

The Lifestyle Vol.2
The Secret Sexual Society

Quick Quickie Kickoff

Dressed and ready to go, Renee impatiently paces the living room floor. After looking at her watch for the third time, she yells.

“Jim! Babe, are you ready?”

“Yes, Baby. Here I come now.”

Jim walks into the living room and immediately stops.

“Damn! Excuse me, Ms. Sexy. Do I know you?”

“Come on, Jim! Cut it out. We do not have time.”

“Oh, you know my name? How flattering.”

Jim continues to act like Morris Day in *Purple Rain*.

“Jim, Babe, we don’t have time for this. Can we please leave and pick up Sheila?”

Jim doesn’t say anything. He just walks up to her and starts kissing her on the lips.

“You are so sexy, Baby, and the way this dress is laying on your ass and titties, it’s turning me on.”

Renee blushes as Jim continues to kiss her in various places.

“Jim...we can’t.”

“It’s still early, Baby. We have plenty of time. Tell Sheila to find her own ride, then we’ll have even more time.”

“No, Jim! We promised to get her.”

Renee lightly punches him on the arm, and he laughs.

“You know I’m just playing, Baby. I wouldn’t do that to my sister. Feel this...”

He guides her hand down to feel his erection.

“Yeah, you feel that, don’t you? You did that, looking all sexy and shit.”

“Damn, Baby...I’m surprised you’re so hard.”

“What? What do you mean you’re surprised?”

“Well, since I’ve put on a few pounds, we haven’t been sexually active much lately. I was beginning to think I don’t turn you on anymore.”

A look of confusion occupied Jim’s face.

“Baby, you will always turn me on no matter how much weight you put on, now or later down the line. Your little toothpick ass is just filling out a little bit, which is what you’re supposed to do—and it’s in all the right places,” he finished, playfully smacking her ass.

“Well, you don’t act like it.”

“Renee, Baby, you know when I’m in football practice or when we’re in season, it’s hard for me. Not because I don’t want to but because I need to preserve my energy.”

“You haven’t been playing, Jim. You’re not in season, and practice is just about to start. So, what’s your excuse for turning me down all last week?”

“Do you want to know my excuse?”

Jim undoes his pants.

“No, Jim. Don’t tell me by fucking me! You think I’m going to accept that for an answer, and everything is supposed to be okay just like that.”

“I’m not...I’m trying to show you something. Get on your knees,” Jim laughs.

“Fuck no! You done pissed me the hell off now. I was going to give your ass some, but you done fucked that up!”

“Renee...”

“Keep my name outta your mouth, Jim!”

Renee begins to walk away.

“Okay, let’s put it in yours!” Jim exclaims with excitement as he laughs.

“What? You know what—leave me the hell alone!”

Renee walks away, looking confused and irritated.

“Come here, Renee. I’m sorry! I was only joking. I did something special for you. Look, I can explain.”

Renee ignores his pleading.

“Please, Renee. Come here, Baby. You know I would never do that to you,” Jim says, still laughing.

Renee reenters the living room with her face still frowning.

“Come closer and look. Look what I did for my baby. When I tell you this is forever, it’s forever.”

Jim unzips his pants, and Renee begins to walk away, but Jim grabs her arm and pulls her back.

“No, Renee. I’m serious. Come here. I’m not trying to be nasty. Look,” Jim says, caressing himself.

“Oh, now you want me to watch you masturbate?”

“No...I’m just trying to get it rock-hard again, so I can show you.”

“Is something wrong with your dick?”

Jim continues to gently stroke it from the middle to the head, back in forth until it becomes erect again.

“Just look. Come here and look, Baby.”

“What the fuck!?”

Renee puts her hand over her mouth as she laughs and blushes at the same time.

“Yeah...now say you’re sorry,” Jim says.

“Jim, I can’t believe you did that. You tattooed my name on your dick,” Renee giggled, still blushing.

“You damn right! This is your dick, and it got your name written all over it.”

Renee is still blushing and laughing.

“It looks like my name barely fits,” Renee laughs.

“Oh, you got jokes?”

“That’s your payback for fucking with me. But nah., Baby. I’m just joking—you have plenty of room for my name and then some,” she reassures him with a kiss.

“You see, this is why I couldn’t have sex with you all last week. It was sore, not because I don’t want you.”

“Jim, Baby...I don’t know what to say,” Renee admitted speechless.

“You can start with your name...Here, put it in your mouth,” as they both laughed“

“You’re a nasty ass. Come here, Baby. You deserve that and then some.”

Renee looks at Jim seductively and drops to her knees. With pleasure, she begins to lick up and down her name. She makes slow, circular motions with her tongue, slowly making her way along the sides and then to his protruding vein. She glides her tongue up and down, stopping at his very tip. She teases by inserting only the head, feeling his excitement as he throbs, tasting his seminal fluid. Jim then

grabs the back of her head, urging her to insert more. Renee pulls away as she continues to tease until he can't take any more. Then, she quickly goes from his head to his shaft testing her gag reflex. She continues to suck and stroke, suck and stroke, and Jim quickly pulls out and holds it tight as he exhales. He aggressively turns Renee around bending her body forward. Renee, extremely wet and wearing no panties complies, contouring her body as she grabs both ankles, granting him easy access. Jim begins to stroke her pussy as he holds her waist, with the sounds of wetness, pounding, and moaning expressing the pleasure they both feel.

“Oh shit, Jim! You haven't fucked this pussy like this in a long time...yes fuck me!” Renee exclaims with excitement.

“Do you like this dick?”

“I love this dick, Jim!”

“You love it! You love it! Oh shit!”

He continues to pound her pussy even harder, and Renee screams.

“I love it!”

“Oh shit!”

Jim's knees quickly bend as if they are about to drop. He's breathing both heavy and hard. Renee gets out of position and climbs onto the sofa, putting her knees on the cushion. She leans over the back of the sofa gasping for air, as she tries not to get the mixture of her wetness and Jim's semen on the sofa.

“Damn, Baby...you okay?”

“Yes.”

“See what you did, Renee? I told you to stop. Come on, let's get washed up again before you make us late.”

Jim laughs, smacking her on the ass as Renee turns around and looks at him crazy.

Graduation Day

After rushing to get Sheila, Jim and Renee managed to get to her house earlier than expected. Despite arriving with time to spare, they still had to wait outside in the car before they could go to the graduation ceremony. The weather is beautiful, but it's a real hot, spring-summery kind of day.

“We got here later than expected, and she is still not ready,” Renee says, annoyed.

“Baby, don't get all bent out of shape,” Jim replies.

“I know I'm not a woman...but I also know that a combination of being pregnant and hot can make a woman real irritated. So, can you please try to have some patience and chill for a minute? I don't want to hear a lot of bickering and arguing along the way today. Okay?”

“I know, Jim. I just want to get there early, sit down and get comfortable before the crowd comes.”

Jim takes Renee by the hand to calm her. She rejects his efforts, pulling away to use her hand to fan herself.

“Well, at least put the damn top up and turn the air on...I'm hot as shit.”

“Okay, okay, anything for my wifey,” Jim proceeds to put the top up in the car. “Just know I'm putting it back down after graduation so we can celebrate.”

“Yes, I can't wait!”

“Babe, maybe you should go and check on her.”

“Hell no, I do not feel like getting out of the car, especially not now; the air is just starting to feel good.”

“Okay, I'll go then.”

“Toot the horn first, Babe, and see what happens.”

Jim toots the horn and waits a minute. Then, he toots the horn again, and another three times in a row. Sheila comes to the door and waves one finger to suggest needing another minute.

“Really, Sheila!” Renee exclaims in frustration. “This bitch better look fuckin' amazing when she comes out.”

The door opens again, and Sheila comes out to close and lock up.

“Here she comes,” Jim says excitedly.

As Sheila makes her way over to the car, Jim and Renee get out to greet her. Renee and Sheila hug and Jim wraps his arms around both ladies and squeezes them into one big group hug.

“What took you so long?” asks Renee.

“Girl, you are early as hell...I thought I had at least another half an hour to be ready.”

“Well, I was thinking we were running late. I would’ve been here about half an hour ago if Jim wasn’t trying to be all nasty and shit.”

“Well, thank you for your nastiness, Bro—and for giving me this much-needed time.”

“Anytime, Sis,” Jim says smiling.

“Renee, what is the rush?” Sheila asked.

“I want to get there early and get comfortable before the crowd comes. I would like to put my feet up, sit back and relax a little bit. Shit, it’s hot out here.”

“Well, if you would’ve given me advance notice to get ready a little earlier, I would’ve been more prepared, Renee. You know I wouldn’t have had you sitting out here all this time.”

“Well, I guess an invite inside would’ve been too much like right...right?” Renee replies sarcastically.

“Girl, you got the damn key; you should’ve brought your ass in the house. Since when did you start needing a damn invitation?”

Jim starts laughing and shaking his head.

“Here y’all go, starting this shit already. Can we get through the day without the bullshit ladies?” Jim asks as Renee cuts him off.

“Come on, Babe, let’s just go. You know our asses will never change. This is how we say our hellos—by the way, Sheila, I love that dress on you! You looking all cute and shit.”

“Thanks! Renee is looking all cute and shit, too.”

“Well, if I look that cute, kiss me then, bitch!”

“Hell no! You don’t look that damn good.”

They both laugh.

“Can you believe it, y’all?! This is it. We are all finally done! No more school!” Renee says with excitement.

“Jim, I know you’re hype. Renee was telling me how much she will miss you because football camp is about to begin.”

“Yup, two more months, sis. Hyped is not the word, but you know it is definitely bittersweet for me. You know I love the game, but I’m going to miss the hell out of my baby.”

Jim reaches over and rubs Renee’s hand.

“Well, the baby is due the same month football camp starts. You sure they’re going to let you off to come to the hospital, Babe?” asks Renee.

“Nothing is going to stop me from getting to the hospital baby. You hear me? One thing about me, I told my manager, agent, and the whole damn NFL, my family will always come first. I will walk off the damn field in the middle of a Super Bowl game for my family.”

Renee smiles blushing listening to Jim.

“That’s right; you’re my baby, my fuckin’ wife—and Sheila, you’re my damn sister.”

Renee is still blushing as Jim smiles at her.

“Yeah, look at that smile. You already know, Renee, I’m a man of my word. Since day one, I told you, didn’t I? I told you that you were going to be my wife. Now, what’s your last name again?”

Renee laughs.

“Huh? I can’t hear you?” he asks, putting his hand up to his ear and leaning in to hear her response.

“Taylor,” Renee replies.

“That’s right! You are Mrs. James Taylor—and Sheila, I’m about to change your name to Taylor too because nobody can tell me you’re not my real damn sister. You guys are my family, and there is nothing I won’t do for you. You hear me back there, Sheila?” Jim yells looking in his rearview mirror to get confirmation from Sheila.

“Yes, Jim, I hear you,” Sheila says with a smile, looking out the window.

“We are here! I’m going to let you ladies out at the entrance. I’ll park and catch up with you inside.”

“Ok,” Renee replies.

“There’s a parking spot right there, Jim,” Sheila points out.

“Girl, you better speak for yourself. Babe, let us out at the door.”

“Lazy ass! Girl, your ass better walk. The door is literally right there, Renee. Jim, park the damn car, and we’ll walk with you.”

“Jim, your ass better know who your wife is...I said let me out at the door.”

“Renee, really?” Jim cuts her off.

“Sheila...I have to listen to wifey...and whatever wifey wants, wifey gets.”

“Yeah, and you’re going to have a fat ass wife if you don’t make her get some damn exercise.”

“Oh, Sheila, just because you’re the exercise queen doesn’t mean you have to come at me like that. And by the way, bitch...”

Jim interrupts, “Oh lord, here we go!”

“If this ass gets fat, Jim is going to love every inch of this fat ass. Isn’t that right baby?” Renee continues.

“You got that shit right! Now you two get your asses out of the car, so I can park.”

They both laugh as they get out of the car.

Renee sits down, looking around at everyone to see if she can spot Jim in the crowd.

“Where the hell is Jim? It doesn’t take damn near a half hour to go to the bathroom. The graduation is about to start.”

“You know he probably ran into some fans and is running his damn mouth.”

“Yeah...telling all kinds of corny ass jokes,” they both laugh as they notice Jim coming in.

“Oh shit, the music is starting. Come on, Jim!”

Renee and Sheila stand up full of excitement.

“Are you excited, Sheila?”

“Hell yeah, I’m excited! This is finally it!”

Jim walks up, sharing the excitement with them as the graduates walk out. Sheila, Renee, and Jim yell at the same time.

“Matt!” Sheila exclaims, looking down and rubbing her stomach.

“Do you hear that, Baby? That’s your daddy finally getting his degree, and mommy is so proud of him…”

Shelia tears up, and Renee takes notice and hugs her.

“I can’t believe we graduated six years ago, Sheila. We are all finally done with school, we’re all married, and you’re about to have my God child. Life from this point forward should be nothing but amazing!” Renee declares with joy.