



Red Rose Publishing

Pleasure Principle

Tigra-Luna LeMar

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By

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Le Mar



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Dedication

*To all those who loved Humbug and
Santa: Thank you from the bottom of my
heart.*

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Chapter One

Logan walked out of the main ranch house and hurried into the shed in the back. He wanted a swim but didn't think swimming when one needed sleep was such a great idea. He'd had a long night because Neptune, one of their fillies, was having babies and he had stayed up all night just to make sure she got through it alright.

Thunder had stayed at the stall door with his nose pressed through the small window just to make sure that Neptune was going to be fine. Logan had chuckled because all loving fathers did that, even humans. He rubbed his eyes and checked on the fillies then dragged his tired, sleep deprived body back into the house to get his regular cup of rich, Indian coffee.

The smell of the liquid made him smile as he grabbed a large cup and walked over to the window. He leaned against the post and stared out at the beautiful swimming pool. The water shimmered like diamonds in the sun.

He remembered taking Becky out there one summer and stripping her down, naked to his eyes. Then, he had spent the late evening making slow, torturous love to her. By the end, he had to pick her up in his arms and carry her back into the house, and upon laying her on his giant bed, she had passed right out

for the night. He smiled as he remembered calling her mother and telling her that Becky wouldn't be coming home that night because she fell asleep and he didn't want to wake her. It was embarrassing even though the two were engaged.

But his love wasn't enough for her. She wanted riches, all he had was the Flaming S ranch, the animals, the land it was on and money in the bank. Sure he had money but not billions of dollars like her new husband had. He tried to keep in shape and if the women's words had any merit, he had succeeded so it wasn't the looks at all. Sometimes he thought that the only reason Becky had shown any interest in him at all was because he was a football player for the Ryder Creek Sentinels.

He sipped from the cup. Logan shook his head to kill the image then walked away from the window. His stomach growled, calling for attention. He had so much to do.

His mind flashed back to his previous love and his son with her, he smiled. That little boy was the apple of his eye but he needed some help; at least he thought he did. He needed a nanny for Andrew and he needed one fast. The kid needed a woman around but he wasn't going to start dating again.

Taking in a deep breath through his nose and letting it gush out his mouth, Logan sat down and began writing the ad. He needed to find someone that was not too old to watch his son. He needed someone to just be there for Andrew.

Not that he wasn't there but he needed some help.

"Daddy!" the ten year old boy called, "are we going fishing today or what?"

"I'm coming Drew," Logan called as he heard tiny feet making their way down the stairs. "I just have to do this first. Do you have all your gear?"

"Check and Check!" Andrew made a checking motion then grinned widely.

Rubbing Andrew's shaved head, he re-read the paper he had been writing. *Perfect* he thought as he folded it, "We have to make a stop in town," he told the boy as Logan picked up the fishing poles.

"What for?" Andrew wanted to know.

"We've got to get you a new nanny."

"Aww come on dad!" Andrew whined, "I don't need a nanny, none of the boys at school have nannies."

"That's because they have mommies," Logan smiled and motioned for the door, "let's go before old man Miller gets all the good fish!"



The next day Logan woke up looking at the piece of paper he had gotten about a perspective nanny and a time in which she was to show up on the ranch for an interview. He hated these things; Becky was normally the one who took care of handling the public. He would just stand off to the side proudly watching

her work. He rolled over and squinted as the sun glared through the window telling him in no uncertain terms that he needed to get his butt out of bed, face the day and the prospective nanny.

Sitting up in bed, Andrew came bolting in the door and dove for him. Logan caught his son and hugged the tiny body to his chest, “Morning Squirt,” he greeted his son, “what's wrong?”

“Nothing,” Andrew said simply and stepped back, “Jeremy is taking me riding and I wanted to say bye.”

“You be good, alright,” he told Andrew, “and don’t forget that I am meeting your nanny today...”

“Did you do a background check on her?” the ten year old wanted to know, “she could be a killer, you know.”

Logan laughed, “Nice try. Go riding, see you later.”

The boy moaned and left the room and Logan hauled his body up to take a shower. Feeling too lazy to shave, he dumped a little aftershave into his palm, rubbed them together and massaged it along the day old stubble on his cheeks, under his chin and neck. Then he pulled on a clean pair of jeans and a dress shirt. Rolling the sleeves up to his elbow, he dragged his hand over his head and went to the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee.

He hated meeting new people. He never knew what to say around them

and that annoyed him greatly. But the school told him that Andrew needed a female influence.

He grunted at the fact that Andrew was a planned child and even then, Becky still left him. They had lain in bed for months, after making love, planning what to name the boy or the girl that came along. They had painted the nursery as soon as they found out they were having a boy. He had gone out and bought a car seat and a truck to carry his family around in, he was so proud.

After all of that, Becky finally confessed that she hated kids. That had shocked Logan beyond anything else and he had stood there staring after her as she walked off down the driveway hauling her suitcase behind her.

After thinking about it, Logan decided against getting a nanny. He picked up the phone to call the newspaper and got them to print a retraction for him. Andrew would be happy, but now Logan had a ton more work on his hands.

“Now to tell the woman she isn’t needed anymore,” Logan breathed as the door bell rang to the due of the General Lee’s Dixie horn.

Two hours later, Logan sat on the front lawn with Andrew when a large truck pulled up to the old Brinkly place across from his. It was a weird sight and practice to have two ranches so close but he wouldn’t complain. He still had a very large front yard and all the land behind him and to his right. A few movers hopped out and began carrying things into the house.

“We got new neighbors,” Andrew beamed, “I wonder if they have kids?”

“I don’t know son,” Logan smiled as he looked down at the picture that his son had forgotten he was drawing, “We’ll just have to wait and see.”



Meredith Fields pulled up behind the truck in her black Mercedes and stepped out. Hauling her sunglasses from her eyes she squinted to look around her. She loved it; her own ranch that she had bought and paid for all herself. She felt proud. At thirty years old, she had managed to rebuild herself after her marriage ended.

Charlie was a good man at first. When they were dating he would buy her flowers, show up at her work to surprise her with lunch. He would write her love letters and poetry; he was perfect until they got married. She was stupid enough not to let him sign a pre-nup.

Throughout their three years of marriage, Charlie had cheated on her, hit her and finally, he took off with his sister’s best friend taking all of Meredith’s money with him.

Anger rose through her. It was a rage that swarmed her soul causing her to clench her fists tightly. That feeling quickly left as she saw a man in the front yard across from her with a little boy.

The first look told her that he was sexy. Those shoulders were ones that

she wouldn't mind crying on. His arms looked strong and inviting and she found herself wondering what it would feel like to be held by them.

His skin reminded her of the expensive, dark, Belgian chocolate her father had brought home once when she was a child. She remembered how sweet it was and how it melted against her tongue. A soft groan left her lips and she shook her head to bring her back to reality. She had to do something; she might have been staring too long.

"Hello!" she called and waved as she walked toward them, "Hi. I'm Meredith Fields your new neighbor."

"Hi!" the boy spoke up but the man just looked up at her with a slow smile on his face. Merrie's heart skipped a beat as she watched him stand up to his full, hot length and walk to meet her half way.

"Logan Sinclair," he told her, "this is my son Andrew. Welcome to Ryder Creek."

"Thank you," Meredith smiled.

Chapter Two

Meredith ignored unpacking that night and walked toward her bedroom window in the dark. She sat on her bedside table pulled the curtain gently aside, peering across the street at the house of the man who had introduced himself as Logan Sinclair. She couldn't stop thinking about him. There was something about the way he looked at her. There was heat in his eyes and that smile he had given her had turned her insides to mush.

She watched as he walked into the front yard under the lights to shake hands with another man. The two then sat down on some lawn chairs and lay backwards. With beers in their hands, the two men spent the time speaking. She sighed and pulled her camera from the bed. She screwed on a new set of lens and lifted it to her eyes.

Firing off a few snaps, she lowered the camera and watched him again. The other man was hot too, muscular and built. Taking a few more pictures she let the curtain fall back in place and turned the lights on. She began to slowly unpack her things but her mind wasn't on that. Her mind was on Logan and all the delectably sinful things she could do to him.

Why was she thinking about a stranger like that? She had just met him only a few hours prior yet still she felt this urge to be near him, to have him inside of

her. There was something about him that just drew her. She was too old to play around the bush or run away.

Rummaging through her purse she found her cell phone. She dialed and waited for an answer.

“Hello?” the sleepy voice came over the line.

“Clara it’s me,” Meredith spoke up.

“Hey!” Clara’s voice lost all trace of sleep as she perked up.

“How are the men in Ryder Creek?”

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Meredith spoke with a chuckle, “My neighbor across the street is absolutely gorgeous and I’m telling you...And the best part is, he’s got a friend!”

“Nice!” Clara beamed.

“I’ve been getting these thoughts.”

“What kind of thoughts?”

“You know? The thoughts where he’s lying in my bed, naked and looking up at me with those big brown eyes. That dark, midnight skin wrapped around mine...”

“Whao! He’s a brotha?”

“Girl! You have got to come up here.”

Clara laughed, “I’m so there...how was your move in?”

“Pretty good, the movers didn’t break anything...I am still unpacking because tomorrow I just want to laze around and do nothing.”

“I see. So when do you want me to come up there? I got some vacation time coming to me and I want it!”

“Whenever. Just give me a heads up though.”

“Always. Listen, you have to tell me more about the hot brotha later...I have to get up early so call me tomorrow.”

“Will do, girl.”

“Sweet dreams tonight Merrie!”

Meredith moaned and giggled before flipping the small silver phone shut. She would have sweet dreams tonight, she just knew it.



The sun was setting and a large blanket was spread in the warm sand down at the beach. Meredith walked slowly towards it and looked down.

Logan was lying there, with his eyes closed. She smiled and went down to lay beside him. Lifting her hand, she ran her open palm down his hard chest, over his washboard abs, then down to his already hard cock. She wrapped her fingers around it and squeezed. He sucked in some air through gritted teeth and whispered her name. Meredith began slowly pumping him. She was stroking him, up and down. She lowered her head and licked at one nipple then the other before

moving her mouth up his thick neck to capture his lips.

“That’s the way Merrie,” Logan groaned against her ear as her hands stroked him rhythmically, “I like that.”

Meredith watched his face as it contorted with pleasure. She listened as his breath left his body quicker and quicker. He grabbed her hand to still it before rolling them over so that he was on top. He ripped her clothes from her and watched as they blew away with the wind. Turning his attention to her, he kissed her roughly before letting her lips go with a loud plop.

Bringing his mouth down her neck, he grazed it with his teeth. Licking, nipping his way down, he pulled one of her nipples into his mouth but didn’t stay there long. His hot mouth made trails down her body. Between her legs, he was face to face with her hot, steaming cunt.

Meredith looked down at him as he licked his lips and then attacked her. His teeth, lips, tongue fighting for supremacy as he ate her. He flicked his tongue over and over her clit before sucking on it as though he was savoring a delicious candy.

Meredith felt her orgasm building but she wanted it to last. She closed her eyes and dug her head back, pressing the towel into the sand. She wrapped her legs around his shoulders and screamed his name. She begged him for more. His mouth was ravishing her, his arms locked around her hips, holding her in place as

he tortured her sweetly.

When her orgasm hit, a low scream started deep within her throat and grew louder. It burst forth as her body shook. Her head thrashed from side to side.

Meredith yelled for Logan and shot up in her bed, breathing hard and looking around the dark and unfamiliar room. She reached a hand down between her legs and touched her clit. It was sensitive and wet. She moaned and flopped back against her pillows.

Across the street something woke Logan. He didn't know what it was.

There was a faint yet familiar smell in his room, the smell of sex. He was starting to dismiss the thought as what happened when a man hadn't gotten laid in years when something wet glided against his leg. Pushing the sheet back, he reached over and flipped the bedside lamp on. White goo stained the sheets between his legs and Logan stared wide eyed. It had been so long since he had a wet dream. He licked his lips and was shocked. A familiar taste coated them. He tasted woman.

What had he done?

He couldn't remember so he called the one person he trusted with his life.

"Dude you do know what time it is right?" Dante wanted to know groggily.

"This is an emergency," Logan frowned. "You have to get over here now."

"Fine," Dante moaned. "I'm comin'."

While he waited, Logan took a quick shower with all sorts of thoughts going through his head. He tried to silence them, at least until he could talk to Dante. After he showered, he turned on the coffeemaker.

When his best friend came and Logan explained, Dante simply shook his head, “you woke me up because of a wet dream?”

“That wasn’t a dream.”

“We all have wet dreams man,” Dante Salvador told him, “we are men. It’s a regular occurrence.”

“I know that,” Logan told his childhood friend, “but this wasn’t like any other wet dreams I’ve had. I could taste her on my lips Dante. That’s creepy.”

“What? You think you broke into some woman’s house, ate her out then came home?”

“You got a better suggestion?”

“No but that’s insane! No one has reported any rape around here because they didn’t call me into the station. So either she liked it or you were dreaming. Plain and simple.”

“You’re not helping,” Logan downed the last of his coffee and ignored the buttered bagel on his plate.

There was something about the dream that bothered him. More to the point, there was something about waking up and tasting and smelling like he had

spent the night between some woman's legs that bothered him even more. He felt helpless. He couldn't have dreamt it and he would know the taste of a woman's juices anywhere. They were sweeter than any he'd ever tasted and what scared him was that he wanted more.

"I don't like this Dante," Logan spoke up after his mind ran away with him,

"What if it happens again?"

"You don't even know that something happened!"

"You're not listening to me!"

"I am listening...Look, if it happens again then let me know. Then I'll start checking into it. In the mean time, if it bothers you all that much go see Doctor Coleman for a checkup."

"And tell him what? That I think I spent the whole night on my knees between some woman's legs? That'll go over real well."

"You don't have to tell him anything," Dante spoke up, "just tell him you want a check up."

Chapter Three

Meredith was appalled when she woke up and rubbed her hand over her face. Wet goo smeared itself all over her face and down her nose. She looked at her hand and stared wide eyed. Where had she gotten cum from? What had she done last night? She hadn't been drinking, she hadn't even gone out.

Shoving her legs out of bed she bolted into the bathroom and stared into the mirror, "Oh no," she whispered to herself. When the shock wore off a little she bent at the waist and turned on the tap. She washed her face and then looked up in the mirror.

Instead of seeing her face, the face of a thirty two year old Caucasian female with long black hair and green eyes, she saw the face of a thirty year old black woman with short hair and brown eyes, looking back at her.

"Well hello dere *Cherie!*" the woman in the mirror called happily.

Meredith screamed and fell backwards, "oh stop bein' so dramatic," the woman's accent came to Meredith's ears, "it's not like you dinna like it."

"Wha-what's going on?" Meredith stuttered as she slowly stood up to look in the mirror, "who are you?"

"Me?" The dark skinned woman in Meredith's reflection smiled, "Me's yuh. More to da point. Me think me is your lustful side Meredith. Me is the side that

sees a mon that you want and me help you get im. Dere's no shame in dat. But if it make yuh feel betta, yuh can call me Sombra."

Meredith shook her head, "No, yuh not drunk an' yuh not seeing tings."

"You can tell what I'm thinking?"

"Of course! Weren't yuh listenin'? Me and yuh both know that you want Logan. Deny it little white girl! Yuh know me is right."

Meredith blushed and looked away from the mirror, "yuh can't can yuh? Because yuh know me is right. Just let me take care of t'ings."

"Take care of things? No!" Meredith exclaimed, "You can't. He might be married because he has a son and that would ruin everything for him. Stay out of it."

"Sista, it too late for dat."

"What do you mean it's too late for that? Too late for what?"

"Too late for me to stay out of it."

With that the dark skinned woman disappeared and Meredith was staring at herself again, "hey wait a minute! What did you do!"

She sighed, "way to go Merrie you're going nuts...that didn't just happen."

She looked down to see that the water was still running. She flipped it off and turned away from the mirror, "oh by da way," the rich Jamaican accent startled her, "it did 'appen!"

Whipping around, the face disappeared before she saw it. She grunted and went right back to bed.

Chapter Four

That night, Logan stood by his bed and yearned for it but he was afraid of what would happen. He might have sleep walked last night and assaulted some poor woman. He shuddered to think of it but he wanted to taste her again. He hauled his shivering body beneath the sheets and closed his eyes. Sleep came quickly and soon he was out like a light.

Soft padded feet walked up the stairs to the bedroom where Logan Sinclair slept. Hot, needy eyes looked down at him from beneath the leather mask. The soft robe fell from her shoulders and hit the ground noiselessly as she went about her duty.

She used the neck ties and secured his hands against the head board. She then moved to climb on the bed and sat astride him. She crawled down his body to come face to face with his growing cock. Sticking her hand down his pants, she removed him, licked her lips before swallowing. His hips shot off the bed in response to her sucking mouth. She licked up the shaft before pulling him back into her mouth.

She loved the taste of him, hot and molten against her tongue. She sucked on him until she felt him explode down her throat. His eyes shot open.

“Meredith?” he asked but she only let him go, untied one of his hands and calmly climbed off the bed and headed out the door as if nothing had happened.

Logan tried to walk but fell against the bed because his legs were weak and one of his arms was still tied to the headboard. It had been so long since he had good head that this one had left him with baby legs. He couldn’t catch her to tell her she was naked nor could he yell in fear of waking up his son. He just laid there panting, and shaking.

In the morning, he gathered up her robe and the ties that were left behind and placed them under his pillow. He got Andrew off to school then looked out his window at the house across the street.

He ran up the stairs and stuffed the robe and ties into a bag then headed over to Meredith’s. He needed to get to the bottom of what was going on. It wasn’t like he was against what she did. He had enjoyed it so much that he wanted it to happen again.

“Can I help you?” Meredith asked as she pulled the door open.

“We need to talk,” Logan said handing her the bag.

Taking it, Meredith looked in and gasped, “You stealing my clothes from the line Mister Sinclair?”

“You breaking into my house Ms. Fields?”

Confused she invited him in and offered him a seat, “do you want something

to eat or drink?”

“No thanks.”

“Ok now, what is going on? Where did you get these?”

“My bedroom. You broke in last night and gave me the time of my life.”

“So you’re big on tall tales.”

“Tall tales? How would you explain me getting those then? Look, you may have been sleep-walking. A guy doesn’t forget the best blow job he’s ever had...”

Redness tainted her cheeks, “oh jeesh I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you...I just want to know what is going on around here.”

Meredith stood up, “excuse me a second.”

Rushing into the bathroom she looked in the mirror, “Sombra you get out here right now!” she whispered fiercely.

Sombra’s face appeared, “can’t a gurl get any sleep ‘round ‘ere?”

“Sleep?” Meredith asked angrily, “you want sleep? What did you make me do last night?”

“I dinna make yuh do nutthin. Yuh are da one dat has dese sexual urges for da mon.”

“So you make me break into his house and suck his cock! You can’t do that! I can get arrested for that!”

“Me not doin nuttin,” Sombra smiled, “it all on yuh Merrie.”

With that she was gone and Meredith began pacing her bathroom. What was she going to tell Logan?

She couldn't tell him that her Jamaican lust is making her do things she never dreamt of. She couldn't tell him that her id is completely out of control. She ran a hand through her dark hair and sighed. She took a deep breath and walked back to Logan.

"I am so sorry. I must have been sleep walking again," she chuckled nervously, "I didn't mean any harm."

"Harm?" Logan asked. He was about to say something but saw the heat in her cheeks. He walked over to her and dug his fingers into her hair. He brought her lips up to his, "if you ever want to do some more harm, you know where to find me...Next time, it will be your turn."

He kissed her then. The kiss was laced with passion, raw need and lust. His tongue licked at the roof of her mouth before dancing with hers. He knew exactly how she liked to be kissed. She felt like putty in his hands as she felt herself began slipping to the ground, "remember, don't come without those ties."

Logan turned then and walked from her house, closing the door behind him. What was he really doing?



"Where have you been?" Dante asked, "you're late."

“Late? For what?” Logan wanted to know, confused.

“I called and told you I was heading here...did you have that dream again?”

“Yes as a matter of fact,” Logan smiled and poured both of them a glass of lemonade before sitting down, “but it’s nothing to be alarmed about. I think I know exactly what is happening.”

“Want to share?”

“I’m not going to say much, but the same thing happened with my parents.”

“That’s wrong on so many levels. No wonder you are scarred for life.”

Logan laughed, “Very funny...My dad told me on his death bed that this might happen but we’ll see if he was right soon enough.”

“Ok now you’ve gone borderline creepy on me. Your dying father predicted your love life?”

“No, nothing like that. Just drop it alright? If I see something wrong I’ll let you know. I’m having a party here tomorrow night and I want you to be here... you have to meet Meredith.”

“Meredith?”

“New neighbor,” Logan said simply and walked away.

Chapter Five

Meredith sat on her bed and watched the phone. It had been ringing for a bit now and wondered how long it would ring before the person gave up and went away or tried again. She sighed when it stopped ringing then almost jumped out of her skin when it began again almost immediately. She thought it was Logan and she couldn't face him. Not after what she had done.

The ringing stopped and started again and finally Meredith reached over and picked up the phone, "Hello?"

"Merrie are you alright?" Clara's worried voice came over the line instantaneously.

"Yah I'm fine," she lied.

"No you're not fine. I can hear it in your voice. Listen, my plane leaves tonight for Ryder Creek, can you pick me up at the airport?"

"I don't even know where that is!" Meredith protested, "but am sure if I asked..."

"Make sure it's the hot neighbor you told me about," Clara giggled and Meredith took in a jagged breath, "what's wrong?"

"I did something Clara. I'd better tell you when you get here. I don't know

what is happening to me.”

“This sounds bad. I’ll call the travel agent and get an earlier flight.”

“You would do that for me?”

“Anything for a sistah.”

Meredith giggled. She was the last person that anyone would call a sistah because that normally meant an African American woman. Meredith was so pale that she could probably blend in with one of the white backgrounds that she used for her photography. “Call me when you are close by and I will leave to come get you.”

“And bring the hottie.”

“No promises.”

“Later.”

Meredith sat on the edge of the bedside table and looked out the window. Logan was playing football in the front yard with his son. She grabbed her camera and ran out of the house, “hello there!”

“Meredith!” Andrew called with a bright smile.

“Hi Andrew,” she smiled, “do you guys mind if I take some pictures?”

“No at all,” Logan spoke with one hand on his shirtless hip, “how have you been Meredith?”

She knew exactly what he meant and blushed, “good,” she told him as she

lifted her camera to her eye and took a few shots of Andrew.

“Alright dad, second down!” Andrew called and ran to the center of the yard. He bent over with the football on the ground close to him, “Blue fifty two!” Logan yelled, “Blue fifty two!”

Meredith was snapping pictures as they executed the play. Andrew snapped the ball and Logan caught it while backing up. Andrew ran up the front yard, turning quickly to his left then turned to catch the football that came sailing at him. He tossed the ball to the ground then proceeded to do the funky chicken as Logan held up both arms in the shape of a U screaming, “touch down Andrew Sinclair! And the crowd goes wiiiiiiillld!”

Meredith giggled as they both fell to the ground laughing. She took a few more pictures then sat down with them, “that was awesome Andrew, where did you learn to play like that?”

“Dad...he used to be a quarterback for the Ryder Creek Sentinels.”

That brought Meredith to face Logan who had been watching her with heat in his eyes, “That’s where I recognized you from!”

“It’s good to know you’re a fan,” Logan smiled.

“Yah,” Meredith said simply.

“Dad I have to go pack for my sleep over,” Andrew stood up. “Take a shower first!” Logan called after his son.

“I will!”

Soon Logan was left with the beautiful Meredith, “I’m having a party tonight. I would like you to come.”

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” Meredith got up and hung her camera around her neck.

“You afraid of what might happen?” Logan followed her.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because I have never done strange things like this before. I have never even given a man...”

“You can say it Meredith. You’ve never given a man head before.”

Meredith blushed and walked a little faster, “you don’t have to be so harsh.”
“You don’t have to be coy with me, Merrie. For what it’s worth, you’re the best I’ve ever had.”

“You don’t mean that.”

“I do.”

“I mean, think normal Logan. I broke into your house, tied you to the headboards of your bed and had my way with you! In the real world that constitutes rape.”

Logan held her shoulders and she stopped. He turned her to face him, “was I complaining?”

“No...but you could have called the cops! There is something wrong with me. I’ve never liked being tied up during sex, much less doing it to someone else, but for some reason...”

“You liked it.”

“Stop putting words in my mouth, Logan.”

“Am I? Or am I saying things you’re thinking?”

Meredith turned and hurried across the street. Logan stopped and let her go. He knew he was right. He turned again to walk back into his house.

“Logan,” he stopped at the sound of his name and turned around to face Meredith. She was on the other side of the street but she looked so confused and scared.

“Yes?”

“Could you drive me to the airport to pick up my friend? I didn’t fly into Ryder Creek so I don’t know where it is.”

“Sure Meredith. Anything you want.”

Meredith shivered and felt a trickle between her legs. She wanted to taste Logan and mean it but not until she got some help. She was seeing and speaking to a woman inside of her and that had to be crazy. It couldn’t be normal.

Closing her front door behind her, she hurried to the bathroom, “Sombra!”

“What now?” the voice was tired.

“This is entirely your fault!” Meredith paced.

“Yuh humons. When yuh gonna stop relyin so much on your ego and supa-ego and mix in a lil Id with it?” Sombra sighed, “Tink Sigmund Freud sistah! Dere are three parts to your personality for a reason, don’t yuh know. The id, ego and supa-ego have to work togetha. Yuh humons are trying to rely solely on da ego and da supa-ego and dat’s when me come in.”

“Oh great,” Meredith sighed, “now I’m getting a psychology lesson from my voices.”

“Pay attention to me,” Sombra warned, “when was di last time yuh had a man in your bed?”

“That is none of your business!”

“On di contrary, lil white sista. It is my business. Yuh been trying to lock me up for so long, but it not working no more. Me not going away until yuh please me so get used to it.”

Meredith growled and whirled around sending her fist into the mirror, “Ha! Miss me!” Sombra taunted.

Meredith looked at the broken glass on the ground to see bits of blood on them. She then looked at her fist and swore. Yanking open the medicine cabinet she took out some clean cloth and peroxide and proceeded to clean the scrapes that were there. Clara had better get here soon, or she would go completely

insane.

The ringing doorbell caused her to look up from her nursing duties. Packing the first aid things away, she hurried for the door, “Logan!”

“You wanted a ride to the airport?” he asked.

“Yes, please.”

Logan gripped her hand and turned it over in his, “what happened to your hand?”

“Had a small accident with a bathroom mirror,” she smiled nervously as she pulled her hand away from him to get her keys and a jacket. It wasn’t entirely a lie, “can we go now?”

“Sure,” Logan told her. He stepped aside and allowed her to pass him. He wasn’t sure he believed the accident story but he wouldn’t push.

He kept thinking of what his father had said, “Son, when true love comes around. You will know. Because it will smack you on your ass, you won’t know what hit you... Strange things will happen and you can’t panic. If you do that, you will scare her away. Listen to me, when true love comes to you...you will know.”

Shaking his head, he flipped on his signal and switched to the center lane.

He had always thought his father was just a crazy old man trying to give his son some comfort before he died. And who knew, Samuel Sinclair may still be a crazy old man because all Meredith seemed to be doing was running away from

him. She hadn't even spoken to him about sex; he was the one to bring it up always.

Meredith glanced out the rolled up window and gasped as she saw Sombra's laughing face, "oh no not now!" she exclaimed.

"What's wrong?" Logan inquired worriedly.

Meredith's hand moved over and rested against Logan's thigh then slowly began traveling upwards. He glanced over at her, "Meredith?"

She didn't answer him, all she did was turn in her seat and began unbuttoning his shirt. He knew they had less than two hours to go to the airport, get her friend and return before the party, but when Meredith touched him all he saw was her. He couldn't think clearly. He pulled the truck over to the side of the road and just watched her.

She reached down and unzipped his pants before sticking her hands in and removing his cock. Logan groaned as he saw her lick her lips. Meredith then climbed over him and sat astride his lap with her back against the steering wheel. She impaled herself on him. Logan didn't fight her, he reached around her and down under the seat to pull the lever causing the seat to slide backwards to give them more room.

"Oh god Meredith," Logan panted as he gripped her waist with both hands and began lifting her and bringing her crashing down over him; forcing himself

deep within her. He pressed his open mouth against her neck and she sighed before wrapping her arms around his neck. Licking and sucking at the skin at the base of her neck, he grazed her skin with his teeth.

He lowered his head and used his teeth to pull her skimpy tank top away and her naked breast bounced free. He licked at the nipple and felt her body stiffen but he wasn't ready yet. He sucked on the nipple until he felt her tighten around him then her juices soaking through his jeans.

Meredith rode him harder and faster after each orgasm. It was like she couldn't stop.

"More," she whispered to him, "please Logan..."

It was almost like she was someone else, "you fill me so nicely...."

Logan loved the way she said his name in the throes of passion. He loved the way she tossed her head back, her black hair spilling over the steering wheel and dash board. He closed his eyes, let his head lean back against the headrest, and began slamming his hips upward to meet her. When he was finally ready to blow, he gripped her waist tightly and pulled her off him.

When he exploded, he grunted as his body shook. He held her against his chest, her face pressed against his neck until he was breathing normally again.

"Oh no," Meredith moaned against his skin, "did we just..."

"Yes we just did."

“Why didn’t you stop me?” she asked moving over to her seat and trying to fix her clothes.

“Why would I? I wanted it too.”

“That’s beyond the point!” she snapped.

“Meredith we need to talk.”

“Not now.”

“Then when?”

He had raised a good question. But she didn’t want him knowing she was crazy. He was looking at her with such need in his eyes and she never wanted to see skepticism or hatred. She looked away from him and out the window, “can we just get through tonight...please?”

“No Meredith. We have to talk about this...how was I to know you wanted me to stop? You never said no. You never told me not to or to stop...I can’t read your mind.”

“Please let’s just go!” she ordered.

Logan started the ignition and pulled the car out onto the road. The rest of the trip to the airport was silent.

Chapter Six

“Man awesome party!” Dante grinned as he lifted his glass to Logan who smiled.

“Glad you like it...” taking a sip from his glass he looked up to see Meredith and Clara walking up to the party.

“Who are they?”

“Meredith is the black haired one and the sistah is Clara.”

“Your neighbor Meredith? I’m gonna say hello.”

Logan didn’t say anything. He didn’t have anything to say to Meredith. He didn’t even know what was going on with her.

She had sex with him and told him he should have stopped her? How was he to know that she didn’t want to?

She was the one who started it and she never told him to stop, which he would have. She didn’t scream or try to fight him in fact the opposite happened. She was begging him for more.

Walking away from the party, Logan stopped at the swimming pool in the backyard. He rolled up his pant legs and sat on the side of the pool with his legs in the cool water. He needed to clear his head and to make sense of what was happening to him.

“Logan?”

“What do you want Meredith?”

“I want to talk.”

“You’re missing the party, Meredith.”

“But I want to talk to you.”

He turned and looked up at her. She was so beautiful just standing there in the moon light. His mouth watered as he remembered how her nipple tasted to him. He wondered why he thought a white woman would be interested in him.

He felt unworthy so he looked away, “as I remembered you wanted nothing of the sort.”

“I was angry. I’m sorry.”

“You were angry at me because you implied that I raped you,” he stood up and backed away, “shouldn’t I have been the one angry? Now please leave me alone because I don’t feel like going to prison. I have a son to raise on my own.”

“No wife?”

“Now she asks. No, no wife.”

“What do you mean I implied that you raped me? I didn’t say anything like that.”

“No? Coulda fooled me. You said that I should have stopped you. That only comes about when rape is involved.”

“I didn’t mean it that way...Can we sit?”

Meredith felt horrible. The man she was falling for was afraid to even talk to her. She closed her eyes and tried to fight the tears back. Feeling like she had a hold on them, she opened her eyes again, “please?”

Logan moved slowly and sat down again with his feet in the water. He didn’t look up when Meredith moved to pull her stilettos off and sat down beside him, “I’m going to tell you something...and you might want to call the men in the white van with the straight jackets right after.”

“Tell me.”

“I’ve been seeing this woman,” she stared slowly, “she is black with a strange accent but I understand her perfectly. I see her in the mirror; she says she is my id and that her name is Sombra.”

“Your id?” Logan asked, “as in Sigmund Freud’s three systems of personality?”

“So you’ve heard of them? According to her, I’ve been living on my Ego and Superego for too long and I have been suppressing her, the id. You think I’m crazy don’t you?”

“If I believed that,” Logan turned slightly to her, “it means all those times I thought I was making love to you, I wasn’t. Or the worst case scenario I was making love to you without your permission.”

“No...I felt it all...I loved it all...I just wouldn’t have come on as strong as I

did...or she did..."

Logan got up and began pacing. He should be flying off the deep end about how crazy she was but he couldn't. His father had warned him that weird things would happen and Sam had never steered Logan wrong before.

"Maybe if I willingly sleep with you, she'll go away then you can go back to your life and I could go back...back to mine."

"You think I would do that?" Logan wanted to know, "I can't just sleep with someone then pretend it didn't happen. Remember? That's what got me into this in the first place."

Meredith stood up, "Don't you understand that she is driving me insane?" she begged, "I just want her to go away."

"You could be pregnant now Meredith," Logan countered, "don't you see? We had sex in my truck without protection. You were right. I should have stopped you but I wanted you so bad I wasn't thinking clearly."

"Are you saying you won't help me?"

"Be reasonable...I can't."

"You can't or you won't?"

Logan opened his mouth to say something but closed it after he couldn't think of anything that would make the situation less volatile. He watched as Meredith lowered her head for a bit then turned, picked up her shoes and walked

away. Logan closed his eyes to keep from screaming and took a deep breath.

He walked around to the front just in time to see Meredith half dragging Clara back across the street.

“What was that all about?” Dante seemed to have materialized by his side.

“We need to talk.”



That night after the party, both men sat in Logan’s kitchen at the table hunched over some Psychology books from the den, “what are we looking for again?” Dante asked.

“Sigmund Freud,” Logan answered.

“What’s going on?”

“Meredith has been acting strange lately. She broke into my bedroom and...” Logan stopped speaking and licked his lips. He got up and began pacing. He had never felt uncomfortable telling Dante anything before but now, he wasn’t so sure.

“And what?” Dante pushed.

Logan covered his face and breathed in deeply then lowered his hand, “Gave me a blow job,” he exhaled.

“What?”

“She came in while I was asleep. Tied my hands to the head board, did it...I thought I was dreaming again...I woke up and she was just finished and she

walked out as if nothing was wrong. Then when I was driving her to the airport, we had sex in the truck. I thought that was what she wanted Dante, I swear....”

He stopped speaking and fell into the leather seat beside his friend, “then when we were finished she asked why I didn’t stop her. Tonight she told me that she has been seeing this woman in her reflection who claimed to be her id.”

“That makes no sense Lo. Sigmund Freud’s theory of three systems to a personality isn’t set in stone. She could be schizophrenic,” Dante offered.

“No...what she said made sense to me...the same thing happened to dad when he met my mother...” Logan stood up and began to pace.

“Ok now you’re going strange on me. You’re starting to scare me...”

Logan rubbed his tired eyes, “I’m scaring myself more. All that got me thinking that the morning I woke up thinking I had a wet dream, it was all her. I had eaten her.”

“Why was she angry tonight?”

“She suggested we have sex again and the Id will go away,” Logan explained, “I wanted to...God knows I did so bad but I told her I couldn’t because there is already a chance she might be pregnant.”

“You guys didn’t...”

“It’s not like we planned this Dante. It just happened and what would I be doing with a condom in my car? I haven’t had a woman since Becky.”

Dante sat quietly thinking and Logan just paced the room, “what do you think I should do?”

“Well even though I think she is nuts,” Dante spoke truthfully, “I think you should talk to her again. Maybe she is right and this is her id. I’ve seen sick people be cured by stranger things than sex.”

Logan had to laugh despite himself, “I don’t think she wants to talk to me right now.”

“Make her. This is driving you nuts too. If you want, I can get one of the interrogation rooms down by the station freed up and you two can use that.”

“Yah thanks Dan, but I don’t think we want to make love on a cold steel table.”

“So you are gonna do it!”

“I don’t know yet...we’ll see.”

Chapter Seven

“Meredith what was that about?” Clara asked as the two finally settled in.

“Nothing,” Meredith lied.

“Don’t tell me that Merrie. I’ve known you since kindergarten remember?”

“I just threw myself at Logan and he turned me down,” Meredith told her friend.

“What happened?”

“I think I’m going crazy Clara...I see this woman in my reflection that claims her name is Sombra and that she is my Id.”

“I’ve known you a long time and you’ve never taken Spanish in school. Let me tell you something hon, Sombra means shadow in Spanish. Ever stop to think she’s the real deal?”

Meredith scoffed, “she can’t be. I’ve never seen her before or even heard her. I’ve never done anything like this before in my entire life...you’re the psychic you tell me.”

Clara closed her eyes took a few deep breaths then smiled. She opened them and looked at a worried Meredith. “Look, don’t hide from this thing, face it. She’s pissed because all your life you have ignored her. You’ve been the goody-goody. You never broke the rules; you never had sex before marriage. You paid your taxes

on time...you never took the time to indulge in some pleasures.”

“Not you too,” Meredith frowned.

“You ask my opinion and now you have it,” Clara was getting agitated, “what? You would rather go with the conclusion that you’re some insane person that should be locked away?”

“No...I don’t want any of this!”

“Well now you know what I think...what are you going to do with that?”

“The lady’s right Merrie,” Sombra’s voice interrupted.

“Did you hear that?” Meredith asked Clara.

“Of course I heard her! Sombra?” Clara called.

“Finally, someone’s payin’ attention to me,” Sombra surrendered, “Hello Clara.”

“Was I right?” Clara asked.

“Yes yuh were. I got tired of being suppressed and locked away. Dis man will make her ‘appy Clara. I know it.”

“Is that why you take over sometimes?” Clara questioned.

“Yes. Meredith won’t do anytin’. She gonna sit ‘round and be all quiet and timid and let Logan walk right outta her life. Den she gonna end up alone with her woulda, coulda, shouldas and den it gonna be too late.”

Meredith watched as Clara listened intently to Sombra, “I see,” she said.

“Clara if yuh can hear me, den it means you’re a real psychic. Yuh gatta explain to Meredith dat Logan is da one. He is her ‘appily eva afta. Dere’s no more afta im. An da more she fight...is da more me gonna fight back.”

Tears were growing in Meredith’s eyes. She was beginning to see it now but it was too late. She had already written off Logan.

“Go over there Meredith,” Clara told her, “Andrew is on a sleep over tonight and you two can talk.”

“I-I can’t,” Meredith stuttered.

“If yuh don’t...” Sombra started.

“Oh alright!” Meredith snapped.

Meredith rushed out of the house and across the street. She looked up at the large farm house but it was dark. It seemed Logan was already in bed. She knocked on the door and waited. So many things flashing through her mind. When no lights came on she knocked again, louder and harder this time. Nothing.

She felt her heart in her mouth. She was scared that he had left. He hadn’t said anything about leaving, then again she didn’t give him the chance to tell her anything. She hurried in the darkness around the house toward the pool and saw a shadow swimming beneath the water. She stood on the deck and waited until he surfaced.

“Isn’t it a little late to swim?” she asked.

Logan heard the voice but didn't turn around, "what do you want this time? Oh no wait, you don't know what you want, my bad."

"That hurt," Meredith admitted.

"Yah well, you hurt me. So now we're about even." He pulled his naked body out of the water and turned shamelessly to face her. Meredith averted her eyes, "what do you want?"

"I wanted to talk."

"Again? Remember what happened the last time we did that?"

"I am sorry I ran off...I was just angry because I thought you didn't want to help me."

"And now?"

"Now I am willing to talk it out and not run. Sombra told me some things tonight...would you put some clothes on...I can't think when you're standing so close to me naked."

"Why is that?"

"Because...Because I want you alright!" she allowed.

"What's so bad about that?" Logan whispered moving closer to her and pulling her into his arms, "isn't suppressing your id what got you into this mess in the first place?"

"Yes, but I'm not suppressing her on purpose now...I just need to get

through this first.”

Logan reluctantly let her go and wrapped a towel around his waist, “happy now?”

“No but at least I can think now. She told me that you are my happily ever after...the reason she is fighting me so hard is because she knows that you are the one to make me happy.”

Logan watched her. She was so small, standing there in front of him pouring her heart out. The way her eyes blinked nervously made him want to reach over and kiss her lashes. The way she held her hands together when admitting something embarrassing made him smile.

“Please don’t look at me like that.”

“Like what?”

“Like you’re going to run off and call the psych hospital at any second.”

“My father,” Logan spoke as he took her hand and led her back into the house where it was a little warmer, “told me something before he died. He told me that when the right one came along I would know. He said that weird things would happen...”

“And weird things have happened.”

Logan nodded, “you still willing to see what would happen if we made love willingly this time...on our own without mind control?”

“Yes,” Meredith whispered.

“Alright,” Logan walked over to her and hauled her gently into his arms. When she fell against his chest, he wrapped his arms around her and lowered his head to rest his forehead against hers. His breathing had quickened just by the thought of kissing her, “Meredith,” he whispered, “are you sure about this?”

“Yes,” she told him as she lifted her chin slightly and kissed him. She felt his dark lips open and his tongue came out to touch hers. A jolt of electricity shot up her spine then down again to her toes. She moaned as he deepened the kiss.

Kissing Meredith consumed Logan. It was like there was no one else on earth. He was happy that Andrew wasn’t home because he couldn’t take the time to bring Meredith up the stairs to the bedroom. He had every intention of taking her right there in the kitchen.

“There’s something I’ve wanted to do again,” he told her against her lips.

“What?” she asked.

Logan lifted her up and sat her down on the kitchen counter. He pulled her legs apart and she whimpered.

“Logan no,” she begged, “please...no one has ever done...”

“Yes they have, we have...don’t you remember?” he asked with a mischievous grin on his face.”

“I woke up the next morning with you on my lips, and I’ve wanted to do this

ever since...trust me Meredith.”

She smiled shyly down at him and nodded. That was all the permission Logan needed.

He pressed his tongue against her clit then began massaging it. Her small throaty sounds made him feel as though he was winning another Super bowl. He looked up at her and she was rolling her nipples between her thumbs and index fingers.

Her eyes were closed and her head flung backwards as she gyrated her hips against his tongue.

He was more turned on by this than anything else in his life. He loved to watch her just go wild.

Meredith felt as though she was flying. He had assaulted her with such aggression that she couldn't scream. She wanted to yell at the top of her lungs. To tell the whole world how good Logan Sinclair was making her feel, but no sound would leave her mouth. She felt like a wild thing, just flying above the clouds. His hands massaging her thighs then holding her hips in place caused her head to go numb. It was like she was having an out of body experience.

He added a little bit more speed to his mouth and heard her cry out, “I'm almost there!” she warned.

“Let go Meredith,” he whispered to her.

“ooOOoo!” she wailed as her hips went still then her body began rocking.

One of her hands left her breast and gripped the back of his shaved head. She was shoving his tongue deeper inside of her as he ate her out and she exploded against his tongue.

Logan was being fed. Her taste was so familiar to him. He was sure that she was the one he had tasted on his lips after his ‘wet dream.’ He raised himself up and she grabbed him by the ears and brought his lips to hers. He kissed her, letting her taste herself on his lips and tongue. He growled deep within his throat and stepped back a little.

Before he could do anything, Meredith reached forward to undo the towel around him. It fluttered noiselessly to the floor and she reached a hand down to stroke him, “oh yes,” he let his head hang back enjoying her touch.

With his knees resting against the cupboards to keep his balance and not fall over, he began fucking her hand slowly. She squeezed and turned at the right time, making him weak.

“God Meredith,” he sighed as his head thrashed from side to side, “I’m sorry I have to cut this short baby,” he pulled her from the counter and turned her to face the counter, “I just want you so bad...I swear there will be more later.”

Meredith didn’t mind. She bent over the counter causing her breasts to squish against it. She felt his large, callused finger searching her wetness for her

entrance. When he found it, he sank his middle finger into her and she heard a satisfied sound leave him. She pushed back against his finger.

She was perfectly hot and wet. He felt as though his finger was roasting inside of her and wanted to go as deep as possible. He backed away and got a chair from the table. He lifted her right foot and rested it against the chair then probed her with his finger again. When he found her entrance he took her hand and wrapped her fingers around him.

“Put it where you want it Meredith,” he spoke vulgarly into her ear.

Meredith reached further back and got a better hold on his large cock. She brought it to her wet entrance and rubbed it over her clit then sank back onto it.

“OoooOOOooo!” left Logan’s throat, “so hot...wet...”

Meredith began moving back and forth quickly and Logan gripped her hips, “slowly Meredith...” he whispered, “I want both of us to enjoy this.”

But soon Meredith couldn’t take it anymore. It was like sweet torment. She felt it growing from the tips of her toes and soon it was ricocheting off her clit, the pits of her stomach, her soul. She could hardly breathe but she wouldn’t change one thing.

The thing that brought her over the edge was Logan’s large hands against her breasts; squeezing her nipples between his thumb and forefingers.

Logan gritted his teeth and stopped moving when he felt her cumming

around him. It was the most beautiful feeling he had ever had. He stroked her nipples until her body stopped spasming then he pulled her off him. He turned her around and kissed her before sitting down on the chair.

He reached for her and brought her into his lap, "I understand you love riding Meredith," he whispered to her, "let's see how good you are." He stroked his cock a few times, "ride me, sweet Meredith."

She was ready again and wasted no time in piercing herself with his hard shaft. Her head rolled around as she enjoyed the feeling of him sliding into her velvety softness. She opened her eyes and locked them with his as she began riding him. Slowly at first but as he tweaked one of her nipples with his teeth she began riding faster.

Logan had never felt like this with anyone. Not even Becky. Was that horrible? After all she was his wife.

Meredith was doing things with him that he never dreamt any woman would do. She had taken his full length into her and loved it which Becky could never do. Meredith had managed to make him scream her name over and over.

He felt her tongue against his cheek then his earlobe and his arms went around her waist. He sat up in the chair and pulled her breasts against his chest. He used one hand to reach up and buried his fingers in her hair.

Pulling her down, her lips were hovering over his, "this time Meredith...I

won't be pulling out," he whispered before savagely kissing her.

Meredith began coming as the kiss started and that pulled Logan over the edge with her. He tried to keep kissing her but had to tear his mouth from hers and scream as the orgasm was more powerful than any he had ever had.

"God!" he called when aftershocks began swimming through him.

When they could both breathe again Logan lifted her off him and carried her up the stairs to his bedroom. He placed her in the middle of his large bed and crawled in next to her. He pulled her to him and closed his eyes.

After what seemed like ages, he lifted his head from where it was cradled between her wonderful breasts. He sucked on one nipple just because it was close to his mouth then looked up at her, "do you think Clara and Sombra would mind you staying the night?"

"I don't care if they mind because there is something I want to do," Meredith spoke sexily.

"Oh? What is that?"

"I've always thought action spoke louder than words."

"I like the way you think...so show me."

She slid down his body and took his cock into her hands. She gave the head a lick and Logan immediately stood at attention, "Get the picture?"

Logan nodded and grinned down at her.

Meredith closed her eyes and sucked him into her mouth slowly, “ho-ly fuck!” Logan yelled.

.....Sombra closed her eyes, finally at peace.

El Fin

Konichiwa! I was born on the island of Jamaican then moved to Canada in my teens. I am a culturally obsessed Jamaican, baseball/hockey (Go Leafs Go!) chick that loves CFL football (Aaaaaarrrgoooooos!). I started reading romance novels to keep myself out of trouble and out of the way in high school. I began writing poems, songs (lyrics) and short stories. I then escalated into writing romance when I was about seventeen.

My first published story was a short called Eros' Lesson what I was the co-author of. In my spare time (though at times it seem I have none) I love singing, listening to music, acting, bowling, watching the history channel/comedy network, hanging with my friends and trying to figure out new ways to bug my parents. I speak three and a little languages, English, Patois, Spanish and a tad bit of Japanese. I am currently in University.

My myspace is at www.myspace.com/tigraluna I love hearing from readers so please feel free to friend me or drop me a line!

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Humbug

Santa Sam's Been Bad