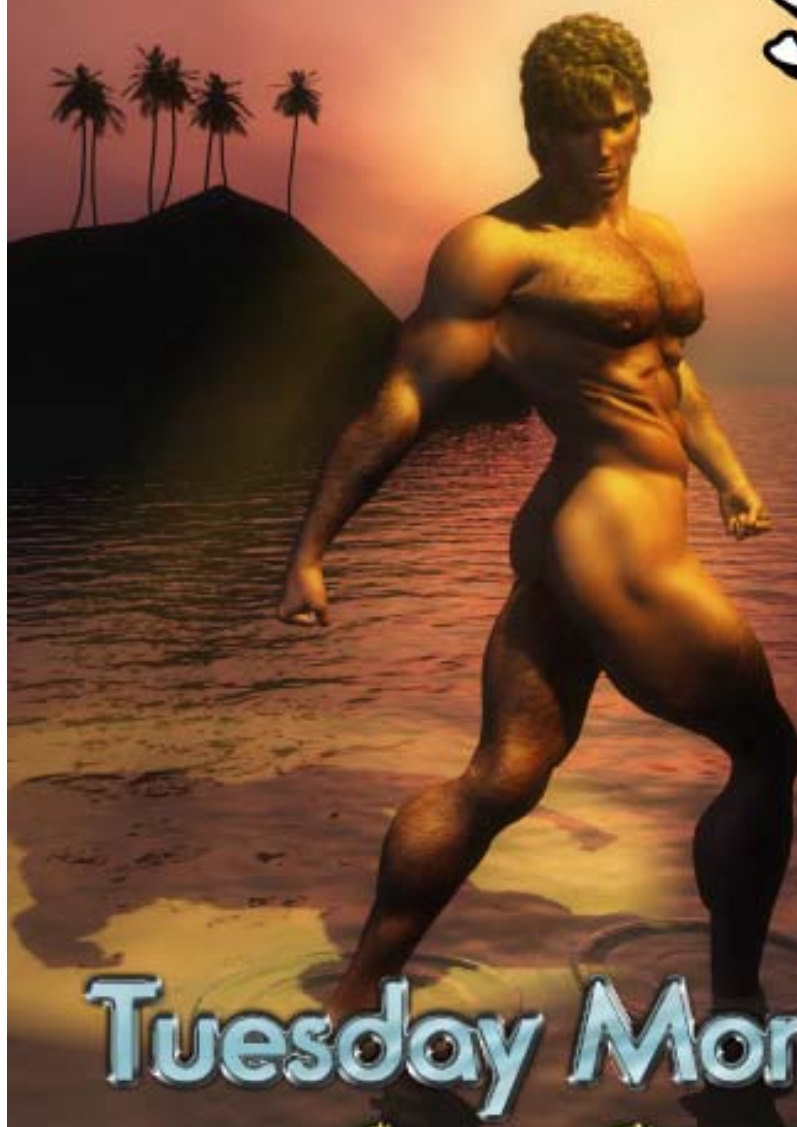


ESCAPE

Firefighter's Sour



Tuesday Morrigan

Changeling Press

Firefighter's Sour Tuesday Morrigan

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Firefighter's Sour

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When firefighter Niccolo Likoris realized the burning building was falling around him, he knew he had to make a choice. A choice that would change his life and haunt his every step. Forced to let the woman of his dreams know about the winged bones in his closet, Niccolo resigns himself to a life of loneliness.

Damini has searched long and hard for the man who saved her life. When she learns he's secluded himself on a private Fijian island, she jumps at the chance to meet the man of her dreams.

Add one determined young woman, an emotionally scarred preternatural man, and a secluded island together, stand back and wait for the flames.

Firefighter's Sour

Niccolo was hot as hell and there was no relief in sight. His hands clenched on the axe he held as he strode through the stifling hall. The burning heat made his skin itch and sweat. He blinked away the sticky moisture dripping into his eyes. He loved his job, but there were several aspects of it he did not like.

He did not like the sweat. He did not like the heart pounding wait to find if the fire had taken another life. He did not like the sense of helplessness that consumed him when he strode into a burning building.

Niccolo stopped short. His extraordinary hearing caught the muffled sound of a low cry. He followed the shuffling sound to the back corner of the small building.

The flames licked the aged wood panels, consuming the wall, devouring the building. He didn't have much time. Any second now the building would fall under the pressure of the demanding fire. He had to get the stranded human out of the house.

He thrust the heavy axe at the burning wood wall. The curling wood gave under the sharp point of the axe. He kept hacking at the wood, using all the strength in his muscular arms to bring down the wall. When it fell, he strode through the hole and entered the burning room. The flames were so high, the room so hot, that for one second he feared he was too late. He couldn't conceive of a human surviving the stifling heat.

Then he heard her cry.

She was in the right corner of the room. The fire had yet to reach her. It was a circle that surrounded her crouched body. Niccolo made his way to her as quickly as he could under the weight of his gear. He squatted low and wrapped his arms around her small body.

When he turned and attempted to leave the room, he found his path had been consumed by the fire. There was no way out. He had a choice to make. He could let the fire suffocate the girl. Or he could stop guarding his secret long enough to make sure she survived the burning building.

There was no choice, really. Niccolo could not let the woman die, even if the cost was one he could not truly afford. He took a deep breath and fought the pain. It was always excruciating. It left him feeling as if his spine was splitting. But it was just his body.

Transforming was painful, but death lasted forever.

His lengthened limbs ripped through the tough flame retardant material of his suit, allowing his golden wings the chance to spread. He flapped his wings twice to stretch the limbs.

The woman looked up with wide, shocked eyes.

"It's okay. I won't let you be harmed."

Her eyes slowly fluttered closed. The toxic fumes from the fire were too much for her lungs to handle. Then again she might have passed out from the sight of a giant winged man. He grimaced when he thought of that. The look in her eyes had been more shock than fear.

Winged man it is, Niccolo thought. He had been watching her, waiting for the moment to introduce himself. He had hoped to give her time to fall for him before she found out about his secret. He had hoped to snare his mate first before letting her know of the winged bones in his closet.

But it was not to be.

He pulled her close and wrapped his wings around her till every inch of her was protected. Niccolo and his wings would stand as a barrier between her and the fire. Thankfully, the flames couldn't hurt him. He was, after all, technically a phoenix. Like the mythical bird, he always rose from flaming fires free of scars, burns, and any other physical harm.

When the flames died down, he morphed back into his human form and carried her from the building's smoldering ashes. There were several firefighters still on the scene. He took her to one of the men he had worked beside for years.

Adam pulled off the helmet, face mask, and Nomex hood he wore. He stared open mouthed at Niccolo.

"Make sure the doctor checks her lungs. She's breathing, but..." he said before placing her sleeping form in the bewildered man's hands.

Then Niccolo walked his naked ass out of sight before he flew back to the station and his waiting car.

* * *

Damini bit her bottom lip as she stared at the small island. It was one of the 333 islands that made up the glorious South Pacific nation. And the island was private. When she stepped on the island, she would be trespassing. She just hoped the Island's owner wouldn't be too upset.

For a year she'd searched for him. She would not be turned away.

Damini leaned over the side of the small boat and dipped her hand in the ocean water. It was comfortably cool. "I can walk to shore."

The boatman turned his soulful brown eyes to her. Every time he looked at her Damini was awed by his dark good looks. Born in Nigeria, raised in America, and an international vagabond, Damini was used to seeing the attractive men of all colors, but nothing had prepared her for lovely beauty that ran rampant in Fiji. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," she said softly. She lowered herself into the water. At 5' 2" the water just reached her chin. She ignored all the reasons why visiting a man who lived alone on an island in the Pacific could be a bad idea as she swam to the shore. When the water was waist high, she waded through it backwards, at least until she reached the dry shore.

When she turned around she found that he was waiting for her. "Get the hell off my island," he growled.

She shivered at the sound of his voice. Every night in her dreams she heard the sound, but she had always assumed the deepness was a figment of her imagination.

She gave him a full, white smile. "I can't. I'm stranded."

He turned to the motorboat that was speeding away from the island. His full lips turned down when he saw that it was just a large speck on the horizon. "Call him back," he said in a rough voice that slid down Damini's spine.

"I can't." Damini stepped forward. "I didn't bring a phone."

"This is a private island. Call him back before I have you arrested for trespassing."

"I know this is a private island. And I know you don't have a phone line so you can stop bluffing about the cops. I'm here. You can't get rid of me."

He strode up to her, his hard, sculpted face set in angry lines as he glared down at her. "Do you have a death wish, lady?" he growled in a voice that sounded like gravel over broken glass.

Damini stood her ground. "I've traveled through Australia, America, and most of Europe to find you, Niccolo Likoris. I am not leaving."

He looked her over from her midnight curly braids to her small size seven feet. And the plump places in between. "You have the wrong man, lady. I haven't slept with you. I'm not the bastard you're looking for."

She smirked and cocked her head to the left as she looked up at him. "So there are two men with wings who can survive a fire hot enough to burn a brick building?"

"What do you want?"

Damini gave him a slow, sensual smile. "I want you."

Niccolo was sure he had misheard her. There had to be a whole lot of nouns and adjectives in her sentence that he missed, because she couldn't have said what he thought she'd said. His mind must have turned to mush under the smoldering, Pacific sun.

Her words had to be a figment of his imagination. They had to have been conjured by his starved mind. The moment she'd gotten close enough for him to clearly see her face, Niccolo had known exactly who she was.

Damini Adegbeolu. The woman he'd saved from the burning building. The woman he had been dreaming about for almost a year. The woman he had watched for several months just to make sure she was okay.

At least that was what he'd told himself. The truth was he'd spent the last several months traveling the globe trying to fight the desire to claim the woman he was sure was his mate.

He hadn't been prepared to find that she knew who and what he was. "What do you want me to do?"

"I meant what I said. I want you."

He folded his arms across his broad chest. "Don't tell me you came all the way here for a thank you fuck."

She gave him a smoky, sexy smile. "You can't hide from me, Niccolo. I refuse to be put off by your sour greeting. My name is Damini."

Niccolo turned away. He needed a phone. He had to call her a boat taxi. If she was here when night fell... He couldn't handle the vulnerability that came with being so near the woman of his dreams. He had to get her off his damned island.

Five minutes later, with his radio in his hand and his back to Damini, Niccolo found out that he was not going to be able to get rid of Damini so easily. All the boat taxis he knew of were not coming in his direction.

"Come dawn you're gone," he threw over his shoulder before heading to his bedroom and slamming the door behind him.

The problem was that he would have to survive spending the night with her.

* * *

Niccolo woke up in shock.

He wasn't surprised that he was hard as iron. Nor was he surprised that he was thick and long. He was shocked, however, that Damini had gotten her beautiful, full lips around his cock without him waking.

Then again, he had imagined her touch was just another one of his very vivid dreams. Another one of the dreams that had been haunting Niccolo since he left her in Adam's arms.

His gaze connected with hers. There was just enough moonlight streaming through the warm, sticky room for him to see her expression. She was very pleased with herself.

Her tongue fluttered against the underside of his cock, tracing the pulsing vein there as she sucked him deep, taking him to the back of her throat.

"Fuck." His fingers tangled in the sheets when he felt her swallow and take him even deeper. She slowly rose, sucking her way up his cock, as she came up for air.

With a pop she released him. A pink tongue darted out to lick her full bottom lip. Niccolo growled at the sight. Two large, long fingered hands grabbed her around her naked waist. "You asked for it," he rasped against her lips.

"Yes. Yes. Give it to me," she breathed against his mouth seconds before he captured her parted lips in a drugging kiss. His tongue thrust in to lick the roof of her mouth and roll over her teeth, before tangling with her own.

Niccolo feasted on Damini, tasting her, tasting himself, devouring her in a futile attempt to quench his thirst for this woman that had burned in his loins since he first saw her.

Her fingers clenched in the long, sun-kissed strands of his blond hair, pulling him closer to her, deeper into their yearning, heart pounding kiss.

Damini broke off the kiss to press soft butterfly kisses over every inch of his tanned face. She murmured breathless words of her need in between her affectionate pecks. She told him of how she had searched for him, of how she had dreamed of this moment, of how she wanted him with a soul burning desire.

Niccolo grabbed her face, stopping her kisses. She blinked down at him. He gave her a devilish smile full of promise at the question in her eyes. Then he flipped them so that Damini was beneath him. He moved down her plump frame until he was between her splayed thighs.

"I've dreamed of this for a long time now," he whispered against the moist lips of her pussy. Damini was already wet, slick with the dew of her desire. Niccolo parted her, revealing the swollen nub at the apex of her sex. With his thumbs holding her open, he pressed his tongue to the engorged bud and swirled his tongue around the head. Damini's legs moved beneath him as she moaned her pleasure. He reached up and played with the tips of both breasts, tweaking her nipples as he ate her pussy.

He wrapped his lips around her clit and suckled it hard and deep. Her legs jerked. He thrust two fingers deep into her cunt, pushing past the tight, clenching walls of her pussy.

Her body went perfectly still for a moment. She gasped nonsense and screamed to the heavens as her body convulsed beneath him.

Niccolo didn't stop licking and sucking her sex until he memorized her unique taste.

Her climax tasted like honey.

He slid up her body and tangled his fingers in the braided midnight strands of her hair. He moved her head to the side, baring her neck. The pulsing vein there drew his attention. He couldn't help licking a hot path from chin to collarbone.

"Niccolo," Damini moaned.

"Mine," he growled in an ancient language as he swallowed the flavor of her skin. He could taste the sun and the ocean on her.

"Niccolo," she whispered on the pungent summer air.

He poised the head of his cock at her pussy. Damini jerked and turned to him. His gaze connected with hers. "You're mine," he growled. "Mine."

"Niccolo," she screamed when he thrust every long, thick inch of himself deep.

"Fuck!"

"Oh my God."

She felt like heaven, like absolute perfection. She was tight as a fist and hot as an oven. Niccolo closed his eyes and pressed into her pussy, sinking into the blissful feeling that crashed over him until his pubic hair brushed hers, until he was balls deep inside her.

Her nails dug into his shoulders. Their panting breaths mixed together. Sweat trickled down his skin as he waited.

Then Damini gave him the sign he had been waiting for. "Fuck me... Niccolo. Now!"

He pulled out of her until only the bulbous head of his cock was sheathed inside her. When she shimmied her hips in need, he thrust back in her full of force, full of desire, full of need. "Mine," he growled.

"Yes, yours. Yours. Yours!" Damini screamed at the top of her lungs as he slammed into her.

"Mine," he growled with every thrust, every stroke, and every deep, powerful plunge into her wet, hot body. "Mine. Mine. Mine."

His breathing came hard and fast. Hers was a weak gasp of shuddering air. One hand held up his plunging body, the other captured Damini's face, holding her gaze.

"Come for me," he growled. He could feel the powerful pleasure that came from being inside of her riding his spine, devastating his self-control. He was going to climax soon.

And he wanted her there with him.

His hand moved from her face to the top of her thighs. He flicked her clit thrice in rapid succession. "Come," he yelled at the same time that he pinched her clitoris.

Her eyes widened with awe. Almost immediately they closed. "Niccolo," Damini screamed as she convulsed beneath him. Her pussy tightened, clenched around his cock, and milked Niccolo's pleasure from him.

He couldn't deny the allure of her climax. "Mine," Niccolo groaned with one final thrust deep into her pussy as he spurted his seed.

* * *

Niccolo was instantly aware he wasn't the only one awake. The breeze from the ocean brushed against Damini's body at the same time that she woke. Her small fingers reached for the covers and found he wasn't there. Her gaze sought him in the dawning light.

"What are you doing?"

He turned to her, short wave radio in hand. "I'm calling to cancel the boat taxi. I meant what I said, Damini. You're mine."

She smiled at him. The smile was full of understanding and passion.

He took a deep, relaxing breath. She wasn't going to fight him. She wasn't going to ignore what was between them.

"Hello?" the cab director asked, forgotten.

She chewed her bottom lip, glanced at the radio, Niccolo's face, and back at the radio. Niccolo felt his heart lurch against his ribcage with apprehension.

"Don't cancel. There's... a church I saw on the main island when I was coming. I was thinking..."

His heart lurched. Once again he wondered if he had misheard her. Then he saw her smile. "I want to change my request. There will be two passengers coming from the island."

Tuesday Morrigan

Tuesday Morrigan began her love affair with romance at an early age. As a child she was always infatuated with the romance novels she snuck from her mother. Later, in high school, the public library became her sanctuary with an endless array of romance novels. Tuesday is still an avid reader of books. Thanks to shows like *Buffy*, *Angel*, and her latest infatuation *Supernatural*, Tuesday prefers her stories to have a little more grit. Her favorite genres have always been fantasy, mystery, romance and erotica, so as a writer, she tries to blend the genres to create her own personal niche. You can learn more about Tuesday, including what's her latest project, at www.mochancreme.com and you can reach her at Tuesday@mochancreme.com.