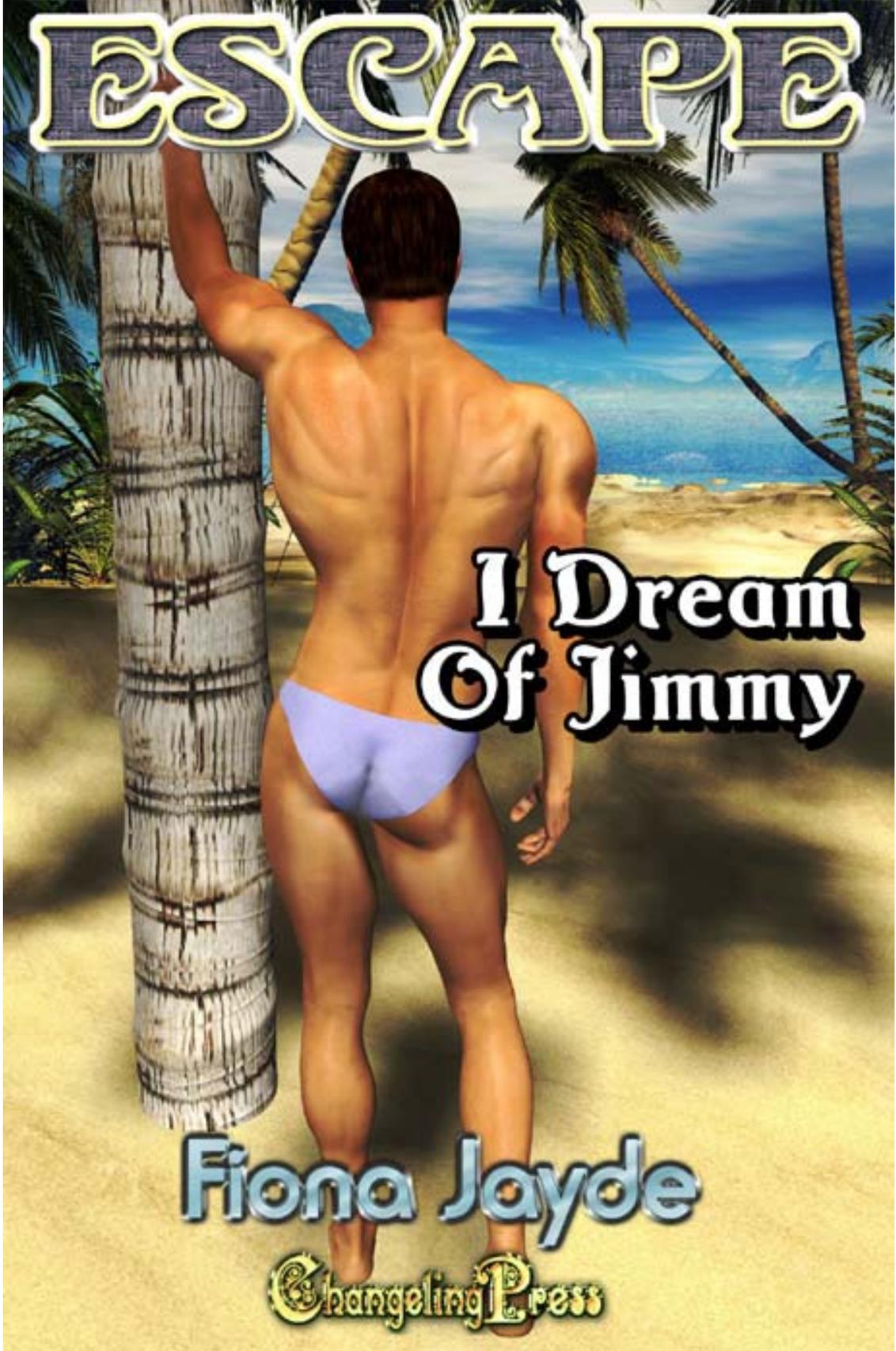


ESCAPE

A muscular man with dark hair, seen from the back, is standing on a sandy beach. He is wearing light purple briefs and is leaning his right arm against the trunk of a palm tree. He is looking out over a tropical landscape with more palm trees, a blue sky, and a body of water in the distance. The overall scene is bright and sunny.

**I Dream
Of Jimmy**

Fiona Jayde

Changeling Press

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I Dream of Jimmy

Fiona Jayde

When Amy comes to Hawaii for the wedding of her best friend and her ex-fiancé, she has no idea that the magic bottle of lotion is the home of a cursed genie. A sexy, gorgeous and buff genie who will grant her three wishes and a fantasy.

I Dream of Jimmy

"Aloha!"

Tomorrow she'd squeeze into the perfect pink dress for Sarah's perfect Maui wedding and smile brightly as Sarah vowed to love, honor and cherish the perfect asshole, who just happened to be Amy's own ex-fiancé. Of course the wedding had to be six weeks before retail Black Friday when every client called with small and crucial changes. E-commerce was hell and for one weekend she got to escape into so-called paradise.

Amy climbed into a cab/minibus thing. No screaming kids, no busily kissing honeymooners. For that, Amy offered a small prayer.

"Aloha! First time to our island?"

Blinking into the burning sun, Amy squinted. The woman -- a tiny hump of a woman -- sat just behind her. "Yes."

When she was done blinking, the woman was sitting next to her. "Your skin is very light. Hawaii sun will burn you."

Amy resisted the eye roll. Barely. "I brought sunscreen."

The folds of the woman's face stretched into a smile. "I have herb shop, on Napili Beach. Natural oils for skin."

Inwardly, Amy sighed. At least the woman wasn't pushing time-shares.

"I'll give you sample." The woman produced a bottle and managed to shove it into Amy's hand. "That's my shop." Something a bit wicked danced in those raisin eyes. "You come see me."

* * *

All she needed was a good drink, a good book and a good fuck.

It really was beautiful here. Endless white beaches, sapphire waves, gorgeous surfers with their long boards and washboard abs. The breeze whispered something soothing to nodding palms.

She woke because her neck burned. She'd braved a two-piece for the first time in ages, and was rewarded with sunburn. "Fucking everlasting hell." She groped in her bag, already hearing the lectures on cancer, tan lines and God knew what else.

Her fingers closed around something deliciously cool. The bottle from the old woman.

With her thumb, Amy rubbed at the bit of oil on the metal stopper before twisting it open. Subtle musk drifted into the air, smooth and somehow masculine.

"Old Lani is still alive then."

One of the surfer gods stood in front of her. Beautifully bronzed skin stretched over broad shoulders and sculpted abs, disappearing under light tan pants covering an impressive bulge.

When she finally looked up, her jaw dropped. Sun-kissed hair framed a lean, strong face, the lush mouth in pure contrast with the granite jaw. His eyes were blue and brilliant in the blazing sun.

Maybe that "good fuck" thing would actually happen.

He chuckled, as if reading her mind. Came closer.

Amy scrambled up so she could keep looking at all of him instead of just his crotch.

"I'm James. Or Jimmy. I will grant you three wishes and one fantasy."

Okay, he was gorgeous... and just a little nuts.

"I think you have the wrong person." She needed to gather her stuff and stop staring at him.

"You opened the bottle. I'm stuck with you."

Somehow that didn't sound like a compliment.

"Listen --" She slung the bag over her shoulder and the sudden burn made her hiss. "Shit. Great. Just great."

Her arms were an angry red. She imagined her back wasn't any better.

"You're sunburned."

"No shit, Sherlock."

Then he looked into her eyes, his gaze locked onto her and she couldn't move.

"I can make it better," he whispered and she could see nothing but the endless depths of his blue eyes. "Just wish for it."

The breeze whispered in her ears and she nodded. *Just wish for it. Make it better.*

His hands were on her now. He was behind her, warm gentle palms smoothed over her back, her neck, her shoulders, soothing her skin, trailing something deliciously cool over her spine, then around over the slope of her belly, higher, higher still. Her breasts swelled in his palms and his lips snuck quick clever kisses on the pulsing spot just under her jaw.

She sighed as his thumbs found her nipples. His lips claimed hers, and any remaining sanity vanished.

Smelling sun, sea and man, she melted into him, gave herself to the pleasure of his hands. Long hard fingers smoothed over her belly, teased a light circle over her navel. Dipped lower.

Pleasure sparked as she pressed herself against his palm. He slid his hand past the material covering her, and probed a fingertip into her slick opening. Then his hand was gone, and when she opened her eyes she saw his hand at his mouth.

"Delicious," he murmured, and his lips were on hers again, both his hands sliding along her pussy, gentle fingers spreading her, circling, rubbing, gently first, then harder, rougher, until she coiled, gasped. Climaxed.

She was being groped by a nutcase on a public beach.

She tore out of his arms, and slung her bag over her shoulder.

What did you say to a man who'd just fingered you to a blistering orgasm? His lazy knowing smile brought heat to her cheeks, part arousal and mostly embarrassment. "I'll see you later."

* * *

The sunburn was gone.

Amy realized it at the rehearsal dinner while pretending to be charming to Ian and his new fiancée – her best friend, Sarah -- with what used to be Amy's sparkling diamond on her French-tipped finger.

Watching moonlight dance on the waves just under her balcony, she finished another Mai Tai and finally admitted it had really happened. Three wishes and one fantasy. From a sexy genie guy who'd made her come.

She opened the bottle she was clenching. The musk was more potent this time.

Of course, nothing happened. Why would anything happen when she stood there like an idiot rubbing a bottle of "magic" sunscreen, waiting for a gorgeous surfer genie to grope her in the moonlight?

"Not a bad idea." He was leaning on the doorjamb, still wearing only pants, big, buff and gorgeous.

"Um. Hi." *String a sentence together, you idiot.* "So... you're a genie?"

"Not exactly." He didn't move, just stood still, moonlight delicately caressing his skin.

"But the three wishes --"

"Two." He held up two fingers.

"Two?"

"Your sunburn."

"Oh. Right." At least in the moonlight he wouldn't see her blush. "Thanks."

He chuckled, the sound insanely sexy. "Welcome."

James wasn't sure why she drew him. Pretty, not classically beautiful, but still pretty with her mermaid green eyes, lush curves and tousled cap of chestnut hair.

What will it be, sweetheart? Oodles of money, an adoring husband, deep soul stirring beauty?

Amy. He liked her name. Simple and sunny. This foreign need to drive her to pleasure was a strange and not too pleasant surprise.

The breeze ruffled her hair.

"Have you thought of your wishes?"

"I assume there are rules?"

A practical girl. For some reason it delighted him. "Can't give you more wishes. Can't do world peace."

She frowned. "Love?"

He tensed at that, wasn't sure why, but he didn't like it. "Sure."

She nodded thoughtfully. "And the fantasy?"

"Anything you want." He grinned at her.

"Anything?" She licked her lower lip before she said it, and his cock, already at half-mast, sprang to full attention. Her gaze flickered lower, jerked back to his.

He grinned wider, feeling just a bit wicked. "Anything. Sex. Threesomes. Orgies."

Her mouth trembled open. He couldn't help himself, just moved closer to caress that soft lower lip.

"Sex?"

He found himself intently interested in her mouth. Wondered what it felt like, tasted like. "Is that what you'd like?"

She cleared her throat. "Let me think about it."

"Think away," he murmured, and softly took her lips.

Silk, spice and heat, she opened to him, tightened her arms around him. Needing more, desire suddenly clawing, he nudged her back against the high rail, pressed his erection into the softness of her belly, his mouth rougher now, demanding more.

With a moan she kissed him back, wildly, desperately. Arousal, mild for so many years, boiled through him like molten lava. He gripped the delicious swell of her ass, lifted her, and settled her over his cock. Her dress riding high, she squeezed her legs around him. She wore no panties. Her wet heat drove him insane. "I want you," he growled between kisses.

She managed to wheeze out a "yes" before dragging his mouth back to hers.

To hell with magic. He had to have her. Now.

He struggled to tug down his pants as she pressed hot biting kisses over his lips, his neck, his jaw. He forgot finesse, forgot delicacy. If he didn't fuck her right now, he would simply die.

His cock jutted out, and he tore his mouth away. Her eyes widened and locked with his as he plunged deep into that wet, welcoming, scorching silk. Around his waist, her thighs tightened.

Sanity pierced back for one brief moment. "Am I hurting you?"

"Shut up and fuck me." Both fists in his hair, she all but growled it.

Sanity fled.

Her ass clenched in his hands as he drove inside her, hard, harder, deeper. Wild little moans escaped her mouth when he scraped his teeth along the smooth column of her neck or the fascinating curve of her ear.

He felt her muscles coil. Her neck arched, those wild eyes closed. Her pussy spasmed around him, gripping him tighter. She shuddered in his arms as she screamed her climax into the night, and he fucked her through it, until his own orgasm shredded his mind to pieces.

When he finally managed to open his eyes, he watched the moon tease her hair.

"Wow," she sighed. And magic help him, she dropped her head on his shoulder and fell asleep with him still inside her.

* * *

In the shower, it finally hit her.

She bounced out with pink, splotchy skin and soapy hair. "We didn't use a condom!"

Stretched out on the bed, her genie lover raised a blond eyebrow. "I've been clean for over a hundred years."

At that she felt dumb. "Oh."

He got up and with a friendly hand on her ass, herded her back into the steaming shower. "Thought about your two wishes?" Diligently he washed shampoo off her head.

Under his hands, she all but purred. "You aren't interested in my fantasy?"

He snorted. "Last night wasn't your fantasy?"

Soapy water covering her face, she risked opening an eye. "I never said it was."

"Got me." He chuckled.

She was a bit surprised he'd hung around. Pleasantly surprised.

"So what's your fantasy?"

His skin gleamed in the water, stretching over amazing muscles. She wanted to bite him.

Her fantasy -- the favored one -- was from an e-book where an alien hero endowed with two male weapons fucked a screaming heroine blind.

"Really?"

She opened her eyes again to see him grinning wolfishly at her. "You read minds?"

"I read fantasies." He leaned down, those incredible eyes intense on hers. "Is that what you'd like?"

Unable to move, she whispered, "Yes."

"Is that your fantasy?"

She nodded.

His mouth touched her lips. "So be it."

The roar in her head was deafening...

* * *

She was on a beach.

Under the blazing sun she was completely naked.

Before she could run, scream or dive into the waves, James grabbed her. "Relax, Miss Modesty. No one's here."

"Oh."

"Oh," he teased back.

She saw he was naked as well -- with two cocks on full alert. "Maybe we should talk about this."

His grin was predatory. "We already did."

"Um... Yeah. I just don't think --" She took a step back.

"Is being chased and tied up part of your fantasy?"

"What?" Well sometimes, but this was just too weird, two huge beautiful cocks jutting out and --

"I promise I won't hurt you."

He was in front of her, both cocks pressing against her belly. Then his mouth slid over hers and any semblance of thought or fear vanished.

Sand was warm and firm under her as James smoothed fragrant oil over her skin, spreading it between the folds of her pussy, and further back, reaching the tight bud of her anus, then in, while teasing her skin with lips, teeth and tongue. She shook with need as he tongued her nipples, nibbled on her, held her in a writhing, pulsing madness.

"Fuck me, damn you!" Two cocks be damned, she needed him to fill her.

"Which cock would you like in your ass?"

She grabbed two fistfuls of gold hair and tugged, she hoped painfully. "Surprise me," she growled and bit him.

Inch by burning inch, he filled her, claimed both her openings, his gaze locked on her face. She held her breath, expecting pain, wanting that first smooth bite of it. Then he pulled out, slowly, and goose bumps popped like tiny firecrackers on her feverish skin. He pushed in and the tiny firecrackers turned into a blaze.

"You like that, baby?" His fingers gripped her ass.

Breathless, she wondered if he could feel with both cocks.

"Hell yeah," he breathed.

Good. Amazingly good. Dark, hot and brutally erotic. She clenched around him and felt herself lifted. He was on his knees, both hands under her. She licked her lips, watched his eyes, screaming as he filled her, withdrew, plunged in again.

"More?"

"God, yes."

She writhed on his twin cocks, moaning long and loud with each pounding stroke, legs wrapped around him as he fucked her hard and mercilessly. His grunts thundered in her ears. She felt her muscles winding tauter, tighter, clenching around the pounding steel inside until she froze, gasped, and gave in to a shuddering, mind-wrenching, pounding climax. His roar followed seconds later. She felt him spill inside her as she lay shuddering on the warm sand, the sun caressing her damp skin.

On top of her, his breathing was just as harsh. "That was..." he took a deep breath and rolled off her, "...incredible."

With her eyes still closed she smiled. *No shit, Sherlock.*

"Have you thought of your two wishes?"

Back to business then.

"Yes." She sat up, wrapping her arms around her knees. "I want you to come with me to the wedding tonight."

He sat up too, one quick languid motion. "You want me to come with you to the wedding?"

"You read minds but you don't hear well?"

"You don't want to win the lottery or get back your..." he paused for a bit as if remembering, "your Ian?"

"Fuck Ian." She would've gotten up and walked away, except she was naked and had no idea where the hell she was. "I just wanted to spend more time with you in activities other than brain numbing sex. If that's a problem --"

He didn't let her finish, simply placed a finger on her lips. "Done."

But he looked bewildered. Did other women ask for money and marriage? Did he fuck them all?

"Some," he answered. "But yes, most asked for money."

"I thought you didn't read minds."

He shrugged. "It's all over your face. And your last wish?"

There was a heaviness in her chest. "Isn't this where I set you free?"

He chuckled, and it was not a happy sound. "It doesn't work like that."

"I don't know what to wish for."

"Love? Beauty? Success?"

Beauty meant nothing. Success she'd already worked her ass off for. "I don't need anything." Well, almost.

Again that sad smile. "It can't work that way."

He leaned in, captured her gaze with his. Once more she froze under those intense blue eyes. "Make your wish, Amy." His eyes were strangely, wildly sad. As if he was saying goodbye.

She wanted to wish for him. And knew it was impossible.

Instead, she wished for... someone. Together forever and all the bullshit that only happened in movies.

* * *

In the shower, tears flowed freely as the water beat on her head.

As if there weren't enough regular assholes in this world, she'd fallen for a genie. He'd fucked her into oblivion and left her alone.

She yanked a towel around her hair and dripped her way into the bedroom.

James sat on the bed, frowning, his eyes brilliant and blue. "I didn't hear what you wished for," he said, bewilderment in his voice. "The bottle... It's gone."

Speechless, naked, she could only stare.

"You love me?" Again that bewildered voice.

She blinked. "I've known you for two days."

"The curse would only be broken if..." He crossed to her. She backed away even as something like hope bloomed somewhere in her chest.

He took her hand. "You freed me. I'm yours."

"I don't even know who you are," she whispered with a suddenly thick voice.

"I used to be a wizard before Lani's grandmother cursed me."

"How? Why?"

"She wanted eternal love before I could give it." He smiled softly. "But we have a wedding to go to."

Oh, that's right. She wished he'd go with her and here he was. Not because --
"Idiot." His arms wrapped around her. "Together forever. That's what you wanted, isn't it? I want to give it a shot."

"But what about --"

"We'll figure it out."

Okay. She hugged him tight, joy flooding her head and pinching her nose to the point of tears.

"I fell for you," he murmured. "It broke the curse after all these years. Lani was right after all."

She held him tighter and didn't think about dripping all over him, or how stupid it was to think you loved someone after two whole days of knowing them and --

"Let it go for now."

Okay. She let it go.

His lips found hers, softly nibbled.

Then a thought lit up. "So are you still a wizard? Can you --"

She broke off as he threw back his head, and laughing, spun her around.

"If I can't, we'll buy a large strap-on."

Fiona Jayde

Fiona Jayde is an author, a pilot, a ninth degree black belt in three styles of martial arts, a computer hacker, a mountain climber, a jazz singer, a weightlifter, a superspy with a talent for languages, and an evil genius. All in her own head, of course.

In real life, she really is an author, insists she is a good driver even though various loved ones refuse to let her drive, possesses a brown belt in Tae Kwon Do and blue belt in Aikido, a web developer, scared to death of heights, loves jazz piano, can bench-press about twenty pounds -- with effort, speaks English and Russian fluently, and when not plotting murder and mayhem enjoys steamy romance novels, sexy spy thrillers, murky mysteries and violent movies where things frequently blow up.