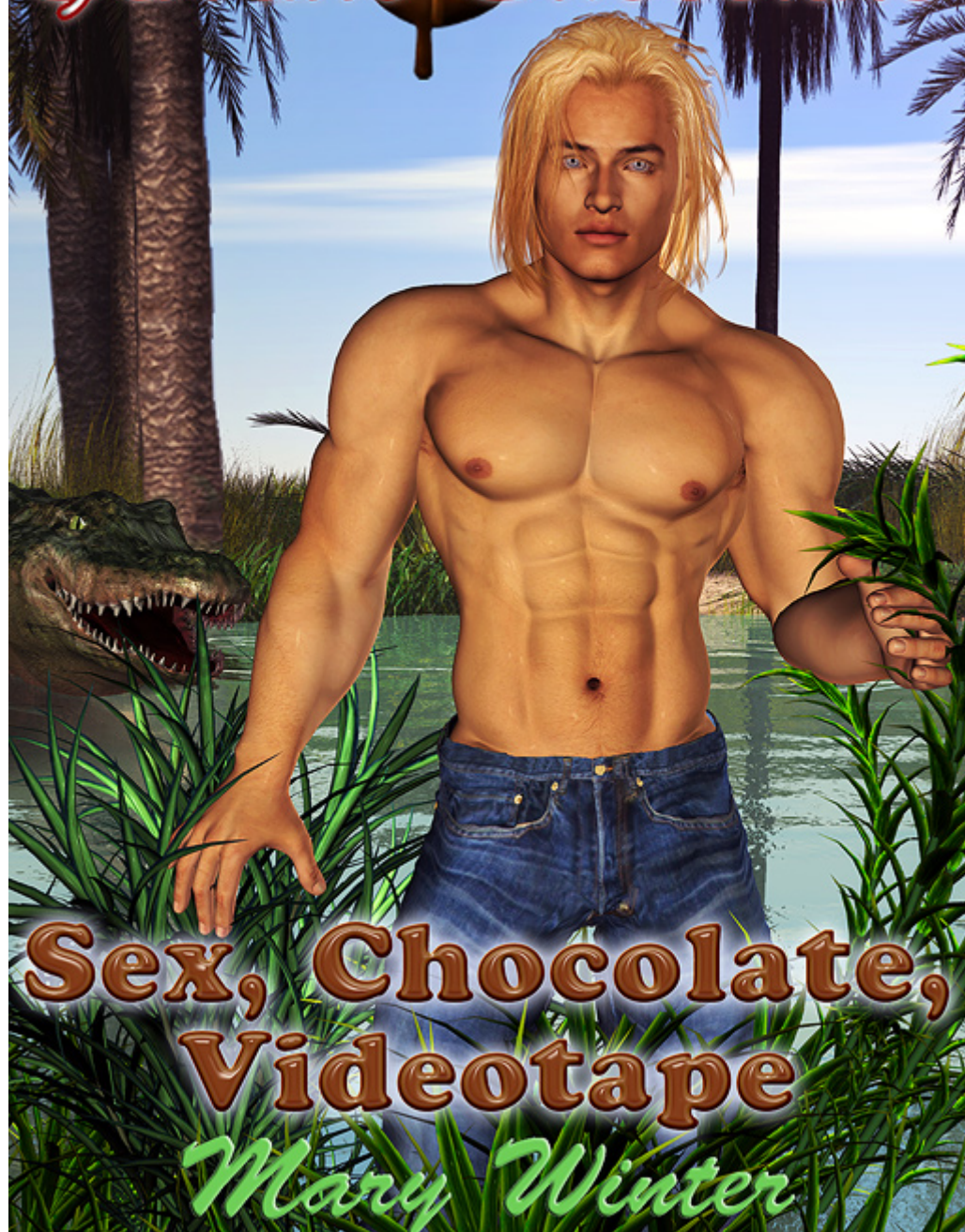


Changeling Press

Sex and Chocolate



**Sex, Chocolate,
Videotape**

Mary Winter

Sex and Chocolate: Sex, Chocolate, Videotape

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Sex and Chocolate: Sex, Chocolate and Videotape

Mary Winter

Tired of waiting for his “Gator Goddess,” Sylvie Skylar, Remy decides to go to Australia to catch her on the set. While his batch of chocolate cookies gets him into her bed, his shifted form gets him into a made-for-TV event. His on-screen escapades outshine his and Sylvie’s sexual ones, and back in the Florida Everglades, Remy’s family is not pleased by Remy’s antics.

Life for Sylvie and Remy won’t be smooth sailing once they get back to Sylvie’s gulf-front property in Florida. She’s got to prove to Remy’s family that she won’t reveal their secret, and that the self-proclaimed Gator Goddess is ready to settle down in the swamp for good.

Chapter One

Remy stood by the door of Sylvie's trailer, completely underwhelmed by the life of a movie star. The longer he waited for someone to let him into the trailer -- surprisingly, these lackeys believed his story about being a fellow alligator trainer -- the more he ached to get her the hell out of here and back to Florida.

Two weeks. She'd promised him two weeks and he should have given them to her. He couldn't. The need to see her, to hold her, to make love to her, had been too strong and had taken him halfway across the world. Thankfully Australian grocery stores carried many of the same ingredients as American stores, and the chocolate cookies in his bag would go a long way toward soothing her.

A skinny, awkward-looking young man ran up to the trailer door. Ignoring Remy, the kid chatted into a cell phone, talking about where to find organic bon bons and kona coffee for some diva who was throwing a fit on set. The lackey paused long enough to open the trailer door before rushing away.

Remy stepped inside the trailer, wondering if the kid had been talking about his Sylvie. He shook his head and pulled the door closed behind him. His Sylvie wouldn't act like that. Besides, he'd never once seen her drink coffee. And if she liked bon bons he'd have his grandma make her good chocolate cream mini pies, and Sylvie wouldn't want for candy ever again. He grinned and set down his bag.

It took only a moment for him to arrange the no-bake cocoa cookies on a plastic tray and strip off his clothes. The trailer held a small sitting area, a bedroom visible through an open door, and a little kitchenette. Certainly not the palatial digs he expected a star like her to have. Naked, he strode into the bedroom, pulled back the sheets and sat there with the plate of cookies balanced in his lap.

His mother's Gator Shit Cookies. Remy grinned, thinking of all the Sunday afternoons spent in the family kitchen stirring the recipe, then dropping the batter in spoonfuls onto waxed paper to cool. The liquid batter splattered when it dropped from the spoon, looking completely inedible, but tasting oh, so good. Unable to resist, he picked up a cookie and nibbled on it.

The trailer door opened.

Remy held his breath. He listened, the footfalls sounding soft enough to be Sylvie. The door closed. Only one person appeared to have entered. Probably her, but she might have an assistant or something.

A soft sigh filtered through the open door.

Remy relaxed against the bed. Yeah, it was his Sylvie. His cock hardened thinking about her coming back here and finding him naked. He wondered if she'd have to choose which she'd eat first: the cookies or him.

A cell phone rang.

"Damn it. I'm not talking to you." Sylvie's tired-sounding voice held a rough edge. She must have silenced the phone because it went dead. "If we do three more takes I can get out of here and go back to Remy."

He opened his mouth, intending to say something, when she stepped into the doorway. Dirt smudged her face. Her hair had come loose from its tight updo, and her golden bikini showed off her toned and sweaty body. Her nipples poked against the shimmering fabric. Beneath the tray of cookies, his cock leapt to full attention.

Sylvie gasped. A huge smile spread across her face. "Or," she said with a seductive pout, "Remy could come here." She reached behind her head to undo the band holding back her hair. A gentle swing sent it tumbling down her back, and she sighed as she massaged her scalp. "Oh, that's so much better."

"Have a cookie. Chocolate will make it all better." He lifted the tray, giving her a good look at his erection.

Sylvie chuckled. "I'll be right back." She disappeared long enough to duck back into the other room, and he heard the lock click on the trailer door. When she returned,

she pulled the string securing her bikini top free. A tug at her hips had her bottoms falling to join the top, and, naked, she strode over to the bed.

"You look good enough to eat," Remy said.

"So do your cookies." She grabbed one off the tray and stretched out beside him on the double bed. Closing her eyes, she brought the morsel to her lips. She bit and chewed, a low moan rumbling from her throat. "Oh, God, I think I've died and gone to heaven. You, naked in my bed, and chocolate. What are these?"

He turned his head and kissed a crumb from the corner of her mouth. "Gator shit cookies."

She coughed, laughing, and stared at the plate he held. "They're what?"

"Gator shit cookies." Remy held one up. "Because they look like, well, what the name implies."

Sylvie snatched the cookie out of his hand. "Maybe if the gator is sick. You forget that I work with them on a regular basis. Gator shit isn't usually flat, round discs." She devoured the offered snack and grinned.

"Should I be offended? This is my mother's recipe."

She laughed. Falling back on the pillow, she squeezed her eyes closed and laughed some more. "Then she should definitely know what that looks like." Opening her eyes, she picked up the tray and set it on the bedside table. "But I don't want to talk about gator crap. You're here. I've been busting my ass to finish this shoot and I have a few hours until our next take. I just want to spend that time with you." She curled into his side, splaying her palm across his stomach.

Remy reached for her. Outside the sounds of a set filtered through, from the shouts of orders being given to equipment being moved. Someone laughed. A car engine sounded awfully close. Wrapping his arms around her, he tucked her against his chest, loving the way her breasts pressed against him. Their legs tangled. Breathing deeply, he smelled the glorious mixture of sweat, sun block, and Sylvie's own unique fragrance. She murmured something nonsensical against his skin, and her hand swept down his thigh before sweeping back up to rest over his breastbone.

Her cuddle caught him off guard. His plan had been to arrive with cookies and invite himself into her trailer where they'd have sex until she had to go back to work. A smile lifted the corners of his lips. With her nestled against him like this, he could think about the two of them, back in Florida, lazing about in the sun like two gators.

The scent of them clung to her. Dipping his head, he sniffed her skin, camouflaging his actions with a kiss against her shoulder. Other male alligators, most likely the ones she worked with, had rubbed against her arms and legs. His cock swelled, a definite need building inside him to mark her and claim her as his own.

Apparently she had similar thoughts because her hand caressed a trail down to the root of his shaft. Her thumb brushed his length, and he drew in a sharp breath.

"Want another cookie?" Remy reached behind him to the plate he'd set on the table and picked up a cookie. He offered it to her with a smile.

"I'd prefer to eat you." Sylvie took the morsel from him and made a show of bringing it to her lips. She nibbled on it, making little sounds of pleasure in the back of her throat. Lowering her mouth to his turgid shaft, she rubbed the cookie up and down his cock. Bits of cocoa flaked off to tumble down his skin, and she used her tongue to capture each and every bit of chocolate goodness.

When she finished cleaning his cock, Sylvie swirled her tongue over the head. Remy watched her, his body hardening at the sight of her full, pink lips surrounding him. The hints of her tongue tightened his balls, and damn it, he'd come here to seduce her, not the other way around.

She reached between his legs, talented fingers sliding between and behind his balls. Gentle caresses had him reaching for her, one hand curled against the back of her head, the other on her back. He caressed down to her ass, squeezing her muscled cheeks. Her thighs shifted, giving him greater access to her pussy.

Remy teased her, brushing his fingers across her neatly trimmed bush before focusing his attention on her breasts. He palmed the tanned globes, their tawny skin nearly the exact same shade as her gold bikini. What a picture she must make, the sun bathing her in a warm glow, gators swirling around her ankles or warming themselves

on the beach. Thinking about having her wrestling him in his other form made his cock twitch against her lips. Yeah, he'd love to have her lithe body wrapped around him.

He rotated his hand against the hard nub of her nipple. His mouth watered at the thought of taking one tight bead into his mouth. Not yet. Their current position, with her head in his lap, made it awkward, and besides, the way her lips and tongue danced over his shaft brought him quickly to the edge. Remy cupped her cheek, stilling her. "Wait." His voice rasped, husky with need.

Sylvie lifted her mouth from his cock. His shaft slid from her lips, and the sight nearly had him drawing her mouth back down to him once more.

He sat up and grabbed her waist, pulling Sylvie over his body. Her silken skin slid over his, the points of her nipples rubbing over his chest on her way toward his mouth. Dipping his head, he swirled his tongue over one of her nipples. She braced her hands on either side of his head, her legs tangled with his.

"Mmm, that's nice." She arched her back and offered him her breasts.

Remy licked and sucked her exactly the way he'd dreamed about every lonely night since she'd left. Burying his face between her breasts, he laved her skin with his tongue, her salty honey taste filling his mouth. Her pussy rode his thigh, her wetness sliding along his leg.

He missed her. Every cell in his body ached to plunge deep inside her, to cling to her while they made love. The two weeks she promised simply weren't enough.

Sylvie shifted her hips. "Please," she whimpered. Her knees straddled his hips, her sex close enough to tease the tip of his cock. "I've missed you."

Her words broke the dam of his control. Shifting beneath her, he moaned when she circled him with her fingers and guided him into her sweet depths. One thrust buried him fully inside her, their bodies flush together. She tightened her inner muscles, and he nearly lost it right there. Still suckling her breast, he took his free hand and cupped her ass.

Sylvie braced her hands on his chest. "Look at me," she whispered.

Remy opened his eyes, and their gazes locked. The hunger and need in the depths of her expression stirred him. Lifting his hips, he thrust into her.

She moaned. With her head tilted back, her hair tumbling from its confines to fall down her back, Remy thought his gator goddess was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Not just her body, though with her breasts swaying with each thrust and the muscles rippling in her abs and thighs, she certainly presented a damn hot picture. It was more, the way she understood him, accepted his inner gator. His hands slid to her hips, holding her, guiding her, as they thrust together.

* * *

Sylvie struggled to draw breath as she looked down at Remy beneath her. His golden skin highlighted the muscles beneath and showed off his raw strength. To come into her trailer and find him there, with cookies, touched her. She wasn't thinking about cookies now. The only thing filling her body, and her mind, was Remy's thick cock and how good it felt deep inside her.

She rocked against him, wondering why she'd even thought to take this final assignment. Going halfway across the world for her agent rankled when she thought about all the time she'd missed with Remy. Sylvie leaned forward. Her nipples brushed against his chest, and she delighted in the friction. She kissed him, pouring her heart and soul into the movement of her lips and tongue across his. He'd brought her cookies. How could she not love him?

Remy groaned and wrapped his arms around her. His big hands splayed on her back, fingers dangerously close to her buttocks. Wrapping her like a male gator surrounded its prey, he turned, twisting to pull her beneath him.

Against his lips, Sylvie smiled. She pulled away to draw breath. "My gator," she whispered before kissing him once more.

On top now, Remy thrust deeply.

Sylvie welcomed him, pressing her heels into his buttocks to pull him even tighter to her. She let him take the lead, needing the release he offered. On the sets she

struggled to keep everything going and to stay in control. Now, she gave herself over to him, over to his loving.

Remy's deep kiss provided a delicious counterpoint to his thrusts. Their tongues tangled, filling her mouth with the taste of chocolate and Remy. Her pleasure built as her body tightened around him. She struggled to stifle the whimpers emerging from her throat. Remy's low moan echoed around her ears.

And then, her inner muscles milking the length of his cock, Sylvie came. She buried her face against his shoulder, using his muscles to stifle the cries rising in her throat. Shudders wound through her body, a hard and fast release that left her breathless.

Remy stilled to watch her come. He brushed his lips across hers. "Look at me," he whispered.

She complied with his request, the raw need on his face completely taking her breath away. Small aftershocks rippled through her body. Her pussy tightened, drawing a groan from Remy's lips. Emboldened by his reaction, she lifted her hips. Her arousal built anew, and soon she moved beneath him, determined to take him with her when she came again.

The distant sounds of the set filtered through the trailer's thin walls. Tuning them out, she clung to Remy for this moment. She closed her eyes again with the need to drown herself in the sensation of his skin against hers. A light sheen of sweat covered her, mingling with the grime and suntan oil. Moving with Remy, loving him, closed the hole that his absence had left in her heart.

He stiffened above her, a harsh cry tumbling from his lips. With a final flex of his hips, he spilled himself into her. The warm pulses of his seed triggered another orgasm deep inside, a realization that, finally, Remy was here, and this wasn't a dream. Sealing her lips to his, she followed him over the precipice and into a second release.

Sylvie clung to him, half-afraid that at any moment she'd wake up alone to discover that she'd dreamed this entire experience.

Remy rolled to the side and took her with him. He tucked her against him, one hand possessively around her midsection. Their legs tangled. "I missed you," he whispered.

"Me, too," she admitted. She searched for the time and found the illuminated glow of her alarm clock. An hour until she needed to be back on the set. Taking a deep breath, she wished that she had longer. She rolled onto her side and wiggled out from beneath his arm. "I'm sorry. I have to take a shower and make sure I'm ready for my costume change." She rolled her eyes, hating the glimpse of the "glamorous" life of a movie star she led. She even did her own makeup.

"It's okay. You'll be back once the TV stuff is done, right?" Uncertainty threaded through Remy's voice.

She turned toward the bed and smiled. "Of course. This trailer is my home until the shoot is done. In fact, I was trying to get done early so I could fly back. But you arrived first." She took a moment to savor the sight of his lean, nude body on her bed. Damn, he looked good there. Her stomach rumbled, reminding her that the cookies looked good, too. She smiled. "I'll be right back." Before he could answer, she ducked from the room.

Three steps took her into the bathroom. The water tanks had been refilled, or she hoped they had. Sylvie turned on the taps. Blessedly hot water poured out, and she pulled the lever to activate the shower. She stepped beneath the spray, cleaning off in record time, and then turning off the shower to conserve water. She dried and dressed in a robe, kind of disappointed that Remy hadn't joined her. However, work came first. That was why she was here. To finish up the last role of her career before retiring.

She smiled at her reflection as she ran a brush through her damp hair. Her agent still fumed over her decision. She figured he would for another year until he realized she was serious this time. She'd taken time off in the past. This was more than a vacation. It was permanent.

Her hair combed and her skin lotioned, she hurried back to the bedroom to find Remy waiting. The clock told her she had at least half an hour before she had to get on set. "Pass me the cookies." She seated herself on the edge of the bed.

Remy sat up, a sheet draped over his naked hips. He grabbed the plate and passed it to her.

With a grin she grabbed a cookie and ate it in three bites. "That hit the spot. Now, what can we do until I'm needed on the set?" She pulled open the tie of her robe and figured Remy had a few ideas.

Chapter Two

Arriving on the set to find Tony, the Australian gator wrangler, still keeping the beast they were using under restraint didn't bode well for completing the day's filming. Sylvie paused. "Something wrong?" She supposed a diva might have asked why the gator wasn't ready. She'd been in the business long enough to know each creature acted differently. A little respect for the big guys went a long way.

"I don't know." Tony glanced at the gator who placidly rested in his restraints.

Sylvie imagined Remy like that, tied and prevented from using his natural defenses. Her stomach twisted. More reasons just to get out of this crazy business and retire.

"Well, if you think something's wrong it probably is." She stepped forward, gauging the male alligator's reaction. He barely twitched. "Yeah, he's not going to work for the shoot." Her hopes fell. "Have you checked the others? Is he ill?"

Instantly, her concerns about her career faded in the face of the alligator's issues. She mentally noted the signs, thankful to see clear, bright eyes, and no discoloration or missing scales. The gator's nasal passages appeared okay, not that she was willing to get nose-to-nose with it to check. The filming company kept three gators on retainer. For these last few shoots, the ones of her wrestling, they needed the big guy. The female and the adolescent wouldn't do.

"What's our next step?" Mentally she calculated the days she wanted to remain on set and balanced them with the fact that Remy was here. She didn't need to go any farther than her trailer to see him. Still, having him here couldn't compensate for having this wrapped up and her retirement official.

"I've already talked to the director. We want to hold off on the shoot tonight. Try tomorrow night. If he's still not doing well, or we have definite evidence of illness, then

we can get a replacement. It will delay the shoot, and the director is already afraid another delay will bitch up his budget." Tony smiled. "Don't worry about it. We'll figure something out. Too bad we're out here in the middle of nowhere. I'm sure you'd rather be in town."

Sylvie smiled. "I'm good here." She nibbled on her lower lip, wondering if Remy might agree to something in order to keep the shooting, and her return to the states, running on schedule. "Give me half an hour. I might have an alternative for you."

Tony glanced at her trailer. "Unless you're hiding an alligator in there, there's not much we can do." He laughed. "You're crazy, but you're not that crazy."

Already a cover story formed in Sylvie's mind. "Maybe. Who knows? Let me see what I can do, okay?" She stepped back, careful to keep the male alligator in her sights. If the animal was feeling ill, its behavior could become unpredictable.

"Sure. Let me know." Tony shook his head and took the male alligator back to its compound.

Sylvie hurried back to the trailer, not sure Remy would agree to her plan. Considering that they used "wild" alligators, she figured her viewers wouldn't worry about the change in the gator's appearance. In fact, most probably wouldn't even notice. And if Remy helped her with filming she'd get done that much sooner.

Explaining why she handled a highly trained male gator might be difficult, considering Australia's strict wildlife import rules. Maybe her friend was a trainer from Florida working down here or something. Except the crew didn't know what she did back home. It could conceivably be said that she worked with Remy's alligators. She bit back a chuckle at how closely she worked with Remy's gator. By the time she reached her trailer, she figured her plan would work. She might get a few odd looks, but the show, as it were, would go on.

She opened the trailer door and stepped inside, listening for Remy. When she didn't hear anything, she closed and locked the door behind her before heading back to the bedroom. Remy had pulled on his jeans, but lay curled up on the bed, apparently asleep.

Sylvie's heart melted. In sleep, Remy's features softened just enough to make him adorable, not that she'd tell him that. She sat on the edge of the bed, her fingers curled into her hand so she wouldn't reach out and touch him. The need to make her scene warred with the fact that he'd flown halfway around the globe to get to her. And, they'd had some pretty hot sex.

She reached for him and trailed her fingers down his cheek. If he kept on sleeping, she wouldn't bother him.

Remy's eyelids fluttered.

Sylvie stilled, not quite resigned to actually waking him.

"Hey," Remy said.

"You weren't sleeping, were you?" Inwardly, Sylvie chastised herself for the foolish question. If she hadn't wondered, she wouldn't have touched him.

"Nah, just resting. I figured you were out on your shoot, and I was too lazy to get the book I brought out of my bag. You all done?"

Sylvie shook her head, openly admiring Remy's chest as he sat up on the bed. "We have a problem. The gator I was going to wrestle is sick. I was hoping..." Her words trailed off. "That I could wrestle you?"

Remy laughed. "Naked?"

"As a gator."

Remy's humor quickly sobered. "I don't know. What do you need me to do?"

Sylvie explained the shoot, about how basically it was an encounter with a male gator on a muddy beach. Mostly an excuse to get her bikini covered in mud so the viewing public would think she might be naked and she could finish the show on a big finale. She took her time explaining the intricacies of the lighting and the shot mechanics. "It's just one scene," she finished. "The other ones we can finish up were going to be tamer shots with the gator. I'm sure he'll be feeling fine by then."

"If not, you'll need me to do them, right?" Remy asked.

"Yeah. If there were any other way, but this will get me home sooner." Sylvie reached for him, tangling their fingers. "I don't want you to --"

Remy pressed his fingers against her lips. "I'll do it."

Sylvie swallowed. "Okay." Her heart hammered against her breastbone. "I'll, um, need you in alligator form, and I'll have to secure you. Will you be okay with that?" She nibbled on her lower lip, suddenly nervous at the thought of bringing Remy out in his other form.

"I trust you. I'll be okay." Remy stood and stepped out of his jeans. "You have a plausible explanation for how you got a hold of an extra male alligator?"

"Yeah. The set is busy enough. I'll tell them you're my animal trainer friend from the states, and you're jet lagged so I'm borrowing one of your gators."

"And when they don't see me leave with them?" Remy narrowed his eyes.

"Whatever the director says goes. I'll tell him that you had some arrangements made. As long as it's not illegal and he gets his shots, he won't care. We've worked together before. He trusts me." She breathed deeply. "I'm going to go into the other room and get the restraints." She stepped through the doorway before he could ask any more questions, or she chickened out.

When she returned, a very large male alligator was sunning himself on the floor. She quickly placed the wrap around his muzzle and fastened the harness to his back. A "tamed" alligator, he would have been trained to walk on a leash. Some of the hotshot trainers did that. Before either of them lost their nerve, she led him from the trailer.

Tony stood not far from the set, talking to the director. From the expressions on their faces, Tony's male gator wasn't going to be in the scene.

"Hey, will this guy do?" She paused. By her feet, Remy waited. He had the male alligator sneer down pat, and he looked as ferocious as any she'd worked with.

"He's gorgeous! Where'd you find him? Who is he?" Tony stepped forward, stopping a respectful distance away. "He's a bit larger than the one that we were going to use, but he should work fine in the shoot."

The director paused, cautious as usual around the alligator. "If you think he'll work, Tony."

Tony nodded. "He'll work."

Inwardly, Sylvie breathed a sigh of relief. The rehearsed story spilled easily from her lips and soon she knew Tony would wrangle for a meeting with Remy. The three of them, plus the gator, headed to the set.

Remy proved to be far more tractable than any gator they'd worked with on set before, something that came to both Tony and the director's notice. The shots went well, no doubt aided by the fact that Remy understood every word. Even the "wrestling" scenes seemed more real since she could actually not worry about the alligator.

Remy played his part perfectly, all macho alligator who looked threatening, but didn't actually do anything. Several times she'd heard the director talking about the shots, how great they worked.

"Too bad you're retiring. I'd love to get another opportunity to shoot you with this gator," the director called.

Remy spun, lightning fast, and hissed at the director.

Reaching beneath the water, Sylvie touched Remy's tail. She stilled her mind, concentrating on the fact that this was her last job as an actress. She hoped he understood, no matter what her director, or her agent, said, she wasn't going anywhere. Her touch must have soothed Remy, for he turned back into position, his stance eased.

Sylvie bent over him, her hands braced on either side. His scaly body rubbed against her front, her breasts against his back. "This is the last one. Let's make it good," she breathed near his tympanic membrane.

A menacing rumble emerged from the gator beneath her. His jaws snapped. In a heartbeat, he turned, his jaws closing on her arm. He spun her. For a moment, she had the exhilarating fear that this time she'd miscalculate and the gator would pull her down. He wouldn't. It was Remy, and he tumbled her just enough to splash water on the camera. Beneath the water, he eased.

Both woman and alligator breached the surface and the clapboard slapped closed. "Cut," yelled the director. "Need help getting him back under control?" He gestured to the alligator that had followed her out of the muddy pond they'd created specifically for the shoot.

Sylvie glanced down at Remy and chuckled. "No. I'll be fine." She took the restraints offered by a nervous intern and quickly bound Remy's muzzle. Fastening his harness she pretended to lead him back to the gator pens, assuring the guys that she could handle him. "Don't worry about me. This is my last shoot."

"Yeah, but you're still on our insurance," the director grouched.

Which Sylvie recognized as director-speak for *I don't want to lose you*. "I'll be careful," she called as she led Remy, still in his gator form, through the rapidly clearing path to her trailer.

Once she got him inside, she locked the door. Then she made sure the blinds were down before freeing Remy from his harness and restraints.

He shimmered, shifting into his human form, and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her down to the floor with him. "Do you know how horny that made me, rubbing against you like that?" His erect cock pressed against her, an exclamation point on his words. "I wanted to shift and fuck you right there."

Sylvie shuddered against him. In a flash, Remy spun her, then used his hand beneath her stomach to lift her onto all fours. Bending over her, he nipped and nuzzled the flesh at the base of her neck. He kissed a trail along her spine, pausing to tug open the strings on her bikini, then lower, until he pulled each tie on her hip.

"Damn, how'd these stay tied with all the wrestling?" he muttered.

Sylvie smiled. "Trade secrets." She moved her arms, letting her bikini top fall to the floor. Spreading her legs, she let him pull the scrap of cloth out of the way, and then he covered her again. His cock nudged her wet labia.

"Mmm, this is nice." He palmed her breast, his lips moving over the nape of her neck as he rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

A shudder wound through her body. Her short, panting breaths echoed around them. Pressing her hips back, she silently begged him to fill her.

Remy teased her with the tip of his cock, dipping it just inside her, then pulling out again. The short, quick strokes whetted her appetite. Soft mewls emerged from her throat.

Remy's fingers slid to her pussy. The delicious slide of his finger over her engorged clitoris made her bite her lip to keep from crying out loud. With her pussy hot and aching for him, her juices slickened his fingers. "Damn it," she muttered. "Take me."

Remy rubbed his chin against her back, the instinctive alligator mating actions kind of turning her on. Arching her neck, she rubbed the top of her head against him. Need hummed through her body, an aching desire to give herself over to the primal nature deep inside.

A rough groan rumbled through his chest, and the sound vibrated along her skin. She luxuriated in his touches, his kisses, the way his fingers stroked her labia, occasionally brushing against her clit. Her whimpers escalated. No longer caring if she could be heard beyond her trailer, she thrust back against Remy and impaled herself on his cock.

They fell flat to the floor, Remy's hands trapped between her and the carpet. He spread her thighs, using his hands on her pussy to lift her hips into his. Long strokes drove his cock deep into her body. His heavy weight on her, and filled with his cock, Sylvie delighted in the domination. Working Remy as a gator had heightened her awareness. The usual rush of adrenaline joined with a potent blend of lust and love to make her need to be filled like this.

"Please," she whimpered. Her fingers curled into the carpet, the rough fibers abrading her legs. Her nipples rasped against the floor, and each pounding thrust of his cock only brought her higher.

"Remy," she breathed his name. "Oh, God, Remy." Her channel tightened around him, her orgasm coming too hard and fast to hold at bay any longer. Muffling her cries against the floor, she shrieked out her release. Her orgasm grabbed hold of her and wouldn't let go, rolling through her over and over again like a gator through the water with his prey.

Remy stiffened above her. A final thrust of his cock, and he spilled himself into her. His guttural growl wound through her, finding each aftershock and firing it

through the deepest parts of her. She turned her head just enough to see the corded muscles in his forearms bulge with the effort to hold himself upright and, with a moan, he collapsed on top of her.

She lay panting beneath him. Every inch of her skin tingled, her body far more alive than she had been in a long time. Going before the cameras used to do this. Not anymore.

Remy flopped over on his back.

Sylvie turned, working the stiffness out of her abused muscles. She winced at the brush of carpet against her knees. Yeah, she'd have rug burn for sure. Still, her last shoot. Hopefully little to no touchup, and then she could go home. Reaching across the space separating them, she found Remy's hand and clasped it. They could go home.

* * *

Sitting next to Remy on the plane, his presence helping to shield her better than the floppy hat and big sunglasses ever could, Sylvie couldn't recall when she'd been this energized after a shoot. Usually she came home, lounged by the beach for a couple of days and tried to do little more than sipping glasses of lemon water and eating sliced veggies. Not this time. This time she wanted to go back to the best steakhouse in the Florida Keys and eat skewers of shrimp and prime Angus beef until they had to roll her home.

With him by her side, she saw this trip through new eyes. He laughed at the stern customs agents -- after they were through the line, of course. He ordered a can of Fosters beer from the airport bar, determined to have one last Australian beer before he left, garnering many dirty looks from the locals, and had nearly started a fight with his fake Crocodile Dundee accent. Every once in a while as they flew over the ocean he'd tap her arm and point out invisible sharks. He had been thoroughly, completely obnoxious, and she had loved every moment of it.

Like now, when she snuggled into his shoulder and tried to sleep, knowing they'd be touching down soon. Her agent had instructions not to call her again, unless someone wanted to pay her residuals. And the director had taken one look at Remy and

had wished them well. In her mind, it might sound corny, but she knew the rest of their lives together were starting in this moment. The plane jostled, and she smiled to herself. No more of these damn flights, either. Not unless she and Remy went as tourists, and she figured they had enough to explore without even leaving the bedroom.

Chapter Three

Remy's ramshackle duplex overlooked a secluded part of the bayou. In the swamp beyond, she heard the splashing of gators and the chirps of insects. A screened-in porch provided the perfect place to lean back with a cold drink and just enjoy being stateside. For the first time in a long time she didn't have any contracts or any television specials scheduled. It felt good. Really good to be the master of her own destiny.

The rough surroundings differed from her oceanside retreat, and really, she didn't miss the posh surroundings. The pool provided a better place to swim than did the bayou, especially since wild gators didn't seem to play as nicely as the tame ones. Sandy beaches created the perfect place to bask in the sun, and the high privacy fence ensured paparazzi stayed away. In spite of all those conveniences, she thought Remy's duplex was the better place to stay.

Pictures hung on the living room wall, some sepia-toned showing relatives from bygone eras. A large fish hung mounted above the couch. Bits of shells and driftwood sat on the windowsills, and the bedroom boasted a large king-size bed draped in mosquito netting.

Picking up her glass of sweet tea, she carried it inside, through the wide living room with its ceiling fan whirring in lazy circles. The sweet smell of flowers came from the bedroom, a large bush outside the window perfuming the air. There, she found Remy, naked and napping in the center of the bed.

Sylvie paused in the doorway. She licked her lips as she mentally traced the long line of his back. One leg had been drawn up, and she followed the sleek line of his thigh and the muscled curves of his buttocks. Strong calves and feet enticed her, as did the fingers reaching across the bed as if searching for her. She set her glass on the top of the

dresser and pulled her swimsuit cover up over her head. Quick tugs on her bikini strings had the scraps of fabric falling to the ground, and she sat on the edge of the bed.

She rested her feet next to his. Reaching for him, she brushed strands of his hair away from his forehead, then followed the sensuous curve of his lower lip. His eyelids fluttered. Not opening, not yet, and she leaned forward to rain kisses over his deltoid muscle. Her breast brushed against his hand.

He turned his palm and cupped her. A soft sigh escaped his lips as he shifted his body on the bed. Their legs tangled, the hard thickness of his cock brushing against her inner thigh. "I've dreamed about having you in my bed," he whispered.

He rolled, effortlessly pinning her beneath him, then kissed a trail from her shoulder down to her breasts. When his mouth touched her nipple, she cried out, fingers reflexively tangling in his hair. Heat flared deep in her pussy, and the wet heat brought with it a demand to be touched and filled.

"Ooh," she moaned and arched her back to offer him more of her breast.

His left hand covered her breast, massaging the globe, his thumb brushing against her nipple while his lips and tongue worked on the other side. Liquid heat rushed through her veins, a need so hard and fast she wondered if sex with Remy would always be like this. Spreading her legs, she lifted her hips, rubbing her mons against his abdomen.

"You want me to lick your pussy." Remy punctuated his words with a flick of his tongue.

"Yes," she moaned and cupped her hands on his shoulders to push him down.

He chuckled against her skin and slid down her body.

Watching him kiss a trail down the center of her abdomen, pausing to circle her navel, had to be one of the most erotic things Sylvie had ever seen. Her channel tightened, anticipating the first thrust of his tongue inside her. Her breath caught and held as he cupped the backs of her thighs and spread her wider for him. He nestled himself between her legs, his breath warm little puffs against her sex.

Remy trailed one finger along her labia. "You're so hot for me. So wet." The end of his digit found her clit, and he circled it with deliberate strokes.

She whimpered, her hips bucking to meet his finger.

"You want me to suck you here? How about if I flick my tongue against you... just... like... this..." With his finger, he brushed against her clit with a slow, lapping rhythm.

"Do it, damn it." Sylvie ground out the words past her clenched teeth. Her body vibrated with the need to come, her release so close she figured Remy probably wouldn't even have to kiss her pussy. One more warm breath against her sex would be enough to send her over the edge.

The front door slammed.

Sylvie stiffened. "Remy?" Arousal drained from her, leaving her skittish.

He levered himself over her, moving to the side of the bed, presumably to block her with his body.

"Didn't you lock the door?" She glanced around for anything to cover herself with and ended up tugging on the comforter.

"We were here. I didn't see a need to."

"Remy, where are you?" An older woman's voice echoed through the rooms. "Remy?"

"Is that your mother?" Sylvie battled the shrill edge to her voice. "Help me get under the covers."

"Is that woman here?" High-heeled shoes clicked on Remy's hardwood floors.

"What woman?" Sylvie called, the stranger's condescending words pushing her to action. She grabbed the comforter from beneath Remy and wrapped it around her naked body.

"Sylvie." Remy reached for her.

"I am not some woman. I'm the woman you love," Sylvie said. "And if this is your mother, then it's high time we meet." With the same fearlessness she used to battle gators, Sylvie lifted her chin and headed into the living room.

* * *

"Sylvie, wait!" Remy rolled from bed, grabbing a pair of jeans that had been lying on the floor and tugging them on. Images of her wearing just his bedding when she met his mother flashed through his mind. Mother gators protected their nests. Remy had no doubt his mother would be just as fierce about protecting him.

He caught up with Sylvie in the hall and curled his hand around her arm. "Why don't you get dressed? I'll take care of my mother, and then you can meet her."

"I heard that, Remington Armenteros. You can't just take care of me. I'm your mother!" Her voice grew more shrill. "You and that hussy have a lot to answer for."

An insistent need to protect Sylvie welled up inside his chest. "Now, wait a minute, Mother." Remy charged into the living room. "You can call me all the names you want, but her name is Sylvie Skylar and she is not a hussy." He stopped toe to toe with his diminutive little mother, bending his head to look down at her. "I'll not have you talk about her like that."

"Then what do you call a woman who does this?" His mother fanned the tabloid papers she held in her left hand. "She could get us all exposed. And then where would we be? And what the hell were you doing on a television set?"

Remy caught his mother's wrist and gently held it still. "Wait a minute. I can't see the papers when you're waving them around." He extracted the papers from her hand and opened them up to see pictures of himself, in alligator form, on the set with Sylvie. The pictures were taken during the shoot, her bikini top in danger of coming down, his tail curled possessively around her hip.

"You know you can't flaunt yourself and she's only going to hurt us."

"Mother," Remy snapped. "Let's sit down and talk about this like adults."

"Don't you order me around." His mother sat on the couch anyway.

Movement at the edge of his vision alerted him to Sylvie's presence. "Sylvie, this is my mother, Georgine Armenteros. It appears that some tabloids found photos of us together on set."

He watched her stride to the couch, wearing a white halter top and a pair of denim capris that made her look like the girl next door. Her hair had been pulled back in a ponytail and the white sandals on her feet were sexy, yet functional.

"Nice to meet you." She smiled warmly at his mother. "Can I see the photos? I'm so sorry. This is part of why that was my last television appearance. I don't want to bring my world into this place. It wouldn't be right."

His mother sat back, eyes wide. "Oh," she said, seemingly disarmed by Sylvie's candor.

Remy rested his hand on her thigh when she looked at the pictures.

"He's in his alligator form. I know it's not ideal, but I don't think from these pictures anyone can recognize him as Remy. When he was on set, I introduced him as a trainer from the states. He stayed in my trailer most of the time." Her cheeks pinkened deliciously at the last comment.

"I recognized him." His mother bolted to her feet and ripped the papers out of Sylvie's hands. "Look, I don't know what kind of life you've been living, Miss Movie Star. But you can't barge in here and turn all our lives upside down. We have to keep a low profile. We can't let anyone know what we are." She paused for breath. "I know you think you're some hot-shot movie star who wrestles alligators, but those are tame. You try living out in the swamp and protecting your family before you think about what you've done to us."

"Mother," Remy warned in a low growl.

"It's all right, Remy. Your mother has reason to be upset." Sylvie held out her hand. "Mrs. Armenteros, I assure you that I have no desire to harm your family or your congregation. In fact, these pictures were taken on the last day of a television shoot. My very last one. I'm retired, and my agent has instructions to only call me when it's time to send the residuals check. In fact, I was even thinking about selling my beachside retreat to further my anonymity by finding something new. Maybe something in this area. I have no desire to bring the kind of limelight I have experienced anywhere near your family. I hope you understand that."

"Well, at least you know what a group of alligators is called," Georgine sniffed. "But that's my son in those photos."

"Yes, it is Remy. But I can guarantee you that while you and I, and maybe some of his relatives, can recognize him, the vast majority of the public cannot. We use several different alligators on every shoot and every show makes it look like we're dealing with just one, unless there's an obvious change in scenery. And in those cases, it usually is the same gator if we're filming on the same day. The public never knows." Sylvie rested her hand on top of his.

"She's right, Mom. You've known me since I was a hatchling, so you recognize the photos. I don't think anyone else will. There's nothing to tie me, or this place, to Sylvie, now that she's retired." Remy willed his mother to understand. The strong-willed matriarch of the family had the ability to make, or break, Sylvie's acceptance by his family. And he wanted her to be accepted.

"I retired for your son. I knew what my life would do to him and to his family. I have no desire to bring that on him --"

"Then you should have stayed the hell away." With a final, furious glare at her son, Georgine turned on her heel. "We're not done yet, Remy. Not by a long shot." She tossed the papers on the floor and stormed out the door.

* * *

Backing down from a fight never had been Sylvie's strong suit, but watching Remy's mother walk out the door made her contemplate it. He sat next to her, a stricken look on his face. The papers lay on the floor where they'd fallen, the damning pictures staring back at her. She'd done this. Her career and her desire to finish the shoot had created this fiasco, and now, with the pictures in the paper, there wasn't any taking them back.

"I'm sorry." She grabbed his hand and squeezed it, as if she could keep him next to her for a moment longer. "I made a bad call in Australia, and now this has happened."

"Hey." Remy turned to face her. Cupping her cheek, he leaned forward and kissed her. "This isn't your fault."

Sylvie drew a shaking breath. "Yeah, it is. I knew this wasn't going to be easy. Even though I'm retired, people will still recognize me as the gator goddess. If you're with me, then you're going to be thrust into that limelight too. I would never wish that kind of life on you. Especially if it's going to create a rift between you and your family."

Remy leaned back just enough to give her some space. "If I wanted easy, I wouldn't have crawled onto your beach. I'm not worried. Mom blows up and then she apologizes six hours later. I have just the thing to make you feel better." He stood and walked to the kitchen. "Come with me."

Remy pulled out one of the wooden dining room chairs at the table and motioned for her to sit while he went to the counter. He grabbed a big saucepan and started mixing oatmeal, cocoa, butter and sugar together over low heat.

The sweet aromas mingled and made Sylvie's mouth water. "More gator shit cookies?" She eyed his tight ass hugged by his jeans. "You look too good to eat them as often as we have the last few days."

Remy shrugged, the movement emphasizing his muscled back. "They have their uses, and you look like a woman who could use comfort food. I don't have ice cream. Freezer works too badly to keep it solid for more than half an hour. Not a lot of other food in the house since I had planned to head out of town. Gotta make do." He smiled at her over his shoulder.

The old refrigerator whirred and clanked, underscoring Remy's words.

"We'll figure something out." She watched Remy's back, trying to think of something to say. His mother had a good point -- several of them actually. Sylvie was pretty sure no one had seen Remy shift, or questioned his presence or that of the "new" alligator on set, but she couldn't be positive.

He was making her cookies, though. When the batter, if she could call it that, liquefied on the stove, Remy spread out several large sheets of wax paper on the table. He dropped hot spoonfuls of gooey chocolate onto the prepared surface. Sometimes the

batter globbed together, looking very much like gator shit. Other times it spread out in the sun like things she really didn't want to contemplate with her cookies. Sylvie struggled to hide her grin. "Those look good." She dipped her finger into one, bringing the chocolaty goodness to her mouth. She sucked on her finger, swirled it in another cookie, then held it out to Remy.

He captured her wrist and drew her finger to his mouth. Wrapping his lips around it, he sucked the chocolate from her skin. The swirl of his tongue against the end of her finger reminded her of his tongue against her clit. Warmth fluttered deep inside her. A soft moan escaped her lips.

She closed her eyes to savor the warm, wet feeling of his mouth on her skin, afraid that it might be one of the last times he kissed her. Deep inside, she knew his mother was right, because the longer she stayed with Remy, the more her world would intrude on his. Her gut twisted.

"Hey, you look like you lost your puppy." Remy dropped the last of the cookies onto the waxed paper, then set the pan and spoon aside. He went to Sylvie, kneeling down beside her chair.

"More like my gator."

"No!" The word exploded from Remy's lips. "Don't let my mother scare you. My gator goddess isn't afraid of a pissed off gator, is she?"

"I..." Words died on Sylvie's lips. She knew what she ought to say, and what she should say. Neither one felt right at the moment. "The last thing I want is to come between you and your family. My mother's career came between my parents and left me in the care of aunts for most of my childhood. I'm not going to wreck someone else's family the way she did mine. Showbiz is tough. I knew better than to get involved, except you... you were different. You startled me and swept me off my feet. I don't want to go, but..." She let the words die, her heart breaking with each syllable.

"Then don't." Remy pulled her into his arms, then carefully lowered her to the kitchen floor. He let her straddle him, and reached up to caress her cheeks and arms. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. You're the gator goddess, and

you're my gator goddess." He pulled her down to him, sealing his words with a tender, hot kiss that left her aching.

Sylvie whimpered and rocked against him. His cock swelled against her sex, her nipples already hard at the thought of him baring her right there in the kitchen. Leaning back, she whipped her shirt over her head, the need to touch, and be touched, overwhelming.

Chapter Four

Remy pulled away. The throb in his body demanded he forget about the conversation he needed to have and just make love to Sylvie. Gently, he pushed her away from him. "Wait, as much as I want to do this, I think you need to know why Mom is the way she is." He winced at mentioning his mother while his lover still straddled him.

Sylvie blinked. She rolled to the side, scrambling up into one of his dining room chairs. "Talk about cold water." She grinned. "But I want to know. You know that I wouldn't do anything to hurt your family. We need to convince your mom and the rest of your family of that fact." She adjusted her clothes, straightening them, then reached across the table to an almost-cooled cookie and started to nibble on it.

Remy pulled out a chair and sat down. His stomach rumbled and he wanted something more substantial than cookies. Standing, he went to the fridge and pulled out sandwich fixings. He set them on the table, added a loaf of wheat bread, then sat down again. To give himself time to mull over his words he piled everything together in a sandwich and took a large bite.

"Mom has good reasons to be worried," he said after swallowing and pushing his plate away from him. Talk first, then eat later. "People come out here all the time looking for the big gator. Most of us, they dismiss as backwoods bayou people. And frankly, we'd like to keep it that way. The problem is, they have no idea if they're shooting a real gator or one of us. My brother was killed by hunters."

"Oh, no! I'm so sorry." Sylvie reached across the table to grab his hand. "That's... I can't imagine."

"Neither could we. Oh, sure, we knew it was a possibility. He was older, and I was in high school when it happened. My mom changed. She'd always been a strong-

willed woman. After that, she became the proverbial mother gator, always looking out for not just us, but everyone. She considers the whole congregation her family. After my brother's death, she vigorously pursued getting our home listed as a protected area. So far over half of it is off-limits to hunters." Remy paused, used to the stab of pain that cut through him at the mention of his brother's death. It'd been over ten years and still hurt as badly as it had when several of his brother's friends had brought the body back.

The love and support in Sylvie's eyes made this conversation so much easier. He knew, deep in his heart, she'd never do anything to harm his family. Convincing his mother of that would be difficult at best.

"It gets worse. After my brother's death, my father shifted. He went out into the swamp and we never saw him again, except for a few glimpses. We think he became lost in his gator form and never came back." Remy closed his eyes. His father's disappearance hurt the most. Because every time he went out in the swamp and saw a large, older male gator, he wondered if he'd seen his father. And if he had, then his father either hadn't recognized him or didn't want to say anything. Remy wasn't sure which one hurt worse.

"Oh," Sylvie gasped. "No wonder." She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "And you still came to Australia and entered my world. You're a very special man, Remy. Very special."

Her words touched him. "You're the special one." He smiled. "But now you know why my mother is so vehement about keeping the congregation safe. There are ways to do it. I know that. You know that. And frankly, there are quite a few who agree with me. We can't hide forever."

"No, you can't. There are ways to mingle with the world. But I'm not sure that I'm the one to show your mother that."

Remy smiled. "I can't think of anyone better." He stood and grabbed her hands, pulling her to her feet. "Come here. I want to show you something." He led her to the apartment's back door, just off his bedroom. The door opened onto a screened-in porch. Vines grew along the walls and hung down over the lattice awning, virtually hiding

them. He led her to the railing, then stood behind her, bracing her between his body and the rail. He held the rail on either side of her.

Sylvie's buttocks rubbed against the front of his jeans, and his body responded. Her light fragrance wrapped around him, reminded him of the strong and vibrant woman in his arms. Leaning forward, he nuzzled the back of her neck.

She leaned against him, a soft moan on her lips. "This place is beautiful." She stared at a magnolia and into a small grove of trees thick with hanging moss. Beyond them, the swamp began in earnest. "I'd love to have a home somewhere like this."

An idea formed, a way to perhaps convince his mother that she was serious. Instead of pursuing it further, he focused on the woman in his arms. After all, they'd have time to worry about that later. For now, he had Sylvie in his arms, and a long afternoon and evening before him.

He flattened his palm on her stomach and pulled her closer. His fingers inched higher, until he brushed the undersides of her breasts. Spreading his legs, he nestled her even tighter against his body. The vines hid them, and he tugged her halter top up until he could sweep it over her head and drop it behind him. He brushed his fingers across her bare breasts, swirling the tips around her nipples. They drew into tight beads.

He mouthed her shoulder. Arousal hummed through his body, making even the slight movement of his hips against her buttocks bordering on painful. Inside his jeans, his cock ached.

A few practiced movements had her capris open and shoved down her legs along with her panties. She kicked off her sandals, letting her clothes fall to the floor. She shoved them aside.

Her bare skin taunted him into adding his own jeans to the pile of clothing on the patio floor. Naked, he stepped behind her again, sliding his cock along the crease between her buttocks. "We live like this," he whispered, "like we are now, hidden from the world, and yet able to see it. These vines conceal us so no one knows what we're doing. We know, and because we know, we temper our behavior accordingly." He mouthed the skin of her shoulder, one hand splayed across her breast, the other

venturing south, until he caressed her wet labia. "Spread your legs for me," Remy ordered.

Sylvie did, and he rocked his fingers back until they dipped into her honeyed channel. Gentle thrusts, his palm rotating against her clitoris, had her whimpering in his arms.

"No one can see us here." Remy punctuated each word with a slide of his finger against her clit. "No one knows that I'm about to fill your sweet pussy with my cock."

"Do it." Sylvie shuddered. She thrust her hips against him, and he timed his strokes with her movement.

Remy savored Sylvie's reactions. The fact that his touches, his presence, could make her so hot so fast fueled his own desire. His cock throbbed, the pearls of pre-cum emerging from the head smoothing his slide along her skin. She felt so damn good. He couldn't imagine not having her in his life, something he hoped she believed.

Sylvie's fingers clenched and released on the wooden railing. Tiny mewls escaped her lips, though she held back. "Need... you... inside... me..." Sylvie panted.

"Yes," Remy hissed. He positioned his shaft at her entrance and with one, slow thrust, buried himself to the hilt. He moaned, the exquisite pleasure of her tight sheath wrapping around him and drawing his balls tight against his body. A need for release pounded in his veins.

He thrust into her, savoring the moment, the wildness of being out in the open. Soon, they'd be back in the bayou for real instead of on his back porch, and they wouldn't have to stifle cries.

Sylvie shuddered against him, her pussy gripping him even tighter. She turned her head in an attempt to press her face against his shoulder or chest. Such intimacies tugged at him and reminded him of the reasons why they had to make this work. Her cries escalated into a keening wail that he had no doubt could be heard from the street below.

She came in his arms, shuddering to completion with each stroke of his cock. He loved feeling her come apart with him inside her. Loved listening to her little cries, and

the way she thrust her hips against him, almost as if with her orgasm she still craved more. He paused, giving her time to come down, then thrust into her once more. A familiar surge started behind his balls, rushing forward until he spilled himself inside her with a harsh groan.

He leaned against her, his head against her shoulder. Slowly, his heartbeat returned to normal. He remained semi-hard inside her, his fingers still against her sex. Breathing deeply, he surrounded himself with her warmth and her fragrance.

Sylvie turned in his arms. Remy's cock slid from her, and he mourned the loss. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her breasts against his chest. Their legs tangled together, and his hands clasped behind her back.

"Will you take me out to the bayou?" she asked. "I want to see your home."

"Yeah," Remy replied, his voice gruff with passion. "I want you to see it."

She stood on tiptoe and brushed a kiss across his lips. "Good. When can we leave?"

"Early in the morning. Let's rest up. Tomorrow may be a rough day." He escorted her inside, his chest puffed out with pride. His woman wanted to see his home. His mother hadn't scared her off. He'd known Sylvie Skylar had been made of pretty strong stuff, and Remy wondered if he was just now getting a glimpse of how strong.

* * *

Sylvie leaned over the edge of the canoe, certain she'd seen a gator lurking just beneath the surface of the murky water. Out here, no doubt there were several gators lurking. And she grinned at the thought that they might be Remy's relatives. Or maybe his father.

Her stomach sank with the remembrance of his story, about how his father had come out here and lost himself in his gator form. It seemed likely. With moss growing down from trees and the thick, humid air, it seemed that she had already lost herself. Remy pointed over to a shed. Its roof had caved in, and a banded water snake sunned himself on a piece of siding that had fallen off the building.

"That shed fell in during a storm a couple of years ago. We're not sure who owns that property," Remy said in between strokes of his paddle. "We're nearing our territory now." He pointed at the "No Trespassing Beyond This Point" sign nailed to a large tree.

"Do you have a problem with people coming back here?" Sylvie glanced around, thinking even with her experience she probably couldn't retrace the route Remy had taken to get here. And, although she'd retired, she still needed to worry about security.

"We get a couple of kids playing practical jokes every now and then. Sometimes a hunter wanders off the path, but we're actually passing through federally protected lands, so there better not be anyone back here without a good reason. Even the scientists don't come back here very often. Though we did have some wildlife guys trapping an escaped python a couple of months ago." Remy looked over his shoulder and flashed her a grin.

"Python?" Sylvie shuddered.

"Just someone's pet. Don't worry. I'll keep you safe." Remy grinned a toothy smile, then fell quiet as the boat coasted past another falling-down home. And then another.

Sylvie's stomach sank. Back here the effects of poverty and the rough storm seasons had taken their toll, with people leaving, never to return. She thought of her money, sitting in investment accounts and trusts, generating more interest than she'd ever be able to live off of, and knew she had to help. Selling her home would create more money that she could use to help Remy's people. Hopefully he'd let her.

"There's a place I want to show you." Remy steered the boat, suddenly veering off the path and deeper into the overgrowth. Splashes sounded on either side of the boat, and she watched a fat turtle slip into the water. A gator poked its snout above the water, then ducked underneath. Remy waved the paddle at it and shook his head. "Gawkers."

The gator ducked back beneath the surface too quickly for Sylvie to get any sort of identification. Whether he meant wild animals gawking at them or some of his

relatives, she didn't know, but guessed the latter. After all, most likely wild gators wouldn't care less what they were doing, so long as they didn't threaten the animals.

A large white home played peek-a-boo with the foliage, sometimes becoming visible, other times slipping behind a heavy fall of moss. The home held the air of abandonment.

Remy beached the boat on the edge of what appeared to be a small island. He stood and held out his hand for Sylvie, helping her onto the spongy ground. He pulled the boat ashore behind them. "The water is high right now. Usually there's more land," he said.

"Nice and secluded." Already Sylvie could see living here, using the boat to get to and from the house, making sure to keep unwelcome visitors away. She doubted paparazzi could follow her here. Or if they did, there was a good chance the local fauna would probably get them first.

She followed Remy along a narrow, overgrown path that led to a large wrap-around porch.

"Careful," he warned, as he held out his hand for her.

She took it, and together they ascended the stairs. Once on the porch, Sylvie glanced over her shoulder at the view. The swamp and the small island put her as close to nature as she could be and still have some sort of civilization around her. The seclusion welcomed her, made her realize that this was what she'd wanted with her retirement all along. Just to fade into the swamps, never to be seen again.

A Realtor's sign, faded and rusty, hung from a single nail pounded into one of the porch columns.

"Want to see inside?" Remy inched his way across the porch. "Some of these boards are rotted."

She glanced at the intact windows, wondering if they all were sound and what, or who, she might find inside. "Yeah."

"Don't worry. I was out here last week and made sure there weren't any critters inside," he said, then went to a small stoneware crock on the porch and pulled out a key. He unlocked the door.

"You know the owners?" Sylvie waited for her eyes to adjust to the dim light inside. The home's interior smelled of damp and dust, and her nose wrinkled.

Remy left the door open and followed a carefully marked line on the dusty floor toward an opening that must lead to the kitchen or dining area. "I know the agent. He's a cousin of mine. The place has been abandoned for a few years now. I could buy it and fix it up, but never quite had enough funds. Our congregation's trust only goes so far."

The wide-open rooms with tall, nearly floor-to-ceiling windows would provide the perfect view. A staircase led to an open balcony upstairs, and several doors stood open. Sylvie guessed the swamp had encroached on the land, probably helped by Mother Nature's fury, and easily imagined this as a prosperous southern home offering refreshment in the summer and respite in the winter.

Remy pointed out the kitchen, including the summer kitchen on the back porch where the screens looked freshly repaired. A large parlor and living room sat in the front of the house. "Do you want to go upstairs?"

"If it's safe."

"It is." Remy led her upstairs, showing her the two smaller rooms at the head of the stairs, and the large, master suite at the end of the hall. The bedroom had several large windows overlooking the back yard, and the open space next to a walk-in closet would be perfect for a large bed. "I do repairs here sometimes for the agent and help him with his other properties."

"You love this house." Sylvie responded to the tone of Remy's words, the way his fingers lovingly caressed the windowsills. Though they held a layer of dust, he touched them as reverently as if they were polished to a golden shine.

"I do."

"So do I." Not wanting to separate their hands, Sylvie led him to the large windows. "What would you say if I told you I wanted to sell my home and put the

money in a trust for your congregation and family? In fact, I have quite a bit of money I could discreetly funnel into a trust. No one has to think of it as charity, and though I'm sure your mother wouldn't be happy at my offering my money, it's what I can do. Besides live in a place like this with you to keep the hungry press away." She turned to him, hope blossoming in her chest. "What would you say to that?"

"I'd say, 'Sylvie Skylar, I love you'."

Sylvie smiled and wrapped her arms around him. "I love you, too," she whispered against his neck. "Let's go home. I have phone calls to make."

Chapter Five

Lounging on Remy's couch, a tall glass of ice-cold sweet tea sitting on the end table beside her, Sylvie contemplated the calls she'd made. Her financial advisor eagerly offered her assistance in creating the trust, and they'd started siphoning some of her excess income into it. Not that she had to worry. If she had nothing but her residual income from her shows, she'd be set just fine, indeed. A call to the real estate agent who had helped her find the property yielded a listing on the market just slightly below market value to help the retreat move. In fact, the agent had several clients who might be interested and promised to spend the rest of the evening working the phones.

Remy grilled something heavenly in the kitchen and promised later to whip up another batch of cookies if she was good. Closing her eyes, she breathed a sigh of relief. With most of the financial hurdles completed, she just had to tell Remy's mother her plans.

A sharp knock on the front door interrupted her thoughts. Before either of them could answer, the door opened.

"Remington, I heard you brought that woman out to the swamp today. What were you thinking?" Georgine stormed inside, slamming the door behind her.

"Well, good evening to you, too, Mother. I'm cooking. Sylvie is in the living room, and I think she has some things to discuss with you." An icy chill filled Remy's voice.

Sylvie rose and went to the dining room. "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Armenteros. Remy's right. I was hoping we could have a chance to talk. May I get you a glass of sweet tea?" She put on her perfect hostess smile, the kind that charmed donors out of thousands of dollars at charity events.

Georgine blinked. "That would be... nice. Thank you."

"Why don't you go sit down? I'll bring your refreshments to you." Without waiting for an answer, Sylvie stepped into the kitchen where she poured a tall glass of tea, and then arranged a few of Remy's cookies on a plate.

"I think you're the first person who has made my mother speechless," Remy whispered in her ear. He kissed her on the cheek. "Good luck."

"Thanks." She carried the drink and snacks back to the living room like a grand hostess and set them on the low table in front of the couch. She took a seat next to Georgine and watched as the other woman sipped her tea.

"Not bad. Almost like I would have made it," she murmured to herself.

Sylvie resisted the urge to clarify that Remy had made the tea, so the recipe probably was close to Georgine's own.

"So my son took you to our swamp. What did you think?" Georgine narrowed her eyes, a clear challenge.

Several retorts, none of them appropriate for Remy's mother, entered her mind and were discarded. "I think it's the kind of raw and pristine wilderness that needs to be preserved at all costs. And it looks like you have done an excellent job doing just that."

Georgine nodded. "And how would you propose keeping gawkers away if you lived there? I can't see how your presence will help us." The corners of her mouth turned down.

The icy words cut Sylvie. Wrapping the same armor around herself that she used on the set, she managed to keep a smile on her face. "I think my presence could help quite a bit. I know you're concerned about my fame, but I have left that life behind. You'll notice no photographers or reporters followed us out into the swamp yesterday. In fact, I've already put plans in place to --"

"Look," Georgine said, all pretense of southern hospitality gone. "I know my son fancies himself in love with you. I'm sure he wanted to show you his home, maybe even take you out to the property he's always said he wanted to buy. But your kind isn't welcome in our home."

"And just what kind would that be?" Remy's voice bellowed from the kitchen. He stormed around the corner and stopped in front of his mother. "She's a smart, beautiful woman, and in addition to her work she holds a degree in animal biology with a focus on reptiles. I think she'd be exactly the kind of person we'd want to bring into our home. I'm tired of your veiled insults, Mother. You may be one of the leaders of our congregation, but you don't get veto powers over anyone's life. If I want Sylvie out there, then I'll bring her out there. And it's because I love her. If you can't understand that, then you won't be welcome in our home."

Sylvie gasped. She'd never imagined she would come between Remy and his family. She opened her mouth, but the love shining in Remy's eyes stopped her. He understood what he was saying, and he wanted her in his life. She wouldn't countermand his words, no matter how much it hurt to watch him drive a wedge between himself and his mother like this.

"Actually, Mrs. Armenteros, if you'll let me explain, I think I've come up with a viable solution. The home Remy showed me today looks perfect. Nice and secluded, difficult to get to. I think that it would be the perfect place, and I've already spoken with my financial advisor about using some of my residuals as well as the sale of my beachfront home to start a trust for your congregation. I don't come to you empty handed. I can offer a lot, and there are ways, especially in the area of conservation and protection lobbying, that my notoriety can work for us, not against us."

"I see," Georgine said. "I hadn't realized that you'd given it so much thought. How do you propose the trust be used?"

"While I'd like to see a stipend go to each member of the congregation at least on an annual basis, since I lack some numbers and you are one of the leaders, I wanted to leave that up to you, with some stipulations on my part about how the money should be used. Basically I'm for anything from personal stipends to infrastructure or community projects as long as the benefits will be applied equally." As she spoke, Sylvie watched the expression on Georgine's face change. Perhaps the woman had only seen the television star and not the smart woman beneath the sexy exterior.

"I think that could be arranged. I'm not sure having you commute to and from our homeland would be wise, though. It might give photographers a bit more access than we'd like them to have." Georgine frowned.

Remy hovered in the doorway.

"I've already thought about that." Sylvie motioned for him to join her and offered a seat next to her on the couch. She reached across the space separating them and squeezed his hand. Whether it was his words or her own, something had won over his mother, and she was just as thankful that it had happened. "I want to buy the house Remy showed me. I think it has promise, and I'm no stranger to being far away from civilization. We'll need to keep plenty of supplies on hand, make sure we have a two-way radio, but I'm sure Remy will ensure we have what we need." She glanced at the man she loved.

Approval radiated from his features, and she knew the hope shining in his eyes was echoed in her own.

"I see," Georgine replied. Her attention flickered between the two of them. After a long moment, she sighed. "I'm not going to talk you out of this, am I, Remy? You always were a stubborn boy."

"Still am stubborn," he admitted. "And no, you can't talk me out of it. I think Sylvie has some excellent ideas. Perhaps we could arrange a meeting so that she could talk to our leaders, or maybe even the entire congregation."

"I'd like that." Sylvie thought about the situations she'd run across while filming and the work she'd done with indigenous peoples. The life of a movie star didn't have to be a pampered one stuck in a trailer between takes. "Besides, I'm not going to know how best to approach things unless I actually get to know you all. You're the best ones to determine how to go forward with things." There, she thought she'd captured a conciliatory tone without being too much of a pushover.

Georgine finished the last of her tea. She smiled at the cookies, though she didn't take one. "You're quite the surprise, Sylvie Skylar. I'll admit, when I saw my Remy in the tabloids, I kind of flew off the handle. But I like the way you handle things. Give me

some time to arrange a meeting, and then you can come in and talk with us. I think Remy will keep you busy fixing up that house of his. Heck, he did most of the work on it, so if that old codger Duke tries to give you any trouble, you send him my direction. You should get at least ten percent sweat equity." She smiled at her son and nodded politely in Sylvie's direction. "Call me next week, okay?"

"I will. Thank you," Sylvie replied.

"I'll probably be out later in the week," Remy told his mom.

She smiled at him. "Good, and I'll give you a real cookie recipe to bake for Sylvie. You should make something better than my old gator crap cookies. Though she's a good girl for putting up with you." Georgine sketched a wave into the air, then turned and left.

Remy waited until his mother had gone before tugging Sylvie into his lap. He smoothed back strands of her hair, then wrapped his arms around her in a big hug. "You passed the test. Welcome to the family." He brushed his lips across hers.

Sylvie sank into the kiss, grateful to be somewhere that she could be home. Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled him closer and savored the feel of his strong lips against hers. His tongue playfully stroked her lower lip, and she opened beneath his prompting, welcoming him into her body and into her heart. Growing up in show business had left its toll in the form of no close friendships and a habit for needing to get away. With Remy, she no longer had to hide, because he accepted her, just as she accepted him.

He moaned in his chest, the low rumble urging her on. She shifted slightly with the need to feel more of him, until her legs straddled his thighs and her clothed pussy pressed against his similarly hindered erection. She rocked her hips. He gave an answering thrust, and she drew a harsh breath, her eyes closing and her head tilting back. She whimpered.

So good, the tease of his length against her. Inside, her channel tightened, her clit swelling and throbbing with the need to be stroked and sucked. She tugged her shirt

over her head. It fell to the ground, followed quickly by her bra, and, tangling her fingers against the back of his head, she pulled his mouth to her breasts.

"I need you," she whispered.

Remy murmured something not quite words as he pulled her nipple into his mouth. His hands roamed over her back, eliciting little bursts of fire everywhere he touched. She rocked her hips into his lap, the drive to be closer, to have her legs wrapped around his hips and his cock buried deep inside pushing her closer and closer to release. Her Remy. Her gator. The man she loved and who stood up to his family and matriarch for her. She cherished this moment, only because she knew those that followed would be all the sweeter.

* * *

Remy blocked out the exquisite pleasure-pain of Sylvie rocking against him. Each slide of her jeans against his made him think about sliding into her wet heat. His balls tightened, the pressure so tight he feared he might come in his jeans. Maybe it was the way she managed his mother, or maybe it was the way she provided for the family, or maybe it was just her, but she tasted even sweeter. He rolled her nipple around on his tongue, loving the tiny, breathy moans she made.

He pulled his lips away to lean her back. His very own gator goddess. She looked like a goddess with her long blonde hair tumbling down and the arch of her back presenting her tanned breasts to him like twin offerings. The flat stomach and indentation of her navel hinted at more delights beneath the waistband of her jeans, and he pressed a kiss there, just above the button.

"Take your pants off. I'll be right back." Before he could change his mind, he gently pushed her to the couch, then stood and hurried into the kitchen. He grabbed a bottle of chocolate sauce from the fridge, then came back, seeing her naked, her legs spread and ready for him, on his couch.

Remy dropped his pants in record time. He sat on the end of the couch and arranged Sylvie's legs on either side of his hips. Uncapping the chocolate sauce, he held it over her stomach. "Brace yourself. This might be chilly."

Her eyes widened. Her tongue slid out to moisten her kiss-swollen lower lip, and Remy couldn't resist drizzling a trail of chocolate sauce from her navel, between her breasts, up her neck to send two fat drops landing on her lips. She licked it off, and the swirl of her tongue made his cock jerk. He leaned forward, starting at her stomach, and lapped at the sticky-sweet liquid. When he'd cleaned her, he drew patterns on her breasts, taking his time in sucking the syrup from her nipples. Then, he painted a trail back down to her neatly trimmed curls.

"Remy," Sylvie panted. "Please."

"Please what?" He dispensed a dollop of chocolate onto the tip of his finger, then ran it along her outer labia. Tilting her hips, he lowered his mouth to her sex and proceeded to lick and suck all the chocolate from her skin. The salty and sweet combination tasted like an elixir straight from heaven, and he had to repeat the process on the other side.

She shimmied beneath him, and he loved that he could make her so hot, so fast. Her clit poked from beneath its hood, swollen and wet for him. Her pink walls tightened and released against an invisible cock, and the fragrance of her arousal was like the finest perfume. Chocolate all but forgotten, he leaned forward, lifted her ass with his hands, then plunged his tongue into her tight channel.

"Fuck me," Sylvie demanded. "I need your cock." She fisted her hands on the couch and bucked beneath him.

Remy made love to her with his tongue. Each flutter of her pussy made his dick harder. He held off, wanting to feel her explode against his mouth. He slid his thumbs up to her clitoris and teased the sensitive organ. So close, she tightened around his tongue. Her moans grew sharper, her panting breaths faster. And then, with a cry, she came. Her muscles spasmed against his tongue, and he held her until her tremors subsided.

Her cries softened and her body stilled. So beautiful, and as Remy pulled away, a fierce sense of possessiveness came over him. He drank in the sight of her sprawled on his couch, her body replete in her orgasm. The fact that his own arousal screamed at

him didn't matter, not in this moment. Her lashes fluttered against her cheeks, and her parted lips welcomed his mouth, or his cock.

He slid away, her slight mewl of displeasure hardening him even further. Crawling over her body, he cupped the backs of her thighs and settled himself at her opening.

"Please," she whispered, her eyes opening. Her knees lifted, her heels finding purchase against the backs of his thighs, and one quick thrust joined their bodies.

She cried out at the swiftness of his penetration, and Remy gritted his teeth to keep from coming too soon. She wrapped around him, a velvet glove of heat and warmth that touched more than just his skin. He waited, savoring the moment. The pounding in his balls demanded he move, and he thrust into her. The silken slide tore at his restraint, and he didn't hold back. Each stroke pulled him deeper. His balls swung against her ass. Her heels dug into his buttocks.

Little moments stood out, not the big ones like the slide of his shaft into her body. No, the small ones, like the quirk of her lip when she moaned, or the way her hair brushed against his shoulders. Her big toe, just the big toe, pressed against his lower back, and the tiny dig drove him even deeper into her. His world narrowed to just the two of them. Deep inside, he bumped against the place that always set her off, and she came again.

Remy freed any last shreds of control he held onto. With a groan, he thrust into her and gave over to the swell of his release. His balls tightened. A moment of suspension, then another heartbeat later his release hit. Tiny tremors turned into large spasms as every muscle in his body went rigid. Pulses of his come splashed against her inner walls, each one more powerful than the last. He moaned her name, unable to think of anything but her in this most primal, intimate moment.

And then, he lowered himself to her and kissed her forehead and lips. The couch gave them little room, but somehow, he managed to roll them both to their sides, and they cuddled.

Chapter Six

Closing on the home in the bayou in a little under three weeks seemed like a miracle. Here they were, the day after closing, and she was already working on sanding the windowsills and baseboards in preparation for refinishing. The generator hum frightened away most of the birdcalls and occasional splashes from the swamp just outside their door. Remy operated a floor sander, removing several years' worth of neglect and crappy varnish so they could restore the home to its former beauty.

She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand. Sweat rolled down her back, and she plucked at the strings of her bikini top. Stepping out onto the porch for fresh air seemed like the thing to do, and she did, pausing to grab a bottle of water from the cooler. It'd take another ten days or so for the amenities like running water to be finished. At least the septic inspection revealed the tank still in working order. She'd been on enough remote film locations without flushing toilets, and she drew the line at going there ever again.

Sylvie freed the scarf confining her hair. Letting the breeze blow through her long tresses felt heavenly, as did the several swallows of water she took from the bottle. She rubbed the cool plastic across her forehead. She didn't mind the hard work, not on her own home. Already she imagined lazy summer afternoons on the porch with Remy, maybe a swing at one end, a hammock at the other. They'd sit there, generous amounts of insect netting keeping them cool and comfortable, and simply watch nature happen. She grinned.

A large gator splashed in the water along the edge of their island. Pressing her palms on the railing, she leaned forward to try and get a closer look. One of Remy's relatives, she wondered, or simply a wild gator checking out the intruders in his natural habitat. She pursed her lips and wished she knew.

She finished the bottle of water and went to the large jug they'd brought in the boat to refill it and put it back in the cooler. The whine of the sander ended abruptly. Remy turned and tugged down his mask, white dust covering his chest and arms. He jerked his chin toward the door, and he met her out on the porch.

"Almost done with the living room. That will leave only the downstairs office to be sanded. Then we'll have to haul the sander up the stairs."

Sylvie reached out and squeezed Remy's muscled biceps. "I think you can do it. Besides, I've been on my hands and knees most of the day sanding all the baseboards. You have the easier job," she teased him. They'd decided on the division of work right after the closing, and frankly, she loved hearing him talk about the home as if they were already living there.

A reptilian grunt came from the water.

Sylvie turned away and peered into the brackish depths. "I think one of your relatives is out there." Two more gator heads surfaced, and then a third, jaws open as if it were smiling at the two of them. She turned to gauge Remy's reaction. "Do you know them?" A smile flirted with the corners of her lips.

He made a show of looking. "I don't think you'd want to wrestle any of them. They're big and ugly." He leaned in, his warm breath a welcome caress against the top of her head. "Really ugly."

Sylvie choked back laughter. As one, all three gators put one foot, then a second one on the bank. Watching them, she had no doubt they knew Remy and he knew them. In fact, she'd guess they knew her, too. "Our first guests. How sweet. Welcome," she called. "And even if you're not Remy's relatives, you're still welcome here."

The big male in the center slapped his tail against the water, startling birds from the trees. He gaped his jaws, big teeth clearly visible.

"Quit showing off," Remy yelled. "She's not interested in you." He tugged her closer to him, his hand sliding over her midriff. His fingers lingered along the waistband of her shorts.

Heat blossomed between Sylvie's thighs. Standing here, wondering how much the gators could see, and smell, she battled her rising arousal. Behind her bikini top her nipples pebbled.

Remy moved behind her, pulling her against his hard body. Shivers darted down her frame, and she squeezed her fingers on the railing to keep standing upright. Against her ass, the thick ridge of Remy's hard cock promised more. She wriggled against it.

"Do you want them to watch me fuck you?" Remy whispered in her ear. He slid his right hand around her and cupped her breast, his thumb strumming across her nipple.

Sylvie's breath caught. She closed her eyes, a deep moan rising from her chest. Her pussy ached, her labia wet and her clit swollen, so much that she wanted to grab his wrist and shove his hand down her shorts.

"Do you think they can see?" Her voice shook only a little. She kept her attention focused on the three gators, all standing still and focused on the porch.

Remy inhaled audibly. "I bet they can smell how wet you are." He lowered his mouth to her shoulder and nipped. "You're so wet for me." The hand on her stomach ventured toward her shorts.

"Please," she whispered, reaching from the railing to flip open the button on her denim shorts.

Remy's hand encountered the opening, his fingers expertly forcing the zipper lower. The metal rasp filled the air. He stroked her through the thin cotton of her green bikini panties. "Damn, you are wet." He edged his finger beneath the elastic.

"Remy," she moaned.

He inched his finger into her channel, finger fucking her with slow strokes. Her hips moved ever so slightly, setting up a delicious friction between his hard cock and her ass.

"They know I have my finger inside you. They know I'm going to pull down your shorts and fill your sweet pussy with my cock." Remy released her breast long enough to tug at the fabric. "I bet they can't see... much."

Sylvie grinned. She wouldn't have made a living wrestling alligators in a bikini if she were afraid of showing her body. Deliberately, she reached up and pulled at the tie behind her neck. "Think they'd enjoy the show?" She arched her back to reach behind her and release that tie as well.

"Wait. I want you all to myself." He moved to stand beside her at the porch railing. "Go! Give us some privacy, you peeping gators!" Though he yelled, he sounded more teasing than angry.

The middle one opened his mouth and slapped his tail again, giving Sylvie the impression he laughed at them. The other two skedaddled back into the bayou, though she bet they didn't go far. In fact, she bet they probably remained close enough to watch. Keeping quiet, she released the tie on her bikini top, then shoved her shorts down her legs. Naked, she stood against the railing, her legs spread.

"You do want to give them a show, don't you?" Remy grinned. "I'm not sure they should see you like this."

Sylvie laughed. "We could always go inside and throw a blanket down on the floor. You did pack a blanket, didn't you? I just thought that we could christen the house like this." She strode barefoot across the porch, hoping she wouldn't get any splinters, and wrapped her arms around Remy's neck. She rubbed her breasts against his dusty chest, noticing white powder falling onto her skin. "Or maybe you could fuck me up against the front door," she whispered against his mouth.

He turned and pulled her legs around his hips. Grabbing her ass, he carried her across the threshold to the living room. With his foot, Remy kicked the door closed behind him, and his brutish behavior gave Sylvie a little thrill. This was why she played with gators -- the unpredictability, the danger. Pitting her wits against that of a creature that could literally devour her. Only this time, she welcomed the eating.

He pinned her against the door, reaching down to flip the lock. "Like this?" He kissed her, grinding his lips against hers, using his tongue to thrust her mouth open. He pumped his hips, letting her feel the full extent of his arousal.

Sylvie melted against him. Her breasts crushed against his chest; his big hands flattening on the door kept her pinned between his body and the hard wood. Reaching down, she grabbed his ass, giving a little growl of frustration when her hands encountered denim instead of bare skin. "You're not naked." She nipped his chin, then laved the mark with her tongue.

"You can fix that." Remy leaned back.

His movements allowed her to slide her hands around to the front of his jeans. A quick flick of her wrist freed the button, and she slowly slid down the zipper.

Remy's cock rose through the opening, drops of pre-cum already forming at the tip.

Sylvie stroked him, letting the shaft rest in the palm of her hand while she curled her fingers around him. He still kept her against the wall, and she couldn't resist pulling him toward her. The head of his cock brushed against her slick folds. She moaned, her fingers relaxing. Sliding her palm over his chest, she grabbed his shoulders. A simple tilt of her hips drew him into her body. She thrust, seating him fully inside her.

Remy groaned. His body vibrated with his arousal, and Sylvie relished the restrained wildness within him. Closing her eyes, she focused on him filling her, loving her, in their home. A house. Theirs.

His harsh thrusts rattled the door on its hinges. The sounds created a perfect counterpoint to their loving, their husky moans filling the air.

Sylvie tightened her inner muscles around him, needing the release that only he could bring.

Remy kissed her, plunging his tongue into her mouth. He possessed her, taking her over and over again, and her body spiraled around him. He swallowed her tiny moans, and finally, when he thrust hard enough to nearly pop the door off its hinges, she came explosively. Spasms raced through her body. Her pussy milked his cock, drawing him even deeper inside her. Tightening her fingers on his shoulders, her nails created indents, some welling with blood.

One more thrust, hard enough to border on painful, and then Remy stiffened. He came violently inside her, his hot seed filling her as his grip against her ass tightened. Remy pounded his hand on the doorframe, one solid thud before resting there, panting, still buried balls-deep inside her.

Sylvie curled into his chest. Not wanting to move, she pressed her heels to his ass and kept him locked deep inside her. The sounds of their ragged breathing surrounded them. Slowly, Remy lowered them to the floor. He lay back, letting her use his body as a cushion. With his jeans tangled around his legs it made for an awkward transition, and she slipped away to completely undress them. Then, she lay across his chest, their legs tangled.

Reaching up, she stroked his hair away from his face. She peppered his face with kisses. Sprawled over his body, every inch of him touching every inch of her, Sylvie relished the contact. She wished she could spend the rest of the afternoon like this -- heck, the rest of her life. However, duty, and their home, called. She rolled to her side and stood, then realized she'd left her clothes outside.

"I'll get them." Remy grabbed his jeans and pulled them on, then dashed out the door to get her clothes.

She waited just out of view, wanting to ask if his relatives were still there.

Remy entered and handed her clothes to her. She dressed quickly, watching him, noticing the tiny streaks in the dust across his chest, the way it coated his nipples and feathered across his stomach.

"So what do you think of our house and my nosy relatives?" Remy raked his fingers through his hair. He grabbed a rag from their tools and brushed it across his skin.

"I love them. Just like I love you." She finished tying the string behind her neck. She looked around, her throat tightening with the promise in his words and in this moment. "I've told you that before. I know. But you flew to Australia for me. You faced down the fiercest gator of them all. No tabloids. No television cameras. Nothing chased you away, and I am so very thankful."

Simply looking at the man she loved swelled her heart. He turned, and she paused, fearing that perhaps her most perfect moment was about to change. She stared at his bare back. Going on stage, wrestling wild alligators, nothing scared her more than this moment.

When Remy turned around, he held a plate. The chocolate cookies weren't gator shit cookies, and Sylvie pressed her hands to her mouth to stifle her laughter. To think, even in this moment, he had to bring out his cookies.

"I actually baked these for you." He strode forward, and as he drew nearer, she saw that they were some sort of chocolate, chocolate chip cookies.

Her mouth watered and she couldn't tell if it was because of the cookies or the man standing in front of her. "You baked them?"

"Yeah." Remy grinned. "After your joke that I didn't bake the gator shit cookies, I wanted to be sure I baked something for you. I love you. Standing up to my mother was nothing. The hardest and scariest thing, baking these cookies from scratch."

"From scratch?" Sylvie moaned. "Oh, my God, I really do love you."

"Oh, my goddess. My gator goddess." He paused in front of her and offered the tray.

Sylvie took a cookie and brought it to her mouth. The first taste of rich chocolate and walnuts burst across her tongue, and she moaned. She chewed and swallowed, finishing the cookie in three bites. "If I'm a goddess, then you're my god. My god of sex, chocolate, and videotape."

"I think I can live with that." Remy wrapped his arms around her and nuzzled her neck. "The question is, can you live with me?"

"Yes. Oh, yes," Sylvie breathed, and as he kissed her, she knew she could live here with him forever. Because there was no way she was leaving Remy's bayou now.

Mary Winter

Mary commutes between her dream home near the Mark Twain National Forest in Missouri, and her current residence in Iowa. She lives with a menagerie of animals, including an opinionated horse and a cat who was a dog in a past life. When not writing spicy tales of erotic romance, she enjoys writing science fiction and fantasy, spending time with her horse, and enjoying the outdoors. Lucky for her, her partner (hero) shares these same passions, and usually both of them can be found in their respective dens writing.

For more information about Mary's works, please visit her website at <http://www.marywinter.com>. She'd love to chat with readers on her loop, <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/marywinterchat> and keep up to date with her newsletter at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/marywinternews>.