

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

MAD DAWGS
TUESDAY RICHARDS

Dawg Town: Mad Dawg

Tuesday Richards

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Dawg Town: Mad Dawg Tuesday Richards

Bryce's bad day in Barkus, Kansas, started when he dodged a prairie dog and laid down his most prized possession: Midnight. Could his day get any worse? Mad Dawg was about to find out.

Dolly Madison's car broke down a mile outside of town. She walked into the closest building where opportunity knocked on the wooden bar.

What secrets does Barkus, Kansas, hold when the cute and cuddly are among the residents?

Dawg Town: Mad Dawg

The heart-wrenching crunch of metal hitting pavement was all that registered in his ears while he slid across the road beside his 1965 chopped-out, panhead Harley. Chips of her black metallic paint floated on the wind like pixie dust. The chrome exhaust flew over his head, landing somewhere in the distance.

Midnight and Bryce were in trouble.

They slid to a stop thirty feet from where they fell after dodging a prairie dog. Bryce heard the other bikes come to a stop a few feet away, one of his buddies instructing another to pick up the exhaust, grab the gas tank, and find the foot peg. He couldn't bring himself to look. A year of his life lay scattered across I-70, three miles from his house.

Finding the courage to pry an eye open, Bryce saw Bull Dawg, his right-hand man, standing above him. "Aw, man, Mad Dawg, she's thrashed, but I believe we got all of her... except the paint."

He winced. *Thrashed?* "I don't want to know. Help me up."

Bull Dawg held out a thick hand and pulled Bryce to his feet. Knowing when the adrenaline wore off he'd be sore, Bryce assessed his personal damage. Nothing was broken, this helmet and leathers had done their job protecting his hide, and there was no need for a doctor.

Without turning to where Midnight lay, he unzipped his leather jacket, pulled his cell phone out of his inside pocket, and punched speed dial one. "BD, I need a stretcher. I laid Midnight down on 1-70 west, three miles shy of the homestead." BD was the bike doctor. If anybody could fix her, it would be him.

* * *

The black Titan rolled to a stop a few feet from where Bryce stood next to Midnight. A leather-clad man with long chestnut hair slid out of the pickup with a cool slowness that always drove Bryce crazy.

He let out a whistle, gazing briefly over the damage. "Aw, sexy, that sucks. Let's get her loaded up." His Marlboro smoldered red with a deep drag. A person needed an ocean of patience to hold a conversation with BD. "I'll drop you at the 'stead and take her in. Then I'll come by later for an on-the-knees payment."

The wiggle of his eyebrows had Bryce grinning. It didn't bother him that BD was gay; it didn't even bother him that BD hit on him constantly. What bothered Bryce was that he actually found him attractive, and Bryce was straight as they came.

"All kidding aside, bumpkin, it looks like you'll be stuck with four wheels for a little while."

Bryce dropped his chin to his chest. He hated being in a cage.

* * *

Bryce grudgingly stepped out of BD's Titan and watched him drive away with the pieces of his baby. He trudged to the front door and got the key in the lock. Deciding otherwise, he removed it and walked to his black Lincoln Navigator. The SUV was a beast and loaded, but it was too confining -- in order to feel the wind in his face, he had to hang his head out of the window like a dog.

He sat behind the wheel, a deep sigh escaping his lungs. It was time for a drink.

* * *

Dolly stood outside the only establishment within two miles of whatever part of Kansas she was stuck in that had a lit Open sign, and she was feeling a little fearful. There were about ten motorcycles parked in a neat line out front. The only four-wheel vehicle in sight was a black Lincoln Navigator that she couldn't help but admire. If she'd been smart enough, she would have bought an SUV instead of the used Acura her parents had on their property back in Louisiana. Now she stood outside a biker bar with her car sitting on the side of the road with a blown head gasket.

Straightening her spine, she pushed open the door and stepped inside, out of the cool night air -- immediately feeling out of place amongst all the leather in her denim capris, maroon Liz Claiborne pumps, and maroon and red tube top. She located a seat at the bar and zeroed in on her target.

Catcalls and murmurs followed her across the sticky wood floor. Feeling brave, she flipped them the bird over her shoulder and slid onto the barstool.

"When can I take you up on that offer, baby?" some leather-clad biker called from the back corner.

She smugly glanced at her watch. "I can pencil you in for the second Tuesday of next week." *That'll shut 'em up.*

A rotund man with buckteeth and a welcoming smile stood across from her on the other side of the bar. "What can I get for ya, darlin'?"

"A Coke on the rocks." She knew it sounded stupid, but she couldn't bring herself to care.

"Careful, honey, don't hit it too hard. These ruffians might take advantage of you." The bartender held out his hand. "Name's Bucky. I own the place."

She shook his hand, breathing a sigh of relief that she wasn't going to end up on the morning news. "Dolly. Thank you." She sipped her soda, realizing the hottie wrapped in denim and leather had moved two barstools and now sat beside her.

"Couldn't have been a comfortable walk in those shoes." The country God spoke with a sensually deep voice.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I walked from the parking lot." Dolly snarled out the lie. She'd scuffed her favorite shoes. One heel was loose and would need to be repaired.

"The only reason a lady like you would walk into a joint like this is if you had car trouble and had to walk." He took a swig of his beer before he continued. "If you're here of your own accord, with a car parked out front, then you got more brass than anybody here."

Bucky sat another longneck in front of the man with heavenly blue eyes and short brown hair that begged to be touched. "Mad Dawg, leave the lady alone." He turned back to Dolly. "Don't worry about him. He's just upset 'cause his best girl was in an accident today." Bucky's attention was called away when six other men hit the bar bellowing drink orders.

"I'm sorry to hear about your... girl. She's in my thoughts."

"Thanks, Dolly," Mad Dawg muttered through his beer bottle.

Bucky was again front and center with a stressed crease in his forehead. "Man, I wish I could get decent help in this place."

The comment caught her attention. *I couldn't be this lucky.* "Bucky, I can help. I'm a trained bartender."

He seemed skeptical -- it could have been the raised eyebrow that gave it away. "No offense, Dolly dear, but what could you know about tendin' a biker bar?"

With a smirk, she unzipped her Vera Bradley purse, pulled out credentials, and slid them across the bar. "I'll admit, not much about biker bars. However, I am certified."

Bucky let out a slow whistle. "Good school. Prove it."

She slid off the wooden stool, stepped around the counter, put her purse in a cubby, and grabbed a bar towel. Dolly pushed an end of the folded cloth into her back pocket, thanking Liz Claiborne for the thick-heeled collection this year, and reached for a tumbler. "Did I hear a few of you call for a whiskey sour?" she yelled over the buzz of people. Three people raised their hands from the end of the bar. "Comin' right up."

Dolly grabbed three highball glasses from the rack and lined them up on the bar. She dropped some ice in the tumbler, and with a couple of flips of the whiskey bottle she did a nine-count pour into the steel cup. A flick of the wrist had the bottle back on the shelf and the sour mix in hand. Filling the tumbler the rest of the way, she slid the sour bottle down her arm into the well and at the same time put the top on the tumbler. With a few shakes and a flip, she poured the drinks, tossed the tumbler in the sink, and

slid the glasses down the bar, where they stopped in front of the patrons who ordered them.

She heard six beer orders shouted. Dolly reached into the cooler, grabbed six longnecks, and flipped them one by one over her head, catching them one at a time and popping the cap off the bottle on the edge of the bar. She filled the orders one by one in a single line down the counter.

The bar fell silent with the last of the orders filled in record time. She cleaned her hands on the bar towel from her pocket, swiped the counter quickly, and washed the tumbler. Dolly walked by Bucky on her way from behind the bar and pushed his jaw closed.

With a gulp, he choked out, "You're hired. Get back behind this bar." He took one side of the bar, and she stayed close to Mad Dawg the sex God, serving the other half.

"Hot damn, there's a new sheriff in town, ladies. Hold on to your man," a blonde biker babe in the back shouted over the commotion.

Dolly looked at Mad Dawg. "Is that a good thing, or should I worry?" She leaned in close to hear his answer and became mesmerized by his eyes.

He smirked and glanced over his shoulder. "It means you impressed them, and that's hard to do." His phone rang in his pocket. He opened the flip and put it to his ear. "Hey, bubbalicious, what's up?" His eyes narrowed, and his face went slack with whatever he heard on the other end. "She's on life support? For how long?" The bar suddenly went deadly silent. "I see. Well, keep me updated, BD. Thanks." Mad Dawg closed the phone and dropped it on the bar. His head fell in his hands.

"What's the word, Hoss?" Bucky placed a gentle hand on Mad Dawg's shoulder.

"She's on life support until more tests can be run in the morning. It's not looking too good."

It almost seemed like the bikers lined up to give their condolences and tell him that all would be okay. It might have just been her, but it didn't look like he was

convinced. Dolly couldn't help but want to kick her own ass for lusting after this man while his girlfriend was in the hospital on life support.

* * *

Dolly's feet hurt like hell, and Mad Dawg hadn't looked up since the phone call. She'd tried to engage him in conversation but didn't really have the time as more and more people packed into the bar wanting to see the new bartender. The temperature rose with the number of bodies jammed between the four walls, but she couldn't understand why Mad Dawg glared daggers into the bar top, his face turned red, and his fists clenched every time a guy hit on her. It couldn't be because he found her attractive. He had a special someone.

When the heat hit the point of being unbearable, even for a gal from New Orleans like Dolly, Mad Dawg finally slipped out of his leather jacket and hung it off the back of the bar stool. His chiseled chest begged to be touched, his biceps had to be twenty inches thick at rest, and the tank top he wore strained against the muscles underneath. The heat between her legs competed with the heat in the bar.

Before Dolly knew what had happened, her eyes locked with Mad Dawg's. Bucky stood next to her. He pushed her jaw closed. "Drool on your own time, which is in about thirty minutes. Last call!" Then the drinkers slammed the bar for their final orders of the night.

* * *

After the bar closed and the final bikers filed out, Bucky locked the doors, trapping Dolly inside with him and Mad Dawg. He disappeared to the back and returned a few minutes later with some paper and a pen. "I need you to fill out these papers. You know, for payroll and taxes." He slid them in front of her, and she picked up the pen.

Dolly started filling in the paperwork and found the first bump in the road: an address. "Bucky, I have a problem. I don't have an address." This worried her -- would she lose the opportunity at this job?

Bucky looked at her, confused, and then smacked Mad Dawg in the forehead for eyeing up the paperwork. "Where are you staying while you're here?"

Dolly glanced down at the bar and then back at him. She hadn't thought that far ahead. She hadn't noticed any hotels around.

"I'm goin' to take the silence as you have no idea. That's okay, I'll just put Bryce's address on there." Bucky smiled at a hidden joke.

So Bryce is his true name... much better than Mad Dawg.

"Hold the fuck up. Why my address?" Bryce seemed more amused than upset.

"You're always in this motherfuckin' bar, the least you can do is bring the lady her mail, and you could be a gentleman and offer the lady a room in that big ol' house of yours." Bucky chuckled and walked away.

"Listen here, cupcake, don't think I'm as sweet as he makes me out to be."

"Cupcake? Listen here, Bryce, I'm no cupcake," Dolly snarled over the paperwork. "Just 'cause my last name is Madison."

"You're sweet as anything, and I could spend all night licking your frosting." He scooted closer and draped an arm over her shoulder. "Which is why I am going to offer you a bed at my place... and hope that it's my bed you choose."

This can't be happening. The hottest guy in existence wants to take me to bed, and he has a girlfriend. I'm crazy for even considering it! Her brain said one thing, but her body, however, had different plans when she felt his soft lips on hers. Who had initiated this? Dolly's groin ached, her heart fluttered, and a fog built in her head, removing all sense. Bryce broke the kiss first, and Dolly leaned in for more.

He stood, grabbed his jacket, scooped her off the stool, and headed for the parking lot. All but tossing Dolly into the SUV she had been admiring, he threw his leather jacket in the back and climbed behind the wheel after she moved to the passenger seat.

Bryce backed out of the space and peeled out of the parking lot. Dolly didn't know what came over her, but she couldn't keep her hands off him. She climbed over

the center console, straddling his lap. He kept one hand on the wheel and the other plastered against her lower back.

Dolly could feel his dick hardening beneath her, lighting a fire she never knew existed. Her fingers fisted in his hair, and she traced the outline of his ear with her tongue, running it down his neck. The engine roared as he gave the Navigator more gas.

"God, baby, you're driving me crazy. Thankfully, I only live about a mile away." His hand slid down the back of Dolly's pants and tickled her anus. She sucked in a breath at the new experience. Grinding her cunt into his cock through their jeans, she whispered his name. The SUV made a sharp turn and jerked to a stop, not making it completely to the top of the long driveway. He threw it in park and captured her mouth violently.

"This is wrong," Dolly complained against his lips. "But I can't seem to stop."

"This is taking too long!" Bryce lifted her up slightly. "Stay." He quickly unbuckled his belt, slid his jeans down to his knees, and then pulled a knife from a sheath on his belt. All Dolly heard through the fog of lust was the tearing of denim and the ripping of lace. Then his cock filled her completely.

"Fuck me, Bryce, please God!" Dolly threw her head back and held on tight while he pounded her pussy into submission.

The door to the SUV opened, and a groan followed. "Damn, bro, I had heard stories, but you truly are hung like a stallion."

"Oh, God, tell me about it." Dolly buried her face in Bryce's shoulder. The heat of embarrassment rose in her face, and her nails dug into his back -- her climax reaching its peak.

A chuckle cleared the fog a bit, and the red-haired biker at the door leaned into the frame as if he carried on conversations every day of the week with two people in the midst of fucking each other's brains out. "You are a lucky broad, let me tell you. I've been chasing this cock for years with no luck."

Bryce reached down the side of the seat, pulling the lever that sent the driver's seat to lie all the way back. He lifted Dolly off his cock, put her over his face, and nuzzled her clit with his slightly pointed nose. "Have at it, BD; fulfill a secret fantasy." The warm breath on her throbbing pussy sent shivers down her spine. He took a quick breath and then drove his tongue into her dripping cunt.

Dolly could hear BD sucking Bryce's cock. It turned her on even more, and she found herself grinding her cunt against Bryce's willing mouth. "I'm going to come. Oh, God, don't stop!" Dolly ground her hips faster and harder.

Bryce lifted her off his face with ease, sliding her down his torso, and she felt every rippling muscle against her throbbing clit. Dolly's ass bumped BD's head. He moved, and Bryce rammed his cock back into her pussy with a force that had her crying out in pure ecstasy. Opening her eyes, she saw BD had moved to the side, but he was looking at Bryce. He had his hand around his hard shaft and slowly stroked it.

His body language screamed "gay," but Dolly still felt bad. She grabbed Bryce's hand, moving it out to his side. She wrapped his fingers around BD's cock and guided him with long strokes and pressure in the right places. Dolly watched his eyes roll back and close. He moved his hips against Bryce's hand.

Her body exploded when she felt Bryce come with the force of a fired torpedo. One hand gripped her hip, the other tightened around BD's cock and stroked faster. He continued to ram into her, her head flew back, and every muscle in her body tightened.

"Bryce!" Dolly and BD called out in unison. She collapsed onto his chest, BD braced himself against the side of the Navigator, and Bryce lay there limp -- all three of them panting like prairie dogs in the heat.

"Good times, partner. Thanks for the hand." BD tucked himself back in and zipped his pants up. "Oh, Midnight is going to be fine. She'll come off life support in the morning."

Bryce lifted his head from the seat. "Thanks, man."

Guilt scoured Dolly's body with dread. She reached for Bryce's leather and wrapped it around her waist. She dropped to her feet from the SUV and walked the rest

of the way up the drive to the house. No more than a minute passed before Bryce had Dolly's elbow. She turned to face him, tears in her eyes.

"Baby, what's wrong?" His sincerity tore her heart out of her chest.

"Your girlfriend is in the hospital sick, and I seduced you in an SUV." A tear slid down her cheek, and he brushed it away with the tip of his finger. "I'm a horrible person."

"Dolly, what are you talking about? I don't have a girlfriend or a wife or a significant other. Where did you hear that?"

BD strolled over to stand next to Bryce. "Midnight." Dolly nodded slowly, acknowledging the name. "It's his motorcycle. He laid it down earlier this afternoon dodging a prairie dog, and she's hooked to a battery charger in my garage. Silly girl." He turned and started walking toward his truck. "Again, sexy, thanks for the hand."

"No problem, bro." Bryce waved nonchalantly to BD's back.

"I feel like an idiot." Dolly hung her head, feeling the heat of her embarrassment rise to her hairline.

"You are an idiot for leaving a bar with a perfect stranger." He wrapped his arms around her waist. "But the only thing I'll hold against you is me. However, before I do, there's something you should know about me."

The calm before the doom. "What could that be?" Within a few seconds, a small, brown prairie dog stood on his hind legs where Bryce had been. "Oh, this is rich!" Dolly got out between her fits of laughter. "I guess I should come clean as well." She contorted her body and shifted into an alligator. She projected her mind into his. *You are so cute, I could just eat you up.* Dolly snapped her jaws closed.

The little furry prairie dog that embodied Bryce's soul stood on his hind legs, jaw practically hanging open to the dirt -- and if his little eyes were any bigger, Dolly would have sworn he was a lemur in disguise.

A chuckle caught her attention, and BD strolled back up the driveway and scooped Bryce from the ground. "Dude, you know how to live dangerously. Good luck

with that!" BD placed Bryce on the nose of the gator, returned to his truck, and backed out of the driveway.

Bryce leaned down over Dolly's nose to peer inside her mouth. *My, what big teeth you have... let's not use those to eat me.*

* * *

"I found some of my sister's clothes. They look like they might fit." Bryce took the steps two at a time to where Dolly stood in the foyer. "They're not what you're used to, but they're comfortable."

She accepted the garments and grinned sheepishly. "That's great, thank you." Confusion meddled with her southern morals and upbringing. Dolly's mother would have a heart attack if she knew her daughter had slept with a man and the only thing she knew about him was his name.

A finger lifted her chin. "Is there something wrong, cupcake?" Concern clouded his blue eyes and brought tears to hers.

"No, not really. This whole night and morning have just been a whirlwind, and I think I'm just tired." She turned her face into the hand that caressed her cheek.

"Get dressed. I'm going to run to my office real quick to check my e-mail and make a phone call. Then we'll go get your truck." Bryce moved to the door. "If you finish dressing before I'm done, my office is just around the side of the house."

Dolly nodded. "Wait. My truck?" She shook her head. "I don't have a truck. My car broke down."

His smile was to die for; she didn't care what she drove as long as he kept smiling. "Come on, cupcake, everybody in the south drives a truck."

Bryce disappeared through the door before Dolly could reply to his stereotype.

After she was dressed in the simple jeans and tank top, she located a pair of flip-flops in the hall closet and walked out the front door. Dolly stood on the porch and got her first real look at the property.

The shed to the right was open and empty, probably where Midnight was stored on rainy days. A red brick path disappeared around the side of the house.

She stepped off the porch into the scorching heat of Kansas and followed the path around to the back. A familiar red and white sign caught her attention, and her blood began to boil, memories of Hurricane Katrina flashing across her mind. "You're an insurance agent?" The words passed Dolly's teeth with a snarl.

Bryce glanced up from his computer, his eyes going wide with the anger Dolly projected. "Ummm... is that a problem?"

She slammed her hands on his oak desk. "Yes, it's a problem, you asshole. It's people like you who forced my family to drain our savings to rebuild after Katrina hit." Dolly stood straight and crossed her arms and turned her back to him. "What the fuck was I thinking getting involved with you? I knew this was too good to be true."

Before Dolly knew it, his big hands were on her shoulders turning her around. "Listen, I tried to get down to New Orleans to help out, but I'm just a small-time agent. I go no farther than Barkus, and that's pushin' it." His stare was intense, and guilt washed over her. "I'm just a guy doin' a job to keep my friends and family protected in case something like Katrina happens here. If we had known each other when Katrina hit, I would have bent over backward and peeled the skin from my legs to make sure you and your family were covered."

He took a step back, crossing his muscular arms across his wide chest. "Don't go assuming that we're all the same. I'll be ready to take you to your truck in a few minutes. Riley is going to meet us with his tow truck and take yours to his shop for repairs."

Dolly stomped her foot as she turned. "I don't have a truck." She was out the door before he could respond.

* * *

Guilt gnawed at Dolly's insides as they drove down the highway. She was ashamed of her reaction to his job. Her feelings were clouding her judgment. How was it possible to have such strong feelings after only a few hours? "Bryce, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have assumed anything. It's just such a touchy subject in the south." Before she knew what happened, the words were out of her mouth. "I'm so confused. I

shouldn't feel this way. Finding a shifter is hard enough when fears of becoming a science project take hold -- but to find a shifter who is handsome, kind, and completely wonderful all in one package is unheard of." Laying her hand over his, she prayed he wouldn't pull away. "Can you forgive me?"

Bryce applied the brakes and pulled to the side of the road. "This is the spot, but I don't see your truck. There's just this busted Acura." His thin smile gave him away.

"How many times do I have to tell you? I don't own a truck!" Dolly reached over the center console of the Navigator to slap his thigh, but he grabbed her wrist, pulling her over into his lap.

"But doesn't everybody in the south have a pickup?" His hands moved slowly up the back of her tank top, sending shivers down her spine.

Dolly ran her fingers through his short brown hair, and the shorter hairs at the back tickled the palm of her hand. "Yeah, we all need those pickups in order to haul the bales of hay from the farm to the barn and to clean out the stalls. Then we go to the crick to catch some crawfish for the jambalaya that mamma always cooks after a good harvest." She slapped his shoulder, which she knew hurt her more than it hurt him.

"What kind of fish is it, and what the hell does it taste like?" His hands moved around to cup her small breasts and squeeze softly, stifling her growl of annoyance.

Bryce captured Dolly's lips before she could reply, his tongue grazing her bottom lip. She opened her mouth to grant access. Their tongues danced together flawlessly, the heat rising in her body and liquid pooling between her thighs. Dolly felt his erection grow and push against her butt, and butterflies did somersaults in her abdomen.

His hand left her chest, traveled down Dolly's ribcage, and disappeared beside the driver's seat. The seat fell back, and she found herself draped across Bryce's chest. He wiggled backward, moving them to the backseat, never releasing her from his grip.

Rolling Dolly onto her back, Bryce then unbuttoned the borrowed jeans and slid them down off her legs. His tongue trailed fire up the inside of her leg, settling between the folds of her pussy. He moaned into her cunt, the vibrations rolling through her muscles. "God, Dolly, you're so sweet I'll need an insulin shot after this." His tongue

rammed into her center, and his thumb slowly circled her clit. Dolly arched her back. Her body tingled and came to life as her core heated to scorching levels.

"Faster, Bryce, that feels so good. Fuck my pussy, please, harder." She cried out when a thick finger joined his tongue in her throbbing hole.

He slid a second finger in to join the first and thrust them faster, putting his tongue to work on her swollen clit. "Come for me, baby. I want to taste all I can." Bryce added a third finger, stretching her a little bit more, and pumped his fingers in and out. The friction had Dolly panting. She was close to climax. He flicked his tongue over her throbbing clit and sucked it into his mouth.

Her back arched higher, and he grabbed her hips, holding Dolly in place. "Oh God, I'm coming. Yeah! Right there. Bryce!" Her muscles clenched, and her world spiraled into ecstasy with the new sensations.

He got up onto his knees, unbuckling his jeans while licking her juices off his lips. "So good, darlin'. As I told you, I could spend all day licking your frosting." Bryce pushed his jeans and boxers down to his knees and positioned himself in between Dolly's legs, the crown of his luscious cock bumping the entrance of her sopping pussy.

"Stop talking and fuck me!"

Bryce slammed into Dolly's cunt. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her arms around his neck, and captured his soft, full lips. He braced one hand on the door for leverage and thrust with the force of a herd of wild horses. "You're so tight and warm. Clench your muscles and milk me, baby!"

Dolly threw her head back and arched into him. "Make me come again, Bryce! Fuck, yeah, right there. Make me come!"

"Fuck, that's so hot!"

She reached around her leg and cupped his sac, squeezing gently. He let out a deep growl and pounded into her harder. "I'm coming, Bryce. Come with me. God, please!" Dolly applied a little more pressure to his balls and felt them rise.

"Oh, my hell!"

"Bryce!" His cum spurted into her cunt, and their legs were slick with the mixture of juices. Bryce leaned down and slowly licked the trail of cum off Dolly's inner thigh, heating her up again. Then he handed over her jeans.

Dolly slid from the Navigator and saw a tow truck sitting behind her car. "Oh God, how long has he been sitting there?"

Bryce squeezed her hand in reassurance as they met the tow truck driver next to her car.

"Sorry I'm late, Mad Dawg, but I saw that the truck was a rockin', and I didn't feel like knockin', so I went and got coffee." He held out his grease-covered hand, and Bryce shook it.

"No problem, man, just a little make-up sex between my girl and me." Bryce draped an arm over Dolly's shoulders.

"Careful, Bryce, my bite *is* worse than your bark." She grinned and cocked a hip. "Plus, you still need to meet my family down in gator country."

Bryce pulled her into a bear hug. "Then let's *gator done!*"

Tuesday Richards

Tuesday Richards is a stay-at-home mother of two, the wife of one, and the sister to many. She spends her time working on homework, taking care of her family and brainstorming with her crazy Amazon of a mother on their next great writing adventure. Twelve credits away from her bachelor's degree in Business Management, full time writing, plus the various other things an ADHD woman can come up with, keeps Tuesday busy. No one ever said that *Blonde Ambition* was a bad thing!

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