



**Trixie
Stillette
and T. D.
McKinney**

**Eight
is Never
Enough**

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

...She had one of those baby faces—the kind that would probably hide her age even when she was an old woman. Old, certainly she was not now. In fact, F.S. would have to guess that she was closer to jailbait than gathering her pension. And jailbait was something he didn't need.

“Ahhh, Ms. Oaks?” He was stammering. *Crap.* F.S. felt the blood rushing from the top half of his body to the bottom half. So much for that Philadelphia-forged will of his.

“Yes, yes, that doesn't matter. I hope you brought my cocks. This is an extremely time-sensitive problem. I can't tell you how upset I am about the whole thing.” She turned and went back into her house.

Did he have her cocks? It took every ounce of his control not to tell her he had more than enough cock for anything she needed.

Stunned by the force of his desire, F.S. stood stupefied for a moment. He realized the vision was already moving like a tornado out of sight and still talking just as rapidly as before. One hundred miles an hour was obviously her resting speed. Again, he had a vision. This time it was of jumping on her for a quick spin, just to see if she could do everything as fast as she talked. God help him if her hips could move as fast as her mouth.

Oh Christ. Don't think about her mouth...

ALSO BY TRIXIE STILLETTO

The Blackout
Body Slam
Trixie's Treats
The Coming
Destiny's Escort
The Interview
Lucky's Strike
The Quarterback

Scarecrow & Betsy McGee

Book I: Triple D
Book II: Mattress Games
Book III: Chinese Delight

ALSO BY T. D. MCKINNEY

Dancing In The Dark

My Secret Yankee
(writing with Aimee Maison)

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

BY

TRIXIE STILLETTO
& T. D. MCKINNEY

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.amberquill.com>

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

Amber Quill Press, LLC
<http://www.amberquill.com>

All rights reserved.

No portion of this book may be transmitted or reproduced in any form, or by any means, without permission in writing from the publisher, with the exception of brief excerpts used for the purposes of review.

Copyright © 2005 by Trixie Stilletto & T. D. McKinney
ISBN 1-59279-407-6
Cover Art © 2005 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: ElementalAlchemy.com

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*This story would never have been born
without our wonderful compadres at the Romantic Times
Booklovers Convention in 2005. We want to particularly thank
Catherine Snodgrass, Adrianna Dane and Debbie from
Montana for winning that special door prize basket
that started our imaginations soaring.*

CHAPTER 1

“Satin, it’s Debbie. Congratulations, hon! I’m so happy for you. I knew you could do it! Imagine, my friend and first client is going to hit the bookstores. Woohoo!”

Debbie leaned back in her executive chair, enjoying the feel of its specially designed leather surface, and smiled as her friend’s face came across the computer screen.

The two had met at a romance writer’s conference more than a decade before and had become fast friends. And now, Satin was moving into the big time of publishing! After years of struggling to find her market and finally breaking into the mainstream, she was going to have her first book released in hardcover. Debbie couldn’t be happier if it had been happening to her.

It was an unlikely friendship. Debbie wasn’t a writer. In fact, the thought of putting more than fifty or seventy-five words together for a press release scared her shitless. But she was a wiz at promotion. Satin

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

was her best customer. Together they made an unbeatable team.

“We need to do something really special for this one, hon,” Debbie said. “Got any ideas?”

While Satin brainstormed in her headset, Debbie wheeled around in her chair and went to work on her other computer. Her home office should be photographed and featured in *Home-Office Today* magazine. A high-end Macintosh with color laser printer for graphic designs sat on an antique roll-top desk, while a super fast PC laptop with wi-fi interface sat cattycorner to it on a glorious example of colonial Spanish extravagance. The entire house was wired and her laptop let her work wherever her whims demanded. She couldn’t think of a better work environment.

She tapped the keys on the PC and brought up her browser. Satin’s ideas were getting her own creative juices going. She grinned at the thought. It wasn’t surprising, as Satin’s stories regularly got Debbie’s other juices flowing as well.

“I think I know just exactly what you’re talking about,” Debbie said. “There’s this store...we’ve used them before.” She went to the “Favorites” section of her browser and chose the one she wanted. Seconds later, the home page started building. “It’s F.S. Wilson Toys.”

When her friend asked a question, Debbie laughed. “No, not for babies. Although Clay may like some of these toys.”

Her smile grew as she thought of Satin’s charming husband. Now there was a love story no romance reader would believe. Satin had started writing her stories when she was working as an executive assistant at an electronics company in Buffalo. Her boss, Clay, had been smitten and, befitting any romance hero, wooed Satin by acting out one of her own stories.

Now, three years later, Satin was a working mother with twins. Anyone looking at Satin would have never guessed she was Satin Pleasure, reigning queen of erotic romance. She looked more like Mrs.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Clayton Johnson, suburban wife and mother. But even though she looked like any other harried mother, Clay was just as smitten as ever. They were gloriously happy, and it showed.

Debbie repressed the tiny twinge she felt whenever she thought of a home and family. Babies. At one point in her life, she'd wanted a baby more than anything. The want was still there, but since she hadn't been with a real live man in more months than she could count, she knew a baby was never going to happen. She allowed herself to wallow in jealousy over her friend's happiness only in extremely low moments. And this wasn't one of those.

As she listened to Satin talk, Debbie scrolled through the Wilson online catalog. Just glancing at the toys made her think about some of the scenarios Satin came up with. Damn, the woman's imagination was astounding. Debbie's skin grew hot just thinking about it.

Luckily, her search ended before her hormones overloaded. "Here it is!" she exclaimed, interrupting Satin's newest idea. "They'll be perfect. It's the eight-inch Mani penis. Named after the famous porn star, Mani Handy. They call it the M8 dildo. What do you think?"

Debbie continued staring at the realistic-looking vibrator. She knew Satin was on her own computer and had pulled up the Wilson site as well. "Wow! I wonder if the rest of Mr. Handy was that..." She lacked the right words to finish the question, but Satin understood.

"Nah, he probably looks like the back end of a bull dog," Satin said.

Debbie couldn't help laughing. "Yeah, you're right. Porn star guys are always uglier than dirt. I'll just have to imagine that's attached to the hero of your latest novel. But what do you think? Is it right for the promo?"

Satin agreed.

Debbie placed their order for one gross, shelling out the extra to have them delivered in three days. And she'd need every hour of those three days. She had to get together the press release, then have it

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

proofed and printed. Then, when the penises arrived, she would have packages delivered to the head office of every major bookstore in the country as well as all the major adult chain store headquarters and publicity departments. In less than a week, just in time for Satin's release, they would be the talk of the nation.

Maybe she could even snag the interest of one of the national morning talk shows—Ellen would be excellent, but Debbie wouldn't turn down Regis. She rubbed her hands together in excitement. This wasn't as good as getting eight inches of throbbing penis up her pussy, but it was close.

Debbie ran a hand over her face. Okay, maybe that was a stretch. And maybe she had been too long without a man. She glanced at the dildo's photo on her computer screen and tried not to think of what the human model looked like.

She definitely had to start getting out more.

* * *

Three days later

"I can't believe it! I simply can't believe it!" Debbie threw down the purchase order and marched to the phone. She punched in the 800-number with fingers so stiff with fury it was a wonder she didn't break several nails. She glared at the number on the top of the bill as if it were a living entity responsible for her ire.

"This is simply unacceptable. Somebody's head will roll...or else."

Midway through the third ring, someone answered the phone. The promptness didn't calm her rage.

"I just got my order from F.S. Wilson and it's all fucked up. No, I do not want to be transferred to customer service. No, I will not wait while I'm transferred to billing. I want to talk to the man in charge. Now! You guys just screwed up a five-thousand-dollar order. I want it fixed. Yesterday!"

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

It took all her willpower not to throw the phone against the wall.

* * *

In his Hummer, F.S. Wilson wiped sweat off his brow and glared with impatience at the Atlantic Ocean. Somewhere out there was Hurricane Debby. Forecasters were predicting it would come ashore later tonight or early tomorrow. Of course, they also were saying it could make landfall anywhere from South Carolina to the Keys, so he wasn't taking any bets on hurricane pools yet.

He stretched one arm, then the other, trying to work out the kinks while staying mindful of his driving. It was amazing how tired a person could become just sitting, but after three hours with an unimaginative advertising CEO and the imbecile they called an ad executive, he was bone-tired and ready to chuck it all and become a beach bum.

Just once he'd like to find someone who saw his business the way he did! He wanted class and understated elegance. *Sensuality* rather than *sexuality* was the image he wanted to promote. These people didn't seem to know the difference. Then they had the gall to be appalled when he threw a dictionary at them.

It was the topper to a truly horrendous week.

All he wanted to do was go home, take a long dip in his pool, have a nice, neat whiskey, and forget that he was heir to the F.S. Wilson Toy Company. God, he wanted that! Maybe, just maybe, before the weekend was over, he could convince his father and mother the best thing for all of them would be to take the current offer from the Megalopolis Toy Company and get out of the business. They were already semi-retired; why not make it complete retirement and get some enjoyment out of all their hard work? They would have all the money they would ever need and he'd finally be able to build a nice, sedate, asexual life for himself.

Asexual. He needed that. He thought of his office and repressed a shudder. Regardless of how he tried to arrange and rearrange it, there

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

was no way to hide the fact that he was CEO of a sex toy company. However hard he tried to keep them out of his sight, there were always dildos, flails, butterflies, massage oil, and a half a hundred other items unfit for the viewing of anyone under eighteen scattered about his office.

Everything in his life revolved around sex. Sometimes he felt as much a “thing” as the M8 vibrator. The feeling brought a tightness to his stomach so intense it nauseated him.

The bleep of his cell phone sounding at the exact moment his pager wailed, interrupted what was shaping up as a first-class brood. Sometimes—check that—*all* the time lately he really despised being the boss.

He answered the phone and reached for the pager button to end that annoyance. “Yes?” Seconds later, he parked on the shoulder and looked at his watch. “No, absolutely not. She’s got to be crazy if she thinks she’s going to return a gross of those mini penises. The order form clearly states they’re non-returnable.”

F.S. drummed his fingers against his steering wheel. “Who is this...person?”

He wanted to drop his head into his hands when he heard her name. Deborah Oaks. Deborah Oaks of Daytona Beach. She was one of their best customers.

Well, this was a truly fitting way to end the week.

Even though he wanted to sell his company, he didn’t want it to go bankrupt before he could. “Look, she’s got to see reason. Give me her address. I’m in north Daytona now. I’ll stop by her house on my way home. I don’t think she has a leg to stand on, but there’s no need to get legal involved yet. Maybe I can talk sense to her.”

He paused. “Yeah, I got it. Leg to stand on. Mini penises. Har, har.”

Everybody was a comedian. And even the comedy in his life was centered on sex. He’d curse if he felt just a little less like crying.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

He looked at his watch and calculated. “She’s still on the line, right? Good, tell her someone will be stopping by in less than an hour. Do me a favor, will you? Send her account information to my PDA. I want a very clear idea of who Ms. Oaks is and exactly what her purchasing history with us has been.”

F.S. closed his phone, checked for oncoming cars, then pulled into traffic. No sense in getting killed just because his life sucked.

He pushed away the dissatisfaction and tried to think about the scenery instead. Daytona Beach had come a long way from the days when only the rich and famous visited town. It had also come a long way from the sleepy little spot that turned into mayhem during spring break when thousands of students descended with a vengeance. He had been witness to most of the changes. It was his home town, after all.

His parents had moved to Daytona right after World War II and opened their first adult store on the beach. As the decades passed, the business grew until they had warehouses all over the Gold Coast. The first sex store still operated at a healthy profit and had become a cult-tourist attraction in the area.

Still, F.S. made trips there only when necessity demanded. As chief executive officer and chairman of the board, he handled the bigger picture and could usually avoid the embarrassment he felt whenever he entered one of his own stores. It was easier to be the owner and think of things as merchandise and not look into the eyes of the people who might be using what he sold. The visuals were sometimes disturbing.

Well, whether he wanted to or not, he was about to slum on the customer service side—at least for an hour or so.

He wondered briefly what kind of woman Deborah Oaks was. It wasn’t often they got orders for a gross of their multi-colored mini penises. What on Earth could she need them for? Sometimes women ordered them for bachelorette parties, but then, usually only a few dozen. The mini penises were more a gag gift than anything else.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Packaged in sets of five per packet, there were fifty packets to a box. Ms. Oaks had ordered a gross of boxes.

Whoa, F.S. thought. One-hundred-forty-four times five times fifty. That meant she'd received thirty-six-thousand mini-cocks. *That must be one helluva bachelorette party.* He sent up a silent prayer. *Oh God, please don't let it be a whore house.*

His fears weren't diminished when he pulled into the driveway of the address his secretary had sent him. It was a palatial mansion off the main drag, hidden behind a wall and a large, wrought iron gate to keep visitors at bay.

Well, being at an exclusive Florida version of the Playboy mansion or not, it was time to play customer service rep and soothe Ms. Oaks' feathers. He pushed the button on the intercom and waited impatiently.

"Yes?" The voice was low and husky, utterly compelling, and the sexiest voice he'd ever heard. His body reacted just to the sound of that voice over the tinny intercom speaker with such verve he was forced to exercise ruthless control. That had never happened before! He knew 900-number professionals who could give a comatose man a hard-on and he'd never reacted to one of them this way. Some of the sexiest spokesmodels in Florida interviewed for his commercials and he wasn't turned on by them. But this girl had him hard with a single word.

He shook it off. Like those 900-operators he knew, she probably looked like a reject from the zoo.

F.S. frowned. Still, there was something familiar about her voice, though he was certain he'd never met Deborah Oaks before. He had one hundred percent recall when it came to names. *Damn.* Now it was going to bother him for days where he'd heard her before.

At least the irritation helped him control the lust and focus on the job. He punched the call button. "Yes, ma'am. I'm from the Wilson Toy Company."

"About damn time you got here. Come on up."

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Before F.S. could explain further, the gate opened inward on a well-oiled glide and he drove slowly up the drive.

Even this was different than he'd pictured. The grounds were exquisitely manicured as he'd suspected they'd be, but instead of a classical, neat and trim topiary style, she was going for the tropical garden look. Banana trees mixed in with the requisite citrus and palm trees, their broad fronds rattling on the rising breeze. Bougainvillea ran amok, neon splashes of color draped over buff Mediterranean walls. Huge pink mandevilla blooms twined up tree trunks and Asian jasmine perfumed the air. Tussocks of tall grasses waved, plums and hibiscus exploded in rampant color in various spots around the large yard. Lush green grass covered the flat grounds and looked so perfect it must have been groomed with a comb and a pair of tiny scissors.

The sheer level of attention devoted to the lush gardens stupefied him. F.S. could almost see his zoo reject out there on her hands and knees, making certain every blade of grass was precisely an inch-and-a-half high. For some reason, thinking of her on her hands and knees sent another shot of desire straight to his cock. His breath quickened at the fleeting mental image and he was forced to use that iron control again.

What the hell was wrong with him today? He didn't get hot and bothered for no reason. Especially not after being used the way he was by his last girlfriend. Thinking of Linda killed any desire he had.

Boy, he really needed to take time out for some R&R. A vacation somewhere nice and quiet. Right now, a monastery with a nice winery attached sounded like the perfect deal.

As he rounded a gentle curve, the house emerged from the luxuriant flora. It was a typical Florida mansion, some hybrid of the Greek Isles and the Spanish Main. Probably built in the 1920s when only the well-heeled and bored nouveau riche could afford to winter down here, it had weathered well...or the current owner really kept up with the maintenance.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

F.S. whistled silently. Madame or not, and regardless of her looks or her sexual proclivities, she was obviously doing well for herself. Well, once she realized he wasn't going to give her a refund for her mini penises, perhaps she'd be pissed off enough she'd just buy the business. Then he could use his share of the money to invest in his new start-up. That was his true love.

At that happy thought, the mansion's door slammed open.

"Have you got my cocks?"

F.S. was speechless. Nothing had prepared him for the vision in the doorway. Not her voice, not her garden, not his various and diametrically opposed visions of her.

She was tiny. Probably not even four-foot-eleven in her bare feet, which sported—he looked again to make sure he wasn't seeing things—ten different colors of polish, one on each of her toes. Speculation flashed through his mind. What would her giggle sound like if he kissed each of those well-shaped digits, reciting the colors or playing Ten Little Piggies, the way one of the porn queens who frequented his business had taught him. Would it be as sultry as her voice?

F.S. forced his eyes upward and felt heat pool in his stomach. He gulped and tried to tear his gaze from her brown legs. Shapely and long for so short a woman, they begged him to follow their smooth line up to the hem of her over-sized T-shirt. It fell just below her hips and begged another question that hardened his body and warped his mind. He had to school his thoughts away from wondering if she was wearing any panties.

He was willing to bet she wasn't. The shirt did nothing to hide her bodacious, unbound breasts. No bra equated to no panties.

Oh God.

He had to stop this. She was a client, not a centerfold.

He took a deep breath and his iron control resurfaced with enough

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

fighting spirit to defeat his libido. He drew his gaze up to her face.

She had one of those baby faces—the kind that would probably hide her age even when she was an old woman. Old, certainly she was not now. In fact, F.S. would have to guess that she was closer to jailbait than gathering her pension. And jailbait was something he didn't need.

“Ahhh, Ms. Oaks?” He was stammering. *Crap*. F.S. felt the blood rushing from the top half of his body to the bottom half. So much for that Philadelphia-forged will of his.

“Yes, yes, that doesn't matter. I hope you brought my cocks. This is an extremely time-sensitive problem. I can't tell you how upset I am about the whole thing.” She turned and went back into her house.

F.S., feeling like a jackass being led to water, followed. What else could he do? Maybe without those glorious ta-tas bouncing in front of his face, he could think with his brain rather than with the nine rather throbbing inches between his legs.

Or maybe not.

She moved in front of him at a dizzying pace and he got his first look at her ass. The cotton tee perfectly outlined it. F.S. sucked in his breath. It sure looked like she was wearing nothing but the tee. He closed his eyes for a second, then opened them again, hoping he'd been fantasizing. Nope. No bra, no panties.

Good God. He'd been rocked by her breasts, but her ass was truly spectacular. He had a sudden, urgent vision of taking her doggy style, bending her over and spanking those soft globes until they were rosy red before bringing them both to exquisite release.

Did he have her cocks? It took every ounce of his control not to tell her he had more than enough cock for anything she needed.

Stunned by the force of his desire, F.S. stood stupefied for a moment. He realized the vision was already moving like a tornado out of sight and still talking just as rapidly as before. One hundred miles an hour was obviously her resting speed. Again, he had a vision. This time

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

it was of jumping on her for a quick spin, just to see if she could do everything as fast as she talked. God help him if her hips could move as fast as her mouth.

Oh Christ. Don't think about her mouth.

He followed mutely, watching her blonde pony tail swing from side to side.

Finally she stopped and turned back to him. "Well, come on. Chop, chop. We don't have all day." She frowned. "Wait a minute. Shouldn't you have a hand cart or something? You can't possibly carry all these boxes of penises without one. That'll take forever. And when you bring in the real ones, make sure you watch your step. The last thing I need is a deliveryman tripping and trying to sue me. Go get your hand-job-thingie."

F.S. found his voice after he gulped down the urge to tell her the only hand job he needed was her tiny one wrapped around his pulsating Johnson. He was so hard he was starting to ache. "Ms. Oaks, I'm not here to take back your order."

She put a hand on one hip and jutted out her pugnacious little chin, glaring at him. On top of it all, she was cute. It just wasn't fair. A woman shouldn't be that sexy and cute, too. She was also mad as a wet hornet and insulting as hell.

He didn't know which urge was stronger, the one to give her a clip on that chin and take her down a notch or two, or the one to push her against the wall and take her like a stallion mounting a mare. At this moment, either option had its own appeal.

"What do you mean you're not here to take back my order? What the hell else use would I have for you?" She slapped her hand against her chest, causing her breasts to jiggle slightly, and F.S. thought of several uses she could have for him, every last one of them X-rated.

"Oh, my God, is that company you work for full of imbeciles or what?"

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

“Ma’am?”

“Don’t you ‘ma’am’ me. I’m going to get on the phone right now and I won’t hang up until I speak directly to the owner. This is the worst customer service I have ever experienced.”

“Ms. Oaks, I *am* the owner.”

“No. I know you just work for that worthless—what did you say?”

“F.S. Wilson. Owner and CEO of the Wilson Toy Company at your service,” he said. Then—he didn’t know why, because it made him feel ridiculous—he bowed at his waist as if he was meeting her at a pre-Civil War cotillion. When he looked at her again, he couldn’t contain the mirth rolling through him. “And I’ll have you know, I’m not worthless. At last check, my toy company was worth two-point-five million and counting.”

F.S. savored the feeling of watching her struck speechless. He got the idea that didn’t happen to this woman very often.

* * *

Debbie couldn’t believe it. *He* was F.S. Wilson? Owner of the Wilson Toy Company? That was just not possible. She’d expected the owner would be a dirty old man, the type that walked around in nasty shorts, scratching his balls and picking his underwear out of his ass. This man was anything but.

Slowing down for the first time since she’d answered the door, she took the time to really look him over. *Oh, crap*. Now that she wasn’t blinded by the driving need to get out her promo packets, she could see he wasn’t a deliveryman.

Dressed in the Florida summer uniform of neat, well-fitting dress shorts and a lightweight polo shirt, this man would have been perfect on the cover of Satin’s newest book. He was definitely cover model material. His chest had the perfect amount of musculature in the pectoral region, and his stomach, even covered in cotton, was so flat she bet she could bounce a quarter on it. She’d love to give that a try.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Or maybe she'd just see if *she* could bounce on those tight abs. The thought sent a pleasing tickle through her.

And she concentrated on the strong arms crossed over his broad chest. He had to be strong. She could see how his arms, tanned dark as sin and covered in light brown hair to match the thick, wavy mass on his head, rippled with muscles. Looking at them wasn't helping. It only made her wonder how it would feel to be wrapped in those arms.

There was no part of him on which she could focus that wasn't so sexy it made her teeth itch, yet she couldn't look away. His shorts, a long way from the baggy, shapeless ones favored by young men, showed every line of his narrow hips and, oh my, hinted at a wonderfully complete package of sexuality. Her body reacted to the sight with contacting muscles and moist heat. It didn't help that his thighs, just as brown as his arms and thick as tree trunks, made Debbie think she could happily just sit at his feet and eat her way up his long legs until she got to what had to be a rival model for those M8 dildos.

She fanned herself as a hot flash rolled over her. Man, she had to get a grip...

No, wrong thought process, because she could see herself getting a grip on his cock and leading him to her bed. Then she wouldn't rest until he given her pussy the plowing it was now weeping for. That would be a ride. He'd pass out by the time she was through with him.

Except that wasn't going to happen. She didn't do gratuitous sex. Not even with tanned, green-eyed Adonises who looked like they were made for humping. And especially not with tanned Adonises who owned sex toy companies and probably fucked anything that moved.

Okay, that tamed the ardor some. *Right*. He was likely a horn-dog and she so didn't need that in her life. So, she took a deep breath, expelled it to release the flow of sexual tension, and focused on the problem at hand.

"Well, Mr. Wilson. That's better. I'm glad you had the sense to

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

come yourself. But I don't know why you didn't bring my correct order. I need it today."

Wilson reached into his back pocket, drawing his shorts tight. Debbie's gaze fled to his crotch once again. Lord, he was huge. He had to be. The hot flash returned, and this time, she felt her nipples growing hard and rubbing against her tee. She knew her pussy lips were swelling as well, but she wasn't going to risk moving her thighs closer together even if her juices ran down her legs. She knew all that would do was cause the strap of her thong to work her tender flesh, and any movement down there was sure to send her off like a rocket.

And why, today of all days, was she wearing so little? She felt odd greeting anyone dressed like this. But it was the hottest day of the year so, of course, her ancient central air conditioning unit had decided to break down. The repairman had already come and gone, pronouncing it a hopeless cause. They wouldn't be able to install the new system until Monday.

So here she stood, half naked, while the hottest man she'd ever seen looked as cool and collected as a Lutheran minister. *Lord, please, don't let him notice how aroused I'm getting just standing and gaping at him.* Maybe he'd think she was hot simply because it was stifling in her office.

"I've got a copy of your original online order here on my PDA, Ms. Oaks." He opened the protective cover of his handheld unit. "It clearly states that all orders are final and non-returnable."

"I know that." Debbie let some of her anger return. If she was mad enough, maybe she could stop being so distracted by his body. "But surely that doesn't count when you screw up the order."

She marched to her desk, terrifically happy to have something else to think about than the way he followed her or the way his eyes seemed to linger on her breasts when she was facing him.

She slapped her hand against the space bar on her keyboard, waking

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

up her computer. It showed the Wilson website. She had pulled up the page with her penises on it.

“I ordered the eight-inch Mani penis. One gross of them. It’s called the M8 dildo. You can see it clearly. I should have one hundred forty-four of them, but you sent me thousands of these little bitty party favor ones.”

F.S. reached around her. Because he was close to six feet tall, his body completely surrounded her. She felt tiny, sheltered. *Good Lord, making love to him would be like taking a giant.* Heat flared in her middle and spread out through her veins. It surged and pulsed like the ocean outside her window, sending wet longing straight to her pussy. Even with an inch of air separating them, she was more aroused than before. It was ridiculous. He was just a man, a stranger, a business acquaintance at most.

But when his hand touched the computer mouse, Debbie felt like it was touching her skin. She almost gasped at the sizzle racing through her.

As if he could feel her need, he turned his head. Their faces were so close that she could count the pores in his skin. She sniffed delicately. He smelled like something she could happily lap at for the rest of the night. Clean, fresh, tangy...and male. Debbie closed her eyes on a wave of longing so intense it felt as if she was about to orgasm right this minute.

She had to get out of here, away from this man.

She moved with one thought in her mind—escape. Unfortunately, her retreat plan had some major flaws. She backed up and ran straight up against his hips. The feel of his aroused flesh—even through his shorts, her tee, and the thong she wore for comfort—fit perfectly between her cheeks. Oh God, she wanted it there. And she was losing her mind! The realization made her jerk up her head.

That’s when her life turned into something out of a slap-stick

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

romance routine.

When she snapped up her head, it connected with his chin so hard it sounded like thunder and hurt like the Devil. Her reaction was to back away, but when she moved, something in her ankle buckled and her foot landed roughly on top of his. Now, if this were one of Satin's romances, Debbie would have been able to say that her weight, lighter than a feather, was no consequence to him.

Sadly, she was one slice of cheesecake past her prime. So his oomph of pain was a dash of cold water on the entire romantic illusions she had just entertained.

"Oh my God, I'm sorry." She meant it. She didn't want to hurt him. Fuck him blind, deaf, and dumb—yes. Injure him—no.

His arms were still wrapped around her, except now, probably because the pain was making him nearly blind, they reached for anything substantial to grab. Those substantial objects were her breasts.

Now, granted, one of her fantasies was to be grabbed by a hot, hungry man, but with her nipples still in their elongated, aroused state, it was a little too close to pain for her comfort. She did the only thing possible. She rammed her elbow into him, instinctively hoping to hit his stomach and get him to back away.

But, like everything in this caper, her aim was a little south. His second whoosh of pain sounded like hurricane force winds rushing through the house.

She felt him falling and wanted to offer comfort. Instead, his arms twirled her around and gravity took control.

For a few stunned seconds, neither could move. When Debbie finally got back her breath, she did the only thing that seemed natural.

She put her lips over his and kissed the living daylight out of him.

CHAPTER 2

F.S. was certain Hurricane Debby had come ashore when he wasn't looking because that's what it felt like when her lips closed over his. Storm force winds howled and a tidal surge of pure desire crashed over him when the armful of hot woman rocked his world. He felt as though he was drowning in her.

The thing was, he could care less. Her lips were the sweetest candy he'd ever known. When she first meshed their mouths together, she was the aggressor, but only for a second. Then he took everything she offered and gave it back two-fold.

Fortunately for his raging hard-on, she wasn't content with just kissing. Her pelvis melded with his and the feel of her abundant soft curves flowing over his body was like throwing kerosene on a flaring fire.

His hands didn't know which bounty to explore first. Her hips were moving urgently over him, but those wonderful breasts were flattened

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

against his chest. He could feel her nipples, like hard little juju beads, digging into his torso. He wondered if they would be dusky rose or a deeper brown. Before the day was over, he'd know. But there were other, more urgent, questions to be answered now.

So after one much too short pass over her lush breasts, he moved lower, over the curve of her waist down to the fullness of her hips and ass. His fingers waltzed across the bare skin at the top of her thighs. She caught her breath a bit, sucking his tongue deeper into her mouth, when his fingers moved under the hem of her shirt.

F.S. wanted to pump his fist in joy. As he suspected, she was bare there. Nothing but soft skin spread out under his palms. He squeezed gently, then traced his way from the cushion of her nice globes over to her crack. He was tempted to just work his way to the top, but didn't want her to put a stop to things yet.

Wait. What's that? Well, he'd been wrong about her being naked here. She was wearing a thong.

Oh, man, now his fantasy had just doubled. He could actually see himself pushing aside the narrow piece bisecting her ass and entering her from behind. Christ! And it was obvious he wasn't the only one having a fantasy. He didn't know what was going on in her head, but he could already feel her dampness on his fingers. God, she was hot as a firecracker.

"Don't be shy," she murmured, moving her lips away from his for a second. "I want to feel you as much as you want to feel me."

Her words and her fingers working at his shorts sent a jolt through him, and he was grateful this pair had a zipper instead of a button fly. He didn't want to wait while she fumbled. He wanted to be naked with her now!

When she grasped the tab and started to jerk it down, common sense prevailed. "Wait. Not so fast. I don't want you to rip Junior in half."

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

She giggled. "Junior? Boy, do you ever need work on the naming rights. Because if that's a Junior, I can't wait to meet Senior."

Incredibly, F.S. felt a wave of humor roll over him. He laughed before he stifled his amusement. Sex wasn't supposed to be funny, especially not unplanned, raucous, on-the-floor sex with a stranger. *Stranger. God, she's a stranger.* This wasn't his scene. He didn't do things like this. But she moved a bit and all the blood in his body surged forward into the end of his cock. Some of his misgivings must have shown on his face.

"Oh, please. I get the feeling you're having second thoughts." She smiled down at him. "That would be a terrible shame, because then I'd have to tie you up and keep you as my prisoner."

F.S. gulped at the thought of being tied up by this woman. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her he had some samples from the store in the trunk of his car they could use for a little safe bondage later. He knew all the tricks of the trade, even if he didn't practice them on a regular basis.

Finally, shifting her down to his thighs, he got his shorts unzipped and Junior popped free. He felt a moment's fear. He hoped she wouldn't be disappointed or appalled. He'd dealt with both reactions.

She licked her lips. "You know, I've always heard eight wasn't enough. But this bad boy just may have risen to the occasion."

F.S. felt the laugh roll through him again. Maybe it was okay to have a dose of humor with your lust. It sure felt good. "Darlin', haven't you heard it isn't the size of the liner, but the motion of the ocean?" He grinned at his own joke while some heretofore unknown deep contentment rumbled in his stomach.

She smiled. He wasn't sure if it was his admittedly weak attempt at humor or his grin. "Well, why don't you show me? At least until we take the edge off."

F.S. didn't need another invitation. He tore off her shirt while she

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

finished stripping off his shorts and shirt. At long last, she was lying naked against him! Thank every imp and saint that watched over chance-met lovers! He wasn't sure they could stand another second of anything more substantial than air molecules between them. And right now, he didn't want even that much space separating his body from hers.

He knew he should give her a little more foreplay, make it as good for her as he could, but he was already steadily leaking from his slit. If he didn't get inside her pussy now, he'd do something he hadn't done in years. He hadn't been this hot for a woman since he was sixteen and didn't know what a naked woman felt like. "I need you now."

She didn't demure when he lifted her above him, then pulled her down until her pussy took his cock to the hilt.

"God, that feels incredible," he gasped.

She was breathing in little pants. He had a moment to wonder if perhaps he was too big for her. After all, she was tiny. Perhaps she was short on the inside as well.

"Baby..." he began.

"No, no," she managed. "Oh, my, Junior is even thicker than he is long. I can't believe how stretched I feel." She breathed deeply, the sound and slight movement making his cock jump inside her. "It's wonderful."

He could only nod his agreement. Warm and slick with need, she was so tight around him, he felt her slightest action magnified and enhanced. Any act made her clench and squeeze him. Nothing had ever felt better. So, when she pulled her hips away and off him, F.S. thought he would die from the frustration.

Then she settled over him again and a smile split her pretty face. "What a beautiful ride." She pulled herself almost completely off him before plunging back down.

She was right about one thing, it was beautiful. F.S. couldn't

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

believe how the pleasure lighting her face made his heart jump with happiness. Nor could he believe just how good her snug inner canal grasping then releasing him only to take him again made him feel. His blood rushed so he was sure his heart was pumping it straight to his cock. The pain was so intensely pleasurable he wanted it to last forever.

But like gravity and all earthbound things, he knew it couldn't. As she rode him with talented abandon, he felt his balls harden and pull closer to his body, a sure sign he was about to come.

"Damn," he muttered. "Baby, I can't hold out any longer."

She looked confused for a moment, then smiled. "I'm ready to let go, too." She leaned forward and met his lips with hers. The movement tilted her back and hips, changing his angle inside her just a bit, and her whole body shuddered.

"I think you said something about motion and the ocean?"

Her murmur jolted through him with the same gale force he'd felt when he first heard her voice. He came in a rush at the same time the chuckle burst from him.

* * *

"How do you do that?" F.S. asked some time later when his mind cleared enough that coherent speech was possible.

He might have fallen asleep for a few minutes. If he did, so did she. The point was, it didn't matter. She was lying on him, in his arms. They were still on the floor of her office. They were both sweaty. It was like a furnace in her house. He was more than a little worried that his deodorant had taken a powder. She smelled faintly of vanilla and more of sex. It was the best perfume he'd ever run across.

He should have been appalled. He should have been rushing for the door. He should have been begging for forgiveness. He should have been afraid of what might happen next.

Instead, he was simply content.

Her fingers played with the hair on his chest. "Do what?" she

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

replied.

“Make a man laugh when that’s the last thing he should be thinking about?” When he felt her fingers still, he raised his head so he could look at her face.

“I don’t know,” she said, expelling a sigh. “Did it bother you?” Now she sounded serious.

“Bother me? Well, it’s just not something I’m used to doing.” He paused. “This whole thing isn’t something I’m used to doing.”

“Do you think I am?”

F.S. felt as if he was treading in quicksand. He thought before this woman had something in common with the hurricane spinning out in the ocean, but he’d forgotten it in the desperate need to take her. He’d been overcome by a need and lust he’d never felt before. It worried him. And frightened him. It all conspired to wipe away his contentment and leave him with tension knotting his insides and a desperation to get back the warm, comfortable sensations he’d lost.

Desperation was at the core of this. He didn’t like desperation. It took away what little control he had over his life. He wouldn’t tolerate it. He wouldn’t be controlled again. He’d lived that life and it was hell. Thoughts about the last time he’d been desperate for a woman made him suddenly feel dirty and used. Well, play time was over. He wasn’t going back. He had his limits and it was time she learned now just exactly what his boundaries were. If there was one thing he had learned from the last time, it was he was going to begin as he meant to go on.

And she was right—he didn’t know if this was something she was used to doing or not. After all what did he know about her, except she ordered adult toys by the gross and had sex on the floor with a man she knew for five minutes.

“I don’t know. Are you accustomed to having sex with strangers?” If his tone was more accusatory than he intended, there was little he could do about it.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

She pushed herself off him. His nearly flaccid cock slid out of her with a lazy little pop. He was covered in cream—his and hers. That was just another example of what desperation did to a man. He'd had unprotected sex with a stranger—something he'd *never* done, not even with Linda, the one he'd wanted to build a life with, the woman who'd proven just how wide the chasm could be between the game of sex and reality. What had this woman done to his good sense? What sort of creature was she?

"That didn't seem to be a question you were worried about a while ago."

"Well, hell, what did you expect? You practically threw yourself at me." He sat up, grimacing a bit. Now he was going to have to dress with her smell all over him. He'd smell like her the whole drive home. He wasn't sure how he'd stand it. Even with fear and irritation bunching his insides, he still felt faint stirrings of attraction trying to warm the cold chill in his guts. He felt feverish and disoriented. What he wouldn't give for a long dip in his pool to cool his body and his thoughts.

"Threw myself at you?"

He laughed. "What else would you call it?"

He sounded cold, and he knew she could tell it by the way her shoulders stiffened. A sharp pain bit at his chest. He wanted more than anything to pull her into his lap and make her laugh again. But that wasn't the safe play. And he'd always been a safety kind of guy.

F.S. held up fingers as if counting down to lift-off. "One, you opened the door to a stranger—half-naked."

"Half-naked?"

He grimaced. "Come on, sweetie. Don't tell me that outfit doesn't invite trouble. You were basically saying 'come and get me.'"

"Come and get me?"

He should have been pleased she was repeating his words. It

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

showed she was beginning to understand just how much agitation she caused him and how badly she'd messed with his head. He should be happy she was seeing how crazy this whole encounter was. Instead he wanted to shout "Do-Over." And over and over maybe for the rest of his life.

He kept his thoughts to himself and continued his countdown. "So your T-shirt and thong baited the hook, then there was all that bull about your order of cocks. What kind of woman orders a gross of dildos? No, don't start about which ones. For God's sake, you ordered a gross of them. We don't even order that many from the manufacturer and I stock *seven* stores."

Her eyes were huge, brimming with tears. Ruthlessly, he crushed the part of him that wanted to take back all his words. Instead, he continued. If he was callous enough, she'd see she didn't own him and he could walk out with some of his dignity intact. God knows, Linda had left him with none. He would not beg this woman to take him in and love him. All that ever got him was a broken heart and shame that ate at him. It was going to be hard enough to look himself in the mirror without adding that to the mix.

What in the name of God had she done to him? He hadn't felt like this since his ex dumped him with cruel glee when a guy with a bigger prick came along.

That was the whole problem, of course—she was just like Linda, a nympho interested in nothing but sex. She had to be. Why else would she screw him unconscious when she barely knew his name and didn't know a damn thing about the person he was? Just like his ex, she wanted only his body, not his heart or mind or devotion. Fury burned away any desire or mercy.

Well, two could play the game and he'd learned from a master. "So, baby, next time you're this horny, just give me a call." He rattled off his cell number. "Now I know just how hot you are, I'll stop by for a

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

nooner. Or a quickie. Whatever works for you.”

Her mouth tightened, but her eyes were still haunting. Her chin quivered. He expected raging fury when she spoke. Instead, he got low and cold. “Get the hell out of my house this minute.”

He opened his mouth, but she forestalled him.

“Now. Before I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing. I don’t have to take that from anyone. Get...out...now.”

He gladly complied. After all, that was exactly what he wanted, right?

F.S. dressed without a word, got in his car and sped down her driveway. The gate was already open for him. Once he drove through, he saw it close behind him in his rearview mirror. Logically, he knew it was moving no faster than it had opened for him earlier that afternoon. It was a machine, not a man with feelings.

But he knew differently. The gate was closing like Debbie’s anger was slamming it shut. He should be happy. He’d made his point. She’d certainly gotten it.

F.S. absently rubbed a hand across his chest, then turned onto the highway and headed toward his house. He was almost there when he realized he had been so distracted, he hadn’t even checked in with his office for messages.

* * *

Debbie sat on the cold, hard floor, arms wrapped around her knees, and looked unseeingly out the open front door. She heard the noise of his car receding as he drove away and felt as if her heart had been ripped from her chest without anesthesia. She swiped away a tear. She shouldn’t be hurt. She should be mad. She *was* mad. But the hurt was there as well.

He thought she was loose.

The mere notion of how ridiculous that was nearly made her laugh. She wasn’t loose. Anything but! She never indulged in one-night stands

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

or made it with someone she didn't know. Well, never until today.

How is he supposed to know that? She quelled the question without mercy. That wasn't the point. He made it sound like it was all her idea. Like she had seduced him or something. That brought out the anger.

It was her fault, huh? Like he hadn't been one hundred and twenty-five percent involved from the get-go. Hell, he'd made the first move. *Hadn't he?*

She sniffed. She wasn't going to cry over that loser any more. So what if he made the earth move without even touching her? So what if, when he did touch her, it was like she was clay only his hands could mold?

That meant nothing. She had been alone before. She would be alone again. *Men. Who needed or wanted them?* She'd rather have a gross of mini penises than one major one that came with a man attached.

Debbie got up and closed her door. She went to shower and washed all traces of Mister F.S. Wilson from her body and mind. *Hah. F.S. probably stood for "Fuckin' Stupid."*

When the water ran down her face, she told herself it was just from the shower and not tears.

She wouldn't cry for him. She wouldn't cry for *any* man.

Never again.

* * *

*Midnight
That night*

F.S threw the book he'd been trying to read for the last hour and a half onto the floor. It was simply no good.

He stood and started to pace. What the hell was wrong with him? It was Friday night. He was home, alone, and the phone hadn't rung with any company emergencies all night.

This was his time and he should be luxuriating in it.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Instead, he couldn't help thinking about the woman who'd turned him inside out and upside down just by being.

He ran a hand over his eyes. It didn't help. He could still see the look on her face when she'd thrown him out. Complete, utter pain.

He gulped. He couldn't think about that. Nor the fact that he'd been the cause of that pain.

He shook his head and stalked to the window, looking into the backyard toward his pool. He should take another swim. It was still muggy and the air was dead. The water would cool off his heated flesh.

But that hadn't helped when he'd gotten home this evening. And despite the swim, then the cold shower afterward, F.S. swore he could still smell *her* on him.

He felt his Johnson start to rise.

Why the hell couldn't he have what he wanted? Why the hell had he let his baser physical needs take control like they hadn't since Linda dumped him?

Well, what did he expect? He'd been way too long without a woman. Since Linda, he hadn't wanted no-strings-attached sex. He'd almost been a monk.

Well, of course, that's the answer. He was a healthy man in the prime of his life. It wasn't natural to let his needs go unsated for so long.

He smiled a little, remembering how it had felt sliding to the hilt inside Debbie's hot, loving pussy.

The smile dimmed. She had been hot. And loving. She'd been a dream lover. Comfortable in her body and letting him know just how much she enjoyed everything about him.

"It was just sex," he said. "Why do I have to make it into more?"

The answer came in one clear, startling burst of insight.

It wasn't just sex...

* * *

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

7 a.m.

The next day

Debbie pulled the pillow over her head and tried to block out the repeated banging on the door. It was too early for the air conditioning men and they didn't work on weekends—unless you wanted to pay triple-time, which she didn't. Besides, no one could have opened her gate. She must be dreaming.

The pounding continued until she yelled, “Stop it already!”

The thumping ceased.

Debbie smiled and burrowed back into her pillow. A few minutes later, the sound returned.

“Damn, who the hell is this idiot?”

She got up, pulled on a pair of shorts, then went to her bedroom window and looked down at the driveway. There was a van parked in front of her house with a florists' logo on the side.

She frowned and rubbed the sleep from her tired eyes. She felt like she'd just fallen asleep. She glanced at her bedside clock. Jeez, she *had*. The last she remembered the clock had read six-thirty. She wouldn't think about why she'd been up all night. It would only make her eyes sting and tighten the back of her throat. Anger for all the tears she'd shed after she swore she wouldn't burned nova hot in her mid-section.

Who the hell delivered flowers at seven on a Saturday?

She leaned out the window and yelled down, “Hey! Stop that!”

There was a rustle, then a teenager backed off her porch and peered up at her. “Ms. Oaks?”

“Yeah.”

“I've got an urgent delivery for you, ma'am. The guy said I couldn't leave until I was certain you got it.”

“Well, leave it on the porch. I'll get it later.”

“Uh, ma'am, he was pretty adamant. He said I was supposed to wait

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

in my van until I saw you pick them up.”

Debbie rubbed her head. She was tired, but she wasn't an idiot. She knew who was at the root of the problem. “Here's a plan. You can take the flowers or whatever back to your shop. Chuck them in the ocean, or better yet, take them to the man who ordered them and stick them up his ass.”

The boy looked positively sick at the idea.

Debbie smiled as a better idea came to her. “Hold on a second. I'll be right down.”

She got dressed, then sped downstairs. On the way to the front door, she stopped in her office and went to the one open carton of mini penises. She grabbed a packet and a sheet of paper, on which she wrote furiously for a few seconds.

When Debbie opened the door, the boy held out a huge bouquet of flowers. There were white lilies, pink roses and yellow daisies. She refused to be swayed by their beauty or any thoughts of what might have prompted *him* to send them.

She smiled widely at the boy. No sense letting him have it. He was, after all, just the messenger. She wanted to kill the sender.

“Ohhh, how sweet. Now take them back to the man who bought them. And give him these.” Debbie handed the boy the note, folded into a tiny little square, and the packet of penises.

The boy gaped and stammered.

“And here's something for your trouble.” She thrust a twenty into the hand holding the flowers and smiled sweetly. “By the way, how did you get through my gate?”

“Ma'am?”

“Never mind. That thing is always acting up.” She smiled again and shut the door in his face.

* * *

7:45 a.m.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Saturday

F.S. stared at the stammering delivery boy. He kept saying how the nice lady refused the flowers and sent them back to him. Then he blushed beet red and handed F.S. the wadded-up paper and the packet of penises.

F.S. nodded dumbly and shut the door. He set the penises on his hall table and began to carefully unfold the paper. It took a while.

LEAVE ME ALONE!

He could see her anger in the bold print. He wasn't completely surprised by it, though the penises where a twist he hadn't expected. He knew it was going to be hard to get back into her good graces. After all, he'd said some pretty harsh things.

A sleepless night had shown him just how harsh and how wrong he'd been. That's when he'd formed his plan of action. So what if the first phase of the plan hadn't met with success? He wasn't about to give up. F.S. had never been a quitter.

So the flowers hadn't worked—but he had more tricks up his sleeve.

* * *

8:30 a.m.

Saturday

Debbie groaned when the pounding on her front door began again. Damn it, this was ridiculous. After being awakened at an ungodly hour, she'd just stayed up and started trying to formulate another plan to salvage Satin's promotional campaign. It was too early to call Satin. Anyway, Debbie didn't want to call her when just thinking about the mix-up was enough to send her blood pressure soaring.

So, after making herself a triple shot of espresso, she'd headed to her computer to plot and plan. She had just gotten a rhythm going when

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

another idiot decided to disrupt her day.

She stalked from her office to the front door. She could see another delivery truck parked in her driveway. She sighed and said sharply, "Yes?"

"Special delivery for Deborah Oaks."

"I didn't order anything."

"No, ma'am. It's from an admirer." The old man smirked. "All you have to do is sign for it."

"What is it?"

"Sweets for the sweet," he replied.

"Hah," Debbie said.

"Come on, lady. It's hot and early. Just sign and I'll be out of your hair."

"I'm not signing anything. You can take it back where it came from." Didn't F.S. Wilson know the meaning of "buzz off"?

The man sighed. "Look, lady, you can't turn it down. This guy spent a chunk of change on my best chocolate and coffee. Then he demanded I deliver it personally. You know, I own the damn company and haven't been a delivery boy for twenty years. It's what I've got my grandsons for. But no, this guy had to have me deliver it. It's high end stuff from my best lines. I promise you."

Debbie's stomach growled.

"See, chocolate, one of the basic food groups. He ordered you truffles, bon-bons and caramel creams. We've even got wine-soaked cherries in here. I'd been here sooner, but had to stop by my warehouse for a couple of extras."

Debbie bit her lip. A picture popped into her mind. She was sitting on a chaise, being fed cherries by a gloriously aroused F.S. Wilson. He was wearing a large collar with a leash attached to it. A whip lay beside her hand.

"He ordered you a real sweet gold bracelet. Honey, I'd say this man

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

wants your forgiveness bad.”

The deliveryman’s—no, he’d said he owned the company—words brought to mind every hurtful thing F.S. had said. So now he thought a gold bracelet would make everything okay? What did he think she was? A call girl? And why didn’t that thought make the vision of a repentant, green-eyed Adonis begging for her forgiveness flee? Why did it only make her insides ache for his touch? The man was so deeply buried in her psyche she could smell his cologne and feel the texture of his skin.

“Grrrr.” Her vicious growl had the deliveryman backing up a step. “Get out!”

She wasn’t speaking to the man on her property, but as he beat his way to his truck, she was pleased with the results. Debbie stepped onto the porch and yelled after him, “And tell that idiot F.S. Wilson to stop wasting everybody’s time.”

Debbie crossed her arms under her breasts and nodded as the guy and his truck hurtled down her driveway. “Hah. Maybe now that idiot will leave me alone! He can’t buy my love!”

She heard the phone in her office and went to answer it. Maybe the next thing to do was call the police. She could tell them that Wilson was harassing her. No! She grinned. She’d call the Better Business Bureau and file a complaint. *That* would hit him where it hurt.

* * *

9:15 a.m.
Saturday

F.S. peeled a twenty off his roll of bills and handed it to the irate man standing in front of him.

“Listen, buddy,” the man said, “I don’t know what you did to get in her doghouse, but there ain’t enough chocolates or jewelry in the world to win her over. I’d give it up for a lost cause.” The guy ground his teeth. “I know you probably don’t want any advice, but even if she’s

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

rich, it ain't like you're broke. Go find one of those young beach bunnies and forget all about the middle-aged one over there. All her curves are gonna start going south pretty soon."

The man's eyes widened and he backed up a step. F.S. followed his gaze and saw that his own fist was clenched and his arm was starting to come up. He looked at it and shook his head. It took a few seconds, but he was finally able to unclench his fist without hitting the man.

"Thanks. But it's none of your damn business." There was death in every word, and the candy guy heard it.

"Hey, hey, no need to get riled up. But you should've been there. That lady is wild. Maybe she's going through the change or something. I thought for a minute there she was going to kill me."

F.S. nodded. "Well, if you talked to her like you're talking to me, I don't blame her." *And if I'd been there and heard you do it, I'd have killed you for her.*

The man frowned. "Yeah, same to you, buddy. Look, it ain't like I'm some delivery kid. I own the damn company. Don't bother calling us again. I don't need this kind of business."

"Oh, don't worry. I won't."

F.S. slammed the door, frustration raging through his body. The rub of it was, the man was probably right. He was nuts for trying to get back into Deborah's good graces. But he knew he wasn't wrong. There was something there beyond the ordinary...something that came along only once, and he wasn't going to let it get away.

Still, he'd done his best to show her he was sorry. So why was she acting like he was some low-life?

He flipped open his phone and punched in number one on his speed dial. It was time to call in the big guns.

"Mom, it's me. I've got a problem with a woman."

He winced a bit at the squeal in his ear.

"No, it's not *that*. I just met her." F.S. paused and thought. At least

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

he didn't think it was "that," but it could be. After all, he hadn't used a condom and God knew he had been shooting off like a cannon.

He waited for the panic to overwhelm him and was amazed it didn't come.

If she is pregnant, she'll have to let me in her life, won't she? And if she had his baby, wouldn't that prove he was more to her than a living sex toy? He'd be the father of her child. He'd be a dad. Women didn't usually have children with men they intended to use and toss away.

Visions of reenacting his happy childhood with two or three moppets of his own warmed the cold binding his heart and brought a smile to his face. Maybe a couple of them would have Debbie's blue eyes. With the income from two successful careers, maybe he and Debbie could scale back their working hours to spend more time with the kids than most people could manage. Maybe he could sanitize his office enough he'd be able to work from home some of the time to be with her and their babies. If nothing else, he could watch them playing out the window while he worked.

"Son? Son?" His mother's voice snapped his attention back to the present rather than the fantasy future he'd been envisioning.

"I'm sorry, Mom." He took a deep breath and tried not to think of tiny, blonde girls with big blue eyes calling him "Daddy." "Here's my problem. I put my foot in my mouth and now I'm trying to get this woman to forgive me."

"I see. Well, have you apologized?"

"I've tried, but she refuses to accept anything I send her. I tried flowers and chocolates and jewelry."

There were a few seconds of silence. "Oh. I thought you said this woman was important." The condemnation was palpable, even through the ether of cell phone signals.

"I never...but what do you mean? It wasn't like the flowers and chocolate were cheesy. I sent her a twenty-four carat gold bracelet with

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

ruby insets. These were top-of-the-line items. *You* love flowers and chocolate. You adore jewelry. I thought every woman does.”

“Son, we raised you better.” His mother actually sighed at him. “If she’s this angry with you after just meeting, you *must’ve* done something completely idiotic.”

“Hey, whose side are you on?”

“Yours always, but, son, even though I love you, you can be a bit of a prig sometimes.”

F.S. was appalled. “Mom! What did you call me?”

“A prig.” The sigh returned. “You’re prudish. Ever since you found out Linda just wanted you for sex, you’ve taken all your natural, normal impulses and buried them. Frankly, I’m surprised you aren’t in therapy or in jail. Having all that sperm build up is not healthy for a man your age.”

“Mother!”

He was tempted to tell her that his sperm build up was certainly not a problem after yesterday afternoon. But since he still had a minor woody from just thinking about Debbie and him making babies he couldn’t be certain his mother wasn’t right.

How was that possible? He’d been happily celibate for three years. Now, after meeting one questionably sane woman, he couldn’t do anything without thinking about being buried so deep inside of her they wouldn’t be able to move for days.

Instead of telling his mother this, he just sighed. “So, what should I do next?”

“It’s simple, son. You’ve got to sweep her off her feet. I’m sure if you think about it, you’ll come up with the perfect plan.”

* * *

3 p.m.

Saturday

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

Debbie looked out the window of her office into the yard. The wind was picking up and, according to weather reports, Hurricane Debby had made its turn and was headed inland. Evacuations were recommended from low-lying and beachfront areas, but there was a good seawall between Debbie's house and the ocean. And the old place had stood up to worse storms than as low a level hurricane as Debby. She had plenty of food, water, and fuel for the generator. She'd ride this one out like all the ones before. Besides, what did she have to fear from a storm that shared her name?

It shouldn't be so bad. She'd done it before. Nature's fury could be fascinating. She'd pour a nice glass of wine and relax and watch the waves and wind. After all, she should be happy. Apparently Mr. F.S. Wilson had finally gotten the message. There hadn't been another peep from him since she'd sent the chocolate guy packing. She should be dancing around her office, while she planned her lawsuit against his company.

But she wasn't. Storm preparations done, she found nothing interested her. She couldn't concentrate on her promotions work. So, instead of watching the building storm or getting a replacement ad ready for Satin, she moped around her office, played on the Internet, and studied the phone, as if staring at it for hours on end would make him call and say he was sorry.

She found the PDA he'd dropped on the floor when they'd made love and had re-read it. Then she went to the F.S. Wilson website. What she saw made her want to laugh.

It seemed, when she looked again at the item numbers, she *had* made a colossal mistake. She could still blame it on him somewhat—his website was badly organized. But most of the blame was hers. It seemed that the item pictures were *below* the item itself. She'd seen the picture of the Mani M8 dildo, but had ordered the mini-penises instead, since their picture was right *above* the large vibrator.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

All this pain just because it was hard to tell which name fit which sex toy!

She wasn't sure if she really wanted to laugh after all. Maybe she wanted to cry instead.

About the same time she realized her mistake, the phone rang. Her urge for an emotional display she really didn't need fled.

Hoping, praying it was him, she nearly killed herself racing across the room. It was only Satin, who'd discovered their ordering mistake this morning when she'd been showing her husband their plan.

The need to cry returned. Just hearing Satin's voice sent Deborah spilling her guts about the whole sordid deal the night before.

Debbie expected friendly, gal-pal support. Instead, Satin told her flat out to get off her lazy ass and go after the man.

That was easy for Satin to say! She had her man, her kids and her pride.

Debbie had none of that. She ended the call as quickly as bare courtesy allowed, then stewed, plotted, and planned. She could still start a lawsuit against his company. She had no plans to carry it through, but he didn't have to know that, right? But it would be a good chance to get close to him.

She'd make certain she was on hand for the depositions and whatnot. That way she could be dressed to kill. She had a designer suit she used to wear when she was on the fast track of the Manhattan marketing agency.

If she fished out her girdle, she could probably manage to squeeze into it again.

She wanted him to see her as a worthy adversary. No—adversary wasn't the right word. She wanted him to see her as a strong, kick-ass, professional woman. She wanted him not to think of her as a dowdy, desperate homebody forced to flaunt herself to get a man.

She paced away from the window and ran a hand through her hair.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

It was a little shaggy. She hadn't been to the spa for a full treatment in too long. Who needed to primp when all they did was work with their clients via phone, fax and e-mail? But just because she had dropped out didn't mean she didn't know how to drop back into the real world.

She chewed on one of the fingernails she'd bitten to the quick since yesterday. *No, no.* She didn't want F.S. to see her as a professional. That was as boring as dowdy.

She wanted him to see her as a sex symbol. Something that would make the CEO of one of the largest adult toy companies in the world stand up and thank his Maker he was a man.

"Well, shit. That's going to take more than one visit to the spa," she murmured.

At that moment, she heard a bang. It looked like she'd been plotting and planning instead of heeding the weather. Hurricane Debby looked to be camping out on her doorstep.

CHAPTER 3

F.S. felt like an idiot. After talking to his mother, he wandered around his place for a while, trying to figure out what he could do. Then he did some Internet research on Deborah Oaks. What he found was enlightening.

She had risen to the top of one of the largest and best-known marketing agencies in New York. Wealthy, accomplished, a self-made woman, it looked like she'd had it all. Then a nasty divorce turned into an ugly alimony fight with the twist of her ex suing her for support. It made all the gossip pages. Then there was a story of her collapse at the end of the hearings.

It looked like Ms. Oak's rise to the top was followed by just as spectacular a fall. It made him want to find every reporter who'd pried into her life and sent out their no-doubt twisted version to the world. Once he found them, he would take great pleasure in rearranging their features with his fist. Or maybe he'd see if some of his company's

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

products fit in orifices they weren't designed to fit in.

And her nasty ex? Well, F.S. would experienced great pleasure just thinking about all the things he could and would do to that guy! Retribution wouldn't change what Debbie had gone through, but it would give F.S. a whole lot of satisfaction and teach the lousy bastard a lesson or two.

Fighting down his anger at the unfairness the world had thrown at his dream lover, he delved deeper into Debbie's life. He didn't find anything more, until a small notice appearing in *Florida Today*, saying she was re-locating to her family home and opening her own promotion and publicity firm. Her biggest clients were writers, specifically rising erotic romance author Satin Pleasure.

That name jumped out at him. His mother read her stories all the time and had even stocked her paperback titles in their main stores. He'd argued they weren't a bookstore, but his mother had been adamant that the titles would sell. Shrewd businesswoman she was, his mother had been right. They couldn't keep Satin's paperbacks in stock, they sold so fast.

The information was a gold mine for F.S. He now had a clearer picture of Debbie. She was a romantic, and gun-shy.

Well, he had news for her. He was more gun-shy than she was, but he wasn't going to let that, or her fears, keep him from getting back together with her.

He didn't really believe in love at first sight. Or he hadn't until yesterday. Even though his parents and grandparents professed to falling in love at the first meeting, he'd thought they were nuts. But after meeting and being with Debbie, he knew exactly what they meant.

Maybe it's genetic. Not that it mattered. He was in love, he knew it, and nothing was going to stop him from spending the rest of his life with Debbie. Love at first sight for the Wilson clan also meant love forever.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

He rubbed his hands together. Yes, now he had information. And with information, he could make it all happen. His little Debbie was a romantic at heart. Well, if she needed to be wooed, he'd woo. If she needed to be swept off her feet, he'd find a big enough broom to sweep her right into his arms.

He went to the phone and started making calls. It wasn't easy, but then the most important things in life never were—that's why so many people failed at them. But F.S. was a chronic over-achiever. His parents might have started a successful business, but he kept it alive and growing. Even when he hated it. Let the world see what he could do when his heart was in a project!

By 2:45, everything was in place.

He'd have felt stupid driving down the road in the middle of the afternoon in a white Hummer decked out like a shining steed, if there was anyone else driving around. Since most people had the sense to stay inside when tropical storm winds were battering the coast, he had the road mostly to himself. There was one state trooper manning the coastal highway blockade who had made him detour ten miles out of the way due to flooding. The trooper gave his Hummer more than a couple of strange looks, but when F.S. explained that he was driving to make sure an elderly aunt was riding out the storm safely, the man waved him on.

Debbie wouldn't appreciate the elderly aunt comment, but F.S. was afraid the trooper would lock him up if he told the truth—he was driving his white steed to rescue a damsel in distress. It had been bad enough when the guy leaned in the truck to take in his costume of plastic medieval armor. F.S. shook off the returning embarrassment. Nothing mattered except what Debbie thought.

So he detoured and listened to reports of coastal flooding, possible tornadoes, and sustained winds just below hurricane strength. *Thank God for that!* Anything stronger and the National Guard would lock

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

everything down and he wouldn't be able to get to Debbie. As it was, his hands hurt from gripping the steering wheel so tight, fearing the authorities would start limiting access to neighborhoods to residents only.

An excruciating amount of time later, he pulled to where her gate should have been. It and all the wrought iron posts were gone. The trees were flattened. Dear God! Had one of the tornadoes birthed in the heart of the hurricane hit here?

His heart in his throat, he maneuvered the Hummer slowly up the driveway, taking in the destruction. Had she evacuated? He didn't think she would, but now he hoped she had. What if she'd stayed? Was she here when a wall of wind and water swept over her ancestral home? As he rounded the bend, he told himself she had to be okay. She couldn't be dead. Surely he'd have felt the breaking of his heart.

Debris littered her driveway. He wended his way past tree limbs and a couple of shutters, but finally the house itself loomed in front of him. The roof, or most of it, was gone. But the house stood. F.S. slammed the truck into park and lurched out of the cab.

Had she made it to safety? Was she pinned under debris?

The sound of his armor was ominous and unsettling in the deafening silence left after the howl of the storm and the constant chatter of the radio. He raced up the steps and over her porch. He didn't need to tear open the door because it was also gone. As he stepped over the threshold, he lost the ability to breathe. Everything else had vanished as well. All he could see was rubble and a few lonely beams standing like lone sentinels.

He called out. No one answered.

He lowered his head, despair starting to wash over him. *No*. He shook it off. She wasn't dead. He would find her...no matter how long it took. He intended to search every inch of the house and, if he didn't find her there, he'd search every inch of the grounds.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

He started to move toward the first pile of debris, unconscious of his body's determination to take action on his thoughts. In the all-encompassing silence, a sound reached out for him. He turned and smelled the air, like a wolf on the prowl. He stared out through broken windows and warped storm shutters, seeking its source.

When he saw her leaning against a palm tree, he tore over everything, or through anything stupid enough to be in his way to get to her.

She fell into his arms and cried over and over, "Everything is gone. Everything is gone."

"Shush, shush. It's all right now, baby." He held her against him, reassured by the strong beating of her heart that she was alive. "I've got you."

She was standing and speaking so she had to be basically all right. Still he couldn't stop himself from asking, "God, are you okay?" Then he couldn't wait for her answer. He had to see for himself.

He pushed her away to look her over. She was wearing a T-shirt, shorts and flip-flops. Though she was wet and a little bedraggled, her body displayed no signs of bleeding or bruising.

He pulled her back to him and kissed her because he knew that was the only answer he needed. He tried to be gentle, but gentleness wasn't something he could give her—not when the desperation was still tearing through him like the hurricane had ripped through her house.

When her lips immediately softened for him and her arms stole up around his neck, he relaxed a little. When her tongue stroked his lips, F.S. knew everything was indeed going to be okay. But the need for her, his constant companion since he'd first heard her voice, had become a powerful thing. So afraid of losing her, he now had to have her. He had to hold her. Ancient needs to defy death and establish his own family tugged at him. Still, he fought for a bit of civilization.

"Debbie," he groaned. "We need to stop. I need to stop. I should

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

take you to a doctor.”

She pulled back a bit, her eyes glazing. He feared she had been hit on the head by flying debris.

“What are you wearing?”

It took a few seconds for her words to get through the fog of desire and worry clouding his brain. “Oh, it’s nothing. Come on, darling. Let’s get you in the car and to the hospital.”

She stood her ground. “F.S., I’m fine. What are you wearing?”

He shook his head, embarrassment tight and cold where it gripped his chest. He grabbed her hand. “Don’t worry about that. I’ve got a Hummer. We can have you out of here in a jiffy.”

She smacked her hand against the side of his head. It didn’t hurt, of course, but it was a little jarring. “You’re so hard-headed. Listen to me carefully. I’m fine. I *do* not need a doctor, but I *do* need to know what the hell you’re wearing.”

“Ow,” he said, rubbing the spot where she’d nailed him. “What was that for? I come to rescue you and that’s the thanks I get? God, what’s a guy got to do to say he’s sorry?”

Her face lit with a huge smile, sudden and unexpected as sunshine after the storm. “Oh, my God, that’s what this is about? You came to apologize? In the middle of a hurricane?”

“No.” He tried to control the flush he felt creeping up his face. “It’s been downgraded to a tropical storm.”

Debbie laughed. “Oh, that makes perfect sense then. You came out in a tropical storm, dressed as a knight—I’m guessing a white knight—just to apologize?”

“Well...” F.S. knew he was blushing, but couldn’t help himself. It had seemed like such a great idea when he was at home. Now, standing in her yard, with her house demolished and her just missing serious injury, he wondered if he had been temporarily insane.

“Well, nothing, buster.” She smiled and threw her arms around him

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

again, hugging him tight.

When she started to pull back, he kept her close. F.S. had been dumb many times before in his life, but he had never been accused of being slow. He kept her close and rubbed his hands down her spine before cupping her butt and lifting her against him.

He felt like he was being given a second chance and he didn't want to do anything to mess it up. But he also felt like he had to have her. Now.

"Debbie," he groaned against her lips. "Are you truly okay?"

"No."

Panic hit with a jolt. "No?"

"No, but I will be once Junior does his duty and makes me come."

She giggled when he growled and lowered his head to take her lips. She slapped her hand against his chest, rattling the plastic and stopping him once more.

"What now?" he asked, playful frustration in his voice.

"You've got to give me an honest-to-God apology. Not just some lame riding up in a...F.S., that Hummer looks like...it's a horse. Oh, my God, that's a white steed!" Debbie laughed, then launched herself at him, wrapping her legs around his armor and her arms squeezing with all her might around his neck.

He grunted, then wrapped his own arms underneath her butt to hold her in place. "Yeah. It's not that big of a deal, really. I just went into the warehouse and got a few things. People like to play fantasy games a lot, you know. I thought, seeing you work for a romance author, you might get a kick out of playing fair maiden to my marauding knight."

Debbie laughed again, her blue eyes bright enough to blind him to everything else. "And when did you do all this?"

"Right after I nearly slugged the last delivery guy for saying I should cut my losses with you, and my mother telling me I was a prig."

Debbie's mouth popped wide open and she slapped her hand over

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

it. It didn't stop the laugh from gurgling out. "You nearly slugged the last guy?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we'd better not try to do any business with him in the future because he thought I was going to attack him as well."

"Yeah, he made it plain my business wasn't welcome any more. He owns that company, by the way. I've sat on committees with him." He hoped there were no meetings in the immediate future, since he wasn't sure he could look at the guy without pounding him.

Debbie bit her lip. "And you told your mother about me?"

"Yeah. Incidentally, she thinks you're pregnant."

She grew serious. "I forgot about protection."

"I know. I did, too. I forgot everything from the moment I saw you." He smiled, despite the absurdity of it. "That's not like me. Well, not like the man I *used* to be."

She was quiet for a moment, as if letting his words soak in.

"The last few years I've kind of shut myself off. I had a bad relationship." He knew all about her failed marriage. It was only fair she know about his. Dishonesty was no way to start their lives together. "I wanted marriage. She just wanted sex." He shrugged. It was hardly a "guy" sort of thing to admit, but he wasn't ashamed. "I was cruel to you because I was...well, after what happened in my past, I wasn't going to let sex be the basis for a relationship ever again."

"I see," Debbie said. "So when we got together so quickly..."

"It was like that relationship all over again. I was scared because, as much as I thought I loved her, it was nothing compared to the way I felt about you, and we had known each other only a few minutes. I couldn't take it, so I took it out on you."

Debbie remained quiet for another few minutes. The wind picked up. F.S. looked up, wondering if they would get another blast from the storm, but the sun poked out from behind a cloud and began to heat the

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

air.

"I can understand that. Something similar happened to me." She paused as if trying to pick her words. "I was married. It didn't end well."

"I know. I read about it on the Internet. He must have been a scumbag."

"Well, let's say it wasn't my finest hour."

"I think you're great and he's a first-class jackass." He smiled down at his tiny love. "I'll tell you what..let's get in the Hummer and head out of here. We'll call the insurance company and get them started, and until you get everything straightened out, you can stay with me."

Debbie looked down. "I'm not the easiest person in the world to live with, you know. I get a little hormonal at times and..." She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "Sometimes I lose control."

F.S. considered what she said. "Oh, that's okay. I know just how to handle you when that happens."

"Really? And how is that?"

"I'll just bring home some of those M8 dildos. They'll have you purring like a kitten."

"I don't think I need the M8, especially since I've had a taste of Junior. By the way, I wondered when we were first introduced...were you and Junior perhaps the models for the M8?"

F.S. felt another blush creep up his face. He still wasn't sure how he'd let his mother talk him into *that* one.

Debbie laughed. "I knew it. I knew it. There is no famous porn star Mani Handy, is there?"

"Come on, let's get in the truck and go home. We should really get you cleaned up and make our calls."

"You're dodging the question."

F.S. tried to hide his smile and act as if it took all his concentration to open the door to the Hummer with her still in his arms.

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

She grinned at his improvised mount. "You know, you did a wonderful job with this truck. It looks just like a knightly steed. I especially like the way you put the plastic head on the hood. It makes a very attractive hood ornament."

F.S. managed to open the door and stood her up on the footrail of the Hummer. Debbie began to laugh when she looked inside.

"And your mother called you a prig?"

He shrugged. "What can I say? My mother doesn't know everything."

* * *

Debbie fell forward and landed on the satin sheet-covered water mattress he had placed on the floor of the truck after removing the seats. There were also a few toys scattered about, including one of the infamous M8 dildos and some leopard-skin-covered harnesses hanging from the roof. But what she saw littered on the pillows made Debbie laugh the hardest. F.S. had taken about a hundred packets of mini, multi-colored penises and spread them around.

"Come here, you," she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him in after her.

"Now, now, you have everything in here you need. I'll just drive around for a bit, and when you're ready, just give me a call."

She shook her head. "Nuh-huh. No driving needed. I'm as ready as you can handle."

His eyes widened comically. "Oh, man, I don't know if I'm up to this."

Debbie reached forward. The really great thing about the plastic armor and the fact it was created to indulge a person's sexual fantasy was how quickly it could be removed. All it took was one pull and it fell away from him. Debbie's hand moved gently across his bare chest and down his stomach. Junior responded with amazing agility.

"Oh, I think Junior disagrees." She tunneled under his tight knit

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

pants, pleased to find he wasn't wearing underwear.

"There's a condom in my pocket." His voice was husky with desire.

She shook her head. "I don't want it. I want to feel you and nothing else."

She slid her hand over him. Junior was hot, hard, wet velvet. She played around a bit in the pre-come leaking from his slit and wondered how long it would take for him to come if she took him in her mouth.

Before she could even contemplate it, F.S. had her on her back, her tee tossed over her head and into the front seat, and her shorts down around her ankles.

He took long enough to fling off the rest of the armor and pull down his tights before spreading her legs and easing his way inside her ready pussy. When he was seated to the hilt, his groin pressing against her clit, they sighed into each other's mouth.

He started thrusting slowly, as if wanting to savor the feeling of her inner walls contracting and releasing his cock. She was exquisitely aware he wasn't wearing a condom again, by mutual choice.

She ran her hands down his back, amazed by the feel of his hard muscles working in tandem with his strokes.

Every time his desire rose almost to his breaking point, he stopped thrusting, content to let her hands caress his skin, as if she were cooling him down.

When he was back in control, he'd begin again.

Every time he sensed she was close to going over the brink, he stopped thrusting, instead kissing and fondling every inch of her, letting her heart rate slow to nearly normal.

When she was back in control, he'd begin again.

She lost count of how many times they rose to the heights, only to back away from ultimate fulfillment.

Finally, when the heat built until the inside of the Hummer resembled a sauna, when sweat rolled freely from both their bodies, his

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

thrusts became frenzied.

Gasping for breath, she said the words closest to her heart. "Give us a baby, F.S. Make our child."

As he jettisoned his seed into her, their cries of completion echoed through their souls.

* * *

10:30 p.m.

Saturday

They returned to his house and made the appropriate calls—to her insurance company to file for damage on the house, and to his parents to introduce her. They made plans to meet the elder Wilsons the next day. F.S.'s mother was talking about nursery furniture even as Debbie ended the call.

F.S. was making them a light supper when she finished her shower and came into the kitchen to wrap her arms around his waist. "So, you dress up like a knight, are a terrific lover and can cook, too? How did I get so lucky?" she whispered, kissing his bare back.

He moved the skillet off the stove and turned to pull her into his arms.

"Just good karma, I guess. Want to save supper for later and go make sure we have a baby instead?" he asked, waggling his eyebrows in true lecherous fashion.

"Oh, I think I need my strength. I know you and Junior do," she said, patting him gently on the gamely rising member.

He sighed and divided the scrambled eggs he'd fixed onto two plates beside slices of fresh melon. They each carried a plate to the bar, sat and began to eat.

She waited until he had his mouth full before asking, "So, if we have a boy, do you want to name him Fabio Junior?"

He spit out his food. "How did you...?"

EIGHT IS NEVER ENOUGH

She grinned. "You're not the only one who knows how to search on the Internet. What do you think I was doing all that time you were wasting getting your act together? I had to find out your name at least. Besides, what's the problem? I think Fabio Storm Wilson, Junior is the perfect name. Maybe we'll even have two boys. Then they can be Fabio the second and Fabio the third."

He shook his head. "No way! I've worked for thirty-five years trying to live down that name."

Debbie smiled. "Oh, I think the opposite is true. You've more than lived *up* to it."

TRIXIE STILLETTO & T. D. MCKINNEY

T. D. McKinney and Trixie Stilletto are multi-published romance authors who met and formed an instant partnership.

“We may have been born in different parts of the south but we are sisters of the heart and soul,” Trixie said.

Trixie has written numerous short stories and one novel, *Hot Off the Presses*. Six of her short stories have been combined in paperback edition, *Trixie's Treats*, currently available from Amber Quill Press.

T. D. McKinney has three novels and a novella published. Both *My Secret Yankee* and *Dancing in the Dark* are available from Amber Quill Press.

Eight is Never Enough is the first joint work by T. D. and Trixie.

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

THE GOLD STANDARD IN PUBLISHING

QUALITY BOOKS
IN BOTH PRINT AND ELECTRONIC FORMATS

ACTION/ADVENTURE

SUSPENSE/THRILLER

SCIENCE FICTION

PARANORMAL

ROMANCE

MYSTERY

EROTICA

HORROR

WESTERN

FANTASY

MAINSTREAM

HISTORICAL

YOUNG ADULT

NON-FICTION

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE
<http://www.amberquill.com>