



TRIXIE STILLETTO

**SCARECROW &
BETSY MCGEE**

Book III

**CHINESE
DELIGHT**

SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE

BOOK III: CHINESE DELIGHT

He wasn't physically touching her so why did it feel like he was setting her on fire?

"Roarke, Bobby's upstairs," Betsy said.

"I know," he murmured. His lips were barely brushing hers now.

Her eyes closed as the ecstasy rushed through her.

"But all I want is one taste."

Betsy felt as if he was a flame and she was a moth—helpless against his lure. "Roarke," she began breathlessly.

"Do you know what I ate tonight?"

"Noooo."

"I had Triple Delight. All I could think about when I was eating succulent shrimp, chicken and pork was how I'd like to be devouring your triple delights."

He moved his hand until he was touching her breasts. Betsy groaned in anticipation of how he'd pleasure her. Instead, his touch was fleeting, a mere brush of his fingertips across her already aching nipples...

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Scarecrow & Betsy McGee

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Book III: Chinese Delight

With T. D. McKinney

Eight Is Never Enough

SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE
BOOK III:
CHINESE DELIGHT

BY

TRIXIE STILLETTO

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SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE, BOOK III: CHINESE DELIGHT
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CHAPTER 1

“Mom, the Chinese is here.”

Betsy grinned at the sound of her son’s excited yell, followed by his footsteps thumping down the stairs to the front door.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute,” she cautioned. “Don’t just throw open the door.”

“Ah, Mom, you’re such an old lady. It’s just Charlie.”

Betsy ruffled his hair and smiled down at him as she held out the money to him to pay for their takeout. “You don’t know that for sure. It could be some monster come to carry you away.”

Bobby just laughed, grabbed the twenty and ducked under her arm. She reached over his head, twisted the dead bolt lock and then stood back to let him open the door, expecting the normally cheerful face of their delivery boy from their favorite Chinese restaurant. Instead, a sullen-looking older man stood on her porch.

Betsy stepped in front of her son and smiled hesitantly. “Sorry. May

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I help you?"

"You ordered Roast Pork Lo Mein for two? From Changs?"

"Oh, yes." Betsy took the money from Bobby and handed it to the man. "Charlie have the night off?"

The man handed her the change and a large brown bag of food. "Charlie is gone. He no longer works for Changs. Have a good night." He turned on his heel and strode off the porch.

Betsy thoughtfully watched him leave. "Bobby, go get the plates. We ought to eat this before it gets cold."

There was something about that delivery man that gave her the creeps.

"Wonder what happened with Charlie?" she murmured. "When he brought our food last week, he was all excited about making enough money to move into that apartment down the street."

Betsy remembered Charlie had told her he'd already given a deposit to Mrs. Johansson, the elderly woman who'd turned her large Victorian mansion at the corner into several one-bedroom apartments. Since her husband had been a professor at the nearby University of Buffalo for forty years, it was natural that most of her renters were graduate students.

Odd that Charlie had quit his job when he needed it to pay rent.

"Mom, come on. I'm staaaarrving," Bobby called.

Betsy closed the front door and headed for the kitchen. Perhaps after dinner she'd head over and see if something had happened. Friday night Chinese had become a habit for her and Bobby. Ever since she got her great job as a personal assistant six weeks ago.

Speaking of odd, that was the best word for both the job and her entire life in the last six weeks. Everything had changed so much since she'd decided to go to that lame spa for divorcees looking for adventure.

She'd found adventure—and unimaginable passion—on her first

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night there.

After she returned home to her normal, mundane life, she'd struggled to find a job.

Then she'd found a decent one, only to learn it was the start of another adventure, personally and sexually.

She'd also learned that adventure didn't pay the bills.

She'd thought things were going to crash in on her head after the Gianelli Mattress Factory had closed down.

Of course, what could one do? The boss, Vinnie Gianelli, ran a money laundering business that funded various terrorist organizations...along with selling cut-rate mattresses to the unsuspecting public. Well, she wasn't sorry the factory closed. Nor was she sorry she'd had a hand in helping bring Gianelli down. Even if she could tell anyone about her role, none of her friends would believe it.

Though no one had said anything, Betsy felt it wasn't right to talk about things that might be considered top secret concerning national security. She knew what had happened. She knew she'd been valuable. And she could still see the look of pride in Roarke's eyes when she'd told him where to find the hidden cd with the evidence of Gianelli's activities on it.

Hell, she got more than a thrill when she thought about Roarke. Although he hadn't been around lately, she could clearly remember every single touch they'd shared on the last operation. Sometimes, in those weak moments, late at night when Bobby slept soundly, the house was quiet and she was alone with just the television for company, she wondered if perhaps her entire relationship with Roarke was a dream.

She knew it wasn't. Perhaps it wasn't something she could count on, but she knew it wasn't a dream. He was a virile, young man and he wanted her. Though she probably wouldn't have believed it of herself six months ago, that was enough for her now.

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She was content with her life. She had Bobby and a good job and Roarke on the side. And what a truly delicious side dish he was—a tantalizing mixture of James Bond and Clark Kent, who could kiss her senseless quicker than other men could shuck their skivvies.

Thinking of the new job she had made her frown. It was odd how that had come about. The independent film producer had called her on the Friday following the demise of the mattress factory. He claimed he'd received her resume from a mutual friend. Then he'd offered her an extremely attractive salary and benefits package.

At first, Betsy had thought it was a scam, but the man had sounded legit. When she had gone to his office in Buffalo's Elmwood District, known for its ties to the arts, everything was aboveboard. Now, six weeks later, she felt fully in command of her life. She was the personal executive assistant to James Dougherty, producer and owner of S&K Film Productions. He specialized in docudramas and educational films.

Though the titles were enough to put her to sleep, it was still a pretty neat job. What's more, it was a breeze. No heavy lifting and Dougherty even seemed to value her opinion on things like artwork and promotional materials.

Even better was the fact she got paid every week and there had been no waiting for the health insurance benefits to kick in. That was something that had really been bothering her. Sure, Bobby was mostly a healthy kid, but you could never predict an accident. She'd had more than one sleepless night worrying how she'd pay for that if it happened. Now, that worry was gone.

And perhaps, if she was lucky, in another month she'd have enough cash saved up to give her lawyer the okay to start trying to track down Bobby's deadbeat father for the back alimony and child support he owed them.

Betsy walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Bobby was already tearing into their lo mein. The smell reminded her of what had

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started things going around in her mind. Charlie Wang's sudden disappearance. It was early and one of the postcard-perfect late summer nights that were a wonderful trade-off for Buffalo's harsh winters. Maybe she'd just take a walk down the street and see if Charlie had settled in. It wouldn't hurt and it would give both Bobby and their dog, Patches, the chance to work off some of their late day energy.

* * *

Roarke Matthews, AKA Scarecrow, tried to suppress a yawn as he listened to his date's mindless chatter. He was tired, having just finished a long, fruitless op the day before. In fact, he'd come close to canceling this date with Peggy and dropping in on Betsy McGee.

That thought straightened his spine. He was thinking too much about her. It just wasn't right. She was starting to interfere with his concentration.

He hadn't even had any mental peace from her on the op. Of course it didn't help it had been three weeks of boring stakeouts while they watched what had turned out to be the wrong perp. He'd had way too much time to think about things, like the way she felt when her lush body moved against his, or how the feel of her full, delightful breasts brushing against the bare skin of his chest made every inch of him tingle with anticipation.

Or the way her wonderful mouth felt deep-throating his cock, taking in every inch and wanting more. Or the way her pussy tasted like the freshest ambrosia he'd ever known. Or the soft, mewling sounds she made just before she came.

He squirmed a little in his chair as his memories brought him to full readiness.

He wouldn't allow it.

She was a divorcee with a child. She had white picket fences and happily-ever-after written all over her. And he was a man who wanted nothing to do with either. His life was, as corny as it sounded, catching

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bad guys. That's why, when the call had come down for volunteers for the Security and Safety Agency, he'd been first in line. Home and hearth was fine for some guys, but not Roarke.

So why was he continually drawn to Betsy McGee?

When Peggy took a deep breath, her breasts rose, drawing his glance to her cleavage. He'd bet she spent her last month's salary on them. Betsy would never do something like that to attract a man.

Betsy was natural. She was spirited. She was sensual. She knew what she wanted in life and wasn't afraid to go for it with everything she had. She took failure like a strong, competent woman and rose from the ashes like a phoenix. And when she succeeded, God, the look of elation on her face made him so proud he wanted to burst.

Some women, after their husband of a decade dumped them and ran off with all their money would have crumbled. Not his Betsy.

Wait a minute. She wasn't *his* Betsy. She could never be.

She was...taking entirely too much of his thoughts again. Roarke set his wine glass down and interrupted Peggy's monologue.

"Are you finished?" he asked brusquely.

Peggy smiled. She probably thought it was sexy. "Absolutely. My place or yours for dessert?"

Roarke threw enough cash to cover their Chinese meal and a tip on the table and led her outside.

As he walked past the cash register, he could see down a short, narrow hall that led to the kitchen. There stood a tough, older man yelling at a younger man in rapid Cantonese. He caught a few phrases like, "Start doing your job," and "Stop asking questions," before he moved on.

When he helped Peggy into his car, he couldn't help looking to the east. Betsy's house was only five blocks away. He could dump Peggy off and be there in less than fifteen minutes. He hardened his resolve and walked around the front of his Camaro and got in. When he felt

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Peggy's hand ease onto his thigh and higher, he smiled and tried not to wish it was another woman's hand dancing up his body.

She's not your type. She doesn't need you in her life.

* * *

Bobby was settled in for a half-hour of video games before bed when Betsy sat at her kitchen table to think. She had a bad feeling about this. Her visit that evening with Mrs. Johansson had been informative, if perplexing. Charlie Wang had been a no-show. When Mrs. Johansson had tried calling the phone number she'd been given, it was out of service. Both women had agreed dropping out of sight was not like the Charlie they'd come to know and like.

Still, Betsy had to be logical. Mrs. Johansson, who had more time on her hands than ever since her husband had died and her children and grandchildren had migrated south, was certain Charlie's disappearance had something to do with his job.

Mrs. Johansson said she was even going to call the Tonawanda police with her suspicions. Betsy could well imagine how that call would go over. The Tonawanda Police were a hard-working bunch and with recent cuts in the Erie County budget, they were covering more area than ever before. They wouldn't take too seriously the fact a college student had been a no-show for an apartment.

But there was one point Mrs. Johansson had that Betsy had to agree with. It seemed like there were an awful lot of different people working for the Changs. The restaurant had only been open about six months and though they had a dining room, most neighborhood people used their delivery service more. She didn't for a minute believe, like Mrs. Johansson, that the Changs were running a slavery ring through the restaurant. That didn't happen in places like Tonawanda.

Betsy looked at her table. She'd never again be able to sit here without remembering how Roarke had taken her that afternoon six weeks ago. She looked at the business card plastered on the refrigerator

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door under the exercise bike-shaped magnet. She didn't need to pick it up to get the number. It was imprinted on her brain, even though she'd never used it.

It wasn't too late. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to just run the problem by Roarke. Not that she thought it was something the S.A.S. would be involved in, but what would it hurt to call him? He probably wasn't even in the area.

Not for the first time since she'd met him, Betsy thought about his job.

It was dangerous. It was exciting.

Betsy's breath stuttered in her lungs and her heart slowed with dread. He could be dead even now.

No, she couldn't think about that. He was alive. He was just busy. Who could blame him? He probably had dozens of women—women who didn't come with baggage like an ex-husband and a child.

She shook her head, not willing to go down that road. Even *if* she were looking for another husband—which she absolutely wasn't—Roarke would be the last choice.

The same job that provided a lot of thrills made him a big zero in the husband and father category.

She shouldn't be worrying about that. She wasn't looking for another husband. Not now, maybe never. Still, she couldn't get the thought out of her mind. How would she know if he was dead? No one would think to contact her.

She picked up the phone and started dialing without thought. She just wanted to hear his voice. Then she'd know he was okay.

"Hello."

Betsy closed her eyes in relief. He sounded fine, wonderful even. His voice was warm, sweet cream over frozen fruit.

"Hello?" This time there was a question attached.

"Oh, hi, it's just me," she said. Talk about sounding like a complete

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idiot.

“I know. What’s up?”

Betsy finally gathered her senses. She heard sounds in the background. The growl of a motor, soft music, voices. More specifically, a female voice in the background. In a flash she knew he was with a woman. And not his partner, Agent McClellan, who’d worked the Gianelli case with them.

“Look, this is a mistake. I shouldn’t have called,” she said, feeling miserable.

“No, it isn’t. Give me three.” Roarke didn’t wait for her answer.

Next thing Betsy heard was a dead phone.

“Well,” she huffed. “I don’t know if I like that.”

She hung up the phone and sank back in the chair. What did she expect? He was a young, handsome man. Yes, he’d had incredible sex with her—more than once. That didn’t mean he was in lo— No, don’t even think the word. She had no claims on him. What did she expect? That he was going to be a monk just because she was being a nun when he wasn’t around?

Feeling the overwhelming weight of what her life had been and now looked like it would be in the future, she laid her head on her arms. She was proud she didn’t cry. At least she had that much backbone.

“Mom,” Bobby yelled from the second floor bathroom. “There’s something wrong with the toilet.”

Betsy sighed. This was her life. She might as well chalk up her two adventures in the memory column and move on. She didn’t have a choice.

* * *

Roarke had almost been at Peggy’s apartment when Betsy called. It made it easier to dump Peggy at the door and leave. She hadn’t been the happiest camper, but he’d let her believe it was business calling him away. It saved her pride and gave him an easy out. It wouldn’t matter at

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any rate because he wouldn't be calling her again. Peggy had been a mistake. Fortunately for Betsy's timing, it wouldn't turn out to be more than just a wasted dinner.

It was pitiful, but from the moment he'd seen Betsy's number on the caller id on his cell, it felt as if everything was finally going to turn out right.

He drove with a sense of urgency to her house. She hadn't sounded like she was in trouble, but it didn't matter. Talking wouldn't do. He had to see her again.

* * *

"Hi there."

Betsy nearly jumped out of her skin when he spoke behind her ear as she walked back into the kitchen, plunger in hand.

"Roarke! You scared me," she said on a laugh turning to face him. He looked good. No. Better than good. He looked wonderful. He was wearing a white jacket with the sleeves pushed up his strong forearms and black T-shirt, a-la Don Johnson in the *Miami Vice* days. Betsy had to admit Roarke looked better than Johnson ever had in the clothes.

"You called," he said. "I told you I'd be here in three." He looked at his heavy, white gold watch. "I'm a little late, but here I am."

Betsy smiled. "Well, great. Don't worry about being late. I didn't expect you to come over here. I just thought you'd call me back."

He shrugged and moved over to stand by the sink while she put the plunger and the rubber gloves in the cabinet under it. "I was in the neighborhood. I figured I might as well stop over."

She nodded and smiled, remembering the noises she heard when she'd called. "I'm sorry if I interrupted your evening. I didn't actually think I'd get you on the first try."

"You didn't interrupt anything. We were done."

"Oh." Betsy gnawed on her bottom lip wondering how she could ask him about his date without seeming nosy.

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“In fact, we had dinner not too far from here. Changs. You ever been there?”

Betsy smiled. “We did too—takeout. That’s exactly what I was calling you about.”

He moved closer until his arms were caging her against the cabinet. “Really? Did you know the Chinese say eating certain foods can increase the libido?”

He wasn’t physically touching her so why did it feel like he was setting her on fire?

“Roarke, Bobby’s upstairs,” Betsy said.

“I know,” he murmured. His lips were barely brushing hers now.

Her eyes closed as the ecstasy rushed through her.

“But all I want is one taste.”

Betsy felt as if he was a flame and she was a moth—helpless against his lure. “Roarke,” she began breathlessly.

“Do you know what I ate tonight?”

“Noooo.”

“I had Triple Delight. All I could think about when I was eating succulent shrimp, chicken and pork was how I’d like to be devouring your triple delights.”

He moved his hand until he was touching her breasts. Betsy groaned in anticipation of how he’d pleasure her. Instead, his touch was fleeting, a mere brush of his fingertips across her already aching nipples.

She was wearing a sleeveless cotton T-shirt. It was like his fingers were caressing her through the finest silk.

“The first delight is these lovely ladies,” he said, nibbling at her lips like he was taking a leisurely stroll. The action was working like holding a carrot in front of a starving rabbit. All Betsy could think about was tasting more, having more.

His fingers danced across her breasts, circling her hard nipples and

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stroking the undersides, but not cupping them fully in his hands.

"Yes, these lovely ladies. A night hasn't passed without me dreaming about them," he said. "They are the true first delight."

Finally Betsy had all she could take. She grabbed his head by the hair and pulled his lips hard against hers, getting the full taste of him she needed. Just when she was about to go down for the count, she heard the sound of her son jumping down from his top bunk bed onto the floor above their heads. It acted like a bucket of cold water on them.

By the time Bobby skidded into the kitchen, Roarke was standing beside the door and Betsy was on the other side of the table.

"Who are you?" Bobby asked, a frown on his face.

Betsy couldn't believe what she was seeing. It almost looked like he was getting ready to defend her.

"Bobby, this is a new friend of mine. His name is Mr. Matthews."

Betsy almost laughed at the panicked look on Roarke's face, but she was too busy hoping her son wouldn't notice she was more out of breath than he was after running downstairs.

"Oh. Hi. Do you live on our street?"

"Bobby," Betsy said.

"No, that's all right," Roarke said. "No, Bobby. I don't. I met your mother a couple of months ago." Roarke moved forward and held his hand out to her son. "You can call me Roarke."

Bobby just looked for a moment, first at Roarke's hand and then at his face. Betsy was appalled and was ready to fuss at him for his manners when he finally shook Roarke's hand quickly, as if he didn't want there to be any mistake about who was the man in this house.

Betsy started to open her mouth to apologize to Roarke for Bobby's actions when Roarke took over.

He just nodded and smiled. "I happened to be in the neighborhood and decided to stop in to talk to your mother. Hope that's okay?"

"No problem." Bobby shrugged and went to the fridge, opening the

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door to get a soda.

“Bobby, how about juice or water?” Betsy said.

He replaced the pop in the refrigerator and picked up a bottle of juice. “Can I stay up another half hour?”

Betsy thought quickly. Her son in the house was a great deterrent for helping her keep her hands off of Roarke. And it was Friday night. “Okay. But just a half an hour more.”

“All right,” Bobby said. “I’ve almost got to the Inner Circle of Doom.” He headed back for the stairs, stopping to give Roarke a slight smile. “Nice meetin’ you, Mr. Matthews.”

“Same here, Bobby,” Roarke replied.

They waited until they could hear Bobby’s footsteps upstairs before they looked at each other again.

“So, you said before you called me about Changs,” Roarke said.

“Yes,” Betsy answered. She then explained about the possible disappearance of Charlie Wang and how he hadn’t shown up at his new apartment.

Roarke nodded. “Well, it’s not much to go on, but I can make a few calls and see if there have been any reports of more activity at the border.”

“But do you think it *is* something?”

“Honestly? No.”

Betsy chewed on her bottom lip. “So why are you going to make the calls?”

Roarke shrugged. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll look into it.” He moved closer.

Betsy held her ground even when part of her wanted to run—and be caught.

“Uh, I got some good news.” She was stammering, and she knew Roarke was much too astute not to notice it. But what was a girl to do when a man like Roarke Matthews looked at her like she was the cherry

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on a big dollop of whipped cream? Her butt was pressed hard against the refrigerator door. He was right in front of her, so close she felt as if he were swallowing her whole with his eyes alone. When he leaned in, she leaned back, but was unable to get any distance from him. Why she suddenly needed distance, Betsy didn't know. All the movement did was thrust her pelvis out so it rocked against his.

"Oh?" he asked. His tongue flicked out and tasted the corner of her lips. Then he traced upward until his tongue played with the indentation on her top lip just under her nose.

That wasn't an erogenous zone? Was it? Betsy felt the contact warm her blood like it was a direct link to her clit.

"What's your good news?"

Betsy's brain circuits seemed fried. She couldn't answer because she couldn't remember the question.

He suckled then bit her lip gently. Betsy's sigh whispered out and she closed her eyes on the wave of sweet desire that flowed through her.

Minutes or hours later, he eased his lips bare inches from hers. "Darling, you had some news for me?"

She blinked, finally realizing where they were and what they were talking about. Her smile broke free. "Yes, I got a job. It's a good one, too, for a film producer."

"Great," he exclaimed and wrapped his arms around her waist, lifting her feet from the floor before whirling her around.

She didn't know if she was dizzy from his kisses or from the whirling in his arms. But dizzy she must have been because she thought she heard him say, "I knew he'd hire you."

CHAPTER 2

“Hey, Matthews!”

Roarke stopped in front of his office door. The Security and Safety Agency, under the Homeland Security Department, had offices underneath downtown Buffalo. Basically, they were in a false basement accessible only through a maze of hallways under the Buffalo Savings and Trading Building, one of the oldest structures in the city.

To reach it, a person had to go to the basement, which they could only do after going through half a dozen security checks and then opening the right door in a hallway with dozens of doors. After going through the correct one, there were three armed guards stationed behind bulletproof glass, and every person had their retinas and palms scanned.

Once a person passed the screenings, the guards allowed entrance to an elevator that went several yards underground. When those doors opened, a person actually entered the S.A.S. offices. The only part of the setup actually below the Savings and Trading Building was the

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elevator and guard station so even if some group tried to bomb the building, only the elevator and guards were in jeopardy.

With all the security equipment, fluorescent lighting, filtered air cleaning system, the offices appeared to be a 21st century addition. In actuality, the space had been built in the 1800s to be used as a holding spot for escaping slaves on the Underground Railroad seeking to cross the Niagara River into freedom in Canada.

“Hi, boss,” Roarke said to the chief of the Ranger unit, Peter Melrose. “Did McClellan give you the report on the stakeout?”

Libby McClellan had been his official partner for the last two operations. Well, partner wasn’t exactly the right word. Roarke preferred to work alone, except in situations where he needed a partner to get in somewhere or for a cover. She was a good agent with a sharp mind and a killer body. Roarke thought of her like a little sister.

“Yes, yes,” Melrose answered. “I don’t want to talk about that. We’ve got bigger fish to fry now.”

Roarke went on alert. Good, this was just what he needed—an operation that would push him to the very limit physically and mentally. Then, maybe he’d get the picture of Betsy McGee standing in her kitchen telling him about her new job out of his mind.

“Yes. Customs just caught a group of people trying to cross the border over the Peace Bridge.”

Roarke’s hopes for hot action died a little. Great. Now he was going to have to spend the next few days interviewing illegal aliens because the customs guys were overwhelmed. This was the part that really sucked about being in a multi-function agency. Whenever any other agency or task force got understaffed or overwhelmed, S.A.S. was called in to be the poop boys. It wasn’t what he’d wanted when he signed on, but, fortunately, his caseload kept him from getting roped into most of these headaches. But it looked like today was his unlucky day.

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For a second, he thought about the tip Betsy had mentioned. He could lie to Melrose and tell him he'd picked up another case, but Melrose would want details. That would be embarrassing. So he'd take whatever lump of coal Melrose tossed his way.

"They want us to go talk to them. It seems they were all promised jobs at Buffalo restaurants—"

Roarke's radar went on full alert. "Chinese restaurants?" he asked, interrupting his boss.

Melrose stopped and looked down at the notes he held. "Yes. But these aren't just Chinese nationals. They're from North Korea, Vietnam, all throughout Asia and the southeast. We're particularly interested in the North Koreans. Customs says some of them look pretty rough."

Roarke thought about it for a minute. The reports they had been getting out of North Korea weren't just distressing to the people inside the S.A.S. They had people all the way up the chain of command concerned.

But he couldn't focus on the problems in that country. At least not yet. He had to focus on the problems right under his feet. He smiled and thought about what he'd discussed with Betsy that weekend.

"I'll go talk to them at Customs, boss, but I may already have a lead on where to start looking for the restaurants here."

"How?" Melrose asked, with a stunned look on his face. "I just got handed the information fifteen minutes ago. Even for you, that's too quick."

"Let's just say I've got an in with one of the neighborhood watch programs," Roarke said. He managed to suppress the chuckle starting to bubble inside him. He never laughed at work. It just wasn't done. Not by him.

The beginnings of a frown moved across Melrose's face. "I hope you're not talking about using civilians again, are you?"

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Roarke just smiled and walked back down the hall to the elevator. “Don’t worry about a thing, boss. I’ve got it all covered.”

Two hours later, Roarke headed away from the Customs Office located at the foot of the Peace Bridge, the aging, oft-maligned span connecting downtown Buffalo with Fort Erie, Ontario. Questioning the captured immigrants brought little information and a lot of sadness. The people, some of them little more than children, were the victims. Although some would be granted asylum, most would be returned to their native lands. They thought it was the end of the world and, had Customs turned their backs on them, Roarke had no doubt many would flee, ready to accept whatever fate awaited them on the streets of Buffalo.

But Roarke had a feeling what was waiting for them here would have been much worse than they imagined. Sadly, for some of them, it wouldn’t be as bad as what awaited them back home.

As soon as he got into his Camaro, Roarke was dialing Betsy on his cell phone. He knew the number for the office where she worked and he felt sure he could convince her that her boss wouldn’t mind if she cut out of the office for the afternoon. He wanted to go to Changs again—this time for lunch—and with Betsy. She had an uncanny, natural ability to pick up things most people missed. When he was dialing her number, he looked up and caught himself in the rearview mirror. He was grinning like a nutcase. Well, nut was about what he became when he thought about Betsy.

“Good afternoon, S&K Productions.”

“Have you had any Triple Delight lately?” he asked.

There was a stunned moment of silence and then she spoke. Instead of the brisk, professional voice of seconds ago, her voice was low and thrilling. His dick reacted sharply.

“Roarke, why are you calling me here?” She was whispering.

She probably thought it made her sound prim and proper. Or maybe

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like a librarian. All it really did was make a man think of dark, sultry sex. The temptation was great to tease her further. Unfortunately, time was not their ally on this job. “Do you think Charlie was Chinese?” he asked.

“Actually, no. Korean. At least, that’s what I think,” Betsy said. “Why? Have you found something out already?”

“Not anything definite and certainly nothing we should talk about now. I’m on my cell.”

Betsy’s breath hissed in. “I understand. Not secure.”

Roarke grinned. His little super spy was always on the lookout for security. He really hated to burst her bubble, but then again, it was such fun watching and hearing how her voice shifted and flowed as her vivid imagination rolled into high gear. He almost decided to wait until he saw her so he could kiss away the frown he knew was creasing her forehead.

“No, my cell plan rapes me on daytime minutes.”

“Oh,” she said.

How he kept his chuckle from bursting out, Roarke didn’t know. She’d sounded just like a small child who’d had her balloon popped.

“And it isn’t secure.”

He could almost see the smile spreading back across her face. Now he definitely had to kiss her, the first chance he got.

“Meet me for lunch,” he said.

“Oh, no, I don’t think I should. I brought a salad from home and besides my boss is gone for the afternoon. I don’t want to have to close the office.”

“Hell, I’m sure your boss will understand. You have to have a break. Besides, what kind of lunch is a salad? You need some real food. Turn on the answering machine, lock the door and meet me out front. I’ll be there in five minutes.”

“But...” Betsy began.

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“No buts. Besides, I *do* have something I want to tell you and I can’t do it over the phone.” He purposely left a mysterious edge to his voice.

Betsy sucked in her breath. “You did find out something.”

“Perhaps. Meet me out front.”

“Okay,” she agreed.

Roarke snapped his phone shut and grinned like a loon at himself in the rearview mirror. It was a bright, sunny, perfect Buffalo summer day. He couldn’t think of a single better way to spend it than with a woman who was a strange enigma to him. Maybe he’d figure out what kept drawing him back to her. Even if he didn’t, he was guaranteed the day would be anything but boring.

He turned right off Niagara Street and headed over to Elmwood Avenue. He double-parked on the busy street outside the faded brick building housing the S&K film company. She flew down the steps seconds later and he watched as she jumped into his car.

She looked like something he’d be happy just lying down and feasting on. She was wearing a filmy, flirty dress that made Roarke think of hot summer days and even hotter sex. He suddenly had a vivid vision of them on her bed, feeding each other wontons. He could put one just inside her pussy lips and eat it and her at the same time. He almost groaned aloud as what little blood he had left in his head rushed to his cock and had it raring to go.

“Hi, Roarke. Can you tell me what you found out?”

Roarke was drawn to her like the south pole of a magnet to its natural north. Her tongue flicked out and licked at the corner of her lips. He leaned toward her, one object on his mind—getting a taste of her for lunch.

The loud, rude blare of a horn from a car behind them jerked him out of his reverie.

“Let’s go to the restaurant,” he said, stepping on the accelerator and

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sending them roaring down the street. “I’ll tell you what I think when we get there.”

When they pulled up to Changs, it was a bit eerie. There were no cars in the parking lot, even though it was noon.

Roarke put the car in park and looked around. “I know the sign on the door said they were open for lunch.”

“Oh, yes. Charlie used to complain about it. Because they didn’t have a lot of delivery orders, he had to bus tables. Charlie didn’t like being cooped up.”

“Hmm. Well, let’s go take a look,” Roarke said. Before he could get out of the car, Betsy was already out the passenger side. That perturbed him, for some unknown reason. He looked at her and frowned.

“What?” she asked.

He just shook his head and led her toward the front door. She was right. It wasn’t like this was a real date. This was business. “Remember, do exactly what I say, when I say.”

Betsy grinned at him. He couldn’t help smiling back at her. That was something else about Betsy—she always made everything seem fun, even when it wasn’t, or shouldn’t be, fun.

He shook off those thoughts and walked over to the front doors. If anyone was watching from across the street, casually or not, it would appear they were just two customers trying to find out what time the restaurant opened. In fact, he had palmed a small metal probe and was working on the lock with it.

“I thought you said this place was open for lunch,” he said mildly.

Betsy, who was looking all around the front portal of the building, replied in just as smooth a tone, “Well, that’s what Alice said. But you know what she’s like. Too many funky trips in the seventies have permanently turned her into a ditz.”

Even though he was using his body to block the view from anyone who might be watching them, Roarke knew somehow Betsy had

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figured out what he was doing. Once again he gave her points for being astute as she fell into his plan without hesitation. As a partner, he couldn't ask for better.

There was a quiet little snick of a sound and Roarke smiled triumphantly. The door swung open and he looked around the empty dining area.

"Okay, let's go," he said softly.

Betsy moved beside him and her arm brushed against him. Her smell, which had been haunting him for weeks now, made his nose wrinkle in delight.

He really had to concentrate. There was no danger...at least he didn't think there was. But still, he had to be sharp. There might be some clues that would tell him if they were looking in the right direction, or merely breaking and entering.

"You know, Changs could have just decided to close today," Betsy said.

"Um," he replied.

He began walking slowly through the dining room. It was obvious the staffed had cleaned well the night before. The floor was spotless and the chairs turned upside down on the table tops. The register drawer stood open but empty. There was nothing that would remotely resemble something being amiss, but Roarke was getting an itchy feeling between his shoulder blades. That usually meant trouble and he didn't ever dismiss the feeling.

He headed down the hallway he knew led to the kitchen. The lights were off. He hadn't turned on the switches when they entered, but there was enough sunlight pouring in the numerous windows around the pulled floor-length blinds that they had pretty good sight lines. Still, the closer they got to the kitchen area, the more he itched. He should have pulled the building specs on this place before they came here. It wasn't smart to be coming in blind like this. He hadn't thought, though, about

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anything except picking up Betsy. It was not acceptable.

"We need to leave," he said.

"What?" Betsy was on the opposite side of the hallway from him. She was moving slowly and one step away from a darkened doorway.

"We should leave now. I'll come back later. Alone."

"Why?"

Suddenly Roarke knew it was too late. The itch between his shoulders was a full-bore pain now. The pain of steel pressed against his skin. He heard Betsy's oomph seconds before something hard rapped against the base of his skull.

* * *

When Roarke woke, he wanted to curse. He knew it would be a waste of time. His hands and feet were bound. They were smart. His feet were almost as dangerous as his hands. Fortunately, he wasn't blindfolded. When he looked over at the woman on the floor across the room, on her side, blood marring her temple, he almost wished he had been spared the sight. Once again, his little head had gotten them in trouble. The low moan he heard next tore at his heart.

"Betsy? Darling, can you hear me?"

She moaned again and her head rolled from one shoulder to the other. From the various aches and pains he felt as he tried to move closer to her, he knew he'd been thrown against the concrete wall he'd been resting against. He ignored his aches. There was only one important thing now. Moving his hips, he half crab-walked and scooted his way across the floor. When he was next to her, he stretched out beside her. He couldn't wrap her up in his arms like he wanted, but maybe she would be able to sense his presence or at least his body heat. Her light summer dress he'd so admired earlier was pitiful protection against the cold concrete on which she stretched.

He ached to touch her again. A little more maneuvering and he was finally able to put his mouth against her cheek.

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“Darling, please forgive me. Please wake up. I’ll get us out of this, I promise.”

Was it wishful thinking or did she seem to turn even closer to him? Her lashes fluttered against her cheek and he held his breath. Slowly her lashes raised and he looked into her wonderful eyes.

It took a few moments, but gradually they cleared.

“Roarke,” she said. “Oh my God, did they hurt you?”

“I’m fine. How’s your head?”

She reached up and felt where the blood was drying. She looked at her hand and grimaced. “Oh, that. It’s messy, but they didn’t do too much damage. As my ex would tell you, if you could ever find his conniving ass, my head’s hard as a rock.”

Roarke smiled at her attempt at humor, even though it was the last thing he wanted to do. “Well, if I do find him, we might have to have a word or two about that. Among other things.”

There was a moment or two when Roarke thought he saw delight in her eyes but it quickly passed.

“Well,” she said briskly. “We’ve got other problems now. I’m surprised they didn’t tie me up. That’s their first mistake. Let’s hope it isn’t their last.”

She rolled to her knees. Roarke didn’t say anything but, despite her earlier assertion, he knew she was hurting by the slowness of her actions. The curses bursting on his tongue would have to find other outlets.

She fumbled a bit getting the ropes untied from his hands, but finally they were free. When they were, he pulled her across his lap and into his arms, kissing her deeply. Her lips softened and welcomed his sweet invasion immediately. He felt his cock swelling and ignored it, along with the other strange feelings coursing through him. Adrenaline high sex was great but they didn’t have time for it now. His body set up a cry of protest when he ended the kiss almost as soon as it began.

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When he heard Betsy's small sigh, he knew she wished for more just as much.

"Where do you think we are?" she asked as he untied his ankles.

"I don't know." He rose to his feet and went over for a closer look at the concrete walls. "These aren't new, that's for sure. But I don't think they're hundreds of years old either."

Betsy nodded. "Well, that means we could still be in Changs. This building has been here for a long time. Ever since I was a child. I think at one time it was even a fire station."

Roarke nodded. If they were still at Changs, whoever had tied them up was probably also still here. He walked over and examined the steel door that held them captive. Although it probably was soundproof, he also noticed the hinges didn't fit true to the door. That meant, with the proper tools, they could be removed. Of course, he didn't have the proper tools on him and he seriously doubted if their captors had missed his lock picking tools when they'd searched him. A quick search of his pants' pockets proved him right. He looked over his shoulder. Betsy was following his progress with her eyes, which were clear and responsive.

He walked back over and squatted down in front of her. Capturing her chin in his hand, he tilted her head up and took her lips. Her lips were soft and delicious. When they finally parted, he rested his forehead against hers.

"It's good news, bad news time," he said softly.

"I know," she replied.

"Even if they hadn't taken my tools, I don't know if I'd be able to remove the hinges on the door. Then, I don't know what's on the other side. I should never have come here without going over the blueprints. I..." He stopped speaking because she placed her fingers over his lips.

"No. You couldn't be sure anything was going on here. One missing man isn't a lot to go on," she said.

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“Yeah, but after what I learned today, I should’ve been better prepared. I shouldn’t have involved you in it at all. Peter warned me not to get a civilian involved again.”

“Is that all I am? Just a civilian?” Betsy held up her hand. “No, I don’t think I want an answer to that. Instead, let’s focus on what we’ve got to deal with now. Exactly what kind of tool do you need to get rid of those hinges?”

Roarke placed his hands on his thighs. He was glad she didn’t say anything about the state of his arousal after just one kiss with her. But he certainly wasn’t about to answer the call his cock was sending out to push her back against the concrete floor and take her until neither could think about anything but the white-hot edge of passion they would tumble over. She deserved better and he wouldn’t succumb. When her tongue reached out and stroked across her bottom lip, though, he almost forgot everything but the need surging through him.

“Roarke?” She sounded breathless.

He was going down for the count.

“What do you need?”

“You,” he said and finally did what he wanted, pulling her fully against him as he fell back against the floor. He hardly felt the bite of concrete against his shoulder, which must have been kicked when he was unconscious.

Soon she was astride him, the material of her skirt flaring over his hips and thighs. His fingers traced up over her bare left leg and thigh before finally reaching the edge of her panties. Her hands slid down his chest and stomach before reaching the zipper of his Dockers.

When his fingers slid under the elastic of her panties and touched the rim of her pussy, she sighed and leaned forward, touching her lips to his. Her forward motion tipped her pelvis forward, nestling the top of her mound against the rigid length of his cock straining against the metal of his fly.

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Her tongue flicked out and traced across his bottom lip before sucking it gently into her mouth. He wanted to be inside her more than anything, but he tried to concentrate on the taste of her exploding through his system and the feel of her dampness on his fingertips. He slid his middle finger inside her damp canal while he used his index finger to coast across her clit.

She raised herself a bit, pulling off his hand then engulfed it again and he nearly died from the feel of her wonderfully tight inner muscles clenching then releasing his fingers. He knew what it felt like when his cock was surrounded by those muscles and how it felt when her release washed over it and him. He separated his fingers just a bit, trying to make them like a “V.”

“Oh, Roarke,” she cried when his short fingernail rasped gently against her swollen clit. “God, that feels soooo good.”

He grunted. It did feel good, but not as good as it was going to feel when all of his nine inches were buried inside her.

“Betsy.” He hardly recognized his own voice. It sounded rough, but almost desperate. If he could have laughed, he would have to break his own tension. But laughter was out of the question now. He had to have her. He had to feel the seed raging like a wild animal inside his balls and causing his penis to swell uncomfortably to release itself against her womb. “Lift up your hips a bit, baby. Help me get my zipper down.”

For a moment Roarke wondered if she was still foggy from the bump on her head her eyes were so glassy. Then he realized desire was the root of the problem. There was only one way to get her attention now. He pulled his hand from her moist pussy and moved it slowly down her crack to her anus. Oh God, he wanted to fuck her there as well but not now. Now, he just wanted to get her attention. He ran a finger around her hole and sucked in his breath when she shivered and opened a bit for him. Good God, this was going to backfire if he didn't

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take control soon.

"Betsy," he tried again, "please help me. Lift up so I can get out of my pants. Let me come inside you."

Finally what he was saying must have penetrated her brain because she shivered once more then finally slid down until she was resting on his thighs. He moved quickly, unsnapping his pants and gently unzipping them. He couldn't move as fast as he wanted because he was so hard he was afraid he'd catch himself in the teeth of the zipper.

He barely had his pants undone when she moved back on top of him again. Finally, he could feel her pussy engulfing his cock.

It was heaven. It was hell.

She started riding him. Her juices were flowing freely and she slid along his length. The shallow way she was taking him might have been erotic had he not been so close to the edge. He couldn't stand it now.

He gripped her hips and pulled her down at the same time he thrust upward with all his might.

"Oh God, Roarke," she cried. "Oh God, I'm coming!"

He couldn't say a word. All his breath was being sucked out through the seed exploding from his cock. It seemed as if it would never stop and honestly he didn't want it to. All he wanted was to die this little death in her arms.

"Wow," she said long moments later.

"Wow is right," he agreed. He was still buried deep inside her. Although her body had taken everything he thought his had to offer, his cock wasn't about to waste a moment of its time inside her perfect pussy. It was still semi-hard. But he didn't feel that overwhelming urgency to explode any longer.

But he could feel some of his come leaking down the side of him and around her lips as gravity took control. Still, he didn't feel embarrassed. He just felt incredibly replete. He was stroking his hands up and down both her legs now, which were bent at the knees still

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beside his hips. He was idly wondering how to ask Betsy if she would let him come inside her ass next time when his hand reached the outside of her right thigh. She had something strapped around her leg. All thoughts of play fled his mind. She straightened as well.

“That’s what I was going to tell you about before we got distracted,” Betsy said. “After the Gianelli case, I figured I’d better come prepared next time I went anywhere with you. I put that on after you called.”

Roarke pulled her skirt aside and looked at her leg.

“Incredible,” he said, laughter bubbling from him. He untied the thick white garter and opened the black pouch it held. Inside the pouch were a tiny two-shot pistol, a few basic lock-picking tools and a can of mace.

He shook his head in bemusement. “Where did you get this stuff?”

“The Internet. You’d be truly amazed at what you can buy online these days. I found this stuff on eBay. I also found a pretty nifty little sex shop. If I ever get you anywhere near a real mattress again I’ve got some surprises for you.”

He laughed and pulled her close for a quick hug. “I can’t wait. I can’t wait.”

CHAPTER 3

With the aid of Betsy's tools, Roarke managed to get the door open without removing the hinges in under five minutes. Although the gun only had two bullets, it was certainly better than being unarmed. She kept the mace and gave him the pistol because she said she'd be inept and probably shoot him or herself instead of the bad guys. He doubted that assertion because, in the time he'd known her, Betsy had excelled at every single thing she tried.

Once they were out of their makeshift prison, it became apparent they were indeed in the basement of the restaurant. There were boxes of canned goods and bags of rice and noodles everywhere. There were also several other doors that opened off the large main room. Roarke searched the area completely and then he and Betsy started opening the doors. There were three with sturdy locks on them, and three that had none. They had already opened two locked doors with no luck when they finally hit pay dirt.

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“Charlie,” Betsy cried and rushed over to the young man lying trussed up a like a turkey, with a gag over his mouth and his eyes wide with fear, bruises covering his face and body.

Roarke stepped into the room. He could see signs that other people had been there recently—lots of other people. When Betsy removed Charlie’s gag, Roarke spoke quickly.

“Charlie, we have to get out of here. Fast. But I need to know a few things first. How long have you been alone?”

Charlie spoke. His voice sounded rusty, as if he had been down here quite some time without water. “Not long. At least, I don’t think so.”

Roarke nodded. “Okay. How many people were in here?”

“When they first put me down here, there were maybe fifteen or twenty,” Charlie said. “But they took them all away. In groups of six or eight.”

“Wow. Are the Changs really running illegal aliens through here?” Betsy asked.

“Worse,” Charlie and Roarke replied at the same time.

“They’re bringing in illegal aliens and selling them to the highest bidder,” Roarke added. “Prostitution, drugs, whatever. The lucky ones are used as unpaid au-pairs for rich families. But make no mistake—it’s slavery pure and simple.”

“That’s right,” Charlie agreed. “I didn’t even know about it until I came back here Thursday night because I forgot my iPod. I was getting ready to move to my new apartment and wanted to take it with me. When I walked into the kitchen, Chang was moving people out.”

Roarke nodded again. “Wrong place, wrong time. If you hadn’t come back that night, you’d have never seen what happened. I was in here Friday night and saw Chang talking to a young man in the hallway. He was yelling at him actually. You know who that might’ve been?”

Charlie got a sad look on his face. “Yes. That was my roommate

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Chi-Liu. Chang told me they killed him because he came looking for me. Chang said it was my fault for being nosy. He also said it was my fault they had to capture you and Mrs. McGee. If I hadn't gotten friendly with you, you'd never have noticed I was gone."

Betsy reached out and patted Charlie's arm. "Oh, Charlie, I'm sorry. But don't let what Chang told you get to you. You aren't at fault, he is. Now that we know, he'll pay. Roarke will make him."

Both Betsy and Charlie looked at Roarke then with such trust and hope in their eyes. He hoped he didn't let them down.

"So, what do we do now?" Betsy asked.

"First we get ourselves out of here. Then I call in reinforcements." Roarke started back to the door. "We've been through the ones with the locks. Now we just have to find the exit."

"Well, the first door on the left leads back upstairs to the kitchen," Charlie said. "The middle door leads to the employees' lounge and locker area."

Roarke nodded. "Are there windows in the employee area?"

"Yes, but they're high, almost to the ceiling," Charlie answered.

Roarke filed that bit of information for future use then headed to the third door. "Hopefully this leads above ground and out to the back of the restaurant. I don't think anyone has returned, but we need to get out of here. If I can get to my car, I'll call the S.A.S. and get people here in a hurry."

* * *

Roarke's plan was simple and direct, which was a good thing in Betsy's mind. Charlie was not up to any gymnastic moves and frankly, neither was she. She just hoped that simple and direct didn't turn into complicated and convoluted because she and Charlie were amateurs. But things went like clockwork. In less than fifteen minutes they were back in Roarke's Camaro and heading to the nearest hospital. Although Charlie protested he was fine, both Roarke and Betsy were sure he was

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severely dehydrated. Roarke dropped Betsy and Charlie off at the emergency room and then she didn't see him again.

The doctors admitted Charlie immediately and convinced Betsy she should have her head examined. After the x-rays showed no true damage—which she'd tried to tell them in the first place—Betsy went out to the waiting room to find her boss waiting for her.

He told her Roarke had called him about the accident she'd had and he was there to take her home.

* * *

Three days later

Betsy sighed as she drove home from work that afternoon. Well, things had gone from too much excitement and action to nothing in a blink of an eye.

The news reports had said that arrests had been made in a major slavery ring operating in Tonawanda. The Changs, owners of the restaurant, had been arrested, along with several major local political and business leaders who had been the front men. Officials had found evidence of some two hundred people who had been moved to various sites through the area and Customs Agents were busy processing their paperwork to either send them back to their homelands or grant them asylum. It was a joint operation with agencies from both the United States and Canada involved.

Nowhere did Betsy see Roarke's name or mention of the S.A.S. Nor had she heard a peep from Roarke himself. She sighed again.

Really, she hadn't expected him to come over. He was busy wrapping everything up. She didn't kid herself. They weren't a couple. They weren't a team. They were occasional lovers, and he'd probably realized she was more trouble than she was worth. After all, he could find lovers anywhere he went. She hadn't forgotten the woman's voice she'd heard when she'd called him Friday night.

Still, it would have been nice of him to call and see if her head still

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hurt. She rubbed her hand over her chest. Her head was fine. It was another part of her body that was hurting now.

Betsy pulled into her driveway and parked her car. Maybe she should go out clubbing tonight. Bobby was spending the night with a school friend, so she was all alone. She hadn't done the club scene in nearly a lifetime, but she had to get out and meet some new people sometime, didn't she?

What was the other option—stay home, eat bon-bons and watch television? That was what the old Betsy would do. The new Betsy was going to meet life head on. So, if life didn't come to her, she'd go to it.

With a renewed sense of commitment, she picked her lunch tote off the passenger seat and walked to her back door. She would shower, change into something slinky, and go find herself a man. When she walked inside, she did a double take. This couldn't be her kitchen. It was like something out of a home makeover show.

Her kitchen had been transformed. The table was covered with a white silk tablecloth that looked more expensive than the table itself and a candelabra sat in the middle.

Harry Connick Junior's voice wafted softly from the stereo and rose petals were spread on the floor.

"Oh, my," she whispered.

"Welcome home, darling," Roarke said as his arms wrapped around her waist from behind.

She leaned back against him and tilted her neck to one side. His lips caressed her there and moved slowly down to nibble on her shoulder.

"I hope you're hungry. I've ordered us a Chinese feast."

He turned her in his arms and took her lips in a kiss that was part ravenous hunger and part tender love. She melted and her fears and insecurities drifted away.

The kiss spun on for eons and Betsy never wanted it to end. When their lips finally parted, her arms were around his neck and his were

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wrapped around her waist. She could feel his arousal pressed against her belly. She opened her mouth, ready to ask him if he wanted to go upstairs to her bedroom, when he spoke.

“Will you dance with me, my love?”

Betsy didn't think it was possible to soften any more. She was wrong. His soft question, which held more than a touch of romance and wanting, made everything in her go mushy. She wanted to speak but found her voice had disappeared. All she could do was nod blindly, while trying to keep her tears at the sweetness of this moment at bay.

This wasn't dirty dancing. It was an intense mating ritual. He moved her slowly around the dim kitchen, their feet crushing the roses and causing that scent to mix erotically with candle wax and food.

Betsy's hunger for Roarke grew. Her world became the glitter in his wonderful eyes and the caress of his touch—a brush of his fingertips over her shoulder and arm; her hand against his chest, right above his heart, covered by his own; the brief pass of his lips over hers. They all spoke more eloquently than any words just how much he wanted to cherish her this night.

Her heart was so full of her love for him that it took all her control not to say the words—ones she still felt might not be welcomed, ones she wasn't certain she was ready to live with.

“Shush, shush, shush,” he whispered against her temple, as if sensing where her thoughts were going. “Don't think. Just relax and let me love you. Let us love each other.”

Betsy paused, unsure if she could do what he said, but when she saw the desire, the need—and yes, the love—in his eyes, she let herself go and sank into the bliss he was offering.

They continued to dance. It could have been minutes. It may have been hours. Time ceased to matter. Harry Connick Jr. segued into Barry White. Barry White into Kenny G and Bryan Adams. Bryan Adams to Luther Vandross. The music didn't matter. They were dancing to a

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melody Betsy knew touched them both all the way to their souls.

Finally, they stopped moving. It was only natural to kneel down on the floor and there, in a kitchen she would never look at the same again, they undressed each other.

The removal of each piece of clothing led to a kiss or a touch. She found that his nipples were just as responsive as hers when she tongued them. When she brought the small, hard bud into her mouth to suckle, he shivered as if it was a torturous pleasure.

The taste of his skin had been imbedded in her memory and all she had to do was smell him and her brain exploded in a kaleidoscope of colors and feelings. Blues and golds, reds and yellows, whites and blacks all spun through her mind like she was tripping on an exquisite and heady drug.

While he fondled her breasts, he licked his way across her upper lip. Betsy felt the tug as intensely as if he was licking her clit.

“Oh, my God, Roarke,” she begged, “please let me take you. Now.”

He smiled at her and replied, “Any time, any where.”

She pushed him over and he fell back against the floor, smiling up at her. She climbed on top of him, her legs straddling his hips.

It seemed like she hovered there for an eternity, the tip of him just nestling against her trembling lips. He was huge, hot and hard. Slowly, trying to draw out the pleasure so they could savor it just a bit longer, she held herself above him, touching...yet not quite. She knew her passion was leaking from her, wetting the tip of his cock. For a brief moment she considered sliding off and going down on him, taking his full, pulsing length as deep down her throat as possible. But that would come later. Now, she had to have his strength, his being, seated deep inside her.

“Betsy,” he groaned. “Please, love, take me.”

She started to shake her head. She wanted this feeling to last forever. But her legs were starting to tremble. She might have been able

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to hold out for a little longer, but then she felt his body tremble. She knew he was close to the end.

“Please,” he begged again.

She closed her eyes as the sigh escaped her. She flowed over him, finally giving them both what they hungered for. He thrust upward at the same moment and he was seated deep, so deep she couldn't tell where he began and she ended. Their orgasm was like the rush of a storm tide flowing endlessly and forever, never seeming to break, never seeming to ease. She felt tears of joy flowing down her face and she was forever changed.

“Mine,” he murmured just as she collapsed against his sweaty chest in the aftermath. “Mine.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

TRIXIE STILLETTO

“Life is a smorgasbord of men. I believe in diving in like a starving woman hitting an all-you-can-eat buffet!

“Seriously, I love men and have been fortunate enough to work, and play (thank God) with some of the most intriguing ones on this fair earth. There’s a little piece of each one in every hero I create. I’ve had all manner of odd jobs, such as waitress, cook and bottle washer for an all-night dive, truck driver, and, of course, writer. I write erotic romances because it’s much more fun to keep the bedroom door wide open.

“My philosophy in life is simple. Love what you do and who you’re with and they’ll love you in return. Come and join me as I dive into the next delicious dessert.”

* * *

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