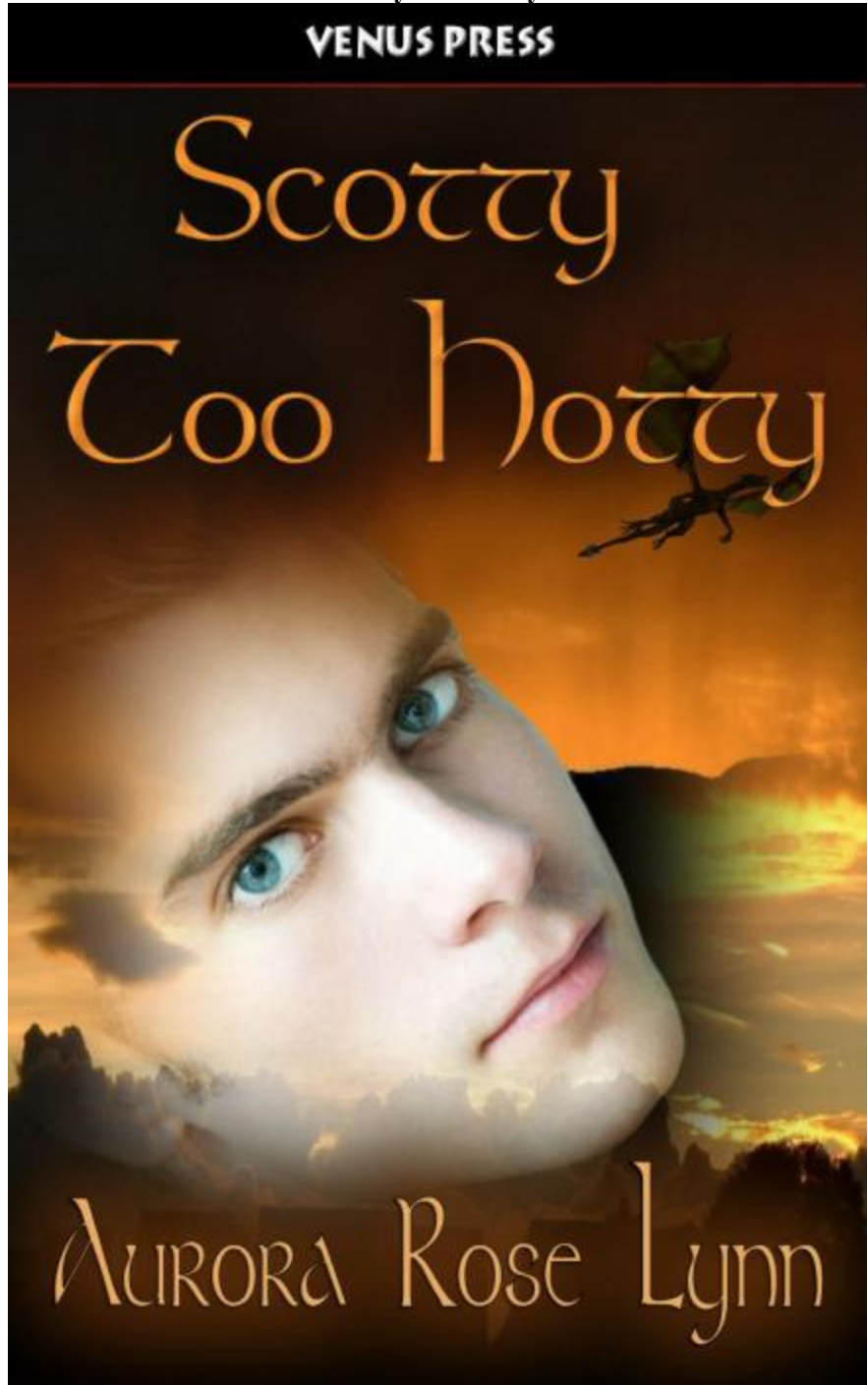


Scotty Too Hotty

VENUS PRESS



Aurora Rose Lynn

SCOTTY TOO HOTTY

By

Aurora Rose Lynn



Scotty Too Hotty

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Chapter One

What kind of guy has a fairy godmother? Seriously.

“So you think you’re too old to have a godmother?” the woman asked Scott.

He gave a heavy sigh as he glanced outside and wished she’d get lost. Except for a scullery maid rushing to the kitchen and several blooming apricot trees swaying lightly in a breeze, the courtyard was empty. He was a prince, not some pansy looking for Cinderella handouts. He was the heir of some principality most folks had never heard about. But that didn’t make him any less a prince. He wore a gold diadem with precious rubies and sapphires. He had real money, real power, and most people hated him since they had nothing of the sort. Scott usually didn’t give a damn.

But he did give a damn when some dame with purple hair told him she was his fairy godmother. “Why don’t you find someone else to pick on?” he asked. “I’m no helpless female sweeping cinders off the hearth for a living. I’ve got more money than you could imagine, more power than you can hold in your baby finger, and what would I need from you?”

She nodded knowingly. “I can see why you’re disliked the world over. You’re an arrogant snit.” She crossed her arms over her ample breasts and stared down her nose at him.

That was where she had a slight advantage over him—she stood six inches taller. However, that was no reason to browbeat a real, blue-blooded prince. “I have a flunky dab toothpaste on my toothbrush each morning. What do you have?” he taunted.

“Power,” she said simply.

“Get out. Like what kind of power can you have dressed up in that muu muu?” If Scott had thought her hair a ghastly color, he didn’t think any less of her shapeless, nylon dress. Huge, neon orange flowers made him want to cover his eyes with a pair of shades, or failing that, to yark his guts out. Dark green leaves with liquid purple knots completed the dress. “When was the last time you had a date anyway?” That was for good measure, so she didn’t think that just because she was taller than his six feet gave her any privileges.

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“I’ll answer those questions in the order you asked them,” she replied, her voice deep and somehow far too masculine for a fatso.

“Yeah, fine, whatever,” Scott grunted. He had things to do. Like find a hot date, preferably a pretty chick with big knockers and no curls on her head, not her pussy. That’s the way he liked his women. A mustache on a woman was a real turnoff. How was he supposed to get a hard-on when all he could think of were the fine hairs growing above his bedmate’s lip?

“This is the kind of power I have.”

Scott’s stately suite disappeared, and was immediately replaced with a stinking hovel. A black and white cow swished its tail back and forth too darn close to his arm. Hens squawked as a teal feathered rooster chased after them. Fat pigs rooted around in the mud and dirt.

Surprised and shocked by the change in his surroundings, he opted to act casual. “So?”

The cow took that time for a bathroom break. Right over the top of Scott’s Italian leather shoe. He jumped back. He leaped out of the way but it was too late. His shoe was ruined.

And he was alone.

“Where did you go, you old witch?” he asked, spinning slowly around in the hope of sighting her.

“Over here, kid.” The woman laughed.

The sound sent shivers down his spine. He stormed outside. The palace couldn’t be far away. The land he knew as his own, inviting, and warm with palm trees waving like tall umbrellas, had disappeared. Instead, aspen pines towered over him and a sprinkle of snow lay on the hard mud. He quivered both with cold and agitation.

“Do you know where you are?” the woman claiming to be his godmother asked.

“Let me get my hands on you and I’ll—”

“Cripes, you’ve got a dirty mouth for a man who was supposed to be raised as a prince.”

“What’s your game?” Scott shouted into the air, unable to see her.

“My name is Gerty. Why don’t you utilize your manners?” Her face appeared above the hovel’s stovepipe. It was the kind of face with its pudgy nose, swollen cheeks beady eyes and thick lips, men normally didn’t hang around long enough to get to know.

“Out here in the cow shit? Who are you kidding?”

“Doesn’t matter where a prince is. He should always conduct himself in a royal manner.”

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“I get it. This is some kind of joke, isn’t it?”

“No, nephew. It isn’t. You asked what kind of power I had. So what are words worth when a picture is worth a thousand words?”

Scott could picture his surroundings all right. Not only did the dump reek on the inside, but it positively stank on the outside too. Wood that needed chopping was piled haphazardly against the faded place.

“As for your second question, when was my last date, it was with your father before he married your mother. God rest her rotten soul.”

Scott had no idea what was going on. Gerty had simply appeared ten minutes ago and now she thought she had a monopoly on his life. He’d never seen the woman before. “Okay, I’ll bite. What does my mother, God rest her rotten soul, have to do with you and my father dating?”

Gerty drew herself taller. “You really want to know, huh?”

“Yeah, spill the beans.”

“Do you know you’re an uncouth lad?”

“I’ve heard mention a time or two. Like in the last ten minutes.” Did this woman have an attitude or what?

“He told me I was uglier than a skunk turned inside out.”

“Wow. He said that?” Scott had rarely heard his father use strong words. In fact, he’d rarely heard his father talk. He was the strong silent type of king who preferred to sit on his throne all day and twiddle his thumbs in lieu of hunting.

“Yup. He said my smoking drove him nuts and I smelled like an ashtray too, but I think he threw that in for good measure, not because he really meant it.”

“So what’s your beef with me?”

“Don’t you want someone beautiful to hang out with for the rest of your life?”

Scott didn’t think now was the time to examine his personal preferences for a lifelong commitment. He figured he had another fifteen years before he became forty, and at that age, he’d have plenty of time to go wife hunting.

“I heard you tell Justine you don’t want to find anyone until you’re forty or so but Scotty, you’ll be an old man by then.”

“Forty isn’t old,” he countered, wondering what was the fastest way to the palace.

“Not really, but I’m trying to force a decision. A man should have a wife and family by the time he’s your age. Or at least getting started with one. Then, when he retires, he’ll have all that childrearing out of the way. Who wants to baby-sit snotty kids when they’re fifty?”

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Now Scott knew the woman had a bad attitude. In polite society, it wasn't courteous to talk about snot-nosed kids or having babies. Or sex for that matter. "I don't want any of those things."

"Did you know that a prince's wife has to have some very special qualities?"

"I can imagine." Like big knockers and no hair on her pussy. Those were big issues with Scott.

"You don't want to end up like the rest of the royal families out there, do you? Getting married in even numbered years, and getting divorced in odd numbered years?"

Scott frowned. None of the royal families did that. Or did they? There was Uncle Henry on his father's side, who had been married—how many times? Two, three, no, five times—and he had twelve kids. Then there was Aunt Lara on Scott's mother's side, who had been divorced two times and was planning to get married again. No matter which of his uncles, aunts, or distant relations he looked at, he couldn't think of one who hadn't been married twice. And divorced as many times too. Okay, so his family had a bit of a problem staying married. What was the big deal? It wasn't as if any one of them went lopping off heads because one divorced the other and got married to someone else. Although arguments weren't all that rare, they mostly happened at the Royal Barbecue in July when everyone met face to face.

"I'm too young to think about divorce. And marriage. Why don't you wave your magic wand and get me back home?"

"To Justine, maybe?" Gerty responded, tugging on a strand of bright purple hair.

"Justine has nothing to do with this." He sighed. Justine was a lovely friend who listened to his problems. She never divulged a confidence. She was neither pretty nor ugly, just a friend he'd grown up with. She made him feel warm all over but she didn't have that particular electric spark he was looking for, the spark that would let him know when he'd found the right woman.

"I'll whisk you back on one condition."

"Anything," Scott said, irritated by the old woman's shenanigans. Princes of the royal blood should never be exposed to pig farms. He drew his jacket closer around him and stepped farther away from a mud puddle.

"Be careful what you wish for, Scotty Too Hotty."

Shocked by her name calling, he wriggled his eyebrows.

"That's right. The women call you Scotty Too Hotty. You're gorgeous and most of them would like to get into bed with you if only to say, 'I slept with the prince'."

That was a slight bit of a problem. All those women chasing after him, some were high-society women, while others were downright ugly and he couldn't care what

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strata of society they came from. One or two times, he'd considered getting married, not for love, but just to deter women from chasing after him. "Get me home," he ordered.

"The condition is that you will search for the right woman."

"Am I not doing that already?" In a slow, haphazard fashion?

Gerty chuckled. "You're going about it in a roundabout manner. But here's the deal. I'll give you a bit of magic, to impress your lady friends, you understand. With that magic, you'll go in search of the right woman."

"And what happens if I don't find the right woman?" Scott calculated he wouldn't really bother. Until he was forty, there was no such thing as the right woman.

"You'll lose the kingdom you stand to inherit."

The old woman spoke the words with such nonchalance, Scott momentarily doubted he'd heard right.

"You'll live in this," Gerty continued. "Wallowing in a hovel next to a pig in bad weather or good."

"I won't stand for that. I wasn't born in filth. I won't let you degrade me like that."

His fairy godmother blinked several times. To Scott's relief, once again he stood in his room in the castle, among fine silks and velvets, among the luxury he was accustomed to. He shuddered at the recollection of standing in filth and mud.

"I'm sure you wouldn't want to lose all this. Although it's far too ostentatious even for my taste."

How could his room be ostentatious to a woman who dressed in a bright muu muu? "What's your gig, old woman?" Scott ground out, quickly losing patience with her.

"You will have one week to find the woman who will redeem you. She has a tiny blue dragon on one cheek."

"Is the search limited to the kingdom?"

Gerty shook her head. "You have one week to travel the world, to find the woman with the dragon."

Scott gazed out onto the courtyard and caught sight of Justine. Her long hair flowed behind her as she hurried from one place to another. One week wasn't nearly enough. "That should be easy. How hard can it be to find a woman with a blue dragon on her face?"

His godmother chuckled again. The sound was less pleasant than before. "Who said anything about the dragon being on her face?" She gave him a blatant wink.

He almost choked. "You're not serious, are you?"

She nodded.

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“How am I supposed to go about finding a little blue dragon on a woman’s ass?”

“Any way you can, Scotty Too Hotty. If you don’t, you’ll lose your kingdom and the luxury you live in.”

Scott groaned. There was no better motivation than that.

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Chapter Two

Justine tucked strands of lustrous chestnut hair over one ear. Who believed fairy godmothers existed? “Then what did she say?” She tried to keep the disbelief from her voice but failed.

“She told me she gave me magic powers.” Scott raked his fingers through his silky hair. The sun spilled into the apartment onto the soft, beige carpet.

Thinking of running her own fingers through his hair always made Justine feel hot—and slightly bothered. Why couldn’t Scott exercise some of his magic on her body? Despite him being the heir to one of the wealthiest kingdoms in the world, he had been her friend since she was six years old. Her childhood years had been better times, when her father and mother had been wealthy nobles. Before her father gambled away everything he’d inherited, then committed suicide, leaving a grieving wife, and an angry daughter to deal with the mess he left behind. Since her mother had died a couple of years ago, Justine had inherited the family title. Technically she was the Duchess of Caldona, but what was the point of being a duchess without a castle and wealth?

She consoled herself. She was a poor duchess but laid claim to a noble title.

“Want a beer?” Justine hoped he wouldn’t stay long. Her body always acted out of control when he was around. When their fingers touched, electric sparks flew. She wondered if he ever felt them. She gave a little sigh.

“Sure.” Scott collapsed on the worn out couch in her one bedroom apartment located in a shabby section of town. “She said if I didn’t find this woman, I would lose everything.”

“Pretty high stakes you’re playing for.” Justine made sure she wiggled her ass as she bent over and retrieved a can of beer from the fridge. If only Scott would see her as much more than a childhood friend. To notice her as a seductive toy he could play with to his heart’s content. Instead, he came up with a cockamamie fairy godmother story. How many women had a small blue dragon tattooed on their ass?

Scott’s eyebrows arched. “Do you think she’s serious?”

Her lips curved in a generous smile. “Have you tried out your magic?”

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“Of course not. I’ve never practiced magic. If it exists, it might be some kind of lethal weapon.”

Justine handed him the beer. As her fingers brushed his, sparks flashed. “Did you feel that?” she asked, hoping he had not only felt the sparks but had seen them arcing from their hands like brilliant sapphires and translucent diamonds.

“Felt what?” he asked, tilting his face upwards.

“Never mind.” If Scott hadn’t experienced the arcing himself, there was no point in explaining the phenomenon. She returned to admiring his fantastic physique. The man was drop dead gorgeous with eyes as blue as a shimmering, clear lake. All the time he spent in the gym, had paid off too. A white golf shirt encased his broad chest but the sleeves couldn’t hide the rippling muscles of his biceps. Neither could his dark jeans hide the massive size of his family jewels. Justine sucked in a breath. Heat seared her cheeks, forcing her to rub the skin with her palms.

“Are you feeling okay?” He gave her a worried glance before he chugged his beer.

“Sure.” She would be when he left. When he wasn’t around, she didn’t have to pretend he didn’t affect her in the same way a crane hit a building. What would get her one-track mind off getting into bed with Prince Scotty Too Hotty?

She got an idea. “What about this magic thing your fairy godmother said she gave you? Does it work?” There was no such thing as magic in the real world. If there was, her father wouldn’t have squandered his money and left her mother to die of a broken heart. Magic was for children and adults who would never grow up.

“I don’t know. What kind of magic could I do that won’t be considered fake?”

Wasn’t that a loaded question? The magic her body screamed for wasn’t forthcoming. “Have you tried pulling a rabbit out of a hat?”

“That’s for kids,” he muttered, getting to his feet.

All six feet of elegant man unfolded. The man just didn’t know how loaded he was with cover model sex appeal.

“Did you try making an object disappear?” Like he really thought his godmother, whoever she might be, could loan him magic powers.

“What’s a good way to go about that? A silent wish or command spoken out loud?”

“I think magic works better if it’s spoken out loud. Why don’t you try that crystal figurine?”

“I thought it had sentimental value. Do you want to see it disappear into the void forever?”

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“I’m confident you can bring it back. From the void,” she countered.

He raked his hands through his hair again, mussing the blonde strands. Even so, there was no mistaking the fact he was a prince. He stood tall, his shoulders slightly back and his eyes seemed to pierce everything he surveyed.

Except her. She gave another little troubled sigh, stood straighter, and made sure her breasts jutted forward in silent invitation.

He seemed to ignore her. Was the man blind?

“Okay. Let’s try that.” He walked up to the crystal figurine of a bathing woman on the window ledge. “I order you to disappear.” His words were softly spoken, not quite his usual confident tone. He covered his eyes. “Did it disappear?”

Justine covered her smile with her hand. Magic didn’t suit Scott. Had his godmother set him up? If she existed?

“No. It’s still there.” For a split second, she considered hiding the figurine to give him the impression it had disappeared but instantly rejected the notion. Wasn’t it enough that his godmother was playing a practical joke on him?

He uncovered his eyes and stared at the crystal. “Do you think magic comes with a handbook?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never heard of one but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist.”

“Drat! I thought magic would be easier.”

“You haven’t even tried,” Justine protested. Scott wasn’t a quitter. His father had placed him in a vigorous day school when he was hardly five years old. Discipline was everything for the heirs to the Vandarian throne.

“Since I’m lacking the handbook of magic spells, what do you propose?”

Making love. Justine strolled up to the window and stopped next to him. The street was quiet except for the occasional passerby, probably shopping or on their way to work. If only Scott could read her mind, he’d know what she wanted more than anything else. She stood near him, her shoulders touching his upper arm. Didn’t he recognize the sexual chemistry between them?

He groaned as a woman in her early twenties strode by two floors below. She walked on the shady side of the street, not in the sunshine. “If only she was naked, I’d be able to see if she has a little dragon on her ass,” she thought she heard Scott say.

Justine gasped. One moment the woman below was wearing a pleated skirt and white silk blouse. The next instant, she wore absolutely nothing.

As she realized that fact, so did the woman. The nude girl shrieked and ran behind a bush as fast as she could.

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Chapter Three

“Uh-oh,” Scott whispered.

“What happened?” Justine asked, dreading the answer. Had his magic kicked in?

“Um, I wished that chick was naked. Then she was.”

Justine crossed her arms over her chest and turned to face him. “You did what?” Why couldn’t he wish she was naked? She wouldn’t cower behind a bush.

“I thought she was really good looking. The kind of girl a guy could have great evenings with.” His eyes met hers. She practically bristled. For the first time since his hormones had rampaged as a teenager, he realized Justine was not only his friend, but also a vibrant, red-blooded female. But he stopped his wandering thoughts right there. Justine was a friend and that’s the way he wanted to keep their relationship.

On the other hand, she was attractive. He noticed her long eyelashes feathering her flawless cheeks. Her wide set eyes, a dark brooding brown, shone like stars. High cheekbones and a graceful neck sat on luscious, hourglass curves. Maybe this fairy godmother stuff had addled his brains. He’d never observed Justine from a sexual perspective before.

She touched his forearm with tentative, graceful fingers. “You’re just doing what any man would do to a pretty woman.”

“You think so?” Scott hadn’t expected to hear that from her. Something felt wrong but he couldn’t put his finger on what bothered him.

“Sure.” She turned away.

He watched her in profile. The strong chin, the lowered eyelids, her hair tucked over one ear to reveal a tiny drop earring. He decided to present her with a gift of drooping diamond earrings with perhaps a ruby or two. Justine would like those. She always liked the presents he bought.

“I better go down and see if I can help her out,” she said, almost on an afterthought.

“I’ll come with you.”

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She flashed angry eyes at him. “No, you won’t. A woman who finds herself suddenly naked in public doesn’t want to be seen nude in a man’s company. It’s not the done thing.”

Justine spun around to leave but he grabbed her arm. “Look. What if I wasn’t the one who did it?”

“Isn’t that what you were wishing for? That she be naked with you?” she spit out.

“Why are you so angry?” What had he done to turn her into a shrew?

“I can’t believe you’d do that.” She slapped his cheek and headed towards the door.

“Aren’t you overreacting?”

“I’m having second thoughts about being your friend. I didn’t know you treat women with such little respect.” She pointed out the window. “Look outside. That poor woman is hurting because of what you did. You and your stupid magic.” She grabbed some clothes from the laundry.

“When will you be back?”

Furious, she turned around. He had the feeling he shouldn’t mess with her. He suspected the consequences could be brutal.

“When are you going to leave?” Her eyes warned him that now was a good time.

“Right about now,” he said, setting his half empty can of beer on the dining table. “Thanks for the drink.”

She crossed her arms over her chest again, a spitting angry Amazon. “Don’t come back until you figured out this problem with your fairy godmother. Got that?”

Scott had no idea how she could dismiss him with such peremptoriness. He was a prince and he had the right to do what he wanted. Glancing at the bikini thongs and the lacy bra hanging over her hand, he chuckled. “I might need some advice and how to handle her. I’ll be back.”

He walked out from her apartment but not before he saw her incredulous expression. Justine couldn’t dismiss him without further explanation. He decided to run downstairs and see if he could get a peek at the naked woman standing behind the bush. Perhaps he could render her his services before Justine rendered hers.

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Chapter Four

Scott paced back and forth in his palace apartments. The day hadn't turned out at all how he'd expected. The naked woman behind the bushes had screamed again, this time adding the words, "Rape! Rape!" although he hadn't done anything of the kind. He'd split before she brought down the law on him. Even as a prince, there were some charges he couldn't fight without high paid lawyers and time in court.

At least Justine had soothed the poor woman. He wondered where the girl's clothes had gone. Were they hanging in some magic closet somewhere?

That her clothes had gone missing, hadn't been his fault. Her skirt, blouse and underwear had most likely gone up in a type of spontaneous combustion.

Dejected, and wondering why being a prince meant so much to him, he glanced out into the courtyard. A woman who needed a diet and a tummy tuck in a bad way, ambled by. He didn't wish her naked. She passed out of sight.

A vision of loveliness, the kind a prince fell in love with some two years later, realized that beauty without brains wasn't his cup of royal tea, strolled by. Her hair was pinned up in a butterfly comb and her tee-shirt revealed creamy shoulders. And what a shapely ass she had. Wow! Now here was the kind of woman he'd want to see naked, over and over.

Presto! Her clothes disappeared.

Not again. Scott slipped in behind the curtain where he wasn't visible. This girl took a lot longer to realize she was nude. Until a groom carrying a footstool ogled her as he marched by.

She reacted the same way the other woman had. She shrieked. But this time there was no Justine to run and give her aid. What was a man to do? He had a hard-on just thinking about what he wanted to do with her. Ineffectually, she covered her breasts and her dark mound with both hands and waddled forward.

Scott couldn't resist. He stuck his fingers between his lips and gave a catcall. After all, a man had the right to appreciate a woman for her beauty, even if she was in a public place. From his distance in the fourth floor window, he saw the woman go beet red.

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He tapped his fingers irritably on the windowsill. The spring day was lovely and he could use a walk to air the cobwebs from his head. It wasn't every day a prince awakened to a fairy godmother in a muu muu standing by his bedside. The memory of the sight made him cringe. He hated orange.

When he was younger, he'd thought of fairy godmothers as wearing pastel greens and blues, as comfortably overweight, much like the tooth fairy. But a godmother who weighed at least three hundred pounds and didn't bother to hide the fact behind black crepe, wasn't really a fairy godmother. She was more like an aberration both in the real world and in the world of magic.

He cupped his chin against his thumb. Now wasn't that an idea? If he wished a gal was naked, then she was. What a novel way to search for the blue dragon on his princess' ass. Ah, if life were only so easy.

Where was the best place to look? If Justine hadn't been so ticked off at him, he would have sought her counsel. He groaned. This fairy godmother thing was really getting on his nerves—and he'd hardly known her for more than a few hours.

Okay. So he was on his own. Where was the least likely place he'd find a princess? In the palace kitchen.

No, that wasn't right. He'd sampled a good many girls who worked within its confines. None of them had a blue dragon on their ass. He'd remember such a thing because most women weren't given to tattooing their bodies. Scratch that location out.

What if he placed an ad in the Daily Vandarian? He could see the newspaper:

Gentleman searching for woman with a blue dragon tattoo on her ass. Only woman with specific qualification and interested in serious relationship need apply. Contact the Prince of Vandaria after eleven a.m.

No, that wouldn't do either. What woman in her right mind would respond to an ad like that? Maybe the gold digging type, Scott disliked with a passion.

What other options did he have for searching for the woman who possessed the blue dragon? He remembered the hospital where he'd had an injury bandaged by a nurse in a very short tight dress. When she turned her back and bent over, she'd shown him a whole lot of pussy. And she hadn't been wearing a stitch so his view had been unobstructed. Now that was his idea of heaven. Should he try the hospital nurses?

No, there had to be something else. But what?

Why not start with the biker chicks? He quailed at the thought of some blue haired punk rocker squeezing his Charley but what was he to do in the name of research?

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“Damn witch,” he growled at his fairy godmother. She had turned his life inside out in a matter of hours. Why hadn’t she picked on some other guy? Perhaps the chimney sweep? He could use a fairy godmother if he lived in squalor. Since when had wealthy men needed the services of a godmother?

Scott angled out the door, into an elevator and downstairs and into his shiny, black Mercedes. He’d tool over to the part of town where the bikers hung out and do some research. How hard could that be?

Chapter Five

The woman appeared to be death warmed over with her full lips painted black and leather on her wrists. She looked as if she started each day by sticking her nose in an electric socket. Her hair stood straight up from her head. A group of bikers hung around the curb close to their black motorcycles lined up one after the other.

“She’s a Goth if you want to know, Mad Dude,” another woman said from behind him. “Best be warned, she’s not too gentle on her men.”

Scott could only stare. Goth Woman was not the type of woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. He couldn’t imagine waking up to her each morning and wondering how he’d screwed up his life. But marriage in the royal family wasn’t a forever thing so if he tired of her, he could divorce her even though the kingdom’s inhabitants wouldn’t be terribly pleased. They loved fanfare weddings but hated detailed divorces.

“Do you have a blue dragon on your pretty ass?” he queried, hoping Goth Woman wouldn’t unleash her fury on him.

She frowned and pursed her lips. She was uglier than all hell. “Why don’t you come here, rich boy, and find out?”

Unease crawled up his spine. He was used to a bodyguard following his every move but the last monkey, he’d ditched a few miles ago. He didn’t normally, knowing he was his mother’s only son and that his life could be seriously threatened. But he could handle himself.

He growled, figuring to match their speech pattern with something equally pointed. “Who you callin’ rich boy?”

Goth Woman slid a leather belt from the loops on her black leather pants. Every generous curve of her body was outlined, leaving nothing to the imagination. A raindrop tickled the tip of his nose. “I’se calling you rich boy, rich boy. Got a problem with that?”

Scott bit back a groan. What had his fairy godmother gotten him into? Maybe if he acted tough like Goth Woman, then he’d endear himself to her—before she trounced

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him off a piece of hard metal and bashed his skull in. Or maybe drove over him with one of those killer mean motorcycles. “I ain’t no rich boy, you floosie.”

That should endear her.

“Uh-oh,” the woman from behind him said. “I don’t think you should’ve called her that.”

“Where’d you get off calling me that, rich boy?” She stomped forward.

Scott suddenly found his neck in the tight loop of a leather belt with Goth Woman’s face mere inches from his. She smelled the equivalent of a crowded bar room. Then she breathed into his face. Ugh.

“I asked you a question,” she murmured, her hand straying to his crotch.

“I wouldn’t touch that if I were you,” he managed.

“Why’s that?”

The crowd drew back. Scott was at her mercy. No doubt about that. “Lemme see. ‘Cause you’re uglier than hell.”

He could have heard a pin drop on the cement sidewalk in the dead silence.

“Uh-oh,” the woman from behind him said. “Now you really dun it. She’s going to eat your wiener for dinner.”

That meant time to split. In a hurry. But how when he was locked in by a group of leather dressed maniacs who looked worse than dead people?

An idea popped into his head. If only he wished Goth Woman was nude, then his problem would be solved. She’d be the laughingstock of her fearful companions.

He envisioned the loveliness below his palace window and wished she were naked, hoping the idea would work.

Discouraged, and not anticipating imminent death, he squeezed his eyes closed and counted to five.

“Hey, Rusty, I think you’ve got a little problem,” a guy said in a deep voice.

Scott ventured to crack open one eye. Goth Woman held the leather belt around his neck, she still breathed stale smoke in his face, but she didn’t have a stitch of clothing on. Not even a piece of leather.

Her breasts were too small for Scott’s taste and she had a massive amount of hair on her mound—sticking straight up just like the hair on her head.

He slipped the belt from his neck, spun Goth Woman around, and checked her naked ass. Nice, shapely ass but no blue dragon. “Guess you aren’t the one.”

Then he ran.

Chapter Six

Sometimes it was nice to have a bodyguard around. Since this wasn't one of those times, Prince Scotty Too Hotty dashed as far away from the mad bikers as he could. Obviously biker chicks were not candidates for Princess of Vandaria. Where would he search now?

He thought of pretty princess Genevieve, a real princess in the next kingdom but one. He'd met her once when she was ten. That was twelve years ago. He'd been sixteen then. Maybe he should check her out. He'd heard she liked to party.

First, he needed a shower after his encounter with Goth Woman. He got back to the palace, showered and shaved and generally made himself presentable. He enjoyed his appearance in the mirror. Strong arms, flat abs, lean thighs. That was exactly what a prince should look like, he congratulated himself.

He made sure to pick a posy of flowers for Genevieve. If he could find the blue dragon on her ass, he'd be happier than any prince alive. In the private jet, he lingered over a snifter of whiskey, the best money could buy. On his laptop, he found a photo of her at a recent gala to raise money for some charity he couldn't remember the name of.

She was quite pretty with a heart-shaped face but her breasts were far too large for a woman of her small size. She had delicate bones and a twinkle in her eye. Much like Justine. Now why was he thinking about his childhood friend when he should be thinking of a novel way to wine and dine a princess?

Scott shrugged. He'd have to forget about Justine, even though she made his dick rock hard. He shifted his cock to make himself more comfortable. What would it be like to take Justine to bed just once? If that didn't work out, as surely it wouldn't, was the act worth ruining their relationship over? He sighed. Making that decision would be tough, but he probably would opt against a sexual relationship with Justine. She wasn't the type of woman to throw away a lifelong friendship for a roll in the proverbial hay.

When he was with her, he felt like he was at home. He didn't want to lose that. Even if she did get ticked off from time to time. She'd come around, like she usually did.

"We've arrived, Your Highness," the pilot informed him in person.

"Thank you."

Scotty Too Hotty

Scott left the plane. The sun hugged the western horizon. If he was lucky, he'd get Genevieve to go out to dinner with him. The limo made a smooth stop in front of Genevieve's heavily guarded luxury apartment.

He stood under her balcony window and called out, "Oh Genevieve, oh Genevieve. Come down, come down, wherever you are."

Scott observed her chaperon take a peek through lacy curtains blocking out the sunshine. He waited impatiently. If the princess' chaperon was with her, he'd hardly have a chance to see if Genevieve had a blue dragon on her ass. Maybe if he played the same game he had when they were young—pull the panties down when the chaperon wasn't watching. That might work.

The balcony doors opened and Genevieve stepped out. Her pretty face was marred by a petulant frown. "Aren't you supposed to come courting with an orchestra?"

He laughed noncommittally. "I thought Romeo courted Juliet with a guitar in one hand and a box of chocolates in the other."

She scowled. "I think you've got things mixed up. You're thinking Shakespeare, aren't you? Could you have chosen a modern piece to woo me with?"

She was dressed in what any ordinary girl would be dressed in--jeans, and a knit top with a jeweled neckline. Her sandy brown hair rode her shoulders in loose ringlets. She didn't hesitate to blow him a kiss. "I love mixed up princes."

He loved the way her boobs protruded from the material around her upper body. But he didn't tell her that. "I came to take you to dinner. Why don't you get into something comfortable and we'll have a nice night out?"

Scott knew one thing, princes and princesses hated was getting dressed up. That meant hours with a hairstylist and a makeup artist and more hours spent squeezing into a glamorous outfit. "In fact, why don't you come just as you are?"

"Nanny, won't like that much. But I can ask."

"How old are you? Can't you make your own decisions?"

"I could but Daddy the King will get pissed off. You know how it is. A princess must be pure on her wedding night."

"Isn't that a bunch of croc?"

She winked at him. Ah yes. He knew where the evening would end up. She was as pure a princess as he was a prince.

Chapter Seven

He took Genevieve to dinner at a posh restaurant with best food money could buy. A princess deserved no less. “Let’s ditch your chaperon, shall we?” Scott figured she knew all the tricks in the Ditch the Chaperon So I Can Have Fun book. She did.

She told him when she got up to powder her nose, that was his signal to use the restroom too. Then they’d crawl out the window together.

“What happens afterwards?” he asked in a husky voice. He adored the idea of making whoopee with the princess.

“We shack up at a no tell motel and have the second course of our meal.” Her gray eyes shone with mischief. “Are you all set?”

He nodded and pretended to admire his crystal wine goblet as she flounced off to the restroom. Before he knew what had happened, he too was in the restroom and crawling out the window.

There was only one problem. A few feet away, a pair of Doberman Pinchers stood on guard against the retaining wall. As did the chaperon. Scott could hardly tell the difference between the three—they all appeared meaner than a scorpion.

“Gosh, I didn’t think she’d find me out so soon.”

The older woman nodded. “I put a listening device into your purse so I could keep up with you.”

“Where did the dogs come from?” Genevieve asked.

“She probably borrowed them from some old auto junkyard.”

The chaperon smiled. “You’re too smart for your own good.”

Now was the time to use his little trick although he didn’t look forward to seeing the chaperon’s naked butt. She was uglier than the devil. He visualized her naked.

The unthinkable happened. The chaperon’s clothes disappeared leaving her nude and smiling as if she’d won a victory.

“How did you do that?” the princess whispered in his ear.

“An old family trick,” he whispered back.

“What are you two talking about? Talk louder so I can listen in,” the chaperon admonished.

Scotty Too Hotty

“Nanny,” Genevieve said, her voice unwavering, “I believe you left your clothes at home.”

Apparently, the chaperon hadn’t realized she was naked. “I did no such thing. It sets a bad example to the future Queen.”

“It certainly does,” Scott responded, unable to hide his smile. All good things come to those who are too secure in their one-upmanship.

“It suddenly has gotten a trifle cold though.” The chaperon took the moment to look down at herself. Her mouth dropped open. The Doberman Pinchers decided to leave for safer territories with their tails between their legs.

“Oh my gosh!” the chaperon screamed.

“I think that’s our cue,” Genevieve muttered, nudging Scott with her elbow.

They scuttled off towards the prince’s black limousine and as they climbed in, the princess ordered, “Take us to a no tell motel. Okay?”

“Yes, your Royal Highness,” the chauffeur was wise enough to say.

“Now where were we?” Scott heard Genevieve ask.

“In the middle of being eaten for dinner by voracious dogs.”

She trailed a finger down his arm. “Oh come now, Scotty. It wasn’t that bad, was it? All’s well that ends well. Don’t you agree?”

That single touch made his cock come alive. He wanted this fresh-faced princess with a passion bordering on famished. He almost forgot about Justine.

“Cat got your tongue?”

“Almost.”

He had to admit she was quick. He was on his back and his trouser fly was unbuttoned before he could count to three. Perhaps she’d earned the name the “Fast Princess” the tabloids had given her. The woman was insatiable.

“You just lie back, hon, and I’ll give you the ride of a lifetime.”

She wiggled out of her spandex top. Her breasts popped out from the thin material. Scott gladly did nothing. His thick shaft pointed at the limo’s ceiling as he watched her strip.

“That kind of reminds me,” he said, not meaning to break the moment, but in a way she reminded him of Goth Woman. Couldn’t a woman let a man handle things in the bedroom? Or rather when it came to sex? Oddly enough, he no longer wanted Genevieve with quiet so much fervor as he had moments earlier.

Her hair cascaded over her shoulders and across his thighs. “What?” she asked in a bland voice. Her tongue touched the tip of his glans. Again, he felt nothing. Temptation was gone, at the snap of a finger. But he let her play.

Aurora Rose Lynn

“Do you have a blue dragon on your pretty butt?”

She looked up and gazed into his eyes. “A what on my what?”

“A blue dragon on your butt,” he repeated, feeling a tad foolish.

“Why’d you ask? Aren’t you interested in me for me?” She pouted as if trying to get her way.

“Of course I am,” he lied. “But I was asking because my fortune teller said I’d marry a woman with a blue dragon on her butt.” He laid on the flattery. “It wouldn’t hurt to dream it would be you.”

Genevieve frowned. “She’s only trying to swindle you,” she said matter-of-factly.

“Don’t tell me you have a fairy godmother too.” Chances were they shared the same crazy woman in the bright orange flowered muu muu.

She eyed him suspiciously. “You have a fairy godmother?”

“Yeah. It so happens there’s a shortage of fairy godfathers.”

“Is that right?” The princess’ eyes got that ‘deer caught in the headlight’ look.

Scott nodded. What else could he do? He hadn’t known fairy godmothers were a conversation killer.

Genevieve got to her feet, stumbled to the partition dividing the chauffeur from his passengers, and slid the panel open. “Forget the no tell motel. Take me back to my apartment immediately.” She gave the last word with heavy emphasis.

No nookie for this cookie. Scott was slammed back against the seat as the chauffeur, a former racecar driver, pulled a U-turn on the size of a quarter. Or at least the turn felt that way. No doubt Scott’s lower back would ache for several days.

Hurriedly, she pulled on her spandex top, hiding her luscious breasts. “I never thought a prince could be a nut. But you proved me wrong. You’re crazier than a grape locked up in solitary confinement.”

“The analogy doesn’t do anything for me,” Scott drawled. “Could you rephrase that?”

“I won’t do anything of the sort. Tell your driver to speed this buggy up, will you?”

He hadn’t seen the hurry a moment ago. His cock was flaccid. Pretending nothing was wrong, he sat up and zipped his fly. Were all women so fickle? One moment Genevieve had wanted sex, the next she wanted to go home.

The limousine pulled to a fast but smooth stop. Genevieve didn’t wait for the driver to come around and open the door for her. She clambered out onto the sidewalk.

Scotty Too Hotty

Scott followed her across the seat but didn't get out. "Can you tell me one thing?"

The princess spun around. "What?"

"Do you have a blue dragon on your ass?" He waited anxiously. Either she would tell him or she wouldn't.

She began to walk away.

"Come on," he prompted. "Either yes or no." He decided this little blue dragon business wasn't for wimps.

She didn't turn around but halted. Abruptly, she pulled down her pants enough to reveal both her ass cheeks, as smooth as a peach. And bare of tattoos. Then, knowing he'd gotten more of an eyeful than he'd expected, she mooned him.

Then she walked away on stiletto heels.

Chapter Eight

Scott spent the next week traveling across the kingdom. When he thought he'd found the woman who might have a blue dragon on her ass, he wished she was naked. That was his magic, and the woman would invariably realize within a moment she was nude, and run off screaming hysterically. But he found no tattooed dragon.

Discouraged, and hoping his fairy godmother wouldn't show her orange muu muu to his sore eyes, he ended up on Justine's doorstep and rang the buzzer to her apartment. He wasn't a patient man but, to his credit, had exercised that particular virtue all week long without results. Perhaps Justine would have a good suggestion to direct him in his search.

She cracked the door open. Her dark hair was a ruffled mass of soft curls, as if she'd arisen only to answer his repetitive ringing. "Oh, it's you," she said, opening the door wider to let him in.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" he asked. Of course, that had to be the first stupid thing he had to ask, right?

"Aren't you supposed to be tearing women's clothes off in hopes of finding a blue dragon?"

Stepping into her living room, he sighed. "It can't get any worse than this, can it?"

The apartment smelled of apples and cinnamon. Justine was dressed in a silky pajama top that barely reached her thighs. Scott's mouth began to water. The woman was one hot number. Why hadn't he noticed before?

"It just did. One of the women you dated last week, is suing you for stripping her, checking her ass, and walking off without fucking her."

Scott drew a heavy breath and collapsed on the couch. "Yeah, I remember that." He twiddled his thumbs. "She just wasn't the type of woman I'd normally date. That's all."

Justine raked her fingers through her hair, leaving the tresses more mussed than before.

Scotty Too Hotty

She looked like a delectable candy, begging to be picked. Yet, Scott reminded himself, he was her friend. There could never be anything more between them other than friendship.

“Do you know the *Weekly Buzz* has an article about you?”

“Ah no, I didn’t know that.” Maybe this was the part where things could actually get worse.

She slapped the tabloid that had been on the coffee table on his lap. “You might want to take a look at that, Scotty Too Hotty.”

He groaned, surveying his leering face watching him from the cover of the tabloid. A gorgeous, blonde-haired woman was bent over and mooning him.

“This isn’t as easy as I thought it would be.”

“Scotty Too Hotty is being replaced by The Prince Who Enjoys Being Mooned.” Fuming, Justine crossed her arms over her chest. “You could keep your dick in your pants rather than screwing every woman you saw.”

“Is this what this is about?” He slammed the tabloid on the coffee table. “I’m sick at the thought I’m going to lose my kingdom because I can’t find the right woman.”

“Wouldn’t that be preferable than being called The Prince Who Enjoys Being Mooned?”

Scott rose. “You’re not really angry at me, are you?”

“I’m so ticked that if you hadn’t been my friend since, well forever, I wouldn’t have let you in. Can’t you men think about anything but sex?”

He sensed his friend was ticked about something more than him screwing around. He hadn’t really. The last week he’d stripped a lot of women but not once had he had sex with them. It just wasn’t right. Some princes could do that, but he wasn’t one of them. He had too much pride to do that.

Although most women loved fucking a prince. Then they’d be able to tell their children that they might be the descendants of a prince.

“What’s really making you mad?”

Justine scowled and her eyes narrowed. “Can’t you guess?”

“Call me vague or whatever you want to but I can’t guess.”

“You’re stupid for a prince, you know. Really, really stupid.”

He inched towards her, hoping she wouldn’t notice. She did.

She backed away. “Don’t take another step closer, buddy.”

He froze, enjoying the way her nipples jutted out from the silky material. Anger heightened the faint pink in her cheeks. “Okay. I agree I’m stupid but why am I agreeing I’m stupid?”

Aurora Rose Lynn

“Let’s just forget this, okay?” she shouted, whirling around and heading for the bedroom.

She didn’t get very far before he seized her by the upper arm. “What’s eating you? Do you have PMS?”

“That’s not funny.” Her hand lashed out and her palm struck his cheek.

He grabbed her wrist before she could hit him again. “What was that for?” His right cheek burned.

“Because you’re an idiot!”

She stood face to face with him. The sudden urge to kiss her overwhelmed him. He bent his head. “I want to kiss you.”

“Why? Because I’ve turned into a harridan?”

“I didn’t say that.” Her velvet lips parted and her breath came in ragged gasps. He swallowed hard, forgetting his determination that friendship and sex didn’t go together in the same way friends couldn’t go into business together—why ruin a perfect relationship by complicating it?

“Then what did you say?” Her eyes flashed fire and he was confident that if she’d had a weapon, she’d have used it.

“I said you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve met in the last week or so. Since Gerty came along and messed it up.”

“She was doing you a favor. Trying to open your eyes so you could see.”

He frowned, taken by just how pretty Justine was. She was soft and tender, and right now she was a bit of a shrew, but maybe she had a good reason. “My eyes are wide open. Twenty/twenty vision, as a matter of fact. So I’m sure you’re wrong.”

“Why don’t you put your foot in your mouth and swallow it?”

“That’s what babies do. However, I know I’d like to suck on something of yours.” Actually, a couple of things. He’d like to latch his teeth onto her clit and then suckle her toes, each and every one of them. But first he wanted to do justice to her hardened nub.

“You would?” she asked, her expression puzzled.

“Ah yeah. I just realized I want to kiss you.” He didn’t wait any longer. He lowered his lips to hers, pliable and willing, and gently sucked on her lower lip. She tasted of chocolate and coffee. He lost himself in the sensation of being torn apart by a hundred feelings at the same time. None of the women he’d almost dated had her charm, her sharp tongue and her willingness to help without asking for a favor in return.

He backed her against the wall and trailed a broad hand down to her breast, weighing the small globe. But he went further. He wanted to know every inch of her,

Scotty Too Hotty

from her graceful neck to the tip of her toes. Somehow, he knew that tasting her once wouldn't be enough, that he wanted to make love to her until the moon fell from the sky. Why did she feel so right?

At first, the kiss was slow and demanding. Scott didn't know how much time went by before Justine sank into his arms, giving herself to him. The kiss became hot and passionate, all the things he ever wanted from a simple action. And that's when the knowledge hit him.

He loved Justine. He had always loved her, from the moment when she was six years old and had fallen out of a tree and cried.

Drawing away, he gazed into her familiar, dark eyes. "I think I just realized something," he whispered, gently cupping her face between his palms. "Ah, but one thing."

The question in her eyes and the pulse beating at her throat made him continue. "I think I love you."

She licked her lips, an act so tempting and seductive he wanted to kiss her again, to sweep her off her feet, and carry her to her bed.

"You think you love me?"

He realized the error in his words. "Slap me again. I do love you."

"Is that because you want to get me into bed and see if I have a blue dragon?" Her eyes widened with a hint of laughter.

"I don't care about the blue dragon. I care about you." Without waiting for a response, he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the queen-sized bed where he gently laid her on the rumpled sheets.

He didn't have time to straighten. She pulled him down beside her then rolled on top of him, swinging her legs over his thighs. "You're such a bonehead," she murmured close to his ear. "I've loved you since the day I fell out of the tree and you soothed my boo-boos."

"I remember that. You scraped your knees and your elbows pretty good."

"But your soft kisses made them hurt not quite so much."

"Really? You never told me that."

"You were the type of guy I knew I wanted to fall in love with. When I got older." She licked the crown of his ear, sending a shiver of anticipation down his spine and into his toes. His cock was harder than it ever had been.

"You're definitely older now," he managed from a choked throat. Did it really matter if she didn't have a blue dragon on her ass or if he lost his kingdom? In Justine's

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arm's, none of that mattered. He would be happy as a pauper, as long as she was at his side.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, knowing that wasn't the most romantic way to propose but the candles, the diamond ring and the flowers could come later.

"I don't know. Can you give me a few minutes to think about it?"

Baffled, he gazed into her face. "Why?"

"I'm not sure I want to be a princess. Look at all the obligations royalty has. Go to state dinners, to charity galas, try to keep out of the tabloids, watch every word they say--"

"You're perfect for the job. You've been doing that kind of thing all your life," he protested.

"Even if I don't have a blue dragon?"

He knew she observed him closely but he didn't care. "Even if you don't have a blue dragon tattooed on your ass."

"But I still need time to think."

When she pressed her crotch against his straining cock, he forgot about marriage. He had only one thing on his mind. And that was to sink into her wet channel. He couldn't have been hotter if he'd been in the middle of a fire.

She unzipped his trousers and groaned when his cock sprang free from his briefs. "You know what I need?"

He grinned, figuring he knew what she was about to say.

"A man to fuck my brains out."

That wasn't quite what he'd had in mind but that would do. He rolled her over onto her back, careful not to crush her.

"What are you doing?" she queried.

"Making love to you like a prince should."

She giggled. "I didn't know a prince had a predefined way of making love."

"He doesn't but you deserve the very best." He slipped his fingers between the elastic of her panties and her wonderfully smooth skin. When his index finger slipped into her sheath, she was warm and wet and ready.

"Can you scratch what I just said?"

"About?" she hinted, still laughing.

"About doing you the way you deserve. I think I'll explode if I don't get inside you fast."

She giggled again, a pleasant sound after all the women he'd heard guffaw.

Scotty Too Hotty

He ripped her panties away and edged her legs apart before he shucked his trousers. Being between her legs was pure bliss. He tipped his cock into her warm wetness and slid into her inch by inch.

She moaned as he reached her innermost core. Then, fool that he was, he realized she was still a virgin. She'd waited for him all these years.

He stopped moving. "How could I have been so stupid?"

"Does it matter?" she asked, raking her fingers through the fine hairs on his chest.

"To me it does."

She laughed again. "What are you waiting for? Can you fuck me?"

She rocked her hips back and forth as he began to move, plunging in and out of her vagina. When she ran her fingernails down his muscled back, he cried out. There was no holding back now.

Their bodies moved with a rhythm made just for them. The apartment around them vanished and all he knew was the pleasure of sinking into Justine's warmth.

When her orgasm hit hard, he couldn't hold back. His movements in and out were so fast, and his heart thudded so loud, Scott thought he'd be swept away into the ocean on a wave of pure passion. The roar in his ears became louder. Then the world tore apart into fragments of dazzling fireworks and sparkling lights.

Chapter Nine

His breathing came in huge gasps as he collapsed beside Justine. She had closed her eyes and her chest rose and fell with her harsh breaths.

“Now will you tell me if you’ll marry me?”

She turned to him and opened her eyes. Once again, he noted what a fool he was, that he’d never noticed how much love she showed him. “I’m not sure you’re ready to hear the answer.”

“You don’t think so? Are you going to turn me down?”

“Maybe.” Her tone was serious.

He hadn’t come this far to lose her. “I know I’ll lose my kingdom, but I realize I don’t care. All I want is to have you by my side. We’ll grow old together in each other’s company.”

“And have children?” She stroked his cheek with gentle fingers.

“A dozen if you want. I’ll get a job. I promise I’ll support you and my family the best way I know how.” That would take some doing but he could learn a trade. He had a mechanic’s touch. Why not work with that?

“I haven’t said yes yet,” she berated him with a hint of laughter. “Make love to me again?”

“What do you think I am?” he teased. “A lean, mean loving machine?”

“No, you’re my Scotty Too Hotty.”

He chuckled and unbuttoned her pajama top to reveal her breasts. The cool air made the aureoles pucker into tight buds. He kissed one and rolled the other between his fingers.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

He gazed into her loving eyes. “Why not?”

“Because you’ll make me explode,” she said, imitating his earlier words.

“Good.”

“Good?”

“Then we’ll explode together,” he managed. “Roll over. I want to make love to you from behind.”

Scotty Too Hotty

She didn't immediately roll over on her stomach. Instead, she kissed him. "Shouldn't you be out looking for your princess with the blue tattoo on her ass instead of fucking me?"

He waved a dismissive hand in the air before he buried his fingers in the silky fall of her hair. "I can live without a kingdom. I just need to learn a trade. What do you think of Scott the mechanic?"

"You've always been good with your hands." Justine's eyes twinkled.

"Let me show you just how good."

She rolled over then, raised herself to her knees, and wiggled her ass at him. "Come on, Scotty Too Hotty. Fuck me but good," she encouraged.

All he could do was stare at her ass in reverent awe.

She turned around with a troubled expression. "What's wrong?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" she asked innocently.

"That you're the one who has the blue dragon tattooed on her ass."

She grinned. "Would you have believed me?"

He sighed. He really was a fool. His best friend was also the princess he'd been looking for. "No, I probably would have thought you'd painted it on."

Justine licked her lower lip. The sight drove him wild with lust. "You want to see if it's the real thing?"

Scott didn't need to check. He should have known he didn't have to search high and low for his princess. She'd been right under his nose all along. "I love you," he whispered. "You haven't answered my question."

"If I'll marry you?"

Impulsively, he kissed her. "Will you take this prince to have and to hold?"

"Yes, but only as long as you take this woman with the blue dragon tattooed on her ass for your wife."

He sighed with relief. "How did the tattoo get on your ass anyway? You don't strike me as the kind of woman who would frequent a tattoo parlor."

Her laugh charmed him. "I was born with it."

"Just the way I was born to be a prince." Scott paused. "And you were born to be my soul-mate."

Justine nodded.

They spent the rest of that day and the night making love. The prince had found his wife, the woman who bore a little blue dragon on her ass. Just for him.

Aurora Rose Lynn

Author Bio

Aurora Rose lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband of four years and a small menagerie of pets. She is published in contemporary, romantic suspense, fantasy, paranormal, and science fiction.

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