had a relationship since last fall – and don’t read any crazy mind vibes into that – I’m just rethinking things and right now I’m trying to work on someone.” He gave her a sly smile.

“Who are you?”

“You know that already.” He put a small piece of Msemen and Taktouka in her mouth.

She chewed and swallowed.

“Are you trying to stop me from talking?”

“No, I like to hear you talk.” He was serious. “I want you to talk to me more. I love looking at you. I relished watching you in heat last night.”

“You’re not gaining points reverting. So tell me about you - If there is no Farid Global tomorrow, who are you?”

“There will always be Farid Global. My children and grandchildren will carry it on and their generations after. So how about you if there is no SVAK.”

“Like you, Mr. Al-Farid, my generations will carry it on.”

“So you want children.” He inferred.

“Four within four years - at least that’s my plan. I’ll even go for a cool six.”

“Most women will say two.”

“Quiver full is seven and I don’t have a problem with that number either.”

“You’ve thought about that. So why did you push me away last night. Would have been perfect timing. We can try again tonight.”

“I want the whole package, not just the babies or a baby daddy and I didn’t say I wanted them to be with you.”

Their food arrived.

“Enjoy your dinners.” The waiter said.

“Thank you.” They responded simultaneously.

“Who said I would not give you the whole package.”

“The only thing you want to give me Al-Farid is dick.”

“That would be a good start and you would have to get that to get the babies. I can take you home afterwards and most certainly seal the deal. I don’t believe I should buy a car without test driving it anyway.” He winked at her.

“Wow, I’ve never heard that analogy before. And how many cars have you test driven without buying and what dissatisfactions did you observe during the test drives.”

“Factory defaults.”

“Ever think that the driver may have needed a little more *umph*?”

“Really woman, there is absolutely nothing wrong with how I fuck. I can give you a test drive and the façade of assumptions will vanish.”

“I love my car.”

“I think it’s time for a trade in.”

“You don’t mess with perfection.”

“I wouldn’t call what you have perfection until you’ve tested the horsepower on my engine.”

“This is off the charts; I’m getting wet having a conversation with this dude. Everything about him is caressing me without a touch. How could this man be turning me into a raging kiln?”

She shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

“How do you know so much about a woman’s body?” She tried to change the direction of the conversation.

“I grew up with three of them and I have had many.”

“How many have you had?”

“Don’t wait for me to answer that question because I won’t. Some things are best left alone. But I can certainly answer the call of your body tonight.” He licked his lips.

“He can’t possibly know what is going on with me.”

She smiled. “You only get to give me dinner tonight Al-Farid, again.”

“Well at least that sounds promising for another time but why are we wasting tonight?”

“I make no such promises.” She blushed.

“I will find out who he is.”

“You’re a successful business man, thirty, not married, no alimony, no child support, no wild parties, no play boy issues, no girl pics on the internet. What’s wrong with you?”

“Does something have to be wrong with me?”

“Just trying to get to know you.”

“On a more serious note, marriage and children, that’s a life. I have to find the right person to share that with. I like my life to be very private, so no wild parties for me. As to playboy and girl pics on the internet,” he was thoughtful, “it all comes back to liking my privacy.”

They ate dinner then had dessert.

“Are these the ploys you use to get women in your bed?”

“I don’t use ploys - my time will be best served building Farid Global. I make it quite clear to a woman what I want, if she is interested we can have some fun, she will always benefit. If she is not interested then it is her loss because there is no coming back around for her. A woman who thinks too much has ulterior motives.”

“Do you distrust women that much?”

“I revere them.”

“You do?”

“When Allah created men and women – men somehow ran off with this warped idea that they are these strong warriors and women are these soft, woeful creatures that they have to protect.”

“You do not believe you should protect a woman?”

“I believe you should protect the *right* woman.”

“And which woman is that?”

“The one who protects you.”

“Are you saying that you want a woman to protect you?”

He chuckled.

“A woman is a vice and dependent on her mission she can build or destroy a man. I’ve seen many men like me fall at the power of the almighty pussy.”

Sierah swallowed hard. Her eyes were gradually widening at his speech.

“Her features, her soft curves, the pitch in her voice, her scent and the heat that radiates from her body are all designed for a single purpose – to bring a man to his knees. So I take control because I will not fall for it.”

“Are you saying all my assets bring you to your knees?” She smiled.

He laughed.

“Make no mistakes Miss King, I want to fuck you, really hard, in ways you’ve never been fucked before and I’m going to do it but you’ll be the one on your knees. No woman has ever brought me to my knees and none ever will.” He smiled sheepishly.

“You’re very cocky.”

“Thanks for confirming what I already know.”

“You are so screwed up, every woman is a conspiracy.”

“No smart comebacks?”

“You made it quite clear that you like people to listen when you talk so I’m listening.”

“Listening? No, I believe you’re thinking.”

“Maybe and I would be thinking that you have personal events that are triggering your thought process and I don’t want to get into it. I’m a fact person; I don’t entertain people’s emotional baggage that comes with their unfounded perceptions. You make it sound like women are deep cover operatives.”

“Are you saying I have no base for my beliefs?”

“I believe people should stop and think about their actions and reactions?”

“So fact, you’re a thinking woman.”

She looked in his eyes. “Yes Mr. Al-Farid, I am a thinking woman. If I didn’t I wouldn’t be where I am today.”

“So how many men like me have you brought to their knees?”

“Nice try but my goal is to always protect my clients’ businesses. My success is dependent on their success.”

He leaned close to her.

“Deep cover operatives have nothing on a woman on a mission. Whereas a woman can stop a man on a mission – it doesn’t happen in reverse. If we had a female president our enemies will lay waste where she passed.”

“I’m trying to clarify your position on your feelings for women. I’m confused.”

“Stop, I only want you to visualize how you’re going to please me tonight.”

“You’re like a wormhole.” She accused.

“Changing gears keeps one mobile. Let me have you tonight and it will all be clear in the morning.”

“I don’t lose bets.”

He leaned back in the chair watching her.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” Sierah inquired.

“I want your panties.”

“What?” She spewed champagne out of her mouth in surprise and looked around to make sure no one heard him. “How many tangents do you have?” She asked shocked.

“I want your panties.” He kept a deep focus on her.

“Why?”

“I like your scent.”

“You smell my panties?”

He gives a sly smile. “Give it to me.”

“Let me understand this. You smell my panties and that turns you on or something.”

“I vacuum wrap it.”

“Y-you, vacuum wrap it?” She stammered.

“A woman’s scent tells a lot about her.”

“And what has mine said so far?”

“You’re enigmatic, Miss King. Take it off.”

“I really don’t like going around the city commando, once was enough.”

Isari called Arai, he paid and they left the restaurant when Arai showed up.

They pulled up at Sierah’s home.

“I made a request Miss King.” He nodded at her. “Arai, give us a few minutes please.”

Arai stepped out of the car.

Isari knelt in front of her. Their eyes locked together. He reached up under her skirt.

Patent Breath.

“You don’t wait for permission, do you?”

“I’ll ask you to forgive me.”

He removed her panties and put it in the pocket of his pants. The pounding of her heart in her chest like a jack hammer was making her breathing erratic.

Patent breath.

“A couple more hours and a good night’s fuck, I promise you we’ll both be satisfied.”

She trembled at his words, his touch, his closeness, his smell.

He pulled her behind to the edge of the seat caressing the hot, soft flesh of her inner thighs. She closed her eyes.

“Look at me.” He commanded in a husky voice. He squeezed her flesh and brushed his fingers against her labia.

“Oh Gosh. No. No. I’m not ready for this.” She pleaded.

He pulled back from her.

“Let’s go.” He fixed her skirt.

“Guess I brought you to your knees, literally.” She recovered

“I’ll get my test drive in Miss King.”

Isari escorted her to the door.

“I enjoyed dinner. I hope we can do it again soon.”

“I enjoyed dinner too. Maybe we can but I’d prefer to start going home in my panties.”

He pulled her to him, embracing her and softly, ever so softly kissed her. She closed her eyes wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

“You have a beautiful mark on your neck?”

“You’ve forced me to wear a scarf in this humid drench, Al-Farid.”

“I hope your boyfriend doesn’t mind. I know I would, I’d be a raging madman. Such soft, tasty lips, sensual body,” he caressed her behind, “I would put you on a mantle and I would put searing heat to any man’s eyes who dare to look at you.”

She moved his hand from her behind when he squeezed.

“Down Mr. Ass Grabby Philistine, you only paid for dinner tonight.”

His erection was hard against her belly.

“You’re adopting ploys, Mr. Farid.”

“I have access to any amount; I can pay for more than dinner if you want me to. You’re doing things to me Miss King.”

“I would love to Mr. Al-Farid, but I can’t. I have to go.”

“I want the boyfriend gone by the end of this week, Sierah. I give you two days to say your goodbyes.” He commanded.

She laughed. “And how do I know it will be worth it?”

“Trust me, I’ll show you.”

“I’m a business woman promises don’t mean anything to me unless they are in black and white.”

“I can work on that too. Just remember I’m an advocate for sole ownership and I’ll be the one writing on you.”

“Goodnight Al-Farid.”

“See you again Miss King.” He kissed her.

“You still need to tell me who you are, but another time. Thanks for lunch – you lose” She smiled.

“I accept my loss graciously Miss King,” he clasped his hands and bow to her, “another time, have good rest.”

He was boiling mad when he turned and walked towards his vehicle but he remained contained. She watched him as he got into the passenger seat of the car, he rolled down the window. “Two days.” He mouthed to her raising his index and middle fingers.

She waved bye to him and headed inside.

“I can play this game better than you Miss King and I do not like to lose.” He said as they drove off.

Arai chuckled.

Isari glared at him. “There is nothing to laugh about.”

“She can handle her wheels.” Arai commented.

“This is just round one.”

“No, this is round two and you struck out on both.”

“Take me home Arai. Sierah King is fire, she knows how to play but I have endurance for the game. I will get mine.”

End of Excerpt