



*YVETTE HINES*

*Golden*   
TREASURE

# Golden Treasure

Yvette Hines



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**Golden Treasure**

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To every women who has survived a divorce and reclaimed her identity, life and independence.  
May luck be with you in finding your true love in the end.

## Chapter One

Pascha stepped out of the taxi with her hand bag and small rolling case. The week long charity fund raiser for the Save the World organization had ended a day early do to a freak ice storm in Atlanta. Who would have ever thought that in March there would be ice in such a southern state? It was just proof that our ozone layer was thinning.

Inhaling, she took a deep breath of joy as she stared up the stairs of her home. A three story brick house that sat on four acres and over looked their tennis court, pool and the James River. She and Oscar D'Leon, a corporate attorney, he was a senior partner in an exclusive Richmond firm, had made this home. Ten years of marriage and things were going well. Thoughts of her husband added an additional pep in her step and brought images of his face when he saw the sexy number she'd picked up at the mall while she was away. She'd spied his car parked in front of their three car garage as the cab driver had pulled around the circular stoned driveway.

Entering her house, she placed the small clutch purse onto the Sussex console and slipped off her electric blue Pica Manolo's. Hearing a small sound from upstairs, she deduced where he husband was located. She'd had fantasies of surprising him in his office, but the master suite was even better.

As she slid the carrier strap down her arm, a loud crash and groan came from that same room. Instantly, she froze, waiting to hear something that told her that made Oscar had dropped something on his toe. Instead, there was another groan and what seemed to be sounds of a struggle going on. The hairs on the back of her neck raised and her skin became tingly and itchy all at once.

*Ohmygod, are we being robbed?*

It was a strong possibility if someone had been casing their home; they would have known that she was out of town, and Oscar normally stayed at work late and all the household servants were gone by noon. Hearing the chime of the *Münster* grandfather clock, she knew it was two in the afternoon, any burglar would have had hours to do their dirty work.

Glancing around for some kind of weapon she could use, Pascha began to creep around the foyer. This time something clashed moments before a loud cry echoed through the otherwise quiet house. Her heart and mind began to race hard, when she finally remembered that her husband kept a gun in the safe behind his desk. She padded quickly to the office, shuffled behind the desk and punched in the pass code. Sifting through money, jewels, bonds and their wills until her fingers clutched around cool metal.

She hated guns, but her husband had made her go to the range every few months to make sure she was efficient at using it so that she could keep her self safe when he was away. Back in the foyer, the groans and thrashing continued.

Afraid to waste another second, she crept up the stairs as quick and silent as possible, praying with each step that her husband was not seriously injured or dead. At the top landing she could see that their room door was ajar. Moving along the wall until she reached her destination, she peered through the crack. She prepared herself to see a stranger dressed in a track suit or dark garb pummeling Oscar with some heavy object. Instead the sight she beheld paralyzed her. Oscar wasn't being pounded with brute force by a massive man.

No, a woman of medium build was the culprit. She held him pinned to the wall with one hand pressed to his hip and the other working his balls as she deep throated his dick. Pascha could clearly make out that this woman was no novice. She sucked head like a porn star.

Oscar was groaning and thrusting at the woman's oral talent like he'd never been sucked-off before, grappling along the wall to find purchase. The wall that used to hold the crystal clock they'd

gotten as a wedding present. Now the clock lay in broken chunks on the carpet three feet from the fellatio whore's knees.

Oscar cried out in a strangled voice like someone was killing him as he came into the woman's greedy mouth. The 'sucker' finally pulled back, but continued to pump Oscar's cock keeping it on the ready.

"Your mouth is like fucking magic." Oscar stroked her ebony hair with its frosted blond tips.

"So, is your cock. So show me how you work it." Rising, Ms. Tall Frosted Tips backed up toward the bed beckoning her husband with her whore red painted nail.

With quick steps, Oscar grabbed the woman around the waist and pulled her tight against his body. "How do you want it, Marley?"

Marley. Now she had a name for the bitch in heat.

The gun weighed heavy in Pascha's right hand, sweat pooled in the center of her palm.

"Give it to me, Oscar, the way your wife won't let you."

With a growl Oscar smacked Marley on the ass loud, then shoved her toward bed. Laughing Marley bent over the bed wiggling her dark brown backside at him like a mare waiting to be mounted by a horny stallion named Oscar.

Pascha gripped the gun tighter in her hand as sweat ran down her brow and into her eyes mixing with the tears blurring her vision. *This could not be happening.*

Oscar stepped up behind Marley, fingered her and tested her for readiness before he grabbed his cock and shoved it inside the slut. The woman bucked, screamed and clawed at the Egyptian cotton sheets, Pascha had bought for their eighth anniversary.

With eyes closed deep in passion, Marley finally turned her face toward the door. Pascha recognized her instantly. It wasn't hard since over the last nine years she and Oscar spent the first Saturday of every month at Turtle Dove, an elite breakfast restaurant. Marley was the hostess.

Pascha's heart wanted to know how long the affair had been going on. But her head just wanted her to get the hell out of there. She decided to listen to her head, but not before Oscar and 'Turtle Dove Tart' knew they'd been caught.

Pushing the door open, Pascha was grateful for the shooting lessons. It would ensure she hit her mark, making her point. The raunchy couple didn't break in stride, completely oblivious to the fact they were being watched. Raising the weapon Pascha took aim. Three clean and precise shoots landed in succession -- thud, thud, thud.

Amazing how morality didn't stop the two of them, but report from a gun ceased all activity instantly. Marley screamed and dove head first into the bed smearing her make-up across the fabric. However, it was the expression on Oscar's face that was laughable. He stood with his eyes and mouth wide, his legs trembling and his hard dick bobbing in front of him like a flagpole waving the white cloth to surrender.

Looking directly in the face of her cheating husband, Pascha turned and headed back down the stairs, before she decided to place a bullet in him instead of the headboard. Placing the gun on the table, she grabbed her purse and keys, left the shoes, suitcase set and walked out of her dream house. Hell all her dreams were dissipating with each step she took to her car.

Hopping in her Mercedes, she sped down the driveway and glanced up into her rearview mirror and watched Oscar storming out of house holding the front of his pants in a fist as shouted and waved his other arm about.

Returning her gaze forward she didn't know where she was going, but Pascha knew that here was no longer where she could stay.

\* \* \*

"One English muffin with Strawberry preserve, one half grapefruit and large glass of tea."

Pascha watched as each item was placed before her by the waitress with Lilly etched on her tag that was pinned to the blue and white princess style uniform.

“Thank you.” Pascha said as she placed the paper napkin in her lap. This small dinner in North Carolina was a small cry from the normal restaurant she had become accustomed to dining in over the last eleven years, but her money was running thin and she had to eat where she could afford.

“You’re such a tiny little thing, you sure I can’t get you some grits and sausage and a scrambled egg or two?” With a broad smile and motherly care in her eyes, the older woman finished by saying, “Hell, even a biscuit instead of the nook and cranny toast would put an ounce or two more on ya.”

Unable to stop the smile that pulled at the corner of her mouth, Pascha very rarely had someone care about her. Even in such a small way. “I’m fine, Lily.” What she really wanted to say was with forty dollars remaining in her purse she couldn’t afford to splurge on one meal.

“Okay, honey. Scream if you need anything, even a to-go box.” Patting her shoulder, Lily turned to walk away.

“Excuse me, Lily.” Pascha stopped the woman.

“Yes?” The older woman turned back with a broad smile. “You decided on the grits?”

Shaking her head, she said, “No, thank you.” Taking a deep breath she rushed on before she changed her mind, “You all wouldn’t be hiring would you?”

Lily’s eyes were still soft brown, however the light faded from them as she said, “I’m sorry, hone, were sure aren’t. Over the last month we’ve had to let three waitresses, a cook and the bus-boy go.”

That same song seemed to be on repeat. Being a wife of a corporate attorney who had several multi-million dollar accounts she had been immune to the recession. No longer, she’d lost immunity.

“Thanks,” she mumbled.

Lily patted her on the shoulder and walked away.

Pascha began nibbling on her toasted muffin and scanning the meager want adds listing. Most of those places she’d called, and either they weren’t hiring right now or the ad was old or it was temp work, an hour here or there. She’d been doing that and after taxes there hadn’t been anything left.

“Excuse me, miss.”

Looking up, Pascha saw a tall white man standing beside her with light blond hair, showing heavy evidence of turning more white than blond. The older man’s belly was slightly rounded and his blue eyes were heavily crinkled in the corners making him appear to be a man that smiled often. “Yes.”

“Forgive me for ease dropping. I overheard you asking about a job.”

Weary, Pascha leaned back in her seat and observed him. *Was this man trying to pull a scam?*

“May I sit?” he asked, before she could comment.

With a cautious lift of an eyebrow she nodded. As a woman alone she had to be leery and on guard all the time, no one was around anymore to rescue her.

Sliding into the chair across from her, he began, “Over the years I’ve become pretty good a gauging people. So when I see a woman dressed with so much class and style as yourself inquiring about a waitressing job that tells me you’ve exhausted all other options.”

Shrugging, Pascha commented, “Possibly.”

“My name is Sam Ellison. I’ve been a businessman for over thirty-five years and I have a job if you want it.”

Assessing the man in his light blue buttoned down shirt, and khakis and Dockers shoes, she couldn’t determine what type of business he might run.

“What does the job entail?”

“The better question is what can it give you?” He paused, and then said, “Money and independence.”

Independence. Money. This man was speaking her newly developed language. Holding her hand out across the table, she said, “Mr. Ellison, I’m Pascha D’Leon.”



## Chapter Two

It was pure mayhem going on in the penthouse suite when Dylan walked in. The music was blaring with an old Beastie Boys tune as his friends were gathered around in a circle, watching the entertainment. They would forever be trapped in the eighties. The entertainment was two women of various shades, sizes and ethnicities dancing around Colin, his best friend and college roommate, in sensuous garb for the Irish holiday.

“Dylan, you’re just in time. The girl’s are hot,” Shane, a tall red headed fireman, sporting a March mustache, said as he handed Dylan a mug of beer.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Dylan called back over the music. Taking a swig of the cold beer and losing his tie, he was glad to be off from work. Because of Colin’s wedding, he’d taken time off tonight and tomorrow from work to support his friend. The best man detail was a lot more involved than he thought. He was not only fetch-it boy, but it was his job to ensure that Colin’s part of the wedding was taken care of, with last minute phone calls and running from place to place making final payments. Dylan sipped at his beer looking forward to the minute he put Colin and Jenny on the plane to Jamaica.

“Oh, yea sweetheart, that’s what I like.” Colin’s cheering brought Dylan’s eyes back to the show.

An average height Hispanic woman, with a tiny representation of a beer girl outfit and large breasts too perky for their size was doing an excellent job of shaking them in the groom’s face. Another shake or two and Dylan was sure those boobs would come popping out of the white ruffles doing a heroic job of holding them in. The blond was medium in build but with long legs and just as hot, dressed as a sexy Irish lass, complete with a green and white corset with a lot of satin lacing down her small stomach. The lassie did an excellent job of rubbing Colin’s chest from behind as she wiggled her ass toward all the men behind her. Six of his friend’s looked comical with their heads tilted to the right peeping under her short ruffled skirt.

The women continued to tease Colin and the other men in the room as the songs changed. Then the music began a classic Irish flute song and the two girls stepped away from the men and were joined by a third lady, this one was a petite black girl. This third girl was dressed as a sexy Leprechaun, to including a green buckled hat on her head and carried an imitation pot of gold that she placed at Colin’s feet.

“They call her Goldie,” Shane whispered. “She only performs by special request.” Shane nodded as he leered at the third girl.

It was a given to him that it was because of the woman’s golden brown skin. Nicknames for strippers usually weren’t complex.

Linking hands in a circle around his best friend, the ladies did a few steps and moves similar to classic dance instead of the quick steps of the Riverdance. Lots of bouncing and legs lifting had the group of men clapping and cheering. Dylan was impressed that the ladies had gone as far as to learn the few dance moves for the party. After a few minutes the music blended into an R & B/Hip-hop beat and the women broke apart, dividing their attention between the men. The lass and beer garden girl went around the room giving out chocolate gold coins from the small green pot punctuated by bumps and grinds.

Dylan kept his eyes on the woman called ‘Goldie’ who was dancing center stage before Colin. He wanted to know why she was so special. It wasn’t that she was leggy like the blond, because she wasn’t tall at all. She didn’t have a large rack like the Hispanic girl, almost the opposite. However, she didn’t have the fullest lips he’d ever seen. The puffy bottom one gave him thoughts of nibbling on it or seeing it wrapped around his dick. Dylan stifled a groan by taking a deep swig of his beer. Whatever it was,

he couldn't take his eyes off her. Unlike the other girls working the room, Goldie concentrated her attention on Colin, dancing before him with strategic squats and hip rotation. She had moves.

Each pelvic thrust made his cock twitch in his pants. Dylan didn't normally find himself attracted to black women. It wasn't that he didn't believe they were beautiful, he did, it was just none had ever caught his fancy. For some reason he was fancying this one. She took a few steps towards Colin, then turned and faced the audience of men. Spreading her legs over Colin's she seated herself on the man's upper thighs.

Shocked to feel a wave of jealousy come over him over his friend and a woman he didn't even know, Dylan stepped back from the circle to get himself together. When he looked at the scene once again it appeared the woman was staring directly at him as she ground her hips on the groom's lap.

"Shit, Goldie, you're turning me inside out." Colin chanted holding the woman's hips and encouraging her. Evidently the woman was highly talented; she had Colin biting down hard on his bottom lip as if he were trying to keep himself from being taken over the edge in front of everyone.

"Lucky, this one is marked for you already." Aaron called out from across the room, his arms were full of the blond lassie who was working him like a pole, but still he wasn't missing the show in the middle of the room.

Dylan shifted his gaze away from those beguiling brown eyes and looked at his friend who used his nickname.

"Yea, Lucky, check out her charm." Shane joined in, pointing between the woman's thighs.

He'd been so focused on her bedroom eyes, that he'd missed something very important evidently. Lowering his gaze, Dylan understood why his friend's were mocking him. Goldie had a small tattoo on the inside of her thigh of a vivid green four-leaf clover. The sign for luck. He wondered if this was just another step the woman had taken for their party. Dylan was sure it would probably be washed off in the morning.

Dylan was caught off guard by the urge to stroke his thumb across the inside of her thigh and prove that the tat wasn't real, the thought sent heat dancing down Dylan's spine to settle low in his belly.

As the music changed again, the other women in the room began to give lap dances of their own.

Rising up off an extremely pleased Colin, the sexy Leprechaun faced the groom. "I'll give one more dance, Mr. Douglas," Goldie began in a voice as smooth and precious as liquid gold. "You chose the friend."

Dylan's hands began to shake as he stood in the back. He set his beer down on a table so not to spill it on the hotel carpet. Hopefully, Colin would pick another friend. This woman had already done a job on the groom; by just simply grinding her hips she brought his friend to an orgasm, what would happen to him under her talented ass. He already found his self affected by the woman and he hadn't even touched her. A dance would be a slow pleasurable death.

"Dylan, front and center my man." Colin yelled across the room.

Shit! His death sentence had been served.

The other men appeared to part before him, giving him a clear path to the woman and the chair, a sexual guillotine. Colin was now standing to the side and Goldie waited patiently behind the chair, a sensual smile gracing those luscious lips.

His cock's throbbing became more commanding with each step he took.

"You've done a great job as my best man, Dylan, so have a seat and get your treat." Colin rhymed as he backed away. "You enjoy. He's all yours Goldie." With a sly wink, Colin moved through the crowd to the bathroom.

His friend's destination confirmed what Dylan already knew, this woman had brought a grown man to his knees before his friends. Sighing, Dylan sat down.

Goldie's touched on his shoulder and he jumped from the electric current from the contact. At first he thought he was the only one that felt it, until he looked up at her and noticed her small breasts lifting as she took a deep breath and her smile appeared less self assured.

"Do you like being called Dylan or..." tilting her head, her brown eyes assessed him from her standing position. "Lucky I believe it was." A coy smile played along her mouth.

*That mouth.*

"His ass in that chair proves he's lucky," Shane bellowed drunkenly.

"Lucky it is." Goldie stepped toward him.

Dylan expected her to turn around as she had done to Colin, but instead she continued to face him as she straddled his thighs. Goldie's gaze locked with his as she settled high on his thighs. Holding onto his shoulders, she began to move her hips to the beat as Beyoncé's voice echoed from the speaker system.

Resting his hands on her hips, he relaxed back against the chair. Her rotations were hypnotic, but it was her eyes that were doing him in. He was trapped in her gaze. Everything else faded around him as if they were in the room alone. Even the sound of the music seemed to dim. He could no longer make out the catcalls and squeals of the men and women in the room. His cock was fully erect now and he was glad she kept at least an inch away from it was with her beguiling gyrations. Feeling the heat of her body over his dick would be his erotic destruction. Slipping his hands around her hips, he cupped her ass over the satin of her underwear and squeezed the plump but firm flesh.

But, something else was going on between them. An undercurrent greater than the pseudo sexual scene, evident the moment she leaned forward, her lips moving toward his own. His heart raced with expectation of feeling those full lips pressed against his.

"Yea, Dylan, seal the deal!" Aaron's loud voice shattered the bubble he and Goldie had entered.

Goldie's passion filled brown eyes cleared, her lips hovered a hair away from his, moments before her hasty retreat.

*Yeah, she'd felt it to.*

A remorseful look crossed her features as she rose, removing her body from him. Pasting a fake smile on her face she turned to the men gathered around. "Well, gentlemen it has been fun, but we must go."

Groans of disappointment rippled throughout the room. Her two accomplices of pleasure, the lass and beer maid, pretended to pout as they joined her in the middle of the room.

Turning to Colin, Goldie said, "The best wishes on your marriage Mr. Douglas." Her petite height made her stretch up on her toes to place a kiss on the groom's cheek. Each of the other women followed suit with well wishes and loud smooches on the cheek and forehead.

They exited to the adjoining room. He assumed to get their things before leaving out the other door.

His friend's began eating, chatting about the girl's, passing around more beer and taunting Colin about his coming nuptials.

Dylan however found himself moving toward the door of the hotel room. He didn't know what was coming over him except that he felt compelled to talk to Goldie again. A feeling masking it's self as fear overcame him at the thought of not seeing her again. He convinced himself that it was just an unquenched sexual need. Goldie had started it and his body wanted her to finish it. That was it.

Whatever the reason, he found himself standing by the elevator eyeing the room door that was connected to the one all his friends were gathered in. Standing in front of that door made him feel like he was some kind of stalker. He wasn't, just determined.

The door finally opened and the three women came out giggling in long trench coats and carrying bags on their shoulders. By the shoes and stocking covered legs that flashed between the flaps of their coats he could tell they were still in costumes underneath.

Leaning along the wall next to the elevator they would have to use in order to go down to the lobby and he waited as the women approached-- the beer maid, the lass and the Leprechaun.

"Well, hello there Mr. *Lucky*," The beer maid played with his name.

The lass laughed and made a comment of her own as she pushed the down button, but Dylan wasn't interested in what they had to say. His eyes were focused on the one that remained silent, staring at him intently. Her tall buckle hat was gone and in its place were thin brown locs that made him jealous as they caressed her golden face.

"Goldie, may I have a word with you?" he requested.

"I'm sorry, Dylan, the show is over," she said, her voice professional and clipped.

"I know that." His gaze searched her features looking for the woman that was on his lap fifteen minutes ago.

"And I don't give encores," she spoke in a light and friendly tone.

"Didn't ask."

"Well, call the office if you want to book a party." There was a no nonsense tone to her voice, one she probably used on persistent men.

Dylan wasn't a guy that got brushed away easy. Not when it was something he wanted and he wanted Goldie. "I'm not planning one." He continued to lean along the wall, not wanting to intimidate her with his height.

The elevator dinged seconds before it opened at their floor. The other two girls got in, holding the door open button expecting Goldie to follow suit.

He was hoping she wouldn't.

Goldie's beautiful brown eyes glided across the features of his face for a moment.

Not moving a muscle, he stood there and allowed her to take her time.

"Goldie?" There was question in the Hispanic woman's voice.

Turning her head to her friends Goldie said, "I'll be fine."

The blonds' gaze traveled down the length of his body, than said, "I guess he is Lucky." The doors closed and they were gone, leaving him and Goldie alone.

Silence stretched through the hallway as they stared at each other. She was the first one to break the silence.

"If you don't want an encore or party entertainment...what do you want?" She ended on a husky note.

"You." Dylan made a bold move. He pushed away from the wall and stepped to her, wrapping his arms around her waist he pulled her against his chest and kissed her.

\* \* \*

Pascha found herself surrounded by strong arms and pressed against a hard chest. The kiss was deep and powerful, filled with as much longing as she felt brewing inside of her. She wanted to step back and shake herself. This wasn't her normal mode of behavior to have a client's tongue dueling with her own and tickling the roof of her mouth after a party. She was a turn 'em on and leave 'em kinda girl. The power of the game, she had learned it fast and well. It kept her from being hurt ever again.

But, this man, Dylan, called forth an instant passion she'd never felt before. She'd been swept off her feet with romantic notions before, but never unparalleled desire. During the lap dance she'd wanted to shed her clothes, along with his and ride his cock right there, not caring who looked on. In a heartbeat she'd gazed into his green eyes and had become lost.

Dylan pulled back, nipping at the corner of her lip, and then lowering his mouth along her chin to her ear. "Come with me."

"Where?" Leaning her head back, she allowed him more access. She prayed his room wasn't the one with the revelers.

"My room is five floors down." His nose brushed the shell of her ear.

Her toes curled in her shoes. This man was barely touching her, yet she was panting like she'd never been with a man before. Hell, it had been two years, it was damn close. She wouldn't permit her mind to consider why now? Why Dylan? Tonight she was going to feel. "Let's go."

His groan vibrated against her neck.

Taking a step back, she stared into his green eyes as she smiled and pressed the elevator button.

He returned her smile with a sexy cocky one of his own. Her heart raced, she loved a man with confidence, it turned her own. If his rhythm was as good as his smile, she'd been singing with the larks by midnight.

The elevator was thankfully quick. They stepped inside and before the doors closed he pulled her back into his embrace.

"You're too far away." Dylan pressed her against the side and started kissing her again.

She loved kisses. Her ex was not a kisser. They'd go for weeks with only light pecks to soothe her, but, she could tell that Dylan was different. That was what she needed. Had been wanting for these years, someone to come along and wipe the past mistake out of her mind.

One of his hands palmed her breast and pinched her nipple through her coat, as his other skimmed down the front of her body. She moaned loving the roughness of his play. Heat swirled low in her belly causing her clit to throb.

His hand moved inside the flaps of her trench and stroked the tops of her thighs briefly, before rising and meeting the seam of her panties.

*Oh, my, he's going to discover how wet I am.*

Too late, his hand squeezed the crotch of her underwear rubbing her throbbing nub through the satin material. Pressing her thighs together, she trapped his hand there, right where she needed relief. Dylan had started a hunger that she needed satisfied.

Palming the back of his head, she buried her fingers in the thick silk of his hair and deepened the kiss. Slipping her tongue between his firm lips she commanded the kiss the way he was commanding her body.

Groaning, he brushed his thumb along her clit sending sparks of excitement from that sensitive nubbin to her nipples. Wiggling against him she tried to communicate she needed more without breaking from his kiss.

He must have understood her body language very well. Placing his foot between her own he kicked one heel and then the other, putting her in a wide stance. Forceful. Direct.

Pulling away from his hot mouth, she looked up at him. His eyes dark and intense consumed her.

Shit. Maybe she'd bitten off a chunk too big for her to swallow. Nervous waves washed over her briefly. Then one finger glided from her clit down her slit and found its way inside of her and all nervous energy turned to the pursuit of an orgasm.

When a second finger joined the first spreading inside of her, she was lost. Her eyes rolled back and hips thrust forward meeting each push of his tormenting fingers.

"Damn, Goldie, you're so wet your juice is making a puddle in my palm."

He had no idea.

His rich timbre vibrated along the shell of her ear and took her over the edge. Her body released into a screaming orgasm right there wide legged in an elevator not caring who heard her.

Dylan must not have cared either, because he didn't try and stop her cries, just kept stroking her and placing light kisses along her neck and jaw until the last shiver.

Leaning away from her, he smiled. "Man, that was beautiful. Can you do it again?"

Ding.

"Not in here. I believe we've reached your floor." Righting her legs and her jacket, she moved to the door awaiting for the it to open. She disregarded the fact that her panties were not askew along her pussy, it felt sexy and daring and she liked it.

Standing next to her but not touching her, Dylan lifted his right hand to his face. "You smell good. Real good, Goldie."

The doors opened to two ladies and a man standing before the elevator. The two women had curious expressions on their faces. The man's held a smirk as he admired her form as if he could see under the layers.

Dylan escorted her onto the floor and when they passed the man, Dylan dragged his tongue across his still wet palm and moaned. "But you taste even better," he confirmed as he wrapped his arm around her waist.

The low whistle from the man as he entered the elevator confirmed he'd heard Dylan's announcement as well. Fighting a blush, she curled herself along Dylan's side and enjoyed the moment. This man desired and appreciated her. That's all she would focus on right now.

### Chapter Three

Dylan opened his room door with the keycard and wasted no time in pulling Goldie inside with him. He captured her full lips into another kiss as he blindly secured the door behind them. While his mouth continued to feast on hers, his hands were busy removing the coat from her beautiful full body; then he started on the zipper along the back of her costume.

With heavy breathing they parted as they walked deeper into the room.

"I'm not going to be the only one undressed here am I?" She tilted her head, making her locs swing beside her face.

"Hell, no. I want to feel all that luscious body against mine." Assuring her, he undid a few buttons of his shirt at the top then reached behind his head. Fisting the material pulled the shirt up and off. The shirt fell carelessly to the floor as he watched her shimmy out of the sexy green suit.

The dress slipped down her white stocking covered legs and pooled around her heels. His gaze traveled along the lines of her body loving every gold inch that he saw. The only thing obstructing his view of all of her was her bra and panties that were still slightly twisted from earlier. That sight made his chest swell with pride. It was a strange feeling, but he didn't analyze it. Goldie was different than the women he normally dated. Outside of her race, she was shorter and thicker than the others, but at this moment everyone else in his past paled in comparison.

"I'll show you mine, if you show me yours." Meeting her brown eyes he smiled.

"Well it is the night of wishes."

"I've caught myself a gorgeous Leprechaun." He unbuckled his belt then the fastenings of his pants. "So, grant me my wish..." He shoved his pants and underwear past his hips to the floor. "And show me your pot of gold."

\* \* \*

The laugh that was bubbling up inside of her at his words became lodged in her throat at the sight of Dylan... or Lucky as his friend's called him. The length and girth of him proved he was lucky indeed. Inch, by glorious long inch he'd destroyed years of myths, and declared himself a champion among men of all races.

His impressive hard length made her mouth water and her sex ache to feel him inside of her. Pulling her gaze away from his steely shaft, she admired the strength and definition of his chest. This man worked out regularly to keep himself cut and in shape. As she unhooked her bra, she wondered if he exercised for recreation or for his job. The desire to know more about him overwhelmed her. She pushed the thought and her bra aside, knowing more about him, meant him know more about her and that was a no-no. That meant closeness and someone having the authority to change and hurt her.

"You're taking too long. I think you need assistance."

In a blink in he was before her, hooking his thumbs in the sides of her panties and dragging them down her legs as he lowered himself before her. Chills of excitement danced up her spine as she observed his head so close to her sex. Dancing and controlling the men in the room always aroused her. Move for and against him had taken her over the limit. Normally, after a show she went directly to the dressing room and showered, bringing her body back under control. The real reason she never gave an encore, she was too afraid she'd come on stage. Dylan had already felt and tasted her essence on his hand, but knowing that he would behold how wet she truly was made a momentary shyness overcome her.

"Dylan--"

"Don't worry baby, I got this." He cut her off, grabbed one ankle and slipped it out of her underwear then moved on to the other. "I can smell you, Goldie."

Damn, his words were making matters worse. She didn't have to see her lips to know they were swollen, she could feel the ache as they pressed against each other surrounding her clit in their slick juices. And now that her panties were down the juice was making its way down her thighs. Her secret would be out as soon as Dylan looked at her, or worse a droplet would fall on his hand.

Raising her other foot he tossed her panties over his shoulders than placed that foot on the bed leaving her wide open.

"Well, well, well, I do believe I've found my treasure." His emerald eyes rose from her sopping pussy and met hers.

The smile on his face let her know he was pleased at his find.

With a nervous giggle, she said, "I'm a little excitable."

"Just the way I like my pussy, excited to see me." He winked and began playing in her wetness with light touches.

Relief was like a cooling balm along her skin as she smiled down at him.

"I'm going to taste you until you cream into my mouth. Then, I'm going to fuck you. Any questions?"

His commanding voice left no room for dispute and she didn't have any. Speechless, she shook her head.

"Good."

The single word fluttered against her sensitive skin as he leaned toward her and began performing what he'd described.

Dylan cupped her ass stabilizing her. Then he kissed the tat on the inside of her thigh and licked a pattern up to her sex. His first lick had her bucking against his devoted mouth. His sighs of gratification mixed with her moans as he consumed her orally. She clutched his shoulders, needing an anchor to keep her from getting lost in pleasure's atmosphere.

He circled her clit, and then suckled the engorged nub until she was trembling. Her belly tightened with her pending orgasm as he glided his tongue from along her slit and flicking her stiff peak repeatedly in rapid succession. One of his thumbs dipped into her opening and matched the rhythm of his mouth with short thrusts.

She ground her pussy against him as she hovered above her climatic precipice. His taps became more insistent as his thumb slipped from her pussy to the sensitive rosette, rubbing her fluids across the tight opening then burrowed inside. The wicked invasion pressing inside of her, awakening virgin nerves with each caress was all she needed to push her over the edge. For the second time that night, Dylan brought her to a screaming release.

As the pleasurable fog cleared, he lifted her and carried her to the bed. Before she'd settle completely into the mattress, his cock was settled against her opening.

"You are beautiful, Goldie."

Leaning up, she kissed him, trying to communicate her appreciation of his words. It had been years since she felt beautiful. She tasted her own intoxicating wine as her tongue swiped the inside of his mouth.

Dylan fisted her locs and pressed forward inside of her. She was stretched. The combination of pleasure and pain twisted up her spine as he pulled out, then entered again deeper.

\* \* \*

Groaning, Dylan worked his hard cock into Goldie's tight pussy. The snug wet walls of her sex gloved him in a lover's hold. In and out, he kept his pace steady as he inched his length further inside of her not wanting to hurt her.

"More, Dylan." She arched her hips to meet him.



Those words were all her needed to release the restraint he held on his body like a vice. Burying his face in the curve of her neck he inhaled her unique scent. Her aroma conjured up an image of a black amethyst, mysterious and elusive.

Gripping her hips, he plunged forward until his balls press against her ass as he angled upward and seated himself deep inside of her. Attempting to give her a moment to adjust to him, he was thrown into a tailspin of erotic delight as she wiggled her hips and squeezed her muscles tighter around him.

He pulled out and buried himself again to the hilt and was greeted by the quick intake of her breath as a soft cry passed her lips tickling his ear. Her legs stocking clad legs wrapped high around his waist and her arms encircle his shoulders. She was surrounding him completely. An embrace that showed him a flash of a home where every night would be golden. In an instant, this woman was becoming more to him.

Those images flickered through his mind as his hips pistoned forward against her over and over again. His own growl of gratification rumbled in the room and united with her cries of pleasure.

The squeak and groan of the bed serenaded their lovemaking.

Goldie began to tremble in his arms and he knew that like him her orgasm was paramount. Moments later her climax set off his own as her cunt milked him. But, he continued pumping as the world spiraled around him. He couldn't stop. Didn't want to stop.

He'd found a gift that he didn't know if he could live with out. Seizing her mouth, he kissed her, sending his tongue into the recesses of her mouth as his hips continued to thrust allowing the hot walls of her sex to stimulate his erection.

\* \* \*

Caught up in the magic of the night, Goldie gave herself over to Dylan. She allowed him command of her body at the risk of her heart. Rotating her hips against him, she loved the feel of his rigid cock inside of her. She couldn't get enough. She needed memories to last her through the lonely nights.

The knowledge that she would never feel him inside of her again, or feel the security of being wrapped in his arms made her eyes burn. But, she hated crying as much as she hated being weak and out of control. Squeezing her eyes tighter she concentrated on his kiss and focused her mind on constricting her sex around him.

Dylan groaned and pulled away from her kiss. "I need more, baby."

In moments she found herself flipped over onto her knees and dragged toward the edge of the bed, Dylan standing behind her.

Without the preamble of the first time his pressed inside of her, this time he was settled deep inside of her with one fierce thrust. She couldn't hold back the scream of excitement as her hips arched high and his plunge caused her knees to lift from the bed.

Finding purchase with a grip on the comforter, her locs tumbled around her face and swayed to his forceful beat. Excitement caused the nerves to waltz along her spine. She dipped her shoulder to the bed availing herself to his mastery.

Holding her hips he continued to drive his cock into her as he chanted words of admiration and endearment. Her heart thrummed with joy even though she knew these were just temporal statements spoken in the heat of passion. They weren't his true feelings.

"Fuck me harder, Dylan," she called out to him, shocking herself with her need to feel consumed totally by him. "Harder."

"Yes, baby." He slammed into her.

She moaned and clawed at the blanket. "Harder."

"Keep talking, sweetheart." He knocked against her back wall with a force that curled her toes.

She bucked against him as firelight flashed behind her eyes. Her eyes sprung open at the first smack on her right ass cheek, it was accompanied by a deep thrust. Never in her life had she ever been spanked and especially not during sex. The astonishment she felt fell second to the throbbing the strike ignited in her clit.

Another swat landed in the same spot and heat erupted along her skin.

By the third thrust and smack, she'd arched her ass up so his that her spine hurt. But she didn't care the attention stirred her into and erotic insanity. "Yesss," she hissed.

Her clit was ablaze and her abdomen was so tight she knew the next orgasm would hit her hard.

Pausing in his thrust, Dylan gave her four consecutive firm taps on the same spot making a red hot numbness spread across the area. Then he began to fuck her, hard and fast showing her no mercy. Every hard thrust made her want the next one even more. Begging and pleading with him not to stop.

Suddenly, he stopped. Before she could say anything, he reached around and flicked her clit. The small light touch shattered her into a million pieces. She screamed and thrashed on the bed as a spine bowing orgasm consumed her like no other.

"Dylan!" she called out.

Dylan pressed himself deep inside of her, moving just at the right angle in short quick thrusts to continue her shudders for long moments. His body quaked behind hers as he joined her in ecstasy.

They both collapsed along the foot of the bed. Dylan's form was spooned around her own as his idle hand stroked her breast. The room was silent except for their labored breath.

\* \* \*

Dylan didn't recall falling asleep, but he didn't mind waking up with the soft bundle curved against him. He inhaled and enjoyed the smell of their combined scents mingled in the room. Pushing her locs away from her face, he stared down at the beautiful black woman in his arms.

*Goldie.*

He knew that wasn't her real name. Everything in him wanted to know who she was. Where she lived. How she'd gotten herself into a life of a dancer. Traveling his gaze along her form, he admired her lithe body. Her dancing gave her tone and definition, but her heredity made her thick in all the right places.

Her small full breasts called to him. He hadn't given them enough attention last night needing to taste her and bury his cock inside of her.

Starting at her shoulder, he placed light kisses along her skin and then moved lower. Rolling her to her back, he took pleasure in hearing the soft moans she made in her sleep.

Gliding his tongue across her sweet skin, he circled the chocolate tip of her breast. Her nipple pulled tight into a delectable peak. He flicked the stiff tip and smiled as Goldie squirmed on the bed. Seizing the plump tip in his mouth he stroked her nipple and sucked her.

She buried her hands in his hair and held him to her. He watched her face awaken moments before she opened her eyes, gazing down at him.

"Dylan," she moaned.

He couldn't stop the pride of hearing his name as the last thing on her lips before she slept and the first thing she said when she awoke. What was it about her, he asked himself again.

Pulling away from the succulent treat he said, "Hi, there, sweetheart."

"Hi, yourself," her voice was soft, still laced with sleep.

He moved up her body and kissed her. "Stay with me," he murmured along her lips.

Freezing, she pushed him back. Her dark brown eyes captured his. There were so many unspoken things in her gaze, he wondered what she was hiding.

"I can't stay the night with you. I've already been here too long."

Taking the weight out of the moment, he smiled and said, “Well, it’s already two in the morning. There’s not that many hours remaining.”

She sighed, but relieved more of the tension by giving him a smile of her own. “I can’t stay, but after all your hard work I can treat you.” She pressed his shoulders until his was flat on his back.

“Hmm, I like the sound of that.” His dick leapt to attention and concurred.

She kissed her way down his chest, licking him here and there. Pausing for a moment she dipped her small tongue into his navel causing him to suck in a breath.

Giggling, she continued on.

When she reached the taunt skin of his abdomen above his hairline she suckled the skin. When she released him, Dylan noticed the light purple mark on his skin.

Grasping his erect cock in her hands she began to stroke him. He closed his eyes and relished the feel of her rhythmic grip. She stroked him, squeezing the tip at each pass. He felt the air caress the bead of moisture on the crown. The swipe of her tongue across the top brought his eyes open. He didn’t want to miss a moment of seeing her full lips surrounding him.

Swirling around the tip, she collected the pearls of his desire for her. Then she paused and stared up at him. Their gaze met for a minute as she took him into her mouth. Her mouth stretched wide around his head, her locs a curtain around them. The golden tone of her skin against his ivory length entranced him.

He clinched his ass cheeks and held his breath, he didn’t want to move. He didn’t want anything to disturb this moment of sublime peace. Then she lowered her mouth more and squeezed her fist tighter.

The air that left his lungs came out in a groan and his vision turned into a kaleidoscope of colors and shapes as her mouth feasted on him. Sinking his hands into her locs he attempted to restrain himself from thrusting into her hot wet mouth and pressing against the back of her throat.

She pumped harder, dipped her head lower and her suckling became relentless, then she moaned and he was lost. He arched beneath her as the slick heat of her mouth welcomed him. Pumping into her, he found his pace to match her mouth and hand. When his balls tightened to the point of pain and he knew his completion was nearing, he sat up. Pulling her onto his lap he wasted little time in slipping into her tight pussy. The place he wanted to be when he came. It was his place of peace and contentment.

Seated on his lap, their coupling was quick as she rode him hard. They climaxed together in a fury kisses.

Shifting their bodies, until she was on the pillows and underneath him, he entered her again. This time, he made love to her slowly as he gazed down into her beautiful brown eyes. He didn’t need her to tell him this was the last time. Every fiber of his being knew their time was coming to an end.

\* \* \*

“If you pull money out of your wallet I’ll be extremely offended.” Fresh from a quick shower with her costume back on, Goldie tied her belt snug around her waist. Seeing him pull his wallet out of his pants pocket had caused her heart to drop. Not only was prostitution was a no-no. That was the first rule drilled into her head. The second -- don’t get yourself involved with a client. She screwed the pooch on that one.

Because as hard as she’d tried, Dylan would forever be implanted in her heart after this night. Which was why the thought of him thinking she was a whore hurt like hell.

Tilting his head, Dylan stared at her dressed in only his slacks and said, “That was the furthest thing from my mind.” Removing a small card from his wallet he stepped to the nightstand and wrote on it. After he was finished, he crossed the carpet to her. “Here.”

He stood so close his heat caressed her. Glancing down at the card, she took it from him. Dylan Campbell 555-9736 was legibly written on the back.

Picking her bag up, she placed it on her shoulder. "Dylan, I don't think I can handle a relationship right now." She spoke the words from her mind and pushed away the thoughts of her heart that told her to give this a chance.

Cupping her face in his hands, he looked at her. "Look, Goldie, the ball is in your court. But, we didn't use any protection tonight and just encase--"

She held his hand along her face. "Encase nothing. I've been on birth control for fifteen years. You're the second man that I've ever been with. Nothing or no one's going to come from this."

A shadow of something resembling the sadness that she felt crossed his face. "So this is it?"

She gave him a small smile and stepped back until she could pull the door open. "Thanks, Dylan, for a night a wonderful evening." Those words sounded trite to her own ears, but the only other thing to be said was to tell him how much she wanted to let him in her life. And she couldn't do that.

"Goldie." He grabbed her hand.

She rushed out the door. If she gave him a chance to beg her to stay she would. Shaking her head, she quickly ran down the hall not bothering to wait on the elevator just raced down the stairs.

## Chapter Four

“So, tell me what happened last night during the time the police suspect had been here.” Dylan leaned against the bar with his stencil pad open and jotted down notes as the bartender from Enterprise, as club on the eastside of downtown Charlotte, spoke. Today was no different than any other for him. As an ABC special agent it was his job to investigate all crimes that happened within a hundred feet of an establishment that sold alcohol. Or when a cop informed them of an incident that happened after someone had left an establishment.

It was one in the afternoon and the club was empty except for the employees readying the place for the Saturday night customers that would be filling the place during the evening hours. Cliff, the bartender, recited what he knew about the two girls that ended up in a knife fight outside the club last night. Both girls he remembered, of course, Dylan wasn't surprised. The two blonde college girls wouldn't be hard to miss. One of them now sported a cut across her face.

“The shorter of the two was already feeling good when she came in. I could tell she was pretty wasted so I didn't give her anything. The taller one, she wanted a double blue orgasm. I served her. She came up later with a guy and did a shot with him. I'm not sure how well she knew him but they were crawling all over each other. I asked them to take it away from the bar. They moved on and I continued to serve my customers until last call. I know shortly after that a fight broke out in front, but I can't tell you much else.”

Dylan nodded, jotted down the information. He'd already spoken to the bouncer who broke up the fight and called the cops. He asked Cliff a few more follow up questions about the club's protocol and standards when it comes to whom they can serve. After ensuring himself that Cliff would give the same answer as Marty, the manager of the club, Dylan left.

Outside of the club Dylan observed the businesses on both sides. One was an empty building up for lease and the other was a club called Pink Paradise, an elite gentlemen's club. From his understanding this was a topless bar and restaurant, he'd never had an opportunity to visit. Besides, his job usually called for him to be in clubs and other evening establishments so it was the last thing on his list to do when he had an evening free.

As procedures dictated, he'd have to speak to any possible witness and since incident happened outside there was a chance that the employees at this place had witnessed something.

Pulling on the door, he found it locked, but he could vaguely make out music from inside, letting him know someone was working even if they weren't open yet. He traveled down the street and around the corner until he located the back entrance of the gentlemen's club. Glad to discover it was unlocked, Dylan entered the place and was bombarded by the sound of Christina Aguilera's *Candyman*. The door closed behind him, enclosing him in a dark hallway. He was thankful for the lightening track on the floor.

Following the glowing trail, the music became louder as he entered the far side of the dining area. The lights in the room were dim with the exception of the floodlights over the stage. He only got a brief glimpse of the woman on stage rehearsing for what he assumed was her performance that night.

“Can I help you?” The male voice came from the side of him.

Turning, Dylan spotted a man arranging silverware on a table in a white shirt, and black and white vest and slacks. Crossing the room to him to the waiter, and he said, “I'm Dylan Campbell.” Flashing the man his agent's badge, he continued, “I'm investigating the knife fight that happened in front of the club last night. Are any of your bouncers around?”

Scanning his identification, the man nodded. “The only one that's here is Bruno. I was off yesterday so I can't tell you if he worked or not.”

Bruno. The name sounded like a bouncer's. "Thanks."

The waiter crossed the room to a guy who stood at the bar drinking a soda from a can. The guy listened to the waiter and then squinted through the dim lighting. When the bouncer stood, Dylan could tell why there wasn't any alcohol distribution investigation in this place. Bruno, like his name, was a bruiser. The bouncer was a tall black guy with a body the size of a California Redwood. To say the man was huge was an understatement.

Big beefy hands waved Dylan over. Dylan met the man in the middle of the room. "I'm Bruno. Mike tells me you got questions?"

The waiter went back to his work.

"Yea, I just wanted to find out if any of the employees here happened to see what transpired last night in front of the club?"

"You a cop?"

He got that often. "No, I'm an ABC special agent."

Nodding his understanding, Bruno said, "Nah, I didn't see anything last night. I heard about it; which is usually the case. We close a little later then they do next door and besides we guard from inside. Since we're exclusive, our members have to call before they come for the evening so they can get the pass code for the night for the front door, which changes daily."

Wow, Dylan was impressed. "Okay, thanks. I appreciate your time." Sticking his hand out, Dylan shook hands with the big man.

"Sorry, I couldn't be more of a help."

Turning, Dylan was prepared to exit the club when the woman on stage caught his eye. The girl on stage, in the sexy blue vinyl sailor suit, dancing to the pop song, finally got down off the pole. Now, she was positioned at the front edge of the stage swinging her hips to the beat as her hands flirted with the short low-riding skirt. The skirt was snatched off, most likely by hidden fastenings. Now the woman stood in a blue thong that matched the light blue part of her short, breast hugging sailor top.

Goldie.

Everything in him told yelled it was her, even though her hair was pulled back in a tight bun. The woman smiled and squatted down and pulled her bent knees wide open exposing the full expansion of her thighs leading up to the sweet crotch of her panties. He frowned, something was missing.

He made steps towards her and was stopped by a wall.

That wall was Bruno. "We have a policy hear about approaching the dancers while they're ir on stage. Besides, you're not a member and we're not open."

"I know her."

Bruno lifted his eyebrow, doubt evident all over the man's face. "I've heard that before."

"Her name is Goldie."

Still doubtful, Bruno said, "Lucky guess."

That's what his friend's called him. And now that he'd found her, he was starting to believe them. "On the inside of her thigh there's a four-leaf clover."

Turning, Bruno glanced over his shoulder to see if the tat was showing.

It wasn't.

"Maybe you do know her."

"Thanks." Smiling, Dylan made move to go around the mountain again.

"Not so fast." The bouncer halted him again.

"We don't interrupt the set. When she comes off stage, I'll go to the back and see if she wants to talk to you."

Dylan wanted her now. He didn't want to wait, but not wanting to press his chance he conceded. "Fair enough."

Taking a seat at the bar, while Bruno headed to a door on the side of the stage, Dylan watched.

His cock was at full attention as he silently observed the woman who had stolen his heart a month ago. After two weeks he'd stop trying to convince himself that she would call. Pride wouldn't allow him to ask his friends about the association where the girls came from.

By the time the song ended there wasn't much left of Goldie's costume. In only a thong, white gloves and a sailor hat she saluted with a big smile as she backed off the stage. Her small pert breasts and full hips bounced to the fading beat.

His heart beat a hard tempo in his chest, unsure whether she would want to see him. As time ticked by Bruno finally came out from the back. Dylan jumped off the stool and walked toward him.

"I'll take you to her," his deep voice rumbled.

They weaved a path through the tables and along another side hall and arrived at a door. Bruno tapped twice then opened the door.

"You can wait here. She'll be out in a minute."

Stepping past the bouncer into the dressing room filled with chairs, tables with lots of make-up and mirrors surrounded by Hollywood lighting. The back wall was filled with lockers and a rack full of costumes and an archway. All this time she'd been right here, avoiding him.

Well, her time was up.

A noise from the back grabbed his attention. Turning, he was greeted by the sight that had eluded him for weeks. Goldie stood before him in a white terry cloth robe. Her face was fresh of make-up and her locs hung across her shoulder, not quit reaching her breasts.

She'd showered.

"Hello, Dylan," he soft voice caressed his ear.

He crossed his arms over his chest, his suit coat pulled across his back, but he couldn't trust himself not to touch her. "Goldie. So, this is where you've been hiding."

Shaking her head, she said, "Not hiding, Dylan. Just living my life."

Dropping his hands, he said, "Why couldn't I be a part of it?"

Folding her own arms under her breasts, she asked, "How?"

"By dating. Seeing where this relationship can go."

"Doubtful it'll be very far. I see you in your suit and tie. How would you introduce me to your friends?" She mimicked an introduction at a party, "Hi everyone, I'd like you to meet my girl friend, she's a stripper."

Giving up on restraint he crossed the room and grabbed her shoulders, pulling her to him. "Damn-it, I don't care about all that."

"Not now." She pushed away from him and moved deeper into the room.

Frustrated, he ran his hand through his hair. "I don't know. Help you find another job or something."

Laughing she rolled her eyes. "Why would you think I want, or need, another job?"

"Hell, I have no clue. I heard women do this to support a sick relative or get through college. I don't know anything about you."

"That's right, you don't." Her brown eyes were fiery as if filled with hurt.

"Not for lack of trying." He approached her again and brushed her locs away from her face. "Tell me about Goldie. Help me understand."

He saw the doubt and confusion in her eyes.

"Sweetheart, I have done nothing but work and think about you. In one night you consumed me."

\* \* \*

Goldie looked away. Her heart was torn. Dylan was saying all the right words.

When Bruno had come back stage and told her some investigator was looking for her. Her initial thought was that it was Oscar searching her out for something. Then Bruno had said his name was Dylan Campbell and her world went spinning in seconds. She'd tried for weeks to get him out of her mind without success.

She'd learned to live with seeing his face on every patron in the Pink Paradise. Frequently, bringing herself to climax in the shower after every show remembering his touch. She'd become accustomed to going to bed with dreams of him beside her. Now he was here demanding more.

Dylan was right, he didn't understand, didn't know what he was asking of her.

"What are you afraid of?" His thumbs stroked her bottom lip as he lifted her chin making her gaze meet his once again.

Seeing the intense look in his green gaze, she was pulled in. This is why she'd run from Dylan, he had the ability to make her want to open her heart to him.

Embracing her, he whispered low in her ear, his voice vibrated along her skin, "Tell me."

Inhaling deeply she allowed his powerful masculine scent to surround her, be a part of her as the memory of him had done over the last month. She asked herself the ultimate question, 'Did she want a relationship with the man?'

Moving from him, she said, "Fine, I'll tell you about me, but I need space." She gestured toward a stool. "Please sit."

Respecting her wishes, he claimed one of the vanity seats.

Taking a deep breath to clear his scent from her mind, Goldie began. "Up until two years ago I was married to a rich and powerful man."

She saw Dylan's lips move as if he were going to say something or ask a question. Raising a hand, she stopped him. "If I'm going to tell you about me, you can't interrupt."

Thankfully he remained silent.

"When I was in college I met Oscar while I was doing an internship. He began sending me flowers and other gifts to my apartment. My internship ended and we officially began. He convinced me to drop out of college. I didn't care. I was swept away and enjoyed living my life through him. My family and I were never close. I wanted to believe he was all I needed."

Goldie swallowed the lump in her throat. She hadn't realized how hard it was going to be to tell this story. She'd never relayed her tale to anyone, not even Sam when he offered her the job.

"I became the perfect society wife, charities, balls, dinner parties and more. Ten years and eight months later I caught him in my bed with another woman."

Glancing over at Dylan, she noticed the flex in his jaw. It warmed her heart to see someone else angry on her account. Giving him a watery smile she continued.

"After putting a few bullets in the hand carved Spanish colonial headboard, I walked out of my life." Tears finally brimmed over her lids and slid down her cheeks.

*Man I hate crying.* Squeezing her eyes together, she took deep breaths to control her emotions. Overwhelmed by the smell of Dylan, she opened her eyes and saw him standing before her with facial tissues.

He gave her a small smile then wiped her eyes. Kissing her on the tip of the nose he stepped away and resumed his seat.

She continued, "By the time I left Virginia and arrived in North Carolina, things were running out and falling apart fast. It only took Oscar one week before he tracked me down by the GPS in my car. One day I was awakened by the banging on the door of the Motel Two." She giggled, "By that time I couldn't even afford a six and I was considered going back to him that night when I went to bed. I'd called my older sister and she told me that I had been a fool and that I was nothing without Oscar and I needed to crawl back to him and beg him for another chance."



Goldie laughed at the sheer lunacy of her sister's "wise" words. Dylan shook his head.

"At three in the morning, an angry Oscar barged in and demanded that I come home and stop all the foolishness." Her gaze met Dylan's green eyes. "It only took me five minutes to pull myself out of a shocked stupor at the nerve of him thinking that I was stupid or that my self-esteem was so low that I would go back to him."

Placing her hands on her hips, she pushed her shoulders back and lifted her chin. "Hell no, I told him and gave him a piece of my mind about screwing his whore in our bed. I told him how he could've had the decency to take her to a hotel. With naïve confidence I said I was getting a divorce and using the settlement to start a new life without him."

Crossing her arms over her chest, she stared off in the distance. "I'll never forget Oscar's laughter. When he finished laughing in my face he explained to me he could do anything he damn well pleased because I had been a young foolish idiot when I signed a pre-nup before we were married. I remembered the pre-nuptial agreement, but he had told me it would end in a year if we didn't divorce. So, the car, the house, the clothes...everything was his in his name and his name."

She sighed. "That's when it all hit me. As a first-rate attorney Oscar had orchestrated our whole marriage. All the things I'd believed were a gift or something we shared, he'd made sure everything was in his name. I'd been a fool, believing in a fairytale. I let someone else control my life once before and I will never be anyone else's fool." Stepping over to Dylan, she said, "So, I need you to understand that I do this for my independence and I *like* it."

Reaching out, he apprehended her around the waist and brought her between his spread legs. "And I need you to know that I do this because I like it." He claimed her mouth.

The kiss was exactly how she remembered it, deep, intense and all consuming. Her tongue greeted his when it entered her mouth and her toes curled in her fuzzy slippers. His hands fisted her locs, pulling them away from her face.

Moving his lips away from hers, he trailed them along her jaw line until he reached her ear. "I don't care what you do, Goldie, as long as you're happy and I'm with you."

Running her fingers through his hair, she assessed his features. She couldn't allow herself to read into his words. "Are you sure, Dylan?"

"I'm more than sure. I'm positive I am falling for you." His emerald eyes sparkled.

*Falling?* She giggled, feeling relief wash over her. A man had actually come along and accepted her for who she was and didn't want to change her.

Sliding her arms around his broad shoulders, she said, "I've been trying to fight my feelings for you since I walked out of your hotel room."

"I'm glad to hear it." Lowering his hands from her waist he dragged them down her full hips and cupped her ass. "What's your real name?"

Relaxing against him she enjoyed his caress. "It's Goldie is now. I was born Pascha Sinclair and became a D'Leon. Sam gave me the name Goldie when I started working for him. It stuck and I got it legally changed."

Parting her robe with one hand, he revealed more of her golden skin and kissed the side of her neck. "And the tat you keep covered with make-up on stage."

Leaning back she smiled at him, "Caught that did you?"

"I don't miss anything when it comes to you." He bared one of her breasts and stroked the tip with the pad of his thumb.

"I got it about three months after I started working here. Even with things as bad as they were, I still believed deep in my heart that one day my luck would change."

"Then you got lucky." Winking at her, he pinched her nipple.

Her breath caught as she whimpered, "I'm glad to have him too."

“I have a report to write, but I’d love to spend the evening with you catching up on lost time.” He soothed her peak with a lick. “Do you think you can get Mr. Ellison to let you off?”

Pressing her pelvic against his erect cock hidden behind his slacks, she said, “Sam retired six months ago and I’m now owner of the Pink Paradise. So, I think I can give myself the night off.”

A wicked smile graced his mouth and lit his eyes. “Can you give yourself permission to lock the door? I think I may want to start our reuniting now.”

“I already told, Bruno that I didn’t want to be disturbed so I think we’re good. The girl’s will not be here for another hour.”

His groan excited her.

“I can do a lot in an hour.”

Leaning forward she placed her lips against his and murmured, “Stop talking and show me.”

And he did.