**Chapter 1**

When the sound of her snoring filled the room, Ethan thought it safe to get out of the bed. Lynne was a hard sleeper and he knew the workout he had given her would most definitely put her out until the early morning lights, when she would be craving for more. Picking up the two condoms he had used, he dumped them in the garbage. The slut hadn't even noticed he'd faked an orgasm. He'd been doing this for the past three times they had intercourse. He was trying to be the unsuspecting husband, but it was difficult when the stupid cunt didn't even make an effort anymore to hide her infidelity from him. She just thought he was downright ignorant. Three lovers he'd found already, and he worried there were more of them well placed with easy access to her open arms.

Staring down at her, he felt an inclination to kill her. He could take the thick king size pillow and cover her face up so she would never utter another word again and never enjoy being in the arms of another man. The lying filthy cunt! Damn! Why did she have to be his wife?

Crossing the large bedroom, furnished in black wood and purple - his favorite colors - he picked up her purse and opened the organizer. Did she purposely write in her lover's appointment times knowing he could look, or did she think he was just too dumb to look? Either way, he had found out about the many lovers of Lynne Gray-Black about two months ago. The thought of her sleeping with other men didn't bother him as much as he thought it would. He had never loved her in the beginning. She was just something to do, but when she became pregnant three years ago, he was an honorable man and married her. She lost the baby in its eighth month when she decided to get drunk and crash a brand new Mercedes into a tree at eighty miles per hour. The doctor said the little boy was practically ripped out of the placenta and the cord around his neck choked him to death.

His son had never had a chance and now Ethan wasn't going to give Lynne a chance. He would find something to hurt her, just like she was hurting him. Flipping through her organizer, he found the address he needed and quickly wrote it down. Nanna Gray lived on the west side of town. He knew she owned a Laundromat, which was being run by a stepson, Marvin Clark. Nanna was old and sick from a recent stroke and she was basically home-bound for the rest of her life. But, she depended upon Marvin to keep her business going.

Ethan had hired a detective to investigate Lynne's past and he found out a great deal of information on his wife. Nanna had two daughters, Ecole and Lynne, who were twins. Ecole had been a very bright child, while Lynne was lazy and slow. Ecole had graduated four years early from middle school and completed high school in a year, then went on to college. She married at the age of sixteen to Marvin Clark, but then she died while having a child at the age of seventeen. Marvin was only eighteen and since he had no other family, he stayed with Nanna to help her with the business. Although from the reports, he was more like Lynne--very lazy. But, Nanna had no one else to help her.

Meanwhile, at the age of thirteen, Ethan found out that Lynne had a daughter out of wedlock. No one was sure who the father was, but Lynne didn't care about the child. Nanna ordered Lynne to have the child and give parental rights to her. Lynne obeyed but soon after the child was born, Lynne left the house for New York to pursue a modeling career.

Ethan found her there when he attended a construction convention in the city five years ago, working as an upscale escort. She was great in bed and he convinced her to come back to Detroit and live with him in the outskirts of the city in Auburn Hills. He had a large house in Detroit, but never used it because he never liked living in the city.

Even with his powerful stamina, which he was very famous for, it wasn't enough to satisfy his insatiable wife. She seemed to crave men and he found out through the detective that when he was away at work, she was having two to three trysts a day. Sometimes, they were with more than one man. Realizing this sickened him and he knew he would never have any emotions for his wife for the rest of his life.

This also meant that he could divorce her and she wouldn't get a dime of his money because of the prenuptial agreement his father had her sign. There were pictures, receipts, notes, and witnesses that could attest that Lynne had not been faithful to Ethan.

Yet, this wasn't what pissed Ethan off the most.

Finding his wife making love to his own brother in Ethan's bed was what had pushed him to the limit. He was in the opinion that his father planned it, by sending his son home from an Upper Peninsula job two days early.

Ethan heard noises upstairs and strangely, the rest of the house was empty. Going toward the noises, he knew it was his wife, but then coming around the corner to see the man she was riding was enough to rip his gut out.

After this, Ethan had been completely on the outs with his family, including his father, whom he was sure knew about the affairs long before Ethan caught his brother. Ethan even suspected his father had fallen for Lynne’s seductress ways, despite how his father felt about black women.

Lynne stirred in her sleep a little, but this didn't bother him. Lighting a cigarette, he wondered how he would get revenge on his wife. How would he make her so emotionally disabled that he could bring tears to those cold black eyes, stress that perfect cocoa skin and see her gray from the hurt he put on her heart?

When morning came, Ethan had not slept all night. But, he had somewhat of a plan in mind, except he needed to find out more information.

After getting dressed, he picked up the organizer and looked at her schedule. She was due to go over Nanna's house to check on her. Every Tuesday she did this. Ethan had a feeling Lynne was just waiting for her mother to die so she could take control of the Laundromat and sell it off. She had already talked to buyers when Nanna had her first stroke and this weekly visit was only to make people think she was actually concerned about her mother. But in truth, Lynne cared more about herself than anyone else. Whenever Nanna died, Lynne would make a small fortune on the business, which received high traffic due to the location.

Never once had Lynne ever invited him over to see Nanna. She had repeatedly told him he wouldn't be accepted, because of his color, in her part of the neighborhood. She didn't want anybody to bother Nanna in her condition when they found out Lynne had married a white man. She was quick to say color didn't matter to her, but people in the neighborhood wouldn't understand.

He wanted to know what she had to hide over at Nanna's place. Was it the child? It had to be because she never made the effort to tell Ethan about the girl. He had found this out through the detective he hired.

Driving his custom van to the office, he changed into some casual clothes and a baseball cap. With the dark tan he naturally sported and the curly hair with a cap, he wouldn't be recognizable in the hood. He borrowed one of his employee’s '93 Dodge Shadow and drove it to Nanna's block to wait.

About an hour into his wait, he saw a female come out the house toting garbage. Since it was cold out, she had on a hat and a thick ankle-length brown coat with a fur collar. The hat was pulled low on her face so he couldn't see her features well. After she dumped the trash in the large black Courville garbage container, she walked in the opposite direction where Ethan was sitting. From the look of her, she couldn't be more than sixteen. But then if that was the daughter, she would have to be nineteen.

Ethan had gotten a brief history on the girl from the detective.

She was very sheltered. Mainly, she took care of Nanna, even going so far as to drop out of high school at fifteen and take care of her grandmother and the home. While getting her GED, at night she worked at the Laundromat and read insatiably. The detective noted that he once saw her reading *War and Peace*. When she wasn't taking care of Nanna or working, she earned extra money tutoring elementary mathematics to children in the neighborhood. Plus, she started to get a teacher’s certificate without anyone else knowing that she was sneaking online for a degree. She was a numbers genius according to past teachers. But since she never finished regular high school, many thought she had gone to waste. The detective said that when she turned eighteen, she opened an account and deposited money earned from tutoring, without her uncle knowing about it.

Her personality was invert. She didn't go anywhere other than home or work.

The uncle was a different story. He had married Lynne's twin, Ecole Gray, and now stayed permanently at Nanna's home after his wife died in labor of their first child, who also died. Ethan was positive no one knew about the man's penchant to visit the city casinos and bet a thousand a night, wasting money and borrowing from the wrong people. They were carless and almost houseless because of this man. He was slowly deteriorating the family business by taking money from the business to support his gambling habit. According to the detective, he owed a lot of money to the wrong people, who would kill him if he didn't pay up soon.

Ethan didn't follow the girl. He waited another hour, when Lynne finally pulled up in the driveway. A man came out who stood about six feet, very lanky and ungroomed. Lynne got out of the car and gave him a long kiss on the lips. They laughed together at something he said, and then with a swat to her butt, they rushed in the house.

Putting out the third cigarette, Ethan got out of the car and went around the alley until he got to Nanna's backyard. He climbed the fence and went around to various windows until he found the one he wanted.

They were half locked in an embrace, desperately trying to get their clothes off, kissing and rubbing each other all over. She was a nymphet, craving every touch he placed on her body with his hands and mouth. Ethan could hear their groaning and panting outside the window.

"Damn baby, you so wet!" Marvin moaned as he plunged repeatedly into her. She clutched him as if her life depended on it.

"Ohh baby, I'm coming," he warned. "Not yet," she begged.  
"Oh shit."  
"Not yet."

"Arrrrrrrrgh."  
"Damn!"