



TRIXIE STILLETTO

**SCARECROW &
BETSY MCGEE**

Book VI

**WEDDING
WILD**

SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE

BOOK VI: WEDDING WILD

...Now her low-cut gown was a blessing and the way her breasts were swelling was nothing short of a female's signals of readiness to her mate. She leaned more solidly back against him and felt the hard force of him, his hardening cock a ready fit between the cheeks of her soft ass.

He cupped and caressed her breasts before reaching up with his thumb and forefinger and plucking her beaded nipple like he was playing a violin. Betsy licked her tongue across her top lip, trying to keep her groan of pleasure from escalating out of her throat. She felt his warm lips move down her neck and into the curve of her shoulder. She felt the length of his erection pressing harder against her butt and, for a second, for a glorious, amazing second, thought she could place her hand against the glass wall, lean forward and let him fuck her up the ass as they rode to the sun.

"Ahem." The sound of the coordinator's voice was like a bucket of freezing river water dumping from the ceiling on them...

PRAISE FOR SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE

Triple D

“5 Magical Wands!...Ms. Stiletto knows how to keep just the right amount of suspense, sexual tension, and humor to make this short read well worth it.”

—Astraea, *Enchanted Ramblings*

“4 Angels!...A tasty introduction to this series. More please, Ms. Stiletto!”

—Tallyn, *Fallen Angels Reviews*

Mattress Games

“5 Hearts!...The continued relationship of Betsy McGee and Roarke is delightful.”

—Ellen, *The Romance Studio*

Chinese Delight

“5 Angels!...What wonderful characters: Roarke, the strong law enforcement agent, and Betsy, the single mom, who has gotten under his skin.”

—Jessica, *Fallen Angels Reviews*

Planes, Trains, And Betsy

“5 Hearts!...Once again, Ms. Stilletto thrills the reader with yet another adventure for Betsy and Roarke. Betsy and Roarke are delightful characters. The story continues to focus on the feistiness of Betsy and the true heroic nature of Roarke, which he usually downplays.”

—*The Romance Studio*

Hot Tamale

“5 Wands!...Another excellent installment by Ms. Stilletto. There is never a pause in the action, and the chemistry between Betsy and Roarke is as explosive as ever. I enjoyed the fact that these short stories work well as a stand alone, but are even better if you read them together.”

—*Enchanted Ramblings*

“5 Angels!...A wonderful addition to this tremendous short story series...”

—*Fallen Angels Reviews*

BOOKS BY TRIXIE STILLETTO

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

Scarecrow & Betsy McGee

Book I: Triple D
Book II: Mattress Games
Book III: Chinese Delight
Book IV: Planes, Trains, & Betsy
Book V: Hot Tamale
Book VI: Wedding Wild

With T. D. McKinney

Eight Is Never Enough

SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE
BOOK VI:
WEDDING WILD

BY
TRIXIE STILLETTO

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SCARECROW & BETSY MCGEE, BOOK VI: WEDDING WILD
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*Thanks to all the Roarke and Betsy fans.
This one's for you guys!*

CHAPTER 1

It probably wasn't the wisest way to look at her new career, but Betsy really saw her job as acting. Only the roles she would play were sketched not by a writer or author but by criminal minds. They drew the settings and the background. Agents like herself and Roarke simply twisted them to bring the criminals to justice.

Today's role was pretending to be a couple getting married at the Niagara Chapel in Niagara Falls, New York, a place where people had been coming to get married and honeymoon for nearly two hundred years.

"We are gathered here today to join this man and woman in holy matrimony. What God has joined, let no man put asunder."

Betsy looked, through the veil covering most of her face, at her groom. Never in a million years had she expected to be wearing white for her wedding.

Especially since she'd been married before and had a son. Frankly,

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since her first marriage had been the worst ten years of her life, except for the birth of her son, she'd never envisioned ever going through this death do-you-part-bit again.

But life was funny and unpredictable. Especially when you were a rookie agent for the Security And Safety Agency.

The thought gave her a thrill. She was an agent and teamed with her lover and best friend, Roarke. The way she figured it, she couldn't have drawn a better partner in either endeavor. But she couldn't focus on the past, even if it was only a few days old. She had to keep her head on business rather than think about what it would be feeling like if she was really married to Roarke today. The S.A.S. had been called in at the request of so many agencies that this case was being given the highest priority. But this wasn't just a case of hearts and flowers gone awry.

With the buildup of gambling casinos on both sides of the border, Niagara Falls was busier than ever. For couples and lovers, it offered every amenity available.

It also appeared to be offering more than just wedding ceremonies and honeymoons. If the reports were correct, someone in Niagara Falls was offering newly-wed couples the opportunity to explore their wilder sides—partner swapping, bondage, group sex—all were available for the right price.

The kicker was that, although the couples were adults and had consented to the erotic play, they hadn't consented to having pictures of their acts being sold on the internet.

At first, it had been simple a case for the vice squads from the region's police forces. When the play started involving non-consenting adults, especially teenagers from other nations, whose families thought they were being given a fresh start, antennae among the security forces started to quiver.

Essentially, it boiled down to a sex ring, where the prostitutes were little more than slaves.

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Even that wouldn't have necessarily grabbed the full attention and skills of the S.A.S., though she and Roarke had worked on a slavery ring once before involving illegal aliens. But this time, when a body surfaced in the Niagara River, things were kicked up another notch. When a second body, identified as the adolescent daughter of the king of a critical ally from the Middle East, had been discovered, things had gotten even hotter. The latest news was the girl had also been infected with an illness that couldn't be treated with antibiotics. The S.A.S. chemists hadn't been able to pin down exactly what the biological was capable of doing, but the fear was it could put a very nasty spin on global terrorism.

At that point, the investigation had become an S.A.S. show.

Given the numbers of agents involved, Roarke and Betsy's roles were simple. They had to pretend they were an adventurous couple looking for more than just an average happily-ever-after.

Betsy sighed as she looked over at Roarke. He was beyond gorgeous, dressed in a black tuxedo that fit his body like it had been made for it. Knowing Roarke, it probably had been. His brown eyes were dark and sensuous as they looked at her through her veil. She knew in the deepest part of her heart the love she saw there wasn't an act. Neither was the desire. She felt the blush heating her cheeks and looked away from his eyes in an attempt to get control of herself. She didn't think it would be a good thing to throw him down and make passionate love to him right this minute. She looked instead at his hair.

It was longer than she'd ever seen it. It would nearly brush the shoulders of his black jacket, if it hadn't been bound back by a strip of leather. It made him look like a cross between Brad Pitt and Antonio Banderas. Betsy felt a rush flowing over her body. Since she was edging perilously close to over-the-hill, she hoped it wasn't a hot flash. When he smiled, tipping up just the right corner of his lips, she felt the rush settle and zero in on her clit.

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Oh, hot flash, nothing. There wasn't a woman alive who could stand next to this man without getting hot. Especially when she relived the last time he'd taken her to the edge of heaven and tumbled her through the passionate gates.

She shook her head slightly. She had to concentrate on the case, on their roles. This was serious business, but she couldn't be blamed for dreaming, could she?

As the Justice of the Peace, who looked bored beyond belief, droned on, Betsy imagined being truly married to Roarke and spending tonight and every other night in his arms.

"You may kiss your bride." Betsy heard the words and then felt the world tilt as Roarke swept up her veil, took her in his arms and merged his lips with hers.

Heat, overwhelming heat. The man was a superhero when it came to his job and his kissing. *Thank God.* He pulled her closer to him, and she damned the voluminous waves of white lace wrapping around the bottom half of her dress because it kept her from feeling the full length of his impressive dick pressed against her.

His eyes, as they looked into hers, were bright with desire and awareness. When she bit his bottom lip gently, then sucked on the wound, she saw humor sparkle in those wonderful eyes as well.

For a second she forgot all about their job and luxuriated in the fantasy that this marriage was real. The tulle of the dress no longer seemed a pain. The presence of strangers didn't matter.

She reveled in the feel of his lips against hers, the sweep of his tongue across her bottom lip, sucking it into his mouth and sending pulses of pleasure racing through her body. Her body had been well-schooled in the pleasures available with Roarke's touch, so it didn't take much to get her engine firing on all cylinders.

But this kiss and all it stood for, all it hinted at for the future, wasn't just about the physical pleasure they would bring each other. This touch

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was more.

Frankly, if all they'd had was physical, Betsy would have enjoyed and welcomed it. But they had progressed much further. They were partners beyond the bed and beyond the job. They were partners in a way she'd always dreamed possible, but had despaired of ever finding.

That extra partnership made this moment more special than she could have imagined. She felt her heart swelling with a love that was all consuming, warm and solid. Steady as a rock. Bright as the sun gleaming off the windows of the high-rise hotel that stood on the promenade of Niagara Falls, looking down on the spectacle of nature that drew hundreds of thousands of visitors here each year. She felt tears of joy welling in her eyes as she smiled up at him.

The only important thing was pledging her life to this man and taking his pledge into her heart. Even if it was only a fantasy designed to catch the bad guys. So Betsy poured all that feeling into her response to his kiss. She kept her eyes wide open because she had discovered seeing was better than believing.

"Ahem." The sound of the Justice of the Peace's voice finally penetrated through the fog of desire. She started to pull away, but Roarke held her close for another heartbeat, then let their lips part slowly as if he didn't want to stop the feasting.

"Congratulations, son," the JP said in a loud, hearty voice. "May you and your bride have a long and happy life."

"Thank you, thank you," Roarke said. He took Betsy's right hand in his, pulling her close to his side, acting every inch of the possessive husband. His other arm was around her waist, his hand resting just under her right breast.

She couldn't help it. Being touched by Roarke, although it was something she wanted, still thrilled her and she could feel her breast swelling a bit. That was interesting because her wedding dress, although the most beautiful gown she'd ever worn, was just a touch

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revealing. It had been cut like something from the Regency period and, even in a state of rest, plumped her full figure to new heights. Combined with the cut of the front and the tightness, the top acted like a bustier and her unbound nipples tingled against the satin and tulle. She knew anyone looking closely would be able to see she was aroused.

When Roarke tilted his head and nibbled on her bare neck, she knew he had noticed.

Instead of turning and crushing her body against his and forgetting the world existed, she tried to focus on the facts of the case as they knew them.

They didn't know who was involved, which was a big part of the problem. There were some intelligence reports that the whole gambit started with the Justice of the Peace, although they had been unable to find the evidence to prove their suspicions. Betsy also felt strongly that the wedding planner was involved. He was just too cheerful and perfect looking. Mr. Melrose, head of S.A.S., hadn't thought much of her idea when she'd brought it up when they were planning the op, but he'd been nice enough not to laugh at her.

Betsy knew, as the rookie, she really should just shut up and do what the bosses told her. Doggone it, maybe she was a rookie officially, but she'd worked on some major cases with Roarke.

It all came back to Roarke. Truthfully, Betsy would have been happy just being with him. Especially after Mexico, where he'd done more than just come to her rescue. In Mexico, he'd made a connection with the other man in her heart—her son.

She smiled her way through the picture-taking ritual, even as her memory was spiraling back through that time south of the border. She had never been more scared in her life than when she'd realized her captors were a former S.A.S. agent and her ex-husband who had teamed up with the diamond cartel Roarke had been busting on the

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weekend they met.

It was hard to believe she'd only met Roarke just over a year ago. The leaders of the cartel had finally been captured, which was a huge success. But the former S.A.S. agent and Betsy's ex were still at large. Betsy wasn't worried about her ex. He was a weak rat and had only been used as a way to get to her. The ex-S.A.S. agent was a worry, though. She was smart, cunning and pissed.

Betsy couldn't think about the past now. Her job was to stop these scumbags and prevent what could turn into a national security nightmare from coming to fruition.

Fortunately, she had the best partner in her career and her life with her.

"What a beautiful couple." The voice belonged to the wedding coordinator, Patrick, who came rushing over and took one of Betsy's hands and pumped hard on one of Roarke's. His hand was clammy and the grip was snarky. When her hand slipped out of his, Betsy resisted the urge to wipe it on her dress. She didn't want to put the fabric through that.

"Now, after you folks sign these papers, you love birds have a choice in our deluxe package. You can retire to your room..." He paused and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

First Roarke signed and then Betsy added her signature on the bottom line of the last page. Betsy wanted to slap the guy he was so annoying.

"Or we can take your helicopter ride over the Falls now. If you prefer to retire, your helicopter ride will be available anytime after seven tomorrow morning."

She felt Roarke's hand squeeze warningly against her shoulder. She smiled brilliantly up at him to let him know she had control and wasn't going to club the smarmy guy. *At least not yet.* So, instead, she went for the breathy voice of the Bambi-type character she was portraying. She

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was the brainless, ditzy sex addict wife. Roarke was the bored playboy husband.

“Oh, darling, let’s go on the ride now,” she said. Being breathless wasn’t as hard as it might have been since one of Roarke’s hands had slipped down and was squeezing her ass through her dress. “Besides, you remember what Danny and Dawn told us about the mile-high club.”

Roarke smiled at her. “Okay, sweetie. Anything you want. At least for today.”

Patrick cooed. That was really the only word for it. Betsy felt her stomach churning—the sound was that sickening.

“You two are such a wonderful couple. I could tell you horror stories, such horror stories, about some of the people we work with. But I don’t want to ruin your beautiful day,” he said.

Betsy almost shivered in revulsion at the way his eyes lingered on her chest and especially the cleavage. Betsy considered herself a strong, liberated, modern woman, well able to take care of herself. But she was suddenly very, very glad she had Roarke covering her back. “Come then, ma’am and sir, your powerful steed awaits.”

He scurried away, expecting them to follow. As they moved to the elevator he had waiting for them, Betsy whispered to Roarke, “He even walks like a rat.”

Roarke leaned in and Betsy knew it probably looked to the coordinator like Roarke was making a suggestive move on her. That was all part of the plan. “I know. But he’s the first step. We’ve got to play this up right. Are you ready to put the first phase in action?”

Betsy gulped. When they’d been planning it out, it had sounded so reasonable. When they got in the elevator, they were supposed to be all over one another. Exhibitionism was one of the signs the sex ring reportedly looked for in couples. Betsy had been secretly thrilled—and appalled—at the prospect. Still, now that the curtain was about to rise

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on the opening act, she was having second thoughts.

They walked into the elevator and moved to the back. Patrick stayed near the door and leaned against the side wall. He pressed the top button and the elevator began moving upward. Betsy felt a lurch in her stomach again and looked over her shoulder when bright sunlight flooded in on them. The back wall was glass and they could see Niagara Falls and the Canadian shoreline unfolding beneath them.

“Oh my,” she breathed after she turned to face the view. It was instinctive. Though she’d lived in Western New York her entire life, she’d never had the opportunity to see the Falls dropping out below her like this. If this was a preview of what their flight was going to be like, it wasn’t something she was soon going to forget.

Roarke turned so his back was to the coordinator and his front pressed against her from shoulders to hips. He put her arms around her waist and she leaned against him. It was a sensation she’d felt often over the last few months and one she’d never get used to. She could feel his heat and strength behind her. She leaned her head back so his chin was resting on top of her head.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” she whispered.

“Not as beautiful as you,” he replied.

Betsy felt him shift and then felt his warm breath on the side of her neck. She tilted her head towards her left shoulder, giving him better access. When his lips touched her, the shiver that raced through her had nothing to do with the plan and everything to do with the man.

As if ruled by themselves and not her brain, her arms shifted and her hands took his from around her waist, moving them higher so they were resting just under her breasts. They were swelling inside her gown and her nipples, which had relaxed, were perking up again to push against the fabric. Betsy tried not to get too aroused. This was a performance, not just Roarke touching her, pleasing her. She couldn’t allow her concentration on the case to slip.

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But when his fingers plucked at her nipples, the moan that slipped from her lips had nothing to do with acting. He knew just the right amount of pressure, first circling the edges of her breasts, drawing ever closer to their centers, then arrowing around and around on the point, begging for his touch to make her juices run hotly through her body.

Now her low-cut gown was a blessing and the way her breasts were swelling was nothing short of a female's signals of readiness to her mate. She leaned more solidly back against him and felt the hard force of him, his hardening cock a ready fit between the cheeks of her soft ass.

He cupped and caressed her breasts before reaching up with his thumb and forefinger and plucking her beaded nipple like he was playing a violin. Betsy licked her tongue across her top lip, trying to keep her groan of pleasure from escalating out of her throat. She felt his warm lips move down her neck and into the curve of her shoulder. She felt the length of his erection pressing harder against her butt and, for a second, for a glorious, amazing second, thought she could place her hand against the glass wall, lean forward and let him fuck her up the ass as they rode to the sun.

"Ahem." The sound of the coordinator's voice was like a bucket of freezing river water dumping from the ceiling on them.

"The helicopter will take you on a forty-minute journey upriver, hovering over the Falls, one of the world's natural wonders, through the Niagara Gorge and take a short journey along the shores of Lake Ontario. There are historic and natural wonders everywhere."

His voice droned on with the touristy spiel and Betsy tried to get her mind back on business instead of finishing what Roarke had started.

They quickly arrived on the hotel's roof. As they exited the elevator into a small hall, they could see the helicopter, rotors turning slowly, awaiting them. It was bigger than Betsy expected. Not nearly the size of the Black Hawks the Marines flew regularly from the Niagara Falls

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Air Base, which she'd been trained on how to jump out of during her special session before earning her official S.A.S. notification, but bigger than ones she assumed would normally be used for tourist treks. It looked like it would hold a sizeable number of people. She wondered if there would be other passengers. If so, that probably meant they weren't going to make contact with the right people yet.

"Okay, let's go. We've got the deluxe flight planned just for you," Patrick said, taking Betsy's hand and pulling her towards the craft.

As if it were on an automatic timer, the side door to the 'copter slid open. Betsy looked in quickly before he lifted her the short distance off the roof and over the rail. It was plush. Where she'd expected seats, instead there was a mattress, covered with ice blue sheets and pillows and a blue-and-white silk comforter.

"Holy moly," she said.

Patrick gave her another little push and she ended up sprawled on the mattress. Roarke followed, looking around himself.

"Have fun folks," Patrick said. "I'll be waiting here when you get back." The door slid closed and the last thing Betsy saw was that shit-eating grin on the coordinator's face.

"Is this what you expected?" Betsy asked Roarke. There was a good-sized window on the door side and one on the opposite side, but that was it. Truthfully, for a scenic flight, Betsy was thinking they weren't getting a lot of bang for the buck.

"No," he answered. Then he leaned in close as if to kiss her.

The sound of the helicopter blades was surprisingly muted. That was another surprise for Betsy. When they'd been on the roof, the helo's engines had been very loud. But the inside must have been soundproof because it didn't sound any louder than a car.

As Roarke's lips neared hers, he whispered, "I think this is just part of the test. They've probably got a listening device, maybe a camera in here."

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Betsy let her lips drift over his. “You think they’re watching us live?”

Roarke shook his head no. “I can’t be sure.”

Betsy took a deep breath. It was all part of the job and it was Roarke.

“So I guess we’d better give them a bit of a show then,” she whispered, sinking her mouth onto his and letting her kiss spin them both out of control.

Betsy knew she wasn’t the sexiest woman in the world, but, with Roarke, she felt like she was. She also knew that, before she met him, she hadn’t really known what it meant to be a man’s lover. Sad to say, since she had borne another man’s son, but until Roarke had made love to her the first time, she hadn’t truly understood that sex could be for nothing more than pleasure. Hers and his. He’d taught her that with his touch and his kiss. Now she tried to show him just how much she’d learned.

She put everything she had into the kiss. When his hands moved from where they were clutching her waist down to her butt to pull her closer, she opened her mouth wider, intimating how open she was willing to be for anything he wanted to give her.

Kissing Roarke was like sipping a spectacular whiskey. Warm, moist heat with no harsh after-taste, but providing a lethal, intoxicating jolt to her heart and head. Although he was certainly a part of the kiss, there was no aggression from him. He was letting her set the pace and tone. When she wanted it to go deeper, he allowed it. Deeper was all she thought about.

Touching his lips, tasting the nectar there wasn’t nearly enough. She swept her tongue across his bottom one and he opened, letting her taste the inside. Though her heart was beating faster and she could feel that his was speeding up as well, he seemed completely content to do nothing more than let their tongues do the first intimate dance. As

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minutes passed, all her nerves seemed to be concentrated in her mouth. Just his taste was as intoxicating as if she had had a triple shot of fine Kentucky bourbon injected into her bloodstream. Finally, gasping for breath, she pulled her mouth away from his. The look on his face—all desire, passion and need—set the nerves clamoring in other parts of her body. The sun was pouring in on him from the two windows and all she could think about was touching and tasting every inch of his body as the motion of the helicopter and the warmth of the day infused them.

She moved slowly. There was no hurry, no rush at all. Long forgotten were the case and their job. All Betsy thought about was pleasing this man. Her man. Her mate.

She licked her way down his neck, sucking gently on his Adam's apple with every gasp of breath he took. As her lips and tongue worked, so did her hands. She unbuttoned his bright white shirt with its fancy buttons about midway down his chest to reveal the smooth golden tan of his skin.

His chest was simply another delight to her. It wasn't just the fact he was extremely fit, with pectoral muscles that were well-defined without being bulky. Nor was it the fact his abdominal muscles were so tightly packed she could easily bounce off them. More it was the heat and sinew of the man beneath the muscles that drew her like a magnet. He had heart and strength and stamina. Touching him was like touching silk-covered steel.

She moved lower, letting her hands and mouth taste his warm skin. As her lips brushed across one tiny but taut nipple, he moaned. The sound heated her blood even more. She had found there was nothing more arousing than Roarke being turned on by her touch. A noise sounded on the edge of her subconscious acting like a splash of cold water from the Falls on her and reminding her of where they were. What they were supposed to do. And the fact it was very likely they were being watched or filmed.

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She felt herself tensing. She knew Roarke was aroused. And the sight and scent of him, even through his still-buttoned pants, was arousing her tenfold.

Normally, she would bare his spectacular cock and balls so she could enjoy them fully and there was nothing she enjoyed more than giving Roarke head. But she also knew when she pleased him orally, he was at his most susceptible. She didn't want to leave him so vulnerable that anyone could take advantage of the situation. And she didn't want him to be exposed—even if it was their job.

Instead of completely removing his pants and shorts, Betsy just unzipped them. He was gloriously aroused, his cock already tenting his baby blue silk briefs. She traced her tongue over the outline of him through the silk and his entire body shivered. She remembered how he'd reacted in the mattress factory when she'd tried her little game with him, so started tracing the letter "H" on him with her tongue.

"Jesus, not that." She heard a hint of laughter in his voice, surrounded by the desire.

She looked up at him and grinned wickedly. "Oh, pooh, you're a big strong man. I think you can handle it."

He grabbed a lock of her hair and held her head away from him another second. "You are indeed a wicked woman," he murmured.

She grinned and felt some of her inhibitions melting. This was Roarke and no matter who was listening or watching, the feelings they shared wouldn't be diminished. Besides, she'd always fantasized about being a movie star. She told Roarke as much. That, too, was part of the plan.

"Baby, you have to tell me that now instead of before we got on this 'copter? My camera is back in the hotel room."

She smiled at him. "Well, we can pretend you've got the camera," she cooed. "All you have to do is say 'Action!'"

He grinned. "Action, baby. Action!"

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Betsy lowered her head and began. It didn't take long for both of them to be caught up in the feelings of desire running between them.

She was careful to keep her body aligned so hopefully all anyone was getting pictures of was her bobbing head and shoulders. Roarke's moans, although maybe a bit louder than normal, weren't faked. Neither was the way his testicles and cock swelled as she continued to work him past arousal all the way to release.

"God, baby, that was fabulous," Roarke said when she was cleaning him up by licking off the excess evidence of his release from his deflating cock.

"You're welcome," Betsy said. "But you owe me one, mister, and don't think I won't collect."

He chuckled. "Come here, you. I think I can take care of some of your problems right now."

They switched positions slightly so she was leaning back against one of the walls. She felt a little weird knowing someone was watching them, but when Roarke carefully touched her breasts with first his hands and then his lips, the desire that had been ratcheted down to a simmer began to boil through her blood. The low cut of her dress allowed him to pop first one breast, then the other, free. The combination of his touch and the cool air inside the helicopter was incredibly arousing.

He moved his way slowly down her body with his mouth. It shouldn't have been arousing because, other than her exposed breasts, the rest of her was covered in wedding tulle. As always with Roarke, everything was arousing.

Her nerves were a riot of sensation when he finally slid his head under the skirt of her dress. He kissed his way up her thighs, pulling her thong panties aside with his teeth before beginning to love her with his mouth, licking her all the way from the top of her slit to the pucker of her anus. Lips, tongue and teeth were all nothing more than useful and

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highly effective tools of arousal. When she finally split apart, she couldn't tell where one climax ended and another began so effective were his ministrations.

When he finally deemed he'd had enough, Betsy tried to catch her breath as Roarke wrapped her in his arms. He had been very careful, much more careful than when they normally made love, making certain that, even if they were being watched, the watchers hadn't seen all Betsy's secrets. For that, she was very grateful. She'd tried to do the same but at some point, desire and need had taken over and she'd forgotten all about their audience. That upset her. If she was going to be as good an agent as she wanted, she had to learn to never forget their operation.

As if he could sense the way her thoughts were running, Roarke patted her arm and whispered, "Don't worry. I forgot about the operation as well. You sent me over the moon, darling."

He kissed her and she forgave herself for being human because she knew that Roarke had been with her every step of the way.

He started to speak again when they noticed a sudden change. The helicopter suddenly veered left. He scrambled so he was sitting up on the mattress and could look out the window.

"What's up?" Betsy asked.

"We've turned away from the river," he answered.

"Toward Canada?"

He shook his head. Betsy felt a bit of relief. After their adventure in Quebec City, she hadn't been too keen on returning north of the border. Even when Bobby had wanted to go to the nearby Butterfly Conservatory in Niagara Falls, Ontario one Saturday when Roarke was spending the day with them, she had balked.

There was also the fact that, as long as they stayed in the United States, their taskforce could track them without having to go through any customs loopholes.

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Betsy scooted off the mattress and headed to the window on the opposite side of the helicopter. She couldn't see much, but what she could wasn't reassuring.

"You know, I may be wrong, but it looks like we're passing over the Queenston Bridge," she said slowly. "You don't think..."

"The Triple D," Roarke finished for her in a low voice. "The last I heard, it had been deserted ever since we took the cartel down."

Before Betsy could respond, a voice filled the cabin.

"Well, Mr. And Mrs. Matthews, sorry to interrupt your honeymoon, but I just wanted to let you know there's been a slight change in our flight plan."

The voice was distorted, probably filtered through some kind of tape recorder. Or these guys could just have a karaoke machine. But something about the phrasing seemed familiar to Betsy.

She started to say something to Roarke, but he held up a finger, motioning her to be quiet.

"Don't you just hate untimely interruptions?" the voice asked conversationally.

Roarke shook his head again, indicating she shouldn't respond. Betsy figured maybe he was going to try baiting the speaker to come back to the cabin or something. Or else he now didn't think they were being watched.

"But really, Scarecrow," the voice continued, "now you've got a ready-made family, you're going to have to get used to interruptions."

Family? Betsy mouthed to Roarke. *Bobby?*

He shook his head. *Safe, remember?* he mouthed.

When Betsy became an agent, she and Roarke had convinced Mr. Melrose that Betsy's son should have extra protection when she was on an operation...just in case. Melrose had agreed. No one in the S.A.S. wanted agents to be comprised because loved ones were placed in danger.

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Betsy breathed a little easier and concentrated on trying to figure out who belonged to the voice. It spoke again.

“Don’t be shy. Speak up,” the voice continued. “I purposely didn’t engage the receiver earlier. I did want to give you lovebirds your privacy, but now that the time is getting near, I decided you’d probably have a few questions.”

Betsy looked at Roarke. He shook his head and pointed to a small red light up near the roof of the copter. Betsy hadn’t noticed it before and, although it was small, it was something that was prominent in the dark confines of the cabin. So maybe they hadn’t been watched earlier.

Still, it didn’t tell them a lot about who was behind this. She went back to concentrating on the voice and what it was saying.

“Fine, if you want to be that way, I won’t give you the details.” There was a definite petulant edge to the voice now. Much like a toddler who’d had her favorite toy taken away. Or a whiny teenager with a curfew.

Betsy smiled grimly. She put her hand out, touching Roarke’s arm. He turned from his closer inspection of the light and looked out her.

McClellan, Betsy mouthed.

Roarke’s eyes widened and then he nodded. He leaned over and kissed her quickly and deeply on the mouth. As he pulled apart, he whispered, “Great catch!”

She blushed. “Thanks. What now?”

“Let’s see if we can rattle her cage a bit,” he whispered. “For whatever reason, I don’t think she can see us. I don’t think she’s the pilot. Let’s see if we can get her back here for a personal chat.”

Betsy smiled. She knew what he meant by chat. She definitely liked the way he thought.

McClellan’s voice broke into the cabin again.

“You know, Scarecrow, I expected better of you. You can talk or you don’t have to, it doesn’t matter to me,” she said. Her voice wasn’t

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as distorted now. “Yes, I’m sure either you or your partner have figured out it’s me.”

Roarke nodded his head to Betsy and she took the bull by the horns.

“Yeah, we figured it was you,” Betsy said. “Hey, since you’re here, I’m wondering how does the old snout feel? I thought for about three weeks that I’d broken my hand, but everything’s all set now.”

There was a pause. Betsy and Roarke listened intently. She heard something in the background. It was faint, but they could hear the sound of chopper engines coming through.

She’s here, Roarke mouthed.

Betsy nodded.

A string of expletives filled the cabin. Frankly Betsy thought they showed a total lack of creativity. They were so pedestrian.

Roarke leaned forward and kissed her cheek gently while whispering, “You seem to know just the buttons to push. See if you can get her angry enough to make an appearance. Maybe if she does, I can slide in and take care of the pilot if you can keep her busy. But pump her first. See what she’ll tell us.”

Betsy smiled. She grasped his hand, feeling his warm strength like a confidence bolster. Well, her mother had always told her mouth was going to get her trouble. She might as well see if her mouth could get them out of trouble as well.

“Tut, tut, tut,” Betsy said. “Didn’t your mother ever tell you that ladies don’t talk that way?”

“What would you know about being a lady?” McClellan asked. She sounded so perturbed her voice had a hissing quality to it.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Betsy. “Hey, I didn’t knock out any of your teeth, did I? You sound like my old Granny Jones did when her dentures were loose. If you did, I’ve got a great dentist in Buffalo. He’s almost ninety percent pain-free. At least until you get the bill.”

“I can’t believe I actually thought about taking you as a lover,”

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McClellan said. Now there was a definite petulant sound to her voice.

“Jeezus, what is it with you?” Betsy didn’t give McClellan a chance to answer. “I mean, come on. Even if I was into that kind of thing, I’d never do it with you. I need someone with honor and class. Not some low-level, uncreative...what *are* you now, Libby? You blew your gig as an agent. After the fiasco in Mexico I can’t imagine you’re on the fast track to the top in the cartel anymore either. Oh, wait a minute...that’s right. The cartel doesn’t exist anymore. Roarke and I saw to that.”

There was a slight humming sound over the speaker. When McClellan spoke again, she no longer sounded petulant. She sounded pissed. She tried to hide it, but Betsy wasn’t buying. From the look on his face, Roarke wasn’t either.

“Every dog has their day and even some idiots get lucky now and again,” McClellan said.

“Funny,” Betsy snorted. “We’re lucky and you’re stupid. It seems we got the best deal there. Geez Marie, Libby, it’s pretty sad when you have to be reduced to being a slave trader. Why don’t you grow a half a gram of courage and get a real job like the rest of the world. I know a guy in South Buffalo who runs a titty bar. He’d probably give you a job dancing. At least then you’d only be selling your own body, instead of taking advantage of unsuspecting minors.”

Betsy paused, as if thinking, before she continued, “Nah, that’s probably not for you since you’d have to grow a spine. Tell me, are you the pimp or just the driver? Surely you’re not the brains behind this whole business? You’re not that smart.”

Betsy continued speaking, trying to keep her voice nonchalant, even as she worked to finish dressing. She wanted to be ready if or when McClellan appeared.

“I mean, come on, making a few porno movies with consenting adults would’ve been fine. No problem. Oh, you might have had the

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local cops on your heels, but no big whoop. You might have managed to stay out of jail, at least for a little while. But then you had to go and mess with juveniles. That's just sick."

"But lucrative," McClellan said.

"Right...lucrative. I remember now. You told me in Mexico you were all about money. But you know you really blew it when you killed the girl. You mess with some families and you're asking for a lot more trouble than someone like you can handle."

"That wasn't my call," McClellan replied.

"Ah..." Betsy nodded and rolled her eyes at Roarke. He smiled and motioned for her to continue. "Like I thought, you're not in charge. You're still just a flunky."

"Not quite," McClellan said on a laugh. "I'm not in charge of that wing of the operation. My talents are used in other ways."

Roarke frowned. Betsy paused. McClellan's last words had caused a shiver to run down her back.

"Bio-terror?" She spoke softly, but evidently the listening device in the cabin was very sensitive because McClellan responded immediately.

"That's right. I always said you were quick on the uptake," McClellan said. "I'm sure the S.A.S.'s lab hasn't been able to identify it yet. It's going to be the hottest thing in the terror game. And I control it all."

Betsy's mind spun, but her mouth continued to work. She didn't know where she was getting all this stuff because all she could think about was the damage the entire world could face if there truly was a new bio-terror agent available.

"Who are you kidding, Libby? You don't have the brains to come up with a new bio-terror weapon. No offense, but you're kind of like me. We're better with the physical than the mental side of things," Betsy said.

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McClellan laughed. “Oh, I do like you. I wish I’d met you first. I think I could’ve changed your mind about becoming my lover. Who knows, maybe between us, we could’ve turned Roarke and had a nice juicy three-way.”

Betsy just shook her head, even knowing McClellan probably wasn’t looking at her. “I don’t share. I never learned how to do it as a child. I certainly don’t do it with my men.”

“Well, whatever,” McClellan replied. “But you’re right. I didn’t create the formula. I did, however, find a brilliant scientist from North Korea. He was one of those guys who came in on the Chinese restaurant op? You remember that one, don’t you?”

“Of course. What did you promise the guy to get him to work for you? Food?” Betsy asked.

McClellan laughed again. Betsy rubbed her hands over her arms, suddenly chilled to the bone.

“No. He wanted sex. My guy was into BDSM, but he didn’t like having safe words. He was one of the prison guards and had enjoyed his opportunities beating the prisoners, especially the young women. But they were going to take him from his prison duties and move him completely into lab work. When he learned that, he decided maybe it was time for him to join some of the people escaping.”

Things fell into place for Betsy now. McClellan had started the whole sex scam just to keep a psycho scientist in line. She wanted to throw up at the thought of people like this using power indiscriminately. And the damage they could have done if left alone.

“You know, I thought you were just a stupid, money-hungry bitch,” she said. “Now I realize you’re really a crazy fucker. We should put you into a padded cell and let you rot.” Betsy paused another moment. “And to think that before Mexico I thought you were smart. Now I know you’re just a freak of nature.”

There was a long moment of quiet and then the background noise

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ceased as well.

“Shit, do you think I blew it?” Betsy hissed at Roarke, who was scrambling to his feet and moving toward an area left of the cargo doors.

“Oh, no, if I know my women, we’ll have one ex-agent coming in here in any moment.”

Betsy scrambled up as well and stood right in front of Roarke. Hopefully, the door wasn’t on the other side because then they’d both be out of position.

But once again Roarke’s instincts were right on as what looked like a solid panel of wood slowly slid open. Where Roarke was standing, Betsy was betting he wouldn’t be noticed, at least not at first.

She didn’t have time to think of anything else because McClellan rushed through the opening and threw herself at Betsy, knocking her off balance and onto the mattress.

“You bitch,” McClellan screamed and reached for Betsy’s hair. “I’ll show you just who is a freak.”

Betsy wore her hair pretty short because, with her busy life raising her son and working fulltime now at the S.A.S., she just didn’t have a lot of time to play with her look every morning, so thankfully it wasn’t the weapon it might have been. Still, a madwoman yanking on her roots managed to bring a few tears to Betsy’s eyes.

Frankly, she was also worried about getting more than her hair pulled. Every time McClellan took a swipe at her, it was like having Elvira slash at you. Betsy swore the woman must not have had a manicure for months her nails were so sharp and ragged.

How could women do anything with nails that long? Betsy thought with one corner of her brain, while the rest and certainly all of her body were engaged in a fight if not to death, then certainly until the first one drew blood.

Betsy knew she was on her own. Roarke had taken advantage of

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McClellan's rage to go through the open door. She figured he was going to try to disable the pilot or maybe just convince him to change allegiances.

Betsy had to admit she'd felt a little like a deer trapped in headlights at first. McClellan's eyes were unlike any she'd ever seen.

Gone was the sheen of sophisticated superiority McClellan had normally boasted. In its place was a look of insanity Betsy wasn't afraid to admit scared the hell out of her. After only a few seconds, Betsy's body trumped the fear in her heart and mind. She knew this was going to be a fight to the death after all and she didn't intend to have McClellan still standing when it was over.

Nothing was out of bounds. Punches, scratches, hair pulling. There was no part of the body that was forbidden. When McClellan aimed for the center of Betsy's breast, she managed to twist out of the way and luckily caught a strand of McClellan's long, black hair as she went past.

The good news was the fight was taking place on the thick mattress that had been set up for adult play.

Betsy spread her legs, pretending she was standing on the pitching deck of Bobby's canoe at home. McClellan, either in her madness or her anger, was completely off balance.

In fact, Betsy figured she was almost winning, when something moved in her peripheral vision.

Having Betsy take her eyes off her for just for a nanosecond was all McClellan needed. She launched a vigorous attack.

Too late, Betsy realized what had distracted her was the door to the helicopter sliding open. The sound now became oppressive, rotors twirling madly and the rush of incoming air almost flattened the two. Along with McClellan's weight pushing her backward, Betsy felt her head tilt back and her world whirl. *No wait—that's the helicopter.* Apparently Roarke was having problems too.

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McClellan continued to push. When she jabbed two fingers into Betsy's eyes, Betsy screamed. She was going to fall out the helicopter. Still standing somehow, as she felt her feet slipping off the edge, Betsy felt her heart plummet into her stomach. She was going to learn to fly, whether she wanted to or not.

She saw McClellan's wild eyes and a gleam of pure delight them. Damn it, if she was going to fly, she wasn't going to do it alone.

Betsy reached up and grabbed hold of McClellan's wrist, digging in with her nails. For brief moments, instead of her short, no-nonsense nails perfect for a working mother, Betsy wished she had nails like a diva.

But Betsy also had a fountain of kind of useless knowledge gleaned from endless nights watching the Discovery channel while she rocked Bobby to sleep and his father was off boffing his bimbo of the week. Since she'd hooked up with Roarke, Betsy had used some of that knowledge and now was the time to do so again.

For instance, Betsy knew that, if handled correctly, a person could be completely controlled by his or her wrists alone. So she grabbed McClellan, pulled and let gravity do the rest pulling them out of the helicopter, while she held onto the landing skids with her other hand.

"Shit," Betsy cried when the added weight almost pulled her arm out of the socket. Then she made what could have been a fatal mistake. She looked down, watching as McClellan jerked and pulled. Oh Jesus, they were hanging over the rapids of the Niagara River, just on the lip of the falls. How had that happened? She and Roarke had figured they were miles north of the Falls by now. Had the helicopter just been flying in circles, she wondered.

McClellan was thrashing around like a beached whale and both of Betsy's arms felt like they were attempting to split her body into two. She didn't know how much longer she could hold onto McClellan or the helicopter.

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Her gaze was drawn once again downward and the sight immediately caused her to close them again. *Damn*. The water looked cold and incredibly clear. She swore she saw a jagged rock with her name on it.

Just when she thought she couldn't stand it a moment longer, a hard, warm, strong hand clasped around her wrist. She looked up into the furious eyes of the only man who could save her no matter what she stumbled into.

"Christ, Betsy, what are you doing? Let her go, for Christ sake."

Betsy shook her head. "No. I want us to bring her in and send her to trial. Dying is too easy for her."

Roarke, damn his eyes, laughed. "Well, I do, too, darlin', but look down."

Betsy shook her head again, this time squeezing her eyes shut. "I can't. Every time I look down I get sick."

"Jesus, you've never been afraid of heights before. What's wrong with you?" he demanded.

She felt his strong arms pulling her up.

"Come on, babe, and trust me on this. Look down."

Betsy screwed up her courage and did as he asked. Below and slightly behind them were a large Coast Guard cutter and several other law enforcement boats. But the helicopter was still hovering close to the rapids, an area Betsy knew the boats couldn't venture into without endangering their own crew.

"Come on, darlin'," Roarke entreated. "You can't hold her much longer and I don't have the leverage or time to pull you both up. There's something wrong with the auto pilot on this thing and somebody has to fly it. Let the Coast Guard boys do their thing."

Betsy looked once more into Roarke's eyes and nodded. She didn't open the hand clutching McClellan's, but just relaxed a bit. At that moment she felt a dig and huge pain.

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“Damn it,” Betsy cried at McClellan. “You bit me!”

Her hand opened the rest of the way and McClellan dropped away. As Roarke pulled her into the cabin of the helicopter with a rush now that it was only her weight, Betsy heard the sound of McClellan’s insane laughter floating up to her.

Once she was onboard, Betsy was tempted to look down, but she hadn’t been kidding when she said she was nauseous. It took all her energy just to keep from heaving out the side of the helicopter.

“Did they get her?” she asked weakly.

There was a slight pause, long enough that Betsy knew the answer.

“No. She went over the Falls.”

Betsy closed her eyes. She was sorry and relieved at the same time.

Betsy looked up into Roarke’s eyes and saw the same feelings mirrored there.

“I’m sorry, honey. So sorry.” She hugged him tight and met his lips with her own in a soothing kiss.

He rubbed a hand down her back and then pulled slightly away. “Your shoulder has to be killing you. Let me get this thing landed and then we’ll get you all fixed up.”

He led the way into the cockpit. Betsy saw the pilot was lying unconscious on the floor between the seats. Roarke slid into the one on the left and Betsy took the seat on the right. The dash was a mass of instruments, more so than she’d expected.

“I’m constantly amazed by you,” she said. “First a plane and now a helicopter. Is there anything you can’t do?”

Roarke grinned. “Work without you?”

Betsy smiled in return. “Not a chance in the world that’ll ever happen. Not a chance in the world.”

* * *

Roarke was able to land the helicopter with only a couple of rough bumps east of the Falls in a cleared area of Whirlpool State Park. The

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S.A.S., along with the state troopers and sheriff's department, had cleared the area of tourists so it all went without a hitch.

When they opened the doors, Mr. Melrose was waiting for them with a grim smile on his face.

"Did you find her?" Betsy asked, trying not to think about the look on McClellan's face when she had fallen.

"No, not yet," Melrose replied. "We've got boats and divers, but it's doubtful she could still be alive."

Betsy gulped and then took a deep breath. Roarke put his hand on her shoulder and she resisted the urge to turn into the welcoming warmth of his arms. Mr. Melrose knew about their relationship. He had to have after what had happened in Mexico, but she wasn't sure how Roarke felt about flaunting it when they were working. She also didn't want all the other agents to think anything odd either.

"What now?" she asked instead. "We still don't know how many people were involved. We don't know where she's got her lab set up."

"Yes, we do," Roarke said.

Betsy looked up at him questioningly. "How? Where?"

"Roarke is right," Melrose said. "When he radioed us with the information, we sent agents and some Marines there and found the guy, along with the lab where they had built up what was thankfully a small supply of the weapon. We also got a few immigrants who were being used as slave labor to start producing the stuff."

Betsy looked from her boss to her grinning partner. "Okay, I admit I'm a little slow on the uptake, but where did you find it?"

Roarke smiled. "Where do you think?"

Betsy thought for a moment and was about to snap that she didn't know. Then she saw the gleam in Roarke's eyes and it suddenly clicked.

"I'd guess McClellan would go to where this all started. The Triple D Spa."

Roarke laughed. "Got it on the first try."

CHAPTER 2

The next week Betsy walked into the office space she was sharing with Roarke. When she closed the door, she realized the office wasn't empty. She whirled and stumbled when a hand grabbed her around the wrist and drew her forward.

"Don't speak," a low voice said in her ear. "Don't say a word."

Betsy felt the ripples of excitement running down her spine. The voice was sexy, but not as sexy as the hard, warm male body that was flush against her back. She felt her nipples tighten in response and felt her pulse pounding as her labia swelled and her clit began to bloom with arousal. Even with her training, she couldn't get away from this captor. She was at his mercy and thrilled beyond belief that he could still arouse her this way, make her willing to do anything he wanted, anything he needed.

"Close your eyes," he ordered. "Don't open them until I tell you."

She did as she was told. She felt something go around her eyes. She

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could tell by the texture that it was cotton. She also detected the scent of laundry detergent. She knew what brand it was because it happened to be the kind she used. Still, she wasn't thrilled about being blindfolded. She didn't want to beg, but she wasn't about to be led like a lamb to slaughter.

"Is this really necessary?" she asked.

"Yes. Now you must do everything I say, when I say it."

Betsy opened her mouth to reply, then closed it.

She felt a hand on her back and she stumbled forward a bit. Walking blind was more than discomfoting. She had to trust that her captor wasn't going to walk her right into a wall.

"Umph," she mumbled when her toe stubbed something seconds before she felt the bite of wood in her midsection.

"Sorry," her captor whispered. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, but is the blindfold really necessary?"

"Not if you promise you'll keep your eyes closed." The voice at her ear was soft and sent trills of excitement down her spine. It had been that way since the first time she'd heard it.

Ever since she and Roarke had been awarded this broom-closet-sized office in the bowels of the building where the main S.A.S. offices were housed, Betsy had been having secret fantasies about what it would be like to have office sex with Roarke.

She had never mentioned it because the days and nights spent in Roarke's arms had been a fantasy in reality. She didn't want to seem greedy. As usual though, Roarke knew her almost better than she knew herself.

Betsy closed her eyes obediently. Seconds later she felt the blindfold being removed, followed by the brush of a kiss against the edge of one eyebrow.

"Okay," he whispered. "Turn around and bend down over the desk. That's good."

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She felt his hands around her waist and his fingers trailing down over the fabric of her skirt before she felt his skin touching the skin of her leg. It was almost criminal what this man did to her with just the barest of touches. She closed her eyes and pressed her hips deeper against his pelvis. She could feel the outline of his cock as it nestled between her ass cheeks. She smiled when she thought about his reaction when he discovered she had removed her panties when she'd stopped in the ladies room before entering their office.

It didn't take long.

"Oh, my," he muttered when his fingers immediately encountered the dampness of her pussy. His index finger dipped inside her outer lips and slipped its way to the swelling seat of her desire. "Hoping to get lucky, darling?"

"A girl has to gamble every once in a while," she returned on a gasp because he'd reached a particularly sensitive spot in his digital exploration of her.

He was working her rapidly now. His fingers were skating and plucking at her clit and causing her cream to lubricate her completely. When she thought she couldn't stand it any longer or burst, he moved his fingers away from her button and plunged them into her canal. Her eyes were glazing over and she could see the bright light at the edge of her vision signaling that she was about to either tumble off the precipice of desire or lose consciousness.

But just at the critical moment, he withdrew his hand. She almost whimpered her need for him to finish her. Then she heard the sound of his zipper being undone. She needed more than anything to turn and look into the face of the man who had become her life.

"No please, darling, don't look," Roarke said. "Close your eyes and just feel."

Betsy did as he asked. Every sound, every movement was magnified a hundred fold. She swore she could distinguish the sound of

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each tooth of his zipper as it lowered so slowly it was as if an eternity was passing. The rustle of the fabric of his pants and then his silk boxers were almost like electric shock waves to the pounding nerve endings deep inside her.

Finally she felt his skin pressed against hers, the rock hard heat of his cock nestled in her butt. His hands held her hips, then slipped across her skin and his fingers traced their way down her crack until they slid inside her lips again.

“God, Betsy, I have to be inside you now,” he groaned.

She kept her eyes closed and nodded. She was close to begging but didn’t know if she had the air in her lungs to form the words.

As if he could sense her need and desire, he leaned his weight against her back and she felt a tiny sting as his teeth nipped her shoulder. Then she felt welcome relief when his hot length surged inside her to the hilt.

She met each thrust with all the eagerness of a woman who hadn’t felt a man’s length inside her for years, instead of one who had been well-loved only that very morning. She smiled as the tears of joy ran down her face knowing she would never tire of this man, never refuse his touch any way he wanted to give it.

“Betsy, love,” he groaned. “I’m sorry. I can’t hold out any longer.”

Betsy shook her head, but couldn’t say the words. All she could do was let her body do the talking, so she flexed her muscles, allowing the final inch of him to slide deep inside. Then she took each thrust and milked him dry, just as her own climax rocketed her into oblivion.

A long time later, after they had cleaned up as best as they could, they were sitting at their desks starting the paperwork needed to finish up their recent operation when they heard footsteps coming down the hallway.

There was a quick knock on the door and Mr. Melrose stuck his head inside. “Oh, good, both of you are here,” he said.

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Betsy had a moment's pause thanking her lucky stars that Melrose hadn't come about fifteen minutes earlier. She still wasn't quite ready to have her boss walk in while she and Roarke were mating like a couple of minks.

"What's up, sir?" she asked.

Roarke smiled at her and she could read what he was thinking. He was laughing at her. She resisted the urge to stick her tongue out at him. That probably wouldn't go over well with Melrose either.

"Yeah, boss, what's up?" Roarke said.

"Well, I've got good news and bad news," Melrose said. He looked down at the folder he held in his hand.

Betsy frowned. It almost looked like he was trying not to laugh. She thought perhaps Melrose knew exactly what they had been doing fifteen minutes ago.

"Give us the good news first," Roarke said.

"Okay. Well, a body washed up in the Niagara Gorge."

"Was it McClellan?" Betsy asked.

"We can't be sure yet," Melrose replied. "The face was obliterated, and the skin is so badly decayed we can't get fingerprints. We'll know for certain when the dental records come back. All we know for sure is that it's a female and the age is about right."

Betsy sighed. She didn't know what she'd hoped for. To be honest she wasn't completely comfortable with the fact that she was the cause of McClellan's death. If only she'd been able to hold on for a little longer.

Roarke frowned and shook his head at her. Betsy knew he was telling her to let it go. Maybe one day she could. Still, she couldn't help wondering if there was something they were all missing...

Melrose's next words erased her worry.

"And we just got word from the state about your Justice of the Peace," he added.

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Roarke smiled. “Was he part of the ring too? Like we thought?”

Melrose frowned. “No. In fact, he was completely legit. Everyone he married through the Niagara Falls Chapel are legally married according to the state of New York.”

Betsy felt her jaw dropping. “It can’t be legal. We used false names.”

“Well, you guys didn’t actually read the license when you signed it, did you?”

Betsy looked at Roarke. He shrugged. “No. Frankly we were worried about other things. We signed the papers, then the wedding coordinator took us to the helicopter.”

Melrose sighed. “Yeah, that’s what we thought. Apparently, McClellan knew who you were before you got to the helicopter. She told Patrick to change your names on the documents. One of them put your real names and that’s what was notarized and sent to the state.”

“So we’re really married?” Betsy felt her heart rate tripling. She and Roarke were married.

“Yes. But not to worry...I’ve got annulment papers right here. All you have to do is fill them out and send them in. I’ll handle the red tape and it’ll all go away.” Melrose put the folder on the corner of the desk and headed for the door. He was almost through it when he turned and smiled at them both. “Or not.”

Betsy and Roarke each looked at the folder for a beat. Then he got up, walked over and put his fingers on it. She moved forward as well. When she stood next to him, she placed her hand over his. She looked up into his eyes. They were so deep a blue it was like she was falling into them. She had seen that look many times lately. Not just when they were making love, but also when they were doing something as simple as sharing a take-out meal with Bobby.

A year ago, when she had stood on the fringes of the wild party that was The Triple D, Betsy hadn’t believed she would ever feel this way

WEDDING WILD

again. Now she knew she would never lose this feeling. And she also knew that this man was her destiny, her life. She knew what her answer was going to be. Looking into his eyes, she was ninety percent certain what his would be as well. But she still wanted to hear the words.

“So,” she said, “shall we sign them?”

He took her hand in his and looked down at the diamond studded wedding band he had placed on her finger last week. He brought her hand to his lips and kissed the spot just in front of his band before pulling her into his arms.

“Not a chance in the world,” he said and then kissed her fully on the lips. “Not a chance in the world.”

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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