

# **Firecracker: Chemistry to Burn**

## **Lacey Savage**

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**ISBN: 1-59596-216-6**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1561**

**Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

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**Cover Artist: *Bryan Keller***



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## Chapter One

Angelina Moore's beard itched.

Like the turtleneck of her least favorite fuzzy sweater, the furry bristles she'd picked up at the costume shop tickled every place they touched, especially the sensitive spot right beneath her chin. She swatted at the thick, bushy beard, and for a moment, sighed with relief when it no longer scraped against her skin. The respite was short lived, as the mere act of breathing made her bend her head and the maddening fake hair swept the hollow of her throat.

She growled her frustration between gritted teeth, well aware that her best friend could hear every murmur through the microphone she'd hidden beneath the lapel of her jacket.

"This is by far the dumbest thing you've ever done." Eve Benning's exasperated tone resonated clearly through the earpiece hidden in Angelina's left ear. "What possessed you to think you could get away with it?"

"If I had another choice, do you really think I'd be here?"

"Couldn't you just ask someone for a glamour spell? Your cousin, Trixie, or your Aunt Dora?"

Angelina toyed with the zipper dangling at the bottom of her leather jacket. "Look, it's bad enough to be the only fairy in the family with no real magical abilities. No wings, no glamour spells. Nothing. I'm not going to make a bigger fool of myself by asking for help, especially when I got myself into this in the first place."

Eve was silent for a long moment. "I'm glad you trusted me enough to tell me you were going to do this," she whispered at last.

"I don't think I had much choice. You would have found out about it one way or another."

From the moment the two girls met in fifth grade, they'd watched out for one another, no matter how hare-brained their schemes became. Together, they'd gotten proof of Eve's ex-boyfriend's cheating, managed to get a tenured professor fired for sexual harassment, and had even indulged in a threesome -- and a very memorable foursome -- one night on a cruise ship.

Over the years, they'd learned there was no one else they could count on. They'd been in some dire situations together, but even Angelina had to admit that this brilliant idea of hers could well be the last adventurous thing they ever did.

Eve snorted, a decidedly unladylike sound. "I still say you should have let me come with you. I'd be of more use to you out there than I am in here."

"We've been over this a hundred times. I need you in the van in case I have to make a quick getaway. If Griffin has guards with him, and they spot me, I may need you to drive up to the gate on very short notice."

"Hopefully not before you land a few solid kicks to the bastard's balls. After you're done with him, there'll be no doubt in his mind that he shouldn't have messed with Angelina Moore."

Angelina grinned, her self-confidence boosted by her friend's encouraging words. "Good to have you along."

"Yeah, well, don't get used to it. Are you sure you won't reconsider and go after Griffin the old-fashioned way? With cops and a warrant?"

Angelina opened her mouth to protest, but Eve cut her off before she could begin to launch into the same explanation she'd given her friend every day for the past two weeks. "I know, I know. This is personal. How's it look in there?"

From her hiding spot behind a tall pine tree, Angelina could see the entire sprawl of the Hard Delights amusement park. "Busy."

A Ferris wheel shone brightly against the night sky, and beside it, a long dragon in a curiously phallic shape swung from side to side, its bulbous head revealing a slithering tongue. Twenty feet away from where she'd taken cover, two men stood on

either side of a black metal gate, greeting the huge crowd continuing to pour into the park.

Located an hour's drive outside Vernon, Connecticut, the park had managed to keep away the media circus that usually accompanied adult ventures like this one. Since it was far enough away from town, children mistakenly wandering in and getting an eyeful weren't likely, so the government didn't bother to turn up the heat on the festivities.

"A gay carnival, huh?" Angelina could picture Eve shaking her head. "Wish I could see it."

"After I'm done here, you can borrow the outfit," Angelina suggested, not bothering to hide a smirk.

"And speaking of outfits, how are the pants holding up?"

"Barely." Angelina tugged at the waistband of the leather pants she'd picked up at the costume shop. There'd been only a few full disguises in stock from which to choose. Her options had been limited to a pirate's outfit that definitely didn't look like anything Johnny Depp would wear, a biker, and Santa Claus. Considering she was trying to pass for a man, not win the prize for best costume at a masquerade, she'd gone with the biker. Scratching at the irritating beard, she was beginning to wish she'd picked the pirate. At least he only had a moustache. And a wooden leg.

"Okay, hon. Go get 'im."

Angelina took a deep breath, then another, her palms digging into the hard bark of the tree. Eve was right. She had to go in there, and soon. If Griffin managed to launch the firework shells before she had a chance to sabotage the fuses, this would all be in vain.

"Stay with me," Angelina whispered as she broke free of the cover of the forest and started walking toward the gate. Eve gave an assenting grunt.

The park was even busier than usual tonight, since Hard Delights was celebrating its third year of operation. There were all kinds of activities planned, most of an adult nature, including Angelina's -- Griffin's -- fireworks display. Angelina

cringed at the inward slip. Those fireworks hadn't been hers for a long time. Not since her former business partner decided to steal her formula and create his own batch of physics-defying black powder.

Unlike regular fireworks, which could only be designed in simple shapes, Angelina's formula made it possible to create intricate images and set them free against the backdrop of the clear dark sky. Also, unlike the usual sparkling lights and colors, her fireworks had the power to come alive, to be animated and flicker and move in any way the designer chose before gradually fading into the star-studded midnight velvet behind them.

They said it would never work, of course. The most brilliant minds in chemistry had called Angelina a lunatic, a misguided fool. Even Griffin, the only man she'd trusted with her formula, had scoffed and tried to talk her into creating something more useful, more profitable. That is, until he stole every last note she'd ever made on the explosive powder and disappeared.

*I guess even small sums of profit seem bigger when you don't have to split the take.*

"You there. Where do you think you're going?" The harsh male voice stopped Angelina dead in her tracks. She turned slowly to face one of the guards standing outside the metal gate.

"I thought the park was open to everyone," Angelina said, deepening her voice and praying she wouldn't attract any unwanted attention. Though she knew that the park officials wouldn't turn away a woman just because of her gender, she also knew that ninety-nine percent of the people there tonight would be men, which would make a five-foot-nine redhead much too easy to spot.

"You gotta buy a ticket. Twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars?" she echoed. "That's absurd."

"It's a special night." He moved in closer to stand just an arm's length away. Angelina ducked her head and stared at the ground as she dug her hand into the back pocket of the leather pants, digging for the bills she remembered Eve sliding in there. *For cotton candy*, Eve had suggested.

After exchanging the bill for an orange cardboard ticket, Angelina avoided meeting the man's eyes and walked inside.

She hadn't known what to expect, but the cacophony of light and noise that surrounded her as soon as she slipped through the gate was beyond even her wildest imaginings. The aroma of popcorn, hot dogs, and sweet cotton candy blended with the spicy musk of aftershave and raw sex.

To her right, two men leaned against a lamppost, the harsh neon light spilling over their dark skin. Arms around each other's waists, they watched her, an amused smile on their sharp features.

Across from them, another couple sat on a bench, their tongues entwined, hands skimming across each other's ribs. Angelina watched their fingers trail over tight shirts encasing hard, flat stomachs. The one sitting on the right took things one step further, tugging on his companion's belt. Angelina caught a brief glimpse of sweat-matted hair and glistening pale skin before forcing herself to tear her gaze away. Desire poured through every vein, making her acutely aware she hadn't had sex since Griffin left.

This park, oozing sexual energy from every neon-encrusted ride, was definitely not the place for a horny, oversexed fairy. As a woman, she might have been able to withstand the sensations flowing through her body. As a magical being attuned to every nerve ending, it was all she could do not to find a public washroom and relieve some of the tension thrumming in her loins.

Pulse pounding, she urged herself onward and moved through the throng, taking care to avoid eye contact with anyone who seemed likely to call her on her sorry excuse for a disguise. Gum stuck to the bottom of her shoe and she swore softly as she pulled her foot up from the sticky mess.

Eve chuckled in her ear. "See anything interesting?"

"Men. Lots and lots of men." In fact, Angelina had never seen so many good-looking men gathered in one place. All skin colors, body types and nationalities mingled with one another in front of rides with names like "The Big One," "One Eyed Monster," and "Long and Lean."

"I guess it's true what they say," Eve offered in a playful tone. "If they're not taken, all the good ones are definitely gay."

"Suddenly, I'm starting to think that's not such a bad thing." Only inches away, two of the most delicious men Angelina had ever seen engaged in a passionate kiss. Their lips parted, allowing their tongues to sweep and come together in a dance that lit Angelina's already flustered libido on fire.

"It's been too long since anyone's kissed me like that." Her voice held a hint of melancholy she tried to mask without much success.

"Griffin was a fool."

Angelina had trouble disagreeing with Eve when she had a point. Yet, she couldn't help the way her gut twisted at her friend's words. "He wasn't all bad."

Reluctant though she may have been to admit it, Angelina couldn't hide the fact that she still cared for him, especially not from Eve. Seeing his smiling, arrogant face in the Sunday paper when the announcement for tonight's fireworks display made the news had brought back all kinds of memories she wished had remained buried.

"Sure he was," Eve argued. "How else do you explain the fact that he took everything? He's taking credit for your work, Angelina, even now."

"He had the most perfect ass," Angelina countered. "No man with such a hot ass could be all bad."

Eve laughed, shattering the tension that sizzled through their small communication device. "And a really big cock."

"Hey!"

"What?" Eve asked innocently. "You bragged."

"Yeah, maybe once or --"

The rest of her words caught in her throat and disappeared on a sharp intake of breath. Standing outside the dark opening to a ride called "Blow Me Away," Griffin Taylor looked surprisingly comfortable in dark pressed pants and a soft white shirt that clung to his muscular shoulders like a second skin. Six-two, broad-chested, and built like a football player, Griff had never really blended in with the scientists and chemistry



professors they'd hired to work for Incendiary Enterprises. Yet here, among a multitude of stunning men who mercilessly teased, fondled, and brought each other to the heights of flirtatious ecstasy, her former lover seemed to have found his niche.

Desire swept through her, quickly burrowing between her legs. Her pussy throbbed with recognition.

Griff looked up, his eyes scanning the crowd. Full, sensual lips pursed in concentration. Angelina's breathing stilled, though she knew there was no way he'd recognize her from that distance, especially in the biker outfit and the damnable beard.

"Eve," Angelina murmured, trying to keep her lips still as she spoke into the tiny microphone, "we're on."

## Chapter Two

From his vantage point atop the “Blow Me Away” roller-coaster platform, Griffin watched Angelina stroll into the amusement park, her determined stride only wavering when she caught sight of him. He made a show of letting his gaze wander over the heads of the multitude of men, but his eyes remained fixed on the gorgeous redhead he’d gone to such absurd lengths to draw to his side.

Too bad she looked so little like herself now.

Griffin tried to hide a smirk as he watched her. The leather pants were definitely not her size. They hung down around her waist and trailed on the ground, their shapeless form hiding her luscious long legs. The oversized leather jacket wasn’t much better. Shapeless and bulky, it only served to mask all hints of femininity he knew to be lying beneath.

He remembered every inch of her stunning body. The pale, creamy skin, taut brown nipples, flat stomach, and the mound of red curls he loved to run his fingers through as he nudged at her clit. He could even recall her scent, so different from that of other women. She always smelled and tasted sweet, like he’d just dipped his tongue in a jar of honey. There wasn’t a hint of spice to her. No musk, no pungent aroma of arousal. Just nectarous, syrupy cream, like melted sugar.

He shivered at the memory, forcing himself to look past Angelina’s unflattering clothes. Biting the inside of his lip to keep from grinning, he wondered what had possessed her to go with the outrageous disguise. Even if the costume fit properly, her feet were a dead giveaway. The shiny black pumps had tall, narrow heels.

Not to mention the wig and beard. A disaster. The mound of stringy brown hair sitting ruffled atop her head barely hid the long corkscrew curls she’d stuffed beneath.

As for the beard... well, it hardly seemed fair to call it that. The thick patch of fake fur resembled something she'd picked off the side of the road, and it looked like it irritated her skin just as much. She tugged and scraped at it, her face twisting with aggravation. The last yank pulled the beard off altogether. Far from angered, Angelina seemed relieved, staring at the guise for only a moment before dumping it in a nearby trashcan.

That was more like it. Angelina's fine ivory skin always shone with an internal glow, perpetually dewy and silky smooth to the touch. Her strawberry-red lips parted as the tip of her tongue swept out to moisten them. Gripping the jacket's collar, she turned it up, hiding half her face behind it. Her green eyes darted in his direction. Griff looked away, pretending not to notice.

Only when she turned her back and marched off in the direction of the fireworks did he jump off the platform to follow her. Keeping his distance, he made sure she didn't realize she had company, signaling security to let her "slip" past them. Angelina pressed forward with all the confidence he remembered. It didn't seem to matter to her that she'd just walked into a gay fiesta. Though he saw her glance at a particularly amorous couple, she didn't halt her stride, or shiver with revulsion. In fact, if he knew Angelina, she'd be enjoying the show later, after she'd accomplished what she'd set out to do with that silly disguise and her purposeful gait.

In a place like this, the pyrotechnics were set up about a hundred and fifty feet behind the main stage. The park management hadn't booked a concert tonight, preferring instead to engage the crowd's attention with the exclusive fireworks display Griff had promised them.

Angelina neared a closely parked group of three flatbed launch trailers, where Griff had personally placed round shells, each containing a specialty pyrotechnic marvel.

Her shoulders tensed as she took a cursory look around her. A few feet away, two men were engaged in more than conversation, their groans filling the night air.

Across from them, thirty-five pound steel mortars held the shells in place. A top-of-the-line computer sat well back from the crowd, waiting for the command to launch.

Angelina didn't hesitate. From her right pocket, she pulled out a pair of pliers and knelt before one of the trailers, evidently meaning to get to work as quickly as possible. Each flatbed held a hundred and ten charges. Angelina was a whiz when it came to chemistry, physics, and anything in between. If she'd planned on snipping the fuses on each charge, Griff knew she wouldn't waste a moment of unnecessary time looking for the right spot to cut. She'd tackle the task methodically, rapidly destroying the display in less than half an hour.

If only she'd lavished that kind of attention on him when they were together, Griffin wouldn't have had to go to such extreme measures. Instead, she'd preferred her lab, her powder, and her microscopes to everything he ever had to offer.

The couple's passionate groans masked Griffin's footsteps as he approached Angelina from behind.

"I'm here, Eve. Stay close." Angelina's soft murmur made Griff halt in his tracks. He hadn't seen an accomplice, but that didn't mean Eve wasn't there. Angelina's best friend was never far behind.

Content with his quick perusal of the surroundings, and not giving Angelina a chance to destroy even one of the fuses, he gripped her arm and pulled her to her feet. Clamping his hand around her mouth, he yanked her back and held her close to his body.

Her reactions were quicker than he'd expected. A muffled cry reached his ears a moment before a sharp stab from her elbow brought a stinging pain to Griffin's ribs. Her teeth embedded themselves in his palm.

"Fuck!" He hissed an indrawn breath and released his grip on her arm. "What is wrong with you?"

"What is wrong with *me*?" she shrieked, drawing the attention of the nearby men. Griff waved them away as they started to approach. "I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you."

"Still upset about that?" he challenged in a light, bored tone. "Couldn't you just lock yourself up in your lab for another week or two and design some other crazy concoction the scientific community would never take seriously?"

Angelina gritted her teeth, her jaw tight. Anger flashed in her emerald eyes for only an instant before she lunged for him. It was all the opportunity Griff needed. He gripped her wrists with one hand and spun her around so her back was against him. Lowering his head, he nibbled at her earlobe. She squirmed, but her pulse quickened beneath his thumb, sending a shiver of arousal straight to his groin. "Did you really think you could sabotage my work, Angel?"

She struggled in his hold. "Don't ever call me that again. And it's *my* work, you thieving bastard."

He chuckled, nipping at the tender skin at the side of her throat. "Come on, now. Other than that grimy lab in your basement, you wouldn't have a thing if it wasn't for me."

Her body stiffened. "You gave me your money. I gave you a lot more than that."

"Angelina? Talk to me, honey. Has he hurt you?" The voice came from Angelina's jacket. He trailed his fingertip beneath the hard leather until he found the small hearing device that had fallen out of Angelina's ear. A delicate plastic cord had kept the miniature contraption from falling to the ground.

"I'm fine, Eve," Angelina said. "No need to send out a search party."

"She's not here, is she?" Griff asked, following the cord to the microphone hidden lower beneath the jacket. Angelina gave an almost imperceptible shake of her head.

Not loosening his hold on Angelina's wrists, Griff tossed both snooping devices to the ground. "What did you hope to accomplish here? Once you'd sabotaged the display, then what?"

She shrugged, the gesture a barely discernable lifting of her shoulders. "You could never do this without me either, Griff. It's my work that got you this contract, and

whatever profit you're gaining from it. How much did they offer you? Ten thousand? Twenty?"

"Fifty."

She sighed and slumped against him. "Was it worth it, Griff? Stealing from your partner?"

It was his turn to shrug as he struggled to find a way to explain. Angelina was so certain she knew all about him. For the most part, she was right, but there were things she'd never understand.

Pulling off the cheap wig, he inhaled the fruity scent of her shampoo as her tresses spilled down her back. Damn, but she even smelled as good as he remembered. He wondered briefly if her pussy would, too. "I didn't do it for the money, Angel."

"Why, then? The glory?" Anger and bitterness clung to her mocking tone.

He supposed she had every right to both those emotions. The longer he held her against him, the more his reasons didn't seem to matter. Guilt knotted in his stomach, along with shame. Neither was a feeling he was accustomed to, and both left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Angelina's lithe, slender body trembled beneath his touch as he grazed the base of her neck with the tip of his finger. "What if I told you I did it for you?"

Her bitter laugh mingled with the animated voices around them. For the moment, they were alone behind the stage, but that wouldn't last long. Someone was bound to wander back here and find them, and then he'd have to let her go. His cock stirred, pressing against her back.

No. He'd made that mistake once already. He'd never let her go again.

"Come on, Griff. You don't expect me to believe that."

"Believe what you will, for now."

"Nothing you say is going to make me change my mind about you."

He slid his palm beneath her jacket, brushing it over the tip of a hardened nipple. The realization that her body thrummed with the same level of arousal as his made his breath catch in his throat. "What if I show you instead?"

With one last tweak of the stiff bud, he freed her wrists. Angelina stumbled forward, caught her balance, and spun around to face him, her chin thrust out, shoulders squared. "You shouldn't have released me. I'll leave, but I'll come back the next time you decide to use my work for your own gain. And the next time, and the time after that. You'll never be free of me, Griff."

The smile that broadened over his features must have surprised her, because her eyes widened. "I'm counting on it."

Angelina's brows furrowed over her startling green orbs. "What game are you playing?"

Her jacket gaped open, revealing full, ripe breasts encased in a silk shirt. Griffin's balls tightened in their sack. He *had* to have her, but it had to be her choice. "No game. Just a simple proposal."

She huffed and planted her hands on her hips. "I'm listening."

"You'll get your work back."

"In return for?"

"Some of your time."

She shook her head. "I don't understand."

"Spend an hour with me, in there," he said, indicating behind him to a roomy trailer.

The camping gear had been part of his contract. He'd agreed to launch the fireworks himself, if they let him spend the night on the premises. His request must not have been as odd as he'd thought, because the park's management didn't hesitate. He had three signatures on the contract a few minutes later.

Comprehension flickered over her features as she stared past him at the camper. He could almost see her weighing up her options, deciding whether fucking him would be worth the return of her formula.

"One more romp for old times' sake, and then you'll be gone? Forever?"

"If that's what you want."

She lifted her chin and held his stare. "That's what I want."

Disappointment jutted through Griff. The force of the emotion unnerved him, even though it was no less than he'd expected, and certainly no more than he deserved.

For now, her decision would have to do.

"After you," he said, sweeping his arm out in an overly elaborate gesture.

Angelina brushed past him, not meeting his eyes as she crossed the distance to the camper.

Griff flexed the muscles in his back, trying to dislodge some of the tension that had settled there. Puffing out a long breath, he watched her disappear through the door of the RV.

He glanced at his watch. 9:05 pm.

He had less than an hour to prove to Angelina she needed him as much as he wanted her.



## Chapter Three

"You planned this," Angelina said, pointing an accusing finger at Griffin.

They stood in the middle of what the outside proclaimed to be a SportsLux Recreational Vehicle. Cherry cabinets lined the walls of the fully equipped kitchen, complete with porcelain sinks, a stainless steel refrigerator and copper pots and pans hanging from a specially designed hanging pot rack.

The living and bedroom area were each separated by a retractable wall, which allowed the living space to be expanded on a whim, or drawn to an enclosed space for added privacy. Currently, all the wall separators were pulled back, exposing every inch of the trailer as containing the high-quality, lavish elegance Angelina had been accustomed to when she was with Griff. He'd spared no expense on the camper, but instead of awe, anger pierced Angelina's gut.

Griffin had been a silent partner in Incendiary Enterprises. Using the hefty inheritance he'd received as sole beneficiary after his father's death, he'd provided the money she couldn't obtain through the government or grants funded by the scientific community, in exchange for a share of the profits. He didn't work for the company in any significant way, but his money ensured that Angelina could continue to develop the formula that would put Incendiary Enterprises on the map.

Which was why it had hurt so much when he stole her work and disappeared with everything she'd had to show for years of slaving over chemistry sets. It wasn't as if he needed whatever paltry sum the new fireworks would bring. Sure, fifty thousand dollars was a lot of money for anyone, but to Griffin, it was still mere pocket change.

"You knew I'd come here," she whispered, trailing her fingertips over a pair of velvet-covered handcuffs that lay on the bedside table. No sign of use marred the perfect lining, but Angelina remembered the feel of the heavy restraints around her

wrists. She rubbed the bridge of her nose, trying to remember if they'd used them more than once.

"I knew you couldn't resist," Griff confirmed, taking a step toward her.

Angelina lifted her arms to keep him at bay, desire and fury twisting in her chest. She didn't like the game he played. Whatever his sweet words and sweeter smiles had to tell her, she knew there had to be another reason for bringing her here besides mind-blowing sex. He could have that with any woman. Why would he need to return to the former lover whose heart he'd ripped out when he took the papers lying unattended on her desk?

"I trusted you," Angelina said softly.

For years, she'd locked her work away in a fireproof cabinet before leaving the lab. An identical safe stood in a corner of her apartment, and that night, she'd taken her notebook home with her, intending to scribble more notes over the weekend. Yet, instead of storing it safely away, she'd left it lying on the dining room table and gone to sleep. She remembered Griffin's body curled up beside hers as she drifted off.

In the morning, he was gone. And so was her formula.

"But I wanted more than that." His gruff voice startled her. She looked up from the crimson velvet lining to find him only inches away.

"What --"

Before Angelina could finish her thought, Griff lunged for her, pressing his mouth against hers in a fierce, passionate kiss. Her lips parted almost of their own accord, granting him entry. Their tongues met in a ravaging, possessive thrust, sending a flutter of excitement into Angelina's stomach.

*This isn't happening.*

She couldn't be doing this with him. Until an hour ago, she'd thought him the enemy. The man who had betrayed her trust. She would have done anything to destroy him, and now her pussy hummed with desire, indicating that with a mere kiss, a touch of his expert fingers over her breast, he could make her forget all that.

Well, it *wasn't* happening.

Fury reared inside her and she bit down on his lip, hard. He pulled out of her grasp, his hand flying to his mouth. It came away bloody, and his eyes widened. "What the hell did you do that for?"

She smirked, feeling a little better. "You deserved it."

Her victory was short lived. With a growl, Griffin grabbed both of her wrists and wrenched her arms over her head even as she tried to twist free of his grasp. The handcuffs snapped into place with a loud metal clang.

A sliver of trepidation rose in her throat, but the overwhelming arousal flooding her pussy eradicated the weak argument she considered making. He reached into a drawer and pulled out a black silk scarf, which he quickly turned into a blindfold and wrapped around her eyes.

Her breathing turned ragged as a shiver ran down her spine. "Griff?"

He didn't answer. She felt his hands caress her breasts, tweak at the hard nipples beading through her shirt. He twisted one between his fingers, almost painfully, and she hissed in a breath. Warmth flooded her nipple, chasing the sharp pleasure-pain. She recognized the feel of his mouth, wet and hot around her tight bud. Moaning against him, Angelina's knees weakened. She stumbled back and leaned against one of the walls of the trailer, thankful she hadn't hit anything on the way there.

She thought she heard him chuckle as he broke away. He pulled the bottom of her shirt out of her waistband, ripping buttons as he yanked it open. Cool air played over her breasts. She hadn't bothered to wear a bra under the thick leather coat. Now she questioned whether that had been a good idea.

The oversized leather pants came off next. Not a shred of light penetrated through the overbearing darkness of the blindfold, but the rest of her senses attuned themselves to every action Griff performed. She felt the rough texture of his palms as he pulled down her panties and let them pool around her ankles. Her skin broke into goose bumps as his lips touched her mound, the tip of his tongue delving briefly inside her slit, and she could smell him, the masculine scent of spicy aftershave mixing with the tangy aroma of sweat.

"Oh, Griff." She brought her hands down, ran them through his hair as he licked her pussy. Without warning he pulled back roughly.

He gripped her shoulders and positioned her so that her thighs hit something solid. "On your back," he commanded, shoving her lightly. She landed on a feather-soft bed.

Grabbing her ankles, he spread her legs apart. She felt her pussy lips open and her arousal drifted up to her nostrils. Heat flooded her cheeks at the thought of being on display before him. She tried to bring her legs together, but his grip was too strong.

"No. I like seeing you this way. I thought about having you like this every day while we were together."

She shivered at the ragged depth of emotion in his beguiling voice. "You did?" The words stuck in her throat. Her cunt throbbed, and her thoughts fluttered aimlessly around her mind as she tried to focus on what he'd just told her. "But you could have had me any time you wanted."

"Not like this." He licked the inside of her thigh, eliciting a shudder. "You were always too busy. Your experiments came first. When I had a few minutes of your time, sex was quick and dirty."

She chuckled, but the truth of his words made her squirm. Had she neglected him when they were together? Was that why he --

*No.* It was impossible even to contemplate. Griff took the formula for the money, the profits he wouldn't have to share. Yet he'd told her there was more to it than that. Could he have meant that he did this to get back at her for some perceived slight?

"Now you're mine." He released her ankles and moved away. Angelina felt the loss of his presence as a physical blow. She arched her back, needing his touch, unsure of where he was in the room.

When he returned after what seemed to Angelina like an eternity, he lifted her ankles over his shoulder. She took a deep breath and held it as her pussy flooded with her slick cream. Some of the wetness dripped from her cunt to slither down between her ass cheeks and, she assumed, pool on the bed. In her apartment, she would have never

allowed her moisture to flood the crisp white sheets. But here, in this trailer, with Griffin poised above her, the physical manifestation of her arousal seemed like the perfect complement to their surroundings.

"You've always had the most magnificent pussy," he whispered, trailing a finger over her cleft. He dipped in for only a brief moment, then removed his hand. She heard a slurp and a pop, and she imagined him licking her juices off his finger. "Sweet. I bet you're the envy of every woman on the planet."

She grinned. Her fairy heritage had its advantages. Though her cream tasted like melted candy, she wished she didn't produce quite as much fairy dust.

"And these sparkles," he said, inserting two fingers into her greedy cunt. Her inner muscles sucked him in and she squirmed, pulling him deeper. "I always wondered what kind of lubricant you used."

"It's not lubricant," she said before she could think better of it. Explaining her magical race while he had her in such an intimate position didn't seem like a good idea.

Thankfully, he didn't seem inclined to pursue the issue. "Well, whatever it is, it's delicious."

His fingers moved in and out of her, slowly at first, then faster. When he added a third, she thrust her hips up to meet his powerful motions. He flicked her clit with his thumb and she cried out, her muscles clenching with the onset of her climax.

Something nudged the entrance to her ass. Before she could protest, Griff brought his free hand to her lips. "You're wet enough for me to use your own juices as lubricant. Trust me."

She shook her head. *Trust him?* How could she?

He pushed the tip of his cock deeper and she felt the thick head slide past her anal ring to invade the depths of her ass. She hissed out a breath as the pain drifted to mingle with the delight his fingers brought her cunt.

"Relax." His voice was soothing, but the hoarse tone told her he was as anxious to come as she was.

"I don't know if I can," Angelina admitted.

He ceased his thrusts. "Do you want me to stop?"

Her body trembled, her pussy crying out for the much-needed release. "No."

Griff nudged his cock in another inch. "Good."

He took his time, making the process excruciatingly slow, but giving her inner muscles time to adjust to the unfamiliar length and girth inside her anus. "You're so tight. Oh, God, Angel."

This time, the nickname didn't irk her. Instead of anger, she felt an absurd sense of delight as her name rolled off his tongue in the heat of ecstasy. The handcuffs clanked as she brought her hands up to run her fingers through his thick dark hair, forgetting for a moment she was being restrained.

Griff's cock entered her ass balls-deep, and she rocked against him, trembling slightly as she became accustomed to the pleasure-pain. He found his own rhythm, his cock matching the thrusts of his fingers inside her slick passage.

Release hovered just a breath away, but she had to know. "Why, Griff?"

He stilled his motions. "Because I love you."

Tears stung her eyes. Unlike the day he left, she didn't fight them, and the fat drops of wetness spilled out from beneath the blindfold and trickled down her cheeks.

He really hadn't betrayed her for the money. She remembered the countless nights she spent in the lab. Sometimes, they'd go weeks without seeing one another, and when they did, she was often too exhausted to care whether or not they made love. She cancelled dinners, missed movie dates, forgot Valentine's Day all three years, because her formulas were more important than her lover.

Now, with him filling every space within her body, she couldn't imagine how anything could be more important, more outstanding than this. "I'm sorry," she murmured.

He bent his head and kissed her cheek, the gesture more intimate than even the hard thrusts inside her ass or his fingers claiming her pussy. Warmth flooded her belly, initiating a shudder of gripping convulsions. Light burst behind her eyelids as the

orgasm built from her stomach and flowed through her body, ending in the tips of her toes.

Her inner walls tightened around Griff, milking him as she came. He groaned, spilling his seed deep inside her ass. Their cries mingled in the still air of the trailer, bouncing off the walls, carrying Angelina to unimaginable heights of ecstasy.

Griff untied the blindfold and pulled it off before he drew his cock away from her body. He slid out almost as slowly as he entered. Angelina watched his flat, rippling abs, the hair on his strong chest matted with sweat. His fingers left her body last, and he smeared some of her juices along her waist, leaving a trail of golden sparkles blended in with the moisture.

After uncuffing her wrists, Griff disappeared into the bathroom to clean up. Angelina waited until he returned and lay beside her before asking the question that had been on her mind since the last shuddering traces of her overwhelming orgasm subsided. "You don't have much time, do you? Before your fireworks launch?"

His soft chuckle quickly turned into a full-fledged laugh. She stared at him, unable to comprehend what was so funny. When his mirth subsided, he turned to her, his wide grin extending from ear to ear. "Oh, baby, don't you get it? Your formula doesn't work."

## Chapter Four

Angelina's frenzied anger was a wonder to behold. She leapt off the bed in her full naked glory, body sparkling with a soft golden glow, her long curly tresses a tumbled mess falling around her shoulders.

"You're such an ass," she whispered, her quiet tone a startling contrast to her body language, which indicated she'd like nothing more than to punch Griff in the groin. "I should have known this was all an act," she continued when he didn't argue. "The furious lovemaking. The kiss on the cheek. The declarations of love. Do you really think I'm that stupid?" She held up a hand. "Don't answer that. It's obvious I am. I fell for every one of your idiotic tricks."

Griff raised an eyebrow. Try as he might, he couldn't wipe the amused grin off his face. Angelina's deepening scowl told him she didn't find the situation nearly as enjoyable as he did. "A few minutes ago, you certainly seemed to be enjoying my... *idiotic* pursuits."

"That was before I knew you wanted something from me."

Griff propped his elbow on the bed and lifted his head from the pillow. "All right, I'll bite. Other than the obvious, which I already had, just what exactly do you think I want from you?"

The blazing fury in her green eyes dimmed slightly. "You want me to look at the fireworks. Figure out why they're not working. We both know the formula is solid. I tested it in the lab."

Griff shrugged. "Testing something in a controlled environment and having it work in a real-life application are two very different things."

Angelina slammed her fists into her hips. "The formula is flawless, Griff."



"Believe what you will, babe. When I realized you didn't even have enough interest in me to pursue me for your work, I thought I should at least benefit from this in some way or another. I followed your formula to the letter. The fireworks do nothing more than splatter sparks all over the sky in the same tired shapes as always. There are no frolicking, naked men. No couples fucking each other's brains out. No animation."

The dejected sigh that broke free from Angelina's lips settled straight into Griff's chest. Her shoulders slumped, she sat on the edge of the bed, her back turned to him. "I really thought..."

"I know you did." He slid up behind her and wrapped an arm around her waist, drawing her close. The warmth of her silky skin pressed against his stomach made his cock stir. "I was wrong for taking your work, Angel. We'll go back to the drawing board, work on it together."

Angelina's spine stiffened. "You want to come back with me?"

"I do. But only if you'll have me."

She turned to face him. Her mascara had run, leaving a dark streak over the span of one rose-dusted, flawless cheek. "Things will be different this time. I was just as much to blame for your foolish act as you were." The brief smile on her face took some of the sting out of her words. "How frustrated you must have been to feel you had no other way to get my attention."

Griff raked a hand through his hair, suddenly unable to meet her eyes. "That's no excuse, Angel. I'm sorry."

She pressed her palm against his cheek and lifted his head so their eyes met. The understanding he saw in the depths of her emerald eyes took his breath away.

Their lips met with a shock of electricity, but the kiss was tender, slow this time. Griff ran his hands over Angelina's ribs, her flat stomach, the curvy underside of her full breasts. The shiver that ran through her found its way into his body, tightening his balls. Her mouth tasted almost as sweet as her pussy, and the way her tongue swept against his in a passionate dance ensured that his cock strained, rock hard, against his belly.

Griff reached down to part her legs, but found her thighs already spread, her pussy gaping eagerly for his touch. Her cunt, slicked with her juices, welcomed his finger as he nudged at her core. She moaned against his mouth, thrusting her hips up to meet his hand.

One finger slid easily inside her tight hole and she gasped, biting down on his lip. He stilled for a moment, expecting another rush of blood to break its way to the surface, but her nibbles were gentle as she squirmed against his hand.

Relaxing, Griff thrust another finger into her wet cunt, and a third. She rocked back and forth on his hand, deepening the kiss, her groans making his cock twitch in anticipation.

Angelina broke away first, wild lust glistening in her eyes. "If you don't fuck my pussy, I can't be held responsible for what I might do to you."

Griff chuckled and withdrew his hand. "Yes, ma'am."

The delicious juices beckoned to him, and he brought his fingers up to his lips for a brief taste. Angelina joined him, their tongues lapping her moisture off his hand, flicking against each other as they wiped it clean.

Swinging a leg over his hips, she straddled him. Plunging down in one hard thrust, she impaled herself on his cock, the motion eliciting a soft gasp from her throat. Her velvety cunt enveloped his rod, sucking him in with tight, rhythmic convulsions of her inner walls.

"I missed you," Griff murmured against the side of her throat as her hips rose and fell while she rode him.

"I know."

She understood, but it wasn't enough. It would never be enough. He could spend the rest of his life making it up to her. "I'm sorry."

"I know."

He took her earlobe between his teeth and tugged gently. "I love you."

She leaned back, meeting his eyes. A smile tugged at her lips. "I love you too."

Her cream ran down over his balls, her scent enveloping them both in its candied aroma. He buried his face in the side of her throat, nuzzling the tender skin, and sped up his motions inside her. Angelina met him thrust for thrust, all talk forgotten, their groans and the slapping of skin against skin the only sounds within the confines of the small room.

He dug his fingers into her hips. Angelina bit his shoulder as he slammed into her, his balls tightening in their sack, his cock eager to spurt inside her.

"Come in me," she whispered in his ear. That was all the encouragement he needed. The charge that had been steadily building in his cock released in an explosion of cum.

Angelina arched her back, her body convulsing with small shivers as her climax overtook her. She dug her fingernails into his shoulders as she rode him, milking him for every ounce of seed he could spill inside her.

Her heaving breath came in harsh, ragged gasps when she finally slumped against him. Their sweat-coated bodies stuck to one another and he gripped her ass, holding her down on his softening cock.

Not wanting to break free from the confines of her sweet cunt, Griff gripped her tighter. "Stay with me tonight."

"Sure," she murmured in his ear. "There are so many things I want to do to you."

The promise sent another charge to his cock. Angelina grinned and wriggled against him. "But first things first," she continued. "Let's see about making those fireworks work."

## Chapter Five

Angelina held the sheets of formula in her right hand while she stared at the assembled shells, fuses, and powder before her. Everything looked fine. According to her calculations, Griff had done everything right. By all accounts, the fireworks should perform exactly as they had in the lab, lighting the night sky with a myriad of sparkling sexual encounters.

She frowned and glanced down at the paper. "What are we missing?"

Griff thrust his hands in his pockets. He stood so close that when he spoke his lips grazed her earlobe. "We've been through this. I followed your instructions to the letter. Black powder, fuse, tube. It's all there."

"How did you make the powder?"

"Just as you instructed. Charcoal, sulfur, potassium nitrate." He tapped the notes. "In exactly the right measures."

Angelina spun on her heel, excitement building in her chest. "That's all?"

Confusion flittered over his sharp, angular features. "What more is there? I took all your notes, didn't I?"

Gripping her lower lip between her teeth, she pointed to a fourth ingredient. "What about that one?"

Griff's eyes widened. "You don't actually mean --"

Angelina laughed. Her formula really *was* flawless. If all the ingredients were applied properly, at any rate. Fairy dust wasn't hard to come by... if one knew where to look. "Of course I do. Why do you think I wrote it down?"

"Fairy dust?" His nose crinkled as he uttered the words. "There's no such thing."

Angelina's grin widened until she thought her cheeks would split with the effort. "Oh, baby. You have a lot to learn."

They didn't have much time. The fireworks were scheduled to go off in a little under ten minutes, and Angelina intended to see the first preview of her formula got all the attention it deserved.

She rushed back into the trailer, Griff close on her heels.

"And just what do you think you're doing?" he asked when she stopped to stare at the bed sheets. "We could go for another round, but I don't think that'll help with the fireworks."

"On the contrary. That's exactly what the fireworks need."

He took a deep breath and exhaled it slowly, but didn't press for more answers. Angelina stood on tiptoes and planted a firm kiss on his lips. "I'll explain everything," she promised before brushing past him.

Still holding the papers with her scribbled formula, she leaned over the bed, letting out a relieved sigh when she found what she was looking for. A mound of golden powder sat in the middle of the bed, and another, smaller one, on the edge.

"What is that?" Griff asked, peering over her shoulder.

"Fairy dust."

She scooped both piles onto the paper, using the edge as a level. When she was sure she had every speck of fairy dust, she took it outside, careful to keep the wind from blowing any away before she could sprinkle it over the top of the shells.

The formula called for one speck of fairy dust per shell. As her Aunt Dora had told Angelina for as long as she could remember, science and magic weren't mutually exclusive. Instead, they coexisted. When blended in the right way, they created some of mankind's most potent inventions. Like electricity. And the ability to imprint an image onto a sheet of paper in the photographic process.

"Fire it up," Angelina said, pointing to the computer hooked up to the shells.

Griff still looked skeptical. "Let me see if I understand this. Your..."

"Cum," she supplied when he seemed at a loss for words. "My cream, juices, moisture... whatever you'd like to call it. It produces fairy dust."

"Which would explain the sparkles."

She nodded. "Exactly. When it dries, it leaves the dust behind in its natural state. It's a bitch to remove from bed sheets, though. Dry cleaning only, and that can get expensive really quick."

Griff threw up his hands in a gesture of puzzled surrender, which only made Angelina laugh again. "We'll talk more about this later." He handed her a set of safety gear -- ear plugs, safety goggles, and a hard hat -- and punched in a few keys on the computer keyboard. Angelina held her breath as the first burst lit up the sky.

Gold, silver, and red hues tinged the midnight velvet, and a hushed awe fell over the park. The bright image showed two men, one on his hands and knees, the second kneeling behind him, his cock pounding rapidly at his lover's ass. The detail astounded even Angelina, who breathed a heavy sigh of relief as she perused the image. The man's thick hair, the splayed fingers gripping the other man's ass.

"Gorgeous," Griff said, admiration tingeing his tone.

The first volley of sparkles was followed by a second, and a third. Men engaged in every possible lover's technique glittered above the park. The astonished silence quickly turned into lustful groans as the park's visitors started to duplicate some of the activities being depicted across the dark sky.

Angelina yelped as Griff's hand gripped her ass and squeezed lightly. "You didn't bewitch me, did you?"

She laughed. "Trust me. There were times I'd definitely wanted to. You can rest easy, though. My fairy abilities leave a lot to be desired."

He tilted her chin up and brushed his lips softly across hers. "The rest of you is pretty damn perfect."

She gripped his firm ass in return and thrust her hips against his body, feeling his erection hard against her stomach. His wicked grin mirrored her own. "You'd do well to remember that."

## Epilogue

Men sandwiched Eve from all sides as she stood in the middle of Hard Delights, gaping up at the brightly-lit sky. Any other time, she'd have enjoyed being pressed up against hard bodies with solid erections prodding her flesh. Now, however, all she could think about was Angelina.

"Come on, hon. Answer me." She'd tried to get through to her best friend countless times over the past hour, but as before, no response echoed through her small earpiece.

Another burst of fireworks lit up the sky. This time, the sharp image of a man on his knees filled the midnight velvet. The animated face grinned around a mouthful of cock. His partner's hips thrust wildly, meeting the man's fevered sucking with passionate motions of his own.

Eve looked away, scanning the crowd for Angelina's biker outfit. She couldn't have gone far. The park only had one exit, and that was heavily guarded. Although the men patrolling the gate remembered Angelina's ridiculous beard, they swore they hadn't seen her come out.

*She must be here. Somewhere.*

Shoving her way through the zealous crowd, Eve emerged onto a thin stretch of dark pavement. She caught a few stares being cast her way, and knew that in her short red sundress and four-inch scarlet heels, she didn't exactly blend in. Right now, her appearance was the least of her worries.

"Damn you, Griffin," she murmured, scanning the area around her for the hundredth time. She'd searched half the place already. The shells were being fired from the other side of the park, but as soon as the first burst had lit the sky, men blocked her

way in their enthusiasm to reenact some of the activities going on overhead and Eve found herself looking for another way around.

Her shoe caught in a crack in the asphalt, and she stumbled, regaining her balance by gripping the edge of a trashcan. A barrage of profanity settled on the tip of her tongue, but she swallowed it back as her gaze fell on an unmistakable mass of brown, fuzzy hair.

Fear reached inside her chest, gripping her heart. Angelina's beard. Her friend's plan had failed. That much was certain from the glittering sparks filling the sky. But what if Angelina never even made it to the fireworks? What if someone stopped her before she ever got that far?

*Think, Eve. Where could she be?*

She surveyed her immediate surroundings, slowly this time, analyzing everything in her path. A sign close to the trashcan proclaimed the "Blow Me Away" roller-coaster standing only twenty feet away offered a gut-churning good time. At its base, a structure that housed all the mechanical innards of the ride looked more like an old-fashioned shed, complete with a red barn door.

Taking a deep breath, Eve hurried toward the place. If Angelina's disastrous disguise had fallen off, either by accident or on purpose, Griffin could have recognized her. It stood to reason he'd have locked her away until he could launch the fireworks.

Groans penetrated through the entrance to the shed-like structure. Eve paused, pressing her ear to the smooth wood. The passionate moans sounded male, but she couldn't be sure. One was high-pitched and muffled, making it possible the sound could be a woman's voice. Or a scream.

She shuddered and pushed the door open. Darkness shrouded her senses, enveloping her in its solid, shadowy warmth. The door swung closed behind her with a squeak.

A single overhead light bulb spilled dim light over two men. At the sight of the slick, manly physiques, Eve's hand shot out to grip the wall for much-needed balance.



Wide hands with long, slender fingers gripped a man's ass cheeks, spreading them open. The thickest cock Eve had ever seen entered his puckered hole, and the screams she'd heard from outside filled the room. Whether from pleasure or pain, Eve couldn't tell.

As she watched, the man doing the fucking began to change. His shoulders widened, hair sprouted from his smooth, dark chest. His already slender fingers elongated further, claws unsheathing from rounded fingertips, digging into his companion's tender flesh. Angry red welts sprung up in their wake.

A terrified cry gripped her throat, but it was choked to silence when the beast turned toward her. His jaw sported thick stubble, and his teeth -- or were they fangs? -- glistened wetly as he grinned. Brilliant blue eyes bore deeply into hers.

"Well, well, if it isn't Little Red Riding Hood." His voice was deep, masculine, without a hint of the slur she'd have expected from the misshaped mouth. "This isn't grandma's house, babe. And here, the big bad wolf will definitely eat you."

Eve's mouth fell open, and she did the only thing she could under the circumstances.

She collapsed in a dead faint at his feet.

**The End... for now**

## **Lacey Savage**

Lacey Savage began her love affair with romance at an early age. In high school, she checked out steamy romance novels from the public library and would often be found reading them in the middle of class. Lacey still reads more than she cares to admit, and probably more than her husband would like, considering how many books she keeps bringing into the house. Her favorite genres have always been erotica, romance, fantasy, science fiction, and mystery, so she tries to incorporate a little of each into her writing. She initially majored in Marketing, then went back to school to major in English Literature. After earning her degrees, she decided to turn her efforts to her true passion: writing. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships. She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat. You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her website at <http://www.laceysavage.com> and can reach her at [laceysavage@rogers.com](mailto:laceysavage@rogers.com).