

Unbalanced
By
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One

“Here he comes, ladies,” Brooke said.

Simone, Elise, and Catherine’s heads turned. They all exhaled. God had never made anything as beautiful as this man. Like every woman, they stopped to watch him. He was truly a work of art. They all stared in awe as he came their way.

“Dorian Wallace.” Brooke practically moaned his name.

“Down, girl,” Simone said.

“Hey, I’m not the only one. Elise is drooling, too.”

“Yes, I am,” Elise mumbled.

“Ooo, his fraternity is having a party tonight and we’re going!” Brooke said.

“I’m in,” Elise said, raising her hand.

“You know I am,” Simone said.

“Cat?” Brooke asked.

“I’m out. I’m staying home. It is my first night off in weeks.”

“That’s why you’re coming out with us,” Elise said.

“But...”

“That’s it,” she said, cutting Cat off.

“Then it’s settled,” Brooke said, as she stood up. “See you chicks later.”

“I don’t want to go.” Cat sighed.

“You’re going,” Elise said. “You work and go to school full time. You don’t have any time for anything else. Have some fun for once.”

“That is fun.”

Elise shook her head.

“Girl, you are a sad case. Can you remember the last time you had a date?” Simone asked.

“Oh, God, Sean.” Cat said. “Please don’t remind me of that horror.”

“Sorry. However, you see where I’m going with this.”

“Unfortunately, I do. Okay, I’ll go.”

“Good. Come on, Simone. Class starts in five minutes,” Elise said, looking at her watch.

“See you ladies later.”

“What are you about to do?”

“I’ll probably sit here a little longer and then head home.”

“Okay. Bye.”

Cat put in her earbuds and chose K. Michelle’s album while she sat under the tree pretending to study. In actuality she was waiting and hoping for another look at Adonis, a.k.a. Dorian Wallace. An hour passed before Cat decided to give up and go home. She gathered her things and headed across campus. Then out of nowhere, she was knocked off her feet. Literally. Cat looked up and saw Adonis hovering over her and his beautiful lips moving. He reached down and pulled her earbuds out of her ears.

“I said, are you okay?”

She couldn’t speak.

“I know you can hear me.” He smiled. “Are you okay? Did you hit your head?”

Say something! Cat thought to herself.

“Uh, yes. No, I’m fine,” she finally said.

“Are you sure? Here, let me help you up,” he said, standing up and scooping her up in his arms.

“You can put me down. I’m fine. Nothing is sprained or broken.”

Dorian gently put Cat down on her feet. He stared at her for what seemed like an eternity. Cat felt like she was being hypnotized. *This man is beautiful.*

“Let me get your things.”

She watched him kneel and gather her books.

“Can I help you to wherever you’re going?”

“No, I’m fine, thanks. I have to go.”

Cat practically snatched her things from him and ran off before he could say anything else. *Oh, my God, I was just run down by Dorian Wallace, and he carried me for almost a minute! Wait until the girls hear this! Cat thought as she rushed across campus.*



That night, the girls met in the elevator as it stopped on each of their floors. They talked nonstop from the elevator to campus.

“Tonight, is the night I make my move on Mr. Dorian Wallace.” Brooke had a confident gleam in her eyes.

They all laughed at her because they knew when she had her sights set on a man, she usually got him. Brook was the ultimate diva.

“Get in line, girl. I bet you these hookers started early. Hell, he might already be tied down for the night,” Elise said.

“Or it could be he’s not interested.” Simone laughed.

They walked into the frat house. Simone and Brooke went in one direction, and Elise and Cat went in the other. They’d been doing this since the beginning of freshman year. They called it “sizing up the competition.” In an hour, they met back up in the middle of the room.

“What do you think?” Simone asked.

“We the baddest ones in here.” Brooke smiled.

“Drinks, ladies?” The offer came from none other than Dorian Wallace himself.

Cat still hadn’t told the girls about their little run-in earlier in the day.

“Of course,” Brooke said.

Everyone took a glass except Cat.

“We meet again,” he said. “You don’t want a drink?”

“Cat doesn’t drink. She’s the prude of the group. I’m the fun one,” Brooke said, moving closer to him.

“Cat?” he said.

He lifted one eyebrow, which was the sexiest thing Cat had ever seen.

“It’s short for Catherine,” she said.

“A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. I wish you’d told me that today.”

Before Cat could say anything, Brooke stepped between them. "And I'm Brooke."

"Uh, what's up, Brooke?"

While they talked, the rest of the ladies dissolved into the background.

"Okay, spit it out! What did he mean by 'I wish you had told me that today'?" Simone asked.

"We sort of ran into each other today," Cat smirked.

"What happened?" Elise asked excitedly.

"I was walking across campus and I had my earbuds in. All of a sudden, I was knocked down. When I looked up, he was leaning over me."

"Are you serious?"

"Very."

"Well, you must have made one hell of an impression because he is watching you like a hawk," Simone said. "Look at poor Brooke. She is pulling out all the stops, and he's not even listening."

"What else happened?" Elise asked.

"He asked me if I was okay. Then he picked me up."

"Wait...Did he help you up, or did he pick you up?" Simone asked.

"He picked me up and held me in his arms. I am not even embellishing. I had to make him put me down. He then picked up my books and offered to walk me home."

"Did he?"

"No. I grabbed my books and practically ran home."

"You ran away from Dorian Wallace?"

Simone couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"I couldn't help it. My brain wasn't working, and I'd only said like three words the whole time he was talking to me. He probably thinks I'm crazy."

"Not the way he's looking at you," Elise said.

Cat stole a glance at him, and noticed he was still staring at her. She quickly turned her head.

"Let's party ladies," Cat said.

Elise and Simone found someone to occupy their time, so Cat went out back by the pool to get some air. She was watching the guys and girls throw each other into the pool, when she noticed one of the guys playing around was Dorian. Watching him emerge from the pool was one of the best scenes in her life reel. If Cat could rewind that moment, she would watch it over, and over, and over again. He was just that fine. Dorian was about 6'2, and one hundred and ninety pounds of well-toned muscle covered in dark chocolate.

"Hey, what are you doing out here by yourself?" he asked.

"I wanted some fresh air," Cat said, as she watched him dry off.

"I'm sorry about earlier today. You're okay, right?"

"I'm fine."

"I've seen you around. You're in my writing class. Fourth row, sixth chair."

"That would be me. I didn't know you were a journalism major."

"I'm not. I'm a business major. The writing class is an elective."

"Oh."

"Can I sit with you without you running away from me again?"

"I didn't run away from you! I had somewhere to be."

“You had to meet your man?”

“I don’t have one.”

“I see my night is looking up.”

“How so?”

“You’re single...I’m single.”

“And Brooke is single.”

“Who?”

“My friend we left you with earlier.”

“Oh, her. I asked her to come out for a swim, and she looked at me like I’d lost my mind.”

Cat burst out laughing.

“Yeah, that sounds like Brooke.”

“How about we take a swim?”

“No, thanks.”

“Black women and their hair,” he said, shaking his head.

“First off, I resent that remark. Second, my friend is interested in you.”

“I’m not interested in your friend.”

Cat had no comment for that.

“Since we’re both single, will you go out with me?”

“Same answer applies. My friend is interested in you.”

“You’re a good friend.”

“Yes, I am.”

Instead of moving on to the next candidate, he sat and talked to her. They didn’t realize how much time had passed until Elise and Simone came outside.

“There you are.” Elise smiled.

“Yeah. Are you guys ready to go?”

“Girl, yes! I am exhausted,” Simone said.

“Where’s Brooke?” Cat asked.

“We thought with him. I guess we were wrong,” Elise said.

“Nope. Catherine and I have been together,” Dorian said looking down at her.

“Okaayy,” Simone said.

“Well, let’s see if we can find this girl. Goodnight, Dorian,” Cat said.

“Hey, wait...that’s it?” he asked.

“Yes. What else is there?”

“Can I have your number?”

“No.”

“What?” Elise said.

Dorian smiled. “See, even she can’t believe it.”

“We’ve already been through this.”

“If that’s the problem, I wouldn’t worry about it.”

“Why is that?”

“Because she’s found my replacement,” he said, looking pass them.

The ladies turned around to see Brooke heading their way with one of Dorian’s frat brothers.

“Here’s the party. You ladies ready?” Brooke asked.

“Yeah,” they all said in unison.

“Terrence offered to walk us home.”

They all had off campus apartments not five minutes away.

“I’ll go with you. T can’t protect all of you,” Dorian said.

“We’ll be...”

“Thank you, Dorian,” Elise said, cutting Cat off.

“Cool. Let me go change.”

“Me, too,” Terrence said.

“We’ll meet you out front,” Dorian said, as headed into the house.

The ladies walked around to the front of the house.

“Girl, what the hell is wrong with you?” Elise said. “Dorian Wallace is trying to get at you. Dorian...Wallace. We have all lusted after that man since we first saw him.”

“I know. But Brooke was staking a claim on him earlier,” Cat said.

“Oh, girl, please! As you can see, I have moved on,” Brooke said.

“Why the change of heart?” Simone asked.

“That fool wanted me to get in the pool with him. Do you know how much I paid for this hair?”

They all burst out laughing. About ten minutes later, the guys came out.

“Let’s roll,” Terrence said.

There was so much talking that the five-minute walk seemed like five seconds. Simone, Brooke, and Terrence got off on the third floor; Elise got off on the fourth floor. Before getting off the elevator, she pulled Cat to the side and made her promise to tell her everything in the morning.

“I can tell you that now—nothing,” Cat said.

The elevator arrived on the sixth floor and Dorian walked Cat to her door.

“Thanks for seeing me home safely.”

“You’re not inviting me in?”

“No.”

“Just to talk. That’s all.”

“Yeah, right. Goodnight, Dorian.”

“I promise to be a perfect gentleman.”

“A perfect gentleman?”

“Scout’s honor,” he said with a smile.

Cat pondered his proposal. “All right, come on in.”

Two

“Nice place,” Dorian said, standing in Cat’s living room.

“Thanks. Have a seat.”

“This place must have set your folks back a nice penny.”

“No, I work at the hospital as a receptionist in the emergency room.”

“Tell me more about Catherine.”

“There isn’t much to tell. I was raised by my grandmother after my parents died. She died last year.”

“I’m sorry. Do you have any sisters or brothers?”

“Nope. Only me.”

“No other family?”

“No. What about you?”

“Me? That’s easy, there’s nothing great about me.”

“I doubt that. Let’s start with something easy. Why did you choose business as your major?”

“Because my brothers followed our dad into law, and I decided to be odd man out and work for my grandfather.”

“The business world is more fascinating to you?”

“Something like that. My grandfather’s been grooming me to take over the company since birth. At least that’s the way it feels.”

“What kind of company does your grandfather own?”

“Everything from real estate to telecommunications.”

“Which one will you be working for?”

“I’ll be running them all.”

“Oh. Can I get you something to drink?”

Cat needed a moment to digest what he’d said.

“Anything you are willing to give me, I’ll take.”

“All I have is water and juice,” she said, walking into the kitchen.

“You don’t drink?”

“Nope.”

“Why?” he asked, following her.

“You are nosy.” Cat laughed.

“Is that your way of telling me it’s none of my business?”

“Exactly.”

“All right, then. What are you doing tomorrow night?”

“Working.”

“What time do you have to be there?”

“Ten.”

“How about I take you out to an early dinner?”

“I don’t...”

“You can’t use the same excuse anymore. Say yes.”

“Yes.”

“Great. Now, tell me why you don’t have a man.”

“None have approached me.”

“One is approaching you now,” Dorian said, leaning across the mini island in her kitchen.

Cat backed away and walked around the island and back into the living room.

“I admit I’ve seen you around with a couple of guys, but none on a regular basis.”

“Are you stalking me?” Cat laughed.

“No. I’m good at my research.”

For the rest of the night, they got to know each other better. Cat thought Dorian was a genuinely nice guy. They eventually fell asleep on the couch. The next morning Dorian and Cat were awakened by his cell phone playing Drake’s “Dreams Money Can Buy”.

“Hello. Yeah, man, I’m still here...All right, meet you downstairs.” He ended the call and looked over at Cat. “Good morning.”

“Good morning.”

“Sleep okay?”

“Somewhat.”

“You know, I’ve never spent the night with a woman without...”

“Sleeping with her?”

“Yeah. I don’t know why I told you that.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Can I kiss you?”

“Dorian, no. I haven’t brushed yet,” Cat said, getting up off the couch.

He caught her by the hand before she could walk away. Dorian stood up and pulled Cat against him.

“Neither have I.”

Cat thought he was the best kisser she’d ever had. He had the softest lips.

“Now I can leave with a smile on my face,” he said.

He kissed her again.

“I enjoyed your company last night,” she said, walking him to the door.

When Cat opened the door, Elise was standing there with her hand up about to knock.

“Good morning,” she said, smiling broadly.

“What are you doing here?” Cat asked.

“For breakfast. Morning, Dorian.”

“Good morning, Elise.”

“Get in the kitchen. I’ll be there in a sec,” Cat said, pushing her toward the kitchen.

“I truly enjoyed you last night,” Dorian said loud enough for Elise to hear.

They both knew she was listening.

“Cute,” Cat said.

“Pick you up at five?”

“I’ll be ready.”

Cat closed the door behind him and turned to go into the kitchen and almost ran over Elise.

“Did I hear him say...”

“He was kidding. We knew you were eavesdropping.”

“What happened? Is he good in bed? Please tell me he’s good in bed.”

“We did not sleep together.”

“As fine as he is, you cannot tell me you two talked all night.”

“That is exactly what we did.”

“What about all the stories we heard about him? He’s Mr. Hit and Quit It.”

“I know; however, nothing happened.”

“I guess there’s a first time for everything.”

“I wonder how Brooke’s night went.”

“I bet better than yours.” Elise laughed.

A minute later Brooke and Simone walked in.

“Who wants waffles?” Cat asked.

Everyone raised their hands. Cat went to freshen up and came back to the kitchen to start breakfast. As she moved around the kitchen, Cat overheard Simone asking Brooke about her night with Terrence.

“That boy is bad! I damn near cooked his ass breakfast.”

“Say what?” they all said in unison.

Brooke did many things. Cooking was not one of them.

“I said almost. Unfortunately, now I think I might have a pest,” she said.

“Why do you say that?” Cat asked.

“I put it on his ass last night. He was out like a light afterwards.”

“What if it was basic to him?” Simone said.

“Uh, there is nothing basic about me, wanch. So, what about Dorian? Was he doing the walk of shame this morning?”

“All they did was talk,” Elise said.

Brooke and Simone’s heads snapped in Cat’s direction.

“What?”

“Hmmp, you will never see that boy again,” Brooke said.

“Whatever, heifer. Besides, we have a date today,” she said, as she flipped the bacon.

“You do?” Simone asked.

“Look at you... a date with a rich man.” Elise laughed.

“Stop it. He can’t possibly be that rich. He was telling me about his family, and he didn’t mention immense wealth.”

“Why would he? FYI, he’s from a family of billionaires. His father is Walter Wallace, and his grandfather is Grant Collier.”

They all stopped and stared at Elise.

“What?” Brooke stood. “He’s rich, rich!”

“As rich as they come.” Elise snickered.

“I passed on a billionaire’s son?”

“Girl let it go. He wasn’t even interested in your ass,” Simone said.

Brooke gave her the evil eye. “If I had stayed on him, he would’ve spent the night with me.”

“And forgot your ass in the morning.”

Elise and Cat burst out laughing. Simone didn’t hold her tongue for anyone.

“What are you going to wear?” Elise asked.

“Something sexy, but classy. I’m sure I’ll find something by the time he gets here.”

After breakfast, the ladies left so Cat could get some rest before her date. She finally dozed off when the initial shock of having a date with Dorian Wallace wore off.



“Mane, Brooke is a straight freak!” Terrence said, the minute Dorian walked off the elevator.

“You a fool.” Dorian laughed.

“I’m serious. That girl did shit to me I’m ashamed to tell you about. You missed out, D! Shit, she probably would’ve taken us both on.”

Dorian continued to laugh at his friend.

“I don’t think I missed out,” he said.

“Damn, the friend a freak, too?”

“No. Nothing happened.”

“Say what? You lying.”

“I never lie on my dick. All we did was talk, and I still enjoyed myself. The thing is I don’t think she knows about me.”

“Everybody knows about you. She might be acting like she doesn’t know. You know, trying to play ‘I’m different from the others’ role.”

“Thing is, I do think she’s different.”

“You taking her out?”

“Yeah, tonight. Before she has to go to work.”

“Where does she work?”

“The hospital right off campus.”

“Are you sure? I mean, it could be a front. As fine as she is, she could work at the nearest strip club.”

“Nah, she’s not the type.”

“How would you know?” Terrence asked.

“She’s a good girl...something special. So, tell the bruhs hands off.”

“Hands off,” Terrence said, holding his hands up.

Terrence knew how Dorian could get. You did not want to be on his bad side. If you were bold enough to cross Dorian, you were dealt with expediently and mercilessly. To be honest, he feared Dorian a little. Terrence had been a witness to some of those merciless acts. They were ruthless. Terrence shook his head to clear those thoughts from his mind.

“Where are you taking her?” he asked.

“I’m taking her to Plume.”

“You sure know how to get ’em wet. These hoes throw the pussy at you for free, and you still want to feed ’em.”

“First off, she’s not a hoe. Second, my woman deserves the best.”

“Your woman? Man, you’ve only spent one night with her. And you didn’t even hit. All I’m asking is what’s so different about this one? Shit, the others you happily passed around.”

“Because Catherine Antoinette Palmer is the one, I chose her...whether she likes it or not.”

Terrence watched Dorian go into the house without another word. He'd never heard Dorian talk about any of the women he dated like that. Dorian was practically a legend at the house. No matter how much he ignored the women on campus, they still threw themselves at him. And there were a lot of them. At any given time, he was surrounded by women. Whether it was his looks or money, the women flocked to him in droves.

As Dorian walked upstairs, he saw the walk of shame had begun. Women looking haggard, hungover, or confused staggered out of different rooms. When he walked into his room, he noticed he had company.

"Shit, I forgot," he said to himself. "Cheryl. Cheryl, wake up."

Cheryl yawned and stretched. "Hey, baby. What time is it?"

"Seven. What are you doing here?"

"You told me to wait up here for you."

"That was last night."

"I know. What happened to you? Where did you go?"

"I got caught up with something."

"You mean someone, don't you?" she asked, harshly.

"Yeah, I meant someone. Look, I need to get some sleep."

"What about me? I've been up here all night."

"Did you sleep?"

"That's all I did."

"Then you're welcome."

"What the...are you serious? You leave me here all night, so you can end up in some other bitch's bed! You must have lost your damn mind! I..."

"Cheryl, I understand you're angry, but I don't give two fucks about that or you. Get out," Dorian said calmly.

"Oh, you don't care? I bet yo' ass will when I..."

"When you what?" Dorian snatched her off his bed. "When...you...what?"

Cheryl could feel his hot breath on her face.

"Nothing," she whispered.

"Now, let's try this again. I'm tired, and I want to go to sleep. What do you say?"

"Yes, Dorian."

"Good."

He let her arm go and stepped aside. She quickly grabbed her shoes and purse and left the room. Dorian closed the door behind her, took off his clothes, and lay down. He had already forgotten about Cheryl and was planning his evening with Catherine—his future—whether she liked it or not.

Three

Cat was ready to go when Dorian arrived.

“You look beautiful,” he said.

“Thank you. You’re looking good yourself.”

“Are you ready?”

“Yeah,” she said, grabbing her purse and duffel bag.

“An overnight bag? Mmm, I knew I would get to you.”

“No. These are my work clothes.”

“Damn,” he said, taking her bag.

“Come on, let’s go.” Cat chuckled as they headed to the elevator.

Cat tried to keep from staring at him. *God, he looks good.* As they walked out of the building, she stopped in her tracks when she saw the car in the circular driveway.

“Is this your car?” she asked.

“Yeah. It was my high school graduation gift.”

His ‘gift’ was a silver Porsche with an interior the color of peanut butter.

“Wow. What do you get when you graduate college, a house?” she joked, as she got in the car.

“Uh, yeah.” Dorian said and closed the door.

Cat watched as he put her bag where she thought the engine would be.

“I hope you like French food. I made us reservations at Plume,” he said, as he fastened his seatbelt.

“I’ve never had French food.”

“Then you’re in for a treat. That is if you’re willing to try it.”

“Sure.”

During the drive, Cat couldn’t help but notice how smooth the ride was. However, all that was blown away when he pulled up to the Jefferson Hotel.

“Excuse me!” Cat said.

“Please don’t get the wrong idea. I would never come at you like that. The restaurant is inside. That is the only reason we’re here. I promise.”

Cat looked at him for a minute and decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

“All right.”

The valet helped Cat out of the car, and then went around to the driver side to give Dorian a ticket.

“Good evening, sir,” the valet said.

“Evening.”

The restaurant was the most romantic place Cat had ever been.

“Welcome to Plume,” the maitre d’ said.

“Reservations for two under Wallace,” Dorian said.

“Ahh, yes, Mr. Wallace.”

“Is everything ready?”

“Yes. Exactly as you requested. Right this way.”

They followed the maître d' to a booth with curtains. When he opened them, he revealed a beautifully set table with a chandelier overhead. Cat was speechless as she scooted into the booth.

"You don't mind the privacy, do you?" Dorian asked.

"No. This is great."

"Your waiter will be with you shortly," the maître d' said, as he handed each of them a menu.

"Thank you," Dorian said. "Do you like it?" he asked, turning his attention to Cat.

"I do. I have to admit that I've never been to a place like this."

"I'm glad your first time is with me."

A waiter parted the curtain. "Evening, I am your waiter, Victor. Can I get you something from the bar?"

"I know you don't drink, but I would like to introduce you to new things tonight. There is a great wine I would love for you to try. Just one glass?" Dorian said.

"Okay. Only one glass, though."

"Great. Victor, can you bring us a glass of Chateau d'Yquem?"

"Excellent, sir. Would you also like to start with an appetizer?"

"Yes." He perused the menu momentarily. "We'll have the Risotto de Maryland Crabe Blue."

"I will return shortly."

"We're finally alone," Dorian said.

"I see you like to impress."

"Only when the person matters."

"Is that right?"

"Yes. I've wanted to ask you out for so long."

"Why didn't you?"

"I thought you would've shot me down."

"You did not think that."

"I did. After all, you are out of my league."

"Me? Out of your league? If you say so."

"Here you are," Victor said, placing their wine and appetizer on the table.

"Thank you," Dorian said.

"I'll return a little later."

"Now tell me about you," Cat said.

"Let's see. I'll tell you the entertaining parts."

"Okay."

"I speak several languages. Our family does quite a bit of traveling. So, we have to be able to talk to the natives. At least that's what my father says."

"Tell me about some of the places you've been."

"Africa, all over Europe, Dubai, and a few other places."

"Dubai? What was that like?"

"Beautiful. Dad made sure our family vacations were memorable."

"It seems so. I have never been anywhere."

"Maybe I can change that."

"What are you going to do, take me to Dubai?" she said.

“We can leave tonight.”

“I have to go to work.”

“Quit.”

“Yeah, right.”

“I’m serious. By morning, we can be on a black sand beach. How does that sound?” Dorian leaned in closer to Cat.

Cat broke the spell and looked away. Dorian put his finger under her chin and turned Cat’s face back to him. *God, he smells good.*

“How does that sound?” he asked again.

“Nice,” she said.

Cat was breathless. *Get it together, Cat,* she thought, reprimanding herself.

“Tell me the truth. Is there no boyfriend for me to threaten? Because as good as you look tonight, I’m sure he will not appreciate what I’m thinking.”

“No. Only an ex and that was over a year ago.”

Once he was sure Cat wouldn’t turn away, he dropped his hand.

“How long did that mistake last?”

“How do you figure it was a mistake?”

“He was stupid enough to mess up and let you go.”

“Maybe I was the one that messed up.”

“Nah, you’re a good girl. I can tell.”

“Can you now?”

“Yeah. You ready to taste this wine?”

“Yes.” Cat took a small sip. She couldn’t believe how good it was.

“This is delicious, Dorian.”

“I’m glad you like it. Now, try this,” he said, feeding her an appetizer.

They continued their conversation through dinner and dessert, which were both fabulous.

“Did you enjoy dinner?” he asked, as he signed the check.

“I did. Thank you.”

“No need to thank me, baby.”

They left the restaurant and outside Dorian gave his ticket to the valet and whispered something to him. The valet smiled and headed toward the parking lot.

“What did you tell him?” Cat asked.

“I told him to take his time.”

“Why?”

“I was hoping to change your mind about going to work tonight.”

“I can’t.”

“How about...”

Instead of finishing his thought, he kissed her. Once again, that feeling of being drugged had returned.

“Sir...sir, your car,” the valet said, interrupting them.

“Thanks,” Dorian said, after ending the kiss.

He never took his eyes off Cat. Dorian led Cat over to the car. She was still dazed from the kiss.

“To work?” Dorian asked.

“... Yes.”

“When is your next day off?”

“Thursday.”

“Can I take you out again?” Dorian asked.

“How about I cook for you? It won’t be as good as tonight’s dinner, but it might come close.”

“You want to cook for me?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll be there.”

They soon pulled up to the emergency room entrance where Cat worked. She prayed her coworkers would see Dorian helping her out of the car. To say that his car drew attention was major understatement. People came out of the hospital to take a look.

Dorian smiled noticing the onlookers. “This is one reason I don’t drive it that often.”

“Don’t worry about it. I think it’s a mixture of you and the car.”

“In that case, let’s give them a real show.”

Dorian leaned Cat against the car and kissed her passionately.

“Dorian, I have to go,” Cat said between kisses.

Dorian grunted. “All right.”

“Thank you for a great night.”

“You’re welcome, sweetheart. Hey, what time do you get off work? I’ll pick you up.”

“No, I can get a ride home. Besides, I get off at six in the morning.”

“I’ll be here.”

“Okay, see you in the morning.”

“Do you have any idea how sexy you look in that dress?”

“Goodnight, Dorian.” Cat blushed.

“Goodnight, Catherine.”

Cat knew he was watching her, so she put on her best strut as she went into the hospital.



“Look at you!” Anne said.

Everyone in the office gasped when they saw her all dolled up. Cat did a little turn for them to see her entire outfit.

“Girl, you look good!” Rene said.

“All we want to know is, who was that handsome man that dropped you off? We saw you,” Anne said.

“That is Dorian Wallace and tonight was our first date,” Cat said.

“The way you two were acting out there, it didn’t look like a first date,” Rene said.

“Where did you meet him?” Anne asked.

“He attends Howard with me.”

“I’m going back to college,” Rene said, as she walked out to the waiting room.

“Can someone please help me find... Wow!”

“Hello, Dr. Harper,” Cat said.

“Catherine, you look...Wow!”

“Thanks, Doctor. Anne, give me ten minutes, and I’ll be ready to start.”

“Why are we looking extra beautiful tonight?” Dr. Harper asked.

“I had a date tonight and I came here afterward.”

“That was you getting out of the Spyder.”

“I’m sorry, the what?”

“The Porsche.” Dr. Harper chuckled.

“Oh, yeah. That was me.”

“Very nice.”

“I’ll tell him you like his car.”

“I was talking about his date.” Dr. Harper turned and walked away.

“Did he make a pass at you?” Anne asked.

Anne was the queen of eavesdropping.

“No. He was only paying me a compliment.”

“And when has he ever done that?”

“Never. Let me hurry up and change. At this rate, he may propose.”

Ten minutes later, Cat started her shift and got a chance to tell Anne and Rene about the date.

“Girl, that sounds so romantic,” Anne said.

“What I want to know is where a college student gets the money to afford a car like that?”

Rene asked.

“His family has a little money,” Cat said.

“Seems like they have more than a little money, honey.”

“Girl, stop! He’s nice. We have our second date Thursday.”

“I cannot wait to hear about that one. See you at lunch,” Anne said.

For the rest of the night, between checking in patients, Cat replayed the entire night over in her head. She even did a little fantasizing about what could’ve happened if she’d called in to work. Cat couldn’t wait until Thursday.



It was Thursday night and Cat was as nervous now as she was on their first date. Since that day, they’d spent quite a bit of time together. The doorbell rang and she checked herself in the mirror before opening it.

“Hi,” Cat said.

“Hello.”

“Come in. I hope you’re hungry.”

“It just so happens I brought my appetite with me.”

“Good. Everything is ready.”

“What are we having?”

“Steak, mixed vegetables, and rolls.”

“Perfect. Since you’ve provided the dinner, I’m providing the wine. Now, I don’t want you to think I’m trying to turn you into a drinker. I figured since you enjoyed it so much the last time, one more glass wouldn’t hurt. Do you have any wine glasses?”

“Yeah.”

“I knew you wouldn’t have a corkscrew, so I brought my own.”

“Are you always this prepared?”

“Yes. For everything,” Dorian said, looking into Cat’s eyes.

While he poured the wine, Cat fixed their plates.

“Here you go,” she said, placing a plate in front of him.

During dinner, the conversation was constant.

“Would you like anything else?” she asked.

“No, thank you. I don’t think I can take another bite.”

“Did you enjoy dinner?”

“It was great. Beautiful and can cook...I think I’m in love.”

“I’ll clear the dishes.”

“Let me help.”

Fifteen minutes later, the kitchen was spotless.

“What’s a dinner date without a movie?” Cat asked as she walked into the living room. “What would you like to watch?”

“Besides you? Anything with action,” he said, taking a seat on the couch.

“How about Jason Stratham? His movies are action packed.”

“That’ll work.”

Cat put in the movie, *Redemption*, turned off the lights, and sat next to him on the couch.

“What are you doing way over there? Come here.”

Cat moved closer. She tried to concentrate on the movie as Dorian rubbed the small of her back.

“Catherine?”

“Hmm?”

“I’m not interested in watching this movie.”

“You want to watch something else?” Catherine asked, sitting up.

“Yeah...you,” he said, leaning over and kissing her.

Cat knew she was in trouble, especially when his kiss grew deeper.

“I want to make love to you,” he whispered, as he kissed her neck.

“Dorian...”

“Cat, my Cat.”

She trembled when he called her his Cat.

“Dorian...”

“Where is your bedroom?”

“First door on the right.”

Dorian took her hand and led her into the bedroom.

“Nice,” he said.

He pulled Cat against him and kissed her. He backed her up to the bed and laid her down. Dorian pulled his shirt off and climbed into bed.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispered.

Cat smiled and pulled him on top of her.

“I’ve wanted you for so long.”

“Now that you have me, what are you going to do with me?” Cat said.

Dorian began to undress her slowly. ed kissed and caressed every part of her.

“Oh, Dorian,” she said.

“Oh, Dorian, what?”

“Don’t stop.”

“I’ll never stop,” he said, as he continued to kiss every inch of her body.

Cat was on the verge of losing it when he buried his head between her legs. She knew he shouldn’t know her body that well, but she was happy he did. With only a couple of strokes of his tongue Cat was about to cum.

“Stop, stop, stop. Dorian, please.”

The more she begged him to stop, the more vigorous his movements became.

“Dorian! I’m cumming!”

“Mmm hmm.”

When Cat finally came back to earth, she could hear Dorian laughing.

“Don’t move. I’ll be right back,” he said.

Cat could barely see straight, so moving was completely out of the question.

“Are you okay?” Dorian asked.

Dorian was shirtless, with his jeans undone. Cat stared at him with lust in her eyes. She’d never wanted anyone as much as she wanted him.

“I think I’m better than okay,” she said, reaching for his jeans.

Cat helped him out of them. *He is blessed*, she thought, as she began to stroke him.

“Come here,” Cat said.

As soon as he laid down, Cat straddled and kissed him.

Dorian broke the kiss. “I thought I was in charge,” he said.

“In charge?”

“Yeah,” he said, rolling her onto her back. “By the way, thank you for tonight and all the future nights like this.”

“Future nights?”

“Yep, future.”

“Wait, do you have protection?”

“Yes,” he said, turning over and picking up his jeans.

He took a condom out of his wallet, tore it open and put it on. Cat thought sex with Dorian would be good, but the reality far surpassed her expectations. He switched positions and pulled Cat on top of him.

“Take your time, baby. We got all night,” he said.

“Kiss me,” Cat said.

Their pace quickened, and Cat moaned louder. Dorian pushed deeper into her. He didn’t stop until Cat tapped out. Before long they both climaxed.

“Are you still awake?” Dorian asked, after some time had passed.

Cat could feel him kiss her shoulder. “Yes.”

“You know you won’t be able to get rid of me, right?”

“Is that right?”

“Hell, yeah! You’re exactly what I’ve been looking for.”

Cat turned to face him. “How would you know? We’ve only been seeing each other a week.”

“I know more about you than you think.”

“Is that right?”

“You’re mine now,” he said, playfully slapping Cat on her ass.

“Claiming me already? Why, Mr. Wallace, I do believe you’re sprung.” Cat laughed.

“More than you know. Up for round two?”