

# PINK PANTHER

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**Untitled**

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## What Naomi Wanted

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Naomi was stalling. She had carefully brushed her teeth, flossed, and gargled with two cups of cool mint Listerine. She peed twice but already felt her bladder filling up for a third trip to the toilet. She had plucked several embarrassing hairs from under her chin and around her brown aroused nipples.

She looked in the mirror and saw beads of sweat had formed around her nose. The alcohol was wearing off. She was scared. On the other side of the bathroom door was a naked white man. At least she thought he was naked. Naomi had been in the bathroom for fifteen minutes. Earlier, when she had excused herself from their heavy necking session with a "I'll be right back," she noticed he had started taking off his shoes, a sure sign that he thought they were going to end up in bed. Naomi thought they were headed in that direction too, which is why her heart was pounding with fear, not passion.

It wasn't just any old white man who was likely standing naked in Naomi's living room. It was Luke Jenner, the vice president and general counsel for Allied, the company where they both worked. Earlier that morning they had been in an executive committee meeting together. Well, not really together. Jenner was on the executive committee. Naomi was on the agenda for her quarterly update which turned out to be a disaster.

The laptop died in the middle of her PowerPoint presentation and she spilled coffee on the CEO. It was downhill from there. Just before five, Jenner had stopped by her office to console her. By 5:30, Naomi had accepted his invitation to go out for drinks. Four cosmopolitans later, at her invitation, they were necking on Naomi's brand-new Crate and Barrel denim sofa. That's how he ended up naked in her living room, with Naomi in the bathroom wondering how she could make a hasty escape by squeezing her butt through the little circular window over her bathtub.

She put her ear to the door to see if she could hear if he was naked or not. What she heard instead was Luther. Somehow, he had figured out to how turn on her Smart TV Pandora app and found his way to Luther Vandross! At least he had good taste in music. She immediately felt more relaxed. Luther always had that effect on her. She had often fantasized about doing it with a white guy, but up until now it had always been just that, a fantasy. She never really expected to act on it. She had always assumed she wasn't attractive to white guys, and few, if any, turned her head.

But Luke Jenner was different. He was one of her favorites at Allied. From his name to the way he dressed, he seemed to break the mold of the TWB (typical white boy) syndrome. That was the label coined by Naomi and her best friend Neicy, during their college days to describe most of the white boys on campus who all seemed to be named Tom, Bob, or Jim and who seemed to have a thing for the same sleeveless down jackets and short brown or black crew socks which barely covered their ankles. (Naomi and Neicy had signed a pledge they would never marry a guy whose socks fell below his calves. Later they amended the pledge to also include guys who wore clip-on suspenders.)

The TWB label didn't fit Luke Jenner at all. He didn't dress like a white boy. All of his suits were tailored-made and hung gracefully over his six-foot frame. His trademark was his exquisite silk ties that were always coordinated with

a monogrammed silk handkerchief tucked neatly in his breast pocket. Most importantly LJ knew his socks. His designer pattern socks always ended where they should, well above his calves. This was a guy who could cross his legs with confidence.

She peed one last time; brushed and smoothed down her hair knowing it would be sticking straight up in ten minutes or less; gargled once more with a swish of the cool mint; tied her sexy short silk bathrobe belt in cute tidy bow and slowly opened the door.

Maybe if he had turned and faced her, things would have turned out differently. But he didn't. The music was playing so loud, that at first he hadn't noticed that she was finally out of the bathroom. He was bent over fiddling with the remote with his back to her, providing Naomi a full view of the whitest ass she had ever seen.

That's when things started getting blurry like she was drunk again. And at that moment, more than any other time in her life, Naomi knew what she wanted. Maybe it was Luther singing, "A house is not a home," or the four cosmopolitans finally kicking in; or the shock of seeing Jenner so naked and so white in her living room, or more likely the pain of remembering who wasn't there. Whatever it was, Naomi lost it. She started quietly weeping.

Jenner turned, initially smiled, but as he came closer and saw her tears, guided her to the sofa, and with real concern and tenderness asked her what was wrong.

He was so nice that it pushed Naomi over the emotional edge she was clinging to with desperation. She let go and began sobbing and hiccupping uncontrollably.

"Naomi, what is it? You know, I don't want you to think I make a habit of sleeping with my colleagues." Then he started rambling on and on about consensual sex, him being a big supporter of the "Black Lives Matter" movement and on and on.

In between sobbing and hiccupping, Naomi tuned him out and could barely talk. She just nodded.

He moved closer and pulled her towards him. "I'm probably just as nervous as you are. We'll just take it real slow and not rush ourselves. I'm talking too much, right?"

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Finally, Naomi, took a deep breath. "It's not you. It's what I need and want."

He didn't get it, but thought he did.

"Oh, is that what you're worried about. Not to worry. I came prepared."

He pulled a purple condom out of one of his nearby shoes. "Does this make you feel better?"

Naomi looked down at the condom and into Jenner's worried blue eyes as her body continued to jerk in rhythm with the sobs which were now coming from somewhere deep inside her.

Almost whispering, Naomi tried to explain. "I want a black man."