

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

Come Spell or High Water



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www.beautifultroublepublishing.com

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Published by
Beautiful Trouble Publishing, LLC
PO Box 61
Colfax, NC 27235
www.beautifultroublepublishing.com

Cover Art: Marteeka Karland
Editor: Stephanie Parent
ISBN: ebook:

To the writers of blazing erotica, the tellers of side-splitting jokes, the singers of sultry ballads, and the makers of fine chocolates...and to the readers for coming along with us on the journeys.

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

FOREPLAY

In his twenty-eight years, Rave Loïc had raised his voice exactly one-half time. Not one, but one-half, and maybe less than that. No one in his family could be sure because as soon as he'd started his ill-advised diatribe, his grandmother had promptly smacked the rest of it back down his throat. Whatever he'd been about to say was lost in her warning about showing his little brown behind. That little brown behind was now described as the best ass in all of hockey...a fact that his brother Deuce vociferously disputed. While training and genetics had everything to do with the current state of his ass, the most important thing about it was the fact that he'd learned not to show it.

It was only his grandmother's lesson coupled with the grace of God that allowed him to hold himself back from making Thibault Laurent—the captain of their team—the lead story on the five o'clock news...everywhere where they had such a thing as news. Only twenty years, old Thibault had probably slid into the world in need of five or six ass whippings. It was a good thing he wasn't born of Rave's mother, because his grandmother would've beat him back into his mom's womb until he came out acting like he had some sense.

Unlike himself, Thibault didn't have the benefit of having had Babette Loïc help rear him, so he had a reason to act like a damn fool. Rave did not. And Rave wasn't about to be his whipping boy either...or his boy, full stop. It didn't matter that the GM was Thibault's father and the owner was his grandfather. It didn't matter that the Laurent family paid him two million dollars a year. The leading scorer not just on his team, but in all of hockey, he'd earned every cent of that money. And being a man, he'd earned the respect that Thibault had decided from the very beginning he wasn't going to give him. Thibault's lack of respect wasn't due to the fact that Rave was one of the few black males who played hockey; it was due to the fact that Thibault had been reared to believe he was entitled to treat everyone like dirt beneath his shoes.

Rave had spent the last season ignoring him, being that Thibault was just a kid fresh from college. Though they were only two weeks into this season, he'd been trying to do the same, but Thibault simply wasn't content to be ass whipping free. And if someone didn't get that snot-nosed brat out of his face, he was going to have a premature *coup de grâce* to go with that premature balding the Laurent men suffered from. It wasn't his fault that everyone in Thibault's family had lied to the boy making him believe he was better than Rave and pretty much

everyone else. He'd moneyed his way through school; he'd moneyed his way through college; he'd moneyed his way through every challenge life had thrown his way. And despite his grandfather owning the team, Thibault couldn't money or last name his way into being a better hockey player than half the guys in college, much less Rave—and Thibault knew it.

However, that wasn't what had Thibault's panties in such a twist. What had Thibault's panties in a twist was the fact that Rave had the unmitigated gall to let him know it. And since the kid had practically been begging for him to acknowledge him, he'd given him the rest of his opinion and informed him that while his money might make him richer than most men, it wouldn't make him a better hockey player and it wouldn't make him a man. He'd already been angry that Rave refused to skate down to his level and eagerly accept the role of just feeding him the puck so he could have stats he didn't earn, so being told the truth had just done Thibault in...and being benched for the rest of the game (all two minutes and three seconds of it) had simply finished it off. Thibault had spent the rest of the period calling him all manner of assholes, motherfuckers and sons of bitches, but Rave had ignored it all, which further incensed Thibault.

After the game in the sanctity of the locker room, Thibault had decided he wouldn't be ignored and had

spit on Rave. The whole locker room went quiet. Being that the boy had spit on his jersey, Rave had been more amused than angry. Looking down at the spittle, he ever so calmly removed his helmet before removing his jersey. Looking Thibault in the eye, he handed him the jersey and a metaphorical “fuck you” to go with it.

“I’ll take this spit and clean my trophies with it—you know, the three Lady Byng Memorial trophies, [*sportsmanship/gentlemanly conduct*], the two Art Ross trophies [*total points*], the Hart Memorial [*MVP*], the Conn-Smythe [*playoffs MVP*], and oh yeah, my Stanley Cup ring. If there’s any leftover, I’ll clean my brother’s James Norris Memorial trophy [*defensive player with greatest all-around ability*], his Lester B. Pearson [*outstanding player selected by NHL association*], and his two Stanley Cup rings. And if you ever spit in my direction again, much less on me...”

He didn’t finish his sentence with words. Standing six foot five inches and rocking two hundred thirty pounds of muscle, he simply finished the statement with his eyes. His silent fury was sufficient enough to make the young buck back up...and keep backing up. And so did everyone else in the Thibault camp, along with a few innocent bystanders. Certain that he’d gotten his message across, he strolled to the

showers, too angry to care that the locker room reporters had caught the entire exchange.

He didn't need to be a genius to understand that tonight had been a turning point in his professional hockey career. As much as he'd enjoyed living and playing in Vancouver, regrettably, he was going to have to leave it. Though not as beautiful as his native Montreal, it was breathtaking. Situated on the Pacific Northwest coast, it was surrounded by bays and the glistening Pacific Ocean, with each of the seven regions (North Island, Central Island, Pacific Rim, South Island, Greater Victoria, Gulf and Discovery Islands, and the Sunshine Coast) offering distinct landscapes and a unique beauty. Even the weather was top notch. Despite the propensity to rain at the drop of a hat, Vancouver had some of the mildest winters in Canada thanks to a combination of the warm Pacific waters and the rugged Rockies, which blocked the cold winter air.

Vancouver was one of the most livable cities in the world, receiving numerous awards and recognition for sustainability, accessibility and inclusivity programs. It consistently ranked as one of the best cities to live in—usually in the top three. A lot of that had to do with the wide range of services for its residents. All of that combined to attract people to the

city, and as a result, it boasted an ethnically diverse population.

He loved Vancouver, but he was certain he wouldn't be able to stay. Perhaps they'd trade him to Montreal; he wouldn't mind going back home. And if not to his hometown, then perhaps they'd trade him to one of the other Canadian teams. None of them were bad teams or bad places to live. But the Vancouver team's GM and owner were bad, and ten minutes after stepping out of the shower he learned that he'd been traded to Atlanta with its barely existent winters, its sweltering summers, and its hockey team that few in the city knew existed...or cared that it did.

Knowing how much he loathed hot weather, the owner simply smirked at him.

"So how do you feel about being traded to Atlanta?" a local reporter asked.

Smiling at the owner, he responded. "I feel privileged that the owner wanted me to be part of the team that brings Atlanta a Stanley Cup to go along with its many other championships."

And he meant it. Already having made his point with Thibault, he was about to make his point with his father and grandfather. To be the man, you have to beat the man, and while he'd never beat Mr. Laurent in the game of who has more money, Mr. Nigel Drystan, owner of all four of Atlanta's professional

teams and about a third of Atlanta, did have that kind of money.

MINDFUCKING

The owners of You Can Kiss Our Whole Sass Sports Promotions didn't look like any of the other agents who had offices on the top floor in the Drystan Enterprises skyscraper. In fact, they looked nothing at all like agents anywhere. Hand-tailored business suits and spit-shined shoes might be the default outfit of their cronies; however, Spell and Rage Slayer had never pretended they were a damn thing like other agents. Thus, along with amazing minds, they rocked the standard outfit of individuals who were part of the Slayer family: whatever the fuck they wanted...paired with some kind of boot...and usually some kind of holster.

While Rage favored her sleek, leather riding boots with the eighteen inch shaft height and three-quarter inch heel, Spell favored the ridiculous. Despite having a wide variety of footwear, rain, shine, or all out drought, Spell usually rocked galoshes. Her walk-in closet was like galosh-world featuring a wide selection of galoshes in various shaft heights and spanning the spectrum of colors. And yet, she always seemed to pick her 'crime fighter' boots: aka, the latex-dipped, garnet red galoshes with the sixteen inch shaft height and snazzy buckle decorating the top. This is

why she was on the most wanted list of the fashion police.

No sisters got on as well as Rage and Spell. They were the yin to each other's yang. Rage had no tact, and Spell had no respect for propriety. As a result, they'd been shunned by pretty much all of their classmates while growing up. Rage was shunned because everyone hated her; Spell was shunned because everyone was weirded out by her. And the cherry on top was that neither one of them gave two flying fucks about being liked, which was a good thing being that Rage was voted person most likely to be on death row and Spell was voted '*most 'flicted acting person who didn't actually have any type of affliction*' from playschool right up to earning her *Juris Doctorate*. No one had wanted to sit next to the Slayer girls, which had been just fine with Rage, who considered everything within a ten-foot radius her personal space. It might not have been okay with Spell, but she was always too wrapped up in doing her own shit to ever notice no one sat next to her.

That'd been real good for their six foot ten inch, two-hundred eighty-five pound daddy, who didn't like anything with a penis anywhere near his wife or daughters. Of course, he need not have worried, because Slayer females were renowned for fucking up people who didn't 'act right.' They might be a motley

collection of mean, weird and tactless, but they were also loving and giving...they just weren't taking any shit.

Slayer women were also smart as hell...and the best in their chosen professions. Nobody out-sheriffed Dream Slayer; nobody out-fished Lure Slayer; and nobody out-represented Rage and Spell Slayer. They were good, and not only did they know it...athletes knew it. This is why despite having breasts, despite being weird, and despite walking the top floor of the most expensive building in all of Atlanta...wearing holsters holding neon-colored water pistols, they weren't hurting for clients.

You Can Kiss Our Whole Sass Promotions was in the top ten of sports agencies. They could've been in the top two if all they were after was as many commissions as their bank account could hold. But they didn't roll that way. They liked their clients; they were fans of the sports they played, and there was no middle ground. You Can Kiss Our Whole Sass had four rules:

- 1) No hockey players.
- 2) No soccer players.
- 3) No motherfuckers.
- 4) If while we're representing you, you turn into a MF, you have to get the fuck out.

They were sports agents, not bail bondsmen. Neither were they anybody's momma, babysitter, counselor, or priest. If you didn't know how to act right, they were not the agents for you. They'd only run into a handful of motherfuckers, but being that one of their brothers was a kung-fu master who trained the Special Forces in fucking peeps up, yeah, they didn't have any long-term problems with anybody.

Lying over her desk, Spell juggled three rubber-band balls as she hummed the theme song from *The A-Team*. Done with that, she busted off a few leg lifts—not because she needed the exercise but because she liked looking at her boots. Her red galoshes were the coolest, and later, she was going to set the AC to extra low so it'd be cool enough in the office to wear her blue duffel coat so she could be twins with her favorite stuffed bear. She loved him, although sometimes she did feel like she was cheating on her other favorite stuffed bear.

Her musings were interrupted by their intern.

“Going to lunch and then to see the new Biggie movie. I'll be back in time to see what y'all jacked up. You want anything?”

“A man with a big dick, the knowledge of how to use it and an even bigger brain,” she said.

“Well, if I find one of those, understand me this: I won’t be back in for the rest of the month, because I’ll be riding him like I stole it,” Eve said right before rocking out of the door.

And that was reason number nine million why Eve was their intern. She supposed she should stop calling Eve Ahn an intern, being that Eve had worked for the company for five years, but old habits died hard; plus, chick had a perfect hourglass figure, so the least Spell could do was treat Eve like a newb. While other employees might take offense, Eve was too busy not giving a shit to actually notice. And when she wasn’t busy not giving a shit, Eve was trying to figure out a way to become Mrs. Ice Cube.

Eve didn’t give a shit about how weird Rage was, nor was she intimidated by how cool she was. Nope, Eve only cared that a) she got paid every two weeks; b) there was Coca-Cola in the fridge; c) there was something containing pork delivered each day for lunch; and d) nobody acted like they’d lost their fucking minds. One time, someone had acted like that, but Eve had lost her mind right back. That’d been the moment she and Rage had decided they were keeping Eve.

Well, actually that was the second moment they decided they were keeping her. The first moment was at the interview. While all of the interviewees had exceptional credentials, only Eve had rolled in with those badass black, eel-skin boots.

“What kind of boots are those?” she’d asked.

Not missing a beat, Eve had responded.

“These are my ‘remember you’re a badass bitch boots,” she’d said.

You just didn’t get that kind of honesty every day. They’d hired her on the spot, and as she was signing her name to the contract, Rage had asked her the first of many impertinent questions.

“You don’t buy boots like that just to go on a job interview, so what are you rocking with them that we don’t see?”

Not even pausing in signing, Eve responded. “I wear the black and purple ‘*God gave me titties for a reason*’ bra and the ‘*makes me want to smack my own ass*’ panties.”

And that was when Eve had got her first raise and promotion. It’d been a good decision. Eve was a damn good executive everything. Technically, they were supposed to have an executive secretary and an accountant and other people, but yeah, Eve could handle, so they’d combined the executive secretary, accountant, and office manager positions into one

position: MMFEIC (Main Mother Fucking Executive In Charge) and just paid her one big-ass salary for running shit. And all were happy. Well, Eve was happy after she got a branding iron with MMFEIC on it.

Rave was tired. And late. The packing of his home had been done with minimal effort. He'd simply packed and shipped his personal belongings to Atlanta. And then he'd had a big-ass yard sale and donated the money to charity before putting his house on the market.

The moving wasn't what had made him tired. What had made him tired was sneaking his grandmother out of the country from under his brother's nose. As soon as he and Deuce had gone pro, they'd fought over who got to keep Grandma. Every other week or so, one of them would kidnap her from the other's house. Of course, spoiled diva that she was, she just sat back and enjoyed it all.

Normally, they split time evenly with their grandma, but now that his home base was Atlanta, he needed Grandma more than ever. Deuce knew it and had thus kept Grandma even closer. But Deuce had a home game. Thanks to Dr. Karlo Adams—Nigel

Drysten's go-to person—he not only had comfortable accommodations in the outlying area of Patrале, he had a phone with an Atlanta area code. He'd called Deuce from his new line to wish him a victory in his game. But he hadn't been in Atlanta when he'd made the call. He'd been standing outside the stadium looking all incogNegro in a baseball cap and a Morehouse t-shirt.

As soon as the game had begun, he'd lured his grandma away with the sad eyes. After tucking her in the limo, they'd raced to the airport, and before the end of the game, they were landing at Hartsfield-Jackson International. Bwah ha ha, score one million for him. Of course, he'd had to listen to his brother whining, cussing, and whining some more to try and get him to give Grandma back. That so wasn't going to happen, and to make sure it didn't, he'd hidden Grandma's passport.

Deuce's whining wasn't what had made Rave tired, as he'd had decades to get used to that. He was tired because he'd gotten lost all over Atlanta procuring items for his grandma. Her comfort came first, and there were no ifs, ands, or buts about that. That was why he'd made up the master bedroom for her. She was the master in that house...and he knew it. She was a woman who didn't need much and rarely

asked for anything, so he and his brother had made it a point to give her everything they had.

Walking out of the elevator, he made his way down the luxurious corridor, anxious to meet the man who might be his new agent. Perhaps if he hadn't been tired, he would've paid a bit more attention to where he was walking. Then again, after stopping to ogle, he couldn't do anything but walk towards the spectacle, knowing that this could not end well. But what could he do? It wasn't every day that you saw a luscious woman lying on a desk with one leg all the way over her head in a full-on split, while singing a medley of songs from an infomercial and spinning a basketball on one finger...while wearing red galoshes. You just didn't see that sort of thing every day.

Okay, truth be told, you just didn't see that shit...ever. And now that he did see it, he simply couldn't stop looking, especially when he noticed how luscious she really was. She was a good, full-figured woman, and he had an image of being all up on her, sipping from her lips, whispering directions in her ear like, 'take me.'

Pulling himself from his fantasy before he had to explain why his cock had burst through his trousers, he cleared his throat to get her attention.

"I wondered how long you were going to sit there and stare. Whatcha want, homie?" she asked.

You. He thought that, but instead he said, “You know it’s not a good idea to be so involved in, um, whatever it is you’re doing that you neglect your personal safety.”

“I never neglect my personal safety.”

“I just walked in here. I could’ve been a serial killer.”

“By ‘*could’ve been a serial killer,*’ are you speaking hypothetically, or are you expressing regret? If only I’d taken that extra class on crazy, I could’ve taken my rightful place on the FBI’s Most Wanted List?”

“Are you insane?”

“Nope. Are you? I only ask because you did just rock up in here without knowing whether or not I was a serial killer.”

“While I appreciate you being concerned for me, I’m a pretty good-sized man—” he started.

Yeah, started, because a split second later he found himself face down in her bosom, his cock pressed firmly against her pussy, and her muscular thighs wrapped around his waist. From what he felt of her curves, she had a killer body...you know, the kind that’d make a man go on a massacre to keep other males away from it. Sure, he could’ve broken her leg lock, but why the hell would he? He was about to

make himself more comfortable when he felt something cold and sharp against his skin.

“You were saying?” she asked a split second before she toppled them both onto the floor.

He was going to say that he wasn't saying a damn thing, but before he could, he saw some boots walk by. A moment later, he heard some dialing and then a female voice.

“Bryer, did you lose a big, black man? Yeah, well you should get over here, because boss number one is about to stab him. I'm going home, because I'm not about to be a witness to a damn thing.”

He saw the boots walk back by. Tossing out a *'see you later,'* their owner left the office just as Bryer Alacran entered.

“I was hoping Eve was joking. Spell, you can't go around stabbing people,” Bryer said as he went to wrestle the knife from her hand.

Even though the knife was aimed at him, something in Rave bristled at the thought of another man touching her. Tugging her closer to him, he grabbed Bryer's wrist.

“Bryer Alacran?” he asked.

“Yes. Rave Loïc?”

“Yes, pleased to meet you. I apologize for being late; however, I'm going to need you to take your hand off of her.”

“You do realize Spell has a knife...and is rumored to be crazy,” he said.

“I am not crazy! I’m just weird,” she interrupted. “And this is my knife, so both of you need to get your hands off of it.”

Any further conversation was interrupted by someone storming into the office. Looking up to see who the black cognac riding boots belonged to, he saw a woman who looked a lot like the one sprawled atop him. And then he saw Bryer go flying across the room as he was hip-checked. Not even pausing to see how much damage she’d caused Bryer, the woman kicked his wrist, causing the knife to slide from his fingers. In one motion, she caught the knife before it hit the floor and dragged Spell off of him.

“I know you didn’t just kick my freaking hand,” Spell protested as she executed a backwards roll, popped to her feet and kicked the knife loose. Snatching the knife out of the air, she started fussing with her sister. “Touch my knife again, and I’m telling Daddy.”

“Go ahead and tell him, and I’ll tell him that you’re waving it around at strange men you’re straddling in the office. How you think that’s going to go over? And then while Daddy’s in here killing your new little strange friend, I’m going to tell Momma you’re brandishing weapons.”

“You are such a freaking narc.”

“Well, I wouldn’t be if I didn’t always have to do shit like stop you from committing felonies. Have some respect for your momma—you know, the sheriff of Azod County...the first woman sheriff in those parts...the lady who’s the president of the State Sheriff’s Association.”

“I didn’t just meet her yesterday, so I don’t need a rundown of our momma’s credentials.”

“Then stop doing stuff to bring shame upon her...well, any more than you usually do with your weirdness.”

“Didn’t you just stop wearing a cape?”

“Wrong. I never stopped wearing a cape. Much like the cross is always implied in church, the cape is always implied on my person.”

“I see you’re all busy trying to slide all close to hell and all, so I’m going to put you on ignore mode.”

“Whatever. I’m not the one trying to ignore the ‘no stabbing anyone in the office’ rule.”

“I didn’t stab anybody. I was just making a point, and then Bryer came in here and started stuff, so go yell at him.”

“Oh, I am,” she said as she grabbed Bryer’s tie, snatched him off the floor and gave him a good cussing out.

“How dare you come in here and attack my sister!”

“Your sister tried to kill my client!”

“So fucking what! You know what, defend yourself, motherfucker.”

“Rage, if I’m not allowed to kill anyone in the office, then you aren’t allowed either. So go drag Bryer back to his office and do what you normally do when you’re over there with him. Before I was so rudely interrupted, I was trying to have a conversation

with—” She paused. “Hey, what’s your name?”

“Rave Loïc,” he said.

“Hi, Rave. I’m Spell Slayer. The second best-looking chick in the room is my sister Rage. The third best-looking chick in the room is Bryer.” Turning to her sister, she continued. “I was having a conversation with Rave.”

Though he’d grown up with Deuce as a brother, Rave had never been in the midst of this much crazy. Seeing Rage Slayer literally drag Bryer to the door, he thought about uttering the words ‘*maybe we should talk this out,*’ but then he remembered that Spell had a knife. While self-preservation should have encouraged him to keep his eye on the hand

brandishing the weapon, his cock kept encouraging his eyes to linger on Spell's hips and breasts...and that tempting mouth. Before he could work his way up to her eyes that were assuredly flashing fire, Spell hit him in the face with a pillow.

“Stop staring at my knife,” she scolded.

As if he was looking at anything but her.

“It's mine, and you can't have it,” she finished.

What he wanted wasn't the knife. He wanted the woman who wielded the knife...and those hips...and that ass.

Tossing a few more throw pillows onto the floor, she set her knife down and dove at him. It didn't even cross his mind to do anything but catch her. Rolling her voluptuous form off of him, she sniffed him.

“Damn, you smell good...like you've been brushing up against me or something.”

He'd like nothing more than to brush up against her...all fucking day and night.

“I make it a habit to bathe and all,” he said.

“Yeah, well many in your gender think bathing is optional and personal grooming is a vestigial practice, much like wisdom teeth and the appendix are vestigial organs.”

What the hell was he supposed to say to that? Luckily, she didn't require an answer. She simply

snuggled up next him, laid her head in the bend of his arm, and spoke.

“So, tell me about yourself, Rave, and don’t leave anything out.”

And that’d been his introduction not only to his new agent, but also to the woman who would become the star of every one of his nightly dreams.

INTERLUDE

The season had flown by. They'd ended up with a respectable 58-24 regular season record and were the Southeastern Division Champs; they'd been a goal shy of making it to the Conference Semifinals. By everyone's account, it'd been a successful season, especially considering the team's last two seasons had been one step above garbage, and the season before that had been all-out garbage. While everyone else might accept that, he wasn't everyone else, and thus nothing less than a Stanley Cup would satisfy him.

Thanking his teammates for accepting him into their team with such graciousness, he'd vowed that he'd work harder than he ever had in the offseason, and come next season he'd arrive earlier, stay later and hit the gym harder. Then he'd challenged them to do the same. Thinking he could do more, he'd gone to Mr. Drystan's office, offering to renegotiate his contract so that they could get more talent. Mr. Drystan had shaken his hand, patted him on the shoulder and restated his appreciation at having him on the team.

"I might be a bastard," Mr. Drystan had said, "but I'm not a cheat. I made that deal with you in good faith. You've more than lived up to your end,

and I have every intention of living up to my end. We'll get the pieces we need, and you won't have to take a pay cut to get it."

Well, damn. Any other boss would be jumping at the offer, but as he was learning, Nigel Drystan wasn't anything like any other owner he'd ever met. Exiting his office, he headed back to the arena. It might officially be the end of their season, but the way he saw it, he had from now until October to get stronger, faster, and better. And he would.

Atlanta was good for him...and real good for Grandma. She'd made fast friends with the women of Patrale. Her cronies (the sixty and older crowd) had never met a child they wouldn't spank, an adult they wouldn't get told, or an adventure they wouldn't take. She was friends with all of the women, but especially thick with Grace Ellen Jones, so he didn't have time to worry about Deuce kidnapping her; she wasn't ever home for him to kidnap. One night (way past the time when the street lights had come on—not that Patrale had hide nor hair of a light, signpost or stop sign of any kind), she came staggering in and instead of apologizing and explaining where she'd been at that indecent hour, she'd declared that she wasn't ever leaving Atlanta...even if it meant she had to find some young, hot thing and marry him.

Yep, for better or worse, Atlanta was now his home. Just like he took care of his grandma, he took care of home. Atlanta deserved a Cup, and he was going to see that they got it.

ORGASM

There were advantages to having a sheriff as a momma, Karlo as a homie, and Nigel Drystan as a godfather. Her momma being sheriff meant people gave her a wide berth. Karlo being her homie meant she had the skinny on hot, titled Italian men...and the restaurants they owned. Nigel Drystan being her godfather meant she had twenty-four hour access to any building with his name on it, which meant she had access to about one-third of the city—regardless of the day of the week or time of day.

Yep, she enjoyed her connections. They kept her in the skinny, not that she'd seen skinny since somewhere around second grade. That was how she knew where to find Rave.

Rave was where he was every day since the team had been eliminated from the Stanley Cup Playoffs. He was at the arena, skating, doing drills, lifting weights. While she appreciated his drive...and that hot body under the jersey...it'd been two damn weeks since they'd been eliminated. She'd given Rave his space, but it was a beautiful day, she was bored, and she'd decided it was his primary job to entertain her. And her sister had backed her up.

That was why she was waiting just inside the arena doors to waylay him. Knowing he never left the house unless he was groomed to within an inch of his life, she didn't have to worry about him not being dressed for a day out. On this beautiful May day, she had places she wanted him to take her. Okay, actually she only had one place she needed him to take her: Obsession, her new favorite restaurant. They had food to die for and an owner hot enough to kill for. Sometimes she didn't know what to ogle: the dessert case or the hottie proprietor, Ranek Thracius—half Greek, half Italian, all fantasy-licious.

Rave had planned on another afternoon of doing hockey drills...and then he opened the door and spotted Spell in the corridor. Though he couldn't see her face being that she was curled up in a sleeping bag, he saw the red galoshes. He really didn't even need to see the red galoshes to know it was her. He'd know his woman anywhere. And even if by chance he lost his *'want to fuck that woman bowlegged every time he saw her'* gene, no one but Spell would do something so...so...so Spell-like.

Setting his bag on the floor, he kneeled down to pick her up. Though she was bundled up good, he

didn't want her to be lying on the floor unless she had him beside her. In that case, she wouldn't be lying on the floor; she'd be lying on him.

Not knowing what kind of weapon she had with her in the sleeping bag, but knowing that she definitely had one in there, he softly called her name...from a safe distance away.

“Spell.”

Sticking her head out of the bag, she reached out and tugged him down. Because it was her body that she was tugging him down onto, he went willingly, although he braced his weight on his forearms.

“Hey, Rave.”

“Is there some reason you're always dragging me to the floor?”

“You're real easy to lie next too,” she said as she laid her head on him.

Damn. Didn't she know how dangerous those words were? If they weren't in the corridor of a public building, he'd be tempted to show her just how good lying next to him could be. But they were in a public place...and he had to practice.

“As much as I enjoy lying next to you, I have drills to do.”

“But you've been doing them every day,” she pouted.

“You do your agent thing every day,” he countered as he got to his feet. Reaching down, he pulled her up, careful to hold onto her hands as she stepped clear of her sleeping bag.

“Fine, then. Go and do your little hockey thing,” she pouted as she dragged her sleeping bag along behind her.

“And what are you going to do while I do my ‘little’ hockey thing?” he asked.

“Annoy the shit out of you until you bend to my will,” she said. “Are you using the gym or the ice?”

“Both.”

“Of course you are,” she grumbled.

“Well, I have to hit the gym and the ice hard to maintain my title of *‘best ass in hockey,’*” he said to annoy her.

“Well, I’ve got the best titties in this arena...”

Spell didn’t just have the best titties in the arena; Spell had the best titties anyplace she was at. “... and titties trump ass,” she finished.

“What!?” he asked.

“These titties,” she said as she placed her hands under them and lifted them up to him like an offering.

He was in the midst of deciding if he should say grace before accepting it when her words interrupted his thought process.

“...trump that ass,” she said as she jerked him around and smacked his ass.

Spell was right. Her titties did trump his ass. Then again, her ass also trumped his. Spell Slayer was a composition of womanly curves. And as far as he was concerned, everything on her belonged to him. Knowing he wasn't about to be able to do shit except fantasize about making her scream out his name, he picked up his bag and reversed directions.

“Come on,” he said. “You’ve broken my concentration.”

“Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees! Woohoo! World record for breaking Rave’s concentration.”

Stopping, she gave security an impromptu speech.

“Okay, before I start handing out thanks, I’m going to ask you to hold your applause to the end. So, who do I thank first?”

Knowing it was useless to protest her complete mockery of him, he voiced a suggestion. “Uh, how about me since, you know, none of this would be possible without me and all?”

Looking at him, and then at the security staff, she shook her head. “He is so cute,” she said. “So damn cute. First, I’d like to give honor and glory to my savior. Big ups, Jesus. Next, I’d like to thank my parents—my momma for stopping others from

shooting me and my daddy for stopping my momma from shooting me. I'd like to thank my crazy-ass siblings for always getting into so much shit that momma was tired of whooping ass by the time I was born. I'd like to thank the makers of red galoshes," she said as she held her foot up and turned it, showing off said red galoshes. "And finally, I'd like to thank my damn self because, you know, I'm the business. Ye-ah. Okay, you can now applaud."

Bowing while security did just that, she grabbed the head of building maintenance (who if he wasn't mistaken, had maintained the First Temple at the bequest of King Solomon).

"Dance with me," she said as she sang the chorus of "The Bump"—which he'd later discover was all of the song that she knew—while dancing it with the aged man.

"Go Mr. Mordecai! Go me! Go Mr. Mordecai! Go me!" she said as she shimmied her fine ass all over the floor.

Seeing the younger men eye her shimmy, he grabbed her up.

"Hey," she protested.

"You've exceeded your quota of shimmying for today," he said as he led her to the exit.

Of course, she sang that damn song all the way to his truck.

“Was it the titties or the ass?” she said when he tucked her into the cab of the *Avalanche*.

“Both,” he admitted as he buckled his seatbelt and put the truck in gear.

It was a good thing they were going to lunch...at least that way one of his appetites would be sated.

Spell was so proud of herself. It'd only taken her ten minutes to wheedle Rave into taking her to *Obsession*...and another ten minutes to get to his truck. Climbing in, she adjusted her seat to her liking.

“Who has been sitting in my seat, Rave?”

“Grandma.”

“Okay, you're lucky. You know I don't like other bitches messing with my stuff,” she said. Seeing his eye twitch, she bit her lip to stop her smile from blooming all over her face. She did enjoy messing with Rave. It was like messing with *Rage*—so much fun it should be an Olympic event.

As soon as they arrived at *Obsession*, she was out of the truck. Waiting for Rave, who was busy taking his fucking time, she tapped her foot.

“Come on, Rave,” she pleaded.

As soon as he came around the truck, she snatched his hand and literally pulled him into the

restaurant with her. Despite pausing to chat with the hostess, she beat the waiter to her favorite seat.

“Bring my favorite,” she told the waiter.

“Everything’s your favorite,” the waiter joked.

“Then bring me everything, and bring it quickly.”

Being that she was working her way through the menu, she didn’t give a shit what they brought—eventually she would try everything.

Rave moaned over the best souvlaki he’d ever wrapped his lips around. The small pieces of savory pork went well with the pilaf, grilled vegetables and tzatziki sauce. The souvlaki was as good as the Ascolona-style stuffed olives, and the potato salad. Emitting another moan, he now understood why Spell was in love with the place...and he hadn’t even had dessert yet.

So good was the cuisine that the consuming of it demanded Spell’s entire attention. She’d been mid-shit talking when the waiter had set her plate before her. Sprinting through grace, she’d dug into her food and been in deep-eat mode ever since.

He was midway through his chocolate pecan pie with mint ice cream when Spell finished her slice of

lemon pound cake and southern peach ice cream. Grabbing a clean fork, she scooped up a piece of his pie. Proclaiming it ‘flavor-licious,’ she sat back and resumed conversation.

As always, her conversation ran through the litany of crazy, but having known her for eight months, he was pseudo-fluent in Spell. He could understand her...even if he couldn’t speak the language. He nodded when he was meant to, said ‘yes’ in the appropriate places and sprinkled in plenty of ‘hell no’s.’

Spell being Spell made the ‘hell no’s’ necessary. Not only did she try and set him up with every female waitress in the place, she looked to be on the verge of trying to set him up with a few male waiters. But that wasn’t the kicker. The kicker was when she’d tried to trade him for a live chicken to a Caribbean woman. Luckily, they were sitting in a secluded area. Otherwise, his lack of a love life would be splashed all across the gossip columns. Dammit, he didn’t have time to date during hockey season...and even if he did, there was only one woman he wanted: Spell Slayer.

Signing the receipt for the bill, Rave decided it was past time to let Spell know that. And he would’ve, but the proprietor of the restaurant stopped by their table, and he was relegated to the fringes of Spell’s attention. He could accept being pushed to the

background when the competition didn't look like he'd escaped from between the covers of *GQ* magazine.

It didn't help that Spell was flirting hard with him...kinda. "Hey stud, when are you going to leave your knives in my kitchen?"

"You say that to all of the chefs," Chef Ranek said.

"No, just the ones who make my tongue...curl. Come on, you know you want to cook for me. I've got a big kitchen. Tempted?" she asked as she waggled her spoon.

"Of course, I'm a heterosexual chef. How could I not be?"

The proprietor might be a nice man. Chef Ranek might help old ladies across streets, adopt orphans and build hospitals in his spare time, but for real, Rave didn't care. Ranek Thracius was about to be given an all-expense paid trip to the Emory University Hospital ICU.

"Will I see you next week?" Chef Ranek asked.

Though he knew they were bantering, everything within him rankled at Ranek's tone...and everything male in him reared its head at that challenging smirk Chef Ranek wore.

"I'm afraid she'll be busy next week," Rave said as he slid closer to Spell. Tunneling his fingers

through her hair, he tipped her head back and kissed her lips...all without taking his eyes off of the chef.

“And what will she be busy doing?” the chef asked.

“Me,” he said as he grabbed her hand and left the establishment.

One moment Spell was busy flirting with the hot-ass chef, and the next she had a mouthful of Rave Loïc...and she'd never tasted anything better. Before she could process the feel of Rave's tongue plundering her mouth, she had to come to terms with Rave's big hand caressing her pussy under the table. Damn. Arching into his hand, she closed her eyes and swallowed the moan that threatened to spill out.

She didn't see the '*start something*' in Ranek's eyes. She didn't see the '*come get some*' in Rave's. She didn't see anything but a future that involved her riding Rave Loïc into the sunset. Before she could finish her fantasy, she felt herself being jerked out of the chair.

Rave was busy buckling her into her seatbelt before she got a chance to see his eyes. And when she did—damn. He looked...motherfucking hot.

Rave shouldn't have touched Spell...not in public where he couldn't touch her like he needed, love her like he wanted, take her like his body demanded. That fucking chef knew what he was about. He doubted Chef Ranek wanted Spell in an intimate way, and even if he did, he could file that under 'too fucking bad' because the only way he'd step back and allow another male to have her was over his dead fucking body.

While he knew the chef didn't want Spell, he wasn't so sure about Spell wanting the chef. She did eat there every week. Fuck that. He didn't give a shit if Spell wanted that cat. She was too much woman for any other man but him. The way she reacted to his touch proved that. Spell didn't hesitate when he kissed her. She didn't stutter when he stroked her pussy. No, Spell simply opened herself to him like she knew that she belonged to him, which was a good thing because she did. As soon as he got them home, he was going to prove it. But first he had to get them there. And the only way he could do that was to think of something other than how sweet her mouth tasted, how lush her body felt, how intoxicating she smelled.

"I cannot believe you tried to trade me for some chicken," he said.

"Dude, calm your balls."

“Believe me, my balls are perfectly calm. I’m not even going to ask why that woman has a live chicken, because I’m sure it involves some kind of felony,” he started.

“It’s not a felony, but being that you’re in the country on a work visa, yeah, you probably shouldn’t ask,” she said.

“Regardless, you were trying to sell me for a chicken.”

“It’s not like it was fried chicken. It was a live chicken, and that’s a pretty good trade if you ask me.”

“I know you. If that lady had offered you a couple of sides to go with it, you would’ve traded me for an eight piece.”

“Depends on what the sides were. Mashed potatoes, slaw, and some biscuits...it’d be tempting. But being that you took me to Obsession, I wouldn’t do it.”

“Like I believe that,” he said.

“Okay, dude, you know what, you’re getting on my fucking nerves. Get the fuck out,” she said.

“How are you telling me to get out of my own vehicle?”

“Because I can. If you’re not going to get out, then shut up.”

“I’m going to shut up...for now...but when we get to my house, get comfortable, Spell, because I’ve got a whole lot to say.”

“Like you’ve ever said a whole lot about anything. You speak hockey, man and Canadian, which means you know a whole lot of words for snow and ice, how to grunt, and how to say ‘mayonnaise’ and ‘eh.’”

“I also speak Spell Slayer.”

“Well then, you should understand this just fine. *When you stop this vehicle, it’s on,*” she said.

“Oh, yes it is,” he returned.

Yes, it certainly was, he thought as he accelerated.

Rave might be fine as hell, but there was no fucking way she was going to let him get away with that bullshit. And by bullshit, she meant working her up to the brink of orgasm and then pulling back. Fuck that. If he wanted to be a pussy about it, he might as well have some pussy to go with it. And she just happened to have some. Oh yeah, Rave Loïc was going down...and she knew her pussy was going to thank her for it when he did.

Pulling into his driveway, Rave paused and breathed a sigh of relief. Babies and fools, babies and fools. Being that he wasn't a baby, he fell into the second category by default. He'd waited eight months for this moment...and as much as he wanted to hurry it on to its pleasant culmination, he had to back off and give Spell a choice.

Hitting the button to open the garage, he put the truck in park and killed the ignition. Pulling the keys from the ignition, he handed them and his phone to Spell.

“Da hell?” she asked.

“Though I was raised to be a gentleman, when it comes to lovemaking, I'm not a gentle man. If you decide to come in, know that you'll spend the rest of this day and all night coming. It won't be some censored, romance book lovemaking, but hot, rough, sweaty fucking. Not only will I fuck your pussy raw, I will fuck your mouth, spank your ass, and make you beg for more. I've spent the last eight months wanting you, and once I have you, once will never be enough. I'm a selfish bastard, and while I reluctantly share my grandmother with my brother, know that I will never share my woman with any damn body,” he said as he climbed from the truck.

“If you can’t handle that...if you can’t handle me like that, drive my truck back to the city.”

“And if I can handle it?”

“Park it in the garage and come into my home,” he said as he climbed the steps to the porch.

“What’s the phone for?” she called.

“To call your sister and let her know you’re going to be busy for the next few days if you decide to come in,” he said before entering the house.

Walking into the house, he immediately started stripping. Either he’d be fucking his woman, or he’d be taking a slew of cold showers. The moments, though not many, dragged by. He wondered if Spell would step into his lair...or if she’d drive away. With everything he had, he hoped she’d walk into the house. If she didn’t...he’d give her a day to run, and then he’d go hunting her. Spell Slayer was his, and while he’d give her all the time she needed to accustom herself to his lovemaking; he wasn’t giving her any more time to think she was available.

Spell was worried she was going to slide out of the seat. The seats weren’t slippery; her pussy was just that wet. Damn, her shy, reserved, gentlemanly Rave was a straight fucking freak...and she was so

unbelievably turned on. She wanted him to do every delicious thing he'd threatened.

Though he threatened, she wasn't scared. It was hard to be scared of a man who took such good care of her. It was hard to be scared of a man who made sure to give her an out...and his own vehicle to get back home...or a phone to call someone to let them know she was safe. Yep, Rave Loïc was going to fuck her...and she was going to enjoy every damn stroke. Sliding over to the driver's seat, she turned the ignition, revved the engine and burned rubber into the garage.

Rave had just removed his boots when Spell gunned the engine and drove into his garage like she was in the last stretch of a quarter-mile straight. Smiling, he stripped out of his jeans and boxer briefs. There wasn't a more powerful aphrodisiac than a woman showing you her desire. And he was definitely in the mood to dominate Spell.

His musings were interrupted by Spell's entrance. She busted through the door like she was kicking off a raid. Sauntering in, she slammed the door so hard he wondered if it'd come off of the hinges.

Throwing her head back, she tossed his phone at him. “*You* better call your coach and warn him you might be on the IR [injured reserve] list, because when I’m through with you you’re going to be limping, Rave.”

Rave hadn’t thought his cock could get any harder, but then Spell had gone and challenged him. Smiling, he took the phone and tossed it. Reaching for her, he got all up in her space. Plastering himself against her, he reveled in the way her breath caught as he dominated her space. Enjoying the way she reacted to him, he smiled, knowing he wasn’t anywhere close to beginning. Though he was all up on her already, he pulled her even closer. Skimming her curves, his hands ventured down to her voluptuous ass and grabbed a hold.

Her head fell back, and a sigh slipped between her lips. His ego preened at her reaction to his touch. Dipping his head he caught her moans even as he ground his cock into her, eliciting additional cries.

“Rave,” she moaned his name.

Her plea went straight to his heart. He enjoyed the way she called his name; he loved the way she moaned his name. Stroking the inside of her mouth with his tongue, he lifted her in his arms and headed for his bedroom, never breaking contact with her lips. Backing her against the wall, he came up for air before

reclaiming her mouth. Unbuttoning her shirt, he slipped his hand inside the cups and tugged until the bra was rags in his hands. It might've been a beautiful bra, but he wanted nothing between him and her full breasts. Freeing her breasts, he dipped his head and feasted. He suckled hard, bit gently and palmed roughly. Her moans and his cock joined forces, challenging him to go further in his loving and to give more of himself than he ever had in his life.

Bringing her to the brink of orgasm, he pulled back and tossed out a demand.

“Take everything off. Now,” he added when she didn't bother moving fast enough to suit him.

Bending, she removed her red galoshes. Standing back to her full height of five foot eight inches, she stuck out her hip and challenged him...just like he'd suspected she would.

“Didn't I tell you to take everything off?” he asked.

“Yeah, but it's best you learn that you don't tell me what to do. If you want my clothes off, you come and take them off your damn self.”

Growling, he rose from the bed and stalked over to her, more than pleased that she hadn't backed down. He didn't want her fearing him; he wanted her to want him as desperately as he wanted her. The

challenging look she shot him dared him to do it. Being all male, he could do nothing less than dare.

Dragging her to him, he inserted a foot between her legs, forcing her to widen her stance. Palming her mound, he caressed her through the denim before lowering the zipper. Making his way to her core, he lightly stroked her clit before thrusting two fingers inside.

“Yes,” she whispered.

Working her pussy with his fingers, he bent and caught one of her nipples in his mouth. Alternating between the two, he paid homage to both breasts before speeding up his strokes. Feeling her walls tremble, he pulled his fingers from her, eliciting a gasp of outrage.

“Rave!”

He was through answering. Pulling her jeans and panties off in one motion, he made quick work of her shirt and the remains of her bra. Tossing them to the floor, he picked her up and set her on the bed. Arranging her on her hands and knees, he climbed behind her and covered her with his body. Caging her in, he bent and whispered in her ear.

“You’re long overdue a good spanking.”

“Well, then do something about it,” she said.

Ah, yes. He did love his sassy woman. “I intend to,” he said as he smacked her ass.

Not bothering to hold back, he smacked her ass ten times before stopping. Rubbing her ass, he whispered in her ear, “That’s for today.”

Rolling over onto his back, he settled her atop him. He rocked his hips into hers as he continued to soothe her ass right before returning to her spanking.

“This is for the month of October...one for every day I wanted you and couldn’t have you.”

“And that’s fair, why?” she asked.

“I didn’t say it was fair. I said I’m spanking you for making me want you and then not doing anything about it.”

Grabbing her ass, he roughly palmed the cheeks, spreading her wider for the smacks he applied. “This is for the first half of November,” he rasped before grabbing her hips.

Though he knew her ass was stinging from his ministrations, Spell didn’t cry out. She simply bit her luscious lower lip, looked him in the eye and called out her own challenge.

‘Harder,’ she said with her nails; *‘more,’* she said with her body; *‘come big’* she demanded with her lips. *Oh, he was coming big all right, but then...so was she.* Knowing her ass was getting sore, he countered his smacks with nips of pleasure. In between smacks, he slid her body back and forth over his cock...but not on it.

Spell was as rough with her sex as he was. While he teased her clit and spanked her ass, she tried to seat herself. Scratching for purchase, she dug her nails into his shoulders. Locking him in with her thighs, she desperately tried to slide down his cock. He allowed her to get close before he used his upper-body strength to pull her back.

“Rave,” she pleaded.

Ignoring her, he rolled her onto her back.

“Rave!” she demanded.

“Spell,” he answered as he reached down between them and grazed her clit with a finger.

“Please,” she said.

Taking his cock in his hand, he slowly rubbed it along her slit. Feeling her nails burrowing into his back, he bent and kissed the frustration from her lips. Carefully, he inserted the head of his cock in her wet, hot pussy. He was so tempted to plunge into her tightness, but he held back, knowing he had plenty of time to enjoy her body. Gently sliding a little further into her channel, he savored the hiss of pleasure that spilled from her mouth as well as the feel of her locking her muscular legs around him. She held him like she'd never let go. In return, he took a breast in his mouth and suckled. He took his time with her breast before switching to its twin.

Ignoring her attempts to impale herself on his cock, he savored the twin treats. When she switched tactics and tried pulling him into her body, he merely caught her hands and held them over her head within his own. Pressing down more of his weight on her, he went back to feasting...and teasing.

Normally, he'd never make a woman wait so long to find release, but this was no ordinary woman he was dealing with. This was Spell Slayer. The little minx had spent the whole of their acquaintance turning him on, and now he was getting some back. Of course, she hadn't known she was turning him on, but that wasn't the point. She had, and that was all that mattered.

Pulling back from her breast, he whispered in her ear.

"Beg me for my cock."

"Rave, please," she cried.

"Is that the best you can do?" he taunted before bending down and gently biting her nipple.

"No, but it's the best you're going to get, you fucking clit tease!" she spat.

"Well then, I guess I'll just have to redouble my efforts," he said as he pulled back far enough so she could slide out from beneath him.

Knowing Spell, he guessed she'd do just that and try and stomp off in a fit. Two seconds later, she did

just that. And a split second after that, he grabbed her fine ass by the waist and hauled her to him. Crushing her breasts against his chest, he kissed her breathless.

“Say my name,” he demanded.

“Rave,” she moaned.

“Damn right,” he said as he spent the next few minutes making love to her mouth and caressing her body. Spell Slayer kissed just like she did everything else: with gusto.

Rave didn't even give her a chance to get good and worked up. As soon as she strutted into the house, he was on her. Scooping her up, he made for the bedroom and started putting it on her even before she got a chance to ogle all of that fineness he kept covered up by his hockey uniform. With a body like that, there should be a law limiting the amount of clothes he could wear at any given time. And with moves like his, there should be a law declaring him hers.

After she rocked his world, she'd talk to her momma about making that happen. All that fineness belonged to her...and if he didn't hurry up and give it to her, he was going to be... Oh. My. Damn. Did Rave just spank her ass?

Yes, he did, and he spanked it so good. He didn't engage in that cutesy, pussy ass spanking. Rave Loïc spanked her ass like he knew what he was doing. Mindful of the fact that her ass was stinging, he countered his spansks with tiny bursts of pleasure.

As he rubbed his big cock along her wet pussy, it was all she could do to stay where he put her. Clutching his shoulders, she damn near threw her hips out in an effort to wrap her pussy around his cock. And yet, he continuously backed off. Fuck that. Opening her mouth to tell him off some more, he covered it with his mouth and kissed the mad away...for a moment.

And then he demanded that she beg for his cock. *Why the hell should she beg for what was already hers?* But she did. A one-syllable word, his name was an entreaty on her lips. Instead of answering with his body, he replied with a taunt.

She'd take a lot of shit (okay, she was lying; she wouldn't), but she definitely wasn't taking his taunts when she was bare-ass naked, exposing all of her stuff and her need to this motherfucker. When he pulled back, she was up from under him with the quickness...and just as quickly she was pulled back down. Sitting on the bed, she was suddenly eye level with Rave's impressive cock. Licking her lips, she was about to tell him to 'fuck off' when he grabbed a fistful

of her hair. Gasping in outrage, she was about to get him told about fucking with a black woman's hair when she found her mouth stuffed with the head of his cock.

“Since you like using your mouth so much, put it to good use,” he said. “Fuck my cock with your mouth.”

Not waiting for a reply (like there was a lot she could say around a mouthful of big, hard Canadian cock), he reached between her thighs and shoved two fingers in her pussy. Removing the hand tangled in her hair, he roughly palmed her breast before pinching a nipple.

“Don't act like you don't like it rough. You want my cock just as bad as you want my domination,” he said.

As if her body were co-signing his statement, she involuntarily shuttered and moaned around his cock. Closing her eyes, she relaxed her throat, allowing him to use her mouth like a pussy. It took a minute, but she swallowed every inch of him. She cupped his heavy sac with one hand and massaged it in time to his thrusts. He smelled delicious; he tasted even better. Reaching up, she looked in his eyes and was stunned by the expression on his face. It was undiluted hotness. Eyes blazing with possession, veins in his neck standing out in bas relief, he was all male—and

all of that intensity was focused on her. In that moment, with her mouth full of his cock, her pussy full of his fingers, she'd never felt sexier or more desired.

Spell's mouth felt so damn good. While Rave was tempted to close his eyes, he didn't even permit himself to blink. There was no way he was going to miss one moment of this. Though the sight of his cock plundering her mouth made his cock throb, it was the fiery look in her eyes that made his whole body react. Spell was the epitome of woman. The picture of her pleasuring him was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen.

Feeling his climax approaching, he reluctantly pulled from her mouth. Gently pushing her into the mattress, he spread her thighs. With his hand on her stomach to hold her in place, he inhaled the scent of her sweet pussy before attacking it with his mouth. He licked her clit like it was one of his favorite sweets.

He savored the sweet honey on his tongue just as he savored the feel of her heels digging in his back and her thighs dragging him closer to her sex.

“Yes! You motherfucker, oh yes!”

Her praise caused him to smile around her pussy...and redouble his efforts. Being called a

motherfucker was a good start, but he was sure he could lick her into calling him baser names.

Pulling back, he inserted a finger in her silk sheath and stroked her in time to the Canadian National Anthem. And then he worked his tongue and finger in tandem, bringing a scream from her lips and her back up off the bed. He must've been doing the damn thing, because not only did she call him a motherfucking bastard, she damn near choked off his air supply with her thick, muscular thighs. Good thing he had a strong neck.

Spell was getting in the groove of fellating Rave when she suddenly found herself on her back and Rave's tongue deep in her pussy. Did she mention that Rave could eat the shit out of some pussy? Rave Loïc ate pussy like an Olympic gold medalist. While she wasn't sure, it felt like he licked her pussy in time to the fiddle pieces in "The Devil Went Down to Georgia."

But as good as he ate the pussy, he stroked it just as well. Rave played her pussy like the guitarist in DragonForce played the song "Through the Fire." His fingers straight walked it out in her pussy. And then that motherfucker used his tongue and fingers in tandem...and she saw the Fourth of July fireworks, the

aurora borealis (northern polar lights), the aurora australis (southern polar lights) and that ticker tape celebration that comes on the screen when you beat video solitaire. Oh damn. Oh shit. Oh fuck.

Before she could finish calling him all of the names in her repertoire, he pulled out. Gently biting the insides of both thighs, he smacked her pussy the same way he'd spanked her ass. Oh yes. She loved to have her clit spanked...and from the spark that ignited in Rave's eyes, he now knew it.

"You're a naughty girl, aren't you, Spell?" he rasped.

"I'm a woman, Rave."

"You're not just any woman, Spell. You're my woman," he said as he licked his way up her body.

Because she enjoyed being contrary and also because he was making her wait for that big, hard cock of hers, she decided to be contrary. "Maybe."

Pausing at her breasts, he emitted a deep chuckle.

"No maybe about it. You, Spell Slayer, are my woman. The sooner you know that, the safer males will be in the metro Atlanta area."

Without waiting for her to respond, he roughly palmed her breasts and bit down on her nipples. Making his way to her mouth, he drank her sassy replies from her lips and coaxed shudders from her

body as he lightly grazed her pussy with his cock. She couldn't help but arch into his hardness. Rave Loïc was a beautiful man. A medley of muscles upon other muscles, gentleness, patience and alpha male, he was mouthwateringly fine...and all hers.

He deepened his kiss, robbing her of her ability to think. Dominating her body with his heavier, harder form, he branded her with his lips. No part of her mouth was left untouched, no part of her desire was left un-stroked.

“Mine,” he declared when he pulled back.

For a brief moment she thought about talking shit, but then he spread her wider and shoved every inch of that big cock into her. Goodness.

Rave had waited long enough. He'd stroked her, licked her, spanked her, kissed her, caressed her, complimented her, and marked her. Now it was time to possess her. Releasing her lips, he spread her wider and rammed his entire length into her.

Feeling her pussy close around his cock like a vice grip, he groaned out his pleasure. Not wanting to hurt her, he held himself still and savored the moment. Spell felt so fucking good, so damn tight, so damn his. And then she moved. Arching her hips into

him, she met his eyes, then opened her mouth and challenged him.

“Fuck me, Rave.”

He smiled the kind of smile he gave opposing teams as he scored on them. “It isn’t wise to challenge me, Spell.”

“I’m not challenging you. I’m telling you what I need. If you can’t give it to me, bring me a man who can.”

Wanting her to feel his strength, he let her feel most of his weight when he filled her. She was strangling his cock with her tight pussy, tearing up his back and arms with her sharp nails, and stroking his possessiveness with her sass. He had no choice but to give her the fucking she was demanding.

“I’m the only man you will allow to touch you,” he said as he slammed back into her. “You are my woman, and your fire belongs to me and only to me. Do you understand me, Spell?” he asked as he placed her ankles into the crooks of his arms and stroked her with his power.

“Mmmm,” she moaned.

While he appreciated her moans, he wanted a response to his question. Rolling onto his back, he grabbed her hips and rocked her up and down his cock. Getting into a good rhythm, he smacked her ass sharply.

“Answer me,” he demanded.

“Rave,” she moaned.

It was clear she wasn't hearing shit but her approaching orgasm...the orgasm he would withhold if she didn't give him the answer he was seeking.

“Spell, do you understand that you belong to me?”

“Do you understand that you belong to me?” she asked as she grinded her hips into him, taking his cock even deeper.

He was hers, but it was time to show her he wasn't like those other bitches who'd allowed her to remain single for so damn long. She was his woman, and everything on her belonged to him. Smacking her ass a few more times, he thrust his hips so hard into hers she would've bounced off of his cock if he hadn't been holding her so tightly.

“Whose. Woman. Are. You?” he asked as he powered all eight inches into her.

“Whose?” he repeated as he rolled her beneath him and slammed into her even harder.

“Whose?” he demanded as he bit her nipple.

“Whose?” he roared as he worked her pussy furiously.

Spell knew she was driving Rave to the edge, but doing so felt so fucking good. Each time she egged him on, he punished her with more cock, more kink, more domination. Rave dommed her so good. How could she do anything but disobey his commands when doing so led to such unimaginable pleasure?

She really was about to answer his unbelievably presumptuous question, but he kept slamming her full of big, hard cock. While he gifted her with more pleasure than she'd ever had, he held the cataclysmic orgasm she was craving at bay. It was a rude thing to do, but damn it if the journey to it wasn't the most erotic ride she'd ever taken.

She was going to answer, she really was, but she forgot what the hell he'd asked. Something about...who the hell cared? Rave was fucking her pussy so good. He played her body like Mozart played the piano, like Jimi Hendrix played the electric guitar, and like Muddy Waters played the blues.

"Whose woman are you?" his voice interrupted her musings.

"Yours, motherfucker, damn," she finally said.

"Damn fucking straight," Rave said as he took off the reins and gave his orgasm its head.

Moments later her own orgasm exploded, and she felt it all over her body. She'd never experienced such pleasure, such exhilaration, such satiation. Then

again, she'd never had a man like Rave Loïc make love to her. Was she his woman? Oh, hell yes. How could there be any other answer, being that she felt Rave Loïc like Billie Holliday felt every lyric in every song she ever sung?

Rave couldn't believe that Spell took him. He was rough, base, and yet she took his cock, his fingers and his domination so fucking beautifully. Though he was domming her, Spell Slayer was nobody's sub. She didn't lie down for anyone. He dommed her not because she allowed it, but because she demanded it. Strong, sexy, intelligent, she was the kind of woman he'd always wanted. While domming her felt good physically, it felt even better mentally, for he knew he was being gifted with something precious: her trust. Spell showed him more than her breasts and ass: she showed him her need. He couldn't help but be humbled.

Reaching inside the nightstand, he pulled out the box holding his championship ring. Removing it from the box, he took her hand and placed it on her pointer finger. Grandma had told him to have it sized for his pinky. Though he hadn't known why, he'd done

as she'd suggested and was now glad he had, as it was a perfect fit for Spell's pointer finger.

"This will have to do until I get you an engagement ring."

"But it's your Stanley Cup ring," she said.

"Yes, and with that on your right hand and the diamond mine I plan to put on your ring finger, every man who comes across you will realize you're taken."

"And what will you be wearing so that women (and a few guys) will know you're taken?" she sassed.

"You."

"Well, damn."

JJ and JL

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Besides being intelligent divas who pen kickass prose, Jeanie Johnson (the shagalicious wordslinger) and her momma Jayha Leigh (the ninja master of prose) are dessert-eating, take-no-shit, tell-it-like-they-feel-instead-of-tell-it-like-people-want-to-hear-it women. They have brains and aren't afraid to use them; feelings and aren't afraid to express them; and, middle fingers they'll happily use to salute out-of-line peeps. Independently, both are forces of nature that leave you begging for mercy or for more.

A kickass, tag-team duo bound together by the pen, they plan on conquering the world side by side. Jeanie will be wearing her favorite hoodie and her Chuck Taylors; Jayha will be wearing her Crocs, her blue T-shirt, and her halo. Of course, all domination will be done swiftly as Jeanie is always getting into sh*t while Jayha is busy indulging in her torrid affair with ESPN.

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