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THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TICKET



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ALVIN "KING PEN" JONES

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CHAPTER ONE

Her entire body burningly ached with anxious desire as she sat at the Hyatt's downstairs bar casually nursing a stiff drink of Maker's Mark with a splash of cranberry on the rocks.

Strategically positioned at the edge of the bar with her face towards the door, Tesha carefully eyed the vast sea of potential suitors as they slowly filtered into the room in hopes of finding that one special man who would ultimately be the proud recipient of her coveted golden ticket. It wasn't long before she finally gazed down the bar and intensely locked eyes with what could've easily been the most handsomest man she'd ever laid eyes on.

Standing at approximately 6' 2" 225lbs of well trimmed muscle, the mysterious, dark complected, well dressed Dapper Don was surely a sight to behold. So much so that she couldn't restrain her lustful eyes

from carefully examining the way his suit fit so snugly around the rippling contours of his well-defined frame.

"Humph... I know they say too much chocolate is bad for your health, but damn. I surely wouldn't mind overindulging on that," Tesha thought to herself as she boldly licked her lips before placing a fresh stemmed cherry upon the tip of her tongue and pulling it seductively into her mouth without breaking her gaze for a moment.

The mysterious man sat back quietly watching as Tesha seemingly maneuvered her tongue around the interior of her mouth for what nearly amounted to a minute. It was surely the sexiest thing he'd ever seen a woman do with her mouth. And he was even more impressed when she finally extended her tongue from the depths of her mouth, boldly displaying a newly formed pretzel shaped stem neatly perched upon the face of its wet tip.

Upon witnessing such a purely miraculous feat the mysterious man quietly raised his glass as he casually pursed his lips donning a smug look of approval.

"Excuse me, Bartender," said Tesha, immediately beckoning the barkeep to her side without further ado.

"Yes Ma'am. How may I help you this evening?" the barkeep curiously inquired ever ready to please.

“Do you see that guy down there... Send him another glass of whatever he’s having on me. And also if possible I was kinda hoping you could give him this,” said Tesha as she dug into her purse and secretly slid the barkeep a small 5’x3’ manila envelope.

“No problem Madam. I’ll handle both requests right away,” the barkeep kindly assured as he turned and did just that without the slightest hesitation.

Tesha sat back watching intently as the mysterious man issued a bright smile in her direction upon receiving the free drink. It wasn’t until he finally peeked into the envelope that his cool, calm demeanor suddenly contorted into a look of sheer confusion.

Tesha simply beamed, donning an all knowing grin as he finally rose from his seat then casually made his way down the bar over to her side.

“Hello Beautiful. I caught the drink, but unfortunately I didn’t catch your name. I’m Jaycen, but all my friends call me Jayce,” said the mysterious man as he leaned against the bar casually nursing his drink with a smooth debonair smile.

“Well I hate to break the news Jaycen, but it’s impossible to catch what hasn’t been thrown,” Tesha playfully rebutted in a slightly condescending tone.

"*Hmm...* Beautiful and sharp witted. What a helluva combination. Mind if I have a seat?" Jaycen curiously inquired as he gazed at the empty barstool patiently awaiting her response.

"Free country ain't it?" Tesha simply stated, offering a nonchalant shrug.

"Well, in that case, don't mind if I do," said Jaycen as he climbed atop the stool and bellied up to the bar. "And I have to thank you for the drink. It's surely greatly appreciated, but I must admit I was kinda taken aback when you sent it over. It's not often that a woman treats a man to a drink. Usually it's the other way around."

"Well Baby I'm not your average woman. I'm a tad bit more unorthodox than most... Or at least I've been told," said Tesha as she seductively twirled her tongue around the tip of her straw before wrapping her lips around it for a deep refreshing sip.

"Oh yeah? And just how so is that?" Jaycen curiously inquired as he sat back all ears. "Well, for starters I'm a woman who knows what she wants and I'm surely not afraid to simply reach out and get it," Tesha kindly explained as she reached over and boldly palmed the large bulge in the front of his linen slacks without the slightest care in the world as to whether anyone was watching.

“*Hmm...* Duly noted. And there’s definitely nothing wrong with a woman who knows what she wants,” said Jaycen as he glanced down at her hungry hand appearing totally unfazed. “But what I’m curious to know is what’s all this about? Maybe you can take a moment to clarify this, cause right now I’m at a loss,” Jaycen inquired further as he casually withdrew a shiny golden ticket from his pocket donning a slightly confused glare.

“Well, it’s exactly what it says. No gimmicks. No games. Just one free admission into my beloved chocolate factory where you’ll be free to indulge in all the sweet dark chocolate your burning heart desires. But you have to act now while the offer still stands... I mean that’s if you indeed like chocolate as I truly assume you do,” said Tesha staring him dead in the eyes as she casually uncrossed her legs allowing a brief peek up the interior of her super short dress.

“Without question I love chocolate. What man could possibly deny the beautiful sensation one acquires from having its sweet savory taste slowly melting upon the tip of his tongue. My only question now is where can I find this beloved chocolate factory that you speak of so highly cause I’m absolutely dying for a grand tour of its interior,” said Jaycen, literally salivating at the

mouth as he gazed upon her pleasantly plump pantiless crotch with a look of lustful desire burning bright in his brown eyes.

"It's actually right before your eyes, but if your true question is where can you partake in its many wonderful amenities then all you have to do is hand over your golden ticket and I'll happily lead the way," Tesha thoughtfully explained as she held out her hand confidently awaiting what she was sure to be an affirmative response.

"Well I'll follow, you lead. But please be warned, my appetite for things chocolate is purely insatiable," Jaycen cautiously foretold as he guzzled down his drink and prepared to be led.

"Well let's see if my beloved chocolate factory has the ability to make you thirst no more... Right this way Big Poppa. Your grand tour awaits," said Tesha, clearly up for the challenge as she immediately took him by the hand and happily lead the way, giving him a beautiful panoramic view of her factory's rotund rear entrance as she seductively sashayed across the floor and out the bar into the hotel's well lit ground floor lobby.

They were eventually joined by another couple also intending to head upstairs as they stood in the lobby patiently awaiting the hotel's elevator to finally

return to the ground floor. It wasn't long before they were finally met by a loud "*Ding*" as the elevator doors slowly parted ways revealing an empty yet pristine marble and mirror laden interior.

Both couples quietly shot the other awkward stares as they stood before the open doors, each equally hesitant to be the first to board out of sheer humanistic courtesy. But as time wore on and no one seemed to budge, Tesha finally took the initiative to take her sexy suitor by the hand and kindly lead the way.

"What floor are you two lovebirds heading to this evening?" Tesha kindly inquired as she stood before the brightly illuminated panel of number engraved buttons patiently awaiting a response from the awkwardly quiet couple.

"Thee... Thee fourth floor please," the woman nervously stammered in a thick Arab accent as she calmly lowered her face towards the ground in shame.

"Fourth floor it is," said Tesha as she quickly punched the second dial as well as the twentieth before hurrying back to her sexy suitor's side, pressing her ass firmly against the slight bulge in the front of his pants as they stood in the corner patiently awaiting to finally reach their intended floor.

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