



GOOD VIBRATIONS

...When his thumb grazed her clit, she gasped and gripped his shoulders tighter. He slid one finger inside her vagina, then another as she relaxed and opened for him.

Grasping his dick, he guided it inside her as she slowly lowered her body, engulfing him in her wet heat. He clasped her hips and guided her movements as he thrust up and in and out. His need spiraled up and out of control and he came in a rush of sensation.

When the last contraction stopped, he relaxed, dropping his head on her shoulder.

She hugged him and kissed the top of his head. "That was nice."

He winced. He didn't want this to end with "nice." He had a feeling she was more experienced than he was, but he knew one way to take care of her. He turned his head and kissed her shoulder, then trailed his mouth down to her breast and took her nipple between his teeth and tugged gently.

"Oh," she exclaimed.

Still suckling her breast, he moved his hand to her clit and stroked around and over it, feeling her muscles tense. He continued to touch her there, varying the intensity of his touch, gauging her response. When he thought she was close to the brink, he squeezed her clit gently, and she gasped, "Yes." A series of shudders passed through her body until she collapsed on top of him.

He smiled. That was better than nice...

PRAISE FOR GOOD VIBRATIONS

“Ever wonder what the Sixties were like? In *Good Vibrations*, Lyndi Lamont captures the essence of those turbulent times from the viewpoints of two archetypal characters, a wounded soldier newly home from Vietnam and a young woman involved in the protest movements. When these two board the same train, attraction is immediate. They soon agree to make love, not war. The result is some of the hottest scenes a reader will find on wheels! This story jumped off the pages to touch my heart, take me back in time, and make me reach for a cold drink. For a sexy time machine, *Good Vibrations* is definitely ‘where it’s at.’”

—Deirdre O’Dare, best-selling author of *Pickup Man*, *To Protect and...Seduce?*, and *Treading Dangerous Ground*

BOOKS BY LYNDI LAMONT

Dare All For Love

Desperado

Finding Jason

Good Vibrations

Lily And The Gambler

Marooned

Painting Penelope

Prepare To Be Boarded

Seducing The Enemy

GOOD VIBRATIONS

BY

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GOOD VIBRATIONS

AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

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

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*This story is dedicated to my fellow Track 13 authors:
Adrianna Dane, Isabella Jordan, Caitlyn Willows and Trixie Stilletto.
Thanks for encouraging me to leave my comfort
zone and expand my boundaries.*

*Now leaving on Track 13—
passengers going somewhere, anywhere,
away from what was.*

*A journey that will change their lives,
their dreams, their passions.*

*Who knows what awaits at the end of the line among
strangers, lovers, and travelers.*

*Dangerous missions, secret rendezvous
of delicious temptation.*

Next stop? Seduction.

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*Grand Central Terminal
New York City
August, 1968*

“Your train is leaving on Track Thirteen, sir,” the attendant said as he slipped the train ticket across the counter.

Joe grimaced and pocketed it. “Great,” he muttered under his breath and turned to leave. He’d been dogged by bad luck all year, ever since he was shot during the Tet offensive. “Should’ve taken a plane instead.”

He grabbed his duffel bag with his left hand, leaned on his cane with the right one, and headed across the Main Concourse toward the information booth in the center. The place must have been something to see in its heyday, but age and neglect showed everywhere. The huge Kodak sign over the East Balcony blocked the sun and added a note of

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tackiness. Ditto for the model hawking the latest model Cadillac.

He glanced up at the windows and ceiling high above. His dad had come through here on his way home from WWII and raved about the station. “Don’t forget to look at the ceiling,” he’d told Joe over the phone just the other day. Joe glanced up, but the mural of the heavens was dimmed by years of grime. Yet another difference between his homecoming and his dad’s.

The station wasn’t crowded. Hell, the few people there seemed lost in the cavernous space, but he was aware of the stares that followed his slow progress. He hobbled along, back rigid and eyes straight ahead. He hated the stares. Some were merely curious, others hostile. Worst of all was the pity he saw in some faces.

It would have been just as bad at the airport, he told himself. Worse maybe, since there would be more people and a longer walk. And there was no way in hell he could bend his injured leg enough to sit in an airplane seat. The train should be better.

He hated wearing his uniform in public, but he’d had no choice. Not if he wanted his military discount. Besides, all his civvies were at home in Chicago. Along with his huge family eagerly waiting to welcome their wounded hero home. They’d shower him with love and attention and food until he was ready to scream. He loved the hell out of them, but his loving, smothering family was one of the reasons he’d joined the army after finishing college.

When he arrived at the gate area, he checked in with the New York Central conductor for his train ticket, then stood in line to check in with the Pullman porter. He’d reserved a roomette, a small second-class sleeping room for one person, insuring space to stretch his leg and privacy for most of the journey.

“Do you have any checked baggage?” a porter asked.

“No, just my duffel bag,” Joe replied.

“I can take that for you, sir.”

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Joe handed over the bag and told the porter his room number. He could manage the bag, but the porter probably needed the work. Not many people took the trains any more.

He turned to head toward Track Thirteen and saw her. It was hard to miss her—from the top of her head, covered with wavy red hair, to the impossibly long legs revealed by her short tan wraparound skirt. His breath caught as he surveyed her. A finer example of American womanhood he'd not seen in years. She was tall, only three or four inches shorter than his five-eleven. She turned and saw him and smiled. He nodded and smiled back, his heart suddenly racing. Hers was the first friendly face he'd seen all day. He read no curiosity, no hostility, no pity in her expression, just open friendliness.

He headed down the walkway and she fell into step with him, letting the other passengers rush by them. They walked in silence for a few minutes, while he tried not to stare at her breasts as they swayed gently with her every step. He was pretty sure she wasn't wearing a bra under the embroidered peasant blouse that had slipped off one shoulder.

God bless America. Land of free love and home of the braless.

"Are you headed for Chicago, too?" she asked, her New York accent obvious. So much for any hopes he'd had that she might live close by.

"Yep," he replied. *Brilliant, Joe. Careful you don't dazzle her too much with your wit.*

"This is my first long train ride," she confided. "I took the train to Washington, D.C. last fall, but that's a short trip. I always wanted to ride one of the deluxe trains, like the Twentieth Century Limited."

"Me, too," Joe said. "I didn't know they'd stopped running it until I called to book."

She flashed him a surprised look. "I thought everyone knew it ended last December."

"Yeah, well..." He started to say he was in 'Nam then, but shut his

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mouth. Since coming home, he'd noticed mentioning the war either ended a conversation or started an argument. "I hadn't heard," he added lamely.

"You don't live around here, do you?"

"I'm from Chicago," he said, "but I've been gone for a while. Heading home now."

"Did you enjoy your visit to New York?"

"Yes," he lied. "I was visiting a friend." *An Army friend who'd ended up in a wheelchair.*

She stopped suddenly and examined her ticket. "I think this is my car."

Joe followed her on board, thankful the platform was raised so he didn't have to climb any stairs on his bum leg. He glanced around and saw a long line of seats, two per side. "You're traveling coach?"

She grinned, flashing a glimpse of perfect white teeth. "I couldn't afford a sleeper, not with tuition due soon."

"Oh, where do you go to school?"

"Columbia. I'm studying journalism."

He took a deep breath and worked up the courage to ask her out. "Since we're both traveling alone, maybe you'd like to meet me for dinner. I hate to eat alone."

"I do, too. That sounds like a good idea."

He grinned, stunned by his good luck. "Great! Why don't we meet in the diner in two hours?"

"Okay."

"It's a date then." He realized he didn't know her name. "Oh, I'm Joe Marcellino. What's your name?"

She smiled. "Sonia McCafferty, but everyone calls me Sunny."

"Yeah? Sounds like there's a story there."

She laughed. "A very short one."

"I'll see you later then."

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Joe smiled to himself as he turned and headed into the next car, still searching for his accommodations. Maybe his luck was changing. He hadn't had dinner with a beautiful girl in over a year.

* * *

Sunny stood for a moment and watched the darkly handsome soldier walk away, still leaning on his cane. He must have been wounded in Vietnam, but at least he'd made it home. *Unlike so many others...*

She frowned. It was stupid of her to agree to meet him for dinner. When he found out she was headed to Chicago for the anti-war protests at the Democratic Convention, he might not want anything to do with her.

It was the craziest thing. She hated the war, yet there was something about a man in a uniform that called to her on a basic level. Who was she kidding? Those uniforms were designed to make a man look sexy as hell, and the guy she'd just met fit the bill. He was about six feet tall, with dark hair and dreamy blue eyes, and, despite his limp, he appeared to be lean and fit. His uniform didn't have any stripes on the sleeves, so she thought he might even be an officer, but she never could figure out the military insignias.

She settled in her seat just as the train started to pull out of the station and into the tunnel. Alone in the dark, she thought back to the first time she'd seen Gary in his uniform. He'd looked so handsome, yet the sight had brought tears to her eyes. She'd begged him to go to college, get a deferment, but he'd wanted to work instead. A year after graduation, he'd received his draft notice. Nine months later, he returned from Vietnam in a body bag.

Sunny brushed away the tear running down her face. That had been two years ago, and she should be over her grief. But she was still not over her anger. She hated the war. Hated what it had done to Gary and all the other young men who'd died or been wounded over there. The

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soldier she'd talked to earlier had been lucky to come home with just a bad leg.

That was why she had to protest, even though he would be there. Professor Keith Davis, brilliant teacher, fiery protester, passionate lover...and married man. The hurt of his betrayal ate at her insides. She'd given herself to him in a vain attempt to expunge her grief. She'd held back nothing, and he'd lied about his marriage. How many others of his worshipful students had fallen for his lies?

She'd thought about reporting him to the university authorities, but it would be her word against his, and she knew how the system worked. Knew who held the power, and it wasn't the students.

A sigh escaped her lips. *Chalk it up to experience. You're older and wiser now. Stick to guys your own age and you'll be all right.*

She relaxed as the train started to move and let the gentle sway of the train and the clacking of the wheels soothe her.

* * *

By the time Joe found his roomette, his knee was a throbbing mass of agony. He entered the small, starkly-furnished compartment and spotted his duffel bag on the seat. Rummaging through it, he found the bottle of pain pills and limped into the tiny bathroom. He shook out a pill. He'd tried to avoid taking the medicine as it made him drowsy, but he could avoid it no longer. After he filled a glass with water, he popped the pill into his mouth and downed it with a large gulp.

Limping to the main compartment, he moved his bag to the floor, eased himself down onto the seat, then used his hands to prop his leg on the duffel. He leaned back and let out a sigh. His knee still throbbed, but it helped to take the weight off it.

He closed his eyes as the train began to move through the tunnel. The rhythmic movement and the effects of the Darvon soon had him drowsy and he let himself slide into sleep.

The clacking of the rails changed to the whap, whap, whap of

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helicopter rotors. A jumble of images flashed through his mind. The jungles of Viet Nam seen from a chopper hovering over the countryside. The ground rushing up at him after he'd lost control, then sky as his copilot stabilized the craft. Everything faded to the sterile white walls and ceiling of a hospital.

Then she appeared, the pretty redhead with the bright smile and long legs. She moved into his arms, holding her face up for his kiss. He lowered his head to meet her open mouth as his hands roved over her body. Her breast was heavy in his hand, the nipple taut as he ran his thumb over it, back and forth. With his other hand he kneaded the firm flesh of her thigh and butt, then reached between her legs to feel her wet panties.

Next thing he knew, they were naked on a mattress. She was laying on her back, while he knelt beside her. For once, his knee didn't hurt and it was even bent in a way it hadn't been since before the accident. His dick was fully erect and she clasped it with her hand, running her fingers up the back. He let out a moan and pushed her hands away. "Not yet, sweetheart."

He paused a moment to admire her lithe, supple body, from the tips of her peach-colored toenails, up her long, shapely legs, to the triangle of red curls covering her mound. He ran his hands up the sides of her body, reveling in the feel of smooth skin and soft flesh. When he touched her breasts, she let out a whimper and her nipples pebbled under his fingers. He lowered his head, took one nipple in his mouth and sucked on it.

She ran her fingers through his hair and down his back, her nails lightly scratching his skin. He turned his attention to her other breast as he ran his hand down her torso to rest on her mound. She spread her legs, giving him access to her pussy. Her flesh was wet and swollen, ready for him.

He positioned himself between her legs and entered her in one

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thrust. She wrapped her legs around his waist and used them to pull him closer. He thrust and she parried until he came inside her. Spasms shook his body and he collapsed on top of her.

When he raised himself on his arms, the redhead was gone. He rolled over and saw Darlene, his high school sweetheart, staring at him. Her arms were folded over her breasts and she raised one dark eyebrow. “Who are you kidding, Joe? It’s not like you’re a real man anymore.” He fell back on the bed as she turned her back on him and left.

Joe awoke with a start. *Christ, what a dream.*

He leaned his head against the window and closed his eyes. *Shit.* He hated those damn pills.

* * *

Joe stood in the small bathroom in his compartment and studied his face in the mirror. He ran a hand over his jaw, felt the stubble of a five o’clock shadow and decided to shave. Who knew? Maybe he’d get lucky tonight.

He laughed at himself as he lathered his face. Who was he kidding? No girl was interested in a cripple. Darlene had made that clear in the “Dear John” letter she’d sent him while he was flat on his back in the hospital. She’d achieved her dream of finding an airline pilot to marry her.

Joe was supposed to be that pilot, but he’d never pass the physical now.

He took out his safety razor and braced himself against the motion of the train. It had taken a little getting used to, but he was steadier on his feet. Carefully, he ran the razor along his jaw line. He didn’t want any nicks to mar his ugly mug tonight. The redheaded girl had seemed friendly. The prospect of spending a little time with a good-looking girl was salve to his wounded ego.

When he was shaved, washed, and deodorized, he patted a little Old

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Spice on his face, then donned his uniform shirt again. He was as ready as he'd ever be. Grabbing his cane, he left the compartment and headed for the dining car.

As he moved slowly along, the clacking of the train seemed to speak to him. *Gone, gone, gone.* All his plans and dreams had gone down with that helicopter. His dream of being an airline pilot—gone. His plans to marry his high school sweetheart—gone. He hated coming home with his tail between his legs, but he had nowhere else to go, nothing else to do. His grip tightened on the handle of his cane.

Stop feeling sorry for yourself. You're lucky to be alive and with all your parts.

He'd seen the body bags leaving the air base, and in the hospital he'd seen the men with arms and legs missing, struggling to adjust to their losses. Worst of all were the paraplegics. He knew he was one of the fortunate ones. He just didn't feel lucky.

* * *

Joe was first to arrive in the dining car. He found an empty table for two on the west side of the car and sat where he could see the door from the back of the train. He wasn't sure if the pretty redhead would show up or not, but he was hopeful.

Sunny. The name suited her.

A waiter brought him a menu and asked if he was dining alone. He said he was waiting for someone, so the waiter left a second menu and asked for his drink order. Joe desperately wanted a beer, but the doctor had said no drinking while he was still taking his pain medication. "I'll have a bottle of pop," he said.

A few minutes later, Sunny walked through the door and waved when she saw him. "Hi," she said, sitting opposite him. "I see we have a view of the Hudson."

Joe looked out the window and saw the mighty river flowing by in the opposite direction. Late afternoon light glinted on the water. "Yeah,

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great view.” But not as pretty as the girl sitting across from him. He turned back to face her.

Just then the waiter brought his drink and asked if they were ready to order. Sunny ordered a hamburger and coffee, and Joe decided on a club sandwich and a sundae for dessert. He’d lost weight in the hospital and needed the calories.

After the waiter left, Joe leaned back and asked, “Okay, why Sunny?”

She smiled. “My real name is Sonia, but my brother had a hard time saying my name when he was little. He started calling me Sunny and it stuck.”

“It suits you.”

She grimaced. “So everyone says, but it’s hard to be taken seriously with a name like that.”

“Who doesn’t take you seriously?”

She fiddled with the silverware. “Guys, professors, my parents.”

He lifted one brow. “And you think they’d treat Sonia differently.”

She sighed. “Probably not.”

“I kind of prefer Sunny anyway.”

She shrugged. “That’s fine.”

They sat in silence for a while as Joe frantically tried to think of something to say. He’d never been very good at small talk. “Uh, so why are you going to Chicago?”

“I’m going to the anti-war protests at the Democratic Convention.”

Joe stared at her as disappointment welled inside him. “I didn’t know you were one of them.”

“And what does that mean?”

“A peacenik.”

She looked at him steadily. “I’m opposed to the war, yes, but I’m also writing my Master’s thesis on the anti-war movement. I’m focusing on how the war has divided the country and how it has

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affected people. Maybe I could interview you about your experiences in Vietnam.”

Her words were like a bucket of cold water over his head. “So you’re only interested in me as a subject.”

“No. I didn’t say that.” She fiddled with her silverware and stared at him, a pleading look on her face. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“I’m not offended.” *Just disappointed.* “So what do you have against soldiers?”

“Nothing,” she insisted. “It’s the politicians who are to blame. Do you really want to get into this?”

“Hell, no,” he said. “I hate politics.”

“Then, how about we give peace a chance? Just the two of us.”

“Okay.”

She extended her right hand across the table and he took it in his to shake, but held onto it. Her hand was warm and soft, white and delicate, her skin smooth as silk. He wanted to touch her all over, kiss her all over. His dick jerked to life.

“You can let go now.”

He looked at her slightly amused expression and let go, feeling his face warm. “Sorry. I was just thinking.”

Her smile widened. “Um-hmm. I can guess what you were thinking.”

“That transparent?”

“It’s okay. I like you, too.”

His heart leapt at her words. Maybe she’d let him kiss her later. More than that, he dared not hope for.

They shared the sundae, though Joe ate most of it, while Sunny did the talking. She wasn’t exactly a chatterbox, but she didn’t seem to be the shy type. She talked about her graduate studies in journalism, and how she wanted to be an investigative reporter after getting her degree.

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“What about you?” she asked suddenly. “What are your plans for the future?”

He shrugged. “I’m not sure. I’ve been thinking about going to law school on the G.I. bill.”

“Did you always want to be a lawyer?”

“No. I wanted to be a pilot. I got my wish in the army, only it was helicopters instead of airplanes.”

“Can’t you still be a pilot?”

“Not with a shattered knee.”

She put down her spoon and reached for his hand. “I’m sorry. That really stinks.”

He managed a lopsided grin. “Yeah, well, at least I made it home in one piece. That’s more than a lot of guys did.”

Her expression grew troubled. “I know. That’s why I’m against the war. I lost someone over there.”

He squeezed her hand, suddenly more sympathetic with her politics. “Your brother?”

“A guy I dated in high school.”

“No wonder you’re a peacenik.”

Her smile was sad. “Yeah, make love, not war. That’s my motto now.”

“Can’t argue with that.” Oh, yeah, he was definitely in the mood to make love with her.

He let go of her hand and tried to calm his rampaging hormones. It had been a long time, but that was no excuse to act like a horny jerk. Even if he was one.

“The ice cream is melting,” he pointed out.

“You finish it. I’m full. Besides, I’m freezing.” She rubbed her arms and he saw they were covered with goose bumps.

“Didn’t you bring a sweater?” Joe asked.

She laughed and shook her head. “It’s been so hot, I didn’t think I’d

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need one. I forgot about the train being air conditioned. I'll find a blanket to wrap up in when I get back to my seat."

"Sounds like a plan." He scooped up another bite of his sundae, despite the fact he was already stuffed. She was probably in a hurry to get back to her seat and then he'd be stuck in his lonely room. *Unless...*

"Why don't you come to my compartment for a while? I can turn down the air conditioning."

"You have a private control?"

"Uh-huh."

"All right," she agreed.

He pulled out his wallet and dropped some money on the table. When she reached inside her purse, he said, "No need. This is on me."

"I don't mind going Dutch."

He shook his head. "I asked you to dinner, so it's my treat."

"Okay. Thanks."

He gripped the edge of the table and stood, grimacing at the ache in his knee. The damned thing had gone all stiff on him. That was the price for sitting too long.

He looked at Sunny, dreading the pity he'd see in her face, but she was staring pensively out the window. He cleared his throat. "Ready to go?"

She turned her head and smiled before standing. "Ready," she said, taking his hand. Together they left the dining car.

When they reached his compartment, Joe turned off the air conditioning, but the room was quite cool. Sunny still had her arms wrapped around herself.

"Why don't you sit next to the window? It should be a little warmer there."

While she sat, he dug into his duffel, pulled out his Army jacket and handed it to her.

"Thanks," she said, draping it over her legs.

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He sat next to her and put his arm around her shoulders. “A little body heat might help.”

She immediately snuggled up to him, her head on his shoulder and one arm wrapped around his middle. Her breasts pressed into his torso, and he could feel the hardened tips.

“You’re so hot,” she murmured. “Feels good.”

She had no idea how hot he was...for her. He hoped she wouldn’t notice the bulge in his trousers. His dick was getting longer and harder by the minute, pressing uncomfortably against his zipper. Despite the minor discomfort, it felt damn good to hold a woman in his arms again.

The sun had dipped low and the slanting rays highlighted her hair in shades of red, gold and copper. *So pretty*. He rested his face against her hair and breathed in the clean scent, rubbed the smooth skin of her arm to warm her, and was almost content.

After a few moments, she stirred and looked up to smile at him. Up close, he saw gray flecks in her green eyes. His gaze dropped to those kissable lips and he swallowed hard.

What the hell.

He lifted his hand to cup the back of her head and lowered his mouth until his lips touched hers. She breathed a sigh and opened her mouth, letting him explore it with his tongue. She tasted good. Coffee and chocolate and sweet desire.

Without breaking the kiss, he lifted her onto his lap, her thigh pressing against his erection. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back with a fervor that stole his breath away.

He found her breasts with his hand, cupping each one in turn, then lingering to tease one taut nipple through the soft cotton blouse. He’d been right—no bra impeded his explorations. She gasped and squirmed under his attentions.

He broke off the kiss, gasping for breath, and looked at Sunny. Her eyes were half-closed and a slight smile curved her lips. She pressed

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harder into his hand.

“That feels so good.”

“It’ll feel even better if you take off your blouse,” he whispered.

She laughed and climbed off his lap, letting his jacket fall to the floor. “Why don’t you help me?”

He tugged the hem of her blouse and pulled it over her head, revealing ripe, peach-tipped breasts. “Beautiful,” he murmured, reaching up to caress them. He ran his hands down to her waist and paused at the tie holding her skirt on.

“Go ahead,” she said.

He untied the skirt, found the hidden buttons, and let it drop to the floor, leaving her in nothing but a pair of beige bikini underpants.

Hands on her hips, he pulled her close and lowered his head to take one nipple in his mouth, laving it with his tongue.

“Oh, yes,” she gasped, gripping his shoulders.

He tongued one nipple, used his left hand to play with her other breast, while his right hand explored the soft skin of her thighs. He cupped her mound and felt the wet cotton between her legs.

He lifted his head to look at her. “Where do we go from here? I don’t have any rubbers.”

“It’s okay,” she said. “I’m on the pill.”

Relief washed through him. He was rapidly approaching the point of no return. He wanted her—badly.

She reached out to unbutton his shirt. He pulled it off and threw it on the floor. Shoes and socks came next. He stood to remove his pants, but froze after he’d unzipped them and started to push them down. He hated to have her see his scars.

She touched his arm. “What’s wrong, Joe?”

He faced her. “My leg is so ugly. Scarred.”

She stood and took his face in her hands. “That doesn’t matter. I’m just glad you came home safe.”

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He dropped his pants, letting them settle around his ankles, and pulled her close for a kiss. He wasn't sure what he'd done to deserve such sweetness, but he wasn't going to push it away.

When the kiss ended, she ran her hands over his shoulders and arms, then down his chest, tugging at his chest hair. "You're so strong," she said admiringly.

He couldn't stop a proud grin. He'd worked hard to keep his upper body in shape while his leg mended.

Her hands dropped lower, unsnapping his boxers and pushing them down. His dick sprang free, and she took it in her hands, caressing it. When he groaned his pleasure, she dropped to her knees and took the tip of his cock in her hot mouth, swirling her tongue over the sensitive head. His hips bucked and he nearly lost his balance.

Sunny released his cock and steadied him with both hands on his hips. "Steady. Maybe you should sit."

He sank back on the seat, inwardly cursing his weak leg. But Sunny didn't seem to mind. She turned her attention to his bad leg, caressing it with her hands, then tracing his scars with her mouth and tongue. A shudder passed through him. He couldn't stand much more of this torture.

"I want you now, Sunny," he said through gritted teeth.

She laughed and rose to her feet. God, she was beautiful. All smooth ivory skin and womanly curves. He grabbed the waistband of her panties and pushed them down so he could see her mound, covered with red springy curls. She stepped out of her panties and straddled him again, this time skin to skin.

He wasn't sure how much longer he could last, but he wanted this to be good for her. He reached between her legs, along her pussy, wet with her juices. When his thumb grazed her clit, she gasped and gripped his shoulders tighter. He slid one finger inside her vagina, then another as she relaxed and opened for him.

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Grasping his dick, he guided it inside her as she slowly lowered her body, engulfing him in her wet heat. He clasped her hips and guided her movements as he thrust up and in and out. His need spiraled up and out of control and he came in a rush of sensation.

When the last contraction stopped, he relaxed, dropping his head on her shoulder.

She hugged him and kissed the top of his head. "That was nice."

He winced. He didn't want this to end with "nice." He had a feeling she was more experienced than he was, but he knew one way to take care of her. He turned his head and kissed her shoulder, then trailed his mouth down to her breast and took her nipple between his teeth and tugged gently.

"Oh," she exclaimed.

Still suckling her breast, he moved his hand to her clit and stroked around and over it, feeling her muscles tense. He continued to touch her there, varying the intensity of his touch, gauging her response. When he thought she was close to the brink, he squeezed her clit gently, and she gasped, "Yes." A series of shudders passed through her body until she collapsed on top of him.

He smiled. That was better than nice.

* * *

A few minutes later Sunny sat up and stretched. She felt so relaxed after that incredible orgasm. She smiled and rested her forehead against his. "That was fantastic."

"I'm glad," was all he said.

Her legs were beginning to cramp, so she stood, clamping her wet thighs together. "I need to clean up."

He stood and crossed the compartment to pull out a wash cloth and towel. They took turns cleaning each other, using the opportunity to kiss and caress sensitive parts.

When they were clean, he pulled her into his arms. "Stay here

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tonight. The bed isn't big, but we don't take up much room."

"Okay," she agreed. "I'd like to go get my things."

"Good idea. I'll make up the bed while you're gone."

Sunny slipped into her clothing and left the compartment, looking forward to spending the night in Joe's arms. He was a generous lover, unlike some of the jerks she'd been with. She could get used to him. She hadn't had a steady boyfriend in a long time. Not since Gary.

But Joe lived in Chicago and she had to go back to New York in a week. She decided to enjoy her time with him for as long as it lasted.

Sunny stopped in the ladies' room on the way back to Joe's compartment to remove her makeup and brush her teeth. She surveyed herself in the mirror and hoped he wouldn't be too disappointed by her more natural look. Who was she kidding? As soon as she removed her top, he'd only have eyes for her boobs anyway. She grinned at herself. Men were so predictable.

When she reached his compartment, she knocked on the door. When Joe opened it, she discovered the bed took up nearly the entire room. "Gosh, this is an efficient use of space, isn't it?"

He laughed as he closed the door and locked it. He wore only his boxers and she couldn't help admiring his bare chest.

"Not an inch wasted," he agreed. "You can slip your backpack under the bed for now."

"I'd better get my robe out first," she said, placing her backpack on the bed. She removed her robe in case she needed to make another trip to the ladies' room during the night. It was a good thing she'd brought it, since she didn't intend to sleep in anything tonight, except Joe's arms.

She removed her clothes and donned the robe, then stashed her backpack, clothes and shoes under the bed. She climbed on the bed. After shedding her robe and panties, she tossed them toward the bottom of the bed and crawled under the sheet.

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Joe removed his boxers, climbed in and sat propped up against the pillows. When she joined him, he pulled her into his arms. The bed was a bit wider than a cot, but nowhere near a double bed. It made a cozy nest for two.

“Hi,” she said, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Hello, yourself. I was beginning to wonder if you were going to come back. You took a long time.”

She chuckled. “I made a stop in the ladies’ room. Will you get in trouble for having me in here?” she asked.

Joe shrugged. “Don’t care. I like having you here. Which reminds me, where are you staying in Chicago?”

“I don’t know. The hotel rooms were all booked up and very expensive. There has to be a Y or a hostel somewhere.”

“You could stay with me,” he said casually. “My brother’s roommate just got married and there’s an empty room at his apartment. He asked me to move in with him.”

She lifted her head to look at him. “I see.”

“There’s a double bed.”

“That’s a definite plus,” she said. “I’ll think about it. Are you sure your brother wouldn’t object?”

Joe laughed. “Vinnie? If I know him, he’s got women in and out of his place all the time.”

“Oh, a lady’s man, is he? It must run in the family.”

Joe looked surprised by her comment. “You think I’m a lady’s man?”

She smiled. “Well, you charmed me into your bed in short order.”

A slow smile curved his lips. “Yeah, I guess I did.”

“So, what are you going to do about it?”

“I don’t know. You have any ideas?”

“As a matter of fact, I do.”

She pushed down the covers and straddled him. Hands on his

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shoulders, she leaned forward to kiss him, a long, slow, wet kiss that left them both breathing harder. “Yum, you do know how to kiss, sir.”

“It took years of practice,” he quipped. He moved his hands to cover her breasts, running his thumbs over the nipples until they hardened into taut buttons of need.

When he removed his hands, she moaned, “Don’t stop.”

He caressed her sides and butt, pulling her closer. “But I need practice doing this,” he said, just before he closed his mouth over one nipple and tongued the taut peak.

“Oh, yes,” she said on a sigh. The sensations seemed to run from her breast right to her clit.

He slid a hand down her stomach to the needy spot between her legs, cupping her mound. Her inner muscles clenched at the sensations. Her breathing quickened as his fingers explored her pussy, dipping into her vagina and teasing circles around her clit. Tremors of arousal spread outward from her needy core until she convulsed in ecstasy.

When the tremors ceased, she looked down to see him smiling at her. She dropped a kiss on his mouth. “You sure do know how to please a woman.”

His smile widened. “I aim to please.”

“Good,” she whispered. “Because I want you inside me this time.”

They shifted on the berth until they were lying down with Sunny still straddling Joe. She took his dick in her hands and caressed the length from the base to the tip. It responded to her touch, growing longer and harder. She guided him inside her, all the while looking into his blue eyes, now glazed with passion. Feelings of tenderness for this man overwhelmed her. How could she feel so strongly so fast? She lowered her upper body so she could kiss him as his pelvis thrust against hers.

In a sudden move, he rolled to the side, still inside her. She wrapped her legs tighter as he continued the slow thrusts. This time the

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sensations grew slowly within her, spreading upward and outward like a molten river. When her climax came it was less explosive, but just as satisfying.

* * *

Sunny awoke in that gray hour before dawn to find herself lying on one side, one leg thrown over Joe's and her head nestled on his shoulder.

He groaned and pulled his arm out from under her. "One half my body is asleep."

"Sorry...there's not much room here. Maybe we should just get up."

"Good idea."

Sunny crawled over him and started looking for her clothes. "I have an idea. We can go to the observation car at the back of the train and watch the sunrise."

"Okay." He turned up the lights so they could see to dress.

Sunny found her clothes from yesterday on top of her backpack, but her panties were nowhere to be found.

"Leave them," Joe said, as he pulled on his pants. "It'll drive me crazy knowing you're naked under your clothes."

"You, sir, are a pervert," she said with a shake of the head.

He flashed her a grin. "No, just a horny soldier." He peered out the window. "Let's go or we'll miss the sunrise."

It was a long walk from his roomette to the observation car at the end of the train, so they took it slowly. She hoped it wasn't putting too much strain on his leg, but Joe said the exercise was good for him. His leg stiffened up when he didn't use it for a long while.

The sky was lightening as they reached the observation car. Sunny moved to the very end and knelt on a sofa to look out the large window just as the sun rose, sending orange rays of light through the sky. "Oh, how beautiful."

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Joe stood behind her, his arms around her and kissed her neck. “Not as pretty as your hair.”

She laughed. Her hair had to resemble a rat’s nest after last night. She hadn’t had a chance to even brush it this morning. “Flatterer.”

He chuckled. “I like your hair. I’ve always had a thing for redheads.”

“Oh?” His words pleased her. There was a time growing up that she’d hated her red hair.

His hands started to roam over her body, cupping her breasts, then moving down to her thighs. When his hands delved under her skirt, she said, “Joe.”

“No one’s around to see us. I can’t stop thinking about what you’re not wearing under there.”

His hand caressed her thighs, kneaded her buttocks, then delved between her legs. When he found her core, she gripped the back of the sofa. Using his fingertips, he explored her pussy, seeking out each sensitive ridge and valley. He grazed her slit, then used a circular motion around her clit. Her pelvic muscles contracted and her breathing grew more rapid.

She cried out in protest when his hands left her body, then she heard the sound of his zipper.

“Lean forward a little,” he said.

As she did so, he gripped her hips and entered her from behind. She thrust her hips back, taking more of his dick inside her vagina. They swayed back and forth in time to the rhythm of the train as dawn spread its rays around them. He groaned into her ear as he released his sperm into her body. She felt the shudders run through his body. A few seconds later, she panted her own climax.

“God, Sunny, what you do to me,” he whispered before releasing her.

“Tell me about it.” She stood shakily and pushed her skirt down.

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She turned into his arms and hugged him.

He looked down at her, a sad smile on his face. "How am I supposed to say good-bye to you?"

She traced his face with one hand. *How, indeed?* "Maybe you won't have to. Is that offer to stay with you still open?"

"You bet it is."

"Then I accept."

He whooped and kissed her just as they heard the door to the car open.

Sunny peaked around his shoulder to see a porter eying them suspiciously. "Oops, I think we'd better go."

As they left the observation car, Sunny breathed a sigh of relief they hadn't been caught in the act.

* * *

They took a taxi from the train station to the apartment Joe was planning to share with his brother Vinnie. It was a typical bachelor pad, Sunny decided, sparsely furnished but with a good-sized TV and state-of-the-art stereo equipment in the small living room.

While Joe put their luggage in the empty bedroom and went in search of sheets to make up the double bed, Sunny used the bathroom. It was fairly large with an old-fashioned tub outfitted with a shower fixture.

She stuck her head outside the door. "Joe, is it okay if I take a shower?"

"Sure, go ahead."

"Thanks."

She felt grubby after the train ride, not to mention their sexual activities. That thought made her smile. Meeting Joe had been an unexpected bonus, one that was good for her ego.

She opened a cabinet beneath the sink and found everything she needed. Setting aside a towel, she donned a shower cap and stepped

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into the shower. The warm water felt wonderful running over her body. She was tired after the journey and not much sleep in Joe's tiny compartment, but also exhilarated. Good sex could do that to a girl. That was why she'd stayed with Keith Davis so long.

The thought brought her up short. *Was that all it had been?* With sudden clarity she realized her obsession with Professor Davis had been physical, not emotional. Looking back, she now saw how selfish and arrogant he was. No doubt her girlish adoration had fed his enormous ego. *What a jerk.*

Feeling lighter than she had in months, she turned off the water and heard muffled voices from the living room. Joe must have turned on the TV. She towed off, then realized she had no clean clothes to put on. Oh, well, Joe had seen her in her birthday suit before.

* * *

Joe had just finished making the bed when he heard the front door open. He peered out to see his brother come through the door. Joe limped into the living room. "Hey, Vinnie," he said. "How's Chicago's finest?"

Vinnie grinned and clapped him on the shoulder. "Hey, there, little brother. When did you get in?"

"A little while ago. What are you doing home now? I thought you'd be working."

Vinnie grimaced. "I'm on nights right now, though I may get called in any moment if the protests get out of hand."

"That must put a crimp in your social life."

"You have no idea," Vinnie grouched. "Find everything you need?"

"So far."

Just then the bathroom door opened and Sunny walked out, her clothing draped over one arm. When she saw Vinnie, she stopped abruptly, covered her breasts with her arms and backed into the bathroom. Through the closed door, Joe heard her say, "Oh, shit, oh,

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shit, oh, shit.”

Vinnie gave him a thumbs up. “Way to go, little brother.”

“Shut up, Vinnie.” Joe limped to the bathroom door. “Are you okay, Sunny?”

“Besides wanting to die of embarrassment?”

He chuckled. “No one ever died from that. What do you need?”

“Can you bring my backpack?”

After Joe delivered the backpack, he joined Vinnie on the couch.

“Where’d you find the redhead?”

“We met on the train. She’s a good girl, Vinnie.”

“If she was a good girl, she wouldn’t be walking around naked in my apartment.”

“Our apartment. And don’t be such a Neanderthal. Haven’t you heard of women’s lib?”

Vinnie snorted. “More radical ideas. Like all the war protesters flooding the city. Bunch of nuts.”

Joe sighed. “That’s why Sunny came to town. I’ll find somewhere else for her to stay. I can see this wasn’t a good idea.”

“Why? Like you said, this is your place now, too. You can let your Commie girlfriend stay.”

Joe ran a hand through his hair. “She’s not a Commie.”

“How do you know? Did you ask her?”

“No, and you’re not going to either.”

Vinnie held up a hand. “Calm down, Joe. With me on nights, chances of me and Sunny running into each other are slim.”

“All right.”

Vinnie yawned. “Think I’ll hit the sack now and spare your girl any more embarrassment.”

The minute he disappeared into his bedroom, the bathroom door opened and Sunny walked out, dressed in cut-off jeans and a Columbia University T-shirt. By the look on her face, Joe knew she wasn’t happy.

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“How much did you hear?”

“Enough. And, for your information, I am not, nor have I ever been, a Communist.”

Joe held out a hand to her, but Sunny ignored him.

“I told him you weren’t a Commie.”

“I know, but people like that will never understand,” she said. “I’d better go now.”

“You don’t have to leave.”

“Yes, I do.”

“I don’t want you going out there, Sunny. It’s dangerous.”

“It’s why I came here.”

He moved to stand in front of the door, his face set in stubborn lines. “I’m not letting you leave.”

His macho attitude should have irked her, but she found it oddly endearing. “What are you going to do? Tie me to the bed?”

The corner of his mouth twitched into a reluctant grin. “That’s not a bad idea. Then I can have my way with you whenever I want.”

She had to laugh. “As appealing as that may sound, this is something I have to do, and there’s nothing you can do to stop me. I’m free, white and over twenty-one.”

He rubbed the back of his neck. “Now I remember what it was I didn’t like about women’s lib.”

She tapped her foot impatiently.

“Okay, but let me drive you. Vinnie said the bus drivers are on strike.”

“All right,” she agreed.

Joe disappeared into the kitchen for a few moments, then returned with car keys in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. He handed her the paper. “Here’s my address and phone number. Come back anytime, but if you can’t, call and let me know you’re okay.”

“I will,” she promised as they left the apartment.

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* * *

Sunny stared out the car window at the streets of Chicago as Joe drove her from his apartment to the SDS center, located in a church on Sedgwick Street. She felt more comfortable with the Students for a Democratic Society than with some of the more radical members of the movement. And far more comfortable than sharing an apartment with Joe and Vinnie.

She sighed. It was just her luck—the first truly nice guy she'd met in a long time was so wrong for her. They'd managed to put aside their political differences for a short time, but Vinnie's arrival had ended the truce. She'd been able to hold her tongue when he'd called her a Commie. Damn it, she was as loyal an American as anyone. She just saw things differently than some. Why couldn't people agree to disagree and respect the other person's right to her opinion?

He pulled the car to a stop half a block from the church and shut off the motor.

"Thanks for the drive," she said.

"You're welcome." He took her hand. "I hate to say good-bye. We were just getting to know each other."

She swallowed the lump in her throat. "I know, but what's the point? I'll only be here a week before going back to New York. We'll never see each other again anyway."

He shrugged. "You never know. Let me help you with your backpack."

"I can get it." She leaned across the seat to give him one last kiss. "It was nice meeting you, Joe." Before she could change her mind, she jumped out of the car, grabbed her backpack, and headed for the church.

Inside the church, Sunny found one of her friends making protest signs.

Brenda greeted her with surprise. "I thought you weren't coming."

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Sunny smiled at the petite brunette. "I was able to get away after all. How's it going?"

"Great. We found a cheap hotel room, if you want to stay with us."

"Are you sure there's room for one more?"

Brenda hesitated. "Joyce moved into Professor Davis's room."

"Oh," Sunny murmured. "I see he's found another victim."

"What?" Brenda asked.

"Nothing. So I can stay with you tonight?"

"Sure." Brenda tossed her long black braid over her shoulder. "When did you get in?"

"This morning. A guy I met on the train let me use his shower. He said I could stay at his apartment, but I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"We're just so different. I thought it wouldn't matter, but it does."

Brenda put down her paintbrush. "Spit it out, girl."

"He's a war vet, just out of the hospital. We agreed to make love, not war, but it's hard to avoid politics these days."

Brenda cocked an eyebrow. "So you were sleeping with the enemy."

"Joe isn't the enemy. He's just a guy who joined the army to learn to fly."

"So he could drop bombs on innocent villagers?" Brenda asked.

"No, so he could save lives!" Sunny shot back. "He flew a med-evac chopper."

"Oh," Brenda said. "Sorry. Is he a conscientious objector?"

"No, I don't think so." For the first time, Sunny faced the fact that if the army had taught Joe to fly planes instead of helicopters, he might have ended up dropping bombs on people. Or he could have been shot down and sent to one of those hellish North Vietnamese prison camps.

"If we could find a way to make the politicians fight the war instead of sending young men to die, we'd see peace in our time," Sunny said,

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surprised by the bitterness in her tone.

“Right on, sister.”

“Joe really is nice,” Sunny insisted. “I wasn’t so crazy about his brother, though. He’s a Chicago cop.”

“His brother’s a pig? You sure do know how to pick them, Sunny.”

“Tell me about it.” Since Gary’s death, she’d stumbled into an affair with a married professor, casual sex with a few others, and now she’d gone and fallen for an ex-soldier who’d never understand where she was coming from.

“Want to help with the protest signs?”

“Okay,” Sunny agreed.

As they wrote slogans onto cardboard, she thought about Gary and Joe, and what war did to young men. She wished things had worked out differently with him. Despite what Brenda thought, Joe was one of the good guys. Not to mention handsome and sexy. She wanted to wake up in his arms again, feel his hands and mouth on her body, and his dick inside her.

For a few minutes she thought about skipping the protest to go back to his place, but loyalty to the movement won out.

* * *

Each night that week, the police, dressed in riot gear and brandishing billy clubs, moved into Lincoln Park to clear it of protestors. The students tried to stand their ground and some threw rocks, but they were no match for the cops.

Night after night, Joe watched it all on television, filled with horror at what was happening in his home town. Worst of all, Sunny was out there somewhere, alone and in danger.

She’d managed to call a couple of times to say she was okay, but she’d refused when he’d begged her to stay off the streets. He’d rarely felt so helpless.

He paced the living room. There was no way to find her among the

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thousands of people clashing in the streets. And why did he care? He barely knew her, but somehow she'd wormed her way into his heart. Thanks to her, he'd started to feel like a man again. But what kind of man was he if he couldn't protect his woman?

Whoa! Slow down. No way was she his woman, though he'd sure like it if she were. If he ever saw her again.

Damn it, he was going crazy here. He might as well try to find her. Grabbing his car keys, he left the apartment, jumped in his car and headed toward Lincoln Park.

As he drew closer to the park, the streets filled with people and police barricades became more frequent. He tried a side street, but was stopped by a cop in riot gear. It looked like some kind of staging area.

"Move on," one of the cops told him, waving a billy club.

Joe rolled down his window. "Do you know Vinnie Marcellino? He's my brother."

"Yo, Vinnie! Someone's looking for you."

Another cop in riot gear approached, and Joe didn't recognize his brother until Vinnie pulled off his helmet.

"What are you doing here?" Vinnie asked.

"Looking for Sunny."

Vinnie heaved a sigh. "I shoulda known. I think I saw her getting into a paddy wagon earlier."

Joe swore under his breath. "Was she okay?"

There was a pause, then Vinnie said, "Her clothes were bloody, but she seemed okay."

"Shit, Vinnie, what are you guys doing out there?"

"Obeying orders. You should understand that."

Joe bit back a retort. It was one thing to fight an enemy, another to beat up on your fellow citizens, but now was not the time to get into it with his brother. "Thanks. I'll see if I can find her."

"Be careful, Joe."

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“Yeah, you, too.” He turned the car around and headed for the police station, hoping he had enough money in his wallet to cover her bail.

* * *

Sunny huddled in a corner of the cell and rested her throbbing head against the wall. Her eyes were still sore from the tear gas the cops had released, but at least she'd stopped crying and coughing. She touched the knot on her head and grimaced. She probably had a concussion, but it could have been worse. Much worse. All around her were people with bloodied heads and faces.

She wrapped her arms around herself for warmth and wondered if she was in shock. Who wouldn't be after such an experience?

When a cop called her name, she looked up in surprise. “I'm Sonia McCafferty.”

“Come with me. Someone paid your bail.”

There was a chorus of boos as she got up and left the cell, but she didn't care. She'd had enough of this nightmare.

Her heart started pounding when she saw Joe. No one had ever looked better to her than he did right now.

“Christ, Sunny, are you okay?”

“I will be.” *Now you're here.*

“You're covered with blood.”

She looked down at her T-shirt. “It's not mine. I think I might have a concussion, though.”

Joe put an arm around her and ushered her out of the station. “Come on, babe. Let's get you to the emergency room.”

“Just take me home, please. There's nothing wrong with me a shower and some rest won't cure.”

* * *

Eighteen hours later, Sunny woke from a nap feeling more like

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herself. Her headache had receded to a dull throb and she'd managed to get some sleep, despite Joe waking her every couple of hours to check on her concussion.

She yawned and sat up in bed. He'd been so solicitous and concerned, bringing her food, holding her while she slept. Her instincts had been right about him. He was one of the good guys in this crazy, mixed-up world.

"How are you feeling?"

She looked up to see Joe standing in the bedroom doorway, smiling at her. Her pulse rate shot up at the sight of him in a black T-shirt, stretched tightly over his broad chest and shoulders, and worn blue jeans fastened at the waist with a leather belt. "You found some civvies."

"Yeah. My mom kept them for me. The jeans are a bit loose, and the shirt's a little tight, but they'll do for now."

"I like the shirt," she said with a slow smile. "Very sexy."

"Yeah?" he asked, sauntering into the room, his limp barely noticeable without the cane. "You're pretty sexy, too, in that nightgown."

"Really?" It was just a simple cotton gown, nothing fancy.

He sat on the bed and ran a finger around her neckline. "The only thing sexier would be you without the gown."

"Maybe you could help me take it off." She ran her fingers up his arms, enjoying the firm muscles flexing under her touch.

"Be my pleasure," he said, his voice husky with desire.

She lifted her hips to tug the gown from under her, then raised her arms and let him pull it over her head. His admiring look made her smile.

She tugged the hem of his shirt from his jeans and pulled the black cotton over his head. He was still wearing his dog tags. She touched the warm metal, felt his heart beat under her hand. "You're still wearing

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these.”

He covered her hand with his. “My buddies are still over there. This helps me to remember them.”

With her free hand, she cupped his face, his skin smooth from shaving. “You are a good man, Joe. I’m proud to know you.”

He turned his head and pressed a kiss to her palm. “I’m proud to know you, too, Sonia McCaffrey.”

He let go of her hand and pulled her close for a long, slow kiss that promised more delights to come. She slid her arms around his shoulders and pressed close to him, her breasts against the hair-roughened skin of his chest, as his hands roamed over her back and buttocks.

When the kiss ended, he stood to remove his jeans and shoes. “Lie back and relax,” he said, maneuvering her diagonally across the bed. “Let me take care of you.” He lay down beside her and kissed her again as his hand played over her breasts, teasing the nipples to taut peaks. His leg pressed against hers, trapping his hard dick between them.

By the time he broke the kiss, both were breathing harder. He kissed his way down her body, stopping to pay special attention to her breasts, laving the hard nipples with his tongue. Her pussy grew wet with need.

“I want you, Joe.”

His laugh echoed against her diaphragm. “Patience, woman.”

He trailed his mouth down her abdomen, until his head rested between her thighs. His lower legs dangled off the bed.

“What are you doing, Joe? Is your leg okay?”

He ran his fingers through her pubic hair. “I’m fine. Bend your knees a little.”

When she complied, he put his hands on her thighs, lowered his head and placed an open-mouthed kiss on her pussy, making her squirm in delight. He blew a warm breath on her clit, then licked her

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from vagina to clit, sending sparks of need through her.

“Oh, yes,” she panted.

He continued to lap at her as her need grew and her inner muscles tightened. When he pressed the tip of his tongue to her clit, shudders passed through her. She protested when he moved his mouth to press soft kisses to the sensitive skin of her inner thighs. She grabbed his head, making him laugh again.

“Oh, so you want more, do you?”

“Yes, please.”

He used his fingers to tease and stroke her pussy, then eased a finger into her. Her muscles clenched around it. At the same time, he thumbed her clit. She ground her hips against his hand as the sensations spiraled higher and she climaxed in a burst of sensation.

He dropped one last kiss on her thigh, then moved up the bed to pull her into his arms. She trembled in his embrace for a few seconds, then sighed with satisfaction.

She cuddled against him. “You’re a terrific lover, you know.”

“I did a little research these last few days. Vinnie has quite a library.”

Her brows shot up as she looked at him. “Oh?”

He flashed her a wicked grin. “Yeah, sex manuals and books and magazines full of dirty stories. It was the only thing that kept me from worrying about you.”

She collapsed against his chest, laughing. “Leave it to Vinnie.”

She trailed her hands over his chest and abdomen. His dick was still erect and needy. “It’s my turn to take care of you.”

“What? No, you don’t have to.”

“I want to.” She gave him a quick kiss on the lips, then nibbled his jaw line and nipped lightly on his earlobe. Turning her attention to his neck, she nuzzled her way down his throat and chest. Her fingers teased his nipples, then followed the line of chest hair to his groin.

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Draping one hand over his penis, she used the other to lightly tickle his balls.

“Sunny,” he warned with a groan.

She cupped his testicles and licked his nipple, eliciting another groan. She smiled at his response and returned to his fully-erect cock. Taking it in her hands, she gently squeezed it. When she touched the underside, his hips bucked. Lowering her head, she dropped a kiss on the tip of his shaft, then drew it into her mouth and tasted the drops of pre-come.

He thrust up and she took as much of him in her mouth as possible, using her hands to squeeze the base of his rigid shaft. A few more thrusts and he came in her mouth, calling her name as he climaxed.

Sunny moved back into his arms for a hug and kiss.

Joe yawned, then asked, “What do you want to do tomorrow?”

She hesitated. “I should go back out there.”

Joe drew up to gaze at her, a determined look on his face. “No, Sunny, you’ve already had one concussion. I’m not letting you out of my sight. Do I have to tie you to the bed?”

She smiled. “I don’t think that’ll be necessary. I really don’t want to go. Does that make me a coward?”

He caressed the side of her face. “Babe, if you were a coward, you’d have stayed home in New York. You had a taste of combat these last few days.”

A slight shudder passed through her. “Was it like that for you? I was so afraid.”

“Everyone is afraid. Anyone who says he isn’t is a liar or an idiot. War is periods of tedium interspersed with moments of sheer terror.”

She sat up and hugged her knees. “How did you stand it?”

He shrugged one shoulder. “Remember, we were trained for combat. It makes a difference. You just do what you have to do.”

She looked out the window at the darkening sky. “I feel guilty not

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being out there with the others.”

“One person won’t make much difference.”

“If I start to think that way, I may as well give up.”

Joe stared at the ceiling for a minute. “Maybe there’s a better way for you to make a difference.” He turned to her. “Do you still want to interview a vet?”

“Yes, if you’re willing. I’d love to have a vet’s perspective. Maybe I could even interview Vinnie to get the cop’s point of view.”

He hugged her. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

She returned his embrace. “I do want to spend what time I have left with you. Who knows if we’ll ever see each other again.”

“I’ve been thinking of applying to Columbia’s law school,” he said casually.

She drew back to look at him. “Oh, Joe, that would be fantastic.”

He grinned at her. “It would be, wouldn’t it? But for now, what do you say we make love, not war?”

“Works for me,” she said as he lowered his mouth to hers.

LYNDI LAMONT

Lyndi Lamont is the racy alter ego of author Linda McLaughlin, who writes who writes historical and Regency Romance. Since becoming Lyndi Lamont, she has discovered that writing erotic romance is a license to be naughty, and at her age, those opportunities don't come along very often!

Finding Jason, her first male/male erotic romance, made the Fourth Quarter 2006 Amber Quill Bestseller list.

You can write to her at: lyndilamont@yahoo.com

To learn more about Lyndi and her books, you can visit her website:

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***Don't miss Alliance 1: Diplomatic Relations, by Lyndi Lamont,
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