

Excerpt from  
**MY BEST FRIEND AND MY MAN**  
By **Cydney Rax**



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Veron

It's Saturday, February 14<sup>th</sup> and I'm home alone. It's sad, but I'm perched at the computer desk in my modest but comfortable apartment, debating if I should log onto MySpace.com to see if I have any new friend requests. I last logged in twenty minutes ago.

I bite my tongue so hard I nearly taste blood when the phone rings. Unexpectedly, it's Ferris Landers.

“What you doing?” he growls in that slow, sexy tone that I love.

“Uh, what's going on with you?” I dodge Ferris, not wanting him to know I'm not doing a doggone thing.

“I know we ain't seen each other in a couple months, and I ain't called in a while, but I was thinking...I know you love sushi...”

“Yeah,” I say, impressed that he remembers, “among other things.”

“And does your ‘among other things’ include second row tickets to see John Legend perform at the Aerial Theater?”

“Oh yeah it does!” I smile, barely keeping a delighted squeal from reaching Ferris's ears.

“So, if you wanna ride with me, let me know.”

Man, if you only knew how much I wanna ride you, I think to myself. Ferris is the first man to introduce me to the wonderful world of doggy style, and I've wanted him to ram my back bumper ever since. I love the feel of his sculpted hairy chest slumped across my backside, him accurately banging my G-spot like a pro, us moaning and bobbing up

and down while waves of pleasure consume us till we're happily exhausted and ready to cuddle for the rest of the night.

"You know, all of that sounds great, Ferris. I'd love to go. When is the concert?" I ask, thinking about what we could be doing after that concert.

"Tonight," he replies in a barely audible voice.

I'm dateless. It's Valentine's Day. But still. Men aren't supposed to ask a girl out with this kind of notice.

"*Tonight?*" I huff.

"Mmm hmmm." His voice sounds so mushy and gentle my anger doesn't last.

"Ferris," I softly remind him. "I usually prefer to be asked out days in advance--"

"I know, baby girl. I know."

"And normally I *don't* accept last minutes dates," I firmly state, lying my butt off. "But for you I'll make an exception. As it turns out, my schedule has opened up tonight and I probably can squeeze in some sushi and Legend."

"Whew," he exclaims in an over exaggerated fashion. "I was worried you'd turn me down, so let's go chill out and enjoy each other's company."

My ears warm at just hearing Ferris's commanding voice. I love it when a man takes charge; it makes me feel like he's strong, and I definitely prefer to have a strong man by my side, instead of one who only wants to do what I want to do because he's not smart or confident enough to make his own decisions.

"So what time will you pick me up?" I ask in a sweet voice.

"Uh, can you meet me at Miyako at 6?"

"Meet you? As in driving myself to a date?"

"Ye-ah," he says. "So you gonna meet me?"

And for the millionth time, instead of telling a man how I really feel, instead of showing my disappointment, I bite my tongue 'til it bleeds and tastes like salt. I sullenly reply, "Sure."

Miyako is a popular Japanese restaurant located on Kirby Street, about five minutes south of downtown Houston. It's not a lavish spot, but the small dining room doesn't make me as mad when I remember that its small booths invite intimacy. I love sitting hip-to-hip with a man that I love; accidentally rubbing elbows, or feeling his leg bump into mine and making me shiver. Ahhh yes.

So, I shove my anger aside about what I feel was disrespect. You know, the man wanting me to meet him somewhere instead of him making an effort to pick me up. It's almost like some guy agreeing to kiss you on the lips, but only if he's certain that no one else sees us. It just upsets me. But when my mind paints a portrait of me and Ferris huddled together, feeding each other fresh, salty raw fish, and laughing it up while we toast and sip on sake, I let anticipated joy stamp out any negative feelings. Plus, it'll be great to brush up on my doggy style skills.

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