

Changeling Press

Celia Kyle



# **Office of Kink and Karma: Touch Me**

## **Celia Kyle**

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## **Office of Kink and Karma: Touch Me**

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**In a world where Normals and Extraordinaries are constantly at odds, Eric D'Amore is plagued with the ability to sense soul mates. A bit of subterfuge is in order: The Office of Kink and Karma...**

**Josh Martin doesn't care what the Council wants, he's not about to let them turn him into some boy toy. Until he sees Emily's picture. Now he can't wait to get his thoughts -- and his hands -- on her.**

**A touch. A caress. Skin sliding against skin. It doesn't take much more than the gentle stroke of a lover to arouse Emily Stuart, but few men have the patience to really satisfy her. What's a Normal gal to do when she meets an Extraordinary man who can arouse her with a touch born of his mind? Enjoy his every thought, of course.**

## Chapter One

The soft ding of the elevator signaled Eric's arrival at his apartment. His heels clicked on the marble floor as he stepped into the foyer. Such opulence disturbed him, but as his mother constantly reminded him, he needed to keep up appearances. *The D'Amores are a respected family*, she'd say. And he'd nod in agreement, like a dutiful son.

Dropping his keys onto the table, he toed his shoes off, leaving them in the entry and thanking the gods he'd dispensed with the butler and housekeeper long ago. Now he had no one moving things around when he wasn't paying attention. His feet sank into the plush carpeting of the living room and he sighed in pleasure. Padding to the bar, he poured himself a drink. Maker's Mark, three cubes, two fingers... heaven in a glass. After a long day at the office, it felt nice to come home to an empty --

"Eric..."

So much for it being empty.

Eric didn't have to turn around to see the woman standing feet from him. His mind reached out for hers, snapping back when it met the cold wall of her thoughts. He knew what she wanted. Melani wanted what she always wanted, a chance at his millions and a roll in the hay, whichever came first.

Eric began mixing his lover's favorite drink, an apple martini. "Melani, love, I wasn't expecting you today." Drinks in hand, Eric faced his guest, unsurprised by her attire. As always, she dressed to impress... his cock.

Melani, a statuesque brunette with a lithe, lean figure, worked out every day, giving her a body the envy of any woman. But sometimes Eric couldn't remember why he'd begun seeing her. Sure, she held a certain beauty; her deeply tanned skin, bright smile, and pale brown eyes seemed to draw him in effortlessly.

But she was using him. He knew it, and knew she was aware he'd discovered her plans early on. Being a powerful Psi Extraordinary had its benefits. Other than the gift which plagued him daily, he could also read the minds of others. It took one peek into her mind to discover her intentions, and yet he still made love to her, fucked her, whenever she dropped in.

Today she'd stripped down to an emerald green bra and panty set, complete with thigh-high stockings and garters. She was a heart stopping vision dressed in silken lace and air. Breathtaking. While his heart wasn't enamored of Melani, his body couldn't get enough of her.

"I bought something today that I thought you'd like and I wanted to show it off." She arched her brow as manicured fingers slid one bra strap and then the other off her shoulder.

Maybe drinks could wait.

Returning their glasses to the bar, Eric began unbuttoning his shirt, anxious to feel Melani's skin against his. Slender hands snaking around his waist stopped his movements. Her deft fingers popped one button after another before sliding the shirt from his shoulders. Next, she slipped his undershirt over his head, leaving his chest bare.

Melani leaned against him, pressing her now bare front to his back, burning him alive with her touch. Tilting his head, he made room for her questing lips, giving her the space she needed to lick and kiss the skin on his neck. She stroked his chest and his nipples tightened under her assault. She always knew just how to touch him and stroke him to get him aroused.

If he hadn't touched her mind himself, he'd think her ability to arouse him so easily proved her to be a Psi Extraordinary as well, but he knew for a fact she was a Normal.

Her hands abandoned his nipples and skimmed along his chest, down his abdomen, and disappeared beneath the waist of his trousers. His cock, already straining against his boxer briefs, jerked in anticipation. It seemed Eric Jr. looked forward to some

action too. Her small hands circled his erection, squeezing and milking him through his cloth confinement. Of their own volition, his hips pressed forward, searching for more friction, but not finding any.

His lover withdrew her hands and went to work on his belt, then the closure of his trousers. He moaned as she lowered his zipper and the pressure eased. Turning in the circle of her slim arms, he watched in awe as she dropped to her knees before him. Fellatio was a skill Melani had perfected long ago.

Her fingers went to work, slipping his trousers off his hips; his boxer briefs quickly followed until his clothing fell to his ankles. Widening his stance as much as he could, Eric leaned back against the bar as his lover went to work.

One hand encircled his engorged shaft while the other slid lower and cupped his balls. He watched through lidded eyes as Melani eased forward, licking her lips. While he loved having her lips around his cock, she appeared to love it just as much.

A drop of pre-come formed on the tip of his cock as he anticipated the first touch. Her tongue snaked out, flicking and licking away the evidence of his arousal in a split second. At the same moment, her hands tightened around the base of his shaft and squeezed his balls. His knees nearly buckled from the pleasure.

Before he had a chance to recover, her mouth slipped around his shaft, swallowing him to its base as her tongue slid along the vein on the underside of his erection. The arousal which had begun simmering when she pressed against him edged nearer to a rolling boil.

Her assault to his senses continued. Lick. Suck. Squeeze. Her mouth danced along his erection, tempting and teasing as she coaxed his orgasm to burst forth. Hands gripping the bar, he pressed his hips forward to meet each descent of her mouth. Saliva glistened along his cock and her gaze met his. He imagined her smiling as she sucked him, swallowed him with every thrust. Her eyes told him she enjoyed it, loved it.

She pulled back, swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, flicking just beneath the crown. His hips pressed forward, begging for more friction, more... just

more. She wouldn't give it. Instead, she slipped the tip of her tongue over the slit of his penis and pressed. Fuck, he was going to come. Any second now if she kept it up.

In a second her mouth enveloped him again, swallowing his cock to its base, her hand working in conjunction with her mouth, making sure she touched and stroked some part of him the entire time.

Melani sucked as she moaned around his shaft. He could feel her voice's vibrations through his body. The sound skittered across nerve endings as his orgasm slid down his spine and settled in his lower back. Any second now, he'd burst. His balls were drawing up tight against his body. His breathing came in heavy pants.

Her finger sizzled along the skin behind his balls and circled the opening of his ass. *Fuck!* This wasn't something she normally did, but it pushed him over the edge. His seed erupted from the head of his cock and he stared in awe as Melani didn't release him. She swallowed every drop of his come as his orgasm ripped through his body. His muscles tightened and tensed, hips jerking forward as she sucked and milked every drop of come from his body with her talented mouth.

Melani licked his shaft clean before releasing him with a soft pop. Standing, she drew her bra straps into place.

What was she doing? Being an equal opportunity using bastard meant he could still return the favor, even if he had just come like a freight train. "Melani?" he queried, giving her a confused look.

Stepping on tiptoes, she brushed a kiss across his mouth before stepping back. "I'm not your Melissa, Eric. It's time we both accept you don't hold any real feelings for me and move on. You don't love me and I love your money." She smiled, unapologetic.

He shouldn't have been surprised, but he was. Somehow, the scene always played out differently in his mind. He'd break up with the wounded, heart-broken Melani after a farewell fuck. Not the other way around.

Because Melani was right. She wasn't Melissa and Eric didn't believe anyone could replace her. Melissa had been his soul mate and now... He didn't have a heart or



love to share with anyone any longer. Melissa had taken it with her the day she died. "So, I can't tempt you..."

"No, Eric. I'm off to find someone who will love me, just as you should."

"We've talked about this, Lani..."

"I know, I know. But you deserve to be happy, Eric."

"I make others happy, Melani. It's enough."

Melani turned on her heel and stomped away, snagging her dress off the couch as she walked. This was a conversation they'd had repeatedly and it looked like they'd be having it again. Waving her hand at him, she began her tirade. "You use your powers to pair people up. What makes you think you of all people can --"

"Lani, if I can fuck you with my mind, what makes you think I can't read people's auras and sense their soul mate is nearby? If I wandered around with you day and night, I'm sure I'd find the one person meant for you. It's just a matter of time."

"Really?" Her eyebrows raised and he could practically hear the gears turning in her mind.

"Yes, really."

"I still don't understand why you do it all for free."

Now, he truly saw the intelligence behind ending their relationship. Money had always been and always would be at the forefront of Melani's mind. "Because it is a gift, remember? I've had it since the moment of my birth and I won't charge people to make them happy. It's not happening."

"Fine."

Since nothing else was going to happen between the two of them, Eric pulled his pants up. When she slid her dress on and presented her back, they fell into their usual roles; he, the millionaire bachelor fighting to give the world love, and she, the greedy, yet sometimes lovely, gold digger.

Her hand reached up and squeezed his as it rested on her shoulder. "It was good while it lasted, huh, Eric?"

"Yeah, Lani." Pressing a kiss to the top of her hand, he released her and watched Melani walk out of his life.

\* \* \*

Eric observed the shop through lowered lashes, looking for the outer glow which would show him the two people destined to be together. He sensed a match in the small coffee shop; his gut tightened and his pulse quickened. It told him two people with a chance at true love were close, but where?

He scanned the room again. Where was the glow? He looked for the golden light surrounding the two people meant for each other. Even though his body told him the people were nearby, he had trouble seeing the light.

Then he spotted her. The light appeared dim, but there. In animated conversation with the waitress, she didn't notice him staring. Happy he'd found one half of the couple, he scanned the room again looking for her soul mate.

It took him several more minutes to locate her soon-to-be other half, but once he did, it became clear why the light looked so dim. He was an Extraordinary, Psi to be exact. The tinge of blue and lack of green commonly found in Animali Extraordinary confirmed it.

*Well, fuck.*

The problem with a relationship between an Extraordinary and a Normal, or human, was the prejudice surrounding such a union. In the fifties, it had been a separation of races. Blacks, Whites, Hispanics, none of them could socialize. Today, color no longer mattered, but a Normal and Extraordinary couldn't date or marry without the pressure of society staring them down. Just his luck this new couple had to be mixed. Many relationships flourished despite the hate in the world, but just as many died under the pressures.

*Fuck!*

The dim light around this man and woman told Eric this union could never begin without his intervention. But how could he get them together? How could he

convince an Extraordinary to approach a complete stranger and start a relationship with her?

Raising his newspaper to hide his face from prying eyes, Eric stared blindly at the paper as he pondered his problem. Minutes passed and still his mind drew a blank. A conversation from a nearby table caught his attention.

"Did you hear of the new committee the Council of Extraordinaries formed?" a lilting feminine voice asked.

Her companion, a deep baritone, responded, "No. What committee?"

"With all of the tension between..." She dropped her voice to a whisper and Eric strained to hear her. God he might be, but super-hearing he did not have. "Normals and Extraordinaries. They've formed a sort of committee to try and smooth the relations between us and them. I don't think it will ever work, but *something* has to be done."

A committee. They'd need some sort of office to coordinate the different aspects of such an undertaking, wouldn't they?

He continued to listen until their conversation veered away from talk of the committee. He catalogued the information, knowing he could use it to his advantage. Convincing Extraordinaries he operated at the Council's behest wouldn't be difficult. Eric could hire someone to forge any document a person could request. He had millions. Add enough zeros to any request and someone would be bound to accept the job. This was perfect.

He'd set up his own office in his home, the Office of Kink and Karma. Pull and match whichever Extraordinaries and Normals he came across without a problem. Acting as the director of the Office of Kink and Karma, his modus operandi would be to strengthen the relationship between Extraordinaries and Normals.

Eric could pair them under the guise of rewarding humans with a history of promoting harmony between all beings with the kink of their choice. Most Extraordinaries were born with an insatiable sex drive in addition to whichever gift they had. Secrecy over the Extraordinaries' true intentions would be paramount, but it

shouldn't be a problem for individuals who lived their lives in secret. This idea was brilliant!

Eric slipped a business card containing his home address from his wallet and silently thanked his brother for his brilliant idea. When he'd first gotten the penthouse apartment and had women coming over at all hours of the day and night, his brother had recommended a sort of "proof of invitation" card so the doorman would stop buzzing his home at all hours. Who knew such a setup would be perfect for subterfuge?

Folding his paper, he searched the shop for the Extraordinary half of this destined couple, and found him still sitting in the same spot. He strode over, determination in every step.

Bending down, not giving the man an opportunity to object, he slid his card into the man's hand and whispered into his ear. "The Council needs you. Eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Don't be late."

With his message delivered, he left the shop, making a mental list of all he needed to accomplish before eight the next morning. Scanning the female Normal before exiting the shop, he'd read her mind easily and now he knew everything he needed to know. Reading the Extraordinary had proven to be more difficult. He sensed the man held unmeasured power and didn't feel like attempting to peer into his mind in the middle of a crowded coffee shop. Eric didn't want the man to know about him just yet. He had a few tricks the man might not have seen, but in terms of brute channeling ability, he'd bet the stranger had an edge on him.

No matter, the mystery would make tomorrow's meeting much more interesting for them both.

## Chapter Two

Josh checked the business card again, confirming he was in the right place. He still hadn't figured out what exactly *he* could do for the Council, but he wasn't going to stand them up.

Seven forty-five. Showtime.

Taking the elevator, he arrived at the penthouse floor in moments. The doors opened to reveal an opulently furnished apartment. Tapestries from the middle ages lined several walls, ornately carved furniture from the eighteen hundreds formed small sitting areas throughout the main room. The word "garish" seemed too lax a description, but Josh couldn't think of any other way to describe the décor.

He preferred simplicity and understated elegance to outright announcements of one's wealth. If this was the type of establishment the Council chose to house its offices, he wondered where the world of Extraordinaries was headed.

He snickered at the label his kind had slapped on themselves. Extraordinaries? Hah. They were freaks, plain and simple. Powerful freaks, but freaks nonetheless. They came in all shapes, sizes, and abilities, but it didn't change what they were.

A tap on his left shoulder startled him and brought his power to the fore. He focused his mind, pulling energy from the air around him and it coursed through his veins. Like liquid fire it burned through his body to focus in his palms, his channel. The skin of his hands rippled and glowed with the power he conjured. No one had snuck up on him since he'd been a child -- ever. The fact that this stranger, this representative from the Council, could, worried him.

He recognized the man from the coffee shop, but kept his mind focused. He could have walked into a Normal trap for all he knew.

"Whoa! Take a breath and relax."

Josh didn't relax. He should have sensed Eric D'Amore's approach, but didn't. Hell, his senses were still telling him he stood alone in the room, despite the man standing in front of him.

"Who, or should I say, *what* are you?"

Eric gave him half a smile and chuckled as he backed away from him. "Now, where would the fun be then? Ask yourself this though, if you can't sense me, what good do you think your bit of power will be *against* me?"

He had a point. A freak's best defense was their ability to sense the difference between Extraordinaries and Normals. The man before him held so much power he could avoid detection. Josh knew he couldn't stop Eric if the man wanted him dead.

Relaxing his concentration and quieting his mind, felt the pain in his body recede. During any other time, calling on his power wasn't painful, but a huge rush could cripple him if he wasn't careful.

"What am I doing here?" Eric seemed to ignore his question and took a seat on one of the couches, motioning him to sit on the other. He complied, slowly. He kept his hands open and ready with every step.

"Did you read the card?"

Was this guy serious? "Of course I read the card. It has your name and this address. Neither of which tells me what I'm doing here." He let his agitation show in his tone. He wanted to figure out what the hell the Council wanted and get out as quickly as possible. This Eric character seemed content to chatter all day long.

Eric smiled, taking his time to answer. Josh was ready to get up and leave when he finally spoke. "I am the Director of the Office of Kink and Karma. You have been selected as our first operative." Eric held out his hand and a folder appeared in his grasp. "Emily Stuart is the first beneficiary of our office. Everything you need to know about her can be found within this folder."

He handed it across the three-foot expanse separating them, but Josh still hadn't comprehended Eric's words. "Kink and what? This has got to be a fucking joke!"

The director's cool visage didn't falter. "I assure you, Josh, the Council does not joke. Did you not read the recent article in the paper announcing the establishment of a special committee to smooth and promote good relations between Extraordinaries and Normals? The Office of Kink and Karma is an extension of the Council's new committee. Our intention is to reward Normals who work toward promoting equality and peaceful co-habitation between Extraordinaries and Normals with their kink. Extraordinaries are highly sexual beings, are they not?"

The Council had to be fucking crazy. Shocked speechless, Josh couldn't do anything but stare for a moment. "So, let me get this straight..." He looked at the folder in his hand to read the name of his target. "This Emily Stuart promotes equality and peaceful co-habitation between freaks and Normals, so we send her a freak to fuck? I'm supposed to walk up and say 'Gee, I'm here from the Council of Extraordinaries and I'll be your boy toy for the day. Where's the bedroom?' You have got to be fucking joking. Or out of your ever-loving mind. Take your pick and get back to me."

Throwing the folder on the floor, Josh moved to get up. Seeing the picture peeking out stopped him though. He could only see half her face, but by the gods, gorgeous didn't even begin to describe her. The combination of her chestnut-colored hair, honeyed skin and twilight-blue eyes caused an instantaneous reaction. He became hot, hard, and ready in a second.

"As you can see, Josh, we don't make these matches at random. You, not anyone else but you, were chosen to reward Emily. Your personalities, familial history, and beliefs show the two of you are compatible."

He'd stopped paying attention to what Eric babbled on about. He could think of nothing but Emily.

"Josh? Josh, are you listening?"

He cleared his throat before answering. It didn't matter what they asked of him at this point. He just needed to meet the woman causing his body to react this way. "Yeah, yeah. I'll do it. Just... just don't send anyone else. I'll do whatever the Council desires." Anything if it meant getting closer to her.

“Obviously this is a test program. If at any time you feel uncomfortable completing your assignment, just say the word. While we would like these chosen Normals to be rewarded for their work, we don’t want to alienate the Extraordinary population. Contrary to your previous statement, you are not her boy toy. You are simply a facilitator. Your job is to see her deepest sexual desire is met, her kink if you will. Whether you choose to assist in meeting those desires personally or find a more suitable candidate is between yourself and Ms. Stuart. It is of utmost importance you keep your true intentions to yourself. Our office’s existence and purpose is top secret.”

Did the man not hear him? His body burned to get to his beauty. He scooped the discarded folder from the floor, rearranging the pictures and pages within. “Yeah, I get it. She’s my assignment, all this is hush-hush. Got it all. Where can I find her?”

“All of her contact information can be found within the folder.” Eric looked at his watch. “She should just be arriving for work at this time.”

Josh stalked toward the elevator. He’d learned what the Council needed of him and he couldn’t wait to perform his duty for the cause.

\* \* \*

Emily smiled at all of the young, eager faces sitting around her for the library’s weekly story time. Her favorite time of the week. It gave her the opportunity to get in touch with her inner four-year-old and look at the world through their eyes. This week’s story involved a princess in desperate need of rescuing, Emily’s favorite type of story.

Amid groans and whines, she ended the story and sent the kids back to the children’s section of the library. Their small library encouraged parents to gather and chat quietly while letting their kids browse. She’d have to straighten their messes later, but she didn’t care.

She was weaving her way toward the circulation desk, picking up discarded books as she walked along, when a child’s scream tore through the building. Having no children of her own, Emily could never tell the difference between a “give that back” and an “I’m dying” scream.



Dropping the books on the floor she whirled and sprinted in the direction of the screaming child, three-inch heels and calf-length skirt be damned. She pushed her way through the gathering crowd of parents. The scene she stumbled upon made her breath catch and her heart stop.

A father of one of her “regulars” towered over a cowering child she knew as Christopher. The man screamed words she couldn’t understand. Her vision focused on the crying child and she reacted without thought. Not seeing Christopher’s mother nearby, Emily couldn’t stand idly by while some irate father threatened a child.

Shoving her way past the other gawking parents, she placed herself between the raging father and Christopher. She dared him with her eyes to continue. They stared at each other as the seconds ticked by until she broke the silence. “What do you think you’re doing? You’re screaming at a defenseless...”

The father cut her off before she could finish speaking. “Defenseless? You call that freak of nature defenseless? He shouldn’t be allowed in here! The fucking kid grew claws and scratched my daughter!”

She drew in a deep breath and focused on the man. His level of anger seemed unnecessary. Kids hurt each other all the time. Regardless of how his daughter got hurt, it happened. “Sir, you need to calm down. I know Christopher didn’t mean it and if you’ll...”

His yelling interrupted her, again. “Fuck he didn’t mean it! These fucking things shouldn’t be allowed to breed.”

Now she got to the heart of the matter. He was a prejudiced bigot, and Emily didn’t have any tolerance for those kinds of people. “Sir!” she yelled as loud as she could. “You are going to *shut up*, comfort your daughter, and take her home. In that order.” She stepped closer to him, drilling him in place with her eyes. “And you will never return. Do I make myself clear?”

He moved toward her, but she didn’t back down, not even when he raised his fist. “You fucking bitch!”

His fist came toward her face, but she never broke eye contact with the man. She waited for the impact, almost gladly. At least if he hit her he wouldn't be hitting Christopher. Waiting for the impending blow, she saw his eyes widen and he sucked in a quick breath as his face reddened. "What the...?" He looked over his shoulder and Emily followed the direction of his gaze to see someone, *someone*, had finally stepped in.

Emily's breathing slowed, but her heart continued to beat wildly. The stranger, holding the father by the arm, yanked him closer and grabbed onto his shirt. He leaned in close and whispered a few words she couldn't hear before pulling him away from the scene. When she could no longer see both men, she allowed her body to relax. Her muscles, tense only moments ago, protested and ached with the sudden relaxation.

Thrust back into reality by the quiet sniffles coming from behind her, she turned and dropped into a crouch, eye level with Christopher. Holding out her hands, she beckoned to the little boy and he launched his tiny body at her. "Miss Emily." He rubbed his face into the shoulder of her dress.

"Shhh... It's okay, little one. I've got you now." Her heart ached to the point of breaking for him. An Extraordinary -- and he'd gotten his first taste of reality at the ripe old age of four.

She continued to hold and stroke the child under the heated gazes of the other library patrons. None of them would look her in the eye. She didn't care what they thought. A person didn't ask to be born with gifts and they shouldn't be hated or shunned for having them.

Exhausted from the confrontation and frustrated with the people surrounding her, she scooped Christopher into her arms and made her way to the circulation desk. He kept his head buried in her hair the entire walk. A few feet from the desk, Emily heard Christopher's mother, yelling for him.

She turned just in time to see her stricken face. Marlene broke into a run, tripping over a chair and almost crashing to the ground. Christopher turned his head enough to see his mother and his tears poured again in earnest. Emily stroked his back, trying to comfort him as his mother's frantic hands reached for the child.

Releasing Christopher to his mother, Emily turned away, brushing tears from her eyes, and strode off before she broke down in the middle of the library. Bypassing her work area, she made a beeline for the unused office. Closing the door behind her without a sound, she let the dark room envelop her as she slumped into a chair and burst into tears. Hot, angry, frustrated tears poured from her eyes as sobs wracked her body.

Emily cried for every child, every adult, everyone who had to endure the type of hate she witnessed today. No one should be persecuted for being born. No one.

Minutes passed and eventually her tears dried. Wiping her eyes, she jumped when the door opened. She swung her head around, body tense and ready to battle, until she saw her boss, Margie. "Shit, Margie! You scared me!" Her pulse slowed marginally, but didn't return to normal. The look on Margie's face couldn't mean good news.

"Sorry, hon. Didn't mean to scare you." Margie moved into the room and closed the door behind her. The lights were still out, neither woman moved to turn them on. "Em, hon. Why don't you take some time off?"

"But, Marg..."

"No buts, Em. You're not just my employee, but my friend as well. You need to take some time for yourself. I swear, I almost shit my pants when I saw that guy raise his hand to hit you. He would've killed you with one blow. Thank God someone stepped in when they did."

Emily remembered the father raising his hand to hit her and someone stopping him, but she couldn't get a clear idea of what the stranger looked like. "Yeah, thank God." She ran her hand through her hair, her fingers getting snagged on the large curls. "Maybe you're right, Margie. Maybe I'll take a couple of days... just to get my head together."

"Perfect. Gather your stuff and head on home."

Emily nodded and stood. Margie opened her arms and she walked into them, desperate for a comforting hug from a friend. "You know, you don't have to fight

everyone's battles, hon. You don't have to crusade against every bit of prejudice you witness." Margie could have been right, but Emily never could manage to let things slide.

"I know, Margie, I know." Squeezing her friend tight one last time, she let go and reached for the door and opened it to let in the hallway light. "I just can't let anyone go through what I went through. Not if I can help it."

## Chapter Three

Josh settled into the driver's seat of his 1967 Mustang Shelby and prayed for a cold front. The city's heat pressed in around him, humid air making it difficult to breathe, to think.

His heart still raced from his confrontation with the man from the library.

Arriving at the library, he'd casually slipped into the building, taking a seat in a far corner. Checking the picture in the folder, he confirmed the woman happily surrounded by smiling children was Emily.

A punch to the gut. That's what it felt like when he saw her for the first time.

Chestnut curls framed her rounded face and dazzling smile. Skin, the exact shade of fresh honey, made her twilight-blue eyes pop. Like a lighthouse beacon, her presence called to him.

He'd observed her from a distance, soaking up her beauty, memorizing every curl of her hair and expression on her face. He still hadn't figured out how to approach her, but he couldn't get up and walk away either.

Her ease with the children, the kindness she showed to even the most rambunctious of the group, astounded him. Josh liked kids, most of the time, but the level of patience she showed with the group of laughing, whining, smiling, pouting kids gave him a new respect for her.

He observed her exchange with the irate father from a distance, his heartbeat escalating with every shouted word. He didn't think, he reacted. One moment he was ten feet away watching as the scene unfolded and the next his power shimmered under the surface of his skin. His hand enfolded the stranger's arm in a punishing grip and he pulled the man backward. No one would ever lay a hand on Emily as long as he was around.

Using his strength and focusing his mind, he maneuvered the man out of a side door and away from prying eyes.

“Who the fu...”

Josh tightened his grip on the man’s arm and pressed a hand to the center of his chest. He knew what the man felt now. A burning sensation would emanate from Josh’s hand until the man would feel like his insides were burning. “You think it’s okay to threaten little kids? Think it’s okay to hit a woman?” Josh pressed harder against the man’s chest. “Do you?”

The man’s breath became labored and his face flushed a deep red. “No! No, man.” He pulled in a breath. “Look, I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” He took another shallow breath. “Please... please don’t kill me.”

The man’s whispered plea finally broke through Josh’s rage-induced haze, causing Josh to release him.

A car starting next to him brought him out of his memories. He looked over to see Emily seated in the car next to his, her face flushed and her eyes puffy, clear evidence she had been crying. A small part of Josh wanted to hunt the man down and hurt him all over again. Thoughts of vengeance were quickly quashed as she pulled her car out of the parking space. Impulse made him follow.

His Mustang Shelby started with a loud roar before settling into the deep purr he loved. Whipping out of his parking spot, he followed her. After the morning’s altercation, he expected her to return home. He wasn’t disappointed.

Her small Camry wove in and out of traffic, cutting through side streets before finally stopping outside her apartment building. By the time he stopped the car he thought he’d die of a heart attack. She drove as if a demon, straight from hell, rode on her heels. Then again, the thought wasn’t far off. Josh had done his best to keep an eye on the traffic behind them; since he’d followed her home there was a good chance someone else could too.

She climbed from her car with a dancer-like grace and he took the opportunity to admire her body from a distance. Soft curves covered in flowing fabric caressing her

body with the wind's help made his mouth go dry. With her full, womanly curves, she had the kind of body men yearned for. The models most women looked up to did nothing for him, but her body, full and lush, got him hard.

The sunlight accented the deep red undertones in her hair. He wanted, more than anything, to rumple those curls and feel the brush of her hair all over his body.

For now, he needed to figure out a way to meet her. He couldn't exactly walk up to her and offer to make all of her fantasies come true. Well, he'd like to, but he wouldn't. The entire situation he found himself in made him uncomfortable. Physically, he was attracted to her more than any other woman he had ever met. He could imagine fulfilling her every desire. From the information he'd read in her file, he knew her particular kink involved touch. Be it a single finger gliding over the skin of her shoulder or his entire palm sliding down her back, it turned her on to be touched. And he wanted to touch.

But what if their personalities didn't mesh? Eric had said the Normals and Extraordinaries paired through his office were chosen based on personal as well as physical compatibility, but even the Council could be wrong. Right?

For now, he'd worry about meeting her in a non-I'm-stalking-you kind of way. After all, Eric had said he just needed to facilitate the fulfillment of her kink, not actually do it himself. If all else failed, and they didn't get along, he'd find a nice guy to take care of the matter for him. Right.

\* \* \*

Gritty-eyed and weary, Emily trudged through the door of her apartment, thankful to be finally home. She'd driven like a bat out of hell through the streets, but she hadn't cared. She'd focused on getting home and looked forward to the peace walking through her front door would provide.

Standing in her entryway, she inhaled the scent of jasmine and vanilla infused in her home. Kicking off her shoes, she strode toward the kitchen with purpose. After the day she'd had, she so deserved chocolate.

Plopping on the couch with a spoon in one hand and a pint of Häagen-Dazs in the other, she cringed when the phone rang. *Gee, Margie, didn't take you long to call her, did it?*

Setting her ice cream on the coffee table with a look of longing, Emily grabbed the phone and eyed it warily. There could only be one person who would be calling her at home this time of day. Taking a deep, fortifying breath, she pressed the "phone" button and settled back into the couch for a long talk. "Hola, Mamí."

"Don't you 'Hola Mamí' me. Why did you not call us, Emily? Why did Margie call me to tell me you almost got yourself killed, eh? You jump in front of a monster, and for what?"

Sighing, she tried to defend herself. "Mom, he was raging at a child."

"I don't care, Emita! You are my baby. Let some other mother take care of her own child. You are my only!" She could picture her mother pacing her kitchen, arm gesturing wildly as she spoke.

"But, Mamí..."

"Don't 'but Mamí' me, Emita." Her mother clicked her tongue, a sure sign the conversation had only just begun. "Emita, you have survived so much. You do not need to protect everyone from hate. I sheltered you as much as I could, but I know it wasn't enough."

Tears formed of their own volition and Emily tried to blink them away. "Mom, it wasn't your fault. You can't make someone's hate disappear. Just like little Christopher can't help how he was born. I'm sorry, Mom, but I will always step in like I did today. I can't sit idly by..."

"Oh, my poor Emita. I understand. I am just thankful your angel was there to watch over you."

Her angel? Emily thought of the altercation and remembered a pair of piercing green eyes, eyes which looked deep into her heart and touched her soul. "Yeah, I did have an angel with me today. Look, Mom, I'm going to eat some ice cream and take a



nap. Can I call you later?" She could hear her mother's sigh and see her slumped shoulders in her mind's eye.

"Of course. I'm sending Papí over to check on you if you don't call me back, Emita."

Emily laughed at her mother. Her father, a huge six-foot-tall Scottish barbarian as her mother called him, turned into a kitten whenever her mother beckoned. She could just see the giant she called Dad driving to her apartment at her mother's request. "Mom, don't you dare. I'm fine. My angel, as you called him, took care of the guy and I'm safe and sound in my apartment."

"Fine. Take the fun of ordering your father around away from me then."

This was the mother she wanted to talk to, not the overprotective mom who called her in a frenzy. "Bye, Mamí. I love you."

"Love you too, my Emita."

Emily turned off the phone before her mother had a chance to get going again. She loved her mom, she truly did, but sometimes she was a little much to take.

Looking at the ice cream turned mush, she grunted in disgust and snatched it off the table. *So much for my ice cream pig fest.*

Placing it back in the freezer with hopes of eating it later, she trudged to her bedroom. She stripped out of her clothes, tossing her dress in the trash as she walked into the bathroom. She couldn't keep the dress now, it would be forever tainted with memories of today.

After washing her face, she crawled under the covers of her bed and drifted to sleep.

\* \* \*

*"Dirty spic! What are you doing here? Go home!" the voice shouted at her. Emily didn't know where it came from, but she didn't dare turn around. Mamí said to turn the other cheek, that's what she was doing.*

*Only another block to her home; she'd be there soon which meant the voices would stop.*

*She picked up her pace, hoping walking faster would make the hate go away. She could outrun it if she tried. But Papí said never to run, to always stand up and fight. She didn't want to fight today; she wanted to go home.*

*The sting caught her by surprise. She gasped and looked at her arm, a bright red spot forming near her elbow. Where did that come from?*

*Another piercing pain erupted at the back of her head. What was going on?*

*Then she saw it. A rock. The voices were throwing rocks at her. Tears sprung to her eyes, and she straightened her shoulders. They wouldn't see her cry.*

*"What's the matter, spic? Running home to mommy? Gonna get your spic-loving daddy to take care of you?"*

*She wasn't going to give in and fight them. Almost home.*

*The last rock caught her by surprise. It hit the side of her head with a loud crack. Pain rushed through her body as she cried out. She stretched her arms out to break her fall. "Mami!"*

*Emily landed on the floor with a grunt. Damn dreams.*

*She thought of curling up on the floor and continuing her nap, but her ringing phone forced her to move. Snatching the extension off the bedside table, she answered the phone. "'Lo?"*

*"Emmy?"*

*"For fuck's sake, Margie! I was sleeping." Okay, she lied, but couldn't people give her a little peace?*

*"Don't go all Scottish Rican on me, Emmy." She laughed. No matter how grumpy she might be, Margie always found a way to get a laugh out of her. "How are you doing? Need me to bring you anything? Are you hungry?"*

*"I've got one mom already, Marg. She's probably cooking Arroz con Pollo as we speak. Any minute now my dad will be driving over here with a batch of fresh chicken with rice." The mention of her father brought the dream back to life in her mind and tears to her eyes.*

*"Are you sure, Emmy?"*

Emily cleared her throat and blinked away her tears before answering. "Yeah, I'm sure. I'm fine, Margie, really."

"All right. If you're sure."

*I'm not sure.* "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Fine. Don't let me take care of you then." She could imagine the picture Margie made on the other side of the phone, lower lip poking out and brows drawn together. Margie loved taking care of others, be they stranded dogs or emotionally scarred best friends. "But you're not coming into work tomorrow, missy, and that's final. Ya hear?"

Part of her screamed she should get back on the horse, while the other part thanked God she had a friend like Margie looking out for her. "Yeah, yeah, I hear. I'm staying home tomorrow. Thanks, Margie, for everything."

"Oh! Don't get all sentimental on me, Ems."

"All right, bitch, I won't." They both laughed and Emily clicked the phone off before Margie could reply. They'd been playing the game for years. Both of them tried to get the last word in before the other could come back with a witty retort and end the conversation by hanging up.

Still laughing, Emily pulled herself off the floor and glanced back at the bed. Maybe she didn't need to jump back on the horse, but she could use some time out of the house.

She glanced at the clock and noticed it was after six. Margie must have called from home. Grabbing the phone, she dialed Margie's number from memory. After the morning she'd had, Emily really needed a girl's night out.

## Chapter Four

Josh nursed his bourbon, while his friend Nathan eyed the growing crowd. Equator, the hottest club in the city, also happened to be the number one hangout for Extraordinaries. Their doors were open to Normals and Extraordinaries alike, which meant most people felt right at home within its walls.

He rolled his glass between his hands, warming the amber liquid. While some people preferred their bourbon on the rocks, he preferred it straight. And the way he felt right now, he'd like it straight from the bottle.

Josh grunted when Nathan elbowed him in the ribs, but didn't turn around. Nate would only be showing him yet another hot girl, a girl who couldn't compare to Emily.

Too bad a relationship with her had been doomed before it started. How could he have anything with Emily after he completed his assignment? He couldn't come clean. What could he say? *Gee, I know all of your fantasies have been fulfilled, it was my job by the way, but want to go out on a real date now? Ya know, now that I've stopped lying to you.* Nope, he needed to get it through his head now; working for the Council and Eric D'Amore ensured that his relationship with Emily was only temporary.

Nate elbowed him in the ribs again, earning a hard jab to his side in return. "Josh, dude, turn the fuck around. Two of the hottest things on legs just walked through the door. I mean, they're Normals, but damn are they *hot!*"

Not interested in any of the women in the club, Josh knew the only way to get Nate to leave him alone would be to turn around. So he did. And the punch-to-the-gut feeling he'd had earlier in the day when he saw Emily returned with a vengeance. The object of his thoughts strolled through the crowd as if she owned the place.

Nate clasped his shoulder. "The blonde's mine." His friend squeezed Josh's shoulder in farewell and ventured through the crowd toward the ladies.

Nate had it all wrong, poor guy. Oh, Josh didn't mind his friend claiming the blonde, but approaching them the moment they walked through the door was a sure way to get shot down immediately. Didn't keep the guy from trying, though.

In Josh's opinion, a hot woman almost always shot down the first few eager men vying for her attention when they walked into a club or bar. It seemed the men who went home with the most beautiful women had a bit of patience.

Josh decided he'd hang back and observe the two ladies for a while before making his approach. Having patience also gave him the ability to see what didn't work when approaching Emily.

If the over-eager moon-eyed guy got turned away without a second glance, he'd tuck that information away for later. If the lecherous and obviously appreciative guy didn't get a smile, well, that bit of information would be helpful too. So, for now, Josh leaned his back against the bar and with bourbon in hand, settled in to watch the show.

Nate approached the ladies with his attempt at the suave, world-traveled, millionaire persona. Nate might be a world-traveled millionaire, but he wasn't suave and sophisticated. It doesn't take any woman, Normal or Extraordinary, much to realize they're being fed a line. It didn't take Emily's blonde friend very long at all.

Josh could see her smile politely. She gave Nate a smile which didn't seem to reach her eyes. When the blonde snaked an arm around Emily's waist, Josh knew without a doubt she'd just played the "I'm with my girlfriend" card, letting the guy interpret the statement as he saw fit.

Some guys, like Nate, would assume she meant they were lesbians. While other guys, like Josh, who observed women and thought of them as more than a piece of ass, saw the exchange for what it was: Nate got shot down. Hard.

He bit his lip to keep from laughing as Nate made his way back through the crowd, shoving people out of his way. Once again standing next to Josh at the bar, he leaned close and whispered in his ear, "Fucking lesbos. I'm outta here. Going somewhere a guy has a chance at getting laid."

Josh didn't bother with a response; his friend's attitude didn't deserve one. He tossed back his bourbon and sat on a recently vacated seat where he'd have a good view of his target and settled in for a good show. The two ladies attracted the attention of every living, breathing male in the club, Normal and Extraordinary alike.

Emily's "girlfriend" looked attractive enough; blonde hair, decent rack and long legs. But Emily had the qualities of every one of his wet dreams combined.

After reading her file, he now knew her honey-colored skin and curves were inherited from her Puerto Rican mother and the height inherited from her Scottish father. All of it came together to create one perfect woman. The perfect woman.

Tonight her long curls cascaded down the open back of her dress. The flowing, cream-colored dress hugged the curves of her breasts and waist before flaring out to accentuate her hips and hint at the curve of her ass.

He wasn't the only one who noticed how perfectly the dress seemed to fit her. Guy after guy approached the pair, looking for conversation... or more.

Josh stayed at the bar, content at the moment to bide his time and wait for his opening. He didn't want to end up being shot down by Emily like every other man who approached. Her friend seemed to be enjoying herself, leaving Emily alone at the table while she flitted across the dance floor with partner after partner.

During one of her friend's dances with yet another man Josh saw his opening. Rising from the stool, he strode purposefully across the room to Emily.

Emily groaned. Good thing the music in the club drowned out the sound so the guy approaching her couldn't hear. Her mom would have a heart attack if she thought Emily had been rude to a man who showed interest in her. The problem with the guy strolling in her direction: he just couldn't seem to understand her subtle refusals. Her refusal of a drink. Her refusal of a dance. Her refusal of every single thing he'd offered. At some point she thought he would have gotten the hint. Apparently subtlety didn't work on some men. She wondered if she broke a chair across the man's head if he'd get the message.

She plastered on a smile as the man approached. No harm in being polite, right? Then again, being polite had this same guy returning for the fourth time. Maybe this time a little talking to would be in order. She took a sip of her water, not wanting to start coughing halfway through her speech.

As she placed her glass on the table, a warm hand snaked around her shoulders. *Margie! At last!* The approaching man's expression changed, and Emily prayed he'd finally got the hint.

The sound of a gravelly baritone whispering in her ear startled her. "Gotta make this good if you want Mr. Persistent to go away." She whipped her head around and looked into a set of sea-green eyes that seemed somehow familiar. "You with me on this?" God, she'd go through anything if it meant being with this guy and his eyes. He flashed her a smile before focusing on her approaching suitor.

Green Eyes raised his voice to speak to Mr. Persistent. "How ya doin'?" His right hand shot out and the two men shook hands, eyeing each other while Green Eyes' left hand remained on her shoulder. "I'm Josh. Do I have you to thank for taking care of my girl?"

Mr. Persistent finally seemed to have gotten the hint. His previously smooth tone and suave manner was replaced with stuttering. "Uh... Uh, yeah." He cleared his throat. "Just watching out for her until you got here. Ya know, some guys can be real jerks to a woman sitting alone."

"Josh" squeezed her shoulder while looking down into her eyes. "Yeah, I know what you mean. I have a feeling I'll be making up for being late for a while." Emily saw him glance at her cleavage, and thought she saw appreciation in his gaze.

Standing, she slid her arms around his waist and molded her body to "Josh's" side. He towered over her 5'7" height and made her feel sheltered in his embrace. Toned muscles flexed and shifted under her hand as she placed it on his chest. In order to sell this charade to Mr. Persistent, she'd need to make this believable, right? In reality, she just wanted to get to know this new guy a little better.

She looked up into his green eyes and he rewarded her with a bright smile. He was handsome in a rugged way with short, light brown hair. Coupled with his lightly tanned skin and those sparkling eyes, he took her breath away. Smiling at him, she named her price. "Baby, I think a dance would make up for my sitting here alone for all this time. What do you think?"

He leaned forward and placed a soft kiss just below her ear. One of her hot spots. And he found it right away. Pulling back, he smiled at her. "Sounds perfect, baby."

Emily pulled her hand free of his waist and he missed her touch immediately. Josh grabbed her hand before she could flit away and allowed her to pull him toward the dance floor. He squeezed her hand to be sure everything was real, and she was really going to dance with him. She looked over her shoulder and gave him a soft, teasing, tempting smile.

When she turned back around, he took a moment to admire the sway of her hips beneath the confection she called a dress. When the spotlights scanned the crowds and lit upon them, he could see through the dress and just make out the outline of her thighs.

Apparently his cock could see her thighs too; it got harder with each sway of her hips and every step she took. Not a good situation when you're getting ready to get really close to a woman.

She stopped in an open area of the dance floor and turned to him. Just then the music slowed to a smooth R&B song. A song filled with words of love, lust, and sex, which made you want to get close to your partner. Real close.

Emily's hands skimmed up his arms and settled on his shoulders. He managed to stop her from pressing her body to his by placing his hands on her hips. Her hands slid from his shoulders to link behind his neck and he cocked a brow at her. For having just met and not officially exchanging names, she acted awfully friendly.

She answered his silent question. "Gotta make this good for Mr. Persistent, don't we, Green Eyes?"



"You're right, baby. We do." Unable to resist the temptation of her body, he pulled her close. Real close. Josh shifted his legs, and nudged a knee between her thighs, giving them both a little something to rub against as they danced. He felt, rather than heard, her sigh against his neck as she laid her head on his shoulder.

Their bodies swayed to the beat of the music, hips in sync and pelvises rubbing together. With each movement she pressed closer, as if trying to burrow beneath his skin. If she didn't stop soon, he'd be coming in his jeans like a sixteen-year-old kid on his first date.

This close to her, he couldn't keep his hands still. He traced circles at the top of her ass with his thumbs, enjoying the feel of cloth-covered flesh beneath him, and noticed something missing beneath her dress. He slid his hands farther down her back, trying to confirm his suspicions. He hoped he hadn't gone too far, but now he had to know. "Did you forget a little something when you got dressed this evening?"

She tightened her arms around his neck and nodded into his shoulder. In the time it took her to nod, his cock came to full attention. Emily had come out for the evening without panties.

"Naughty." She laughed into his shoulder and nuzzled his neck, not pulling away when he pressed his body closer to hers.

The music seduced Josh as he swayed with Emily, moving his body to the slow, seductive beat. He let his mind wander as he stroked her body. Remembering one of his new favorite fantasies, he let his imagination run wild with thoughts of the woman in his arms.

Dancing was the catalyst for this fantasy. Josh would grab her hips, pressing their groins together, showing Emily how much his body craved hers. Then, before she could protest, he'd spin her in his arms, molding her backside to him. The sweet, lush flesh had teased him as they made their way to the dance floor and now it would be his.

The bulge of his cock would fit perfectly between the globes of her ass, nestling in the warm valley, only two layers of cloth separating them since Josh had ventured

out commando as well. Their bodies, moving in unison to the love-infused beat of the music, would mold to one another, almost becoming one.

Stroking Emily's arms, he'd lace their fingers together and bring her arms up to wrap around his neck. She'd be stretched, vulnerable to him and his desires. Just the way he wanted her. Emily would want to be that way too. Her body would ache for him, her nipples pressing and straining against the fabric of her dress while her pussy ached and cried for him, open and wanting, a playground spread and waiting for his hands.

Josh would be there to answer the call. Placing his arms around her waist, he'd take a moment to savor the scent of her hair, her skin. To have her so close and not make love to her was excruciating. But good things come to those who wait.

Sliding his hands up her sides, his fingers would brush the underside and outer edges of her breasts and a breathy sigh would reach his ears. Her body, aching for more, would squirm. Her ass, rubbing against his cock, would make him groan, but he wouldn't give her what she craved, not yet.

One hand would remain to tease her breasts... and the other? The other he would move to skim along her abdomen. He'd chuckle when she sucked in her belly, surprised at how bold he acted, but he wouldn't stop, not until she told him to. And she wouldn't. Josh would stop his hand just before it touched her pussy. He'd stroke and pet the flesh an inch above her mound. Pressing down as he rubbed his hand in small circles, knowing the movement, but lack of further contact, was driving her mad with lust. Just the way he wanted her.

Emily's heavy breathing would nearly force her breast into his palm... nearly. But he didn't want to give her that yet. By the time Josh took her, he wanted them both ready to explode. Their coupling would be hard and fast.

She'd sense his intent though and do her best to thwart his plans. Her fingers would caress his skin and sift through the short hair on the back of his neck. Her ass, her luscious ass, would grind and press against his cock, moving against him to the

tempo of the music, seducing him with her flesh as she danced. It wouldn't take long and he'd need her, would have to have her.

Continuing his assault on her body, he'd move them to a darkened corner of the club, behind a supporting pole where the other patrons couldn't see. Pressing her against the plaster-covered concrete, he would slide his tongue along her skin, savoring the flavor of her sweat. He'd caused that. He'd caused her body to get hot, to try and cool itself the only way it knew how. Him.

By now, what he was about to do would be a foregone conclusion. Josh wanted it. Emily wanted it. Now, they'd sate both their desires.

He'd move the hand close to her breast, sliding it against the fabric of her dress. He'd grip the hem and lift it, ever so slowly, to reveal her skin. It nearly glowed in the darkened corner, but he couldn't take the time to appreciate the picture her body made. Not when his goal was so close.

She'd arch her back, presenting her body to him, and with great reluctance, he'd release her long enough to free his nearly bursting cock, then his hand would resume its position, an inch from her mound, pressing and stroking her bare flesh this time. His other hand would grasp the base of his cock, positioning it to tease her opening. The heat of her core would beckon him, try to tempt him to enter in a single thrust and rut like a beast, but he wouldn't. Not yet.

Entering her an inch, he'd pull back out before she could impale her body on his shaft. Because she'd try, the naughty girl that she was. He'd do it again and again. An inch in and out. In and out. Coating the tip of his cock in her juices, her cream would cover him, slicking him for his entrance.

When he thought she'd had enough, he'd give her what she'd been silently begging for. Grasping her hips with both hands, he'd pull her back as he thrust forward, embedding his shaft deep within her hot, moist heat. She'd fit him like a silken glove, her fiery cream coating him as he thrust into her body. He'd meet a slight resistance when he entered her because it would have been a while since she'd had a lover. She wouldn't know it, but she was waiting for him.

Emily would shift against him, begging him to move. And he would. The thrill of being caught would excite them both, taking their passions to dangerous heights.

His thrusts would start slow, easing in and out of her tight, tender passage, relishing the feel of her heat clasp him so snugly, almost as if her body didn't want to let him go. It didn't have to worry; he wouldn't be going anywhere, not yet.

Josh would slide his hand lower, separating the slick folds of her pussy, searching for the tiny nubbin that would bring her more pleasure as he fucked her. Finding it, he'd circle it with his finger and her body would jerk in response, moving against his. He'd thrust into her body as his finger played and slid against her clit, bringing her closer to orgasm. He wanted her orgasm, wanted to claim it as he surrendered to his own.

Withdrawing and pushing back into her body, he'd set the pace of their love making, fast and furious. Their grunts, groans and moans would be absorbed by the sounds of the club around them as they fucked against the pole, their bodies moving together. Fingers rubbing as he slid in and out of her slick passage would bring her to a body shaking orgasm, her scream muffled as he captured her mouth in a kiss. Her orgasm would trigger his own, her body tightening around his cock, milking him, he'd spill...

The music changed to some popular pop song, snapping him out of his fantasy and back to reality. He stood in the middle of a crowded dance floor with Emily, not in some darkened corner. As much as he hated to, it was time to pull away and take a breather. He couldn't take much more of being this close to her without spilling something, be it power or his seed.

His abilities normally bent to his will, but when he got excited, it seemed to take on a mind of its own. It was as if he channeled the very beat of the music. Thankfully he saw Emily's blonde-bombshell friend approaching.

He smiled as she neared, tilting his head in greeting, but the woman didn't acknowledge him. Instead, she tapped Emily on the shoulder. Emily jumped and turned her head to look at her friend.

"Come on, lady. Say goodnight to Mr. Hotness and let's go."

"Margie? What's wrong?" Josh could hear the concern in her voice, but still she held on to him, arms draped around his neck.

"Nothing much. Some of the guys here have the potential of being my next stalker and I'd like to split before they write down my license plate number."

Emily turned back around to look at him, nibbling her lower lip. What he wouldn't give to nibble on her lip himself. "Well, Green Eyes, thanks for saving me."

She pulled her hands away from his neck and moved to walk away, but he grabbed her hand and pulled her close again. Leaning down, he whispered into her ear, "Don't want Mr. Persistent to get the wrong idea, do we, baby? How about I just walk you and your friend to your car?"

He pressed a kiss just below her ear -- he couldn't help himself -- and felt her body shiver in response. "Yeah, don't want him to get the wrong idea."

Josh allowed her to pull away then and he followed the ladies at a discreet distance, not wanting to intrude on their conversation. It didn't take long to weave through the club and into the crisp night air.

At their car, Emily's friend slid behind the driver's seat, leaving the two of them standing outside the passenger door. She leaned close and pressed a soft, sweet kiss to his lips as she slid a slip of paper into his hand. "Thanks for the save, Green Eyes."

Josh stepped back, the taste of her lips teasing his tongue. His arousal, which had begun to fade since stepping outside, came back with a vengeance. He wanted to sweep her into his arms and kiss her senseless. Instead, he settled for her hint of a kiss and a slip of paper in his hand.

He watched them drive away, and as soon as they were out of sight, he opened his hand. Folded neatly inside was the piece of paper she'd slipped him -- a phone number scrawled in her flowing feminine script.

## Chapter Five

Emily discarded what had to be the fifteenth outfit she'd tried on in an hour and looked into her closet for another. Nothing, *nothing*, seemed like the right outfit to wear out on a date with Josh. *Josh, not Green Eyes*. Even now, remembering their conversation made her smile and giggle.

She'd made the leap and given him her phone number just after meeting, and instead of waiting the obligatory three days most guys did, he'd called the next morning.

At the time, Emily, still sleeping in bed, grabbed the phone off the hook and pulled it under the covers. "'Lo?"

"Emily?"

She yawned as she answered. "Mm-hm. Who's this?"

"Josh." Well, he knew her name, but she still didn't know who he was. "From last night?"

She still drew a blank. "Um..."

"Green Eyes."

Now wide-awake, she sat up. "Oh. Oh! Hi. I, um..."

He finished her sentence. "Forgot my name."

"No, you never told me your name. Okay, you mentioned your name, but I didn't really think you were telling the truth. All I did was call you Green Eyes all night and you never corrected me."

"So, you always give your number to guys whose name you don't know?"

"Well, no. It's just..."

"So, what made me special?" His habit of interrupting her was getting annoying.

"Who said you were?" She let an edge enter her voice.

Laughing, he answered her. "Maybe I'm not, but I sure as hell know you are. Do you think we could get to know each other a little better? Would you let me take you out? On a date?" His laughter now gone and in its place a tender, hopeful voice.

She'd wanted to see her Green Eyes again, and they'd made plans to go out on Friday which had given her a day to prepare for their date.

It should have been plenty of time, right? Wrong. By the time she had finished polishing, shaving and primping, she only had twenty minutes to figure out what to wear. Twenty. Minutes. Any woman knows twenty minutes to pick out *the* perfect first date outfit is not enough time. She almost called to cancel, or delay, or something, but didn't. She wanted to see him, whether she wore the perfect first date outfit or not.

Grabbing a dress she hadn't worn in who knew how long, she pulled it over her head and surveyed the damage. The dress looked perfect. It hugged every curve without looking painted on. Sliding into her shoes, she jerked and nearly fell when she heard a knock at the door. Glancing at her watch, she grumbled, "Shit! He's early."

Snatching her clutch from the bed, she strode to the door. Emily pressed a hand to her chest, willing her heart to calm, and took a deep breath before opening the door. She hadn't been this nervous before a first date in... forever. Something about her Green Eyes made her feel things she hadn't felt in a long time.

Opening the door, she looked into Josh's smiling eyes and immediately felt at ease. His compliment came out in a sigh. "Beautiful."

"You don't look too bad yourself, Green Eyes," she replied, laughing.

He stepped back, giving her space to step out and lock her front door. She could feel his heat, and it caused her to shiver. "You're cold. Maybe you should grab a..."

Emily turned and placed her hand on his chest. Contact, she needed contact. She held her body steady, barely, as she stroked his chest. "I'm not cold. I'm perfect." She nibbled her lower lip.

"Yes, you are," he replied.

She was *so* in trouble.

\* \* \*

Emily felt so nervous she talked just to talk and Josh listened to every word. He seemed to understand her nervousness and just flowed with the conversation.

She gazed out the window at the passing scenery, trying to figure out their destination. He hadn't yet told her where they were headed, simply telling her it was a "surprise." She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "We could play twenty questions."

"Or..." he looked at her pointedly, drilling her with his eyes, "you could be patient and let me surprise you."

She huffed and slumped in her seat. "You're no fun."

"Oh, baby. Sounds like you're issuing a challenge." His voice dipped low, filled with a sexual invitation, and she couldn't wait to RSVP.

She sat up a little and crossed her legs, making sure she gave him a glimpse of her thigh. "And what if it is?" Not used to flirting like this, she could feel heat infuse her face as she blushed.

His gaze stayed on the road while he reached over and took her hand in his. Bringing it to his mouth, he kissed the back of her hand and placed it on his thigh. He pressed her hand in place, silently ordering her to keep it there. "Then, I accept."

Just as she opened her mouth to reply, they pulled into a parking lot. Not just any parking lot. No. They pulled into the parking lot of the exclusive *Pièce D'amour* restaurant. It had been shut down for renovations as management changed and had just reopened a month ago. And now she would get to enjoy an evening of sophisticated dining with her Green Eyes.

"Oh, Josh." Suddenly his hand landed on hers, removing it from his thigh. He must have seen her hurt expression, because he explained his actions immediately.

"Your hand was starting something I'm sure we're not ready for, Emmy."

Her blush returned and she gave him a small smile. "Oh."

Waiting in her seat as he rounded the car to open her door, she took a moment to appreciate the man standing so near.



Easily six feet tall, with broad shoulders, he looked to be in shape. She imagined a set of firm abs beneath his crisp dress shirt and rock-hard buns beneath his pressed slacks. But it was his eyes which affected her the most. Somehow they seemed to be filled with fire, comfort, compassion and lust all at the same time. And for the evening, every inch of his body belonged to her.

Josh held the door open for her as she rose from the car. As soon as the door shut and locked, he entwined his fingers with hers. Yeah, it was a middle school thing to do, but she enjoyed touching him and loved the feeling of his skin against hers. His thumb rubbing small circles on her palm caused goosebumps to rise on her arms and a shiver to run down her spine.

"See. I knew you were cold."

Cold? Turned on as hell and couldn't do anything about it, but not cold. At least, she couldn't do anything and still have him respect her come morning. She had a witty retort on the tip of her tongue, but held it. They had reached the entrance to the restaurant.

Approaching the hostess, Josh gave them his name and they waited. The hostess' brow furrowed and she asked them to wait a moment. Josh didn't appear to be concerned by the wait and Emily allowed her mind to drift as she took in the interior of the restaurant.

The hostess returned with a large, bulky gentleman trailing behind her. The man stepped forward and didn't stop until he stood directly in front of Josh. "I'm sorry, sir, you are not welcome here. The Pièce D'amour is under new management and they do not welcome your kind."

Josh watched, slack jawed, as Emily in all of her 5'7" glory stomped up to the walking wall of a man and poked him in the chest. "Senor." Poke. "I *know* you did not just waltz out here and tell me we aren't welcome here." Poke. "You did *not* disrespect me *and* this establishment by making such an asinine statement." Poke. "Now." Poke. "Did you?" Poke.

Josh didn't know whether to stop her or applaud her, but he needed to do something. The big guy's face grew redder by the second. "Listen, you little freak-loving bitch!"

Everything slowed to a crawl and Josh couldn't get to Emily fast enough. If she had been pissed before, she was livid now. Her hand pulled back and connected with the side of the man's face before Josh could even blink. The crack of her palm connecting with his face silenced the whole restaurant.

The guy's face didn't budge, but his eyes widened then narrowed. "You fucking whore," he whispered through gritted teeth as he brought his fist back.

Josh reacted on instinct, before his mind had the opportunity to process the situation. He focused his mind, drawing on his power faster than ever before. It traveled through his body to his palms and shot out, freezing the man's arm in place before his ham-sized fist could touch her. Arms extended, power pulsing with every beat of his heart, Josh lifted the man from the floor and held him there. "Don't you *ever* touch her," he ground out between breaths.

The man, well and truly scared now, whimpered with every breath as sweat poured down his face. "Dude. I... I... I didn't mean it. It's m-m-my job, man."

Josh tightened his hold on the man, increasing the pressure on his chest. He knew what the man felt as he gasped for breath. His rage had taken over. The man in front of him had dared to try and strike Emily. His Emily. And now he would pay. He raised his arms, lifting the man higher and preparing to throw him across the room when a featherlike touch on his shoulder drew his attention.

"Josh," Emily whispered. "Don't do it, Josh. He's an ass, but he doesn't deserve..."

"Are you okay? He tried to hurt you, Emmy." He saw tears filling her eyes and his heart broke. With new fury, he looked back to the man held in the air with the power of his mind.

"No, Josh." She sniffled. "Put him down."

Josh could withstand a lot, but not a crying woman. Least of all a crying Emily, it seemed. Sighing, he released his hold on the man and Emily jumped into his arms, pressing her face to his neck. Without hesitating or questioning, he did the same, pressing his face into her hair as he enveloped her body in his hold. Other than the few minutes he had held her while dancing the other night, this was the closest the two of them had been. It felt more intimate than their dance. In this one embrace they connected and bonded to each other.

A barked order pulled his attention away from Emily. "Police! Release the woman and drop to your knees!" A police officer approached, gun in hand, and trained it on Josh.

Emily stiffened in his arms and jumped when the police officer continued to yell. He pressed a kiss to Emily's shoulder, hoping to reassure her, as he removed his arms. She stepped back, giving him room to do as the officer ordered.

The instant his hands left Emily's body, the officer pushed her roughly behind him and threw Josh to the ground. He grunted when his face made contact with the carpet and his arms were forced behind his body.

He could hear Emily's voice as the police pulled him from the building, but couldn't make out her words. He prayed she was okay, that she'd be okay with everything, and she knew a good lawyer. Because he was going to jail.

\* \* \*

Jail sucked. Not because his inability to control his temper landed him there. Nope, jail sucked because every second he sat in jail, he wasn't with Emily. He'd never been this torn up about a woman before, but she brought out every protective instinct his body possessed. And then some.

And goddamn, those tiny shivers. When he'd read her kink involved touch, he had no idea she'd respond to their brief contact in such a way. Those shivers wracked her body with each brush of his fingertips along her skin. Wow. He couldn't begin to imagine how she'd react if they made love. No, not if, when.

After sitting in the county jail for four hours with his hands cuffed behind his back every moment, he was thankful when a guard pulled him from his cell. He didn't care why the man hauled him from his cell, he only hoped they were going to remove the damn cuffs.

Someone mistakenly thought putting his hands behind him would keep him from escaping. *Morons*. His power, controlled by his mind, could be channeled through every part of his body. He merely preferred to direct it with his hands.

The officer led him through the maze of cells and offices and back out into the general waiting area. The officer pushing him along stopped walking and unlocked his cuffs without a word of explanation.

His explanation wasn't long in coming though.

"Josh?" Emily rose from a chair on the other side of the room. "Josh!" She dodged chairs and coffee tables, eventually running and jumping into his arms.

Josh grunted when he caught her weight. "Emmy? You're strangling me."

She either didn't hear him or didn't care. She continued to squeeze him as she pressed kiss after kiss on his neck. When she'd finished kissing and hugging him, she pulled back and looked into his eyes.

Emily's perfect twilight-blue eyes were filled with tears. He cupped the side of her face and stroked her cheek with his thumb. "What's wrong, Emmy?"

She bit her lower lip. "Are you *okay*, Josh? I was so worried about you. I got you out as soon as I could. Did... Did anyone..." Her face flushed pink and he couldn't imagine what she could be embarrassed about.

"What's up?"

She leaned close and whispered in his ear. "Did anyone make you their bitch?"

He tried to contain his laughter, but couldn't. He leaned away from her, threw his head back and let his laugh fill the room.

She did not find it as funny. "So, I'm taking that as a 'no' then?"

“No, Emmy, I was not made anyone’s bitch.” He pulled her close and ran his hands down her back to rest above her ass, face pressed to her shoulder. “Why don’t we get out of here, huh?”

## Chapter Six

Josh remained quiet on the drive back to her apartment and Emily used the time to reflect on the events of their first evening out together.

When Josh had stopped the large “bouncer” from hitting her, her mouth dropped open in awe. When they initially met, she had thought he might be an Extraordinary by the way he carried himself, as if nothing could hurt him. He didn’t appear arrogant, just sure. Sure nothing could touch him. Which he’d proven tonight.

But she hadn’t known of Josh’s abilities when the man approached her, or when she’d poked him in the chest. She definitely hadn’t known Josh could lift the man with the flick of a finger when she’d slapped him. Her palm still hurt.

She needed to get a handle on all the anger and rage she’d held bottled for so long. Next time, Josh might not be around. Hell, after what she had put him through this evening, she wouldn’t be surprised if he only slowed the car and pushed her out the door.

Looking out of the corner of her eye, she watched him drive. He looked at ease, not angry, but also very tired. His eyelids drooped and every few minutes he’d rub his hand over his face. It had been a long night for both of them and a first date for the history books. *Girl gets guy arrested on first date!*

She jumped when he spoke. “Getting a good look?”

Her face heated and skin burned with her instant blush, but she wouldn’t be deterred. Turning her head, she looked at him. “I wasn’t, but I am now.”

They pulled into a parking space outside of her apartment before he could respond. Instead, he jumped from the car and came around to open her door. Being a gentleman, he walked her to the front door.

As she unlocked her door, she heard him yawn behind her. She whipped around in time to see him blush as he covered his mouth. "Sorry. Long night. The 'bouncer' was huge and, um, took a lot out of me."

The whole drive she'd noticed how tired he seemed and now his yawn confirmed it. She couldn't let him drive home at three o'clock in the morning. "That's it. You're staying." Pushing open the door, she left him on the front mat and walked into her apartment. "Are you coming? I'm not air conditioning the world."

Too scared to turn back and see if he followed her, she strode into the kitchen and dug into the cabinets. After all of the drama, neither of them had eaten. The tension eased from her shoulders when she heard the front door close and lock. Pulling out everything she needed, Emily set to making them a midnight snack.

This time when he spoke, she didn't jump in surprise. Instead, she let his smooth voice wash over her as he placed his arms around her waist. "What are we doing, Emmy?"

Part of her wanted to scream "fucking" but the other side of her knew anything lasting with this guy couldn't begin with sex on the first date. "Having dinner. Wanna help?" Turning in his arms, she locked gazes with him. "You could use your mojo and speed things along." Wiggling, she maneuvered until she placed her arms around his waist, hands resting on the top of his ass.

He moved his hands until his embrace mirrored hers. Drumming his fingers on the top of her ass, he answered her question with one of his own. "My mojo? So, you don't... have a problem with what I can do?"

Pushing up onto her toes, she leaned her forehead to his and rubbed their noses together. "I'll never have a problem with a person because of how they were born. It'd be like you hating me because I have blue eyes. It just doesn't make sense."

Closing the gap between them, she brushed her lips to his with just a hint of pressure at first, unsure if her kiss would be welcome. Warm, moist lips met hers with an eagerness she could relate to.

Emily pressed against him, wanting to feel every inch of his body touch her own. His muscles flexed, begging her to feel him. Sliding her hands up his back, pulling him closer, she rocked her hips against his, trying to see if "little Josh" was interested. Her body warred with her mind. Her mind screamed, "Are you a slut? What are you doing?" while her body screamed, "Be a slut! What are you waiting for?" For now, her body won.

Rewarded with a groan when her pelvis met his, she pushed a little harder, enjoying the feel of his rising erection against her abdomen. Josh opened his mouth and teased her lips with his tongue before pulling away. "What are we doing, Emmy?"

*Ugh! Why does he have to be the one considerate guy in the world? Can't he just carry me off to bed like a caveman and disappear while I'm sleeping after giving me a night of amazing sex?*

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, trying to calm her racing heart, she answered him. "Um, I'm either getting ready to embarrass the shit out of myself, if I haven't already, or I'm going to make dinner."

Josh bent his head and nuzzled her neck, licking the spot beneath her ear which made her knees weak. He brought his mouth up and traced the shell of her ear with his tongue. "You haven't embarrassed yourself yet." Nibble. "What makes you think you will?"

She swallowed hard, trying to get rid of the lump in her throat. Normally she'd be in some sort of relationship with a guy before asking all of these questions, but her body screamed for relief, and it wanted Josh. "Can I ask you a few questions?"

His right hand caressed her back, skimming her body and not stopping until he squeezed her ass. "Sure, baby."

Ooh, she liked that. The little endearment coupled with him kneading her ass. She wanted to look down and see if a puddle had formed beneath her, but resisted. He had her dripping wet from a few kisses and touches. She didn't know how she'd make it through questioning him. "Um..." He trailed a few kisses down her neck, hand still massaging her ass. "Have you ever had sex without using a condom?"



His body stilled, and he didn't move as the seconds ticked by. "No." He raised his head and looked into her eyes. "What are we *really* doing here, Emmy?"

As if her embarrassment couldn't get any worse, she now realized she had been wrong about his intentions. "Um, well, I... and you... and you *are*..." She closed her eyes and prayed the earth would swallow her whole. Without opening her eyes, she got her words out in a rush. "I thought we were going to have sex and I've got questions I ask before I have sex with someone and if we're not, that's okay, but if we are you have to answer them." Out of breath by the time she finished, she thanked God she got it all out. Then again, she probably shouldn't have thanked God considering they were discussing premarital sex.

"We're not having sex *tonight*, Emmy."

"We're not?"

"We're not. We may make out for a bit before I tuck you into bed. Alone. But I want to learn more about you before we take the next step. I don't want this to be a one-time thing. Do you?"

Doing a happy dance in his arms was not the thing to do at that moment, so she settled for smiling instead. "No, definitely not."

He gave her a soft lingering kiss and pulled back to look into her eyes. "Good. Let's discuss your questions while you cook then."

"While I cook?" She raised her eyebrows at him.

"Yep, I'm only good for heavy lifting."

\* \* \*

Josh could hear her deep, even breathing. She'd fallen asleep, finally. They'd stayed up and made grilled cheese as they discussed her "questions." In reality, he was proud of her for asking those types of questions in today's world. You could never be too careful. Asking a prospective sexual partner about their own sexual history made sense. But thinking and talking about sex made him hard as a rock -- especially around Emily.

Her face had been fire-engine-red the entire time she'd gone through her memorized list, but he'd answered every question, from the number of his sexual partners and if they had any STDs, to how many men he'd had sex with. He expected her questions about STDs and sexual partners, but asking how many men he'd had sex with left him speechless.

He'd stared at her for a moment, unsure if he'd heard her correctly. She had her back to him as she cooked their sandwiches, the words thrown over her shoulder. "Josh? Look, I don't care, I just need to know. Ya know, to evaluate your risk factor."

"Um..." He coughed and tried to clear his throat. "None, Emily."

She stopped cooking and looked at him over her shoulder. "Oh. Good. Well, then, the only thing we need to do is get tested," she said matter-of-factly.

He readily agreed; not because he thought she "had" something, but because he wanted to make sure they were both clean and he respected her more for requiring tests.

They moved past the awkward conversation and on to discussing each other's likes and dislikes, their childhoods, everything. There wasn't any topic they didn't talk about. Finally at five o'clock in the morning, they said goodnight to each other with a sweet kiss.

Josh's body screamed and begged for release, but he didn't give in. He wasn't about to rub one out in the middle of Emily's living room.

He closed his eyes, and as he entered the time between being fully awake and asleep, he heard a groan from the other room. The sound woke him up, but he didn't move and waited to hear it again. This time he heard a tiny whimper laced with a hint of pain. He rose from the couch, intent on checking on her when he heard her yell, "No!"

Running toward her bedroom he flung his hands at the door and it opened, nearly falling off its hinges. Power shot from his hands and he caught her just before she hit the ground.

Hovering a foot from the ground and held firmly in the grasp of his power, she woke up. "Josh?"

He walked to her side, taking slow, measured steps. "It's okay, Emmy, I've got you." He moved her to the bed with the rise of his hands. "You had a nightmare. I just came to check on you and found you falling out of bed. You okay?"

"Um, yeah. You're right, just a nightmare." Emily's body shook as she tried to get back under the covers and he lifted them to help her.

Tucking her under her comforter, he sat on the edge of the bed and reached for her hand. "You sure you're okay?" Tears formed in her eyes and he bent to kiss them away.

"No. Will you stay with me for a little while? I know it's not fair of me to ask you to lie with me, but I'm asking anyway."

"Of course I will, baby." Their "relationship" had evolved to more than mere acquaintances. Josh thought of Emily as his now. Hell, he'd gone to jail defending her. Yeah, he could have simply stopped the guy from touching her, but seeing the man's hand pull back had sent him into a rage. He'd *had* to throw the guy for daring to hurt his girl.

Snuggling in next to her, he went to sleep, content to hold her close.

\* \* \*

Something was ringing and the damn thing wouldn't stop. Lifting his head from Emily's pillow, Josh looked around the room, trying to find the source of the noise. Spotting the culprit on the bedside table, he reached over and snatched up the phone, answering it. "He..." He coughed, his voice hoarse from sleep. "Hello?"

Emily mewled and snuggled closer to his heat and he kissed her brow. She looked beautiful as she slept.

"I'm sorry," a woman's voice said. "I must have the wrong number. I'm looking for Emily Stuart."

"Oh, you have the right number, ma'am. Just one second and I'll get her for you. Emmy? Emmy, baby. There's someone on the phone for you. Need to wake up, sweets."

She grumbled and groaned, but eventually snatched the phone from his hand and pulled it under the covers with her. *Sleepyhead.*

Josh looked over at the clock and winced at the time. Already nine o'clock, but they'd only gone to bed after five. *Four hours of sleep is definitely not enough.*

He pressed his body against her back, looking for the warmth they were sharing before the phone rudely awoke them. He didn't get to enjoy their closeness for long though.

Emily shot straight up in bed, wide-awake. "Oh! Hi, Mom." She looked at Josh and shot daggers at him with her eyes.

"Emily Maria Stuart! Your phone was *not* just answered by some *man*, was it? Is this the boy George helped out of *jail* last night and now he is in your home? In your bed? I cannot talk to you! Talk to your father!"

Emily heard her mother continue ranting in Spanish as the phone got handed to her father. Finally her dad came on the phone. "Long night, pumpkin?"

Sighing, she answered, "Hi, Dad. Yeah, long night." She felt movement to her right, but didn't look to see what Josh was doing. She needed to focus on explaining things to her dad at the moment.

"So, George tells me he had a call from you around eleven last night..."

Sighing, she told him an abbreviated version of the story. "Yeah, I got a little mouthy and Josh came to the rescue which got him arrested. He's a good guy, Dad."

"I see. Why don't we discuss it over a late lunch today? You and... Josh, is it? Come over to the house and we can talk about what happened last night."

With no way to get out of lunch with her parents, she hoped Josh would be okay with their newly formed plans. "Yeah, okay, Dad. Love you."

"Love you too, pumpkin."

Hanging up the phone, she went to find Josh. She found him in the kitchen making coffee. Taking a moment to admire the view, she felt her pussy swell with want at the sight he made. Wearing only his red boxer briefs and the T-shirt she'd lent him the night before, the man made a striking picture. It wasn't so much the shirt which made the view arousing, but the way his boxer briefs molded to the curves of his ass. They hugged every muscle. Unable to resist, her hands found their target and squeezed both cheeks as she groaned. Damn, she needed this man.

Leaning against him, she laid her head between his shoulder blades. They stood there a moment, neither of them saying anything. Finally, Josh broke the silence. "Everything okay?"

Not ready to speak just yet, she shook her head.

"Gonna tell me about it or are we playing twenty questions?"

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, she answered him. "I sorta called in a favor last night to get the charges dropped and get you out. Of course, my parents heard about it this morning and called to find out what happened. With you answering the phone..."

He finished her sentence. "They're freaked."

"Yep."

"So, how do we 'unfreak' them?"

She smiled into his back and kissed him between his shoulder blades. "If you're up for it..."

"I'm up for a lot, baby, but I don't think that's what you mean."

"Ha. Ha. Seriously though. They've 'invited' us over for a late lunch to 'discuss' what happened last night."

He turned in her arms. "What kind of 'us' are we? Are we going as friends or..."

"Or. If that's all right?" She cringed at the uncertainty in her voice, but she wanted more from Josh and she wanted her parents to know they truly were more.

"It's more than all right."

## Chapter Seven

Josh didn't ask or wait for permission. One second Emily stood before him, and the next she sat on the kitchen counter as Josh pushed his hips between her legs, keeping them spread. When his hard length pressed against her panty-covered pussy, her whole body shivered.

Josh must have noticed because he commented on it. "Not cold are you, baby? Of course you're not. You weren't cold last night either. You were hot for me, weren't you? That's what all those shivers were about."

He kissed a path down her neck as his cock continued to rub against her heat. The sensation of his skin on hers quickly brought her to the edge. Nothing aroused her more than the touch of a lover, or someone who would soon be her lover. "God, yes." His teeth nipped her shoulder and her pussy convulsed in response. "So close." She didn't need to be fucked or stroked to come, the sensual torture of his touch grabbed hold and pulled her toward her peak.

Josh's hand roamed her back, sending tiny electric shocks through her body. Goosebumps appeared in their wake. His other hand stroked her side, tickling and teasing her at the same time.

His fingers found her nipple and his mouth captured her moan. As he circled the hardened nub with callused fingers, her body arched into his touch. The rough skin of his fingertips plucked and pinched her nipples while their tongues danced in each other's mouths. Emily cursed the fabric separating their bodies. More than anything she wanted more of his skin on hers, but part of her brain remained logical and she knew having sex now would be moving too fast.

Warmth enveloped the juncture of her thighs, and if she didn't have his mouth on hers, she would have sworn his tongue and mouth were between her legs. The

feeling skittered and stroked her labia before separating her folds to stroke her nether lips.

*His hands are magical.* Emily sucked his tongue into her mouth, showing him how much she loved what he was doing to her without words. She stroked his back while he worked his magic on her pussy.

Suddenly her passage felt full and stretched, impaled on his fingers. She pulled her mouth away and pressed her forehead to his neck, letting his hands take her to the edge. "God, yes. Fuck me, Josh!" He receded and thrust forward again, pumping in and out of her pussy as warmth continued to circle her clit.

*How the fuck does he do that?*

Fingers continued to thrust into her core, increasing their tempo. Her body rocked, meeting his hand thrust for thrust. She didn't need to be fucked to come. She needed more of him and his skin on hers.

She snaked her hands under his shirt and sighed when her fingers brushed his chiseled abs. Skin, she needed skin. Touch. Emily's hands rubbed and stroked his body as his hands did magical things to her own.

The hand at her breast kneaded her tender flesh while she rocked her hips and sought release. "Please, Josh. Please..."

Answering her plea, his mouth captured hers in a scorching kiss. Their tongues resumed their dance, stroking and licking every inch of each other's mouths while he continued his assault on her pussy.

The muscles of her cunt tightened in time with his thrusts, signaling the approach of her orgasm. The warmth circling her clit changed its motion and turned into a light tap in time with her hips. The change in motion combined with the feel of his skin on hers pushed her over the edge. She came with a scream. Wrapping her legs around Josh's waist, she held him close as her orgasm subsided.

Pulling her mouth from his, she met a pair of smiling sea-green eyes. Josh cradled her face in his hands, rubbing her cheeks with his thumbs, and pulled her into a sweet, soft kiss. Emily nibbled his lower lip before releasing him, causing him to groan.

She leaned her face into his hands, enjoying his touch. Then she realized neither of his hands were covered in her juices. She could feel the wetness between her thighs, soaking through her panties. *Wait! Panties! I'm still wearing panties, but...*

"How the hell did you..." She pulled his hands away from her face and stared at them. Clean... and dry. Not a drop of her cream in sight! Looking down her body, she *was* still wearing her knickers.

"Magic."

"But... but you were... *you know*." She could feel her blush creeping up her neck. "And I... *you know*. There's no way you did... while I..."

He kissed her nose, eyes and those kissable lips, still smiling. "My kind of magic, baby. You may have had the most amazing orgasm of your life, but we still haven't made it past second base."

Emily pulled back and punched him in the chest. "Cocky much?"

He pushed his hips forward, thrusting his erection against her labia. "Yes, actually."

The heat in her face intensified and she pressed her head to his shoulder. "Sorry."

His response: a deep throaty laugh she felt through her entire body. "Nothing to be sorry for, Emmy. I just couldn't control myself and had to touch you."

"I could..."

"Do nothing but let me head home for a cold shower." He stepped back, putting some space between them and looked into her eyes. "The first time I come, it will be when I'm buried so deep in your sweet pussy I won't know where I end and you begin."

Grabbing his waist between her legs, she pulled his body to hers as she caught his lips in another lingering kiss. This kiss lacked the urgency she'd felt moments before. She wanted to give him a sweet seductive memory he could take home with him. Pulling back, she smiled and stroked his arms. "I like the sound of that."



“Good. I’ll be back in a couple of hours.” Josh stepped out of her embrace and disappeared in a shimmering cloud of mist. One moment he stood in front of her, kissing her, and the next he was gone.

*Guess that saves a lot of money on gas.*

\* \* \*

Josh and Emily rode to her parents’ home in a comfortable silence. Well, it would have been comfortable for Josh if he hadn’t been replaying his conversation with Eric D’Amore. But at least Emily seemed comfortable in his presence. As her hand rested on his thigh, he wished thoughts of Eric weren’t occupying his mind and he could enjoy her company more.

He had been surprised at finding Eric relaxing on his couch after shimmering home. The man seemed unfazed by Josh’s sudden appearance; it almost seemed as if he had been waiting for him.

Josh had given up trying to figure out just who Eric was after their conversation in his office. Suffice it to say, Eric’s powers surpassed his own, exponentially as far as he could tell. He skipped the pleasantries though. He had a woman to return to. “Eric. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Eric tipped his head in greeting. “I wanted your report.”

“What report?”

“You are on assignment. I want to know how it’s going. Should I send in another operative or...”

Anger boiled in his belly and his body reacted by pulling power from the earth. “No!” He took a deep breath, willing his body under control. He’d never reacted so strongly before, and never over a woman. Somehow Emily had crawled into the deep recesses of his heart. His body’s responses were being controlled by emotions he wasn’t quite ready to face. “No. She’s mine. No one will touch her but me.”

Eric stared at him, not saying anything as the seconds ticked by. “I see. A bit possessive, are we? Very well. I’ll give you additional time to satisfy our Ms. Stuart, but hurry it along. There are many other Normals deserving of their own pleasure.”

Acid burned and boiled in his stomach. Hate for the Council and Eric D'Amore pounded through his body, carried in the current of his blood. They were the reason he approached Emily as a liar and he'd be damned if he was forced to go through the motions with anyone else. His blossoming relationship with Emmy had become too precious to be controlled like a marionette by the Council. "I won't be working for the Council from this point forward, Eric."

Something flashed through Eric's eyes, but Josh couldn't place the emotion. "I see. Is there some new development I should know about? Did you suddenly fall in love with our Ms. Stuart? Have you committed yourselves to each other?"

Josh wasn't ready to confront his feelings for Emily. They were too new and dug too deeply into his soul. "No..."

"Then you'll continue the assignment and once completed you'll move onto another. Remember, Joshua, what the Council wants, the Council gets." Eric strode toward the front door, the slam of wood against wood signaling his departure.

Josh was alone. Alone with a heavy heart and more questions than answers. Of course every question and answer revolved around Emily.

Emily's death grip on his thigh yanked him from his thoughts. Blinking to clear his head, he looked at her out of the corner of his eye while still keeping an eye on the road. "Emmy?"

She jumped when she heard his voice. "Sorry. Geez, sorry. We're getting close and I'm getting nervous. I've never brought a guy home and..."

He finished her sentence since he happened to be thinking the same thing. "This is so new."

She sighed. "Yeah."

Josh laced her fingers with his. "Don't worry, Emmy, it will all be okay."

At least he hoped it would be. Josh had never faced a set of angry parents before. And how could they not be angry? They'd called and instead of their daughter answering the phone, they were met with the voice of a stranger. A male stranger.

"Why don't you tell me what I'm in for? Huh? You said you called in a favor."

Her shoulders slumped and he wanted nothing more than to turn the car around and protect her from everything weighing her down. "The thing about it is..." She took several deep breaths, as if preparing for a deep ocean dive sans air tanks. "I sort of called George last night and explained what happened and he woke the sheriff out of bed and then he called..."

Josh didn't let her get any further. He pulled the car to the side of the road and threw it into park. This was definitely an eye-to-eye conversation. "Start back at the beginning. Who exactly is George?"

"My godfather."

"Right. And how exactly does he have enough pull to call the sheriff at midnight?" She looked out the window and mumbled. "Emmy, didn't hear you."

"He's sort of the mayor."

"And you called the mayor at midnight to get your date out of jail. The mayor called the sheriff and the sheriff had me released. Then, of course, the mayor called your parents and they called..."

"Me. Yep, you about summed it up. Can we get going? If we're late..."

"God. Don't tell me... they'll call George." He had to laugh. The absurdity of the situation washed over him and he laughed -- the only way he could deal with it all. Emily caught on to his laughter and the two of them sat on the side of the road chuckling about what they'd gone through in the past twenty-four hours. As their laughter subsided, Josh shifted the car into drive and pulled back into traffic.

Time to meet her parents and settle their concerns. He planned on being with Emily for a while and it would help if they liked him, even if only a little.

\* \* \*

As far as interrogations went, Josh thought his was going fairly well. Emily's parents had met them at the front door, smiling and offering their hands in welcome. Emily's mother, Maria, pulled her straight into the kitchen, leaving the men to face off against one another.

He might have overdramatized the situation, but Josh felt as if he was about to do battle; whether of words or fists, it would still be a fight. No father wants to find out his little girl is growing up, and he wouldn't want to even *think* about her with a man.

Josh and Emily's father, Ian, moved to the back deck where the steaks were grilling. The deck also happened to be out of earshot of the kitchen. Ian tended the steaks while Josh nursed a beer he'd been handed and waited for the questions to begin. It didn't take Ian long to get to the point. "So, you and Emily are..."

"In a relationship."

Ian remained quiet for a moment, as if digesting the bit of information Josh had just shared. "Why don't you tell me about how you two came to be in this relationship?"

Ian posed it as a question, but Josh knew enough to know a demand when he heard one. He had nothing to hide from Emily's father, well, almost nothing. Leaving his association with Eric D'Amore and the Council out of his story, he explained his first meeting with Emily at the library, all the way through to her bailing him out of jail -- with George's help, apparently.

Ian stared at him a moment before responding. "So, not once, but twice you've managed to keep my daughter from getting the shit knocked out of her? I swear the girl needs to learn to keep her mouth shut." Sighing, Ian unfolded his body from the deck chair and extended his hand to Josh. "All right, you've passed muster. If you've managed to keep her out of the hospital this long..." Ian swung an arm around Josh's shoulders and steered him toward the sliding glass doors leading to the kitchen.

Stopping just outside, he whispered into Josh's ear. "And for God's sake, don't *ever* answer the phone at her house again. I trust my daughter to make good choices where men are concerned. She may be a hothead, but she's not stupid. But if I have to go through another day with Maria ranting and raving about it... I will take it out on your ass."

Josh looked up at Ian towering over him and managed a weak laugh. Physically smaller than Ian, he wouldn't stand a chance in a fight with Emily's father. Yeah, he

could use his Psi abilities on the man, but using his powers on a Normal who was simply trying to protect his own hide didn't seem fair. Which meant, it would be fist to fist and Josh would lose... bad. Clearing his throat, he agreed. "Yes, sir."

The men walked through the back door just in time to hear Maria raving at Emily. "And you let him spend the night at your house? Like a *puta común*?"

Emily looked as if she had been slapped by her mother. The color drained from her face, her eyes widened, and her mouth dropped open. Josh didn't know Spanish, but he knew hurt when he saw it. He waved a hand toward Maria, sealing her mouth and muting whatever other comments she might have had.

He could hear Ian talking to his wife in angry whispers, but he only had eyes for Emily. Striding to her side, he pulled her into his arms, trying to shield her from any more hurt.

They stood there for what felt like an eternity until Ian's hand on his shoulder got his attention. "As much as I hate to ask this of you, do you think you could let my wife speak?" Josh saw laughter dancing in Ian's eyes. The man appeared to be fighting to put on a stern face, but Josh could see he found humor in the situation. He leaned down and whispered in Josh's ear, "It took me five minutes to figure out why she wasn't screeching at me. And then I realized she couldn't. She's seen the error of her ways though, and would like to apologize to Emily."

Josh arched a brow at him, skeptical that Maria's opinion and feelings could change so quickly. At Ian's nod, he waved his hand in Maria's direction and she could speak once again.

Rushing across the room, she enveloped them both in her small arms, pulling them down to her so she could place kisses on their cheeks. "Emita did not tell me you were her *ángel*. I would not have called you a whore, Emita, had you told me who he was."

Josh raised his hand to silence her once again, but Ian shook his head, silently telling him to stop. It took every ounce of restraint, but he listened to the man with

whom he had formed a tenuous bond. If he couldn't shut the woman up, he'd at least warn her about upsetting Emmy.

"Ma'am, I realize you are Emily's mother and while I respect you for having given birth to her, I'm going to have to warn you. Say something like that to her again and it will be a cold day in the devil's world before you speak again. Ever."

Instead of getting angry, or even showing a hint of irritation, Maria laughed at Josh's threat. "Oh! He really is your *ángel*, Emita!" Laughing she hugged them both again.

Their gazes met over Maria's head and from Emily's expression, Josh didn't think she had any idea about what was going on either.

Instead of explaining her behavior, Maria hustled them to the table for lunch and all further discussion of Josh and Emily's relationship ceased. It seemed as if her parents had gotten all of the information they needed to make sure their daughter was in good hands.

## Chapter Eight

Emily paced her living room as she waited for Josh to arrive. They'd been dating for a month and tonight he said he had a surprise for her. She only hoped he'd surprise her with his cock. Or a mouth. Or his fingers. Or something!

After their one glorious morning in the kitchen, they hadn't gotten past kisses again. And it was getting annoying as hell! She'd tried to coax and barter her way into his bed, but he didn't budge, simply saying he didn't want to rush things. Didn't he know his behavior defied all generally accepted principles of man? Men always wanted to jump into the sack, and all Josh wanted to do was take things slowly. Slowly!

Any man, when presented with a more than willing woman, would jump at the chance for some hot sex. But not Josh, apparently. He'd taken her out on countless dates, but ended each evening with a sweet kiss and a promise to call her. She wondered if she'd been pushed into the "friend" category instead of "girlfriend." Then again, they hadn't actually discussed their status.

She'd assumed they were more than friends before he met her parents, but now she wondered if she had assumed too much. He'd given her the most amazing orgasm of her life without actually touching her and now he would barely lay a finger on her.

What made everything more painful was the fact that she loved him. If something beyond kissing didn't happen soon, she'd go crazy. Her vibrator had seen more action while she had been with Josh than before she started dating him. Her body constantly hummed with arousal, and he always seemed to be in the same state as well. That large, thick cock of his always reached for her through his jeans. So why wasn't he doing anything about it? She'd gladly drop to her knees and take him in her mouth.

Sighing, she slumped onto the couch. No use wearing a hole in the carpet. Glancing at the clock, she realized it would be at least another hour before Josh would arrive. Maybe she just needed a quick session with her vibrator to take the edge off.

Pulling her clothes off as she strode through the apartment, she went straight for her goody drawer in the bedroom. Snatching her favorite vibrator, the one she imagined most resembled Josh's cock, she settled in the middle of the bed. Stripped to her birthday suit, she rubbed her hands over her body, enjoying the feel of skin gliding on skin.

Touch had always been one of her biggest turn-ons. She didn't need big muscular men with cute asses and hard bodies, she needed a man who knew just where to stroke, how to tease, and who enjoyed foreplay as much as he enjoyed actual play. After the morning in the kitchen, Emily thought Josh might be one of those men, but he hadn't made a move since, which worried her.

Pushing her worries aside, Emily focused on her body. She slid her hands over the heated skin of her breasts, skimming lightly, just enough to tease as she circled her nipples with her fingertips.

Closing her eyes, she imagined Josh's hands on her body. His fingers would be work-worn and callused as they rubbed her sensitive flesh, pulling moans from her throat without trying. His tongue would follow the trail left by his fingers, licking a path around one nipple and then the other. He'd nip and suckle each breast while his hands roamed the rest of her body.

Emily trailed her hands down her abdomen to the closely cropped curls shielding her pussy. Widening her legs, she moved a finger down to stroke her outer lips. Josh would be so gentle at first, knowing how his touch aroused her. When his hand would casually stroke her arm, she'd shiver. He'd know when he stroked her labia, her reaction would be intensified.

His knowing hands would find their way to her pussy-lips; sliding one finger between them, he would stroke her pussy from clit to core and back again. Over and over his light touch would tease her sensitive flesh while coating his fingers in her



juices. Emily mimicked the actions of her fantasy Josh until her fingers were slick with her cream. Then she slid them over her outer lips, coating her pussy and reveling in the feel of her fingers, slick with her arousal, touching her body.

“Josh’s” use of her wetness, combined with the touch of his skin on hers, drew her to the edge. It beckoned, begging her to come closer. Emily was ready to come. Now. She wanted to feel the muscles tighten and contract around the vibrator she’d named “Josh.”

Retrieving the poor substitute for her “possible” boyfriend, Emily slid the synthetic cock up and down her slit, using her juices for lubrication. Satisfied Josh was lubed enough, she placed the head of the cock at her entrance and teased her body with it. The anticipation always made coming much sweeter.

Emily pressed it in an inch and then pulled it out, whimpering with its loss and envisioning Josh over her, teasing her with his body. He’d press into her, just the tip of his cock sliding into her entrance before pulling out again. Over and over he’d tease and tempt her, pushing her closer to the edge, urging her orgasm until it threatened to overtake her.

“Please, Josh. Please.” He’d give her another inch and give her a few shallow thrusts before retreating again. Taunting her body with his. “Please. Fuck me.”

Josh would silence her with a kiss, hard and punishing. His tongue would enter her mouth, conquering it and taking it for his. It was his. It would always be his. Tongues twining, swirling around one another as his cock continued to taunt her. “I won’t fuck you, baby. I’ll make love to you.”

He’d keep playing his game, giving her more of his delicious cock before taking it away again. Until finally, she’d fold her legs around his body and force him into her and they’d both freeze, savoring the first moment their bodies joined. His gloriously thick cock would fill her completely, almost stretching her to the point of pain, but she wouldn’t care. To be filled by the man she loved was enough to overcome any pain. It had been so long since she’d had a living, breathing, non-battery-operated lover that

anything was worth having real flesh in her pussy. The fact she loved the man attached to the cock was a bonus.

Emily pressed the vibrator into her hungry pussy and turned it on high. The vibrations traveled through her body as she rocked and thrust the synthetic cock into her cunt. She begged for her orgasm. She begged Josh to let her come as he fucked her pussy, drawing closer to the point where her body would take over. She could feel the muscles of her pussy clenching and tightening, signaling the approach of her orgasm.

“Please, Josh! Please!”

So close, but she needed more. Emily couldn’t come with just a cock thrusting and stroking her core, she needed the physical sensation of being touched. Pulling and stroking her breasts and nipples, she continued to plead to her imaginary boyfriend as she thrust the cock in and out of her. Her muscles rippled and contracted with every thrust, signaling the approach of her orgasm.

A final brush of her nipples as the vibrator stroked her G-spot and she came in a series of spasms. Her body gripped the synthetic cock, holding it snugly in her passage. As the orgasm receded, she closed her eyes and drifted to sleep. All the while wishing it really had been Josh.

\* \* \*

Josh stared at Eric and wished he were strong enough to just kill the man. He wasn’t normally the violent type, but it seemed anything to do with Emily brought it out of him. Right now, his body tense, he was ready to take on the man across from him, even if it meant his own death.

“I’m sorry, Joshua, if you can’t finish the job, someone else will be sent in who can.”

“No.”

Eric smiled at him. Not a real smile, but one parents reserved for their children when trying to reason with them. “We’ve done further research into Emily’s sexual desires and have found her particular kink is...”

Anger churned and boiled in his blood, a familiar emotion when he talked to Eric about Emily. This wasn't the first conversation they'd had and each meeting tested Josh's control. "I *know* what her kink is, Eric." He said the man's name as a slur. Josh hated the person, the creature, in front of him.

"Then why, pray tell, have you not finished your assignment?"

This was the question even Josh had difficulty answering. He knew just how to satisfy Emily's every desire. The shiver which wracked her body and the passion in her eyes every time he touched her told him what she needed. But he couldn't bring himself to go through with it. The moment he completed his "assignment" he'd be off to another and out of her life forever. He wasn't ready to let her go. He didn't know if he'd ever be ready.

Running his hand through his hair, he had to admit his problem, even if only to himself. He loved her. Had been in love with her from the moment she'd protected a small child from a six-foot enraged father. There'd been no way to avoid it. He'd fallen in love with her strong chin and defiant attitude when it came to defending people suffering from prejudice.

Not ready to say goodbye to her, he'd kept his hands to himself for the past month. Torture, pure and simple. As soon as they made love, as soon as he fulfilled her every desire, he'd be forced to leave her. Eric would assign him another "target" and Emily would be lost to him, forever.

"Joshua?"

Fuck it. He'd admit his feelings for Emily and dare the damn man to assign him to another case. Through with the Council and their games, he answered Eric. "I love her. I won't be assigned to another Normal and I'll be damned if you send another Extraordinary to her bed." He strode across the room, knowing he could be walking to his death, but not caring. Staring Eric in the eyes, he sealed his fate. "I will kill everyone you send to her, even you. No one touches her. She's mine."

Instead of reacting with anger, Eric smiled. His whole face lit up and he jumped from the chair, pushing Josh out of his way. "Wonderful! Do send me an invitation to the wedding! Ta!" Without another word Eric left through the front door, just as before.

Why had a man so powerful Josh couldn't sense him left through the front door? And Josh didn't understand Eric's enthusiasm over his threat. But he didn't want to examine it too closely. He wanted to get to Emily as fast as he could. After admitting his love for her to himself, he couldn't wait to tell her.

Josh had held his body in check for the last month and now, at the prospect of coming within his woman, his cock hardened. He only hoped he'd still be welcome in her bed. He admitted, he'd avoided taking things to the next level with Emily for fear of losing her to another assignment, but now with the threat of being controlled by the Council gone, he needed her.

Closing his eyes, he pictured the interior of Emily's apartment in his mind. She hated when he "popped in," as she called it, unannounced, but he didn't care. He'd take her smidge of anger as long as it meant he'd get his hands all over her body and make love to her.

Focusing his mind, he let his power rushed and whirled around him as warmth enveloped his body. Opening his eyes, he found himself exactly as he envisioned, standing in the middle of her living room. *Now to find Emmy.*

Tiptoeing through her apartment, he found her in the bedroom, sprawled across the bed, one hand resting on her breast, while the other... Josh swallowed hard. Her other hand held a dildo still buried inside her body. What he wouldn't give to be in place of the dildo at the moment. It looked as if she had fallen asleep after masturbating.

*She must be as frustrated as I am.*

Moving soundlessly through the room, he removed his clothes as he approached the bed. Naked and aroused, he stood next to her as she slept and tried to figure out how to best seduce her. Remembering her reaction to his magic in the kitchen from weeks before, he had just the idea, a perfect seduction for his sweet Emmy. He wouldn't even touch her.

## Chapter Nine

Waking with a sigh, Emily yawned. Opening her eyes on her darkened bedroom, she sought out the bedside clock. With the curtains drawn, and the sun unable to get past her heavy window coverings, there was no way to tell the time. Seeing the time on her bedside clock, she was shocked to see it was after six. Josh would be at her apartment at any moment. She needed to get moving, and fast.

There was only one problem; she couldn't move. Her arms rested on pillows above her head and she couldn't bring them down. Her legs were spread apart and no amount of muscle would get them to move. But she couldn't see anything holding her in place! Then she realized not only was she spread-eagle on the bed naked, but she couldn't move. *Josh!*

Peering into the darkness, she scanned the bedroom, searching for him. God, she hoped it was Josh holding her captive. She didn't know what she'd do if some other Extraordinary were taking advantage of her. When she didn't immediately spot him, panic started to take over, her heart rate sped up and breathing began coming in soft pants. Her panic receded the moment he rose from a chair in the corner.

"Hey, baby."

Emily's mouth watered, her cunt clenched and her muscles tensed at the sight of Josh. Being naked in front of him and spread-eagle on the bed held by his power didn't affect her in the slightest. Josh standing before her, just as naked and aroused as she felt, had her pulling at the invisible bonds restraining her body.

His whole body was covered in perfectly sculpted, chiseled muscle and light dustings of brown hair. She stared at the sprinklings of hair on his chest and followed the trail farther south to where they surrounded his erection. Easily eight inches long, thick and cut, his cock far surpassed the one from her fantasies. She wished he'd let her

loose to lick the drop of pre-come forming at the tip. Emily wanted to drop to her knees and lick and suck every inch of his cock. She yearned to hear him moan as her mouth worked his cock, knowing she pulled every sound from him.

“Emmy. My eyes are up here, baby.”

Blushing, she looked into his eyes and saw her love for him reflected back to her. Could it be possible? She hoped so. “Josh? What... I can’t move.”

“I know, baby. I told you I had a surprise, and I do. This is the first part. Will you let me pleasure you? Give you everything you’ve ever dreamed of?”

A warm breeze, a hint of a touch, caressed her body with the wave of his hand and she arched her body into the sensation. “Yes. God, yes.”

The feeling returned, but stronger in intensity. In her mind, she imagined a hundred hands stroking every inch of her body. The feelings centered on her breasts, fondling and pinching her nipples, kneading them with invisible hands which seemed to read her mind. Josh gave her the tiny hint of pain she sometimes craved and it shot straight to her pussy. Her muscles contracted in response, looking for the cock she craved. “Josh, please.”

But he didn’t relent. Instead, the invisible hands moved along her body sliding over her skin, wakening her arousal as they slid over her flesh. The warmth centered over her pussy and Emily shifted her legs, trying to open them farther for Josh. She wanted this, wanted what he could give.

Her pussy, opened by the unseen forces of Josh’s mind, pulsed and clenched, begging to be filled. He didn’t make her wait or beg. With another flick of his hand, she suddenly felt full, as if he were thrusting deep within her. Josh’s power moved in and out of her body, fucking her pussy. Restrained by his power, she could do nothing but raise her hips a few inches and beg for more. Her body tightened and clenched as her orgasm approached, but his power alone couldn’t bring her to the peak; she needed him. She needed the warmth of his skin on hers. “Josh, it’s not enough. Need *you*!”

He released her with a wave of his hand and she scrambled to her knees, arms reaching for him. Emily stroked his chest and arms as their mouths met in a flurry of

lips and tongues. He'd aroused her to a fever pitch and now she couldn't seem to control herself. She licked and sucked his lips, her tongue battling with his for dominance.

Emily scooted back and slid down his body, pressing kisses across his chest before continuing south until her mouth hovered inches from his erection. For a brief moment she thought she'd finally get her mouth around the cock she craved, but he stopped her. "Wait, baby."

She whimpered and poked out her lower lip. She only wanted a taste. A tiny drop of pre-come had formed on the mushroom tip of his cock and one flick of her tongue would make it disappear, but he denied her. "Next time, Emmy, I promise. I'm too close right now."

Close. She liked to hear close. She reveled in her ability to arouse him without doing much at all. Easing back on the bed, she pulled him down with her, opening her legs and cradling his body. "Need you, Josh. Need you so bad it *hurts*."

Josh laid his body over her, aligning their hips and resting his weight on his elbows. She tried to wiggle and shift so his cock was at her entrance, but he wouldn't cooperate. Did the man not get it? "Josh!" she whined.

He laughed in response and resumed his kisses. Soft and sweet turned carnal as she circled her hips, nudging his cock with her pussy, trying to entice him.

He pushed his body up and looked into her eyes. "Emmy, I love you."

Tears formed in her eyes, blurring her vision. "I love you, too."

His fingers brushed away her tears and tucked a stray hair behind her ear. "Don't cry, baby, please don't cry."

She couldn't help it. Only hours ago she had been convinced he didn't want to have anything more than friendship with her and now her dream had come true. "They're happy tears, promise. Make love to me now? I've waited so long."

He stroked her face. Following the line of her jaw, he trailed his fingers down her neck to her chest and finally rested his hand over her heart. The feeling of his skin brushing hers pulled her to the edge of an orgasm. He could read her body so well.

"You're already close, aren't you? I think all it would take is a few well placed touches..."

She moaned, his words bringing her closer. "And your cock."

"And my cock." Josh poised his penis at her entrance, teasing her core with soft brushes of his silky skin. The tip of his cock, the mushroom head she'd seen so closely before, nudged the entrance of her pussy.

"Josh, fuck me!"

He didn't wait for further instructions. With his eyes intent and focused on hers, he pressed the full length of his cock into her waiting heat. Her pussy stretched to accommodate his width, spreading around the intrusion and welcoming it. The full feeling she'd imagined such a short time ago was now a reality. He filled her perfectly. There was no greater feeling than being joined with the man she loved.

The muscles of her cunt twitched and begged for more. Josh answered. He began with tentative movements, sliding in and out. Emily could feel every vein and ridge of his cock as it stroked her inner walls, occasionally pressing against the bundle of nerves which seemed linked to every muscle in her body.

In and out of her heat he moved, pulling her orgasm closer to the surface. She slid her hands all over his skin, discovering and stroking the tense muscles as he made love to her. That's what it was -- love. He whispered the words between kisses, and she did the same. Their softly spoken words, sighs, and moans filled the room.

Emily pulled him tight against her with her legs. They stayed locked together, rocking and feeling, her cunt clenching around his cock as he ground his pelvis against her, stimulating her clit.

Josh stroked her, his skin sliding against hers as he gave her more of his weight. The feeling of so much of his skin exposed to her was almost overwhelming.

Joined as they were, moving together as one, Emily's first orgasm took her by surprise. It washed over her, sinking into and exploding from every pore of her body. She tightened around Josh, holding him snug against her as the feelings flowed through every muscle. Her cunt grasped his cock in its hold and he hissed in response, the



sound lost in Emily's cry of completion. Her legs still around him, she smiled, satisfied with their lovemaking. "Josh."

He captured her lips in a sweet, gentle kiss before raising his body, resting his weight on his hands. The gentle thrusts and retreats they'd shared moments ago now turned frantic. Pulling free of her heat, he entered her in one fierce movement. She screamed his name and her legs unwrapped from his waist. She placed her feet flat on the bed, giving herself more leverage, and pressed her hips toward his with every thrust. Soon, the sounds of flesh meeting flesh mingled with their moans and grunts.

This was a fast and furious fucking. Just what Emily needed after their tender lovemaking. Josh assaulted her, forcing his cock into her tender pussy. Sweat formed on his brow, dripping onto her chest as he pushed in and out of her. "That's it. Fuck me Josh. Fuck me!"

Her words seemed to increase his desire. He sat back on his heels, still pounding into her body as he brought her legs to rest on his shoulders. The change in position increased the pressure of his cock on her G-spot and Emily groaned her appreciation.

Emily's orgasm had begun anew the moment their lovemaking turned to fucking. The coil deep in her abdomen tightened with every thrust as he worked his erection in and out of her pussy. His hands stroked her legs and thighs as he retreated and forced his way back into her pussy. Harder and harder he thrust as his cock stoked the fire burning within her.

So close to coming, she only needed a little more. Josh must have sensed her need because suddenly the warm, invisible hands she'd felt before were centered on her clit. They stroked and tapped out a staccato rhythm which matched Josh's stroke -- pulling her orgasm closer until finally she came, screaming his name, her muscles tightening and milking his cock. She heard Josh shout her name with his orgasm, his muscles tightening, convulsing as he released his seed.

Panting, he lowered her legs, draping them on either side of his hips, and loomed over her as he stared into her eyes and she prayed he could see the love she had for him. "I love you, Emmy."

"I love you, too."

Leaning down, he kissed her before rolling to his side and pulling her body against his. Content in his arms, she fell into a sweet dreamless sleep, one where nightmares would never plague her again. After all, she had her angel to protect her.

## Epilogue

Eric wandered through the crowd of wedding guests, searching for the light. His stomach had tightened the moment he walked into the reception hall. He knew, *knew*, a destined couple was in the building. If only he could catch sight of them.

He'd attended Josh and Emily's wedding as an honored guest, whether they knew it or not, and now he sensed another match. At their reception of all places.

Scanning the milling crowd he spotted the female half of the pairing, a striking blonde talking animatedly with Emily. With one half of the couple located, he continued his search.

Spotting an Extraordinary *couple* across the room, he did a double take.

*Well, this will make for an interesting trio indeed.*

## Celia Kyle

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of last year. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though, it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you *must* contact her, her website is at [www.celiakyle.com](http://www.celiakyle.com) or you can send an email to [celia.kyle@gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!