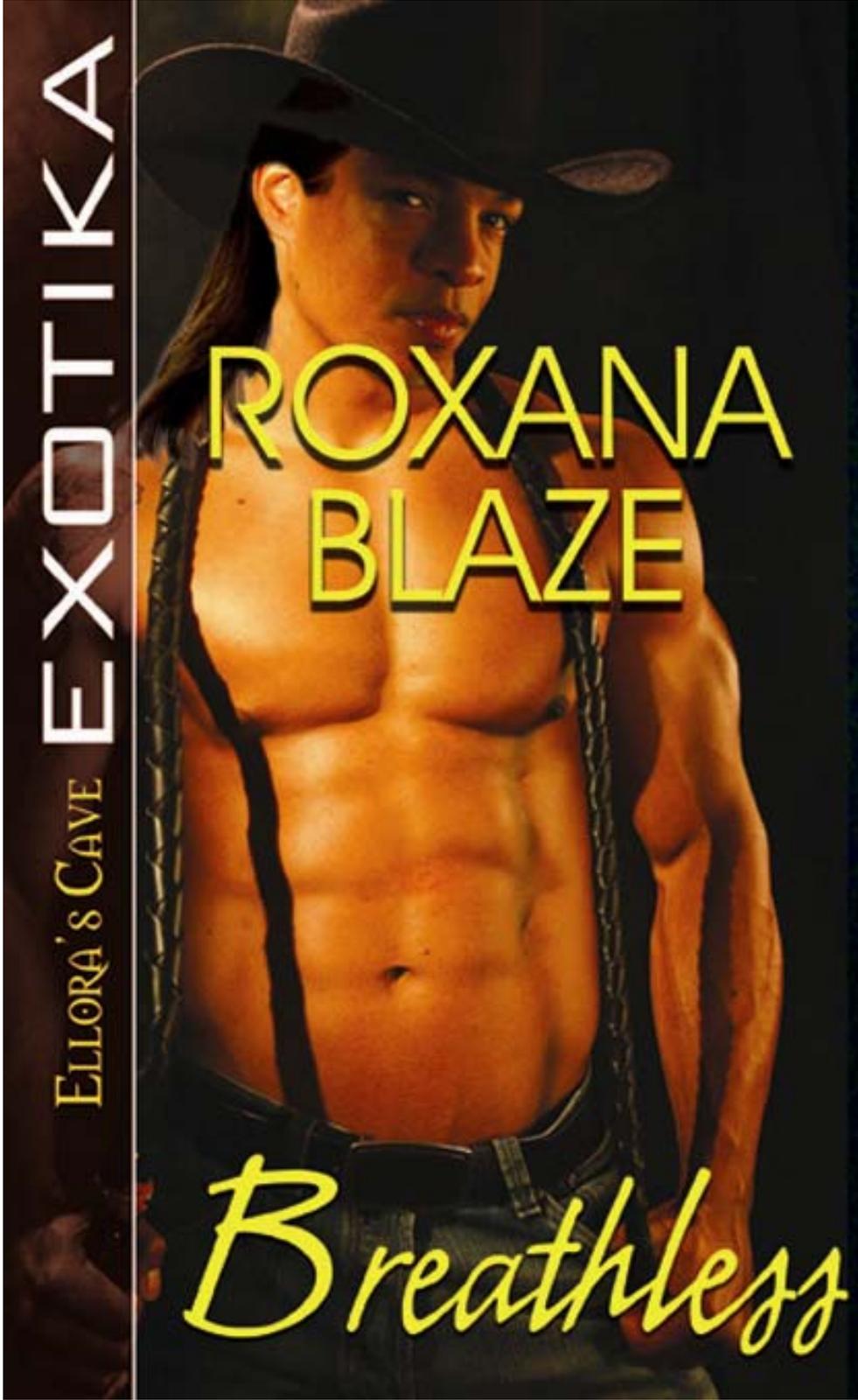


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

ROXANA BLAZE

Breathless



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Breathless

ISBN 9781419915062

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Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication April 2008

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BREATHLESS

Roxana Blaze

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Chapter One

My transgressions were many, my good deeds few. He scribbled it obediently in his journal in a loopy scrawl, his mood suddenly foul. *Maybe I should write it over and over on the damn chalkboard? I would in a fucking second if it would get me through all these “tests” my spirit guide has sentenced me to—yeah, me, the fallen one Kaine ordained Nighthawk.*

“Nighthawk. Just plain old fucking Nighthawk.” He scoffed and shoved the ragged diary—one of Kaine’s requirements, to record his “feelings” after the completion of each test—across the small desk. Slouching in the ladder-back chair, he flung an arm over the top rung. “Sounds more like a demon’s name than an ascending angel-to-be. Maybe Kaine’s playing me? Maybe no matter how obedient I am, he’ll still send me to hell after all this torture he’s put me through?”

He raked a hand through his thick hair, not liking the sudden erratic beating of his pulse. No, he couldn’t think that way. If he did, he’d just lose his sonofabitching mind and never get anywhere. Why waste all the time he’d sacrificed up to this point? He’d already completed three of his past seven lives’ lessons successfully...well, they’d been victorious eventually. And he’d learned a lot too. There truly was nothing quite like stepping into the boots of people similar to those you’d harmed in your past lives in order to “get” the impact of what you’d done to them.

Karma.

Paybacks.

Just desserts.

What comes around, goes around.

He’d heard them all in every one of his original lives, and had never taken heed until after his final death in the last human life he’d lived.

Until Kaine, his supposed spirit guide, had at last come to him and informed him it was now time to begin his soul's cleansing. Or rather, testing.

"What comes around, goes around," he grumbled. "Well, I'm certainly getting it around and around and around. Four more lessons to go, then I'm home free."

He sighed and tossed down the pen, this one plumed with its own inkwell. It was appropriate for the time period Kaine had chosen for him to return to for his next trial. Goddamn it—*sorry, God*—1870 had been one of those years he'd never wanted to revisit. It had consisted of too many hard times, extremely back-breaking work and not nearly enough luxuries for his evolving rich tastes. He could clearly recall welcoming that final ragged breath of life and the ensuing paradise of darkness that had embraced his soul.

Death. Blessed oblivion. It really wasn't so bad an alternative after enduring such a horrible life. Well, that is, as long as he didn't have to *stay* in the darkness.

In that reincarnation, he'd been a woman. He'd experienced the gamut of everything from heartache and tragedy, to monthly curses that could bring down the devil himself, to ranting and raging hormones and the mind-boggling bliss of being fucked by a variety of huge cocks.

He'd been a whore.

And had quite literally worked his ass off.

Nighthawk stared down at his brown hands. Kaine had just left him, disappearing into whatever nothingness he resided in, wherever the hell that was. But not before explaining to Nighthawk that this time around, Kaine had put him into the skin of a mulatto black man, a mixed-blood former slave reluctantly freed in 1865 during the abolishment of slavery.

But knowing his history as he did, Nighthawk was aware freedom and open-arm acceptance hadn't been magically implemented following the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment. There had been uprisings for years to come, there had been discrimination, famine and violence like never before, and he understood that the man

whose body he now temporarily occupied—Elijah Miller was his name—had lived through hell on earth. Not only because of the Negro heritage running through his veins, but for the atrocity of it mixing with that of the white race in his blood, in particular, a wealthy plantation owner Elijah had had no right to claim as his father.

At least according to his father's white widow who hated blacks with a crazed vengeance.

So, just as with his last three tests, Nighthawk's half man, half spirit form would experience all the pain, pleasure and emotion of another man. This time it would be that of Elijah, a tortured human soul similar to a man Nighthawk had wronged in a past lifetime. Just before Nighthawk had possessed Elijah's body with Kaine's help, Kaine had mentally prompted the real Elijah to take on Nighthawk's name as an alias. It was the only name Elijah was known as between here in Colorado and Alabama.

For now...

"Hello, Mr. Nighthawk."

He angled around in his chair to see the most gorgeous blonde leaning in the doorway. And he'd seen plenty of fair pussy in his seven different existences. But this woman left Nighthawk thoroughly winded by her beauty. She definitely topped them all. He pulled in a quick draught of air and tried to steady his respirations. His heart felt as if it had suddenly ceased beating in his chest, and his cock went instantly hard, tenting his breeches.

Bless the angels on high, he was unquestionably alive again!

He imagined filling his palms with those large breasts, hearing her gasps of animal ecstasy when he plunged his shaft into her damp folds and tasted those cherry lips.

Whores didn't kiss, though—he knew firsthand that act of intimacy could get way too personal. But he'd damn well be kissing this woman, that he knew.

"Well, hello there, darlin'. No need for the mister part. I go simply by Nighthawk. So, you must be the infamous Cassidy the madam told me about."

She stepped into the bedroom he'd rented above the small-town Colorado saloon, her spool-heeled shoes clapping on wood. The hem of her red velvet, low-cut gown barely covered the fine curve of calf. With a wink, she leaned against the door, closing it behind her, deliberately drowning out the downstairs chatter before purring, "Yes, but you can call me Kassy if you like," she drawled in a sweet-as-pie, smoky voice.

"Mmm, I think I prefer Kassidy. It's unique." His gaze scanned her voluptuous figure and generous bosom. Ironically, rather than lying on her back with her legs in the air, the name made him envision her riding expertly upon a wild stallion. He could just see those breasts bouncing out of her bodice, and the firm thighs he sensed were beneath the dress, clamping tightly while her woman's cleft abraded over the horse's spine. His penis went stone-hard at the fantasy of it. "Oddly, it fits you well."

She shrugged. "It is, of course, your choice as a paying customer to call me whatever you like."

Damn, the girl was good. He could see how the self-assurance edging her femininity could make any man want her more, much like a cat being far more interested in the scurrying, confident prey than the surrendering, timid mouse.

Almost as an afterthought, Kassidy sent him a smoldering look, making it very easy for him to think of all the naughty words he could use to describe her—slut, whore, tramp, harlot, wanton wench. But somehow none of them satisfied his assessment of her. There was something more there, something contrary to any other prostitute he'd encountered in any of his lives. It was a quality that made him breathless, almost smitten, despite the fact her profession forbade emotion from either the customer or the lady of the evening.

"You called me infamous..." She added a tinkling laugh that seemed to grab him by the balls and stroke relentlessly. "Yes, I'm well remembered. My pussy is as potent as a quick swallow of fine liquor, and even spicier on the...tongue."

She pushed away from the pine door, the tops of her enormous, faintly bronzed tits spilling over the bodice of her snug gown.

Hmm, unusual skin tone for a white lady of the night in this time period, he mused. His cock twitched in protest, as if to say, "Think about the slick, pink, tight cunt, not the outer shell, you idiot." He chuckled to himself. His gaze rose obediently to peruse the face. He couldn't have looked away from her stunning features and predator's stare if he tried. Her blood-red lips curved knowingly, tipping up higher with each inch she moved closer to her target.

To Nighthawk.

He imagined those lips' plump roundness closing around his manhood, the wet tongue slurping from his aching balls, up his long shaft to the sensitive corona and rounded head already dripping with pre-cum. Every muscle in his body went taut like the line of an anchor tossed overboard, plunging to the bottom of the sea.

Sunk. He was sunk by her stunning beauty. Ah, and he wanted to *sink* himself into her damp, tumultuous sea just like that anchor. Thank Kaine for the wad of cash he'd placed in Elijah's pocket just before Nighthawk had entered his body in this point in history. The money was there, he knew, to purchase some cunt from the madam behind the busy bar downstairs, one of Kaine's many plans that Nighthawk would gradually understand as the lesson progressed.

He'd understood all right. The fact he had plenty of money to not only purchase a woman, but a man as well, hadn't escaped him. Oh yeah, Nighthawk and Elijah both happened to love a threesome, especially the sort including two men and a woman. So Nighthawk couldn't have inhabited a more fitting body than Elijah's.

"Potent? I *bet* you're as intoxicating as hell."

A purring sound eased from her throat in response to his cryptic words. When she sashayed three steps closer, her skirt swished in a seductive song only women's garments could sing. The scent of wild rose wafted up to tease his nostrils and whet his raging male appetite. He sniffed in a bit deeper.

Was that leather he detected just below the feminine surface?

No, it couldn't be. In spite of the fact her name had had him easily picturing her thundering across the West upon the bare back of a wild mustang, the only stallions this woman rode were of the human form.

Cock.

He met Cassidy in the center of the space where hundreds had come before him to fuck hot and talented strumpets such as this, to pound the shit out of tight quim without the ball and chain of marriage.

He studied her eyes. They were the color her name implied – that of brandy – and just as liquid and fine. The kohl-outlined stunners glittered with mischief and sexual fire amid the tanned tone of her face. It felt as if she'd punched him in the gut with intoxication, as if he'd guzzled an entire bottle of her heady spirits.

"Madam Carolena informed me you've paid for quite a romp. Requested a man to join us...who will be here shortly, by the way." Her cool hand cupped his whiskered jaw. A warm summer's breeze blew in through the open window and stirred the long cascade of snow-white ringlets spilling from her chignon and resting across one sun-kissed shoulder. "But I'm curious... How did a man of your stature – a recently freed slave, I hear – come into such a large amount of cash?"

Kaine gave it to me, bless his pompous angel's soul.

He lifted his shoulders with indifference and yanked her into his arms. "Does it really matter as long as you get your money?"

His throbbing erection became nestled by the velvet-covered triangle of her warm mons. There was no need to wait. Nighthawk wanted to sample what he'd purchased. He stooped, found the hem of her gown, and drew it up, skimming his hand along the stockinged thighs until he reached her crux. He pushed through the sticky folds, back toward the weeping pussy. It was already dewy, dripping with a cream of warm arousal. He searched, found her pebble-hard clitoris and circled it, butterfly soft at first, then, when her eyelids fluttered and her knees buckled, he caught her up and increased the pressure.

She gripped his lapel and threw her head back, letting out a throaty, strained growl of pleasure as she rode his expert fingers. The sound of her sexual satisfaction rippled down his spine and made his nipples tighten. Her warm hands skimmed up his chest, briefly dragging over the sensitive nubs and sending flames blazing down into his groin like an incinerator.

“My, you sure know h-how to get right to business and get a woman’s blood flowing, don’t you, love?” she panted. “And as if we care anymore, no, it doesn’t matter one whit to me. A slave’s money is just as green as an aristocrat’s.” She wound her arms around his neck and rubbed her massive breasts against his chest, further enticing his nipples. They felt like two pillows smashed against him.

He continued to play with her drenching cunt as she spoke, probing the dampness, pinching the satin-soft lips and testing the entrance with just the tip of one finger. Nighthawk could smell her cum beneath the stronger perfume she wore. It enticed him and urged him to grip her from back to front and coat his palm with her elixir. Her hips rocked expertly in response, grinding her clit against his hand, straining for her first climax.

In a cloud of arousal, her unfocused gaze shifted to his lips. The dazzling smile faded as she lifted her face upward, stopping just short of a kiss. When she spoke again, he felt the fan of warm breath on his mouth, detected the aroma of cinnamon. Her stunning gaze met his, her voice thick with horniness. “And I *love* green, just like your unusual eyes.”

He circled her tight little opening with his fingertip, loving the gasp it wrought from her, then withdrew his hand completely, satisfied the madam had given him his money’s worth, even without the second whore he’d purchased. His arms slid around her waist, every nerve in his system becoming painfully aware of each curve and plane, of all the soft angles of her lush body. His hand was sticky and he got another whiff of her sex, musky and so fucking scrumptious-smelling. God help him, why did he have to go and die and give all this glorious sin up?

She thrust out her bottom lip as if to indicate his retreat disappointed her.

“Thank you,” he drawled, nibbling on her little earlobe. “And speaking of love, I think I’m going to love your hot, dripping pussy to fucking death.”

“Hmm, such a handsome fellow with all that nice caramel skin and a soothing Southern twang to your voice,” she purred. Her finger trailed over his top lip, then his bottom one. She pushed her way in and growled when he sucked her whole finger into his mouth. “Where are you from, anyway?” she rasped, her eyes rolling back in her head.

“A cotton plantation outside Montgomery, Alabama,” he murmured around the sweet bulk in his mouth, attempting to keep his voice at a conversational level rather than sounding like a lad in panting, pathetic awe. All he wanted was to fuck her wet slit the way she was fucking his mouth with her slim finger. At the same time, it made him yearn to suck cock. Where *was* the male slut he’d purchased along with Cassidy, anyway?

She stabbed her other hand down the front of his trousers and her satiny palm closed around his shaft. “Why did you leave?”

His eyes crossed. The woman was definitely a professional. She knew how to jerk a man off, rubbing with just the right pressure, flicking her thumb over his sensitive head, sliding back down to cup and massage his pulsing balls.

Her question finally permeated the sexual fog in his brain. He pulled back, suddenly feeling a need to justify his small riches. “The mistress—my dead daddy’s wife—is a sadistic bitch. I’m a free man now, so I left, earned lots of money in my travels between here and there. Now I’ve got some extra cash to play dirty with you and your partner all night long. Where is he, by the way?”

As usual, knowledge of a life he knew nothing about started to come to him. He knew he was revealing dangerous information for Elijah, yet being a pro now at these lessons Kaine had subjected Nighthawk to, Nighthawk understood it was part of

Elijah's destiny. It was also an element of Kaine's plan to enlighten Nighthawk and put him on the path to heaven.

Ha, *this* woman was fucking heaven, forget the damn lessons.

Eager to get inside her, he shoved her hand away, hiked up her dress and lifted her up so she straddled his hips. Bending his knees and levering his pelvis upward, he ground his hard-on against the underside of her bare pussy. Even through the fabric of his pants, the heat of her cleft cradled his dick like bread around sausage. All he could think of was fucking the shit out of her, the hell with waiting on the other hooker. He wanted to get to the soaking, tight crux of her cunt, to bury himself in one swift, forceful thrust and hear her scream in pleased pain.

Hell, there was no way around it. His loins burned like a wildfire out of control. He had to get inside her *now*. No waiting a second longer for the male prostitute to arrive. More than he ever had, he wanted that kiss of amnesia that came along with each of Kaine's assignments. He needed to forget why he was here, to bask in glorious sin again.

Kassidy pursed her lips and let out a high-pitched, sexy whistle at his skilled thrusts. "Ooh...h-he'll be along soon. When he gets here, believe me, you won't know what hit you." She arched backward over his arms so that her neck bowed. It left him a tempting view of a curvy, satiny patch of skin he longed to feast on.

"Oh yes, you've got that dead on. All right, I paid your madam a boatload of money," he rasped, grazing his lips and teeth down the sweet length of flesh to the swell of overflowing, soft bosom, "so shut up and fuck my brains out before my balls explode."

He noted her gaze flitting toward the door.

"Uh, explode...all right, you fine-looking mulatto. You asked for an explosion, you're going to get one."

Was that panic he suddenly saw alight in the gypsy eyes? Brief concern flared in his gut. A sense of betrayal suddenly assailed him. He wasn't stupid. Being in the throes of

Kaine's fourth lesson, he was all too aware this meant he must have been a betrayer in this lifetime.

What comes around goes around.

Still, he didn't know what its basis was at the moment. All he knew was his rod pounded with the urgent need to get inside her, to spill his seed and experience the bliss of lusty passion only a wicked woman's slick, hot channel could give him.

Ignoring his instincts, he gripped her round, supple ass and ground her pussy against his erection to temporarily soothe himself as he worked on getting rid of his annoying conscience.

She spread her legs farther, locking her ankles behind him, and groaned in shameless pleasure. Maybe the look in her eyes had been his imagination after all?

With a mental shrug, he dipped his head, his destination those delectable lips. In a matter of seconds, he'd be fucking her and kissing her all at once. For the time being, he'd be able to forget he was a soul in purgatory here exclusively to pass one of many tests. He would only remember what pain, emotion and even gratification he had once inflicted on another. He was aware the woman in his arms wasn't the old him, per se. However, she most likely paralleled his past life as a prostitute in many ways. Kaine would have searched for the perfect person to mimic his old life.

But what did Nighthawk care at this point? He was about to get laid. What more could a half man, half spirit ask for?

I'm ready, Kaine. Let's get this one moving!

He swooped in for the amnesia kiss and sank into forgetful oblivion. At that fateful second, Nighthawk's body shuddered and he fully became Elijah Miller, mind, soul and body.

Chapter Two

Kassidy seemed to be experiencing some amnesia of her own. If there was ever a man who could make a woman forget her purpose, it was this one. He was breathtakingly beautiful—if such a masculine man could be described as such—with a magnifying presence that ambushed her woman's sex upon first sight and held her irrevocably captive. His skin was like burnt caramel, his eyes the color of a rich meadow in spring, despite his Negro ancestry. The very first moment her gaze had fixed on his, lust had seized her cunt. It had been way too long—a week?—since she'd had the satisfying sensation of a large cock plunging between her legs, or well-muscled arms such as his holding her, forcing her into submission.

As always, no matter her mission here, her womanhood had a mind of its own. It heated in anticipation, the lips and little pearl swelling with warm blood, fighting against his clothing to get that enormous shaft unearthed and buried inside her. She wondered just how much she would be able to indulge in before her colleague came to join them. Ah, and what delicious sex that would be.

This man had called himself Nighthawk. However, she knew Elijah Miller was the criminal's real name. But according to the madam, he'd used the *nom de plume* when ordering his whores, no doubt as part of his cover as an escaped felon. Ironically, she rather liked the name. Its meaning of a rake in flight fit him well, and intensified her attraction to him.

He pressed his brick-wall upper body along the length of her torso as he thoroughly kissed her. It felt like she had her chest and belly plastered against a barrier that had been baking in the sun on a long summer's day. With his huge erection grinding against her pussy, his expert lips glided warm and wet over hers, making her mind go to a

muddled mush. She opened her mouth and he slid his tongue in between her teeth, exploring, caressing her orally.

Upon the full sealing of the kiss, she'd noted his body had jerked, as if he'd been shocked by fire-heated cast iron. But the kiss was followed by a groan of desire that made her momentary bafflement subside and her body go limp with surrender.

He tasted of ale, sharp and potent, so very intoxicating. When humid night air blew in, fluttering the wispy curtains, she shivered, and she could have sworn her hot skin sizzled in response to the caress of it. Their tongues dueled frantically and she heard another feral moan. It was with great discomfiture she realized it came from deep in her own throat, yet she could not stop the animal noises from escaping.

Her moist pussy pounded with need, and she felt as if she were out of her body watching herself wantonly abrade her crotch up and down his steely erection, rubbing against that enormous bulge in his breeches. Honey gushed from her passage and dribbled down her inner thighs, saturating her silk stockings, soaking his pants. Her nipples grated against the bodice of her trollop's costume, budding into knots of tender heat. Liquid fire spilled down into her loins making her head spin and her heart combust. Engulfed in a cloud of wicked desire, she clung to him, her heels clicking together at his buttocks, kissing him back with desperation, struggling to remember why she was here.

Gradually, through the thickness of animal passion, it came to her.

As a federal bounty agent, the plan had been to use her merely as a decoy to help incriminate and capture this escaped criminal. Though he was now a freed slave, he'd allegedly stolen a fortune from a widow – his late father's wife – at her plantation down in Alabama. The perpetrator in question had promptly broken out of jail while awaiting trial, and Cassidy and her partner had been trailing him for weeks. As a result of the overt charges against him, she had been somewhat surprised when he had admitted to hailing from Alabama. Though she knew his real name to be Elijah Miller, he had even

been lax enough to verify his new alias, Nighthawk, in addition to describing his deceased father's wife accurately.

There had been a flare of brief fear when the planned signal—her soft whistle following Nighthawk's guilty confession—hadn't resulted in her fellow agent joining them before the inevitable showdown...

Where *was* Wyatt anyway? It seemed he was nowhere in the vicinity, yet she'd arrived with him not thirty minutes ago, and had left him in the saloon downstairs to nonchalantly wander up and wait for her positive-ID sign.

Maybe she'd not whistled loud enough?

Her groin quickened with lust at the thought of Wyatt entering the room and watching her fuck this wanted man. Every now and then, while embarking in their grueling travels, she and Wyatt indulged in a satisfying romp with another person or two, and quite often, it was with the very criminal they were entrapping...before arresting him, of course.

Never did they speak of their shocking anything-goes romps afterwards. It was always an unspoken understanding between them. No strings. No ties to bind them emotionally to one another. There wasn't room for such nonsense in their line of work, and both being averse to commitment as they were, it was the perfect solution all around. Not to mention it had always been an implicit, acceptable solution for them to relieve all that pent-up tension while traveling on horseback across the country.

At this delicious moment, she accepted without shame that all she and Wyatt would want from this man before arresting him would be a taste of that huge cock in his breeches. She drew in a breath of anticipation. Just thinking about what might come in the next few minutes made her blood race faster.

Another gusty night breeze blew in through the window, bringing with it the sweet, spicy aromas of summer and the scent of coming rain. It wafted across their bodies, cooling her skin while stirring up the clean essence of him. She could smell the

faint scent of male perspiration mixed with lye soap, and she would be damned if it didn't give her the urge to get all sweaty and rough with him.

"Fuck me, fuck me now," she pleaded.

"Oh, believe me, I'm getting to it right this minute..."

Her wayward thoughts scattered when one of his large, hot hands moved up her spine, across the bare skin of one shoulder and threaded into the chignon at the back of her head. Adeptly, he released the mass and the long pale bundle broke free, tumbling down her back and across her breasts.

Nighthawk's shoulder-length, black-as-coal wavy locks fluttered over beefy shoulders as another draft of wind whipped in through the window. His full lips curved up at the corners and his pupils dilated like an animal in heat. She became mesmerized by the glitter of lust in those unusual eyes, made more intense by the lantern light.

"Mmm, even more seductive with the hair down." His raspy voice sent gooseflesh prickling from ears to toes. Its deep timbre made her somehow think of whiskey poured over crushed glass, so intoxicating yet sharp and dangerous. He let his gaze drop to her cleavage, making her nipples pucker tighter. His hand skimmed down, down to the neckline of her bodice. "Now how about the dress? Get this thing off before I tear it to shreds."

Kassidy slid a glance at the door. Where was Wyatt? Should she take the chance? Lord help her, but just the possibility of getting caught by Wyatt made her swoon and her pussy clench with need.

It's all right, Kassidy, Wyatt has been momentarily detained. You have plenty of time to bask in sin before he gets here to join you...

Kassidy gasped and darted her gaze around the room. She didn't know where the voice had come from. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what? This?" Nighthawk yanked downward, ripping her bodice wide open. Her large breasts bounced free, the areolas sharp, aching arrows exposed for his perusal

alone. Nighthawk's eyes riveted downward, instantly devouring each mound. The pools glittered with lasciviousness, darkening to the shade of ripe ferns upon the forest floor. "Sakes alive, you've got the most gorgeous bosom I've ever seen."

Before she could respond, he jerked her up and sucked one puckered nub into his mouth. She tightened her legs around him, fighting to get his manhood inside her, cloth and all. Her head went back at the scrape of his teeth, and a strangled moan burst from deep in her throat. Fire burned a trail from the tip of her breast, down through her belly in a haphazard whirlwind and settled with a singeing backlash in her pussy. Warm honey spilled from her quim and soaked the crotch of his trousers.

She inhaled, attempting to still the erratic beat of her heart. His clean scent pleased her. Kassidy knew he'd just bathed due to the tub off in the corner—not to mention all patrons seeking companionship were required to do so at Madam Carolena's reputable brothel. She drew in another lungful again, enjoying the pleasant aroma of soap wafting up from his hair as he bent to the task of seducing her.

What the hell? Take pleasure in it while you can, she told herself. And pray Wyatt walks in to join you very soon.

Clamping her eyes shut in final surrender, she stabbed her fingers into the thick, wavy tresses of his hair and held on for dear life. "Goddamn it, get your cock in me now. Now."

"Mmm, just the way it should be. Woman begging man," he murmured, dragging the pad of his tongue over one erect nipple. Then, almost as an afterthought, he added, "Did you know you taste like candy?" He jammed his thigh between hers, forcing her to ride his leg like a stallion. Her sex lips spread wide, smearing her juices onto the leg of his trousers. "And I'm going to eat every fucking inch of you."

His fingers dug into her thighs, massaging almost painfully. He reached around with one hand and shifted her off-center of his leg. She almost came undone when his fingers probed under her skirt and grazed her drenching slit.

“So wet, so tasty,” he rasped, his hot breath fanning her areola, making it tighten into a painful bud. “Can’t wait to bury my cock right—” he cut himself off and pushed through her damp folds, shoving a long finger into her channel, “here.”

“Oh God, yes!” Her eyes crossed and she let out a wildcat’s meow. Cassidy had to have more, no way around it. She levered her hips up and down, trying her best to get all of his fingers inside her, to swallow them up into her spasming vagina. “Please, please, I need more. I need—”

He yanked his digit free at the very second he jerked his leg from between her thighs. At first she gasped, thinking she might fall. But in one strong, quick motion, he flipped her over and threw her facedown onto the bed.

“You need what?” he drawled in her ear as he leaned over her back, his large brown hands caging her in on either side. “To get fucked like the slut you are?”

Through the thicknesses of her skirts, she could feel his huge erection probing her ass, her saturated mons, the backs of her thighs. Her contracting cunt ached with the need to be filled. If the tender flesh swelled up any more, she feared he wouldn’t fit inside her.

When she didn’t reply, only lay there whimpering, he reached a hand up and tangled it in her loose hair. She wasn’t expecting it, but he yanked her head back and hissed against her cheek, “Answer me, whore.”

She’d never before had her hair pulled during sex, not even by Wyatt. The rough move, along with his raw language, made something feral snap deep inside her soul. Despite the rigid mores of civilized society, she’d always been one to snub them and live her life the way she wanted to, and to hell with everyone else. It was why she’d chosen to become a bounty hunter, to live her life in relative freedom from expectations. Not many women would or could do the dirty, dangerous work she did, living most of their life on the dusty roads and filthy alleys in search of escaped criminals. But Cassidy thrived on it, and had certainly seen and experienced her share of tawdriness both in and out of bed.

But this...this showed promise of a whole new level of excitement she'd yet to come across. Fucking was fucking in her book, but she needed it—and refused to be ashamed of it—just as much as the next Joe. Ah, but this man, it seemed, was going to prove to her that screwing could also be a unique, naughty adventure to embark on.

Chills shimmered down her spine at the pleasure-pain centered on her scalp. The sense of surrender it gave her was more of an aphrodisiac than the opiates she'd once tried while going undercover to entrap a member of the infamous Serpent Gang last year. But even though the combination of sex and drugs had lifted her to untold levels of ecstasy, it still couldn't compare to this.

So delicious.

He continued to pull her tresses, bowing her head back. His other hand wrenched up her skirt and arid air caressed her bare buttocks and fanned across her sticky labia.

"Jesus and John alive, will you look at that." He rubbed his warm palm over one butt globe making her sigh. Involuntarily, she tightened her rectal muscles. "There couldn't be a more perfectly shaped ass in the world. Just perfect for spanking."

Whack.

The strangled scream that tore from her throat at the sharp and sudden slap across her tender flesh seemed to come from a distance. Dizziness had her vision going blurry, but the shock of the spanking couldn't compare to the unexpected pleasure that washed through her.

"Did you like that, Cassidy?" he asked, rubbing the other cheek while he continued to tug on her hair. Prickles of heat fused out from where he'd made contact on her raw ass. It suffused into her cunt, hot and stinging. A gush of juice dribbled from her woman's entrance. She had never been more turned-on in such a short period of time in all her life. It made her completely winded, and reckless desire welled up inside her.

"Mmm-hmm, very much," she murmured huskily, breathlessly, further aroused by the tone of thick yearning in her own voice.

“Want it again?” he demanded to know, ramming his cloth-covered cock against her dripping pussy.

She nodded vigorously, clamping her eyes shut. This time she knew what would come and braced herself for the pained joy of it. But as any practiced lover would, he continued to stroke the soft flesh of her other ass cheek, drawing out her anticipation. His ragged breathing filled her ears. She held her own breath while sprawled vulnerably over the edge of the bed, waiting, wanting, needing...

The sharp crack finally echoed in the small room. Her body jerked and her eyes snapped open at the unbearable pleasure and fiery pain of it. Following the initial sting, her skin warmed and it seemed nerves she didn't know she had tingled to life. Delicious sensations moved along channels that led straight to her womb, bathing it with hot, lusty need.

That moment of utter bliss was when she saw Wyatt peeking in through the barely ajar door. He already had his long pole out of his trousers, stroking it while still standing in the hallway. His heated gaze seemed to wash through her already raging system like the turbulent, pristine waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The orbs lit on her bared breasts, causing them to tingle anew. She loved it when he watched her indulge in sexual play with one of their soon-to-be-apprehended criminals. In fact, it seemed to be the only way the two of them connected. With the exception of the hunt and watching one another's backs, it was all they ever wanted from each other.

Nighthawk's belt buckle jingled while she moaned at the quick and painful squeeze of her tender mounds. She heard the swish of disrobement behind her, and felt the warmth of his thighs blanketing the backs of her legs. “You're one wild slut, aren't you?” She glanced over her shoulder in time to see him gripping his shaft, stroking, just like Wyatt was doing out in the hallway.

“Yes, yes...”

First he circled her sodden cunt with the tip of his cock, then he pushed his erection between her sticky legs so that the head rubbed over her swollen clitoris. She jolted as

frissons of ecstasy burst in her loins. All she wanted was to get his rod completely inside her, to feel the fullness of it, to reach for the bliss she was certain he could give her while Wyatt watched.

Kassidy thrust backward against him, searching, attempting to align his penis with her cleft. "Now. Please, now."

Nighthawk chuckled, but she discovered with relief he would be having pity on her after all. He touched the apex of his phallus to her drenching cunt, and entered her, barely filling her opening. She rejoiced at the stretching sensation as he slowly pushed into her, nearly sighed when he gave her another inch...and another.

All the while she waited for the entire length of his rod to penetrate her, she kept her eyes on Wyatt. Perspiration glistened across his high brow and soaked the sandy blond tendrils of hair that had escaped his cowboy hat and wisped across his forehead. He was wide of shoulder, narrow of hips, long of leg, just the way she liked her men when she chose to indulge. His hard, lean body stood tense as he jacked himself off, every muscle flexed as he watched Nighthawk prepare to pick up the pace and fuck her senseless.

The activity of the saloon below stairs carried up through the floorboards—shouting, the clink of glasses, laughter and good-natured cajoling. With the door slightly ajar, the scent of cheap cigars and pipe tobacco rose from the saloon. Down the hallway, a woman giggled then moaned in ecstasy, a man's sudden chortle and surrendering moan followed.

That was when Nighthawk's body jerked. He whipped his head toward the door and caught sight of Wyatt. At first he paused, almost like a wolf caught in a trap. His glazed eyes took in Wyatt's holstered guns resting on slender, denim-clad hips. Looking over her shoulder, Kassidy watched hungrily as Nighthawk's perusal panned upward to take in Wyatt's firm male chest bulging against the linen of his white shirt and the leather of his vest.

With an almost defiant grunt, Nighthawk tore into her from behind, filling her to the very tip of her womb without taking his eyes off Wyatt. "Who the fuck are you?" he demanded of Wyatt, even as he pushed in and out of Cassidy with expert thrusts.

Cassidy nearly choked at the depravity of it, of Nighthawk fucking her viciously, insolently, as if to challenge Wyatt. The sensitive spot deep inside her passage tingled each time his cock went in, out, in, out.

She bit her lip and flexed her pussy muscles, staving off the building climax as Wyatt pushed open the door and sauntered into the room, his spurs clicking on wood. His hand still encircled the hard-on he'd released earlier from the button fly of his pants. He leaned against the backside of the door, shutting it with finality, drowning out the sounds of the busy establishment.

"Wyatt Chase's the name." He jutted his chin toward Cassidy. "And that just so happens to be my woman you're fuckin' there." He continued to stroke his cock, a rabid gleam in his eyes as he pushed from the door and walked toward them. His gaze never left Nighthawk's as he rounded the bed and came to stand beside them.

Ha. His woman, her ass! But she knew it to be a part of their cover in order to entrap their subjects, as well as that exciting yet sort of sick sexual game the two of them always indulged in during the process. Lust raged in her system knowing what would come, a storm of violent passion before the inevitable finale. And she needed the thrill it would all give her, more than she needed food and water.

Nighthawk pulled out, plunged back inside her, over and over and over, as if to silently say, "Really? *Your* woman? I beg to differ. Look who's fucking her."

Rabid need overtook her knowing Wyatt had a full-on view of Nighthawk's hard cock invading her dripping-wet core. Cassidy fisted the quilt in her hands, slamming herself onto his long sword in quick backward motions. Sweat dribbled down between her breasts while the nighttime, columbine-scented breeze gusted in through the open window, cooling her flesh. Her hair trailed down her back, and she longed for Nighthawk to pull it once again.

As if he'd read her mind, he twined his fingers into the long tresses and tugged in one slow, firm motion. The other hand—damn, but he was talented—slid around her hip and expertly found her slate-hard knot.

She whimpered, so very sure she would come any second now. Kassidy was amazed, certain she made love with an angel, for only an entity of God could talk and fuck and pull her hair and play with her clit all at the same time while another man looked on.

Or perhaps a devil would be more fitting a comparison than an angel?

Nighthawk finally replied with a drawl, not once breaking his rhythm as he continued to invade her depths. "Really? Well, even with you standing there watching, you don't see 'your' woman stopping me from fucking her, now do you?"

"Kassidy, what's this man's name?" Wyatt demanded even as he continued to jerk himself off to stony hardness.

She'd been working with Wyatt for years and understood he needed a positive ID before he allowed her—them—to continue their dalliance. They had their man, but as always, first he'd need confirmation, then they would both seek their pleasure from their subject before getting on with the main job.

"He calls himself N-Nighthawk," she panted even as she gave him their usual sign, a wink and nod to assure him Nighthawk was one and the same with Elijah Miller, their wanted man.

Wyatt simply responded with that knowing, crooked smile of his, the one that said he comprehended her signal and was all too ready to get down to playtime before business. As if to relay that his guard was completely down now, he whipped off his hat and tossed it on a nearby table next to a ragged knapsack.

"And I could ask you the same thing," Nighthawk growled, pulling on her hair once again, withdrawing momentarily from her canal. Her head went back again. She could barely breathe. Prickles of delicious goose bumps spread from her scalp to her toes, swirling around in her pussy for added stimulation. He forced his rod back inside

her, emphasizing his words with jutting motions as he spoke. "Who is this man? I ordered two playthings from the madam. Is this the man I asked for?"

With her neck bowed, that delicious bristling sensation raced down her spine and gushed into her V yet again. Juices oozed around his cock, dribbled over her sex lips and down along his balls.

Finally she managed to whisper, "Just like he said, h-his name's Wyatt Chase, my lover and one of Carolena's special men." She swallowed and slid him a timid look over her shoulder, feigning the eager-to-please doxy. "I took it upon myself to invite my personal choice as your second whore. He's good, I swear it. Whether you've been with a man before or not, I guarantee you'll have a penchant for them after he gets his magic hands on you...and you sample his talented penis."

Ah, but Cassidy was confident he would not turn Wyatt away. By their dogged research of Elijah Miller, she knew very well he had a fondness for threesomes. Especially those including two men rather than two females.

Suddenly Nighthawk yanked his rod out of her, leaving her feeling empty and dissatisfied. But not for long. She peered over her shoulder and watched as Nighthawk dropped to his knees, his gaze in total defiance while still trained on Wyatt.

"Your lover, eh? The way I see it, I more than paid for my share, so he can either join us, or get the fuck out of here and see that the madam issues me a partial refund. Your choice. Makes no difference to me."

Kassidy would never forget the naughty pleasure of it, the utter, complete depravity that surged through her system at his words of gruff welcome to Wyatt, and secondly, at what he did next.

Spreading her ass cheeks and labia apart, he buried his face in her soaked cunt, apparently uncaring as to what Wyatt—or Cassidy for that matter—chose to do. She let out a pure feline scream when his long, slick tongue invaded her vagina and his finger did a circular dance around her pearl. The scent of sex wafted up to tease her nostrils

and fill her lungs. She pressed her cheek into the smoke-scented quilt and held on for dear life, riding the waves of wicked pleasure.

Nighthawk's head turned slightly. He glanced askance at Wyatt even as he continued his delicious assault on her slit. Without pulling away, his warm breath fanned her pussy as he muttered, "Well, what are you waiting for, Chase? Either get the hell out of here, or get down on your hands and knees and suck her honey off my cock."

Chapter Three

Goddamn if Wyatt wasn't in heaven.

In the name of the law, he and Cassidy—or Kassy as he'd grown fond of calling her—had been through years of hunting together...with a lot of secret romps thrown into the mix. But this took the whole fucking pie. To see his partner immensely enjoying being pounded and devoured by a strikingly handsome mulatto felon had nearly brought Wyatt to his knees as soon as he'd peeped into the room. Oh, and he fully intended to fall to his knees and oblige the man with a cock-sucking the likes of which he'd never see once he was back behind bars.

Wyatt studied the two—Kassy at the edge of the bed with her round white ass tilted up, her pink pussy damp and swollen like a blooming, dew-dappled rose. Nighthawk, as Elijah Miller was calling himself, was kneeling, eating her out from behind, the muscles of his scarred and corded back shifting with his movements while he invited Wyatt to join them.

Son of a bitch. Despite the dark skin and the ugly whipping marks branding him a slave, the two were absolutely, downright stunning together! Thank the devil he hadn't been too late.

Wyatt had been unexpectedly distracted by some strange old man named Kaine falsely claiming to know him, so he was pleased to see he hadn't missed out on all the fun. Not to mention relieved their quarry hadn't given Kassy a hard time or put her in any sort of danger in Wyatt's brief absence. But with any threats now proven unfounded, and Nighthawk's face buried in Kassy's juicy quim, all there seemed to be that mattered at the moment was that long, beautiful pole glistening with her glaze. It was enough to make Wyatt blow before he'd even gotten inside either one of them.

Excitement spiraled in his belly all warm and heavy. As long as they had the situation in order, pleasure before work had always been his and Kassy's motto, and now would be no exception, he mused as he unbuttoned his shirt.

Yep, it looked like they had their prey cornered, and just by the mere fact Kassy had surrendered, it told him they had their man and could relax and enjoy him before giving him back to the law. Never did they waste their precious time and potential earnings fucking another when the entrapment of the guilty party would serve their needs both professionally and personally all in one screw.

Wyatt thumbed his suspenders off, unbuckled his leather holster and set his guns on the nearby table next to a knapsack. He toed off his boots, drew his pants down and kicked them aside, and yanked off his shirt, tossing it on the wood floor with impatience riding him hard and fast. His erection poked against his bare stomach when he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward Nighthawk. He reached beneath Nighthawk's hunched, pussy-eating form and located his target. When Wyatt closed his hand around Nighthawk's cream-coated shaft, Nighthawk groaned against Kassy's sex lips, causing the spicy aroma of her cum to waft in the air. The bulk of it felt so very sticky and stone-hard against Wyatt's palm, and it wasn't until he ducked down and under Nighthawk's flat belly that he got his first close-up glimpse of the enormous swordlike appendage.

He propped himself up on an elbow and angled in so he could swipe his tongue up the length of it. "Mmm-mmm, I gotta admit, I do so love to lick her cunt cream off cock."

"Jesus!" Nighthawk hissed, his body tensing when Wyatt opened wide and took all of him in.

Snakes alive and biting, if Kassy's honey doesn't taste like some sort of succulent fucking sweet candy coating Nighthawk's cock, I don't know what the hell does.

The rich flavor burst in his mouth amid the sensation of silk over granite as he gripped the base, pulled back and dragged his salivating tongue from balls to tip. He

circled the large mushroomed tip, never stopping his relentless torture, not even when Nighthawk reached down and held the back of Wyatt's head, guiding him, forcing the long penis down his throat. But Wyatt was no novice. He'd given many a blowjob and knew quite well how to please a man. He pulled in a deep breath, relaxed his neck muscles and opened his throat wide.

The trick, he knew, was to get the man as horny as possible so Wyatt could fuck him in the ass.

Kassy approved of Wyatt's equal penchant for both sexes. And hot damn, if Wyatt fucking a man didn't turn her on like nothing they'd ever engaged in together! Therefore, whenever the opportunity presented itself, she always obliged him by giving herself to their subject while allowing Wyatt to appease his needs solely with the man. There was really no hotter situation, no sexier encounter for Wyatt than doing anal on a man while that very man fucked his hot little Kassy.

Nighthawk's body suddenly tensed. He groaned and fisted his hand in Wyatt's shoulder-length hair. A droplet of cum oozed out onto Wyatt's tongue and burst bitter and sweet on his taste buds. Wyatt let go of the base of the rod and reached around Nighthawk's thigh. He dragged his hand up and over soft, fur-covered muscle and firm buttocks until he delved in between the cheeks and located the tight ring. In a silent promise of what was to come, Wyatt circled Nighthawk's anus with his fingertip, glorifying in the tightening of the hole followed by the all-male, deep moan the move elicited.

"I'm warning you, you keep doing that to my ass while you're sucking me off, I'm going to come before I even get back inside her," Nighthawk warned, pulling his face away from Kassy's pussy to look down at Wyatt. His darkly stubbled chin and full mouth glistened with her white cream. It made Wyatt yearn to kiss him, to taste female arousal while feeling another erection pressed to his own. "Is that what you want?" Nighthawk asked, his voice husky and on the very rim of losing control. "Or would you rather us all finish this encounter together?"

“Together,” Kassy murmured, sliding her palm down her back and pulling her ass and cunt lips open. “Please, together. I want you back inside me. I’m begging you to fuck me while he fucks your ass. So naughty…”

Wyatt grinned and gazed up into Nighthawk’s stunning, unreadable eyes. The man was a real looker with an Adonis-like body and a face nearly as pretty as Kassy’s. What more could Wyatt want? “Can’t very well ignore the lady’s plea now, can we?” he asked, praying he hadn’t misread Nighthawk. Hopefully he was amenable to anal sex and wanted the very scenario Kassy asked for.

“No, we can’t. But I’m telling you, it’s not going to take much. You’ve both got me so excited, I don’t know how much more I can take.”

Wyatt pulled back and came around to crouch behind Nighthawk. He inhaled the fresh, just-bathed scent of man, his mouth salivating at the need to taste Nighthawk and make him wet for entry.

“Warning so noted. Now stand up.” Wyatt ordered it with a stern note that appeared to further thrill Nighthawk. It was a take-charge, gruff, sexual lash of the voice that, by the gleam of responsive lust in the green eyes, seemed to deeply please Nighthawk. But then again, the man had been a slave. It was most likely how he was used to being treated.

“Go ahead, sink your cock into her tight little pussy. But hold it right there until I tell you to move. In the meantime,” Wyatt informed him, “I’m going to take you to fucking heaven and back again.”

* * * * *

Heaven. The word seemed to trigger fragments of memories in Elijah’s mind. The déjà vu sensation washed through him, making him gasp in shock. In that one instant, he became aware he’d once in past lives walked in the shoes of people similar to Kassidy and Wyatt, and had in some way wronged a man such as himself. Without knowing why, Elijah understood their rabid need to engage in sex with him, the woman

yearning to be penetrated, the man craving the gratification of coupling with another man.

He recognized their selfishness and cunningness with firsthand, knowing clarity – and he knew without a doubt this encounter would be the immense pleasure before the deadly storm.

But the storm, he somehow realized, would be only his to weather. These two would, by some unknown means, be exempt from the pain and sedition to come.

They will be the cause, and I – Elijah – will be the blindsided recipient of their betrayal.

The unexpected thought echoed in his head, making him dizzy. What the hell was it that almost had him scrambling from the room? Impending doom? Death? Yet despite the strange sense of treachery seeming to come from these total strangers, Elijah's voracious libido ignored it even as he became aware of another soul inside him, sharing his body.

Nighthawk. Elijah had chosen the assumed name to prevent himself from being apprehended, yet somehow he was slowly becoming aware there was more to Nighthawk than a made-up name in Elijah's mind. He was a real spirit, a spirit who currently occupied Elijah's body.

Or was Elijah losing his mind?

He blinked and swayed, sensing the truth, feeling his soul becoming crowded by another. True awareness flooded his brain even as he waited for Wyatt to pleasure him from behind. It seemed this Nighthawk, only a fake name to Elijah not an hour ago, was now a real person possessing him – becoming him.

What the fuck was he to do now? Run from the room screaming? Throw himself upon the mercy of a minister and beg to be exorcised?

Fuck that, Elijah thought, warring with the strong pull of Nighthawk.

What do you want from me? Why are you taking over my body, especially at a time like this? Elijah silently demanded of Nighthawk.

There wasn't an answer. The only thing for certain was that persistent feeling of coming doom. It drove him to hurry and seek fulfillment, to get his money's worth from the madam's courtesans before the situation spiraled out of his control. Like an adolescent fool, Elijah made himself ignore the tiny voices of panicked caveat flickering off inside his head.

You're being ridiculous, he told himself. And cowardly. Nighthawk is just a name you made up yourself. They think it's your real name, but it's not. You're Elijah, damn it, Elijah Miller!

With the devil's own need driving him onward, Elijah bent over Cassidy's prone, lush body, inhaled her aroused scent and slowly pushed his swollen penis into her slick heat. Perspiration beaded his brow and dribbled onto her silky tan shoulder. She cried out and clamped her strong female walls around his hardness. He fought to maintain control, to wait for Wyatt to join with them in the carnal moment. Elijah knew it would definitely be all the sweeter if he could only maintain temporary stamina against the lure of ecstasy and the damn voices threatening to ruin all his fun.

"Hold still. Don't move," Wyatt murmured, finally making his move.

"Fucking Christ!" Elijah couldn't suppress the expletive. All worries were blessedly forgotten. Wyatt had just spread Elijah's ass cheeks apart and Wyatt currently circled Elijah's anus with the tip of his wet tongue. It felt as if flames licked at his hole and seared deep into his groin. His balls drew up and pre-ejaculate oozed from his slit, coating Cassidy's inner channel.

Wyatt alternated licking Elijah's asshole and then his own fingers, with caressing Elijah's anus and gently slipping several digits inside. He expertly prepared Elijah for entry, stimulating nerve endings deep inside his rectum and putting pressure on his gland. Each and every contact, combined with the sensation of Elijah's cock enveloped by Cassidy's heat, served to push him to the very edge.

"Come on, man, enough is enough. Just do it," Elijah growled.

Wyatt chuckled, rising to do his bidding. "You're far more eager than I expected you'd be, Nighthawk. Very exciting," Wyatt rasped in his ear as he reached around and cupped Elijah's breast.

Elijah sucked in a breath when Wyatt tweaked his nipple, rolling it between thumb and forefinger, pinching, pulling. The flames licked higher, hotter. Then came the engulfing inferno. With his free hand, Wyatt wedged his cock in between Elijah's buttock mounds, circling and pushing until he found the dilated hole moist and ready for entry.

"Son of a bitch," Elijah muttered when Cassidy alternated pulling away and pushing backward, stroking his rod at the very same moment the tip of Wyatt's manhood entered his ass. Cassidy did it again, and this time, it forced Elijah backward, impaling him with Wyatt's shaft.

Elijah and Wyatt both let out a feral roar. Elijah's sphincter relaxed, opening wide to allow the invasion, while his inner rectum muscles gloved Wyatt's cock. His own phallus twitched inside Cassidy, aching for release. The aroma of pussy and male sweat wafted up to tease his nostrils, the ultimate perfume of sexuality. Cassidy's juices were still there on his tongue, tantalizing his taste buds, making his mouth water and his tongue crave to taste her again, to delve in and sample her satiny folds. He could vividly recall the sensation of Wyatt's mouth closed around his hard-on while Elijah ate Cassidy out, the slurping, the mind-boggling feeling of sucking while being sucked, of being brought to the gates of heaven yet denied the summit of release.

He closed his eyes, ignoring the word heaven in his head, and held on to the pre-orgasmic seconds of bliss. It seemed time stood still. A storm neared outside, and framed by the window, flickers of lightning intermittently illuminated the deep purple of the night sky, jagged streaks crisscrossing his view. The intensifying, sudden rush of the wind blew ahead of the storm and whistled around the saloon eaves. It was accompanied by an occasional laugh or cry of ecstasy in the next room, and their own heavy breathing, that of three very turned-on lovers. Down below on the street, a horse

neighed, a buggy squeaked as it traversed the bumpy lane. And way off in the distance, he heard an owl hooting from deep within the pine forest.

“Wyatt...” Kassidy whimpered, her voice strained, her tanned fists gripping the bedding. “If you don’t get to it soon, he’s going to come before you’re ready—and so am I.”

“All right, darlin’, I’m ready,” Wyatt replied through gritted teeth. He positioned his hands on Nighthawk’s hips and gripped so tightly, Nighthawk bit down just to keep from howling in pain. Outside, thunder rumbled. The curtains fluttered wildly against the windowsill, and a spattering of rain pecked against the glass panes.

But pain quickly turned to pleasure. With a grunt, Wyatt pulled back just far enough to keep his cock from slipping out. Frissons of euphoria shot off deep inside Elijah’s ass when Wyatt reentered him, sinking slowly, firmly to the hilt. The move forced Elijah to penetrate Kassidy deeper. The three of them cried out in unison. As one, they gained their rhythm and the pace picked up. A tempo built, in which Elijah became their fulcrum, moving in an almost up-down movement that kept him relentlessly on the edge of beautiful insanity. Each time, whether he was the recipient of Wyatt’s girth or the aggressor fucking Kassidy to her very womb, he could not escape the madness of it, nor did he want to.

A wave of dizziness abruptly gripped him, spinning around in his head. He jolted at a sudden crack of lightning...or was it that voice again bombarding his inner skull that lashed at him?

Who am I, really? How did I get here?

He frowned even as Wyatt picked up the pace, fucking him harder, faster.

I’m...I’m Elijah Miller, the former slave. I’m running from the law, being hunted like an animal. Right?

Wait. I’m dead—no, I’m alive. So fucking alive...

His mind raced incoherently, but his body continued to indulge in and enjoy the ecstasy racking its every cell. Elijah had participated in threesomes before—he *was*

Elijah...wasn't he? Yes, of course he was. But he'd never been at the center of a trio before, the giver and recipient all at once. He had only given and received blowjobs, and pleased a man anally. But Elijah had never been fucked up the ass by a man before now. He had always been the male-to-male aggressor.

Or was that...Nighthawk?

Nighthawk, the mysterious man of whose identity I know yet don't know. Yes, that's it. The man who died a violent death and yet had been put to all these ridiculous tests by a spirit guide...was it an angel, or Satan?

The thunder roared. Another crack of lightning rent the sky just outside the building. A woman in some far-off corner of the saloon shrieked in response. A man's rumbling laughter followed. Elijah could smell the fresh scent of rain, could feel the electricity firing off in the atmosphere outdoors. His thoughts continued to scatter while his body reached for the Eden just out of his reach.

His spirit guide was an angel, he was Kaine...

Nighthawk shook his head, his whole body trembling as he came through and Elijah slipped farther away. Yes, he was Nighthawk again, but still, he tried to focus on the coming orgasm. Motherfucker, what was happening to him? Why was it that he could recall things in bits and slices but still not be able to pull the pieces of the puzzle together?

Kaine...

Yes, Kaine! He suddenly remembered the guardian angel who had put him here, just plopped him right down into another man's body and miserable life.

Ah, but look what phenomenal bliss he'd been given by occupying Elijah's body!

Nighthawk shoved aside the crazy flashes from his mind and concentrated on the ecstasy before him.

Wyatt panted, picking up the pace even faster, fucking Nighthawk with such precision he could almost taste the coming orgasm. Flames of lust scorched a trail

through Nighthawk's system, the sweet urgency of it prompting him to relax, to open his butt and take all of Wyatt in. The fullness inside his ass was accompanied by an intense tingling with each penetration, as if he'd had a clitoris-like button inside him all this time without realizing it. Why had he always been the aggressor with men before now? Why had he never let one return the favor of fucking him so he could experience the excruciating pleasure of receiving?

To further intensify the euphoria, Cassidy growled and met his thrusts with like rabidness. He took it in the ass faster, harder, while pumping his rod into Cassidy's sweet little pussy. Her cries escalated in tempo, the tiger's growls echoing against the walls. Skin slapped against skin, soft feminine buttocks against firm male hips, and in turn, lightly furred male ass-flesh smacked against a narrow male pelvis. The slurping song of slick juices lubricating cocks and canals filled the air, drowning out the howling winds and distant saloon sounds. Never, ever could Nighthawk recall engaging in such tormenting, addictive, wild sex. He'd fucked women, he'd fucked men, he'd caroused with both at once. But never like this, never as the receiver. And never with such spiritual perfection of complete and total meeting of the minds and souls.

Just when the hail started to clatter against the window, Nighthawk's breath caught in his windpipe. He threw his head back and braced himself for the onslaught of paradise. It washed over him in a storm of such agonizing rapture he could swear lightning had struck him in the balls. Hot cum shot out of his slit into Cassidy's passage with such force, it would have thrown him backward if not for the fact Wyatt held him speared in place. His rectum contracted around Wyatt's cock, and the climax seemed to flood his entire rear and belly.

Kassidy's cunt felt warm and slick around Nighthawk's shaft. Her muscles spasmed around him, milking him. "I'm there, oh God, I'm there!" she cried out, her long blonde locks blowing in the breeze.

Wyatt forced out a ragged breath. He leaned forward and clutched Nighthawk to him, riding out his own orgasm. Scalding heat filled Nighthawk deep inside his ass.

It wasn't until after Wyatt thrust one last time, letting out a final twitch and grunt, that he withdrew and collapsed on the bed. He tugged Nighthawk down with him, forcing him to pull out of Kassidy's pussy. Nighthawk sighed, glad he could revel in the aftermath satiation of a mind-blowing round of sex while lying between two very beautiful, sweaty people.

"Amazing," he panted, staring up at the beamed ceiling. Raw emotion, some sort of strange almost weepy affection, unexpectedly gripped Nighthawk.

And he slipped back into feeling—being—and completely understanding Elijah again, yet Nighthawk's awareness remained sharp as well. No amnesia this time.

It was all so confusing, the going back and forth between souls, and the last thing both Nighthawk and Elijah wanted was to try to figure it out. Instead, he—they—reached out and drew Kassidy and Wyatt's naked bodies close. One soft and curvy, the other hard and sinewy, both glazed with perspiration.

Could there be any better heaven than this? Goddamn if Elijah didn't want them in his life for good. It was foolish, he knew. They were strumpets, after all, but nonetheless the sentiment filled his heart, squeezed and wouldn't let go.

Outside, the storm picked up in intensity, but there was something almost calming about lying here in this cozy room between these two perfect people. He could do this forever, even share a life with them if they were agreeable to it. He forced himself to forget all the crazy, confusing things that had raced through his mind at the inopportune moments of lovemaking. He didn't care to examine what it meant, or why it felt as if he were currently two people at once. All he wanted was to close his eyes and feel this handsome man and this gorgeous woman curling up next to him in contentment before they gathered the energy to fuck again.

He'd just sighed and closed his eyelids, ready to welcome drowsiness, when Kassidy raised her head and peered at Wyatt across the expanse of Elijah's chest. Some odd sort of gleam filled her eyes as she stared at Wyatt, but all Elijah cared to notice was her bare breasts rising and falling above the ripped bodice of her gown, the rose-tipped

areolas like two pebbles begging to be toyed with. His mouth watered and a quickening of heat curled deep in his loins. Unexpectedly, he had an overwhelming urge to rip her gown the rest of the way off. He wanted like hell to skim his palms over the large globes and fill his hands with their suppleness before doing something out of control like violently fucking her up the ass, the way Wyatt had just screwed him. It was a tantalizing idea he'd definitely act upon, but first he needed to catch his breath.

When Kassidy nodded, Wyatt untangled himself from Elijah's embrace and got to his feet.

"Where are you going?"

Wyatt sniffed, his gaze shifted, seeming to refuse to meet Elijah's questioning stare. "Hungry. Gonna get dressed and go see what I can rummage up from the cook."

Elijah snuggled closer to Kassidy, loving the feel of her slickened flesh against his while he visually explored Wyatt's hard body. His skin had been touched by the sun, but his face and arms were much darker, as if he'd spent most of his time traveling. Elijah wondered why a man paid for his services indoors would have a complexion nearly as dark as his own, but there would be time for those types of questions later. For now, he wanted to indulge more in the body than his own questioning mind.

Wyatt's cock had since lost its erectness, but in its current state, it didn't look any less appetizing. Elijah's mouth watered. He licked his lips, watching as Wyatt got dressed and belted on his holster. Damn, the man looked so fucking good with a cold, hard pistol resting on each narrow hip.

With a grunt, Elijah replied, "Hmm. I'm hungry too. But for your cock." Just speaking the words made his balls tighten, and he could feel his limp shaft filling with a rush of hot blood. He crooked a finger at Wyatt and let his other hand glide down to cup Kassidy's round ass. "Come here. Let's call up for some fresh water for the bath instead, and a tub big enough for the three of us. I'm craving a taste of you. We could bathe and fuck and devour each other, maybe get the floor all wet like her pussy."

Oddly, Wyatt had been avoiding meeting Elijah's gaze, his head down, intent on fastening the button fly of his pants and stepping back into his spurred boots. Wyatt completed his tasks and slowly his eyes rose to meet Elijah's. The dark aqua pools gleamed with something peculiar, something that had nothing whatsoever to do with lust. Wyatt did a little jerk with his head, flipping his sandy blond hair behind his burly shoulders. It must have been some sort of signal, because at the very same moment, Cassidy leaped from the bed.

And Wyatt suddenly had one of the guns in his hand.

He cocked it, the click reverberating in the small room, and aimed it right between Elijah's eyes. The barrel felt cold and hard against Elijah's forehead.

"Get up. Get up and get dressed. Now."

"What—"

"Shut up." Wyatt lifted the weapon, rapping Elijah painfully between the eyes. "Just get the fuck up and do what I say."

Dizziness spun around in Elijah's head. When the room quit whirling, Elijah faded to the background and Nighthawk came through again, fully comprehending what had just happened.

As Elijah, he'd been dicked.

As Nighthawk, it was time for his just rewards.

"You son of a bitch." He flicked a glance at Cassidy, the flame of betrayal burning a trail into his gut. Here comes fucking karma, he groaned inwardly. He could clearly recall standing in their very shoes in one of his former lives, a sleazy bounty hunter taking sexual advantage of innocent prey just to earn the sizable rewards being offered for their heads. "Or should I say, son of bitches."

Unfazed, Cassidy dragged a bag from beneath the bed, her glorious tits bouncing like two strawberry-tipped half melons. She stepped out of her ripped gown, tossed it

on the bed and riffled through the bag. Hastily drawing out denim jeans, a Stetson and a pullover white linen shirt, she began to don the masculine wardrobe.

Dragging the shirt over her head, she said with a muffled snarl, "Fuck you."

Elijah forced his way back in, but this time, he shared his body with Nighthawk. Nighthawk could feel and sense Elijah's every emotion, could almost taste the bile rising in his throat. "I...I can't believe I was just pondering how nice it would be to share a future with you two. What an idiot I was."

Wyatt snorted. "With a slave? You've got to be out of your fucking mind. You're only good for one thing, partner. Serving white men and women." He gritted his teeth and waved the gun. "All right, you damn thief, get your black ass dressed—now, goddamn it!"

At the tone of cruelty in Wyatt's voice, Nighthawk scrambled from the bed and located his scattered clothing. Jamming his legs into his trousers, he tried like hell to let the prejudiced remarks roll off his shoulders. Nighthawk knew Elijah was adept at putting on a front of thick skin. Elijah had learned to live his entire life up until now with cruelty and oppression. But Nighthawk had never experienced this side of the fence before now. He felt Elijah's pain and rejection while moving obediently in Elijah's body. It seemed to twist in the heart like a sharp-edged knife, and Nighthawk fought the glisten of tears in his eyes.

Nighthawk blinked, almost to himself. Ah, yes, he could it see now, the lesson Kaine was trying to teach him...

He could recall it all so clearly now. He'd been a ruthless bounty hunter just like Wyatt and Cassidy. But in addition to being a similar bigoted asshole, he'd also been a traitorous whore in yet another life. As a prostitute, he'd—she'd—used demoralized men and women for her own carnal pleasures and egotism. She'd then seduce the subject, fuck them into a trap, even intimately suck their cocks and coax them into her total trust. Then, once she had her money from the hunter or the felon, she'd pounce

and turn her subject over to their fate, to the noose, a bullet between the eyes, jail or dead and buried six feet under.

She hadn't cared one damn bit.

Money, greed, power.

And now karma rightly bit her – Nighthawk – in the ass.

The shame and regret of what he had done in that lifetime mixed in his soul with Elijah's emotional misery, fear and resentment. There was nothing more humbling and harrowing at the same time, Nighthawk instantly decided, than looking yourself right in the eye and seeing the black-hearted scoundrel you'd once been, while at the very same moment, sympathizing with the object of your past evil.

"I get it, Kaine," he mumbled as he started to button up his shirt and reach for his boots. "I get your damn message, and I'm so fucking sorry."

"Shut up and get going!" Wyatt snarled, shoving Nighthawk out into the dim hallway.

Nighthawk's heart thundered against his breastbone. With every step he took toward the stairway, he knew it was to whatever end Kaine intended.

Nighthawk, you must let Elijah take over now. Watch, learn, feel his every emotion and pain, understand him and grieve for him, but above all, let Elijah do as he will.

The deep tenor of Kaine's words somehow started to soothe Nighthawk. He gave a shudder and let Elijah come back through. But only halfway. Nighthawk had a fate to see to as well. Instead of obeying Wyatt's barking orders, he ran like hell.

He knew it was time, time to embrace sweet karma in all its joyful pain.

Epilogue

He'd almost reached his destination. Thunder crashed above followed by the storm's flickering light. The hail had turned back into rain, a violent rain that thrashed at his skin like the sting of a whip.

"I see him! He's over by the Smiths' barn!"

Elijah's pulse stopped dead, his leaping nerves nearly crushing his windpipe. Every muscle in his body ached for rest, but he wasn't stopping until he was sure they had lost his trail. He glanced over his shoulder just in time to see the huge mob of townspeople racing across the field toward the barn where he had intended to take a brief refuge.

"God above, help me," he prayed through ragged breaths, detouring around the barn instead of into it.

That was when the single shot rang out. At first, Elijah thought it was another boom of thunder above him. But then the searing pain ripped through his back and burned into his upper abdomen. He gasped and clutched his belly, collapsed to his knees and fell forward onto one hand. Elijah looked down in horror at the deep red pool of blood—almost as black as his momma's satiny skin had been—gushing from a wound just below his right breast.

He fought for air as he stared down at the dark puddle soaking the earth. Rain pounded his back, drenching him to the bone. He began to shiver, not from the cold, but from shock and the reality that this was the end of life's rocky road.

Elijah clenched his jaw, fighting off the chattering of his teeth. He punched the mushy ground, ignoring the blazing flames in his chest and the sting of tears, knowing he would die this night without ever exonerating himself. Elijah was innocent—he was, damn it! He hadn't stolen one single coin from his dead papa's wife, and yet here he

was dying for thievery he hadn't committed. The vindictive woman had finally succeeded in making him pay for his sweet mama's sins of loving their white master and bearing him a half-breed son. Elijah.

A shudder rumbled through him, and Nighthawk hissed at the excruciating pain that filled Elijah's torso. He had once caused this very terror in another human being in a past life, an undeserving, innocent being who had striven for a life of equality and simple freedom. The reality of it not only made him experience the most humbling repentance in his entire existence, it somehow gave him peace to understand those he'd wronged.

Wooziness made his head wobble. He could hear the thunder of footsteps nearing. Even in the haze of pain and dying, he inhaled, savoring the scent of rain and fresh summer foliage. Appreciating the simple things in life, that was what Nighthawk had *not* taken time to do that Elijah had always savored.

"Thank you, Elijah, for showing me what an asshole I was." He hitched in a breath, feeling the sickening sensation of blood filling his lungs and spewing from the corners of his mouth. He coughed uncontrollably, fought for air, but managed to finish his speech. "And please know from the bottom of my blackguard heart," he rasped, panting as his vision wavered and his chest burned like the flames of hell, "that I'm so sorry for treating those like you as if you were beneath me. Forgive me for...for all my cruelty. I understand now. I selfishly ask your forgiveness before...before the end."

"Get him!" came the nearing shouts. "Get him before he flees!"

Nighthawk trembled again, morphing into Elijah for just a brief moment. "You are forgiven."

"You piece of fucking shit!" Wyatt's voice seemed to come from a distance, but Nighthawk knew he stood over him. The kick to his ribs Wyatt gave him forced out what air was left in his lungs. Nighthawk grunted and rolled to his back, gasping for air, his breath gurgling and bubbling with blood.

He stared up at the fading storm, its volatile beauty spread against the backdrop of the black sky, black just like Elijah's skin, like his heritage. Like Nighthawk's redeeming soul. The storm seemed to be ebbing, and somewhere to the west he could see the twinkle of emerging stars. He clutched the gaping hole in his chest, praying for death just to ease the excruciating pain. Even in the fog that clouded his brain, he knew the stars winked at him, at both Elijah and Nighthawk.

Kassidy's face came into view next to Wyatt's as she leaned over Nighthawk. Her long flaxen hair fluttered in the waning storm, and her stunning face appeared to be haloed by her wide-brimmed hat. Even after her hatred and betrayal, he could still vividly remember sinking his rod into her luscious pussy. His gaze shifted to Wyatt. *Mmm, and what heaven that had been getting sucked off by him and being fucked up the ass by his thick cock. Ah, the sins of the flesh,* he thought sardonically even as he coughed up blood and grimaced against the anguish they'd inflicted on him.

"You stupid idiot," Kassidy snarled. She leaned closer, her beautiful face screwed up in a not-so-pretty, poisonous expression. She shook her head almost regrettably as her sherry eyes glittered with coldness. "If you hadn't run, Wyatt wouldn't have shot you. Well, looks like you're dead meat now," she added with a sigh of disgust. She glanced at Wyatt. "Dead or alive, the wanted poster said. So let's just wait for him to croak, load his body up and then be on our way."

The lovemaking Elijah had indulged in flashed through Nighthawk's mind again. At her coldness, the utter euphoria of being buried inside her while Wyatt expertly fucked Elijah from behind did nothing more than fill Nighthawk with regret. How had he ever equated them with perfection? In his greed to get off, their dark souls had evaded him. He'd been a sitting duck all along.

Nighthawk...

It was Kaine's voice. In the storm-dappled sky behind Wyatt and Kassidy, Nighthawk saw the glow. As always, it was simply a peach-toned ball descending out

of nowhere. The pain started to ebb and Nighthawk relaxed. Air was scarce, but he no longer cared.

He reached up toward the light and said, "I'm so sorry. Please take me away from here."

Nighthawk rejoiced when the pop sensation jolted his soul from Elijah's form. Leaving behind the heaviness of a human body was always a relief. He looked back just in time to see Elijah's blood-soaked figure arch up and then collapse lifeless to the ground.

"Congratulations, you have passed your fourth test, Nighthawk." There was no entity, just the loving, warm glow enveloping Nighthawk as he was carried farther and farther into nothingness. He noted his knapsack containing his diary was suddenly there at his side. "Are you ready to move on to lesson number five?" Kaine asked calmly.

It made him breathless to agree to yet another round of insanity so soon, but Nighthawk had no choice if he wished to break the reincarnation cycle of hell and finally graduate.

"Damn right, brother. Bring it on." He settled back, stuffing the sack beneath his weary head, hoping this next lifetime brought him ecstasy beyond heaven, beyond euphoria. "So where to this time? Hopefully there'll be lots more rigorous fucking to be had."

"Ah, you just wait," came the deep soothing voice. "You're going to experience some of the hottest sex yet. A man, this one will be just a man. But you'll see what I mean very soon."

Nighthawk closed his eyes and relaxed, his mind already imagining the taste of a man's voracious kiss followed by his hard, tasty cock in Nighthawk's mouth. He could almost feel the sensations of pushing the sensitive head of his own shaft past the tight ring of a male sphincter and gaining access to the hot tunnel beyond. His balls ached and his limp phallus tingled, anticipating, wondering what this man would look like,

what their connection would be. He rubbed his throbbing erection, ready to put the hell of that last lesson behind him and start anew.

He propped his feet up on an unseen surface as Kaine moved him through time and space, away from 1870 to a point in the future. Nighthawk sighed, stroking himself lazily as he drifted into drowsiness.

“I wouldn’t get too comfortable,” Kaine warned. “Your next task is just around the corner...”

About the Author

Roxana Blaze is the restless bad-girl alter-ego of multi-published, award-winning Ellora's Cave author Titania Ladley. Just like in her writing, she loves to take on new roles, new genres, fresh challenges...and as any fickle woman might, Roxana reserves the right to maintain a split personality...er, um, to reinvent herself by getting a makeover now and then. Roxana lives with Titania, their husband, and their three kids in the wilds of northern Wisconsin, USA.

Roxana 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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