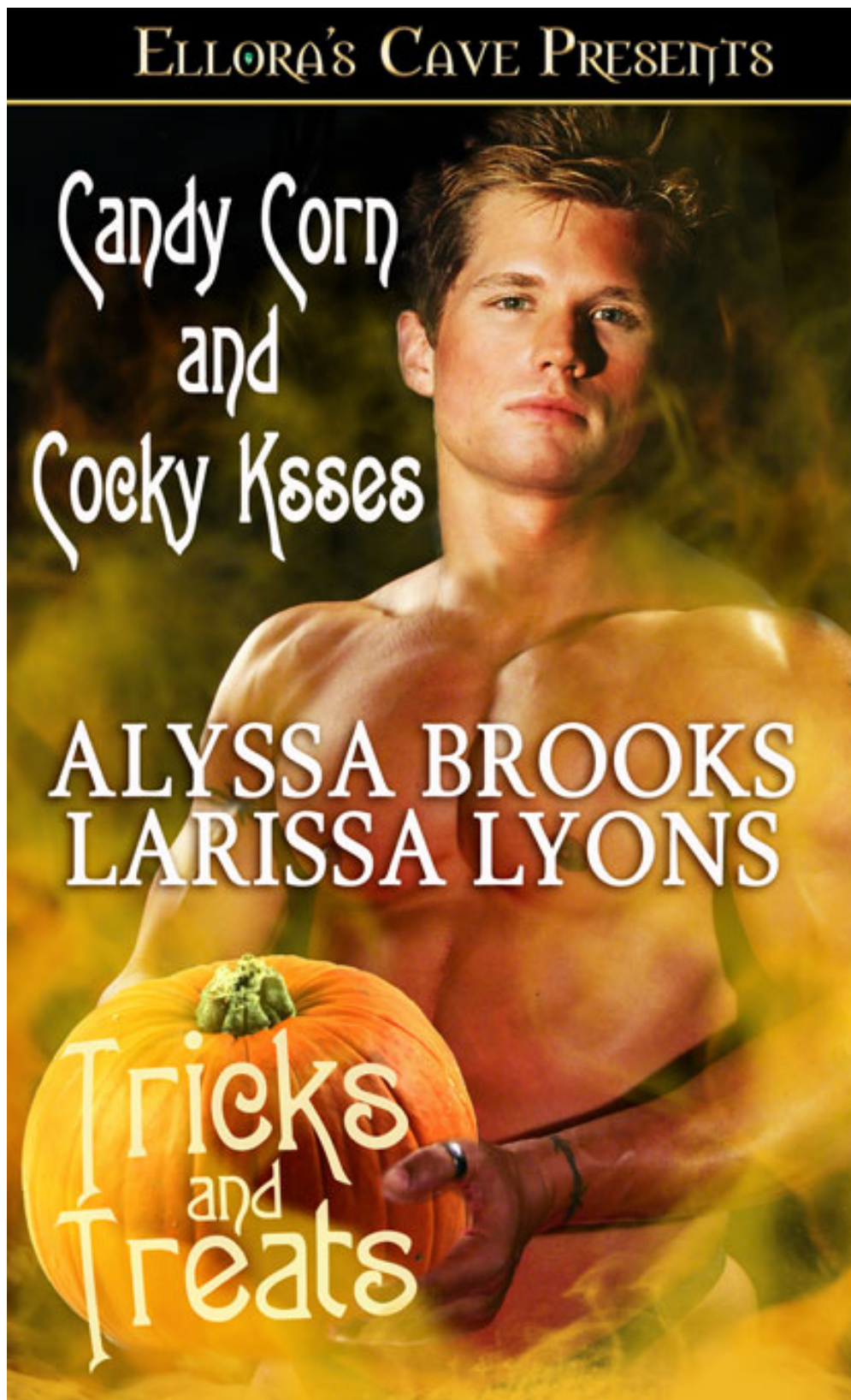


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Candy Corn
and
Cocky Kisses

ALYSSA BROOKS
LARISSA LYONS

Tricks
and
Treats



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Candy Corn and Cocky Kisses

ISBN 9781419913112

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Candy Corn and Cocky Kisses Copyright © 2007 Alyssa Brooks & Larissa Lyons

Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication October 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

CANDY CORN AND COCKY KISSES

Alyssa Brooks & Larissa Lyons

Dedication

To Helen, for taking a chance on us both. ☺

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Addams Family: Colyton, Barbara

Ben Wa : Ben Wa Novelty Corporation

Bow Wow Wow: Blag Music Ltd.

Budweiser: Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

Frankenstein: Universal City Studios, Inc.

KIWI: Saramar L.L.C.

Mercedes Benz: DaimlerChrysler AG Corporation

Merriam Webster: Merriam-Webster, Inc.

Sprite: Coca-Cola Company, The

Prologue

Tricky Trouble

Mid Summer

"I don't fucking believe this!" Brad Linsey glared at the cell phone in his hand like it was a fanged viper about to strike. "Dammit, Alexis!"

Holding her breath, Jenny reminded herself there was no way Brad *wasn't* going to be pissed – after all, he was being dumped in the worst way.

Lucky her, the bearer of bad news. She'd always liked him too. Perhaps a little too much.

All this certainly explained why Alexis had been MIA from her own bachelorette party. It had been a great one too – just like Brad was a great catch.

One Alexis was throwing back.

Jenny refused to acknowledge the relief that washed through her body, her very heart, at the thought. So Brad was hot. So she'd had a crush on him since high school. So what?

Two minutes ago, he'd officially become her best friend's ex. Off-limits, just as he'd always been.

Besides, she'd sworn off men for good. Even ones that looked like a blond Adonis.

Ah well. That was the story of her life...liking men she couldn't – or shouldn't – be with. Exactly why *dating* had been elevated to a felony in her book.

In front of her, Brad slammed the phone to his ear so hard Jenny heard his eardrum pop. "You're breaking up with me twenty minutes before our wedding? Are you *shitting* me? I don't believe this!"

Yeah, that had been mentioned, hadn't it? At least twice now.

“Alexis, does it escape you that we have three hundred damn guests sitting in the fucking orchid-covered pews?”

That too.

When would this drama end? Jenny *hated* tension. Hated having to see an okay guy get the shaft.

Okay? Try *God-like* At least where looks were concerned. Personality-wise? She was starting to wonder.

Jenny stepped back as Brad began to pace the tiny confines of the closed-in room that wasn't big enough for the three of them—Jenny, Brad and his temper.

“Alexis Eugenia Tarleton,” Brad growled into the phone. “I don't care where you've spent the night—or with whom. Wash that damn loser off your skin and get your ass over here. We're taking vows in eighteen minutes. Goddammit, don't embarrass me.”

Didn't seem very heartbroken, did he? Just *embarrassed*?

The way he was yelling, Jenny wouldn't be surprised if every orchid in the church had wilted.

“*You what?*” Brad's GQ-inspired tan turned blistering red in the heat of his anger, his fingers squeezing the phone as if to smash it to smithereens. “What do you mean you *love* him? Bullshit. You're about to humiliate me in front of my biggest client, not to mention Grandmother Lins—”

That's why he was so mad? Love wasn't bullshit. It was...it was...

Enough was enough. It would be one thing if he was truly heartbroken but who cared about his grandmother and his stupid pride?

Jenny wrenched the phone from his unsuspecting grip. She hadn't been taking assertiveness training for nothing. “Hold on, Alexis.” Jenny muffled the phone and glared at Brad. “You know what? I'm *glad* she's not marrying you. You're an ass.”

“Huh...” She'd stunned him silent. Probably because she hadn't spoken two hundred words to him the entire year he and her best friend had dated. Jenny didn't

talk to men, not unless she had to. Despite all the counseling, containing her bitterness seemed impossible and she hated sounding like an embittered bitch. Sometimes it was better to be quiet.

This wasn't one of those cases. Brad deserved to be chewed up and fed to the dogs. *No one* treated her best friend this way.

Jenny straightened her five-foot-two-inch frame, wishing she could miraculously gain about ten inches and look him in the eye. Instead, she tried not to notice how yummy his cologne smelled and poked him in the stomach with her free hand—her once broken hand—and met an impenetrable wall. Pain radiated to her elbow, only serving to make her madder.

Cry mercy!

Never again. *Never!*

She jabbed harder, enjoying the stinging reminder. She hated men. "I thought Alexis was the luckiest woman in the world to have found a guy like you but I must have been crazy. You care more about what your business colleagues think than how she feels? Do you have any idea—wait a minute."

Jenny whirled around and spoke into the cell phone. "Alexis? Honey, if Nate makes you happy, then I'm happy... Sure... Don't worry, I'll take care of your mother—but you owe me big. Now go have some fun. I have a giant ass to deal with."

She flipped the phone shut, painted on a sarcastic smile and turned to Brad. His starched bowtie appeared to be strangling him.

"You never really cared about her at all, did you?"

"What?" A muscle ticked in his square jaw.

What? That was his defense?

Suddenly, his professionally styled hair no longer looked so unintentionally casual. And his eyes...they weren't the deep indigo that she imagined drowning in but

shallow, pale pools of blue. Practically soulless. And come to think of it, maybe his cologne didn't smell that great either.

No wait. He'd been smoking. *Ew*. Her ex had smoked.

She'd wasted years of fantasies on Brad and fantasies were all she had. That *really* ticked her off.

Fingers stiff, Jenny poked him in the chest again, the burn zinging up her arm reminding her exactly how much she loathed cocky, self-involved males—and why. “I might feel sorry for you if *just once* you had told Alexis that you loved her. Sounded the least bit hurt. But I don't think you care one iota about losing *her*, do you? It's all about your pride. Typical male.”

Brad opened his mouth to respond but she cut him off. “I don't want to hear it—your breath smells like you gargled with ashes. And this was your *wedding* day. I don't care how beautiful you are—you're an ass and you damn well deserve everything you're getting. Good riddance!”

She spun on her heel, ready to storm from the room when the sight of Tom—Brad's best man who she'd forgotten all about, lounging in the corner—made her realize she wasn't done. Not quite yet.

“And one other thing. Your friend Tom,” she pointed to the jackass, “is a moron. Did you know he pinched my butt after two minutes' acquaintance at last night's wedding rehearsal? I should have known someone who hangs out with crap like that isn't any better.

“Alexis has had the closest call of her life, almost marrying you. Thank God she didn't. If you'd been a little more attentive, instead of selfish, you might have seen this coming—”

“Sorry about Tom,” Brad interrupted. Yeah, as if he really gave a damn. “But you don't understand. We've been planning this wedding for—”

Jenny clenched her hands against the urge to jab him again—she'd just mentally revoked her license to poke.

He wasn't worth it. "My point exactly, you egotistical, self-centered, blond ass. It's not about the wedding. It's about the *marriage*. Think about that while you're on your honeymoon. Alone!"

With that, she spun around and dashed through the door. Now she had to face Alexis' mother. Mrs. Tarleton would bust a —

"Whoa," she heard Tom sputter on a laugh. "She's a firecracker. Didn't know she had it in her or I might've pinched her other cheek."

What? Jenny couldn't help herself as her feet stumbled to halt and she listened for the abandoned groom's response.

"One of these days..." Brad sounded thoughtful and she almost wished — "I'm going to slam into that and shift gears. We'll see how damn selfish and conceited she thinks I am when I'm making her scream my name."

That bastard!

Shaking so hard she could hardly walk, Jenny forced herself to head in the direction of the packed auditorium. She could only hope one day Brad ended up on the opposing side in the courtroom. There, she ruled. Commanded. Punished sorry SOBs just like him every day.

There, she made *men* cry mercy.

God, after the way he'd acted, she'd love to prosecute the hell out of Brad Linsey, *former* high school crush. Current Jerk-of-the-Year.

Chapter One

Tricky Treat

Late October

Were they laughing at him?

Through the smoky vapor generated by buckets of dry ice, Brad stared at the group of costumed females shooting looks his direction and snapping their fingers in time to the *Addams Family* theme. His out-of-the-way post in the corner hadn't been very effective, had it? The whole lot of them were smiling widely and giggling. Flirting?

Probably.

That or they were talking about him, about how he'd been dumped less than half an hour before his hundred-thousand-dollar wedding. How after his staunch and very public announcement that Alexis wouldn't be joining him in holy matrimony, his dear old Grandmother Linsey had grabbed her cane and marched to the front of the church, demanding, "Well, Bradley, what'd you do *this* time?"

Yeah, likely everyone here tonight knew how he'd wrecked his favorite car and his whole damn life, drinking and driving like an idiot, trying to outrun the humiliation.

Brad felt his face heating but he forced himself to play it cool. He winked and flashed the girls a smile meant to melt. The blatantly seductive kitty cat laughing with her friends purred loudly and arched her back, waving for him to join them.

Ah, relief. They didn't know his shame, weren't making fun of him. No way, not when he'd gone all-out to disguise himself as a pirate. He was just being too damn self-conscious, which was exactly why he was here tonight – to get over it. *To get laid.*

Too bad Kitty wasn't his type.

After half-heartedly saluting her with his drink, declining her invitation, Brad remained in the corner nursing his martini with miniscule sips, his neck at an unnatural angle to keep the broad brim of his hat from bumping against the wall.

Brad wasn't sure what he wanted tonight—other than a tight pussy—but he figured he'd know the owner when he saw her. Kitty wasn't it.

As he stood there, staring through the one useful eye he had—the other being covered by a black satin patch—at the increasing crowd, he tried to convince himself to relax. To enjoy his first drink in months, to savor the prospect of getting laid—four months was *far* too long for a man like him.

The vodka slowly heated his veins but it wasn't firing his courage. Or his cock.

What was wrong with him?

At least the Tarletons could always be counted on for top-shelf liquor.

He couldn't believe how uncomfortable he felt. These were his people, for God's sake... At least, they had been. He'd grown up here in the Hamptons, hobnobbing with the richest of the rich, the snobbiest of the snobs, but after being abandoned at the altar by Alexis Tarleton, he'd voluntarily sequestered himself away and faced some hard truths.

Egotistical, self-centered, blond ass.

The words wouldn't stop running through his mind. He wasn't an ass, mind you, he was a *blond* ass, as if his coloring were to blame.

Like it was all his fault—Alexis standing him up.

Which, of course, it was, he'd realized upon reflection. Lots of reflection. Amid a couple dozen twelve-packs of Budweiser—he'd felt like slummin'—and enough damn cigars to set off his fire detector. Hell, he just might have cured himself of that nasty habit without even trying.

He still couldn't remember the accident that had totaled his Benz, but every day the ache in his hand reminded him. Half the bones on one side had been broken, he'd lost

the Mercedes and worse, he now faced DUI charges. His damn court date was on Halloween of all days.

It made a man think. Made him almost go crazy. Guilted him into behaving better. *Wanting* to change.

He couldn't hide forever. Four months of introspection was three and a half months too long. Brad knew he had to face himself, face his old friends sometime. Where better than the Tarletons' charity bash, something Alexis' mom put on every year? This year, it was all about organ donation. A worthy cause. Brad's father might have lived longer had a match been found when his kidneys failed.

Mrs. Tarleton had sent Brad a personalized invitation this year. Out of pity, he knew. Saying no might have been smart but weak. Brad had turned over a new leaf and tonight was his coming-out party. No one had to know who he was unless he wanted them to. He'd gone all out, investing in a costume he hoped put everyone else's to shame. Tonight, he was officially Captain Jack Sparrow, privateer, pirate and professional bad boy out for a good time.

His full pirate regalia came complete with pasted-on beaded goatee, mustache, long dark wig and a wicked saber.

That was the best part.

Brad smiled and touched the hilt resting on his leather belt. His finger tested the supposedly pretend blade. Seemed mighty sharp to him.

Smears of black shoe polish under each eye and a few dabs of good ole Kiwi mahogany rubbed over his skin practically guaranteed no one would recognize him. He might not have Johnny Depp's drunken swagger or lingo down but he definitely had the attitude. At least, he intended to. Soon as he finished this drink. His first—and only—one of the night.

He glanced back at Kitty. Still nothing. "Ah well."

Then in walked all the incentive he'd ever need and his cock jumped to attention.

“Whoa ho ho,” Brad chuckled to himself, tossing back the rest of his martini and pushing away from the wall the second he caught sight of the new arrival—a hot little piece guaranteed to make his mouth water.

He wandered closer and almost laughed out loud. Could it really be? Little Miss Mouth? Jenny “The Spitfire” Beckman?

A platinum blonde wig, bobbed at her chin, hid her curly brown hair and framed a pert face that fairly screamed innocence and integrity. Her jaw was steel, her lips lush, her usually angelic eyes darkened with mascara. But that determined chin was a dead giveaway.

And her body...oh her curvaceous little body. Once she’d stood up to him and made him take notice, he hadn’t gotten her body out of his mind. She was sheathed in a brilliant orange and yellow dress and even brighter orange leggings and it took him a second to figure out what she was—and then he saw it...

Little pieces of candy corn dangled from every inch of her petite frame—from her ears, her neck, even around her ankles. Like those flapper necklaces, the ones from the roaring twenties, one long strand swayed between her legs—a place he desperately wanted to go. To taste.

And her walk...there was something about it tonight and it wasn’t those three-inch heels that showcased her calf muscles to perfection. The woman had something up her ass and he figured he was just the man to wrench it out.

Jenny B. What a *treat*.

She’d never looked this good in her cheerleading uniform.

Ah hell, he’d start being upstanding tomorrow—right now, it was time to start shifting gears.

He had a pussy to pillage.

How appropriate.

Two strands of pearls were wedged between her butt crack and with any luck, soon she'd be screwing a pirate.

A *damn* sexy pirate, from the tip of his black tricorne hat to the folded-over leather boots that came up past his knees. The sleeves were ripped from his pirate coat, leaving his arms bare. Johnny Depp had nothing on him.

And the chances of her getting to screw Johnny? Slim to none. Chances of her getting to screw the man headed her way? Ninety-nine percent.

Now that was confidence.

And well deserved too. After fourteen very dry months and so many hours of counseling, her butt print was stamped on the shrink's office chair, Jenny was finally ready to face the male gender.

More importantly, she was ready to get laid.

Not that she had a choice at this point. Her clit pulsed and her anus twittered against the tiny, silken balls wedged between her crack. Damn, the pearl g-string Alexis had dared her to wear to the party had her swollen and horny.

Payback was a bitch.

Jenny stifled a moan and squeezed her thighs together. There was no turning back and she had her eyes set on her prey—the closest she'd ever come to Johnny.

Afraid to move—every step was one closer to orgasm—Jenny procured a nearby chair and planted her bottom in it, watching as he approached with two drinks, his feet stepping in tune to “I Want Candy” by Bow Wow Wow.

Wow wow was right. His face and hair might be obscured by his costume but the strength of his thighs, now at eye level—how could she *not* look?—and the ridge centered between them was just right.

Jenny groaned and squirmed against the pearls. To think, she'd thought this Halloween would be a bust.

“Ahoy, wench. Those pearly lips o' yours look so damn kissable.”

He'd cut right to the chase, now hadn't he? Even if his accent had fallen off at the end.

"They do?" Slickgloss Tawny Sunset to the rescue. Jenny ran her tongue over her lips, aware of his uncovered eye chasing after her every move.

"For the flag-raising wench." He handed her one of the drinks and pulled out a chair, sitting next to her.

Was his cock the flag? Biting back her smile of satisfaction, Jenny glanced at the glass in her hand. Blood-red martini, complete with floating eyeballs, er...olives.

Ew. She looked at his drink, pale pink and fizzy. "Let's trade."

"Whatever brings ye pleasure, matey," he murmured, leaning close. "Always drink rum responsibly, that's me motto."

"Rum?" She pulled the cherry from the pink liquid and popped it into her mouth. "More like Sprite and grenadine, if I'm not mistaken."

"Argh. What self-respectin' pirate admits to drinking Shirley Temples?"

"The really wise ones, Mr. Pirate. I'm impressed." She traded their drinks back.

"Need to keep me kidneys in shipshape, ye know."

She watched him take several swallows. "I thought drinking affected your liver."

"Liver, shmiver, wench. I already finished me one martini fer the night. Now it's on to me treats." His fingers toyed with her candy corn necklace. "Starting here?"

Damn. Something about his scent was familiar...*arousing*.

But tonight, everything was arousing. It was soon to become her favorite word.

Starting here? *What?* Jenny ignored his question, instead choosing to wrap her fingers around his and guide them to the base of the glass. She drew the martini to her mouth and took a tiny sip—not as bad as it looked—flicking her tongue into the liquid and stealing an olive.

The ball rolled in her mouth and she nibbled, swallowing tiny bites as she savored the salty tang and watched him *watching* her...

Had she ever felt sexier? More confident? It must be the lace and pearls.

That or the sculpted muscles in his upper arms. "I've got buried treasure, all right," she said as seductively as she could. "Do you feel like searching my depths?"

"That I do." Her pirate brushed his finger over one of her candy corn earrings. "Answer me, wench," he said in a husky murmur, licking below her ear and sending the earring swinging. "My treat?"

"Eat my candy corn?" No way. Jenny grabbed his hand and placed it on her thigh. "No you may not. That's reserved for my date tonight."

"Oh." He stiffened. "And who might that be?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"Oh no?" One makeup-darkened brow lifted in curiosity. "As the captain of this here vessel, I command you tell me how I can secure the position of your date for tonight. Argh." He made a show of sniffing her ear, causing her to laugh. "These treasures are made for plundering."

"Prove your worth, pirate," she dared, feeling lighthearted.

"What's this? A mutiny?" His hand pulled free, covering hers. Smothering. Pressing it to her knee.

"Let me go." Jenny pulled back, wincing at the unexpected pain that shot through her bones, straight up her arm. Swallowing her hesitation, she flashed him a glance through platinum bangs. "I'm sorry. My hand was broken and that hurt."

He stared at her a moment and gave a short nod, reclaiming her hand once again, this time softly, gently. His fingers stroked hers. "Well aren't we a pair? Your right, my left."

His hand had been broken? She searched for scars, finding a nasty one that ran from his thumb to his wrist.

"How did it happen?" she couldn't help but ask.

"Ah...let's just chalk it up to rough seas and a shipwreck. Yours?"

“Got caught in the candy corn maker.” She laughed, picking up her drink and finding it empty. Her tongue caught another olive, swirling it from the glass into her mouth. She chewed it slowly, certain she’d found—or rather he’d found her—the man to be her date for the night. Her lay.

If she could go through with this.

Of course she could. She had to—her long-denied pussy commanded it. Aye, aye, this man needed to be her captain, to sail in her seas, to ride her waves.

Gulping, Jenny wiggled in her chair, wishing she could reach beneath her skirt and readjust her panties. Or sex toy. She hadn’t figured out what to call them. Sitting still was worse than walking—the pearls had gotten jammed between into her swollen, wet folds.

So freaking *arousing*...

Just like the knowing look in his eye—as if he suspected where her thoughts had gone. Straight to her crotch.

Jenny grappled for sense and grabbed a full glass of wine from a passing waiter dressed like Frankenstein. Had Alexis known the results these panties would create?

Of course she did. After all, Jenny had talked her into wearing Ben Wa balls to her wedding rehearsal...for a wedding that never happened. And here she sat in Alexis’ mother’s very proper home, about to offer herself up to be plundered. But her best friend was right. She couldn’t hide from men and relationships forever.

Relationships? Ha. After what Carter had put her through, a relationship was the last thing she was wanted.

Good sex? A hard cock? Now *that* she missed.

She’d promised herself to be brazen, sleazy even, tonight. To take the first hard cock she came across and come all over it—to ride some man like a battery-powered dildo. Over and over.

And that was exactly what she intended to do. No more second-guessing. No more running out of batteries.

She might be the commitment type of gal but she never intended to commit again. One-night stands were a far better option than a life filled with vibrators and porn. "You haven't told me your name, pirate."

"Tonight, you can call me Captain. Captain Jack Sparrow, if you please." He stood and offered her a swaggering bow, then reclaimed his seat. "And you, milady?"

Jenny plucked the remaining olive from the glass and fed it to him. "Oh, I don't know...I'm a tricky treat."

Her thumb traced his full lip, explored the sandpaper-like whiskers along his jaw beneath the attached beard. The song's chorus sounded again. "Call me Candy, Captain Jack."

"Ah...Candy." His sole blue eye sparkled, bored into her, questioning, demanding. "So Mistress Candy, let's make this booty call official."

"Booty call?" She laughed at the double entendre. "Captain Jack, I prefer to think of it as hunting for buried treasure."

He suddenly got serious. "Do I have yer word, Candy wench? Is this a date?"

"My word?" she laughed off his unexpected intensity. *A date for sex doesn't mean you're in a freaking relationship.* "Why, Captain, you must bargain better than that. Treasure comes at a price. Name yours."

"Aye there, so that's how 'tis." Sitting back in his chair, he gave a short nod. "I'm in no mood for bartering. A bet, perhaps?"

She swallowed the remainder of the wine, appreciating the rush of heat that slid down her throat. "Mmmm. A bet?"

"Aye. I bet I can make you want me. Captain Jack has a way with the ladies. Two kisses and you're mine."

"Ten kisses." What was she doing? Getting drunk? Betting with a pirate?

As if her libido was answering her, her hips jerked and rolled, rubbing her clit against the pearls. Moisture seeped between her thighs, making the little balls even slicker. Jenny bit back a moan.

"Three," he countered.

"Six?" she squeaked.

"Five."

He'd had her at two.

Chapter Two

Tricky Trick

“Done.” Jenny clenched the muscles in her crotch and stood. Her pirate followed suit, his eye glinting. She reached up and tapped the beads dangling from the bottom of his beard. “What just happened?”

He groaned and curved one arm around her waist, hauling her close. “I don’t know, baby,” he whispered in a deep voice, “but I think we’ve just made a bet that with five kisses I can have you at my feet, begging.”

Her reaction was immediate. Every muscle in her body tensed. Her mind screamed in protest. “I don’t beg. Ever.”

Never again.

“That’s okay. I don’t want a woman at my feet.”

Thank God. Her kind of man. Not that she had a “kind” any more. Why did she keep worrying? She was as horny as hell and had a hot pirate at her fingertips. She’d come to this party with a plan—start living and loving again. No better time than the present. “Unless she’s sucking your cock?”

“There is that.” Tilting his head, he nibbled the side of her mouth. “Are you offering?”

“No! No.” She moderated her tone and mashed her tingling lips together. So much for Tawny Sunset. “But I do think I’m flirting. Aren’t we?”

“Pirates don’t flirt. We take.” Unexpectedly, he swooped her up, placing her over his shoulder with care and securing his arms around her thighs.

Jenny cried out in surprise but he kept walking, maneuvering his way through the laughing crowd, past knowing comments. Jenny couldn’t believe it. She was getting

swept off her feet by a pirate who was patting her bottom and whistling along with “Monster Mash”.

How could anybody whistle along with that?

“What are you doing?” she laughed, holding on to his belt for dear life. Good God, she hoped this didn’t get back to Carter. Not that she cared. They were over. He was gone.

But the reaction was instinctive, like a scar in her gut that could never be erased. She had to fight it every day for the rest of her life.

And that’s exactly what she’d do. Fight back. Not allow the past to scar her future.

And she’d start by screwing Jack.

“Whisking you away, milady.” He turned down a hallway, then another, passed through the kitchen—to the chuckles of the waitstaff—and out the back of the mansion.

He sure knew his way around the Tarleton estate, didn’t he? Who was this masked...er...eye-patched man? Giggling so hard she could hardly breathe—his shoulder pressing into her stomach didn’t help—she asked, “Where are we going?”

“I’m takin’ ya to me ship.”

His ship?

Away from the house, the dank night smacked into her, creating instant goose bumps on her arms. Jenny inhaled the scents of fall, loving how gently dominant he was being with her. Gentle being the operative word. Not only did a man have his hands on her, she was under his power at the moment—sexually—and didn’t feel a speck of fear. In contrast, with every long, determined stride he took through the humid air and over the freshly manicured lawn, her arousal grew.

One of his hands slid beneath her dress and grabbed her stocking-covered bottom. “Almost there, milady.”

“Your ship?” She nuzzled against him, hugging his back, wondering if she was certifiably insane for letting some stranger carry her off to his “ship”.

His ship. Or rather...Mr. Tarleton's boat moored out back.

Happy Halloween to me.

Jack's heavy boots clanked on the dock. The moisture coming off Sag Harbor created heavy fog in the air, wrapping the fantasy around her.

A thrill shot through Jenny, from her blood-heavy head and toes to her up-in-the-air ass. Forget the pearl g-string, her pirate was the most arousing thing she'd ever come into contact with. His searching fingers had just encountered the strand of beads centered below the lacey waistband and were slowly exploring...

This had to be the most romantic, titillating thing to ever happen in her life, by far.

Thank you, Captain Jack Sparrow.

His shoulder suddenly shifted as he stepped onto the luxury yacht and rolled her off, placing her on her feet. Her balance wavered and she grabbed his arm, playing her role to the hilt. "Captain, you rogue. Stealing me away." She couldn't wait to thank him. "Whatever will you do with me?"

Light from the big house spilled out onto the lawn. Overhead, a lamp from the dock cast them in shadow as he guided her along the softly wobbling deck. "Aye. I'll be thinkin' of several hundred things, I'm sure."

The sounds of the party could be heard in the distance, conversation and music blending to cover anything they might want to do aboard their own private sexual fantasy boat.

"Tell me, Miss Candy Corn." At one end of the deck, Captain Sparrow bracketed her waist and easily swung her onto the upper level of the stern. He took the steps and came up behind her just as she placed her hands on the polished wheel. He slipped one finger beneath the homemade strands adorning her neck. "Are ye a tease?"

His touch came perilously close to the exposed portion of her breasts. Jenny remained silent, curious how far he'd go.

He didn't disappoint. One long finger edged right over her nipple. "Umm."

"Methinks the lady is acting like a bit of a tease."

"*Youthinks?*" His accent really was deplorable. Adorable.

And if his damn finger teased her nipple any longer, she'd cream her tights into kingdom come without having a chance to *come* around him. "Tonight's Halloween, Captain—"

"Argh!" he interrupted. "Yer calendar's off."

"I'm *pretending* it's officially Halloween all weekend long—this year it's smack in the middle of the week, which sucks," she grumbled, lifting her chest and moaning when he tweaked her nipple again. "Especially because Halloween's my absolute favorite holiday."

How could you get all dressed up and think of nothing but candy and chocolate when you have a full caseload? Or when you have sexy pirate fingers doing things to your breasts that should be outlawed?

"And I do believe you're mistaken." Going with the flow, she pushed her bottom into his erection, earning a groan from both of them "I'm not dressed as candy corn and I'd never be something as naughty as a tease."

He bent low and began nuzzling the string of candy corns around her neck, breathing hotly over her shoulder. "Then what are you?"

When he completely abandoned his pirate-speak, there was something she almost recognized in his voice but she couldn't quite place it. Probably just the refined elocution of a born and raised Hamptonite.

"What am I?" Jenny turned around and caressed the length of his cock, delighted to feel the width of his erection pressing into her palm. "I'm your treat for tonight."

"And you have five kisses to prove you're worth it."

Brad laughed, feeling completely confident. She was his tonight. They both knew it. "It'll only take two, wench."

“Two kisses? Why, Captain Jack, aren’t you being cocky?”

He thrust against her exploring fingers, showing her just how cocky he could be. “You tell me.”

Jenny abandoned his shaft and tugged on his beard, pulling his mouth to hers, then she boldly thrust her tongue inside.

Hot woman, fine vodka and the promise of sex on the horizon. Brad knew there might be rough waters ahead but for the rest of tonight, he expected smooth sailing.

Part of him knew it was an awful trick he played on her but she wanted it as much as he did. Even now, she’d backed up against the wheel, using it as leverage to press closer to his groin and offered herself up to him.

Jenny’s body was his for the plundering, the best treat any man could ask for and he bet the taste of her pussy was better than fine caviar.

He could practically smell her already.

His tongue explored her mouth, his lips caressed hers. If he retreated, eased the pressure, she came after him, demanding more.

Which he was happy to provide.

Through the fabric of her dress, Brad cupped her breasts, pushing them high as he flicked his thumbs across her nipples. The hard buds rebounded, seeming to grow tighter under his touch. Definitely braless.

Damn. He couldn’t believe this was happening. He’d always thought Jenny cute in a girl-next-door sort of way, though she’d been quiet and shy. But after her tongue-lashing at his non-wedding, she’d gone from girl-next-door to the sexy-as-hell inspiration for nightly wet dreams.

Then tonight, he...he...

He’d wanted to teach her a lesson, get back at her for the things she’d said. But what the hell...she’d been right about him. Every fucking accusation she’d thrown his way had been true.

He couldn't deny that, not anymore than he could deny his hard-on, the way it strained against his pirate pants. Or her breasts—the way they strained against his hands.

Swearing, he released her and looked down. Her breathing was as unsteady as his own.

Seizing her by the waist, Brad returned for more, kissing her like a man dying of thirst. And she was his oasis. Her tongue met his, dueled within his mouth, then hers. She pressed her body along his, arched her back, trying to reach higher and he held her close and plundered her mouth with everything he had.

Gasping, she broke away. "How many kisses was that?"

"Lost count. Start over at one?"

She didn't answer, just dug her nails into his upper arms and plastered her mouth to his. By God, he wanted to run his tongue along every crevice of her body. Eat her, explore her, savor every second he had with her.

Wait a minute. He wasn't necessarily supposed to be *enjoying* this—it was a way to settle the score, pay the haughty firecracker back for telling him off and royally chewing his ass.

Who said he couldn't he enjoy it? Because once his costume came off, he was going to be hard pressed to score another round.

So he'd make tonight count.

Brad intentionally slowed their voracious kisses and tossed his wig-hat combo to the side. He'd had the forethought to tie a black bandana over his hair.

Taking a deep breath, he leaned her against the wheel and raised her dress to her hips. She whimpered.

"Steady now." He kissed her cheek. Then her jaw. Then he moved down her neck, trailing his tongue between her breasts as low as he could get it with her dress in the way. Nestling his face down her torso, he pressed tiny kisses to her stomach while his

hands skimmed along her back and ass, to her hips, her thighs...bringing him closer to where, "X marks the spot."

Jenny giggled, pushing him lower, her grip on his shoulders surprisingly strong for one so tiny.

Just as he knelt between her legs, harsh laughter assaulted his ears. "Look, Mason — it's Tarleton's latest yacht acquisition." A loud hiccup, followed by, "Serve his snob of a wife right if we fucked on it."

The indulgent response from the unseen Mason, "Fifteen minutes until my scheduled call with Melbourne, doll."

More giddy laughter. "Oh that's 'nough time. I'm wet just thinking about it."

"Damn client. Can't understand weekends weren't made for work. Let's be quick."

Clomping feet clambered aboard, making the deck tilt beneath them.

Jenny had frozen. A small squeak her only protest.

The others stopped shy of the upper deck and clothes rustled.

Brad sighed and rested his forehead against Jenny's abdomen, his cock protesting. Shit for brains, he'd just remembered — new box of rubbers on his kitchen counter. None in his wallet.

"Oh, Mason, you're hard already. Wonderful," the unseen *doll* tittered. "Fuckin' on the Tarletons' damn boat. Perfect. Mmmm. God, Mason, can you kiss. Mmmm. Want your cock. Um. *Oh!* Ohhhh..."

"Shirl, dammit. Don't squeeze my dick out. Damn, woman, what've you been doing?"

"Practicing, love. *God yes!*"

Jenny shifted. At nose-level, it wasn't hard to determine that her tights were saturated. Up close, he noticed little candy corns covering the orange background. The tiny candies blurred from the motion of her trembling thighs. Groaning, he looked higher but couldn't make out her expression.

Very slowly, Brad pulled his “play” saber free and steadied her, then he paused, considering.

“Do it,” she breathed almost silently over his bent head.

With excruciating care, he ran the tip of the blade between her legs, slicing through the cotton crotch of her stockings.

Once the crotch was open he sheathed the sword—the irony not lost on him—and placed two fingers at the entrance of her cunt. Moisture rained down. Brad licked his lips and moved in.

“Yeah, Mason, just like that,” Shirl grunted. “Harder. Fuck me like you mean it. James, you too”

James?

Brad licked every bit of pussy he could reach, his tongue encountering those beads he’d played with earlier. Very in-ter-es-ting.

Jenny gripped his shoulders and widened her legs. Good girl.

He swallowed and thrust his tongue deep. Her flavor burst through him, so unique he could identify it among a thousand. But he didn’t want a thousand. He just wanted *this*.

Jenny.

“Oh yeah. Mmmm. James. Mason.”

A sharp slap sailed through the air.

“Spank me like you mean it, boys.”

Brad laughed into Jenny’s pussy. He couldn’t help it. It shouldn’t have been funny but it was. And sexy as hell.

Amid more slaps and moans, Jenny started undulating her hips, riding his face like she had somewhere to go.

And he was the man to take her there.

“Harder, please. Faster.”

At first he thought the words came from the drunken Shirl, 'til he realized Jenny had whispered the command.

Like all good pirates on their knees in service to their lady, Brad sought to comply. He wedged the beads against her clit and licked all around, his fingers braced between—and stimulating—both her pussy and the crevice bisecting her ass.

What was a pirate to do?

The damn beads between her cunt lips had led him straight to her anus, where he played and explored. His fingers rimmed the tight bud, pressed then retreated, tracing over the tiny balls. Buried treasure indeed.

One of the men groaned. Shirl joined in, encouraging, “James, take his place. Quick, sweetie. *Oooo*. Yeah.”

A groan. A grunt. Four quick slaps and she came—Shirl all over James with a screech that probably scared away every goblin within a two-mile radius—and Jenny, sweet, soft, Jenny, whose muscles tightened beneath his hands and lips, then gave way as she relaxed with just the faintest sound of pleasure, her pussy quivering against his tongue.

* * * * *

Six minutes later, Mason left to call Australia and James and Shirl stumbled off the boat—for more gin and tonics—and Brad had Jenny all to himself.

Which was right where she belonged.

He'd scrounged up a deck chair and laid her on it, her muscles weak and lethargic after orgasm.

Brad knelt before her on the deck, toying with her candy corn necklace and holding her beaded thong in his hand. Still slick with her juices. “It appears me buried treasure is a strand o’ pearls. What is this, I wonder?”

“A pearl g-string,” she answered on a moan as he ran his tongue along the strands, gathering her essence. “My best friend dared me. Payback.”

Well blow him down. Alexis? Payback? For what?

On second thought, he didn't want to know. Didn't give a damn.

Brad brought the necklace to his lips and bit off one candy. The sugar mixed with her fluids, creating a sweet treat unlike anything he'd tasted. "Well, milady, I'm in a quandary. Candy or pussy-soaked pearls?"

He fancied he saw her blush. "Here. Give it to me." She reached for the confection of lace and pearls that he had divested from her person. "I'll put that —"

"Argh. 'Tis my treasure and it belongs with me." He pocketed the thong in his coat. Something to smell her by.

"And now," he rose onto his knees and angled her, so he could see better. "For dessert... Take off yer necklace." When she started to protest, he swiped one finger down her slit and added, "Unless you want me to leave you stranded."

"Twice?" Jenny asked, surprised. He was willing to give her two orgasms without taking one for himself?

Beneath the bandana hiding his hair, the captain's one eye blinked, crinkling at the corner when he smiled. "Aye, wench. I want to taste you again. Without an audience this time."

Jenny pulled the long necklace over her neck and handed it to him. "Hearing them was so embarrassing," she confided, choosing not to contemplate how equally embarrassing it was to be sprawled before him with her dress hiked to her waist and her tights ripped open, giving him a front-and-center view of her crotchless crotch. "And so damn hot, I'm getting wet again just thinking about it."

Had she really said that? After only two drinks?

"So ye are." He leaned forward and kissed her lips then moved back. "Tell yer captain what turns you on."

"You do," she whispered, watching as he took the doubled strand of candies and placed them on either side of her pussy. Then slid them back and forth. Her honey quickly coated the candy corn and his fingers. She felt it start—deep inside—the slow, heart-pounding build to orgasm.

Jenny consciously moderated her breathing. But he wouldn't let her relax.

"What else? Tell me and I'll give you another treat."

The sexy bastard. Making her bare all this way. "When she asked them to spank her."

"Aha." Sliding the candies aside, he spread her pussy lips. Cool air singed the hot skin, making her gasp. Jenny arched against him, pushing her body toward his as he ate her out again. How could she be aching for him so intensely after what they'd just shared? Her body bucked against his mouth and she decided it didn't matter.

He suckled her clit, swiped his tongue up and down her length. Her sheath constricted and released in rapid succession. Just before she climaxed, he stopped and scooted back, holding his hand against her swollen, throbbing cunt but not moving.

"Pirate."

He wiped her juices off his beard and grinned. "So ye want to be spanked, do ye?"

"No. Yes. No." She was so confused. She clawed at his wrist and tried to get him to move against her hungry clit. He refused to budge. "I don't know. Maybe. But not tonight. Definitely not—"

"Hey..." He stilled her frantic motions and kissed her cheek. "Hey, calm down, Candy-girl. It's all in fun. Nobody's spanking anybody tonight. Even for play, got that?"

She turned her head and kissed him, allowing the irrational fear to drain away. His tongue traced her lips and she tasted herself—a first. Between her clenched thighs, his hand started to press, slowly, sensually. He gave her lips one last lick and moved lower.

“My fingers aren’t as agile as they were before the wreck but my tongue’s pretty damn nimble,” he boasted wickedly, stopping between her bent knees.

She was already trembling from his attentions. The look on his face only heightened the anticipation. What was coming next?

“Trick? Or treat?” The deep timbre of his voice rolled over her and she watched, spellbound, as he began pushing the strand of candy corn into her cunt one slow, agonizing piece at a time.

Giving herself up to ecstasy, Jenny murmured, “You’re a treat, Captain Jack. Definitely a treat.”

After inserting far more than she would have thought possible, Jack put his lips at her entrance and tongued all around. She saw the proof of her passion glistening over her thighs, wetting the stupid, wonderful tights that she’d paid eighteen dollars for but most of all, she saw the way her pirate stared up at her in between bites and licks as he began to eat the candy corn, leisurely pulling each piece from her body and alternating between sucking one in his mouth, moaning, chewing and swallowing and paying the utmost attention to her clit.

His lips suctioned her, pulled at her desire and suddenly, she couldn’t hold back. Intense pleasure intoxicated her and Jenny threw her head back and keened, lost in the moment. Her pussy muscles convulsed and tingles danced over her, partied on her thighs, shot through her gut and straightened her toes. And still, he ate and licked and gazed at her like she was something special – her! Little Jenny B. from homeroom.

She rode the orgasm until her body melted, spent. Exhausted.

Jack pulled the last piece of candy corn free. Jenny watched it disappear in his mouth. His hands grazed up her torso, straight to her breasts where he cupped the mounds – getting pussy juice all over her dress – and he kissed her full on the lips.

It was divine. The absolute best Halloween ever.

If only it were real, if only he were a fantasy pirate straight from a romance novel, one who could be the man she'd always wanted, provide the happily-ever-after she'd always craved.

But reality had slapped her in the face once too often and Jenny knew she'd never love nor trust another man. Not even a fantasy-come-to-life like her pirate.

Ah well, she could fuck him. And that she would. "Hey, Jack?"

"Hmmm?" He put the pathetic strand of remaining candy corn over her neck and rubbed his cock against her stomach.

"Got a condom on you?" Like a nimrod, she'd forgotten *that* part of her plan. Being sleazy sure didn't come easy.

His groan was her answer. "Yeah. At home."

"Then take me home. Make love to me all night long."

"Smart and sexy." He replaced his hat and stood, running his hand down the sword in his pants with a flinch that tugged at her. "How did I find such a wench?"

"Just lucky I guess." Jenny climbed from the chair and knelt in front of him, moving his hand out of the way. She was stunned by the amount of heat generated from his erection. "You definitely won our bet. Five kisses and I was begging. Now I'm on my knees and —"

Before she could finish, he hauled her to her feet. "I told you that wasn't necessary."

She curved her arms around his waist and pressed against him. "I could take care of your pesky little problem here. If you'd like."

"Pesky *little* problem?" He pinched her bottom, but not too hard, and escorted her off the boat. "I'll have you know this is a giant, *raging* erection. Massive."

She giggled.

"I'm not so sure you could even handle it right now, *milady*."

Then gulped.

He wasn't serious. *Was he?*

She couldn't wait to find out.

Chapter Three

Tricky Truth

Bowls of neon-colored steam clouded the midnight air. Mrs. Tarleton had really gone all out with the abundance of black light, hadn't she? Loud, eerie music echoed through the house, cranked higher than before – was that the theme from *Psycho*? – and she was surrounded by creepy faces, unrecognizable people.

Jenny shuddered, wishing Jack hadn't abandoned her for the bar, although *she* was the one who had requested ice water.

He'd escorted her through the fog and back to the house, where they'd both taken a quick restroom break. The lighting and floor-to-ceiling mirror in the Tarletons' guest bath didn't lie. Jenny hadn't seen such a flush on her cheeks in years. Her costume was noticeably ruined, three-fourths of the candy corns missing from her necklace but it had been totally worth it. Oral sex with a twist. And a pinch. And oh God, she was getting horny all over again.

Captain Jack promised they'd set sail for his place as soon as he scrounged some candy corn from the crystal dishes at the food tables and got her drink. Considerate. She liked that.

Then she shook herself. It didn't matter how sweet he was, she was only interested in one thing – the dagger between his legs.

"Hey. We've been looking all over for you."

Hearing Alexis' hearty greeting, Jenny ignored the renewed throbbing in her loins and hugged her best friend. "Hi. I've been here for a good hour at least."

"Enjoying the panties?" Alexis whispered in her ear, followed by a giggle. "Are they working? Mother would be mortified!"

They separated and Jenny took in her friend's costume—French maid all the way, from her frilly white apron to the designer feather duster she was waving around. Nate looked like he'd just gotten off work. Mechanic.

"I thought this was all about me getting back in the saddle?"

"That and getting a dig in at my mom, even if she never knows about it. Did you wear them?"

"Let's just say I had them on earlier." Jenny knew her face gave away the rest.

"You didn't." Alexis waved away Nate's grunt of curiosity. "Shhh. So you found someone?"

"More like he found me. We'll be leaving soon. Really soon."

"Changed my mind," Nate commented, pulling Alexis to him and kissing her on the head. "I don't want to know."

"We ran into Bradley a moment ago. Mother invited him but I can't believe he had the nerve to show and at three hundred bucks a pop!"

"Never considered him the philanthropic type," Nate added. "More like the moronic type. Prissy-boy type—"

"Nate!"

"Brad?" Jenny's heart stuttered *Darn*. He was the last guy she needed to see. She'd thought she was over her little crush on him but the mere mention of his name...

Yeah right. He was an imbecile. She couldn't wait until Halloween to cram his shifting gears comment in his mouth...er...ass. Was there a difference?

By some stroke of luck, she'd received his DUI case. Repeatedly, she'd considered turning it over to another prosecutor, reasoning that she had too much personal investment in the situation to handle it fairly. But the truth was, she wanted to ensure Brad did get *fair* treatment—rather than *special* treatment because of who his family was.

Rich was rich but the Linseys were *filthy* rich and she knew Brad's import-export venture had only added to the family coffers.

"I didn't know he was here," she finally said as casually as she could. For good measure, she added, "Asshole."

"Yeah," Alexis smiled. "He does make an awesome-looking pirate though."

"Pirate?" Jenny's heart flip-flopped. *Nooooo.*

"Hey!" Alexis jumped when Nate smacked her ass.

"I don't care if he did lose the girl." Nate gave Alexis a pointed look. "I don't want to hear how 'awesome' that loser is about anything. Got it?"

"Yes, sir." Alexis saluted and Jenny laughed, relaxing.

There had to be plenty of pirates present tonight, right?

"I'm gonna get a beer. Want anything?" Nate asked.

Jenny shook her head at the same moment Alexis said, "Champagne."

"Coming up, babe." And Nate was gone.

"You two look so happy," Jenny commented, searching the bar for her pirate. There he was—two glasses in hand and looking sexier than ever. No way. He couldn't be Brad. Too damn considerate. Too damn sexy.

Too damn amazing with his tongue and she couldn't wait—

But wait. Oh God, no...

Nate walked right behind Jack, pointing with his hand and mouthing, "Bradley."

Then he made a motion like he was kicking Jack in the ass.

Alexis stifled a giggle.

Oh Lord. Oh no. *No!*

Jenny groaned, shifting her stance, hating how she still felt desire pooling between her legs, wetting her upper thighs. Hating it. But loving it too. Oh God, she was horrible.

"We are happy. Wonderfully so," Alexis went on, oblivious to the fact that Jenny's world had just sunk faster than the *Titanic*.

Poor ship. Poor *Jenny*.

"To confess," Alexis continued, "I *did* have to bribe Nate to come tonight, if you know what I mean. He and Mother still aren't what you'd call bosom buddies. That's why we're late."

Jenny jerked her gaze back to her best friend. The gleam in Alexis' eye left no doubt exactly what the bribery entailed.

Confession time.

"Uh, Alexis?" Jenny lowered her voice. "I think I just had sex with Brad."

"You think *what*?"

* * * * *

Brad balanced both waters in his good hand and a napkinful of candy corns in the other, heading toward Jenny. When he saw her talking with Alexis, he debated whether to keep walking or go back to the docks and swim home.

The gig was up.

Since when am I a chicken shit?

Wondering why it felt like his heart was being carved into pieces, he kept moving forward. It had to be that they hadn't had enough sex. That was all. More sex and then he'd feel comfortable revealing his identity. Perhaps he should tie her up for that?

When he reached them, Jenny whirled around, her eyes shooting flames. Without a word, she took the drinks from him and tossed them both in his face. Thank God for small ice cubes and eye patches, he thought, feeling a multitude of pings bounce off his head. The glasses crashed to the floor and she fled.

Brad gasped, near-freezing water running down his face and watched helplessly as Jenny ran from him like he was a marauding, life-sucking pirate in truth. Which maybe he was.

Murmurs erupted around him. His ex and her new lover stared at him.

He blinked and used a corner of the napkin to dry his face. Okay. Maybe he deserved that but Jesus – what kind of way was this for him to break back into society?

Damn, he was an ass. Or maybe the operative term was *egotistical self-centered blond ass*.

His gaze landed on Alexis and Nate. “You told her.” It wasn’t a question.

Alexis poked him in the chest. It didn’t feel nearly as good as it had when Jenny had touched him. Oh God. What had he done?

“And you didn’t?” Alexis shouted. “Still the same old Bradley?”

“No. I’m not but –” His head jerked around, following Jenny’s exit. “Forget it.”

He took off after her.

“Not so fast.” An oil-stained hand snagged his arm.

“What’d you come as tonight?” Brad asked, pissed at the interruption. “A grease monkey?”

“Leave Jenny alone,” Nate growled, not rising to the bait. “You’ve done enough damage.”

Brad shook himself free and looked at Alexis. “I...”

What could he say? That he *liked* her? That he hadn’t known exactly how much until seeing her walk away? How pathetic was that?

Hell. “I like her.”

And it wasn’t just about sex. He’d never had trouble getting laid, could probably find another two – or three – women to join him if he was so inclined but he wasn’t.

It was all about how Jenny had looked at him – just before throwing the drinks in his face – and how that look made him feel.

Brad wasn’t sure what it was but he damn sure wanted the chance to find out. Which he couldn’t do if they didn’t let him go after her. “I like her, dammit.”

Alexis' eyes searched his, as if verifying the truth of his words. "Jenny's been hurt enough in her life, Brad. Hurt badly. So please, she doesn't need the likes of you."

Hurt? "Her hand?"

Or something else?

Everything in him turned to stone at the possibility. Disgust curled through him—directed straight at himself. He would *never* harm a woman physically but Jenny was right. An ass was an ass by any name. And he was an ass.

At least, he had been. But no more. He liked her too damn much to let this just blow by.

"She told you about her hand?" Alexis asked incredulously.

Smugness straightened his spine when Nate stepped back. "She did." Alexis didn't have to know how little Jenny had actually shared. "And now if you two will excuse me, I have some explaining to do."

Alexis watched her former fiancé storm off and turned to Nate with eyebrows raised. "Well, what do you make of this? *Jenny and Bradley?*"

Nate tugged on her frilly apron. "I think I'm in need of more bribery."

Alexis dimpled. "Mother's solarium?"

* * * * *

Shipwreck, her ass. He'd been in a rollover. Blood alcohol level point one five.

Jenny had known all that. She was smart. Why hadn't the pieces added up?

Because she didn't want them to?

And where in the hell did she think she was going? She couldn't drive after the way she'd been drinking.

But still, her feet couldn't cover the distance across the long-ass driveway fast enough. Cold, damp air pricked her skin—tears of frustration slowed her down. Jenny hugged her chest against the pain, hating herself at the moment and kept walking.

She'd practically slept with Brad. *Brad!*

Worse, if it wasn't for her pride, her career, she'd go back and do it again. And again.

Heavy footsteps chased her but she refused to slow, refused to look back. What if it was him?

What if it wasn't?

Jenny ignored how frozen she felt—inside and out—and kept half-walking, half-running, wondering if she had the stamina to make it the five—

"Hold up, Jenny. Please. Let me explain." The footsteps got louder and she crossed into the grass.

Fifteen miles or five hundred miles, she didn't care. Jenny kept running, then stumbled. Stupid designer shoes.

Two hands clasped around her waist and forced her to a halt. *No.*

He set her on her feet and she whirled around and karate-chopped his forearm. Then landed a swift kick to his shin and stomped his toes.

"Whoa there," he grunted, making no move to defend himself. She saw that he'd removed his hat. The black bandana and eyepatch were gone too but his goatee and shirt were drenched.

"Whoa, Candy. Those heels pack a punch."

"Don't *Candy* me! Don't touch me!" Jenny screamed for all to hear. One more thing she'd learned in the past few months—always defend yourself and always do it loud enough to wake the dead. Or zombies—she wasn't particular. "Don't even think about laying a hand on me."

Brad wasn't deterred in the least. His arms wrapped around her, drawing her face snug against his chest. "Hey, calm down. I'd never hurt you."

His smell was intoxicating—fine cologne mixed with the heady scent of sex. Their sex.

Not hurt her? Oh yeah, she believed that. He was just wanting to shift gears.

"Brad Linsey." She twisted free, irate. How could she still want him? *She didn't!* "Don't you dare touch me. You may be angry with me but that does *not* give you the right—"

"Angry? I'm not angry, baby. I'm sexually frustrated and seeing you tonight has only made it worse."

She took a deep breath and glared at him. White-blond hair atop what should have been a ridiculous beaded beard. Even in the golden light of the streetlamps, with a fine mist coming down, it was so obvious—Captain Jack Sparrow. Brad.

How could she not have seen it?

"Me? How do *I* make it worse?" The rest of his sentence registered. "It's your own damn fault if you're sexually frustrated. I offered you a blowjob. You didn't want it."

"Sure I did. Still do." The ass smiled. "But more than that, I want *you*."

"Want in one hand, buster, spit in the other. See which one fills up the fastest."

"Oh, Jenny. Candy." He had the audacity to laugh at her. Then he brandished a white napkin. "Here. A pirate always shares his bounty."

"*Are you kidding me?*" She took the makeshift bag from him and shook the cloth with fury. Tiny candies went flying.

"Mature, Jenny. Real mature." He wasn't laughing anymore. "Talk to me—"

"Don't give me mature. I know how you treated Alexis. I heard what you said about shifting gears and *slamming* into me. You tricked me because you resent me." Enlightenment came swiftly. "I'll bet you set this up because you know I'm the prosecutor on your case next week."

"Huh?" He stared at her, dumbfounded.

"See? Get lost."

She spun away but his hand latched on to her shoulder— just enough to *ask* that she stop. Which she did. For some stupid reason.

But she refused to face him.

"Jenny, please. Give me a minute." He urged her into his embrace, cradling her so that his pelvis rested at the small of her back.

"It sounds like I have more explaining to do than I knew. God, I'm sorry." His arms tightened around her.

Jenny blinked moisture from her eyes. It was the mist. It had to be. Brad wasn't worth crying over.

"I'm sorry you ever had to hear me talking like that. I'd love to claim that Tom was a bad influence but..."

She waited, waited for him to make excuses. Watched as his arms loosened, he gestured helplessly, then wrapped them around her even tighter than before. "No excuses, Jenny. I'm sorry. The accident made me face up to a lot of things in my life and I think you're making me face the rest. I haven't always respected women like I should. But I respect you."

Bullshit. She wanted to scream but couldn't, not when he had leaned his face over her shoulder and tucked his mouth near her ear, nuzzling her remaining candy corn. It started misting harder and her tears came faster. She curled her lips over her teeth and bit down, refusing to respond.

"And about my court date...I didn't even realize you were the prosecutor, God's honest truth. I've been trying to forget all about that appointment. And I don't care—prosecute the hell out of me. I deserve it."

It was her turn. She broke free of his hold and faced him. "Huh?"

"Like I told my lawyer, I'm facing the charges. Guilty. But I want to talk about us."

She sputtered, "Get real—there is no *us*."

"I don't know how to say this but there's something with you, a fire I've never felt before."

Jenny rolled her eyes, glad her bangs hid the remnants of tears—tears that had dried up quickly. She'd been right. Give him enough rope and he hung himself. "That polished line won't get you back into my pants, buster—"

"You aren't wearing pants," he had the gall to remind her, sliding his hand down her hip and beneath the hem of her dress where his long fingers pressed tantalizingly close to the hole he'd recently created—then invaded—in her candy corn-covered stockings.

She jerked away. His touch felt too good to let it continue. "Under my dress, then. And I'm not going to be the latest in your long line of lady loves. That's not—"

"*That's* not what I'm after," Brad said with an intensity that floored her. "I haven't been with another woman in months. You don't have a reason to believe me but it's true."

She could feel herself softening and hardened her resolve. "You knew it was me all along, didn't you?"

Guilt suffused his face. She waited for the lie.

"Yeah, my plan tonight was to fuck you and leave you."

That hurt, hearing it out loud.

Lies might have been better.

"But something happened back there—" Brad gestured toward the docks. "Even earlier, when we started talking...kissing..."

"You just came to the party to get back at me."

"No! You're wrong."

Four revelers laughed loudly as they came running out of the house, hanging on each other and Brad swore, lowering his voice. "I came because it's a worthy cause. And it was time I stopped hiding from my life."

Crap. Had he stolen the sentiment straight from her brain?

The boisterous group neared and Jenny saw three men groping the lone female who swayed among them.

“Lovely party, isn’t it?” The woman drawled in a bit of a drunken slur and Jenny recognized her as Shirl from the boat. And now she had *three* men?

“Just lovely,” Jenny gritted, stepping back. She’d heard enough.

Brad matched her action, stepping forward, looking more confused than she was. “I-I want, no I *need*, to see you again.”

See her again? Like a date? The man she’d secretly wanted since forever was actually asking her out? The man who’d inspired the “Mrs. Jennifer Linsey” doodles on her biology text wanted to date her?

Jenny thought about it. She thought about the reality of having sex with Brad versus the fantasy of *thinking* about having sex with him—her fantasies paled, by far—versus the reality of men who used force to get what they want.

That was a reality she had no use for. Brad might not be physically abusive but neither was he the man for her. Her head knew that, her heart *should* know that but why was her body clamoring for her to jump his bones and kiss him again?

Damn his sexy pirate costume.

No amount of therapy covered this type of situation. *What do you do when the man you want wants you back but you know he’s no good...even when your heart thinks he’s perfect?*

At her silence, he picked up her hand and held it between them, caressing the back of the fragile bones. Bones that had been broken not fourteen months before by a man who professed to love her. Brad only professed to *want* her. “Well? Will you go out with me?”

“You want to date me? Have sex with me again?” Jenny turned his hand over, palm up. Then she leaned forward, twirled her tongue around her mouth, breathed deeply and dropped a stream of saliva right in the center. “There’s your answer.”

With that, she turned around and walked off, leaving the sexiest blond pirate who ever walked the face of Manhattan standing in the middle of the Tarletons' front yard with his palm full of spit.

Chapter Four

Tricky Together

Prosecute the hell out of me.

It might not be professional of her but Jenny was tempted. Enticed by the possibility of riding Brad hard – and not in sexual way.

He deserved it, the sleazeball. Leaving three messages on her machine—one for every day since The Incident—asking for a date. Not quite pleading but definitely cajoling, his requests were slowly disintegrating her defenses.

But only if she let them.

She toyed with the edge of his case file, tormenting herself, as she'd done for hours. Act professional? Or don't?

Follow her heart? Or cram it into a deep hole in her chest?

There's a fire with you I've never felt before.

Her office phone rang, interrupting the torture session. Picking up, she answered mindlessly. "Jennifer Beckman."

"It's okay," Alexis decreed, sounding chipper.

Jenny's finger motions skidded to a halt. "What?"

"It's okay if you want to see Bradley," Alexis told her. "In fact, I think you should. He wasn't right for me. I wasn't right for him. But I think he's changed."

What?

Was Alexis on drugs? *See* Brad? The suggestion was ludicrous. Absurd.

Tempting.

Jenny straightened. "What makes you think I want to see *him*?"

"You're my best friend. I know you, Jenny."

She snatched four candy corns from the dish on her desk and practically swallowed them whole. Gagging, she said, "Then you know I don't want to see *any* man."

"I know you want to heal," Alexis' voice softened. "To get over that bastard beating you up."

Cry mercy! Jenny squeezed her eyes shut, willing away the memories that invaded her at the reminder. The fist pounding into her face. The foot in her ribs. The bones in her hand cracking and popping as they were crushed—the most sickening, terrifying sound she'd ever heard.

She'd never cry mercy. Never!

"You're not truly over it, until you learn to trust men again. Until you're dating again," Alexis continued. "You're still letting Carter pull you down."

Jesus. What the hell was happening? "And you think seeing Brad will help?"

"I don't have the answer to that but I think you do. *Brad* called and —"

"You guys talked about me?" Jenny hated the sick feeling that gave her but she liked the way Alexis emphasized his name—like maybe Jenny wasn't the only one who'd noticed the difference in him.

"No. We talked about us. Put the past to bed."

That language sparked a laugh. "So to speak."

"I love you, girl. Give him a chance and let me know how it goes. Bye." And Alexis hung up.

The phone still cradled against her ear, Jenny stared at the case file. Her inner war, her battle against men, was over. It had to be. She'd liked Brad too long, too much, to deny herself the chance.

She knew what she had to do.

More importantly, she knew what she *wanted* to do. Picking up the file, she marched into her boss's office.

* * * * *

Where the hell was Jenny?

He'd been looking forward to seeing her kick butt in the courtroom, looking forward to seeing *her*. To standing up in court and proving to her that he'd changed. To getting on his knees if he had to and securing another date.

He thought of the driver's license no longer in his wallet. Terrific. Just the way to impress the lady.

Just what he deserved.

It's only for six months, he consoled himself, knowing it was fair punishment and that the alcohol counseling and community service he'd been sentenced to would only make him stronger.

Brad shook hands with his lawyer, glad the legal proceedings were finally over but more determined than ever to find her. Reaching the ground floor, he exited the courthouse —

And there she was, not ten yards away. His very own pirate wench come to life.

"Nice outfit," he called out. His eyes swept over her. Dressed in a short frilly black skirt with a brilliant red bodice laced over a puffy-sleeved blouse, Jenny leaned against a huge stone pillar looking sexier than ever. A red bandana tied at the side of her head tamed a portion of the curly hair flowing wildly around her shoulders.

Ahoy mates. He'd died and gone to pirate heaven.

He didn't get it. First she spits in his hand, then she shows up at his court date, dressed like a fantasy? *His* fantasy?

Or was it just a coincidence? Brad looked around. Was it another guy?

He wasn't close enough to read her expression, couldn't tell if he was one lucky son of a bitch or a fool headed for heartache. She kept her gaze pinned on his and six strides later—he counted—he reached her. "You're too late to make me walk the plank, you know."

Jenny tugged him around until he stepped down two of the granite stairs.

She straightened and looked right over his head. "Darn." He watched, perplexed, as she kicked off her heels, bringing them eye-to-eye. "I thought it was time we met on the same level."

Damn straight.

Not waiting for permission, he leaned forward and slid his hands to her waist. "I was disappointed in there. I thought you were prosecuting my case."

She shrugged. "Conflict of interest."

That's what he wanted to hear. "You're interested in me now?"

"No. Conflicted."

"Ouch." He couldn't help but ogle her chest. The satin bustier beneath his fingertips did marvelous things for her cleavage. Mouth watering at the sight of the luscious, creamy mounds, Brad realized he'd never seen a pair of breasts so tantalizing. His cock twitched. "But I'm glad to hear you're thinking about something other than spitting in my hand."

"My face is up here."

Coughing, he met her eyes again. "Yes, ma'am."

Without releasing his gaze, Jenny reached between them, touching his rapidly hardening cock. "There's something else I've been thinking about drizzling spit over."

Oh yes...yes, yes, yes! Growling, he took both stairs and pinned her against the stone pillar and ground his pelvis into hers. His lips found her earlobe, claiming the flesh in a tiny nibble. "So, is it a date?"

"A date? No. I'm interested in finishing what we started the other night." His little pirate wench brandished a dagger, poking it in his side. "You, Brad Linsey –"

A woman squealed and he spun around. They were being stared at by a fierce-looking matron. Who appeared ready to call 9-1-1. "It's okay. Just a little Halloween fun."

The disgruntled woman snapped her phone shut. "Grow up."

Brad turned to Jenny, directing the plastic weapon away from his waist and hiding it between their bodies. "Care for a wager?"

"Oh?" Her eyebrows lifted.

"I can get that date. Just give me tonight."

She smiled coolly, stepped back and sheathed the dagger. "Tonight's all you're going to get. Don't expect —"

Damn. It was her boss. Jenny tried to duck, to pull Brad behind the pillar and hide herself but the click-clack of heels told her it was too late.

"Jennifer? *This* is what you went home sick for? Why *I* had to take your case?" Denise questioned.

Jenny pushed Brad away, heat rushing to her face. "I —"

With a little laugh, Denise shook her head. "Keep him off the streets and have fun. Oh — and that Sanderson case we were working together? It's all yours now."

Smiling broadly, Denise walked away, leaving Jenny standing there openmouthed.

"Hey, beautiful." Brad dangled a pair of keys in front of her. "You driving?"

Jenny couldn't contain her grin. Denise was no cupcake in court. She bent down and slipped her heels on. "Lost your license, huh?"

"Still have my boating one." His arm wrapped around her when she stood, pulling her hip flush with his as they walked down the stairs. "Care to sail the high seas with me? I'll bring the condoms."

"What about work?"

He tugged on the ends of her bandana, bringing the side of her head to rest on his upper arm. "Didn't I tell you? Five minutes ago, Halloween became my favorite holiday. I'm taking the rest of the week off."

So much for relaxing. Jenny pulled away. "I said we could have *tonight*. That's it."

"I'll take tonight. For starters."

"You're too damn cocky. I told you —"

He stopped walking and shut her up with a kiss. Several heart-stopping seconds later, he released her lips with a loud smack. "My *tonight* has officially started, wench." Jack was back. "There'll be no talkin' back to yer captain, or I'll make ye swab the decks."

"You just like seeing me on my knees."

Their laughter rang out and Jenny made herself recite, *tonight – it's just for tonight*, forty-seven times, then Brad kissed her again and messed up her count.

* * * * *

Two hours later, they set sail. Brad had changed from his suit to jeans and a rock concert T-shirt. She'd never seen him so casual. He'd never looked so good. Damn him.

The wind in her hair, Jenny sat at the rear of the luxury speedboat, watching the dock disappear. A *sporting yacht*, he'd called it, practically acting like a little boy eager to show off his favorite toy when they'd boarded. She ignored the dull pain radiating up her arm and held on to the rail, her body jerking as the boat pounded waves.

There was no going back now.

Had she made a mistake? Would her heart be broken...or worse, something else?

The questions haunted her. The more determined she was to break free of the hold Carter had on her, the more he squeezed.

Cry mercy!

Even knowing he'd been transferred to Atlanta and didn't live in the same quadrant of the country, errant thoughts still made her gut clench. She had to *remind* herself he couldn't harm her. She had to remind herself she wasn't at his mercy anymore. She had to remind herself she deserved better.

There was only one thing to do.

Fuck. Fuck until she forgot. Fuck until she was so lost in passion, she had to open up. To feel.

But never to love.

Twenty minutes and more self-analysis than anyone should have to contemplate when they were aboard such a fine boat on such a fine day with such a fine-ass man, Brad cut the engine, leaving them swaying to the bay's gentle rocking. He dropped anchor then plopped himself in the captain's chair and swung around to face her. "Come here, Jenny B."

"You don't have to ask twice." Jenny attacked him like a wildcat, like a pirate wench who wanted her sexy devil-man. Her hands wrapped around his neck, tangled in his hair and she kissed him crazy. Kissed him like she was starved.

And she was. For him. For sex.

For a happily-ever-after she'd never get. Her mouth slid over his face, his teeth and lips, taking little nibbles of his chiseled chin and jaw, making her mark on his neck. Desire flickered through her but something deeper burned. Something she had to kill. Destroy.

"Brad," she whispered in his ear, biting down on the lobe. "Fuck me."

His rumbled growl vibrated through her. Taking control, he pulled her head back and trailed kisses down her neck.

Her clit begged for his touch. Her heart ached for healing.

Jenny turned around, resting her back against his chest. Brad continued to make love to her neck with his mouth, pushing her hair aside, tugging at the shoulders of her peasant blouse.

"Let's go below," he rasped as his tongue explored her collarbone.

Her ex had broken that too. Broken so much of her...

"No." *Breaking* free of Brad, she walked forward and unlaced her bodice. "Fuck me here and fuck me now."

Jenny lifted her skirt and tugged off her fishnet stockings—the only thing separating her pussy from his cock. Kicking the stockings aside, she bent over, displaying her ass to him. “And Brad?”

He came up behind her and his palms framed the rounded globes. “Yes?”

“Fuck me *hard*.”

Brad resisted the order.

Jenny wanted to turn off the emotion and turn up the heat. But they were more than that. There was a connection between them...sparks that lit when their eyes met, when they laughed together. Confided in each other.

And no matter how much she wanted to ignore that, he wouldn't allow it.

He wanted — needed — that date. And a hundred more.

After unbuttoning his jeans and kicking them off with jerky motions, he pulled a condom from the pocket and cast the denim aside. Staring at her flushed and swollen mound peeking from beneath her bent ass, he rolled the condom down his cock. He stifled a groan and stepped between her legs.

His penis met her wet cleft and he leaned over her, finding her clit with his fingers, rubbing his length along her pussy, sliding his erection between her thighs. But not entering. Even though it killed him to hold back.

Rising, he pressed his dampened fingers over her butt. God, her ass was so tight. So perfectly round. Amazing.

She grunted and thrashed against him, wiggling that luscious little tush in front of his face. His cock crowed at his good fortune. Brad ran one hand under her blouse, tracing her spine, then he laid his palm flat against her low back and spread his fingers. Damned if they didn't practically span the entire width. God, she was precious.

He'd like to strangle whoever had hurt her. Like to wring the life from the bastard. But he'd settle for making her forget, making her happy again. *Protecting her*.

If she'd let him.

Jenny let out a whimper. "Brad, please."

"Come with me," he urged, sensing her holding back.

"I would, if you'd just—"

"No, Jenny." He abandoned her ass and pushed her shirt aside, cupping her freed breasts, tweaking her nipples. "Slow down. Enjoy it. Enjoy *me*."

"I'm trying." Moving her hips, she nudged his cock until it was poised at her entrance. Her body wept for him but he knew she wasn't desperate for anything but escape.

Brad stilled, his anger growing. "I think you're trying to get this over with."

"I'm trying to get off." Jenny reached between their legs and gripped him. Tried to force him inside.

God, it was a tight fit.

"If you and your stupid, *massive* cock would just cooperate..." She twitched and lunged against him, ramming his erection into her body. "*Ompf*. There."

That did it. Want *fucked*, did she?

Brad shifted gears and slammed into her, making her lurch forward against the ship's rail. He fucked her hard and fast, taking her body to the hilt, taking all of her as his fingers gripped her breasts, squeezed and he held on for dear life.

Oh, he'd fuck her. But he was going to make sure she was anything but satisfied.

Moving his hand to her bottom, he pushed his thumb between her ass cheeks, finding her anus. He teased the bud, pressing it gently, riding it, but never entering.

She moaned beneath him. "Brad..."

He circled the puckered ring, flicked it, and drove his hips harder, faster, against her. Thrusting, grinding, *taking*...but only giving enough to ensure she'd remain unsatisfied, orgasm or not. He had a point to prove.

Lovemaking, even fucking, was meant to be enjoyed. You didn't just get it over with, like Jenny was trying to do.

And did she want to hurry their date as well? Not if he had a damn thing to say about it.

Her ass twitched against his thumb and he raked his nail over it. *Not this time, baby.* He plunged his cock inside her pussy once again, causing her whole body to lurch and bounce against him.

"Braaad!" Jenny cried out, a squeal that cascaded into a spiral of pleading and begging. Her entire cunt tightened around his shaft.

He fucked her and fucked her, not slowing until he milked shudders and moans from her. Until she collapsed against the side of the boat, gasping his name.

His cock exploded, filling his condom. For a moment, he stayed buried deep, silent with disappointment. She didn't move, didn't speak but her damn cunt kept rippling around him, enticing him to stay.

"Are you happy now?" he asked harshly. "It's over. You even screamed my name, yet I'm not fulfilled. Not even close." He eased free from her. "I still want more and I know you do too."

"No." She limply rolled over and faced him, her costume in disarray, the bodice hanging from her shoulders, the skirt hiked to her waist. He watched her lick her lips. Lips puffy from their kisses. "I..."

"Deny it all you want but it won't change the truth," he told her as confidently as he could when his heart had just sunk to the bottom of the bay. "We could be really good together. *Together.* If you're brave enough to try. Are you?"

Jenny listened to Brad's footsteps as he disappeared into the cabin below. Releasing her pirate skirt, she stared at the setting sun and let out a pain-filled howl. Her body ached, pulsed with a need that no hard fuck could satisfy.

There was only one way to appease the desperation burning in her. She had to give him a chance. A real one.

After four turns around the deck—which took all of eighty seconds—Jenny gathered sufficient courage to duck into the cabin where her future, at least part of it, awaited. She descended the few stairs and entered the galley.

Wow. She'd known he was loaded but this had to be Webster's definition of *magnificence*.

At the far end, she saw a queen-sized bed. Properly made with a black and tan striped comforter and matching pillows, it stood on an elevated platform. Waiting...

Her body felt empty, her heart more so. He'd been right about that.

Brad hadn't heard her. Towel wrapped around his waist, head resting in his hands, he was hunched on the leather sofa lining one wall, his arms propped on the polished table.

Jenny's eyes searched the small kitchen, noting a rack of wine bottles and a secured tray with several decanters and glasses. But though frustrated with her, Brad hadn't grabbed a drink. Not like Carter would have.

When was she going to stop comparing? Stop expecting every man to be such a bastard?

From the moment Brad approached her drinking a Shirley Temple, Jenny had instinctively known she could trust him not to harm her. Add to that his adorably atrocious pirate accent and the maturity he'd shown facing his past mistakes...

What choice did she have?

Steeling herself, Jenny walked barefoot over to him. Her fingers brushed the back of his neck and he looked up. Curiosity sparked in his eyes. Indigo. They were deep again. Deep and concerned. *For her*.

About them.

Jenny said nothing, she didn't have to. She wrapped her hand around his nape and tilted his head for her kiss.

He remained passive at first but she kept on. Determined. Then she realized what she owed him—the same thing he'd given her on the Tarletons' driveway. Honesty. Humility.

She spoke against his mouth. "Brad? I'm sorry. You were right." His arms tightened around her. She was on the right track. "I'm...scared. *Was* scared. I don't know, still scared —"

"So we go slow." She knew he meant more than the present moment. "Starting now?"

Nodding, Jenny tugged his towel aside. His erect penis looked red and angry. Unsatisfied. The way her pussy felt—empty without him.

It was time to let him in.

Her heart cracked, just a little, making way. "Got another condom, sailor?"

He smiled. "Behind you."

She took care of business and straddled him, consciously relaxing her vaginal muscles and inviting his cock into her body. One fluid motion. Until *he* was there...inside her. And still she lowered herself, staring into his eyes the entire time—every fraction of the way until she'd done it. Allowed him completely into her.

Oh God. She was frightened. Emotionally raw.

But Brad was there with her, his hands tracing over her body, worshiping her. He explored every inch of her skin, his fingers diving between her legs. Measuring their strokes. Teasing her bottom. Smiling his encouragement.

His feathery, adoring touch was everywhere, dispensing with her bodice, pulling her blouse over her head. His mouth claimed her nipple, suckling, licking the hard bud. Lifting her, he managed his way onto his knees and laid her on the table before him.

Jenny closed her eyes and gave herself up to him. His every thrust pushed her to the edge, to a place she'd never known before. A place where she was comfortable, hopeful...brand new. A place where trust was born.

He took love bites of her ear, murmuring. "Our wager. Have I won our date yet?"

"Yes," she answered with assurance, luxuriating in every slow, methodical stroke of his penis, his tongue. "But, Brad, you should know I'm not ready to fall in love again."

"Can you fall in like? Or lust? I'll settle for you falling in lust."

Oh yes. She already was. She smiled to herself, on the brink of another orgasm. "I don't think either of those present a problem."

"Then we'll start there. We'll work our way up." He moaned, grinding deeply into her. "Okay?"

"Umm...how far up?" She was already flying...soaring higher and higher on the wings of an explosion.

"Ready?" Brad increased his tempo, plunging harder.

Rocking against him, her pussy shuddering and convulsing, she pushed herself further, rode out the climax, enjoying it for all it was worth.

He did the same. And it was so different from before. Better. More satisfying. More than just a quick fuck that got her off, it was something that touched her heart.

"*God yes!*" He groaned, climaxing, then stayed in her, his breathing heavy. He brushed her sweat-dampened hair from her face. "Next stop—you falling in respect. How's that?"

Jenny's body hugged his. "Falling into lust, falling in respect. I seem to be doing an awful lot of falling. Sounds dangerous."

He planted a loving kiss to her forehead. "Not when I'm here to catch you."

About the Authors

Slip between the sheets with Alyssa Brooks, erotic romance author...

Author of fun, flirty, and contemporary erotic romance and erotica, Alyssa Brooks currently writes for several publishers, including Ellora's Cave. She resides in Amish country, Pennsylvania, with her husband and daughter in a quaint farmhouse. When not writing and caring for her family, her days are filled with gardening and hiking. She also collects wind chimes, porcelain dolls, and snow globes.

Alyssa also publishes a free monthly ezine, Wicked Escapes, for fans of erotic romance. Chock full of free reads, columns, excerpts, and contests; fans can find this ezine at www.wickedescapesezine.com.

For someone who once turned down sex with her new husband so she could watch Star Trek: TNG (what was she thinking?) Larissa Lyons has come a long way.

Now an award-winning author of erotic romance and short story erotica, Larissa spends way too much time chasing after an intellectually challenged cat who eats carpet lint (and promptly pukes) all day long.

Visit Larissa's website for plenty of free erotic reads, a gooey dessert recipe—or ten—and to learn more about her crusade to make chocolate synonymous with health.

Alyssa and Larissa welcome comments from readers. You can find their websites and email addresses on their author bio pages at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Alyssa Brooks & Larissa Lyons

Candy Corn and Cocky Kisses
Orchids and Orgasms

Also by Alyssa Brooks

Desperate Seduction

Also by Larissa Lyons

Impure Longings



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com