

Smooth
AS SILK

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A Novel

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Dedication

To all interracial couples who truly love each other, and therefore protect and preserve what they have. For Olivia who supported and believed in me.

Prologue

Brian Johnson and Rebecca Silverstream were young people who knew each other since grade school. Their two families lived in the same neighborhood in Georgia. It was a multi-racial environment. Residents got along well with each other.

As they matured, so did the bond of friendship that existed between them. Even though their parents knew that they were boyfriend and girlfriend, her father had strong suspicions about Brian. He maintained this attitude because of his upbringing.

His parents instilled in him that black people were to be watched and not trusted. In short, he possessed a stream of unfounded prejudices and racial biases toward people of African American descent.

Further down the road, a situation arose. Brian's father was served a citation to relocate to North Carolina. The company he worked for was moving. His family consented to move. This event changed the dynamics under which their love blossomed. A

series of developments transpired, including a loss of contact between Brian and Rebecca.

As fate would have it, he stumbled on her unexpectedly. The meeting produced high drama and rekindled the flame of love. How they proceeded after their reunion is what the following pages attempt to reveal. The journey is exciting and full of surprises. Buckle your seat belt and hop along for the ride.

Chapter One

Prairie View University held a tradition for offering good education to its students. It was observed as a top choice for black students who pursued careers in science and engineering. Many good students who graduated from the university proved to be valuable assets to their company. They made remarkable contribution to the overall developments and achievements of their respective companies.

The university was predominantly composed of African Americans with a small percentage of other minority groups including those of Spanish and Asian descent. Rebecca was born in Atlanta, Georgia. She grew up in an environment in Georgia, where the rise and achievements of African Americans today are clearly visible. Working in the library offered her the opportunity to see students interact with each other intellectually.

The century old stigma that African Americans are weak, unintelligent, and unable to excel in other areas has been put to rest. Since the millennium,

the age of computers and complex business organizations continue to see a high influx of African Americans steering the wheels of industry toward a bright future.

Under such a climate of proven visible manifestations, young students with awesome potential strutted in dance as they pursued their academic goals. Time and time again, she saw the brown skin, ebony skin and caramel skin young men and women come and go. Dressed in styles that reflected individuality in tastes and preferences, they showed off expressions of a variety.

All of these positive signs and symbolisms attracted her attention. She shifted her glances more toward the young men who came and used the facilities of the library. Her interest in young black men took an unusual curiosity.

An unplanned incident occurred between her and a student named Michael. It just happened that he was in the library that evening. He dressed casually in loose beach cotton pant with drawstrings and an elastic waist. He wore an orange tank top and some new gym shoes. She wore cream cotton loose pant and a short top that showed little skin. The cotton pant fitted her well. Her butt rested snugly against the material. Whenever she walked, it bounced and shook causing the material to billow with motion.

She stood on a stool to remove magazines from

the top shelf. He was walking in the same direction when he saw her standing on the stool. He moved quickly and held the stool. He asked, "Don't you think you should be more careful in what you attempt to do?" She turned, looked down at him and smiled.

She replied, "I am being careful. The stool is strong enough to support my weight." He interrupted, "That's not all that matters. If you move around, you might create a condition of unbalance forces and the stool will shift or become unsteady. This could result in a fall. It would be a shame to see such a gorgeous beauty fall to the ground and get hurt."

They continued their conversation. "Well, thank you for offering your help and no thank you. I'm fine." "You're not. I'm going to stand and keep the stool steady until you're done." She turned and looked at him. This time she discovered that he was handsome and fittingly shaped with beautiful body seams. "Alright. I guess I'm being such a thick head and silly. Thank you. You are very kind." "You're welcome and it's my pleasure."

She finished arranging the magazines and slowly descended the stool one step at a time. Nearing the end, she got distracted from looking at him. She missed a step and fell. He was right there to catch her. Her body fell directly into his waiting arms. She landed with her firm butt resting hard in his pelvic area while his hands wrapped around her shoulders. The grip was awkward but perfect for breaking her fall.

The few seconds that her butt rested in his loins, it created immediate sensitivity in his sex. He felt a stir and his joystick swelled in happy recognition. She realized what happened. She rose up allowing her butt to become free of what had become a temporary seat. He slid his hands from around her shoulders and bumped her breasts in the motion.

He said, "Oh! I'm sorry. My hands slipped." He looked at her earnestly with an expression that said so many things. She took advantage of the situation. Without any verbal response to his plea, she moved forward and wrapped her arms around him in a hug and thanked him for his help.

With supple breasts pressing hard against his chest, the surge that was initiated came alive with new emotions. He stood still and breathed in the air. She remained holding him close for few seconds. The embrace created the impact she wanted to leave with him. Now she slowly disengaged smiling flirtingly as she stared at him.

He said, "I forgot to introduce myself. I am Michael, a senior Mechanical Engineering student." She replied, "I am Rebecca. I work in the library." "Well, I must be going. I'm sure that I'll run into you again." "Okay, I'll see you later. Goodbye Michael." He looked over and waved. She knew then that she left something permanent with him.

She picked up the stool and walked toward the

front counter. She entered through the small gate and disappeared into one of the rooms in the back. She thought about what just happened. She could feel his scent and cologne still on her clothing. She wanted it to stay with her until she saw him again. He appeared very intelligent, calm and humble. Yet, there was something more sophisticated about him that she couldn't quite put her hands on.

Most of the tables and booths were vacant. Only few magazines needed to be put away. People who remained were packing up to leave. A still silence covered the room. She was successful in clearing one side of the room by returning books to the shelves and adjusting tables and chairs. She dimmed the lights over the area she completed. It was on her way to replacing books on the shelves to the east wing of the library when she was distracted.

The library was practically empty. It was nearing closing time when he stumbled on her. He was between the shelves looking for a book on heat transfer. She wore jeans and a top that hugged her upper body. When she walked, he noticed her back and the fitting of her jeans. That was just too much booty for a white girl. There was not much space in the area where they stood. It was in a corner against the wall. The wooden bookshelves hid their presence.

Her chest was pressed into him because of the way he held her in a bear hug. She put her hands around his shoulder and breathed in his cologne. It

was an unusual happening neither one of them expected. The situation started from a modest gesture of a hug she gave him when he called out her name.

She approached him and stopped when she reached him. She stood just a foot away from him smiling. She flirted with him through her smile. He said, "Can I please have a hug?" She replied, "Certainly." And then she moved forward and embraced him. But it didn't end there.

He kissed her again and again, setting into motion the feelings inside of her. The burning desire of wanting to give him her body nagged her emotions. Her face was flushed with romantic glow. Her body yearned for his affection. Deep inside her being, she wondered what it would be like being loved by him. The confidence and flirtation of his nature added curiosity to the emotions she felt.

Things began to heat up as they continued hugging and kissing, feeling and rubbing their bodies against each other. They talked in whispers. He removed one of her breast out of her brassiere while she held up her top. And then he moved his head over and took the nipple into his mouth. He sucked on it tenderly allowing his lips to slide back and forth, up and down the stem.

She moaned and threw her head back. He removed his mouth and pushed it back into her brassiere. She said, "Oh! Michael, that was so good." She pulled

down her sweater. He gave her one last kiss and then he disappeared among the shelves toward the exit. She patted her hair in place and stepped away from the corner behind the shelves. She resumed what she was doing.