

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Body Candy
TAYLOR TRYST

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Body Candy

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BODY CANDY

Taylor Tryst

Dedication

This book is dedicated to every new author working on their second project who is struggling to complete one, or sometimes multiple works-in-progress. It seems they may never leave the internal workings of our computer or our brain and become an actual completed project either in digital or paperback form. Don't give up my fellow authors, for *Body Candy* was the book that almost never was. Just remember, we all have more than one story to tell – let's hope we can get it to cooperate.

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Chapter One

Sophie Jenson sank beneath the bubbling jets, hot water pulsing around her shoulders, ass and pussy—reaching around like fingers and arousing her nipples into firm, round pebbles.

She stroked her hands, palms open, over the sides of her breasts, down her rib cage and over her slightly rounded stomach to the neat strip of hair between her thighs.

“Mmm,” Sophie purred, loving the luscious curves of her body.

Curves she’d worked her ass off to earn riding her bedroom elliptical instead of a man.

Curves she wanted to keep—to enjoy.

Her body was on the voluptuous side, no way around that. She’d certainly never been considered skinny. Her sister Brenna, the real estate broker, verged on movie star unhealthy.

She had food phobias, for crying out loud.

Brenna’s boogeyman didn’t hide beneath the bed or in the closet but in the harsh light of the bathroom as a scale.

Food, as far as Sophie was concerned, was on her top ten list of favorite things, second only to sex, of course.

She’d never starve herself so she could squeeze her size twelve ass into a size eight pair of jeans or deprive her taste buds of the thrill of Raspberry Mint Body Candy, her newest brainstorm, just to be a size six.

Her body was made to be touched, to be toyed with—to be worshiped.

She just didn’t have a boyfriend to do the worshiping but then she’d always been the kind of woman to do a man’s job.

Sophie had shaved her legs before filling the tub and lifted her calf out of the water to stroke her hands over her deliciously smooth skin. Her thick black lashes fell closed over blue-gray eyes the color of water and sky.

She rolled her hips from side to side, floating as if in the sea and imagining the skillful hand of an imaginary lover stroking her body.

His fingers caressing her skin and moving up her thigh to her freshly waxed pussy. She kept her pussy trim. She liked the feel of it, her bare flesh rubbing against her clothing as she hurried through the day – no one the wiser.

She liked the friction on her clitoris, wetness soaking her panties as she imagined long fingers circling the tiny bud.

In fact, she liked it a lot.

Lately.

Couldn't get enough.

Sophie hadn't had a man in over a year, which was the longest stretch of her life that she'd gone without sex.

Well, she should say without an actual cock, because she worshiped her own body very well and very often.

Sophie slid her fingertips over her vulva, tracing her bare lips so lightly that it tickled her skin.

She panted, gasping for air and turning her head to the side, water splashing her face and neck, the ripples of a gentle wake growing more turbulent as her heartbeat kicked up a notch.

She took a breath, wanting to take her time with it. She didn't want to come...yet.

Finding the nub of her swollen clit, Sophie stroked it with the pad of her finger, using her own dampness and the water as a lubricant. She imagined her finger to be the head of her lover's penis and stroked it up and down her cleft.

The thought sent chills up her spine and her finger into a frantic motion, working into a rhythm.

Circling it around her clit.

Circling.

“Uhhh,” Sophie whimpered, gasping for air as an ache erupted deep inside her body, in places she couldn’t reach without assistance.

She reached for the bottle of Raspberry Mint Body Candy.

It was her most recent, as well as most inventive candy.

At least, she hoped so.

In this case, she didn’t mind being the guinea pig.

“Be dessert,” Sophie said with a full smile tugging at her lips, which she’d always thought were too thin, though she’d never had any complaints from the men in her life.

Instead of the Angelina Jolie lips she craved, Sophie had a full bottom lip, plump and pouty and a top lip that was flat and unshapely.

Chicken lips, her sister used to say.

Sophie pursed those lips into a bow and held the phallus shaped bottle beneath the hot water. She gave it a shake.

It was a sleek six inches long but not too big around, designed by her especially for its dual purpose as a container and a convenient and private sex toy.

After several seconds, she squeezed the warm liquid, thick and gooey, into her palm.

Spreading her legs and hooking her ankles onto both sides of her clawfoot tub, she rubbed a generous amount of Raspberry Mint Body Candy onto her clit.

The burst of mint awakened every nerve in her swollen flesh, enlivening every pore.

Sophie sucked in a deep breath and arched her hips in response to the tingling sensation, feeling almost as if a million tiny tongues stroked her clit.

She cried out in ecstasy as the Body Candy cooled and hardened on the tiny pearl of her clitoris like decadent chocolate hardening on a vanilla cone.

If only she had someone to lick it off.

If only she could do it herself.

After a few seconds of savoring the erotic feeling of the candy hardening like wax on bare skin, forming a candy-coated shell on the sensitive button, she poured a dab over her left nipple.

"Nice," Sophie moaned, reaching down and capturing her breast with her hand. She squeezed the mound between her fingers and did something that surprised even her.

She bent her head and lifted her breast until her lips were just able to make contact with her nipple. She wasn't a contortionist, by any means but her puckered nipple touched her lips and she made a sucking motion with her mouth, drawing it in.

She groaned, using her teeth like a rake.

Sophie peeled the candy off in bits and pieces.

"Delicious," she said, her voice barely audible. She noted the flavor, the zing of raspberry, the creamy blend, the texture as it dried on her sensitive flesh, trying to think like both a chef and a connoisseur.

The mint exploded on her tongue just as a spasm clenched her pussy, squeezing it like a fist. It came so quickly and unexpectedly that her whole body seized.

Her hips bucked into the air and her muscles tightened in turn. She was panting, spitting water out of her mouth, her bathtub a raging sea of tumultuous waves from the physical contractions of her body.

Sophie imagined a faceless lover, running his tongue over her breasts. Sucking, working the hardened candy from her nipple with his warm, wet mouth.

She circled her nipple with her tongue and flicked the remaining piece of raspberry candy, removing it with greedy suction.

Desperate for more, Sophie found the bottle in the water, her cunt aching for something she couldn't quite achieve on her own.

She wanted cock.

She wanted to be filled with it, a hard, throbbing mass of blood and flesh, sliding into her wet pussy, pulsing inside her cunt.

Hard and ready to fuck.

The knock at the door made her flinch.

Sophia dropped her hips and her legs fell into the tub, sending a wave of water over the edges and onto the gray tile floor.

"Shit," she grumbled. "This better be good." She frowned at the persistent knocking.

Well, hell.

Sophie slid into the silk robe that hung on the back of the bathroom door. The thin fabric molded to her breasts, stuck to her thighs and the landing strip of black hair between them, the material nearly translucent against her wet skin.

She shoved a wet brunette curl out of her eyes and stomped her feet on the bathroom rug before stepping out and ruining her new carpet. "Coming."

Not, she thought bitterly.

Whoever was at her door had ruined a perfectly good orgasm.

Sometimes it took days for her to relax and work up to a good screaming O.

On a good day, she was even multi-orgasmic but thanks to whoever had ruined her party, today wouldn't be one of those days.

Due to the impeccable timing, Sophie expected her mother to be at the door. Her cheeks reddened at the thought, feeling like a teenager caught with her hand, um, in the cookie jar.

"Minneapolis Police," the voice said from the other side.

Sophie stopped a few feet from the door and hesitated. She tightened the belt on her robe and pushed her hair away from her face, wondering what the hell a cop wanted with her.

Wrong address, wrong house, wrong woman, she thought, her mind racing.

"Mr. Maddox?" the man said in the form of a question. His voice was deep and resonated powerfully through the wood slab between them. "It's Detective Mc Fee, MPD."

"Crap," Sophie said.

She wasn't sure what upset her more, the fact that there was a cop outside her door or that he wanted to speak to Mr. Maddox.

"Breathe," Sophie told herself. "No big. Handle it."

She unlocked the door, her dark, ached brows drawn toward one another in concern and opened it to a face full of badge.

Sophie leaned back and eyed the badge skeptically, glancing at the photo and then to the detective's face.

The photograph didn't do him justice, she thought.

She met a pair of greenish-gold eyes, the sun reflecting off a summer green pasture with golden hue as their eyes locked and held.

Sophie shifted her feet, trying to find solid ground.

Those eyes seemed to sum her up in seconds flat, as if he could see right through her and already knew all of her secrets – and did she have secrets.

"What can I do for you, Detective?"

A blowjob, Sophie thought, clearing her throat and glancing slyly at his crotch, which already seemed to be bulging – or maybe it was just her.

"Detective Trevor Mc Fee," he said, finally speaking as he lowered his identification and the remainder of his features came into view.

Sophie swallowed, her mouth going dry.

His gaze was predatory, a hunter evaluating prey. "Can I come in?"

Marvelous hands, long fingers and clean, well-kept nails, she noted. His hair was trimmed short, the nape of his neck shaved clean. He smelled lightly of deodorant but not cologne. He wouldn't want his scent to be overbearing, she decided, only his personality.

Sophie had always appreciated things like that about a man, the little things that no one else may have noticed.

It made her wary, however, because this man paid attention to the little details.

"I suppose," Sophie said needlessly as he walked past her, already invading her living space. She swallowed again, aching for a drink of water.

She caught those cat-like eyes roaming her body as he glanced over his shoulder, stopping at the hint of cleavage peeking out of her robe. Her nipples were as hard as rocks, sticking to the silk as if she'd come in first place in a wet t-shirt contest.

Sophie knew he was getting a free show but didn't make a move to cover her body. If he wanted to ogle her breasts, who was she to stop him?

She inhaled deeply, trying to catch her breath. It was...exciting, having a man—this man—barge into her place while she was literally hot and wet.

"Is something wrong, Detective?" Sophie asked, her breasts rising and falling with each breath.

"Depends." Trevor walked past her and paced across her living room. He was a virile male specimen and gave off pheromones like a wild beast ready to mate.

"I don't understand." Sophie closed the door and leaned against it for support. Her knees felt weak, like they might fold beneath her at any moment. "Did something happen to my sister Brenna?"

"Are you Mrs. Maddox?" Trevor asked, not so much as giving her a glance as he spoke, as if the question was too important and he didn't want to taint her answer with his eagerness.

"No, I just answer her door," Sophie snapped, thinking that this man was not only hot but also rude and full of assumptions. "Actually, it's Miss Jenson, Detective. I'm Sophie Jenson. I'm afraid that I don't know a Mrs. Maddox."

Trevor strolled across her living room and glanced into the kitchen. He took his time about it, pretended to be taking in the nuances of her home décor but she was certain that he was making sure they were alone.

He had a deceptively long frame, she thought as she watched him move.

One would expect him to be lean, yet he carried a surprising amount of mass on his shoulders and upper arms.

"And Robert Jenson?"

"Robert was my father. My parents are dead," Sophie said carefully. "I live alone."

"Really?" Trevor turned and focused in on her.

"Really," Sophie confirmed, her heart racing as she spoke the words.

The room tilted on its axis the moment she noticed his rawboned features, the power of his shoulders and thighs, the sharp lines and angles of his face.

Power, she thought. The man exuded it.

He looked dangerous but instead of being afraid, her heart danced into a hurried rhythm, beating against her chest like fists on a locked door.

"And Zebulon Maddox?" Trevor asked. He took a step toward Sophie, his expression grim, jaw tight, mouth drawn. "You...aren't his wife?"

"As I said, Detective. I'm not married." Sophie pulled that full bottom lip between her teeth and nibbled nervously. "Zebulon Maddox is—" She hesitated, searching for the correct phrase and weighing the truth of her words. "Keeping a low profile," she mused.

Dead would be a more accurate term but then the devil was in the details, wasn't it.

Chapter Two

Detective Mc Fee knew the truth, Sophie thought, staring at him as he crossed her living room and stepped through the French doors that led into her office.

He leaned against the executive cherrywood desk where she took care of internet orders, handled supplies and banking issues.

Her home office.

Her only office.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Sophie demanded after watching him snoop for a moment before she could react to his obnoxious behavior.

The nerve of this guy.

Cocky, arrogant...SOB.

"Do you mind?" Sophie asked.

"Do you?" the detective retorted, shooting her a sideways glance.

Sophie grabbed her address book from the detective and popped it closed. Not deterred, he pulled open her desk drawer and riffled through a stack of paperwork.

"Pens, paper clips, pink Post-Its." Trevor picked up a stack of notes and flipped through them like a deck of cards. "Little anal?"

"Is that a double entendre, Detective?"

"It wouldn't be little," Trevor said, giving her a flash of perfect teeth and a killer grin.

His smile, Sophie thought, was brilliant and beautiful, dangerous.

No other word for it really. That grin, the way it softened his face, the way it carried to those golden-green eyes, made her belly flip-flop.

The way it put her back up and made chills dance over her flesh, made her breath catch in her throat. Yeah, this guy was dangerous.

"Get out," Sophie demanded. She glared at him with her eyes squinted together in suspicion. Anger drew a line between her brows, though she knew it wasn't a good look for her. No, that was her sister Brenna's department.

Being angry all the time.

"Something to hide, Sophie?" Trevor asked, not so much as budging when she glared and tried to step between him and her desk.

Trevor gave her a half-assed grin and depressed the button to power up her laptop. "Because it seems, from my point of view, like you have something to hide."

"Get out."

Trevor ignored her demand and opened the file cabinet drawer while waiting for the computer to do its thing. "Tax returns," he noted. "Which might come in handy. Receipts and bank statements." He fumbled through the drawer, frowning. "No names, no addresses or phone numbers of business associates?"

"That's none of your damned business." Sophie plucked the power cord from her laptop. She reached out to swipe the actual computer away from him but he was too fast.

"I'll just be a second," Trevor said. He snatched the Compaq up and crowded her. He turned his back and used the size of his body to block her from retrieving it, reminding her of a grade school bully.

"That's it. I'm calling the police." Sophie grabbed at the phone on her desk. "I'll have you fired for this. You don't even have a warrant. You have no right to be here, no right to harass me like this."

"I'd notify Zeb first if I were you, Sophie. He has one dead partner, one missing and he's next." Trevor sighed when the screen on the laptop indicated that he needed a

password and turned those dangerously perceptive eyes upon her. "Shot six times. I'd say somebody's not happy with their business practices."

Sophie tried to hide her surprise, her fear but she knew he'd caught both flash across her face.

Apprehensively, she eyed the man she'd let into her home.

He wasn't a cop. Couldn't be a cop, she thought, realizing he was all but ransacking her office space.

Sophie took a step back, through the double doors, realizing what she'd done. She'd let a complete stranger into her house in the middle of the afternoon, with no neighbors nearby to hear her scream.

"Why are you here?" Sophie backed away as she spoke. She glanced at her bedroom door and back at him, gauging her distance.

If she could only make it to her bedroom, she thought, she could throw the lock and call the cops.

"I told you why I'm here. I told you the truth," Trevor said stoically as he closed her laptop and glanced over his shoulder to meet her gaze. "Maybe you should try it."

Sophie broke for the bedroom.

She ducked into the hallway but Trevor saw the move coming and jumped in front of her, cutting her off.

She dodged to the left and made it past him, hitting the wall in the hallway as she rushed toward her bedroom, slamming the door closed behind her.

Sophie turned the lock but the doorknob was being twisted from the outside and the latch wouldn't engage.

"No," she gasped. "Damn it. No."

Trevor gave the door a shove. Sophie fell backward and off her feet.

"You Zeb's girlfriend?" Trevor asked. He was on her so quickly she couldn't react.

He pinned her to the floor, his body responding to her curves and the excitement of their tussle by going hard everywhere. He was panting and his cock was throbbing against her thigh. "His mistress?"

"No," Sophie growled. She fought him for a moment, her heart raging against her chest, a carnal rush of heat sending the blood bursting through her veins and flushing her skin, her face.

It was useless, she realized, falling back against the lush carpet she was grateful that she'd had installed only months prior.

He outweighed her by at least sixty or seventy pounds of pure muscle.

His cock throbbed against her thigh and she closed her eyes at its stiffness, trying to ignore the pang of lust that shot through her in response to the power of his body and the rod-like stiffness of his cock, as if in answer to the wetness between her thighs.

Her robe parted, the fabric askew, her thigh and hip bare and part of her breast revealed provocatively.

Sophie licked her lips and forced her gaze to meet his. They gasped for air when their eyes locked.

Raw sexual awareness zinged between them like an electric current.

There was more than power here.

More than control.

Or a loss of both.

Sophie hated aggressive men, couldn't stand bullies or chauvinists, yet here she was, hot and wet beneath this burly mass of a man, the only thing separating them the silk of her robe and his clothes—which might as well have not been there because she could feel the outline of his cock pressing into her thigh.

The bulging of his cock, the pulsing hardness against the softness of her flesh and the mushrooming head of his cock, which would enter her pussy first, pushing at her inner walls and thrusting its way inside her cunt.

Sophie turned her cheek slightly, his face so close to hers that his lips brushed her skin as he spoke.

"How about Brody Burkett?" Trevor asked after he caught his breath, his eyes clearing as if he'd just awoken from a dream. "You know him, right? Zeb knows him."

Sophie froze at the mention of the name.

Oh, God. This couldn't be happening.

Think, she told herself. Calm down and think. No one, no one was supposed to be able to connect her to Brody.

It was impossible.

"You really a cop?" Sophie asked, trying to buy time.

"Got a gun and cuffs to prove it," Trevor said, keeping his face beside hers, inhaling her scent, his lips moving against her cheek as he spoke.

Their touch firmer, more constant.

"I'll show them to you, if you want to play rough."

"I thought we already were," Sophie said. She tilted her hips, telling herself that it was a ploy, a distraction. "Playing rough, that is."

A distraction, Sophie told herself again, thinking that if she said it enough times, she might actually mean it.

Believe it.

The truth was that she was getting off on this.

Sick but she liked the solid feel of him, the loss of control, of power.

"Brody Burkett?" Trevor said again, running his clean-shaven chin over her neck and releasing her outstretched arms, which he'd pinned above her head.

Trevor ran his hand down her forearm to her shoulder and to her partially exposed breast.

"Never...met him." Sophie shivered beneath his touch, his hand, his skin, his body hot. On fire against hers.

She was on fire. "But he's emailed me, sent instant messages. We've spoken on the phone about business," she admitted, knowing that at least that much was probably traceable.

"Yes," Trevor said with a nod, his lips tearing at her neck. "I traced the call to you." He leaned back, pressed his hips against hers and used his cock like a weapon. "Where is Zeb?"

"You won't find him through me. I honestly don't know."

"Don't be so sure," Trevor said, leaning in and letting his lips touch hers as he spoke. "Don't be so sure."

Sophie opened her mouth to retort but Trevor swallowed her words with a kiss, surprising them both.

She tasted coffee on his lips, his tongue fast, darting past hers and into her mouth.

Trevor slid his hand into her hair and nudged her thighs apart with his knee.

Yes. Yes, Sophie thought.

"Belt," she gasped between hot, wet kisses. She tore her mouth from his to fumble with his belt. "Hurry."

Trevor stopped kissing her long enough to release his belt and shove his jeans down to his thighs. He slid his hand to the small of her back and she arched into him. "Fuck," he gasped. "Oh, fuck. You're so hot."

He was like steel, hard and throbbing as his cock rode her slit to her pussy, a drop of hot cum leaking from the tip and mixing with her juices.

Sophie cried out when the head of his cock lodged in the opening of her pussy. There was the briefest hesitation and he sank into her, driving his hips down with a solid thrust.

Her knees automatically drew up and her pussy tilted upward, giving him a perfect driving base to thrust his cock into, with long, hard strokes.

"Don't stop," Sophie cried, clawing at his back with her short, manicured nails. He pumped with his hips, the stroke going from longer and deeper to faster and harder before she could cry out more demands.

His tongue invaded her mouth, working in circles, following the rhythm of his hips as he worked them against her. Sophie kissed him back, lost in heat and rhythm, in pure sensation that stole both time and her breath, making her a stranger to her own need.

Trevor yanked her robe open, leaned down and took her breast into his mouth, sucking hard as he fucked her.

Sophie shoved her hand into his short, dark hair and pushed his head into her breasts, crying out when he sucked harder. His teeth clamped down on her nipple, his cock nearly backing out of her and thrusting back in, stroking every delicate inch of her cunt as the first orgasm tore through her body.

She locked her legs around his hips and held on, pulling on his hair, screaming out as he held his position, his hips locked as she came undone around him.

The spasm of her muscles began deep inside her pussy as the orgasm flickered, a spark of fire that burned through every muscle like a match lighting gasoline. She wrapped her arms around his neck and clutched him against her, hanging on as if she might come loose.

Sophie felt the tingle, the ache of muscles that had long been inactive, the dizzying lights that danced behind her eyes and in her head.

Her vagina twitched, once.

Twice.

Three times, the sensation going full circle through her body and ending where it had begun, deep within the walls of her cunt.

"Mint?" Trevor panted between kisses, his tongue ravaging her mouth, his jaw moving in unison with hers. "You taste like...mint."

“Yes.” Sophie tasted the cool candy sensation in her mouth, on his tongue. He grabbed a handful of her hair and cupped her breast, pulling it up to his mouth and sucking hard on her nipple. “Raspberry mint?”

He bit down, drawing the bud into a fine point between his teeth, sucking, squeezing her breast with his palm as he slid his cock into her tight little cunt.

Trevor slipped his hands under her hips and lifted them, pounding into her with his cock. “Can I,” he gasped, pumping faster, harder, “come inside you?”

It was too late, Sophie thought in surprise. She’d always had sex with a condom but in this instance, it hadn’t even been a consideration. She was on the Pill but it had been so long.

This hadn’t been planned.

It had been the furthest thing from her mind. Okay that wasn’t true, she thought, remembering her bathtime fun, but reality and fantasy had merged when this man walked into her living room.

Sophie reached down and cupped his ass with her fingertips, digging her nails into his skin. She opened her legs, straining her thighs to let him in, pulling him deeper with each thrust.

Yes. Yes.

Trevor pounded into her pussy, gritting his teeth, sucking air through his nose, his arms shaking as he worked in and out of her.

Sophie tried to catch her breath, tried to hold on as he fucked her beyond the imaginable, even in her wildest fantasies. His cock was hard and fit inside her with just enough size to force her pussy to expand to accommodate it.

The sensation was pure pleasure.

She could feel his balls slap her bare pussy lips with each thrust and the pressure inside her built with each slap of skin against skin. She banged against him, meeting his hips with hers, lifting them off the floor.

"I'm coming," Trevor groaned. He froze mid pump as his cock erupted, cum exploding into wet, tight heat. "Fuck, I'm coming."

Sophie screamed, the tiny ball of nerves between her legs sending shock waves through her cunt and her muscles tightening around his cock as if drinking him in, pulsing and throbbing around him to drain him of every drop of cum.

She writhed against Trevor, making the tiniest motions with her hips as her body sated itself, using him like a tool.

"Multi-orgasmic," Sophie breathed heavily, trying to catch her breath and let him know he'd given as good as he got. Her body was drained of every ounce of strength she possessed. "Today was a good day, after all."

"Actually," Trevor said, collapsing against her and pinning her to the floor beneath him. "Your day has only begun."

Chapter Three

Sophie climbed out of the shower, wondering if she could sneak into the closet, dress and slip into the night without Trevor discovering her missing.

“So, tell me about Brody Burkett, Sophie.” Trevor handed Sophie a bottle of the Killian’s Red she’d picked up during her shopping trip to the grocery store the day prior. “How can I find him before this murderer does? How can I find his partners? How can I find Zeb?”

Sophie took a swallow of beer, the explosion of malt on her tongue dulled slightly by the mint and raspberry flavor in her mouth. It wasn’t at all unpleasant and made her pussy clench at the memory of Trevor discovering the taste for himself on her breast.

Maybe she should think about cutting it back just a taste, so to speak. She wanted consumers to purchase Raspberry Mint Body Candy and come back for other items.

Orange Jubilee Whip Cream was her staple product and the first she’d introduced to the public. She’d evolved from there, making Peppermint Twisters, a hard candy nipple clamp that could be completely consumed.

And the public did.

Sophie had been able to pay off her loan and strike out on her own, expanding her business and experimenting with new products for her line.

Brody Burkett hadn’t been happy about it.

He’d been a financial backer from the inception of the idea for Body Candy and had apparently taken a liking to the company.

“Mr. Burkett and I are no longer in communication.”

Trevor tipped back his beer, thought about his words. "I need to find Burkett, find his partners. I need to find Zeb." He crossed the bathroom and followed her into the bedroom, watching as Sophie dug in her drawer for a pair of lacy panties.

Trevor watched her search, her panties color coordinated, of course. He'd licked his lips and stuttered on his words when she'd touched the blue panties with her fingertips.

"The blue," Trevor said, tipping his beer up as if making a toast. "Definitely the blue."

Just so happened she had the matching bra. Maybe it was *his* lucky day, she thought.

Her cell phone rang and Sophie swept it up without thinking, glancing over at Trevor and then turning to get dressed. It was her sister and the last person she wanted to deal with but the only person she trusted. "Hey."

"Sophie, there was someone here looking for you." Brenna sounded busy, distracted. "He thought I was you. Why would that be?"

"What'd he say?" Sophie asked, sliding into a pair of jeans, the phone propped against her shoulder. She glanced at her beer and took a swig, buttoned her jeans and reached for the blue Henley v-neck that matched the blue in her eyes.

Sophie refused to look at Trevor but she could feel his interest shift, his body tense. Wide shoulders pulled back, he dropped his empty bottle into the wastebasket and grabbed his shirt, shoving his arms into it. "How long ago?" he asked.

The question made her heart skip a beat...or maybe three, she couldn't be sure, but her stomach fluttered when she'd asked her sister how much time they had.

"Ten minutes," Sophie relayed the information to the detective. She pushed a strand of hair out of her eyes and dropped onto the bed, tugging on a pair of socks and her heeled boots.

"You didn't tell him where to find me, did you Bren? Of course not," Sophie answered before her sister did, finally allowing her gaze to meet Trevor's intensely green eyes, the gold somehow deepening them.

They were eyes she could sink into over and over again.

"Let's go." Trevor took Sophie by the arm, ignoring the fact that she remained on the phone with her sister. He walked her toward the living room and opened the closet to grab her black wool coat. He slid it onto Sophie's shoulders and glanced around the room. "I'll make sure the place is locked up. Get a couple of things, make it quick."

"Look, Bren. I have to go." Sophie nodded and dodged back into her bedroom, grabbing an overnight bag from her closet. She shoved her laptop into the bag, with the cord and her flash drive.

"Sophie—" Brenna hesitated, making certain she had her sister's attention. She lowered her voice, as if trying not to be overheard in the office. "He said he was a cop, a detective. Are you in trouble?"

"What?" Sophie asked her sister as she shoved a change of clothes into her bag and stepped into the bathroom, lowering her voice. "What was his name?"

Sophie gasped when Trevor took her cell phone and snapped it closed. He'd snuck up behind her and she hadn't even seen him move.

"I'm sorry, Sophie," he said, putting her cell in his pocket and moving toward her with a few steps.

"You're not Detective Trevor Mac Fee, you son of a bitch." Sophie backed away from this man, this stranger. She hit the shower door with her elbow but didn't care.

He'd lied. He'd used her.

"Who the hell are you?" she demanded, raising her voice as her panic level rose.

"I'm Brody," he said, reaching for her arm. "Brody Burkett. Nice to finally put a face with a name."

* * * * *

The sound of the ringing doorbell had Trevor, er, Brody moving out the back door. Sophie tried to run for her car but he latched on to her arm and practically carried her over his shoulder.

Sophie was tired of him manhandling her but she wasn't speaking to him so she couldn't tell him that.

Instead, she elbowed him in the ribs and ran.

Two steps and Brody swept her up and deposited her in the front seat of his Benz. "I'm trying to save your life, damn it."

"And I should believe everything you say," Sophie said, leaning back in the seat and taking a deep breath. She looked around desperately, opening her mouth to scream for help when she saw someone bust her front door open.

"Let me get you out of here," Brody said, dropping down on his haunches and ducking behind the car door. "I'll explain everything. Swear." He sighed when Sophie didn't say a word but followed her gaze to her front door.

"No cop cars..." she muttered in disbelief. "If he's a cop, why no cop cars?"

"That's right," Brody said, closing her door and crossing to the driver's side. "He's a cop but I don't suppose he's here to rescue you."

Sophie watched the sideview mirror as they drove away from her home, wondering how any of this made sense, wondering how she was such a fool. "Why'd you lie to me?"

"I need to find Zeb before the killer. Somebody wants to shut us down. Shut down the financing that supports Body Candy. Somebody wants the patent, to steal the ideas, the candy itself."

"Bullshit." Sophie startled even herself by cursing but his words made no sense. Other companies made edible candies, sexual aids and sex toys. No one needed her

ideas, her creations. "You're lying again. Trying to get me to out Zeb, when I have no idea where he is."

"Zeb trusts me, Sophie. He used my financing from day one. I kept his identity a secret. Silent, secret partners. A mutual deal. Somebody broke that deal."

"Zeb didn't tell anyone anything," Sophie said. "Impossible."

Literally impossible, Sophie thought.

She put her seat belt on when Brody took a corner too fast and rubber squealed. She glanced over at him and he looked from the rearview mirror and into her eyes. "Sorry."

"Look, if you kept Zeb a secret, then there's no problem," Sophie said, talking to herself more than Brody. "I'll contact him through the appropriate...channels and let him know he's in danger."

Brody pulled the car onto the interstate and drove north toward Canada. He needed to get Sophie out of sight, off the grid. "Do it," he said, handing Sophie her cell. "Now, then get rid of your phone. The cops will track it."

"Just let me go. I'll notify him and take care of myself. I'm a big girl."

"Look," Brody said, watching a minivan with North Dakota license plates zoom by as if he was standing still, a little girl looking at them and smiling from the back window. "My partner is dead. He left me a note and cash. Whoever was after him didn't know which one of us was connected to Body Candy, so he planned on killing us both."

"Jesus," Sophie said, shaking her head, her eyes filling with tears. "This is ridiculous. Why?"

"Zeb's competition?" Brody shrugged his wide shoulders. "Hell, I don't know. I came to find him. We'll go to the cops together, try to keep this quiet. Out of the press."

"So, that's it. You don't want to go public. Don't want your reputation ruined." Sophie had her own secrets, kept her business dealings quiet, hadn't told Brenna what

she was up to, but if anyone had found out she was the creator of Body Candy she wouldn't have been ashamed.

No, she made people happy.

Made herself happy.

Kept lovers satisfied, kept the spice in long-term relationships, took the edge off sugar cravings everywhere, and she was damn proud of it.

"Professional or personal suicide?" Sophie asked incredulously. "If Body Candy shames you so much why be involved at all?"

Brody shifted in his seat, flexing his fingers on the wheel. He hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "I have multiple business dealings. Body Candy is one of the many I back financially. My equal partner ventured into rightwing conservative dealings."

Brody glanced in her direction and then into each mirror in turn. "He backed political parties, supported his church, his community. He forbade public acknowledgement of the companies I chose to support."

Sophie ran her hands through her hair. Maybe she'd hit her head in the tub and was still sleeping it off, she thought. A coma, maybe she was in a coma and this was all a bad dream.

"Forbade?" she said with a chuckle. She glanced over at Brody, taking in his powerful features, his overwhelming personality, thinking that this man thrived on control. "You let your partner dictate to you like that? I don't believe it."

"I didn't have a choice," Brody said vehemently.

"Bull," Sophie said again, finding no better euphemism.

"He was my brother."

"Well, crap," Sophie said. She glanced down at the phone in her hands, having forgotten it was there. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not," Brody said, setting the cruise control and turning on the radio for a traffic report. "He was a son of a bitch."

* * * * *

The town was lakeside and to anyone who didn't know better, Sophie and Brody were just tourists passing through.

"Where the hell are we?" Sophie asked, opening her eyes after having fallen asleep for what felt like hours. She glanced at Brody, his arms outstretched and hands on the wheel, the bulge of muscle filling out the sleeves of his shirt.

Candy, Sophie thought, the man was pure candy.

Eye candy, sexual candy, just as satisfying as a tear into a good chocolate bar and tasting better than anything she could ever package or bottle.

She thought of her new Raspberry Mint Body Candy and the calories she could incur testing it on every inch of his body, his rigid cock.

It was a dieter's nightmare, in more ways than one. Her sister, Brenna would have to fast afterward, just to purge the guilt and calories that came with the sex play and Sophie smiled at that, suddenly homesick for her only sibling.

Brenna was a successful broker who owned her own real estate firm. What if someone came after her, Sophie thought. What they used her sister to try to discover the truth about Zebulon Maddox?

The thought made her feel physically ill. Sophie had never fired a gun, never taken self defense, never raised her hand in anger, but the thought of someone harming Brenna made her realize that she could do all of those things.

Maybe more.

"We're safe here," Brody said, taking Sophie's hand into his and interlacing their fingers.

He was reading her mind, her body language, her unease. The man already had a keen sense of her emotions, despite the fact that they'd only just met.

Actually, they'd met over a year ago during the startup phase of Body Candy.

There'd been letters at first, then emails, telephone calls and instant messages. Sophie remembered the first time she'd heard Brody's voice on the telephone, the strength of it, the deep, sexy tone that lured her in and made her want more.

But she'd never imagined that Brody Burkett would show up at her door and demand to meet Zeb Maddox, the proprietor of Body Candy.

Sophie's heart sank at the thought of him discovering the truth, fear tearing at her stomach like battery acid.

"I won't let anyone hurt you, or hurt anyone else for that matter. This shit is finished."

"He won't...find us here?" Sophie asked, looking at the tiny town—two small banks, a liquor store and two restaurants. It was hard to disappear in a small town with a thousand locals who knew everything about everyone.

"I haven't closed on the cabin yet," Brody said, watching a pickup truck drive by, slowing as it disappeared around the corner. "I'm purchasing it from an out-of-state seller. No one knows I'm the buyer."

Nodding, Sophie stared out the window as they drove down the five-block main drag.

"Not even a stoplight," she observed. There was no traffic to speak of, bar multiple trucks pulling trailers with snowmobiles up to the gas pumps.

"This is a tourist town," Brody said. "Nobody pays much attention to vacationers, except for their cash."

Sophie watched a man drive his snowmobile up to the gas pump, riding with his knees on the seat to put less weight on the skis.

How they rode around in twenty degree Fahrenheit weather in an open-air contraption was more than Sophie could conceive. Jackets, helmets, gloves or not. "It's a beautiful place but very..."

"Quaint."

"I was thinking isolated. Beautiful and harsh in its own way," Sophie corrected.

"That's why we're here, angel. Esox, Minnesota, is that last place anyone would look for us."

Brody pulled his Benz into the parking lot of the grocery store. He crossed to Sophie's door and took her hand to assist her to her feet.

Sophie stepped into him and Brody brought her hand to his lips and planted a kiss on her finger, nibbling gently with his teeth and sucking before letting it fall and enclosing his hand around hers.

Her wedding ring finger.

Get a grip, Sophie told herself.

It was just a kiss, a nibble and suck.

A soul-melting, heartwarming, panty-drenching kiss.

"Let's get this done."

"I couldn't agree more," Sophie said, feeling a yearning low in her abdomen, a tightening of her pussy, clenching and releasing in anticipation of Brody being inside her.

Again.

As they crossed the lot, Sophie glanced out over the frozen bay and shivered. So much ice, she thought. Almost otherworldly—frozen tundra went beyond her line of sight and reminded her of the Arctic.

The wind whipping at her hair, Sophie took stock of the little city on the ice, bright red, blue and purple fishing houses. She'd once seen a tent city set up by the homeless while passing through Phoenix, Arizona and the fifty or so fishing shacks on the ice reminded her of it.

This city, however, wasn't made up of cardboard boxes but brightly colored fishing shacks. She tugged the collar of her coat tighter around her neck.

"Here. This'll help." Brody removed his dark blue scarf and wrapped it around her. Instead of moving in on her, he used the scarf like a lasso and pulled her against his chest.

"You're pretty slick, Burkett." Sophie felt a smile tugging at her lips. She put her palms flat against his chest and inhaled his clean masculine scent, noting that her fragrance still lingered upon him, on his shirt, on his skin.

The aroma was arousing, bringing with it images of them fucking as he pinned her to her floor.

Brody leaned down, tilted his head for a better angle and kissed her lips. He brushed them once, twice, and slid his tongue past hers to deepen the coupling of their mouths.

Sophie was breathless, the cold air biting her skin, wind blowing her hair and his mouth, hot and wet on hers. The day's growth of stubble on his chin pleasantly stinging her flesh as their tongues danced, their lips caressed and their mouths consumed.

"Jesus," Brody said, righting her so quickly that she gasped. "I need to get you alone or we're going to be arrested." He turned to walk away, taking her hand as he moved, quickening his pace. "I've got to be inside you again."

Sophie closed her eyes and licked her lips, still tasting him. She wished he hadn't stopped kissing her but being alone might keep them out of jail for public indecency.

Looking into the sky and over the lake one last time before stepping into the store, Sophie winced at the reflection of the sun off the frozen bay like light reflecting on a mirrored surface.

She couldn't help but smile.

"What?" Brody asked, stopping to gaze out at the fishing shacks, blocking the glare of the sun with the palm of his hand.

"Despite everything that has happened, everything about to go to hell, today was a good day," Sophie said.

Brody nodded, not needing her to explain further, as if he understood perfectly. He kissed her lips lightly, almost painfully gentle and touched her cheek with his palm. "A very good day."

It was a good day for winter in northern Minnesota, Sophie thought. They could be caught in a wicked winter storm.

It was a good day to... What? Be in love? she pondered, her heart tripping at the thought.

She wasn't in love.

Couldn't be in love.

She'd known Brody Burkett for mere hours. Their relationship was based on lies, on sex, and love couldn't factor in to that.

"We'll stock up on groceries," Brody explained as they crossed the lot and headed for the store. "Eventually," he said, lifting a brow, "we'll need to eat."

Pete and Terry's was the name of the local grocery, the only grocery in town and owned, Sophie discovered, by a couple who'd sold off their California dreams in 1960 and moved north to Esox for the small-town environment.

While shopping for steaks, fish and fresh veggies Brody told Sophie that the town was named in honor of the genus of the town mascot, a giant replica Musky, or Muskellunge, a prehistoric looking fish that swam in the waters of Lake of the Woods.

The tiny harbor town bordered Canada, sharing international waters and thriving upon the summer and winter tourist trade, as well as the fishing industry, needing both to survive the hellish winters.

Sophie had the urge to share everything with her sister Brenna but she had too much to tell. She'd lied to Brenna, lied to everyone and now she'd have to pay the price.

Would Brenna ever forgive her?

Would Brody?

With enough groceries to survive a month and a fill-up of gasoline for the Benz, they headed for the interior of the gas station for a much needed bathroom break before they hit the road.

Brody held her close, which was both a protective and possessive gesture but Sophie leaned against him as they walked, enjoying the heat from his body, the power of his build.

"Let's get some coffee. Warm you up."

"Perfect." Sophie couldn't stop smiling and felt as guilty as hell about it. His brother had died and their lives were in danger. He'd lied to her about his identity, though she had no right to be upset since she too had told untruths and yet her anger was no longer at the forefront of her emotions.

She'd sat quietly at the beginning of their trip north, stewing and watching Brody's profile as he drove. Strong masculine lines and a relaxed confident air that told her he could handle anything.

Sophie had memorized every nuance.

He drove like he fucked, she thought, aggressively.

As they'd racked up miles, the terrain growing both denser and colder, her anger was replaced by an attraction so deep it bordered on primal, a heated desire and an almost violent need to be filled by his cock, by his tongue, by his hands, his mouth.

Her stomach pitched at the memory of him inside her, working his hips, kissing her with a devilish tongue that devoured both physically and emotionally.

"Did you hear me?" Brody asked, as he opened the door and ushered her into the warm interior. He turned, gave her a puzzled look when she didn't answer. "Coffee, black or frothy?"

"Frothy." Sophie blushed. She'd been busted daydreaming about sex. Go figure but she was a grown woman, she wasn't supposed to blush.

She made Body Candy for a living.

Candy nipple twisters and clit clamps. She was above blushing like a schoolgirl. "Cappuccino. I'm sorry, I..."

Brody smiled knowingly, almost as if he'd been reading her mind. He stepped in close and tucked a strand of hair over her shoulder. He stopped only a breath away from her lips.

"Sophie," he whispered her name and cupped her cheeks, cradling her face in his palms as if she were the most precious person in his life.

He kissed her ever so gently on the lips, exquisitely, the brush of butterfly wings through the air or the quaking of a leaf from the soft caress of the wind, nothing more.

Except her heart thundered in her chest.

Her pussy clenched at the feel of him, at the need stirred by his mouth, the desire to tear at his clothing and mount him, to slide down his cock and ride him until they both shattered in ecstasy.

Sophie couldn't catch her breath and her palms and pussy were wet, her mouth thirsty for sustenance only his kiss could provide.

She was so screwed. Literally screwed.

"Half hour," Brody said, leaning back and smiling at the clerk, who was watching them as if they were about to go for it in the soda isle. "We'll be...there," he said, wiggling an eyebrow and smiling. "Alone."

Brody backed away, giving her his killer smile and her stomach flip-flopped. He pointed at the men's room. "Be right back, angel."

Sophie watched him step through the door, her heart sinking. It was almost a physical pain, being without him, not having him standing beside her, holding her hand, touching her.

She didn't know how it was possible but she felt his absence physically as she stepped through the bathroom door and locked it behind her. She took care of business

before looking at her reflection in the mirror, which she'd put off until the last possible minute.

It was a good thing.

Bed head from wild sex, running mascara and red, puffy lips from being thoroughly kissed. She was a hot mess.

She looked like a hooker who'd put in a full day, Sophie thought with a wicked smile. She ran her hands through her hair and rinsed her face with cold water. She waved her hands at the dispenser for a paper towel and patted her face dry.

The pounding on the door made her jump.

"Just a minute," Sophie called out, looking at the door handle, which was jiggling as if someone was trying to force their way in from the outside.

Sophie tossed the towel in the garbage and took a step back.

The door shook as if it would come off its hinges.

Jesus.

Someone jerked on the door, trying to shake it open, the sound reverberating in the tiny room like echoes in a cave.

Sophie waited, a hand on her chest, trying to catch her breath. She leaned back against the wall to put as much distance between herself and the door as possible.

She looked around but there was nowhere to go. The room was windowless, the crawl space too small for her size twelve ass.

Maybe that diet was in order, she thought.

Surely, she wouldn't be attacked in a public bathroom in a very public gas station.

Worse things happened in the world, however. Sophie knew that.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

"What do you want?" As soon as she'd spoken, Sophie felt like a dope for asking the question.

Silence was the only answer she received.

She took three short breaths, closed her eyes and pulled the door open. She bolted through it without looking, trying to make it down the corridor and into the open area of the store.

"Soph? You okay?" Brody caught her when she ran into his chest.

"Brody?" Sophie looked around, finding only him, the clerk and an elderly man paying for gasoline, his back turned.

"Hey, what is it?" Brody leaned back, holding Sophie at arm's length to get a better look at her. "What happened? You hurt?" He looked toward the bathroom, his eyes drawn together in suspicion.

"Someone was..." What? Sophie thought. Trying to use the bathroom? "Did you see anyone?" she asked quietly. "Anyone suspicious?"

"No—" Brody moved so suddenly he had Sophie skidding on her boots. He took her hand and moved through the store, scanning the isles. "There's nobody here but us."

"I'm just...a little jumpy I suppose."

"Okay." Brody tucked her beneath his arm. He gave her a reassuring squeeze. "So, hot chocolate in lieu of coffee?"

"Funny guy," Sophie said, giving him a playful punch in the chest with a closed fist and remembering just how hard he was all over.

They headed for the car, hot chocolate in hand. Brody opened the door, placed their cups in the appropriate holders and tucked Sophie safely away inside. He leaned down to buckle her belt and froze.

He looked into her eyes so seriously that he had her flustered. "I wanted to meet you, you know."

"What?" The meaning of his statement didn't register immediately. Sophie shook her head in doubt. "Me?"

"We talked so many times," Brody said, running his hand up her arm and cupping her cheek with his palm. "I loved the sound of your voice."

Me too, her mind screamed but she couldn't speak.

Brody stroked her face with his thumb and Sophie leaned against his hand.

"You were always so professional but sexy. Intriguing. I was obsessed with your emails, your calls. I'd wait for you to go online so we could chat."

Why? Why was he telling her this?

Sophie swallowed, her throat going dry as she recalled all their witty, flirty emails, the IMs at odd hours, the weekly chats on the telephone taking care of minute business details that his secretary could have handled.

She remembered how strange Brody had seemed when she'd contacted him regarding the advance repayment of the business loan for Body Candy, which would have cut their ties entirely.

He'd told her he was interested in buying half of the company, that he wouldn't take no for an answer and wanted to meet with Mr. Zebulon Maddox.

That was when Sophie had backed down and began to avoid his calls and his emails, a full-fledged prisoner to her secret.

She hadn't taken Brody seriously and as she looked into his eyes, lost in the greenish-gold pools, she realized just how serious he'd been.

She'd underestimated him and that had been one of many mistakes. Now, she wasn't sure if she could fix any of her mistakes, if those mistakes would cost her everything, including her life.

"You—" Sophie said, reaching up and touching his face with her palm, cupping his cheek just as he was hers, feeling the rasp of a day's stubble against her fingertips. "You didn't come to save Zeb?" she said, in more of a statement than a question. "Did you?"

"No," Brody admitted. He leaned in and let their lips graze together softly, lightly. "I came for you, Sophie. For you."

Sophie met his mouth with hers.

Hard and determined.

No more teasing. She wanted a kiss.

It was a claiming, a branding of a sort.

Her tongue, thick and soft, pushed past his lips and into his mouth consuming him with hungry, quick strokes.

The worst of it was that Sophie had ached with a hunger her entire life that only Brody Burkett could satiate.

She was desperate for the quick bite of satisfaction she gained from the play of his mouth over hers, from the stroke of his tongue over her teeth and the roof of her mouth.

She worked her hands into his hair and moaned as he palmed her breast, squeezing, toying with her nipple, which hardened instantly between his fingertips.

Brody brushed the nub, pinching it between his thumb and forefinger.

"Hurry," Sophie gasped, pushing him back and wiping her mouth with her hand. "I want to fuck you." She closed the door and didn't dare touch him as he climbed behind the wheel, gasping for air, his cock bulging against the confines of his jeans.

And she knew.

Her lies would consume her. They would destroy whatever this was. She knew that she'd have to tell Brody the truth but only after she had him one more time.

After she fucked him one more time.

And if she told herself that enough times, Sophie thought as they pulled onto the lake road and headed for the south shore, even she might even believe it.

Chapter Four

They made it to the garage. Sophie climbed over the center console and into Brody's lap, grinding her hips into his.

"You want to fuck?" Brody asked, stroking his hands up and down her back and cupping her ass. He slipped his hands beneath her shirt and stroked her skin, running the tips of his fingers around her rib cage and over her breasts, finding the nubs of her nipples beneath the fabric of her bra.

"Isn't that obvious?" Sophie leaned in to kiss him but edged away at the last second, keeping her lips just out of reach. She ran her hands into his hair and pulled, turning his head and licking his neck with a long stroke of tongue.

"Jesus." Brody growled, squeezing her breast in his palm, kneading the fleshy mound and supporting its weight with a firm grip.

Sophie wanted to fuck him hard.

Wanted to fuck him raw.

Wanted to fuck him now.

"Wait," Brody growled, pulling Sophie's hair, opening her neck to his mouth, his laving tongue. He sucked her skin, wanting to mark her, wanting to make her his in every way. "Let's go inside—"

Brody opened the car door while Sophie went for his belt as he pushed the door open and they tumbled out onto the concrete floor of the heated garage.

Nice perk, heat, Sophie thought as the garage door rolled closed and blocked out the bitter wind that was blowing off the lake.

She took hold of his throbbing cock and pumped, feeling a bit of pre-cum drip out of the slit at the tip and onto her fingers.

He was hard, beyond ready for her pussy.

"Jesus," Brody said, gasping for air when she jerked him and he nearly exploded in her hand.

He lifted Sophie's hips off the concrete and dragged her jeans and panties down. Kissing her mouth hungrily, deeply, he cupped her ass and pushed his way inside her.

"That what you want, angel?"

Sophie hissed, grabbing his ass and pulling him into her, meeting his hips with her own as his cock slid deeper into her cunt.

"Tell me?" Brody demanded. "Tell me what you want."

"Fuck...me," Sophie gasped out the words. "Fuck me, Brody."

Brody pumped hard, leaning back on his knees, his hands clasped onto her thighs, lifting her off the ground and pulling her into his cock as he hammered away.

Sophie was lost. Lost in the feeling of the concrete grinding against her back, her breasts bouncing as Brody pummeled her with his cock. He had her by the waist, driving in and out, working for air as he shoved his rod into her over and over, surrounded by tight, wet heat.

Sophie ran her hands up his chest, pinched his nipple and suddenly pushed at him, shoving him down until he was on his back.

She slipped her legs over his hips, straddling him, her knees scraping the concrete. She grabbed his chin in her palm, squeezing roughly and forcing him to look her in the eyes. "Tell me what you want?"

"Inside...fuck, I need to be inside you." Brody gasped out the words.

Sophie lifted her body, nudged the head of his cock into her tight opening and slid down his cock until he was stuffed inside her so deeply that his head pressed against her cervix.

"Like this?" Sophie asked, leaning in close, kissing his lips, his mouth, his chin. She took his bottom lip and sucked it between her teeth, nibbling until he groaned.

Sophie propped herself up, palms down on the concrete. She lifted her hips, sliding his cock out of her cunt and then slamming back down when she dropped all her weight upon him, riding him like a pole.

Sophie raised herself up and squatted over Brody, bouncing on her thighs as she rode his cock, skin slapping skin as her hips pounded against his, her pussy smacking into his cock, his balls hitting her bare lips with each upward thrust.

Sophie felt him come, his cock twitch as cum exploded from his balls, liquid heat squirting inside her and sending her over the edge.

Pussy clenching like a fist, every muscle in Sophie's body tightened, constricting and loosening, she milked every drop of cum from his sac.

Sophie shivered, her pussy pulsing as the orgasm that rocked her diminished little by little, leaving her body sated and her muscles exhausted.

She collapsed against him, holding on, trying to catch her breath, his heart beating as quickly as hers. She closed her eyes, reveled in the moment that she knew wouldn't last.

Brody kissed her forehead, stroked his hand over her ass, barely touching her with his fingertips.

She couldn't be sure how long it took before one of them found the energy to speak.

"Shower?" Brody gasped after a moment. "Water?"

"Yes." Sophie peeled herself off his body and stood, tugging on her panties and jeans. "Both."

She picked up her shirt, which was hanging halfway out of the car, the door wide open and laughed.

The term heated garage had a whole new meaning to her now.

Sophie watched as Brody zipped his fly, hearing the tick of the cooling car engine and his breath, still rapid from their sexual interlude and suddenly she knew.

She was in love.

Head over heels in love with Brody Burkett.

Her world had changed forever but with that realization came fear and not complete and utter happiness.

Sophie followed Brody through the door and into the kitchen for a bottle of water from the fridge. Each taking one, they drank their fill, Brody leaning against the counter, long legs stretched out, reminding her of when he'd first come into her home under the guise of a detective.

Her stomach plummeted, because she recalled exactly why they were here. Exactly what was a stake.

"Hands up, both of you."

It took a moment for the words to sink in. Took a moment for Sophie and Brody to realize someone else was talking.

Sophie looked over to find a man with a gun standing in the shadows of the darkening living room.

"Get the hell away from her," the man said, motioning at Brody with the barrel. "Both of you move. Now."

"Detective Mc Fee," Brody said, stepping in front of Sophie, using his body as a shield. "I knew you were a piece of shit."

"I'm here to shut you down, Mr. Burkett." Mc Fee waved the weapon at Sophie. "You and Zebulon Maddox. Where is he, Ms. Jenson?"

"She doesn't know, damn it." Brody tried to block the line of fire but Mc Fee, wearing a black turtleneck sweater and dark slacks, his white hair hidden beneath a winter cap, only sidestepped him.

"Go ahead and kill me," Brody said. "Leave her out of this."

"You'd like that but you don't always get what you want, Burkett." The detective moved toward them, taking careful steps and keeping his eyes on Brody. "Sophie, darlin', move over here."

Brody edged away from Sophie, rounding on the man, who was trying to keep his eye on both of them.

Mc Fee reached out and snagged Sophie by the arm. He yanked her in his direction and Sophie gasped, covering her bra with her shirt. Her brain shot out rapid-fire ideas as he pulled her close to his body.

Run.

Scream.

Run.

There was no one to hear her if she screamed. The property was eighty acres and the cabin positioned on the shore of Lake of the Woods.

She couldn't run because she wasn't dressed for the extreme weather. No Snow Pacs to keep her feet dry and warm, no parka.

She'd have hypothermia within minutes.

"This is insane," Sophie tried to reason with him. "Body Candy can be dismantled. We can shut it down. No one else has to die because of this."

"I need everything you have on the company. Recipes, products and contracts with Burkett. Everything you have, including Zeb's location."

"Don't give him anything, Sophie. He'll kill you either way." Brody took a step closer, his hands raised in the air.

"Stay back, Burkett," Mc Fee growled the command with the authority of his badge, though he was abusing it.

"You hurt her and I'll tear you apart, you son of a bitch," Brody said, his voice level and his eyes boring into the man with the gun.

"You won't have that luxury," Mc Fee promised. "Now, move. Over there. Away from her."

"Fuck you, Mc Fee."

"Maybe I'll screw her before I kill her," he said, looking at Brody and giving Sophie's arm a sharp jerk, pulling her closer to his body.

He pointed the barrel of his weapon at Brody's chest. "Screw Zeb's location right out of her."

"Hell you will—" Brody moved quickly.

Sophie screamed when Mc Fee fired.

Brody fell back onto the hardwood floor.

His body went rigid as he hit the ground. Sophie knew he was as good as dead.

They both were.

The sick son of a bitch hit Brody with a Taser, Sophie realized suddenly, watching in horror as Detective Mc Fee held the weapon, his arm outstretched as Brody's body convulsed with another jolt.

Sophie swung her fist.

Her knuckles connected with Mc Fee's jaw and she yelled out in pain.

I broke my hand, she thought. Broke it.

Mc Fee hadn't been expecting her to strike back and Sophie was more than happy to surprise him. "Stop," she demanded. "Leave him alone."

Mc Fee spun to face her, put his hand to his jaw and smiled when he felt blood on his fingers, spitting it onto the beautiful hardwood floor.

"Secure him or I'll put a bullet in his balls," Mc Fee said, reaching behind him and removing a pair of handcuffs and a weapon from a shoulder holster. "This one has bullets, darlin'."

Mc Fee knelt down and rolled Brody onto his stomach. He tossed the cuffs at Sophie and watched as she fumbled with them, trying to attach one to Brody's wrist.

"Figured you'd be better at that," Mc Fee said.

"I don't need to subdue my subjects," Sophie snapped, glaring up at him. "They all *come* willingly."

"Bet they do," he said. "Give me the Raspberry Mint."

"Fuck you," Sophie said, in honor of Brody.

She reached down, rolled him as best as she could and jerked the wire prongs out of Brody's chest.

Mc Fee moved like lightning.

He shoved Sophie back and grabbed Brody by the cuffs, dragging him to his feet. He moved Brody into a leather chair and then swiped at his own brow with the sleeve of his shirt.

Brody shook his head, looking drunk, still dazed, not sure what the hell was going on.

"Stay with me, Burkett. You'll enjoy this." Mc Fee swung the butt of the gun and hit Brody in the jaw, sending blood flying across the floor and onto the wall.

"Stop." Sophie got to her feet, moved toward him. "Leave him alone, for Christ's sake."

"Where is Zebulon Maddox, Sophie?"

"Don't...tell," Brody muttered, shaking his head, barely able to speak.

Mc Fee hit Brody again, this time with a fist to the gut. Brody gagged, sucking in air, trying to catch his breath and not puke his guts out.

"I'll kill him eventually," Mc Fee said, turning toward Sophie. "Eventually." He hit Brody again, a right hook to the face, shaking out his hand.

Brody growled, spitting blood. "Run...angel. Run."

Mc Fee shoved a 9mm against Brody's face. "Heroes always die, Burkett."

"Don't!" Sophie screamed. "Jesus, stop. Stop." Sophie walked toward Brody, her arms outstretched and palms flat, as if she was trying to calm a child having a tantrum.

"Don't hurt him anymore. He doesn't know where Zeb is. He never did."

"So you keep saying," Mc Fee yelled, spittle flying from his mouth like foam from a rabid dog. "He knows. He's just too damn stubborn to tell me. So the bullet in his head won't matter either way but it'll make me feel better."

He slid the gun to Brody's temple, smiling, the whites of his teeth and eyes seeming to gleam in the darkness that had fallen around the north woods.

"I'm going to have fun with her, Burkett. Try out some of that fancy stuff Zeb markets and you secretly endorse. It'll be a huge scandal once the Burkett brothers are connected to this...smut. Politicians connected to your conservative brother," Mc Fee laughed, a good, strong belly laugh. "The media will run wild."

"Kill me then, you bastard. Just let Sophie go. She doesn't know anything. She has no idea where Zeb is."

Mc Fee cocked the hammer on the 9mm and slid his finger onto the trigger, separating his feet into a shooter's stance.

"I'm Zeb Maddox," Sophie yelled. "Stop. Jesus, I'm Zeb."

Mc Fee turned toward her, lowering the barrel of the gun to the floor and depressing the hammer. "What?"

"Me." Sophie moved toward the gun, meeting the gaze of the man hired to bring her company down. A dirty cop. "Body Candy is my company."

"Lying bitch," Mc Fee hissed, his eyes darting from Brody to her as if he wasn't sure what to believe. "Zebulon Maddox was born in Paris in 1940. He was never married, no children, no living descendants."

"Zebulon Maddox died in America when he was seven years old," Sophie explained, walking toward a bookshelf filled with heavy tomes. "His parents had no money and buried him without ceremony, without contacting the authorities, or the state. His father dug his grave with his own hands on a lonely country road."

"You think this will save him?" Mc Fee raged. "These...lies."

"Zeb's mother, Celia, raised my sister and me after my parents died in a boating accident years later," Sophie said.

She turned to face Mc Fee, her arms crossed over her breasts, covering them from view. "When his parents passed away, I found Zeb's birth certificate in a trunk. His social security card."

"You called Zeb," Brody said incredulously. "I heard you leave him a warning message."

"My own voice mail," Sophie admitted.

"You lied to me." Brody shook his head, finally coherent enough to make sense out of her words. "All this time. The business loan, the documents with his signature?"

"Yes," Sophie said. "My signature, his name." She edged closer, trying to get into a good location, trying to figure out a way to save Brody from this lunatic with a gun.

"I tried to get a loan on my own," Sophie continued. "But I was laughed at, outright refused. My business plan was ineffective, my insights and education lacking."

"This is sad, really," Mc Fee said, turning the gun onto Sophie. "I'm supposed to believe this...drivel."

"Celia Maddox taught me how to cook. How to bake, how to create." Sophie dropped her arms to her sides, her chest rising and falling with each breath. "Canning fruits and jellies, gardening, growing my own herbs, my own cherries, strawberries and blueberries."

"The recipes?"

"There aren't any," Sophie said, tapping her temple with her finger. "It's all up here, I die and Body Candy dies with me."

Mc Fee backhanded Sophie. He struck her across the cheek so hard that Sophie stumbled into the bookshelf.

Sophie reached up, grabbed the heaviest leather-bound book she could reach and swung it, spinning at the waist and cracking him in the face.

The gun exploded, wood shattering as the round pierced the beam above their heads.

Brody bounded out of the chair and tackled Mc Fee, landing with all his weight and years of high school linebacker experience driving one hundred and eighty pounds of muscle into the man's frame.

"Sheriff's Department," someone yelled as three uniformed deputies entered the room, weapons drawn.

"Drop it," an FBI agent wearing a vest and appropriate gear commanded, pointing his firearm at Mc Fee. "Don't do it, Detective."

A deputy grabbed Brody by the arm and pulled him off Mc Fee, who bounded to his feet.

Sophie watched in shock as one of the deputies covered her and pulled a weapon, firing it into Mc Fee's chest as he came directly at her.

The Taser hit him dead center of the chest and Mc Fee went down, stiff as a board as fifty thousand volts of electricity pulsed into his body and rendered his central nervous system useless, causing muscle contractions and immediate incapacitation.

"Now that's justice," Brody said, looking over at FBI agent Roderick Mc Cue and nodding. "How the hell did you find me, Rod?"

"I found you," Brenna said, rushing into the room and wrapping her arms around her sister's waist. "Sophie, God. You okay?" She held her close, hands in Sophie's long hair, her eyes clamped closed and dripping tears.

Brenna pushed Sophie back, looking at her bruised cheek and frowning.

"How did you find us?"

"When Agent Mc Cue told me you were probably with Brody and that he'd taken you someplace off the grid— Well, I'm a broker. I followed Brody's real estate trail, searching for the most remote property he viewed. Piece of cake really."

"We should have her working for us," Roderick said, giving Brenna a smile and sliding his hands into his pockets.

They all stood by and watched as the sheriff's deputies lifted Mc Fee to his feet and read him his rights.

"Tell me you're okay," Brenna told her sister.

"I'm—"

A liar?

A forger?

"Fine," Sophie said instead.

Tears came to her eyes as she held onto her sister, kissed her cheek and led her toward Brody, who was rubbing his raw wrists after the handcuffs had been removed.

He hates me, she thought. He knows I'm a liar... He —

"Thank God." Brody swept Sophie off her feet.

He held her against his chest, his body rigid, his arms clasped around her. "Jesus. Jesus, I thought he was going to kill you."

"I'm sorry, I-I lied —"

"Lied about what?" Brody said.

He planted Sophie on her feet and covered her mouth with his. He cupped her face in his palms and leaned back, giving her a wink and the signature smile that made her knees weak. "How about we have a coming out party. Together."

"Together?" Sophie repeated, realizing what he meant.

The truth, for both of them.

She touched his hand with hers and sniffled, fighting tears. "Today is a good day," she said with a smile. "A really good day."

Chapter Five

"I found a bottle of wine in the cellar," Brody said, holding up a wineglass and showing Sophie, who sank beneath the bubbling jets in the Jacuzzi bathtub that was nearly the size of her entire bathroom. Her breasts were being fondled by hot water massaging her flesh like hungry fingers.

She was in heaven.

The corner bathtub was nearly as deep as a pool with two stone steps leading to the glass doors that enclosed the entire area.

"Thanks," Sophie said as she leaned forward to reach for the glass. She watched Brody stare at her breasts as they bobbed up and down in the water. "Very nice," she murmured after taking a sip, barely tasting the vintage because all she could think about was his lips, his mouth and his kiss.

"Very nice," Brody repeated, not talking about the wine. He unbuttoned his jeans.

Sophie bit her lip, floated back in the water and enjoyed the show as Brody got naked.

"I found something else too," Brody said, holding up a bottle of Body Candy.

He stepped through the glass doors, closed them, set down his empty glass and sank into the water beside her, his wake covering her to her shoulders.

Brody took her glass, tossed back the remaining wine and set it on the windowsill beside his. He dipped the bottle beneath the surface of the water to heat it up, as per the instructions.

"Where the hell did you find that?"

"Your bathroom," Brody admitted with a grin. He shook the bottle of Raspberry Mint Body Candy, an eyebrow arched at the distinct shape. "Found it while I was locking the place down."

Sophie's breath caught in her throat and she turned red but not from the heat of the tub or the steam covering the glass and stone surfaces. "That's...in experimental stages."

"So," Brody said, popping the top and squeezing out a handful, "let's experiment."

Sophie laughed when Brody lunged toward her, pinning her to the back of the bathtub and slathering Body Candy on her breast.

He kissed her deeply, his tongue roving her mouth, thrusting in and out, mouth fucking her with slow, deliberate strokes.

Brody lifted Sophie out of the water and put her on the tiles in the corner of the tub, a combination seat and a place to stretch out. He kissed his way up her body with his lips, starting at her slender ankle.

"Love your body," he whispered as he stroked his tongue up her thigh, lapping up the dripping water that ran down her long legs in rivulets.

"So hot," Brody said. He nibbled her hipbone and moaned when he latched onto her breast. He sucked and licked off the Body Candy, growling low in his throat like a dog with a T-bone.

Sophie gasped, reaching back and hitting the wall with her hands, sliding them up and down the slippery tile as Brody sucked her nipple, ate the Body Candy off the peak and licked his way around her peach colored areola.

"I have to eat you," Brody said. He backed up and shoved her thighs apart with both hands.

"Fuck," Sophie gasped out the word as Brody used his thumb and index finger to spread her pussy lips apart.

He drizzled Raspberry Mint Body Candy on her clit. She gasped, the mint tingling the already aroused nub, pure pleasure causing her hips to arch off the tile, her hands to slide down the steam-covered wall.

Sophie locked her heels on the edge of the tile platform and watched as Brody separated the folds of her slit with his tongue, stroking from her asshole to her clit and swallowing a mouthful of tasty candy with her sweet nectar.

"Jesus," Brody said, leaning back on his haunches and licking his sticky, wet lips. "I knew you'd be fucking sweet but this..." He dived back in, taking her pussy into his mouth, sliding his tongue up and down her sweet slit, sucking every drop of Raspberry Mint cream from her swollen nub and the crease of her opening, even the drops that had slid down to her tiny asshole.

Sophie shuddered as he worked his way back up. She grabbed a handful of Brody's hair, holding his mouth to her clit as an orgasm tore through her. She bucked her hips but Brody held her down with an arm slung over her abdomen, pinning her in place.

He swallowed every drop of moisture, using his tongue on her swollen mound until she screamed in pleasure.

Sophie clawed at Brody's back and rode the wave, each spasm smaller than the one before. Her muscles relaxed more with each second, went slack and left her gasping for air.

Still holding his hair, Sophie jerked Brody's mouth up to her face and licked her own Raspberry Mint flavored honey from his chin, his lips, tasted her cum on his tongue.

Brody pushed her thighs apart but Sophie fought him. She shoved him, pushing him back and sliding back into the water, her nipples as hard as rocks and goose bumps covering her flesh.

But she wasn't cold.

To the contrary, she was on fire.

"No," she said, pushing Brody back into the corner, her hands on his shoulders. She dropped to her knees, kneeling between his thighs and sinking waist-deep in the tub, her breasts floating in the water.

She grabbed the bottle of Body Candy and dipped it in the water. Giving it a shake, she leaned over and licked the water from the inside of Brody's thigh, running her tongue toward his balls.

She took the delicate skin of his balls into her mouth, first one, then the other, sucking gently, smiling when Brody cursed and took her by the hair.

She leaned back and grabbed his cock with one hand, planting her fist at the base. She pointed it toward her and stretched it out, pouring Body Candy onto his cock and slathering his nuts.

Done, she dropped the bottle and looked up, smiling slowly, her lips swollen from being at war with his.

"Tell me," Sophie demanded. She locked her blue-gray eyes onto his, her need to satisfy him sexually overriding any other thought or emotion. She watched him, the Body Candy hardening to a shell on his cock, which she held by the base with her fist.

"Suck it," Brody told her, his eyes intensely green, the gold lit with fire, staring into hers. He ran his hand into her hair and tugged her head down. "Suck my cock."

Brody guided her mouth to his cock and shoved it through her soft, sensual lips. He gasped and his eyes rolled back in his head when she nearly swallowed him whole.

Sophie let Brody guide her with his hands in her hair, sucking with her mouth as he bobbed her head up and down in slow, measured strokes.

Like licking a coated lollipop, Sophie thought, her tongue tingling, the Raspberry setting off her taste buds with a tart burst before the mint cooled like ice.

Sophie ate his candy-coated cock and almost gagged when Brody pulled her head down, her lips hitting the hilt.

Sophie deep-throated his cock. He was imbedded in her mouth, her throat, as cum spurted from the tip, which she swallowed just as greedily as she had the candy.

Brody pulled out and lifted Sophie onto the edge of the seat, facing him. He reached over and turned on the showerheads, each covering them with steaming water, falling from three strategically placed faucets like multiple waterfalls.

Sophie sat on his lap, kissing his lips, his chin, his cheeks, feeling his cock flutter against her belly.

Brody tilted his hips, lifted her ass with his palms and slipped inside her. "Jesus, you're still wet."

"Multi-orgasmic," Sophie reminded him, sucking on his tongue and sliding her hands up into his short, damp hair, water falling around them like rain.

"Marry me," Sophie whispered between wet kisses, his tongue slowing as he leaned back, a brow, the same brow, raised quizzically.

"I thought the guy's supposed to ask?"

"I've always been the kind of woman to do a man's job," Sophie said, wiggling her brow as Brody usually did.

He smiled a wicked smile and nodded at his empty wineglass. "Only if you show me what to do with those," Brody said.

Sophie leaned back, Brody holding her by the waist as she reached for the glass and dumped the three items out onto the tile beside them.

"This one, I can figure out on my own," Brody said, taking the white gold bezel-set diamond ring and sliding it onto her finger, kissing her knuckle as he had earlier that day, nibbling and sucking before letting it go.

"I love you," Sophie said, moving her hips and sliding his cock in and out of her pussy, putting her hand against his chest so she could stare at the diamond while she rode him.

“And those?” Brody asked, nodding at the items he must’ve found in her bathroom along with her bottle of Raspberry Mint Body Candy.

Sophie picked up the Peppermint Twisters and bit her lip, leaning in and kissing him, sucking his lip between her teeth and biting down, giving him a bit of pain with his pleasure.

Preparing him.

“These are edible nipple clamps,” Sophie said, “let me show you how they work.”

“I’m all yours, angel. All yours.”

About the Author

Taylor Tryst lives in Minnesota and spends her cold winter nights penning hot and suspenseful romantic erotica for Ellora's Cave. Having been a correctional officer for five years, and with a deep love of mysteries and suspense, Taylor loves writing for Ellora's Cave where she can combine both of those elements with no-barred sexual exploration to create quite a ride for her characters and hopefully her readers.

With the support of her mother and son, Taylor has realized her dream of becoming a multi-published author. To find out more about Taylor and to read details about her future releases, visit Taylor's website.

Taylor welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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