



*Seducing Bo*  
*Trixie Stilletto*

## SEDUCING BO

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# SEDUCING BO

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BY

TRIXIE STILLETTO

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SEDUCING BO  
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*To all the friends who have wondered “what if?”*

*A mystical coin dictates the erotic  
currency of desire and a smoldering change of fate.  
Magical temptation erupts into fiery,  
intimate seduction. Fate. Destiny. Chance. All  
demand the passionate fee of surrender.  
Temptation's Price leads unsuspecting lovers down  
the path to sensual, irresistible adventure.*

# CHAPTER 1

Sheriff Bodean Chambers ducked his head to get under the opening of the tent staked to a patch of dying grass in the town square.

Summer Fest, the annual four-day event that swelled Piney Flats' population from two thousand to nearly five, was due to start that afternoon. Piney sat on the banks of the Nolichucky River in eastern Tennessee. The Fest was a chance for everyone to experience the passage of the mid-point of a long, hot summer with grilled food, cotton candy, and swirling carnival rides, flirting teens and screaming kids.

The volunteer fire department was responsible for making sure the company that provided the nightly fireworks display

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kept things safe and enjoyable for everyone. Bo's job was everything else.

He took his job seriously. This little stop at this tent was a precaution he'd taken every year since Madame Chloe had rolled her show into town, along with the carnies. He didn't have a problem with someone making a living—even if it was doing something ridiculous like fortune telling. But he would make certain Chloe followed the laws strictly. She'd made a good start with her small sign on the outside of her tent informing patrons it was for entertainment purposes only. She also had another warning sign nailed to a post right inside the entrance.

“Just a moment,” her voice called.

“Take your time,” Bodean replied.

“Is that you, Sheriff?”

“Yep. I see you've got your signs up. Good.”

“Oh, yes, Sheriff. Wouldn't want to break the law.”

Madame Chloe looked like she should be bringing shortcake to the church strawberry social instead of telling people what they wanted to hear. *But, hey, live and let live.*

“Sheriff Chambers?” The voice on his radio crackled through the tent. “What's your twenty?”

He pressed a button on the microphone snapped to his shoulder. “I'm ten-ten at Madame Chloe's.”

“Roger. Mayor Connors called to remind you of the council meeting at three today.”

Bo grimaced. God, he hated playing politics.

“I know.” There was a chuckle over the radio. “I told

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Dennis you were busy getting everything set for Summer Fest. I can take the meeting this afternoon if you'd like."

"Thanks, but you don't get paid for that," Bo replied. "I'll do it."

"Roger."

Madame Chloe was standing and looking at him quizzically. "Who was that?"

Bo answered absently, his mind already wandering to the next thing on a to-do list that never seemed to get smaller these days.

"What? Oh, my dispatcher, Kerry," he answered. "Well, everything looks to be code here. I just stopped by to remind you that you're not to tell anyone you can talk to their dead Uncle Joey if they give you their life savings."

Chloe smiled. "I would never. Your dispatcher and you are close?"

"Right. Just like to keep things pleasant." He realized she was waiting for an answer to her question. "Er, yeah, I guess. We've known each other since we were kids."

He turned to leave.

"Sheriff, wait, I have something for you," Chloe said.

"Ah, that's all right. I don't want anything," he replied. His momma hadn't raised a heathen, so he half-turned back to face her, being polite no matter what. He sure hoped she wasn't going to try bribing him. He'd hate to have to arrest her because she did seem like a pretty reasonable sort, all things considered.

"No, no, it isn't a bribe," she said.

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He frowned. Had he said that aloud?

“It’s just something for luck. You know with the festival and all.”

Bo started to turn it down. He didn’t believe in good luck charms either.

“No, really, take it. I insist.” She pressed a small, copper-colored coin into his hand. He looked at it. The coin was old, its edges worn smooth. It was thicker than most of today’s coins as well. When he was a kid he’d collected pennies with his grandfather. He looked at this coin closely. It had some foreign writing on one side and a picture of a phoenix on the other.

“Chloe, this is too valuable,” he protested. The coin was making his skin tingle. It wasn’t an uncomfortable feeling, but a little odd.

“Nonsense. It’s worth only what I say it is. Take it and keep it with you at all times. Who knows? Perhaps it will help you discover the passion that’s missing in your life.”

Bo laughed. “I’m too busy for passion—at least this week.”

He put the coin in his pocket and turned to head back to his truck, trying not to worry about the pitying look she’d given him. As he got in, he keyed his mike.

“Kerry, I’m done here. Heading back to the office now.”

“Roger, Bo. I’ll be here.”

He felt the tingle again. This time against his leg. *Strange*. He wondered what was up with that. He flexed his neck and rotated it a bit, hearing the cartilage pop. Ever since he’d

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wrestled that steer as a joke at the amateur rodeo the summer after his senior year in high school, he'd had some minor neck problems.

Just a pinched nerve, he thought.

Well, he knew where Kerry kept her stash of ibuprofen. He'd grab a couple before heading over to check on the pre-festival craft fair setup along the river bank and then off to play politics.

\* \* \*

Kerry pushed her long, raven-colored hair out of her face and behind her ear when Bo walked in. He'd seen her do that a thousand times. He'd known her since they'd walked each other to kindergarten nearly twenty-five years ago.

But something in the way she did it this morning hit him like a sledgehammer in his solar plexus. He felt sweat pop out on his forehead, and his heart started beating like he was running up the mountain after a suspect.

If he wasn't careful, he was going to go down for the count.

"Bo?" Kerry was up out of her chair behind the radio in seconds.

*When had she started looking so good?* He had time to wonder at his thought as his breath rasped in and out of his lungs. She was wearing a white t-shirt that molded to her breasts as faithfully as if it had been tailored just for her. He remembered when she'd developed those breasts. He'd given Dennis Connors a black eye for whistling at her and making

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her cry.

Connors was now his boss as mayor of the city, but that was forgotten as he looked at Kerry now. Below those wonderful breasts he was suddenly starving to taste, her body was loaded with so many curves a man could spend a lifetime taking the ride. Her hips flared out with a nice roundness, especially when she was wearing those worn, cutoff blue jean shorts she had on today that showed off her tanned legs to perfection. He managed to look down. Seeing her toes with the splash of ruby red polish on them peeking out from her comfortable looking sandals made him feel like a flash inferno was shooting from the bottom of his balls clear out his ears.

In those few seconds, she was at his side. “What’s wrong?”

He felt like he was under some kind of spell controlling his actions. He shook his head. It didn’t help. All he knew was that he had to take her. This minute. He had wasted too much time.

“Mine,” he said. His arms went around her waist and pulled her flush against him. Her hands splayed against his chest. It didn’t matter whether she wanted this or not. Part of him, the part that considered himself an officer and gentlemen was saying he should stop, back away, give her a chance to say no.

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He wanted to be gentle. It wasn't possible. He lowered his mouth to hers and took lips in a kiss he felt he'd waited for forever. They had been friends most of their lives, but this had nothing to do with friendship. He took and took some more. She gave everything he asked for and more.

Her lips tasted sweet and moist. His tongue thrust through them and when hers tangled with it, Bo moaned his need aloud. He never remembered being so hungry and needy for a woman before. His hands couldn't stay still. They roamed over her waist and up to her pinup worthy breasts. When he trailed a finger over her nipple, he could tell she was aroused, too, even through her bra and t-shirt.

Though part of him wanted to linger there, to feel the weight of her bare breasts spilling out of his hands, the other, wilder part urged to grab for more. Since self-control seemed to be lost in the fog of heady desire, his hands slid down her sides and back and reached her butt.

It had been tantalizing him for years. He'd heard some of the older women in town call it “baby hips.” All he knew was

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that suddenly he wanted nothing more than to bend her over on his desk and pump his nine inches into her pussy, then pull out just in time to shoot his load all over her creamy ass.

He felt his cock swell until he was certain he was going to rip open the zipper of his uniform shorts.

All the while her body was clinging to his, his lips were marauding hers. She tasted of peppermint undoubtedly from the mints she always kept in a colorful jar on her desk. The taste spurred his hunger for more. His hands cupped her bottom and lifted her so he didn't have to bend his head to kiss her. She gasped and her mouth opened wider, giving him a chance he grabbed with gusto. His tongue swept into her mouth, tangling with hers and taking everything she was offering.

His hands were clenching and unclenching on her butt cheeks and it was the most heavenly thing he'd ever felt, except for the way her pelvis was rubbing against the hardened ridge of his cock.

Some dim part of his mind told him that he had to stop. At least long enough to get them out of the front of the police station, where anyone on the street could walk in on them.

The other part didn't give a damn. He wanted to strip her naked so his eyes could see and devour every inch of her. Then he wanted to bend down and worship her pussy with his mouth.

No sooner did he have the thought than he was putting it into action. He was down on his knees. He unsnapped and unzipped her jeans shorts and pulled them down onto her

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thighs. Her panties quickly followed.

“Bo?” her voice was rising, but then ended on a gasp as he stuck his face into her muff.

God, he’d never smelled anything better in his life. He moved his face back and forth. He felt her legs tremble, and he smiled. He spread her lips with two fingers and then traced around the edges of her pussy with his tongue. She was starting to respond, her moisture just beginning to make its presence known.

That was okay. He’d make sure she caught up to him in a hurry. He spread her lips a little farther, giving him a glimpse of her clit. It was pink and juicy. He stuck out his tongue and let just the tip touch her.

“Bo,” she gasped.

He did it again, this time letting a little more tongue trace the shape of her.

“I can’t wait to eat every bit of your cum,” he said, his voice rumbling against her pussy. He smiled when he saw what the vibration was doing to her. “You taste better than the wild honeysuckle we used to eat when we were kids. Do you remember that?”

He raised his head from her mound and looked up at her face. It was even more beautiful than before. He could see the flush of desire imprinted there and felt his cock expand even more. He was responsible for making her this way and it was only the beginning.

“I used to bite off the bottom of the flower. You remember?” He felt the tremor rush through her lower body

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and didn't need to wait for her to answer. "Well, don't worry. I'm not going to bite you before I drink my fill of you. At least not like that."

He licked again, letting his tongue coast over her pleasure button and then lower into her vaginal canal.

"Then I'd pull the inside of the honeysuckle free and suck the nectar out. That's what I'm going to do to you—suck all your nectar out."

He buried his face in her pussy again and fully suckled her clit. She gasped and tensed, then he felt her orgasm roll through her. He licked and sucked for all he was worth, enjoying the spasms and moans coming from her. Her hands were gripping his head as if to keep him right there. That was fine with him. He didn't want to go anywhere.

He took one last taste of her as she was winding down before moving back a fraction.

He let her float down before he stood, pulled up her panties and shorts, and took her hand.

It was a miracle no one had walked in on them. But he wasn't about to risk that for what he had in mind next.

He pulled her into his office, closed and locked the door. She looked stunned, as if she didn't believe what had just happened between them. She also looked as satisfied as a tabby cat snoozing on a sunny porch. That was just dandy. He was going to make sure he felt just as good shortly because now it was all he could do to walk...his cock was so hard it was painful. If something didn't happen soon, he was going to be nursing a wicked case of blue balls.

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He had a moment of remorse over this first time together. He shouldn't be doing this like he was. He should have asked Kerry on a date. He should have wined and dined her. She deserved that. For a moment, he was back in control. He moved back a couple of inches, opened his mouth to apologize and looked in her eyes.

They were wild with need and desire.

"God, Bo, I don't know what came over you, but whatever you do, don't stop," she said. "Finish it before I die."

The haze of desire rolled back over him. He reached for his shorts and undid them, unbuttoned his shirt and pushed his shorts and underwear down and away from his hips.

She reached out and wrapped her warm hand around his shaft. It felt so delicious he nearly lost control in that moment. Her hand was small and soft, but she sure wasn't holding him like a scared virgin. She was holding him like a woman who knew exactly what she wanted.

She allowed her index finger to move away from his base and stretched it until she was tracing the mushroom-shaped head of his cock. Her short fingernail scraped up over one edge. He was leaking a little pre cum. He wondered what she'd think he if asked her to give him a blowjob. As if she could read his mind, she squatted and her mouth was level with his hard cock.

She licked her lips and the sight of her pink tongue darting out of her mouth nearly set him off. It was nothing compared to how it felt when she touched him with it. Like her hands, her tongue was soft, but not tentative. He had a moment to

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wonder who'd been giving her lessons, but quickly forgot that thought as she ate him as delicately as if she were sampling a rare treat.

Her tongue was a weapon of delicious torture, and she wielded it with absolute precision. He wanted to close his eyes the pleasure was so intense, but, at the same time, he wanted to watch because he'd never seen anything as erotic as her tongue slipping around the tip and down his shaft.

She alternated her strokes between long, languid licks and rapid flicks. He knew he was leaking pretty steadily now, but he also knew her saliva was making him as wet as a hot summer rain.

When she finally finished playing with him and took him completely into her mouth, he sighed his relief.

“God, that feels out of this world,” he gasped. He ran a finger down her jaw line, feeling the way her cheek hollowed out as she took more of his length in her mouth. He wanted to howl at the delicious feelings running through him. But it was too damn good. He didn't want to come in her mouth. He wanted to be snug inside her body, as deep as possible, when he came.

But she was just too skilled. He felt the tension radiating from the base of his spine, through his balls and upward. He thought he'd mastered control of his body in high school. Normally all it took was thinking about anything else and he could prolong his release, coming when he wanted to, not when his partner wanted it. Either Kerry was giving him the best blowjob known to mankind or he was under some kind of

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spell because he had no control now.

He fisted a shank of her hair. He had to give her warning, give her a chance to pull back.

Suddenly she put just a little extra pressure with her tongue on the ridge of skin just under the head of his cock. The pleasure was so intense it felt like a heated electric charge was firing from his ass straight through to his balls.

Instead of giving her warning as he planned, he just started shooting his load. He tried to form words, to tell her how special she was, but his mind was as responsive as a wet sponge. He kept his eyes locked on her face as she sucked him dry, but it was too good and his vision grayed as he lost all control. When he was finally finished spurting, his vision returned and he could see the large smile on her face as she raised her head and licked her lips. If his legs weren't shaking like he'd been on a weeklong marathon, he'd have gotten hard all over again just from the look on her face.

"Yum. Just the way I like it. Hot, salty, and delicious," she said.

He pulled her up and stripped away her panties and shorts so she stood in front of him, bottomless. He was tempted to go down on her again, but first he had to have her mouth. His kiss was as hungry as he'd ever been. She didn't back away but stepped closer, relishing their mouths' contact. He could taste himself on her and feel her rising desire in the way her nipples poked against his chest.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and his hands lifted her by her butt. She wrapped her legs around his waist and he

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felt his cock getting back into the swing of things. He wasn't completely erect yet, but he was hard enough her pussy lips could ride the edge of him, teasing them both with the friction.

She pulled away from him just for a second and grinned. "That's some recovery time, Sheriff," she joked.

He groaned. "Hell, I can't believe it. I feel like I'm sixteen all over again."

She shifted and he held her tighter against him. He could feel her juices now and they acted like a rejuvenator to his rapidly growing shaft.

"Really?" She looked like a cat that'd just swallowed a canary. "Well, I've always wanted to do a younger man."

He laughed. "Damn, Kerry, if you don't stop, you're going to have to call the rescue squad for me."

She just smiled and rolled her hips. The effect slid the tip of him inside her pussy. They both sighed in relief at the way it felt.

"Bo."

"Hhmm," he answered.

"Nothing...just Bo."

Incredibly her satisfaction acted like a whip to his desire.

"Sorry, babe. This can't go slow. Not now," he apologized. He didn't give her time to answer. He took a few steps until he could put her down on his desk, her legs still wrapped around his hips, but at least he didn't have to hold her weight and he could play with her body. He smiled as he filled his hands with those breasts that had been driving him mad today.

He pulled off her shirt. She was wearing a silky bra with a

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front closure. He nuzzled the tops of her breasts, and she sighed and rolled her hips taking another inch of his cock inside her.

He flipped open her bra and slid a finger inside over her turgid nipple.

“God, Bo, that feels so good.” She groaned her pleasure.

He felt like laughing, not at her, but in simple glee. Good wasn’t even close. Her pussy was enveloping his cock one tantalizing inch at a time. It was sublime torture. It was absolute pleasure. It shouldn’t have been funny. He’d never laughed before during sex. But it felt so freeing.

“Something funny?” she asked.

“No.” He swallowed his chuckle.

“I don’t believe you,” she replied. He would have tried harder to be somber if he hadn’t seen the unholy glee lighting her eyes as well. “So, if you’re going to laugh at me, I guess I’ll just have to make you pay.”

Her fingers reached instinctively for his biggest weakness.

Some men couldn’t stand to be tickled on their ribs; others went crazy when someone touched their feet.

Bo’s weakness was somewhere between the two.

Kerry had discovered it the only other time they’d been close to becoming intimate—on the night of their senior prom.

Their dates had gotten too drunk and fallen asleep. So he and Kerry had gone swimming in the Nolichucky. It had been planned as a skinny-dipping party, but she’d been wearing her panties and bra and he’d kept on his Jockeys. It had started out as a simple game of water tag that had spiraled out of their

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control very fast. When she'd grabbed him around the waist from behind, her aim had been a little off. Her fingers had landed just left of his testicles. That's all it took to send him off.

He'd always wondered what would have happened next if his father, then the sheriff, hadn't rolled up in his squad car at that exact moment.

Well, now his parents were retired and he was the sheriff. Still, he had to be a little crazy to be taking her in the office.

He'd thought about that night a lot over the years and not just in his dreams. Obviously Kerry had memories of her own as well, since her fingers danced their way down his abs and skated straight for where their bodies were meeting.

He held his breath, his skin quivering, not only from her questing fingers, but also from the fact that every time she moved or shifted, she drew him a little deeper in her.

Instead of stopping on his weak spot, though, her fingers moved up beside his dick inside her vagina.

She made a little ring with her fingers and squeezed.

Bo learned in that split second that he had another sweet spot and he thrust his pelvis hard against her, seating himself to the hilt as his body jerked with his surge toward release.

He felt like he was outside his body, looking down on them, and what he saw was the most erotic sight in his life. The view, combined with feeling her warm, wet and tight enveloping him, squeezing him, made him wild, and he kept pumping and pumping into her, feeling like he hadn't had a sexual release in months rather than minutes. She was

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moaning and taking each of his thrusts, so his momentary worry about her satisfaction was short-lived. It was so good he damn near lost consciousness, but just before blacking out, he thrust in rapid succession and felt her orgasm take her over the edge. How he waited he would never know, but the velvety way her inner walls were gripping his cock was the final green light for his own release. He didn't have the breath to do more than groan as he felt the waves of his come pouring from him.

Finally, as with all things with the human body, they were spent. By this time they were sprawled on his desk, Kerry on her back and he resting most of his weight on his elbows. His cock was dead, but it had been a hell of a way to go. When he could breathe well enough to talk, he lifted his head from where it rested against her breast.

“You nearly killed me,” he said.

“Oh, thank God,” she replied. “I was afraid I was the only one.”

“Hah,” he answered. Her left nipple was a scant inch from his mouth. It was dark and soft. He would have taken it in his mouth again for a quick suckle, but he was afraid it would be false advertisement since he honestly didn't have the energy to do anything else.

“I don't know what came over you, but all I can say is what took you so long?” she asked.

He smiled. “Me? You're the one who hasn't a clue. How many times do I have to call you in to work overtime before you get the hint?”

She slapped him on the shoulder. “Last I heard you were

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busy with that cheerleader over in Grey.”

“Cheerleader? Oh, you mean Tiffany? She’s the cheerleading coach.”

“Right. Whatever. Cheerleading coach,” she parroted. “God, Bo, does she have the IQ of a tsetse fly?”

“You should talk. I’ve had to watch every college puke that comes through here for a license to ride the rapids hit on you.”

She grinned. “Hey, they’re just buttering me up to get their licenses quicker.”

“Right. And Tiffany just wanted to talk to me about the Police Athletic Association league, right?”

The both laughed at that.

They were just straightening their clothes when they heard the sound of the buzzer, which indicated someone had entered the outer office.

“Time to get back to work,” Kerry said, as she headed for the door.

He grabbed her hand.

“Wait,” he said.

She paused and looked back over her shoulder at him. Her smile was sweet, and he felt warmth blossom in his chest near his heart.

“Will you spend the night with me?” He held his breath, uncertain what he would do if she said no.

“Tonight?”

“Yes. I mean, not spend the night in bed, but with me. I’m off and Lilly is covering the switchboard, right?”

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“Yes.”

“Then come with me. We can enjoy the Summer Fest together.”

Her smile broadened. “You mean like a date?”

He nodded his head. “Very much like a date.”

She leaned forward and kissed him. Before he could deepen it, she pulled away. “Okay. But only if you let me pick where we watch the fireworks from and have my wicked way with you.”

“You’re on,” he replied.

She gave him another kiss, this time on the cheek. He wanted to draw her against him because he just wasn’t ready to let her go yet. He resisted the temptation. How she’d gone from being his best pal to something a lot more in a few minutes, he didn’t know. He did know he needed a little time to distance himself, get things in the proper order. One thing for sure, he didn’t want anything to ruin things with Kerry. So, for now, he’d analyze what happened between them and set the course for the future. Now that he’d had a taste of her, though, he wasn’t about to go back to being just platonic friends.

\* \* \*

Kerry hoped Bo wouldn’t notice how her hands were shaking. Keep it light, she told herself. Don’t demand anything and send him packing.

So she went back out into the main office and stepped behind the counter to the switchboard. She was dispatcher,

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office manager and town clerk. She enjoyed her job and liked to think she was an important cog in the wheel of running their small municipality.

Today she just wanted to chuck everything and dance in the streets. After ten long years of waiting and scheming, Bo had finally noticed her.

She smiled. More than noticed, she thought as she felt a soreness begin deep inside her. It wasn't like she was a virgin, but she had gotten tired of trying to fantasize that every man making love with her was Bo instead.

Today all her fantasies had come true. She didn't know what had turned the tide her way, but she was determined she wasn't going to let it roll out anytime soon.

She handled the daily grind of her job without a thought. She had planned and strategized for this day for years. She knew what she wanted to do. When she was done, Sheriff Bodean Chambers wouldn't know what had hit him. The fireworks display in the sky was going to take second place to the fireworks she was going to light in his blood. But she had to get busy. She picked up a scrap of paper and started a list.

## CHAPTER 2

Bo nervously rubbed a hand over his chest as he stood on Kerry's front porch. It was like he was going on his first date. He looked down at the clutch of wildflowers in his hand. It was probably silly bringing her flowers when they'd already done the deed several mind-blowing times. Still, he couldn't resist bringing her something he knew she'd love.

He thought about the items tucked in his pocket. One was the coin Madame Chloe had given him. He wasn't ready to think of it as a good luck charm, but he also wasn't going to toss it away just yet. He was certain it had nothing to do the way things had progressed with them, but he wasn't about to take any chances.

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That brought him to the other pocket. He was a man who took responsibilities for his actions. Well, he always had before he had taken Kerry like a madman on his desk.

It was too late to rectify that episode, but he wasn't coming unprepared tonight.

This wasn't just about sex. He ran his hand over the back of his neck where his hair was a little shaggy. He should have made time to get to the barbershop today.

Bo wanted to show Kerry he wasn't taking this lightly. He couldn't really explain why it had taken him so many years to make his move on Kerry, but, from here on, there would be no going back to just being pals. He wanted more. No, he wanted everything.

He thought about that for a second. *Everything*. The word was so huge. If someone had said that word to him even twenty-four hours ago he'd have laughed it away.

That was before. Now he knew he wouldn't accept anything less than having it all. A sudden fear bloomed in his heart. *What if she wasn't looking for the same thing? What if she was happy just as sex pals?* Well, he'd fix that.

He raised his hand and rapped against her door forcefully. Might as well begin as he meant to go on.

"Hello, Bo, and welcome to my home."

Bo nearly swallowed his tongue as the front door swept open. Kerry stood before him, but she didn't look like she did in the office. Or at the Ruritan Club social.

She looked like sin on a platter. She was wearing a black lace corset with red laces up the front and cups that thrust her

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bountiful breasts to amazing heights. The bra also left a mouth-watering amount of her skin bare, the lace edges just barely covering her full nipples.

He took a breath and tried to pull his gaze from her chest. As if locked by a magnet, it took precious seconds to get the order from his brain to his eyes. Instead of going for her face, though, he was drawn downward.

The lacy fabric showcased her hourglass figure to perfection.

Sweet Jesus, he thought as his gaze made it down her stomach to where her thatch was covered, or more accurately, nearly uncovered, by the crotchless panties of the corset. He blinked. It looked like her pussy was completely shaven, not a hair in sight. Nothing barring his gaze from those full lips or the joys they hid. He felt like his tongue was rolling out past his lips and hitting the floor.

The black garters holding up the fishnet stockings completed the outfit, and he let out a soundless whistle.

“Come on in,” she said, reaching out with her hand and grabbing him by the shirt.

He didn’t resist for even a nano-second.

“Oh, flowers. Thanks.”

He couldn’t talk or think over the pounding of his blood in his cock.

“I’ll put them in water in just a minute. Come on into my parlor.”

She turned and walked away with the flowers. Now he could finally gulp. The back was even better than the front if

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that was possible. Those crotchless panties were nothing more than a strip of lace going up her crack, leaving those rosy butt cheeks bare as the day she was born. His hands actually itched to touch her there. His hands weren't the only things twitching. He swore he'd had a continuous hard-on since he'd walked back into the office this afternoon and saw her sitting in the sunlight. He took several deep breaths and wished for something cold to drink. *Drink, hell.* He'd pour it right on the front of his pants to cool himself down.

Finally his mind and his body were on the same page. He reached for her and held on. His hand latched on to the soft curve of her butt. His fingers, of their own accord and hunger, squeezed a little of her white flesh. She stopped walking and looked over her shoulder. The look in her eyes made him want to blubber like a baby.

“See something you like, Sheriff?” she asked.

“Oh, yeah,” he replied. It wasn't exactly intelligent conversation, but hey, what was a guy to do when presented with all his wet dreams in one delectable package?

She smiled again. “Perhaps, if you're lucky, you just might get what you want tonight. But only if you follow the law of my domain.”

Bo just stood there as she walked toward the kitchen, presumably to put the flowers in water. He really couldn't believe what he was seeing and hearing. Sweet, little Kerry was acting like a dominatrix, and damn if he wasn't aroused as hell at the thought. He was so turned on, if he didn't regain some control, he was going to forget all about his grand

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scheme, rip her clothes right off her and fuck her before he had the chance to prove to her that this meant more than just sex.

To cool off a bit, he wandered around the parlor. The house had been in Kerry's family for generations. She'd taken over ownership two years ago when her parents had decided to leave Tennessee and go to Florida to be with their grandchildren.

But Kerry had redone parts of it, putting her own stamp on the southern-style farmhouse. He should know. She'd enlisted his help hauling lumber and tiles in his truck from the local home supply on many a weekend.

But this was the first time he'd ever taken the time to really look over the place. She's done a great job, he thought looking at the gleaming wood flooring they'd put in a couple of months ago. As he rounded a comfortable divan, he saw two things at once.

She'd moved the round table from her breakfast nook out into the parlor. It was covered with a white linen tablecloth. There was a candelabra, a bucket with champagne chilling in it, and what appeared to be a silver bowl of ripe cherries and whipped cream sitting on the table.

Bo gulped and tried to steady his racing heart. He had a weakness for cherries and cream. They were his favorite sweet treat. In fact, he'd had a vivid fantasy a few nights ago involving Kerry and this particular fruit. That fantasy came tripping back into his mind now.

He jumped when he felt Kerry slip her arms around his

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waist from behind him, especially when her hands went unerringly to his special spot.

“I thought since this was such a special occasion, we’d skip dinner and go right for dessert,” she murmured. Before he could even blink, she had his shirt unbuttoned and off him and had loosened the buckle on his belt.

When her fingers ran down the bulge of his zipper, he nearly came in his pants.

He grabbed her hand and held it away from him.

“Let’s slow this down a bit,” he asserted, turning so he was facing her. That may have been a mistake because now he could see what he’d been feeling against his back and his eyes didn’t need the pictorial if he was trying to slow down. Her lips were wet and glossy red, as if she’d just taken a drink of champagne or licked them in preparation for taking his cock in her mouth.

He could see the outline of her nipples as they thrust against the lace of her corset. Now he licked *his* lips because suddenly he was hungry for more than the cherries he loved.

“Sheriff, I do believe you’re glad to see me, or else you left your revolver in your pocket.” He swore she purred the words like a coquettish kitten. Damn if the sound didn’t make him even harder than he was, if that was even possible.

Everything felt hotter, brighter, and sexier with Kerry tonight. He didn’t understand why, but he wasn’t going to worry about it.

So he just went with what he *was* feeling rather than what he should be.

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“I’ll show you what I have in my pocket,” he growled, before lowering his mouth and taking possession of hers.

His kiss was wild. She answered his need with a passion of her own.

As their lips melded, his hands were ravaging. He tried to be careful, but when the laces of her corset seemed too complex, he just ripped it in half, the lace making a sound that was barely noticeable over his gasping breaths.

Finally her breasts were bare to him and they were even more delightful than he recalled from their sex earlier in the day. He didn’t remember it, but they had somehow moved from standing to kneeling on the floor.

Her hands were roving over his chest, her fingers plucking at his nipples, and he swore it was as if they were now his sweet spot. They were hard little BBs that seemed connected via live wire to his cock. He wondered what it would feel like if she took one in her mouth.

As if she could read his thoughts, her lips fastened on his nipple over his heart, while her fingers plucked at the other.

“Damn,” he murmured. “That feels out of this world. Is that what it feels like for you when someone sucks your breasts?”

She lifted her head, but not before she trailed the flat of her tongue across his nipple, like she was licking a dab of cream from it. He felt his cock stiffen another inch. Worse, it seemed every inch of flesh on his body was stretched as tight as it could go, as if all his bones and muscles were growing in some kind of freakish *Incredible Hulk* transformation.

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That thought scattered when she reached out her hand and came back with a glob of whipped cream.

She used it to paint her way down his chest and across his stomach, causing the muscles there to quiver, and then went even lower. She returned to the bowl for more of the white topping and liberally coated his penis with a thick layer.

He held his breath and wasn't disappointed. She began licking the sweet from his body a torturous inch at a time. She took her time, cleaning every inch of his creamed skin.

By the time her mouth was hovering over his groin, he was nearly shaking with need.

"You know, I've always had a thing for cherries and cream." She reached up again and this time brought down the bowl of cherries. She looked it over, as if selecting the perfect one, then she chose one and sucked the seed out, placing the leftover fruit right on top of his slit, the only uncoated part of his rod.

It sat there like the top of her own personal sundae for a few humming seconds, then her mouth engulfed him. It was the most amazing experience of his life.

He was desperate to keep control. He would find it again if it killed him. He tried to mentally list the roster of his favorite baseball team, the Atlanta Braves. He couldn't remember a single player's name.

He tried to remember the names of Kerry's high school boyfriends. That, too, was lost in the sensations rocking his body.

"Don't fight it, Bo," she murmured, lifting her mouth from

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his cock. There was cream at the corners of her mouth. When she saw the way he was staring at it, she let her tongue reach out and capture it. “Tasty, but not as tasty as your cum. Let me taste you, Bo. I’ve been starving for another taste of you since this afternoon. I think I’m becoming addicted.”

With that, she lowered her mouth and took his head and then his length inside. Then she reached around behind and smacked his butt. The friction of her working him with her tongue, the suction of her mouth and the sharp slaps on his ass blew his control to pieces. His hips jerked and his hand held her head in place, her mouth hot around his spurting rod. He shouted a name. It was the only name that mattered. It was Kerry.

\* \* \*

Kerry didn’t know what to think as she rested her head against Bo’s sweaty chest. She’d hoped her outfit would have good results. She hadn’t expected quite this good.

She smiled when she thought of ordering the corset on a whim a few months ago from the lingerie store down in Knoxville.

She raised her head and looked at Bo’s face. His eyes were closed, but she didn’t think he was asleep since his hand was stroking slowly up and down her spine. His heart was slowing to a more normal rate. She leaned forward and licked at a trace of cherries and cream that was lingering on his stomach. He pulled her up until her mouth was level with his. His kiss was slow and devastating, and although she was more excited than

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she had ever been, there was something else beating a path through her blood. She didn't allow herself to focus on that something else, however.

"Yum," she said a moment later after their slow kiss ended.

"Yum yourself," he replied. "I don't think I'll ever think of cherries the same way again."

"I'm glad you liked it," she said. She started to move, but he held her in place.

"Now it's your turn," he said and shifted so she was underneath him. Their pelvises were perfectly aligned, and the tip of his cock was just nestled inside her pussy lips.

He had pleased her thoroughly earlier in the afternoon with his tongue and cock, so she shouldn't have been so hungry now. But she was famished. It seemed she had developed an obsession for Bo's touch. Feeling the tip of him just inside her acted like a douse of gasoline on the fire that was her body, and she couldn't contain the sigh of excitement that escaped.

"When I went down on you this afternoon, I didn't think I'd ever seen anything as beautiful as your pussy," he said. His voice was low and soft. She could hear his words, but she could also feel them resonating through her like a seductive pulse. "But your entire body is beautiful. Your breasts have been giving me problems since you developed them when we were twelve. God, I think I've had more wet dreams with you as the star than all my dry dreams combined."

Kerry grinned. "Sorry."

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“No, you’re not,” Bo retorted. “Neither am I. It isn’t just your body that drives me crazy, though.”

“Oh?” Kerry’s voice was serious.

“No. It’s your laugh. It’s the way you smile.” He touched the corner of her lips, which were curving upward now in a smile, with his fingertips.

“It’s the way you push your hair back out of your face.” Keeping his eyes open and demanding she keep hers open as well, he kept his lips a few millimeters from hers and pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear. “It’s the way you make me feel like I can conquer the world no matter what life throws at me.”

Before she could respond, he started kissing her full on her mouth. The kisses started out light, mere brushing of their skin. Then he let his tongue trace the shape of her mouth, before moving just inside her lips.

With each passing moment, the kisses grew deeper and deeper. It seemed every time he drew one response from her, he went for another stronger one. His hands were busy as well, tweaking her nipples and palming her breasts. When, finally, he pulled his lips away, she was breathless.

“I have to be inside you,” he said.

She felt the same. “Take me, Bo. Please. I don’t want to be able to tell where you end and I start.”

He rose so he was sitting with his weight on his knees. He pulled her legs around his hips, with her feet touching the floor. He gripped her the waist and settled her so she fit against his pelvis. His mouth was even with her breasts and

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his chest against her stomach.

But the thing that made her gasp was how deep his cock was reaching inside her in this position. She felt like he was touching every inch of her from the pulsing opening of her vagina to the mouth of her womb.

“God, you’re so big.” She groaned, biting on her bottom lip and tossing her head. “I can’t believe how fantastic it feels with you inside me like this.”

He flexed his hips. It was a small movement, hardly noticeable, but devastating inside her because it sent him another centimeter deeper.

She could tell he was trying to draw it out, to make it last because it was so good for both of them. Kerry bit her lip harder as she tried to keep from falling over the edge of passion hovering just out of her reach. She thought she was pretty successful, right up until the moment he moved his hand and palmed her breast, then took her nipple in his mouth. When he bit lightly on it at the same time he thrust one last time, she screamed as her orgasm stormed over her. He held her tightly, riding her desire and then bit her again just as it was starting to subside.

That last bite sent her hurtling back up the precipice and over the edge. She may have screamed. She could have died. All she knew was one thought echoing over and over in her soul.

*Bo.*

\* \* \*

## *SEDUCING BO*

A long time later, when Kerry could muster the energy to think, she felt the thrill of victory race through her. There was no question the first part of her seduction plan had been successful. Now some of the pressure was off for the next part.

“I’m glad you approve,” she said. “But now I’m going to have to go get dressed since you tore my corset.”

“Don’t get dressed on my account,” Bo said. His eyes were still closed.

She could tell he was totally relaxed and replete. That was good, but she was hoping he’d get energized for the second act soon.

“That’s true, but I’d hate to get arrested when we go out for the fireworks,” she said.

“I thought we did pretty good with our own fireworks just now,” he said.

Kerry laughed and rolled off him, after giving his cock one final quick kiss. She was pleased at the way he reacted to the caress.

“Hey, what’s your hurry?” His eyes were finally open and his hand had grabbed hold of her ankle, keeping her beside him.

“I want to get something on for the fireworks. You can put your clothes back on since I wasn’t as rough on yours as you were on mine.”

The smile on Bo’s face told her he was sublimely unconcerned with the condition of her corset. His words proved it. “Bill me for a replacement.”

“Hah. Don’t worry...I’ll get it out of you, one way or the

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other. Now, move your lazy bones and get dressed. It's later than I thought."

She moved from the living room to the stairs and took them in a little jog. She knew Bo had risen and was watching her go up the steps. She also knew he was appreciating the sight of her bare bottom, so she gave it a little extra wiggle.

She couldn't recall having felt this free in her life, and she'd always thought her self-esteem was pretty good. Fact is, she knew she was beautiful, even if she didn't fit into some Hollywood or New York fashion fantasy ideal. She exercised and considered her love of good food healthy.

That said, she didn't go around flaunting things. The corset, garters and crotchless merry widow were things she would never wear normally. She was more of a plain white cotton panty girl. But the way Bo had responded made her throw all caution to the wind. She felt sexy, and she knew he saw her the same way.

She went to her room and put on her shamrock green shorts and one of her plain t-shirts, a canary yellow. She didn't bother with underwear since she was hoping it wouldn't be needed.

The shorts and tee would keep things legal, in case they saw someone else on the river.

Then she ran a comb through her hair, dashed on a little lipstick, dabbed some perfume in a few strategic spots and ran back downstairs. Bo, wearing his pants and no shirt, was holding a glass of champagne for her.

"Oh, thanks. That's just what I need." She reached to take

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the glass from him.

“Nuh, nuh.” He held it away from her. “You have to say the magic word.”

“Please,” she answered lightly. “Speaking of magic, did Madame Chloe give you a special potion this afternoon?”

Bo got a strange look on his face. She waited for an answer, but the look cleared and he said instead, “I’ll tell you what. I’ll give you until halfway through the fireworks to guess what makes today special. If you don’t, then I get to exact my revenge.”

Kerry felt the tingle of desire his words and the twinkle in his eyes wrought all the way to her toes. She needed to lighten things up in a hurry or else.

“Revenge, huh?” She licked her lips, not in nervousness, but in excitement. “You don’t scare me. I happen to know you’re just an old softy.”

He took her hand and brought it to the front of his pants. “That ought to prove you don’t know me as well as you thought.”

Kerry was amazed at his recovery powers. Truth be told, she hadn’t expected Bo to be anywhere near this randy. Sure, he was in great shape. He kept his body fit by riding his bicycle up and down the mountains. He also took his turn doing some of the patrols on the bicycle, especially this time of the year when the town closed down the Main Street to vehicles for the Summer Fest. But today Bo was acting like he’d just discovered sex or had been in a monastery for the last several months.

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But Bo's stamina was enough to make a girl go weak in the knees and get loose in other areas as well.

"I can see that," she murmured and reluctantly pulled her hand away from him. "Let's just hold that thought until we get to part two of tonight's festivities."

When she felt her nipples hardening under her t-shirt in response to his hot gaze, she shook her head. "I promise. Just be patient. It'll be worth it."

She took his hand in hers and turned for the door. She led him out through the kitchen, which was in the back of the old house, grabbing a picnic basket and a large Thermos that she'd prepared right after work. He took the basket in his free hand and she took the Thermos. She stood on the back porch and waited for him to shut the door, then led the way down the worn pathway leading to the river. Her great-grandparents had built this house on the knoll above the river, insuring they would not have to worry about floodwaters. Over the years, Kerry's family had had many a wonderful summer nights either on their dock, boat or just enjoying the river and all its life. Kerry was hoping to add another memory tonight.

She was a little nervous, which she knew was silly. She and Bo had broken a few records today already. The rest of her plan would be icing on the cake. *Hopefully, literally.* She had walked this path down to the river thousands of times and never before felt this tingly anticipation in the pit of her stomach. It had to be because this time it was with Bo, not her friend, but her lover.

When she reached the dock, she started to step into the

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small rowboat. Bo took her hand and steadied her. She smiled her thanks. Once she was settled, she reached for the basket and Thermos. When she was settled, Bo untied the mooring line and stepped on board.

She reached for the oars, but he stopped her.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” he said. “I’m not going to sit here while you do all the work. Besides, I think you should rest and get ready for...supper.”

His pause before saying “supper” was seductive, and she could see the gleam in his eyes. So she did as he said, watching while he efficiently rowed them away from the bank and toward the middle of the river.

Bo’s body had been a wonder to her from afar for many years and today and tonight she’d had intimate knowledge. But sitting in the small boat and watching the way those muscles worked and moved effortlessly in the simple motion of rowing was nothing short of erotic. The moon was high and the sky behind it was black.

When he finally stopped, they were in a perfect position on the river. The slow, easy current would allow them to watch the fireworks, but would give them the privacy of being away from the crush of festival attendees on land.

“Okay,” she said, “now it’s time for supper. We have to build up your strength after all the exercise you’ve had today.” She hid her smile of desire by opening the basket.

“If it’s anything like desert, I don’t know if I can survive it,” Bo said.

She looked up and smiled at him. “Well, my mama used to

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say you always should save the best for last.”

Bo laughed, but she felt warm all over at the look of pleasure in his eyes.

She lifted the basket from the floor of the boat onto the padded seat beside her, opening the top. She pulled out the meal she'd planned.

“Let me help,” he said, reaching over and covering her hands with his and, at the same time, pulling her down into the bottom of the boat, flat on her back. Her body was so in tune with his that her legs spread and welcomed him between them.

Instead of pulling her clothes off, he contented himself with kissing her. Time spun out for Kerry.

It seemed Bo was content to spend the night kissing Kerry. She relaxed and enjoyed it. His lips were perfect, firm and tender, his bare chest muscular and comforting. Soon though, the kisses were spinning out of control for both of them.

Lips met and parted only when necessary to breath deeply. Tongues met and did a slow, enticing dance, then would retreat in a teasing rhythm.

Earlier his hands had been frantic, groping and pressing, driving her to the edge of pleasure and rushing her past it. She had wanted and needed that. She'd been the same with him.

Now, it seemed he was willing to take his time. This worked for her as well.

She wanted to memorize the taste of him so she'd never forget.

When she let her tongue trace across the edge of his top lip, he shivered. When she used the edge of her teeth on the

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same spot, he groaned.

He was just as effective in learning her pleasure points. A nibble on her earlobe made her quiver. A tiny love bite on her neck made her melt.

He removed her shirt and made love to her breasts. She licked the trail of perspiration from his pectorals.

She unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, being careful to slowly lower the zipper over his engorged cock. She didn't kiss it, but she did let her fingers linger over the tip, finding him hard, hot and just a little damp with his excitement.

He stripped off her shorts in one smooth move and kissed his way over the curve of her belly, letting his tongue play in her navel.

When he moved back up her body, lifting her legs so they were resting against his shoulders and slipped his cock into her wet warmth, they both stilled at the moment of penetration.

Fireworks were bursting into life above them and they could hear the applause and delight of the folks on land. With each rapid burst and explosion, Bo thrust deeper inside her.

For Kerry, every explosion was an echo of her heartbeat, until she didn't know which was which. She looked into Bo's beautiful green eyes and knew she had reached heaven on earth.

## CHAPTER 3

The last of the fireworks had faded on the night sky when Kerry stretched against Bo. “Well, I don’t know what came over you today, but I have to tell you that I’m glad it did,” she said.

“Me, too,” he replied. “You know, I want more than just a one-night stand, don’t you?”

Kerry tried not to get too excited. She had hoped he wanted more, but she hadn’t allowed herself to get her hopes up. Even with his question now, she wouldn’t put too much behind it.

“Well—” she began, not certain what she was going to say to finish the sentence.

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He placed his fingers against her mouth. “Shush. No, let me explain. I love you, Kerry,” he said simply. “I don’t know when I fell in love with you. But I do and have felt that way for a long time.”

Kerry threw her arms around his neck. “Oh, Bo, I’m so glad to hear you say that because I feel the same way. Except I think I fell in love with you when you walked me to kindergarten the first day. If not then, certainly on the day you punched Dennis Connors in the nose for making fun of my breasts.”

“I remember that. Thing is, they were and are impressive. I just wasn’t going to let him make you cry,” Bo said.

“You’ve always been my hero, Bo.”

“I’m not a hero. In fact, I’m afraid.”

Kerry lifted her head. “Of what?”

“Of losing your friendship,” he replied. “That’s why I never made a move before, even though I wanted to so much.”

Kerry frowned. “I understand. I didn’t want to lose your friendship either.” She sighed. “Are you sorry I seduced you?”

Bo captured her chin in his hand so she was forced to look in his eyes. Though the night sky was dark, the moon was full and shining on them as if putting them in nature’s spotlight.

“I could never be sorry about this. Don’t even think it,” he said. When she started to smile sadly, his mouth firmed. “I mean it, Kerry. I know what that smile means. You’re thinking I’m just being nice and saying what you want to hear because of what we’ve shared.”

He flexed his hips against her and she felt the way his cock

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was hardening.

“This doesn’t lie. I’ve wanted you for years and now that I have you, I’m not about to let anything come between us.”

“But I don’t want to lose my best friend,” Kerry said, trying to keep the tears out of her voice.

“You aren’t. All these years I worried about that, but after this morning, I realized that this doesn’t end our friendship...it makes it stronger.”

They kissed and made love again. This time, Kerry’s heart was full of her love and the wondrous knowledge that he loved her as well.

Kerry sighed and leaned her head against his chest. He’d proven graphically just what being lovers who were friends could mean, and she was happy about it. In fact, she’d never felt better in her entire life.

She felt a little trickle of humor run through her. She knew her Bo and she couldn’t let this go without a little jab.

“Well, as I was saying earlier, I’m sure glad I took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and seduced you. As slow as you are, we’d have been in the retirement home before you made a move.”

He rolled so he was on the bottom and she was on the top, then brought his hand down on her bottom in a quick slap.

“Ow, ow,” she cried in mock pain.

“That was for saying you seduced me. I believe I was the one who grabbed you. You thought I was sick or something.”

“Or something,” she retorted. “I just can’t get over what came over you this afternoon. Did my secret angel sneak some

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kind of mojo in your coffee this morning?”

Bo moved and suddenly Kerry was alone on her back again. He stretched and reached for his pants, then fumbled in his pocket.

“Do you have a flashlight onboard here?”

“Yes, in the bow,” she replied.

He fumbled around for a few more seconds, then came back to her, helping her to sit up beside him.

“This is going sound weird,” he began.

Kerry laughed. “Like this day hasn’t been weird already? Not that I’m complaining,” she hastened to add.

“I know. But, well, you were always more into this stuff than I was...”

Now Kerry was getting nervous. Was something really wrong? “Just tell me because I can’t stand the suspense.”

“Do you believe in lucky charms?”

For a second, Kerry was nonplused. “Good luck charms? Like a rabbit’s foot? Or lucky clothes?”

“No, I mean like something someone gives you that has a spell or something on it?”

“Like on *Bewitched*?”

“Shit, this is silly. I shoulda never said anything.”

Kerry didn’t need the moonlight or the flashlight to tell Bo was embarrassed.

“You’ve never had any trouble telling me what you think before. Just spit out what you’re thinking.”

“Okay, but only if you promise you won’t laugh.”

“I promise,” Kerry replied and crossed her hand over her

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chest in the time honored child-hood pledge.

“You remember this morning when I was checking out Madame Chloe’s tent and you radioed?”

“Yes.”

“Well, she asked me who you were and did you mean anything to me. I told her who you were and that we’d known each other forever. Next thing I know she’s giving me this coin.” He showed her the coin in his hand. It had been in his pocket all day. “She tells me it will bring me the passion that has been missing in my life.”

He waited, expecting her to laugh or something. Instead, she was completely silent.

“You think I’m nuts, don’t you?”

“No,” Kerry replied, “I’m thinking tomorrow we ought to go and give Madame Chloe our sincere thanks.”

Bo laughed. “You’re right. I’m telling you one other thing. We’re never getting rid of this coin. That’s a promise.”

## 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.”

\* \* \*

***Don't miss Perfect Bound, by Trixie Stilletto,  
available at [AmberHeat.com](http://AmberHeat.com)!***

*Old as the sands of time, potent as life itself, an ancient relic reaches out from the past to tempt adventurous hearts with promises of carnal delights...and an unexpected gift...*

*Perfect Bound* bookstore owner Livvy has lusted after the yummy professor and archaeologist Rex Hudson since he started coming to her store months earlier but has been too afraid of rejection to make the first move.

The mistaken arrival of a strange fertility statue at the bookstore, however, gives Livvy an opportunity to take the ultimate chance. Can the magical idol bring a businesswoman and an academic together in passion, releasing Livvy's inhibitions and allowing her to fulfill her wildest fantasies?

Or is it really the idol or just their simmering passion driving the future?

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