

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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CHASE

Giggles by
Gabby

ELLORA'S CAVE

Quickies®

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Giggles by Gabby

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GIGGLES BY GABBY

Ashlyn Chase

Dedication

This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a lovely young lady.

Lara Anne Punches

10/4/1989 to 2/12/2009

You touched the hearts of more people in your short nineteen years on earth than
you could have ever imagined possible.

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Jimmy Choos: J. Choo, Ltd.

Mountain Fresh Water: Burrows, Bruce D.

Neiman Marcus: Neiman-Marcus Group Inc.

Chapter One

"I hate blind dates, Delilah." Gabby Sparks twisted the phone cord and propped her feet on the desk as she spoke to her best friend and future sister-in-law. Personal telephone calls at work were frowned upon but that was just one more stuffy restriction Gabby chose to ignore.

"Give him a chance, Gabby. You never know, he might be wonderful. Where and when are you going to meet him?"

"I'm at work now and Josh is picking me up to take me to lunch. He's supposed to introduce us at the restaurant."

"Oh, good! That's not long to wait at all. What are you wearing?"

"Aren't you supposed to be breathing heavily when you ask that?"

Delilah laughed. "Still crazy after all these months. So how's the dream job?"

Gabby rolled her eyes. "A nightmare. It sucks. Honestly, you wouldn't believe what a disappointment this turned out to be."

Shifting in her seat, she set her feet on the floor and returned to doodling on a message pad. "I'm supposed to be here at eight thirty a.m. sharp. I'm not even awake until *The Ellen Show* comes on. I have a ten-minute coffee break and they won't let me leave early even if I work through it." Rolling her chair to the end of her cubicle, she leaned over and looked both ways to make sure none of the bosses were nearby.

"And lunch hour...don't get me started. If I'm a few minutes late coming back from lunch and it's the restaurant's fault, they still give me the hairy eyeball. Like, what am I supposed to do? Walk out on the check with my mouth full? I should have had Josh's buddy order for me so I can chow down and get back to work on time."

The familiar rumble of the elevator alerted her to her brother's arrival. "Oh, that's him! I can't believe I've missed my brother so much. I'm actually dying to see him. Don't tell him that, though. I've gotta go, Delilah. Kisses."

Gabby threw the phone into its cradle and ran to the elevator. As the doors whooshed open she spotted the familiar fit body but he looked like he was hiding behind the floor-button panel. Gabby yanked the sleeve she saw and jumped. Strong arms caught her.

"You're here! I can't believe it. You're finally here."

In a strong grasp, he held her off the floor for several seconds while she sighed. Man, she needed this warm hug after months in chillyville.

He cleared his throat. An unfamiliar voice with a slight Spanish accent, said, "You must be very thirsty."

Oh, my God! Gabby leaned back and stared into the deep, dark eyes of the gorgeous Mountain Fresh Water delivery dude.

Her hand flew to cover her mouth and she dropped to the floor, stumbling backward. As soon as she spotted his grin, she doubled over in explosive laughter.

She looked up at him again through tears that formed anytime she gave in to a good belly laugh. He still smiled at her. He had the whitest teeth and just stood there, straight, proud and grinning as she laughed.

"I thought you were Josh."

He reached behind him for his steel water trolley. "Ho-say." Pointing to the name embroidered over his pocket, he spelled it out loud. "J-o-s-e, not J-o-s-h." Then he gave her a long appraising look from the top of her tousled brown hair to the bottom of her three-inch high, red Jimmy Choos. "Lucky Josh."

"Oh, hell no. He's just my brother."

"You must be close, then."

While he stood there, grinning, Gabby had a chance to let her eyes travel over Jose as blatantly as he had just looked at her. If he could mentally undress her, then she had the right to return the compliment.

His dark eyes, surrounded by thick black lashes sparkled under thick dark brows. His face was nicely chiseled and not quite clean-shaven. Maybe he had shaved yesterday but now his cheeks and chin sported short, dark stubble—just the kind of manly detail Gabby liked. As for the parts she had to imagine, his hard chest would sport a little bit of curly, black hair. Tight abs would ripple from his high pecs to his stomach. and his— *Oh my!* Gabby couldn't miss the sizable bulge below that.

When her wide eyes met his laughing ones, she stepped aside. "Oh, sorry. You were on your way to..."

"Fill your water cooler," he said.

"Yes, um... Well, have fun filling it." She turned and hurried back to hide in her cubicle as she listened to his effervescent chuckle.

Have fun filling it? What kind of an idiotic thing was that to say? She dropped her head in her hands and felt her warm face. Incredible. The girl who no one could make blush must have been blushing furiously.

When she heard the whirring of the elevator again, she grabbed her handbag and trench coat, hoping she wouldn't run smack into Jose and embarrass herself again. Just in case, she marched over to it with her head held high. As she reached the closed doors, Jose wheeled his empty water dolly around the corner toward the extra bottle of water he'd left outside the elevator door. *Damn, he's gorgeous.*

He stuck his hand in his pocket. "May I ask you something?"

"Um, sure, go ahead," she said, trying to sound casual. Gabby hoped he wasn't going to ask anything embarrassing. She was humiliated enough.

"Would you be willing to give me your phone number?"

That was more than she had hoped for and she dug in her purse for something to write with.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, in an alternate dimension...

"Delilah, what are you doing here? It's bad enough that you haunt our own family members but this girl isn't even related to us."

"Oh, hush, Martin. She's my namesake granddaughter's best friend—and soon she'll be her sister-in-law too. That's family."

"Yeah, if you don't screw things up by meddling again."

"What... Why, Martin! How dare you say that? We helped our granddaughter and the man she loves overcome an enormous obstacle to their happiness. They wouldn't be getting married if it weren't for us!"

"That was a fluke. You know what usually happens when you interfere."

"Interfere? I never interfere."

"Oh, no? I suppose playing scary ghost on Halloween and almost giving your namesake a heart attack doesn't count as interference."

"Hey, you knew the plan, buster and you went along with it."

"Would you have changed your mind if I didn't?"

"Probably not."

"There you go, then. You're a compulsive meddler. Now please tell me you haven't done anything to this poor girl yet."

"I haven't."

"Are you positive?"

"Are you accusing me of lying?"

"Not yet but the day is young."

"Where's your face? I want to slap it."

"Fortunately it's in the same place yours is, sweetheart. Buried under six feet of dirt and grass in the Glenview Cemetery."

* * * * *

Josh had waited for the elevator for an inordinate amount of time. Annoyed, he checked his watch and thought maybe he should have taken the stairs. Finally he heard a long expected thud, meaning the elevator had arrived and the doors parted to his relief. He rode the ascending metal cage to the top floor, eagerly anticipating a reunion with his sister while hoping for some sort of nice connection between her and his best man. He had heard the loneliness in her voice whenever she called home and how she sighed when speaking of San Diego. That wasn't like his sister Gabby, the social butterfly.

As the doors whooshed open, there was Gabby, writing something on a tall, dark-haired man's hand in magic marker. *Oh, Christ. I'll bet it's her phone number.* He looked like the kind of rough-around-the-edges man Josh didn't want his sister to date.

"Gabby?"

She jerked her head in his direction. "Josh!" In three long strides she met him and offered a congenial hug.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "Parking was a challenge and then it took forever for the elevator to get to the first floor. Somebody must have been hogging it." He sent a pointed look to the Hispanic man beside her.

"Well, you're here now. Let's go." She followed him back into the elevator and waved goodbye to the tall, tan and admittedly good-looking man. When he held up his hand to wave back, sure enough, Josh read her phone number scrawled across his palm.

"So how've you been?" she asked on the descent.

"Great and what have *you* been up to?" He tried to give her his most meaningful look. The one where he tilted his head and raised his eyebrows, to extract the truth from

her brain with his stare. She almost never missed the real question and usually didn't give a crap if he was fishing or not.

"Oh, you know... Working and getting settled in my apartment. I'm thinking of buying a car, did I tell you that?"

Josh wondered if she was avoiding the question. She didn't seem to be.

"How's your love life?"

Gabby snorted. "What love life? If I was gay I might have one but San Francisco isn't exactly the single, straight woman's dating Mecca."

"So be gay."

She leaned back and gawked at him as if she thought he had lost his mind. Then Josh smiled to let her know he was teasing. She rolled her eyes. At last, the elevator doors opened and he motioned for her to go first. She shook her head as she stepped onto the busy first floor of Neiman Marcus.

"So, who was that guy?"

"What guy?"

"The one with your phone number dirtying his hand."

"Oh, him." Gabby pushed her way through the revolving doors at that precise moment so as not to have to answer the question—he was sure of it.

As they strolled down the street he had to ask again, "C'mon, Gab. Who is he?"

"Look, I'm going to meet your stupid friend, so don't worry. Besides, it's none of your business."

"Stupid? Hey, my friend went to Annapolis, Gabby." Offended and worried, he blurted out, "I just hope you can hold up your end of the conversation."

She whirled on him and yelled, "You think just because I went to a two-year college I'm not every bit as smart as you or your fancy-pants Annapolis buddy? Joshua Sparks, you're an ass. You knew that wasn't the whole plan. I was going to *start* at the

community college and move on when I knew what I wanted to major in. Then Mom and Dad died and —” Her eyes filled.

Josh grabbed his sister and held her tight as she shook and tried to choke back the tears that moistened his shoulder.

* * * * *

“Oh, dear. It looks like trouble is brewing.”

“Stay out of it, Delilah. Besides, they’re just brother and sister. I thought you were more interested in matchmaking.”

“Well, duh. I’m not talking about the two of them. They’ll forgive each other before the first course. I’m talking about the *only* family in this young woman’s life clashing with the love that’s meant to be.”

“Uh-oh. You think you know ‘what’s meant to be’, huh?”

“Of course I do. I fast-forwarded.”

A moment of silence followed. Then a snort. Then laughter.

“What are you laughing at?”

“You. It’s as if you think corporeal life is a movie and you’re the director.”

“Well, yes. It’s kind of like that, only I don’t have nearly as much control as a director has.”

“What kind of nonsense is coming out of your mental energy, now?”

“It’s not nonsense. I learned how to fast-forward. I can see what’s going to happen in the future if things go as they are.”

“How?”

“If you won’t laugh at me, I’ll show you.”

“No promises.”

* * * * *

Gabby had made it through an awkward lunch, hugged Josh goodbye and finished her workday. She was anxious to get home and take out her sketchbook. Now that she had finally gotten an up-close-and-personal look at the guy her office mates called “Joe Cooler” she couldn’t wait to recheck her cartoons. She had based her superhero on the super-cute water deliveryman.

If he did call her, would she have the guts to ask him to pose? She had to do something to get out of this dead-end, boring-ass job. Why not create a graphic novel with Jose as her superhero, *Aguaman*?

Boldness was something Gabby had in no short supply but something about Jose made her apprehensive. Was it his too-perfect face or his rock-solid body? What would he want with slightly above average Gabrielle Sparks?

She balanced her groceries on one hip and wrestled with the key in the lock until it gave way and then she was able to push her way into the tiny stairwell that led to her third floor walk-up. The phone was ringing. *Damn*. She’d never make it in time.

Even though it was probably fruitless, she charged up the stairs and made her way into her apartment before the ringing stopped. Grabbing the receiver, she breathed a heavy, “Hello?”

“Uh—is this the girl who works at Neiman Marcus?”

“Yes...” The voice was definitely male and sounded vaguely Spanish. Did she dare hope?

“It’s Jose. Jose Santiago. I’m sorry I never asked you your name before.”

“Oh!” Gabby chuckled. “That was my fault. I should have introduced myself but I got a little distracted. My name is Gabby Sparks. Gabby’s a nickname for Gabrielle.”

“Gabrielle. A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. I’d like to see you sometime. Are you free this weekend?”

“Free? Oh, yeah. I’m free. Free as a bird.” *Flattery will get you anywhere, Joe.*

"Good. Would you like to kick around the art museum on Saturday? They have a nice restaurant there. We could grab lunch first."

* * * * *

"So, is this what you mean by fast-forwarding, Delilah? Going to the same evening?"

"You don't sound impressed."

"Oh, I am. But how would you know they're meant to be together from one phone call?"

"I've been further. I just didn't know if you could do it or not. I thought I'd give you a chance to try an easy one."

"Huh? Is that some kind of reverse chauvinism? I'll have you know your ever-lovin' man can do anything you can do."

"Good. Then concentrate on next Thursday."

"Thursday? I thought they weren't going to see each other until Saturday."

"Nope. They can't wait that long."

"Sounds desperate."

"In a way, it is. Poor Gabby was almost killed. If her honey wasn't a real, live superhero, she might have been."

"Wait. She was what?"

"Think Thursday evening around five in the evening. Concentrate hard and I'll meet you there."

"Wait a minute, Delilah."

"For what?"

"How do you know what will happen and when they'll see each other again? You've been spying on this girl for months, haven't you?"

"Spying is such an ugly word."

"What would you call it?"

"Making use of being a ghost—to enlighten myself."

"Couldn't you strive for enlightenment with the continuing education classes they provide for us?"

"You have your ways and I have mine."

* * * * *

Impatient to get home on Thursday evening, Gabby pushed her way to the front of the crowded bus. Glancing out the window, she caught sight of a bottled water truck—the stenciling on the side stated it was the same company Jose worked for.

Then she saw him. A rush of emotion welled up in her chest as she watched him lift the heavy replacement bottle as if it had been filled with air instead of water. His biceps bunched with the effort but his face seemed serene. Impulsively, she pulled the cord to stop the bus.

It coasted to the corner and she bounded down the steps. Before the bus started up again, she ran around in front of it, determined to skip across the street and say 'hi' to Jose.

Breaks squealed and Gabby froze. A car traveling too fast to stop would hit her in less than a second. She scrunched her eyes shut and waited. Suddenly, her body lifted as if weightless and before she knew it, she had been painlessly transported to the sidewalk—by Jose.

"How the hell...did you do that?" She gasped for breath and felt her pulse racing.

"Are you all right?" Jose asked.

A couple of passersby looked confused and hurried away.

"I should have been dead. You saved my life!" Gabby threw her arms around Jose's shoulders and squeezed his body tightly. "How can I thank you?" she whispered into his broad, warm chest.

* * * * *

“Okay, Delilah, so he saved her life. Is that why you think they’re meant to be together? All it looks like to me is that she’s meant to live another day – if she doesn’t play in traffic again and get herself killed.”

“You’re so pragmatic. All you see are black-and-white facts. Did you see her eyes when she spotted him? They got all big and round and I saw her catch her breath. Look at the two of them now, Martin. They’re glowing with pink auras and holding each other like they never want to let go. Pink auras are very rare and indicate love with a high spiritual vibration. I’m betting they both believe in love at first sight – and fate. So, of course these two are meant to be together. The universe knows it and I’ll bet that soon they’ll know it too.”

“I never said they didn’t care for each other. All I’m saying is that feelings don’t matter a damn if one of them is splattered all over the road.”

“But she’s not. Did you see how fast he moved when her life was threatened? I’ve never seen anyone move that fast. I swear he was a blur.”

“Maybe he’s one of those paranormal freaks – like a vampire or something.”

“Oh, bull-poo. It’s still daylight.”

“Well, we’ll see. I have a funny feeling about this.”

“Like what?”

“Hmmm...I don’t know. Something’s not right.”

“Really? What do you think it could be?”

“I think it could be that we’re supposed to mind our own damn business!”

“Killjoy.”

* * * * *

Jose had promised Gabby he’d call on her as soon as he’d returned the delivery truck to the company lot and picked up his own car. In record time, she cleaned her

small apartment until it sparkled, hoping he was true to his word. A knock on her door indicated he was.

She bounced to the door and opened it.

He stood there, handsome and casual, with one hand in his pocket. He looked even sexier out of his company's uniform. He wore blue jeans, a brown leather jacket and a white t-shirt beneath. Upon arriving home, Gabby had changed out of her dress and wriggled into her skinny jeans and a blue sweater that set off her blue eyes. She knew she looked good and hoped he thought so too.

"Come in. Let me hang up your jacket."

He pulled off the leather jacket and handed it to her. His muscles bulged in all the right places. It was hard for Gabby not to stare and drool.

"Are you sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine, thanks to you." She hung his jacket in the hall closet and escorted him into the living room.

He was about to sit when she grabbed his arms and said, "Wait. I want to thank you, properly." She launched herself at his lips. His swift reflexes allowed him to catch her around the waist and he brought her down on his lap where they shared a long, first kiss. His lips slid over hers with enough pressure to say he knew what he was doing and meant to do it right. Not so hard, though, as to be a Neanderthal about it.

He slanted his head to claim her open mouth. Gabby's head swam as their tongues met and swirled in sensuous exploration. Heat pulsed between them. His hand stroked her back and slipped under her sweater. By the time they pulled apart reluctantly, she knew she wanted more. More kissing, more holding...more of everything this remarkable man was willing to give.

* * * * *

"Okay, hon. It's time to leave the lovebirds alone."

"Huh? Why? Aren't you enjoying this?"

"Very much. Maybe a little too much. I'm getting turned on, aren't you?"

"Of course."

"Then how about a little out-of-body sex, my love?"

"Look, you can go to the ether and wait for me if you want to. I'll meet you in a little while."

"You know we can't hang around when..."

"When what?"

"You know..."

"No I don't. Please, explain. And don't give me that perturbed sigh."

"Well, when a man and a woman love each other very much..."

"Oh, knock it off. They're not going to start canoodling—or whatever you call it. This is their first date. Not even! They haven't made it to their first date yet and she doesn't seem like the kind of girl who would... Oh my!"

"Like I said, dear. It's time to go. As disappointing as it may be, rules are rules and we're not allowed to watch."

* * * * *

Jose took Gabby's hand and followed where she led him—to the bedroom! He hadn't dared hope she'd be so free and open-minded. *Man, I hope she has condoms, because I don't have one on me.* On the other hand, maybe she just wanted a little petting—but they could have done that on the couch. No, it looked like he had found a truly remarkable, beautiful, trusting, sensuous woman. A rarity these days.

There was nowhere to sit but on the bed so when she told him to have a seat, he perched on the edge of the quilt and wondered what would happen next. She riffled through her closet. Maybe she was looking for lube or her diaphragm or something.

Instead, she pulled out a drawing pad.

Huh?

"I have something to show you. Now don't freak out, okay?"

Freak out? What could she possibly have in that tablet? Nudes? That wouldn't freak him out. Heck, if she did life drawings, he'd be honored to pose for her! Maybe she'd like to draw his superhero muscles.

She sat beside him and opened to the first page. He was looking at a comic strip featuring a character that looked a lot like him—including his biggest secret! San Francisco's only live superhero. *Aquaman?*

He chuckled inwardly at the name and silly costume she had given him but the comic depicted him as a superhero. *How the hell did she know?*

She turned the pages slowly, looking at his face as if hoping for a reaction. Any reaction. Should he tell her? Could he be as vulnerable to her as she was being with him?

* * * * *

"Don't tell me, Delilah... He's so flattered, he lifts her up, dashes to his water truck and they drive off happily into the sunset."

"Don't be corny. Of course not. But keep watching. He has a big secret and I think this is where he tells her. At least I hope so. I missed that part before."

"How could you let that happen? Did you go out for popcorn?"

"Will you stop teasing me, please?"

"Okay, okay. But it's fun and we have to do something to amuse ourselves."

"Well, do something else."

"Fine. So, big secret? What kind of secret?"

"Remember how fast he ran when he saved her life?"

"Yeah, so?"

"Well, just watch."

Chapter Two

Jose closed the cover and took her hand. "Gabby, there's something I need to ask you."

Her eyes rounded. "Oh, no. You're upset."

"No. Not upset. Curious."

"Curious?"

"Jes. I mean, yes. Sorry, my accent gets worse when I'm nervous."

She cocked her head and stared at him. "What are you nervous about?"

"You might 'out' me as they say in this town. How did you discover my secret?"

"You're gay?"

"No." He burst out laughing. "I mean my *real* identity. I don't wear a costume and I never thought about a name like Aguaman—although I like it—but how did you know? Did you see me use my superpower before today?"

"Super pow—" Gabby shot to her feet and gasped. "Wait a minute! Are you telling me you're a real, live superhero?"

"Oh, crap. You didn't know?"

"Not until this very second."

"And I just told you, didn't I?"

Gabby's jaw had dropped and remained wide open. She stared into his eyes like she was searching his soul.

At last she broke the silence with a huge grin and cried, "Nu-uh. No way, Jose!"

"Uh-huh. I'm afraid it's true. I use the delivery truck as a cover. That way I can drive all over the city and be where I'm needed when I sense something about to happen."

Gabby broke into a violent case of the giggles. Tears leaked out the corners of her eyes.

Oh no. She's going into hysterics.

When she finally stopped, she fanned her face a few times and caught her breath. "Did you receive a warning about me today?"

"Not specifically you but danger and where I'd be needed. I have to be very – um – close to the person to know *who* it is that needs me."

Gabby placed the sketch pad on the floor. "How close?"

Jose gazed at the floor and hesitated.

"Well?" Gabby rested a hand on her hip. "Tell me. I don't give up easily when I know someone's keeping a secret from me."

"Um... I don't think I should say. You might think I'm making it up to get intimate with you."

"Oh, so you have to have sex with the person?"

"Jes. I mean, yes. I get a warning in my head that someone needs me, but I don't know who, unless I'm very close to that person. Then I just seem to know who it is. It's hard to explain."

She sashayed next to him and placed a hand on his knee. "Don't be nervous. I had hoped we were going in that direction anyway. I mean..." She shrugged. "Unless you don't want me."

He snapped his gaze to her sincere face. "Are you kidding? You're everything I've dreamed of in a woman. Of course I want you."

He leaned in and captured her lips in a deep kiss.

* * * * *

"We've got to leave, Delilah. Right fucking now."

"Damn. I hate that stupid rule."

"You know what happens if we disobey it, right?"

"I know, I know. No more sex for us until the end of time."

"You don't want that to happen, do you?"

"Of course not! In fact, I heartily recommend we go off into the ether and do it ourselves right now. I'm getting horny."

"Considering how turned on we both are, I think that's an excellent idea!"

* * * * *

Jose held Gabby tight and lowered her to the mattress.

A real, honest-to-God superhero. That explains how he got to me so quickly...and how he knew where I'd be.

Gabby ran her fingers through his hair and reveled in the feel of his soft but insistent lips on hers. His hands roved over her body. He reached erogenous zones she didn't know she had. Her side, hip and the back of her knee all responded to his magic touch. *Wow, what's a superhero apt to be like between the sheets?* She let her own hands explore his hard planes and rippled muscles. His five o'clock shadow tickled her chin.

When he lifted his head and opened his eyes, she saw raw lust and desire in them—desire for *her*.

"I want to make love to you, Gabby. I don't want to rush you and scare you off, though. Maybe we should sit up and —"

"No!" she said it a little too forcefully and wondered if he'd think she was some kind of wanton woman. *To hell with it.* She cupped the back of his head and dragged him back to her lips.

Fervor grew and heat warmed her from head to toe. She wriggled closer to him and yanked his t-shirt out of his jeans so she could stroke the warm skin of his back.

One of his hands traveled to her breast. He massaged and squeezed her until she thought she'd die if he didn't rip off her sweater and use his mouth on her sensitive nipples. She placed a hand on his chest and pressed.

He broke the kiss and pulled away, quickly. "I'm sorry. Was I going too far?"

"No," she said, panting. "Not far enough. Let's lose these clothes. Okay?"

He smiled. "Jes—I mean, yes. Okay."

They undressed in record time. Shirts and jeans landed on the floor in a heap. Jose kept his briefs on, however.

His eyes appraised her body and he let out a wolf whistle. "You are beauty, itself. More magnificent than Venus."

Gabby's eyes widened. "Is she real?"

Jose laughed. "I don't know. But a goddess is right here in front of me, so maybe she is." He pulled her tight and pressed eager kisses to her neck and shoulders.

She clung to his waist and her knees weakened.

Gabby wondered why he kept his briefs on but before she could ask, he explained.

"I hope my um—anatomy doesn't scare you. I'm afraid I'm rather large."

She chuckled. "Is that all? I was afraid you were deformed or something. Don't worry. We'll make you fit," she teased. Gabby couldn't wait to fall back on the bed and enjoy his cock as it filled her empty, yearning cavern. She hadn't been with a man for quite some time and never with one like this—but they had to use protection.

She reached over and grabbed a condom from the drawer in her nightstand. Then she rubbed his considerable bulge.

He leaned back and groaned. "Oh, what you do to me." He removed her hand and pushed down his underwear. At last he kicked and it landed across the room.

His cock stood long and erect, powerful looking against his flat stomach. Its thick girth thrilled Gabby too. "I've never seen one so beautiful."

He glanced down at himself, then up at her and smiled. "I'm glad my body pleases you."

She scrambled across the bed horizontally and lay beside the pillows instead of on top of them. She had a feeling she might need one to grab and scream into.

He followed suit but remained propped up on an elbow. She noticed his musky smell and her excitement heightened.

His smoldering stare raked over her.

She opened her arms in welcome. "Make love to me, Jose. I don't want to hurry you but I can't wait to feel your cock inside me."

"I won't let you down. But first..." He dipped his head and captured a nipple. As he sucked, his hand found her pussy and rubbed.

Gabby's womb clenched and her back arched. "Oh! That feels so *good*." She took his cock in her hand and fondled it before wrapping her hand around as far as it would go.

She stroked him up and down and he made an appreciative sound. "Mmm... *Chica*, my sweet one. Let me taste you."

She didn't have to be asked twice. She spread her legs and he kneeled between them. Cupping her buttocks, he bent down and licked the ridges of her labia. Gabby heaved a sigh. When his tongue found her clit, she gasped.

He flicked the sensitized bud with his super-fast tongue. She arched and moaned. As her orgasm built swiftly, her moans increased in volume. Before she knew it, her legs shook and her climax crashed into her like a wave hitting the rocks on Alcatraz Island. Or maybe she was experiencing her first San Francisco earthquake. Ripples of ecstasy spread through her whole body as she thrashed and forgetting all about the pillow, screamed her blissful release.

Jose stayed on the hub of her pleasure the whole time. Another orgasm built and launched her into another powerful climax and then a third. At last she grabbed his hair and begged him to stop.

She spoke between deep inhalations. "I'm at the point...where any more ecstasy...will be agony."

She panted and tried to recover quickly so she could show Jose the same incredible pleasure. She wanted to take his cock into her mouth and suck him to the kind of peak she had reached. But that would probably be impossible.

She tried to roll onto her knees but fell sideways.

"I wore you out, didn't I?"

Unable to outright lie, she simply giggled and nodded.

He smoothed her hair away from her face. "Just lay back, then. Let me do the work." He checked the integrity of the condom on his hard cock.

"No... I can handle it..." she said. "Just give me...a minute."

He smiled. "I don't think I can wait a minute." He grasped the pillows and lifted her limp body enough to slide them under her ass. She lay on her back, her knees spread. "In this position, I can pleasure both of us."

She smiled. "Go for it."

Jose put all of his weight on his hands as if doing a push-up and poised his cock, in front of her opening.

"Missionary style?" Gabby asked.

"Not exactly. Are you ready for me?"

"Abso-fuckin'-lutely!"

Balancing on one hand, Jose guided his cock slowly into her wetness. "Are you all right?"

Relishing the stretch, she cooed. "Oh, mmm-hmm."

He slid into her body until they were fully joined. His rhythm started slowly and gradually accelerated. Gabby moaned in pleasure. Eventually, he was pistoning in and out of her moist center. At that point, he picked up one hand and ran a finger over her mons while balancing on the other hand.

He continued this one-handed push-up and circled her clit with his fingers. She twisted and moaned. As much as she had climaxed more than her fair share already, she wanted to come *with* him.

"I'm close," he whispered. "Can you take one more orgasm?"

"Yes. As long as you come too. I want to climax with you."

He found her extremely sensitive clit and rubbed. The sensations ripped through her like a bullet. She spasmed and shot to her peak almost immediately. As she rode the ripples to heaven, Jose jerked and grunted with his own release.

Gabby kept coming and coming. She screamed until she was hoarse. A rush of hot liquid ran down her thighs and she knew it was her own. At last he removed his finger and slowed his thrusts. When he stopped, his chocolate eyes gazed into hers, concerned.

"*Chica*, are you all right?"

Gabby grinned. "I'm fucking awesome!" Then she broke into a case of the giggles she thought would never stop.

* * * * *

Delilah sighed. "You always were a fantastic lover."

"I know. You always were a lucky lady."

Snort. "And you're so humble too."

"Just part of the total package."

"Speaking of your package..."

"Yes, my dear?"

"Was it always that..."

"That what?"

"Well, you know..."

"No, I don't know. What are you talking about?"

"Oh, never mind."

"Never mind? Are you kidding me? What's wrong with it?"

"Um, there's nothing wrong...exactly."

"But?"

"No, forget I said anything."

"I will *not* forget. Tell me!"

Sigh. "It feels bigger than I remembered."

"Bigger?"

"Yeah, bigger."

"And that's bad because..."

"It's not bad at all. I told you there was nothing wrong."

"Delilah, you're killing me."

"But..."

"I know, I know. I'm already dead but if I weren't..."

"Yeah, yeah."

* * * * *

"Josh, I'm bringing my boyfriend and that's that." Gabby clutched her cell phone with one hand and gave it the finger with the other.

"How can you be so selfish, Gabby? This is *my* big day, remember?"

"Yeah? Well, it's even more Delilah's big day. You're just the groom. She had no problem with me bringing Jose, so why do you?"

"First of all, I don't know this guy..."

"You met him. Have you met *all* of your guests, Josh? Hmmm? Have you?"

He offered up a sound of disgust on the other end of the phone.

Gabby strolled to the refrigerator. "I know what you want. You want me to hang out with your navy buddy, fall madly in love with him and make lots of little navy brats." She grabbed a beer and licked her lips.

"Don't be ridiculous. But it would be nice if he had someone to talk to and dance with. Since he's my best man and you're Delilah's maid of honor, it just seemed natural."

"It's not like I'm going to ignore him, for God's sake. You know what's *unnatural*? Being told who to talk to and dance with by my brother." She opened the beer and took a swig.

"I've always looked out for you, Gab."

"Yeah, like the time you shut me in the trunk so you could make out with Delilah. I'm a whole twenty-five years old, Josh. The same age as your wife. Do you tell her what to do all the time?"

"Of course not."

"Well then, I think I can make my own choices and Jose is one of them."

"It's not the same thing, Gabby. You and Delilah are very different."

"Oh? How?"

"You know how."

"No, I don't. Tell me."

"Don't make me say it."

Gabby stiffened. *Clearly he's not inferring...* "She's a little more mature than me, is that what you mean?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact."

"Joshua Sparks, you're an ass of the first magnitude! And furthermore..." She wedged her cell phone under her butt and farted on it.

"Real mature, Gabby. Thanks for —"

She clicked it shut before he could finish his sentence, especially since she was pretty sure she knew what he was going to say. *Thanks for proving my point.*

Hurt beyond words, Gabby spoke out loud to herself. "I am *not* immature! Just because I'm a little free-spirited, that doesn't make me a child. Besides, childlike enthusiasm is supposed to be a good thing. God, I hope life doesn't beat all the fun out of me so I wind up like my *mature* brother."

She wandered over to the window and watched it rain. Little condensation rivulets ran down her beer bottle like the rain spattered windowpanes. Her phone rang and she rolled her eyes. It was probably Josh ready to rip her a new one for hanging up on him.

She picked it up anyway. *Might as well face the music.*

"Gabby?" Delilah's soft voice relieved and comforted her.

"Hi sweetie. Did you overhear Josh's end of the conversation?"

"Yes and I apologize for him."

Gabby laughed. "You're a good friend, Delilah. I don't know what you see in him but he probably doesn't treat you like a dumb kid, either. Does he?"

"No and he shouldn't treat you like one. Of course you can bring your boyfriend. I'd love to meet him."

"Good. I'd love to introduce him to *you* too. Maybe between us, we can keep Josh on the other side of the room."

"Don't worry, he'll behave."

Gabby's front door buzzer sounded and she strode to answer it. "Just a minute, Delilah. Someone's at the door." Speaking into the intercom, she said, "Yeah?"

"Good morning, beautiful. I'm a little early. Is that all right?"

Gabby grinned as she pushed the button to unlock the door.

"Speak of the devil, Delilah. Jose is here."

"Oh, I'd better let you go then."

"He's taking me to an art museum. Tell that to my stuck-up brother, okay?"

Delilah chuckled. "I will. Have a good time."

"I always do. Love ya."

"Love you too."

* * * * *

"You aren't going to make me follow them through an art museum, are you Delilah?"

"No. I remember how much you dislike museums. I prefer to see what happens after the date anyway."

"Not again! Are you ever going to let these kids have their privacy?"

"Of course I will."

"When?"

"When the fire cools."

"Delilah, do I need to remind you of the other fire we could wind up in?"

"You mean Hell?"

"Shhhh... Don't say that so loud."

"Why not? It doesn't exist does it?"

"Who knows? I still haven't figured out exactly where we are."

"You mean this isn't Heaven?"

"It isn't for me. At least...it wasn't until *you* got here."

"Oh, Martin. That's so sweet. You want to have sex again – don't you?"

"Am I that transparent?"

"You have no idea..."

* * * * *

By the time they had returned from their date, all Jose wanted to do was tear Gabby's clothes off and do the horizontal mambo.

The whole time they'd strolled through the museum, she leaned into him and whispered suggestive comments—especially when they came upon any portraits of nudes. Now his cock could crush diamonds. *What a hottie.*

As soon as Gabby's door closed behind them, he scooped her up in his arms and rushed to her bedroom. While she lay on the bed, giggling, he stripped in record time.

"Now you," he said. His voice sounded like he had gravel in his throat.

She grinned and opened the buttons of her blouse slowly and seductively. If she didn't hurry up, he might expire.

"Gabby, please..."

She finished with the buttons and peeled open her blouse. He lay beside her and pulled down the top of her flimsy bra to expose her breasts. By leaving it fastened behind her, it acted like a push-up shelf bra and only enhanced her luscious cleavage.

He dived for a nipple, latched onto it and sucked.

She undulated and moaned. He loved how responsive she was whenever he was with her, touching her, even just looking at her. She made him feel like he was the most important man on the planet—and not because he was a superhero. Sure he could outrun a motorcycle, but he knew she didn't care about any of that stuff. She cared about him as a man.

He popped open the button on her jeans with one hand and lowered her zipper. Then he adjusted the position of his hand so he could slide it under her panties and fondle her pussy. He wanted to give her plenty to react to.

As he sucked, he found her clit with his finger and stroked it. She bucked once and moaned. He broke contact with her breast long enough to drag her jeans down while she lifted her hips to give him better access.

"Gabby, you do things to me that no one else ever could. I love you."

Where had that come from? The words just poured from him as naturally as if he'd said them thousands of times before.

He opened her bedside drawer, grabbed a condom and tore the foil packet with his teeth. As soon as he had applied the condom to his rock-hard erection, he yanked her jeans over her ankles and returned his attention to her other breast while he slipped one finger inside her core. She ground against his hand. Any time he touched her, she responded.

He broke contact with her breast and his body covered hers. He whispered in her ear, "You want more than this, don't you? You want it all."

"God, yes," she cried.

"And I'll give it to you." With that, he plunged inside her body. They moaned in unison.

Jose was lost. His body seemed like one huge mass of nerve endings. As he breathed in her feminine scent, he fell into his favorite rhythm of fucking. Deep and slow. He fucked her over and over while he held back his own release.

Gabby ran her hands over his body, which quivered involuntarily. At last, she squeezed his butt with both hands and slammed their bodies together a little faster. He got the hint and increased his speed.

Soon his balls slapped against her ass and she arched into his pelvis. Her moans escalated until they turned to screams. His control slipped away and the sensations deep within his body surged. Gabby's inner walls spasmed and gripped his cock. Her muscles contracted fiercely. A crazy-intense orgasm took hold, built and exploded with a force he'd never experienced. His body shook and jerked until he felt the last aftershock of his blissful release.

"Oh, God." He didn't want to crush her, so he wrapped his arms around her and rolled onto his back. She lay on his torso, panting.

"So, was it good for you?" he asked.

At first she didn't answer. Either she couldn't or she hadn't enjoyed their shared romp as much as he had.

At last, she chuckled. Then her chuckles grew into laughter and finally, gales of laughter.

"I take it that's a yes?"

"Yes," she said when her hilarity had subsided.

He cradled her close and nuzzled her neck. "I really do love you."

"Mmm... Me too."

* * * * *

"Oh, Martin. Don't they make a gorgeous couple?"

"Which one?"

"Gabby and her beau, Joe."

"Beau Joe? Sounds like a coffee shop."

"Oh hush."

"Or the name of a good ol' Southern boy."

"Whatever..."

"Or Bo Jangles or Mo Jo or..."

"Stop it. Just stop... Are you snickering?"

"Would I snicker at you, Delilah dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't help it. You've driven me crazy for so many years, it's about time I returned the favor."

"You love me and you know it."

"I never said I didn't."

"So why try to drive me bonkers?"

"Just for fun."

"If you want some fun, watch this wedding. Have you ever seen so many dress white uniforms?"

"Uh, yeah. I was in the Navy, remember?"

"I'm tuning you out now."

"It's about time. Now can I go back and visit the guys at the VFW?"

"In the middle of our granddaughter's wedding? Of course not!"

"Sheesh. Everyone knows what's going to happen. The minister says 'Will you this and that?' Then the couple always says, 'I will.' Then the minister says, 'Do you this and that?' and the couple always says 'I do.' Then the minister pronounces them man and wife and it's all over in five minutes."

"Then you should be able to wait five minutes while that happens. Honestly, Martin. I can't believe you're being so cavalier about the happiest day of our favorite granddaughter's life."

"I'm not, Delilah. I'm just yanking your ghostly chain."

"Tsk. Well, be quiet you old fool. I want to hear every word."

* * * * *

"So, Gabby," Jose whispered as he leaned toward her at the reception. "Do you think your brother will ever forgive me for taking his little sister away from his best man?"

She laughed. "I was never *with* his best man."

"Yeah but you might have been if I didn't come along when I did."

"I doubt it. The guy's nice and everything but he's not my type."

Jose smiled. "Am I your type?"

"Oh, yeah."

"And what type is that?"

"Exciting, fun, great in bed and able to run faster than a speeding bullet—you know... Just in case."

Jose laughed.

Josh had approached the couple from behind him, so Jose didn't notice his presence until he cleared his throat.

Gabby peered around Jose's shoulder. "Oh, hello, big brother. I hope you're having a good time at your party."

"I am. And it looks like you are too."

"I sure am," Gabby said.

Josh stuck out his hand. "Hi. I don't think we've met formally. I'm Joshua Sparks but you can call me Josh."

Jose rose and shook his hand. "Jose Santiago. And you can call me Joe."

The two men smiled as they shook hands.

"Look, I'm sorry I gave you and my sister such a hard time before. It's just that she's pretty special to me."

"I understand. She's special to me too."

"Good. All I want is for her to be as happy as I am."

"Aw..." Gabby stood and gave her brother a hug. "Thanks, Josh. I knew you'd come around, eventually."

"Well, I just wish it had been sooner. I can see how happy you are now and compared to how miserable you were last time I saw you, well, it's a relief."

"Yeah, I'm doing better. I did get another job, though."

"Really? That's good news. Where will you be working?"

"This funky boutique downtown. I was hired to manage the place. The owner is an aging hippie. He wants to retire soon and said if things work out, he might sell the business to me. I don't know how I'll pay for it but I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

"I might have an idea."

Gabby's eyes rounded and she stood a little straighter. "Really? What?"

"Delilah and I are talking about selling the house and moving to a smaller place so you can have your half of the inheritance."

"But this is such a bad time to sell. Why don't you hang onto it for a while. When the housing market improves, we'll make a better profit."

"Wow. My sister's becoming practical. When did that happen? Maybe Joe is a good influence on you."

Gabby gave him a gentle kick in the ankle. "Maybe I'm not the dumb teenager you remember."

Josh smiled and nodded. "Touché. Listen, Gabs, we can talk about it later. For now, I just want you to know I owe you." He glanced over at his bride. "In more ways than one."

"Yeah. I always did have good taste in friends."

Epilogue

Basking in the afterglow of their morning lovemaking, Gabby and Jose cuddled.

"I like waking up like this," she said.

"So do I." He drew one finger all the way up her arm until she shivered. "Are you cold?" He reached for the blanket.

"No, don't cover that gorgeous body. I just shiver sometimes when you touch me. I love you doing it though."

"Yeah? Do you want to 'do it' again?"

She giggled, then glanced at the clock. "Sure. I don't have to open until ten and it's only eight thirty."

"Good. Then I can spend a whole hour making love to my beautiful wife."

"Better leave me enough time to shower and get dressed."

"We'll shower together."

She laughed. "I doubt that's all we'll do, but sure. Let's do that right after I do this..."

Gabby scooted down next to his hip and stroked his penis. It came to life immediately. "You know how you say I'm responsive? Well, so are you, darling."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"That's way good." She took his cock in her mouth and tasted herself on him. She could make love to her husband's cock all day, but she wasn't about to tell him that. She liked getting off too.

He moaned as she swirled her tongue around the engorged head. Then she drew figure eights around his balls. At last, she took his shaft into her mouth and sucked hard. He writhed and moaned louder.

She let him pop out of her mouth. "Did I hurt you?"

He laughed. "You don't have to worry about that, *chica*. I love everything you're doing."

She grinned and went back to giving his cock her undivided attention.

"My sweet, Gabrielle. How did I ever live without you?"

She stopped sucking just long enough to say, "Boringly," and giggle.

He laughed, then scooped her up in his arms and positioned her pussy right over his mouth. "I love how you giggle. I want to make my Gabby giggle some more."

Of course, she couldn't help but giggle again. Then he lapped her pussy and she moaned in pleasure. He held her waist and kept her right where he wanted her. When he began licking her clit, she shook and arched, but his firm hold kept her anchored.

Soon the delightful shivers of an impending orgasm shot through her, followed rapidly by an earth-shattering climax. She bucked, but Jose stayed right on her clit until she sighed and went limp.

He lowered her to the bed and said in a husky voice, "Spread your legs for me."

She smiled and did as he asked.

Soon he was in position and ready to fuck her. "I love you, Gabby."

"I love you too, Joe."

He impaled her and she arched into him. They both let out low moans.

As he began his rhythm he said, "I love fucking you, sweetheart."

"I love fucking you too." She giggled again and he kissed her neck and ear, making her giggle even more.

As he was pistoning in and out of her, his face scrunched in a look of pleasure-pain. He jerked several times, making a noise that was not quite a groan and not quite a grunt. He eventually stilled, pulled out, and rolled to lay by her side. He swept Gabby close to him and kissed her hair.

"You're the best thing that ever happened to me, sweetheart. Did you know that?"

"I guess I can believe it, since you're the best thing that's ever happened to me too."

They cuddled quietly for a few minutes, and then Gabby said, "I'll race you to the shower." She jumped out of bed and Jose was behind her in a flash. He gave her bottom a quick spank, making her giggle all over again.

"I love to make you giggle."

"And I love to make you come."

"Let's get in the shower and do a whole lot more of both."

About the Author

Kidnapped by gypsies as an infant, Ashlyn Chase was left on the doorstep of the Massachusetts home in which she grew up—at least that's what her older siblings told her. It seems that storytelling runs in the family.

Ashlyn worked as a psychiatric nurse for several years, holds a degree in behavioral sciences and has been trained as a fine artist, registered nurse, hypnotherapist, and interior designer. Writing is one career she wasn't formally educated in, yet by sheer determination she's become a multi-published, award-winning author.

Most writers, whether they're aware of it or not, have a "theme", some sort of thread that runs through all of their books, uniting the whole mishmash into an identifiable signature. Ashlyn's identified her theme as involving characters who reinvent themselves. It's no wonder, since she has reinvented herself numerous times. Finally content with her life, she lives in beautiful New Hampshire with her true-life hero husband and a spoiled brat cat.

Ashlyn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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