

The book cover features a dramatic, high-contrast photograph of two firefighters. One firefighter is in the foreground, wearing a yellow jacket with reflective stripes, holding a red fire helmet. Another firefighter is visible in the background, also in gear. The scene is set against a backdrop of a city skyline at night, with illuminated buildings and a bridge. The overall color palette is dominated by warm, fiery tones of orange, red, and yellow.

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

FLAME ON!!!

*The Absolutely Could Be True
Adventures of the MFPP*

Dréa Riley & Laura Guevara

Shara Azod & Raelynn Blue

Reid Randolph & Yazmin Taylor

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by

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The Absolutely Could be True Adventures of the MFPP

“How do Firemen Make Love?” by Dréa Riley & Laura Guevara,
“Inferno” by Shara Azod & Raelynn Blue,
“Slow Burn” by Reid Randolph
“Blazing Passions” by Yazmin Taylor
“Hadoken!” by Jeanie Johnson & Jayha Leigh

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CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually-explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

This is what could really happen should various members of the Mother F*&\$#@! Please Posse converge in one place at the same time.

What Happened Was...

"This was a damn good idea," Yazmin sighed as she sank into the plush couch.

There were murmured sounds of agreement as seven of the eight assembled women relaxed from a round of marathon shopping. The annual MFP Posse road trip just seemed to get better and better. This year they decided on renting a penthouse right on the Las Vegas Strip on the top floor, all amenities included. They even sprung for a full time butler who was at that very second unpacking most of the cargo they had acquired from the finest boutiques in Vegas.

It had been a productive day. Reid carefully inspected her new handbags, caressing the supple leather with reverence due to a five hundred dollar purse. Laura and Yazmin were rummaging through their many shopping bags with barely suppressed glee while Jeanie and RaeLynn were discussing what should be on tap for the evening. Shara and Jayha were in deep discussions over the usual – world domination – when Reid suddenly exclaimed, "What the hell is Dréa doing?"

Seven pairs of eyes swung around just in time to witness something on the wall pop, glass spraying outward as Dréa jumped back, then witness a glob of a flaming bluish-gray substance fall to the floor.

"Oh crap!" Dréa attempted to stomp out the flame, only to set her stiletto heeled boots on fire. "OH CRAP!!!"

Yazmin was the first on the scene, yanking the boot down and Dréa, who was now hopping on one foot yowling about her favorite boots. The rest of the women sprang into action running for bottled water to throw on the increasing growing flames.

“Forget the water!” Shara yelled watching the spot in the formerly immaculate carpet char. “She set the thermostat on fire. That is mercury; you aren’t going to put that out.”

The seven other women froze, looking at the diminutive despot as if she had lost her mind.

“Uh, explain this to us slowly and in simple words,” Jayha, Fearless Leader and Mistress of the Universe quipped, her hand still on the cap of the water bottle she held at the ready.

“Mercury is incredibly difficult to put out,” Shara mused, tilting her head to watch the flames burn clear through the carpet to the bare floor underneath. “And it’s toxic.”

It took about sixty full second before the Posse were out the door and running full tilt down the stairwell, well, after a quick stop to yank the butler out of the room with them.

“He is just too fine to let burn up,” Yazmin had lamented on the way out the door.

Three hours later, not one, not two but three fire houses had been called to the posh hotel to attempt to put out the fire that had burned straight down. Luckily, it didn’t seem to spread outward, but it was working its way downward. Most of the hotel guests were completely in the dark, wandering around outside the hotel where they had been relocated or muttering about being disturbed as they shuffled off in search of a casino that wasn’t closed down due to some mysterious smell.

The Posse however, were surrounded by official looking types determined to know what exactly had happened and how had the thermostat spontaneously combusted. Dréa was doing her damndest to try to explain how exactly the mercury had jumped from the thermostat to come into contact with her lighter.

“I was about to light a cigarette and I had my lighter in my hand and I was about to light the cigarette, right,” Dréa began in a rush, her words falling into one another as she hopped from one booted foot to one bare one.

Shara shook her head and decided to concentrate on the yummy fire chief instead. He was older, with a light sprinkling of gray at the temples while the rest of his hair was jet black. His eyes sparkled with suppressed humor he probably wouldn’t dare let loose due to the gravity of the situation, which she could totally understand. But there was definitely some devilment there. Interesting. He was really, really tall, probably around six-five maybe, with a nicely muscled wiry frame. Nice.

“Stop ogling the fireman,” Jayha hissed at Shara, watching her watch him like a seven course meal.

“Can’t help it, he is so damn delicious.”

“Yay, Shara!” Jeanie teased. “Bite him! I dare you.”

“Please don’t encourage the despot,” Reid groaned, shaking her head but knowing it was no use.

“Shara, you can’t have the fire chief,” RaeLynn patted Shara on the head, trying to stem whatever scene might be coming their way. “We are kind of in a little trouble here.”

“I think you should bite him,” Yazmin chimed in. “I dare you – no, I *triple* dog dare you!”

“Yaz, you are not helping,” Reid snapped, but too late.

“Challenge!” Shara bellowed out, causing no less than ten firefighters to stop and stare in their direction.

“No, she didn’t just yell out challenge for all the world to hear,” Jayha’s voice was more whispered awe than chagrin. Secretly, she loved it, but she had to at least pretend to be the sensible one; she was the Fearless Leader after all.

“We have to do it!” Shara was bobbing, honest to goodness bobbing like a kid, her hands clasped together, glee written all over her face.

“Do what? I want to do it!” Jeanie bobbed right along with her. “And does it involve the MGM lions?”

“NO!” The answer was immediate and unanimous, even Dréa stopping her jumbled explanation of the accidentally mercury fire to join in the universal reply.

“I mean, we totally have to give them stories,” Shara hastily clarified before Jeanie could skip off to collect another dangerous animal (there was a Polar Bear incident once...). “All these glorious examples of man flesh, we owe it to our readers, to ourselves, to do this situation justice.”

“Uh, no,” RaeLynn shook her head. “First of all, we don’t have our computers with us. Secondly, no.”

“I don’t know,” Laura spoke up. “Looks like we aren’t going anywhere for a while. We could just entertain one another.”

“We might as well,” Reid added thoughtfully. “It might be fun.”

“Or we could start another fire at a different hotel,” Yazmin pointed out.

“Shara, it was your idea so you start,” Jayha cut Yazmin off quick, noticing a few queer looks from firemen passing by.

“Okay, I think I will start with the fire chief...”

Flame On!!

Inferno

by Shara Azod and RaeLynn Blue

Chapter One

It was supposed to be a long weekend of fun and adventure with her girls from the Mother-Fucker Please Posse. The very last thing Yvonne expected to be caught up in was a freaking four alarm fire started by Dréa, who now had the unmitigated gall to look all sweet and innocent as she explained to the fire chief she was simply trying to light her cigarette. Riiiiiiiiight, and that was going to fly. Yvonne could tell by the look on the chief's face he wasn't buying it.

And oh what a beautiful face it was. All tanned and lightly weathered. Not full of lines and wrinkles, but there was mature character there. His jaw line was chiseled and determined, lightly sprinkled with dark hair. Inky black curls peeked from underneath his hat. Looked glossy, healthy, like the man took care of himself. But it was his eyes that had Yvonne shivering. They were a combination of blue, gray and green, sparkling with laughter though there was no other trace of amusement. And every so often, they seemed to flick in her direction.

No! The hard bodied yummy fireman could not be checking her out. He was probably just making sure she didn't creep out, like she really wanted to.

"Excuse me, miss?"

The deep, smooth voice right next to her ear broke her out of her examination of the fire chief. She jumped a little, swinging around to face the sound of the voice.

Okay, what the hell was up with the firemen in Vegas? Was there some kind of weird requirement that they all be scrumptious looking or something? Where they all former male strippers? The one requesting her attention was Latino, six-foot-three minimum, all golden and cut. His deep brown eyes were encased by lashes that would make a supermodel preen. And those lips! Pussy eating lips if ever there were any.

“Yes?” Would you like to dance for me? On my lap? Would you like to show me all that lay under all that rubber or whatever the hell your fire suits are made of?

She managed not to say it of course, but man did she ever want to.

“The fire chief would like to interview you when he is done with your friends. Can you come with me?”

He interviewed everyone else right here in the open, why did she have to go anywhere? Wait was she in trouble? What the hell?

“Why do I get a private interview?” Okay, not what she meant to say, but it was to the point.

The man blushed, actually blushed, looking bashful and mischievous at the same time.

“You’ve been waiting around here for quite a while,” the deepest, sexiest voice she had never dreamed existed answered for the other man, coming perilously close behind her. She didn’t have to look to know who the voice belonged to. “The fire is out, the restaurant here is pretty good; I figured you would be tired and perhaps hungry? Might as well do this over a nice meal and, uh, satisfy that hunger at the same time”

The way he said that word - “hunger” - had her hungry all right. Her juices started flowing without her permission, causing a mild ache to bloom deep in her belly. Damn, there was no way she could turn around and face him right this second. She might do something that was surely illegal. You couldn’t just jump a fire chief’s bones all out in the open, could you? Not even in Sin City.

Looking at the other dude wasn’t helping either. The man looked so good any red blooded woman would get all hot under the collar, and he seemed to be watching her a little too intently. Damn, she was starting to sweat.

“Are you coming, too?” Why the hell had she asked that? The slow smile that spread across his face almost had her shivering. That was a smile all full of promises she wasn’t sure she would ever take him up on. Might be dangerous to her health and well being.

“Would you like him to join us?” the voice behind her asked.

Yvonne took a quick look over to where the posse stood. They were gaping, all up in the conversation and not even bothering to try to hide it. Their expressions ranged from stunned curiosity to outright shock.

Do it, girl do it. You only live once, the devil on her shoulder prompted. Strangely the angel on the other was noticeably silent. The little hussy.

“I would *love* for him to join us,” she purred, not meaning a word of it, but determined not to wuss out. Turning on her heel, she faced the devilishly handsome fire chief. “Will he be wearing his rubber?”

There was an audible gasp from where the Posse was assembled, but she dared not glance over. If she did she might lose her nerve. The chief wasn’t smiling. Holy Moley, the man looked like he wanted to eat her alive.

Yes, please! The devil on her shoulder was jumping up and down in pure joy. Oh dear.

“He will be wearing his rubber, but not to dinner.”

He said it so low, she knew no one could hear him but her. Yeah, dude was serious.

“Oh, are you two...a couple?” She knew the answer, but asked anyway. There was waaaaaay too much testosterone coming off the two men. Her gaydar worked pretty damned well, no bells and whistles.

“More like bookends,” the one now behind her supplied.

Oh the naughty, naughty images that little tidbit supplied.

“Are you offering-“

“Everything,” the chief cut her off, moving a step closer. “Anything.”

She was in trouble. Serious trouble seeing as how she couldn’t possibly run away. Not because the Posse was looking, not because of pride, not even because of that whore of a devil dancing on her shoulder. Nope, she couldn’t back down because she *felt* them. It was nothing definable, nothing she could describe to another. It was just this irresistible pull she just couldn’t walk away from. And come to think of it, she didn’t want to.

All her life she had been more or less sensible. She wasn’t wild or reckless. She hadn’t had a date in...Well, that didn’t matter. What did matter was this was a chance to walk on the wild side, for just a little while. Plus her girls knew who she was with should something happen and a need to roll out arose. She was going to do it. She was going to take this like one of Shara’s triple dog dares or RaeLynn’s dark fantasies, and she was going to do it.

“And who may I ask is offering all this everything?” Because clearly, one should at least know the names of the men about to give you the wildest night of your life. Hopefully.

“The man with the rubbers is Manny Hernandez,” the chief moved even closer until her breasts were just touching his lower chest. Damn the man was tall! “And I am Luke Holder.”

The man looked at her pointedly. Oh yeah, she hadn’t introduced herself.

“Yvonne,” she blurted out. “I’ll tell you my last name if you earn it.”

Flame On!!

Chapter Two

She had moxie, he would give her that. He hadn't been able to keep his eyes off of her from the moment the fire investigator pointed out her crew. There was just something about her that called to him in a way no other woman ever had. She was all woman with real curves, all kind of gentle hills and valleys an man could get lost in. Her skin was the most delectable mixture of caramel and mocha; her eyes direct and full a fire. She was perfect for them.

Manny had sensed it too. Not long after he had spotted her, he observed Manny standing discreetly behind her, watching her with every bit as much interest as he himself felt. At the barely perceptible nod of his head, Manny had moved into place, making sure she didn't run off before they had a chance to talk to her.

The fire had been started by one of her friends, yes, but it was obviously an accident. No one had been hurt, therefore it was perfectly acceptable to find the whole thing damned funny. From the words not spoken, Luke figured her friend had started the fire by holding a lighter to the old fashioned thermostat. The way he saw it, it was ultimately the hotels fault for opting for the cheap ass thermostats instead of going with the newer mercury free models. That little trick would earn them a steep fine, not that their insurance wouldn't pay it off. Truth was, he was thankful for the mercury fire. None of his men had gotten hurt, the fire was finally put out, and it had provided them with this...opportunity.

The job of fire fighting and investigation over, he was able to focus on something he had feared would never happen. A female woman enough to be The One for both of them.

Since their days as young and dumb eighteen year olds in the Navy, Luke and Manny had shared everything – excluding nothing. He couldn't really explain it, they just clicked in a way neither man could put into words. It was like they were twins, except for the fact both of Manny's parents had been Mexican, and his mother was Comanche, his father German. Other than that, it was almost like they were separated at birth.

The women they had dated had been into the alternative ménage a trois lifestyle at first, but it had never worked out. No matter how well meaning the woman in question was, it would usually end up with her being more into one than the other or unable to handle the both of them on a full time basis. Sex for sex's sake had played out long ago, they were both too old for games like that. Both men wanted to find someone real, someone true, someone made just for them. It had always seemed just out of their reach.

But Yvonne...

Maybe it was the way she stood with her head held high and her hand on her hip. Maybe it was the way her eyes widened slightly when she noticed he was checking her out. Whatever it was, he was drawn to her. He wanted her, yes, but he wanted to know her more. He really, really needed to see where this could lead, if anywhere at all. Sure he had hopes it would be explosive. He had a pretty good feeling she just might be the missing piece in their lives.

"Why don't we go wait in the bar while Manny changes into something more appropriate?" Luke suggested offering her his arm.

Her already arched brow raised a good inch before she cast a glance in the general direction of her friends.

“Go on, girl I have his badge number!” One of them shouted, literally bellowed at them. “If you aren’t back by midnight, I will go to church and give thanks!”

He could have sworn he heard Yvonne mutter something along the lines of “Fucking Shara” before turning a brilliant smile in his direction. “Sounds like a plan, Fireman. Lead the way.”

He almost missed the middle finger shot in the yellor’s direction, almost, but not quite.

Yeah, this was going to be fun.

#

Manny threw off his gear in Luke’s truck as quickly as he could. He didn’t want to waste time going back to the station, or worse, the even further drive to the ranch style home he and Luke shared. He opted to get a room for a shower, taking a stop at the gift shop for some clothes. He just didn’t want to waste any time before joining Luke and Yvonne.

Yvonne.

Damn, even her name made him hard. He and Luke saw a lot of women coming through Vegas, it was Vegas after all, but never had any one’s presence just jumped out and announced itself this way. There was just something about her.

Aside from the fact she made him horny as hell, a condition he didn’t have to ask to know Luke shared, she was witty. Quick on her feet, she hadn’t back down to Luke, but met him banter for banter. Sure she was nervous that was obvious, but who the heck wouldn’t be when faced with two very large strangers sniffing around their skirts. And what a skirt it was. The scrap of denim she was sporting showed every bodilicious curve to her advantage.

Manny felt a surge of hope as he ran through a quick shower and threw on his new clothes. For so long they had looked for a woman who could take them both on. She was the one, he could feel it in his bones. Luke would be more cautious, but Manny planned on doing everything in his power to seduce her, enchant her, and hopefully move her right into their home - into their lives. The body of an ancient goddess and the face of an angel were added spice to the mix he hoped to cook up. Most of all he really, really wanted to get to know who she was. He wanted to know what kind of food she liked so he could cook it for her, what made her laugh so he could do it, what made her scared so he could keep it away from her. Most of all he wanted someone he could love. Someone both he and Luke could shower all the love in their hearts on and who wouldn't abuse it or take it for granted. Manny was much more the romantic than Luke, but he was a bit of a realist, too. He knew it was waaaaaaaay too soon to expect an emotion like love, but it wasn't too soon to lay the tracks, and that was what he intended to do.

Taking a quick look in the mirror, he took a moment to calm down. It wouldn't do to come on too strong.

"Calm down, boy, you will know soon enough," he told himself.

He couldn't squash his optimism. As soon as he saw her, he knew. And he could tell Luke had felt it to. This was it. Now all they had to do was convince her. From what he had seen in the lobby, it wasn't going to be easy.

Chapter Three

Luke glanced across his plate of steaming spaghetti, ignoring his rumbling stomach. Beneath his causally tossed cloth napkin, a rock hard and now painful erection pressed impatiently against his pants. No matter how much he shifted in his seat, the stone rod wouldn't be eased. He struggled to alleviate it. Nothing helped.

And nothing would help but the sexy vixen pinned beneath his chest with Manny nibbling along her neck as his tanned hands squeezed and pinched those delicious breasts. Luke's roused appetite hungered for something he couldn't get dipped in marinara sauce—at least not yet.

Seated with her back ramrod straight, making her fantastic breasts thrust anxiously against her mauve blouse, Yvonne lifted a fork of creamy linguine to her mouth, opened those fabulous pillow plush lips, and ate. His cock thickened even more beneath the tablecloth. Damn, he wanted his phallus right there between those lips. She stared at him another Italian forkful disappeared into her lips and Luke licked his own lips in return.

"You enjoy it?" she asked with wink, those gorgeous eyes burning with a smoldering fire he knew would consume them all.

"Yeah," he answered, noted the rasp in his lust-streaked throat and coughed to clear it. The woman had him all scratchy and horny like a teenager. Fumbling and struggling not to sweep the plates, glasses, and utensils to the floor, snatch of that tiny strip of denim she called a skirt, and fuck her good and proper. Then every male checking her out would know she belonged to them.

Manny laughed.

Why did everything she says sound so damn erotic? His cock continued to throb and pulse in anticipation of having that saucy mouth locked on him—brushing over the mushroomed tip of his cock, gliding that hot mouth down his shaft and her soft hands cupping his balls and spinning his world. Manny had been right. She had that kind of mouth, a pleasurable, sweet mouth and he wanted to kiss her, right and proper. He glanced at Manny and saw his deep brown eyes lingering at her generous mounds. Manny liked breasts, and Luke loved a nice, generous ass. He meant what he said, he and Manny acted in concert as bookends. No doubt, Manny thought the same thing, because he'd been watching her eat since the waitress delivered their meals.

"You better eat up," Yvonne said coyly, patting the corners of her mouth with the black cloth napkin. "You're gonna need your strength."

Luke choked on his white wine, and swallowed the guffaw brimming on his lips. He knew Manny as well as he knew himself. He would use all his strength taking the lovely and luscious chocolate dipped beauty down to their California king sized bed.

Knowing Manny, he already loved her, or knew he could love her.

Following her direction, Luke lifted a fork of lasagna and peered across his utensil to the woman of his dreams. Damn. She shimmered beneath the soft illumination of candles situated in the center of their oval table. He liked this restaurant because of its romantic ambiance. All around them, tables filled with hungry people, but he had trouble focusing on them.

"Don't eat too much," Manny said smirking outright at Yvonne. "Wouldn't want you to get sick on the ride."

Yvonne nearly choked, but she recovered so quickly, so swiftly he couldn't help but smile.

“Manny’s just being playful,” Luke said, tossing a warning to Manny.

“Not yet, I’m not.”

He cleared his throat and Yvonne laughed.

“You look more like the hands on type, Manny. I bet you put both hands on the hose, don’t you?” she asked.

She would fit right into their lives, and judging by Manny’s body language, he believed it to be her, the one they’ve been waiting for so damn patiently. So many of the women they dated enjoyed the lifestyle, but not them, not really. They only wanted the ménage experience. And it pissed away too much of their time.

Being in Vegas only worsened the situation. They’d stopped dating women visiting the Strip all together, until today. Until the fire.

And damn did Yvonne set his fucking heart ablaze. She completely owned his libido and his phallus kept stretching out for her hand, her mouth, her wet warmth.

She’s it.

Whoa, he had to stop thinking like Manny. He shoved another tasteless bite of spaghetti into his mouth and chewed. Normally, when he and Manny came here to eat, he devoured it. The spaghetti had been his favorite for over six years, but today it tasted like the cheapest menu choice at fast food restaurant. Despite its none too cheap list price.

Not to blame the cook, but nothing could compare to the sensory assault Yvonne put on his person. He didn’t hear the soft classical music or the rumble of conversations. All his ears picked up and sought out was Yvonne’s haunting husk of a voice and rich musical laughter. Threading through the spicy and ripe roasted tomatoes aromas Yvonne’s tantalizing and teasing scent of lavender and something else. Arousal.

He glanced over to Manny, but he'd already picked up on it.

She was sooo right for them.

"So, Yvonne what do you like to do?" he asked, watching Manny drop his fork to the floor. "In your free time."

"I hope you have better handling skills than that," Yvonne said to Manny, her beautiful eyes gliding between him and Manny's now vacant seat. She switched off between them without so much as a hiccup or hesitation.

Damn, he loved that! Most women focused on one of them, but not this one.

He stopped the bubbling before it spilled over. Getting ahead of himself would ruin the fluttering in his gut. He cleared his throat and sipped his beer.

Manny hadn't resurfaced.

Fucking fork must've fallen through the floor.

"Oh!" Yvonne blurted out, her eyes searched the room before meeting his. "Oh, damn."

"Are you all right?" Luke asked, reclining in his seat. Watching her body shudder in small ripples of pleasure, his hand drifted to his cock and stroked his aching dick through his pants.

Yvonne was so hot. The woman set his very soul aflame.

Her eyes grew wide and rolled in delight. She pressed her lips shut and slid a bit down in her seat. She sighed and groaned through closed lips.

Now he knew what Manny was up to.

Yvonne's tongue rolled behind her cheek and she swallowed with a great bit of difficulty. Her lower lip quivered.

Luke fought down the smile lingering around his lips. If she caught him smirking at her then she'd think they were running some sort of game on her. They weren't, but she didn't know them well enough not to suspect it.

Yvonne clutched her fork so tight Luke thought she'd break it. Her chest heaved as she struggled to control her breathing.

"HMMMMM," she said and shoved some spaghetti into her mouth. "This is sooo good. Damn!"

Her moaning, around the mouthfuls of spaghetti, saturated the air and neighboring tables had begun to take notice. Luke overheard one of the women telling the waitress, "I'll take whatever she's eating. It sounds so good!"

Chapter Four

Once he crawled under the table, Yvonne's shapely legs, a rich mocha that begged him to run his tongue along their smooth surface, so he did. She flinched, but a quick shudder scampered down to her feet. Her sandaled and pedicured feet seemed so cute and sexy, a mixture of naughty and very nice, he couldn't resist. Careful, he removed her right sandal. Lifting the supple and artfully decorated foot, Manny slipped his lips across her big toe. Decorated with a deep mahogany and a butterfly, Yvonne's big toe beckoned. He slipped it between his lips and sucked, allowing his tongue to flick across it.

She wiggled, but her foot remained still.

He moved on to the next slender toe and kissed it first before slipping it into his mouth.

Yvonne outright giggled.

Music to his ears. To make her laugh, to make her scream in pleasure, flush after as the sweat dried on their naked bodies. He wanted this more than his dinner, he wanted to start a fire hotter than the one her friend started. Before dinner ended, he wanted to have her begging them to take her someplace and release her pent up pleasure.

He rubbed his palm against her foot, taking both hands and gently massage upward as he sucked on her toes.

At this she sighed, and Manny suppressed a chuckle. Damn, he couldn't wait to get her home so she could scream, shout, plead and beg him and Luke to make her come. She would too because he'd do his best to make sure she felt so good, Yvonne would never leave them.

He licked each and every toe on both feet as if they were droplets of ice cream. By the time he ran his fingers up her calves, stopping only to kiss the delicate spaces behind her knees, she nearly flew off the chair. With the restaurant brimming with the dinner crowd, and so many people situated so close, she couldn't make too much of a scene.

Strange, since her crew burned down a building, but he guessed nothing shut down in Vegas for long.

Manny smiled and inhaled her feminine want mixed with some elusive perfume. The long tablecloth kept him hidden from view as his wide hands caressed her calves, one hand on each magnificent leg.

Yvonne's denim mini skirt gave him direct access to the glistening treasure between her thighs, the apex of pleasure and he so wanted to claim it as theirs. He loved to run his hands under her ass and palm those globes like a set of basketballs, but not here. Soon, he promised himself. Soon he and Luke would collect her and insert her into their lives, where she belonged.

Before him, the puffy lips of her labia pressed against the sheer fabric, drenching it without fail and begging for Manny's mouth. Her drenched scarlet thong spoke to her own wanting. She wanted Luke and him as much as they wanted her. Perfect. Did she have any idea how wonderfully sexy she was? Surely she knew the power she had on them.

He didn't know about Luke, but the dish before him looked a hell of a lot more appetizing than what the waitress brought out from the kitchen. She smelled so ready and his cock bobbed in complete agreement with the proof of her desire he was seeing. He ran his long fingers across her inner thighs, and placed several kisses there and along the edge of her sheer thong. She spread them apart as if he'd knocked on the door.

Oh, señorita, I'm coming in like a lion. But I want you to purr.

Snatching her thong aside, he wasted no time. He pressed his mouth against her shaved mound, and licked the stiff nubbin, drawing a moan from her lips. Her nether lips parted for him, and Manny's thick tongue sailed into her soaking wet cove.

So fucking incredible, how she quivered and kept it wound so tightly. Once they got her home, that coil would spring and he had a feeling Yvonne would explode, showering them in a delight and affection.

Manny's tongue gingerly traced the sweet labia presented before him like an open, ripe papaya. Except this one tasted more fresh and delicious than any he'd ever run his lips across. So succulent, her pussy twitched when his teeth tugged on her clit. She tasted better than anything the fucking restaurant had on the menu. He'd skip the tiramisu, because this chocolate confection satisfied him plenty—for now.

So wet, he couldn't wait to be inside her, so he slipped his fingers into her well and almost at once her core clenched around his digits, attempting to milk his fingers. He groaned at the visual she presented. If she felt this good against his hand, she would be outstanding in bed. Damn! So tight! So fucking incredible! Oh, this was it! His rod bulged so hard against his pants, he had wondered if he shouldn't just unzip them.

No. Her pleasure consumed his attention once more as those full hips tilted up to his lips. He kissed the clit and slipped his fingers in and out of her pussy. Tonguing the stone-hard nubbin and speeding up the pace of his fingers inside her, he heard Yvonne's breathing leap forward and her quivering only fed his own craving. Making his tongue flutter like a hummingbird against her love button flipped on a switch and Yvonne's thighs tightened around his face, locking him in that position. She wanted him right there and Manny was all too happy to do it.

Damn.

So ripe. So delectable. He and Luke had picked dead on. She would exhaust both of them. His sassy señorita nailed that one on the head.

Just like he planned to do with her.

He slowed down his fingers, withdrawing his saturated digits and licking her honey from their tips. She sighed as if unhappy that he no longer filled her, kissing her pussy as if it was her mouth, tonguing the outer shell of her cavern and nibbling along the shaved mound's entrance.

"This pasta is so, so, oh damn, so good," Yvonne moaned above him.

Her fist slammed onto the table, making some of the plates rattle.

"Oh, oh shit," she hissed.

Manny's lips closed over her clit and suckled, at this Yvonne bucked and squirmed before squeezing her legs so tight on either side of his face, his shoulders became resting places for her knees. She'd drawn up tighter and tighter as she crested an orgasm.

If his cock got any harder, he'd be able to break the very table that separated him from Yvonne.

"Damn, this is so, so, fucking good! Oh shit!"

"Oh, I just bet it is," Luke said, allowing his sarcasm to linger on each word.

Judging from Luke's tone, he struggled with not reaching for her and pinning her to the table. Luke loved it when a woman got all lustful and hot, her nipples hardening, skin hypersensitive and more than that, her mouth whispering everything she wanted.

Manny grinned against her quivering pussy. Yvonne's moaning and groaning, the flush across her flawless mahogany skin didn't come from something other than the

spicy linguini the vixen ate. If she was eating at all. The gentle lift and lowering of her pelvis against his face told Manny his hot little momma was about to get her own dessert.

He inserted another finger, sliding faster and faster, his hand becoming a blur. His tongue flicked and his mouth sucked her nubbin until she reached that summit. She stiffened and a soft whimper limped out of her mouth from above him. He doubted anyone other than the three of them heard it.

As the orgasm rocked through her, Yvonne's legs stay pressed against his face and her pleasure flowed like nectar to his lips. Honey so sweet and so luscious nearly made him cum in his pants.

So fucking beautiful, to watch her pussy twitch and shudder as the last of the orgasm trickled down.

She unlocked her legs and Manny massaged his neck. He took a deep breath, grabbed his fork, and climbed out from underneath the table. Without even bothering to look around, he sat in his seat, scooted his chair closer to the table.

Luke gave a hard, pointed cough and Manny's eyes swept up to Yvonne. She met his penetrating stare with one of her own.

"What's the matter?" he asked, jutting his chin in the direction of her still very full bowl. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Seems you aren't either. Get yourself fed down on the floor, did you?"

Manny kept his face straight as he said, "I don't know what you two were doing, but down there was a fucking a buffet."

"Sir, can I get you anything?" the waitress asked. "You look a little flushed."

Manny shook his head. "I'm good."

Luke held his hand. "We're all set to go."

The waitress's blue eyes took in all the plates filled with food and asked, "Would you like a couple of to-go boxes?"

Manny said, "Don't worry. Where we're going, we're sure to get fed."

Luke raised a warning eyebrow at Manny.

"Just the check, please."

Chapter Five

What are you doing? Are you crazy? You can't go to a hotel room with two guys you don't know!

Great time for the angel on her shoulder to show up, right when it was too late to turn back. She could almost see her little devil smirking.

Oh, shut up Yvonne, you are sounding crazy.

As much as she would have liked to continue her internal debate, she found herself distracted as soon as the doors to the elevator slid closed with a little ding. Luke turned to face her, Manny stood solidly behind her. Why did she feel as though she was being stalked? She tried to back up but ran against one very hard body. Two large hands reached out to hold her steady. Luke's eyes looked close to gleaming as he got closer and closer –

Then dropped to his knees.

What the...

Oh shit! Before her brain could really assimilate what was happening, both of her legs were firmly on his shoulders and his face was planted in her crotch. He didn't bother pulling her panties aside as Manny had done. Her sucked right on the material covering her clit, then pressed his tongue flat against her slit.

"I think you tested his control, sweetheart," Manny whispered roughly in her ear. "Do you know how beautiful you are when you come? How alluring?"

Her? Alluring? She was all right, but alluring was surely a bridge too far.

She was about to tell him he didn't need to lay it on quite so thick, but Luke chose that moment to clamp his lips tightly around her clit and hum. That was all it took, just a hum and she was off like a rocket. Her arms flailed back and wrapped themselves

around Manny's neck, her back arching as she screamed – actually screamed through one of the most amazing orgasms she had ever had in her life.

Man, she was in trouble. She was panting, trying to catch her breath as Luke stood slowly, brushing his body against hers until he was pressed tightly against her. She was completely sandwiched between two of the hottest men she had ever seen in her life, and they were solely focused completely on her. Had she been able to think clearly she might have wondered about that. As it was, she couldn't seem to see past the post orgasmic haze she was currently riding. Especially with one very impressive bulge rocking softly against her needy pussy and another one knocking against her backdoor. There was no time to recover from the tongue lashing at the restaurant, let alone this one, and already they were driving her crazy all over again.

Luke had her arms in a sure hold while Manny's hand had moved to cup her achy breasts.

"Did you like that, baby? We are going to make you feel so good," Manny's voice held a sensual excitement that was contagious. It made her shiver at the promise behind the words. "You're never going to want to leave us."

Yvonne closed her eyes, letting her body relax in their hands. She already wished she didn't have to leave them. She wasn't sure where that came from, and she didn't really want to acknowledge the growing feeling. This was all just a beautiful dream, a once in a lifetime fantasy night. Tomorrow she would go back to being just plain old Yvonne.

"Manny!"

Her eyes snapped open at the growled warning from Luke. He was glaring a warning at the man behind her, a warning she didn't understand. Was he afraid she

would try to stay past her welcome? Hell, she wouldn't be here now if Luke hadn't practically dared her to be.

She tried to squirm down, but neither man was letting go. Luke gripped her arms a little firmer, his brow lifted in a definite challenge.

"Going somewhere?" he drawled, his erection pushing against her pussy just a little bit harder.

A snappy comeback would be her normal reply but the sensation led to...Oh, yeah there it was!

"Shit!" Her chest heaved under Manny's manipulations as a more gentle orgasm rolled through her like waves on a relatively calm ocean. Not crashing, just gliding.

Fucker, she would get him for that later. Much later. The elevator chimed, announcing their arrival to their floor. Luke pulled her into his arms, carrying her out in long, sure strides. Manny walked ahead of them, stopping at the door at the end of the hall. Only then did Luke allow her to slide to her feet, but he still didn't let her go.

Movement became surreal. She heard the click of the keycard lock, felt the soft flow of cool air from the air conditioner, felt the presence of Manny so close behind her, but her focus remained on the tall man in front of her. His eyes gleamed, more green now that the earlier combination of blue, gray and green.

"Before we go any further, I need you to be sure about this," Luke spoke softly, his eyes bearing into hers. "Be very, very sure Yvonne."

Wow, that sounded ominous. Was she sure? Yes. Yes, she was damn sure.

She must have said it out loud because no sooner had the thought crossed her mind; Manny was scooping her up and carrying her into the room. Casting a look over his brawny shoulder, she saw Luke follow more slowly. She was fascinated by the way

his hands moved to his shirt, unbuttoning one and a time as he walked slowly forward. It was damn sexy, but he probably knew that. She had just caught the barest glimpse of bare chest before she was deposited on something firm, yet buoyant.

Oh. A bed.

Swallowing to sooth her suddenly dry throat the magnitude of what Yvonne was doing hit her full force. She was alone, in a hotel room in Vegas, with two very hunky, very manly men. Oh dear.

Fear must have been stamped across her face because Manny sat on the very edge of the bed and took his hand in hers.

"Sweetheart, we would never hurt you," he crooned, his voice soft and full of concern. "If you want to back out, it's okay. We'll live. We can take it slow."

How slow could they take it when she would be going back to California in two days? *Never look a gift horse in the mouth, Von. Take this one night and be free.* Funny, that didn't come from either the angel or the devil, her constant shoulder companions. That came from somewhere did inside. She wanted this, and she was going to do it.

"I want this," she stated clearly, lifting her chin. "I'm not afraid."

Manny smiled. A big beautiful smile all sunny and bright. He made her feel warm all over despite the cool air.

"You heard her, Manny. Our girl is ready."

Chapter Six

Yvonne's breath caught at the sight of Luke in an armchair next to the bed. He was stark naked, sprawled out like he hadn't a care in the world. With a body like that she guessed he didn't have a care. The man was built! He had an all over tan giving his skin a light golden tint, giving his massively built frame a kind of surreal appearance, But what literally took Yvonne's breath away was that log he had laying against his thigh.

Sweet Holy Mother of Moses! If that wasn't the very definition of a cock, she didn't know what was! All she could was stare, dumbfounded at that magnificent weapon. She must have had her mouth hanging open because Manny gently closed it with an amused laugh.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll make sure you're all nice and ready before we let him get anywhere near that delicious pussy of yours."

She wasn't even a little worried. It wasn't all grotesquely John Holmes kind of big; it was simply, well, beautiful. She would have said so too, except Manny's lips claimed her in one of those soft, sensual kisses you only see in the movies, the kind that made a woman's heart stutter and her pussy jump. Man, he was as good with his tongue in her mouth as he was between her legs! He nibbled at her lips, sucking the bottom one into his mouth, then soothed it with his tongue.

Yvonne moaned helplessly, allowing her body to float down on her back. Somehow, Manny had managed to strip the both of their bodies without breaking his devastating kiss. The air puckered her already hard nipples into painful diamond hard points. She didn't realize how much she craved his touch until his slightly calloused hands cupped her mounds, rolling those rock hard points between his thumb and

forefinger. The shockwaves that followed caught her by surprise. She felt her juices following in a way they never really had before. And all this from a kiss and a little tweak? Man, either it had been way too long, or dude was a maestro!

“I think you liked that, didn’t you?” Manny’s voice had taken on a syrupy smooth tone that stroked her every bit as much as his fingers were. When she didn’t answer, he gave each nipple a sharp pinch. “Didn’t you?”

With his lips finally lifted, she was able to look up and almost came at what she saw. Damn, he was seriously fine! Those espresso eyes were all piercing and sexy, looking straight at her like she was the most gorgeous woman in the world. For just a second, just this minute, she almost believed those eyes.

“Yes.”

Wow, who the hell was that breathy vixen who just answered for her?

“Turn around, sweetheart. Look at Luke.”

Rolling onto her stomach, she allowed Manny to position her on her haunches. She felt exposed, but decadently so. Her legs were splayed wide apart, her breast hanging down and swaying in the breeze. Her eyes closed of their own accord when she felt a broad finger lining her bare labia. A shiver raced down her spine though it was the barest of touches. Maybe it was the tortured hiss that accompanied it, or maybe it was the squeeze on her ass cheeks. Whichever it was, it made her feel powerfully feminine. She was doing nothing overt, but she knew the man behind her wanted her something fierce. That did more for her than a thousand makeovers ever could.

By the time his lips were trailing a path up her spine she was whimpering, her body undulating for the ultimate completion. The one finger tracing her pussy lips became two, pressing her clit before retreating, and then returning again. Her skin

Flame On!!

heated from hot to smoldering, much too tight for her body. If he didn't do something she was going to explode from the inside out, she just knew it. It wasn't until Manny reached her neck that she felt something far more substantial than a mere finger.

Finally!

"Open your eyes, Yvonne."

Her eyes shot open. The sight that met her eyes sent a fresh coating of juice gushing from her quim. Wicked green eyes shot with shards of blue and gray held her completely captive. No longer was he sprawled negligently back in the armchair. His body was notably tense, his cock in his hand weeping from the puckered head. It looked angry, all purplish-red, poker straight and proud. She had the strangest notion she was upsetting it, like she needed to comfort the little fella.

"Watch me, I want to see you come again and again," Luke rasped to her. "I want to know you like what Manny is doing to you. I want you to know how badly I want to be in his place." Yvonne groaned. Heaven help her, that sounded so damn good. "And I will, baby. I promise you soon I will be right there making you scream."

His hand had begun to move on that lovely cock as he spoke, stroking from the base up to the head. She was inordinately jealous of that hand. That was her cock it was holding.

Manny took her moment of distraction to plunge into her, each fat, delicious inch sinking down inside her. Her mouth opened to scream, but no sound came out. Her eyes began to close again only to be stopped by one sharp command.

"Yvonne, look at me!"

She tried, she really did, but all she could look at that magnificent phallus being stroked by someone other than her. Oh, sweet Mary he was stroking it in time with

Manny's thrusts. She couldn't hold it, her vagina clamped down on Manny, her body seizing as she came – hard.

“Oh, fuck, Luke she is so damn tight! She came all over my cock, she is squeezing me to death.”

Weird, but she found herself looking at Luke for approval.

“Good girl,” his smile had the same effect as a hand gently caressing her. And that hand, it hadn't paused in its movements.

Her mouth watered, wanting, needing that cock.

“Please,” she heard herself beg, looking up into Luke's eyes. “I need you, too.”

“Are you sure?” Even though he asked, he was already climbing to his feet. One step and he was right there in front of her.

She didn't answer. As soon as he was within reach, she was pulling him toward her, her mouth opening in heady anticipation. Her lips closed over the bulbous head, suckling greedily at his flesh. Had anything ever felt so right? She felt his fingers digging into her hair, lifting the heavy mass of away from her face in a clinched fist. Good, she was glad he was feeling the same agonizingly sweet suffering she was. And finally she felt somewhat complete. What could be better than Manny's masterful strokes, pushing her body higher and higher, firing every nerve ending with that thick tool stretching her, filling her completely while she taunted and teased Luke to distraction?

“So good,” Luke rasped, his hips bucking against her lips.

“You are so beautiful, sweetheart. So perfect,” Manny chimed in, his own strokes become harder, more erratic. “You are so fucking perfect.”

He was gripping her breasts frantically as he powered into her, alternating between squeezing and tweaking her nipples. Luke's cock managed to slip out of her

Flame On!!

mouth as she arched backward to meet Manny thrust for thrust, caught up in the growing passion. She could feel something momentous building, something akin to a major tidal wave, but she was helpless to stop it.

“Oh baby, you drive me crazy,” Manny’s puffed. “Come with me, sweetheart. Come with me now!”

Yvonne’s heart stuttered and stopped for a fleeting second. The room swam in front of her eyes. She screamed at the top of her lungs as her body quivered, quaked, then blew completely apart. The last thing she heard before slipping into unconsciousness was Luke.

“Rest for a minute, baby. You’re going to need it.”

Chapter Seven

Luke felt his heart swell in his chest, though he really tried to repress it. It was far too soon to be feelings these kinds of things, and it was far from the ideal setting. Normal people didn't fall in love from a one night stand. Not that he and Manny were normal, nor was what they wanted in a woman. No, this was some heavy duty lust. It was enthrallment at how receptive, how responsive this gorgeous woman was. That had to be it.

Lifting a strand of hair off of her forehead, he didn't bother resisting the urge to place a butterfly kiss on her brow. Large brown eyes fluttered open and stared at him with shock.

"I *know* I didn't just pass out," she snapped like she hadn't just came like an atom bomb. "I didn't, did I?"

Luke let loose a belly laugh that almost made him forget the raging hard on he was sporting. Almost. Already the organ was throbbing painfully in complaint of losing the warm, wet cocoon of her mouth.

She was so damn sexy when she came, he had to step back and watch.

"*Le petite mort*. The little death, and it was damn sexy," he informed her. At her confused frown, he went on, trailing his fingers over the softest skin he had ever felt. "I have read about it, when a person comes so hard they lose consciousness, just for a second. I have never seen it. I certainly never expected to be an active participant. I can't say I am at all disappointed."

There was a little catch in her breath when he circled each areola with slow deliberation. Testing the waters so to speak, he rolled each hard nubbin between his

thumb and forefinger, gasping when her back arched off the bed, her legs falling apart. That looked so damn hot!

It wasn't an invitation he was about to pass up. He was positioned between her thighs in a heartbeat, but he didn't enter her. Not yet. With a nod to Manny, the other man lifted their precious gift gently, slipping behind her to support her back. Yvonne, bless her, allowed them this, not complaining or demurring, just rolling with it. Damn, he could really love her.

After one lingering kiss he had to lean back. He was far too tempted to dive right in, and that wouldn't do at all. Taking his cock in his hands, he ran the head slowly against the seam of her nether lips. She bucked, trying to impale herself, but thankfully, Manny managed to hold her hips down.

"Relax, sweetheart," Manny crooned, nibbling on her ear just a bit. The action caused her to shiver, which Luke felt on the head of his cock.

He might not survive this.

"Stay still, baby or I might have to punish you," Luke growled, or at least hoped he was growling. He hoped like hell she wouldn't call his bluff.

She bucked again, totally calling his bluff.

He was in love.

Just so he could prove he had thought to be serious, he slapped his cock against her clit. Not hard, but enough to make her moan prettily and restore his upper hand. It was as much as he could manage before sinking as deep as he could possibly go inside her.

It was heaven. It was hell. It was everything he had imagined and so much more. She was so tight, claspings him to closely there wasn't a centimeter of his dick that didn't feel her intimate caress.

And she was coming.

It wasn't the massive orgasm she had just experienced with Manny, but he felt the ripples contracting her muscles just the same, suckling him, testing his hard won control. Any thought of taking it slow and easy flew right out the window as he powered forward, swallowing her grateful cry as he did so.

"That's it, sweetheart," Manny rasped against her ear. "Take him, just like that. You are so beautiful, Yvonne. Look how you drive him crazy."

And oh, was she driving him crazy. He couldn't stop! She was too exquisite, to unbelievably reactive to every thrust, every plunge, he found himself climbing the peak far too soon. Desperate to take her with him, he reached down to stroke her clit only to find Manny already there.

"Come for us, sweetheart," Manny whispered, burgeoning passion evident in his own voice. "Come now."

And bless her, that is exactly what she did, her orgasm every bit as spectacular as it had been with Manny. Luke shouted his own completion, his body going rigid. Hot hellfire and damnation, her pussy was going to kill him. Her walls convulsed, demanding all he had to give. It was so tight he was afraid to move. She held him completely captive as her hips undulated, riding out the sweet bliss of conclusion.

Although she didn't pass out this time, the wonder in her eyes made Luke both inordinately proud and humbled to be a man. It had to be the most beautiful experience he had ever had.

One night would never be enough.

“Come home with us.” It was impulsive, something Luke never was. It was generally Manny who was all gun ho, while he was the cautious one.

He just couldn’t let her go, and he knew Manny agreed with him. They needed a chance to see if there was more there. She was only here for a short time, according to her friend who liked to start fires. He wanted to use the time available to convince her to stay.

“I couldn’t possibly...”

“Yes, you can,” Manny cut her off, as eager as ever. This time Luke concurred. “You just do it. See, simple.”

She was weakening. Her eyes said she wanted to. They just needed to seal the deal.

“Look, I will make sure your friends have my cell, Manny’s cell, the fire stations private line, the home phone and I will even leave them my wallet, just say you will come home with us.”

Manny gaped at him, finding it hard to believe Luke would go that far. He didn’t care. Nothing matter but spending more time with Yvonne. Quality time, not just in the bed.

“You’re kidding, right?” Yvonne asked. “You would leave your wallet with a bunch of strangers?”

Pointing out that she was currently sandwiched between two virtual strangers- one with his cock still firmly entrenched inside her, the other with his hands full of her breasts, which Luke noticed he hadn’t stop playing with- but that didn’t seem wise, so he

decided not to go there. Instead, he nodded sagely, hoping he could gage just how sincere he really was.

“You would leave your wallet with *them*? The MFPP?”

“What is the MFPP?” Manny’s hands finally stilled, much to Luke’s relief. Every time the other man tweaked a nipple, her pussy jumped all around him. He was already hard as steel again.

Yvonne actually blushed before muttering, “Never mind.”

“So you’ll come?” Luke didn’t care that he was begging. This had just become vitally important and he wasn’t letting go.

“Yes,” she finally sighed, relaxing against Manny’s back. “I’ll go.”

#

This is damn crazy. Damn stupid!

She said she’d go home with them, but not without a heap of doubt crouching all over her. Yvonne had to mentally duct tape her conscience as she dropped Luke’s wallet into RaeLynn’s outstretched palm. In her other hand, a small overnight bag contained three days worth of clothing and five days worth of underwear, bras, face cleaner and her makeup.

The other woman’s barely-there eyebrows rose in question, but just as quickly took in the wallet, the overnight bag, and Yvonne’s glowing happiness. Seated outside on the balcony of her suite at the Venetian, only RaeLynn remained awake at noon. The other MFPP had done their thang all through to the break of dawn, and well, Rae had to be the most conservatively weird of the entire group.

Yvonne liked her quirkiness, but she’d rather have this conversation with Shara or Dréa.

“WTF?” RaeLynn asked, sitting up from her lounge chair and peering at her as if she could see right through to Yvonne’s future. “You obviously had a very good time. You’re practically shining like a well polished penny. To top it all, you’re coming back with a man’s wallet. Damn, Von, you didn’t have to make them pay, literally.”

“No, uh, about the wallet,” Yvonne said, and sighed. How much to tell and how much to just let go. “I’m going to go hang out with them...for a little bit, well, a few days, and...”

“Hold up. Back up the trolley,” RaeLynn said, her oval face pinched in concern. All hints of playful bantering faded like hope at crackhouse. “You’re going where, with whom, and for how long?”

“There you go, actin’ like my momma,” Von said and shook her head. “How does Shara put up with you?”

“Dunno, really. You’ll have to ask her. Now you listen,” RaeLynn said, using all of her mommy voice. “Be safe, be careful, because if the Posse needs to roll, we’re going to do just that. There’ll be more than one hotel fuckin’ burnin’.”

Instantly she put the wallet in her lap and began rummaging through it. “How the hell is this Luke supposed to drive without a license? Oh, wait. I guess the other one would do the driving. Right?”

“Yeah. Luke is the fire chief. I don’t think you’ll have any trouble finding him.”

“And roasting his ass if he and his pal hurt you.”

Yvonne smiled.

“Thanks, girl,” Yvonne said. “Here are the telephone numbers to where I can be reached.”

RaeLynn sighed. “I meant that. I will burn so bastards’ balls off. You get me?”

“Yeah. Love you, too.”

She hugged RaeLynn before standing back up.

“See you Sunday night.”

“Von, remember this one thing.”

“What?” Yvonne said, a bit fearful of what the strange woman would say, and more than ready to be back between both her handsome men.

“A good spanking never hurt anyone,” RaeLynn said and put the wallet on the small table beside her.

With that, RaeLynn slid her sunglasses down over eyes and yawned.

Yvonne laughed as she walked through the air conditioned suite, down the hallway and took the elevator down to casino floor where Manny and Luke waited to whisk her off to destination love nest. She couldn't help the twinge of fear fluttering in her belly. Yeah so they didn't slay her last night, but them wanting an encore performance really gnawed at her. Not in the freaked out way, but her emotions didn't want to cooperate with her logic at all.

Two extremely hunky men wanted her to be their permanent peanut butter. Her. Yvonne. Really? It sounded like the rose-tinted shit she read about in romance novels, not real life, and least of all her life.

The ding from the elevator made her jump. She hurriedly rushed into the nearly empty car and pressed the C button for casino floor.

But they did.

She'd seen the earnest and very firm feelings both men projected. They didn't try to intimidate her in anyway. To be honest, she worried more about Luke's wallet. In the

hands of RaeLynn, anything could happen to it. She'd have to remember to warn him to check his credit cards for online purchases of paddles and other bondage paraphernalia.

When the doors to the elevator opened, a rush of odors made her cough, but she threw herself into the fray, sidestepping small children, strollers, smokers, and the elderly. Why would anyone take their children to Las Vegas? It wasn't fucking Disney World.

Her ill tempered-thoughts faded at the sight of her two yummy companions. Already a trio of women, cocktail waitresses in little skirts and bustiers flickered around Manny and Luke. As she approached, her stomach tightened.

Why? Why would they want me, when they could have the three pin-up girls to take home and fill up?

That thought had barely flashed across her consciousness when heat raced up her throat. Hell no. Manny and Luke belonged to her. *Mine*.

Her steps slowed, watching one the skinny brunettes touch Manny's ear. He grabbed her wrist before she could do more and gently stepped away from her. Although his stern face said to leave him the fuck alone, the brunette kept coming on. Her other hand had latched onto his chest.

Nausea flooded Yvonne's system. The cocktail of fury and disgust twirled insider her, twisting into a tight ball of anxiety. They could have anyone in the world they wanted, so why her? Flavor of the month?

"Manny, there's our baby," Luke called, his eyes falling on her at last. Almost instantly, Yvonne warmed, feeling better, the knot loosening, a little. The women orbiting them all turned to look at the one they'd called "baby."

If looks could kill, then Yvonne knew without doubt she'd be skewered, roasted in a slow painful manner and sliced thinly to be served to dogs. Those bitches hated it. Hated it was here. Their eyes said it all—black, overweight, bitch.

Smooches right back at you.

"So glad you came back," Luke said, grabbing her hand and pulling her into his embrace. "You all right? You look a little ill."

"I'm, I'm fine, just, you know," she stumbled. She couldn't tell them she wanted to run over those skinny bitches with her car, nor could she tell them she wanted to rip out throats because the brunette touched Manny.

"That what you like, huh?" the saucy, touchy brunette called as she strolled by Manny, hands on her hips.

Manny put his hand on the small of Yvonne's back and she drifted from Luke's embrace and directly into his without so much as a protest or growl from Luke. It's as if they'd been sharing her forever. Beautiful. Seamless.

"It's what I *love*," Manny said, snarling a bit. "So move the hell on."

The woman rolled her eyes and tossed out the word "freaks."

Manny ignored her, wrapping Yvonne into his own embrace. Love? Really? He'd only just met her. Surely, Manny had said that word to scare the overly aggressive wench off. Yes. That was it.

Strong, wire-tight arms held her fast. So close he held her, his heart's racing announced his real anxiety to her own. Had he thought she'd turn tail and run? From the look on Luke's face, he'd not been too sure either. Relief washed over them and she grinned.

“Come on,” Luke said, holding her hand in his big one. “Thought you were going to bolt.”

Yvonne thought about it. She did. Really. But RaeLynn had the wallet, the numbers and all the other important stuff. Rae wouldn’t let anything happen to her and she’d sure enough get the girls to roll out for an ass kicking if anything came up amiss.

But one look into Luke’s comforting gaze told her that it wouldn’t be necessary.

It probably wouldn’t be necessary to hire cops, a detective, or rent a wing of the hospital because her friends had her back all the way from Vegas to Orlando is she needed them.

“Come on, baby,” Manny said, all eager as ever to get going. “I’m ready for lunch.”

Yvonne had the strangest feeling that Manny didn’t mean food.

#

Luke suppressed the chuckle tickling the back of his throat at the expression on Yvonne’s face as Manny pulled his truck into their home. Most of the neighbors saw them two as living together as roomies. A few made the mistake of commenting on their sexual orientation and got a fist full of Manny, literally. Now everyone minds their business.

“Wow.”

Manny nodded. “Seems so damn ordinary, doesn’t it?”

She nodded in that deer in the headlights numbness.

“Other parts of Henderson are being commercialized and suburbanized so damn fast it’s starting to look like every other blah community across the country, but not here.”

“Why not?” she asked, grabbing her purse and the small overnight bag.

“This house used to belong to my parents,” Luke said, and shrugged. “No one in this neighborhood wants to sell off just yet and thanks to the economy tanking, developers have other, more appetizing locations.”

Traditional beige with sky blue shutters and trim, the three bedroom house had been crafted for nothing else, but her. They understood they’d want one woman, and their living quarters had been tailored to that solitary goal. His only challenge lay in convincing the delicious woman standing on their screened-in porch that she had a permanent place in this spot.

“Relax,” Manny said from behind him. “She’s the one.”

“I know.”

“Then it will all fall into place, amigo.”

He never understood how Manny could leave it all to chance.

Luke’s eyes stayed on Yvonne as Manny went to unlock the door.

“Nothing this precious should ever be left to chance.”

Three days of pure heaven had unfolded around her in a seamless stream of movies, games, wrestling, baths, deep body massages and mind-altering sex from two very giving men.

But it was over.

Yes, she liked them, and at this point she may even care about them. Yvonne staggered through the routine of getting dressed. She pulled on her clothes in a manner that dragged out time. To be honest, she didn’t want to leave them. It made no sense. None. Two complete, lustful, succulent, caring, and fine ass men wanted her to stay with them.

“You can stay here, with us,” Manny said, the softness of it drilled into her heart, making it burn anew. “This is your place, with us.”

“It’s just new. That’s all it was,” she explained, folding her blouses into the overnight bag.

She hadn’t really dressed much or wore a lot of clothing the last two days. Once the newness wore off, then both of them would move on to some other unsuspecting, Vegas visitor. Yet as she watched them move about their home, Yvonne pondered their closeness. They occupied two separate rooms, but the third bedroom had been decorated for a woman. It’s where both of them would come to her at night and snuggle her, hold her, and well, make her crazy with desire until she collapsed, exhausted. Sometimes Luke would watch her with Manny. Sometimes it was the reverse. They shared without jealousy. If Manny wanted to join, Luke didn’t flinch, and vice versa.

To be frank when the three of them didn’t make love together, her orgasm lacked the same intensity. They needed each other all present, because with that missing third piece, it didn’t feel, well, right.

She watched Manny and Luke in the bedroom she occupied. They picked up each other’s actions without as much as a word. Manny handed Luke his shirt as if they’ve been doing the routine for years. Habitual comfortableness existed between them and she slid right into their lives without a hiccup. It didn’t make a lick of damn sense, but each of them gave her exactly what she wanted. Manny’s impulsiveness and fiery passion caught her wick and lit her up in a manner like jalapeños, lingered on her tongue long after he’d left. And Luke, her cooling drink of water, providing not less, but equivalent stimulation to her heart. Fire and water the two caused her to steam, burn with longing and love.

Love?

She scoffed at her flight of romanticism.

Please. One night. Right.

“Yvonne,” Luke called to her softly. “Stay with us. You belong here.”

“Luke,” she said sheepishly. “I, I...”

How could she say to him that would explain the rush of complex emotions threatening to drown her own logical mind? His eyes peered into hers and he cupped her face and brought it closer to his lips.

Steady, he held her gaze and said, “You are the very one we’ve waited for. Do not doubt this, Yvonne. Do not judge it based on what society says is right, normal or moral.”

Manny appeared behind her, his hands on her shoulders massaging gently.

“To quote a really sappy ass song. Listen to your heart.”

Yvonne snorted as she smiled. “It isn’t so easy. I have a house, a job, family, friends...”

“Friends and family won’t easily understand, but we love you. Love shouldn’t be judged, only understood. And your friends, well, they might be a tad jealous.”

“Jealous?” Yvonne asked.

Manny snickered, picking up Luke’s line of thinking without hesitation.

“Yeah, jealous that you got two handsome men to call your own.”

“And we’re yours, baby,” Luke said, leaning in to kiss her. “You can’t leave us now that you’ve found us.”

Her mouth parted and she allowed him to capture her lips with his. Manny’s hands dropped to her waist and he nibbled at the nape of her neck.

God, this is pure heaven.

Why would I ever want anything but this?

Luke let go first, as Yvonne came up for air.

"I won't lie to you and say it will be easy," Luke said softly.

"But you got us," Manny said. "We're going to grow old together, have cookouts and all that shit together."

"I can't be with the both of you! Not like...oike in a ménage relationship. This kind of thing just doesn't happen in real life!" Yvonne said, her stomach tight with anxious nerves. "Besides, I hardly know you or you."

"You know all you need to," Luke said. "We are the other sides of your triangle. You're the apex and we occupy each side. Without you there is nothing to close the gap."

"I dunno about all that geometry shit, but baby, we click and belong together," Manny chimed in, purring into her ear. "Believe it."

Yvonne stared into Luke's eyes and found not the oversexed craziness one might expect from a man who liked to share. Pulling herself away, she looked over her shoulder and stared at Manny's equally level and burning gaze. Yes, they meant everything they said.

Everything.

"Tell me you don't feel whole with us, because we feel complete with you."

She opened her mouth to tell Luke that very thing, but what came out surprised her.

"I'm complete here. With you, both of you. I can't see my life without you."

Luke's breathing caught and he peered past her to Manny. She felt, rather than saw Manny kissable lips break into a wide grin.

Relief washed through her. Yes, they did make her whole.

Hell she was twice the woman, why wouldn't she need twice the men to make her happy?

Manny pressed himself against her ass and the steel rod glided across her, shooting ripples of reawakened lust in her. Luke's hands drifted over to her shoulders, as if holding her steady. He kissed her again, but this time without reservation. His tongue plowed into her mouth, exuberant and fast.

Above her moaning she heard Manny say, "Damn, baby, damn. Don't you leave us."

Luke smiled as he pulled back.

Yvonne searched both their faces and found adoration unlike any she'd ever had before. What woman wouldn't go for it when the loving had been this good? More than that, the last three days showed her how comfortable they were with her and each other. Whether it was salsa dancing with Manny, or playing Scrabble with Luke, they each gave her a piece of themselves, pieces she needed to complete the puzzled and fragmented image of herself to make a whole.

"Your friends expect you back in two hours," Manny said. "Or else Luke's going to start getting a ton of phone calls."

"Any ideas, Yvonne how we should spend our time?" Luke asked, one eyebrow raised in question.

Yvonne smirked. "Oh, I can come up with something."

"I just want you to come," Luke said, groaning as he slapped her ass.

"Ditto, chief."

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Manny took one of her hands and Luke the other. Already the outline of dual, stiff cocks poked impatiently through their pants. *Come play with us forever*, they touted.

And I most certainly plan to, Yvonne thought wickedly licking her lips.

The End

Flame On!!

Slow Burn

by Reid Randolph

Once the challenge is called I (the one and only Reid Randolph) pull Yaz aside so that we can survey the hot firemen. Opening my Chloe handbag, I pull out two bottles of cleverly-disguised champipple and pass one to Yaz. Yaz, of course, is overjoyed. Neither of us makes a habit out of drinking but after spending six hours in the braider's chair watching what seemed like the entire *Sanford and Son* collection, we just had to grab some. Hey, anything that would take you to the great Elizabeth and the promised land was something they had to have. Neither of them had actually thought that they'd get around to actually drinking it, but then neither of them had thought that they'd be standing out in the Vegas heat being accused of arson. There was nothing like a pending felony charge to make one take a drink. Even though our champipple is disguised as sports drink, we look around to make sure no one sees us. It's not like we're underage or anything, it's just that we don't want Shara to see us. Shara has this thing about cheap ass liquor and the drinking of it. If she knew what we were imbibing, there's a good chance that she'd commit some kind of misdemeanor. At the very least, she'd slap it out of our hands.

Taking a cautious sip of the drink, I eye the fire fighters milling about. It was difficult to miss the fact that the entire LV Fire Department seemed to be unusually good-looking. I'm not talking make-you-take-a-second-look good-looking; I'm talking YSL handbag and Gucci accessories good-looking ... and then some.

It was a known fact that the Las Vegas Fire Department had stringent physical, mental and character requirements for their candidates, however from the parade of hotness that diligently fought the blaze one would think that being fine enough to headline a male review was also a requirement. Having a good eye, she knew a classic handbag, good fashion and drop-dead gorgeous men when she saw them. And the men

of the Las Vegas Fire Department needed to be on a runway. Sure, Vegas had its share of good-looking men, and hot male reviews, but if she'd known the Vegas Fire Department looked like this, she would've started a fire as soon as she entered the city limits rather than drop thirty dollars on the popular Thunder from Down Under show she'd gone to last night.

She and Yaz had had a good time at the show, although Yaz had slept through some of it. Being that they'd gone straight to the show after disembarking from the plane, it was easy to see how Yaz could fall prey to sleep in the presence of hot men. That was last night; this was now. Right now, the sun was a few degrees from going supernova, they'd had a good night's sleep and a hearty breakfast ... and there was that little thing about them being accused of arson, so like everyone else both she and Yaz were wide awake. And like most women present, they were concentrating on the fire fighters – the beautiful, ripped, take-your-breath-away firefighters. Reid was pulled from her fantasies by Yaz's low laughter.

"You only get that look on your face when you're in a high-end fashion store, in the midst of Marc Jacobs merchandise, or when you see a fine man. Being that we're not in a climate-controlled store being enticed with chocolate-covered strawberries and champagne, I'm betting it's a man that has your eyes all glazed over like that ... or maybe men."

Though she was somewhat embarrassed to be caught staring, there was no point in trying to bullshit Yaz. Yaz had known her for too long for her to even attempt to insult her intelligence by outright lying. Sighing, she hazarded a look at her writing partner.

“Yes, I’m looking, but damn, how can I not? It’s a veritable parade of men who turn me on.”

“You’re always in the company of fine men. You simply never pay attention to them unless they’re showing you a designer handbag.”

“That may be, but there’s just something about these men, in this city, in this moment,” Reid said.

“There is that. I could be convinced to take a ride on one ... or a handful of them,” Yaz laughed.

Though Yaz laughed, something about her demeanor alerted her to the fact that Yaz was only half-playing. Yaz’s admission loosened her own tongue.

“I’ve never told you this, but I fantasize about a hot, young stud taking me like he owns me ... and riding me hard,” she admitted softly.

Though she and Yaz had been friends for nearly a decade, it was hard not to be ashamed of her revelation.

“Doesn’t every woman?” Yaz asked.

“I don’t know, but I do know that I want some stud to put it on me so good that when he’s finished, we’re both exhausted and drenched in the scent of each other.”

“Ah, the freak is peeking out from under your flutter skirt, but I ain’t mad at you, girlfriend.”

“I’m glad.”

“So you want a fuck so good it has you screaming out the name of Karl Lagerfeld?”

“Yaz, I want a fuck so good it has me speaking in tongues.”

“Well, damn,” Yaz said as she growled.

Looking at her in confusion, I asked. "What the hell was that?"

"That, my well-dressed, undercover freak is my cougar noise," she said.

I couldn't help it. I burst out laughing and soon Yaz joined me.

"Yaz, I'm so embarrassed. You so know this is not me."

"Girl, this is a fantasy so you can be anything or anyone you want to be. "Let loose in this fantasy. Hell, your ass got coochie crumbs for days so let your mind run wild and maybe in your dreams your crumbs will evaporate."

"You are so wrong for that," she said as she lightly hip-checked Yaz. "If you weren't my girl, I'd have to turn Dréa and Shara on you and you know how dangerous they are."

"I'm not sure if I should be offended because you threatened me with the only two divas in the group who've been arrested in Mexico or insulted by that fact that you threaten me with the only two divas in the group to be caught," she laughed.

"Probably a little bit of both," Reid smiled and laughed along with her.

Their laughter drew the attention of the rest of the Posse. Though she couldn't see their reflections, Reid could only imagine the picture they made. She bet they looked guilty as sin, which was appropriate considering the city they were in. That thought had her laughing even harder. She might've laughed herself hoarse if Yaz hadn't interrupted her with an elbow in her cleavage.

"Hey, watch the goodies," she whispered as she shimmied her shoulders to make sure her girls were adjusted correctly.

"No, thanks, but that little hottie over there appears to be watching them," Yaz said as she tilted her head to the right.

Looking in the direction that Yaz indicated, Reid's gaze slammed headfirst into the most beautiful man she'd ever seen. Native American, he had a wealth of thick, black hair and a body covered by honey-colored skin. Not only was the fire fighter hot for no damn reason; he was her fantasy in the flesh. And more importantly, he was looking at her ... like he either wanted to compliment her on her outfit or get her out of it. The thought that he might do both had her pressing her thighs together in an attempt to stop herself from running over and mounting him and riding him into the sunset.

"Hey Reid, I'm not sure if this champipple is hitting me hard or what, but I think that hot youngster over there is eying you like I would eye the last piece of bacon on my plate."

"Yaz, you must be crazy. There's no way some hot young hunk would be looking at me ... even though I do look good in this fabulous Nanette Lepore outfit and with this Chloe Heloise handbag on my arm. I must admit I am smoking tonight, if I should say so myself."

"Maybe he's ogling your modesty," Yaz rolled her eyes. I couldn't help but burst out laughing at Yaz's words. To the fashion novice, I probably did sound pretty conceited ... or perhaps even stupid, but I don't care. I know this outfit looks good and I look good in it.

"Maybe," I agreed as I took another hit of the champipple.

The combination of the buzz from the champipple, my killer outfit and the presence of my fantasy had me beginning to feel real good. You know, that feeling you got when you slid into some Christian Louboutin pumps.

The harder that stud stared at me, the warmer I got inside. I pulled my sleeveless silk shirt a little ways from my bosom and fanned. Shimmying my hips a little, I spread

my legs adopting what I like to call the middle angel stance of the Charley's Angel pose. Licking my lips and tasting the sweetness of my gloss and the remnants of the champipple, I lifted my individual braids off of my neck before letting the curly ends slide their way past my shoulders. Turning to look at Yaz to see if she's as hot and bothered as I am, I notice that she's looking at me kind of strange. I was about to ask her what, but then I noticed Mr. Star of all of my Fantasies lock in on me and lick his full, luscious lips. Oh, shit.

A small part of me knows that there's a possibility that the fire fighter might not be looking at me. Just like my feet aren't trying to study wearing Crocs, my body ain't trying to hear that my fantasy might be looking at some other woman. My body wants him, pure and simple.

"Reid, are you alright?" Yazmin asked. "You look ... hell, I'm not sure how you look but it's off."

"I'm fine, just getting my buzz on," I respond.

"If that's how you look when you get your buzz on, I'm going to have to get you a chastity belt – name brand of course," she added. "I wonder if Marc Jacobs makes those?"

"Unless he's about to throw one up in the fall collection, then no. But I don't need a chastity belt. I need that hottie over there. What about you, Yaz? Being that this is a fantasy and all, which one turns you on?"

Smoothing her fresh braids down, Yaz took a moment to peep the eye candy on parade.

"They all turn me on, but before we get to my fantasy, let's talk about what you'd do with that hottie that's ravishing you with his eyes. If he wasn't your fantasy, I think

he'd fit any woman's fantasies quite nicely," she said nodding in the direction of the man that has my nose wide open.

Yaz has good taste. No wonder, she's my friend.

"He's hot enough to start a fire with just that intense look in his eyes. He has that 'fuck a woman so good' look about him," she said. "Hell, he already has you sweating and he hasn't even touched you yet. Imagine what he'd do to you once he got those capable-looking hands on you," she tossed out.

"Don't ask me that, Yaz because the answer is x-rated."

"Good, those are the best kind of answers, now spill it," she said. "Or I can always go over there and..." she started.

I didn't even need Yaz to finish that sentence. Yaz didn't make idle threats. If Yaz was geared to go over there and start some shit, you can best believe that the shit she started was going to be written in the annals of 'oh my damn.' Sighing, I took a deep breath and began my tale.

"Give me a moment."

It wasn't that I didn't know what I wanted; it was that I needed a moment to get myself together. Despite new cultural mores, I was feeling a little bit guilty thinking those x-rated thoughts about a man ten years my junior. Still, another part of me shot that argument down. Hell, you deserve a hot fantasy like the characters in your stories have. I knew that I really didn't live my life anything like the fantasies that I penned, so why not unpack my deepest fantasies? It was just me, Yaz, and my hot, vivid fantasies.

I needed to have some fun and this head adventure could prove to be just what Yaz ordered. Turning to look back at the hotel with a sense of amazement at all that had transpired I could feel eyes on me. I was almost afraid to turn around for fear that the

wrong set of eyes was looking at me. Before I could decide whether to turn around and see who was fixated on me, I felt a presence behind me. Right after that, I felt a firm hand on my shoulder. There was sensuality to the touch and either real or imagined it made my body go haywire. My temperature rose, my heartbeat increased, my nipples hardened, my nose flared. Closing my eyes, I relished the possessiveness of that touch imagining that hand guiding me to an explosive orgasm. The deepest and sexiest voice I've ever heard cut into my fantasy.

"Ma'am, are you all right?"

My heart tripped in time to the cadence of that smooth-as-butter voice. Moisture pooled in my panties. It was just a voice, and yet, I wanted to moan from the sheer pleasure that it brought me. That voice wrapped me in a cocoon of want and desire, the likes of which I had never known. That voice was so melodious, so tempting, so damn powerful. It slid down my spine making my stomach clench and my legs feel wobbly. Something in me made me turn around, albeit slowly. I just had to see the mouth attached to that voice, had to see the face that beautiful instrument was set in, had to see the body the head was attached to. Turning, I looked directly at a broad chest. Though it was encased in a yellow fire coat I could tell it was broad. Hell, everything about the man was broad ... and tempting.

He was a tall drink of water. Not a short woman, at 5'6" I had to look up in order to see his face. And what a face it was. He had high cheekbones, full lips, and a hawk like nose. He was beautiful – absolutely beautiful but it wasn't simply the way his features were put together; it was his eyes. He had a set of grey eyes so expressive and mesmerizing that it was all I could do not to dive into them. He was breathtaking ... simply breathtaking. I took a step back to allow myself to take in the full view of the

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hotness before me. Though he was wearing his regulation fire hat I could see bits of thick, shoulder-length hair slipping out of a ponytail.

I wanted to snatch the rubber band from it and run my hands through it. Because he was my fantasy man I knew his mane was thick and luxurious. It wasn't overly long, but it was long enough for me to hold onto as he slid that muscled body into me.

He was perfection ... I mean absolute perfection and not even his fireman attire could hide that fact. This man exuded power and that power called to me. The thought of what was under that coat made my mouth water and my pussy cream ... even more so than it already was.

I pride myself on being cool, calm and collected but in this moment I was none of those things. I'm glad this man couldn't read my mind because it'd be hard for me to explain that I really wasn't the wanton whore I appeared.

I had a powerful need to jump his fine ass and fuck him right here in front of all of Vegas. Does that make me a jezebel, a harlot, a whore? Perhaps it did, but it didn't stop me from wanting to be wrapped up in his powerful arms with his tempting mouth promising me all manner of naughty things in the midst of blowing, nipping, and licking me to my pleasure. I so needed to stop myself and I needed to stop myself quick.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" His voice cut through my fantasies bringing me back to my senses.

Well, it brought me back to something but whether or not I have any sense in this moment is debatable. Inhaling, I pulled myself together enough to reply.

"Yes, I'm fine."

I wanted to sound more together, but at that moment the fact that I was able to make sound was a miracle in itself. I was at a loss for words as visions of me jumping that man were firmly implanted in my mind. Again, I had to ask myself, when did I become such a loose woman? As much as the answer interests me, this won't be a question that I pose to Yaz because I'm sure that I wouldn't want to hear the answer.

I saw him smile one of those kinds of smiles that were splattered all over billboards. Straight, white teeth were framed by full lips. You may be wondering why I comment on this but it's because I have a thing about teeth. The grill has to be nice – no ifs, ands, or buts about that. Regardless of how fine a man is, a messed up grill is a deal breaker. No worries when it came to this man. He had the voice, body, face, and the teeth.

His tempting voice interrupted my inventory.

"Well, as long as you are fine," he said.

It might've been my imagination but I felt that there was an emphasis on the fine. He looked like he wanted to say something more but obviously he thought differently. Smiling, he sauntered away and headed back toward a group of firemen. I wanted to stop him but instead I stood there in a daze. The last image of him I had was of the back of fireman's jacket. It wasn't the fire department that caught her attention. It was his name sewn onto the jacket: Maxwell Blackhawk.

I'm too mature to be lusting after some young buck but I couldn't help it. Mr. Blackhawk couldn't be any older than twenty-six -- twenty-seven at the most. It was probably a useless worry as I'm sure my lust was one-sided anyways. He was just being nice to me. I stood there for a bit longer and noticed that he looked my way a couple

times but he didn't come back over and I never approached him. Clearly, I'm a chicken shit. Sometimes I disappoint myself. Oh well, what will be, will be.

My disappointment in myself made it imperative that I wallow in some self pity. So, after we got a new room in a fabulous, new hotel – can you believe that we were asked to leave our original hotel. It wasn't like we burned Vegas to the ground. Damn, it was just a little room damage. Well, you know Dréa. Where there's a semblance of normalcy with everyone else, with Dréa, there's the threat of chaos just waiting to happen.

I decided to take a hot bath and hop into bed for what I was sure would be the kind of night where the need to sleep would be pushed aside by the need to touch myself. How wrong I was. The moment my head hit the pillow I was dead asleep. I was just beginning to have my favorite dream where Marc Jacobs comes to me and tells me that I am his muse and as such, he has decided to create the Lady Reid handbag, shoes and accessories to go with it.

I'm not sure how much time passed but I was jarred awake at two a.m. Opening my eyes, I looked around the room. Though I didn't see anything, I could've sworn that I heard the door. Sure it was Yaz getting ready to read me the riot act for not being more brazen and bold, I steeled myself. When Yaz didn't appear at my bedside, I chalked it up to my imagination and laid back down to revisit my favorite dream.

I was about to doze off when I heard my name being called ... not by Yaz, but by a sexy male voice. For a split second I was thinking damn, Marc is really here then I noticed my body reacting. Though I loved Marc, it wasn't the nipple-hardening kind of love. Okay, maybe it was the nipple-hardening kind of love but that only happened

when he brought along a parade of handbags. There was no Marc, no handbags, yet here I was getting all turned on by a voice.

All I had to do was look to see who it was but I didn't look. Afraid of whom I might see, I kept my eyes firmly shut. I felt all Ebenezer Scrooge-like being visited by the ghosts, except my ghosts were not of the past but of discount shops with off-brand handbags. Involuntarily, I shuddered, more afraid of the thought of some discount handbag than of the presence of poltergeist.

Dammit, I might not be bold, but a sister wasn't going to be made the bitch of a poltergeist with hideous fashion sense. Opening my eyes to tell the aberration off, I was stunned stupid when my eyes were filled with the drop dead gorgeous Maxwell Blackhawk. I opened my mouth to ask him what he was doing there and was greeted with one of the most passionate kisses that I'd ever encountered in all my life. It was everything I dreamed a kiss should be and it literally took my breath away. Maxwell Blackhawk had a talented tongue and he knew how to use both it and those fabulous lips and the pleasure I was feeling could attest to that. His mouth was taking me to the promised land making champipple obsolete.

I clung to him as if my life depended on it. I was right when I thought he had a banging body. Actually, saying that he had a banging body was an understatement of monumental proportions. Solid and muscled, his body was the promised land and pressed up against mine I wanted to fall to my knees and offer up thanks.

I had never been turned on this way by anything that didn't come from an upscale boutique. I just wanted to run my hands and mouth all over him for perpetuity. When the necessity to breathe caused him to pull back, I was certain that I was going to pass

out yet somehow I was able to compose myself enough to see what Maxwell was really working with.

Gulping a lungful of air, he stepped back from the bed.

“I need you to come with me.”

Still shocked from his presence and my body’s reaction to him, his question almost pushed me into overdrive. There was no way in all of the high end shops that lined Rodeo Drive that I should even fathom going off with a strange man, regardless of how fine he was or how tempting his offer. I shouldn’t, and normally I wouldn’t consider taking a Marc Jacobs handbag from a stranger but something about Maxwell Blackhawk made me feel safe.

He also made me feel needy. I was so aroused at this point that I needed to be put out of my misery. I *needed* to feel him inside of me. I *needed* to have his mouth on my breasts. I just *needed* him! Damn that harlot that resided within me. That bitch had been in hiding my whole life and now at the age of forty, she decided to come out. Not only did she come out, she had a death grip me. Just ask my pussy. Refusing to simply let me be, she demanded that I get mine. I wanted to slap her but she had the audacity to duck behind the only man that encompassed every. Single. One. Of. My. Fantasies.

Mr. Maxwell Blackhawk was everything, everything, everything that I’d ever wanted, dreamed and needed. And he was right in front of me telling me to come with him. Damn, my mouth exclaimed after my leisurely stroll down his body.

In response, he simply smiled and finished it off with an LL Cool J lip lick. Shit, shit, shit. I was so overcome, so turned on that I might’ve said that out loud. I must be turning into my man Austin Powers normally, I have no internal monologue. Ooops, my

bad, but my new behavior was understandable. Maxwell Blackhawk was not only standing in front of me looking like all of my fantasies, he was standing before me with his thick, wavy hair down ... and dammit if it wasn't as lush as I thought. At the thought of running my hands through those shoulder-length locks I caught myself licking my lips. Mid-lick, I finally registered what he was wearing ... or more appropriately, what he wasn't wearing. Shirtless, he stood before me in nothing but suspenders that were attached to his fireman pants.

I was in awe. His body was so unbelievable. His arms were powerful and cut and that stomach ... oh my! If there was such a thing as a twelve-pack that man had it. All those scrumptious muscles were encased in some of the most beautiful skin I had ever seen. The reddish brown tint of his skin was illuminated by the moonlight. He was so smooth and so hard ... speaking of hard. Max was working with some powerful equipment. His erection was noticeable even through those fireman pants.

I longed to run my hand along his massive rod and pump him slowly. He was a lot of man but I knew I was up to the challenge. If I needed reinforcements I could call on my girl Dances Down Dick and I knew she would infuse me with the life-force to get the job done.

"Come with me," he said again.

I just stared at him. I knew what I wanted but words were beyond me. He spoke again before I could find a proper response.

"I need you. I need you now. I crave you and if you come with me you will be satisfied beyond your dreams."

Oh, damn. I was hesitant but I *knew* that this was the right thing to do. Something told me this was a one-time offer so if I wanted to live out this fantasy, I had to take it. He reached out his hand and I placed my smaller hand in his.

Watching his eyes darken as I rose from beneath the sheets, I was happy that I'd always been one to wear feminine next-to-nothings to bed. Proud of my body I would've died if my fantasy man pulled me out of bed and I was wearing flannel and some BAD's (Big Ass Drawers). I was looking hot and if the growl that Maxwell emitted was any indicator, he was damn appreciative.

The sexy, little night gown I wore clung to my body like second skin as did my lace, barely there La Perla panties. The gown probably wouldn't last longer than it took Maxwell to rip it off of me; the panties were already goners being soaked through with my arousal. Maxwell wasn't doing anything to stop me from coming. Scanning me from head to toe, he came back to my eyes and made appreciative sounds in his throat as he ran his hand down the length of my body from my sensitive breasts to my pulsing sex. I so wanted him to take me where I was standing but clearly he had other ideas. Taking my hand, he pulled me to him molding my body to his. Before I could do more than gasp he had me in his arms and was heading to the door.

"Where in the hell are we going, and I hope that you don't think that I'm going out into the hotel looking like a strumpet in heat," I announced.

Maxwell's low chuckle met my announcement.

"Baby, it will be ok. You are with me and as long as you are with me you will be loved and protected."

Well, damn. I didn't have anything to say to that. Hell, what could I say? Once again I was speechless, which truly is a rare occurrence – just ask Yaz. Hell, no guts no

fucking, and I plan to get some earth shattering-loving tonight. Enveloping me in his arms, we headed toward the elevator. The hotel was quiet - then again most visitors to the city came to Vegas with a purpose and were probably living up to the city's motto of participating in activities that would stay in Vegas. It wasn't long before the elevator car arrived and thankfully, it was empty. I thought this was strange but this whole night had been strange so I just went with it. I was a little chilly but that began to change rather quickly.

The doors closed and there was silence except for the Muzak version of *I Wanna Sex You Up* by Color Me Badd. For a bit, I reminisced about the song and then began to wonder what the fuck had happened to that group. They were gone like the wind. My musings were interrupted when I felt the elevator abruptly stop.

I was about to panic when I felt Maxwell's arms close tighter around me. Looking into his eyes, I saw passion the likes of which I'd never seen. That man wanted me and he wanted me bad. I was about to say something when I felt him lower me to my feet and maneuver me against the wall. He was so close to me that I could feel his rigid cock against my stomach and the rise and fall of his chest. This man felt so good that it couldn't be put into words.

He leaned down and kissed me, and immediately, I opened for him. When his tongue entered my mouth it was sheer heaven. He explored every inch of my mouth and I let him. Not to be left out of the equation his hands were busy beneath my might-as-well-not-be-there panties. He was brushing his thick blunt fingertips along the puffy lips of my purring pussy and every second or third brush of his fingers brought him just a little bit deeper inside of me. Soon he was spreading my cream along the seam of my hot pussy.

“You’re all hot and creamy for me, baby,” Maxwell whispered hotly into my ear as he tongued my earlobe.

Meanwhile, I was trying hard to come up with something sexy and witty to say. Instead, I gasped and thrust my fingers into his *‘testament to excellent hair-care’* locks and held his head as he nipped the skin just below my earlobe. He knew my hot spots and he wasn’t letting up. He inserted two thick fingers inside of me and my pussy gripped those naughty digits tight enough to strangle his fingers. It was his turn to gasp but it turned into a groan as the cream he made happen coated his fingers and my internal muscles tried to choke the living daylights out of his questing fingers.

“So fucking tight ... you’re going to kill me,” he muttered as he sucked the skin at my throat before nipping it - not enough to break skin but hard enough to know I was going to be marked up ... in the best possible way by this hot, sexy stud.

“Maxwell...” I whispered, gasped, moaned his name as I rocked in time to his slowly, thrusting fingers.

“Reid,” he whispered back with a smile in his deep voice. I gasped as his thumb began to circle my clit. It felt like he was smiling against my throat but his mouth was on the move. I knew there wasn’t going to be a let up any time soon from the pleasure I was receiving from this sexy man and don’t get me wrong I wasn’t complaining ... at all.

“Oh shit,” I moaned as he took one of my peaking nipples into his hot, wet mouth. He sucked hard making sure to circle my clit and thrust those fucking amazing fingers deeper into me as he did so. I felt it then – the orgasm to end all orgasms. Somehow the bitch had snuck up on me like a thief in the night but as my hips began to jog along with all the sensations of my nipples being sucked and nibbled and his fingers stroking deep inside my weeping pussy, I was sure Maxwell was touching my womb. I exploded

like C4 had been detonated inside of me I felt the splinters of desire and passion sizzling through my veins as I gasped and moaned incoherent sounds.

“That’s it, baby ... give it to me,” Maxwell demanded.

His words were beginning to make sense as he wrung every single tremor he could from the orgasm he’d given me. The words that poured from his lips kept me in that ‘post orgasmic’ state longer than I’d believed possible, and his fingers though they still were sawing in and out of me, it was at a more leisurely pace. Thankfully, he’d stopped touching my over-sensitive clit but his mouth was alternating between talking and sucking my nipples in turn making sure neither felt neglected.

“Max...” I began, once again at a loss for words but dammit this man had made me concentrating on things other than words. Things like recalling what my body could do when the *right* kind of man came along. He also reminded me and my body *exactly* how long it had been since we’d felt this way ... if ever it had felt *this* right.

“Yes, baby?” he rasped from between my breasts that he was busy nipping and tasting.

“I want you to fuck me ... hard,” I said.

Even as the words came out of my mouth I felt the blush of embarrassment wash over me. A part of me reminded me that this wasn’t me yet when Maxwell Blackhawk raised his face from my breasts and met my eyes my embarrassment was quickly forgotten and replaced with passion. I saw my own feelings reflected in his dark eyes. It was comforting to know that I wasn’t alone in this animalistic need to just fuck.

“How hard?”

Upon hearing his unexpected response, I felt a laugh fall from my mouth.

“Show me what you’ve got Mr. Blackhawk,” I challenged.

Maxwell must not have minded my sass but he proceeded to show me *exactly* how he responded to challenges ... ten fold.

No sooner had I gotten that sassy comment out of my mouth than the sound of ripping material filled the elevator. Before I could do more than draw breath I felt the humid air slip over my overheated pussy lips. And then I felt Maxwell kissing me again, thrusting that thick tongue into my mouth and mimicking the actions of his hips that were now pushed between my thighs. His uniform trousers were causing havoc on my bared pussy but I was soon distracted as I felt my nightgown being ripped apart.

“Yesssss...” I hissed between clenched teeth as Maxwell pulled his lips from mine and dropped that wonderful mouth back to my bared breasts.

Needing to see this beautiful man completely naked I dropped my hands from his hair to his waist and felt around for the fastener on his uniform pants. Of course I took the long way to the waistband of his pants making sure to scratch my short nails over his abdomen that was hard enough to wring some laundry dry in mere seconds. I felt his abs clench beneath my questing fingertips right before he thrust his hips harder between my legs causing my clit to rub sensuously against him. By the time my fingers gripped Maxwell’s waistband I’d left my mark on him. Marking him got me off, leaving me teetering on the edge of an orgasm. I was making a move to get to the fastener of those damned pants but then Maxwell stopped touching my breasts.

“Hmmm...” I moaned in protest at the loss of contact.

Maxwell cut off my protest by dropping a quick kiss on my lips. I could feel him smiling and I wanted to know why. Slowly, I opened my eyes and damn was I glad that I did. Maxwell slid his hands down his body, causing those amazing abdominal muscles to ripple with his graceful movements. Reaching his fly, he undid his pants and let

them fall. Stepping out of them, he quickly rid himself of his boots and socks. Curious to see him wearing nothing but that intense look and that beautiful skin, my eyes followed his hands. I watched him bare his body and when I finally was treated to a glimpse of his cock I reacted like a desert wanderer spotting an oasis. I salivated at the possibility of drinking from him. Though I stared at his cock, something told me that his eyes never left my face.

Maxwell stood before me, naked as the day he was born, and I, Reid Randolph, had privilege of being the one with this beautiful specimen. My pussy clenching in anticipation, I had to take a step back and get my bearings. One could become intoxicated on Maxwell Blackhawk if they took him in too fast. Looking at him I was sure God had spent just a tiny bit of extra time on him considering that every inch of his reddish brown and sun kissed body was absolute perfection. His skin held a slight sheen that highlighted how gorgeous he truly was. In the dim light of the elevator the sheen made his tattoo stand out. The depiction of a wolf with claws extended looked as if it was truly coming to life. Looking up into his eyes, I swallowed hard.

Without realizing it my hands had pulled the ripped edges of my nightgown from my overheated body. They then busied trying to keep my sensitized body upright by gripping the rail at my back. The sight of Maxwell's strong body had my knees going weak, but it was the look of burning lust in his eyes that had me trembling. Maxwell looked at me the same way that I looked at him.

Normally, I would've been embarrassed. I mean come on, who the hell gets naked in front of a virtual stranger in a public setting. Okay, given that we were the only ones in the elevator I couldn't really say it was a public setting but that wasn't the point.

The point was that the Reid I knew and loved wasn't this crazy, fly-by-the-seat-of-her-pants chick.

Reid wasn't spur-of-the-moment; Reid was calm, cool and collected. And yes, I realize that I'm speaking of myself in the third person but that's neither here nor there. Reid didn't do guys unless that guy's first name was Marc and his last name was Jacobs and then the only *doing* that was going on had to do with clothes, shoes and handbags. Reid knew more about Marc Jacobs than she did about ... well ... anything. Reid was to style what Babyface was to slow jams ... hmm hold that thought.

So lost in my analogies I had no idea that Maxwell watched the thoughts flash over my features. If I had paid more attention to his eyes instead of that banging body I would've realized that I should never ever attempt to play poker unless I wanted to lose my ass. As I silently contemplated this gorgeous man with the most beautiful cock – pointed in my direction I might add – I was glad that the elevator was stuck. Regardless of all of my insecurities I realized that he wanted to be here with me. It wasn't that he said the words; it was that look. That look told me that he wanted me, needed me, and craved me.

What to do, I wondered silently, but Maxwell was obviously well-versed in “woman-speak.” He answered my silent question by holding his hand out to me. Placing my hand in his, he pulled me forward surrounding me by hot, naked Maxwell. Whew, what a heady feeling! His skin was hot to the touch and being that I imagined mine was burning up for him, I couldn't help but smile.

I loved the way he held me. Running his slightly-callused hands over my curves he managed to keep me pressed right up against him. His hard cock slipped between

my slick pussy lips and grazed my clit making me shudder and moan at the back of my throat as our combined arousal filled the elevator.

Maxwell smiled down into my eyes and tipped my head back. Placing a finger under my chin he kissed me gently. Something about his touch reassured me. It was as if he was saying that it was okay to be as turned on as I was. With that validation, I pressed closer (if that was possible) to this beautiful man. I ran my hands up his back reveling at the feel of his muscles bunching at my touch. Realizing the affect my touch had on him sent a thrill unlike any I'd ever felt before, coursing through my veins. Maxwell was busy nibbling my earlobe and breathing heavily into my ear. Normally that blowing in my ear thing would've seemed juvenile but then normally I wasn't in the company of a man like Maxwell Blackhawk. There was nothing, and I do mean nothing, childish about this man.

I wanted things to go faster but Maxwell wasn't making it easy on me. He kept his cock between us, allowing it to slip between my legs but not allowing for penetration. The constant contact with my hard and pulsing clit made it real hard for me to not hump against him like I wanted to mate. The friction of our bodies rubbing together had me hurting so good. Feeling that slight emptiness in my stomach that signaled an imminent orgasm, I was hurtled straight to it when he bent and sucked one of my nipples into his mouth while roughly pinching its twin. It was pleasure chased by the sweetest pain and all I could do was gasp and explode against him.

"Maxwell! Maxwell! Maxwell!" I groaned and chanted as I rode every wave of pleasure that he'd orchestrated so perfectly. I felt him hold me tighter, which was a good thing because my legs had given out. Hell, it felt as if my whole body had given out. My eyes drifted closed and two orgasms later I was amazed that I still knew my

own name let alone Maxwell's considering how intense those two pleasure peaks had been. Truthfully, I could see myself forgetting my own name way before I forgot the name of the man who was here with me.

At some point Maxwell lowered us both to the floor of the elevator. I felt something against my back and knew it wasn't the carpeted floor. Somewhere along the way he'd grabbed one of the towels and now it was spread beneath me, protecting my skin from the carpet. The small, but telling gesture broke any remaining barriers I had erected. It was a gesture that someone you want to 'fuck' wouldn't normally think of. Regardless of how wanton I was, regardless of how much he wanted to fuck me, he was doing more than simply fucking me. Grabbing his beautiful hair I dragged his lips to mine and kissed this beautiful man like his life depended on the meeting of our mouths.

Maxwell was just as enthused and I believe he knew the time for teasing was over. I needed to be fucked by him, loved by him, claimed by him. The feeling of Maxwell's body wrapped around mine when we'd been standing was nothing in comparison to the feeling of Maxwell's body laid out on top of mine. It felt so *right*. I felt so ... delicate, so fragile, and yet so cared for. This man was nothing like I could ever have imagined; he was a million percent *more*.

"Please..." I begged when I was finally able to pull my mouth from his. For a split second I thought that Maxwell was going to tease me some more. His teasing was nice but I wanted and needed his cock. Spreading me wide, he buried his thick cock balls deep inside of my needy pussy pulling a scream of pleasure from my throat.

"Damn..." Maxwell groaned through clenched teeth. I was sure that he wanted to ride me hard, yet he did not move a muscle. Though he remained still, his hard cock pulsed inside of me. The fit was so tight that I was positive

that I could feel the hard vein on the underside of his cock. My internal muscles gripped him as tightly as my hands gripped his shoulders. I moved my hips wanting Maxwell to move but he did not take my hint.

Opening his eyes, he shook his head and growled at me.

“Not yet, baby...”

I stopped and waited in anticipation of his next move. The sheen on his skin was now sweat and I watched in fascination as a drop trickled down his throat. Leaning my head up, I caught the renegade drop on my tongue and savored its saltiness. I felt as well as heard Maxwell’s response.

“Baby,” he gasped.

“That’s your fault,” I said laughing at his incredulous expression.

His expression changed from incredulous to determined and I knew then that he was about to give me what I’d been silently begging him for – a hard ride. Maxwell flexed just his hips and I could’ve sworn that he touched the mouth of my womb. I gasped at the sensation and my eyes fluttered shut as my mind attempted to process and savor the feelings that rushed through me.

“Open your eyes, baby,” Maxwell ordered as he braced his hands on either side of my body.

My eyes opened on demand and took in the sight of his gorgeous face above mine. A smile that was pure ‘bad boy’ settled upon those lips that could sweet talk me to orgasm. Before I could fully catalog that look, Maxwell slid his cock almost right out of my pussy. My hips lifted in an attempt to keep the contact but Maxwell countered my every move. Though I knew that I was about to receive the utmost pleasure, I also knew that Maxwell was fully in charge of this trip.

He shook his head, which sent his hair sliding over his shoulders encasing us in a curtain of privacy. Slowly he began to thrust his hard, thick cock into my needy pussy. I opened my legs wider trying to give him better access to my body and his thrusts became harder, faster, and more insistent. I was carving up his back with my short nails. I begged for more with my body, with my mouth, with my eyes. A series of small orgasms had me gasping out unintelligible words but nothing was compared to the big One that was on its way.

The rhythmic sound of our bodies slapping together was being imitated by my heart beat. I was close, so close. Looking at Maxwell, I shuddered at the way he stared into my eyes. I'd looked at plenty of men and plenty of men had looked at me, but not like this ... never like this. We looked at each other like we were the beginning and ending of each other's worlds.

It was as if he transferred everything he felt back to me through that gaze. It was hypnotizing. When he paused I cried out from the loss, but he soothed me with the soft kisses he pressed against my lips. Pressing my knees up to my chest he pulled my legs up so that my thighs rested on his shoulders. Kissing me once more, he drove his hard, thick cock into my clutching, weeping pussy. I cried out beneath his demanding lips. He felt so good, so good, so. Damn. Good. That light-headed feeling returned as he pounded into my body again and again and again. I knew that my thighs were going to be bruised tomorrow but tomorrow was such a long way off. I wanted to concentrate on right now and right now Maxwell was plunging into my pussy demanding my orgasm, demanding all of me, demanding my total surrender.

Once more, I felt an orgasm wash over me. I felt like I was drowning inside of it. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think but miracle of miracles I could feel and I felt

Maxwell's mouth on my tender breast. His teeth bit into the skin at the top of my breast and his tongue laved away the small pain. Oh damn, I thought as I felt Maxwell's orgasm rip through him triggering my own.

I'm going to need some more of this I thought right before succumbing to my own orgasm. My orgasm caused me to do something that I'd never done before. I, Reid Randolph, passed out from the most amazing fucking of my life ... and when I came to, I planned to do it all again. After all, I was in Vegas and what happened in Vegas...

#

The Next Morning

"Yaz, are you alright?"

"Yeah, girl, I'm fine. I'm just amazed by that fantasy ... totally amazed. I think I need to go change my panties after that one," I said shocking my own self.

I was so blown away by that dream that I had last night that I just had to share it with Yaz this morning. The fact that I'd taken time away from my Denver omelet to recount my little sexcapade made me aware of just how much my dream had affected me. I mean don't get me wrong, my omelet was all kinds of yummy but it didn't come close to Maxwell Blackhawk. The fact that a man actually distracted me from the eating of it had me admitting what I didn't want to. I was sprung.

And with good reason. The fact that I'd actually rendered Yazmin, of all people, speechless meant that that was one seriously hot encounter. Besides fanning herself, Yazmin sat in stunned silence wearing her flabbergasted expression almost as well as she wore her latest weave. I could've sworn that I heard her moan at one point, but I could've been mistaken. Hell, maybe I was hearing my own self moan.

"Reid, you outdid yourself with that one. Hell, I wish I could've had a dream like that. Who am I fucking kidding? I wish that shit happened in real life. Yeah, that might make me all kinds of whores, but if you have to step into whoredom, what a way to arrive."

"For real," I concurred.

After relating the tale I wasn't much in the speech department. I was still reeling from that damn dream. The effects of last night's dream were compounded by the strange business that had gone down this morning. Plenty of strange occurrences kicked off in Vegas, but rarely did they happen to me. I wasn't sure what it was or how to explain it. Still, I had to try. Setting my fork down, I looked at Yaz who was busy wiping the dampness off of her forehead and fanning herself.

"Yaz?" I tentatively ventured.

Immediately, Yaz snapped to attention.

"What aren't you telling me, Reid?"

"Um," I fumbled around for words not really sure what to say or how to say it.

"What's going on? What happened? Bitch, spit it out."

Yaz is my girl, which is the only reason she could get away with calling me 'bitch' or any of the other colorful names, nicknames and misnomers she regularly threw into conversation. Besides she did it in that loving way, that *'will have someone's remains featured on the evening news if they've fucked with you'* way so I let it slide. Familiar with Yaz's anything goes demeanor it probably wouldn't have mattered if I didn't like it. Yaz did as Yaz pleased. Sometimes I envied her for that, but only sometimes because right now the chick was over-the-line enough for both of us.

"Well, when I woke up this morning I felt groggy and sore. My muscles were stiff. I figured it was from sleeping rough or from being so tense but when I got out of bed I noticed that my gown was torn."

I paused long enough for Yaz's eyebrows to crawl back down from her hairline. Seeing them approach their normal resting place, I told her the rest of my tale.

"I noticed bruises on my thighs and what appears to be a bite mark on my breast."

"Get the fuck out!" she whispered loudly. "You're just fucking with me, right?" Looking around to make sure that no one was looking, I showed her.

"Bitch, I've had enough of those to know that what you are sporting is a full-fledged love bite. Now, give up the goods. Where did it come from?"

I didn't know what to tell her as I hadn't been with a man for a very long time - way too long, in fact, to even mention. I really didn't understand where it had come from.

"Apparently I must have some powerful dreams because I'm telling you, Yaz, I haven't been with any man."

Her face clearly said that she didn't believe me. I wanted to wipe that look of disbelief off of her face but what could I do. I was searching for something, anything to say when I noticed her look over my shoulder.

"Girl, you will never guess who just walked in here."

"Not the police and the DA?" I asked shivering at the thought of spending the day in jail.

"Nope, even better. Some of the firemen from last night are here and your hot Maxwell is leading the pack."

Oh, damn. My pussy clenched at the thought of Maxwell but I kept my eyes trained front and center.

The firemen sat at a big table across from us. I didn't even have to turn to be able to glimpse Maxwell. Trust him to look up at that exact moment. I could feel myself becoming ensnared in his heated look. Immediately, I felt my body respond. My nipples hardened and I felt a familiar tingling in my pussy. Damn, simply looking at that man was enough to induce an orgasm right here in Denny's!

I knew that I had to get it together and get it together fast before I embarrassed myself. Of course, that was easier said than done. The sight of Maxwell slowly licking his lips and winking at me didn't do anything to help me get it together. I turned away from him and attempted to refocus on Yaz. That wench had the nerve to be sitting on her side of the booth looking at me with mirth on her face. I swear I wanted to sock her one good one.

"Hey Reid, what is going on? You okay? You look like you're a little flustered," that bitch said right before bursting out laughing.

Only a true friend would laugh in your face in your moment of need. Let me tell you I was definitely in need of something and I think we know what that something was. I threw a piece of ice from my drink at her at the same moment that my ears were assailed with the sound of a sexy, deep voice.

"Excuse me, ladies."

Oh damn. Maxwell was standing beside the table looking like he'd just walked off of the pages of a J. Crew catalog. I love that place (and so does a certain First Lady) and Maxwell Blackhawk wore the shit out of his royal blue button down shirt and khaki chinos. They went so well with that curtain of black hair that framed that finely-chiseled

face. This man was already too fine in the backdrop of a burning building but in the light of day this man was spectacular. Damn him for having the nerve to look like a wet dream. Damn him for being my dream. Damn this for not being a dream as a man that looked this good probably wouldn't want a woman like me any other place.

It wasn't that I didn't attract fine men; it was that I generally didn't attract men that fine unless they came with a half dozen baby mommas, a criminal record longer than the Las Vegas Strip, or hideous fashion sense. I'm no slouch but come on now. Maxwell Blackhawk was not your ordinary fine.

Maxwell's deep voice interrupted another one of my internal conversations.

"I'm sorry to bother you both but I saw you from across the room and I had to come over."

I was just about to say something, but I forgot how to fucking talk. I was actually rendered mute. Me mute because of a man? Ain't that a bitch? I couldn't think of anything to say to that man that didn't involve the words 'fuck' and 'me' and 'right now'. Luckily, Yaz hadn't lost her gift of gab. I heard her ask him how she could help him. I also heard her soft rejoinder.

"I bet one of us can help you and I know it won't be me," she said.

In an effort to get her to shut up, I kicked her under the table. Yaz simply blocked the kick and pressed on my foot – not hard enough to do damage to my JP Tod's but hard enough to render me still. If she so much as scuffed my shoes she was so getting me another pair. This woman was going to be the death of me one day and I feared that auspicious occasion was about to happen if she kept talking.

The sound of Maxwell chuckling caused me to moan.

"Reid, I need you to come with me ... again."

Flame On!!

I turned to look at him because I figured I was hallucinating at that point. I know I couldn't have heard those words come out of his mouth but I definitely heard Yaz's shocked inhale so I'm sure he said something. But did he say what I thought he said?

"Excuse me, what did you say?" I asked.

Max replied with the sexiest voice I ever heard.

"Reid, I said that I need for you to come with me ... again."

Damn if he didn't emphasize the come part of his sentence. Going over his words what he said suddenly hit me. He'd said '*again*.'

"Again?"

"Yes, again, Reid."

The last thing I heard besides the beating of my heart was Yaz's loud exclamation.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

RR

Flame On!!

Blazing Passions

by Yazmin Taylor

Everyone assumes that Reid' the demure one of our dynamic duo but I know the truth. After listening to Reid's fireman fuck-fest fantasy there was no doubt in my mind. As classy and eloquent as Reid was on the outside, on the inside lurked pure freak. Looking Reid in the eye she shot her a lopsided smile.

"Girl, I ain't mad at you. I always knew you had it in you ... considering that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

Reid started laughing. "I'm going to tell my mom that you called her a freak," she threatened as she grabbed her PDA and started dialing.

That statement took away some of her buzz. Yaz could take Reid's shit and dish it back out but she didn't want to have Lady CC on her ass. Using her cat-like reflexes she reached over to snatch Reid's phone. Forgetting just how much Reid loved her phone (or perhaps it was the Marc Jacobs phone cover that she was particularly fond of) she didn't put enough conviction up in her actions and Operation Get the Damn Phone turned into a Lucy and Ethel skit.

She'd get a piece of the phone and Reid would grab it back before she could pull it to her side of the table.

"You're going to break my nails," Reid complained.

"Then let go of the phone, wench," Yazmin responded.

"Like Charlton Heston said, you can have my phone when you pry it from..." Reid started but her words turned to a shriek when the phone slipped from both of their grips, fell to the ground and began a crazy skid across the natural stone paving.

Both of them jumped up and executed a mad dash for the phone, which had come to a stop near the sidewalk.

“You need to get some help for your little affliction, Reid,” Yazmin puffed as she made her way over.

Seeing Reid reach for the phone, she hip-checked her, thus bumping her away from the phone. The hip-check might’ve been unfair but she had to do something to get that phone. Normally, Reid wasn’t faster than her, but then her black leather wedge shoes that laced up her calves weren’t exactly the footwear of choice for a twenty-yard sprint.

Reaching for the phone which had skidded further out onto the sidewalk, Yazmin finished her critique. “If prying it from your cold, dead hands is the only way that I can get that phone, well then so be it,” she said as she bent to scoop it up.

“No, you don’t,” Reid screamed as she went all Pelé on her and kicked it clear of her reach.

Reid’s soccer move sent the phone skidding precariously close to the curb. Not wanting to hear Reid cuss her out all the way back to LA should her phone be run over, she redoubled her efforts to get to it. Ha ha! She thought as her fingers came within inches of the prize. Just as Yazmin was about to scoop it up, the phone was engulfed by the biggest hand she’d ever seen in real life.

When she looked up to see exactly whom the hand belonged to, Yazmin was confronted by the darkest olive eyes that she’d ever seen in her life.

Oh damn! If Heaven had a rainforest, clearly it was the color of this man’s eyes. Yazmin was pulled from her spell by the raspy voice.

“A murder might not be the best wisest course of action considering the pending arson charge,” he rumbled as he held the phone out to her.

Yazmin would take shit from Reid because Reid was her girl. She might even take a little good-natured ribbing from the rest of the Posse because well they were her Posse and wouldn't think twice about mounting up and rolling out in the name of a good beat down. Being that Mr. Fine was neither Reid nor a posse member she sure as shit wasn't about to take one iota of shit from him.

She was about to give him a mouthful when she noticed him looking down the front of her v-neck top lace cami. 'Look' was the wrong word, for he didn't simply look; he ogled. She crossed her arms and hit him with that what-the-hell look. Of course, her look was wasted on him because he didn't even bother to look up from her chest. Seeing that he wasn't about to look anywhere else anytime soon, Yazmin cleared her throat.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all," he returned not even bothering to look elsewhere.

Well damn. What did she say to that? Her cleavage was impressive, but the least Mr. Fine could do was to act embarrassed or even appear a little apologetic but he wasn't even pretending. Clearing her throat again, she snatched the phone from him without another word. The second Yazmin took the phone from his hand he gave her cleavage one last look, turned and rejoined his fellow fire fighters. Perhaps if she realized that crossing her arms only served to put her cleavage on a platter she wouldn't have been so pissed off. Perhaps if he wasn't so fine, she wouldn't have been so hot and bothered.

Reid's voice broke into her fantasies.

"If my phone's broken, you're buying me a new one and I want an upgrade, Yaz."

When she didn't answer fast enough, Reid yanked one of her curls.

“Ouch! Bitch, I heard you. There's no need to mess with my crowning glory. I was just thinking...”

Actually, she was busy eye-gasming, but Yazmin figured that was too much information so she kept that part to herself.

“Well can you think and walk at the same time, Yaz? I think I should get something to eat, considering how much champipple I drank. It looks like they aren't done with Dréa yet, so we're going to be here for a while. I saw a Chipotle a few stores down. Wanna go?”

“No, I'll wait here for you just in case somebody needs an eye witness,” Yazmin laughed.

Reid was laid back until she got hungry and then it was on like Donkey Kong. She watched as Reid grabbed her purse – oops, handbag, she corrected, recalling Reid's numerous impassioned dissertations on the differences between a purse and a handbag – and pushed her way through the crowd. If the restaurant hadn't been within eyesight Yaz would've accompanied Reid but being it wasn't even far enough away to constitute a hop, skip, or a jump, she felt comfortable loosing Reid on Sin City.

“Okay, I'll be back in a minute.”

“Bring me something back, wench,” she said before she settled in to people-watch, which was her second-favorite activity.

Yazmin loved people-watching, so sitting there watching all of the weirdoes walk by was a treat and being that she was in Vegas, it was an especially nice treat. Being a melting pot for all kinds of people, Vegas was the gathering spot for people-watching. People flocked to Sin City from every part of the world to indulge in activities that would never cross their minds had they been in any other city.

Glancing at the five-star hotel across the street, Yazmin saw something that caught her eye. It wasn't the hella cool waterfall that caught her eye but the group of women assembled next to it. Dressed all in black (in hot ass Vegas) with the exception of the Mardi Gras beads, they looked like they might be gathered for a wedding, being the woman in the center was decked out with a bouquet and a veil. Although she didn't see hide or hair of a groom, once she saw the garter she was sure it was a wedding. Damn, she'd like to see what happened next.

Her curiosity was getting the best of her so Yazmin crossed the street because to find out what was going on. Usually she didn't approach strangers but these women looked so welcoming in their weirdness that she chanced it. Smoothing down her black, skinny-legged, button fly, low-rise, stretch Capri pants, she tentatively approached. Okay, dammit, so she didn't do anything tentatively, but she tried to be as circumspect as possible. However with boobies and an ass like hers circumspect wasn't doable ... unless circumspect was the name of some knee buckling, gorgeous man who passed her stringent hygiene requirements.

Tapping the least craziest-looking chick on the shoulder, Yaz introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Yaz. Whilst being detained by the LV Fire Department I noticed you guys. Can I ask what the occasion is because you guys look like you are about to kick off some shit that will feature you on the evening news."

Laughing, the woman introduced herself.

"I'm Thumper – and no my mother isn't named Bambi – and these ladies are doing a wedding vows renewal."

“Cool, but um, where is the groom and I’m going to go out on a limb here and guess that this fine man wrapped around you like bacon wrapped around a choice bit of steak isn’t him.”

“No, this is my man, Joe and he’s just a witness. There isn’t a groom.”

“Did she kill him?” Yaz asked. Somehow about the ‘bride’ said that killing off her groom and renewing her vows was right up her alley.

“No, she never had a groom. Last year, she married herself and the ladies decided to return to the scene of the crime every year to celebrate.”

“Oh. My. Damn. That is something so Kanye West about that. What happens if she gets married to an actual groom?”

“Well, then we’re going to celebrate that too but we’re still coming back to Vegas to celebrate this monumental event – not that we need a reason to come back to Vegas,” the lady with the walk that daisy dukes and stilettos were made for said.

“Oh. My. Damn,” she reiterated digging, crushing on, loving these chicks even more with every passing revelation of kookyness.

“But won’t there need to be a divorce first?” she asked.

“Nope, chick has always wanted to be a polygamist. She already has the compound picked out in northern Cali and the castle,” Thumper said.

“And the locked rooms with the purple and gold pillows and the manpile all decked out in lowjacks and baby oil.”

Oh. My. Damn. First, I had to salute the sister with her purple fetish. Second, oh, my damn. She was marrying herself – again. Okay, who does that?

That was just the kind of off-the-wall experience that Yazmin loved hearing about. She had to stay in touch with these chicks and when she found out a grip of them lived in Cali, it was like Fate had stepped in and led her to these women.

Having been invited to the reception dinner that was due to kick off later that evening, she exchanged cell phone numbers with the ladies, explaining that due to a misunderstanding with the Las Vegas Fire Department, she might have other plans. They laughed their fucking asses off at that pronouncement. And bless her heart, but Thumper didn't even bat an eyelash when Yazmin asked if she could bring eight other guests. Just as she was saying her byes (until later on that evening), the crowd started pushing, screaming and running. Damn, it had to be some famous person walking the Strip.

Unable to see over the sea of heads surrounding her, Yazmin felt her body being driven forward by the crowd. She managed to hold onto her Dolce & Gabanna sunglasses in the melee, but she also managed to lose sight of her newfound friends and pretty much everything else. Stumbling on her shoes, she reached blindly for someplace to fall where she wouldn't be trampled to death. Dammit, she'd paid good money for this weave and if someone's dirty shoes tracked over it there was going to be some death being doled out. Feeling herself stumbling despite her efforts, she called out.

"Sister with a fly weave going down! Sister with a fly weave going down!" she said.

Seeing a big, booted foot come her way, she rolled to the side and threw her hands over her head to protect her weave.

"You know your SOS could easily be taken the wrong way," a liquid hot voice purred.

Blowing out a frustrated breath, Yaz struggled to her feet. Her struggles soon ceased as she was gently pulled up and against a warm, solid chest. Patting down her weave, she tossed her hair back and looked up into the eyes of ... that motherfucker.

“I’d say thank you, but maybe I should say it to your crotch instead,” she huffed recalling how he’d spent their earlier encounter staring at her breasts.

“Well, if it was on display like your glorious breasts were, then I wouldn’t blame you,” he said.

“You are such an ass...” she began only to be shoved forward right into him.

She noted how his arms went around her in a protective gesture. She also noted how good it felt. Damn, if this man didn’t make her body react. Damn him with his chiseled jaw with the cleft in his chin, his chestnut-colored hair, and his farm boy good looks. He wasn’t the biggest of the fireman that she’d seen, but he put her in the mind of one of those big, corn-fed farm boys. He also put her in the mind of riding. She wanted to climb him and ride him off into the sunset. Asshole. She really needed to learn his name so she could stop referring to him as asshole – not that she planned on referring to him at all.

She planned to ask him his name when another surge of the crowd jostled them. Dammit, whoever was getting them riled up needed to get the hell out of Dodge. Before she had a chance to think another thought she was being lifted by her fireman – wait, when did she start thinking of him as her fireman. Well, she’d deal with that thought later. Right now she had to get back to his manhandling of her. He picked her up and threw her over his broad shoulder and then marched the fuck off without so much as a by your leave.

She struggled thinking he was surely trying to take her to jail. Oh hell no. It wasn't jail so much that scared her; it was the germs that inhabited those places. And it was also the fact that her Posse didn't know that she was being carted off to jail. Familiar with the exploits of Dréa and Shara, visions of being shipped off to foreign prison danced in her head. Pausing in her struggles, to transfer the scrunchy off of her wrist to her head, she went back to beating his back with her fists.

Trust the sight of a cussing woman with a fly, fly weave being carried off by a man dressed as a fireman to not even draw a second look in Sin City. They probably simply looked like two ordinary weirdoes in an ocean of weirdoes. She was about to attempt something drastic when she realized that she was coming dangerously close to choking on her own cleavage. Hella way to die but she wasn't planning on dying before she kicked his ass.

Thinking the word ass caused her to look down at his ass. Damn, he might be blond enough to stand in for a surfer, but with an ass like that someone in his family was black. That might not be politically correct but damn it if she could make herself stop thinking it.

Her thoughts about ass must've transferred to him because the next thing she knew was that she was getting a smack on her ass. No, he didn't.

"Did you just smack my ass?" she huffed.

"Yes, now settle down."

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a deceptively calm voice.

"Someplace where we don't have to worry about being trampled to death, now settle down."

“Okay, she could deal with that. She’d settle down and once they were to safety, she was going to deal with his high-handedness. How dare he touch her ass? And how dare his smack feel so good.

Yazmin exhaled when she felt him set her down. Taking a moment to let the blood settle back where it was supposed to be, she dragged in a few deep breaths. He walked briskly but not so fast to prevent her from reading the name on the back of his jacket. Sage Granger. Mr. Granger might think that she’d forget his manhandling, but he was so wrong ... so very, very wrong.

#

Setting her atop the concrete signage that spelled out the name of the plaza, he placed his body in front of hers. Okay, she’d be impressed later but right now she was one shove away from committing ten kinds of felonies. She didn’t care what celebrity was putting in an appearance on the Strip, if one more motherfucker pushed her it was on.

Apparently, it was on like Donkey Kong Day because the entire crowd surged her way. From her vantage point four feet above the ground she was able to get a good view of what was going on and that view advised her to either get to higher ground or get the hell out of the way. There wasn’t anywhere else she could go so she opted for higher ground. Gingerly climbing up to the wrought iron and praying all the while that it’d hold her bootyliciousness, she wasn’t prepared for what happened next, although being that she was in the heart of Sin City, she shouldn’t have been surprised by what happened next.

Some tall motherfucker in the crowd plucked her from her perch and the next thing she knew, she was riding a sea of hands. Oh damn. It was just like on the music

videos when the lead band member jumped into the crowd and was tossed about. That shit looked electrifying on television ... and it was. She might've been more amped had she actually jumped into the sea of people expecting to be tossed about like a beach ball – and been dressed for the occasion. As it was, she was in danger of losing a shoe and a little bit of her modesty being that her lace demi-bra wasn't exactly rated for crowd-riding.

Finally, getting down, she staggered into the nearest door. Taking a moment to drag in some deep breaths, she hunched over resting her elbows on her knees. Rising to her full height, she shimmied her shoulders in an effort to get her girls back in the cups where they belonged. Tucking her hair behind her ears, she exhaled and perused the area. She couldn't help but smile realizing that she'd stumbled into an ice cream shop of all places. Well, 'when in Rome', she figured as she marched up to the counter.

Taking a peek outside and noticing that the crowd was still going buck wild, she took a seat and drank her peanut butter and chocolate milkshake. Glad for her wristlet clutch, she reached in and pulled out her LG Versa phone and shot off a text letting her Posse know that both she and her weave were okay. Well, they were as okay as they could be considering the events of the last twenty-four. She'd gotten caught up in so much drama that she felt like she could've been shooting an episode of 24. Hearing the beep that signaled a new text, she scanned it, glad that she did as Reid had left her the name and room number of their new digs.

Having finished her milkshake and seeing that the crowd has thinned out to a more reasonable mob, she gathered her fineness and headed out into the Vegas night. Switching on her phone's GPS, she quickly mapped her route and started walking. It

wasn't far so she could easily walk there but she kept getting the feeling that she was being followed.

At first, Yaz thought that she was simply being silly, but her goose bumps didn't go away and the hair on the back of her neck still remained raised. Though she was surrounded by people, the LA in her started to come out. Though her footwear made it tricky, she lengthened her stride and double-timed it to her hotel. Regardless of what she did she still felt as though someone were watching her, following her. It wasn't that she was afraid; it was more that she was fucking annoyed. She could hold her own but a) Vegas wasn't her turf; b) she wasn't dressed for a rumble; and, c) she couldn't see her opponent.

Spotting a tram, she said to hell with it and ran for it. With her shoes slowing her down, her running was something that would probably get a million hits on youtube but she still made it ... barely. She climbed onto the tram just as the doors closed. Seeing that she was the sole occupant on the tram, she sunk onto the nearest seat and used her wristlet clutch to fan herself. Just as she was about to relax, she spotted a hand prying the doors of the tram open.

"No fucking way," she said to herself spotting what was a pretty good-sized guy.

Something told her that though the doors were hard as hell to open once they closed that this man could make it happen. Because he was wearing a baseball cap and sunglasses all she knew about the man who was about to have 150 pounds of woman all up in his shit was that he was a he ... or a really scary-ass looking broad. Jumping from her seat, she started to take off her shoes so that she could be ready for either fight or flight. Getting into her 'about to kick it off' stance she waited for him to open the door. Swift and strong, she didn't have long to wait.

Taking a step forward, she watched in disbelief as Sage Granger walked onto the tram like he owned it. And the woman in her watched as he looked at her like he owned her. No fucking way.

“It’s good to see that you’re already getting undressed for me,” he smirked as he advanced.

No, he didn’t. “Fuck you, Granger,” she smart-mouthed.

“Oh, I cannot wait until you do,” he said as he advanced.

Later, she’d recall how that was the last word spoken between them until the do was done.

Yaz had plenty to say but when she looked into his dark, green eyes she just couldn’t be bothered saying it. He was so fucking intense. There wasn’t any softness in his gaze, no trace of the sensitive, pink-wearing, going-to-get-a-manicure man in him. Though she didn’t really know him, Yaz knew him long enough to know what Sage Granger was. Sage Granger was all man, throwback man. He had a voice that rivaled Vin Diesel’s and the swagger of Jason Statham.

She’d bet her next three hair weaves that Sage had never seen the inside of a nail salon unless that mother was on fire and that he didn’t own any pink items of clothing unless he had some kind of bad washing machine accident involving something red inadvertently thrown in with a load of whites Yeah, Sage Granger was all man and he was looking at her like he was contemplating clubbing her over the head and dragging her back to his cave.

Judging by the way he glared her down like she was a choice bit of steak and he was a carnivore who’d just come off of a fast and from the way his nostrils flared, Yaz

doubted he had the will to drag her further than ... right there. Her thoughts were interrupted by the tram lurching forward.

Thrown off balance, she once again found herself in his arms. But unlike last time, he wasn't trying to prevent her from falling; he was too busy trying to reach her uvula with his tongue. And she was busy trying to reach his. Clutching him like Reid would a Marc Jacobs bag, Dréa would clutch a presidential pardon, or Shara would clutch power, she melded herself against him trusting him to keep her safe while she had her way with his body.

Sage clutched her just as hard. Yaz was sure that she'd have bruises tomorrow – if not from his tight hold on her, then from their slamming against the windows of the tram. And she was sure that she'd treasure every one of those bruises. This man was making her feel so damn good. She couldn't say the same for her v-necked t-shirt. She heard it rip but she couldn't be bothered caring. Right now she needed to be skin-to-skin with Sage ... needed his mouth on her breasts, his hands on her ass, his fingers in her pussy. Most of all, she needed his dick in her body ... right now.

Another hard lurch of the tram had her falling. It was a good thing that Sage broke their fall because otherwise she would've hit the floor hard. Though she wanted Sage on top of her, she wasn't even trying to get on that floor – she didn't give a damn how clean it was it was still a floor.

Even though he was a man, he must've known some smart women because before she had a chance to hit the ground he'd flipped them mid-motion. Sage landed on the floor and she landed on top of two-hundred ten pounds of rock, solid man. Scooting up his body so that her cunt was directly on top of his groin, she slowly rocked her hips bringing on the beginning of an orgasm.

The feel of Sage's cock felt so damn good. He must've thought the same thing because the next thing she felt was him grabbing a handful of her weave and dragging her mouth down to his. Normally, she'd protest the rough treatment of her hair ... and now was no different. There were just things that a woman had to be uncompromising about: her God, her children and her hair. She didn't have any children so that left her extra time to be uncompromising about her hair.

Yanking her mouth from Sage's, she schooled him.

"Hey, watch the hair."

To her surprise he merely growled and yanked her back down. "I'll pay to get your hair fixed after I give you what your body is telling me you want."

And with that he jerked her back down. Instead of ravishing her mouth, he yanked her shirt up and ravished her breasts which were spilling from the lace cups of her demi-bra. Oh fuck. She really was going to say something else about her hair but oh my damn that motherfucker took her breast in his mouth and all she could do was feel. It was obvious that she wasn't as uncompromising about her hair as she thought. All good, she was still uncompromising about her God.

And that was the name she called when Sage pressed her up like he was executing a bench press. What the hell? So yeah, he was strong but she already knew that. What she didn't know was how good his dick would feel in her and that was the only fucking thing her body wanted to know.

"Granger!" she protested.

"Taylor, remove your pants or I'll rip them from that tempting body!"

Well damn. Unbuttoning her Capri pants she kicked them down her legs, thankful for the fact that she'd already removed her shoes. She got them most of the

way down and Sage used his long legs to kick them free from her body. Settling back down atop him, she unbuttoned his jeans, thankful for the fact that they were loose. His dick sprang into her hand as soon as she undid the last button.

Wrapping her hand around his length, she slowly pumped him reveling in the way he felt and in his indrawn breath. She would've continued stroking him if not for his haste. Lifting his hips (and her), he quickly worked his jeans down. Once his jeans were clear of his hips he reached up and roughly kissed her.

"So damn beautiful," he rasped as he spread her wider and thrust his entire length in her.

Yazmin couldn't have spoken even if she had an entire linguistics team instructing her. The best she could do was make sounds that had her sounding like Jodie Foster from that movie *Nell*. She might've felt bad if Sage hadn't sounded just as incoherent and if he hadn't been stroking her so good. There was nothing eloquent about his love-making. Hell, what he was doing couldn't even be classified as love-making; Sage was straight fucking her ... and that is exactly what she needed him to do.

Powering in and out of her pussy, his thrusts were deliberate, powerful and every damn one of them hit her spot. Bending her towards him he latched onto her breasts and nipped, bit and sucked her sensitive nipples. Her pleasure was killing her yet Sage never even slowed his thrusts. Digging her nails into his forearms she held on and let her body have its head. She heard "Do Me Baby" in her head and her body grooved to it. The combination of pleasure and pain threw her into the beginning stages of orgasm. Sage kneading the firm globes of her ass before delivering a few swats to her cheeks threw her head-on into orgasm. Throwing back her head she let loose a scream that should've shattered glass.

Her orgasm swept over her like locusts over a field. It left nothing in its wake. She was through, done, finished. But Sage was only just beginning. Winding her weave around his fist, he flipped them both over and laid her on top of their discarded clothes.

“I’m going to get dirty,” she protested.

“Damn right, because I’m the man making love to you,” he said before spreading her wider.

Bending before her, he drank from her. Mercy. Sage might have an ass like a black guy but he ate pussy like a white guy. He lapped up her cream like it was the only thing keeping him alive.

His ministrations threw her into another orgasm. Sage ate right through it. Only when she came down did he move from his spot. Settling his work of art body on top of hers, he bent and kissed her. His kiss was just as primal as their first one and she responded just as hotly. Circling his waist with her legs she arched her body into his awaiting his re-entry.

Sage took his time. Instead of thrusting back into her creaming cunt he teased her body with his. Grinding into her he backed off, and chuckled when her body followed. Over and over he did this until in her frustration she dug her nails into his shoulders and attempted to flip him onto his back.

“I’m the man, Taylor. I fuck you and you lay where I put you and enjoy a real man touching you,” he rasped as he plunged into her.

Yaz didn’t even have time to digest his words before she was caught up in the maelstrom of his lovemaking. He thrust into her so hard that she was sure that the threads keeping her weave in place relaxed. But for once, she didn’t care. She simply laid back and accepted the pleasure that he was giving her. She came twice more before

she felt him tense and give into his own climax. She treasured the sounds of him coming, feeling a little bit conceited that she'd been the woman to draw that out of him.

They lay there on the floor of tram for what seemed like hours but what was probably more like minutes. She didn't move until he crawled off of her. Watching him slip off the condom and tie it off, she raised her brow. She didn't recall him even putting one on.

"You wore a condom," she commented softly.

"It's my job to take care of you, so of course I did," he answered as he retrieved their clothes.

Yazmin didn't say much of anything as he put her Capri pants back on her and then slid back into his own jeans. Hell, what could she say? It was all that she could do to simply tuck her breasts back in her bra and pull her shirt down. She couldn't even muster the energy to get her ass up off the floor. Neither could Sage. They might've lain there forever if the tram didn't stop.

One moment the tram was empty except for the two of them. The next moment it was swarming with the Las Vegas PD. Fuck, she thought. These motherfuckers were serious about arson. She was about to say something when the cop nearest them roughly dragged Sage off of her.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied unable to do more than open her eyes.

"She can't even get up. Call the medics," another cop said.

A female cop approached and introduced herself. "I'm Officer Ward. Can you tell me what this man did to you?"

It was only then that Yaz realized what was going on. They thought that Sage had assaulted her. Fifteen minutes of explanations later she managed to convince the LVPD that Sage had not assaulted her, unlike the passersby on the other trams had thought when they'd made their 911 calls. Realizing that she wasn't about to be hustled off to the hospital for an unwarranted check up and that Sage wasn't about to be hauled off to the big house, she was finally able to sit up long enough to at least attempt to put on her shoes.

Though she didn't comment, she did smile when Sage took her shoes from her and put them on. He tied her ribbons like he was tying off rope but she was still touched by the gesture. One of the LV police handed her the remains of her shirt ... but only after smirking at Sage.

"Ma'am, are you sure he didn't assault you?" the policeman asked.

"I'm sure he didn't assault me, officer, but thank you for asking," she replied.

Another officer piped up. "Hey, wait a minute, aren't you one of those women from the hotel fire?"

"Yes, but I didn't set it," she huffed.

"In that case maybe you ought to be asking Granger if he's sure that she didn't assault him. Those are some dangerous women. They have their attorneys on standby."

"She didn't assault me ... at least not yet," Sage answered.

"I'm glad you think this is funny," she whispered loudly.

"I do," he whispered in her ear before kissing her mouth. "By the way, don't you think you should tell me your first name."

"How is that you know my last name but not my first?"

"Got it from the police report," he said.

“You’re such a man. Yazmin Taylor,” she said.

“Pleased to meet you, Ms. Yazmin Taylor. I’m Sage Granger. Would you like to have dinner with me?”

“As long as it involves some kind of dead animal on my plate I’m up for that, however you might want to make it breakfast instead of dinner being that these officers look like they want me to get into the back of a squad car.”

Raucous laughter met her answer. Yazmin wasn’t hauled off to jail ... but she was wearing handcuffs. The handcuffs went nicely with that smile she was wearing as she fell asleep in the arms of her fire fighter.

YT

Flame On!!

How Do Firemen Make Love?

By Laura Guevara and Dréa Riley

Dréa dropped her head to her hands and swung her feet. The stocky looking bald guy was grilling her like she was a prime steak, and the rest of the crew were staring at all the hunky firemen going to and fro. Today was never going to end. What a fucking time to try to quit smoking. *Shit*. This was supposed to be fun not another episode of “Dréa did it.” But, it wasn’t her fault — this time.

“Ohmigosh, Dude, I keep telling you, it wasn’t my fault,” she said on a deep soulful sigh.

Jeanie and Jayha must’ve had those sonic big sister ears on because at that point they both looked over at her in askance. Their ability to sense her distress never ceased to amaze her. As big sisters went they were the best.

Jeanie cocked an eyebrow and flicked her cigarette before rolling her neck and making a move to stand. It was only Jayha’s slight throat clearing that stopped her. Clearly, Jeanie was about to intervene and find out why the LVFD wasn’t taking Dréa’s story at face value.

“Dréa, are you all right?” Jayha called in that deceitfully calm, accentless voice. She enunciated each of the words in a way that let any listener know that she meant business, no matter that the words themselves weren’t threatening.

The rest of the crew continued with their perusal of the hotness parade that was more commonly known as the Vegas fire department. To the untrained eye the women were merely milling about. But Dréa knew they were all waiting. Ready to come to her defense, kick ass, do some serious cussing, whatever the situation required. These folks didn’t really seem to understand who they were messing with. Though you’d think they’d remember that time a few years back when a certain toupee wearing mogul had gotten cussed out right out on the Strip in front of God and everyone.

“I’m on it.” Laura bounded from her position in the middle of the seven other women. The posse tended to rally around Shara and Laura considering they were so short—er, vertically challenged. Couldn’t risk losing them in a crowd. Laura and Dréa were the two youngest member of the posse inner sanctum, so they were normally stuck together like glue. Laura was sometimes able to use the difference in their ages, a mere few months, to pull rank on the posse cannon ball and talk her out of a few of her more dangerous endeavors.

Laura made the short walk to Dréa’s side look like it was a mile long runway. Several of the firemen stopped mid-stride to watch the curvy Latina sashay to a beat only she could hear. Dréa would have laughed out loud if she wasn’t concentrating on which one of the firemen she wanted to hook her best friend up with. None of the gawkers really seemed worthy.

“Hola”, Laura’s slightly accented voice tinkled as she drew near.

“Hey, Chiquita, que pasa?”

“Oh my god, you just damn near blew up a hotel and you’re gonna ask me what’s up. Dréa, I swear.”

“Hey, can it! First, I didn’t almost blow it up. It was just a small gooey fireball thingy. And second, it wasn’t like I was trying to do it. And third, it wasn’t my fault, must be some shitty wiring or something, ’cause I was a good foot from the damn thing. I was just playing with that new lighter Jeanie scored me and wondering when we were gonna eat. I heard Jayha saying how it was hot so I went to adjust the thing; I had to look at it for a minute. I mean who has things like that anymore? How come it didn’t have any buttons? Or a digital read out? I was using my lighter to read the little numbers then WHAMO! Flaming alien snot all up on my boot. Man, I loved these boots. These were

originals. One of a kind! What am I gonna do and when are we gonna eat? Go ask Jeanie if I can have a cigarette”

“NO!”

Wow, seven sets of voices rang out. Dréa should have known the other ladies were listening. Funny, they let Jeanie smoke like a freight train, because that’s what Jeanie did, but she wasn’t allowed. In fact, Dréa thought, she wasn’t allowed to do a whole helluva lot.

“Which is so not right.”

“What’s not right?” Laura asked her gaze trained on the back of a really hunky looking guy in a pair of dark blue dress pants that were caressing a nice high, round ass.

“The fact that you understand everything she just said” The short stocky man cut in.

“I swear I’ve been listening to her for fifteen full minutes and she isn’t speaking any language I’ve ever heard of. I just need to know how the fire started. Can you ask her that and then translate please”

#

“Uh Oh” Reid whispered as the six other women tuned into what was going on.

“Bet you ten bucks Laura kicks his ass” Yazmin added. “You know how she and Dréa are together.”

“Nah,” Came Jeanie though she didn’t turn to watch, “He’s old, she’ll just cuss him a little bit”

“Twenty and a trip back to that purse store.” Yazmin countered.

Reid waivered, but she saw what no one else did. Laura wasn’t really paying attention to the short investigator. Someone behind him held her attention. Reid

watched as Laura tipped her head to the side to peer around the older man in order to keep her eyes locked on the official looking hunk. Reid also noticed Dréa toe off her remaining boot while pulling her shoulder length braids in to a ponytail. Reid was sure that Dréa would have pulled her earrings off as well, had she actually been wearing any. From her perspective she could see things going awry, well more than they already were, but she doubted that Laura was going to physically be involved in the action this time. Nope, this was totally shaping up to be another Dréa smack down kind of incident.

“Forget about the money make it a bottle of champipple and you’re on.”

Laura never took her eyes off the hunk once he caught her attention. She was tempted to ignore the man that had been asking Dréa questions but he wouldn’t stop talking. He was like a gnat and she just wanted to swat him.

“She said she didn’t do it,” Laura spit in the general direction of the little man.

“Huh” he replied.

Laura sighed. The hunk she was watching made his way toward the hotel, despite all her mental willing he never turned around so she could get a look at him from the front. *Dammit!!* Laura was ticked off now. She was totally trying to see if hottie looked as good from the front, but no. Short and surly was just tall and round enough to block her view. And what, was he still talking. God, he was so lucky Dréa hadn’t throttled him already. Laura really was contemplating just letting her best friend punch him in the mouth. And Lord, did he just try to insinuate that Dréa wasn’t smart. That did it. She was going to set him straight then leave him at Dréa’s mercy. Angrily, she turned back to Dréa and the man who was now aggravating them both and repeated herself. Laura hated repeating herself.

“You said you couldn’t understand her. I translated. She. Didn’t. Do. It.”

Laura gave up attempting to keep herself between Dréa and the current object of her irritation. Really, she thought to herself, why do people look at all the barely restrained energy that was Dréa and think to themselves, *“Today, I want to risk getting cussed out in a made up mix of several languages and get my ass kicked all before lunch”*.

“Actually,” Dréa cut in after having secured her hair and tossed her much abused boot into a nearby trash can, “What I said was,” She began calmly and in perfectly timed, eloquently drawled, husky timber. Her was voice much more raspy and sultry than her usual hyper excited meter, causing the whole crew to go on alert. Dréa was only ever truly understandable and calm when she was about to intentionally start or in this case finish something, “that I didn’t *fucking* do it. I am not really sure, what part of that you can’t seem to grasp. I’ve been saying it since you walked over here. But if you ask me again, I’m going to do it. *IT* just won’t be the *IT* you keep asking me about. Then we are going to have ourselves a whole ‘nother *IT* to worry about.”

By the time Dréa had finished speaking she was less than a foot away from the investigator. For a moment he seemed to think he could hold his ground, but something about the way she’d put herself all up in his space daunted him. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that there were eight other sets of female eyes watching him waiting for him to make one miss-step. Or maybe it was the fact that the female directly in front of him had lost all of the childlike exuberance and had advanced on him so quickly he hadn’t had time to think that she was anything less than barely restrained danger, much like the mercury that had burned through one of Vegas’s most luxurious hotels.

Laura was about to just let the man get what he had coming, but she heard Jayha’s feigned voice of reason ring out.

“Oh my God, some one stop Dréa, No, she did not just threaten that man. Out loud. In public. Lord, Shara stop ogling the fire chief.”

“CHALLENGE!!!!!!” Shara’s voice rang out so loud that firemen and guests alike stumbled to an abrupt halt and turned toward their merry little band of rogues.

“Oh Lord,” came from RaeLynn, who had thus far been quite, but watchful. “No, Shara, we have to get this settled first, plus we have a lot of other challenges to do...just no.”

RaeLynn ended her plea on a sigh knowing that this was about to get deeper. There was about as much chance in stopping Shara on a challenge as there was of the posse keeping Dréa out of trouble.

#

Dréa crossed her arms over her ample chest seemingly oblivious to the fact that her investigator all but slobbered over her boobs and decided to dismiss the aggravating man. Shara had just issued another challenge, which was far more interesting than trying to talk herself out of yet another mess. Plus, she had to keep her eye on Jeanie. Jayha didn’t care which one of them did it, if one was in trouble the other automatically got put on lock down. She backed back into position against the wall she’d previously occupied and listened to the rest of the posse discuss fantasies. She watched out of the corner of her eye as the investigator shuffled from foot to foot before deciding to give up. He had apparently realized that he had a) just been granted a pardon on a mauling and b) wasn’t about to get another explanation. He threw his hands up in despair and made his way toward the hotel, mumbling about crazy women and hormones and the Fire Marshall taking over. Dréa kind of felt bad for the man. It was obvious that he was disgruntled with his job. But that, just like the fire, wasn’t her fault.

Bringing her attention back to the rest of the crew, she heard Laura suggest that instead of writing a new story based on all the cute firemen, they could maybe take turns spinning a tale just to entertain each other. It was obvious that they weren't going to be allowed to roam too far from their new digs for little while so they may as well entertain each other.

"Fine" Dréa said, shrugging her shoulders, "we're in" she volunteered herself and Laura. "As long as we get to eat; I am getting hangry."

"What the hell is hangry?" RaeLynn asked.

The rest of the crew laughed. Though Dréa often spoke her own language and made up words to describe things, she'd opted to borrow one from her big sister Jeanie's dictionary. Everyone knew that if Jeanie said she was hangry, things were about to go downhill quickly. Applying that word to Dréa could only be worse. The entire posse agreed; for all intents and purposes Dréa was definitely unstable, it wouldn't do to jostle her too often.

While Reid explained to RaeLynn that hangry was a combination of being angry and hungry at the same time, Shara claimed dibs on the fire chief, Dréa had a sneaking suspicion that it wasn't just for the fantasy challenge either. Jeanie and Yazmin fell in to a conversation about the MGM Lions and gondolas and Jayha took a moment to call the posse lawyers.

Dréa sighed and looked over at Laura, "ok freakazoid, what's our fantasy, are we dominating or being dominated and do you think we could fantasize in some food, 'cause really, I am freaking starving."

Laura was a little slow in answering Dréa because she was still trying to get a good look at that official looking hottie who was walking around with a clipboard, making notes and looking around. He was a walking hunk of writing material. He looked like a hero she would conjure up in her mind and that readers love. And since Shara had issued that challenge well her overactive imagination was already in overdrive.

“Ok short stuff, what are you thinking about,” Dréa asked, interrupting her daydream.

“That man over there talking to that nasty investigator you almost killed, you see him? He is the one with the clip board,” she added, “I could so totally spin a fantasy about him for the challenge.”

Dréa finally located the man in question and totally agreed with her.

“Dayum, that man is lip-smacking good.”

Laura couldn’t agree more.

“I wonder who is and what that nasty little bug is telling him. You know it can’t be good...OH SHIT he is coming this way.” Laura fell silent and just stared at the beefy official guy made his way closer. Dréa wasn’t so quiet.

“I’ll bet Mr. Lil’ man’s syndrome is over there fronting like he knows all the goods and has properly chastised me. I should go set his bug eyed self on fire... bet they wouldn’t expect that, could you see him trying to stop drop and roll, probably end up burning the whole strip down. That’s what he gets for c’blocking. I see the way you’re eyeing Mr. officially fine over there. Boy we might just win this challenge and for my reward, I want our next vacation to not be hot as hell. This is freaking ridiculous and again I ask you, when do we eat?”

Laura idly listened to her friends rambling. Something was bothering her about the way the first investigator was wildly gesturing to her hunk. She was really on the verge of going over there when she noticed the short man move his hands together to make the international sign of motor mouth talking and then point in her and Dréa's direction. It was at that point that she looked up and realized that MR. Official hottie was staring directly at her and Dréa and he did NOT look happy.

He dipped his head and ran his fingers through his thick locks before patting the shorter man on the shoulder and making his way towards them.

"Shit, Dréa, whatever that little bug told him, pissed him the hell off, we are so in for it now. Ok let me do all the talking and you just nod ok?"

She didn't hear what Dréa said because hot pissed off man was already in front of them asking questions.

"Ladies, my name is William Harveston. I am a Fire Marshall called in to investigate what happened. I have a couple of questions for you two and then you all can be free to go and enjoy our city."

"OMGHISNAMEISFIREMARSHALLBILL," Dréa snickered. Laura elbowed Dréa as she started laughing hysterically and gave her a look that said 'shut the hell up'.

Luckily he didn't understand what Dréa had said because he started with his questioning.

"Why don't you start by telling me your names and what happened from the beginning," he asked.

"My name is Laura Guevara and that is Dréa Riley. We had all just got back from our shopping spree and were resting up in our suite, when all of a sudden there was a fire. I was not really paying attention, because I was going through my bags looking for

my outfit I was going to wear for tonight. I had found this perfect dress and wanted to have it dry cleaned before I wore it when suddenly someone yelled. I looked up to see what was going on and saw that a fire had started on the floor.”

Laura paused for a deep breath, her hand twirling a lock of her dark wavy hair, something that she did when she was nervous.

Dréa was still snickering beside her about Fire Marshall Bill, so she tried to ignore her or she else would be laughing her ass off. Mr. Fire Marshall had taken off his sunglasses and she could see his deep green eyes watching her.

She cocked her head to one side, “Dréa, doesn’t my dress match his green eyes?” Dréa stopped laughing long enough to agree with her.

“Too bad that it went up in flames,” she lamented.

“The hell it did. I was not about to leave it behind, it’s over there,” she pointed to where the rest of the Posse was sitting. The garment bag was draped over one of the vacant chairs. “I paid a lot of money for that dress, no way was I leaving it behind.”

“Did you manage to save the shoes, too?”

“Ladies, can we please get on track,” Mr. Fire Marshall interrupted, which set Dréa off again. He gave Dréa a quizzical look.

“Sorry, but well your name just reminds her of Fire Marshall Bill, you know that character that Jim Carrey played. Do you know who we are talking about?”

“No, I don’t but I would like to stay on task here.”

“OMG you don’t know who Fire Marshall Bill is?” Dréa asked in shock, and then she was off trying to explain to him who he was.

Laura elbowed her again to stop her because she could tell that Mr. Fire Marshall was not a patient man.

“Dréa, shut up. Sorry Mr. Fire Marshall, but we are all a little stunned and pissed off at what happened.”

“Pissed off,” he asked.

“Well yeah. All of our stuff was up there and is now all gone. We just managed to get a couple of things out. So yeah, I am pissed off. The hotel needs to hire electricians or electrical engineer to inspect the wiring because something is obviously wrong.”

“So you think what happened was a wiring problem?”

“Yes I do, which I am sure is what your investigation will find.”

“Laura, hurry up or they will start the challenge without us,” Dréa whispered besides her looking at the Posse gathered about ten feet from them.

“Are we done Mr. Fire Marshall,” Laura asked sweetly.

“No, Ms. Guevara, we are not. I still need to hear what Ms. Riley has to say.”

“Look Fire Marshall Bill, Laura already told you what happened,” Dréa snapped. “We had just gotten back and then bam, there was a fire.” She of course didn’t mention that she’d had a lighter in her hand, she wasn’t stupid.

Laura was turned around to look at the Posse and noticed that there was an exact replica of Fire Marshall Bill standing near the Posse, wearing a firefighter’s uniform. Except that he was a little dirty and sweaty but she could have sworn that they were the same person.

“Do you have a twin brother,” she asked, swinging her gaze back up to the man standing in front of them, “or am I suffering from a smoke inhalation side effect or something?”

“Huh, you feel sick Laura? Why the hell didn’t you say something?”

Before she called the Posse or a swarm of paramedics, Laura stopped her.

“Over there by the Posse, you see that firefighter a couple of feet to the right? Doesn’t he look like Fire Marshall Bill?”

Dréa drew the same conclusion.

“Oh shit, he does.”

Both of them turned questioning eyes towards Fire Marshall Bill and waited for him to respond.

“Yes that is my twin brother, Matthew. He is a firefighter.”

“Holy shit Laura, we so have to start on our challenge, twins, OMG this is going to be great,” and off she went in the direction of the Posse and sexy twin firefighter.

“You want to explain what she meant by challenge? Is this why the fire started?”

“Of course,” she said in a huff, “we would never burn anything down that didn’t need burning. And even if we did, we would never get caught.” At his raised eyebrow she added, “We are writers, so the only fires we start are in the bedroom or wherever our characters have sex. And we are all very creative and talented so that could damn well be anywhere.”

She was really pissed off now. How dare he assume that they would intentionally burn down the hotel? As if they didn’t have anything better to do. To think that she was imagining a sexy fantasy encounter with him, maybe she should talk to his brother; she did have a small fascination with firefighters.

“You will stay away from my brother,” he growled.

“Oh shit, I did not just say that out loud,” she was mortified.

#

While Laura and the Fire Marshall where staring each other down, Dréa seized the opportunity to escape. She sidled up to the rest of the posse long enough to hear

Jayha declare that they had to split up until the investigation was finished. They could still hang out they just weren't allowed to stay in the same hotel.

Dréa shrugged at hearing this. She wasn't really fond of staying on the strip when they were in Vegas anyway. Catching a glimpse of the man who looked just like fire Marshall Bill, but with shorter hair, an idea struck her.

Making a b-line directly for the hunk, she pasted a big "aren't I adorable" smile on her face and prepared to get herself and Laura a ride home. Taxi's were hell expensive in Vegas and since they'd been car pooling with the posse neither of them had a vehicle at their disposal.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fireman, sir" Dréa raised her voice to interrupt the small group of men who were making plans for the evening at their station.

Four extremely muscular bodies turned to face her all with arms crossed over their chests and eyebrows raised as if to question her presence.

"Damn, ok dudes; do not get all hostile on me. I didn't freaking burn the place down, at least not on purpose. I am just wondering if one of you guys knows when we can talk to management. I need to see if anything is salvageable and I need a phone so I can call a cab to get home."

"Wait a min, did you say get home" the dark chocolate hunk in the back asked in shock. "You know they probably aren't going to let you leave Vegas until this is cleared up, you could still end up in jail."

"You could end up in jail" Dréa muttered back in a falsetto voice she hated to be crabby but this was not going how she'd planned and she was still hungry

Letting out the millionth soul sigh of the day she dipped her head just a bit.

“Look fellas, I’d say I was sorry if it’d help, but I keep telling everyone, I don’t freaking know what happened it just caught on fire. I am glad no one was hurt and I am sure everything will be ok, this hotel hasn’t had this much action or publicity in ten years, they are already having to turn people away from the casino and shops because Fire Marshall Bill over there is spouting off about legal capacity and blah blah blah.

“ Secondly, the only person going to jail in Vegas isnever mind OJ or DMX jokes are so too easy right now.

“And yes I said get home. I live here; well Laura and I have a house here. I hate staying in hotels in Vegas.”

Dark and sexy smirked at her and turned his back. Dréa knew these guys weren’t about to help her. So much for research for her fantasy. Hungry, angry and aggravated she attempted to make her way around the group of hulks and toward the front of the hotel. The concrete was starting to really burn her feet and she was just about to break into a dash when she was scooped up and tossed over a really broad shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Upside down and staring at a pair of big, non-descript fire retardant pants she had no idea who had captured her. Reaching into the over sized pants she grabbed the waist band of what felt like basketball shorts and began to yank the material up.

The hulking kidnapper stopped midstride and warned.

“You give me a wedgie, I will dump your ass in the nearest fountain.”

“You can try.”

“Excuse me?”

“What the shit is with you Nevadans...damn everyone is freaking deaf today. I said you can try. But, I promise you, you won’t dump me in any fountain. The moment

you attempt to do me any harm, my sisters are going to tear the entire state of Nevada up, and then you will come up missing. And yes, I realize what I just said and no, I am not concerned about the ramifications.”

Dréa harrumphed as her nose bounced into the back of hunky.

“Dude, I hate to tell you, but if you don’t let me up I am going to do worse than give you a wedgie, I am totally about to puke in your pants”

That got the hulking fire man’s attention. He came to an abrupt stop and flipped Dréa over his shoulder, though he didn’t set her free.

After a moment her head stopped swimming and she noticed they were standing near Laura and the Fire Marshall.

“Dréa, are you ok? Are you sick?”

Laura asked in a soft voice, she looked as if she were about to reach up and feel Dréa’s forehead however she would have needed a step stool as hunky still held her friend cradled in his arms.

Dréa rested her head on the hunky twin’s shoulder and let out a little sigh.

A small smile graced her cherub face and any onlooker would be hard pressed to believe that she was anything other than a complete angel.

“Laura, if they let us go home soon I know what my challenge fantasy is going to be”

Laura narrowed her eyes at her best friend and crossed her arms before turning back to the sulking Fire Marshall.

“Listen, Mr. Harveston...”

“So you did hear me when I said my name?” Official hunk stated interrupting Laura.

“Actually, yes, I am sure Dréa and I have heard everything you’ve said as you people have a real tendency to repeat yourselves and ask us to do so as well. Dréa is obviously tired, this has been a long day for us as, I am sure you are well aware. Everyone else has left to go to their new hotel rooms so if you have no more questions for Dréa or me, we’d like to be on our way home as well.”

“Home? Miss Guevara, you told me that you two live in Texas, you must understand that I can’t allow you to travel home at this very moment.”

“Listen, Bill, wasn’t it?” Dréa said, never lifting her head from his twin’s shoulder, “Like I was telling your womb-mate here, Laura and I have a house here in Vegas. I am sure you and the rest of your suits will have a million more questions, and you can ask me anything you want tomorrow. If you’d kindly, just shut up today and let me go home so I can eat and take a freaking bath, I’ll be glad to tell you again that I didn’t do anything to start the fire.”

Finally lifting her head and maneuvering herself to the ground to stand on her own two feet, Dréa squared her shoulders and looked up into two sets of emerald green eyes.

“Unless I am under arrest, which I know I am not, we are going home.”

She reached into her back pocket and pulled out a card with her name and address clearly embossed in purple ink.

“We have a house on the end of that cull de sac, you can’t miss it”

The hunky fireman glanced at the card.

“Hey you guys live in that big house with the Texas flag painted on the back?”

He questioned a glint of excitement lit up his eyes.

“Yeah, why?” Laura asked as she and Dréa moved toward the curb to signal a taxi.

The girls turned back to see identical looks of shock emanate from the faces of the Fire Marshall and his brother.

Fire Marshall Bill looked as if someone had just pulled the rug from under him and he was carrying his first birthday cake.

“You two live in the house with the big Dodge Rams with monster truck tires out front and the mini go cart track in the back?” He asked as the ladies were climbing into a waiting cab.

“Duse,” his twin crowed, “we live down the street” he yelled as the cab pulled from the curb.

As the cab made its way down the street Dréa slumped down and stretched her legs in from of them.

“I swear that fool just said they live down the street from us. Lord, now we’ll never get any peace”

“*Estupida, tonta Dréa*, There is never any peace with you to begin with. Besides what fun would that be?”

“Yeah, what fun would that be? Hey when we get home I want pizza, then I am locking myself in my room. I know just what I want my fantasy to be about”

“Good, we’ve had enough adventures for today. And I am with you, I have been piecing my story together in my head, too.”

“Oh does it have anything to do with twin green-eyed hunks?”

“As a matter of fact it might, but I am not telling you anything right now. We can swap stories via email. After we eat I don’t want to see you for a while I need to relax.”

“Oh yeah, well, I don’t want to see you either. I need to relax, too. Besides, my feet hurt I gotta get online and see if I can replace my boots.”

#

Relaxing in her big comfy sofa, Laura opened up her instant messenger to send Dréa her story. Even though they lived in the same house, their rooms were in opposite sides and after the whole fire debacle, she did not want to go in search of her. She could be by the pool, in her rooms or the kitchen. It was so much easier to just send her an IM.

LauraG: hey are you there?

Dréa Riley: No, actually I am out here. You are in there. But whatever, 'zup?

LauraG: dumbass :P Ok here is my challenge story--read it and tell me what u think.

Dréa Riley: Actually, like my brain, my ass is very smart. Oh and sexy and round and booty-ful

LauraG: since you have time to mouth, I am going to guess you are done with your story as well. Send it over so I can read it before we have to take off.

Dréa Riley: Awww, you can have a smart sexy booty too, I mean not that I would know 'cuz I don't look. Anyway I already emailed you my fantasy like an hour ago. You were too busy daydreaming about the twins to notice. Now leave me alone so I can read what smut you've created this time.

Sighing and reaching in the cooler next to her lounge chair, Dréa pulled out another juice box and intentionally turned off her wireless connection. She knew that if she didn't she'd be tempted to message Laura after every paragraph. Adjusting the brim of her cowboy hat and taking a deep swig of frosty juice she let herself slide into the fantasy world that Laura had created.

How Do Firemen Make Love?

Find ‘em Hot

By Laura Guevara

Weaving in and around the people milling outside the hotel, Rosie came to an abrupt halt as she collided with a wall of steel. She would have landed flat on her ass but the wall came with arms that saved her from a bruised butt and ego.

“Ma’am, are you ok?”

She was trying to focus but she must have rattled something upstairs during the collision because vision was a little off and she felt disoriented. Steel wall must have noticed that too because suddenly she felt her world give as he lifted her and began walking. Rosie quickly wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Hey where are you taking me,” she finally managed to get out.

“You looked like you were ready to faint so I am taking you over to the paramedics so that they can take a look at you.”

“Oh, it’s all your fault you know. If you had not gotten in my way, I would have not bumped into you and I would not need to see the paramedics.”

He looked down at her and she almost did faint. His eyes were a dark green fire shooting down at her and his jaw was clenched, a little vein pulsing on the side of his forehead.

Then she noticed that they had come to a complete stop and there were no paramedics around.

“Hey why are we stopped? Am I too heavy for you? See this is what you get for picking up women at random. Put me down so you won’t strain anything.”

He just stood there, motionless, looking daggers down at her.

“Look mister, I don’t mean any offense. So if you can just put me down, I will be on my way to find my friends and you can go do whatever it is you were doing before you bumped into me.”

“I did not bump into you. It was the other way around.”

Wow, she didn’t think that the vein on the side of his forehead could pop out any more but it sure did. She reached out to massage his temples but he flinched back, hurt she quickly pulled back.

“Sorry, I just wanted to massage your temples. It’s not good to be all stressed out like that. I’m a massage therapist, you know. If you put me down I can totally get rid of your headache.”

“Listen lady,”

“Rosie,” she interrupted.

“Rosie, I am in the middle of an investigation trying to figure out what started this fire, so I am going to get you to the paramedics and then be on my way.”

“I don’t need to be seen by the paramedics, just put me down and I will get out of your way.”

“Harveston,” someone called out behind them. He stopped midstride to turn back at the voice calling out to him. She felt him tense up before he began to put her down.

“Are you sure you are ok?”

“Yes! But here, before you leave, give me a call if you ever need a massage,” she said as she handed him her business card. She always carried some in her pockets at the ready. And it would be an absolute treat to have her hands all over his muscular body.

Seeing him walk away, she let out a deep sigh. Well at least he had taken the card and put into his pocket so there was a small chance that he would call. Giving his butt one last glance, she turned around and went back to looking for her friends.

William “Bill” Harveston was in serious need of some TLC. Rubbing his neck, he tried to relieve the tension that had built up all day long. Investigating a fire was hard enough. But investigating a high profile one down on the Strip on and dealing with crazy women was more than he could bear.

He thought back to the encounter with the massage therapist. Rosie was her name. He could totally go for a deep tissue massage right now. He had been walking back the other investigators when this ball of energy plowed into him. He had immediately wrapped his arms around her so that she wouldn’t fall back and hurt herself and then gone to pick her up when she seemed a little disoriented. She fit just right into his body, when he cradled her against him. She was soft and giving in all the right places.

His hand went into his pant pocket in search of her card. He should call her to make sure that she found her friends and was doing ok. He had been admonishing himself all day long for not staying and making sure she was checked out but his boss was calling him back. He *should* call her just to make sure how she was doing. And if she offered her services again he would take her up on her offer.

Pulling out his cell phone, he quickly punched in the numbers. He was about to hang after the fifth ring when she finally answered.

“Rosie speaking, how may I help you?”

“This is William Harveston. We bumped into each other earlier today,” he said diplomatically.

“For the last time, it was you bumping into me, okay? How is your headache? Do you need me after all?”

“My damn headache is fine,” he couldn’t help but be aggravated. He was 6’6 and 265 pounds of pure muscle, yet she made him seem like he needed a wet nurse! First, telling him that he couldn’t possibly carry her without hurting himself, and now asking about a headache.

“Well you don’t have to be so grouchy about it. I just wanted to know how you were doing.”

“That’s why I am calling you. To make sure that you were ok and found your friends in all that chaos.”

“Oh yes, I did find them. And I told you I was fine, not even a bruise.”

He picked up on her teasing and smiled.

“So, is that all you called about or did you decide you want a massage after all.”

He saw her hands running all over his body, touching him everywhere, he almost groaned.

“Yes, I decided I want a massage after all.”

“I will be done with my next client in about an hour. You want to swing by after?”

She proceeded to give him directions to her studio before they hung up. That would give him plenty of time to finish up the paperwork, go home to shower and change. He couldn’t think of a better way to end this hellish day, than getting a massage by a sexy woman.

Rosie was ecstatic that William had called her. She had been waiting on her client to get undressed and onto the table when he phoned. She did not recognize the

number but that was not unusual on her business phone but she instantly recognized his deep smooth voice.

She had been thinking about him since they bumped into each other, as he put it, that she had been a little distracted when she finally met up with her friends. Hearing about the fire on her car radio on her way to her house to have lunch, she quickly turned around and made her way to the hotel.

She had been in such a hurry that she totally did not see him until she was pressed up against him. She had been so close she'd been able to feel nearly every inch of him. He was all business and hard muscle. She could tell that the investigation was giving him a tension headache by the way the vein on his forehead was pulsating and the tension in his shoulders. She knew the human form, and could spot trouble spots instantly, which is why she was in high demand. From top casino owners to the people working the casinos, she treated everyone the same and helped them relax and feel better.

Rosie Cantu had made good for herself, able to afford anything that she could possibly want or need. And what she wanted now was hunky William Harveston. Although their encounter was hurried and brief, she noticed that he wasn't wearing a wedding ring but she just hoped that he wasn't taken and available.

After giving her client ten minutes to get undressed and settled onto the table she knocked on the door before she made her way inside to begin her massage. Forty-five minutes later she was done. Directing her client to the receptionist up front to set up another appointment and pay, she noticed that she had about fifteen minutes before William stopped by.

“Melissa, I am expecting another client, William Harveston, in about fifteen minutes.”

“I don’t have him down in my calendar,” her receptionist said as she looked at her computer screen.

“He just called before I started working on Mrs. Walker and I didn’t get a chance to tell you. Please buzz me when he gets in.”

Making her way back to her office, Rosie didn’t give Melissa a chance to ask more questions. She needed to freshen up and flex her hands. She usually didn’t schedule clients so soon after another but her hands were itching to get on his big broad shoulders and tight butt. Ok, well, maybe not his butt because she was a professional but she could still fantasize.

Melissa’s voice pulled her out of her daydream.

“Rosie, your next appointment is here.”

Pressing the button she let her know that she would be out in a minute. Giving herself one last look in the mirror she went out the door.

“William,” she said as she stuck out her hand in greeting.

“Rosie,” he responded taking her hand in his much bigger hand.

“As you can see I am ok, just like I told you.”

Wow the man looked in even sexier in jeans and blue t-shirt. Leading him to one of the back rooms that were ready, she instructed him to remove his clothing.

“There are hangers and a table where you can put your things. You will also find a towel to wrap around your waist.” She looked down his body and added, “It’s an extra large towel so you shouldn’t have any trouble staying covered.” The man was so massive she hoped it covered everything.

Looking back up at his face, he just quirked an eyebrow at her before heading towards the screen.

“Afterwards, lay face down on the table and make yourself comfortable. I will be back in ten minutes.”

“You don’t have to leave,” he called out, “I won’t be long.”

“Okay,” she squeaked out. Keeping herself busy, she turned around and started lighting a series of aromatherapy candles to aide in relaxation. Next, she pulled down the bottle of massage oil that she would use on him. It was a unique blend of lavender, bergamot, chamomile, and sandalwood that she would massage onto his body to rid him of all that tension and sooth his muscles.

“What is that,” he asked behind her, making her jump, and almost dropping the bottle of massage oil.

“OHMYGOD, what do you think you are doing creeping up on me like that,” she turned around to look him in the eye to continue her tirade but ended up losing her train of thought when she saw him in nothing more than a towel.

She thought earlier that he looked sexy in jeans and t-shirt but now there were no words to describe how magnificently good he looked. He took the ability to talk and think right out of her. Making her way down, she noticed his hard superb abs, and couldn’t miss the bulge behind the towel. Damn, she wanted to know if he had removed his underwear also.

She heard him talking but she couldn’t tear her eyes away from his torso. He had to pull her chin of the floor and direct it back to his eyes before she understood his question.

“Are you ok?” he asked with a knowing look.

“Uhm, yeah. Why don’t you, uhm lay down on the table. I just need to wash my hands,” and change my panties she thought mentally. Wishing she could splash her face with cold water, she quickly washed up and turned back to the table. He had already made himself comfortable and adjusted the towel around this fine ass. Taking a deep breath she started on his massage.

Applying oil to her hands she rubbed them together before she brought them down to his shoulders. Getting into her groove, she began kneading and massaging the knots and tightness away.

#

William couldn’t help but let out a grunt of pleasure as Rosie’s strong hands started their work. In no time, she worked his shoulders and back into a state of blissful jelly. She was now working on his calves. This was not his first massage, but it was by far the best one he had ever received. The shoulder massage alone had him groaning into the head rest and he would have promised to give her anything she asked for to continue.

“Ok, go ahead and turn onto your back.”

Well damn, he didn’t think that he could do that just now. He had a major problem that could not be hidden by a damn towel. He didn’t think it would happen but he was embarrassed by his response to her. The fact that he could not hold himself in check annoyed him. He was always in control but he couldn’t help but react to her being that close to him, touching him.

“Hey, you fall asleep on me,” she asked playfully, “I seem to have that affect on lots of people.”

“Honey nothing about you would put me to sleep,” he responded turning onto his back. The look on her face was priceless. It was a mixture of surprise, arousal, and excitement all rolled into one.

She tried several times to say something but she couldn't seem to get the words out.

Clearing her throat she tried again and he couldn't help but grin at her inability to speak and the blush spreading across her lovely face.

“I, uh,” she stammered, “don't worry. Sometimes, this,” she indicated his raging hard-on, “happens.”

That definitely did not sit well with him. He didn't want any other man feeling what he felt, having the same reaction.

She moved around to the head of the table and pulled the head rest read down. Standing by his head she took his neck in her hands and began working his neck muscles.

William tried to keep his eyes on Rosie as she massaged his neck muscles but the pleasure he felt as her hands had him fighting to keep from closing his eyes and moaning. He had a great view from down here and wanted to enjoy the scenery but her hands were lulling him to sleep. He felt completely at ease, the tension and worries melting away.

He caught her gaze and they stared into each eye's while she continued on his neck. It was broken when she turned his neck first to one side and then another for a deep stretch.

Supporting his head in one hand, she brought the head rest back up and locked into place. She laid his head back down and then pulled up a chair.

“Now for the good part,” she teased.

He felt her pull his long hair from the band and then her hands started massaging his scalp. Five minutes later she had his toes curled in acute pleasure. Nothing could have prepared him for that.

Damn, if he was willing to give her anything for the shoulder massage, this scalp massage guaranteed him breaking every law known to man to feel this again and again and again. Being a law abiding man this was against his code. Ten minutes later, she was done.

Every single part of his body was in deep state of relaxation. Well almost every single muscle in his body. Never in his life had he been so turned on and so relaxed at the same time. Bill knew that if she even quirked an eyelash at him, he'd ignore all rules of propriety and take her. Willing himself to breathe deeply and slowly he feigned sleep. If he was lucky she might actually believe his little rouse and slip out the door. That would give him enough time to try to gather his wits and determine how it was that he would master her, once the time was right.

#

Rosie ran her fingers lightly over Bills scalp a few more times than were really therapeutically necessary. She loved the way the thick, dark strands flowed through her fingers. They felt like silk. She'd love to grab a tight handful of the locks and hold his head between her thighs as his tongue licked....whoa whoa whoooooa.

Rosie pushed away from the table on her little rolling stool and stood taking a deep breath. That was so not a professional way of thinking. But damn it didn't help that the man was laying on her table with a hard-on that reminded her of those tubes of sausage that came in fruit baskets.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep cleansing breath, Rosie moved to stand at the door. Looking over at her charge she spoke softly knowing that he wasn't really asleep.

"I am going to step out now, take your time and dress. This one is on me And remember my number. I am taking new clients right now."

Stepping out into the hall way and pulling the door closed behind her, Rosie tucked her chin to her chest in an effort to relieve the tension built up in her neck. It had been a long, long day and she was feeling the effects. Top that off with it having been way too long since she'd known the pleasure of having a hot blooded male dominate her in the bed and well, that was a catalyst for disaster.

Poking her head into her office she grabbed her purse and car keys. It was definitely time to go. If she hurried, she might be able to catch up on some reading she'd been doing. Her two favorite authors had been in town this week with their friends. Not only did they help her business grow with their constant referrals, they kept her hot and bothered with their prose. Their latest novel had her up late panting last night. Maybe she'd finish it and break in her new toy at the same time.

#

Bill walked to the counter to at the front of the salon. When he attempted to settle his debt the perky cashier advised him that she couldn't take his money but she would need his phone number to put into the data base so that his file could be updated on later visits. Leaving the gum popping teenager with his home number and email address as well as an emergency contact, he strolled out into the fading sunlight.

After checking in with his field assistant he jumped in his sports car and headed home. With any luck his twin, with whom he shared a house, would be out bar hopping with his buddies, and Bill could get a good night's sleep. He still had to deal with the

Flame On!!

smack talking romance authors and the hotel they'd nearly burnt down in the morning. Add to that, the cute little spitfire who'd damn near had him cumming in her hands. Yeah, he was in a bad way. He wondered if he could buy enough ice to fill his bath tub.

#

It had been several days since Rosie last saw William so she was extremely surprised when he called her out of the blue as she was finishing up dinner. They talked for a couple of hours about anything and nothing. They finally hung up after William set up an appointment so that she could give him another head and neck massage.

"Your hands are just magical. That scalp massage and neck massage had me so relaxed it was as if I had never experienced tension in my life. I would do anything for another massage," he added.

Rosie just laughed and told him that all he needed to do was set up another appointment and she would gladly work on him again.

That was on Tuesday night. It was now Friday, and he was scheduled to arrive in thirty minutes so she quickly finished up her paperwork and mentally prepared herself for another encounter. The last time, she managed to walk away without molesting him too much. Had she stayed overly long while working on his back and head? Had her hands maybe just maybe gone a little further down n his lower back than usual? Well yes, but he didn't seem to mind. In fact, if the grunts and groans emanating from him was any indication, he probably wouldn't have minded and even encouraged her to keep working the towel down.

Rosie had to mentally remind herself that she was a professional and as such she had no business letting her thoughts stray. Had she crossed that line she wasn't sure she would have recovered. *Girl, professional be damned, we are single and horny and*

by the looks of that bulge he was sporting he would not have minded. And now Bill was back and needed another head and neck massage which would only require him to remove his shirt and keep everything else on.

Sighing, she concentrated on the spreadsheet in front of her until Melissa buzzed to let her know he had arrived. Quickly saving and closing her documents she made her way to the front of the salon.

“Hello again,” she said stretching her hand out for a handshake. She was surprised when he ignored her hand and instead pulled her in for a hug.

“This is how friends greet each other,” he whispered into her ear as he hugged her close. This was something that she could totally get used to. Friends indeed.

Separating they began walking back to room.

“I tried that Chinese restaurant you were raving about.”

“And tell the truth now. Wasn’t it just the best Chinese food you have ever eaten,” she asked as she led him into the same room they had used before.

“Yes it was. I took my brother Matt and we had a great lunch yesterday.”

“They already know me so all I have to do is give them my name and they have my favorites prepared for me to pick up. Ok, now just take off your shirt and go ahead and lie down on your back.” She no sooner spoken the words than he was pulling his shirt over his head.

Deep breathes. Deep breathes she reminded herself. And stop staring! It was easier said than done though. So she turned and started gathering the oil and lighting the candles.

Again she started by warming up the oil in her hands before she began massaging his neck. After about twenty minutes she pulled her stool in so that she could sit down to begin the scalp massage.

Rosie couldn't help but smile at his groans of pleasure. He was just so responsive to her touches that she wondered about his reaction if she were to get her hands around his cock. Even through the denim she couldn't help but notice the huge bulge. She knew that she could help him with his problem and having him cumming in her hands with just a few strokes but she had to keep those thoughts to herself. Concentrating back on his scalp she continued for another five minutes before she stopped.

"All done," she said as she put the headrest back in place and laid his head on it. "So, was it as good as the first time?" she asked playfully.

"Baby, it just keeps getting better every time," was his response as he sat up on the table. Hopping down he stretched and her gaze was drawn to the muscles in his chest and shoulders. He took excellent care of his body. William was all rippling muscle and not an ounce of fat.

Trying to hide her red face from him, she turned and began washing her hands. After she was sure she had herself under control she turned back towards him and noticed that he had put his shirt back on.

"Do you ever get a massage," he asked her curiously.

"No, not as often as I would like. It's been awhile since I last had one so it's time to set up another appointment with Josh." She glanced at the wall and noticed that if she didn't hurry she was going to be late for dinner. Damn, again she had gone longer than usual.

“I don’t mean to rush you but if I don’t hurry I am going to be late for dinner with my sister.” She tidied up as fast as she could and then led him out to the front reception area where Melissa was getting ready to close up.

“No problem,” he said before he took her into another hug. Rosie nearly melted. It felt so damn good to be pulled into his strong embrace. She felt so safe and protected that she didn’t want him to ever let her go

“I will call you soon,” he whispered out into her before he pulled back and paid a smirking Melissa.

Not waiting around to be interrogated, she fled back to her office to gather her things. Once she shut down her computer, she said goodbye to Melissa before getting in her car and rushing to her sister’s house.

#

William felt on top of the world as he drove home. And it all had to do with a certain massage therapist with the magical hands. He wanted her in his bed, where she could put those hands to other uses but he first wanted to do something special for her. Which is why he had asked if she got regular massages. She obviously took excellent care of her clients, yet there wasn’t someone there to do the same for her. He wanted to be the man to give her that and so much more.

There was an attraction there that got stronger every time they talked or met in person. Taking exit he knew just how he was going to accomplish both. He would wait until Saturday to implement his newly hatched plan.

#

Saturday was Rosie's day off and all she planned to do was lounge around her house and catch up on her TV shows. She had a week's worth of episodes she needed to delete before Monday so she wasted no time after breakfast to get started.

She did some cleaning and laundry in between and by late afternoon she was relaxing on her couch after a long luxuriating bath when her cell phone began chirping.

"Hola," she said as she hit pause on her control.

"Rosie, it's William. Do you think you can come over to my house right now? I pulled something at work and my back is hurting like hell."

"Of course, what happened?" She asked as she jumped up and ran to her room to change clothes.

"I was helping move some debris at a fire when I felt something give in my lower back.."

"I don't know William. I think you should see a doctor. Is Matt there?"

"No he had to work. I am in my bed. The back door is unlocked, just let yourself in and I will be waiting for you." She took down directions to his place and quickly gathered the things she would need into her bag. Turning off her TV as she made her way out the door she rushed to car and on her way.

She was going to give him a stern lecture on the proper ways of lifting and protecting his back. Being an ex-firefighter, he should already know this. Men. They think they are invincible. Within thirty minutes she was putting her car into park and making her way inside his house. Locking it behind her she headed up the stairs.

"William," she called out at the top of the steps. "William, I'm here. Where are you," she asked again moving further down the hallway.

“William,” she tried again. To her right she saw an open door and figured that was his bedroom. As she entered the room, she slowed and nearly stumbled at the sight that greeted her.

William stood by the bed and watched her reaction color her face. Rosie came to a complete stop as she took in his bedroom. He had spent the better half of the day shopping for and then setting out all the candles. Then it had been a matter of getting her to come over to his house to begin.

“What is all this? I thought you said you hurt your back.” She had not come in further than the door so he started towards her.

“It’s all part of my surprise,” he finally reached her and took her bag as he pulled her further into the room. Setting the bag on a nearby chair, he led her to the master bathroom. “Why don’t you go in there and take off your clothes. There is a towel you can use to wrap around yourself.”

She looked so beautiful in her confusion. He had to nudge her inside and closed the door behind her. He began to light the candles that surrounded the bed and took out the bottle of massage oil that he bought for her. It was a special blend that he ordered consisting of jasmine, sandalwood, cedar, amber, and patchouli that was very seductive.

After an eternity, she finally came out in nothing more than a towel held tightly at her chest. He could read confusion and apprehension on her face, so he rushed to reassure her.

“If you are not comfortable with anything that I am doing just say the word and I will stop. All I want to do is make you feel as relaxed and sated as I have felt in your hands.”

He said a prayer of thanks when he saw her nod her head in agreement. Reaching out his hand to her, he waited until she put her smaller one in his and then led her to the bed.

“Go ahead and lie down on your stomach and make yourself comfortable.”

The sight of her on his bed, with only a towel covering her round ass made the barbaric feelings evolution tried so hard to suppress spring forward. His large four poster bed never looked so inviting. Climbing onto the bed beside her, he kept his clothes on for his preservation and to assure her that this was all for her pleasure.

“Now just close your eyes, relax and feel my hands working out all the tension and knots from your body.” Again, she nodded and did his bidding. He reached out to the bedside table for the bottle of massage oil. Applying a liberal amount to his hands he began to rub his hands together as he knew she did.

Straddling the back of her legs, he kept his weight off of her as he began to knead her soft, smooth shoulders. He had looked on the web for more information on different types of massages but ultimately he just emulated what she had done to him. Starting at her shoulders he worked his way down her back, leaving no part of untouched.

Rosie’s soft sighs and moans of pleasure let him know that he was doing it right. Once he reached her lower back he added more oil, before his hands swept back up to her shoulders. Once. Twice. And then his hands went all the way down, pushing the towel further down until he uncovered her sweet ass.

William heard her soft gasp of surprise but she didn’t stop him as he began kneading the round globes in his hands. As much as he would love to spend all night there, he began moving further down her body, massaging one leg and then another.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed he started down at her luscious body glistening in oil.

“Turn onto your back, baby,” he said his voice rough with lust. He waited patiently as she flipped over, baring the front of her body to him. She wouldn’t look at him, he wondered if she was a little embarrassed. He said nothing as he took her left foot in his hands and began massaging the bottom of her foot. Knowing she spent all day on her feet he spent extra time, making sure that he rubbed all the stress away.

Her moans were getting a little louder sounding less inhibited as he started on her right foot. Laying her foot back onto the bed, he climbed down and began to remove his clothes. All except his boxers. If he wanted to finish her massage, he needed to keep those on.

Rosie didn’t move a muscle as he moved to the head of the bed and climbed on.

“Rosie baby, sit up for a minute,” he asked gently.

“Can’t, my limbs feel like jelly. I don’t think I can move,” she said without opening her eyes.

Chuckling, he lifted her into a sitting position and then settled in behind her so that back was to his chest. Pulling her back, he arranged her to his satisfaction.

“Shhh, just sit back and relax,” he assured her once again. He waited until she relaxed against him as he his fingers stroked an invisible line from her wrist to shoulder and then back down again. His hands then moved up to her head, moving the thick hair out of the way as he began massaging her scalp.

Rosie began to writhe against him, the pleasure felt so good. She couldn’t keep still as his hands continued to knead and press down onto her scalp. And the sounds that she was making would have embarrassed her if she could think rationally. She

would have never thought that her scalp was an erogenous zone yet there she was, moaning in pleasure, asking for more. Her hands gripping his thighs; toes curling in bliss as William continued with his ministrations. The sweet torture continued several more minutes.

“Don’t stop,” she pleaded but he only chuckled. She tried to turn around to face him but he stopped her, his hands on her waist.

“I think you will like this better,” was all the warning she got before his hands slid up to weigh her breasts in his hands.

“Oh,” she panted as his hands familiarized themselves with her twin mounds. Pushing herself into his hands she couldn’t help but grind her ass on his erection.

“Yes. Oh yes,” she gasped.

“Yes, you like this better,” he asked wickedly into her ear.

Nodding she gasped as he began pulling on her nipples, making them even harder than before.

“Hmm, then I think you will definitely like this,” he said as his hand began the travel down south.

Her thighs opened up to him, giving him better access to touch her.

“You feel so good, all wet and hot, waiting for me to touch you, fuck you. But I need you to open more for me.” He then showed her what he meant by pulling her legs over his, her thighs spread wide, completely opening her to him. “There, that’s how I want you.”

All she could do was feel as one hand went back to play with her breast and the other went to her nether lips, finding his way inside. He nuzzled her neck as he

continued to gently play with her, driving her crazy. She grabbed fistfuls of the bed sheets as she moved against him, pleading for more.

“William, please,” she begged. The bastard just ignored her and continued to do as he pleased. He had found her clitoris and been alternating between petting and stroking her but it wasn’t enough, she needed more. When his left hand came down to join the left, she shouted with joy.

“Yes,” she screamed, arching against him, her head falling back onto his shoulder. With one finger stroking her clit and first one then two fingers plunging into her wetness, she was so close to an explosive orgasm.

“Move against my fingers, baby,” he instructed her, “you are so close aren’t you?”

Rosie couldn’t respond because she was on the verge of climaxing. If he moved his fingers just like that....and she exploded.

“William,” she yelled as her release hit her.

“Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful,” she heard him say as he kissed her neck, shoulder, anywhere his lips had access to.

His hands were now soothing her, letting her recover from the best orgasm of her life. Minutes later she felt him move, lifting her thighs off his, and then settling her down into the bed. She had enough energy to turn her head to see him standing by the side of the bed as he pushed his boxers down.

She almost choked on her gasp as she saw just how huge he really was. She thought the massive cock before her was a myth just like the Loch Ness Monster or Big Foot or the stupid Chupacabras. She just didn’t know. He was a big man, yes and she figured that he was going to be well endowed but this was just ridiculous.

“I don’t know how you are going to get that inside me,” she said pointing to his cock, “but I do know that I am going to have to be a lot wetter than I am right now for you to fit.”

And his response was to throw his head back and laugh.

“I don’t see anything funny about this,” she said pouting.

“Sweetheart, we are going to fit. You are going to be begging me to get inside you, begging me to fuck you hard.”

Her eyes widened at his words but she was not given a chance to respond because he climbed back into the bed and settled himself between her thighs.

“Finally, I get to taste you,” he said before his head dipped down to capture her lips in a much anticipated kiss. He slowly kissed her lips open and then swooped in and plundered her mouth. Her hands came up to tangle in his hair, keeping him in place.

Rosie couldn’t get enough of his taste, his lips. She never wanted the kiss to end but he had rekindled the fire in her and she needed more. Lifting her legs around him, she began to rub herself against him. William sensed her intentions because he pulled back and smiled slowly, wickedly at her attempts to get off again.

“None of that now. The next time you cum, it will be with me deep inside,” he began trailing kisses down her neck, “with your nails biting into my shoulders,” he not so gently bit down on her shoulder before bathing away the sting with his tongue, “begging me,” he added.

She didn’t bother deny everything he said because she was ready to start begging and pleading for him to get on with it. They must be communicating on a psychic level because he did just that.

He slowly began to enter her, all the while raining kisses on her nose, mouth, chin, shoulders. Stopping about half way in, he let her adjust to his size, her vaginal muscles pulsating around him.

“Half way there, brown eyes, stay with me. Just a little bit more.” He brought down his lips once again to hers and she held on tight.

His hand came down to where their bodies were joined and quickly found her clitoris. With strong strokes, he made her wild and wetter for him. With one final push, he was deeply imbedded in her. Wrapping her legs around his waist, they moved in unison, her nails digging deep into his shoulders.

“William,” she moaned as she broke free from his lips, taking in some much needed air.

“Please, yes, William, yes,” she said ramblingly, repeating the mantra until he touched a place deep inside her that had her screaming, bucking against him, as she came hard for the second time that night, Rosie’s orgasm had him following close behind. Thrusting harder, faster he came with a loud bellow that his brother would have surely heard if he had been in the house. Shuddering, Bill slumped onto his elbows and buried his face in the curve of her neck.

All that could be heard was the sound of them trying to get their erratic breathing under control. Rolling onto his back, he brought her with him and settled her against his chest.

They lay together for a long time, watching the candles flicker and dance. The air was sultry and smelled of their combined scents and the smell of massage oil. William sighed and his breath skipped over her heated skin and caused the flesh to dimple.

“Cold?” He whispered while drawing her closer.

Flame On!!

“Never been hotter.” She replied as she drifted to sleep.

#####

Laura stared at her screen. Logging into her email account she saw that Dréa was right. Her part of the fantasy challenge was neatly attached to an email and waiting for Laura’s verdict. There was also a warning label in small print. “Only Dréa.” She sighed. And read aloud.

What follows is pure unadulterated fantasy.

Dréa Riley cannot be held responsible if you should

Ruin your panties, pass out from laughter or pleasure, or

Have a public orgasm. Remember, that hot sex needs few words.

Read at your own risk.

Laughing, Laura opened the attached file and nearly jumped out of her chair when a pair of piercing green eyes popped up on the screen. Dammit, Dréa and her darn pranks. Shaking her head she scrolled farther down until she came to the first line of text and was immediately wrapped into a world only her best friend could have created.

How Do Firemen Make love?

Leave ‘em Wet

by Dréa Riley

Karrington Louise Ahlbrite was absolutely exhausted. She really literally felt on the verge of passing out. If she could only just make it from her car to the living room, she swore she'd sleep for hours. As one of the top spokespersons for a local PR Firm, Karri, as her current clients called her, was used to putting in over time. But working for the dynamic duo of romance authors Dréa Riley and Laura Guevara was more taxing than working with any of Hollywood's up and coming. That wasn't to say it wasn't an adventure and a blast. However, since replacing her co-worker, Theodore, last fall Karri had spent more time giving press conferences and penning letters and doing general damage control than if she worked for all of Hollywood's latest fuck ups combined with all its disgruntled has-beens. To say that she was never bored would be an understatement.

And this latest incident! Good grief. How in the hell those two managed to get linked to a hotel fire on the famed Las Vegas Strip, she'd never know. She knew not to question the two. Even if she had all they would have said is "We didn't do it." There wouldn't even be any inflection in their voices as the parroted the phrase. It was like they'd been brain washed and reprogrammed to spout the mantra. There were times when she'd simply look at them or wave hello and one or both of them would say "We didn't do it". If she pointed out the fact that she hadn't spoken let alone accused them of anything they'd simply look at her and shrug before continuing to pretend to be innocent.

As she let herself into the sprawling two-story home Karri sighed at the cool air washing over her. She sat her laptop and brief case on the credenza by the door and scanned the ground floor for signs of life. The open floor plan down here let her quickly check all the common areas of the house. The house smelled of lemon and pine so she knew her bosses were out. As fun as it was living here with the two when they were in Las Vegas, after the day she'd had covering their collective backsides, all she wanted to do was be alone and sleep.

Making her way into the kitchen Karri kicked off her Stuart Weitzman sandals and pulled the band from her thick raven hair. Sighing as the tension from having her locks bound so tightly to her scalp escaped her, she padded to the fridge and grabbed a juice box. Smiling, she made a mental note to pick up some more when she went out for groceries. She didn't know when the two divas would be home, but she didn't want to have a grumpy Dréa on her hands because the stash of kid style snacks was depleted. She also noted they were nearly out of corn tortillas and limes so she'd need to make sure to snag some of those as well. Though Laura wasn't as eccentric as Dréa, she was very picky about what she would eat and everything was accompanied by a tortilla and lime.

Shrugging her shoulder, Karri snagged banana from the fruit bowl and made her way up stairs to her room, unbuttoning her shirt as she went. She'd spent hours wishing she could just come home and get out of the expensive torture device that was her bra. Hell, if Dréa offered to cut her boobs off again she might just take her up on the offer.

Topping the stairs, she stood for a moment and undressed, dropping the nondescript white shirt and khaki colored skirt on to the landing, near where the washer and where hidden behind closed double doors. Karrington had no clue the

picture she made standing with her arms over her head working out the kinks. She had no clue how her long ebony locks looked touching the top of her high round butt as she braced her hands on her lower back and arched to relieve the tension that had been pooling there and in her neck. With twin globes of her breast pressing upwards, the satin of her bra did nothing to hide their turgid peaks. Peaks that challenged a man to risk life and limb to conquer their slopes. Karrington had absolutely no clue, the invitation she was sending and that only a mere 100 yards of air separated her from a man who was ready and willing to fan the flames of her desire and then slake his thirst on her nectar.

Matthew Harveston was turned on. Screw that, turned on is what happens to 16 year olds when flat-chested, non-related females walked by. Matt was beyond turned on, there were no words to describe the way he was feeling. Complicate that by the fact that he was standing outside the home of some of the craziest females on earth in broad day light staring at a half-naked goddess with his entire manhood straining against the button fly of his jeans. Matt shook his head and looked around hoping that no one had seen him staring into the window and praying that if someone had seen him that hadn't followed his gaze and watched the same strip tease he'd seen.

He'd been on his way to check on his two new favorite divas. Despite the fact that in the scant few days since meeting them he'd realized that they were more a danger to society than he'd been led to believe, Matt loved hanging out with Laura and Dréa. Life was never boring. The two lived like overgrown kids, playing video games and riding the go carts around their expansive back yard. He'd had to pull a couple of long shifts down at the station so he hadn't seen them since they'd been cleared of any wrong doing in the

recent hotel fire. Not seeing the dynamic duo was trouble. Like children, when you couldn't hear them and couldn't see them, they were probably up to no good.

Matthew had no clue that when he'd set out down the block from his house he was going to see a peepshow, let alone be standing in the middle of his neighbors drive way willing his cock to soften so that he could move without blowing his wad into his suddenly too tight denim.

Taking a deep breath and look back up toward the window he was about to turn and go home, making a mental note to remind his two new friends that it was completely unsafe to not have that window covered. Especially, if they were going to be prancing around naked. A thought struck Matt. Whoever that vision had been, she was not Dréa, nor Laura. Who was she and what was she doing in the duo's home standing naked on the second story landing for God and everybody to see?

Halfway back down the block towards the home he shared with his twin, Matt turned back and looked questioningly at the house at the end of the street.

In that moment, he noticed something else he'd missed while he'd been staring at the dark skinned beauty. She'd left the front door open. Anyone could walk in off the street. Never mind the fact that the house was pretty nicely furnished, as far he could tell, whoever it was that was visiting was also alone in that house. Anything could happen. He'd just go up and check that everything was ok and make sure she closed and looked the door. Yup, simple. In and out. No worries.

Once he reached the front door that stood more than half way open, Matt knocked soundly on the frame.

"Hello, Hello!" He called out, his deep voice resonating throughout the lower floor.

“Dréa? Laura? Hello” stepping farther into the home, he looked around. The place showed signs of recently being cleaned which told him the girls must have planned to be out of town for a few days and called in a cleaning service. He wondered if that was what the person he’d seen in the window was, some maid or something. He’d be sure to let Laura and Dréa know what kind of help they’d hired. The woman had probably known she could be seen out the window from that angle. He knew both divas were real particular about their privacy, and would not be pleased to find that someone they trusted had taken advantage of them.

Look around with a more serious eye, Matt noted that nothing seemed to be missing. The only thing out of place was the expensive looking high heeled sandals that seemed to have been dropped at the foot of the stairs. Picking them up he noted the size; too small to be Dréa too large to be Laura. And whoever owned the shoes was still in the house.

Treading carefully up the stairs and listening for any sound, Matt hoped that whoever was in the house hadn’t made it to the back of Dréa’s closet, he so didn’t relish being shot today. Training his ears to pick up the smallest sound he moved across the landing past the game lounge toward the bedrooms. Standing in the small hallway he saw that the doors to both Laura and Dréa’s rooms were closed, however, the door to the oft unused guest room was wide open. Upon closer inspection, the guest room looked as if it had been occupied for a few days. The bed covers were mussed and there were shoes and books tossed haphazardly about on the plush carpet.

Nearly all the way into the room, Matt’s muscles tensed and he nearly threw himself off the floor when he heard a muffled groan coming from the in-suite bathroom. There was another small moan followed by the soft splashing sound of water. Tip toeing

his way to the bathroom door, Matt held his breath waiting to see if the noise would come again.

Looking through the gap in the door way he was able to see the room clearly reflected in the large, gilded, floor to ceiling mirror. On the floor near the stand alone shower was a crumpled pair of hose and some soggy underwear. As if the owner had stepped into the running shower with them on then tossed them out. The shower was still dripping as if she'd forgotten to turn it completely off. Using the mirror to continue his scan of the room Matt zeroed in on the source of the muffled cries.

She wasn't hurt as he'd previously thought, but asleep. Asleep, and in danger of drowning in that deep jetted tub. Matt made a move to open the door when the sound of her soft snoring was cut off by gentle choking. She'd obviously let herself sink to low in the water. Glancing in the mirror he saw her sit up a bit and roll her head on the cushioned neck rest. From this new angle Matt could see those dark cocoa colored breasts he'd admired from the street. The mirror was giving him the perfect view of her prone body.

Dammit, what was wrong with him? He knew it wasn't right for him to be standing here staring at her, but he was helpless to turn away. If he were a gentleman he'd go back down stairs right this minute and close the front door and go home. No one had ever accused him of being a gentleman before.

Karrington stared into the huge mirror through hooded eyes. From her vantage point she could see the door to the bathroom and the image of a man standing slightly to the side of it. She'd recognized those green eyes the moment she'd opened hers. He was a firefighter. He'd actually been over to hang out with Dréa and Laura a couple of times since they'd had their "incident". Matt, yeah that was his name. He and his twin

brother were definitely drool-worthy. She wondered what it would take to get the Divas to write her a little tale about a tryst between her and one of the twins. Something hot and steamy that she could commit to memory.

Truthfully, she'd already been dreaming about him while the little jets on the tub worked their magic on her tired muscles. Scooting lower into the deep tub, Karrington adjusted her angle so that she could get a better view of the hunk peeking at her. She should be outraged, afraid, something. But she wasn't. What she was - was turned on. There was a warm wet heat between her thighs that had nothing to do with the tub full of water that would soon be pruning her skin.

From her new angle she not only had a better view of her guest, she also had created an unbelievable angle for one of the jets to force water between her thighs. The moment the stream hit her honey box she let out a startled moan. It felt so good she couldn't simply pretend to be asleep anymore. Sucking her full lower lip into her mouth she braced her feet against the end of the tub and brought her hands out of the water to cup her full breasts. Risking one final glance in the mirror, Karrington proceeded to put on a show for her voyeur.

Matt couldn't believe his eyes. He'd at first been worried about the gorgeous female drowning in the tub, but when he'd heard those sweet little mewling noises he knew there was no chance of that. She might still be asleep but whatever she was dreaming must be equal to what he was seeing. The hot little wanton was going at it in her sleep, and damned if he wasn't fighting the urge to whip out his cock and stroke along with her. When she slid farther down into the tub and cupped her breast, Matt swore he could smell her arousal across the room.

"OH GOD" he thought "this isn't right, I should not be here"

Backing away he was just about to turn and leave when he heard her call his name.

“Matt, mmmmmmmm oh Matt, yes”

Pushing the bathroom door open as quietly as he could he came just inches farther into the room, his eyes glued to her image in the mirror. When she arched her back, her face was brought clearly into view for the first time. Matt instantly recognized the spokeswoman. They’d meet briefly a couple of times this week. She’d been picking up prepared statements from the two authors and he’d be coming to get his ass handed to him on whatever PlayStation3 or Wii game Dréa and Laura picked.

God, he’d thought she was hot. There was a little zing when they’d shook hands, but he’d never thought she’d be that interested in him. Hearing his name on her lips caused something primal in him to spring to life. A tortured groan escaped from deep within him and caused her to open her eyes.

“Don’t stop” He ordered gruffly. She looked a bit nervous and moved to cover her breast with her arms.

“No, please, Don’t cover yourself. You called my name; you wanted me to be the one touching you. Show me what you want.” Matt said softly, the deep timber of his voice vibrating the air. For a scant moment he thought she was about to refuse, demand that he get out. He watched as she lowered her thickly lashed lids as if contemplating her next move. When she raised her eyes to meet his in the mirror he saw the smoky haze of desire in their depths.

#

“Take off your clothes.” Karrington’s voice was so soft, so low she wondered at first if he’d heard her whisper.

When he continued to stand motionless, she spoke again.

“I may have been dreaming about you before, but if you’re here, you might as well take off your clothes and join me.” She raised one finely arched eyebrow in challenge.

She watched for a moment as he stood stock still. His Adam’s apple bobbed in his throat and he clinched and unclenched his fists several times. She thought perhaps he was changing his mind. With her face flushed she moved to turn off the jets.

“Listen, you can ...” she started but he cut off her words by reaching over and grabbing her stilling her hands on the controls. When she met his gaze he leaned forward and kissed her. Robbing her of not only her breath, but her ability to think beyond the pleasure of his touch.

#

Cupping his hand behind her head, Matt kissed Karrington long and hard and deep. The momentum of his kiss forced her back so that she was once again reclined in the tub. He sucked whatever escape route she was about to give him over her tongue and out of both their minds. Moving from her soft lips, he kissed her chin and jaw then the side of her neck and finally the hollow spot near her collar bone.

Rising, he backed away slowly. This time staring directly into her dark eyes as he quickly shed his clothes. Once he was naked, he stood with his shoulders back in pride. He could feel her gaze taking in his body. He knew the moment her eyes connected with his erection. It was long and heavy and pointing directly at her. Her staring at it made him so hungry for her. His penis actually got harder and seemed to slowly rise and salute her. He had never been this hard in his life. When her eyes darted up to meet his he quirked the corner of his mouth at the look of longing and excitement he found there.

#

Karrington scooted up against the high back of the tub as Matt joined her in the bubbling water. With him standing and her sitting, his penis was in serious danger of poking her in the eye. Tucking her legs under her Karri rose to her knees and took stock of Matt in all his glory. In the back of her mind, she thought about all the stereotypical myths about penis size. Determined to stay focused, she shook the thought from her head. Looking up into his smoldering green eyes, she gently wrapped his member in her hands. She was delighted by the velvet over steel feel of him. Smiling, she used the fingers of her right hand to gently pull the hard rod away from those taunt abs. She didn't miss the way his abs tightened and his pecks flexed. There was virtual electricity humming through his body and into hers.

Closing her eyes Karri reached out and licked the sensitive mushroom cap as if she were tonguing a ripe black cherry. She repeated this several times before leaning forward and letting his shaft slide into the hot cavern of her mouth. With her right hand still firmly wrapped around the base of his stem and her left hand testing the weight of his balls she began to hum deep in the back of her throat. Clenching and releasing each of the fingers on her right hand one by one, she could feel the tension race through Matt. The thick vein at the base of his cock was thumping a dramatic rhythm and his balls tightened in her palm. She stopped humming and loosened the grip of her fingers. Karri didn't allow Matt much of a reprieve though, because as soon as he took in a shuddering breath she pursed her lips down over his rod and began to move back slowly, revealing his shaft inch by glistening inch. When she reached the head she increased the suction and fluttered her tongue over the super sensitive cap before quickly swallowing his cock again and clinching what length she couldn't handle tightly in her hand. She repeated

her ministrations for several moments before increasing the speed of her thrust and parry.

Matt's eyes rolled so far back in his head he wasn't sure they'd ever be able to focus forward again. Bending his knees slightly so that she could take more of him into her sexy mouth, he let his head fall back on his shoulders. GOD! Nothing had ever felt this good before. He should make her stop. Any moment now he'd make her stop and show her what it felt like. He lifted his head and looked down at Karri. What a fucking mistake. The skin on her shoulders sparkled with drops of water and her hair hung in big damp ringlets. He was fascinated by the way her heart shaped mouth was stretched over his dick.

"Mmmmm, Karri," he moaned, "baby, your mouth feels so wonderful. AH...ahhhhhhhh," his breath left him in shudder as little tremors of pleasure tripped up his spin.

He knew then he had to make her stop. If he came now, he probably pass out and break his neck. As large as he was, he'd surely crush her under his weight. What would that look like in the head-lines? "Romance Authors find spokesperson and local firefighter dead in bath tub: sexual encounter gone awry." No, that wasn't really in his game plan.

#

With gentle pressure Matt was able to extract himself from Karri's grip. If is dick could speak it probably would have cussed him. Forget that, it probably would have found a phone and called 911 and complained of abuse. As much as he loathed leaving the pleasure she'd be giving him there were two things he wanted more. To taste her and

to sink his dick so far into her that he'd be able to see his own tip when she screamed his name.

Pulling her to stand, Matt adjusted Karri so that she was sitting on the edge of the tub. Thankfully, it was designed so as to have ample space for a person to perch comfortably. With Karri nestled into the tiled corner he was able to lift her right leg and place it along the tiled back splash, leaving her open to his sight.

Switching off the jets Matt flipped the switch to engage the drain. With the water swirling away he turned on the faucet and picked up the hand held sprayer. After playing with the massage head for a few seconds, he selected a pulsating spray. With a wicked gleam in his eye and a half smile lifting the corner of his mouth he knelt in tub and proceeded to take Karri to Nirvana. There was no pre-amble to his feasting. He simply ate with all the enjoyment of a starved man being gifted with a southern buffet. His broad tongue swiped at her slit, sending shock waves of heat to her core.

Just when Karri thought she was about combust, he bombarded her clit with the steady tattoo from the pulsating shower head. The fingers of his right hand found their way one by one into her sheath until he had three large digits strumming on her sensitized walls. Matt would douse her with the cool water then suckle on her Mons until there was scant little moisture left. Adjusting the spray so that it became a steady stream, handed the shower head to Karri and then guided her so that it spray was positioned to hit her directly on her clit. He held her hand steady for the first brief seconds ensuring that she didn't misdirect the spray when she was jolted with pleasure.

Once he was sure of the angle he began to finger-fuck her in earnest. Cupping his fingers together tightly so that they mimicked the shape of his cock. He thrust and rotated and then withdrew. Over and over until he felt the walls of her vagina clamp

down in warning of her impending climax. He watched her as she slammed her eyes closed and tossed her head back in pleasure. Somehow she managed to keep the spray from the shower head aimed directly at her clit. When she began to open in close her mouth, gasping for her air he struck.

Lighting fast he attacked her clit with suckling lips and quick flicks of his tongue. The pleasure was so intense, so shocking that Karri flung the shower head away from her. It thudded against the outside of the tub when it came to rest. Broken and spraying water across the floor. Karri was oblivious to the destruction. The only thing she cared about was Matt and what his tongue and fingers were doing between her thighs. Bracing herself on her hands she began a little bouncing motion. Her climax was on her so hard and so fast she was nearly deafened by the pounding of the blood in her ears. Matt increased the pressure of his fingers on her g-spot and changed the rhythm of his tongue on her love button. It was all too much for Karrington. When she found her release nothing could be heard above her cries. The convulsions were so strong that she bucked away from Matt's searching mouth and fingers and clamped her thighs together. Falling forward in rapture, Matt was barely able to catch her and keep her from damaging them both.

Sliding around so that he sat pressed against high back of the tub. Karri ended up sideways in his lap with her long legs stretched up the wall. She tucked her head into the space between his chin and his chest and every now and again she'd make little mewling noises as a tremor danced through her body.

Matt skimmed his fingers along the curve of her hip and watched as her nipples registered the sensation. The little nubbins hardened and begged him to taste them. He didn't even pretend to consider not doing so. Using his hand to plump her breast, Matt

dipped his head to licked the pebble with his tongue. If at all possible, it seemed the sensitive flesh grew even tighter and quivered under his breath.

Karri moaned as Matt paid homage to her breasts. She was sure she shouldn't have any strength left. After an orgasm like that, surely she should be passed out. But she wasn't. She was lying in a bath tub with a hard dick pressed against her backside and a miracle tongue inciting mini orgasm riots by licking her nipples.

It took an unnatural amount of effort to lift her hand and cup Matt's stubbled jaw. When he pressed his face into her hand and opened his eyes to look her, her breath became stuck somewhere in her throat. This man was magnetic. Everything about him screamed sex appeal and danger. From his closely cropped dark hair to his sparkling gold flecked green eyes. There was nothing about him that didn't turn her on.

Sitting up, Karri carefully pulled her legs into the tub and turned so that she was completely facing Matt. There were no words to describe the passion they just shared. And she couldn't begin to voice how much she wanted to feel that fire again. Only this time she wanted to reach that peak together. Wanted him to be deep inside of her. Wanted him.

Matt watched the emotions dance in Karri's eyes. When he would have spoken she pressed her fingers to his mouth, then kissed away his words. Pulling back she stared at him with her big dark eyes and he was lost. As she wiggled around on his lap, he knew he had to have her. Had to possess her, brand her. They sat for long moments, not speaking, just looking and listening to the rhythm of their heart beats and the melody of their sighs. Reading volumes about their lust and passion in each others' eyes.

This time when they came together it was, divine. There was no urgency. Just the slow familiar dance of homecoming and welcoming. Two souls remembering each other. They rocked back and forth slowly. They let their passion build slowly until the suspense became too much for either to bear.

Without withdrawing from her tight sheath Matt maneuvered until Karri was lying in the tub with her legs wrapped around his waist. With his knees nearly touching the back of the tub and his arms braced on either side of the tub, he began to thrust long and deep. At the end of each thrust he rotated his hips one way or the other. Sometimes when he had slammed home really hard, he'd just stop and seemed as though he was flexing his rod inside her. She felt it jump and bob and set off a myriad tremors inside her. Karri knew that he was toying with her, setting her up so that he could bring her down. The anticipation was killing her. She had to do something to up the ante.

Matt was enjoying this more than he had ever enjoyed sex before. This wasn't sex this was...he didn't have a name for it. There was no way to describe what was happening with Karri. She was so wanton for him. So responsive. She met him stroke for stroke and never lost her own little seductive swagger. Her moans encouraged him to plow deeper and harder. Just when he thought he had her on the brink, she locked her legs tightly around him and began to milk his rod. She'd braced her hands against tub and began to buck underneath him. He couldn't stand it. She was calling him out. Taunting the beast. Matt felt the last of his restraint shred to hell as he snatched her off the floor of the tub and crushed her to his chest.

With her arms linked around his neck and her legs around his waist he began to pound into her. The speed and depth of his thrusts were automatic. He dipped his head to her shoulder and sank his teeth into her as she clawed at his back. Her walls clamped

Flame On!!

down tightly around him and he doubled his speed. There was no warning when her orgasm struck this time. Only the warmth of her love dew flooding around his thrusting cock and the strangle hold she had on his neck. Matt thrust on. He rode the wave of her second and third orgasm and continued to pound into her. She was nearing orgasm number five or maybe it was six when she suddenly threw both hands in their air and began soundlessly screaming to the sky. With her head thrown back and her arms flailing Matt felt lightening strike his spin. He arched his back and thrust one final time as Karri found both her final orgasm and her voice and screamed his name.

As they collapsed into the large tub neither notice the steady spray of cool water raining down on them.

#

SOME TIME MUCH MUCH MUCH LATER

Karrington sat cross legged on her bed and listened to Matt talk with the plumber. A smile crossed her face as she listened to the man explain how whoever had torn the bathroom up had to have been on a rampage. She didn't think she could just come out and say "well, it was more like a sexual rampage."

Karrington had to turn her head and bite her knuckles to keep from laughing as Matt thanked the aging man for coming out on such a short notice. She waited patiently while Matt escorted the man down the stairs and out of the house.

When he returned and leaned against the door jamb she looked up at him. There was a small frown marring his handsome face.

"What?" She questioned.

Matt raked his hand through his hair before walking to the bed and flopping down beside her. He angled his head so that it lay in her lap.

“You know, I am sure we can explain why the carpet cleaners are here,” he began, while staring into her eyes, “I mean the detachable shower head is one thing, but how are we going to explain that you broke the whole faucet on the tub.”

Karri could feel the laughter rumbling through him.

Reaching down she twisted his nipple

“Ow, what did you do that for?”

“Do what?”

“What you mean do what, you just twisted my nipple.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Excuse me? I know I didn’t twist my own nipple so if you didn’t do it, who did?”

“Must be the same person who tore that bathroom up?” Karrie replied nonchalantly as she pretended to study her manicure.

Matt stared up at her for a few moments before understanding set it in. He let out a belly laugh and Karri joined in.

That’s how Laura and Dréa found them when they made their way upstairs, arms loaded with shopping bags.

Laura was the first into the room.

“Hey Karri, we just passed the plumber and he said...,” her voice trailed off as she realized that Matt was sprawled across the bed.

Dréa bumped into her and pushed her further into the room.

“Hey Karri berry, what’s up with the carpet...whoa, is that Matt? Oh shit, Laura look, Karrington has Matt in her bed. Go, Karri, it’s your birthday....” Dréa began to do a little dance and sing about Karrington and Matt getting busy.

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Laura threw her hands up in the air in exasperation and began to push Dréa out of the bedroom.

Before closing the door she shot one last questioning look at Karrington and Matt.

“We didn’t do it.” The two chimed in unison.

Laura’s head snapped up and Dréa stopped dancing with a bewildered ‘HUH?’

Matt and Karrington fell onto the bed in a fit of laughter never noticing the two authors exchange sneaky smiles and taking their leave.

Epilogue

Dréa and Laura sat next to each other on high barstools. Across the small table from them, Matthew and William Harveston sat looking for the entire world like God's gifts to women. The quartet was winding down on their celebratory foray into Vegas night life. Dréa and Laura were celebrating the release of their newest anthology with the Posse and the twins were along for the ride.

Several weeks had passed since the author's and their crew had been cleared of any wrong doing in the case of the mysterious hotel fire. Since that time, the twins had bonded closely with the two youngest members of the MFP Posse. That quick bonding had also garnered them the "what are your intentions" speech from the group's leader as well as the "if you let my sisters get hurt I will end you" speech from her daughter.

To the twins, it seemed like they'd somehow become responsible for the duo. Hell, there was no "seem" to it. They'd been told categorically, unequivocally and in no uncertain terms that they were now responsible for the two Divas. For the most part it was a blast. The ladies weren't really that bad, just misunderstood. They were both well meaning and big hearted. It didn't hurt that they both had sharp minds and whips for tongues either.

The club was jumping and as soon as the smooth Latin rhythm began to flow, both ladies began to wriggle in their seats. It wasn't long before Dréa had grabbed Laura's hand and the friends worked their way into the middle of the crowd.

Bill looked over at his brother who was scanning the crowd.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Have you read the book?"

“Are you kidding me, as soon as I walked in the station the guys started in on me. How did they get advanced copies? I bet you ten bucks there are some family expansions going on *right now*”

“I bought an extra copy for my boss, his wife has been raving about it ever since. Who knew those two had all that in them? For that matter the other stories weren’t so bad, either. Can’t wait to see what the next challenge is.”

“Yeah well, as long as it’s not on our watch and has nothing to do with those two,” Matt said as he tossed back the last of his ice water.

“Bite your tongue, you moron. What, you want to jinx us?”

Bill tossed his long hair over his shoulder and laughed. He took a moment to scan the crowd. A slight frown wrinkled his brow. He was just about to ask Matt if he could see the girls, when the room plunged in to darkness.

The club was so quiet Bill could easily hear Dréa’s voice ring out.

“OH SHIT!”

Matt groaned and mumbled something under his breath about speaking too soon.

Just when panic was starting to set in, two balls of energy raced past their table. Matt and Bill were caught up in the whirlwinds and dragged out of the club so quickly it could have been a magic act.

Once out on the street, they barely slowed down for them to note all the lights on the strip going out hotel by hotel.

“Uh OH!” Laura whispered.

Bill and Matt turned to face down the two trouble makers, who were still staring wide eyed and slack jawed at all the darkness surrounding them. The distant sound of

sirens and the people on the street commenting seemed to galvanize the women in to action.

They swung their attention back to Matt and Bill.

Crossing their arms and cocking their heads to one side they stared the men dead in the eye.

“WE DIDN’T DO IT!!”

Flame On!!

Hadoken!

by Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

Dedication: As always to our Mr. Mes and to Von - Happy Gasoline and Match Day.

Chapter One: Fight!

Elysia stared mournfully at the smoking remains of rubble which had been the housing place of her body, her sisters in the MFP Posse ... and them. She couldn't even think the name of her beloved. Closing her eyes, Elysia sighed. Mashing her lips together, she breathed deeply to prevent the sobs from escaping.

"Baby, don't look at that," Sarita whispered into her curls as she held her head against her substantial chest ensuring to keep her Elysia's eyes averted from the smoking rubble.

"But they were my most favoritest pair, Mommy," she sobbed.

"I know baby, but they've gone to the big sneaker store in the sky. Come on, let's go find a shoe store."

#

Making what she was sure were sympathetic noises, Sarita Morrison (aka Jayha Leigh), steered Elysia (aka Jeanie Johnson) her one and only child, the most spoiled of babies any where, any time, in any dimension, in the direction of their royal King Ranch EL Ford Expedition 4x4. Taking a moment to make sympathetic noises, she carefully bundled Elysia into the front seat before rounding the truck and settling herself into the driver's seat. Forgetting her own weariness, she set her GPA and headed off into the Vegas night. Damn, she was tired but her baby needed new Chuck Taylors so she had no choice but to find the nearest athletic store. She only hoped they had a fine selection of Chucks ... for their sake.

Eight pairs of new Chucks later, Sarita was what southerners called, give out. It wasn't that Vegas didn't have athletic stores; it was simply that her baby didn't do just *any* Chucks. Nope, Elysia had a smorgasbord of Chucks. Sure, she had the obligatory

black low top Chucks, the red high top Chucks, and the canary yellow low tops, but then there were the fancy-shmancy Chucks. So after finding the basic Chucks, they'd gone on a scavenger hunt for the sequined Chucks, the silver metallic Chucks, the tie-dyed hand died Chucks, the Texas A&M logo Chucks (*she laid the blame for that abomination at Dréa's feet... trust the starter of international and domestic incidents to lure her baby into that ... how a good University of North Carolina grad could rock those shoes she just didn't know, but A&M was a'ight ... for a non-North Carolina ACC university that was located somewhere other than Chapel Hill*), but it was the black leather Chucks with the flame running down the side that proved to be the needle in the proverbial haystack. And they didn't find them but luckily, she'd bought twenty-five pairs of those in men's size 8 when they first came out or she'd have been totally fucked. As it was, the flame Chucks hadn't been the taker upper of time; what had been was the talking her baby out of purchasing the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse Chucks. She'd cajoled, pleaded, laid out a beautiful argument, and finally she had to threaten the stash of Chucks with the flames before Elysia relented. Of course, she'd had to deal with that pout but dammit those apocalyptic shoes were right where they were when they'd first entered the store: on the damn shelf.

Five hours and a marathon and a half of walking later, she was ready for a hot shower and a soft bed, but there was one problem. Her room in the plush four-star hotel that she had reservations at was currently in a burned to a fucking crisp state. In fact, the entire wing of the hotel was roped off with police tape, which meant that she wouldn't be getting any z's anytime soon. Well, at least not in this hotel ... and any of their sister properties, or their third cousin twice removed at this rate. Though the fire had been tentatively labeled as an accident and there thank God hadn't been any injuries

(if one didn't count her bambina's beloved Chuck Taylor All-Star Converse), it seemed that people had a problem when you told the truth. Okay, so maybe it wasn't the truth *per se* that Clark County Fire and Emergency Services had a problem with; it was more like they had a problem with the whole MFP Posse.

The MFP Posse been in Vegas for less than twenty-four hours and besides spending a full day dibsing various parts of the area, they'd been busy getting accused of second-degree arson. And if the arson accusation wasn't bad enough there was the trumped-up charge of inciting a riot. They would've had a slew of other charges added to the list if not for the extensive training she'd received from her momma. An instructor in the art of *kajukenbo*, her momma had made sure that she was an expert in the art. With her honed instinct, eagle eyes and cat-like reflexes, she'd managed to stop Shara, Dréa and Laura from bitch-slapping their way to felony assault charges. Though Elysia was just as gangsta, all she had to do was hit Elysia with the mean mommy look (yet another skill that she learned from her momma) to get her to settle down.

Luckily, she'd come prepared for this trip (otherwise they'd probably be unwilling guests of the city for an extended amount of time). While Reid had brought along an empty suitcase to have something in which to store all the new handbags she planned to buy; Yazmin had brought along a horde of designer sunglasses to protect her eyes so she could look at her fresh weave in the reflection of store windows; and the other chicks had brought along an array of things to tide them over, she only brought the bare necessities, which consisted of a grip of drawers, deodorant, directions to Krispy Kreme, and a stack of business cards bearing phone numbers where her attorney could be reached twenty-four hours a day. She'd had to pay a mint to have twenty-four hour access to her attorney but when you rolled with chicks who specialized in kicking off

international incidents and getting arrested in third-world countries, you had to do what you had to do.

She'd done what she'd had to do in order to insure that they weren't featured on an episode of Cops but now she needed to do what she had to do to find a place to bunk. Per the agreement her attorney had struck with the Vegas DA, the MFP Posse would be allowed to finish their vacation in the city of Las Vegas provided no more than two posse members were in the same hotel at any given time. So while the other Posse members had found other accommodations, they were still looking because she was right particular about where she spent the night. Thanks to the general populace's fascination with hookers, cheap food, magic shows and gambling and a used car salesman convention, Vegas was pretty much booked solid. There were available hotels but they were on opposite ends of no fucking way meaning that the cost of a week's stay vacillated between a semester's tuition at a state college or they charged by the hour.

Fatigue settling on her hard, she pointed her truck in the direction of the nearest Krispy Kreme so she could feed her Hot Now craving. As always, the thought of a little Hot Now had her on the verge of orgasm. There wasn't anything like doughnuts fresh off the conveyer belt, oozing glazey goodness.

One big ass hot chocolate, and four glazed doughnuts later, she was flipping through the Las Vegas phone book that she'd procured (hey, don't ask questions) continuing her search for suitable accommodations (key word 'suitable'). Forty minutes later, she had a cramp in her pointer finger from dialing numbers and an ache in her ear from hearing the phrase 'no vacancies'. Dammit, she'd already exhausted the three and four-star hotels on her list of recommended hotels. In an act of desperation, she'd even called the five-star hotels but no luck. Well, the five star hotels technically had

vacancies, but for real, the rates made her fucking ovaries hurt. Yeah, her ovaries because the only fucking way she'd be able to foot the bill was if she had been an "escort" working the halls of Capital Hill kicking it with millionaire congress peeps and/or their governor friends.

While she frantically searched for a place to bunk that didn't have 'corrections' in the title or boom chica now now music playing in the background, Elysia was still blissfully unaware of anything except the backs of her eyelids. Smiling at her snoring, spoiled baby, she blew out a frustrated breath and leaned her head back on the headrest needing to close her eyes for just a minute. If she didn't find someplace soon she was simply going to slam the rest of the box of glazed doughnuts and maybe half of the other box and drive to LA.

Just the thought of the drive had her letting loose a chorus of yawns. Damn used car salesmen and their fucking convention. Having no luck thus far with finding a hotel, she weighed her options. Option a involved three felonies, option b involved two felonies and half a dozen misdemeanors, and option c involved way too much fucking time. Still, she needed a room and soon because her baby had gone into that hibernation stage of sleep and she wasn't far behind her. A knock on her window pulled her from her thoughts. Opening her eyes, she clasped her hand tighter around the metal in her left hand. She didn't think someone was about to jack her but being that she had her baby in the truck, she wasn't taking any chances. Kicking herself for sleeping on the job, she schooled her expression to resemble that of a helpless southern dame before turning to face the interloper. Spying one of the assholes she'd come close to braining a scant few hours before, she slapped on a *'fuck you and the stock wheels you rode in on'* look and pressed the button to let the window down.

The window had barely rolled down before Chief Young's smart ass remark poured into the cab.

"Looking for another place to burn to the ground, Ms. Morrison?"

No this motherfucker didn't. It didn't matter that he wore those jeans like macaroni noodles wore cheese – damn good. Damn Brenton Young for having the unmitigated gall to look as good in civvies as he did in his firefighter gear. Pulling her mind from the good-looking motherfucker, she got all indignant again. No he fucking didn't.

"Are you on duty?" she asked sweetly.

"Not officially..." he began.

"Then fuck you, Chief Young."

"...But there's never a time when I'm not protecting what's mine," he drawled.

"It's a good thing that I'm not yours then, isn't it?"

"Depends," he began.

"Well, compared to the studs on your squad you are a little long in the tooth but I didn't think you were old enough to need *that* particular product."

"You slay me, Ms. Morrison."

"Perhaps given the chance but right now I'm just being a law-abiding citizen enjoying the tackiness that's Sin City," she said. Glimpsing a flash of color from the corner of her eye she turned abruptly in the seat and glared down the fineness that approached.

"Tell your boys to back off. My baby is sleeping."

"My nephews wouldn't hurt a hair on her head," he spat.

“I know,” she said not elaborating. Glimpsing the comprehension in Chief Young’s eyes she knew that she didn’t need to. He caught her drift.

“Tyson, Javier, fall back,” he ordered.

To her surprise, the two handsome young studs did ... but not before they cast a longing look at her baby who was blissfully asleep cradling her new pair of Chuck Taylors. She couldn’t help but smile at the boys. She knew *that* look. She made a living writing about it. And though her baby had teetered between wanting to kick some ass on the fire department and wanting to wear sackcloth and ashes over her beloved Chuck Taylors, she hadn’t missed the path Elysia’s eyes had travelled when Shara had called out Challenge! Truth be told, she’d noticed Elysia surreptitiously watching the boys as soon as they’d stepped into her line of vision. The g-sound in the dare hadn’t even left Shara’s lips before her baby’s eyes made a beeline for the Spanish hottie and his friend who looked to be a mixture of black and Native American. Though she was more on the conservative side, she couldn’t fault her daughter for her taste. If Elysia was choosing teams for a threesome, she couldn’t have picked two finer specimens than the hot, young studs who stepped back.

She knew that the physical and mental requirements for becoming a firefighter for Clark County were rigorous so she wasn’t worried that either of the hotties were nuts. She was worried because she was a momma. Elysia was her only baby and it didn’t matter that she was well-versed in *kajukenbo* and mixed martial arts. It didn’t matter that Elysia could hang with the Special Forces when it came to marksmanship. It didn’t matter that Elysia drove like a stunt driver. What mattered was that Elysia was hers ... and just as Chief Young did; she protected what was hers.

She was pulled from her mommy mode by the low timbered-voice of Chief Young.

“You look tired. Is there anything I can do to help?”

If he'd been his regular prick self she would've told him hell no in all of the languages that she knew. Okay, so she didn't know that many languages but she happened to know the phrase '*hell no*' in at least ten languages. For once Chief Young hadn't been his regular smirky bastard self; he'd been only about a quarter smirky bastard ... but he'd also been sincere (and his being fine as all get out didn't hurt none ... not that she was admitting any such thing). Sighing, she turned to him.

“You can help me find a hotel.”

“Sure, how many places have you tried?” he asked.

“All of them.”

“And no such luck? This is Vegas, other than gambling and some unmentionables, hotels is what we're known for. It seems like you should've had your pick of hotels,” he said as he scratched his square chin. Not that she'd noticed his angular features, his barrel chest, or his tight ass.

“Yeah, but it's the unmentionables coupled with the used car salesmen convention that is making finding a decent hotel such a fucking chore.”

“Oh yeah, that. I forgot about the convention. What are your requirements in a hotel, Ms. Morrison?”

“I'd like one that doesn't look like the CDC should kick in the door and quarantine it; one that doesn't have hourly rates; one where I don't have to worry about waking up in a tub full of ice missing organs; and, one that is a little cheaper than the cost of my firstborn child.”

“You know, I'm a little bit scared to even guess what you were involved in when you compiled that list,” he teased.

“I’d tell you, but you know the ramifications of that,” she replied.

“You’d have to kill me?” he finished.

“You said it, not me,” she replied.

#

Turning the spray on full blast, Brenton Young leaned under the shower and let the hot water sluice over his tired muscles. Though he was in damn fine shape, his body vociferously reminded him that he was thirty-eight years old – a full eleven years older than his nephews. His fatigue wasn’t due the fire that his battalion had spent the last five hours fighting; it was primarily due to roughhousing with his nephews after they’d returned to the firehouse.

Normally, he wouldn’t roughhouse in the firehouse but the two had had it coming. They’d been ragging him about the setting down the feisty Ms. Morrison and her cronies had given him. He might’ve let it go had they left it at that but they had to take it completely over the line and ponder aloud whether or not he could handle her. As if. He was all man all the time and no woman, regardless of how tempting she was could best him, which is what he’d told them. They’d listened to his answer, laughed their motherfucking asses off and launched into a chorus that involved him and Ms. Morrison sitting in a tree, locking lips.

Tyson and Javier might legally be grown men but sometimes they reverted back to being the snot-nosed little shits they’d been in their teens. What was it that made boys want to test their elders? Whatever it was, they were going to have to bring a lot more of it in order to best him. The young bucks might have youth on their side but he had experience and the skill that his time as a Green Beret had drilled into him. That’s why he was the one standing under the massaging jets of the shower and his randy

young nephews were laying on their bunks catching their breath and grumbling about the steak dinner that they were about to treat him to while he used up the rest of the hot water. Yep, you could take the man out of the Special Forces but you couldn't take the Special Forces out of the man.

Having thoroughly enjoyed his meal, Brenton was feeling magnanimous afterwards, which is why he only lorded his win over his nephews a little bit. Lounging in one of the second row captain's chairs he half-heartedly listened to what his nephews considered music as he knocked back his favorite dark chocolate mints. He was on the verge of dozing off when his eyes zeroed in on a Ford Expedition. Of all the SUVs in Vegas, trust that he'd be drawn to that one. Then again, it was kind of hard not to be drawn to it considering the custom paint job and chrome. Not normally a man who appreciated the art of blinging up vehicles, he had to admit the red fading into black paint job made a hell of a first impression. Not only did it make one take a second look; it made one take a few more after that. He was glad for that paint job, because that meant that the lovely Ms. Morrison was near. And despite her feistiness, he didn't mind being near Ms. Morrison.

"Pull into the parking lot," he demanded.

Using his commander tone, he got immediate reaction from his nephews. He was sure that they had questions but they knew better than to question him when he used *that* tone. Directing them to where the large SUV was parked he was out of the truck before it'd even come to a complete stop. His heart beating fast, he damn near ran to the passenger side door. Only when he saw that Ms. Morrison wasn't hurt did his heart slow to a normal rhythm. Though he knew it wouldn't end well, he couldn't resist fucking with her. Though he was verbally being handed his ass, he couldn't help but

think that this was the best time that he'd had in a while. He could've traded insults with Sarita Morrison all night and perhaps he would've if he hadn't noticed how tired she was. Hearing her admit that she was looking for accommodations moved him but not as much as hearing the fatigue in her voice did.

He'd completely forgotten about the convention, which was easy to do when your city hosted multiple conventions damn near every week. Clearly she was going to have a difficult time finding a hotel, especially at this late hour. Though he'd like nothing better than to take her to his house, he knew that there was absolutely zero percent chance of her doing any such thing. Sarita Morrison might be a feisty woman flirting with multiple felonies, but she was cautious. Being ex-Special Forces, few things slipped past him and that included the curves that she thought she was hiding under her loose jeans and too big t-shirts. Though her feistiness and hot body could easily distract a lesser man, he wasn't a lesser anything which is why he noticed the way she swept the crowd with her eyes and carefully herded her little group of potential felons. He hadn't missed the way that she stood in an en guard stance or the way her breasts filled out that shirt or her ass filled out those jeans. Sarita Morrison might be tired but he'd bet good money that she wasn't that tired.

Knowing that she wouldn't go to his house, he offered the second-best thing. Unclipping his phone from his belt he dialed the number to Yvlan Castle. Situated on the outskirts of Vegas, Yvlan Castle was Nevada's version of the beautiful Turtle Creek Mansion in Dallas, albeit a lot newer. It was so new that it wouldn't officially open until next week. It was also so beautiful that it was already featured in several magazines. The cost of a night's stay was staggering but that didn't deter those with money as rooms were already reserved well into the later half of the year. Normally, he wouldn't have

even attempted to get a room in an establishment of that magnitude but he attempted it because he and the proprietor had a bit of a history.

Hearing Petros, he began explaining his situation. He didn't even get the first sentence out of his mouth before Petros cut him off.

"Bring them here. Don't worry about a thing except for getting them here. I will personally see to everything else," he said before disconnecting.

Brenton couldn't help but smile at Petros' abruptness. No one would ever accuse Petros of having manners but dammit if the man wasn't one of the best friends he had. Walking back to Sarita's truck he told her that he'd found a place. The relief in her eyes touched him in a way that few things did. He watched as she exhaled and poured out a thank you. Approaching slow enough that he didn't frighten her he reached for her hand and gently squeezed it before brushing a kiss on the back of it.

"You're welcome," he rasped.

Though he wanted much more than that brief contact, he had to force himself to step back from Sarita's tempting body, he did so – albeit real reluctantly.

"A friend of mine is the proprietor of a pretty nice place. We can be there in about half hour if the traffic is only slightly terrible; forty-five minutes if it's flat out terrible," he said and stepped back awaiting her answer.

When she nodded her assent half of him was surprised. The other half was relieved. Though he hadn't known her a full day, he knew Sarita long enough to know that she wasn't a woman accustomed to leaning on others. Sarita was one of those caped women. Though she might accept his help at locating a decent hotel, he knew it was a crap shoot whether or not she'd follow him to an undisclosed location. Knowing how ornery she was he wondered if he'd have to resort to rendering her unconscious and

driving her to the damn castle. Rendering her unconscious might've put a cramp in his getting to know her better. And though he didn't know a lot of things, one thing he did know was that he definitely intended to get to know the lovely Sarita Morrison better – a lot better.

#

If any other man touched her without permission, Sarita would've caved his nuts in with a little help from the steel-toed boots she rocked. But this wasn't just any man; this was one of the hottest motherfuckers she'd seen in a minute. The damn man did something few men did: cause her to take a second look. It wasn't simply his fineness as Vegas was full of men who were fine for no damn reason. It was the man himself. Under his casual attitude lurked a man who was undiluted man. She'd had the better part of the afternoon to watch him and she couldn't help but notice how he handled himself and his crew, how his eyes never rested on any one thing for too long, how his body was always coiled for action. Brenton Young might appear to be relaxed but she'd bet the house that that man was a trip to the ER just waiting to happen for anything that threatened anyone close to him. She liked men like that. And the fact that that motherfucker had an ass that most likely heralded the advent of denim and the process of tucking in one's shirt didn't hurt none. But Brenton Young's fineness was neither here nor there. She had to find accommodations, tuck her baby in with her new Chucks, grab a long shower, some eats and *then* she could fantasize about the hot battalion chief.

If any other man had “just happened” to find a hotel ... on the edge of not just the city, but Sin City, Sarita would've laughed in his face and left him twitching on the pavement for his cheek. Brenton Young, Battalion Chief of Clark County Fire Department wasn't just any man. Brenton Young was ex Special Forces and she knew

that without even having to lift his wallet or hack his identity. Sarita knew that because she recognized the tat on his arm. Her daddy had one just like it. A sword with three bolts of lightning going through it might not have meant shit to most people but she wasn't most people. She was the daughter of a daddy who was a big dog in the Special Forces and a momma that taught the big dogs another brand of self-defense. She didn't trust many men but she was willing to give a man with that tat the benefit of the doubt. Nodding her head in agreement she cranked her engine.

"Lead the way, Chief," she said. "And don't get used to me being behind you. This is a one time deal."

"Understood, Ms. Morrison."

#

No one could accuse him of being a worrier, but right now that's exactly what he was doing: worrying. He'd barked orders left, right and center at his nephews instructing them to drive slow enough for Sarita to follow. Dammit, he should've requested her mobile number in case they got separated but he felt that he'd already pushed her as far as she was willing to go. Still, he didn't like her back there where they could become separated and he damn sure didn't like her behind the wheel when she was that fucking tired. Swallowing the myriad emotions that settled in his gut, he barked out yet another demand for Tyson to slow down.

"Slow down, dammit!"

"If I go any slower, Uncle, I'll actually be driving slow enough to drive Miss Daisy."

"Well you ain't driving Miss Daisy. You're driving me and I need you to keep it under triple digits so Sarita can follow us."

“Sure, Uncle.”

#

Brenton didn't have to waste his time worrying about being Sarita getting separated from them. If there was one thing Sarita knew how to do besides fuck someone up, it was tail someone. Brenton's boys could've floored their truck and put on an evasive maneuvers clinic and they still wouldn't have been able to shake her. She was on their six like a fucking shadow. She should've requested Brenton's phone number but being that she'd already lifted his Nevada State Driver's License from his wallet she didn't want to press her luck. It wasn't that she needed the good chief's driver's license; she just needed enough intel on him just in case. Already having snapped a pic of his driver's license, she snapped one of his license plate and sent it to her secret email. Thankful for her iPhone's 2.0 megapixel camera and 3G broadband capabilities, she snapped pics all along the route. If her momma had to come have a word of prayer with him, she wouldn't appreciate having to waste time trying to locate him, or them ... not that she planned on being offed by the fine ass chief.

So deep into her 'don't trust shit' mode, she was completely taken aback by the grandeur of the castle that Brenton had dubbed a 'pretty nice place'. They were so going to have to work on his descriptors. Turning off the truck she couldn't believe he'd described this place of all places as 'pretty nice'. Though no one could accuse her of having a refined sense of style and taste, she knew all about Yvlan Castle. Anyone who was anyone booked a stay at the castle and that included residents of Vegas. If the resort was a music CD it would debut in the number one spot and be quadruple platinum in a matter of minutes. Yvlan Castle didn't accept just anyone as a guest. Rumor had it that one had to have initials like Pres., Gov., H.R.M., attached to their

name or a shitload of zeroes in front of the decimal when calculating their net worth. She didn't have either of those things. And even if she did the fucking castle wasn't open yet.

Why the hell did Brenton drag her all the way across the fucking desert to a place that she wouldn't be able to afford unless she cleaned out the House at a couple of places on the Strip? Being that the trifling, fine man was rolling up to her door she had just the opportunity to ask him. Taking the hand that he offered, she stretched her tired muscles and got all up in his space. Grabbing a fistful of his shirt she jerked him forward intent on hit him with a full blast of her pissed-offness.

"Dude," she began only to be interrupted by a voice that caused everything in her to pause.

"Welcome to Yvlan Castle," the owner of that voice purred. Not spoke, but fucking purred.

Turning to tell the owner of that delicious voice that she wouldn't be staying here she was blindsided by his beauty. Hot Voice Guy was one of the most beautiful fucking men she'd ever seen. Jet black hair that fell in silken curtain around his shoulders, eyes the color of dark honey, and skin the color of bronze, Hot Voice Guy had it going on. Later, she'd take time to appreciate his hotness but suddenly she was surrounded by the chief who'd grabbed her hips and was busy grinding his manness all up on her. She was about to moan her content when she recalled that she was mad at the chief. Wrestling her hips from his clutches, she turned back to him to give him a good thrashing.

"I know you didn't," she began only to be interrupted by Hot Voice Guy.

Letting go of Brenton's shirt she turned.

“Surely, something refreshing to sate yourself is more tempting than telling off Brenton,” Hot Voice Guy purred.

“It depends on what you’re offering to sate me and being that I really, really enjoy telling off Brenton I don’t think you’re going to find much of anything that I’d take in lieu of telling off Brenton.”

“What if I offered myself to sate you, *Glykia mou*?” he purred.

Thrusting out her hip in an attempt to get Brenton to let go, she turned back to Hot Voice Guy. He was fine but he wasn’t fine enough to stave off the cussing she so wanted to give Brenton. And make no mistake about it she had a thing or three hundred to say to the good chief but first she had to address Hot Voice Guy.

“Well then I’d say ‘hell no’,” Sarita said as she burst out laughing. The handsome Greek was just too cute trying to use his wiles on her. “You are so cute,” she smiled.

“I can’t prove it but I’m pretty sure I should be offended by that statement,” he frowned.

Yep, motherfucker you should. While she had his attention she made her case. “Well don’t worry about being offended any more. We won’t be staying.”

“But you’re already here.”

“This is true and though it’s beautiful this is way out of my price range,” she admitted.

“Don’t worry your pretty head about such things. Say goodbye to Brenton and come inside,” he said.

In that moment about fifty things went through her head. First, did this motherfucker just cut her off and then talk to her like she was two years old. Like she wasn’t competent enough to dress herself and wipe her own ass? Did he really just do

that? *Yes, he did*, her inner master replied. Second, did he just try and dismiss Brenton like he was the hired help? *Yeah, he did and you know that ain't even right*, the black woman in her mmm hmmed. Surely, he didn't think he was a better man than Brenton. Just because he was hot and rich didn't make him better. Fuck him and his little hotel. She'd drive all the fucking way back to Atlanta tonight before she let some other motherfucker treat Brenton like some shit he found in the city dump. *Breathe, breathe, breathe, he's just trying to be friendly*, her diplomatic side compelled. *Like I give a shit. I do not like being patronized not even by fine, privileged Greek demigods*, the black woman who'd had it up to here said. *And I like it even less that he is acting like Brenton doesn't matter.*

Finally wresting herself from Brenton's embrace she took a deep breath. She was trying to talk herself down from giving him the double-barreled cussing out but then he went and did the unthinkable. He touched her. Okay, he didn't actually touch her but he was getting ready to. She was already contemplating what hold she'd put him in when a big hand reached out and grabbed Hot Voice Guy's wrist in a death grip.

The death grip on Hot Voice Guy's wrist was accompanied by Brenton's rumbling warning. "Don't touch her."

Well damn. *Ha ha*, one part of her taunted. *Oh damn*, the *want to fuck Brenton all night long* part of her sighed, imagining Brenton's hands on her skin.

Shaking her head in an attempt to get her mind off of the picture of Brenton in her bed, she made to climb back in her truck. Brenton's firm hand on her hip stopped her forward progress.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving."

“No, you’re not. You’re going to take yourself up to one of the rooms and go to bed. You’re too damn tired to drive anywhere else.”

“You don’t tell me what to do. I’m grown. I’m not staying here. Greek demigod over there is an asshole.”

“Yes, he is but he happens to have a vacant room and you’re going in it. You’re exhausted.”

“And you have a vacant mind if you think I’m going to take shit from him when he just dismissed you like that. Why aren’t you kicking his ass for that? Is it because you have a city job? You want me to kick his ass because I will,” she said unaware that they had an audience.

“I’ve known Petros a long time. I assure you that should I want to kick his ass nothing would keep me from it.”

“Well you should want to kick his ass because I want to kick his ass and I’ve only known him like five minutes.”

“I understand and if you’re a good girl and go upstairs and sleep I might let you kick his ass tomorrow.”

Narrowing her eyes she poked him in the chest. “We might’ve only known each other for a little while but I know that you know me well enough to know that I don’t appreciate being patronized. You might’ve missed it but I’m grown. I don’t need your permission to do jack. When I want to kick his ass, it’s kicked and ain’t nothing you can do about that.”

“Don’t I have a say about whether my ass is kicked or not?” Hot Voice Guy asked.

“NO!” her and Brenton answered simultaneously.

“Well damn then. I’m going inside. Your rooms are ready. The suites on the top floor of the east wing are readied for you,” he said as he walked away.

“I’m not staying,” she yelled after him.

“I’ll see you in the morning for breakfast,” he said. “On second thought perhaps I’ll have breakfast sent up to you,” he smirked and walked inside.

“What a rude, arrogant bastard,” she said.

“That’s one of his better qualities,” Brenton said.

“Whatever,” she said. “Can you move, please?”

“No,” he said as he crowded her and backed her up against her truck.

“Brenton,” she moaned feeling his body press against hers.

“Sarita,” he whispered.

“I’m going home.”

“Maybe tomorrow but tonight you’re going to get some rest. You’ve had a busy day burning down half of Las Vegas,” he smiled.

“I’m not staying here. I hate Hot Voice Guy,” she sulked. Dammit she didn’t want to sound sulky but she did hate Hot Voice Guy.

“Don’t hate, Petros. He’s probably in his room sulking over your insults. He’s not used to women not liking him.”

“Well he’s also probably not used to a fist in the eye but he came real close to getting one.”

“Oh, he knows that. Petros isn’t a bad guy. He just takes some getting used to. Now come on and let’s get you settled.”

“Even if I considered relenting and staying here, I can’t afford it.”

“Did I ask you to pay?”

“No, you didn’t but I’m not letting you spend that kind of money on me. Now move, I’m going home.”

#

Brenton knew that he was in for a cussing as soon as Sarita stepped from the truck. Though a tempting little something she had that ‘about to tell him off’ look in her eyes. He prepared himself for her verbal barrage but was spared with the arrival of Petros. Relaxing, he watched as his friend poured on the charm. And he hated every second of it. If Petros thought he was going to move in on Sarita he had another think coming. He’d hate to fuck him up on the doorstep of his own hotel but if that’s what it took, that’s what it took. The only male that was going to get close to Sarita was him, he thought as he pulled her flush against him.

Hearing Petros talk he relaxed – although he didn’t let go of Sarita. Despite his charm Petros was doing nothing but pissing Sarita off. His little spitfire was mocking Petros. He couldn’t help but smile sure that the millionaire Greek had never been turned down ... full stop. Brenton could’ve stayed there all night listening to his friend get broken down by the spitfire in front of him ... that is until Petros reached out and attempted to touch her. Though he knew Petros wasn’t a threat, something about another man’s hand on his woman triggered his ‘hell no’ gene. The only hands that were going to touch Sarita Morrison were his. Images of her laid out beneath him had his cock springing to full hardness.

He was pulled from his fantasies by Sarita’s words. No, she wasn’t trying to leave. That was so out. Backing her against her truck he distracted her with his body and with a few arrogant words. Knowing that she couldn’t resist the bait of his taunts, he quickly lifted her keys as he shot down all of her attempts to leave. He might’ve felt guilty if he

hadn't known that Sarita had lifted his wallet and taken his license. Naturally, he'd been miffed when he felt her go for his wallet but a part of him had been proud of her caution. Knowing she'd feel safer with his identification in her hands he'd let her take it.

Though he respected her autonomy, there was no damn way that he was letting her get behind the wheel. That shit was simply not happening. She was dead on her feet as it was. Nodding to his nephews he watched as they made their way to the back of her truck. Clicking a few buttons on her fob he unlocked her truck and waited for them to unload her suitcases and hand them to the staff that was waiting for them.

"You lifted my keys?" she asked in disbelief.

"You lifted my wallet," he replied.

"Why'd you let me?"

"Did it make you feel safe?"

"A little."

"Well, then, there's your answer."

"I'm still not staying here," she said.

"Okay, but your stuff is staying here and if I'm guessing correctly your daughter's beloved shoes are stored somewhere in those cases."

"You asshole!" she gasped.

"Yep, now come on and let's get you settled unless you want to explain to your baby why she's missing her favorite shoes."

"I need to park my truck."

"It's parked."

"In front of the primary entrance."

"Yeah, so? It's not like you give a shit about pissing off Petros."

“Well, that is true,” she said as she snatched her keys and walked past him.

#

Yvlan Castle was fucking gorgeous. Sarita wanted to look everywhere but she kept her eyes on the man holding her baby. She’d been ready to half drag/half carry Elysia into the hotel but Brenton had bumped her out of the way. Calling his nephews, he had one of them fetch her. When she glared at him, he simply shrugged.

“Javier has a younger back than I do.”

“And if he hurts my baby he won’t make it past young,” she stated. Turning to the beautiful young man, she gave him the momma look. “You understand me, boy?”

“Yes ma’am,” he politely said as he gently arranged her baby in his arms.

“I have my eye on you.”

“I expect nothing less, ma’am.”

Shooting him the eye one more time for good measure she kept one eye trained on the two young bucks. The fast elevator and their long legs made quick work of the distance. As soon as Javier laid Elysia on the bed she woke up. Being that she’d spent the last four hours sleeping her ass off, of course she was raring to go.

“Hi, what are we doing here? Where is here? Oh, it’s beautiful. Where are my Chucks? What are the fire guys doing here? Is this place on fire too? If it is, I didn’t do it. Ooh, doughnuts,” she said as she grabbed one and offered the box to the young bucks.

Sarita got a moment of respite as Elysia had to chew and swallow the sugary confection, but no more than a moment. As soon as Elysia swallowed that bite she was asking questions.

“Momma, let’s change and go back to the Strip. I bet we can find someplace cool to go. It’s Vegas, c’mon.”

Sarita loved her child. Really, she really, really, really, really did but right now, her child needed to go to her own room and leave her in silence so she could get some rest.

“Baby?”

“Yes, mommy?” she asked looking all innocent.

“Brenton’s friend was kind enough to give us separate rooms. His nephews are putting your stuff in there now. Now you can go in there and raise all the ruckus you want but Momma’s going to sleep and I know you better not even think of trekking to the Strip and finding some new shit to get into. It’s the middle of the night. Go to sleep.”

“But I don’t want to. I wanna play.”

“Baby, it’s late. There’s no one about to insure your safety.”

“The boys can keep her company,” Brenton offered.

“They don’t need to be trekking out to the Strip in the middle of the damn night either.”

“They’re boys,” the chief defended.

“Because boys don’t get in any kind of trouble; just girls. They’re not going out in the middle of the night. They can go to Elysia’s room and play, but they’re not going out on the town,” she said.

No sooner had the words left her mouth than she thought of exactly what she said. Those boys were already looking at her baby like a wolf looks at sheep. And her baby was over there being all tempting. She hadn’t missed the way she licked the sweet

glaze off of her lips and she was sure that Brenton's nephews hadn't either. Them going to her bedroom was a surely going to end in what her daughter referred to as 'good times'.

Sighing, she sat heavily on the bed. Despite being tired, she knew that Elysia wanted those two boys. Not one of them, but *both* of them. It was one thing for her to go off with a nice young man and do whatever it is that they did but quite another for her to send her baby to her room with two hot, young studs who despite saying ma'am, please, and thank yous in the right places wanted nothing more than to have their wicked, wicked way with her baby girl.

What to do, what to do. It wasn't like she could forbid her daughter her pleasure. After all, Elysia was twenty-seven, not seventeen. And those boys were hot. Hell, if she was younger maybe she'd be more okay with it. The thing was, she wasn't younger and she hadn't felt younger in a long, long time. In that moment she felt every one of her thirty-eight years.

#

After a great sleep cuddled up with her new Chucks Elysia felt ready to take on Sin City and at least two of its vices if not all of them. And the two vices she wanted were toting her bags to her room. Her room in a big ass castle. Woo hoo! How cool was that? She had no idea how they came to be at the castle but she didn't care. They were kicking it in a castle. A castle that had sound proof walls, custom-made beds that were bigger than California King size, and high definition televisions with every channel imaginable. She wondered how many of those channels were boom chica now now channels and what kind of boom chica now now the two hotties watched.

Damn, she wanted them ... both... at the same time. She didn't want to make love to them. She wanted to fuck them. She wanted to be fucked by them. She wanted them to fuck her so good she felt it all week. She wanted their cocks, their tongues, their fingers in her, on her, every – damn – where. That might not be the thing that proper women were supposed to say or think but right now she wasn't feeling proper. For that matter, she'd never felt proper. Though she'd had boyfriends, she wanted, she'd always wanted a threesome. Yeah, yeah it wasn't like it was hard for a woman to find two men who'd fuck her; the problem was finding two men who you wanted to fuck and who'd fuck you right.

Tyson and Javier were two such men. Don't ask her how she knew; she just did. As soon as she'd spotted Javier and Tyson her pussy had clenched right before releasing a load of cream. She'd immediately been drawn to them. She wanted them - on their backs and behind her and up against the wall and on the floor and in the pool and up against the window. Yeah, she wanted them. But she also wanted to respect her momma. It was one thing for her to get her freak on discreetly but a completely different thing for her to pretty much advertise to her all and sundry that she wanted two big cocks filling her up. Looking at her momma she realized that despite her momma being so capable, so intelligent, so seemingly good at everything, she wasn't a machine. Things got to her; situations tugged at her heart and stirred up her anger and indignation. As much as she wanted that she was going to have to pass. Oh, well, at least she'd brought her vibrator.

"Momma," she said.

"I'm just going to go to bed and read, okay."

Sarita heard her daughter and one tiny bit of her sighed in relief. But then she looked at her daughter – really, really looked at her. Elysia was a good kid, always had been and that was really saying something because one thing Sarita knew for certain was that she hadn't always been the best mom. It was kind of hard to be the best of moms when you were twenty-one and suddenly responsible for a ten year old. It was kind of hard to be the best of moms when you'd murdered your child's father, forged adoption papers and smuggled her out of the shithole that posed as a country. Still, she'd done the best she could and despite her numerous misstarts and fuckups, Elysia had turned out to be a lovely child and a beautiful woman.

Who was she to frown at the fact that her daughter had different sexual tastes than she did? Who was she to tsk tsk about the fact that her daughter's tastes ran counter to what was deemed proper? Who was she to feel guilty about raising a woman who was in charge of her sexuality and not only knew what she wanted, but was comfortable with it? Fuck that, if Elysia wanted those two men, she should take them like Grant took Richmond.

"Well, when you and the boys are busy 'reading,' try and keep the noise to a minimum. I need my beauty rest," she smiled.

#

Now that Brenton had gotten the lovely Sarita to her room, he had time to watch her. Sarita Morrison was a helluva woman. Though it was all that she could do to keep her eyes open he didn't miss the way that she kept her eyes trained on the two men he considered sons. He smiled noting the way that Javier and Tyson's entire attention was focused on the young lady Sarita called daughter. Elysia was a beauty. Spunky and

opinionated she was the very image of her momma. No wonder his nephews were enchanted by her.

They had plenty of time to be enchanted. Though Elysia was fully grown, he could watch Sarita and her all day. As it was, he'd been watching them on and off for a good part of today. From what he could see Sarita was a wonderful mother. There was never a time that she wasn't touching her daughter. Many times, Sarita would gently tuck an errant curl behind her daughter's ear or tug on a curl playfully as she whispered something to make Elysia laugh. He didn't fail to notice how she would insinuate her body between her baby's and his nephews. As much as those boys wanted that little lady, if her momma didn't give the okay it wasn't happening. And they knew it.

He was real proud of the way they remained respectful despite sporting hard-ons that were probably roaring at them. His nephews had always had particular tastes, but that didn't surprise him being that they were particular boys. Though particular, they were good kids – damn good kids. Brenton looked at the two men whom he'd taken in when they'd decided they wanted to follow in his footsteps. Like him, they'd gone into the army and later joined the fire department, and not just any fire department but his. Tyson and Javier had become great firefighters but more importantly, they'd become honorable men.

"Uncle," they said as they approached.

"Boys," he answered watching as they looked over their shoulders at the women. Javier and Tyson wore the same look they'd worn since they were tots and were up to something.

"We want Elysia," Tyson stated plainly.

“Yeah, I kind of figured that,” he said waiting for them to reveal what was in their hearts.

He watched as Javier took a deep breath and released it. Yep, these boys had something heavy on their minds.

“She’s our one. We need her, not just want her. We need her. We can wait if we have to but we’re not going to give her up.”

“Uncle, we respect and honor what you’ve taught us but we cannot spend the rest of our lives without her,” Tyson finished.

Tyson and Javier’s words were impassioned and honest. Brenton couldn’t help the pride that coursed through his veins.

“And her Mama?” he asked.

“We hope that she will accept us,” they both admitted.

“If you had a daughter how would you feel about her going off with not one but two men?”

“Our daughters are going to be nuns so that won’t matter,” Javier quickly said.

“And the ones that aren’t nuns are going to be lesbians,” Tyson finished.

Brenton smiled at his nephews tempted to use the line that Sarita had used on Petros. They were cute in this moment. The boys pleaded with their eyes, and Brenton knew that they weren’t pleading for permission but for acceptance. One thing he’d always give them was acceptance. Giving them a look, he smiled noting the smiles that covered his nephews’ faces.

“A word of advice boys...” Brenton cautioned. He paused insuring that he had their full attention.

“Any harm comes to that little lady and you won’t have to worry about her beautiful mother ripping you to pieces because I promise you that I won’t leave a trace of either of you for her to find. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” they nodded and went back to watching Elysia.

When Sarita made her Freudian slip he worried that his nephews would storm Elysia like the Allied Powers stormed the beaches of Normandy. They didn’t storm Elysia, instead they waited with baited breath knowing that Elysia’s momma was working it out in her head. Brenton didn’t think Sarita would be trying to hear such a thing, at least not so soon. A moment later Sarita shocked the room into silence when she hit them with that line about “reading.” Oh, no she didn’t give his nephew’s *carte blanche* to pleasure her baby leaving him alone with her ... at least for the time being.

Brenton couldn’t help but smile as he watched Elysia throw a ‘come and get me’ look at his nephews right before skipping out of the door. He wondered how many seconds it’d take Javier and Tyson to catch up with the imp. He hadn’t even made it to two when they jumped up and made a beeline for the door. They were almost to it when they were stopped in their tracks by Sarita’s voice.

“My baby can’t hide anything from me boys. If she is hurt in any way, I will make breathing through a tube a necessity for both of you. I hope we’re clear on this. Are we?”

“Yes ma’am,” they said in unison.

Ah, Sarita’s threat/promise was one after his own heart. He struggled not to tear up. He didn’t want to cry not because he was ashamed of his tears but because then he’d miss what was coming next. And knowing Sarita whatever came next would be a humdinger.

“You got a phone?” she asked.

“Yes ma’am.”

“Good, keep it on, and keep it near. You don’t know when I’ll call but when I do, I suggest you answer by the second ring.”

“Yes ma’am,” they said again.

They yes ma’am-ed her a whole lot. Hell, he’d taught those brats all they know and they rarely yes-sirred him yet they rattled off yes ma’ams at the drop of a dime. It was a good thing because acquiescence seemed to be the only response Sarita wanted or would accept.

#

“So what now?” she asked.

“How about we sample the fruits and sandwiches that the staff has provided for us,” he said as he checked out the covered delicacies. It was supposed to be light fare but trust Petros to engage in overkill like most everything that man did.

“We should break bread and get to know each other a bit better seeing as my boys are all hot and bothered by your daughter.”

“That is true,” she smiled, “although the feelings seem to be completely mutual.

“Sweet or savory?” he asked as he picked up a plate waiting to fill it.

“Both.”

“We have similar tastes when it comes to eating,” he said.

“Doubt it; we both might appreciate salt and sugar but I’m sure that’s where the similarities break down, especially since I don’t eat pussy,” she winked.

“No fair saying the term ‘pussy’ while I’m eating,” he said around a mouthful of pineapple.

Damn, Brenton looked good eating that pineapple. The sweet juice coated his lips. Every time he bit in, her pussy clenched. Every time he licked his lips he had to bite her own to prevent the moans from escaping. Sarita was so caught up in her fantasy of Brenton enjoying her like he did that pineapple that she missed him sliding closer. She missed him taking her plate. She missed him wrapping that heavy, muscular arm wrapping around her shoulders, but she didn't miss him pulling her into the big body that smelt so good. No way in hell was her body going to miss that.

Brenton Young was simply too much temptation. Too damn much delicious, mouthwatering, make-you-break-your-New-Year's-resolution-about-all-of-your-vices temptation. She had to have all cylinders firing around Chief Young or she could see herself on her back underneath the hard-bodied, bick-dicked fire chief ... or on her knees ... or straddling him ... or riding his face into the sunset. Knowing that she was on the verge of being too deep into her fantasy to pull up, she mentally slapped herself.

It took a couple of mental slaps to pull out of the Brenton Young fantasy that she was entertaining because her pussy and her mind were in cahoots against her. A chorus of objections met her attempts. In the end, she had to drag herself out of that fantasy kicking and screaming.

'Settle down y'all. I need to reestablish control,' she told her body.

'Can we fuck him after you've re-established control?' her pussy inquired.

'No. We have to make sure Elysia is alright,' she said.

'Hey, we saw those two fine motherfuckers she went off with,' her eyes said.

'Elysia is more than alright.'

'No,' she reiterated.

'Your honor, I object,' her pussy made a plea to her brain. 'If we leave it up to her then she's going to let all that hot manflesh go to waste.'

'We can have a good time looking at him,' she stated.

'We can have a better time fucking him,' her pussy replied. 'In case you've forgotten, the last time we got some people were still rocking shell-toe Adidas.'

'You bitch, that was so uncalled for,' she began.

'You know, the pussy is right,' the brain interjected. 'I'm going to have to side with the pussy on this.'

'You can side with her all you want to, but I'm not going to...' she began only to run out of breath feeling Brenton rub all that hardness against her.

'You were saying?' the brain asked.

'I was saying, damnnnnnnnnnn, this man is living chocolate.'

'Damn right, so whatcha going to do, girlfriend. Ain't nothing but air and opportunity,' her pussy taunted.

'And I'm not going to make it easy for you,' the brain said as it pushed her deeper into Brenton's hardness.

#

Sarita knew that she was fighting a losing battle. She could hide every dirty fantasy away from everyone else but she couldn't hide it from herself. She wanted Brenton Young. Tired of being the man in all of her relationships, she wanted a man who could be the man without her having to give him a tutorial on how it was done. She wanted an alpha male – one who felt that metrosexual was the same thing as homosexual (no offense to homosexuals but lots of offense to metrosexuals); one who didn't give a shit if he was politically correct but wasn't unjust; one who recognized that

many times the best man for the job had a vagina; one who could let a woman take control ... anywhere except the bedroom. Brenton Young seemed to be that kind of man and that turned her on so good. Yeah, she wanted to take him for a test drive, and she would she decided – but first she had to insure her daughter's safety. Snuggling her curves into his hard planes, she whispered his name.

“Brenton,” she purred.

Witnessing his reaction, Sarita ducked her head causing her braids to fall over half her face. As soon as she purred his name, Brenton's whole body went still.

“Yes?” he questioned after he licked the juice from his full lips.

“Are you confident that your nephews won't hurt my daughter?” she asked as she straddled his waist.

“Yes,” he rasped as he thrust his hips into hers causing her pussy to tingle.

“How confident?” she asked again.

“I'd stake my life on it,” he said as he grabbed her hips.

“Good,” she said as she took his hand in hers.

Inhaling a deep breath of Brenton Young-spiced air, she kissed a trail up his neck reveling in the way his heart beat accelerated and in the way his voice dropped to pure bass. Being bold, she removed his t-shirt. Being even bolder, she removed hers along with her bra. Being boldest, she dragged Brenton to her crushing her D cups into his chiseled chest.

“Good,” she said again as snapped her handy-dandy handcuffs around his thick wrist. “Because until my bambina comes back to me well-sated and safe, I'm taking you hostage,” she said as she pulled out her phone and dialed.

Sarita was quiet and that worried Brenton for a quiet Sarita was a thinking Sarita and he'd bet dollars to doughnuts that a thinking Sarita was plotting something. As much as Brenton wanted to say something he remained silent knowing that Sarita was probably worrying about her daughter although there was no need. His nephews might need a good, swift kick in the ass every now and then but they were good men. Still, it must be a difficult thing to see evidence of your daughter's sexuality. If Elysia was his daughter he'd be in there kicking the asses of the males that dared think of her in sexual terms, but that was just him.

Knowing that Sarita needed space, he kept one eye on her and the other on his plate. Okay, that was a damn lie. He hadn't looked at his plate since he set it before him. His eyes were reserved for looking at Sarita Morrison. So instead of filling the silence with teases, he remained silent and enjoyed his pineapple wishing like hell it was Sarita Morrison that he was feasting on instead. The woman had no idea how much control it took for him to remain seated instead of crossing the room and dragging her lush form under him.

Sarita was a conundrum. Strength personified, Sarita had an aura of danger about her that probably intimidated the hell out of most men. Most men didn't like women like Sarita. In a word, Sarita was ballsy. She wasn't the kind of woman who could play coy if you gave her a cast of Oscar and Tony Award winners as tutors. She didn't do politically correct; for that matter he'd bet she didn't do politics. He smiled thinking of her in either of the two houses of government. If she was in the House she'd be known as Representative You Must have Lost Your MFing Mind; if she was in the Senate she'd be known as Senator Hell No. That'd make for some good television ... and some serious incidents on Capitol Hill.

As it was he was glad that Sarita didn't waste her passion like that. A, she'd be in Levenworth for fucking someones (not someone but someones) up, and b, he would miss the opportunity to show her that her strength didn't turn him off. Normally, a man who bedded 'yes women'; Sarita's strength called to him, intrigued him, turned him on so damn good. He'd love to be wrapped in her strength, to be the recipient of all that passion. Despite her looking at him like he was some shit she found in the bottom of a barrel, he knew she was the epitome of passion. Had to be; no way a woman who cussed like she did and issued challenges like she did could be anything but passionate.

He wondered how long it'd take him to unleash that passion ... and if he'd have one black eye or two before she surrendered to him and let him fuck her like she needed. He didn't want a greeting card coupling. He wanted to fuck Sarita Morrison. Throw her down and pound his big, hard cock into her body until they were both replete. He wanted to bare the marks of her pleasure. He wanted his biceps and back scratched up like he'd gone a round or ten with a switch ... and lost. He didn't want her to shyly ask him to make love to her; he wanted her to open her succulent mouth and demand that he fuck her ... hard. He wanted her to be so base that anyone walking by their room would think his first name was Mother and his surname was Fucker. He wanted her to issue a challenge: fuck me hard or go home. And he'd fuck her hard. He'd work her body. He'd meet all of her demands and then top them. And after he topped them, he'd make his own demands. Take me, take me, take my big, Scottish cock any and every way I want to give it to you. Spread your thighs and wrap them around me as I fuck your tight little pussy with my cock. Open your mouth and take my cock down your throat. Get on your knees and take my cock in your ass. Take it, take it, whimper in time to my thrusts. Take it, take it and beg me for more. Spread your legs wider, arch

your back higher, open your mouth wider and beg for my cock with your body and your words. Let go. That's what he needed Sarita to do - not because he was a sadist but because he knew that a Sarita who let go was a Sarita that trusted him enough to do so. And he wanted Sarita to trust him; he *needed* for Sarita to trust him like his hard cock needed release, like his lungs needed his next breath.

Yeah, that's what he wanted he thought as he felt his cock get harder. He'd never fucked a woman like he wanted to fuck Sarita – not because he didn't want to but because until today he'd never met a woman he felt could take him like that. Truth be told, he'd never met a woman he'd even considered allowing to see him so far gone in his passion because then that woman would know that she owned him. He'd never wanted to be owned by anybody, especially any woman. But then his battalion had been summoned to a fire and he'd locked in on Sarita Morrison. Though the blaze was impressive, he'd been riveted by the dark woman with the steely-eyed glare and the 'fuck you' demeanor. He'd been riveted by the way she took command; the way she didn't back down even when facing multiple felonies; the way she wasn't even considering rolling on her partners. He knew that if that cute Texan they referred to as 'Baby Girl' went to prison, that Sarita was going to be right there next to the other crazy one breaking her out. Sarita had that 'leave no man (or in this case, woman) behind' way about her and as a former Special Forces man, he couldn't help but respect that.

Brenton was so caught up in his fantasy that he almost missed Sarita calling his name. Perhaps the correct term would be 'purring' his name because he was sure that her voice wasn't normally that low, that seductive. He could only watch in wonder as she sashayed her fine self up to him. He could only pray that he didn't come on the spot when she straddled him and settled her pussy atop his hard cock. He could only close

his eyes and shudder as she kissed a trail up his neck. He could only growl in the back of his throat and hope that she liked what she saw when he felt her take his shirt off. He could only grit his teeth and pump his hips when she took hers off and settled those soft breasts against him. Damn. Damn. Damn.

Yeah, he was gone, so gone that it took him – a trained man, one of the best, the elite of even the elite – a minute to realize that she'd cuffed him to her. It was only after he heard her inform his nephews that he was her hostage that he regained all of his faculties. Oh, he didn't appreciate the fact that he'd let her get one over on him, but he didn't mind one bit being her hostage. Of course, later he'd have to spank her ass for that, but right now, he'd play along. Handcuffs weren't a problem for him. Not at all. Looking at her as she ended the call, he asked her.

"What do you plan on doing with me?" he rasped.

"What do you want me to do to you?" she returned.

#

After letting Brenton's nephews know the score, Sarita felt pretty damn good. Oh yeah, her baby was safe and she had two hundred plus pounds of hard, big-dicked Brenton Young at her mercy. Now what should she do to him she wondered.

Everything he asks, her pussy said confident that Brenton would ask all kinds of dirty things. Her pussy's hypothesis was proven correct with Brenton's next words.

"I want you to do something dirty, something hot, something like my nephews are doing to your daughter."

"So you want me to get another man in here?" she teased knowing that despite his easygoing demeanor, Brenton Young was a selfish motherfucker. Giving, loyal, and

loving from what she'd witnessed, she also knew that there were things that Brenton wasn't sharing and his woman was one of them.

"Only if you get off on seeing men destroyed," he came back.

Damn, her pussy got wet at that. She was still wet from his little alpha display earlier when he'd grabbed Petros's wrist and told him in no uncertain terms not to touch her. It had been all that she could do then not to back him up against the entrance, jump on his cock and fuck him into the ground. And it didn't matter that there were plenty of eyes around. In fact, it only enhanced her fantasy. She might not be into threesomes but she was a little bit of an exhibitionist. It wasn't that she wanted to fuck every man she met in public. In fact, she didn't care much for men and she cared even less for the overwhelming majority of public but she'd always wanted to be fucked by an alpha man in front of another couple. Something about the other couple getting turned on by her turned her on.

Turning her attention back to his words, she smiled. "I'll keep that in mind, but before you kick off a cage match, I need a shower," she said.

"No, you don't. You'll need a shower after I finish fucking you, but right now I like the way you smell. You smell like a woman."

"And how does a woman smell? I don't have on any high-end perfume or..."

"You smell like sex. You've been creaming for me all evening, now why don't you get on your back and spread those legs so I can lick that cream up."

"That's tempting, real tempting, but even if I was inclined to let you do that, there's no fucking way I'm letting anybody's sweaty balls anywhere near me. Being that this is Vegas where the temperature is stuck on 'inferno', I know your balls are sweaty."

"You plan on getting near my balls?" he asked.

“Maybe, now move your ass,” she demanded.

#

Brenton could only shake his head. Only Sarita would mention sweaty balls to a man trying his best to get her on her back so that he could dive into her pussy. Despite what she said, Sarita smelled the way he wanted his woman to smell – tempting, ripe, his. She didn’t need a shower; what she needed was some big, Scottish cock shoved into her tight pussy. He’d allow Sarita her shower and he’d be a good hostage and play along but this shower wasn’t going to go the way she planned he thought as he was summarily dragged into the bathroom.

Despite being in a rush to get Ms. Sarita in that big, waiting bed, being in any space that had four walls with her had its advantages. Being handcuffed to the feisty woman may’ve hindered him the tiniest bit but no way in hell was it going to stop him he thought as he brushed his teeth. He smiled around his toothbrush watching Sarita take care of her dental regimen as she waited for the shower to warm up. He wasn’t surprised that she approached her hygiene with the same vigor as she did everything else.

A tug on his cuffed wrist alerted him to the fact that she was impatiently waiting for him to finish. Hurriedly he rinsed his mouth, anxious to get into that shower with her. Though a good size, the shower was going to seem too small once he stepped inside with her – not because the luxury shower lacked size, but because he planned on crowding her. Smiling, he docilely followed her into the shower. Despite having a cock so hard he was sure that he could drive piles with it, he bided his time knowing that in just a few minutes he was going to have her just where he wanted her – between a hard place and him.

#

Despite having cuffed the big, hard Scot to her, Sarita had no illusions about Brenton. He was a little too docile and one thing that Brenton Young didn't do was docile. No sooner had she thought it than she found herself up against the cool tiles. Opening her mouth to protest, she suddenly found her tongue occupied with Brenton's, one leg wrapped around his waist, her hip in his big hand. She shuddered from the feel of him pressing all up on her. He was working her body like it belonged to him. *Da hell?* Brenton was her hostage, not the other way around she thought as she pushed back.

Using her hips, she thrust up. Twining the fingers of her cuffed hand with his, she used her free hand to trace the muscles of his thick bicep. Reaching back to pump out the fragrant-smelling liquid soap she massaged it into his skin enjoying the contrast of the suds against his bronzed skin. Brenton Young was a beautiful man. He wouldn't be gracing the catwalks anytime soon, but that was due to his maleness, not due to his lack of fineness. Brenton was too damn much man, too alpha, too rugged, too rough, too raw to be anything but what he was: an alpha motherfucker with a body that rivaled the Sierra Nevada Mountains for hardness and a don't-give-a-fuck mindset. His skin wasn't flawless, instead it was a tapestry that told the tale of his life. Scars, bruises, knicks, and cuts were evident but they in no way took away from the hot, delicious smelling and feeling skin that covered his frame.

Finished soaping his torso, she pumped more soap into her hand and wrapped it tightly around his cock. No sooner had she wrapped it around his base than he grabbed her wrist.

"Sarita," he rasped.

Rasped, not spoke, but rasped as if pushing the words past his mouth took a herculean effort. *'Oh yeah,'* her pussy cheered. *'Squeeze his big cock harder,'* it instructed. And so she did. She squeezed him as she worked the length of him and he had a lot of length and girth. He filled her hand and kept filling it. Soaping his balls, she couldn't keep the smile off of her face feeling him tense. Hearing his breath hitch and his low moan was music she could dance to and perhaps she would've if he hadn't grabbed her hand.

"Sarita, stop, baby, or I'm going to come."

"And what's wrong with that?" she purred.

"Nothings wrong with it but when I come it's going to be in you," he said.

Never having allowed a man to come in her, Sarita shuttered at the thought of Brenton Young filling her with his come.

"Maybe I don't want you to come in me," she threw back.

"Yes, you do," he countered.

"And you know this how?" she asked.

"First, because you're here with me; second, because as soon as I said it you started creaming. You want to be filled with my cum and I want nothing more than to lean back and see my come dripping from your tight pussy knowing that I'm the only man you've allowed the privilege."

Sarita didn't know what to say to that. How did she counter the truth? Especially when she didn't care to.

#

As soon as the door closed behind them Brenton backed her into the wall and took her lips in a kiss. Sarita tasted good and it wasn't simply the cinnamon-flavored

toothpaste that she'd just used. It was her. She tasted sweet. Like water to a thirsty man, she was refreshing. He could've feasted on her all day but there was something else he wanted to taste. Lifting her leg and wrapping it around his waist, he was ready to slip his fingers into her pussy, he was derailed by the feel of her hands on his body.

He was turned on when she'd simply linked their fingers. He was hot and bothered when she ran her hands all over his chest. When she gripped his cock in her strong hands he was undone. Damn, he'd never felt so fucking good. He'd never felt so close to the edge. He'd never felt so right. Rasping out her name, he told her to stop. Always proud of his stamina, until that moment he'd never been in danger of coming so quickly or so hard. Make no mistake about it, he wanted to come, but when he did it was going to be in her, not any other place ... and he knew that she wanted it too. He knew because he smelled her reaction. The thought of his come in her body turned her on as much as it did him.

He bet that she was surprised by that admission. Hell, he was just as surprised. Not a man who ever planned on being a part-time father, he'd been careful to never come in any woman – not even through the barrier of a condom. Any woman who bared his children was the woman he was going to marry and there was no ifs, ands or buts about that. One thing he knew in that moment was that Sarita Morrison was that woman. Despite the fact that he'd known her for less than twenty-four hours he knew that to be a categorical fact. Getting the ornery woman to understand that was going to take an act of God, but luckily he was a praying man.

Needing to assert dominance, he pumped some soap into his free hand and returned the favor. Her skin amazed him. It wasn't so much the softness as the fact that he was seeing it, and being allowed the privilege of touching it. Dark chocolate in color,

it stretched out before him inviting him to explore it with his tongue. Soaping her body he palmed her heavy breasts anticipating sucking upon them later. Sliding his hands down her hips he crushed her to him needing to feel her against him, needing her to feel his strength, needing her to feel how much he wanted her.

Though close, he needed to get closer. He needed her in his arms and as such made a move to do just that.

“Brenton, I weigh a lot,” she protested.

“The term ‘a lot’ is relative. You might be too heavy for those bitch ass guys you’re accustomed to but I assure you that I’m all man, Sarita and you’ll not too heavy for me. You’re just right,” he finished.

“What if I was three hundred pounds?”

“I could still lift you,” he said.

“Four hundred pounds?” she countered.

“Still not a problem. If you gained weight, I’d simply work out harder to insure that I could hold you, now be quiet, woman,” he growled as he adjusted her in his arm and kissed her silent.

#

Sarita was feeling so damn good but when that fine motherfucker lifted her with one arm she couldn’t help but feel all girly. Brenton Young made her feel like a woman and that was a feat in itself. Men had made her feel like their momma, like their sister, like their boss, but none outside of her male kin had ever made her feel like a woman. And then there was Brenton Young. He made her feel ... full motherfucking stop.

Quibbling with him about her weight, he shrugged her objections aside and kissed her silent. Damn if she didn't enjoy that method, not that she was going to allow him to make a habit of that shit. Well, past the first few years anyway.

'Hold the phones,' her brain said. 'Do you plan on making his acquaintance for so long?'

'Maybe, now shut the fuck up and let me enjoy this man's hands on me,' she returned.

'That ain't all you're enjoying. You like the way he dominates you, don't you?' Her pussy asked.

'Yes, yes, yes, you bitch. I fucking love the fact that he has only one setting and that is dominant to the motherfucking core. I love the way he uses his strength to make me feel safe rather than on edge or fear. I love the fact that I'm in the company of a man who not only knows how to be a man, but realizes that I'm a woman and treats me with all the privileges that comes with femininity.'

'We like him too,' her pussy said. 'Now fuck this fine motherfucker's brains out.'

#

So busy squabbling with her pussy, she missed the fact that Brenton had not only washed and rinsed both her and himself, but had shut the water off and was in the process of drying them both off. Well damn. Before she could even form an objection, she found herself on the bed, on her back with a whole lot of hot, needy alpha going down on her. Going down was an understatement. Brenton Young ate pussy like a lesbian gone wild. He was licking her so good that she was sure she could feel the tip of his tongue in the back of her throat.

"Brenton, Brenton, Brenton," she chanted.

He answered by licking her deeper, by flicking his tongue faster, by gripping her hips harder. Not just one hip, but both hips, which should have been an impossibility being that he was cuffed to her. Wanting to know what the fuck was going on but reluctant to drag him away from his endeavors. Still, he was her hostage, and OH MY GOODNESS!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Brenton didn't just hit her spot, he fucking meringued on that motherfucker. She'd deal with the cuffs later right now she was going to hold this man hostage between her thighs. Grabbing his hair, she wrapped her legs around his muscular back. Using all of her lower body strength she dug her heels into him and thrust her pussy in his face with every bit of her strength and fucked his face.

"Eat my pussy, Brenton. Suck my clit, you pussy-eating bastard. Eat this pussy good," she demanded as she dug her nails into the muscle of his back.

And he did it eat. Brenton ate her right into speechlessness. And right after that, he crawled from between her thighs, roughly yanked her legs wider apart and called her name.

"Sarita."

Over the years Sarita had heard her name called numerous ways. She'd heard it yelled, whispered, tapped out in Morse Code by her crazy ass girlfriend Abeni MacCááin. She'd had all manner of reaction to her name being called ranging from fear when her momma whispered her name after she nudded up; annoyance from normal mortals having her name in their mouths; and giddiness hearing her bambina call her 'momma' that first time – hell every time if truth be told – but that was then, and this was right now. In *this* moment, in *this* bed, in *this* city, with her name in *this* fine motherfucker's pussy-eating mouth, it was a whole new game. She'd ne-vuh had her name said the way Brenton Young said it; she'd never come hearing her name said, but

then she'd never been in Brenton's big, capable hands. And the scary part? He was just getting started.

Before she had time to praise his oral skills, he went all lion on her and slowly made his way up her body. Holding her eyes, he made her anticipate every step of his journey. He didn't say a word, then again, he didn't need to. His eyes told her all that she needed to know: he was on the hunt and she was what he was hunting. Oh hell yeah, her pussy sighed.

Positioning himself between her thighs he threw back his head and growled as if warning off the other lions. If there were any lions about they'd be damned fools to challenge him. They'd also be dead fools. Brenton had that look about him. Still, when he caged her in with his big body she didn't feel fear; she felt protected, wanted, desirable. When he lowered himself over her, she opened her thighs wider expecting him to take her right then. She should've known that Brenton Young didn't do the expected. Instead of thrusting into her, he nuzzled her hair, trailing soft kisses across her forehead and jaw before coming to rest on her lips. He took his time kissing her and his thorough exploration had her moaning out her appreciation at his patience and skill.

"Brenton," she whispered not sure if it was a demand or a plea. "Brenton," she called again.

"Sarita," he answered in between sips.

"I want you," she admitted.

"I know, baby."

"You are so arrogant."

"And I have every right to be," he said as he thrust two fingers into her.

"Oh," she sighed.

“See,” he said as he pumped her to orgasm.

“Hmm,” she sighed in answer.

“Does that feel good, Sarita? Do you like my thick fingers in your tight pussy? Do you like the way I stroke you? Do you? Because I definitely like the way your tight pussy clamps onto my fingers. I like the way you react to my touch. I like it a lot.”

“Yes,” she whispered brokenly.

“Tell me what you want, Sarita,” he demanded.

“You, Brenton.”

“What do you want of me?”

What did she want?! Was he kidding? Brenton Young had a monster cock, magic fingers and a tongue that should be sitting on a pillow at the Smithsonian and this motherfucker was asking her what she wanted. Oh, no he didn’t. Now was not the time to be playing with her orgasms.

“I want you to shut the fuck up and thrust that hard cock in me you bastard,” she demanded.

“Ah, you like the big, Scottish cock? Luckily, I prepared some earlier,” he said as he reared back and filled her with that big, Scottish cock he wielded like a major league slugger wielded a bat.

Thrusting into her, he gave her a scant moment to catch her breath before pulling out and repeating the process. Brenton jackhammered into her pussy like he was breaking up concrete. Steady, rhythmic, relentlessly. Though she didn’t break, her control shattered into a million pieces and all she could do was grab onto his muscular shoulders, wrap her thighs around him, lay back and allow this Alpha to put it on her.

And oh my damn did Brenton put it on her and she was woman enough to admit it. Confident in her ability to please a man, she couldn't do shit but lay there and take this big, strong, demanding motherfucker. He didn't speak but he conducted her body like it was the New York Philharmonic. And she let him not because she was a submissive but because for once she didn't want to have to be in charge. She didn't want to have to wear all the hats. She just wanted to feel what it was like to be a woman, to be in the company of a man who treated her like a woman.

Usually in bed, she was in charge. She directed how things went. Usually lovemaking left her feeling cold because she was too busy telling the male to insert cock into slot A, and to use his mouth for something better than saying cliché lines such as 'whose pussy is this?' Brenton hadn't said anything like that because he didn't need to. Brenton *knew* this pussy was his. Every one of his touches laid claim; every one of his looks branded; every thing about him turned her on.

Brenton Young was all the things she wanted, craved, and thought she couldn't have. He was above all, a man she could trust. And trusting a man was something she rarely did, especially with her body. She'd always been careful to select partners who she could take in a fight ... just in case one of them nuttled up. She'd always met them on neutral ground ... because she didn't want to share her space. She'd never gone to sleep in the presence of a man not related to her ... because sleep left her vulnerable. Hell, the one time she'd had a surgical procedure, her daddy had stood guard along with her momma and six of her mommas best-trained students because she was scared to be unconscious. Yet, here she was in a bed with a man she knew she couldn't take in a fight and wasn't concerned that she couldn't because she knew Brenton wouldn't hurt her.

Brenton was the one man she could loose her inner slut with and not feel slutty. He was the one man she could let go with and know that he wouldn't let her fall. He was the one man, the one man, the one man – full motherfucking stop. And for the first time since ever, she simply laid back and enjoyed being handled without worrying.

Somewhere around her firecrackers went off and rained down colors highlighting the planes and angles that made up Brenton. Cymbals clang in time to her orgasms. The sound of Brenton's breathing rang through her ears like a locomotive barreling down the tracks. And the last thought she had before succumbing to her orgasm was 'wow.'

#

Brenton had never tasted pussy like hers. That's probably because he'd never eaten pussy before but even so he bet no other woman tasted as good as Sarita Morrison. No other woman was as good as Sarita Morrison, period. No other woman was Sarita Morrison. Crawling up from between her thighs he took his time surveying the woman that was his. He mapped every inch of her skin with his eyes and hands and one day soon he'd map it with his tongue.

Catching her gaze he held it. He dared her to look away knowing that she wouldn't. Sarita Morrison didn't back down from shit – not even a 6'5, 240 pound man who was trained Special Forces. Knowing that she wouldn't look away he let everything he allowed her to see him as he was: a dangerous motherfucker who rarely played well with others, who didn't do politically correct, and who didn't give a shit that his attitude pissed people off. He let her see all of that and above that he let her see that he wasn't about to let her get away with giving him only a part of herself. He wanted it all. He was not about to let her treat him like he guessed she treated other guys: like her bitches.

He was the man in this relationship, which meant that it was his job to please her in all things. It was his privilege to care for her needs, to anticipate her needs even before she voiced them. What Sarita needed was a man who was all man, not half man, not three quarters man, but all man. He was that man. Furthermore, he was her man and little momma better get used to that, fast, quick and in a hurry, he thought as he nuzzled her.

As much as he wanted to simply take her, he didn't. He needed to be a little bit tender with her, not necessarily because she needed it but because *he* needed it. Despite his façade of easygoingness, he was a hard man, a rough man, a man's man. He didn't do things half-way; he did them all the way or not at all. He planned to do Sarita all the way – and back – but before that, he needed to make sure she felt safe with him.

Kissing her, he thrust his fingers into her creaming pussy and almost came. Sarita was tight around his fingers so he knew she'd damn near strangle his cock. Oh hell yeah. Egging her on, he counted down the moments until she would voice her needs. Hearing her demand his cock, he smiled, reared back and thrust his big cock into the tightest pussy he'd ever encountered. It took everything for him to withhold his orgasm. E-very. Thing. Sarita didn't simply fit him like a glove; she fit him like a liquid latex suit. If she thought he was letting another male ever touch her after this, she and the rest of the world had another think coming. Sarita was his and he'd kill to keep her.

He gave her no quarter – not that she asked for one. Then again, he fucked her so hard, so fast, so deep that she didn't have breath to form words. Relentlessly he drove into her willing her to admit that she belonged to him. He worked harder than he ever had drawing forth the sounds of her pleasure. Every moan was music to his ears, a symphony that rivaled anything Handel, Bach, Brahms, or Mozart ever thought about

Flame On!!

composing. Still, he didn't let up. He couldn't. He had a woman to impress. He had a woman to win over. He had a woman that he intended to keep by any means possible. Finally, he heard the sound he was waiting for, the high-pitched, glass-breaking scream of her ultimate pleasure. And still he continued rocking her world waiting for her to surrender to her pleasure. Only then did he surrender to his own climax.

#

Brenton had spent the last hour watching Sarita sleep. Goodness, she was beautiful – so damn beautiful. And she was his – all his, only his. Feeling her stir, he instinctively tightened his arms around her waiting for her to fully wake.

#

Sarita woke from the best sleep she ever had. Oh my damn, Brenton had put it on her. Oh shit! The cuffs, he'd gotten out of the cuffs. What if he'd left? Dammit, she'd lost her hostage. Moving to sit up, she was stopped short of her goal by a pair of strong arms wrapping her tighter. Closing her eyes, she breathed a sigh of relief. He was still there. Turning in his arms, she looked at him sure her face revealed the wonder she felt.

"You're still here," she said.

"Well, I am your hostage, aren't I?"

Pushing her braids back, she smiled. "Damn skippy, now get on your back, she instructed.

Chapter Two

Meanwhile, in the suite next door

Elysia had spent the majority of the day wanting those two hot ass men. Damn, separately they were tempting; together they encompassed the whole smorgasbord of things she wanted, needed, and desired in men. Yes, men plural. She wanted them both ... at the same time. Javier and Tyson exuded passion, heat, strength. Latino, Native and African-American, they represented her favorite flavors. In between hunting down Chucks she thought about hunting down the hot ass males and tagging them as hers.

It had only gotten worse when she'd spent the delicious ride up to her room in Javier's arms. She couldn't help but feel how hard, how strong, how cut his body was. Her curves fit so well against him and being that Tyson had an identically cut body, she wanted nothing more than to be an Elysia filling in a Javier-Tyson sandwich. Oh yeah.

Still, as much as she wanted them, she wasn't about to go there – not when her momma and Chief Young were there to witness her wantonness. She might've been tempted if just her momma was there, but she doubted it. All her life her momma had sacrificed her wants, her needs, her femininity in order to make her life comfortable, safe, worthy. Not only had her momma given up a job that she'd rocked at; she'd given up her own sexual pleasures. There'd been no dates, no play-uncles, no men besides her grandfather, her uncles, and a close circle of friends. No, she would not subject her momma to proof of her own wanton desires – especially not in front of company. All set to go to her room and settle down with her Playstation 3 and her fantasies of what could have been, she was stunned stupid at her momma's comment.

Did her momma just imply? Did she just give tacit approval? Yes, no. Her momma didn't imply; her momma didn't give tacit approval. Her momma gave

instructions; her momma issued demands and directives that she expected to be obeyed with all due haste and without question. Though her momma was subtle (well being that subtlety with her momma usually involved something lying on the floor in a pool of their own blood and remnants of their dignity, this was pretty subtle), her momma was giving her the categorical thumbs up. Seeing the decision in her momma's eyes, she smiled, then threw those two hot ass men a look and skipped off to her room. Since she was about to live out her fantasy, she was going whole hog. If they wanted her; they were going to have to catch her.

#

Tyson listened to the warnings of Elysia's mother and his uncle and knew that should either he or Javier fuck up and hurt Elysia in any way that it was game over. He didn't need the threats of Elysia's mother to keep him in line; he would never hurt a woman (unless of course she begged him to and even then she'd be moaning in pleasure, not pain. She'd be begging him to not stop, pleading with him to do her harder). He'd never hurt a woman and even if he lost his mind and all the good sense in it, he had Uncle Brenton there to keep him straight. On his best day Brenton Young was a few notches below certifiable. He'd seen his uncle brawl. He'd seen his uncle smash people, destroy things, and leave places smoldering piles of rubble. Still, one thing he never wanted to see was his uncle in full-blown fuck-somebody-up mode.

Elysia's mother didn't know it but she didn't have a thing to worry about. The question wasn't whether or not Elysia's mother would carry out any of her threats; the real question was whether or not she'd be able to find enough of their hides to exact revenge on. Uncle Brenton was an easygoing man – except when it came to women and children. He didn't play that hurting women and kids shit. He didn't subscribe to

excuses (being drunk, high, a victim of abuse yourself, the sky was blue, whatever). If you wanted to experience what it was like to be fucked up, then harm a woman or a child in his presence. Though Elysia was full grown, he could tell by the way his uncle looked at her (like she should be wrapped in cotton wool) that he had a soft spot for the young woman.

That was something in itself because there wasn't shit soft about Brenton Young. And for the past hour there hadn't been shit soft on him. He'd been rocking a dick so hard he could drive piles with it. But he didn't want to drive piles; he wanted to drive deep into the sweet, tight pussy of Elysia Morrison ... over and over and then a little bit more.

No one in the whole of the world had to worry about any harm coming to Elysia. Elysia was the woman that he and Javier had spent the whole of their adult lives looking for. Though they'd crossed path with scores of women; until today they'd never crossed paths with a woman like Elysia. Elysia was different ... and both he and Javier *knew* it. They didn't guess it; they didn't hope it; they didn't surmise it ... they straight out, categorically *knew* it. And they knew it because not only were they telepaths, but because they were empaths. They could feel Elysia's response to them. Her body reacted to their presence on a base level. Her pupils dilated, her nipples hardened; her pussy creamed. The scent of her cream was tempting the beasts within him and Javier.

Come and get me, it taunted.

Taste me, touch me, dominate me. He and Javier would do all of those things ... and then some. They'd taste her until her flavor embedded itself on their tongues. They'd touch her until their fingers knew her body better than they knew their own. And they'd dominate her. Elysia might be a strong woman, but she was also a woman

that needed a man strong enough to let her be a woman. And lucky for her she had two such men at her disposal – not that either of them would allow her to dispose of them. Elysia was theirs and that is how they intended to keep it. And they intended to keep her in bed, up against the wall, spread out on any available flat surface.

They were demanding lovers and thus needed a woman who could take them. They needed a woman who could stand up to them. They needed a woman who saw them for what they were ... and wanted them anyway. They needed Elysia.

All of their lives, there had been whispers about the two of them. Many a person had thought that he and Javier were lovers ... and they were all wrong. Neither he nor Javier was gay; they were voyeurs. Both he and Javier got off on watching a man fuck a woman properly. Fucking a woman properly required more effort than ‘insert tab a into slot b’. Fucking a woman properly required no less than everything a man had.

Tyson got hard imagining Elysia being taken hard by him and Javier. He got even harder thinking of Elysia’s reaction. Tyson knew that Elysia was woman enough to not only take them both; Elysia was woman enough to turn the tables and be the aggressor. And they’d let her ... for a little while at least.

#

Javier wanted the passionate woman before him. When his uncle had instructed him to carry the armful of temptation it was all that he could do to hold his dick in check. His body was demanding that he take her. His mind was demanding that he do all within his power to bind her to them. He knew she was the one they’d been searching for the whole of their lives. He knew it, and as much as he wanted to claim her now he’d resigned himself to having to wait. Despite the passions running strong

through her, he knew that she wouldn't throw it in her mother's face. As much as that fact frustrated him, he accepted and respected that.

And then her mother went and said what she said. Then she'd reaffirmed it with that look. Before either he or Tyson could make a move, Elysia threw them a saucy look and skipped out of the door. Already in full alert mode, his body roared to life demanding to be given its head. It was clear that the minx wanted to be chased. Luckily, he and Tyson were good at chasing.

#

I want her, Tyson ... more than I've ever wanted anything in all of my life,
Javier said as they made their way to the room.

I understand, Javier. I feel the same.

We're keeping her.

Tyson laughed. It wasn't a question; it was a statement. A bold statement and one with which he agreed wholeheartedly. *Damn straight.*

I can't wait, Tyson.

Neither can I. Take her, Javier. I'll watch ... at first, he said as he opened the door.

#

Though Elysia was surprised that her momma had given her the green light to put it on Javier and Tyson, she wasn't surprised that they didn't immediately follow her into the room. Knowing her momma she was giving those boys the what for. It wouldn't be a long conversation but it'd be long enough to allow her to jump into the shower and wash off today's chaos. Trust Baby Girl to make sure that life was interesting. Being that Dréa's chaos-making skills had led her to the two finest men she'd ever laid eyes on,

she was going to have to buy Baby Girl those snakeskin fuck me pumps she'd been eyeing all morning.

Getting out of the shower, she was busy rubbing shea butter into her skin when she heard the unmistakable sound of the door opening. Smiling, she finished moisturizing her skin before wrapping herself in the luxurious robe and strutting out of the door. She got as far as the bed before noting the presence of the two, large naked males. Oh fuck. Oh damn. Oh shit. Not only were Javier and Tyson wearing nothing but their hot, delicious skin; they had their hair down. Oh my damn, damn, damn. All ripped planes of muscle, arrogance, and silky raven hair cascading down their backs, they looked like twin towers of hotness. One in dark chocolate and the other in a rich caramel ... and they were both for her. Just her. Always her.

Locking onto her with their blazing eyes, they stalked her ... slowly and from the smirks on their faces, with great pleasure. It was a beautiful, tempting turn on having two men corral her with such casualness, with such expertise. Stroking their cocks the whole while, they finally managed to get her where she'd spent the last little while wishing she could be: between them.

Oh damn, she was surrounded by wall-to-wall fine motherfucker. Biting her lip to dam the moans that threatened to spill from her lips, she stuck out her chest and her ass and waited to see how long it'd take them to touch her. But they didn't touch her. Instead they both bent towards her and ... sniffed her. *Da hell?* she wondered but was interrupted by her pussy dropping a fresh load of cream. She'd never had a man sniff her ... much less two. It should've been weird but something about it seemed so ... possessive. Normally, she didn't do possessive but then normally she wasn't in the presence of men this alpha, this tempting, this fucking beautiful.

Just as she'd gotten accustomed to their fineness, Javier added his voice to the mix.

"Ah, Elysia," he purred. "You've been so naughty. Tempting us all day with those hot looks ... throwing us challenges with those beautiful, flashing eyes; wearing that 'come hither' scent. Ah, yes. You are so bad," he rasped as he gently nipped the skin on her collar bone. "So, very, very bad."

No, she wasn't. Okay, maybe she was. She didn't know, and furthermore, she didn't care. She just wanted both of them to touch her.

"I know you want us, Elysia, but can you take both of us, I wonder."

Did this motherfucker just challenge her? Yes, he did. "Oh hell yeah, I can take you," she sassed.

"You sure about that?" he asked, his voice like the barest of caresses.

"The question isn't can I take you two; the question is can you two take *me*?"

"That sounds like she's sure, Javier," Tyson's sexy ass voice rumbled from behind her. That voice went straight to her clit.

"It does indeed, Tyson," Javier said as he stepped back and slowly peeled her robe off revealing the woman she veiled in hoodies and capri pants.

Elysia didn't have time to feel embarrassed. Before she knew it Javier had her on her back on the sumptuous bed. She would've complained, but she was too busy enjoying his touch. Damn, his cool hands felt so good against her hot skin. It took her a moment to realize that she and Javier were on the bed alone. Looking around the room, she noticed Tyson lean against the wall across from the bed. Lucky wall, she couldn't help but think. Damn lucky.

Her focus was redirected by the feel of Javier sliding up behind her. The feel of his hard chest made her shudder. Though his touch was gentle, she could feel the possession in each caress. Turning her head he took possession of her lips mating his tongue with hers. Leaning her head further back so that she could taste more of him, she gave herself over to his kiss. Feeling his big hand cover her mound, she moaned anticipating the feel of his fingers. She didn't have long to wait. Javier pulled her thighs apart resting her left thigh atop his opening her.

She waited for him to thrust his fingers into her but she waited in vain. Javier didn't thrust anything into her. Instead, the bastard tortured her with anticipation. Rolling fully onto his back, he settled her atop him so that her back was flush with that lovely eight-pack. Using his strong legs to spread her open, he nipped her neck.

"Javier," she moaned.

He paid her no attention. He simply held her in place with a hand at her hip and another on her breast.

"Elysia," he answered as he roughly pinched her nipple before lightly caressing away the small sting.

"Oh," she moaned in response. The rest of her moans were captured by Javier's full lips. She enjoyed the feel of his lips but right now she wanted to enjoy the feel of his thick fingers in her pussy, his thick cock in her pussy, his finger in her ass, something. He was killing her making her wait for what she wanted so desperately. Tearing her mouth away from his she brokenly whispered her demand.

"Put your fingers in my pussy or get the fuck out of my bed," she snarled.

Javier chuckled. He actually fucking chuckled. No telling what she would've done if Tyson's baritone didn't cut through her tension.

“You are not in charge here, Elysia. We are in charge of your pleasure. Now be a good girl and put your fingers inside your creaming, little pussy and expose yourself to me.”

Da hell?

Her disbelief was interrupted by Tyson’s growl. “I gave you an order, Elysia now do it.”

Why was this telling-her-what-to-do bastard turn her on so good? Why?

“No,” she smiled proud of the fact that she was able to form words other than ‘fuck me hard, fuck me right now.’

Tyson’s authoritative voice cut through her arrogance. “Spread her wider, Javier and spank her clit for disobeying our orders.”

Da hell, she wondered but her outrage was interrupted by the sting of Javier’s hand spanking her clit. Oh my damn, that felt so fucking good she thought as she arched into his spans.

“Harder,” she found herself saying.

“Stop,” Tyson ordered. “Expose yourself to me, Elysia,” Tyson said as he slowly stroked his big, hard cock. “I want to see that pink pussy of yours and you know you want to show it to me, don’t you?”

Hell yeah, she wanted to show it to him. Reaching down, she inserted her fingers in her creaming pussy and held it open for Tyson.

“Oh yeah,” he rasped. “Javier, her pussy is so beautiful, so tempting, so waiting for our tongues, our cocks, our fingers. Give Javier your hand so he may taste your cream, Elysia.”

She found herself obeying without question. Holding her hand up to Javier, she turned in his arms so that she could watch as he licked her come from her fingers. Javier's didn't simply lick her fingers; he devoured them with long licks, longer sucks, and painless nips. If he licked her fingers that good she knew that he'd eat her pussy even better. Oh yeah. She couldn't wait to have his tongue in her pussy.

"I think she likes the way you lick her fingers, Javier," Tyson said as he continued to work his big cock.

"She should. She knows that it is a precursor to how well I eat pussy."

"Get her good and wet so that she can take our cocks comfortably," Tyson said.

Shuddering from the pictures running through her mind, Elysia found herself resting on a mound of pillows and her thighs resting on Javier's shoulders. Before she could think another thought she felt Javier's fingers open her and his tongue delve into her pussy. Oh damn, he ate her pussy so good. He lapped at her, flicking his tongue against her clit before sucking it into his talented, talented mouth. Grabbing onto his hair she held him to her as she thrust her pussy into his face.

"Lick it, Javier. Lick my pussy good," she instructed.

"I see you like to give orders," Tyson chuckled.

"What if I do?" she threw back.

"Nothing wrong with that when you were with those other cunts you mistakenly referred to as males. But you're not with them. You're with us. Since you like working your mouth so much it'd be wasteful for me to allow it to remain empty," he said as he approached.

Taking a handful of her hair, he tilted her head back so that she was eye level with his hard cock. Not one to normally engage in oral, she found herself wanting, needing

to suck Tyson's cock. Licking her lips she swallowed anticipating wrapping her lips around Tyson's cock and sucking his length into her mouth. Though she wanted to suck it, she wanted him to make her suck it. She wanted him to choke her with his big cock. Maybe he read her desires in her eyes because no sooner had she thought it then she found his cock resting on her lips.

She moaned feeling Tyson rub his cock head back and forth across her lips. Oh damn, that felt so good. Opening her mouth she tried to take him in but he wasn't being cooperative. Each time she attempted to swallow his cock head, he'd pull back. Frustrated, she narrowed her eyes and blasted him. "You are," was as far as she got in her blast. As soon as she got to the word 'are' she found her mouth filled with Tyson's cock.

Greedily, she latched on and sucked. Settling her hands around the base, she worked Tyson's beautiful cock. She licked the bulbous head – licking, sucking and working it deeper into her mouth. Taking Tyson's cock was going to be a challenge but that didn't mean that she wasn't going to try. Using one hand to stroke his cock, she used the other to cup his heavy sac. Massaging his sac, she pumped his cock, eliciting a chorus of growls from Tyson. Repeating her actions she steadily worked her way down his cock getting closer and closer to the base.

"Oh, Elysia. Just. Like. That. Damnnnnnnnnnnnn. Shit," he gasped as he tightened his fist in her hair. It was a good thing that she wasn't tender-headed.

Tyson's momentary lapse of control pleased her. Playing off of his reactions she redoubled her efforts and worked his cock until his powerful thighs started shaking.

Oh, yeah, who's the boss? she thought a moment before Tyson delivered another instruction to Javier.

“Javier, take control.”

Take control? What the hell did that mean she wondered a moment before Javier did something with his tongue that made her lose her whole fucking mind. She didn't know what happened. All she knew was that pleasure was being thrown at her faster than she could catch it. Javier was eating her pussy so damn good. Pushing her legs open wider he literally attacked her clit with his tongue and tap-danced on it. Throwing back her head, she let go of Tyson's cock and screamed out her delight as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her.

She didn't know when Tyson had settled behind her; hell, she didn't even realize he was behind her until she heard his baritone in her ear and felt his hands working her nipples. He pinched them and rubbed his heavy cock into her back eliciting mewls from her. She was in the midst of pleasure that rivaled any she'd ever experienced. For the first time in her life she felt out of control. All she could do was lay there and take the pleasure that Javier and Tyson were gifting her with. She couldn't even thank them properly, her pleasure robbing her of anything save moans, mewls and sighs.

Tyson took her lips in a kiss, using his tongue to imitate sex. Twisting in his arms she grabbed a hold of his thick tresses and battled his tongue for dominance. Apparently, Tyson had a problem with her attempting to be the aggressor. Chuckling low in his throat, he took the kiss over, first taking her breath, and then taking her to a place she'd never been.

“Please,” she moaned not knowing exactly what she was asking for, just knowing that she needed more.

“Tyson, she is ready,” she heard Javier proclaim. Yes, ‘proclaim’, not said, stated, or intimated but proclaimed.

Ready for what she wondered. It couldn't get any better than this she thought right before she found herself spread eagled on the bed. Looking up, she watched as Tyson and Javier each pumped their hard cocks.

"You have to feel her mouth, Javier."

"You have to taste her sweet pussy, Tyson."

Yes! Yes! Her body screamed. She watched Javier walk towards the head of the bed admiring the way his heavy cock jutted out.

Her musings were interrupted by Javier's liquid voice.

"Do you want my cock, Elysia? Do you?" he asked again knowing full well that she did.

Still, he didn't give it to her. Instead he issued another instruction. "Get on your hands and knees, Elysia."

Da hell?

"I said get on your hands and knees, Elysia," he said as he helped her into position. "Spread your thighs wide so that Tyson can see your beautiful, creaming pussy."

Though she bristled at his bossiness she found herself doing as he instructed. Making herself comfortable, she braced herself on her elbows, spread her thighs wide and lifted her ass into the air. She'd never felt so exposed, so vulnerable, so turned on. And when she heard Tyson and Javier's growls she'd never felt more desirable.

"So beautiful, so tempting," she heard Tyson rasp.

Turning to look over her shoulder, she raked her eyes over the beautiful, dark-skinned man. Before she could stop herself she issued a demand of her own. "Fuck me."

She smiled watching Tyson's react to her words. Clearly, he wanted her, but just as clearly he wasn't accustomed to women telling him what to do. Well, too fucking bad because that's how she rolled. Wiggling her ass in invitation, she turned back around and looked at Javier. She didn't say anything to him. She simply looked at him. Okay, she more than looked at him; she did a body scan with her eyes, settling on his impressive cock. She looked at his cock for a hot minute before meeting his eyes. Sighing in appreciation, she licked her lips and arched a single brow. Her message couldn't be any clearer. Good. Game on motherfuckers.

She wondered how they'd react to her challenge. Before she could finish the thought good she found out. Feeling the bed dip, she bit her lip feeling Tyson crawl behind her. Anticipating him covering her with his bulk her heart beat accelerated. Tyson didn't cover her though. Instead he pulled her back against his hard chest. Hmm, he felt so good, so hard, so right.

"I believe my brother asked you a question, Elysia. Do you want his cock?" he asked as he skimmed his fingers along her skin.

"Yes," she admitted as leaned into his touch and watched Javier settle himself on the far corner of the bed.

Damn, that was one beautiful man, she thought as she watched him spread his legs and casually stroke his hard cock.

"Should I let her have it now?" he asked Javier.

"Not yet. I want to see her come a few more times first. Fuck her with your fingers, Tyson. Work her pretty, little pussy so I can see how beautiful she is when she comes."

“Gladly,” Tyson said as he wrapped one arm around her and used his free hand to stroke her pussy.

Anticipating his touch, she lifted her hips.

“Be still,” Tyson warned.

“Why?” she threw back.

“First, because I said so; second, so you can fully appreciate how good my fingers will feel, he said as he thrust two thick fingers into her pussy.

Elysia screamed. The feeling of his fingers in her pussy. He worked her pussy like nobody’s business. It was a good thing that he surrounded her with his strength because no way in hell she could’ve remained upright on her own. All she could do was fuck his fingers with her pussy.

“Harder,” she begged. “Harder.”

She didn’t know how long she spent fucking his fingers but when her orgasm crashed over her, she gave herself over to it. “Oh,” she sighed. “So, so good.”

“Yes, you are,” Javier rasped. “Suck my cock, Elysia,” he demanded.

Feeling Tyson release her from his embrace, she crawled over to Javier. Settling between his muscular thighs, she bent towards him and took his cock in her mouth. Just as she had with Tyson, she used one hand to work his cock and the other to stroke his sac. Being on her knees gave her a different angle to work with. Taking advantage of the fact that Javier was on his back, she attacked his cock like it was her favorite lollipop, licking and sucking for all she was worth. She didn’t let up for one second. She needed to feel his pleasure, needed proof of his desperation.

So caught up in her task, she didn’t feel Tyson behind her until he pulled her legs apart and drove nine inches of hard cock into her. Elysia couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t

move. She couldn't do anything but shudder at the feel of Tyson's cock. He didn't do anything. He simply remained still within her allowing her to adjust to his size.

"Finish pleasuring, Javier," Tyson instructed. "Work his cock with your mouth, Elysia."

The combination of Tyson's words and Javier's hands massaging her scalp spurred Elysia to action. Going back to work on Javier's cock, she slurped, she licked, she stroked. When she felt his hands tighten in her hair, she kicked it up a notch and pistoned her mouth over his cock. He was so close to coming. Anticipating tasting a load of his come, she was surprised when he stilled her.

"Mmm," she protested around the thick head of his cock.

"E-ly-sia," he dragged out the syllables of her name. "E-ly-sia."

Elysia couldn't help the look of triumph that entered her eyes upon hearing Javier say her name like *that*. Oh hell yeah, her pussy said. Keep sucking this fine bastard. Make him lose all control, her pussy decided. Listening to her pussy she did just that, sucking hard enough that her cheeks hollowed. She could feel Javier getting closer and closer to the edge. Just when he was about to tumble over, he forcibly removed her from his cock.

"Elysia, you are such a bad, bad girl," he scolded.

Well, at least he tried to but it was hard to sound all arrogant bastard when you were on the verge of coming.

"I hate to sound cliché, but you like it when I'm bad, don't you?" she smirked.

"Oh, we do, and you know what? You're going to like it when we're bad too ... that is what you can remember of it."

Closing his eyes, Javier breathed deeply through his nose in an attempt to calm himself. Elysia threatened his control. No woman had ever come close to doing that. Then again, no woman had ever been Elysia.

You alright, bro? Tyson telepathed.

I've never been better, brother. Never been better, but I need a moment to get my head together. She's ... she's ... he stumbled looking for the right words.

Everything, Tyson supplied.

Yes. Elysia's everything.

I want to see you fuck her. Fuck her tight, little pussy hard.

What about you?

I want her ass. But first, I want to enjoy the sight of you pounding into her pussy.

Well then, let me make this good, Tyson said as he got onto his back and reached for Elysia.

#

Although neither of her fine ass men were saying anything, Elysia knew that they were communicating. Further, she knew that they were communicating about her ... and what they planned to do to her, what they planned to make her do. Oh hell yeah. Her musings were interrupted by Tyson crawling onto his back and Javier rolling onto his side. Uh oh. It was clear that whatever was getting ready to happen, Javier was going to be the spectator. From the look in his eye, he was going to enjoy watching her get whatever Tyson was getting ready to give her.

"Get on my dick, Elysia," Tyson ordered.

“Make me,” she smart-mouthed, sick of his orders but even sicker that her pussy was straining at the rein to get on his big, hard cock.

Her impromptu little protest was interrupted by a flash of movement. Before she knew what had happened she found herself on Tyson’s cock anchored there by Tyson’s big hands. She also found one hot, Latino at her side with one hand buried in her tresses and one on her breast. Pinching her nipple hard, he whispered roughly in her ear.

“You forget whose bed you are in, Elysia. You are in our bed and we are the masters here.”

“Oh and does that make me your slave because I’ll tell you one fucking thing. You are not the fucking boss of me.”

The duet of Javier and Tyson’s chuckle sent shivers down her spine.

“You are not our slave. It is we who are your slaves but you are our woman, Elysia. Now get on Tyson’s cock. Let me see how good you take Tyson’s cock, Elysia. Ride his cock like the diva cowgirl you think you are,” he said as he took her nipple into his mouth and sucked it hard enough to leave a mark. Finishing his task, he roughly smacked her ass before rubbing the pain away with gentle hands.

Instead of being mad at Javier’s cheek, she moaned her pleasure and shoved her ass back hoping for more smacks just like that one. She liked it when Javier talked dirty. Before she could, “Ride his cock ... if you’re woman enough.”

“I am more than woman enough, motherfucker,” she pouted.

“Well then if you show us that you are indeed woman enough, I’ll fuck your tight, tempting ass while Tyson’s working your creamy, hot pussy.”

“Do you want that, Elysia?” Tyson asked. “Do you want my big dick in your tight, little pussy and Javier’s thick cock in your tight, ass?”

“Yes,” she purred. “Yesssssssssss,” she reiterated.

And then she said nothing else because Tyson rammed his big cock into her robbing her of breath and all rational thought. Damn. She felt this motherfucker up in her throat. Digging her nails into the muscles of his arms, she held on and enjoyed the feel of him powering into her. Rotating her hips, she thrust down on every upstroke maximizing the friction.

“Yes, Tyson. Harder. Fuck my pussy harder. Make me take your big, thick cock ... and like it. Then make me want it again,” she panted out between thrusts.

“You heard the lady, Tyson. Fuck her harder. And while you’re at it, work her breasts with your mouth. Mark her, Tyson.”

Taking Javier’s advice, Tyson did just that. He pulled hard on her nipple making her feel it in her womb. The combination of her breast in his mouth and his cock in her pussy felt so damn good. She rode him past several orgasms. She rode him past exhaustion. Though she tried her damndest to remain upright she couldn’t help but slump. Just when she thought she’d fall onto his chest, she felt Tyson pull her flush against his massive chest and wrap her in his strength.

“Rest on me, Elysia. Rest on me and spread your legs wider and raise your glorious ass in the air so that Javier can do his thing.”

Elysia didn’t even bother protesting. She didn’t want to. All she wanted was for them to keep doing what they were doing. Feeling Javier behind her she sighed when he settled his weight on her and whispered in her ear.

“Your ass is so tempting, Elysia ... so, so tempting. Do you know what I’m going to do?” he asked as he rubbed circles on her ass.

“Do you?” he repeated.

“No,” she whispered.

“Well then let me tell you what I’m going to do. I’m going to spank your ass raw for leading us on such a merry chase,” he said as he smacked her ass a few times.

“You like being spanked, don’t you?” he asked.

“Not particularly,” she said.

“That’s simply because you haven’t been spanked by me,” he rasped as he delivered two more smacks to her ass. “You like this, don’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“Oh, you like it. You’re creaming right now. You thrust back against my hand even before my hand makes contact with your ass. You want me to spank you because you want to be dominated by us,” he said as he delivered a quick succession of hard smacks to her ass that left her ass burning.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh,” she said as she took the spanking. Just when the sting was on the verge of becoming too much, Javier pulled back. Not even giving her a moment to contemplate his next move, he spread her cheeks and worked a thick finger into her ass.

“Relax, Elysia. Relax and let me open you so that you can take my cock. You want my cock in your ass, Elysia?”

“Yes,” she admitted.

“Where do you want my cock, Elysia. Tell me. Where do you want my cock? How do you want me to fuck you?”

“I want you to fuck my ass. I want you to fuck my ass hard.”

“I want to fuck your ass hard,” he said as he replaced his finger with his cock and slowly worked himself inside.

Elysia had never had her ass taken. Until Javier, she’d never wanted anyone to take it but something about the way Javier looked at her, something about the way he sounded when he purred his demands at her, something about Tyson and Javier together made her drop her inhibitions. Though strong, she knew that neither man would hurt nor demean her. And they didn’t. They simply treated her to her greatest fantasy ... and then some.

Feeling Javier seat himself in her ass, she sighed appreciating the fact that both men gave her time to adjust to having both of them in her body. She felt full – so damn full. She felt safe – surrounded by two males who touched her just. The. Way. She. Wanted. Just the way she needed. Just the way she dreamed.

Tyson and Javier worked in tandem. When Tyson thrust; Javier withdrew. Her body rocked as if carried by ocean waves. Her body pulsed with feel-goodness. Every stroke from Tyson and Javier sent ripples of pleasure cascading over her. The undiluted look of desire in Tyson’s eyes filled her heart with joy.

“Tyson,” she mouthed, tears cascading down her face.

Though she felt so beautiful, so loved, so content, she needed to see Javier’s face. She needed to look into his eyes and read his expression to see if it was as intense as Tyson’s, as honest as Tyson’s, as possessive as Tyson’s. She wanted to turn but she could only hang on and enjoy this pleasure.

“Javier,” she breathed.

In response he fisted his big hand in her hair and tipped her head back.

“Elysia,” he breathed right before he took her mouth in a soul-searing kiss as he used his thumb to wipe the tears from her eyes.

Moments later her orgasm exploded over her and sleep took her.

Epilogue

Every step out of Castle Yvlan served to remind Elysia of the fact that she was walking away from the only two men that made her ache. Every single one of her muscles ached. Ironically, it was her heart that was the muscle that was most affected.

“Baby?”

Elysia looked over at her momma and gave her a wan smile. Despite her momma’s neutral expression, her momma wasn’t as unaffected by Brenton Young as she pretended to be, wanted to be, needed to be. Yay, Chief Young! It was about time her momma ran across a guy who made her take notice of the fact that he was a man ... and that she was a woman.

“I’m fine, Momma. What about you?”

Her momma casually shrugged but Elysia saw how her eyes sparkled. Obviously, it had most definitely been a night of sheer pleasure – just like hers. Still, here they were slipping out of the castle and walking to their truck. Silently, they threw their meager belongings into the back of the truck and climbed in. Moments later they were driving away. Neither one of them bothered to look back.

#

Standing shoulder-to-shoulder with his nephews on the balcony of the room he’d shared with Sarita, Brenton watched his woman and his nephew’s woman drive away. Neither one of the three men moved as they watched their futures exit the castle. They remained still even as they watched the distinctive truck speed off into the distance.

“We’re just going to stand here and let them leave, Uncle?” Javier asked the question that was pulling at all three men.

Brenton didn’t answer immediately; instead he turned and walked back into his room. Picking up his cell phone, he dialed and barked out orders. A moment later he was exiting the room with his nephews hot on his heels.

Petros appeared beside him as soon as they neared the reception area.

“I could’ve stopped them,” Petros said by way of a greeting as he handed him the keys.

Brenton shook his head.

“It’s fine, Petros. Thank you for giving us the rooms ... and for letting us use your truck.”

Petros frowned in response.

“Don’t ever insult me like that again, Brenton. We’re brothers. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you and yours.”

Brenton nodded distractedly - and yet thankfully - at his friend before climbing into the driver’s seat of the truck. Cranking the engine, he shot Petros a look.

“Just be sure to control yourself around that little lady you are panting after,” he said. “Sarita’s taken a shine to her; it’d be a damn shame if she ended up killing you for disrespecting Ivory.”

#

It had been an hour since they’d left the castle. As usual, Elysia had fallen asleep the moment the truck started rolling good. Sarita smiled listening to the chorus of snores emanating from the passenger side of the cab. Glancing up into the review mirror she checked on the big truck that had been following her for the last ten miles.

Though the truck was too far back for her to see clearly inside, she felt a frisson of awareness. It was as if she could feel Brenton's eyes on her despite the fact that three lanes and half a dozen vehicles separated them. Her eyes fell back to the electronic unit that had been installed to track the progress of whatever vehicle she decided to tag. Smiling to herself she thought it was a damn good thing that she'd decided to tag all three of the vehicles at the castle.

"Should I be scared of that evil smile on your face or that black truck following us, Momma?"

"You're awake," Sarita said with a small start. She'd been so lost in her thoughts of Brenton Young she'd not realized that her baby had woken ... or rather stopped snoring.

"The tracking unit is beeping," Elysia answered.

Sarita grinned. Her baby could sleep through a chorus of sonic booms yet the barely discernable beep of the tracking unit woke her.

"That's because I'm tracking someone," Sarita answered.

"How long have they been there?" Elysia asked casually as she looked into the side mirror.

Sarita reached out and tugged on one of her daughter's curls, which had Elysia emitting a squeak of protest then a giggle.

"About forty minutes now," Sarita answered.

"You know we could ... if we wanted to ... lose them," Elysia said slowly as her eyes darted back and forth from the truck to the speedometer.

"Should we?" Sarita asked her daughter with a grin.

Elysia grinned back.

“Hell yeah, Momma. Lose them!” she encouraged happily then laughed as Sarita dropped the hammer and skillfully weaved in and out of traffic.

#

“Woman,” Brenton muttered under his breath as he watched Sarita’s truck suddenly cut into another lane then speed off. She weaved through traffic like she was being chased. Ironically, she was. Still, that was no reason for her to take risks with his woman’s and his soon-to-be niece’s life. Later, he’d spank her ass raw for that ... then kiss it all better. And fuck her to sleep.

The only thing that stopped him from pursuing her at the same speed was the flashing green light on the dash that showed him *exactly* where his woman was. Luckily, he’d had the foresight to slip a tracking device on her ride before she woke from her love-induced sleep. He knew that Sarita would run, just as he knew that he’d chase her to wherever she ran.

“Do you think we’ll like Atlanta, Uncle?” Javier asked.

“I’ll like anywhere that woman is, but the real question is how they’ll take to the presence of three alpha males in their lives,” Brenton said.

“So you’re not through with Ms. Sarita?” Tyson smirked and knocked fists with Javier.

Brenton was going to have to teach those boys some manners. His nephews knew good and damn well he was well and truly sprung. Still, their lesson in manners would have to wait until much, uch later.

“Oh, I’m far from being through with Sarita and the way I see it, I’ll never be through with that woman.”

“Ms. Sarita might have a little something to say about that,” Javier said.

Flame On!!

“Oh, I’m sure she will, but she’ll be too busy being pleased by me to say much besides my name.”

“Ms. Sarita might call out your name, but you’re the one who seems to be fiending, Uncle. It takes about twenty some hours to get to Atlanta. Are you going to be able to hold out that long?”

“Now boys, what makes you think that I’m going to let that woman get outside of Vegas city limits when we have a perfectly good castle, filled with perfectly good rooms that have perfectly good beds in them.”

“Then why’d you let them leave?”

“So I can show her that I am man enough to catch her. Now hold on boys, and let’s get our women.”

#J&J#

About the Badazz Authors

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Shara was born in Florida, grew up in Southern California, and has lived all over the world. A Marine brat, Navy vet, and the wife of a Navy lifer, she has visited four of the world's seven continents. Her favorite destinations are Paris, Hong Kong, Bahrain, the United Arab Emirates and Catania.

She has been writing all her life, but decided she wanted to write romance after reading *The Flame & the Flower* at the tender age of 13. That led to the notebook saga of Duran Duran, which was confiscated and turned over to her none too amused parents.

Shara married a real life cowboy and has two beautiful children. Currently residing in the South, she enjoys the slow easy pace of life since her husband retired and hopes to keep busy writing plenty of juicy romances.

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RaeLynn loves nothing more than long, hot baths, snuggling in front of crackling fires and sleeping in late on Sundays. She writes books that aren't your run of the mill romance with sex under the covers and with the lights out—they're sensual and erotica romance. And that means lust, passion, and a whole lot of sex. Are you ready to join her on her latest fantasy? Out here in the west, imaginations run wild, and love knows no bounds.

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Reid Randolph is an urban, modern day version of Jackie O who considers shopping to be a basic right for all womankind. Her posh fashion sense almost tricks you into forgetting that she is totally bananas. When she isn't spoiling her diva dog, Reid can be found trying to relax in front of the boob tube, chatting with friends, exercising, or indulging her favorite addiction - READING. The worlds she finds herself in while reading is a perfect place for her to hide her cape, and pretend to be the sane one in her clique of friends who cherish her words of wisdom and easy going swagger.

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Laura Guevara

Laura Guevara is a little lady with a big love for family, friends, and unexpected fun. On the surface this bilingual babe is cuter than a button, while on the inside she is just like her favorite color, red.....CALIENTE! This sugar and spice and everything nice truck driving dame loves country music and country boys. Reading, writing and relaxing keep her busy while she is waiting for her towering Alpha to arrive.

domanoe@gmail.com

Dréa Riley

Dréa Riley can always be found one of two favorite places; the kitchen or the computer. A relaxing time for her would be concocting a delicious dish while connecting with her coterie online. Whenever something off the wall happens, Dréa will most likely be found in the middle of it, trying to look innocent and usually failing. With a heart bigger than the Grand Canyon and a mouth more lethal than an injection, this diva might save the world and cuss it out at the same time. This steak loving sister always finds a way to juggle work, reading, and sleep. She channels the support from her family, friends, and fans into her sitcom lifestyle and stories.

dreariley@gmail.com

drearileyandlauraguevara@gmail.com

Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

Besides being intelligent divas who pen kickass prose, Jeanie (the shagalicious wordslinger) and her momma, Jayha (the ninja master of prose), are dessert-eating, take-no-shit, tell-it-like-they-feel instead of tell-it-like-people-want-to-hear-it women. They are women who have brains and aren't afraid to use them; feelings and aren't afraid to express them; and, middle fingers which they'll happily use to salute out of line peeps. Independently, both are forces of nature that leave you begging for mercy or begging for more.

A kickass tag team duo bound together by the pen, they plan on ruling the world side-by-side. Jeanie will be ruling in her favorite hoodie and her Chuck Taylors; Jayha will be wearing her Crocs, a blue t-shirt along with her halo. Of course, all ruling will be done swiftly as Jeanie is always out getting into sh*t and Jayha is busy indulging in her torrid affair with ESPN.

Praises, compliments, adulation and the like for Jeanie and Jayha can be left at:

jeanieandjayha@gmail.com.