

FROM THE SERIES
Destination Pleasure

Megan Kerans

Take ME AGAIN SAM



*Scarlet
Series*



Take Me Again, Sam

by

Megan Kerans

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Take Me Again, Sam [Destination Pleasure 5]

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To Rhonda & RJ for their courage and hard work to make their dreams *grow* along with those of so many authors.

Take Me Again, Sam

Casablanca, Morocco

Dove Rickland shimmied her hips as she danced between the crimson-covered tables of New Anfa. Guests of the Crescent Ksar Hotel and locals packed Casablanca's top rated restaurant. She smiled at the diners, but paid little attention to their individual faces.

Her belt of gold coins jangled above the music. She gave a quick nod toward the band on the small riser behind her. At the fourth table along the restaurant's back wall, she stopped. With a flick of her wrist she sent a cloud of turquoise chiffon over the businessmen's heads.

She kept her entire focus centered on precisely moving her body. Using slow undulations, she rolled her stomach to the rhythm. Sweat beaded on her forehead.

A hard crack from Samir's drum signaled her return to the dance floor. She glanced toward the restaurant owner and other musicians.

Samir Macias held his *Darbouka* against his strong thigh as he played. Dark eyes locked on her while his long fingers slapped the instrument's skin.

Her breath caught. A quiver that had nothing to do with dancing snaked through her muscles. Performing in place of a famous belly dancer, she needed her focus on her routine, not her renowned friend's brother.

Right now the customers deserved her very best. Later, if lucky, she'd give the same to Samir.

She whirled between the white columns surrounding the dance floor. Her airy skirts and costume beads spun away from her body. Mentally, she counted off the beats. The geometric mosaics on the walls blurred. Blue, green, red and white swirled together.

The chill of cold tiles hit her toes as she stepped onto the dance floor. She circled her hips in a figure eight. The ting-ting of her finger cymbals echoed off the carved

ceiling.

As the crowd clapped, Samir and the two other musicians picked up the tempo.

Her cheeks hurt from smiling, but she didn't stop. She arched her spine backwards and spun. Light from numerous glass and brass lanterns threw out a colorful kaleidoscope.

A sharp crack of the *Darbouka* echoed.

Dove stilled. Perspiration clung to her skin. Ragged breathes gusted in and out of her lungs. She bowed to the applause before slipping around the band riser and through the kitchen door.

Gabino, the chef, had a bottle of water waiting. "Thanks," she panted and gulped down the icy liquid.

After two days, she had adjusted to Moroccan hospitality but not the five-hour time difference. The clock said eleven p.m. but to her stomach the hour felt like supertime. "Gambino, is there any chance—"

"I have a plate for you, just like Amira." The middle-aged man's warm face smiled.

"That's—"

Gambino snapped his fingers at a waiter with a full tray headed for the dining room. "Where is the goat cheese in that couscous?"

The young man glanced at the grains and shrugged.

"Fix it, now!" he barked. With a sigh, the chef turned back to her. "Go onto the balcony, and Corin will bring your dinner."

Not wanting to insult or anger the man, she nodded. "*Shoukran bazzeef*. Thank you." She put her hand over her heart before heading to the patio.

A breeze off the ocean ruffled the white tablecloths. Air hit her damp skin, and she shivered as she walked along the balcony. Ahead, a crescent moon hung like an empty cradle above black waters.

Pearly light shined on the wave crests. The white caps held a luminous glow moments before they broke against the sandy shore. Their gentle roar carried through the darkness.

Corin set her food on a corner table along the railing.

The pungent scent of saffron and crisp mint tea teased her nose. Her mouth watered. God, she was

starving.

Steam rose from thick vegetable chunks and chickpeas. She dropped into the closest chair and plunged her fork into the bed of couscous. The tiny grains and bits of dates melted on her tongue. Too busy eating, she didn't noticed Samir until his hand swept before her gaze.

He gestured to the seat opposite her.

She blinked. Amira had said not to expect to see her brother much, let alone talk. Covering her mouth, she nodded toward the empty chair. As she chewed, she studied the man.

His relation to the world famous belly dancer was apparent. Wavy, dark hair brushed the collar of his white dress shirt. An olive complexion and high cheekbones reflected his Berber and Spanish heritage. He stood tall with well-defined shoulders and narrow hips. Samir was as handsome as his sister was beautiful.

"I watched you tonight," he said in his rich voice.

Dove gulped down her bite of cinnamon pumpkin. "Thank you, Mr.—"

"Call me, Sam." He laughed.

The bright smile made her insides shimmy. His dark gaze slowly moved over her body. Her nipples tightened. She hoped like hell he hadn't noticed.

"You are a very good dancer."

Her head snapped up. "Considering you see Amira all the time, that's a high compliment."

"But," he held her gaze, "you are not great."

The statement stung like the heat in her cheeks. She forced a smile. No longer hungry, she pushed aside her plate. "That's why I'm in Morocco, to perfect my moves while I work on my dissertation."

Sam leaned across the table.

Inches separated their lips. He smelled of orange and a mix of potent spices. A very different hunger awoke in the pit of her belly. The frightening strength of the pull charged through her blood.

"You have the potential to be one of the best if you would let yourself."

The combination of warmth breath on her skin, and his statement spun her senses. "What do you mean?"

"You have a heart full of passion, but you think too

much.” He tapped a single finger against her temple. “Feel the music.” His hand slid along her jaw and down her neck.

A groan worked its way up her throat. Awareness tingled straight to her pussy. For two days, they had danced around their mutual attraction. She wanted more. And by Sam’s actions, so did he. “Are you offering to teach me?” she asked, feeling bold.

“I could.” Intensity burned bright in his dark eyes. “If you are interested.”

“Very.” She let the word roll off her tongue like a caress. “Do you have time?”

“Ah.” He smiled. “My sister will have told you I work long hours.”

Was it her, or had Sam leaned closer? Candlelight played over his light stubbled jaw. She forced herself to concentrate on the conversation. “I believe Amira’s words were *workaholic*.”

He chuckled. “She is the same.”

Dove nodded and flicked her gaze over him. Shirtsleeves stretched tight over the hard muscles in his biceps and forearms. The warm colored skin of his chest stood visible beneath his white shirt. “I can’t picture you as a belly dancer, so how is it you can teach me?”

“Years of watching my sister and her friends practice.” He laughed. “Why do you think I learned to play the *Darbouka*?”

No matter the culture, all horny teenage boys were the same. She took a drink of mint tea and shook her head.

“All right, do you have a method in mind?” She licked her dry lips and noticed his gaze following her tongue.

“You must overwhelm the mind with sensation so it allows the body control,” he said in a low voice.

Wetness slipped from her pussy. She shifted on the chair. Not one of her dates in the last six months had her half as aroused as she was now. “And you’re good at *overwhelming*?”

“When inspired.” His fingertips trailed down her neck and grazed across the tops of her breasts.

Her channel clenched, and she sucked in a sharp breath. His grin said he’d noticed her reaction. Maybe sex

with her friend's brother was tempting disaster. But the exotic Casablanca had her craving adventure. "And what inspires you?"

"Potential, in a beautiful woman." He wrapped a strand of her hair around his fingers as he raised his gaze to hers. "One with gold hair like the sun, eyes blue as the sea and skin whiter than sand."

If he was this good getting a woman into the bedroom, what was he like between the sheets? "I believe in achieving one's potential." She brushed her mouth over his. "Question is, can you rise to the challenge?"

He groaned and trapped her lower lip between his teeth. The tip of his tongue licked her flesh. "Let me close up, and I'll come to your room."

The buzz in her mouth spread down through her chest to her pussy. "I'm in 1984, but I can wait."

"No." He blew out an unsteady breath and leaned back to a respectable distance. "For your standing, it is better we leave separately."

She laughed. "No man in the U.S. worried about my reputation after he learned I danced half-naked."

"This is not America." He rose and squared his shoulders. "This is Morocco."

"Yes." The promise of sexual pleasure gripped her muscles. She glanced toward the lights on the proud minaret of the Hassan II Mosque. The white carvings glowed like a beacon. "It is Morocco."

Dove slipped her keycard into the lock. She didn't bother with the lamps. Whether in Morocco or Madison, Wisconsin, hotel rooms looked alike. Moonlight shone through the balcony doors and illuminated the crimson bedding and small lounge area. As she scooped her discarded clothes off the burgundy carpet her fingers shook.

Once the suite appeared respectable, she hurried into the bathroom to freshen up. Just as she set down her hairbrush, a sharp knock sounded. Heart pounding, she stepped out and opened the room door.

"Hi." She reached for the light switch, but he pulled her against his hard body.

Their lips, tongues and teeth met. Thoughts of lamps

faded from her mind. Hot muscle pressed against her. Her nipples tightened. Fresh mint hit her taste buds.

"I've wanted to taste you for two days." He licked the outline of her mouth. "But I want more."

Desire curled her toes into carpet. "I'm glad we agree." She grabbed his black suit jacket from his hands and tossed the garment on the dresser. Next, she went for his tie and shirt.

Solid muscle greeted her. Air rushed from her lungs. The firm olive skin was too delicious to resist. She ran her hands over his strong shoulders and the center of his lightly furred chest. Tight abs jerked beneath her fingers.

The sight of his solid body outdid her imagination. She rubbed her lips together. Every inch of him was as hard and smooth as steel. The need to feel him drew her touch like a magnet.

Eyes closed, Sam groaned. "Wait, *Oulm*." A breath gusted from his mouth. He pulled an iPod from his pocket. "First your lessons."

The sensual haze lifted. She had totally forgotten about belly dancing. "Will I be rewarded if I'm a good student?" she asked, dropping her voice to a sultry whisper.

A slow smile curved his lips. "Many times over." He plugged the MP3 player into the clock-radio on the nightstand.

Sharp beats of Arabic percussion filled the room. Her hips absently swayed to the sultry beat.

"Just like that." Sam's eyes darkened as he stalked towards her. "Let your passion move you. Let it control your body."

Silky moisture flowed from her pussy.

"Come." He opened the balcony door and held out his hand. "Dance."

She placed her fingers in his and shivered as she stepped into the warm night. "For you?"

"For yourself," he whispered in her ear. "Until you give yourself to the rhythm." His chest pushed against her back. "And then give yourself to me."

Desire sluiced over her skin. His hard cock pressed into the crease at the top of her ass. She moaned and pushed back. Conscious thought drifted away. Nothing

except Sam and his words existed.

"Watch the ocean." He slid his palms down her bare arms. "See how it moves to its own tempo?"

"Yes." The crescent moon and a thousand stars bathed the dark water below and the white stone ledge beneath their feet.

"Listen to the music." He ghosted his lips over her ear. "Find your own rhythm, *Oulm*."

Her pussy clenched. Heat covered the back of her body, clouding her thoughts. She closed her eyes. The beat throbbed inside her.

"I want to feel your passion flowing out from your hips." He gripped her waist. "Your belly." His fingertips swept over her naked stomach.

"Ah," she moaned. Electricity coursed from his touch. Pleasure collected in her core. At the low note of the drum, her pelvis slowly rolled to the resonating tone.

Through her light skirt, the ridge of Sam's long cock rubbed against her ass. The hard ridge rubbed one cheek then slipped into the crease between before meeting the opposite globe. Her glutes squeezed tight.

"You have a wonderful ass." His fingers dug into her sides.

Back and forth, she created a maddening friction. Her head rolled back against his shoulder. "Need more." Seconds later, his warm mouth grazed along the base of her neck.

The music's tempo quickened like her need. High-pitched notes rang out in succession. She shook her hips faster.

"Have to touch you." His hands slid up her ribs and yanked her top over her head.

Air hit her breasts and hardened her nipples. She gasped. Her breasts swayed with the moves of her body. The freedom was short lived.

Sam cupped the globes and squeezed.

A new wave of juices bathed her channel. "Yes, please."

His palms supported the weight of her breasts while his fingers stroked them.

Mindless, Dove continued dancing. Pressure built along the walls of her pussy. The hard muscles of Sam's

chest seared her bare back. Sweat rolled down her spine. More than release, she wanted him.

"You are beautiful." He pinched her nipples. "You are passion when you move." His fingers rolled the tight beads.

She cried out and thrust forward into his grip. "I need more."

"Feel your hunger." He kneaded her flesh.

"I'm starving," she muttered and ground her ass against his cock.

Sam's chuckle ended in a groan. He pushed her skirt and panties down her legs. "Dove."

The blessed wind off the Atlantic fanned her hot center. "Yes, finally." Her knees shook. Any second, his hands would touch her pussy. The thought sent a jolt through her.

"There is much more, *Oulm*." He licked the back of her neck. "So very much." He led her to the thick-padded lounge chair and lay down. "Climb on top of me."

She didn't need any extra urging to straddle Sam's thighs. The ridge of his cock pressed against her core. "This would work better with your pants off." She reached for his belt.

He dragged her hand away. "Not for what I have in mind." He pulled her legs forward until her knees came even with his head.

"Oh." The move brought her pussy a breath from his mouth. Blood pulsed through her folds. She slid her hand down her belly towards her clit, but Sam caught her wrist once more.

"Permit your body to find its pleasure." He blew a stream of warm air over her damp blonde curls.

"W—what do you mean?" Her hips jerked.

He brushed a kiss across the back of her knuckles. "Listen."

The roll of the waves and erotic beat of the music filled her ears and mind. He wanted her to dance above him? No choreography, only the will of her body. She hesitated.

"Feel it." He nibbled on the inside of her thigh. "Allow it alone to move you."

"To your mouth?" She rose slightly, hips rocking to

the rhythm.

“Yes,” he breathed, “bring me your nectar.”

The desire in his eyes combined with his deep voice made her insides quiver. Need overtook her resistance. She rolled her pelvis forward and was rewarded with contact.

His lips caressed her nether ones with a whisper-light touch.

“Ah,” she cried. The connection was exactly what she needed. She positioned her pussy directly above his mouth and circled her hips in figure eights. The motion spread her folds for his tongue. Hot and soft, he caressed her core.

Rhythm and orgasm consumed her. They drove her body. “Feels perfect.” She increased the pressure.

His tongue thrust into her wet channel.

Dove moaned. She rode it like she would milk his cock. He swirled up inside her while his lips rubbed the hood of her clitoris. The little bundle of nerves swelled.

Her breath turned choppy. Explosive bliss hung just beyond her reach. Hands gripped her ass and held her place. She needed more.

Slowly, her spine curved backwards into a backbend. The arch naturally spread her thighs wider. She continued rolling her hips as her head descended until it rested on his stomach.

In her new position she couldn’t see him, only feel. All sensation concentrated in her pussy. Need blazed as bright as the stars above.

“You smell sweeter than roses.” His fingers grazed along her inner thighs. “Your cream sweeter than wine.”

Sam’s pleasure drove her own higher. She thrust harder. When he sucked her clit between his lips, she moaned.

He flicked the tip of his tongue over the kernel of her being.

“Yes,” she keened. Numbness buzzed through her legs. “Again.”

Suddenly, the heavy fullness building within her broke. Her pussy clenched. She frantically ground against Sam’s mouth, trying to hold onto the every bit of the escaping pleasure. She didn’t want to miss one tingle.

“Sam,” she moaned.

The night sky exploded.

For one long, delicious moment, she flew with the stars. As she drifted back to Earth, Sam tugged her upright. She scooted her body back down his chest.

“That was...” She couldn’t find the words. Instead, she leaned forward and kissed him. The sharp taste of her orgasm clung to his mouth. A new corkscrew of need turned in her belly.

“That was far from all you are capable of.” He stroked a single finger between her breasts.

He stared at her with eyes black with hunger. The fierceness in their depths made her shiver.

“You’re right.” She wanted the feel of his hard cock fucking her pussy. She slid further down his body until she sat on his hard thighs. “There is more, and I want it all.”

She ran her hands down his chest to his belt. Hot sinew rippled beneath her fingertips. The contrast between her pale flesh and his olive skin was one of the many outside differences between them. Culture. Language. But inside, their passion, generosity and feelings were the same.

The zipper on his pants whirred as she dragged the tab downward. He lifted his hips and helped her pull off the last of his clothes. As his hard cock lay against his flat belly, a sigh flew from his mouth.

Dove moaned.

Sam’s shaft was long, thick and a beautiful shade of brown, slightly darker than his skin. Her inner muscles tightened at the thought of sinking down on him. “I need to touch you,” she whispered.

“Nothing would please me more.” His lids half closed.

Teeth sunk into her lower lip, she climbed back on top him. “Nothing?”

His eyes shot open. “*Nothing* at this moment,” he chuckled.

She wrapped her hand around his hard shaft. “Mhh.”

The vein running the length of him throbbed against her palm. She squeezed, and the pulse of his blood quickened.

Air hissed from between his clenched teeth.

Dove liked that her affect on him was equally as powerful as his over her. She stroked her fingertips from the wide crown to the smooth hilt. Musk and the scent of spiced oranges surrounded her. Sweeping lower, she cupped his balls and rolled them within his sac.

His thighs flexed hard beneath her ass.

She smiled. "Feel good?"

"Not as good as feeling you," he grunted.

The pounding in her chest increased. She uncurled her hand and scooted forward. Her pussy hovered above him.

"Take me inside you." He snagged a condom from his discarded trousers. After donning protection, he positioned his tip at her entrance. "Let your passion move you and pour over me."

Muscles shaking with the desire, she sank down. The sensation of slowly being filled increased with each inch of his cock that slipped inside her pussy. "Oh yes."

Thick heat stretched her walls. She flexed her muscles around his hard shaft. Tremors vibrated along her channel and down her legs.

"Ah, tight and soft, like I knew you would be," he breathed. "Let your body show me what you feel."

"I feel you," she swallowed. "Hot and strong and beating deep inside me." She braced her hands on his shoulders.

Sam removed them and laced his fingers through hers. "Feel." He thrust upwards. "Then move."

She bit back a cry and nodded. However he'd learned his secrets, she didn't care. He'd shared the incredible wonder with her and that was all that mattered. The low pulse of the music penetrated her head and then her body. She rocked her hips.

At first, she started slow. Only a fraction of Sam's cock slid in and out. As the friction built against her walls, she increased her pace.

The heat beneath her skin escaped through her pores. Sweat dripped between her breasts and down her spine.

"You feel so hard." She ground down on him. "Want more."

He thrust their joined hands out to the sides.

With her arms spread out, her pelvis tilted forward. The angle brought her clit against his flesh. "Yes."

"That's it, *Oulm*," he gritted. "You are wet with pleasure."

Oh God, she was dripping. Her palms pressed harder against his. She shook her hips faster.

"Let it flow from you." He pumped his cock in time to her thrusts.

"Yes," she sobbed. Spasms contracted her channel. Her walls gripped Sam's shaft even as her motion pulled him from their tight grasp. "Close."

Beneath her, perspiration beaded Sam's brow. Nostrils flared. She didn't know how he resisted coming. But, his method took a hell of an effort.

He raised their arms over her head.

Dove tipped further forward. Her curls rubbed against his. The friction on her clit increased. Tiny sparks shot through her nerve endings. She rocked back and forth.

The frantic pace stole her breath. She gulped air but didn't let up. "I—I—"

Orgasm burst in her pussy. White-hot ripples coursed through her tissue and then her limbs. "Ahh."

"That's it, *oulm*."

The world went silent except for Sam's voice. Thundering blood blotted out everything else. Pleasure rushed through her. When the final shudder left her body, he lowered their hands but didn't let go.

She leaned over him, panting. Drops of sweat rolled off her nose and fell like salty rain on his chest. Consciousness worked its way back. That's when she realized he hadn't come.

"Sam?" The moment she glanced up, his pinched expression softened.

"Do you know how beautiful you are when you come?" He pulled her closer and kissed her. "Like a bird soaring free in flight."

"What about you?" She licked her lower lip. She hated the idea she hadn't satisfied him. "Why didn't you come?"

"Because," he wrapped his arms around her torso, "that was for you."

Her breasts flattened against his hard chest. "What about you?" she asked again.

"Now is the time for me." He smiled a second before he took control and flipped her onto her back. His body covered hers.

She yelped. The high pitch carried through the night.

Dark and powerful, Sam loomed above her. Want blazed in his eyes. Fresh juices flowed from her pussy. "I was wondering if you were going to take your turn."

"I am," he chuckled. "And, I am going to take you."

Pure need zapped her nerves. Her hands roamed the slick muscles of his back. "Then take me now, Sam."

He pulled his cock out, until only the very tip of his shaft remained inside. Then, he plunged back in.

The rush of his cock filling her hard and fast burned along her walls. Her legs wound around his waist. "Deeper." She tightened her limbs and pulled him further up her channel.

"Dove," he ground out.

"Take me now." She flung her hips up against his.

With a growl, he thrust deep into her womb.

The slamming of his body into hers drove her higher on the lounge cushion. Nylon mesh scraped her back and ass. She didn't care.

Pleasure dulled everything except the feel of Sam's driving cock. Shockwaves, stronger than anything she'd felt before, took hold.

"Sam," she shouted. Her pussy gripped his pulsing shaft as she came for the third time.

With one final surge, Sam threw back his head and shouted as he came.

The melodic call of a strange voices awoke Dove. She rolled over in bed and rubbed her eyes. The first pink-gold beams of dawn shined through the open balcony doors.

A light breeze fluttered the sheer crimson drapes. She yawned. The echoing shout sounded again. Her sleepy mind took a moment before functioning. The far-off stranger was giving the morning call to prayer.

As beautiful as the Hassan Mosque's minaret must appear in the morning sun, it was too early for her jetlagged body. At least, for today. She turned over.

Sam's dark eyes and smiling face greeted her. "Oh." She jumped.

"Did you forget about me so soon, *oulm*?" His grin widened.

"No." She blushed. Vaguely, she recalled him carrying her to bed. "My brain isn't awake yet. Need coffee," she mumbled.

He chuckled. "Perhaps there is a better way to revive you." He leaned forward and kissed her.

The touch of his lips roused her hormones. She groaned and brushed her mouth against his then smiled. "You might be on to something."

With his tousled black hair and well-toned physique, he definitely qualified as the best sight she'd ever awoken to. Her stomach flip-flopped. Last night was also the best sex she'd ever had.

Heat flared inside her.

But she had questions. "What happened last night?"

Sam frowned.

"Why take time for me when you don't with other women?" She kept a careful watch on his reaction.

He shook his head. "Amira talks too much."

By the smile creeping around his mouth, she could tell he wasn't angry.

"And she is often correct." He sighed.

She propped her head up on her elbow. "What made you change your mind?"

His dark gaze searched her face.

What was he looking for? She shifted on the soft bedding.

"I remembered life is about joy and passion," he spoke softly. "And they must be for all of life, not only a single aspect."

Where was he going with this? "What reminded you?"

His intense stare held hers. "You."

Dove felt her jaw slip open. "Me?"

Sam's mouth met hers.

The kiss was the single sweetest she'd ever experienced. Through his lips, she felt a connection to his body, mind and soul. The sudden connection with someone she hardly knew frightened her. She pulled back.

"How long will you stay in Casablanca?" He trailed

the tip of his finger down her arm.

Goose bumps popped up on her skin. She shivered. "I'd planned on two weeks."

His frown returned.

Why the sadness? He hardly knew her. Yet, she couldn't deny the bond they shared. "You called me *Oulm*. What does that mean?"

"Heart," he spoke the single word.

She bolted upright, the tempo of her pulse kicking higher. "Why would you say that?"

Sam turned her to face him. "Because the first time I saw you, that's where I felt you." He put his hand over his chest.

Dove swallowed the lump in her throat. So, he too had experienced more than physical lust. Her fear faded.

Whatever they shared, she owed it to Sam, and to herself, to find out more. She'd let her feelings move her and see where the path led.

"You know," she let out a shaky breath, "a funny thing about my airline ticket." She took her hand in his. "When I bought it, I felt *moved* to book an open-ended return date."

Happiness beamed in his dark eyes. "Sounds like the best move you made, *oulm*," he whispered.

"No." She grinned. "This is." She kissed him and rolled him onto his back, straddling him. "Take me again, Sam."

Author's Note

While this story focuses on the sensual side of belly dancing, the endeavor is much more complex. First and foremost it is an art. Belly dancing is about more than sex. It is about expression of emotion, beauty, strength and most of all, empowerment.