



Bawdy Talk

By

Ann Cory

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Dedication

For my husband.
From the moment I heard your voice, I knew I'd want to hear it for the
rest of my life.

Chapter One

Destry Forrester tossed her purse on the passenger seat and did her best to discreetly slip into the car without flashing her naughty bits to the public. No one needed to know she wore red lace panties. Unless a certain radio personality were to pass by, and then she'd happily flash her matching bra, too.

Inside the car, she closed the door and turned the key, starting up the radio at the same time. The dial was set to her favorite station that, for the most part, didn't play good music, but had a disc jockey she couldn't get enough of. Specifically, his voice. More than once she'd pulled off the road, away from prying eyes, and gotten herself off to his sexy cadence.

Discreetness in mind, she'd picked up a tiny vibrator that easily slipped between her thighs. Set on high, the little battery-operated device worked wonders while she fantasized about his cock spreading her wide apart, giving it to her hard. Almost like an On/Off switch, his voice controlled her, making her so wet she kept extra pairs of panties hidden in her glove box.

As she backed halfway out of her parking space, a mildly annoying thrash metal song ended and Trent Sheen came on the air. DJ Zeus, he called himself. At the sound of his voice, her stomach blazed with an inner heat, and it spread throughout her body. Her nipples pressed tight against her bra, aching for the owner of the voice to flick his tongue against them.

While he announced the upcoming week's forecast, she imagined herself bent over his knee, wearing a micro miniskirt, begging to be

spanked.

From the vibrations of his voice, a voice she likened to *Angel* actor, David Boreanaz, her body answered with a liquid rush. Warmth spread from her belly, upwards, and fanned around her face. Instant gratification was in order. She reached over to her purse for the vibrator when a double honk startled her.

While Zeus was on the air, she couldn't help but be distracted, her mind escaping into a euphoric oblivion. With a groan, she drove forward into her parking space and let the hurried driver by before pulling back out. Personal indulgence would have to wait. Her hand trembled as she turned up the volume, the DJ's sultry voice coming through crystal clear and in surround sound.

"This is DJ Zeus stepping out for a quick lunch at Mount Olympus while my good buddy, Vince Meat, entertains you with 80's Flashback Fever."

Destry did a silent cheer, complete with make-believe confetti and a pompom swish. Much to the chagrin of friends and co-workers, she adored 80's music and whole-heartedly sang along from the comfort of her car, amazed at how many songs she knew by heart.

In sixth grade, she and her friends boldly dressed up as Duran Duran for a school talent show, lip synching to "The Reflex" as she portrayed the insanely sexy John Taylor, complete with big hair and a fedora.

Traffic didn't look too bad as she exited the parking structure. Downtown Portland, Oregon had a reputation for ongoing construction down one street or another, creating chaos. Fortunately, her destination was construction free, and only five minutes away. Time enough to jam out to Whitesnake.

After the next set of lights, she made a right turn and parked in front of Tangy Sangy. While DJ Zeus ate his lunch, so did she, though never at the same place. Glancing up at the sky, she noted a patch of gray clouds nearing, and grabbed her umbrella just in case. She snatched up her purse and double-checked she had her keys. Mouth-watering aromas of gourmet burgers and specialty meats filled the air as she stepped out of

the car, locked it, and hip-checked her door closed.

Inside the cozy delicatessen, the delicious smells continued to taunt her as her eyes adjusted to the soft amber lighting from the wall sconces. Bubbly honey-blond Brenda waved from a table toward the back, her nylon black legs peeking out as she scrambled to her feet. Destry waved with her umbrella and strode over to her best friend. At the table, they quietly squealed and hugged as if it had been ages since seeing one another.

“I ordered your usual. Hope you don’t mind.”

Destry slid into the other side of the booth and plopped her purse and umbrella down. “Not at all, thanks. I would’ve been here on time, except...”

Brenda held up her hand adorned with silver rings on each finger. “Don’t tell me, I know, DJ Zeus.”

Head bent in shame, Destry mumbled, “Yeah.”

Her friend’s eyes sparkled as she beamed. “I swear that man has cast a spell over you.”

“Isn’t it the truth?” She unfolded a napkin and laid it across her lap. For two years now she’d faithfully stayed monogamous to the voice of a stranger. Batteries, not men, were her preferred companions. “But let’s not talk about him or I’ll be too distracted to hear about you. What’s your day been like so far?”

Bottom lip out, Brenda sighed. “Same old, same old. My boss is in another one of her moods, so any chance of an ‘atta girl’ or promotion this week is out of the question, even though I deserve it for putting up with her midlife crisis.”

Destry rearranged the row of condiments according to her preference. “Sounds rough. I’m sorry. Makes the day seem longer.”

Her friend smoothed her hair back into a ponytail and secured a scrunchie around it. “Be happy you don’t work there. Tell me about your day. Other than your personal time with Zeus on the ride over, anything new?”

Destry sipped ice water and checked for spots on her silverware. “I’m supposed to meet with a new client tomorrow, some Mr. Giles, to go

over his advertising proposal. Tonight I'll look it over and see if it's workable. Otherwise, I've been swamped. I spent all morning on the phone setting up appointments for Boss Man, and typing up business letters to potential clients. As usual I'm doing the work of four people, and only getting paid for one."

Brenda's earrings shimmered as she shook her head. "Be thankful your boss trusts you enough to let you do whatever you want."

Looking over her chipped nail polish, she made a mental note to make an appointment for a manicure. "It's the short skirts, tight tops, and black pumps. Trust me. One of the perks of working for a man." She winked and took another sip of water.

"So, you don't think he respects you?"

Destry scrunched up her face. "I have a feeling he'd respect me more if I crawled under his desk and pulled a Lewinski, but that'll never happen."

Brenda laughed into her water, and ended up spilling some on her chin. "Thanks, I needed that."

She tried not to laugh, but couldn't hold back. Lunch was always more fun when she could get away and chill with her best friend. Destry's stomach growled and, right on time, two silver trays came into view bringing smells of herbs and onions.

"Okay ladies, two Cajun chicken wraps, fully loaded, and small Caesar salads, dressing on the side. Anything else you need?"

Destry eyed their server. Medium height, dark hair, shapely biceps that rippled as he set their trays of food down. Handsome as sin. Unfortunately, an apron concealed the size of his package, but didn't deter her imagination. Judging by his youthful good looks, she figured him about twenty-one. A smile played at the corner of her lips. "I think I'm good, now."

Brenda winked. "Same here."

"Great, ladies. Enjoy."

Destry watched his delicious ass walk away. If she weren't so in lust with Zeus, she'd love to see *him* on the menu.

"Damn, girl, you're a horrible flirt," her friend teased.

With a ladylike air, Destry stuck her fork through a plump cherry tomato and sucked on the end of it until tears streaked down Brenda's face from laughing.

"Look, it's only to stroke my nonexistent ego. Besides, I watched you ogle him, too." She popped the rest of the tomato in her mouth and savored its juices. How would Zeus taste between her lips? Tangy? Salty? Lost in thought, she missed what Brenda was going on about.

"Earth to D. You didn't hear a word I just said, did you."

Destry crossed her legs. She'd have to remember to change her panties back at work. The red and lacey pair was beyond soaked. Embarrassed to be caught fantasizing in a public place, she vowed to keep her attention fixed on her friend. "I'm sorry. You were saying?"

Without missing a beat, Brenda continued. "I was reminiscing about the old days, and commented on you being the *it* girl in school. You had a knack for getting everyone's attention, especially the boys'."

Destry snorted. "Exactly, in *school*. Now that I'm a responsible working woman..." She faked a couple coughs. "...I can't get a single date. It's like I'm being punished or something."

"No, you're not. You need to quit working so much and learn to be social again."

Well, there was that. She grabbed the bottle of pepper and sprinkled it over her salad and wrap. "I don't get it. I'm like the ugly duckling in reverse. Everyone wanted to be my friend and date me before, and then poof, I'm back to being the odd man out—or woman in this case."

Her friend's brow arched, disappearing into her bangs. "What am I, chopped liver?"

Without Brenda, she'd be miserable. They'd met in second grade during a jump rope contest and tied for first. Since then, they'd been inseparable. "You're the only true friend I have. Either that or your taste has gone down by the wayside."

"I think I'll take the first one."

The intoxicating aroma of the Cajun chicken made Destry lightheaded. She took a large bite and let the sumptuous sauce make love

to her mouth. As she chewed, she thought back to her old friends. "Even Mel and Lindsay ditched us right after graduation. Have you heard from either of them? We were the four Musketeers."

Brenda dabbed at her mouth with a napkin. "Mm hmm. They opened a boutique in California. Remember? Some fancy place where they pay commission."

A tinge of envy washed over her. She considered slapping a sign that read social leper on her forehead. "So they still keep in touch with you?"

"Nah, remember how Mel was dating Josh?"

The blond soccer hunk popped into her mind. "Oh god, what a hottie. Dark tan. Fabulous calves. Tight ass."

"Mm hmm. Well, Mel emails him every single time a guy dumps her to see if he'll take her back. He finally wised up after the fifth time."

Destry toyed with her salad. "Why doesn't he tell her off? The guy was, and probably still is, a total babe. He could get anyone he wants."

Brenda smiled. "Come on. You know Josh; he's too sweet. He'll always pine after her. I think he likes the fact she still writes him, even though he downs an entire bottle of Jack Daniels afterwards."

The last she remembered, he could give soccer pro David Beckham a run for his money in the looks and skills department. "I figured he'd become a professional athlete, or maybe a coach. What does he do now, and why hasn't he called me?"

Patiently, she waited as her friend munched on her salad.

"He works at the bank on Ninth, part-time, while trying for his bartending license. I only ran into him because our company now banks there and I had to sign papers. I don't think he socializes with anyone else from school."

Destry sighed. She'd liked Josh, but with Melanie as her friend, he was off limits. "Now see, this is what I'm talking about. She treats a guy like crap and he still follows her around like a lost dog. I was nice to everyone and I can't even bait a loser."

"There's always Zeus."

In mid-bite of her salad, Destry almost swallowed a crouton whole.

She grabbed her napkin and coughed into it. "Damn, woman, you can't throw that name at me when I'm eating."

"Well...?"

"Well what? Zeus is my ultimate fantasy."

"Yes, and you don't have a clue what he looks like. Why don't you go check him out? Put a face to the voice?"

Destry snorted. "Are you kidding? He wouldn't give me the time of day. With some of the stuff he plays on the radio, I have a feeling his taste runs toward the tattoo and body-piercing area."

"So just sneak a peek at him and don't let him catch you."

Easy for her to say. "If I saw Trent, I'd spend all day fully aroused. It would be like my vibrator stuck on high and never shutting off. One mind-blowing orgasm after another, twenty-four seven." A quiver ran through her. "Having just said that, I could handle that kind of pleasurable pain." With the chicken wrap in her hand, she wondered about the width of the DJ's cock, and how much damage he could do to her, in a good way.

Squeezing her legs even tighter, she watched Brenda pick at her salad.

"Want my tomatoes?"

What she wanted was not currently on the table. "Sure. However many you want to part with."

Gracefully, her friend rolled six of them off her plate, and then looked up, blinking her aquamarine eyes. "Do you think Zeus, God of Radio, is as hot as his voice?"

Destry shuddered at the thought. "If only. I figure my dream Zeus and the real Zeus probably don't look anything alike, and maybe that's how it should be."

"What do you mean?"

"I've never seen a picture of him advertised anywhere, have you? Not on billboards, television, or even in the newspaper. Isn't that odd?"

Brenda drummed her nails on the tabletop. "Hmm. Now that you mention it, no, I haven't seen his face anywhere. I've seen that Vince Meat's picture, and he shouldn't be advertising it."

That wasn't what she wanted to hear. "Shoot. Then Zeus must be unattractive. It would be a shame, too. I swear this guy's voice controls my pussy."

In amusement, she watched as her friend grabbed a napkin and covered her mouth, coughing into it. "Damn, girl, I'm going to choke over here if you don't behave."

Unconcerned about gaining a few extra pounds, Destry drizzled a ton of dressing on her salad. "What can I say? It's true. He speaks, and my body reacts."

Brenda put down her fork and gave her a sly look. "I think it's time you were bold and go find out what he looks like."

"What, and spoil my lust-filled fantasies? Are you nuts?"

"No. Why are you scared?"

She couldn't believe her own friend just questioned her nerve. "Now you're being silly. Even if I did find him, how would I get his attention?"

Brenda reached across the table and grabbed her arm, giving it a squeeze. "I have a fantastic idea, but it means channeling your inner vixen."

Curiosity peaked, Destry fished for more information. "Do tell."

"Nah, forget it. You've lost your edge."

She glared. "Tell me."

"You'll never go through with it."

Water glass in hand, Destry raised it threateningly. "Tell me right now."

Hands up in mock surrender, her friend giggled. "Okay, fine. I think you should drive down to the radio station right after work, walk in wearing nothing but your overcoat, and flash him."

"What?" She couldn't be hearing right. "In the flesh?"

"Yes, dear. That's how you usually flash someone."

Even the thought of it made her knees knock together. "I could never..."

Brenda put out her hand like a stop sign, mouth set in a smirk. "See, you're too scared. I knew it."

The hand thing bothered her at a core level. "Wait, I..."

"No, you know what? I've been listening to your pity talk for years about how you don't have time for a man, when you have plenty of time. You just don't want to put in any effort."

Back against the booth, Destry crossed her arms. "Hello, what did you do with the real Brenda Danner?"

"It's true. You never worked at getting a guy before. They were drawn to you like moths to a flame."

She begged to differ and put a finger up in the air. "Ah, but I couldn't get the one man I wanted most."

Her friend snorted. "Who, Grant Mitchum? You put that boy on such a high pedestal that no other guy could have ever aspired to his level. Which kept you commitment free."

The impact from those words hit her with such force that Destry checked her chest for open wounds. "Geez, you make me sound like one of those conniving women on daytime soaps. I have a heart, you know."

Brenda shook her head, twirling a loose strand of hair around her finger. "Oh, I'm not saying you did it to be mean. In fact, I doubt you knew what you were doing at the time. If you'd captured Grant's attention back then, it would've killed the dream for you. Since then you've traded fantasies of Grant with ones of Trent Sheen, a.k.a. Zeus."

"Then my seeing Zeus would kill my dream, too."

Her friend laughed and shook her head. "No. Think of it as a new beginning, the new Destry Forrester. Still a vixen, only this time you're more grown up and actually *want* to be committed to someone. I dare you to go to the radio station and flash the God of Radio."

The idea interested her, though she didn't want to admit it. "So you're saying this challenge you've proposed is sort of a test?"

Brenda sat across from her, glowing with pride. "Hey, you look at proposals all day long. This one is all about you. Channel your inner vixen and see where it takes you. What do you have to lose?"

From her purse, Destry pulled out some money and laid it on the table. "My turn to treat." She straightened the salt and pepper shakers and thought over Brenda's dare. It was peer pressure all over again. Only now,

she knew better, but it bothered her all the same. "Even if I do go there, suppose I frighten him or gross him out?"

"That won't happen. Do you remember all your fashion phases in high school? All the different colors of hair? Gosh, do you remember the blue eye shadow?"

She covered her face and groaned. "Ugh, don't remind me. I think it was also blue eyeliner and blue tinted mascara, I'm trying to block that part out."

"Now you're a redhead, with long hair and a polished look, not to mention your wardrobe is classy and mature. Any man would appreciate being flashed by an attractive woman. Find me one that doesn't, and I'll buy lunch for a year."

Destry chewed on her fingernail. "I admit you've got me thinking. I mean really, what *do* I have to lose? It might even be good for me, unless he tells me to get out because my body is hideous. That would scar me for life. But other than that, I could be in and out of there so fast he wouldn't even see my face."

"Oh, honey, I doubt he'll bother looking higher than your neck."

"True. He is a male." She bit her lip. "I still don't know."

Brenda waved her hand in the air. "Forget it. Like I said, you're too scared. Only the *old* Destry would go through with it."

The more her best friend challenged her, the more she wanted to prove her wrong. She slammed the tabletop with the palm of her hand in fierce determination. "That's it. I don't want to hear about the old Destry anymore. You're on."

Brenda squealed and clapped her hands. "Yay! I can't wait to hear all about it. Make sure you call me tomorrow morning. I'd say tonight, but Dennis and I will be out late. Don't you dare leave out any details."

"I won't. You'll probably have to come over with tissue and ice cream."

"Don't forget *Serendipity*."

She adored the movie, even though she cried every time. "Yeah, that too. By the way, how *is* Dennis?"

A deep shade of red splashed across her friend's face. "He's good."

We're good. Going on a year, if you can believe it."

Destry smiled, only slightly jealous of her friend's relationship.

"I'm glad you've found someone who treats you right." She glanced at her watch, sighed, and grabbed her belongings. "I better get back to work or Boss Man will give me more to do. Good luck with Miss Moody."

Brenda slipped on her jacket and gave her a brief hug. "Thanks, I'm going to need it."

Outside on the sidewalk, she was happy to see it hadn't rained yet as she watched her friend head off in the other direction. "Hey, say hi to Dennis from me."

"Will do."

Destry walked to her car, got in, turned the key in the ignition, and waited a moment while the engine warmed up. Could she really be so daring? Sure, the *old* Destry wouldn't have a problem summoning up the courage, but now? She pulled down the visor and looked into the tiny oval mirror. Not too much had changed over the years, other than a few slight wrinkles. The red highlights in her hair brightened her face, and she'd learned how to blend colors, enhancing her green eyes, instead of painting her face like a circus clown. How she attracted men before was frightening, but then it *had* been the eighties.

She drummed her nails on the steering wheel and imagined the scenario. Zeus, God of Radio, sitting in his chair wearing headphones and checking over the play list. A mysterious woman in a black trench coat strides in and playfully unwraps the sash, letting the jacket fall open for a sneak peek, baring her goods. Before he has a chance to say anything, she disappears, and he's left to think about her all night long.

Destry smiled. She could do it. No, she *would* do it. She'd prove to the world, or at least to herself and Brenda, that the old Destry was alive and well and just itching for a comeback.

* * * * *

Slumped over her desk, Destry checked her watch for the tenth time. Since lunch, the day had switched into slow mode. She found it near

impossible to keep her attention on anything work related. Already she'd hung up on three people when she'd meant to put them on hold, and sent off an email to the wrong client. Now she sat, doodling on her calendar, writing the name *Zeus* in big block letters. He'd given himself an exceptionally powerful name, and she had to wonder if everything else about him was equally powerful. In three hours, she'd be on her way to the radio station to find that out. Which reminded her, she needed to look up the address.

Using the online map search, she located the station with little effort. To her horror, it was located only a couple blocks away. In fact, if she craned her neck just right, she could see part of the building from her office window.

Different scenarios played in her mind. How often had she driven by this radio god, thinking him just an average Joe? Maybe she'd never noticed him before because he was hideous to look at. Or he had an oversized beer belly, boils all over his face, broken or missing teeth, and didn't even bother with deodorant? She could be stripping for a pervert who could turn into a stalker.

On the other hand, he could be the dreamiest thing that walked the planet, and he would think *her* the ugly duckling. Her stomach knotted tight, making the Cajun chicken wrap from lunch feel like a ton of bricks.

Get a grip girl.

She tilted her head to both sides, cringing at the bone-grinding creaks in her neck. Before she checked her watch again, she took it off and threw it in a drawer. She needed to find something to occupy her time. Gathering papers in her arms, she decided to make copies in the copy room.

When six o'clock finally came around, Destry grabbed her purse and slipped into the employee bathroom. In the wheelchair stall, she removed all her clothing, including her panties she'd forgotten to change earlier, and slid on her coat, its cool, satiny material like liquid sex against her bare skin. She wrapped the sash tight around her waist and knotted it. Slowly she opened the door and peeked out, hoping she was alone. In front of the mirror, she finger-combed her hair, giving it added volume.

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Beneath the fluorescent light, her skin looked pasty, but she couldn't deny the tinge of excitement working its way through her veins.

"Looks like you're back. At least for tonight." She fished around inside her purse and pulled out her favorite tube of lipstick, Scarlet Be Damned, and streaked the vibrant color across her lips. Giving her hair a shake upside down, she puckered her lips and blew a kiss at her reflection. For a brief moment, she felt daring and dangerous. The inner vixen had been unleashed.

Look out, Zeus, you're in for a treat tonight.

Chapter Two

Destry parked her car on the street closest to the side door of the radio station. It seemed like the best place for her to make a quick getaway. She considered keeping the engine running like they did in the movies during a bank robbery, but decided against it. There was no going back now or she'd never hear the end of it. Brenda would bring it up every day at lunch for the next ten years, if not the rest of her life.

Inside the unusually quiet building, a wall directory beside the elevator showed her where to go. Third floor, of course, the farthest away for a mad dash. She glanced behind her at the door leading outside. Leading to safety. If she had any sense at all, she'd turn right around and go home. Dares were for kids, and she was supposed to be an adult. But something nagged at her, refusing to let her run away. Probably her stubborn streak rearing its ugly head at the wrong time, as usual. How could she have let herself be talked into taking such a risk? Brenda knew all the right buttons to push.

Her black pumps clicked on the parquet floor as she headed toward the elevator. She pushed the button and waited for the doors to open. Inside, Destry took a deep breath, and willed herself not to pass out. The number three stood out larger than life on the control panel, goading her to push it. Her fingers trembled as she pressed the button, the doors stealing her opportunity to get away. This was her moment of truth.

By the time the elevator reached the third floor, she realized her stomach was still on the first floor. Beads of sweat broke out across her

forehead, and her lungs constricted. Where the hell had all her confidence gone? The inner vixen deserted her, once again. Fickle thing.

She swallowed the rise of fear in her throat, her heart pounding. A million possibilities buzzed around inside her head like little bees, making her dizzy. What happened if things went wrong? What if the elevator broke? How could she keep Zeus from seeing her face? What if he laughed? Too many questions and not enough air inside the tiny little contraption. No, it didn't feel right. Her last shred of confidence slipped away. She could live with Brenda being disappointed.

Poised with her finger out, ready to push the down arrow, a loud ding resounded. The elevator doors opened to a black-and-red-checkered carpet. Three offices were lit up with lights so bright she had to squint. Music played somewhere off to the left; a song she didn't recognize. In or out, she didn't know what to do. Her feet refused to move. She felt like a time traveler, unsure whether to venture into unknown territory or not.

A few feet away, a large man rose from his chair and headed straight toward her. Make that an enormous man who was more than a little intimidating. Sheer panic surged through her veins. She glanced from the man to the numbers lit on the panel, and then back to the man. Words formed in her throat and then dissolved before they hit her lips.

"Excuse me, miss. Can I help you?"

He could pretend to not see her, and that would be helpful. "I, um..." On wobbly legs, she stepped out and forced a smile. "Hi. I need to see Zeus." Oh god, how stupid could she sound? What happened to her rehearsed speech?

Pushing up his glasses, the man held out his hand, marks of ink staining his chubby fingers. "I'm Rudy, the station manager. If you'd like to leave a message with me, I'll be sure to get it to him."

Destry didn't dare shake his hand with her palms so sweaty. Instead, she widened her smile. "I can't leave a message. Look, I really need to see him. Tonight. Now." Her voice took on a whiny tone that even annoyed her.

The manager shook his head, brown ringlets swinging around his ears like little tassels. "I'm sorry, you'll need to schedule an appointment

by phone." He pulled out a card from his back pocket and handed it to her. "Dial extension 333 and more than likely he'll pick up."

Desperate and near hysteria, she did the only thing she could think of. "Wait, will a hundred dollars change your mind?" With the words out of her mouth, she held her breath.

Rudy eyed her closely. "Maybe." His scraggly brows furrowed. "Why are you in such a rush to see him? You're not a reporter are you?"

Destry moistened her lips. She hadn't counted on anyone standing in the way of her seeing Zeus. Face burning hot and probably red as a fire hydrant, she divulged the truth, hoping to win him over.

"No, I promise. Look, I came here on a dare by my best friend. If I don't go through with it, I'll lose all her respect. I just need a few minutes alone in the room with Zeus, and I promise I'll leave. I swear I don't have any weapons or anything, you can check. Please." For added luck, she crossed her fingers behind her back.

He eyed her up and down again before shrugging his shoulders. "Sure, I can do that. I've always liked easy money."

Relief shot through her body like a jolt of caffeine. "Thanks." She rummaged in her pocket for the wad of crumpled twenties she always kept there in case her car let her down and she needed to hail a cab, and quietly counted out five of them. "Also, would it be possible for me to have a little privacy?"

Rudy ironed out the bills between his fingers and then slipped them into his wallet. "No problem. I'm off for a smoke break and to grab a bite to eat. You have ten minutes, but no funny business."

What would she do, steal a bunch of CDs? "Of course not," she stated with an innocent tone. A cold sweat stole over her skin as she realized this was it. She glanced around at the spacious area, not really sure which door would lead her to the great and powerful Zeus.

She turned in time to catch Rudy heading into the elevator. "Wait, could you please point me in the right direction?"

The station manager gestured over her head to the far corner. "See the door with the big red light above it, that's where you go in."

She stared at the seedy light, which reminded her of the red light

district in Amsterdam. Forbidden but hypnotic. "Okay, thanks again."

Destry moved toward the light, her heart pounding louder with each step. Ear pressed up against the door, she heard Zeus talking on the air. Her knees trembled. How could she go through with it? Out a hundred dollars, naked beneath her coat, and an old reputation to live up to, how could she not? Fists clenched, she turned the knob and walked inside.

Quietly, she closed the door behind her and tiptoed in. Small and stuffy, the room appeared relatively unused. In front of her, she saw the inner workings of a radio station and the top of a man's head. Dark and wavy hair; her favorite. She started to walk closer when she noticed a thin glass partition separated both rooms. A dim white light illuminated her side, casting a focused ray of light, almost like a spotlight. She stepped into it, the glaring heat penetrating her skin. Intently she watched Zeus' head bob as he spoke into a microphone, the rest of his body blocked by recording devices, stacks of CDs, speakers, and empty cardboard boxes.

She'd made it this far, now there really was nothing left for her to do than flash a little skin and go. While he was busy, she decided to do a mini practice session, just to get the hang of things. Fingertips on the sash of her jacket, she tugged both ends gently. Eyes closed, she listened to his seductive voice, rich and sonorous. For a moment, her fears vanished, and the inner vixen came out to play.

Listening to him speak, she swayed and let the jacket fall open. The spotlight warmed her breasts like a gentle caress. Excitement welled between her thighs, and she desperately wanted to touch herself. The whiskey timbre of his voice, the soft lilt in his words, stroked her body with a feral touch. She pictured his lips close to her ear, brushing softly against her lobe, telling her how he'd give it to her good and hard.

"Excuse me, miss, do you mind telling me how you got in there?"

Destry's eyes flashed opened. A handsome face appeared on the other side of the glass, genuine surprise sprinkled across his fine, manly features. Unsure of what to do, she froze like a deer in headlights.

He slid his headphones from his head to down around his neck. Turquoise eyes framed by thick lashes gazed at her in seeming

bemusement. Handsome didn't come close as a description. More like off the charts. Her fantasy Zeus had nothing on the real one, even with clothes.

She tried out her voice to see if it would work. "Ar-are you Zeus?"

As she stepped back, her heel caught on the hem of her jacket and tugged just enough to make it fall off her arms to the floor.

His lips curled into a flattering smile.

"In the flesh. Kind of like you."

Horried, she stood as still as a statue. It was grade school all over again. In front of the classroom, speech prepared, and then forgotten. All her classmates laughing while her teacher looked on disapprovingly. Her one fear, speaking in front of people, now came full circle as any sense of self-assurance fell away dead. Sort of like her jacket.

"Now this is the way to celebrate my birthday. Thank you, gorgeous, for turning an otherwise crummy day into something special."

Words escaped her. She willed her knees to bend so she could pick up her jacket, but her lower body stayed solid, morphed into a tree trunk. Feet rooted into the floor.

He tapped his finger against his lip. "I know what I can do to help. How about I make things a little more comfortable for you?"

He disappeared a moment behind some boxes and dimmed the spotlight so it was less glaring. The blood that had drained from her body earlier, slowly returned. Her legs loosened as music flooded into the room, an eclectic type of music she'd never heard before.

As the ambient beat played, her shyness slowly diminished. The desire to dance fueled her, an almost wild need to show off her body to her hunky spectator. Whatever played spoke to the heart of her, the way his voice did, and her imagination ran wild. In her mind, the glass partition disappeared, and Zeus stood in the room with her, buck-naked. Oh yeah, she'd give him a damn fine show.

The jagged rhythm played out exotic fantasies she'd stored in her mind for years. Her hands traveled across her body. Over her breasts. Rested between her soaked thighs. The blessed feel of flesh. A flicker against the cleft between her soft folds. Sparks shooting out into her

center. Destry moaned.

Dewdrops of sweat formed along her skin, glistening against the beautiful spotlight. It graced her body like a tongue. She closed her eyes, pretending Zeus moved closer. Close enough to feel the tip of his hardened erection against the swell of her belly. She swiveled her hips, dipping down, knees spreading open. A strong want to be rewarded with an electric kiss on her clit with his tongue that spoke in pure eroticism.

As she straightened back up, she envisioned Zeus overcome by need, walking behind her, his strong physique melding against her back. Hands running along her lower spine, bottom, her sides, and then all the way to her front. Capturing her breasts, squeezing and pinching her taut nipples. His erection drumming against the back of her thigh, wanting in but not daring to take until she gave him permission. Walking his fingers down past her naval where he laid them to rest against her mound. In time to the music, he thumbed her clit.

Nothing else existed outside of the light. She never wanted to wake from this ethereal trance. Her fantasies grew more detailed, images and smells stimulating parts of her that had been in hibernation for years. She leaned back against the powerful body of Zeus with his fully aroused cock set to pierce between her wet folds when she gave the word.

His lips brushed against her earlobe, and she swung her hips, her bottom teasing his cock like a pendulum. Moisture lined her inner thighs. Her breath heavy. Kisses along the back of her neck sent shivers up and down her spine. It would be so easy to bend forward and spread her thighs, giving him a chance to push her core wide open with his erection and slip inside.

The sound of steady, tribal drums sent her into a further state of euphoria, bringing with it a primal edge that rocketed to her toes. In her mind, she was transported, dancing around a fire, the flames casting shadows of Zeus' thick cock to twice its normal size, ready to penetrate her center. How would she take all of him? A carnal craving for quick relief washed over her.

With her fingers tightly wedged inside her, she jostled her body up and down, letting the sexual beat take over. Head bobbing, her body

fused with the rhythm. She groaned and let her head tilt, hair splaying down her shoulders and back, while she rubbed her stubborn clit faster, faster, considerably faster until a blessed climax shot through her.

Pleasured cries temporarily drowned out the addictive music. Trembling violently, breath labored, she smiled as an incredible sense of peace surrounded her. The light seemed to become soothing rays of a silvery moon, bathing her body in its ethereal glow.

In the distance, a seductive voice mumbled faintly, and she opened her eyes. The music faded completely, leaving her exposed. Her vision cleared and focused on Zeus.

Her heart hit the floor. Oh god, what had she done? Flash and go. Hadn't that been the plan?

Her hands trembled as she grabbed her coat and shoved her arms into the sleeves. She ran out the door and didn't even bother with the elevator. Her jacket flew behind her like a cape as she sprinted down the stairs, practically flying until she exited the building.

Cool night air assaulted her body, and she quickly tied the sash of her coat into a knot. Out of breath, she got in her car and started it up. Her thighs trembled as a few minor spasms broke through her body. The heady scent of her sex mingled with the vanilla spice car freshener that dangled from the rearview mirror. She looked at her reflection and caught a spark of the old Destry who had enjoyed her moment in the spotlight. Whatever happened back there, she'd been in her element. A moment later, the image vanished, replaced by a scared little girl looking back at her, eyes wide, a layer of sweat prominent on her upper lip. The little girl afraid to take chances.

Cursing herself, she checked for traffic and pulled out onto the street, her body fueled by a surge of adrenaline. She took deep breaths to keep from driving too fast over the speed limit. However long she'd been in that room was far longer than planned. It had been ages since she'd done something so precarious, and she couldn't figure out if she regretted it or not.

Questions forged in her mind, a battle between Vixen Destry and Sensible Destry. What did he think of her? A slut? Some woman paid to

perform in front of men? Or did he appreciate her body with his front row seat? How hot did he get as she fingered herself to an explosive orgasm? She didn't have any answers. The whole episode was way too fresh in her mind.

As she pulled into the parking lot of her apartment, the realization of what she'd done once again hit her full force, and she broke out in laughter. Fun and flirty had its advantages. She'd really let herself go back there and, even though she wanted to scream, cry, and hide her head for a week, she loved the freedom it brought. Brenda would be proud. Hell, *she* was proud. It had taken guts to go in there, and she far exceeded her original plan. If she set her mind to something, she could do it.

At least she could count on the fact that Zeus would never find out who she was in a million years.

* * * * *

Trent stood pleasantly stunned for several minutes, breath held, his cock straining against his zipper. He pinched himself about three times before accepting the fact it really did happen. A beautiful woman he'd never seen before gave him the most amazing show of his life, dancing and gyrating her body in ways he only imagined. Her streamlined figure begged to be eyed and caressed in devoted appreciation, and those legs...damn, long legs, toned and agile. Legs that belonged propped over his shoulders, wrapped around his neck, confined in silk stockings. Everything about her screamed sexy.

Quickly he changed CDs in the music system and set up the electronic play list for an hour of commercial-free rock. The advertisements could wait; he needed time to come down from the mystery woman's visit. Besides, he knew hardly anyone was listening.

Trent ran a hand through his hair and let out a deep breath. Odd sensations formulated inside his body, as if he'd downed too much caffeine. His pulse raced, and his fingers felt charged with electricity. He'd forgotten what the sight of an alluring creature did to a man. Somewhat of a hermit, he'd lost contact with the outside world, making an appearance

only when he was on the air. But tonight, the outside world had made contact with him in the form of an amazing dancer with a body he longed to touch.

Curiosity peaked, he hoped to find out more about the vibrant woman. He poked his head into the room she'd run out of and stepped into the light, right where she'd danced. Her perfume, sandalwood and something sweet he couldn't place, mingled in the air, a pleasant change from the usual musty odor. Another scent lingered, provocative and forbidden. It wafted to his nose and sent a violent wave through his body, catching him off guard. His already hard erection tightened fiercely. Somewhere between a good and a bad dream, he didn't know what to think. Every teenage fantasy had exploded in his view, only to vanish, leaving him on fire. Would he ever see her again?

Trent walked toward the door and then stopped, his hand on the knob. Did his boss know a strange woman had made herself at home in the storage room? Had given him the thrill of a lifetime without even the slightest touch? He walked out into the hallway and glanced toward Rudy's office. Empty. Bewildered, he tried to figure out what just happened. He wasn't a stranger to the women who went crazy for him over the phone. Most of them were sincere. But the fanatics—he never understood what went through their minds. Overcome with emotion, shrieking, screaming into the phone, all because they were on the air with the God of Radio. It was funny the way some people reacted to a name.

Trent started back to his office when a shiny object on the floor caught his attention. He walked out into the hallway and picked it up. A grin melded across his face. Jackpot.

"Ah, Miss Destry Forrester, age thirty, one hundred thirty pounds, red hair and green eyes. You aren't such a mystery, now."

He'd have to give a shout out to her over the radio and see if she'd come back to pick it up. It would be far more fun than mailing it to her. What he wouldn't give to see her twice in one evening, though he didn't figure his cock could take it.

Then, remembering it was his birthday, a different scenario came to mind. Had one of his buddies paid her to show up? Dave and Mike

weren't clever enough to come up with the idea in the first place, and Marty was still smarting over his divorce. Rudy didn't have any money to spend unless he was gambling it away. He'd pretty much lost touch with everyone else. Whoever it was, he wouldn't find out tonight, that was for sure.

Trent scratched his head and laughed aloud, his voice echoing around the building. What a perfect ending to a highly disappointing day. Even his boss had downplayed his birthday, asking him to work a swing shift. Vince, the other DJ, had whined about needing to spend the evening with his family. Being single, Trent didn't have an excuse to justify not coming in. Birthdays weren't really a big deal to him, but this one would be worth remembering.

He glanced down again at Destry's ID, his cock straining hard against his zipper at the mere thought of her. Her moves weren't something a novice could pull off. Too graceful and natural. She had to be a professional. Only strippers could be so daring, though when he first saw her, the look in her eyes—priceless, almost refreshingly innocent. A good girl with a naughty side. Maybe it was her first time dancing in front of someone. He hoped she'd been paid well, given her stunning performance. Had she stayed, he would've given her a tip. A big tip, followed by the rest of his cock.

Trent let out a low whistle, his mind refusing to let go of her image all lit up like a goddess. The way she fondled herself, the pink stain of color across her cheeks, lips drawn, and eyelids fluttering.

His shirt, soaked with sweat, clung to his back. He'd never seen someone appear so calm and peaceful, as if she was lost in the moment. Her beautiful smile won him over first, but once she let loose, damn; it was hard not to watch her body.

The elevator dinged faintly, and he heard it come up. His breath caught in his throat. Had she realized her ID was missing and come back to retrieve it? Trent didn't know what to do. Should he put it back on the floor and let her find it, or be a gentleman and hand it to her? Would she be embarrassed? He looked along the hallway, watching everything stretch impossibly long around him.

The elevator doors opened, and he bit the inside of his cheek. If he could manage to not say something stupid, he'd be amazed. His heart raced. Did he even remember the last time he'd gotten nervous in front of a woman? It seemed like eons since his last date. He clasped his hands behind his back to still them, doing his best to fall back into his DJ Zeus image—God of Radio.

Prepared to act cool-casual, he drew a sharp breath in, and then his lips curled into a deep frown. Rudy stepped out with a jelly doughnut in one hand and coffee in the other.

Disappointed, he nodded. "Where've you been?"

His boss held up the food, his mouth so full his cheeks bulged.

Trent closed his eyes, not wanting the image to stick in his mind. "Did you happen to let in a redhead or has any sense of security gone lax?" Impatiently he tapped his foot, waiting for Rudy to finish chewing his doughnut.

"Yeah, I let her in. How'd it go?"

"How did what go?"

Rudy shrugged. "I don't know, whatever she did?"

Trent didn't even know her, but he felt the need to protect her. "Who said she did anything?"

His boss sighed. "Okay, I'm sensing you're defensive about something, and I don't even know what that something is. The woman came up and asked to see you. She seemed harmless enough, so I showed her where to go in, and then I called Jeff to bring over some pastries and coffee. Did you want some? I can have him bring over more."

"No, thanks," Trent mumbled. Pastries would hardly satisfy him. He wanted to know more about Destry. To find out where she learned to move her body like that.

Rudy squinted and nodded his way. "What do you have in your hand? Her phone number?"

Discreetly, he shoved the driver's license in his back pocket, not wanting to share any personal details. "Just a business card. So, she didn't say anything to you?" He stared beyond the glob of jelly plastered to his boss' face.

"Nope. Demanded to see you, that's all. Hot as hell, though. You don't want to know what thoughts went through my head about her while I savored an éclair."

Trent grimaced. "No, you're right. I don't want to know. I'm off to grab a sandwich and then I'll be back. The music's good for another forty minutes."

"Cool. You ready for the meeting tomorrow? Don't forget, it's at nine."

Wheels turned in his head, trying to pull something from his memory, but his thoughts kept returning to Destry Forrester. Even her name had a sexy ring to it. He racked his brain, but found it impossible to talk work.

"Meeting?"

Rudy frowned. "Yeah, hello? She must have done some number on you. The appointment with Systems Go. At nine. They're expecting you. Remember, you volunteered to go."

Trent smacked his forehead. "Oh right, *that* appointment. And if I remember correctly, I was *voluntold*. Not my choice."

His boss shrugged. "Same difference."

He'd completely forgotten about the advertising agency. Trent hoped whomever he was supposed to meet wouldn't be too intimidating. He hated talking in person, especially with stuffy people in suits. Hidden safely behind a microphone, he could be as bold and daring as he wanted, a far cry from his shy self.

A rumble in Trent's stomach reminded him that he needed food, though more than one appetite called to him. He checked for his wallet and quickly took the stairs, his steps echoing around him. Sprinting toward the deli, he briefly searched the streets in the hope of catching a glimpse of Destry. A woman like her didn't come along everyday, and he wanted to see more of her. To his disappointment, she wasn't anywhere that he could see. Out of sight, but not out of his mind.

Inside the deli, he decided on a hot roast beef sandwich and soda. While he ate, he studied Destry's driver's license. Beautiful face, cute nose, full lips. Her eyes really affected him. Even in the tiny picture, they were

luminous. He didn't doubt she had a flock of men to choose from, if she wasn't already married. What guy would let such a luscious creature go? Still, he could dream.

Tomorrow night he'd mention her name on air, just to see if she was a faithful listener. He knew, from this point on, he'd happily be a faithful viewer. Of her body.

Chapter Three

The alarm clock buzzed just a little before seven, and Destry swiftly quieted it with her fist. One glance through half-open eyes at her coat and shoes on the floor, and she knew it hadn't been a dream. She pulled the covers up over her head, not wanting to ever come out. Mixed emotions had woven into her dreams, and she didn't think she could face the world. Unfortunately, her work ethic came knocking on her conscience door, and she remembered a client would be waiting. Groaning, she sat up and rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

As she went through her usual morning routine, she couldn't shake away thoughts of Zeus. In her fantasies, his face differed slightly, but his hair and eye color were dead on. To have seen him, and for him to exceed her ultimate fantasy man, floored her. There was sexy as hell, and then there was Zeus. Beyond her wildest expectations. Devastatingly handsome, and then some. How could such a man exist without being surrounded by hordes of women? He must have to fend them off everywhere he went. No wonder he didn't bother with pictures on billboards. The rate of car wrecks among women would skyrocket.

As she opened her closet door, the shrill ring of the phone startled her. She knew instantly who would dare call her so early in the morning and answered it before it went to the machine.

"Hello."

Brenda's voice sailed right out of the phone. "Dang you, D, you know I've been sitting here, waiting to hear from you. I'm going to be late

to work and everything.”

She smiled to herself. “Who, me? Was I supposed to call?”

“Yeah, right. There’s no innocence with you, so give me a break. How did it go?”

Destry looked through her closet, trying to find something decent to wear. “I wanted to chicken out about twenty times, but for a hundred bucks, I went through with it.”

“Now I’m really curious.”

“I paid the station manager a hundred dollars to let me see Zeus and have some privacy.” The only part she left out was the orgasm, something she wanted to block out of her mind.

Her friend snickered. “Sounds like you made quite an impression on the guy.”

Impression, she didn’t know. At the speed she took off, she was surprised to not have landed on her butt from falling down the stairs. “I don’t know what came over me. I’m just glad it’s all over with.”

“Well, don’t hold back. Is he hot?”

Destry sighed. “He is the epitome of all the most beautiful men in the world put together. I kid you not. The man deserves to be called a god, whether it’s of radio, Portland, the world, or of my pussy—I’d gladly bow down and worship him. But, please, no more dares. I beg you.”

She could hear Brenda was pleased. “Okay, you earned it. I’m beyond impressed. I didn’t think you’d go through with it, but I do think you should have given him your name. Maybe even your phone number.”

The guy got a free sex show. She’d been more than generous. “Not a chance. I’d be humiliated if I ever saw him again.”

“You two work close by one another; there’s always a chance you’ll run into him.”

Leave it to her friend to know *that* detail. “Okay, miss smarty pants, how did you know where the station was?”

“Duh. I’ve always known. I thought you did, too, sorry. When do you plan to see him again?”

Destry chose a navy blue skirt and cream-colored blouse. She loved how the silky fabric stroked her skin. “Never. Now that I know what he

looks like, I'll make sure to take off in the other direction. Anyhow, sugar, now you know all the sordid details of my pathetic life. I better get a move on. I'm meeting with that new client today."

"Good luck. Hope it goes well."

Destry clicked her tongue. "If not, I have a new talent as a stripper to fall back on, courtesy of my best friend."

Brenda laughed. "Just me looking out for you, babe."

"Thanks. Talk to you later."

She finished up her hair and makeup and hurried off to work. On the way, she rolled her window down for some fresh air and smelled a light spring rain. Hopefully she'd make it to work first. Despite everything that happened the previous evening, she was in a fine mood and wouldn't let anyone get to her, not even the asshole who cut her off during a lane change. She felt an incredible lightness of being, an empowerment from deep within, as if she could do anything in the world.

Inside the Systems Go building, she walked by her co-workers, smiling at those she liked and nodding at those she didn't. Things seemed different almost immediately. All eyes were fixed on *her*. She slowed her pace and looked down. If she didn't have clothes on, she'd just die. To her relief, she was fully clothed and looking decent, or so she thought.

The men, even the ones who normally ignored her, gawked with their tongues practically hanging out of their mouths. Had there been cameras at the radio station that recorded her every move? Had they been spread all over the Internet? Why hadn't she listened to her initial instincts instead of trying to prove something? Uncomfortable being the object of who knew what, she made a beeline for the ladies room.

Turning every which way in front of the mirror, she looked for something out of place or smudged makeup. She even checked her bottom to make sure a sock wasn't stuck to it. Her last two loads of laundry had been without a static guard. On closer inspection, she looked better than usual.

A radiant glow lit up her face. Her eyes sparkled, even without the aid of fluorescent lighting. She'd seen this look before, on other women but never on herself. She looked...like a woman who had more than a

fantastic time the night before. Like a woman who had experienced the greatest orgasm of her life. Like a woman who got fucked nice and hard.

While earth shattering in her orgasm's intensity, she couldn't claim it as the best. She much preferred a thick fleshy cock inside her rather than her fingers or toys. Somehow, others had noticed the change on her face. She could imagine the talk inside the employee lounge later, a place she would avoid like the plague for the rest of the week.

Confident, she walked back out into the hallway and headed for her office. This time she welcomed the stares and whispers, and even shimmied her hips a little more as she walked.

For the next fifteen minutes, she fidgeted at her desk, arranging all her knick-knacks just so, while waiting for her new client to arrive. Grabbing a pencil, she tapped the eraser along her desk, reminding her of the drums she'd heard last night. She couldn't get the erotic music out of her mind, or the way she'd imagined Zeus touching her. A strong, powerful touch capable of bringing her to a phenomenal orgasm. Her breath hitched as she recalled his turquoise eyes, stunning and mesmerizing, watching her body move with sheer intensity.

Head back against her shiny black vinyl chair, she beamed with pride. Wherever her courage came from, and the new strong and confident explosion inside her, she hoped it continued throughout her meeting and into the evening. Oh, the dreams she'd have tonight.

She crossed her legs, feeling a light film soak her silk panties. The guy had to be a god. He could make her wet just by thinking about him. She twirled in her chair, high on her brief encounter with the God of Radio.

Her phone buzzed and, as she guessed, Mr. Giles was in the conference room waiting. She took a deep breath and smoothed down her skirt, ironing away any unsightly wrinkles from sitting. Show time.

With an added spring in her step, she walked into the rectangular room with its new leather smell, and spread her paperwork across the thick, glass table. Immediately she started on her usual client spiel.

"Good morning. Thank you for considering Systems Go to handle all of your advertising and promotional needs. We will do our best to help

drive your business to an incredible entity." She looked up to flash her award-winning smile and gasped.

Trent Sheen! She'd know those eyes anywhere. But how? Last she checked, this was *her* place of business. Did she fall through some rabbit hole? Open a secret door? She blinked. No, not an illusion. A gust of heat rushed at her, and her legs practically gave out. Reaching for the top of a chair, she tried to regain her composure.

"Wh-wh-what are you doing here?" She couldn't believe it. Of all the people in the world to run into.

Zeus stared up at her with his striking turquoise eyes.

"Well now, this is a complete surprise. I'm here to meet with someone about advertising and sponsors for RUUP Radio. What are you doing here?"

This couldn't be the same person she was supposed to meet. She opened her folder with shaking fingers and read over the name typed at the bottom. "I'm expecting a Mr. Giles. You are Trent Sheen, so you aren't the one meeting with me."

She wanted to exude confidence, but she knew her face flamed bright red.

He winked, bringing her heart rate up a little higher. "Actually, Mr. Giles is my boss, Rudy. I think you met him last night. He asked me to come in his place."

All she could think to say was, "Oh." Of all her luck, the very man to whom she'd bared her naughty bits had to be the same guy she'd possibly represent. Well, this was *her* turf, and she would be professional and act accordingly. Somewhat composed, she thrust out her hand.

"Allow me to start over, please. I'm Destry Forrester, and —"

"I haven't been able to get you out of mind since last night," he interrupted, visibly pleased with himself.

All her professionalism went right out the window. "Look, about last night. It was completely out of character for me, really. I don't normally do things like that."

He seemed to get a kick out of seeing her flustered. The more she fumbled over her words, the bigger his smile grew.

"That's a shame. I, for one, enjoyed your visit immensely. You have nothing to apologize for."

Exhausted from holding her lifeless legs up, she sat in the chair across from him and folded her hands on top of the table. All the empowerment she'd felt moments ago vanished. She closed her eyes and then glanced up between strands of her hair, making sure he wasn't a hallucination. His brilliant, seductive gaze stayed right on her. In another time and place, she would have boldly climbed over the table toward him and tasted his savory lips. The very name, *Zeus*, on the tip of her tongue, sent her body into electric spasms.

"Mr. Sheen, I'd really appreciate it if we could pretend like yesterday didn't happen."

His boyish smile made her melt. "Why would we want to do that? I didn't think anything could cheer me up, until I saw you. Did you know that yesterday was my birthday?"

The guy was impossible and cocky. In a strangely attractive way. "I vaguely remember you mentioning it. Guess I have great timing."

He leaned forward. "Turned thirty-five. I'd been bummed for most of the day. I mean, who likes to spend their birthday at work? But you came along, and it was the best part. A total surprise. So, I thank you."

Destry chewed her bottom lip so hard she feared biting right through it. "I'm so glad I could boost your spirits, but really, we need to switch gears here. It was to be a one-time thing, never to be brought up again."

"Did you plan it all on your own, or did someone pay you?"

How dare he ask her something like that? "What?" She crossed her arms. "Excuse me, but no. I came because...I wanted to. That's all."

His eyes crinkled when he smiled. Why did he have to be so damn gorgeous?

"My boss thinks you're some kind of fanatic. Maybe you have a crush on Zeus? God of Radio? I came up with the moniker in the shower one morning and it has stuck ever since."

She leaned back in the chair and tried to still her shaky hands. Changing the subject wasn't going to be easy. He was baiting her, but she

was a big girl and could play along. "I admit I like the name; it fits. Your distinctive voice...works well over the radio."

As he smiled, his entire face lit up. "Do you think so? I'm flattered. The radio is my voice."

Of course, she didn't want to mention how his voice had the same affect on her without a microphone. She squeezed her legs together tight. To get the attention off her, she decided to ask about him.

"Did you always want to be in radio?"

An obvious change stole across his features. "Nope. Had a football scholarship and everything."

He certainly had the build to be an athlete, but she wouldn't have guessed it by his mannerisms. Strong, yes, but with a gentle touch. Exactly how she liked men to act.

"What happened to make you stop?"

His eyes took on a faint sheen. "Too many injuries. It's not a long-term career by any means. My father played pro, and he's still suffering for it. Half the time he sits around with a blank expression on his face from being sacked so hard, and the other half he's heavily medicated to cope with the pain."

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I realized football wasn't my passion, only his."

As he spoke, she couldn't stop her gaze from wandering. He had a casual style, borderline sophisticated. The khaki pants suited him, though she didn't dare look below his belt. His dark shirt hugged his physique nicely, the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, showing off strong forearms.

"So, radio is your passion?"

He shrugged and ran a hand through his dark hair. "I can't say for certain. I'd like to think there is something more for me out there. How about you? Is what you do here a passion?"

Destry shook her head. So far, *he'd* been her passion, a sexy voice worth getting up for every morning, and now she had his full attention. "Nope, no idea. I don't think I have an ounce of creativity in my body. I draw like a three-year-old, I can't sing—not even in the shower—and the most writing I do is legalese on contracts."

He raised an eyebrow. "Are you going to tell me that you were never a dancer?"

And they were back to last night again. Mister Smooth Operator. "I like to dance, but only when the mood strikes. So no, I don't have a creative bone in my body."

"Maybe not, but you have a terrific body, and you know how to move it."

Heat rushed into her face. "Once again, can we move beyond yesterday's fiasco? It makes it difficult for me to concentrate."

His chuckle made her thighs quiver.

"I'm sorry. You're right; I'm not being a gentleman at all. It's just that I keep picturing you last night, and it distracts me. And your name, I must have repeated it all night."

Destry frowned. "I just told you my name today, so how could you have been saying it last night?"

From his back pocket he pulled out a familiar looking object. Gaze upward, she silently begged for the lights to fall from the ceiling and knock her out cold. A girl could take only so much humiliation.

"You dropped your driver's license last night."

She knew her face was beet red as she reached for it. "Umm."

"It's a beautiful picture. Most people would kill to have such a nice photo."

"Thanks. I don't think I could be any more humiliated," she mumbled and snatched up the card.

"Don't sweat it. Now that we know each other, and work close together, maybe we could go out for lunch sometime."

Her breath hitched. "Are you serious?"

"I am."

What could she say? Her dream man sat in front of her, and she wasn't sure of her answer? Opportunities like this didn't come along out of the blue. Still, she didn't know what to say. She worried he already thought her easy after the way she acted in front of him. She should play a little hard to get, shouldn't she? Her legs started bouncing. Sitting forward, she pressed her palms against her knees to halt them.

"I'll have to think about it."

"Okay. I wasn't expecting a rush answer." He fished something else out of his back pocket and handed it to her as well. "Here's my card. My home phone is on the back in case you need to reach me there. I'll be at the station until five-thirty tonight. Why don't you give me a shout when you're ready for that date?"

She swiped the card from his hand quicker than she meant to. She couldn't believe the very guy she'd been crushing on for what seemed like forever asked her out. She couldn't believe she didn't say yes.

"And just so you know, you'd be dating Trent, not Zeus."

Ah, he was claiming a distinction between the two. Very interesting. "Is there a difference?"

He leaned back, his arms clasped behind his head. "Some women get an idea fixed in their head about a man who calls himself a god, but I'm not the same guy you hear on the radio."

Her brows arched. "Oh, no?"

"Afraid not, I'm actually shy. I reserve the pompous attitude for my on-air persona."

She liked his honesty. "I'll try and keep that in mind and not set such high expectations."

"Yeah, go easy on me." He looked down at his watch and sighed. "While I'd rather sit here all morning and talk to you, I better be on my way. My shift starts in half an hour."

She opened up the folder and handed him a pen. "Since we didn't get much done in the way of business, I need you to sign on the dotted line at the bottom of the page. It says we'll be meeting again to go further into detail. That way you don't pay for the next appointment."

"Sure thing." After signing, he set the pen down and held out his hand. She shook it gently. It gave her a chance to sneak a peek at the prominent bulge in his pants. The man certainly made a big impression.

Destry stood and walked toward the door then held it open for him.

He tipped his head and, right in front of her, checked her out from head to toe.

“It was a pleasure seeing you again. You look nice both in and out of clothes.”

Dazed, she watched him walk out, her tongue tied as tight as the knots in her stomach. His sexy gait held her attention until he rounded the corner and disappeared out of her sight. She closed the door and sat in the chair, taking advantage of the empty conference room. Would her inner vixen ever come out to play again? If only she'd had enough courage to slink onto his lap, lead his hand between her thighs, and let him know how badly she wanted him. The God of Radio could tune into her station anytime.

* * * * *

Trent whistled as he walked to work. With his mood so high, he didn't even care about the mist of rain leaving wet spots on his shirt. The refreshing damp breeze helped cool him. He couldn't believe how easy it was to talk to her. Normally he'd ring Rudy's neck for making him act as his go-between, but not in this case. Destry Forrester. As enchanting as the night before when she'd given him the same doe-in-the-headlights look.

He worried he'd been a bit bias with having only seen her in the buff, but today reinforced his initial opinion. By night, she'd been a seductive siren. Dressed all sharp and classy in a skirt and blouse, she was still a knockout. Why hadn't he ever run into her before?

What a strange and wonderful twist to his day. Two surprises in a row. He couldn't imagine what was in store for him next. He hoped she'd call. Even though he'd seen her barest of assets, she still left plenty to the imagination, especially in the way of sex.

He ached to touch her skin, douse his fingers in her pussy, and find out what position she liked best. To find out what made her squeal, sigh, and beg for more. He had no right letting his mind wander like that, but he couldn't help himself. He was honest when he suggested going out to lunch. He'd love to spend time getting to know her, but how in the hell could he sit across from her without undressing her with his eyes? It would be torture.

At the communications building, he threw open the door. In the elevator, he swore a hint of her sweet perfume lingered in the air, just enough to give him a hard-on. He inhaled deeply, hoping the scent would stay with him all day. When the door opened at the third floor, Rudy waved at him to get his attention, but he desperately needed privacy. Ducking into the men's bathroom, he locked it, and grabbed a paper towel to dry his face. His hair was soaked from the mist, and the ends were starting to curl. He wondered how soaked Destry got between her thighs. How good she would feel with her legs tight around his waist. His pulse quickened, and he grimaced at his painfully hard erection.

Closing his eyes, he rested his head against the wall. Consumed by thoughts of her lips taking in his length, he couldn't help himself. Fingers trembling, he unbuttoned his pants and eased down the zipper. Wrapping his hand around his cock, he tightened his grip and moved up and down.

Destry, Destry, Destry, he whispered, stunned how intensely heat blazed through his body at the mere mention of her name. Perfect pink lips, open, the suggestive look across her porcelain face as her fingers dipped where he could only imagine. He continued stroking his cock faster, caught up in the momentum, until a jet stream of white liquid coated his belly and hands. Panting, he gazed at the wall, eyes blurred, taking in the moment.

If she could do that to him, without trying, without being in the same room with him, just how crazy would she make him skin to skin? How had she come into his life at just the right time? He'd give her a few days to call before he charmed her with flowers at work. He didn't dare let her get away.

Chapter Four

Destry couldn't wait to phone Brenda. She had so much to tell her. After three rings, her friend's familiar voice came through loud and clear.

"McCann and Dietz, this is Brenda, how may I help you?"

"Hey girl, it's me. Think you can get away today? I know it isn't our usual lunch day, but I'm bursting with stuff to tell you."

Her friend groaned. Not a good sign. "No, my boss is going home early, and I'm the one who has to hold down the fort. Wouldn't you know it?"

Destry sighed. "You really need to look for a new job."

"Soon. I'm holding out one more month, and there isn't much listed in the paper right now. How did your meeting go?"

She reminded herself to breathe and not rush her words. "Well, we didn't actually discuss business."

"Okay, that's weird. So what did you do? Stare at each other?"

"Um, close. Guess who my client was?"

"John Taylor?"

"What? No."

Brenda laughed. "I'd laugh if you said Zeus."

It was just like Brenda to steal her thunder. "Well...close. Try Trent Sheen."

Her friend broke out into hysterical laughter for several minutes while Destry doodled on her desk calendar.

"Mm hmm, yeah, get it all out of your system. Funky coincidence,

don't you think?"

"Did he recognize you?"

"Yeah, right away. Of course, I made it pretty easy for him since I apparently dropped my driver's license during my big getaway. Must have fallen out of my jacket pocket. Oh, and get this, it was his birthday yesterday. You couldn't have picked a crazier day to challenge me to flash him."

"I'm good. Wow. That is so cool. You do realize things like that don't happen everyday, don't you?"

She closed her eyes. "I'm trying to pretend it didn't even happen."

"Was it weird?"

"Hell, yeah. I mean, I already have a hard time speaking to people as it is, but Trent—he's different."

"I'm not sure I follow."

It was the craziest thing, but she'd picked up on it right away. "I don't feel nervous talking to him. I mean, I'm still nervous, but I'm not at a total loss for words. His presence puts me at ease."

"So, what did you guys talk about?"

"Not too much. He asked me out."

"Damn! You said yes, didn't you?"

Destry winced. She'd really hear it now. "I didn't say anything, but he left his number. I can't go out with him, Bren. I'd make a fool out of myself."

"I think you already did that. It should be a piece of cake from here on out. God—I mean Zeus—what are the odds? How did he look?"

She leaned back in her chair, ankles crossed on top of the desk. "He was dressed really nice. Sinful, actually. Nice physique, smoldering eyes. I can't tell you how many times I've wished those eyes to be on me, and today they were. Practically looking through me. Of course, the only reason he's interested is because I stripped in front of him."

Her friend made a disgusted sound. "Shut up. You're a beautiful woman."

Destry crinkled her nose. "Eh."

"Forget about all that. You've wanted this guy forever, and now

you have your chance. Go out with him."

Swinging her legs down, she leaned forward and rested her arms on the desk. "I can't. What he saw of me last night isn't who I really am."

Brenda sighed. "Meaning?"

"He probably thinks I'm easy, and that he'll get laid the first date. I took my clothes off and..." her voice trailed off and she cringed. Destry forgot she hadn't planned to tell Brenda everything.

"And what?"

"Oh god, you're going to laugh."

"I usually do."

She sighed. Better get it over with. "I got off in front of him. Before you say anything, let me explain. He put on some real erotic music, and I got lost in it."

There was a pause, and Destry swore she could hear her friend stifle a laugh. "Okay, I promise not to giggle insanely until after I hang up. But let's wrap this up, okay? I can only hold it in for so long."

Some best friend. "Thanks."

"No worries."

She chewed on her lip. "So, now you know why I really, really can't go out with him."

"No, I don't. You gotta take charge here, you know? Stop being such a baby and take a chance. Show him you're smart and sexy. Let him know you're a strong, independent woman. Unleash that inner vixen. Don't tell me you've forgotten."

"No, I haven't. My inner vixen was alive and well last night for several minutes, and it felt damn good."

"Uh huh. You've been playing it safe for so long you've forgotten how much fun it is to be a bad, bad girl. Make him pine away for you. Be bold. Besides, if given the opportunity, would you really tell him no, even on the first date?"

Destry laughed. "No. Okay, okay. You should really consider becoming a motivational speaker, you're that good."

"Thanks, I'll keep it under consideration when I look for a new job. I better go before my boss catches me yammering on company time. Can't

wait until she leaves."

"Talk to you later, hon. Bye." As usual, she felt better after talking to Brenda.

Before she thought it over too much, she dialed the radio station. Brenda was right. She needed to face her fears. There was no way to make a bigger fool of herself now. By the fifth ring, she started to hang up when Trent's evocative voice came on the line.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Trent, this is Destry Forrester." She wondered if he could hear her smiling like the Cheshire cat.

"Ah, I was just thinking about you. In fact, since leaving your office I've thought of nothing else."

She couldn't believe her ears. "I'm flattered, thanks. I hoped maybe..." Destry smacked her forehead. Why couldn't she spit the words out? "Uh, I would like to see you." There, she'd said it. Her legs started shaking again.

"I'd hoped you would say that. You've made my day yet again. Are you free tonight?"

If she said no again, she might miss out on another chance to see him. Besides, in her fantasies, the word no didn't even exist. "Yes."

"Great. Where would you like to go?"

If she was going to go through with this, she needed a safety net. A place where it wouldn't be so obvious how out of practice she was on a date. "How about I make you a nice dinner at my place?"

"Sounds great."

Her pulse thudded at his excitement. He hadn't even paused to think about it. "You aren't a vegetarian, are you? Not like there's anything wrong with that, but I don't want to offend you with something I make."

"Nope, and I'm not picky, and no weird food allergies. I'm not partial to liver, but who knows, maybe you know a great recipe."

Destry crinkled her nose. "I don't do liver either. Okay, so, how about seven thirty?"

"It's a date. I only caught a glimpse of your address from your driver's license, so can you give it to me, please? I want to make sure I

have your apartment number correct.”

She rambled off her number along with brief directions, and then hung up, feeling pleased. More than pleased. Downright ecstatic. She could do this dating thing. Now all she needed to do was find a way to be less clumsy around him.

Destry thought about what Trent said earlier. His other persona really came alive when he used the microphone. He could be someone else, and no one needed to know the real him. The same could be said for her inner vixen. If she quit thinking about what she would normally do, and thought more about what she used to do, and wanted to do, it might boost her confidence.

At home, she tried on three different outfits she had yet to remove the tags from. One looked a bit risqué, another made her look desperate, so she went with the third—a classic red dress with spaghetti straps and a discreet slit between her cleavage. She rummaged through her closet and unearthed a new and yet to be worn pair of red stilettos. The heels were much higher than she was used to, and she found it difficult to balance on the narrow points.

As she practiced walking, she accidentally fell back on her waterbed mattress. She sloshed back and forth for a few seconds, and then she heard it. A distinct *pffft* sound. Horrified, she sat up. The patch she’d fixed on the water mattress last week didn’t hold, and the impact of her body widened the tear to the size of a golf ball. Not to mention the plastic cap that had somehow come loose and disappeared. She couldn’t get off the bed fast enough. Water spouted out everywhere like a waterfall, pooling along the carpet.

Between the wooden bed frame and her sheets, she searched all over for the little plastic twisty cap, but couldn’t find it. God, she wanted to strangle something! Water continued spilling out, and she could see there was no way to fix it. The damage couldn’t be repaired by her own hands, and the kit she had didn’t have enough patches left. This had been the fifth time she’d had to repair it. Obviously, she was too irresponsible to own a waterbed in the first place.

Destry gathered a bunch of towels from the bathroom and lined

them up around her bed like a barricade, flinging sheets and pillows into her closet. In her rush, both her dress and nylons ended up soaked.

She checked the time and dialed the waterbed store, only to get an answering machine. Of course, they'd just closed. Of course, no one could help her until morning. Great. Now everything would be ruined. The evening wasn't going at all as planned. Not that she expected Trent to whisk her into the bedroom, because he seemed the gentlemanly type, but in case he wanted to, she'd totally be up for it. How many nights had she spent wishing for such a scenario? Finally, she'd get a chance and would have to decline on account of being mattress-less.

Hands shaky, she dialed Trent's house, hoping to catch him before he left. What a way to start their first date. Could nothing go right? She was beginning to think her inner vixen had connections with the devil himself.

"Hello?"

She swooned at the rich baritone of his voice. "It's Destry."

"Miss me already?"

"Yes, I mean, no. Not quite. I need to change our plans."

"Oh?" His voice sounded sad, dejected. Had he really wanted to see her that badly? "Do you want to reschedule?"

Her gaze traveled along her mess of a bedroom, with sheets all bunched up and water now spouting from the hole like a geyser. Something needed to go her way, and canceling altogether didn't sound right. "If you don't mind switching where we have dinner, then tonight is still on."

"Trying to get out of cooking? Or did you burn it?"

She knew he'd meant it as a joke, but she felt like an idiot. Destry sighed. "No, it's just...is it okay to switch?"

"Sure, did you want to go to a restaurant?"

She didn't trust herself in public right now. With her luck, she'd choke on something and wind up in the emergency room. She broke out in a cold sweat. "Maybe we should just reschedule."

"Hang on there a minute. I'm just checking to see what's in my fridge. Yep, I've got everything I need for a nice chicken dinner. You can

cook next time. Sound good?"

She sighed in relief. At least he mentioned a next time. Of course, there was still plenty of time left in the evening to mess something else up. "Sounds great."

Excitement returned to his voice. "Come on by any time."

Looking over her state of dress, she realized it wouldn't be too soon. "Okay, I won't be long. I'm a little wet right now."

"Are you now? Hmm. Well, that puts an image in a man's mind."

She bit her lip. Why didn't she own a muzzle? A nervous giggle slipped out. "Boy, did that ever come out wrong. It's...complicated. I just need your address."

"Sure thing."

She scrambled for a notepad and pen and made sure to write his directions down. "Okay, got them. I'll be there at seven-thirty. Thanks for understanding."

His chuckle gave her goose bumps. "Nothing to it. I'm easy going. See you soon."

Determined to remain calm, she started to clean up. First the mess, and then she'd worry about herself. Next to her bedside table, she found some heavy-duty electrical tape and managed to stop the leak with some heavy strips. At least it would hold until someone could come take care of it. She wrung out the wet towels in the bathroom sink and grabbed a few old beach towels to soak up the rest of the water. Plugging in a fan, she aimed it at the carpet to help it dry some more. The rest she'd deal with when she returned. Fortunately, she lived on the bottom floor and didn't have to worry about a water stain on the ceiling of her downstairs neighbors.

Concerned with the time, she quickly changed into an elegant black skirt and white silk blouse. Not as glamorous as the red dress, but still sexy. She considered whether to wear a thong or lacy hi-cut panties, and ended up going with the hi-cuts, just in case they got that far.

* * * * *

Not wanting to spill the beans that he had absolutely nothing decent in his place to cook, Trent drove like a bat out of hell to the grocery store. With only ten bucks to his name, he did his best discount shopping, and lucked out with a good deal on chicken. Damn Rudy for borrowing more money just to gamble it away. Trent knew better, but he figured he wouldn't need to worry about it since Destry planned to cook. His credit card was maxed out, also thanks to Rudy not paying him on time. The best he could do to fancy things up were a couple nice bottles of wine he'd received from a friend at Christmas.

Back at home, he realized what a mess his house had become. Not having expected any company in...forever, he did a mass clean-up job, tossing everything into closets, behind the couch, and pretty much anywhere he could fit things. By the time he finished, he'd worked up a good sweat and rushed through his third shower of the day. While the oven preheated, he shaved and slapped on some cologne, careful to not overdo. The idea was to make her *want* to get close, not reek up the joint.

He paused in front of the mirror and practiced his smile. He kind of liked the whole date night thing. It was a nice shake-up to his boring existence. Gave him something to look forward to. Looking closer in the mirror, he noticed a few wrinkles deepening around his eyes, and a few more pounds around his girth. Another twenty minutes on the treadmill everyday, and that should do it. For now, the shirt he chose helped conceal it. With everything else ready, he turned his focus back on dinner.

He'd never cooked for anyone, let alone a woman, and never really thought he would. Bachelor life had its good points and bad, but lately he'd noticed a sense of loneliness. His crazy work schedule kept him out of the loop and away from any kind of fun. The last time he came out of his shell, other than when he talked live on the air, was in college. After that, he settled into a humdrum way of life, but it passed the time.

The hardest thing for him was the knowledge that he let his father down. Somehow, that guilt carried into all the decisions he made. Sure, he could've made it to the big time with a fancy house, nice cars, and vacation spots, but football didn't hold any appeal for him. Out of obligation, he'd played in high school, but he knew senior year would be

his last.

His father likened him to a quitter, and pounded it into his head that he'd never be worth anything. The words stung. When he mentioned that he planned to study broadcast communications in school, his father didn't want to hear anything about it. Considered it a waste.

Shortly thereafter, he got a gig as the night radio DJ. He fell in love with it because in those six hours, he could escape and be a celebrity. Be something more than he was. Maybe even make his dad proud again. Not as if his dad ever listened to the radio, but the illusion helped appease his conscience.

Trent shook his head. He needed to get his family issues out of his mind and concentrate on having a good time. Tonight would be all about Destry.

One thing he knew for certain. The way he felt about her wasn't an illusion.

Chapter Five

Destry pulled up in Trent's driveway at seven thirty on the dot. So far, she liked the look of his house; a one-story brick style in slate grays and blues. It gave off a homey feel and made her more comfortable. Lush trees and bushes lined the walkway. As she strode up the sidewalk, the door opened. Trent smiled, making her feel giddy inside.

"Hi, beautiful."

She smiled back, her cheeks bunching up high. "Hello."

He stepped back, holding the door open. "Come on in, and make yourself at home. I've got to tend to a few things in the kitchen."

Wonderful smells assaulted her nose as she closed the door behind her. "Thanks for the last minute thing. Sure smells fantastic in here."

He gave her a quick hug, just long enough to make her swoon.

"Thanks, and it's not a problem. Everything okay with you?"

Right now, everything seemed perfect. "Oh, I'm fine. I just had a minor problem, but it's okay now." She walked around the front room, admiring the furniture, which was also comfy looking. Earth tones and leather; masculine and stylish. "It's seriously clean in here. I'm impressed. I didn't think bachelors knew how to clean."

His sexy voice echoed from the kitchen. "I can only speak for *this* bachelor and be honest in telling you that everything is currently shoved in any closet, cupboard, and space I could find. Which makes me doubly glad you didn't wear a jacket."

Destry laughed. "Ah, sharing secrets on the first date. I like that."

She ran her hand along the solid oak bookcase and glanced over his collection of CDs. He had to have about five hundred of them. "You have an amazing variety of music here. Stuff from the sixties on up. Wow, you even have a lot of 80's music."

"Yeah, what can I say, I'm a huge fan."

"Same here."

Her heart thudded into her stomach. The guy was scoring big bonus points. She watched him move about the kitchen, dressed in slacks and a dress shirt. The slacks were a nice choice and showed off his firm ass.

She noticed a stack of CDs with matching deep-blue covers. "What kind of music is on the blue CDs?"

"Oh, they aren't anything, really. Old recordings. If you want to pick something out to watch for after dinner, go right ahead. I'm up for anything, really."

His movie collection was equally impressive, though geared more to the testosterone side. She counted only three romantic comedies. Her gaze stopped on a movie titled *Overcoming Shyness*. Curious, she opened it and studied the electric blue disc. She looked back and got an eyeful as Trent leaned over the oven. If she could catch a quick lesson on how to behave tonight, she might make it through in one piece.

After several tries of the remote, the television finally came on. It only took thirty seconds for her to realize it was a porno as two naked bodies did the bump and grind, their voices whaling like dying animals. Destry gasped. She heard the oven door close, and she quickly shut off the TV, closing up the movie case before he noticed.

"Find anything interesting?"

She wrung her shaky hands. "Uh, no. I'll look later, though."

"Works for me. Dinner will be ready in two minutes."

She felt terrible for having snooped at something so private. "I can't wait. My stomach's grumbling. If you don't mind, I'm going to wash up real quick."

Trent turned and pointed down the hallway. "Be my guest. Bathroom is straight down that way. I even put the seat down for you."

Destry smiled and hurried inside the blue-walled cubicle, closing the door with her back against it. What a close call! Hands on her knees, she leaned over, catching her breath.

So, Zeus liked some kink. She hadn't watched a porno in years, preferring her battery-operated toys. Was that why he enjoyed watching her so much? Was he voyeuristic? How kinky was he, and did she dare find out? Only time would tell.

Not wanting the food to get cold, she hurried through washing her hands and then joined him at the small, square table. The setup looked nice, complete with candles and two plates of delicious-looking food.

Impressed, she whistled. "You sure can whip up a feast with little notice."

He shrugged. "It's a simple chicken recipe, broccoli, and steamed potatoes. Nothing to it. Would you care for a glass of wine? It's a Chardonnay, oak-barreled, and in case that doesn't suit your taste, I also have a Pinot Gris chilling in the fridge."

She felt as though she were dining with royalty. The guy thought of everything. Trent pulled the chair out for her and briefly rested his hand on her shoulder. Her knees buckled, and she sat right down. At this point, she wouldn't need wine to loosen her up, just his touch.

"Chardonnay sounds wonderful."

With the finesse of a sommelier, he poured the honey-golden wine into her glass. She took a sip and savored its smooth texture. "Mmm, very nice. I like the creamy finish."

He poured himself a glass and sat across from her, their knees grazing against one another. "Glad you approve."

Everything looked so good, she didn't know where to start. Picking up her fork, she took a bite of the chicken and groaned at the burst of flavor. "What did you marinate this in? It's fabulous."

"Olive oil, a little lemon juice, and some mustard. Simple and fills the hole. I try and keep cooking easy."

Beyond impressed, she took another bite. Tender and juicy. Before her mind wandered too much, she confessed, "I don't cook much."

He smeared butter over his broccoli and potatoes. "Chicken and

hamburger are my staples. Someday I'd love to learn how to make a delicious fish dinner."

Mouth full, Destry nodded, mentally logging the information away. She vowed to make him a fantastic fish dinner to make up for the last minute change. He deserved it for being such a good sport.

They ate in a comfortable silence for several minutes. Other than Brenda, she wasn't used to eating with someone else. Her last date, a total disaster, had been over two years ago. That relationship ended a string of mishaps all stemming from after graduation. She didn't expect a date to go smoothly again, but this one was. In between bites, she stole quick glances at him. If only he knew the explicit thoughts that ran through her mind. Again, she noted how relaxed she felt. As if they'd known each other a long time.

Finished with his meal, Trent wiped his mouth and leaned back in the chair. "I'm curious. What were you planning to cook tonight?"

"Chicken parmesan, but this tastes much better. I need to invite myself over for dinner more often."

He took a sip of wine. "You'll get no complaints here. You don't even have to use being wet as an excuse."

Destry snorted and finished chewing her last bite. The guy had a knack for bringing up embarrassing moments. "You don't understand. I have a flat bed. It's why I didn't want you to come over."

His brow arched high. "How does one get a flat bed?"

"It is, err, *was* a waterbed, and unfortunately what started as a small tear turned into a really big hole with water all over my floor. Which is why it's currently a..."

"Flat bed," they answered in unison. Destry loved the way he kept her smiling.

"You must have been pretty rough on it."

"Sort of. Not because of sex or anything; I just tend to go down hard on it."

Where was a muzzle when she needed one? Her face burned for the tenth time in twenty-four hours. If she wasn't careful, it would stick that way. She unfolded her napkin and covered her face with it. "Could

you pretend I'm not here? I really suck at the whole communication thing. I almost think I'd rather relive all my school speeches right now, that were total failures by the way, because I feel like such an idiot."

Shivers stole across her arms as Trent came up next to her, removing the napkin from her hands. "Here, let's put this on the table, shall we? Your pretty face should never be covered up."

The brush of his knuckles against her cheek sent the shivers down to her toes. He knelt down and turned the chair to face him.

Her heart started pounding. She wanted to lean in and kiss him. Actually, she wanted to do more than kiss him, but first things first. "I think maybe I should go."

"So soon?"

Destry shrugged. She worried what he'd think of her if she gave in. "I told you the other night wasn't me. I'm not usually so bold. I want to be, but I'm not."

"Well, you should only do what's comfortable to you and not try so hard. Now, I'm not any kind of expert on speaking because, to tell you the truth, unless it's into a microphone, I get flustered. I had to put on a brave front when I talked with you earlier."

Destry waved her hand at him. "Oh, that. Another example of things going horribly wrong."

He shook his head and reached for her hand. Butterflies started in her stomach. "I think things have been going wonderfully right. Maybe it's because I named myself after a god, and I like the whole mythology and stars stuff, but I believe the stars are somehow aligned in a way that has brought our two paths together. Do you believe in things like that?"

His words hypnotized her. "I like how it sounds. Destiny—soul mates. Finding the one right person. But I don't really know." It did indeed seem like fate as she sat before the one man she'd dreamed of for so long. She could only hope.

"I don't either. Maybe I'm just looking for explanations that aren't even there. Anyhow, I'd really like it if you could stay a little longer."

The scent of his cologne made her dizzy. Musk, spice, and everything nice. "When you put it that way, how can I refuse?"

"Good. Let me show you how much more wonderful it can be."

Trent stood, and she followed him to his stereo where he switched on some slow, romantic music. "Care to dance?"

Destry slipped easily into his arms. "I'd love to." Her nipples beaded beneath the fabric of her bra as her breasts brushed against him. He put his cheek against hers, sending thrills along her skin.

"I like your perfume."

With his lips so close, she could hardly contain herself.

"Thank you. It's vanilla and sandalwood; a favorite of mine."

"It's become one of mine, as well."

Like magic, her legs followed his, gladly letting him lead. Trusting every part of herself with him. Not in a million years did she believe this could happen. How would she ever be content again with him as only a fantasy?

Destry admired his grace. "You didn't tell me you could dance."

He chuckled softly. "I'm surprising myself. Maybe I needed the right partner."

His hand circled her lower back, massaging away her stress. Heavenly. Destry melted right into him. His sturdy build kept her safe. Love had previously meant awkward distrust, heartache, giving up any and all power. With Trent, she felt an equality, where they could each be their own person, but be an even greater person together.

Sure, she retained her clumsiness, and her words sometimes came out wrong, but her inner strength had been rebuilding since their paths crossed. Maybe he was feeling the same.

Tonight, she'd let love be her guide. She was a big girl now and needed to stop letting her past dictate her future. With a sigh, the last of her tension disappeared. This was where she belonged. "You were right. This is wonderful."

His cheek brushed against her hair as he stepped back ever so slightly.

"There's more, if you want it."

Destry's breath left in a rush. He stroked his nose against hers, and a tingling sensation started along her lips. Magnetic. She parted her lips

slightly, welcoming a kiss, if he only dared to do it first. His hand slid up and rested against the back of her neck. Slowly he brought his lips close and then pressed them against hers. She exhaled into his mouth and let the kiss take her away, overwhelmed by his masculine sensuality.

He nipped at her bottom lip and then darted his tongue inside her mouth. Destry loved the way his lips smoothed against hers, moist and gentle. She kissed him with everything she had in her. His breath tasted of the creamy Chardonnay. Their tongues tangled a few times before he broke away, trailing warm kisses along her lower neck and shoulders. His lips tickled against her skin, but at the same time aroused her senses.

Her lips vibrated and tingled. She loved the fresh, manly scent of his hair. Was it possible to fall in love with someone so quickly? Inside she chided herself. She'd been in love with this man for years. None other could have gotten to her this way. As her body continued to melt, his lips returned to hers. Wet with desire, she let herself go, kissing a dream and reality all in one.

Her body squirmed into his as the kiss deepened, turning feverish. Pure, delicious heat. Suddenly close didn't feel close enough. Trent smoothed his hand down her back and over her bottom, inching her skirt up little by little. She groaned into his kiss, her body on fire. She wanted this so much. Years of fantasies that seemed so hot didn't compare to the real thing.

He reached underneath her skirt and slid his hands along her silk panties. She shuddered and gripped his arms tight.

His voice lowered, reminding her of a smooth glass of brandy. "You can tell me when to stop, anytime."

Tonight that word didn't exist in her vocabulary. "I know."

Trent moved his fingers along her hip to her front, cupping his hand over her now soaked panties. A breathy sigh released from his lips. "You're so hot."

Her body felt like a rocket ready for take off. "Mmm. For you."

He slid down to his knees, working her panties down on the way, followed by her skirt. Body weak, she nearly convulsed. "Oh god."

"Do you want me to keep going?" His breath feathered against her

exposed sex.

Afraid to cry out, she nodded her head. Her heart pounded, chest tense, making it difficult to catch a full breath. His mouth was so close to her hot spot.

Trent looked up at her, his eyes conveying a deep lucidity that mesmerized her.

Following the curves of her calves, knees, and thighs, his hands swept upwards, closer to her sex. The contact of his fingers against her skin was pure magic, slow and languorous, driving her further to a state of unimaginable bliss. He was unlike any man she'd ever been with in the way he handled her. Attentive. Focused.

His pinky slipped along her cleft, and she shivered. "How bad do you want me?"

"I want you like I've never wanted anyone."

He stood and twirled her around, brushing his lips along her neck, his voice soft. "I'm just going to have a seat here. Darn football injuries."

On an easy chair, he sat down and unzipped his pants. The illicit sound hung in the air. Sheer naughty. When she glanced back, she gasped at the size of his erection.

His hands reached around her hips, clenching them firmly, and brought her closer toward him.

"I have a special place reserved just for you."

Carefully she rested her bottom on his lap, his erection against the back of her thigh. She spread her legs wide on either side of him.

He lifted her up and pushed the tip of his cock through her moistened folds. "Trent!" She welcomed every blessed inch of him as he stretched her wide. His groans overshadowed her own as he shifted, filling her to the hilt. She shuddered and took in a deep breath as she slid up his cock, and then moved back down. The combined scent of his cologne, sweat, and their sex invoked a surge of heat within her very core.

As she rocked up and down, her inner muscles tightly seized his slick shaft. Every inch of him burned a deep path within. He reached around and worked his hands beneath her blouse and bra, caressing her breasts. Leisurely he traced her nipples with his fingertips, making them

hard and achy. She wouldn't wish to be anywhere but with him. Whether from lust or love, her body craved his.

"Thank you for coming into my life, sweet angel."

Trent's husky voice, low and whispering against her ear, was foreplay all on its own. His fingers tightened on her nipples and gave them a sharp pinch. Instinctively, she squirmed her hips and ground hard into him.

"I love the feel of your wet pussy on my cock."

She shuddered at his words. With her legs on either side of his, her heels pressed firmly into the carpet, she continued her up and down movements, contracting her inner muscles around him.

"You're so damn tight."

She could barely contain herself. In complete ecstasy, moving faster with primal gyrations, moaning with each burn from the intense friction. His hands kneaded her breasts as she pressed back into him.

"I want to pleasure you everywhere. To have my lips trace every inch of your skin."

His words were dirty sweet, furthering her excitement. Sensations in her body responded to each touch, word, and thrust, as if he controlled her. His hand roamed down her belly until he reached her clit. The blood in her body raced. Sound faded away. She fought to stay conscious. It drained her but she wanted it...oh, how she wanted it. She gave Trent all of herself.

She moved against him harder. Oh, the bliss. She needed more, like an itch she couldn't scratch, taking him in to the hilt. Nearing the point her body would explode, the sweet edge, it took everything in her to keep from crying out.

He circled his thumb faster, thrusting up into her, their bodies working as one. She couldn't hold back. An amazing liberation washed over her as her orgasm broke free. She spasmed around his cock, and clenched him tight as her heart pounded at a deafening volume. Even better than she imagined it could be. His length remained hard inside her, stoking a new fire inside.

Between panted breaths, she asked, "Did...you...climax?"

He rustled her damp hair and hugged her close. "That's not what tonight is about."

Like hell it wasn't. She propelled herself off his lap, legs quivering like dandelions in the wind. She turned and knelt in front of him, batting her eyelashes.

"It's not going to be just about me."

Trent gave her a wicked smile when she playfully licked the head of his cock, painting him with the tip of her tongue.

His eyes flickered as she teased him further.

"You do that a little too well."

She inhaled his male scent and wrapped her lips tight around his cock. His gasp of pleasure made her want him all the more. She breathed out slow and took him in deeper, watching his lips curl back in beautiful agony. He tasted delicious, and even more exciting was watching him watch her. Between tight lips, she slid his cock, teasing all the way up to the head and back down again, skimming her mouth along his flesh, caressing and tracing his balls with her fingertips.

Again, she burned hot—her clit unbelievably sensitive and needy. She craved another release. While she suckled and stroked his cock, she slipped her fingers inside herself and massaged along the same path he'd taken. Trent tangled his hands in her hair, groaning each time she dared to take him fully into her mouth. His cock was rock hard, and she knew how ready he was to let go at any moment. He pumped his hips forward, his breath shallow.

She stroked him harder and sucked the tip of his slick cock, fumbling him in and out of her mouth. The release gripped her, more intense than the first one, but she refused to slow down her momentum. She wanted to hear and watch him climax. To watch his mouth twitch, and his body jolt.

She suckled with a passionate force until he begged her to stop. The moment she released him from her mouth, he climaxed, his white heat coating her fingers.

His bellow rang out around her like a sweet confirmation.

"God...I never...you're amazing."

He stroked her hair and helped her up onto his lap, handing her his shirt to wipe her hands. Streaks of sweat stained the sides of his face. She loved the way he trembled and quaked.

Head against his chest, she listened to the steady throb of his heart. With arms wrapped tight around her, he drew her close, their warm bodies pressed tight. Perfect. So this was how it felt to be held afterwards, to come down from the high together and not alone. She'd missed out on so much before, but she realized none of those other guys mattered. Tonight she was with the right man, the only man she needed.

Trent kissed the top of her head and smoothed sweat-dampened hair from her cheek. "Mmm. That was nice."

A big smile stretched across her face. Blissfully content, she could only nod.

"Do you want to stay the night?"

The question hung in the air for several minutes while she debated an answer. Part of her never wanted to peel herself away from his strong, comforting hold. A few more hours as they were sounded nice, but she couldn't wake up with him. Not yet.

She shook her head and traced her fingers along his dewy skin. "No, I think I better sleep at home, but I appreciate the invitation. How about a rain check?"

"You got it."

They huddled together through a movie she didn't really watch. Too busy replaying in her mind the most incredible sex of her life. They didn't talk much. Their bodies had said so much already. His hands never left her body, not even when he drifted off to sleep. She watched the slow rise and fall of his chest and wondered how she got so lucky? Aware of the time, she disentangled herself from his arms and quickly dressed. Afraid to get any more attached to him than she was, she had to go. There were some things she'd learned from her vixen days.

She kissed his forehead and headed for home. In the car, she took a moment and looked in the rearview mirror. Talk about a glow. Zeus had completely rocked her world.

Chapter Six

Saturday morning came a little too quickly, but at least she didn't have to work. Stretching, Destry realized her back would be sore all day from sleeping at an odd angle on the couch. Instead of waking up to a mouthful of fabric, she could have woken to Trent's chiseled face watching her, one eye hidden in the dent of a pillow, the other framed with an arched brow. Still, she'd done the right thing. Getting cozy or playing house too soon would only cause trouble.

Showered, dressed, and full from a bowl of oatmeal, she spent most of the morning running her usual weekend errands, starting with a call to the waterbed store. A couple of service men would be by around one to replace her mattress. The carpet remained a little damp, so she opened the windows in her room to help dry them. Thank goodness for old, shaggy carpet.

She did her best to try and think about something other than the fact she'd had mind-blowing, phenomenal, earth-shattering sex with Zeus, but it didn't work. The path he'd blazed between her thighs only magnified her yearnings. Stretched from the width of his cock, she swore every inch of him had been mapped and branded inside her.

Back home from running errands, she made up a big salad and glanced at the clock. In half an hour, the men would be by to fix the waterbed. Until then, her inner confidence was wavering. She needed to hear Trent's voice. Needed assurance the night hadn't been a mistake. Maybe he was upset she'd left without saying goodbye. As usual, sex only

added to her confusion of where things stood with a guy.

Not wanting to be one of *those* girls who wait for the call that never comes, she picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hello?"

His sleepy voice sounded adorable. She pictured his hair all mussed and light stubble along his face.

Nervously she chewed at a nail. "Did I wake you?"

"Nope, just sitting here channel surfing. It's the first time I've been able to sleep in for months."

"Bet you needed that."

"Well, I have another theory why I slept like a baby."

She smiled, cradling the phone to her cheek. No matter how many times she heard his voice, it still affected her. "I'll bet you do."

"I've also been thinking some things over. I was getting ready to call you in a bit."

Destry broke out into a cold sweat. She knew it. Here came the sting of rejection. They had sex, even when she knew it was too soon, and he wanted to break it off. She'd proven herself too easy and turned him off. First, there'd be excuses. And then she'd hear all about his busy schedule for the next ten months and how there wouldn't be time to spend together.

Hesitantly, she asked, "Did I do something wrong?" She prepared herself for the horrid words she expected to hear.

"You're kidding, right? Of course not. I've been thinking how much better my place smells, all vanilla and sandalwood, and how empty it feels. Never noticed that before. Oh, and it was nice cooking dinner for two for a change. I don't know. Weird stuff, I guess. Did you put some spell on me?"

She snorted. "Nope. So, you're not sorry I came over?"

"Hell, no. I'm only sorry you left."

She let out all the air she'd been holding. She'd never been so glad to be wrong before in her life. "I hope you understand I had to."

"No, it's fine. I'd like to see you again. Soon."

Words she would never get tired of hearing.

"Same here. How about tonight?"

"I have to work the night shift, but you're welcome to stop by. I'd love to see you. I'll clear it with Rudy. You could wear your coat with nothing underneath."

She laughed, wondering if he'd always bring that up. *Always*. She liked that thought.

"You're going to get yourself into trouble if you keep on."

His rough chuckle vibrated through the phone. "Would trouble's first name be Destry? I'm kidding, I promise."

"Hmm. *Maybe* I'll see you later."

"You know I'm kidding around. Seriously though, I do hope you'll stop in. This place isn't the same without you."

She groaned at his playful banter. "See you later."

"Looking forward to it."

After the waterbed repair guys left, she spent the rest of the day cleaning up her bedroom, indulging in a good book, and answering emails. She looked through recipes for a fancy fish dinner, wanting to surprise Trent, and came to the conclusion that ordering from a restaurant would be easier. Everything sounded far too complicated.

Online she found a place specializing in salmon dinners that she could pick up on her way to the radio station. Time seemed to stop as she waited for the evening to come. Fortunately, that good book came in handy.

Just before six, she changed into a nice skirt, silky blouse, stockings, and heels. She tried her hair up in a French twist to leave her neck exposed, but preferred it down and flowing around her shoulders. If he behaved, she might throw a little kink into the evening. With her purse in hand, she grabbed her keys and locked the door. Walking to her car, she glanced upwards.

The night sky shone clear with the beginnings of a few twinkling stars. Maybe their stars *were* aligned. It helped explain why they ran into each other two days in a row and got along so well. She kept going back to how comfortable things were with him. His house, taste in music, mutual feelings. Maybe they were just in the right place at the right time.

Regardless, she didn't want it to end.

She unlocked her car and slipped in behind the wheel, checking herself one more time in the mirror before starting the engine. Her life suddenly had more meaning than ever before. It was nice to know someone waited for her. She hoped he'd appreciate the salmon dinner and whatever followed for dessert.

At the restaurant, her order came up just as she walked in. She quickly paid and hustled back to her car, the delicious aroma making her stomach grumble. Within minutes, she was at her destination.

Destry pulled into the same parking space she had before, only this time she wasn't a nervous wreck. Instead of fear, she looked forward to the evening. Anything to spend more time with the man she dreamt about. She stepped out of the car and glanced toward the communications building. How ever had she found the nerve to go in wearing only her jacket?

With the bag of food in her hand, she went up the elevator. Like last time, Rudy came barreling toward her, though far less intimidating.

"Hi, Rudy."

"Oh. Evening, Miss Forrester. You look different this evening."

She smiled. "I'm dressed this time."

He chuckled and pushed his glasses up. "So you are. You can go right in."

"Thanks."

Excited to be seeing her favorite DJ again, she quickened her pace. She knocked lightly and opened the door. Trent's face lit up the moment he saw her, sending her heart through the roof.

He took off his headphones and waved her over. "Come in, come in. I'm just changing discs here, and then we have a couple hours to ourselves."

She gazed around at the machinery. It looked more like something she'd find in a space shuttle. "You sure have a lot of fancy equipment in here."

"Nah, this stuff is centuries old. You ought to see what a real radio station looks like, not this hand-me-down crap."

She set the bag down and took out two dinner boxes, setting one on his desk.

Trent eyed her with a sexy glance. "What's this?"

"A fancy fish dinner. Hope you like salmon. I wanted to make it myself, but I've never cooked fish before. I was too afraid I'd poison you or something."

His mouth hung open. "You brought me a fish dinner?"

"Yeah." She shrugged. "It's not a big deal. If you don't like it, you don't have to eat it."

"You remembered me mentioning it last night and surprised me with it."

She smiled. His eyes were all glossy.

"This is so nice. Salmon is my favorite."

Trent opened the box and shut his eyes, inhaling deeply. "Smells incredible."

Her face flushed as she waited for him to take a bite, her own fork poised in mid-air. She watched his mouth wrap around the fork and struggled to ignore the inner heat. She remembered the feel of his lips on hers, and the way he tasted. How her body tensed as his hands slid along her skin. It was almost impossible for her to not be turned on around him.

As he chewed, he made all kinds of complimentary noises.

"Mmm. I'd say this is the best salmon I've ever had." He rolled forward in the chair and kissed her soft on the lips. "Thank you so much. You're full of surprises."

"I like to keep you guessing." She took a bite of her own dinner and discovered she liked salmon after all. From the bottom of the bag, she pulled out a corkscrew, a bottle of Pinot Noir, and two plastic wine glasses. "I was informed this vintage would pair perfectly. Would you mind opening it?"

"Not at all."

He reached forward and studied the wine label, giving an impressed hum as he read. Like a professional, he uncorked the wine and poured them each a glass. The garnet swirled in her glass and reminded her of the seedy red light she was first shown above the other door. For

fun, she raised her glass. "To Zeus, God of Radio."

Trent chuckled and clinked her glass. "This is all very special, thank you."

She took a sip, basking in the glow of his words. "Oh, stop. You don't need to go on. It was my pleasure."

He puffed his lower lip out. "What's wrong with me going on? I want you to know that I appreciate it."

His comments filled her with good feelings and sated her hunger. She gazed into the depths of his eyes and saw her entire future there. Her body craved his touch. His breath against her skin. The images she saw when she'd danced grew more vivid and lit a match in her belly. Wet beyond all reason, she felt liquid heat dampen her inner thighs. She needed him now. A new hunger had started.

When he finished his last bite, she stood and moved his dinner box off to the side with hers. Setting her glass on his desk, she kicked off her black pumps.

"Now, are you ready for dessert?"

Trent knew he was wearing a stupid grin on his face, but he couldn't help it. Her voice was sweet, laced with honey. She'd seduced him once, and it appeared she would do it a second time. Her scent carried across the room and stroked at his groin.

He voiced the words in his head. "I can't believe we've been so close all this time, and I've never seen you."

Curvaceous, ebony lashes blinked in a steady rhythm, eyes downcast and reflective. Each movement was an orchestrated symphony of provocative gestures. It would take a blind man to not falter around her.

"Maybe I was waiting for the stars to align."

A layer of sweat lined his brow as she unbuttoned her blouse. He liked this side of her; a brazen beauty. Hell, he liked all sides of her. He'd gladly spend a lifetime getting to know all her different personas. With a coy look, she let the blouse drop to the floor. He had nowhere else to look but right in front of him. A white satin bra neatly cradled her supple breasts.

"I'm feeling somewhat adventurous tonight," she whispered, running a manicured fingertip along her breasts.

Before he had the chance to respond, she reached behind and unzipped her skirt. His mouth went dry as he watched it, too, slide down to the floor, exposing her black stockings. His gaze darted to her attractive legs, and his cock twitched again.

Destry traced her fingers around her bra. "You've gotten quiet."

Trent cleared his throat. "I'm too busy enjoying the scenery."

"Course, you saw me last night, so maybe this is all just old news."

He begged to differ. Every inch of her ignited curiosity. "Lady, there's nothing *just* or *old* about you."

The small room heated up as he pictured her spread eagle on his bed with wrists and ankles bound to the bedposts.

She brought her face up close to his. Sweet lips asking for him to take her. Right here. Right now. "Think maybe you can help me with these stockings?"

His pulse beat in his groin. "My pleasure."

Kneeling in front of her, he hooked his thumbs under the stretchy waistband and slowly rolled them down over her womanly hips. Her heady scent captured his full attention, and he paused when he saw she wasn't wearing panties. A small patch of hair highlighted her sleek mound, only an inch away from his mouth. Drunk from her scent, Trent could barely see straight. Flashes of the redheaded beauty atop his bed, amid the sheets, in the shower, or anywhere that showed off her flawless, pale skin, made his cock painfully hard. Temptation never looked so good.

Her head tilted back as she sighed. "Mmm, now that feels nice. It's so warm in here."

Trent continued sliding down her stockings, over toned and agile legs. Down her pretty pale knees and firm calves. She leaned her weight on him as he pulled the nylon fabric over her scarlet-painted toes.

When he looked upwards, her gaze met his with a hint of mischief. "I had some wild fantasies about you and I before we ever met."

His face flushed. He was starved for her. "You did?"

"Yes. I bought a vibrator just to use when I sat in the car and listened to you talk. Actually, I've bought several and named them all after you."

She put her hand to her bra and removed a small silver object.

"Here, would you hold it for me?"

His blood heated with a ravenous fire.

He watched her unfasten the hooks of her bra and teasingly drop it to the floor.

"Twist it to turn the vibrator on."

Trent swallowed, his erection becoming rock hard. "Y-You want me to turn it on?"

"Yes, the way you turn me on. I want you to press it against my clit and watch me come."

Could something so small pack that much of a punch? He twisted the base, and a faint buzz started up. This was by far the sexiest thing he'd ever done.

She parted her thighs as he brought it close.

"Here, let me help you put it just right."

Her warm hands against his was like an electric shock, almost making him drop the vibrator.

"There, right there. Oh god. Oh, Trent, yes."

Stunned, he watched the pink spread over her face. Loved how his name sounded in the throes of excitement. How her raspberry lips parted as she gasped and moaned. His cock pressed tight against his pants, hard as a damn boulder.

"Twist it a little more, and it goes faster."

He reached up and twisted the base further, feeling her slick cleft against his skin.

She cried out, shouting his name, rocking her pelvis against the vibrator.

"Press it harder against my clit. There, yes. Oh, yes."

Her body radiated heat.

"I'm going to come, right now," she cried.

Trent wiped at his forehead. The woman was incredible. He

watched her body spasm hard. Unable to take any more, he turned off the vibrator and stood, bringing her breasts to his hungry lips, greedily tonguing her pale pink nipples. Destry squirmed.

He needed this woman like he needed air. Everything about her was sweet, soft, delectable.

Her body trembled in his grasp, eyes glazed and beautiful.

"Take a seat in my chair and part your thighs wide for me. Nice and wide."

Hit with her scent again, his entire body heated ten degrees.

With her sweet bottom touching the edge of the chair, he splayed her wet folds apart and darted his tongue against her clit. He tasted her center, sweet and aromatic, driving him to a point of no return. Her jagged sighs filled the room, whispers of more, faster, slower, and please, wrapped around him, driving his animalistic need further. He wanted to take her right there, but first he wanted her to come again.

Focusing on her clit, he rolled his tongue on either side of her feminine swelling, sucking and licking her with fury. When he glanced up, she looked incredible; her head tilted back, a series of groans waiting to slip from her pink lips. He couldn't believe she'd come into his life from out of nowhere, and now he couldn't get enough of her.

He plunged two fingers inside her heated core, slowly at first, blown away by her level of excitement. Her juices practically ran down his hand. He pushed in a third finger and watched a patch of red spread across her face, her luscious lips opening wider.

"Don't stop. I'm so close. Please...don't stop," she moaned, her body thrashing.

He flicked her with his tongue. Suckling. Rubbing her red, swollen nub with his fingers. Her inner muscles contracted around his other fingers, wildly gripping and releasing. All the while, he fought back the urge to orgasm, wanting to be deep inside her.

Chapter Seven

Destry couldn't believe the way he charged her body with every touch. A storm of energy swirled inside her stomach. Trent was all hands, fingers, lips, and tongue, diving and delving with expertise. With glazed eyes, she peered around the room, barely aware of her surroundings. Objects spiraled as her breathing increased, the blood swirling, her heart pounding deep inside her chest. She was so close to a much-needed release.

Her chest tightened as she held her breath. In that moment, she didn't care if someone came in or not. She needed this feeling, to be taken away and allowed to free her mind. She clenched her teeth to keep from crying out at the top of her lungs as she neared the orgasm. He rubbed her clit in swift motions until the final force unhinged and freed itself.

"Right there." She gripped the chair tighter.

Her muscles tensed and shook as the orgasm barreled through her body. She tried to bite her lip, but the intensity overwhelmed her. A long, guttural cry shot up from the pit of her stomach and echoed inside the room. She leaned toward him, her body warm, pulse pounding. As their lips touched, she tasted the remnants of her sex. The kiss started slow, almost experimental. The refreshing feel of Trent's breath cooled her parched throat. Their kisses grew eager and fervent. When they parted briefly, her face was warm. Again, their lips met.

She broke away from his lips and, with trembling fingers, unzipped his pants. The feel of his cock in her hands sent a rush of excitement

through her.

"I need to feel you now."

She lowered her lips to his cock, but he took her hand and pulled her from the chair. His body glistened with sweat against the lights. Warmth emanated from his skin.

"I can't have you do that. I need to be inside you, now." He leaned her over his desk and parted her drenched thighs. "I love the shape of your body. How your hips curve just right. The shape of your provocative bottom."

She mewled at his words. No more waiting. She needed to feel his cock slip into her moist center. Looking over her shoulder, she watched him ready his cock at her entry. "Fuck me hard."

He teased for only a minute. Her legs tensed as she waited. The first thrust drew all the breath out of her. Spreading her legs more, she arched her back and pushed back into him. His hands tightened on her hips as he plunged fast and deep. The red wine swayed in the glass as the desk moved with each meaningful thrust.

"Fuck me faster, please." A third orgasm started as he drove her over the edge. She opened her mouth and gasped, the final storm passing through her hot spot. Judging by his grunts, he was near the edge as well. She helped him along by squeezing her inner muscles.

Trent gave one final thrust and groaned loudly as he orgasmed, releasing his hands from her hips.

"The things you do to me."

He flopped into the chair and pulled her onto his lap. With his hand against her cheek, they kissed. Gentle, passionate kisses, with less fire but still plenty of heat.

"I can't believe you made me come three times."

His sexy smile made her spasm again.

"Get used to it."

A loud banging at the door startled them both. Not wanting to be caught naked, Destry crawled underneath the desk, dragging her clothes with her. Trent zipped his pants up and buttoned his shirt.

His voice thundered loudly. "What is it?"

The door swung open and, from her view, a pair of denim-clad calves swiftly neared the desk. Huge calves. It could only be one person.

"What's going on, Rudy?"

She strained to hear his reply but only heard a click. Why did he whisper?

"You mean, we were live?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Dammit. I didn't even notice. Well, that...sucks."

"I might use a different term. Now, if you'll excuse me, the phone lines are flashing, and I have some damage control to do."

"Rudy, I'm sorry, man."

"Hey, we can laugh or cry about this later over a couple beers, but right now, we need to fix stuff. We're pretty much going to lose any family oriented sponsors and who knows what else. By the way, hi, Destry."

She cleared her throat. "Um. Hi, Rudy."

The door closed, and she slid out. "What happened?"

Trent patted his lap. "Sit here."

Destry flashed him a wicked smile. "That will only lead to trouble."

She lifted her leg over his and slid on top of him, warmed by his arms around her.

"We have a slight problem."

Something in the atmosphere had changed. She could feel it. "I only heard a little. What did Rudy mean by losing your sponsors? We're going to be doing some major advertising through Systems Go, and the number of your listeners will triple. Just you wait."

Even his expression had changed. "Well, then that will mean three whole listeners. I'm afraid that won't do."

She furrowed her brow. "I don't follow." She could see he was visibly bothered and wanted to find a way to make things better.

The crease in his forehead deepened as he pointed toward the equipment. "See the red light on the machine."

"Yes."

"When it's green, it means people can hear what's going on in here."

It's called being live and on the air."

Destry shrugged. "Okay, so?"

"Rudy turned it back to red when he came in here. Apparently some of our evening romp went out to all our RUUP listeners."

The blood drained from her face. "So, everyone listening heard moans, groans, and oh god, me saying the F-word."

His voice was devoid of any emotion. "Yeah, a couple times."

She didn't know what to say. If only she'd been born a mute, then the whole talking thing would never be an issue. Around Trent, she'd found a voice of strength, and now it turned into a total disaster.

"But...how?"

"I'm guessing it got bumped while we were...you know."

Her face blazed. "I'm so sorry. Is there something we can do?"

He massaged his temples a few times and heaved a sigh. "Right now, Rudy is in his office dealing with irate callers, and I should probably join him. So, there's not really anything for you to do here."

His arms loosened from around her, and she took it as a sign to get up. Of course there was nothing left for her to do. She'd done enough. Spoiled the whole evening, in fact. Not to mention causing a major media incident.

"Okay. Absolutely, yes, you two should figure things out. I'm going to go." With shaky hands, she gathered up the boxes of food and the rest of the wine, and packed everything back into the bag. She looked back and offered a smile.

In a quiet voice, he added, "We'll talk later. I'll call you."

Trent rested his elbow on the desk and stroked his forehead. Her heart went out to him.

"Okay, call whenever." She hoped he would call, but she wouldn't count on it. In her heart it was apparent things had just changed considerably between them. "Um, bye."

The room spun in circles and she teetered toward the door, eyes brimming with tears.

"Wait, come here a sec."

Destry turned and almost fell into his arms as he gathered her up

and kissed the bridge of her nose.

"I had fun, and don't think for a second that I'm sorry you stopped by."

He always knew what to say.

"I had fun, too, but not at the expense of ruining your career."

Trent put his fingers to her lips. "Shh. It'll all be okay. I bet it blows over by morning. You drive home safely."

She doubted things would be better in a week, let alone by morning, but she didn't want to say so. "Okay."

His arms dropped, and she made her way to the door. Before she was fully out, she heard him cuss up a storm. He'd tried to hide his concern from her to make her feel better. Now she felt worse.

Heading to the elevator, she could see Rudy shake his head, ear to the phone, complete desperation in his voice. Quickly she ran to the other side of the hallway and took the stairs, blinded by a steady stream of tears welling in her eyes. Outside the building, she looked up into the sky. Somewhere their stars had shifted. They were no longer in alignment.

She hurried into her car and punched the accelerator the whole way home, driving like an emotional maniac. Streetlights blurred through her tear-stained lashes. She'd been certain their evening would be filled with magic. Certain they would talk about the future and how amazing things were going between them. His words of fate had her believing anything was possible. Somewhere along the way their string got cut, and now everything would be left to chance.

Safe at home, she slumped to the couch, clutching a pillow to her chest. Couldn't things go right? Didn't she deserve to meet a man and fall in love? Have things go smoothly for a change? She didn't even care that her voice had been broadcasted over the air. Her job wasn't on the line. All she cared about was the impact it would have on Trent's career. Here she'd been hired to bring in more listeners and, in one night, she'd probably cost the station millions of dollars. Her chest tightened, and the tears started up again. This was the part of love she remembered most; the blubbing fool.

Eyelids heavy, she closed her eyes, letting the tears soak her cheeks.

Maybe if she kept her eyes shut, all the bad stuff would disappear.

Somewhere between a nightmare and waking up, a strange ringing echoed and continued to get louder. She sat up and realized it was her phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi. It's Trent. Sorry to call so late. Sounds like I woke you."

She squinted toward the wall clock. It was only a little after one.

"Not really. I only dozed off for a few. How are you?" She gripped the phone like it was her lifeline.

"As good as I can be right now. Rudy and I have been trying to work things out, and it's taking longer than I expected, so I have to make this brief. It's going to be a long night."

Her heart sank. If only she could do something to help. She hated feeling so useless. "Okay."

"Thanks for understanding. I feel terrible, but I need to keep a low profile right now. And well, Rudy has asked that you not stop by again. Normally I'd tell him to go to hell, but this time, well..."

She got the point. Rudy blamed her entirely. "No, I understand. Honest."

"I figured you would. I'm really hung up on you, but it's all moving pretty fast. Maybe we should let things cool. I'm a bit over my head right now, and my job is on the line."

Close to the speech she'd expected earlier, though with more maturity and sensitivity. She choked back a sob. "Is there anything I can do? What if I called into the station and personally apologized on the air?"

"Nah, it's sweet, you're really sweet, but it's not going to help. Give me time to straighten things out, and then we'll talk again. Does that work for you?"

What could she say? Hell no, he was the best thing that ever happened to her? She didn't think she could go a whole day without hearing the sound of his voice. How would she cope if he lost his job and they never spoke again? She'd sound like a selfish brat. "Great. We'll talk soon."

"Yep. I'll call."

"Sure." She didn't need a degree in communications to know what that meant. Don't call him. He won't be calling her.

"Bye."

"Bye."

She listened to him hang up and then waited for the dial tone. Through a blur of tears, she dialed Brenda and sobbed into the phone, purging all the horrific details of a night that started so wonderful and ended so wrong. Not long after, her friend arrived bearing gifts; tissue, ice cream, and *Serendipity*. Brenda sat next to her and stroked her hair.

"Okay, sweetie. I'm here. Tell me all about it."

* * * * *

Trent felt like the biggest asshole in the world. It was obvious by the sound of Destry's voice that she'd been crying, and he couldn't think of anything appropriate to say. His head ached from all the chaos. All he wanted was to be back in her arms, exploring more of her sweet spots.

"Hey, man, I grabbed a couple beers, want one?"

Unaware Rudy had walked in, he jumped, nearly knocking over a stack of new CDs.

Only his manager found it amusing. "Jumpy, are ya?"

Drained of energy, Trent shrugged. "Just have a lot of stuff on my mind."

Rudy tapped him on the shoulder with a bottle. "Beer?"

"Nah. Thanks, though." He needed his mind clear so he could get out exactly what he was trying to say. They'd been crunching numbers through the whole night, subtracting the loss of sponsors, and penning letters to help with damage control. It didn't help they were in debt and there was no one else to ask for sponsorship.

His boss was more in debt than he even realized. Monies that went into advertising were supposed to bring in a quick turnaround, but now those ads were gone, too. Sometime during it all, the sun had come up and it neared noon. He hadn't slept a wink. Clearly, they were in a bad spot, and it mainly had to do with finances. The timing couldn't be worse.

Trent rubbed his hands across his face and rolled his shoulders back. His muscles ached from the tension. "Look, man. I'm really sorry, but I don't see how we can get out from under this mess without you letting me go. I fucked up, royally. I'm not at all content with you taking the heat for something I did."

His boss sat across from him and took a long swig of beer. "It's actually funny, in a twisted way. I mean, you should've heard the two of you from my end. Well, never mind. Nobody's perfect, and I've made plenty of mistakes running this business. You never bailed on me, so why should I bail on you? Anyhow, I don't know how we can recover from the losses, but I'll find a way to keep us afloat. After I get the parents to calm down and the family-themed restaurants to rethink pulling their advertisements, we'll be okay. This will all blow over. You'll see."

Trent knew better. They were barely keeping their heads above water before. His loyalty cost him both personally and professionally, and he didn't see how it would ever change. Trying to get anything into his boss' head was like pulling teeth. "You know as well as I do that we're so far in the hole, losing even two sponsors impacts us in a huge way. I think it's time we were honest here."

Rudy held up a hand. "Don't start in on me. I know what you're going to say, and I'm not in the mood for a lecture, especially not from you. I promise I'll give up gambling. After this weekend."

It pained him to see his friend and manager this way. Smart, funny, and with a heart of gold, Rudy didn't see what he did as wrong. But the years of fronting his boss money, living on half a paycheck, watching his own credit go down the tubes, all left a bad taste in his mouth. The guy wasn't going to change. "You're a broken record. You know it, and I know it."

His boss sat up, chin jutting out in determination. "Have faith. This weekend it's the big guns at the casino. I feel it in my veins that I'm going to leave there with the jackpot."

Frustrated, Trent stood and crossed his arms. "The only things you've got running through your veins are alcohol and sugar from all those jelly doughnuts you eat. I can't do this anymore. I can't stand by and

watch you throw everything away.”

Not the confrontational type, Trent started sweating. He’d never seen Rudy look so hurt, and it bothered him deeply, but he couldn’t keep it in anymore.

“Go ahead, man. Abandon me like everyone else in my life. Friends, family, my wife; just up and walk away. I don’t care. I don’t need you or your money. Leave me alone.”

“I apologize. That’s the tired side of me talking. I’m not abandoning you. I just think we need to make some serious changes. You built this place up from nothing, and I blew it. I let my feelings for Destry get in the way. All my work ethics went right out the window.”

Rudy chuckled. “Not hard to understand when you look at the woman. I’d lose my head, too, if someone that beautiful paid me any attention.”

“You should be pissed and fire my ass. I don’t expect you to take responsibility for my mistakes.”

His boss waved a hand at him. “Ah, hell, it was a stupid thing that happened. But it’s not like you planned it. We’ve been through a lot together. I don’t believe in kicking a guy when he’s down.”

Before he could respond, the phone rang. Trent walked out into the hallway to give his boss some privacy. No doubt, it was another sponsor pulling their advertisement. With a hand through his hair, he paced along the checkered carpet.

He wanted to call Destry. Hell, he wanted to see her, feel her, touch her. The way he’d ended things on the phone made him sick to his stomach. He let her down at a time she needed him. Had he taken *her* feelings into consideration?

It was her voice over the air along with his. He could only imagine how he’d feel if the roles were reversed. She meant the world to him, and he’d pushed her away the moment things got a little bumpy. He was failing at everything. Work, relationships, and his father’s standards. In his mind, he saw his father standing there, arms crossed, shaking his head. Something needed to change.

Trent glanced at his watch and knew it was too late to call Destry.

He missed the sound of her voice. She wouldn't want to see him; not now, not ever. He heard Rudy hang up and went back into the office. Leaning against the doorway, he said, "Tell me what you need me to do."

He'd never seen Rudy look defeated before, but it was apparent on his face right then. "Help me add up our losses, and get me the number to that agency we were going to go with. Systems Go. I can't afford their fees."

"Sure, no problem, but would you mind making the call? In the odd chance Destry answers, I don't want to be the bearer of bad news. I don't want her to feel worse than she already does."

His boss nodded. "Poor girl. You can see it on her face how much she cares for you. I mean, I've dealt with the fanatics that want to see you, but she's different."

"Well, I think I blew any chance of being with her from this point on."

"What? Are you kidding? This isn't the Trent I know. You can't let her get away. She's good for you. I've been telling you for years to get a life."

Trent couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

"Now get me that file and help me with the figures. We'll respectively stay off the air for the rest of the day and make our apologies tomorrow morning. I don't think anyone is listening right now anyways."

Chapter Eight

Destry stared out the window from her chair, watching the slanted streaks of rain. The weather summed up her feelings exactly. Gray and gloomy. Nothing, short of hearing from Trent, could bring a smile to her face. She'd spent all of Sunday moping around the house, not even bothering to shower or get dressed. Brenda stayed with her through most of the day, doing her best to crack jokes and keep things light.

The door to her office opened, and she quickly swiveled the chair around, wishing she'd called in sick. In a very meek voice, she mumbled, "Hi."

Boss Man strode right up to her desk without bothering to say hello. The grim look on his face didn't offer any kind of clue to his visit. Before she had a chance to say anything, he tossed a file on her desk and stood with his arms crossed.

"You know I'm hopeless with computer stuff. Could you delete the info you have on this file, please?"

Curious, she flipped open the folder and immediately recognized the client's name.

"Why? Did I do something wrong?"

Even without looking up, she knew Boss Man's gaze had drifted to her blouse and the way it opened up when she leaned forward. Annoyed, she closed the file and rested it against her chest.

He met her eyes and acted innocent. "Wrong? Not that I'm aware of. Far as I know, they've decided to go with someone else."

She swallowed a lump. "Did the person who called give their name?"

He headed toward the door and then looked back at her over his shoulder, one eyebrow curling up like a wisp of smoke. "Rudy, somebody. Giles, I think. From what I gather, he's the station manager."

"Well, did he say who he was going with instead?"

Her boss shrugged and popped a breath mint into his mouth. "I didn't think to ask. I don't grovel for clients to stay. Don't take it personal; you win some, you lose some. You're the best person I've got working here, so it's not like your job is on the line."

Destry could think of someone whose job *was* on the line, no thanks to her brilliant seduction plan. Having an inner vixen was way overrated. Not sure what else to say, she managed a faint, "Thanks."

"Don't sweat it. I have a feeling we're way out of their league anyway. I mean really, who listens to RUUP?"

Her boss closed the door, leaving her to erase any existence of Trent's visit. She opened the folder back up and looked over his signature, a chicken scratch at best, but it filled her with warmth nonetheless. The events in the last few days were some of her worst and best times. Her fantasy man had been closer than she ever thought possible, and now way out of reach.

She walked to the window and looked out, toward the radio station, wondering what Trent was doing. Having met him in person, the fantasy part had grown to even more fantasies. This time she had a face, complete with rugged features, and beautiful eyes that made her weak when he winked or looked at her with longing. In fact, everything about him had exceeded her evening fantasies.

Miserable, she went back to her desk and rested her head on folded arms. She tried to reason with herself. Deleting the file didn't mean she was deleting him from her mind. All the memories would remain, even the ones she'd rather forget. She considered calling him but figured it would only make things worse and, in the end, she didn't know what to say. She'd been over a thousand things in her mind, and none of it sounded right. If he never spoke to her again, she would understand.

Checking the time, she gave Brenda a quick and very evasive call, canceling their lunch plans. She didn't feel like bringing down someone else she cared about. Her friend would forgive her, but would Trent? For the rest of the day she sulked, swearing off men forever. Love hadn't been a part of her past, and it sure as hell wouldn't be in her future.

* * * * *

Snuggled up on the couch in her comfy sweats with half-burned microwave popcorn spilled across her lap, Destry aimlessly flipped channels, hoping for a classic movie or talk show to distract her. She missed hearing Trent and tried unsuccessfully to catch his suave voice on the radio. Some marathon of music played with little to no interruption. Destry figured it to mean the worst.

After another failed attempt to find something worthwhile on the tube, she flipped it off and considered soaking in a hot tub, when someone knocked at her door. She had a feeling it was Brenda, knowing the cancellation of lunch equaled the need for a shoulder to cry on. Again.

As she stood, the bowl of popcorn tipped and went all over the couch. The word "slob" entered her mind, but knowing Brenda would get a kick out of seeing how the lovelorn lived, she left it. Misery loved company.

Her jaw dropped as she looked through the peephole. No way. It couldn't be! Of all the times to look haggard, wearing her sweats with the hole in the butt, Trent came to see her. Still, he was a damn good sight for sore, and slightly swollen from all her crying, eyes.

Destry threw open the door. "Oh, my gosh. I didn't know you were coming or I would have done...something with myself. I look terrible."

Trent smiled and gave her the sexy wink she'd come to adore.

"No, you look sweet."

Her hair probably looked like a bird's nest after being tossed around in a storm, and he could still say she looked sweet? The guy knew how to score points.

"May I come in?"

Quickly she ushered him inside. "I'm sorry, yes." As he stepped in, she noticed him holding a small package behind his back with a bright blue ribbon. Destry closed the door and did a double take as she noticed what a wreck her place looked.

Tissues on floor, a pile of socks and her work clothes sat in the middle of the living room, and bits of popcorn were strewn all over the place. Of course. Thoroughly embarrassed, she grabbed the bowl and started sweeping the popcorn into it with the side of her hand. "I swear it doesn't normally look like this. If you could give me a moment, I'll clean this place up."

Trent reached down and took the bowl out of her hands. "No, I didn't come over to see your place, though it's very nice. I promise my place looked ten times messier than this, I just had a little warning before you arrived. Besides, it's not important. I came to see you."

Still feeling the need to tidy up, she straightened the couch cushions and made sure he could sit without crushing popcorn.

"Please, have a seat."

Dressed in a pair of tight jeans and a casual button-up shirt, he looked gorgeous, despite the bags under his eyes and his drawn face.

She sat on the other end of the couch with a cushion separating them. Eager as she was to sidle up right next to him, she didn't think it appropriate, yet. Not knowing why he stopped by, she didn't want to read too much into it and make a fool of herself again.

"So, how are you? How are things at the station?"

He propped his ankle up on his other knee and set the package on his lap. Trying not to stare, she concentrated on the way his dark hair framed his face, and how his lips tasted the last time they kissed.

"Things have been...different. At first I thought leaving my job at the radio station would be a bad thing, but now I don't."

Her heart sank. "I'm so sorry. I feel like such a loser. Is there something I can do? Talk to Rudy, maybe?"

He chuckled and reached over, running his fingers over hers. "Whoa now, Miss Chatterbox. Whatever happened to that shy persona you once mentioned?"

Around him, she could do anything, probably fly. It warmed her heart to know he was responsible for her change. "Sorry." She smiled and pretended to lock her lips, throwing the key behind her.

His laugh eased her nervous energy. "I wasn't fired, if that's what you were thinking. I quit, or am in the process of quitting. Just gave my two weeks' notice. Like I said, I thought leaving my job would be a bad thing. I came alive when I had a microphone on, something I couldn't do very well on my own. I didn't know how else to let that other side of me out so that anyone would listen. And the benefits weren't half bad... I met you."

She nodded, her body vibrating with each word he said.

"Rudy, I mean he's a great guy and has a big heart, but his love for money gets him into trouble. He's in way over his head in debt from gambling."

Not only did she feel stupid for vocally advertising her orgasm on the air, but also realized the hundred dollars she gave his boss probably didn't help either. Couldn't she do anything right? "You wouldn't know it from looking at him."

Trent clicked his tongue and gave her a funny look.

Confused, she furrowed her brows. "What?"

"What happened to that lock on those beautiful lips?"

Heat spread over her face. "Would you believe that I used a spare key?"

This time she laughed along with him. All the gray and gloom from earlier vanished. For now, everything existed only in that moment.

"The thing with Rudy is, he gambled everything away, including most of my money, my car, and some of my savings. I shouldn't have encouraged him. In fact, I am dead-set against gambling, but when he asked for money, I couldn't find a way to say no. I kept thinking back to how he took a chance on me—a nobody who was scared to do any public speaking. And then five years of radio later, well, I felt obligated to help out."

Destry reached over and patted his hand. "You have a good heart. I respect loyalty."

"Well, there is that, but I believed him when he said the next time he'd win big. Problem is, I've been hearing it for ages, and now I'm numb to it. I can't do it anymore."

She could see the struggle going on inside him just by his expression. "No, and he should be grateful to have someone like you."

"Well, he can't do it anymore either. Rudy is going to sell the radio station. It'll be better for the both of us in the long run, and our friendship can remain intact."

"Do you think this will help him quit gambling eventually?"

"No, I don't, but it will be a step in the right direction. I won't abandon him altogether, but I won't be accessible to feed his addiction."

Destry admired how he treated others. "What will you do in the mean time? Or have you given it any thought?"

His eyes sparkled, making her stomach act all funky. "For starters, I'd like to spend a couple days with you, if that's okay. I don't care what we do, stay here, go out, anything, just so we're together."

She couldn't hide her thrill at hearing his words. "I'd love it. I even have some vacation time allotted, so time off isn't a problem."

"Think your boss can live without you for a couple days?"

Destry laughed. "I think so."

"Well, I sure can't."

A tear started at her eye and fell down her cheek before she could stop it.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

Her chest tightened. Why did she have to be so damn sensitive all the time?

"I thought for sure I'd never hear from you again. I wanted to call. I mean, it hadn't even been a day, and I desperately wanted to hear from you. I've been beating myself up over everything that happened and hated knowing I cost you your job."

Trent scooted to the middle cushion, closing the gap between them. "I have absolutely no regrets about what we did. Personally, I think we make a great team together. I'm comfortable talking to you, and that's a big deal to me."

She wiped her eyes and grabbed the last of the tissue. "I can't seem to shut up around you."

"So it looks like we both come out of our shells when we're together. How can that be a bad thing?"

"I don't think it can. All you need now is a job where you can use a microphone, and you're set."

"Well, I think I've found just the thing." He turned the package over in his hands a few times, and then handed it to her. "Here, this present is part one of two."

Curious and excited, she could barely keep her hands still long enough to unwrap it. She let the ribbon drop to the floor and tore away the paper. In her hands, she held an eighties greatest hits CD. Destry put it to her chest and squealed. "Oh, my gosh, how did you know? This is absolutely the most perfect gift. I mean, other than you being here, of course."

He winked. "Of course. Now, the second part of your present requires you to open it, put it in your CD player, and punch in number twenty-six."

She sprinted to her entertainment center and followed his instructions, waiting impatiently as the CD player took its sweet time to cooperate. The moment the first guitar riff started, Destry immediately recognized the song. Trent was up on his feet in a flash belting out "Hungry Like a Wolf" by Duran Duran.

Her knees buckled as she listened. The guy could do no wrong when it came to his voice. Even his moves were spellbinding.

When he finished, her heart wouldn't stop pounding. She clapped her hands together and squealed.

"What do you think? Do I have potential?"

It took her a moment to find *her* voice. "I had no idea you could sing."

His face deepened in color. "Remember those CDs you pointed out at my place?"

She nodded. "The ones with the matching blue covers."

"Yes. They are all filled with songs I recorded; mostly ones I wrote

myself. I thought maybe I could get some big wigs to check them out. What do you think?"

And he said she was constantly surprising him? "Well, now look who isn't the shy guy. I think it's fantastic."

"Around you, I feel strong and brave, like I don't have to question anything. I've never felt this way with anyone before."

"And you get to stay behind a microphone, even better."

Unable to wait a moment longer, she threw her arms around him and squeezed. She inhaled the scent of musky cologne and male. "I've missed you."

He stroked her hair and left a circle of pecks on the top of her head. "I have you, too, love. I have, too."

"Since you mentioned we make a great team, what would you say if I did your PR?"

"I'd love it."

Destry stuck out her lip. "I'm going to miss listening to Zeus, God of Radio."

A slow, sexy smile spread across his face. "Oh, Zeus is alive and well, and it looks like he found his goddess."

Her knees went liquid. "That's good. Besides, all you have to do is talk to me, and I'm hot for you."

His sensual gaze drew the moisture from between her thighs, dampening her panties. He pressed tight into her, fingers slipping beneath her nightshirt and tracing her nipples.

"Then let's get you out of these clothes so I can blaze some words across your belly."

The End

Author Bio

Erotic romance author Ann Cory writes in many genres and heat levels. From contemporary, to historical, paranormal to fantasy, sensual to risqué. Visit her website www.anncory.com where you'll find exotic pleasures and Aphrodisiacs for the Mind.