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Kilt-A-Licious
Catherine Bybee



Kilt-A-Licious by Catherine Bybee

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By

Catherine by Bybee

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Kilt-A-Licious

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Dedication

To Brandy and Kari.
Sometimes friends are the best family you can have.

Chapter One

Hunter's fingers slipped into the folds of heated flesh between her legs while Matt's cock pressed between her ass cheeks. "Your body betrays you, Tess."

She wanted to deny the pleasure both men thrust upon her but couldn't.

Sheri licked her lips, turned the page, and wiggled her hips deeper into the plush contours of the worn-out recliner.

A metallic click from the front door indicated Jane's arrival home. She glanced at the clock, and dipped her head back to the pages in front of her.

"I can't do this... We can't do this," Tess moaned.

"Oh, yes they can," Sheri whispered with a smile.

The doorknob to the apartment wiggled. Sheri sat up, and her heart flipped in her chest. She'd opened her mouth to ask if Jane lost her key when the knob jolted under pressure. Scrambling to her feet, Sheri lunged into the hall, away from the door before it sprung open.

Her mind buzzed with possibilities of who was breaking into the apartment while fear threatened her ability to stand. Sheri inched along the hallway wall and silently fled into Jane's bedroom. Once out of sight of the front door, she raced into the bathroom and squeezed between the door and the shower stall.

Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God.

She heard the door to Jane's room open and the sound of her dresser drawers slamming close. Sheri glanced around the door, searching the vanity for some type of weapon. Snatching a brush by the sink, Sheri

plastered her frame against the wall and closed her eyes. When they opened, she noticed her white knuckles grasping the handle of the brush. *What the hell is this gonna do? Nothing!* But she held on to it nonetheless.

Peeking through the crack in the door, Sheri saw the backside of the thief ransacking their apartment. He'd found a suitcase and returned to Jane's room. The action struck her as odd. *Didn't criminals bring their own bags?* Not this one, apparently.

Sheri tried in vain to slow her breathing.

After a few more trips into the hall closet and another two suitcases, the man appeared to have all he wanted. He sat the bags outside the room and straightened to his full length. He cocked his head to the side and turned her way. A short glimpse of the man's face, and Sheri quickly averted her gaze. If she could see his hard, masculine features that vividly, he surely could see hers.

The bulky blond sauntered into her room, mere feet from where she stood, and turned a complete circle. His muscled arms didn't fit in the tight shirt he wore. His broad shoulders filled the frame of the door. Admiring the man's chest while he robbed them blind was irrevocably nuts, even for her.

Sheri lifted the brush closer to her torso as if it were a knife. She dared another look and noticed the slow cantor of the elephant in the room. He stopped by her dresser and picked up a picture of Jane and her taken at the top of the Space Needle last spring. *What is he doing?*

The brush she held loosened in her grip and tickled the back of the door. To her it sounded like a shout in church. The intruder didn't seem to notice. Still, every breath she took echoed in her ears.

The man tossed the picture on the bed and rewarded her with his back once again. When he stepped away from the door where she stood, she let out a breath in relief. Squeezing her eyes shut, Sheri listened to his footsteps leaving the room.

The front door opened and closed quietly. Sheri sighed and slowly stepped from beyond the bathroom. She poked her head into Jane's bedroom expecting to see it lay in shambles.

It wasn't.

A sharp prickling of the skin on the back of her neck snapped her head up. She took one step back and straight into the hard planes of a man's chest. Sheri opened her mouth to scream, only to have a massive hand clamp over her lips.

"Now, lass. Ye don't want to be doing that."

His Scottish accent purred off his lips and kept her still for exactly one second. Sheri opened her mouth wide, felt his finger accidentally slip inside, and clamped down hard.

The man swore and pushed her from his body. "Now why did ye go and do that? I'm not going to harm ye, lassie."

Sheri swiveled and lifted the forgotten brush out between them. "Get back."

The man glanced between the brush and her face before having the audacity of bellowing a laugh.

"I mean it, get back." Sheri wasn't amused.

"Or what? Ye'll brush my hair to death?" His smile widened and reached all the way to his majestic blue eyes.

Braced and ready for battle, the hair on Sheri's neck stood up. "I'll, I'll..."

The bastard couldn't control his mirth. In fact, he started laughing so hard he bent over with the effort.

Sheri's jaw slammed shut at the same time the hairbrush launched from her hand and landed square on the jerk's jaw. "Ha!"

Surprised, his laugh halted, and his shoulders squared back. When he stretched up to his six foot plus frame, Sheri swallowed hard and rounded her eyes to his. He touched a finger to his quickly swelling jaw and left a smear of blood.

He was no longer amused.

He inched toward her.

She stepped back. "You have what you want. J-just go."

One step closer. The sofa caught the back of her thighs, and Sheri tumbled onto her back.

With her red hair splattered over the pillows on the couch, the lass didn't appear as a threat. The pain coursing from his finger and the ache

in his jaw reminded him she was. Still, because of the heat in her green eyes and the way her stare swept over his chest, Chase couldn't help but desire a little of her fire.

Before she could scramble off the couch, Chase launched onto her, forcing her back down. He clasped her hands in his and extended them above her head. Her perky breasts thrust against his chest in her struggles to free herself. "Calm down. I mean ye no harm."

"Then let me go."

"And risk more injury? I think not."

"Oh, did I hurt the big bad man?" she quipped with her sassy tongue.

She tried to bend her knees. Chase forced his superior weight on her, restricting her movements. "Lay still, lass, and let me explain."

"Explain how you're robbing me blind?"

"I'm not a thief."

"Ha."

Chase held her down while she tired herself with her struggles. The anger in her heated cheeks finally relaxed along with her limbs. Then, as though the thought hadn't dawned on her before, she screamed. Chase quickly released her hands and covered her mouth again. Although he kept his fingers from her sharp teeth, she still managed to yell beyond his fist.

The thud of a neighbor's door vibrated down the hall. The sound brought a completely new set of problems. "Shh, settle!"

Her eyes widened, and she shook her head *no*.

Chase leaned close to her ear; her hair tickled his nose with the lavender sent of her skin. "Jane sent me here to retrieve her things. Now quit yer fight and keep silent, lass," he hissed.

She stilled.

Chase lifted his fingers from her mouth.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" she asked, still pushing against his chest.

"Because Jane's clothing won't fit me, and I took nothing else."

"Hey?" A voice beyond the door called. Chase's gaze shot up. He

didn't need delays in returning to Logan and Jane, and certainly didn't want any questions.

"Wrap yer arms around me," he told her. When she hesitated, he added, "The sooner your neighbor leaves, the quicker I return to yer friend with her things."

Uncertainty skirted her face. She stopped pounding his chest and eased her thin arms up and over his shoulder.

He watched her full pink lips and the understanding in her eyes as he bent closer to her. "Don't bite," he ordered.

"But..."

His lips cut off her protest. Completely stiff in his arms, and eyes wide opened, she no longer fought him. Chase leaned into her limp body and claimed her lips as his own. Heat tingled up his jaw with the contact. A small mewling noise came from deep inside her. A protest? Maybe. But in allowing the noise to escape, the lass parted her lips, giving him room. He swept his tongue into the deep cavern of her mouth, prepared to retreat in case her teeth clenched hard as they had before. They didn't. In fact, her mouth opened wider, and her hand clenched on his back. Her eyes fluttered shut, and when her tongue shot out to duel with his, Chase felt his cock tighten in the tight confines of his pants.

"Sheri? Jane? Are you two okay?" the male voice from beyond the door asked before Chase heard it open.

Chase ignored the intruder although Sheri stilled.

"Oh, well..." the man said from the doorway. By the sound of his voice, he was obviously embarrassed.

Chase withdrew his lips from Sheri's, only to place them by her ear. "Chase," he whispered.

"Chase?"

"Ahh... Nice meeting you, Chase. I'll chat with you later, Sheri."

Chase waved a hand in the air, never meeting the eyes of the would-be hero before hearing the door shut.

Chapter Two

The resounding click of the door closing resulted in Sheri's fist hitting the firm expanse of his chest. "Get. Off. Me."

The sexy, irritating hulk of a man was still draped all over her. His erection was entirely too comfortable nestled between her jean-clad thighs. God help her, her libido hadn't been scratched in so long she was getting turned on by a complete stranger and possible kidnapper.

She really did need to see a shrink.

Chase nipped a kiss to her nose before granting her request.

When his weight lifted, Sheri sprung from him like a cat from water. "Where is she?"

"Who?"

"Jane?" She rolled her eyes.

Chase stood and grasped one of the three suitcases. "She's with Logan, of course."

"Who the hell is Logan?"

Chase faced her with a lazy grin as his eyes took their own sweet time sweeping her body. "No one ye need to worry yer pretty little mind about. Jane is fine. No harm's come to her." He picked up the second bag before reaching for the third.

He did not just say that, she mused.

He pivoted away as if dismissing her. Sheri launched her foot in his direction and kicked the bag in his right hand to the floor. "If you don't start talking right now, I'm going to call Jason back in here and have him

call the police." Jason, her not completely straight neighbor, may be a good twenty pounds and a couple inches under the man standing in front of her, but Sheri knew he'd hold his own. If Chase were telling the truth about Jane, however, Sheri would never live down putting Jason in a position of protecting her. If he were hurt with the scuffle, that would be even worse.

Chase dropped the bags, turned to her, and captured her hands in one swift move. "Do ye know what ye need, lass?"

"To find my friend."

He shook his head. "Ye need a man to turn ye on his knee and give ye a firm spanking."

Those simple words did what nothing else had. They shut her up. Wide deer eyes stared in horror. "You wouldn't." Something told her he would.

"Don't tempt me," he said with a smirk.

When he let her go and started picking up the bags the second time, Sheri caught herself staring. She valued her first impressions of people and considered herself a good judge of character. Other than being an ass, Chase didn't seem the kidnapper type. Besides, if he had Jane against her will, he wouldn't bother to pack a bag for her after the abduction. That would be stupid. The hunky Scot didn't appear to be lacking any brain cells. She snatched her purse off the coffee table in time to see Chase's back as he walked out the door.

He strode from the apartment, down the stairs and out onto the busy street. He didn't need to look, but he knew the lass followed him.

"Where are we going?"

"We?"

"Yes, *we!*"

She stumbled in an attempt to keep up, but quickly regained her footing.

"Jane needs her things. I'm taking them to her."

"Why couldn't she get them herself?"

Chase considered an honest answer, one to the affect of *She's busy warming Logan's bed in Scotland*, but decided to abbreviate his reply. "She's

busy.”

“Busy? Busy doing what?”

“If ye continue to follow me, ye’ll find out for yerself.”

Follow him she did. Past the busy city streets as the people around them hustled from office buildings to busses, busses to cars.

Chase and Sheri walked passed Pioneer Square and dodged down an empty alley.

Sheri glanced at her surroundings and warmed her bare arms with her hands. The air had started to cool as spring nights in Seattle often did. Chase dropped one bag, dug into his pocket, and removed a key. Placing it into the lock on a single steel door, he opened it wide and allowed the lass to enter. When she did, Chase couldn’t help but enjoy his view from the rear.

He wondered briefly if Logan would approve of her arrival, then realized the risk of her screaming foul play was far worse than her learning their secrets. Besides, the opportunity to know the woman better might prove more than a little interesting.

Chase closed the door behind them, locked it, and continued up the stairs.

“Good God, could you slow down just a little?” she huffed.

He stopped completely. She collided into the back of him and hissed a profanity. Damn if he didn’t like that as well.

“A little warning next time, if you please.”

“’Tis ye who asked that I slow down. I was only aiming to please.”

“Yeah, right!” Sheri shot past him and started yelling. “Jane? Jane, where are you?”

Chase enjoyed watching Sheri trample down the deserted hall, pounding on doors and opening those she could. He watched and waited for one door in particular to open, but it never did.

He stood beside the ornately carved door and knocked three times. No answer. He leaned his ear in and heard nothing.

“Is that where she is?” Sheri barged past him and swung the door wide open.

The room was empty.

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When she turned to him, Chase expected fire and brimstone to spark from her eyes. "Is this some kind of a joke? Where is she?"

"With Logan. They'll be back."

"The room is empty."

"Aye, lass. I see that." Chase pushed off the wall and made his way to his quarters.

"Where are you going?"

"'Tis late, and I'm hungry." His eyes swept her frame, and his tongue licked his dry lips. "I'll eat while waiting for their return."

"*I'll eat while waiting for their return,*" she mimicked with a high-pitched voice. "Who the hell talks like that?"

Chase smiled in the face of her irritation. "Ye know, lass. If ye keep with the bite of yer tongue, I just might have to find better uses for that pretty mouth."

The fact that Sheri knew he added the thickness to his accent along with the ye's and yer's didn't stop the affect of them.

Affect her they did, right down to her core where her body started to tingle as she remembered the weight of him when he'd pinned her to the sofa. The length of his instant erection pressed intimately against her silken folds had already burned into her memory bank. She knew exactly what uses his mind ran to for her mouth. His attraction to her was anything but subtle.

Sheri's face warmed. She prayed he couldn't actually *see* her desire, because somewhere deep inside, she realized she had no business being attracted to the big, blond, yummy man in front of her.

"I was talking about food, lass. But if ye'd rather something else, I'd be happy to oblige."

Damn.

"How do you expect me to eat?" It was time to put Chase on the defensive. He was the one who broke into her apartment. "Jane is missing, and you just ransacked our place." Not that she truly believed Jane was gone for good. Chase was entirely too laid back.

"I did not *ransack*."

Good. His defensive tone reminded him that she was the victim

here, and she wasn't leaving until she found Jane. Turning him into the police would be highly embarrassing if Jane showed up with this Logan guy saying they'd been out on a date. Then again, it was highly uncharacteristic of Jane to disappear like she did. "Whatever. I'm not going anywhere until I see Jane."

"Suit yourself."

Sheri hiked her purse up on her shoulder. "Oh, geeze." Digging into her bag, she removed her cell phone and slid it open. Dammit, she'd forgotten to turn it on. Sure enough, once the phone powered up, a beep alerted her to a message.

Sheri turned away from Chase and clicked in her password.

The mumbled message had a bad link, but it was from Jane.

God, Sheri you won't believe— I met—amazing—don't wait up. I'll call soon.

Shit and double shit. Maybe Chase was telling the whole story.

"Was that Jane?"

Sheri turned to see him lording over her. His arms crossed across his broad, highly muscular chest.

"It was." Eating crow was not her thing. Sheri didn't wear humiliation well.

"Well then, I'm waiting."

"For what?"

"An apology."

Her jaw dropped. "I don't think so. I didn't hear the name Logan in her message, and she certainly didn't say anything about you." Sheri conveniently forgot to mention that half the message was inaudible. "So you might as well feed me while we wait for her to come back."

After a quick chuckle, Chase led her down the hall.

Walking into his personal space was like walking into a clash of time. Several pieces of furniture were obviously very old, antiques, maybe. Then there were modern conveniences such as a large flat screen television, but it sat on a thick mahogany bookshelf littered with worn and aged books. A candle nestled in a holder sat next to a lamp.

Chase removed food from his small refrigerator in a kitchenette

while she roamed his space. She peaked into an open door and saw a huge bed with heavy blankets tossed back as though Chase had just stepped away from it.

Sheri's eyes narrowed as they landed on the glitz of a large sword leaning against the wall by the bed. The weapon matched the accent of the man and, for some strange reason, didn't alarm her at all.

Next to the old-world weapon was a swatch of plaid fabric. Sheri inched her way toward the cloth and leaned down to touch it. Good Lord, it was a kilt. Grazing her fingertips over the garment brought on a picture in her mind of Chase wearing it. *Not good. Not good at all.* His incredibly broad shoulders would dare anyone to poke fun at his choice of clothing. For a moment, Sheri wondered if Chase's chest was free of hair, or would it carry a fine dusting of blond curls?

She picked up the heavy fabric and searched beneath it to see if she could locate a pair of discarded briefs or boxers. Not finding any brought a smile to her face and a warm, moist feeling tucked deep within her core.

Not good.

"What are ye doing?" Chase asked from the door.

"Ah," Sheri's back straightened in panic, "is this what I think it is?"

"'Tis a kilt," he said, folding his arms over his chest before leaning up against the door.

Does he wear it? Stupid question, why would he have it if he doesn't wear it? The thought of the blond standing in the doorway wearing the skirt made her smile at first. Then she licked her lips. Thick plaid, thick man.

"Would ye like to see it on, lass?"

"Yes," exploded from her mouth before she could shut it up. "I mean, no." Sheri tossed the kilt aside as if it burned her skin. "No, of course not." She rolled her eyes for effect.

"Which is it?"

"It's no. God, didn't I say that?" Sheri attempted to slide past him and away from the dangerous quarters of his bedroom. Chase sported other ideas. His big hands reached out and blocked her exit.

"Yer mouth says one thing yet yer body says the exact opposite. Why is that?" His strong masculine hand fell from the doorframe and

rubbed over her bare arm sending a shiver of pure pleasure straight up her spine. His thick accent did a fair amount of damage to her resolve of running away.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Her weak words didn't even convince her. *How pathetic.*

"Liar."

Her mouth gaped. "How can you call me that? You don't even know me." Not that it mattered since he'd already pegged her. Denial ran strong in her veins. She had to try to push him back into a defensive position. If he were mad at her, he wouldn't be staring into her eyes and reading her secrets, her desires. Sheri hated to admit how close she was to exploring her wilder side with Chase as her sidekick.

His eyes searched her face. A tendril of hair fell into her eyes, and before she could huff it away in frustration, Chase caught it and swirled the curl with his finger.

The heat of his body pressed toward hers. The deepness of his stare and relaxed stance of his frame proved he knew what she longed for. From her position, he craved her as well.

Sheri had acknowledged to herself long ago that her libido rivaled most men's. She scratched her itch whenever she wanted, refusing to be the weaker sex simply because she was born a woman. If men could fall in bed with women left and right, why couldn't she? Maybe she didn't sleep with all the attractive men who passed her way, but when one like Chase did, why the hell say no?

"I don't play games, Sheri. When I see a woman with desire written on her face, I do my best to please her." To emphasize his point, Chase's hand found its way to her chin where he lifted it and forced her eyes to his.

Mistake! Big, fat, huge mistake. The mischief behind his blue eyes sparked three little words... *I want you.* A deadly combination in Sheri's world.

Chase's tongue moistened his lips and drew Sheri's eyes to his lovely mouth. The inside folds of her pussy clenched. She drew in a deep breath and watched as Chase bent his head and captured her lips with his.

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Oh, baby is he good or what? Sheri leaned into him. Her breasts brushed up against his rock-hard chest and pebbled instantly. The sheer size of the man left her feeling weak. Chase's tongue swept into her mouth like an invading army on enemy land, swift, firm and complete. Little sparkling stars exploded when he sighed and reached around her waist.

His kiss went on and on, slow, teasing. With every pass of his tongue over hers, Sheri talked herself into sleeping with him.

Chase's hand lowered to the small of her back and kneaded the sensitive flesh there. Soon it traveled lower and rounded her ass. Moisture gathered under her panties, and Sheri took the liberty of pressing into his now obvious desire.

Chase broke their kiss. "God's teeth, woman. Ye unman me."

What exactly *unman me* meant, Sheri didn't know. What she understood completely was the extent of her prowess, her absolute ability to take control of a brief sexual encounter and make the most of it.

He leaned in and kissed her again, hard. A little kick of caution tickled her subconscious but never had a prayer of stopping her. She heated instantly, turned on so unquestionably that a cold shower would never do the trick. In her mind, they were already rolling around on his big bed and absorbing each other.

A flutter of anticipation caused cream to surge from her pussy and forced her hips to search out his erection. Clothes, his and hers, were entirely overrated and needed to be done away with.

Sheri stood back and quickly tugged her shirt from her body. Standing under his gaze in a lacy black bra and jeans felt incredibly powerful "You haven't seen anything yet."

He lifted a brow and nearly tore his own shirt in an effort to remove it. A sculptured, hairless chest tapered to perfect hips.

This is gonna be good!

Chapter Three

When Chase approached, he heard Sheri purr. She could quite possibly be the most aggressive woman he'd taken to his bed. And he liked it. One of the reasons he enjoyed staying in the twenty-first century was the women. The women from his time wouldn't be brushing their fingers over his thickened cock as Sheri did now. If they did, they certainly wouldn't be cupping his balls through his pants and causing his mind and knees to liquefy with need.

Chase backed her up to the bed until her knees bent. He lowered himself over her, keeping his skin from direct contact while mingling their tongues in a soft duel. Her hand caught the nape of his neck. Her fingers wove into his hair, blinding him with passion. "Are ye certain this is what ye want, lass?" he asked with heated breath, granting her only this chance to opt out. Once he shed his pants, there would be no turning back.

He crawled up on her, his knee spread her jean-clad legs, and damn if she didn't grind her pelvis into him.

Instead of answering, Sheri pushed him to the side and quickly straddled his frame. She reached behind her, undid the binding on her bra, and let the weight of her breasts free. "Does that answer your question?"

What it did was render him speechless. The dark pink of her nipples stared at him. The heat of her pussy beckoned under her clothing. Chase took one nipple between his fingers and thumb in a not-so-soft pinch. Her head fell back, and her eyes closed. The harder he pinched the

more she seemed to enjoy it. He lifted his head and circled the hardened nipple with his tongue. Her hips pushed down on him in rhythm with the beating of his heart. Teeth to nipple, he brought his name from her lips. "Chase..."

Good, he thought. There was no other man filling her thoughts. For the first time in his many years, that mattered to him. Bedding women had always been more about sport than feelings. He didn't know why it mattered with Sheri, but somehow it did. Maybe somewhere deep down in his mind, he knew his time in this century drew to a close. He and Logan would return to the Highlands of Scotland and the seventeenth century soon, and Sheri may very well be the last woman he bedded in this time.

Her slender fingers fumbled with the clasp of his pants.

"Anxious, love?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"Aye, but..." He rolled her over, grasped both her wrists with one hand, and held them above her head. "I am going to love ye slowly. Thoroughly." To do that, he wanted to slow her pace, show her how very good he was at filling her ever desire.

Heated emerald eyes stared up at him, challenging him. He let her hands go as a test to see if she would try and hurry their encounter. Sure enough, Sheri's hands swiftly came to the edge of his pants and tugged.

Chase chuckled and flattened his weight over her, enjoyed the rise of her hips against his confined erection. He distracted her with a kiss until her eyes closed and her hand fell limp to her sides.

Out of the corner of his eye, he found the leather strap he often used to pull his hair back. Gathering it in his hands while exploring Sheri's mouth, he quickly constructed a slipknot and tied it around his bedpost.

"Raise your arms."

One at a time, she lifted them above her head. He trailed kissed down her neck along her beating pulse, and then grazed her collarbone with his teeth. Before she uttered any protest, Chase looped her wrists in his leather and tugged it tight.

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Wide open eyes shot to where he'd bound her. With only a stare, he challenged her to deny the pleasure he could give her in this position. She didn't protest. In fact, she rolled her head atop her shoulders and said, "As long as I can play this game, too."

The simple thought of her tying him up brought a shudder of pleasure over him. "Aye, love, that you can."

Chase returned to his tortuous kisses down her torso and over each breast. He flicked open the button of her jeans and dipped a long finger around her hip before tugging at the zipper. Black silk panties peeked through the denim. Lord, he would miss women's underclothing from this century. The erotic simplicity of them was a huge evolution through time. Once her pants were set beside the bed on the floor, Chase leaned back and admired her perfect form. The black panties were a stark contrast to her alabaster skin. She had long slender legs with enough curves to entice and spark his desire. Her flat belly quivered under his stare. Her erect nipples awaited his touch. His pulse throbbed in his cock like a hammer. It was a good thing he'd tied her up or he'd already be pounding into her had she been allowed to go on touching him. This way, he could hold off her release and his for as long as he liked. A slow torturous loving always ended with the greatest pleasure.

Sheri strained against her bindings. "Touch me. Please."

Ahhh yes, the independent woman begging for his touch. What wasn't there to love about that? He found a sensitive spot under her left knee and licked. Her right leg brushed up against him. Her toe found his cock and rubbed alongside it, nearly ending his resolve of slowing them down. "Do I need to tie yer legs up as well?"

She dropped her leg, and Chase continued. Running his tongue up her thigh, he smelled her desire. Thick, musky pheromones assaulted his senses, calling out for him to press his cock between her legs and slide along the inner folds of her pussy. Moisture escaped his penis. Proof his body couldn't take much more of his own self-induced torture.

Tracing the outside of her silk panties had her panting and straining against the leather. Chase slipped a finger inside and brushed along her bare skin. Surprise gripped him.

He tugged her undergarment away and gazed at a completely bare pussy. The pink nub of her clit throbbed between her slick folds. Never had he witnessed a woman shave away all the hair between her legs. Chase forgot to breathe as he felt his cock weep with more pre-cum. "I do like this," he confessed.

Her knees parted in offering. Dipping his head, Chase swiped her swollen sex without warning. Sheri jerked in reaction, pushing his head farther into her sex. She tasted so good. He plunged his tongue deep inside her, mimicking what his cock would soon do. She arched, reaching for more. Placing one finger into the tightness of her body, he pulled her clit into a soft suck.

"Oh, God," she moaned, writhing against his mouth. Chase placed one more finger inside her, pumping against her rising hips, kissing her with intimacy that surprised even him.

One of his fingers slipped out and slid between her cheeks. She spread her legs wider, asking for more as his finger, slick with moisture from her pussy. He grazed the tight puckered hole of her ass once, twice.

"My, oh, wow. W-what are you doing?"

He lifted his mouth to answer. "What do ye want me to do, love?"

She seemed to struggle with her answer. "M-More."

Surprise filled him. Although he'd like to have tried squeezing between the round globes of a woman's backside, he dared never ask.

"Ye like this?" As the words left his mouth, his finger pushed into her back channel slowly.

"I don't, oh, Chase. Oh, I don't know."

Oh but she did. Or her body did, because he felt her open slightly under the assault of his slick finger.

"Have ye ever allowed a man to touch ye this way?"

She shook her head in denial.

"Will ye let me?"

She hesitated before opening her eyes to gaze at him. "Don't hurt me."

He slid his finger in farther, stretching her. "Does this hurt?"

"No," she whispered.

Good. Because his goal for this bed sport just took an erotic turn. Her ass gripped his finger, relaxed and gripped him again. How good would it feel to have his cock buried balls deep inside her this way?

He found her with his mouth again, this time with a goal in mind. Latching on, he didn't give her time to think. Her backside opened, and he pressed another finger in, careful in his ministrations of her needs, watching for any sign of pain. There wasn't. She met his greedy mouth with her pelvis and backed away with her ass pushing into his touch. His arousal grew beyond painful. It was as if she were taking on two at once. She wanted his mouth and cock in her at the same time.

Stroking her passage and sucking her clit had her rising off the bed and close to release.

Sheri held her breath and trembled as she hovered above the bliss of orgasm. One last gentle bite and grind of his tongue and Chase pushed her over the edge as a rush of fluid dampened his lips. Only when her body settled back into the bed did he slip his fingers out of her tight body.

Removing his pants took only two seconds. His cock stood hard against his belly. He needed to feel the inside of her body.

"Untie me, Chase." Her soft command brought a smile to his lips. He leaned over, undid the leather on one of her wrists, and let her go. His cock stood tall and only inches away from Sheri's smiling lips. Her tongue shot out and licked him. His hand slipped from the leather strap binding her. She laughed and licked him again. He wanted to bury his cock deep inside her mouth, but she pulled away and strained against the strap holding her arm above her head.

Chase removed the last strip of leather and held perfectly still.

Sheri didn't even know Chase's last name but already they shared what she hadn't with anyone in her life. Being tied up and at his mercy had been erotic, but when he'd penetrated her with his fingers, suddenly she'd been thrust into the time of her virginity. The unknown thrill of discovery spurred her on for more. Something about his slow exploration of her body pressed an adventurous part of her subconscious she didn't know she had. She'd been tied up but not forced. He'd penetrated her ass, and instead of feeling soiled, she wanted more. She couldn't stop

wondering what, if any, limits they could explore in the bedroom.

With free fingers and hands, she quickly circled his thick erection in her fist. "Impressive," she murmured against his lips.

"I've never had anyone complain."

How could they? He was larger than the average man, and if his ability with his cock rivaled that of his mouth, Sheri was in for the ride of her life.

She pushed him back on the bed and took control. She looped his hands in the same ties that bound her. All the while, he gave her a cocky smile, enjoying every minute.

She ran her hand down his torso, along the dip of his hip before cupping his balls in her hand. Chase moaned. A drop of pearly moisture beaded at his tip. Sheri caught it with her lips and savored his taste. Swirling her lips over the purpled head of his cock brought his hips to a buckle. His heels thrust into the bed, reaching for her to take more of him.

Sheri laughed. The power over him brought her heated nipples to peaks once again. Stroking his shaft as she sucked gently, Chase called to her. "More, love."

Determined, Sheri obliged until the tip of his cock hit the back of her throat. Swift thrusts of her mouth on him brought a gleam of sweat over her skin. She sucked his shaft and withdrew him slowly before taking him in as far as she could again and again, fucking him with her mouth until he started to strain. Then she pulled away. Chase whimpered but didn't complain.

Sheri cat-crawled over his body and hovered over his nipple before giving it a quick bite. She left a little red mark, but when she looked into his eyes for approval, Chase smiled down at her.

"Where do you keep your condoms?"

His head bobbed to his left. "In the drawer, love."

She could get used to that. Such a simple endearment thick with his beautiful accent made her want to slide over his shaft without anything separating them.

Sheri reached into his side drawer and found his stash. After peeling away the package, she took her time covering his purpled cock

with latex. When she folded the last edges to his base, she noticed how tightly his balls had drawn in. Although he held himself in restraint, his body called out for release.

Smiling, she kissed him hard and straddled his hips. His heat sought her entrance. As she sunk over his shaft and he penetrated her fully, Sheri sighed in relief. "You feel so good."

"That ye do."

As her channel opened, absorbing him, Chase set the pace. Each thrust pressed against the tight bundle of nerves he'd already aroused. Deep inside her womb fluttering waves of pleasure flickered to life.

Because he was tied up, he couldn't do more than thrust into her. He couldn't stop her orgasm any more than she could.

"That's it, love. Ride me."

She did. Hard. She climbed higher and reached for her goal. She leaned over, forcing more contact between her clit and Chase's pelvis. Chase whispered in her ear, "If my hands were free I'd finger yer backside now and make ye explode." The thought tipped her over.

She shuddered, riding out the waves of ecstasy.

Chase kept moving, seeking his release. She wanted him to come, to call out her name. For some compelling reason, Sheri had an overwhelming desire to give the man whatever he wanted. Something told her he wanted more than the slick confines of her pussy. The way he'd fucked her ass with his finger earlier made her consider his desire to place something even bigger inside her.

"Wait," she said, holding off his orgasm as she untied him. She slid away from his shaft and smiled. "I..." Oh, man was she really going to do this? She forced the words from her mouth before she lost her nerve. "I want more than your fingers, Chase."

To say he looked surprised was an understatement. That shock swiftly changed to marked excitement. "Are ye sure, lass? I don't want ye hurting." Who said anything about hurting? Then again, how would he know? It was safe to say, if it felt good for her, perhaps he'd enjoy the sensation too.

Sheri reached down and gathered her own juices with her fingers,

ran her hand over his balls, and pressed her fingers into the fold of his ass. "Does this hurt, Chase?" Sheri wiggled her slick finger and pushed in deeper.

Chase released a sigh and closed his eyes. "No."

"It doesn't hurt me either. Imagine how tight I'd feel with you buried deep in me here." She thrust her finger in farther to emphasize her point.

He licked his lips and moved away from her hand.

He crawled around behind her and kissed the back of her neck. As they both kneeled on the bed, Chase cupped her breasts, playing with them as his erection honed in on the heat of her ass. His fingers shimmied down her waist and dipped into her pussy.

Sheri's head fell back on his shoulder, loving his touch. By the time he moved his hand around to her backside, she anticipated his contact and desired it nearly more than taking her next breath. His fingers found her puckered hole and slid alongside it, moistening her entrance. One finger pushed inside then two. His other hand pushed her forward until her ass was in the air and her hands kept her balance. Chase rubbed her butt with a gentle caress. "What a lovely ass." His free hand slipped in front and fingered her clit. His other fingers slipped in deeper. "You do want this."

She'd be embarrassed to say this to anyone but him. "I do."

Slipping his fingers away, Chase nestled his cock between the folds of her ass. Her pussy clenched, and he pressed deeper inside past the tight circle of muscle. Damn if it didn't feel good. Sheri sighed and sunk to the bed on her elbows. With slow degrees, Chase penetrated her fully until his balls slapped against her nether lips. Even that held an arousal Sheri didn't know existed.

She glanced over her shoulder and into bliss. Chase stood motionless as pleasure washed over his face. That brought a completely new level of confidence to her.

With his hands on her hips, he started to move ever so slowly, milking his shaft.

Sheri brought her fingers to her core and stroked herself in time with Chase's thrusts. The sensation stole her breath. Her body tightened

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with her impending release. Chase's moves became more determined. Sheri met him with each plunge until she moaned out her orgasm. Her muscles constricted around Chase, milking hot spurts of his seed from him.

They collapsed together on the bed, completely spent, and too tired to move.

Chapter Four

A soft knock on the door drug her out of deep sleep. A heavy arm weighed her down, and the memory of her evening's activity flooded her conscious. She wanted to curl back up into a ball like a content kitten, which is exactly how she felt. It wasn't like her to fall asleep immediately following mind-blowing sex, but Chase was drawing out firsts from her left and right.

The knock came again.

"Chase," she whispered as she nudged his chest with her elbow. "Chase, wake up."

His hand fanned out and spread over her bare stomach. "Ready again, lass?" he murmured.

"No, you big oaf. Someone's at the door."

His fingers attempted to travel south. "There's plenty of room in our bed."

Sheri swatted at his hand. "Oh. My. God. You're so bad." She smiled and couldn't help but wonder just how far the sexy man sleeping by her side would go, and in turn, how far she would go.

"Chase? Are ye alone?"

Both of them spoke at the same time. "No."

A deep chuckle came from behind the door.

"Who's that?" she asked in hushed tones.

"Logan."

"As in Jane's Logan?"

"Aye. Must we talk about him? I've much better ideas in mind while ye're warming my bed." His hand, which now rested over her mound, was already one step ahead of them.

"Hold on, Chase. Does that mean Jane's back?"

"Most likely."

Sheri scrambled out from under his touch, taking the sheet with her as she rushed through to the door. Swinging the door wide, the heavy wood bounced off the wall under her abuse. "Jane?" she called out.

Retreating from Chase's doorway was the massive frame of a man who had to be Logan. He turned and directed his full attention on her. She couldn't help but feel a little naked under his scrutiny. "You're Logan?"

"That I am."

Oh man, he had the sexy accent too. But as Chase was fair-skinned and blond-haired, this man was darker with chestnut hair. A spark of pride filled her mind. *You go, Jane!* This one wore his kilt.

"Where's Jane?"

His eyes crinkled, and his gaze passed over her shoulder. Sheri turned and noticed Chase standing behind her. He had taken the time to dress, but what he wore threw her back. His knees peered out from under his plaid, and suddenly, it was pride over her conquest she praised. *Go, Sheri! Oh, baby is he hot or what?* She already knew the answer to that.

"Jane is resting." Logan's words brought her back to reality.

Sheri glanced at her watch. The hour neared midnight. "I want to talk to her." By now, Sheri didn't think Jane had met with foul play, but she still wanted to know her friend was okay.

"She's sleeping, lass. You can talk to her in the morning." Logan turned, dismissing her and reached for the door Chase had opened earlier to the empty bedroom.

Sheri barged over to him. "I want to see her."

Logan's arm shot out and stopped her. "Ye may look, but leave her to her rest. 'Tis been a big day for her. For us."

Knowing how much Jane hated to be pulled out of bed for no good reason, Sheri stepped back. "Fine."

Logan opened the door an inch and nodded into the room. Sure

enough, Jane's head rested on a pillow of the largest bed she'd ever seen. The smile on Jane's sleeping lips told Sheri more than hours of conversation would.

"Satisfied?" Logan asked.

"I'm good." Only the furnished room brought a question to her lips. She was about to ask where all the furniture came from when Chase's hand snaked around her waist and lead her away from Logan's room. "Come, lass. We missed dinner. Let me give you some nourishment."

* * * * *

Chase placed her in a chair by the table in the kitchenette. Wearing a kilt and a smile, Chase stepped over to the mini fridge, opened the plastic lid of a container, and popped a dish in the microwave. Once the meal swirled on the rotating plate, he opened his fridge a second time. "Wine or beer?"

"Beer, please."

Sheri sipped from the glass he put in front of her and replayed what had just taken place before shaking her head. The door Logan had opened was the same one she'd opened hours before. Yet, this time the room was completely furnished. She must be mistaken.

"What are you thinking about?" Chase set down a warmed up portion of lasagna in front of her.

"Logan."

"What of him, love?"

"Ah, did he open the heavily carved door?"

Chase stared for several seconds before answering. "He did."

That can't be. "Isn't that the same door we looked in earlier, the one leading to the empty room?"

He nodded. "It is."

"Huh." Sheri sipped her beer. Slowly, she lowered the glass to the table. "The same room Jane is sleeping in right now?"

"Aye."

"Ah, what are you guys? Magicians?" There had to be some

explanation as to why the room was empty one minute then filled the next.

"Not exactly." He took a bite of his late dinner.

"What then? Exactly?"

He pushed her plate closer. "Eat, Sheri."

"You're avoiding my questions."

He smiled between bites but said nothing.

"What's going on?"

"Eat."

Eat! I'll show you eat! Frustrated, Sheri stuffed the food in between her teeth and ate quickly then washed the pasta down with the beer.

In moments, Sheri pushed her empty plate away. "Give. What's going on with the room?"

Chase took his own sweet time finishing his meal. *Could he chew any slower?* She wanted to ask, but didn't. Why the hell didn't he put a shirt on? His bare chest was a distraction.

After the last bite, he wiped his lips with the back of his hand and sent her an earth-shattering smile. "Logan has a gift."

"What kind of a gift?"

"It isn't for me to say."

Sheri respected his secrets on some level. However, Jane wasn't known for her choice of stellar boyfriends so Sheri felt some responsibility to see that her BFF wasn't hanging around a bunch of sexy freaks. "Does Jane know of his...gift?"

"By now? Yes."

"Jane doesn't keep secrets from me. As soon as she wakes up, she'll tell me what's going on. You might as well spill the beans now."

"Spill the beans?"

"It's an expression. It means, you might as well tell me the truth now and save us some time."

Chase removed their dirty dishes from the table and placed them in the sink. "I suppose ye're right."

Sheri sat back, snuggled into the sheet still covering her, and waited for him to talk. He seemed to be warming up for a long story.

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Chase leaned against the counter and crossed his arms over his chest. "I was born in sixteen-o-one. Logan a few years before me."

"What?" Coughing at his obvious mistruths, she sat up and glared at him. There were lies and then there were whoppers. "What do you take me for? A fool?"

"Listen to me, lass. I speak the truth. Yer friend will confirm my tale in the morning. Logan is the last of the time traveling Highlanders. You have heard of those, haven't you?"

Nodding her head, she replied, "In the movies. Make believe. Fiction. But there is no such thing as traveling through time."

"That is where ye are wrong." His stare never left hers. His serious expression alarmed her on some level. "True, very few can do it. Logan has managed to keep his secret from all but me. The room Jane and Logan sleep in is a...portal. One made by Logan."

Oh, puleese! "You're nuts."

"Believe me or not. It makes no difference to me." He waved a hand in the air.

Yeah, but sleeping with a nutcase didn't bode well for her instincts. Sheri prided herself on judging people at first glance. She really didn't want the yummy bare-chested Scot standing over her to be crazy.

"Yeah, right!" She stood and started to pace.

"Look around this room. Does it seem odd to you?"

Some of it, she admitted to herself. Like the candles burned to a nub by the lamp. Wait a minute...weren't they in an industrial building? There was a fireplace on the far wall of the main room. "What is this place anyway? How is it you have a fireplace?"

"Ah, ye noticed. What you'd fail to see on the outside is any stack leading the way for smoke."

"Yeah, well, I can't see the top of the building."

"That isn't my point. There isn't one."

"So it doesn't work," she concluded.

"It works. The smoke from the chimney vents in a different time and location. Ye see, when Logan first attempted to open a portal here in yer Seattle, he did so from this spot."

"I don't get it. What do you mean from *this spot*?"

Chase shook his head and gathered his thoughts again. "What I mean to say is...At Logan's childhood home, this spot," he said pointing to the floor, "was in proximity to his parents' room." He now pointed toward the door leading to the hall where she'd seen Logan.

"What does this have to do with the fireplace?"

"Ye see, the fireplace flickered in and out of our time. The placement for the portal wasn't right. Now half of its function is here, the other half in our time. When his parents passed, Logan inherited their chambers and his father's title, thus the proper place for the portal to open completely."

Nice story, if she believed it. Portals and titles? Next thing you know Chase was going to ask if she believed in vampires. He was crazy. That's all there was to it.

Chase went on. "When Logan, and now Jane, pass through time, they do so in his chamber. When he is gone so is everything in that room."

"If Logan and Jane have just returned from the sixteen-hundreds, why didn't the fireplace go with him? Why isn't it the same for this room?"

"We don't rightly know. Our theory is that when we both leave all this goes with us. However, without anyone from this time to tell us otherwise, we've no way of knowing for certain. The doors are locked in our time while we're gone, so know one has told us of any changes there."

Sheri stared at him. Either his words made sense, or she was being drawn into his delusions. She shook her head. "I still don't believe you." She also didn't want to think him nuts. Otherwise, she'd have to avoid his bed, and she really didn't want to do that.

Moving away from the counter, he nestled beside her and ran a hand down her neck. "Ye have very beautiful skin."

That skin tingled with his touch. "And you are changing the subject." Not that she minded. His fingers slipping around her neck was positively delicious.

"I don't want to argue. Ye'll find the truth for yerself by morning's end." He leaned in and kissed her neck. His tongue found the sensitive

spot behind her ear. *Oh, man he didn't play fair.*

Her fingers fanned out over his chest and stroked the hard muscle under her hand. *He might be crazy, but he's flippin' amazing in bed.*

"What are you wearing under here anyway?" Sheri's hand drifted to the backside of his kilt.

He pushed aside the sheet until the little knot she'd tied to keep it covering her slid loose and it fell to the floor.

"As much as ye are wearing now."

His lips found hers. Smiling under his kiss, Sheri relaxed completely in his embrace. Butterflies tossed around in her stomach.

He broke away much too quickly. "Come." He pulled her out of the tiny kitchen and past the bed in his room. The bathroom he moved her into was the size of her room at the apartment.

"Wow."

"When I learned of your comforts of this time, I insisted on this." Chase opened the door to the shower. With a flick of his wrist, water came from no less than five spouts. He shed his kilt and stepped inside. "Come. I'll wash your back."

She didn't argue. The warm water did little to stop the flow of heat that bounced off Chase. He leaned his head under the spray and drenched his face. He gathered soap and lathered his hands and a sponge before gently stroking her breast. Sheri closed her eyes and simply enjoyed his touch.

The sponge glided over her skin, dipping and reaching around her curves. Each touch sent awareness over her. Desire drenched every nerve ending in her body. Chase spun her around and concentrated on her back. Soap bubbled down her back and between the cheeks of her ass. Chase followed the soap with his fingers. Memories of their loving from earlier filled her mind.

"No woman has ever allowed me to pleasure them as ye have, Sheri."

His confession surprised her. He seemed so much more at ease with his position behind her for a man who'd never taken it before.

"I guess that makes us both virgins, in a strange way."

He laughed. "Virgins no more. Ye've brought out a beast in me." He kneaded her ass. "But I'll wait on that" Instead his fingers rounded in front and dipped into her already-wet pussy.

She slumped forward, enjoying his slick fingers moving over her sex in slow, lazy circles. He was teasing her flesh. The way he moved, he didn't intend to make her come. It was a slow exploration. Well, two could play at that game.

Reaching behind her, Sheri grasped the sponge from his hand, filled it with soap, turned around, and wiped it over his broad shoulders. His hands fell to the side as he smiled.

She washed, scrubbed, and explored every inch of him. His alert cock stood tall, allowing her to soap every curve and crevice. His balls danced under her hands as she rinsed them clean of the soap on her hands. Avoiding any rhythmic movements of prolonged pleasure had Chase pushing her hand away. He laced his fingers over his shaft and pumped it hard before her eyes. *Hot!* His massive hand handled his cock with deliberate strokes. He wanted to come, and damn if she didn't want to sit back and watch.

While Chase stroked his shaft, Sheri placed a small portion of conditioner in her hand and knelt before him. She wanted to taste him. Feel his cum deep down her throat. He offered up his dick for her mouth, which she greedily accepted. Placing both hands on her head, Chase pumped his hips into her. Sheri's mouth and throat opened, accepting all of him. His moans filled the tiny room. His pleasure washed over them.

His hands gripped her head with more force, proving his release drew near. His desire to flood her as much as she wanted to swallow him inched toward completion. Sheri reached out, cupped his balls, and felt them tighten. She slipped farther behind until she felt the tight space behind his hardened rocks.

"Christ," he exclaimed as she fingered his ass and plunged a finger inside his passage. Chase pumped harder, holding her head in place. She found the almond-sized erogenous zone inside his ass and rubbed it hard. All those romance novels proved useful in this particular situation. He bucked, fucking her mouth. Sheri felt his hands go lax and glanced up to

catch his stare as a gush of hot fluid raced from the tip of his cock and down her throat. He shuddered in waves with his orgasm. His stare never wavered. His eyes told her the pleasure she'd given him more than the amount of his seed flowing down her throat. Then, for a brief moment, she felt connected with him on more than a sexual level.

That scared her.

Chase leaned a hand against the shower wall for support. As his flaccid member slipped from her mouth, Sheri smiled.

"I've never experienced anything quite like you, lass."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Aye." He leaned into her, drawing her to her feet and captured her mouth with a kiss. "Hmm, salty," he said, tasting his essence on her lips.

Sheri licked her lips, feeling slightly numb from the cum she'd swallowed. Chase reached down and lifted her leg onto the shower's bench. Once in position, he kissed his way down her breast, tweaking her nipple hard. One thing she'd learned about this man in the few hours they had been together was that he gave better than he received. Not that she didn't give him all he desired, but he'd given her so much more. It didn't take him long to nibble lower and suck her clit into his mouth. Good Lord, he ate pussy like none other. He knew right where to go and exactly what to do once there. Other men skirted around her clit, not entirely sure what to do with the tiny nub full of nerve endings that needed more than a simple passing of a tongue. Chase attended to her most sensitive spot with as much attention as she'd given to his entire cock.

She leaned against the wall and simply enjoyed his touch. His tongue moved in and out of her at will, forcing her hips to thrust forward of their own accord. He latched on before letting go. He'd bring her so close to completion then skirt away over and over until finally Sheri held his head firm and thrust her pussy in his mouth, forcing him to finish. As the waves of pleasure built and the force of nature started to crest, Sheri thought that she could be with this man every day and never bore of his touch. He dug in, his whiskered chin scratching her perfectly before sending her to the moon and beyond.

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Chapter Six

Chase hovered over his cup of coffee in a common room down the hall from his quarters where Sheri still slept. The woman was insatiable. They'd made love so many times in the past twelve hours he'd lost track.

She matched to his desires so perfectly. Too bad it couldn't last. He was destined to return to his time, and she was obviously a modern woman who wouldn't hold any desire to live in the seventeenth century.

Logan sat opposite him, his feet stretched out in front of him. Like his room, this one had a few comforts of home and many modern conveniences both he and Logan enjoyed.

"Jane is the one."

His announcement wasn't a surprise. "When will ye marry?"

"As soon as I can arrange it."

"She is good with this?"

Logan sent him a puzzled look. "Of course. Why do ye ask?"

"Modern women tend to be much more difficult."

"Not Jane," he said, drinking his coffee. "She feels the same about me as I do about her. 'Tis meant to be."

Chase didn't question his friend further. Logan's gift also gave him a direct link to his future, at least when it came to his love life. Yet, now that they'd found his mate, their time in this century would end.

That bothered Chase. Knowing his time with Sheri was limited was entirely different from having an ending date on their encounter.

"Jane's friend, Sheri, does she know about us?"

Chase sighed. "I tried to tell her last night, but she refused to believe me. Jane will have to convince her."

"Jane will have to convince who of what?" Jane asked from the doorway. The brunette appeared even more beautiful than she had the last time Chase saw her. Her hair ran past her shoulders, and her face had a glow he knew was there because of Logan. The two of them kissed in greeting. Chase noticed the strong bond they had already made. "What are you guys talking about?" she asked under Logan's mouth.

"Your friend, Sheri."

"What about her?"

"She's here."

Jane glanced around the room. "Where?"

Logan smiled at him. "Where is she, Chase?"

"Still abed. I'll go get her."

"Abed? You mean *your* bed?" Jane asked with wide eyes.

Logan coughed.

"Like I said, I'll get her." Chase stood and walked toward the door.

Behind him, he heard the lass whisper, "Man, what is it with you men in kilts?"

"I didn't hear you complain."

Laughter followed Logan's words.

Chase found Sheri dressed and sitting beside the bed, brushing her auburn hair. He kissed her before bringing her to her feet. "Jane is awake and wishes to speak with ye."

"Oh, yeah. To tell me that you guys travel through time, right?"

"Aye."

She patted his nose like a child. "Right. Next thing you're gonna tell me is that you live in Scotland."

He opened his mouth to agree but reconsidered, because she wasn't about to believe him. "Come, talk to yer friend."

Once together, the women embraced and splashed grins at both he and Logan. "What are you doing here?" Jane asked.

"Me? What about you?" Sheri cast an accusing look to her friend.

It was a standoff, an accusation of impropriety with neither woman

winning. Chase found it amusing, as did Logan who started to laugh.

Both men received a glare from each woman. "Logan, love. Can you give us a few minutes alone?"

Logan nodded. "Come, Chase. We've plans to make."

"What's going on?" Sheri asked, the minute they were alone.

"Oh my God, Sheri. Logan is the most amazing man I've ever met. I don't even know where to start."

"How about how you met?"

Jane sat down. "Yesterday. We met yesterday. I was taking a few shots of the Seattle skyline, nothing great, just old buildings. Then out comes Logan all kilted and yummy."

Sheri started to laugh. "Oh boy, do you have it bad. He is beautiful though, I'll give you that."

"I know. I mean... wow, and in bed, it's unflippin'believable."

"Wait a minute," Sheri interrupted. "What happened to my plain Jane Parker friend? And who are you?"

Jane's mouth gaped and turned into a huge shit-eating smile. "I know, huh? That's it. No more *plain Jane*. Logan's completely taken me over, made me a different woman."

Happiness for her friend filled her heart. Jane grasped her hands. "Sheri, he asked me to marry him."

"Get out!"

"No, really."

Shocked, Sheri asked. "What did you say?"

"Yes. I said yes. I mean why not, right? Aren't you the one who told me to go for it?"

"Ah, Jane...you and I haven't spoken in a couple of days."

"Oh, right. That was in my head." Jane stared to the ceiling as if convincing herself of a conversation they'd never had. "Still though, what do I have to lose? He's amazing, we're amazing. I can't describe it. I've never been so overwhelmed with anything in my whole life." From the beaming face staring at her, Sheri believed her.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

Sheri nodded and said the only thing she could. "Then you have my complete support."

Jane pulled her into a long hug. When she drew away, Jane's smile fell.

"What?"

"Marrying Logan means saying goodbye to you."

Goodbye? Why? Where was it written that saying yes to marriage was saying goodbye to a friend? "That's just stupid. Logan doesn't seem the type to keep you from your friends." But the expression on Jane's face scared her.

"Logan isn't from here. He lives in Scotland."

Scotland? "I can visit." Not that her budget would afford that very often, but with the internet and frequent flyer miles, overseas friendships could be maintained.

Jane stood and started to pace.

Unease prickled over Sheri's skin.

"You can't visit."

Sheri's hands grew cold, as if she knew what was coming.

Jane sucked in her lower lip and stared her straight in the eye. "Logan lives in the seventeenth century, Sheri. He's some kind of time traveler."

No. She didn't just say that. Logan and Chase had wiggled their sex appeal into her skin and had her talking nonsense. Walking up to her friend, Sheri grabbed her hands. "Jane, listen to me. I know you're head over horny for this guy, but time travel? C'mon, give me a break. I don't know what he's been feeding you, but that isn't possible."

"I didn't believe him at first either. But he showed me. I've been to his home. It's a huge Keep in the Highlands."

Sheri started to tremble. She could deny Chase based on a lack of knowing him. To deny Jane was ludicrous. Believing her meant saying so long to her best friend and her new lover all in one breath. Small bits of her heart started to break away.

"He and Chase traveled here to find me. Logan said we could return here, but I don't know how often or for how long. He's the lord of

his Keep and lands, and he's needed there."

"I don't know what to say, to think." Sheri's head buzzed with a thousand questions.

"It's all happening so fast," Jane said.

"This is huge, Jane. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Positive."

"How do you know?" Sheri asked, wondering if she would ever be as confident about her future as Jane was at that very moment.

"Because I have a new skill," Jane said with a smile.

"Having a fantastic orgasm isn't classified as a skill, Jane."

"I'm not talking about sex."

"Then what?"

Jane took a deep breath and said, "I can shift time just like Logan. Logan has been searching in the seventeenth century and the twenty-first century for a woman with this ability."

Sheri's head started to spin. They were talking about time-flippin-travel like they would discuss a trip to the market. "And what does that mean exactly?"

"That we're made for each other. That I am the woman he's been searching for. That being together fulfills our destinies."

Destinies and time travel. Who knew she'd wake up to this.

Releasing a big sigh, Sheri stood back. "Chase will go back with you," she said, not really posing a question but confirming what she felt was coming. Chase wasn't crazy, and Jane wasn't stupid.

"I think so. Why?"

"Nothing." But it was something. A little piece of her life fell away. Nothing good lasted in her world. Nothing.

"I'm sorry. Oh boy, you and Chase..."

Sheri flashed a guilty smile. "What can I say? I'm weak."

"Do you like him?"

"Yeah, of course. What's not to like. Kilt-a-licious...stud worthy, and boy, what the man can do with his tongue." Him not being crazy was a plus as well.

Jane's hands flew in the air. "Got it. Mental picture firmly in place

here.”

Forcing a smile on her lips, Sheri said, “I’m happy for you.” She was miserable for herself, but happy for Jane. After Jake, Jane deserved a good man. A noble man.

“If you and Chase are together, maybe you can come with us.”

“Are you crazy? We’re having fun, Jane. No lifelong commitments. You know me; I’m not the type to settle for long.” Which was true. At twenty-three, Sheri was like a gypsy floating from place to place. She was born in Northern Ohio, transplanted to Southern California with her grandmother after her parents were killed in a plane crash, and ended up in Seattle the year after her grandmother’s passing. No, Sheri Lansing didn’t stay anywhere long. Her friendship with Jane was the longest relationship in her life and even that was destined to fade in light of the impending time travel.

Without warning, tears started to form in Sheri’s eyes. She blinked hard and turned away. “I’ve got to go.”

“Please wait.”

But Sheri was already out the door and running down the hall.

Chapter Seven

Searching a city the size of Seattle for one little wee lass proved impossible. Chase started at the apartment and then fanned out over the city. Jane directed him to their haunts, but none held her now. It was Sunday, and the market on Pike Place was filled with shoppers, not completely unlike the busy streets of his home when festivals arrived or weddings were celebrated. He wondered briefly if Sheri would enjoy the taste of freshly made apple bread baked by Helga, the merry widow in town who loved to cook.

What was he thinking? Of course she wouldn't. Why would anyone choose a simple life over this? He glanced around and noticed a child holding the edges of a stroller where another child cooed as a mother pushed her way through the crowd. The woman spoke into her cell phone, all but ignoring the wee lad at her feet. He kept crying out, searching for her attention, but the mother continued to disregard his pleas.

The child turned and stared into Chase's face. The chubby cheeks smeared with tears. Chase bent down to his level when the woman stopped and examined the apples on display.

"What is it, lad?"

The child's eyes grew big and round. He puffed out his lower lip. "M-my shoe hurts."

The mother still didn't notice him, which irked Chase all to hell.

"Let me see."

The boy sat and started to pull at his shoe, and only then did the mother notice Chase's presence.

"Excuse me, can I help you?"

The boy popped off his shoe, and a pebble fell to the ground.

"There ye go, lad. That should be better now."

The boy sent him a sheepish grin, warming his heart.

Chase stood, said nothing to the mother, then walked away. He didn't get two feet before he saw Sheri staring at him from across the market.

Her eyes were red and blotchy. She'd been crying, and that plagued his heart even more than the child.

Turning on her heel, she walked away. Chase pushed his way through the crowd and found her outside the busy market overlooking Puget Sound.

He slowed his pace and eased alongside her. "Why did you run away, lass?"

Her voice choked with emotion. "I needed air."

It was more than that.

"I saw what you did back there, with that little boy."

Chase raised a hand and touched her shoulder. She flinched, which shocked him. "I'll try and fix what is bothering ye, too."

"I'm not a child." She moved away from his touch.

Reaching out, he made her look at him. "Then why are ye running?"

"I'm not running. I'm thinking."

"About what?"

"Jane, you." She stopped, twisting her hands together. "I'm happy for her, really. And I'm excited to hear that you're not crazy, that what you told me last night is true, but..."

"She hasn't left yet."

"Yet."

"But she will, and that bothers ye." Chase thought it was more.

"Yeah. I'm going to miss her." The smile she placed on her lips didn't reach her eyes.

Kilt-A-Licious by Catherine Bybee

Chase opened his arms. "Come here, love." He was surprised when she stepped into his embrace. It took effort for her. He, of all people, knew she was a strong woman, not simply because of her stamina in bed, but her resolve to find her friend despite the obstacles. Somewhere deep within her, she longed for something. What it was, Chase didn't know. A big part of him was determined to find out.

"I say we find them the perfect wedding gift, one that would always remind them of this place and time."

Sheri stepped back. "All right." Her heart wasn't in her words.

* * * * *

They searched the city everywhere, from Ye Olde Curiosity Shop on the pier to the import stores along the market. They finally settled on a gift that would be thrown away by most people within a month of a trip to Seattle.

"But it's cheap."

"'Tis perfect."

"It's plastic."

"Which is a small miracle where I'm from."

Sheri turned the six-inch cheap plastic replica of the Space Needle and huffed out a breath. "If anyone gave this to me as a wedding present I'd stuff it in the wedding cake and give it back."

Chase laughed. "I'd like to witness that."

Glancing at the bottom of the figurine, Sheri put it back on the shelf. Chase picked it back up. "What's wrong?"

"It's made in China! The only gift you give from China is...I don't know, china?" Was anything made in China in his time?

"You're not making sense."

Sheri yanked the stupid thing from his hands and turned to an older woman standing in the isle next to her. "Would you give this to couple on their wedding day?"

"Ah, well..."

Sheri swiveled on Chase. "See? Bad idea."

Chase picked it up again and headed to the register.

"They'll hate it."

"They'll love it."

Sheri relinquished her request to return the silly souvenir and told him she'd come up with her own gift. By the time they made it back to the industrial building, it was nearly dark.

The building was quiet. Too quiet. When they knocked on Logan and Jane's door, no one answered. After a quick peek, they both knew the couple had returned to an earlier time.

Chase assured her they'd rejoin them and led her to his room. They put their bags of Chinese takeout on the table and proceeded to gather plates and silverware.

"The people where I come from eat mainly with their fingers," Chase announced.

"Eeww, really?"

"They're simply happy to be eating. Worrying about clean fingers isn't a worry at all."

"Do you miss your time?"

"Some." His face grew distant with what looked like longing.

After clearing her throat, she asked, "When will you go back for good?"

Chase's eyes narrowed on her. A few moments passed before he spoke. "Soon, I think. 'Tis Logan's call."

Suddenly, the food didn't look all that appetizing.

"What is it, lass?"

Sheri ran a hand through her hair then glanced at her watch. "Oh my God. Did you see what time it is?"

"No, why?"

She pushed away from the table and stood. "I almost forgot."

"Forgot what?"

"Work." She gathered her sweater and tossed it over her shoulders.

"Work?" The word fell from his lips.

"Yeah, you know, the way we make money to pay our bills."

"I know what work is."

Kilt-A-Licious by Catherine Bybee

"Then you understand why I have to go." Sheri stumbled over her chair and made for the door.

"Do I not even get a kiss, lass?"

"Oh, yeah." She leaned in and pressed her lips to his. When he moved to deepen their touch, Sheri moaned and stepped back. "Sorry, really. I'm going to be late."

She knew he watched as she left the building. The weight of his eyes felt like nails on her back until she rounded the corner. Out of sight, she slowed her pace before leaning against the wall for support.

Chapter Eight

"I need a CC and Seven, a chardonnay and a Long Island," Sheri spouted off as she leaned into the bar. Lori mopped up a spill on the counter before grabbing a clean glass.

"Where has Jane been hiding? We haven't seen her here in a while."

It had been over a week. Not that Sheri was counting the days or anything like that. After leaving Chase, Sheri picked up every spare shift available. Maybe it wasn't healthy, but she didn't care. Not to mention that with Jane leaving for good, half of the rent money would go with her. Sheri considered searching for another roommate, but decided she'd be better off on her own, at least for now.

"Jane has met someone."

"Really? Who?" Lori placed the drinks on the round corked platter.

"His name's Logan. Nice guy."

"That's great. Let her know I'm happy for her."

Sheri smiled. "I'm happy for her, too." She truly was. If she could just get out of her self-induced pity-party, everything would be dandy. Jane had texted her briefly, saying she'd contact her on her next trip into town. God, she made it sound like she was jet setting all over the world instead of stepping through time.

Sheri delivered the drinks with a smile and swept over to a new party. Six men surrounded the small table and talked over each other, competing for the floor.

“What can I get ya?”

“Ohh, look at you,” said one, a boy with a patch of fuzz on his chin. His eyes lingered over her tight uniform shirt before ogling the rest of her frame. Most nights she enjoyed the attention, tonight she didn’t. Instead of saying anything, she glanced to the guy on his right.

“What’s it gonna be? But, before you order, know that I’m going to be asking for I.D.” Two obvious teens slumped forward in their seats, and all the others reached for their back pockets.

“C’mon, sweetheart. All we’re gonna order is beer. That’s practically water.” This came from the man whose eyes spoke to her chest.

“Not according to my boss.”

From the other side, a hand reached out and touched the edge of her short skirt. She backed away and glared. “I’m not on the menu, and I’m not interested.”

“How about a pitcher of beer?” The only reasonable man at the table sent her a sympathetic look.

“And for you two?” She pointed to the underage kids.

“I’ll have a Cola.”

A hand pushed up her skirt, but before she had a chance to break the weasel’s fingers, a large hand clasped onto the shoulder of fuzz-face and hauled him to his feet. Sheri jumped back to avoid being knocked over.

All noise in the bar stopped.

Pivoting, Sheri sized up Chase who didn’t look all that happy as he sent a death stare to the cop-a-feel reject.

Chase was pissed, and he didn’t hide it.

“The lass said she wasn’t interested.” Each measured word etched into her brain. Damn, that was hot. The way Chase stood staring down the kid with his feet shoulder-width apart was a complete turn-on.

When Chase pulled the man against his chest, she noticed the fear in the kid’s face. As hot as it might be to have Mr. Chivalrous coming to her aid, she didn’t think bloodshed was absolutely necessary.

“Chase, put the little boy down.” The kid did seem to be dangling in the air. He was all of five-ten where Chase was six-three on a bad day.

"I don't think he's learned his lesson, love."

"He's about to wet himself, hon." Not that she cared if he did.

Lori fell in place beside her along with John, the bouncer. "Is everything okay here?"

"Fine! Chase, put him down." When Chase's blue eyes reached hers, they softened.

Slowly, the kid found his footing, and Chase let go.

The noise around them started to build as the tension dissipated.

Sheri continued to stare into his eyes. Deep in the pit of her stomach, she quivered. Damn, he was delicious to look at. Oh, baby, was it exciting watching him in action. Suddenly, the thought of him fighting with his big, massive sword and his big, burly muscles popped in her mind and had her breathing heavily in seconds.

She reached out and clasped his hand. "Lori, can you cover for me for a few minutes?"

The bartender laughed, obviously having the same *Oh, baby, there's nothing like a big, hunky guy to defend you* thoughts Sheri had. "Take all the time ya need."

Someone turned up the music in the bar. Sheri pulled Chase out of the main room and down the hall to the break room. Juan, the busboy, sat in one of only three chairs in the small space.

"Out," she ordered. Juan scurried back to work. Once alone, Sheri turned the lock in the door, swiveled on Chase, and latched her lips onto his.

At first, he didn't respond, as if he were in shock at her assault. Then he backed her into the wall and covered her body with his. Chase's tongue swirled around in her mouth like a child licking chocolate from a bowl.

His hands traveled up her shirt and back down over her ass. The thrill of his touch had her panting for more. Trailing kisses down her throat, Sheri sighed. "God, I want you."

Chase lifted her skirt and trailed a finger under her thong. "Ye're so wet," he said, sliding his finger into her pussy.

She loved how his speech went all Scottish when they made love.

Finding the zipper on his jeans, she reached for him. His throbbing cock heated in her hand. She stroked him hard. Chase groaned.

“Oh, love. Do ye really want to do this here?”

The bass of the music played in the next room and swallowed the noise beyond the door.

How she'd missed him. Shouldn't have missed him. For the first time since she'd left him, her pity-party sailed out the door. Sheri shoved his pants off his hips and pulled him in tighter. “I want you in me.” She thrust her hips and felt him at her entrance. “Now.”

Eyes wide with passion, Chase captured her stare, pushed aside the small strap of material she called underwear, and drove himself deep.

The simple fullness of his cock penetrating her brought her to the brink of orgasm. Sheri lifted one leg to balance on his waist, driving his shaft against her swollen sex. The glorious friction of each thrust was complete ecstasy.

How she'd missed him. Wanted him every night since she'd seen him last. Even her bedside boyfriend, “Bob the vibrator”, did nothing for her. This is what she wanted. This is what she needed. Even with him pumping into her, stroking her breasts through the tight cotton of her shirt, to Sheri it was more than just sex, and that is what scared her in the first place.

She'd really missed him, more than anyone, ever.

Oblivious of their surroundings, both of them rocked and ground together. Sheri's insides threatened to burst with each stroke. Chase started to tremble; his hands pulled her ass to him with heated movement.

“Sheri...” he called out as he lost control.

The sensation of his seed emptying into her forced one of the most powerful orgasms of her life. Fluid gushed between her legs, and she came a second time as her body tightened around him, prolonging her pleasure.

Joined, they slumped together, panting. Sweat pearled on her brow. She was positive that she'd look as though she'd just been fucked when they left the room. The complete rush of joy filling her at that moment couldn't be masked.

"I love that look on yer face," Chase said.

"You put it there," she chuckled.

"That I did. I've missed ye, Sheri. I'm sorry to have been away for so long." His cock slipped out of her heated flesh, slowly. A warm trickle of cum slid down her leg.

She didn't know what to say that wouldn't sound completely pathetic. *I missed you, too* was on the tip of her tongue.

She opened her mouth to tell him when he said, "If Logan's land wasn't under a threat, I'd have only been gone a day."

"Threat?" Her heated skin started to chill. "What kind of a threat?"

"Nothing to worry yer wee head about. All is fine now."

Forgiving his *wee head* comment for the time being, she concentrated on her friend. "Was anyone hurt? Is Jane okay?" Her questions ran into one another. Damn, what's a threat in his world? Swords? Blood? She swallowed hard with worry.

"Jane's fine. A few of our men were wounded, but we fared well... this time."

The weight of what he told her rolled on her like waves on the sand. What was his life like? Did people die every day? Although she'd considered the time in which he lived most of his life, the reality of the medieval life was only in the history books.

She'd hated history in school.

Chase wasn't history. He was a living, breathing, medieval man, forcing her out of her own comfortable bubble of reality. Sheri adjusted her clothing, as did Chase. "I can't begin to imagine your life," she said once she'd smoothed her top down.

"Perhaps you will once you've seen it."

"See it? What do you mean?"

Chase stroked her arm. "Jane wants you at her wedding. She asked that I bring you to her."

"To Scotland? In..." She lowered her voice. "In your time?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"The wedding is set for next week."

Kilt-A-Licious by Catherine Bybee

She pushed herself off the wall and paced. "A week? That's fast."

"When two people are in love, there is no reason to wait. And *in love* they are."

Sometimes love expires. Like mom, dad and nana. She hated where her thoughts led. "Yeah, I guess. Why not, right?"

Chase smiled as if he'd been granted a wish.

A knock on the door startled them both. "Sheri, we're getting busy out here."

"Just a minute." She reached for the door. "I gotta go."

"But you will come with me, for Jane, right?"

"She's my best friend. Of course I'll go."

* * * * *

Chase sat on the far side of the bar drinking his ale while he watched Sheri work. She'd told him he could go, that she'd catch up with him later, but he knew better. Like when she'd run away before, she'd squirm her way out of his presence and possibly disappear and avoid Jane's wedding. He told himself he stayed for the good of his friend, Logan, and his future wife Jane, but he knew he didn't want Sheri disappearing for good. Already she mourned the loss of her friendship with Jane. Chase saw that without even looking for it. No, he'd stay and see her home safely, or at the very least use her traveling alone at night as an excuse to stay by her side. Maybe she'd agree to him warming her bed for the entire week before Logan and Jane's wedding.

"Hey, Lori." A man sat at the bar beside him and signaled the barkeep.

"Oh hi, Jason."

The name made Chase take a longer look at the man. Sheri slid up alongside the bar and asked Lori for another order. Chase slid a hand over her hip and was rewarded with a smile.

"Hey, Jason. What brings you here?" Sheri asked.

"I was close by and thought I'd walk ya home."

Chase pulled Sheri closer.

"Never mind," Jason said, his eyes swaying to Chase's possessive hand on Sheri's waist. "It looks like someone is already here to do that." A smirk played over the other man's face.

"I have to work, Chase." Sheri slapped his hand away before stacking drinks on her tray and stepping away.

Chase settled his hands on top of the bar, wondering exactly what kind of friend Jason was to Sheri.

"Sheri and I are just friends, mate," Jason said beside him while Lori handed him his beer. "She and Jane live down the hall."

The tension in Chase's shoulder eased a little. So this was the would-be hero from the day he and Sheri met.

His firm build held more muscles than most in this century. His arms didn't look to be a stranger to labor. Jason had probably never held a claymore, much less used one, but still appeared to have the muscles to pick one up.

"The name's Chase." He reached out his hand for Jason to shake. His grip was firm. Perhaps the man was simply looking out for the ladies. There was no harm in that Chase supposed.

"Right, Chase. We've met, kind of." Jason smirked.

"Hardly."

Jason laughed and drank his beer. "So, you and Sheri?"

"Aye." Chase glanced over to Sheri who caught him out of the corner of her eye, and her gaze narrowed. "How long have ye known the lass?"

"Lass? Oh, God, I'll bet she loves that! About two years, I guess."

What Chase really wanted to know was how *well* he knew her.

Sheri stepped to the bar and put an end to their conversation. "I don't like the looks of this. Jason, don't you have somewhere better to go?"

Laughing, Jason emptied his drink and stood to leave. "I know where I'm not wanted. Nice talking to ya, Chase. See ya later, Sheri."

Watching the man leave, Sheri nudged his arm. "What was that all about?"

"Nothing."

The crowd at the bar thinned out as the hour grew late. He had to intervene with three different men who put Sheri in their sights. One didn't even bother to sit once Chase scorned him for touching her arm.

"Hey, Sheri?" Lori called out.

"Yeah?"

Lori glanced at Chase and back to Sheri. "Why don't you take off? I've got it from here."

Sheri wiped her hands on her apron, then reached around and undid the knot on the back. "All right."

He stood and went to her side.

"You didn't have to stay."

"I wanted to."

Sheri grabbed her purse from behind the bar and headed toward the door. The cool night air and drizzle of rain felt refreshing on his skin. It reminded him of home.

As they started walking toward her apartment, he asked, "Do ye walk home every night?"

"It isn't far. Sometimes Lori gives me a lift if we close up together."

Still, the thought of her out late bothered him.

"'Tis dangerous. I don't want ye doing that."

Sheri stopped. "Excuse me?"

"I said, I don't want—"

"I heard what you said," she interrupted. "What I don't understand is what makes you think you can tell me what to do."

Chase placed a hand on the small of her back, "It isn't safe to walk alone." Or alone with another woman for that matter. He'd been in the city off and on for over a year, and he knew the crime problem. "I want to know ye're safe."

She pulled away. "You won't give a damn about me after you go home for good."

"That isn't true, love. I will care that ye're safe."

"Yeah, right." She marched past him.

Chase jogged to catch back up with her. "Why do ye do that?"

"Do what?"

“Dismiss everything I say as false. If I tell ye I care, I do. I told ye how I missed ye this week.”

“As you fucked me against the wall in the break room. It’s called pillow talk, Chase.”

Now his skin heated. How dare she belittle him and their time together.

Without words, he marched by her side until they stood at the base of the stairs leading to her apartment. Only then did he let her go.

“I’ll see ye next week when I escort ye to Logan and Jane’s wedding.”

Sheri stepped up one stair and met his eyes. “Don’t bother. Give Jane my best and tell her I can’t go.”

“Why not?” He stepped up one stair as she retreated.

“Because.” Her hands started to fidget, and her jaw lifted up in defiance. “What if something happened and I couldn’t get back? Jane would be happy but I’d be miserable.”

Had she read his thoughts? There wasn’t a guarantee that Sheri could travel with them in time. It wasn’t an impossibility that she might get caught in the seventeenth century. In fact, Chase secretly hoped she would. Having an excuse to keep Sheri by his side would solve his concern over her well-being.

“Fine!” he yelled. Even though he felt anything but fine about this conversation.

“Fine!” Then she turned and flew up the steps.

“Running away again?” Chase whispered to himself as she disappeared behind the door.

Chapter Nine

Logan's men sat around the main table in the hall, drinking ale and eating more than their fill of roasted meat and cheese. A serving maid passed by, and one of the younger lads who'd only recently been in his maiden battle swept the maid into his lap. Use to the abuse, the lass smiled and let the man kiss her soundly before being righted. She winked and continued bringing more beer and food. The simple everyday interlude brought Sheri into Chase's thoughts. Was she allowing another man to kiss her now that he was gone? Nearly a week had passed since he'd returned to his own time. Never an hour went by that he didn't think of her smiling lips and the fire in her eyes.

By God, he missed her and wanted her by his side. If she were a woman of his time, he'd have taken the way of the Vikings and claimed her as his. But Sheri wasn't a maiden of his time and wouldn't allow such "old fashioned" ways.

A large hand pounded on his back. He glanced up at Logan who nodded for them to have a private word.

They stepped out into the large courtyard where several people, warriors and maids alike, finished their daily chores.

"The wedding is in two days."

Chase found the statement amusing considering men, women and families from all around gathered in the Keep for the festivities.

"Aye, I know."

"Jane wants her friend here."

Equal measures of anger and loss struck him. "I-I tried to reason with the lass. She wouldn't see it."

Logan leaned over a rail, not looking to see if Chase listened. "Jane tells me that Sheri lost her parents at a young age."

He hadn't known that. Some of Chase's anger slipped away thinking of the loss the girl must have suffered.

"Her grandmother took on the burden of raising her in a foreign place. Before Sheri experienced any real life, the grandmother passed, leaving her alone. Jane explained that her friend never stays in any one place for long, fearful to be left again."

Well, at least now Chase understood the girl's need to flee. Those in her life she loved all left her. To avoid the pain of being left behind, Sheri had learned to be the first to leave. To leave the people she *loved*.

The corners of his mouth lifted. "I need to go back."

Logan gave a quick nod. "Jane is waiting for ye in our chambers. Bring her back, Chase. She's valuable to more than one person in this time."

Chase was already walking away.

* * * * *

Everything sucked! Spring officially bit the big one for the Pacific Northwest. The rain soaked the streets to the point where no one bothered to go outside. The bar had been slow, and her tip income was in the toilet. Jane had made her way to the apartment one day while Sheri had retreated to a nearby mall in desperation for a change of scenery. Jane's note said how much she wanted her at the wedding, but how she understood if Sheri couldn't make it. Jane wanted to say goodbye properly but understood how hard it would be. She ended the note with... *I'll always love you. You're the sister I never had.* Simply thinking about the words started a flood of tears all over again.

The lights in the apartment complex had gone out an hour before, so Sheri now sat with an aromatherapy candle and a pint of ice cream for company.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me." Ahh, Jason. The sing-song voice of her neighbor down the hall made her smile. She opened the door and let him in.

"Good, you're home."

"Come in."

"God, I hate it when the power's out. You don't mind a little company, do you?"

Actually, she did, but didn't have the heart to tell him to leave. Jason was the perfect manly neighbor. Easy on the eyes, not all that pushy, and always around in a crisis, even if he seemed to like men more than women. He'd told both Jane and her on multiple occasions, however, that he wouldn't mind being converted by the two of them. At the same time. They laughed at that one. Jason flirted with both sexes.

Jane and Sheri had passed on the friends with benefits arrangement.

"So our lil' Jane is getting married."

"Yep, looks like it. Want a beer?"

"Sure."

"I can't believe she's already in Scotland. When I saw her the other day she did look happy. Logan seemed nice. Cute, too."

"You're bad, Jason."

"I'm happy for her. Committed relationships are hard."

"I wouldn't know." She popped open the beer she'd taken from the fridge and handed it to him.

"You should try it sometime. The break up bites, but the time before is amazing."

Sheri fell into the couch and propped her feet up on the table. "I've never met anyone who is willing to put up with me and my shit."

Jason took a swig. "Have you ever given anyone a chance?"

She shook her head. The only person that interested her in the least lived in a different era, literally. However, she couldn't tell Jason that.

Jason lifted his drink in salute. "To the lonely hearts."

After clicking her can to his, she drank.

Sheri rested the beer can on her knee and asked, "Tell me, Jason, what do men really want?"

"In relationships?"

She sighed. "No. We already know I suck at those. I mean in bed."

He lifted an eyebrow in her direction. "That depends on how many players are available."

Now it was her turn to raise an eyebrow. "Players...as in multiple partners?"

"For a modern woman, you sound so pure. Sometimes I think you're sheltered, Sheri. Yes, multiple. Don't tell me you've never thought about it."

While reading a book...but in reality? She nodded to Jason. "Well, tell me. What do men want? Multiple, single, whatever."

Jason rubbed his chin before swigging on his beer again. "There is something about being sucked and fucked at the same time that holds a special place in my heart."

Sheri burst out a laugh. "In your dick, maybe, not your heart." An image did pop in her mind that made her wonder.

"Watching two women go at it. That's beyond hot. Even more than two men. That's what I think anyway."

"Have you ever had a threesome with someone you really cared for? Or was it purely physical?"

"Both."

The fact that he spoke with such a straight face made Sheri wonder just how extensive Jason's sexual past was.

"It's better with someone you care about. It's like the ultimate test to see if the other is going to hold any jealousy or insecurities."

A fist hit her door, causing them both to jump.

"Sheri?" It was Chase. Her heart slammed into the inside of her chest quickly and with a little pain. With only her name coming from his lips, she started missing him all over again.

"I know ye're in there."

"Hold on."

Jason passed her a worried look. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, fine. J-just don't go, okay?"

Jason sat back and crossed his ankle over his knee.

Sheri opened the door and stared in shock. Chase had his kilt firmly in place with a sporran at his waist. His off-white shirt hung over it and a sword was strapped to his side. "Holy shit, it isn't Halloween."

"Verra funny, lass." He pushed his way into the room before his eyes landed on Jason. "What are ye doing here?"

"Excuse me, what do you think you're doing? This is my place." Chase's death stare at Jason was firmly in place. Damn, if her body didn't respond to his stance with unadulterated lust.

"We need to talk." He attempted to push her into the hall.

"We can talk in front of Jason."

Jason smiled and sipped his beer.

"I don't think so."

She sighed. "Fine." She led him down the hall of her apartment where the light from the candles still managed to reach. "Don't go," she told Jason.

"I'm here."

"What is *he* doing here?" Chase asked in a not-so-hushed whisper.

"Maybe I invited him."

"Ha."

"It's none of your business, Chase. You're not my keeper."

His next words were as quick as a slap. "I want to be."

Sheri's brow pinched together. "What?" He wanted to be her keeper? What the hell did that mean?

"Yer keeper. I want ye by my side."

"Oh, puleeze." Her reaction was instant, instant disbelief of his words. Why would anyone want her? Why would he want to be *her* keeper?

"I mean it, Sheri. Come with me." He was serious, dead serious if his expression was any indication. She shook off the feeling of impending doom, the emotion that always came in the wake of any potentially real happiness.

"I don't know." She backed away.

"Ye don't know what?"

"I don't know, that's all. I don't know if I'm ready for any real commitment." And she didn't. At least she didn't think she was ready. It wasn't like he was asking to marry her or anything. Hell, he was asking her to what, move in with him? If he was, that was huge in her world, and in his, most likely even bigger. God, what was he asking? She was too afraid of his answer to ask.

"What do ye need to figure it out?" he asked.

She started to pace, desperate for a distraction. Any distraction. "What if...what if I brought Jason here for a one night stand?" Lord, that was lame.

Chase's eyes grew big, but then softened. "But ye didn't."

"But what if I did? I mean, what if I'm not ready to settle down with one guy?"

Suddenly, all the worry etched into Chase's face drifted away, like he knew something scandalous that no one else could possibly know.

"Well, then, perhaps ye need to get Jason out of yer system."

"Maybe I will." Yet, all of a sudden, Sheri felt like she was being played. Like Chase held all the cards, and she was the pot in the middle of the table growing bigger by the second.

"Then I'll wait." He crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the wall.

Sheri felt the room closing in. She'd lost control of this conversation, and she didn't like it. Not one bit.

"Or maybe I'll want two men?"

Chase pulled up one edge of his mouth in a half smile. "At the same time, lass?"

She swallowed. He was calling her bluff. Anxiety brought her heart rate to a gallop and goose bumps racing up her arms. "Maybe."

Slow and steady, Chase lowered his hands and advanced.

Sheri slid toward the wall.

"There are two men with ye now, love. Perhaps we can purge ye of these desires."

She gulped, a big fat audible gulp that Jason had to of heard in the

other room. "Maybe."

Chase placed one strong hand on the wall by her head and dipped closer, his lips mere inches from hers. "There is only one thing, love."

"Yes," she said on a breath.

"If I do this for ye, be prepared to do anything I ask in return."

Oh, God. She was officially screwed. What would he ask?

For a moment, neither of them moved, blinked or breathed. Then a voice from the living room rang out.

"So, am I joining this party or should I go?"

Should she? Could she?

Chase was calling her bluff, or hand or whatever metaphor worked. Or maybe he was pushing her further. Perhaps he'd back off the minute she let Jason touch her. Remembering his insane jealousy at the bar, Sheri puffed her chest out, grazing his.

"Do you have condoms, Jason?"

The smile didn't leave Chase's face, but one eyebrow rose high.

He'll fold.

"Never leave home without them."

One second passed, then two. Chase said nothing. His stare never wavered.

Sheri had one more hand to play. She lifted her lips to his ear so only he could hear. "Be warned, Jason enjoys men *and* women in his bed." With those little words, Sheri stepped out of Chase's arms and walked over to Jason who now stood blocking the hallway.

The devilish smile on Jason's face bordered on comical. Sheri wasn't laughing, and she wasn't going to pause and let Chase know she had second thoughts about what they were embarking upon. She stepped into Jason's personal space, tilted her head to the side, and kissed him fully on the mouth. There was no exploration, no slow mingling of taste. There was hardly any time to compare notes before she felt Jason's hand reach out and spread over her ass.

Being touched by a friend when her lover watched held a spark of fire all by itself. Her thought remained solely on Chase and how he would react to her bold antics. When Chase stepped behind her and reached

around to find the weight of her breasts, the spark of heat exploded into an urgent flame.

Sandwiched between two men held the allure of eroticism she thought only available in books. Yet here she was, kissing one man while the one who turned her into a quivering mass of nerves teased her nipples into hard peaks.

Jason released her mouth, and his lips trailed down her neck. Sheri's head fell back on Chase's shoulder. Where had her second thoughts flown? She didn't find them now in the thick of four wandering hands dipping and stroking her body. Chase nibbled her ear, and his hands dipped below her hips and stroked the outside of her mound.

Unbuttoning her shirt, Jason slipped his hand inside and rounded her waist before taking her nipple in his mouth.

"She likes it hard," Chase instructed her neighbor. Jason nipped her taut nipple, which brought a flow of cream to the inside folds of her pussy. She closed her eyes and listened to Chase's simple instructions to Jason, instructions that proved just how well Chase knew her body and how much he wanted her to enjoy the play of two men.

Chase moved to her side, captured her face in his hands, and leveled his lips with hers. His kiss engulfed her. She'd missed the familiarity of his taste. Feeling Jason sucking on her nipple and kneading her ass should have been a distraction, but all she could think of was the pressure of Chase's tongue in her mouth.

Sheri's hand drifted down the steel plane of Chase's chest. His shirt bunched into her hands, restraining her ability to touch his skin. Her hand sunk lower, remembering his kilt. A little part of her realized how easily a man had access to a woman's body when she wore a dress. She ran her hand to the end of his kilt and stroked her way up his thigh. His naked ass met her hand and had her moaning.

"Come, lass. Let's move to yer room."

Room? Bed? "Okay."

Chase tugged her toward her bed while Jason had the good sense to grab the burning candles from the living room and follow them.

Jason pulled the shirt from her shoulders and undid the clasp of

her bra. Sheri tugged at Chase's shirt while he removed the sword from his waist. Behind her, she heard the zipper on Jason's jeans make a noise. She was doing this. Really doing this.

Chase leaned down to kiss her smiling lips before helping her unbutton her jeans.

With only a thong covering her, she glanced up. Jason's eyes were glossed over while Chase stared on with a knowing smile.

Nearly naked, Jason spoke out as he slid his hand over Sheri's hip and fingered her thong. "You're a lucky man, Chase."

"Aye, I am."

As Jason pressed his now naked body firmly against hers, Chase stopped him briefly. "Know this, Jason. Ye can touch her, bring her pleasure, but ye can't keep her." The men stared at each other for only a moment before Jason nodded his understanding.

Damn if that wasn't hot. Hot that Chase wanted Jason to touch her, hot that he felt he possessed her, hot that he allowed the entire encounter to occur. Hot!

She was on the bed in seconds. Chase struggled to remove the rest of his clothing while Jason found his wallet and removed two silver packages of condoms.

Jason's cock jutted out with pride, not as impressive as Chase's, but more than enough to please.

Jason took the time to sheath his shaft with latex and handed one to Chase. "Do you want me to put this on you?" he asked. Sheri held her breath and waited for Chase to say no. A glint in her lover's eye spoke volumes.

"Remember, lass. I can ask anything of ye in the future."

Sheri leaned in and took the condom from Jason's hand. "Let's hold off on that for now." As much as she trusted Chase to not make her do anything she wouldn't be into, she really didn't want to push him too far.

Chase smiled a small triumph. One she let him have for now.

Sheri removed a small bottle of lube from her bedside table and beckoned both men to the side of her bed.

Kneeling on the bed, Chase arrived first, kissing away any doubts.

His thick cock thrust against her stomach brought a welcomed heat. Jason came from behind and fondled her breasts, pinching them hard. His hand lowered between her and Chase and dipped into her wet pussy with ease. She trembled between them. Chase held her head steady and dueled with her tongue. It was too much, one man behind her, stroking her pussy while the man who haunted her dreams kissed her completely.

Sheri lowered her palm to Chase's erection and fondled his balls. Jason caught her hand, dipped her fingers into her own heat, and then guided her hand to stroke Chase. "Try this," Jason encouraged. He left Sheri's hand on Chase's shaft and returned to the wet folds of her sex. Chase couldn't continue kissing her. His head fell forward on her shoulder as he stood in controlled ecstasy. She knew Jason was giving Chase the time to get used to him there. To understand that, with three people in one bed making love and discovering each other, there were no boundaries, no limits.

A man would know what feels best for a man. Yes, Sheri considered herself rather knowledgeable around men, but Jason could teach her a thing or two before this sinful tryst was over.

Sheri kissed her way down Chase's torso until she knelt down even with his shaft. She licked his purpled head, sending a shiver through him. Jason ran a finger over her lips, guiding Chase's cock into her mouth as she licked and sucked, wanting to please. Her vaginal walls constricted and cream moistened the folds of her skin.

Relaxing her throat, Sheri took him into the depths of her mouth.

"Oh, love," he groaned.

Glancing up, she noticed Jason holding his own cock in his hand. That hardly seemed fair. She reached for Chase's hand, which rested on her shoulder and placed it around Jason's member. He stilled at first, but then closed his eyes. When she folded him in her mouth with a vigorous suck, she saw his fingers briefly clench and his hand start to move, as if he were simply stroking himself. His eyes remained closed when his hand moved faster, and Sheri swallowed more of him in distraction. She knew neither man thought of who was doing what when they both moaned. Jason stopped stroking her clit, obviously lost in Chase's deep strokes.

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A few more deep-throated sucks, and Chase nudged her away from his shaft. "God's teeth, lass. Too soon."

"I want you to come." And she did. She wanted to feel him spill into her mouth and down her throat. She latched on again, proving her point.

"No. Not yet," he moaned, wrenching away before taking a deep controlling breath. He wiped a finger over her mouth and caressed her cheek.

"Lie down," he said. "Show Jason how talented ye are with that sweet mouth. I want to watch ye work yer magic."

Could she? She licked her suddenly dry lips. Damn. Her pussy was throbbing a mile a minute. Guess that answered her question of whether she could. Whatever this incredibly sexy, adventurous man wanted, Sheri would give him. After all, the ass-play in the shower had turned out beyond okay. Chase wouldn't ask anything of her he wasn't willing to give. She scooted back on the bed and waited for whatever Chase had in mind.

Jason sent her a timid smile while he stroked his swollen shaft. "Do you want me to keep the condom on?" he asked her.

"I trust you, Jason. I don't think you would put either of us in any danger.

A warm smile lit up Jason face. He removed the unused condom, flicked it to the side, and asked, "Where do you want me?"

Chase slid a hand up her thigh and over her quivering mound. She arched into his touch, anxious for any sort of penetration. "Have ye ever seen such a beautiful pussy, Jason?"

"Like I said, you're a lucky man."

She wished they would please stop talking about it already and do something with it. Fuck. Two perfectly erect cocks stared her down, yet neither was inside her.

Chase bent his head and licked up her center. Her swollen nub was painful with want. Her head fell back, and her eyes closed. *Oh, baby here it comes.*

The bed beside her dipped with Jason's weight as he straddled her

head. She reached for his hip and rounded on his erection. She felt the head of his cock slide over her lips. She smiled, nearly tasting him before he thrust inside her mouth. Sheri guided Jason's hips in a slow steady ride and plunged him deep.

While one man filled her heated core with his tongue, the other fucked her face with his cock. In one breath, she wanted to sit back and enjoy Chase's delightful tongue and perfect attention to her clit, while in the another breath, she wanted to swallow the cock in her mouth whole. Did Chase imagine it was his cock in her mouth? Did he watch her grasp Jason's balls as she did now and think of his own? Isn't that what he wanted when he suggested she go down on Jason?

Her pussy quivered.

Chase knew exactly what she wanted and wasted no time bringing her to the brink of bliss. She moaned against Jason's cock as she reached for the first wave of pleasure. Her mouth went lax as her orgasm washed over her with a moan. Jason stilled his movements when she came.

Jason slipped out of her mouth. Her eyes caught his with a knowing twinkle firmly in place. Sheri was limp and temporarily satisfied. Something told her she'd only touched the tip of ecstasy with these two men meeting her needs. Yet neither man had come yet. That hardly seemed fair.

Chase stroked her thigh. "Take him in your mouth, lass. I'd like to watch you make him come."

Sheri smiled and shifted onto her forearms. Her eyes met Chase's as her tongue shot out to lick the tip of Jason's cock. When she pulled him into the depths of her mouth, Chase's mouth gaped open in awe. She moaned on purpose then closed her eyes and couldn't help the noise that escaped her lips. She reached up, knowing Chase watched, and squeezed Jason's balls. Sucking him hard, she dared him not to come without any words at all. All at once, he buckled, quivered, and shot a hot stream of cum down her throat.

When she looked, Chase held his cock in his hand and stroked it hard. The expression on his face was one of warmth. One of love.

Jason slumped to the bed. "Fuck."

"Satisfied?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jason.

"Nay."

All three of them laughed.

She sat up and brought her lips to Chase. Her own essence filled her mouth when his tongue swept in. Did he taste Jason as she tasted herself? If he did, he didn't respond with anything other than pleasure. He licked her nipples and gave a gentle suck, pulling a cry from her mouth. She wanted him biting them. More, she wanted both men working her over once again.

"Lie down," she directed him.

Once Chase was on his back, Sheri leaned over and ran her tongue down his chest before pulling his nipple into her mouth. She felt Chase's hand stroke and kneed her breast.

"Sonofabitch." This came from Jason who rolled onto his side and stroked her ass.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Watching you two is making me hard again."

Sheri laughed. "Well, we'll just have to take care of that, won't we?" She directed her question to Chase. His eyes left hers briefly and landed on Jason before returning to her.

"Ye heard the lady."

"That I did," said Jason.

"Where's that extra condom, Jason?"

Jason leaned over the bed and reached for the one he'd offered Chase. While Jason sheathed his shaft, Sheri straddled Chase's hips and teased the tip of his cock with her entrance. Her eyes caught his before eyeing Jason who slid up alongside her.

"What do ye have in mind, lass?" Chase asked while stroking the length of her thigh.

Jason's hand reached around her hip and trailed a path between her thighs. Once he came upon Chase's erection, he held her lover firm and slid him back and forth over her clit. A gasp of pleasure escaped from her lips.

“Lass?”

Her eyes sprang open. Chase smiled up at her and raised his brow. Slowly, Sheri leaned over, elevating her back end toward Jason while keeping Chase hovering under her wet pussy. Her lips reached the lobe of his ear. “I want you both inside me,” she whispered.

Sheri waited for some sign of acceptance from Chase. A low, deep chuckle split the silence.

Chase reached over, found the lube, and handed it to Jason who leaned against Sheri’s ass, stroking his cock.

Jason’s eyes lit up with understanding. “Have you ever done this before?”

Sheri glanced at Chase. Licking her lips, she said, “Once.”

“Very lucky man,” Jason uttered almost to himself.

Staring deep into Chase’s eyes, Sheri lowered herself onto his body. The head of his weeping cock pushed inside her on a sigh. God, he felt so good. So perfect. “Slow and easy, love. We’ll go slow and easy.”

Chase lifted his hands to her breasts and played with her nipples, tugging, pulling until she shifted her hips and tightened the inside folds of her pussy in response.

Sheri bent over him, her ass in the air, and kissed him fully. Although there was another man in her bed, Sheri wanted Chase to know her desire lay with him.

Jason crawled up behind her. Soon a cool, wet finger drew a path down the crack of her ass to the edge of her puckered hole and back again. She shivered and nearly wept with want. He did it again, only this time bringing his fingers over her ass and pushing in, slightly.

“Oh, fuck,” she cried with pleasure. Jason’s fingers slowly penetrated her back channel. Why did it feel so damn good?

“Is this what ye want, love?” Chase asked, uncertain of why she cried out.

“Yes, yes. Please.” It was okay to beg, wasn’t it? Chase thrust into her again, sliding past her clit with wicked delight.

Jason stretched her with one finger then two. Each plunge drove deeper, sending surging ripples of excitement up her spine. His nimble

fingers were wonderful, truly, but she wanted more. His hips brushed against her, his erection hot and ready to give her everything this sinful interlude had to offer.

Chase thrust into her, and his hands reached around to spread her wider.

Finally, Jason nestled up behind her until she felt the bulbous head of his cock at her back entrance. She reared up to him as he eased into her slowly, carefully. Chase slowed his movements and kissed her hard. Chase's hard length heated her pussy that even now shuddered, forcing thick cream down his shaft. Her backside opened, allowing Jason room for every inch of his engorged cock. The stuffed feeling of Jason's fingers didn't compare to this, this overwhelming fullness that made her head swim in desire and want. Only when she felt Jason's body flush against hers, his member buried deep inside her, did she release her breath. Did Chase feel Jason inside her? She wanted to ask but couldn't manage to force a single word past her lips.

Jason's hands held her hips while he pulled back slightly and slid back in with a sigh of relief. Chase's eyes rolled back in his head. *Oh, yeah, he felt the other man. There was no way he couldn't.*

Sheri cried out in pleasure, smiling into Chase's kiss.

When Jason's cock penetrated her fully once again, his balls had to have been touching Chase's. A slight worry penetrated her dizzy head. Sheri quietly whispered in Chase's ear, "Thank you for this."

His arms wound around her waist in a hug that felt more intimate than any act they'd done yet. "Anything to prove how much we belong together."

Did this prove him right? Did they stand a chance at long term? Chase sounded so sure, so confident of his convictions that they needed to stay together that Sheri started to let go of her fierce independence. If this was a sampling of what life with Chase would be all about, then oh, baby, what was she waiting for?

Chase thrust into her, setting the pace for Jason to follow.

Jason's hand rested on the small of her back while Chase led her hips in motion. With each retreat of Jason's slick cock, Chase's familiar

length penetrated her completely.

She'd never been so stuffed in all her life. Stroke for stroke, she met both men. Writhing in desire, she truly had no control over her body. Chase tweaked her nipples, pouring more heat between her thighs. Fuck. Her clit swelled, wanting release. She couldn't think, couldn't keep her eyes open. Both men supported her body, keeping it earth bound. Barely.

For a woman who loved control, this act did indeed purge her of something that had held her back for years. All control and power over this situation zapped clean off her plate, yet being able to please both these men at the same time empowered her further than any sexual encounter ever had before, or could again.

As she neared the peak and tried in vain to hold off her release, she realized how lucky she was. Lucky that Chase found her, that she taunted him with this sexy, wicked act. Lucky to have two men sliding in and out of her in ways she never dreamt. She was hovering over her orgasm and listened to both men hitch their breath as they held off their release.

Chase swiveled his hips in a different direction, forcing her plump pussy to quiver, shake and explode with her head-to-toe orgasm. The inner walls of her pussy constricted around Chase's cock as her ass tightened around Jason. Her body beckoned them to come, milked them hard as each wave of pleasure shot through her body. The men continued to pump, harder, faster. Their rhythm was gone; neither concerned any longer about anything other than finding their peak. Just thinking about their pleasure had Sheri grinding her hips down hard on Chase's cock and elicited another gasp of pleasure from both men and her.

Jason's hands tightened on her ass as he pumped behind her with a groan, coming, riding out his pleasure.

As he did, Chase too lost control. The warmth of his seed filled her womb and extended her orgasm. Words couldn't describe the completeness of the moment.

"Sheri," he choked out as he pumped more cum into her. She watched him crest, somehow knowing she would witness him experience this pleasure for years to come.

Chapter Ten

Curled up along Chase with her leg sprawled over his and feeling Jason's light caress over her hip, Sheri purred her satisfaction. Part of her couldn't believe she'd just participated in a duel coupling, or that now she knew what it felt like to have two men pounding into her at the same time. She smiled with that single thought.

"The two of you have something special." Jason sighed beside her.

Sheri grinned when Chase squeezed her close in agreement before she rolled over and glanced into Jason's sincere face.

"I mean it, Sheri. I know how hard it is for you, considering your past, but it takes a lot for a man to accept another man in your bed."

Hearing his words, her heart skipped a beat. Did Chase harbor any ill thoughts of having Jason with them now? Did he accept a third person as she did, nothing more than a fantasy gone wild, a fan-flippin-tastic, safe sexual experience they would both look back on without regret? She glanced at Chase who appeared to be considering Jason's words.

Maybe she should think of Chase's offer to watch over her as a commitment. He wasn't running away after their breathing returned to normal, after the high levels of hormones reached a state of homeostasis. No, Chase caught her gaze and didn't let go, almost as if he reinforced Jason's words with only a look.

Jason gave Sheri's hip a final squeeze before sitting up. Sheri turned and stopped him. Staring deep into his eyes, she realized how much he'd given her in such a short time. His friendship never meant

more than it did at that moment. Unable to stop, she pulled him down and touched her lips to hers. Not a passionate kiss between lovers, but a loving kiss between friends. "Thank you, Jason."

Jason's thumb stroked her chin before his gaze shifted to Chase. Chase nodded once as a smile touched his lips.

Moments later, Jason had retrieved his clothes and left them alone.

Sheri settled back into the crook of Chase's arm. His fingers swirled along her hip and up her waist. He drew lazy circles up her neck as if fascinated by her skin.

"I didn't think you'd go through with it," she finally said after a few moments of silence.

"I didn't think ye would either."

"Is that why you didn't stop him or me?"

Chase stared up at the ceiling. The flickering candle cast shadows on the walls all around them. "At first."

"But after that?"

He smiled. "I thought of how I might like two women touching me at the same time. Why should I deny ye such pleasure?"

Sheri ran her hand down over his flat stomach to his impressive flaccid cock resting on his thigh. It twitched with her touch. "I'll go with you."

He stilled, and Sheri rushed to make certain he understood her conditions. "For the wedding."

"I want ye for longer than a week, Sheri."

"Commitment is hard for me," she confessed. Besides, he hadn't asked to marry her, had he? Oh, God, she wanted that. She wanted him to ask her to marry him. Somehow, this surprised her. Discovering Chase's life and spending more time with him became more of a need at that moment than eating.

"So I've been told."

With her fingers dancing along his cock, he rose quickly. "Take me to your home," she told him. "Show me your life."

He stopped her hand mid stroke as she moved to grasp his now erect shaft. "What if we aren't able to return? 'Tis always a possibility."

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Sheri swallowed. "Have you ever not been able to return?"

"Nay."

"Then we've nothing to worry about."

"Destiny sometimes plays against the will of those involved."

Sheri leaned up on her forearms, pulling out of his grip. She stretched over and pressed her lips to his until his tongue captured hers in a dance. Sliding her leg over his hip, she said, "Then destiny better know what the hell she's doing."

Chase swiftly rolled and placed her on her back. With one swift thrust, he was buried deep inside her. "I am yer destiny, love."

* * * * *

Chase could hardly believe he tugged Sheri by the hand toward the stairs of the warehouse. If anyone had told him hours before that it would take another man in their bed to convince Sheri that they belonged together, Chase would have laughed then pummeled the poor lout for saying the words. Yet here she was, nervous smile and all.

Sounds of someone pacing at the top of the stairs caught his attention.

Outside Logan's bedroom, Jane paced in a full-length gown of gold and white linen. When Logan's bride turned toward them and leapt at Sheri with a fierce hug, Chase felt a sense of pride pierce his chest.

"I didn't think you'd come," Jane said to her friend.

Sheri glanced up and met his eyes. "I'm here. I'm sorry I didn't come sooner." The words were meant for him more than Jane, he could see that. This too filled his heart with hope for them both.

Jane released Sheri and rocked back on her heels. "It doesn't matter. Come on, we've got to get you ready."

"We need to shift in time first," Chase told them. "Logan won't like being kept waiting all this time." Waiting for Sheri had taken years off his life. Chase could only imagine how Logan must feel with his future wife hundreds of years in the future without him.

Chase smiled and grasped Sheri's hand and, in his mind, pledged

to never be so far away from her again.

With that, Jane led Sheri and Chase into the massive chamber. "Where's Logan?" Sheri asked.

Rolling her eyes, Jane said. "At home. He can't see me before the ceremony."

Sheri started questioning Jane about the past as they entered the single room and shut the door behind them all. Jane closed her eyes, as Chase had seen Logan do many times in the past in an effort to move time. According to Logan, he only needed to envision when and where he wanted to go and time would slip away without question. However, when thrusting two more people along the journey, those not gifted with the ability normally felt the magnetic pull. Watching Jane shift time reminded Chase of how lucky Logan was to have found his true love. Logan had always said that when the right woman came along, she'd be able to move time like he did, proving they belonged together.

The air in the room grew thin, forcing all to breathe deep in order to gain a full breath. Below him, the room tilted and left him feeling dizzy. Sheri, confused by the sensation, hung onto his arm. "Is it an earthquake?"

He pulled her to his side and held her close. "No, lass. Just take a deep breath. We're moving through time right now."

Sheri's eyes rounded in disbelief. Her head swiveled to the window. The landscape of the brick building aside them shimmered and trees started to emerge.

Soon the world righted itself, and his stomach stopped rolling. Rain pattered against the windowsill, and voices from below rose up to meet them. Chase was home. He pulled away and glanced at Sheri, and she was with him.

Jane moved to the window, looked outside, and turned to them both. "Okay, you gotta go." She waved him away, opening the door. "Tell Logan we'll start in half an hour."

Chase kissed her cheek before releasing her. Sheri stood with wide eyes as she slowly moved toward the open window that cast views of his homeland.

"Sheri?" he called.

"Yeah?" came her dazed reply.

"Welcome to Scotland, love. I'll see ye downstairs."

A limp hand rose and waved him away. Chase chuckled as he left the women.

Halfway down the stairs, he met Megan. "I've brought Lady Lansing to stand beside Laird MacLaren's bride. See that she is comfortable in the quarters down the hall from mine." Megan dipped into a curtsy and scrambled out of his path.

As expected, the main hall was bustling with activity. The smell of cooked meats and pies wafted from the kitchens and men were already in their cups.

This world was loud and full of life. The one in Seattle paled in comparison. Or at least it had before Sheri, he thought, smiling at the thought.

Logan met him in two strides and clasped his arm to his. "Well?"

"Sheri is with yer beautiful bride."

Logan smiled. "As it should be."

A flask of ale met his hand as a maid passed by. Chase brought it to his lips and envisioned how Sheri would descend the stairs. He knew Jane would coach her as he had before returning to the warehouse. Sheri understood to keep silent about Logan and now Jane's ability to manipulate time.

As his eyes traveled around the room, Chase wondered how Sheri would react to his world. A world without electricity, computers and plastic. Without takeout food from Wong's Chinese Restaurant and pepperoni pizza, not to mention soda or candy in every corner store, or the bolt of caffeine from a coffee shop. He couldn't stop the pang of doubt he had about her wanting to stay with him here, in his time.

Glancing around the room, he wondered what she had to gain. The men in the room were fierce warriors, honest men willing to lay down their lives to protect their women and families.

A maid laughed and refilled an empty cup. Aye, these were good people, a family the likes of which Sheri had never experienced. He wanted to give that to her, the sense of belonging that only came with the

love of other people.

What if she didn't? he mused. Would he be able to stay with her in Seattle? Could he give up his life as he knew it?

Logan pounded him on his back, interrupting his thoughts, and pointed at the massive staircase. "Ye'll need to keep her close at hand, Chase." Logan nodded toward the stairs. "We're about to begin the ceremony."

Out of the corner of his eye, Chase caught a maid as she hustled down the stairs. Stopping at the woman playing the harp, the maid whispered softly, and the harpist made a grand gesture of announcing the bride.

The activity in the room came to an abrupt halt, the only sounds heard were the fire in the hearth crackling and the occasional shifting of feet.

Sheri stood at the top of the stairs in a glory of emerald green from head to foot. The long dress gathered at her small waist and sank low upon her breasts. Long sleeves flowed down her arms and clasped her delicate wrists. Splashes of ivory silk adorned the inside of the gown, glimpsed only when she moved. Her red hair flowed behind her. Her beauty astounded him. Humbled him.

She descended the stairs, and Chase moved to give her his arm. He attempted what he hoped would look like a reassuring smile when her eyes searched him. Her hand trembled and grasped him firmly. They walked together before the priest and parted.

Although a gasp of awe went through the room when Jane walked to her groom, Chase stared only at Sheri.

As Logan and Jane exchanged vows of always and forever, Chase took in the array of emotions passing over Sheri's features. Hope, awe, love. Her gaze met his briefly before skirting away. When her eyes landed on Logan and Jane, her features softened, and a small smile flickered on her face, the happiness shooting straight to her eyes.

As Logan pressed his body to Jane and sealed their union with a kiss, Sheri's gaze landed on his. A sharp, sudden yearning inside him burst in his chest. He would step before the priest instantly if he would be

assured Sheri wouldn't run away in protest.

He needed to be a little more patient. He needed to wait a little longer.

Logan presented his wife to the witnesses and raised her arm in his. The room rumbled with the merriment of the occasion, the players picked up a lively tune, and the servants rushed in with plates full of food and flasks full of wine and ale.

Sheri stepped to the side, allowing a woman to pass. Her eyes lifted to the high ceilings of the Keep and squinted closer to look at the tapestry hanging on the wall. Her jaw dropped and head tilted as she peered at the battle scene created with needles and thread. "Amazing," she mumbled under her breath.

A maid offered her a flask of wine, forcing her gaze from the wall. Sheri nodded, took the wine, and said her thanks.

Chase eased up to Sheri's side. "Come, lass. Let me introduce ye."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?"

"Aye. There are many who will question yer presence, so let me do the talking."

Sheri licked her lips. "No problem." She pushed her free arm through his and held on with a death grip. Chase understood her unease. The first time he had walked through her city streets, he'd been lost in silence and dumbstruck emotion as he took in the busy city of Seattle.

"Patrick," he called to his friend. "Have ye met Lady Lansing?"

Sheri jerked at his side.

"My lady, Patrick MacBride."

"Ah, Chase. What a lovely lady," he said bringing his hand out to Sheri. Chase noticed how she stuck her hand out to be shook. Instead, Patrick lifted her hand to his lips and kissed the back of it. Although stunned, she recovered quickly. "A pleasure."

"The pleasure is mine, my lady."

Patrick moved along with only a few words, and Sheri leaned closer to Chase. "Why are you calling me *my lady*?"

"'Tis what ye are, lass." He'd explain the social classes to her later. For now, he wanted to make her feel welcome and at home.

* * * * *

By the time Logan followed Jane up the stairs, Sheri's energy level had waned. Keeping track of names and faces and dodging the constant barrage of questions on everyone's lips grew tiresome. Like a rock, Chase stood by her side and directed every unexpected ploy to gather information about her sudden appearance.

Sheri couldn't help but admire the broad chests and muscled forearms of the men in the room. Many of the men wore kilts, some longer than others. All sported a sword on their hips and appeared to have the biceps necessary to hold off their enemy with ease.

Swaying into Chase's side, the day caught up with her. Chase pressed his lips into her hair. "Come," he said, walking her to the base of the stairs. "Megan?" he called to the girl Sheri recognized as Jane's personal maid. "See the lady to her chambers and draw her a bath."

"Aren't you coming?"

Chase glanced around and lowered his voice. "Later. Appearances."

"Oh." She sighed, having no idea what he meant. Sheri followed Megan up one flight of stairs and down a dark hall.

Once inside, Megan closed the door and came up behind her. When the woman's hands touched the back of her dress, Sheri flinched.

"I'll help ye undress."

Sheri stood in stunned silence. It was one thing to dress in front of her best friend, but to find herself with a complete stranger removing her dress was beyond awkward. However, Jane had helped her into the garment she wore, and she couldn't imagine removing all the clasps up the back in order to get out of it. Letting a girl help her out of her gown suddenly became a necessity.

A knock sounded at the door. Sheri hoped to see Chase. Instead, a boy brought in a metal tub and soon a parade of servants brought in water, filling it to the rim.

Not only did she need help getting undressed, but apparently

drawing a bath as well. These people would flip if they knew how she really lived her life.

Megan undid every button and slipped the dress from her shoulders. Standing in something that looked like a long slip, Sheri turned her way. "I've got it from here."

The maid's eyes narrowed.

"I can see to my own bath."

Megan's mouth drew into an O. She curtsied and left the room.

Alone for the first time, Sheri walked around the room and touched the items in it. On the surface, the heavy bed appeared like any in the twenty-first century, but upon closer inspection, a homemade mattress sat upon ropes tightened and latched at the side. Large linen sheets covered the binding covering the frame. Sheri tested her weight on the bed and flattened her hands along the sheets.

Walking over to the roaring fire, Sheri pulled the slip-like thing from her frame and let it float to the floor. She couldn't remember ever bathing in front of a fireplace. Sheri picked up the bar of soap Megan had left on the small table by the tub and brought it to her nose. The scent of lavender filled her senses. "Hmm, my favorite," she murmured.

"'Tis what I told Megan to bring."

Sheri swirled and found Chase smiling at her from the doorway. She hadn't heard him come in. It hadn't been long since she left his side, but having him within arm's reach gave her a sense of security that she'd lacked only moments before.

His eyes drifted over her nude body, pausing at her breasts and dipping lower. "Do ye need help with yer bath, my lady?"

A tremor raced over her. "Everyone is so helpful here."

Chase moved toward her with the stealth of a cat. His hand captured hers and led her to the side of the tub. She stepped in slowly and lowered herself into the warm liquid.

Chase rolled up his sleeves before removing the soap from her hand and dipping it into the water. Strong fingers worked the soap over her arms and her shoulders. Sheri's eyes rolled back, as she enjoyed the soft play of his rough hands on her skin. His thumbs dug into the tense

muscles of her shoulders reminding her of the strain that gathered beneath them.

“What do ye think of my home?”

“It’s beautiful.” The huge rooms were adorned with tapestries and oversized ornate furnishings. The glimpses of the land she’d managed during the reception made her want to explore the outdoors. Sheri thought she’d have to make do with an outhouse of some sort, but there was a garderobe, or a makeshift bathroom, on the main floor. Sheri wondered if Logan commissioned its construction after a trip to the future, or were bathrooms invented before the seventeenth century? She made a mental note to ask Chase later...when he wasn’t tempting her with his touch.

Chase’s palm rubbed between her breasts. His hand lowered and rubbed the soap onto her belly. His hands felt huge as they swirled over her skin. She never really thought of herself as petite, but with Chase, it was hard not to. Sheri slipped back and rested against the tub. She let her legs fall to the side, hoping Chase would continue his path.

His finger grazed the outside lips of her pussy, bringing a heated response from her entire body. God, she loved how he did that. His thumb and finger pinched her clit, making her jump into his touch. “Perhaps I should soap your back.” Chase started to move his hand and Sheri swiftly caught hold of it.

“Move it and suffer the consequences.”

A deep chuckle warmed her body and her heart. Chase relaxed his arm and buried a long finger deep inside her while slow strokes of his thumb rubbed along her swelling nub.

Her head fell against his shoulder as he knelt by the tub at her side. His hand moved a little faster. “There ye go, lass. Relax.”

Her hips were already moving in pace with his fingers and hand. She lifted her lips to his. His kiss caused fluid to surge from her core, more than even his talented fingers and palm. His free hand held her face with a gentleness that left her weak and needy. The day had been like none other, and this was exactly how she wanted to end it.

His tongue plunged deep into the depths of her mouth, and his

hand moved faster, pinching her at the perfect angle, and brought on a swift and powerful orgasm. He thrust two fingers deep inside to prolong her pleasure.

Without words, he quickly soaped the rest of her body and pulled her from the tub. The fire warmed her skin as Chase removed the droplets of water with a towel. Finished, he wordlessly brought her back into his arms and kissed her down into the depths of her soul.

His kilt and shirt slid to the floor one at a time. His glorious body was framed by the flames of the fire behind him. Between heated kisses, Sheri whispered into his ear, "Make love to me."

A strange expression passed over him before his lips turned to a slow sensual smile. Chase lifted her into his arms and settled her on the medieval bed. With slow, gifted hands, he stroked her body and followed his touch with his lips. From the insides of her wrists to behind her knees, nothing was left without his scent.

By the time his lips burned a path back up her body, she quivered with such intensity she knew she'd shatter with a mere touch.

Chase lifted himself above her, and her legs parted in silent desire. "Look at me, my love."

Staring into the depths of his soul, Sheri's love for this man hit her with such a powerful force she felt tears burn in the back of her eyes.

The tip of Chase's turgid erection homed in. He kissed a single tear that slipped away from her eye while he inched into her core. Filled with him, Sheri smiled, feeling a completion she hadn't felt before.

Chase's thumb wiped away another drop of moisture from her face. "I love ye too, lass."

His confession brought a rapid clench of her body around his. Her hands gripped his sides. Her pussy milked his shaft while her legs wound around his waist, never to let him go. As if reading her mind, he said, "I'm not going anywhere."

Sheri arched to meet him, once, twice.

"Say it." His soft demand echoed as he ground against her clit in the way she liked.

"Oh, Chase." Her heart swelled, and with it, the deep fear of the

unknown threatened to shadow the completely new emotion of loving Chase.

“Say it.”

“I’m scared.”

He moved with more vigor, his lips spread in a grin that lit the room. “There’s nothing to be afraid of, lass. I have ye now. I’ll not let ye go.”

As her body buckled and he brought her to a slow and everlasting peak, Sheri gave into a new sensation of making love. One where love dominated every move, every sigh and every moment of their pleasure. “I love you,” she whispered, believing every word.

Their breath slowed along with the pace of their hearts. Was Chase holding her closer, or was her imagination clouding her judgment after their declarations. Either way, the overwhelming feeling of security Sheri experienced in that moment wrapped around her in thick layers.

“Ye will marry me, won’t ye, love?”

Not her imagination at all, she decided. “Are you sure you want to? I can be a real pain in the ass.” On the surface, it sounded as though she wanted to talk him out of long-term commitment, but inside her heart filled.

“Who better than I to know that? Ye have a stubborn side as well.”

“Just as long as you understand what you’re getting into.”

“Oh...” He trailed his fingers along the soft curves of her face. “I know how to make ye purr when ye’re a tiger on the prowl.”

“Where would we live?” Somehow she knew the answer before he opened his mouth to answer.

“Here.” His thumb stroked her brow. His eyes searched hers for her reaction. Crazy, she didn’t really have one. Of course they would live here, alongside Jane and Logan and the warriors protecting them.

“Could we visit my time?”

“I believe Logan has assured Jane of such an arrangement.”

“I’d want a real bathroom.”

Chase tossed his head back, and his smile stretched ear to ear. “Have ye forgotten the bathroom in my rooms in Seattle? I too have

grown fond of indoor plumbing.”

Sheri settled her shoulders into the soft mattress, hardly believing she’d negotiated a future that rested in the past.

Her eyes widened as a thought popped into her mind. “Wait. What’s your last name?” How was it possible that she didn’t know it?

Chase’s rich laughter filled the dark corners of the room. “Donnach, my family name is Donnach.”

Sheri whispered. “Donnach, Mrs. Sheri Donnach.”

“Nay, lass. Lady Sheri Donnach.” He kissed her after the words left his mouth. “Marry me.”

Love for him swept her up again. “Yes. I’ll marry you, Chase Donnach.”

He laughed again, and happiness lit up his face. This time when they kissed, a new passion built, one that said she’d always be with this one amazing, kilted man.

Epilogue

Two Months Later

Twisting the heavy emerald laid within the gold band that Chase slipped on her finger weeks ago, Sheri closed her eyes and remembered their wedding. The fanfare and subsequent honeymoon brought a flush to her cheeks. The bulk of their time would have them in the massive Keep alongside Logan and Jane. Yet, at times, Logan found a need to slip ahead into the future. When he did, the four of them went together. Logan's excuses to move forward in time were rather lame most of the time. Sheri thought he simply wanted to please Jane.

Sheri remembered the plastic statue of the Space Needle that Chase had given her as a wedding present, and how she cried like a blubbering fool at the stupid, amazing gift.

"Can you see anything, love?" Chase's question brought her back to the present, or the past, however you wanted to look at it.

Sheri opened her eyes but the silk he'd tied around them blocked out all light. His teasing voice sent a shiver of excitement over her.

"Not a thing."

"And your arms... can you move them?"

Squirming naked on their bed, Sheri tugged her arms. "Tight. There's no escape."

A slight creak met Chase's foot as he walked around the bed. She heard the sound of his sword as it slid to the side of the bed. Sheri parted

her legs a little farther, hoping to entice her husband.

The bed finally dipped at her side, and his hand caressed her cheek before she felt the heat of his breath flutter past her lips. His lips fell to her ear. Desire caused her skin to prickle.

“Do ye remember, lass?”

His hand slid over her breast, bringing her nipple to a tight pebble and fluid to her core. Sliding lower, his fingers wound around her pussy, spreading the folds and exposing her clit to the cool air of the room.

“Remember what?”

His fingers were everywhere but on her clit. She shifted her hips and felt her womb pool with moisture.

“Ye owe me.”

Her head fell to the side, her breath already on the rise. Lifting her hips in an effort for him to touch her resulted in his laugh.

“Owe you what?” Not that she could replay many conversations at this particular time. Chase’s free hand pinched her nipple so hard she cried out at the sheer pleasure of it.

“Please, Chase. I’ll pay, whatever, love, but please touch me.” Her legs fell to the side, begging.

Chase leaned closer, over her lips, and nipped her lips with a kiss. His fingers spread her pussy farther apart. A long lap of a tongue nearly shot her off the bed, just as Chase’s mouth captured hers in a deep kiss. Someone else was with them, and dear Lord, they latched onto her clit with such an expert touch she broke off his kiss in a gasp for much needed air.

With her legs unbound, Sheri lifted her bare foot and brought it into contact with the person between her legs. There she met the hard surface of a man’s chest. With that thought, pleasure and a little fear slipped into her thoughts.

Her expression must have amused Chase. Laughter filled the room. Chase slowly slid off the mask shielding her eyes.

Sheri glanced down and into lust-filled eyes of a total stranger. She gulped. This complete, albeit gorgeous, stranger kept her gaze while he pressed his warm tongue to her clit a second time.

Kilt-A-Licious by Catherine Bybee

“What’s the matter, love? Did ye think I’d forgotten our bargain?”

“No, I-I just didn’t think...” Her words trailed off. What did she think? She’d considered Chase giving her a spanking, or maybe a little more bondage...but another man?

“When I remember the night with yer neighbor, I see the ecstasy in yer face. I want to give ye that again. Danny will help me.”

She didn’t know what to say. Before she could utter a word, Chase sent her another cat-ate-the-canary grin. “One more thing,” he said. He clicked his tongue and out from behind a door connecting their bedroom from a dressing chamber walked another half naked stranger dressed in a kilt.

Oh, man. Kilt-a-licious times three.

Danny plunged his tongue into her cream.

Her heart kicked hard inside her chest.

“This is Danny’s friend, Gil. They have a few *special skills* they’d like to show us.”

“Oh, God.”

Chase leaned in for another kiss. “I’m going to let them pleasure ye, Sheri.”

Damn that sounded good. “Okay,” she murmured, smiling up at her husband.

“But I’m the one who will always love ye.”

At that moment, Danny swirled her clit between his tongue and his teeth while Gil stepped to the bed and dropped his kilt to the floor.

The End

Author Bio

Catherine Bybee has been addicted to books for as long as she can remember. With the love of reading romance novels came the desire to write them as well. Creating worlds where passion and intrigue collide gives Catherine the perfect balance.

Catherine currently lives in Southern California with her husband and two growing sons. If she isn't busy at her computer or with her family, you'll find her volunteering for any number of organizations or working as an RN in a busy emergency room.

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