

“No sex for three years?” I did not hide my suspicion. “That is a long time for a man, Gary, what is up with that?”

His stare was unreadable, so I was surprised when he reached out to me and pulled me close to him. He had packed his dishes and was leaning against my front door. I was in the middle of his legs, close to his chest and staring up at his face. For too long I had not been embraced by a good looking man, so being in Gary’s arms felt liberating. His cologne lured me closer to his body. The embrace put all my female parts on notice, but I tried to remain composed because he was my husband’s cousin. Gary wrapped his arms around my waist, softly kissed me on my forehead and then said,

“I’m not gay, Miss. Lady, and I’m not infected with anything because I know that’s what you’re thinking.”

“I am thinking that what we are doing is wrong and you should leave,” I pulled away, but he pulled me back to him.

“It’s not wrong for me to love you; it’s not wrong for you to let yourself be wanted and loved by a man who wants the job.” He tilted my face to his, but I held back.

“We cannot do this.” There was no weight to my words; they were said for reason’s sake yet, they were empty.

“We’re already doing it,” he said— and then his lips met mine.