



*Son of a
Preacher Man*

Sammie Jo Moresca

*Published by Phaze Books
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"A Town Called Night" from
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Son of a Preacher Man

An erotic romance short by

SAMMIE JO MORESCA

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A Phaze Production

Phaze Books

6470A Glenway Avenue, #109

Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

To order additional copies of this book, contact:

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www.Phaze.com

Cover art © 2008 Celia Kyle

Edited by Michele Dowdey

eBook ISBN-13: 978-1-59426-818-2

eBook ISBN-10: 1-59426-818-5

First Edition – June, 2008

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Lorna lay on her side, her eyes fixated on the dirty white air conditioning vent in the wall near the ceiling. Not that it had blown down cool on her. Laughter and bickering filled the cellblock. Her head hurt so bad over her left temple that her eye wouldn't stop weeping. These involuntary, one-sided tears were the only pseudo-emotion she had left.

The keys jangling outside her cell caused her to cringe and turn toward the drab, gray-green cinderblock wall. *Why won't that despicable guard just leave me alone?*

"Come and walk with me. God will carry you," said Reverend Bobby McNaughton.

Lorna slowly rolled onto her back and rubbed her eye. She pushed herself up and accepted the man's uncalloused hand. His brown hair kissed the shoulders of his tailored black suit. She saw the curl of compassion in his lips, surrounded by a well-groomed beard. He helped her to her feet. She smoothed the gray prison blouse over her big belly. The baby kicked.

With a Bible tucked under one arm and the other one around Lorna's round shoulders, the preacher led her out of the cell and past the guard who always took pleasure in screwing with her mind. She shuddered. The reverend hugged her tighter. "Everything will be all right. Never question His way."

* * * *

One Year Later

Tuesday afternoon, Bianca arrived at the Alabama worship hall of the Reverend Bobby McNaughton, planning to confront him about a sensitive matter. The pale, yellow grass contrasted against the brown leaves littering the edge of the woods. Moss slithered around the trunks of second growth oaks. Spring was stubborn this year.

The parking lot hosted only seven vehicles. It could have held seven thousand. She parked her white, hard-topped Jeep. The afternoon sun beat down on the windshield, warming her. As Bianca shoved the door open, her cell phone dropped onto the

concrete. She stumbled out and grabbed it. A pulsating rumble approached. Smoothing her gray, knee-length skirt, she stood and shut her door, careful to lock it.

He parked his Harley in the space next to hers. She focused on his tattooed arms as he revved it up three times. He looked over at Bianca with the scariest eyes she had ever seen. She shuddered and hurried across the lot to the walkway.

She sat on a cold stone bench, carved in memory of someone's son. Looking at a side doorway, she could hear the gaggle of middle-aged women who congregated with cameras, bibles, and fried chicken.

"Hi, Desi," they cooed.

The tattooed man said, "Hello." He nodded and pushed the intercom button. Someone buzzed him into the reflective glass door.

So that was Desiderio McNaughton. Late twenty-something problem child of his righteous father, the great Revered Bobby McNaughton. The tabloids had chronicled Junior's life story, from high school high-jinks to his last overdose. There's probably one in every family. Kids of cops and preachers sometimes are the most troubled. She snorted. *Yep, I'm the former, and look at what trouble I jumped into.*

And that's how it went for the next four days. Bianca paced around the grounds of Fort God, waiting and watching for Reverend McNaughton. His female followers held vigil, sometimes singing hymns. Nobody ever penetrated the entrance of the church, except Desi. The doors remained locked. Worshipers were only allowed in on Sundays.

On Friday at five o'clock, Bianca realized this wasn't working. She'd have to find another way to get to see the reverend. The ladies had all left, and she decided to take a quick reconnaissance stroll around the grounds. Stained glass windows in teal, amber, and blood-red animated the beige stucco façade.

A rear door flung open. Bianca's breath hitched.

Desi stepped out. Shoulder length wavy black hair, full beard, neatly trimmed. And those scary cerulean eyes. Wild, don't-you-dare, I'll-kill-you, give-me-a-chance, please-love-me eyes. He said, "Hi."

Bianca nodded.

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"You here to see 'im?"

"Yeah." She began walking toward the front of the building.

He joined her. "I've seen you 'round."

"Un-hunh." In the southern air thick with pheromones, she tried to act cool, despite her racing heart. This guy was scarier...and hotter than she'd expected.

"He's not coming."

"Hunh?"

"My dad. He's rehearsing in a warehouse."

"Warehouse?"

"Yeah. I don't know his reasons. Wants to be top secret, I guess...I'm Desi." He stuck his hand out.

Oh, no. I guess I have to shake it. She did, as she tried not to stare at his tattooed knuckles.

His shake was firm, and he smiled as he tried to look into her eyes. She wouldn't let herself stare into his.

"Well?" he demanded.

Her mind raced. "What?" She looked around the grounds, no one else was in sight. No one to witness...him killing her...him kissing her... She shook off the danger in her fantasy and tried to focus.

"I told you my name, what's yours?"

"Oh...sorry. Lor—uh ...Bianca."

He cocked his head. "Loruhbianca...sounds like Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques." He sang the words.

"I mean, I'm Bianca."

"Whatever. So, are you comin' to the ball?"

"I...don't know anything about it."

"I figured you were in town for the fundraiser. We always get a load of groupies in quarterly."

"Groupies?" What an odd choice of words. "You mean devout followers?"

"Nah, groupies. Females, nineteen to ninety, flocking to fornicate with the good reverend."

She furrowed her brow. "No, he's not like that...?"

Desi spit into the well-manicured boxwoods. "Not that I've ever seen evidence of. But the women keep hoping. The younger ones even try to go through me. The older ones are grapefruits."

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"Grapefruits?" A jet rumbled above them. She looked up at it.

"Sour. Too good for the likes of me, or who they pre-judge me to be."

She couldn't stop staring at the ice in his eyes as he mumbled an explicative.

The old grapefruits must be onto something. The son of a preacher man certainly doesn't respect me, talking that way. The ball, though, sounded like a good opportunity to have a talk with Reverend McNaughton. "How do I get a ticket?"

"Sold out. Always are. Just show up and crash."

"Okay. When and where?"

"Tomorrow night. At the Westwood resort. On the waterfront. Know it?"

"No."

"Well, I guess you're outta luck then."

She glared at him. "What's the dress code?"

"Black tie."

"So, evening gowns and tuxedos then?" Where the heck would she get an evening gown?

"Yeah, but I'm not dressin' up for those fuckers. They're all so caught up in their own asses, they don't care about me. I don't own a fuckin' penguin suit anyway.

"You're not attending then?"

"Oh, I'll be there. I'm the entertainment."

Bianca felt a pang of compassion in her stomach. "Don't be so hard on yourself."

"Hunh?"

He didn't seem to get what she meant.

Bianca asked, "What're you wearing then?"

"My mom said I should wear my kilt. I think I'll put my hair up, too."

Her eyes bugged. He laughed.

"I do have a plaid skirt, you know. From the clan. I'm a Puerto Rican-Scotsman."

"Your mother's Puerto Rican?"

"Yeah, I was born there. Dad was in Puerto Rico doing one of his annual summer salvation gigs and fell in love with the

beauty queen." Desi's cell phone rang to the tune of "Bad to the Bone".

He answered, "What? ...Okay. On my way. Later."

He flipped the lid and put the small black phone in the chest pocket of his black tee shirt. "I've got a thing. See ya. At the ball, right? Just tell them your name is Schmidt or Finklestein or Frankenstein, or somethin'. Anything Jewish. They'll let ya in. Dress up pretty, and act like you're too good to fart."

Desi jogged off to his Harley.

She wondered why a Protestant reverend would attract a Jewish audience. And if the Salvation Army had any size ten evening gowns.

* * * *

Reverend McNaughton preached an interesting, uplifting sermon to benefit the Tsunami relief effort. Specifically, the organizations caring for the orphans. He left the stage and reappeared on the main floor, thanking the high rollers at the VIP tables. A crowd of women closed in on the pastor. Bianca tried to press forward, only to be shoved back by a thick-necked security guard. "No more pictures tonight. Give him space!"

Fine. It wasn't as if she'd be able to blurt out her business above the throng's din anyhow. Following the music, she made her way to the west side of the classy room, to where the band played. Looking at the lead singer, it suddenly made sense when Desi had told her he was the entertainment. The wild child looked dangerously delicious dressed in those long leather pants. He had a very smooth voice and the women were hooting at him. *Yeah, you can dress 'em up, but give 'em an open bar and even prim and proper librarians will let their hair down.* She couldn't get close to the preacher man's son, either.

Weaving through the intimate crowd of thousands, Bianca reached her table. She squeezed into her seat in between two distinguished drunks, and she broke a piece of white chocolate from the top of her dessert sculpture. It tasted even better than it looked.

Bianca felt like an imposter walking with the well-to-do. She didn't belong in this world. And she didn't even yearn to have the privilege and money these people did. She just needed

to speak to the reverend and arrange to take back what he had in safe keeping.

"C'mon." Desi whisper-shouted in her ear as he pulled out her chair.

Startled, she hesitated. *Where does he want me to go? With all the hot women here, why is he even bothering with me at all?* She gulped down the champagne in front of her and decided to find out.

She followed him out of the ballroom, through the pre-party room and past the security at the pearl-curtained entrance. They took the escalator down to ground level. She stopped and removed her high heels. Holding the hem of her blue dress in one hand, shoes in the other, Bianca trotted after him. He held the door for her. They walked down the dock. A cold wind blew through her blonde up-do, a long strand broke loose. "It's gotten cold tonight."

"Yeah, it does that by the water. So, you have fun with the rich and pompous?"

She shrugged and said, "No." Then she blurted, "You did. It looked like you were dancing with cloned Paris Hiltons. I've never seen so many thin blondes in skimpy black dresses in my life."

"They're nobody."

"Well they seemed to have enjoyed your performance, and were hanging all over you afterward."

"Don't be fooled. I'm not. They're just trying to get to my dad through me. Always are. You, too, right?"

"What?" She felt the heat of shame rising up. "Yes, but...no."

Desi stopped in front of a speedboat. He looked at Bianca.

She thought she saw his icy blue eyes twinkling in the halogen lights on the dock. No doubt something illegal caused the twinkle. Exhaling, she said, "Yes, I did come here to try to have a word with your father. But that's business. I don't wanna sleep with him."

"Business?"

"Unfinished business. But me hanging around you is accidental."

He laughed. "You feel like you're about to have an accident?"

"No. I mean, I didn't seek you out. You are just everywhere I happen to be."

"Okay then. You just happen to be following me around then. What're you, a private dickette or something?" He searched her eyes.

"No," she sighed. "That didn't come out right. I guess it does look like I'm following you, but really, it's all...oh, I dunno."

"C'mon then." He stepped onto a boat ramp and reached for her hand.

"We can't just board somebody's boat," she protested.

"My boat." He snatched her shoes and tossed them on the deck. "C'mon, I'll buy you a drink."

She fumed at the loss of her footwear. No way was she getting aboard a boat after midnight with a strange problem child with spooky eyes.

Desi leaned over and put his hands on her waist. He picked her up a foot off the ground, swiveled, and set her aboard.

She asked, "You got a restroom?"

"Below deck, first door on the left."

Navigating the narrow ladder in her evening gown was no easy feat. It was probably ruined by now, but oh well. She wouldn't need it again. Frustrated that she couldn't fit inside the small enclosure and deal with the folds of all that taffeta, she unbuttoned, unzipped, and stepped out of the long skirt, tossing it over the back of a chair before entering the head. She felt the propulsion of the vessel as she did what needed to be done. *Oh no no no no no. He's set sail.* She heard the motor.

Bianca climbed the ladder and said, "No, turn back. I don't want to go for a ride. I can't swim."

"Relax, Ariel. I'm just going out into the harbor, and I'll drop anchor. There's a bottle of rum in the box on the floor."

Grumbling, she backed down the ladder. Feeling around in the dim illumination emanating through the portholes, she couldn't locate a light switch. Staring out at the harbor, her thoughts drifted to the last time she'd seen Reverend McNaughton. Back when she was still Lorna...

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She cringed remembering the metallic bang as her cell door flew open. Reverend Bobby McNaughton smiled at her. "Come and walk with me." The powerful man had squeezed a pardon out of the governor. He set her up with a new identity and found a loving family for her baby.

* * * *

The engine stopped as the boat lurched. Lorna mentally folded her old life into a clean white envelope and ran her tongue over her lips as if to lick it shut. Assimilating back into her new identity as Bianca, she bent over to search inside the ripped cardboard diaper box. Sure enough, she found a bottle of rum.

"Don't even think about it, Bianca. I am not having sex with you."

"What?" she remembered she had removed her taffeta skirt and was squatting in her white cotton panties and the backless top of her evening gown.

He took the bottle from her and plopped down on the built-in sofa. As he unscrewed the lid, she stood and felt his eyes all over her thighs.

"Don't flatter yourself. My skirt was too much for the bathroom." A chill involuntarily overtook her. "Do you have anything I can change into?"

Desi reached behind his head and grabbed the fabric of his black tee shirt. He yanked it off.

Yep, his arms were completely tattooed, but just a small one on his chest. She saw well-developed pecs and biceps in the flicker of the moonlight.

He tossed the shirt at her. She took it and turned away, unlaced the top of her gown and removed it. She heard him take a big swig of rum.

He said, "Turn around."

She smiled and did.

"What's that?" He sounded disappointed.

"Backless, strapless bra."

"How's it stay on?"

"It's glued under my arms."

"Ouch. Why would you wanna do that?"

"You're lucky you're not a woman."

"You, too."

"Why, Desi, are you flirting with me?"

"Don't you wish..." he snapped.

Ouch. This guy has a big ego. Bianca turned away from him and peeled the corners of her bra loose. "Shoot, this is just like a Band-Aid. I'm gonna have to rip it quickly."

She trembled feeling his hot breath on her neck, as he moved the loose hair that had fallen down, near the bra. The boat swayed and she felt his smooth leather pants on the backs of her thighs.

He ran his hands down her shoulders, to her wrists. Bianca shivered.

Desi yanked her arms up in the air. "Hold them up. He picked at the adhesive on each side, and said, "Hold your breath, sweetheart." He yanked it off in one smooth movement.

It didn't hurt that much.

He flung it into the diaper box, and sat back on the couch, swallowing a big gulp of rum. She pulled his tee shirt on. It smelled like expensive musky cologne. She turned around and walked toward the couch. The boat tossed her onto his lap.

"I told you. I'm not gonna fuck you."

"No, you're not. I don't fuck anybody."

"That's apparent."

"Whaddaya mean?"

"I mean, maybe if you warmed up to a man once in awhile, you'd be a much happier girl."

If he only knew. She couldn't even feign anger, because he probably was right. It had been so long since she'd been in a relationship.

This guy was different. Scary, yes. Concieted, yes. But there was an underlying hint of a man desperately wanting to be loved.

The leather of his pants was sticking to her bare thighs. *All those girls at the ball would love to be where I am now. He could have gone home with any of them. But he chose me.* She repositioned, so she was facing him with one knee on each side of his hips. Blood rushed to her privates. She felt her labia swelling as the moisture gushed.

"You have very scary eyes." *And that makes me want you even more. What danger lies within your soul? Inside these pants?*

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"What're you scared of, baby?"

She leaned down and kissed him. He responded like a caged tiger stud in mating season. His hungry tongue slashed through her mouth. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and tangled her fingers in his soft hair.

He didn't touch her.

She rubbed her chest against his, her nipples straining against the thin cotton separating them. Her hips moved against his waist. She dropped one hand down and felt his erection though the leather and stroked it on the left side of his thigh. Pushing him back into a reclining position, she put one knee in between his legs, one on the other side of his left thigh. The sound of juicy cotton panties against sleek leather was alternately drowned out by the suction of their tongues.

She pulled hair out of their mouths. His—hers—who cared. It was just in the way. She wanted all of his tongue, and lips and teeth.

Bianca moved her hand to his chest, feeling his heart thundering beneath. Still, he didn't touch her. His arms were relaxed at his sides. *Damn you, Desi, stop holding back. Let yourself go. Grab my ass...suck my nipples...finger me...come for me.* The rhythm of the turning tide soon upped the friction. Shoving her hands onto the sofa, she braced her body.

Her hooded need in wet cotton drew like a magnet to his hard shaft sheathed in cool leather. Riding the waves of his irresistible force, her mind conjured up the white envelope. Her pardon from the governor. It took wings and fluttered into a paper shredder. She envisioned the old her sprinkle like confetti into the sea, and her new life bursting forth.

She pulled apart the vacuum of their lips and screamed as a wave of pleasure rippled through her. Spent, Bianca collapsed on top of Desi. He lay there, not moving. With her head on his damp chest, she listened to his heart beating.

"Hey, no fair." he said huskily.

"Hunh?" she asked, looking into his hooded eyes.

"I said I wasn't gonna do you. And you cheated me outta my orgasm."

"You make it sound like you didn't enjoy yourself."

"You took advantage of my hospitality. All I invited you aboard for was a drink."

She slipped a finger along the warm, furry skin above the waistband of his trousers. He grabbed her wrist and said, "No."

"I'll be happy to reciprocate."

"No."

Why was this guy so adamant in his refusing to enjoy pleasure for himself? Did he have high morals? *Yeah, right. Is he married...oh no.* "Are you married?"

"No. And don't get any ideas. I'm not the marrying kind," he spat before releasing her hand. It dropped down to the rum bottle he still held. He let go of it. She grabbed the bottle before it tipped over.

Desi said, "Go ahead."

She looked at the bottle, wondering if she should dare drink after a guy like him. Who knows what he might have. She smiled and let slip a tiny laugh. Not that they just hadn't swapped some amazing saliva action. Oh, did she want his mouth again. This guy kissed better than any before him. She wanted him to lick her all over. *Oh, yeah.* She inhaled deeply, feeling every nerve ending sizzle. She couldn't wait until he plunged inside her. And then she'd do him right, all night long. Whatever the gentleman desires. Well, within reason.

"What's funny? You laughing at me now?"

"No. Just...just a release I guess."

"Go ahead, have some. I share well with others." He nearly smiled.

She took three sips and arched her back feline-like as she set the bottle on the floor. She noticed his gaze anchored on her nipples pointing through his shirt. "Don't touch 'em."

"Don't wanna," he demurred.

"I mean, they get really sensitive after..." Bianca snuggled back up and laid her head on his chest. He made room for her on the small couch. She drifted off to sleep with the rocking on the water.

* * * *

Desi slipped away from the slumbering princess. This girl wasn't like Dad's other groupies. Her behavior was more bizarre than he'd ever witnessed. Nobody had ever forced herself on him

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before. Oh yeah, they'd flirted and teased and suggested, even tried to press motel keys into his hand at meet and greets. What was her story? She wanted to meet the great preacher man. But she seemed to have some sort of agenda. What could it be? And wow, what was that all about? You'd think she'd just escaped from a convent or prison. He chuckled. Yeah, like pretty little Bianca could ever break the law. Or take a vow of chastity. Nuns did do that, right?

Desi quietly pushed open a porthole. The scent of the bay mingled with her stickiness. He touched his still throbbing thigh and found the fluid she'd transferred onto his leather through her panties. How he loved women in white cotton panties. He dared to smear his fingers in it and bring them to his nose. Inhaling deeply, he felt a drop of pre-come leak as he licked his fingers. It hurt. He felt strangled in his pants. No way was this erection withering away unfulfilled. He had to tend to it, see it through. But he had rules.

Rules that came about when the kid came into his life. When the kid saved his life. He needed to get home to him. Good fathers didn't stay out all night. He would be there before he woke. Always.

But the moon still stood high in the winter sky. He faced her and unfastened his pants. His erection leapt up, free of the confines as he peeled his pants off. Grabbing himself by the balls and shaft, he knelt beside her. No, he wasn't going to jerk off lasciviously over her as she slept. But neither could he spill his seed inside this woman. Cowards did that. Evil men. Men who didn't want the child they wantonly may be creating.

She was beautiful in the flicker of the starlight. Soft blonde hair sparkling as it reflected on the golden highlights. He touched a strand, then stroked her face. A small sigh and smile formed on her lips. He traced around her mouth with his finger, following the smeared lipstick.

She opened her eyes to his erection. Bianca pulled away and sat up. "What's going on?"

* * * *

"You offered to reciprocate."

"You insulted me and declined."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you."

"Yeah, right. Now that you want something." She wasn't offended by his game playing. And oh, how she wanted him in her.

"It's just I don't believe in mating without commitment."

"Mating without commitment?" *So he wants to marry me after spending less than an hour with me? Yeah, right. Hmm...*

"I won't spill my seed inside a girl. Too many unloved kids in the world."

"Have you heard of rubbers?"

"I don't carry them with me. I don't go looking for sex."

Bianca studied his face. It seemed to have softened and relaxed since they'd umm...kissed. The hard ice in his eyes had melted into pools of playful cerulean.

Desi asked, "Tell me something about yourself, Bianca. Where do you come from, what is your game?"

Her eyes had dropped to his penis, which hovered over her knee.

"I have no past. It was stolen from me. And I well understand and agree with what you say about men shouldn't make babies they end up hating."

He pulled his tee shirt over her head and dropped it onto the floor. Her nipples hardened as he laid her onto her back.

Oh, yeah, he's gonna take me now. She arched her back, waiting for his mouth to close over a nipple. Instead, she felt his hands kneading across her stomach, his head dipping low over her sides.

Gently circling a faint iridescent scar, three inches long, he asked, "Is this a stretch mark?"

"What are you doing, trying to see if I used to be a fat girl who has temporarily lost weight?"

"Do you have a baby, Bianca?"

She sighed as that shredded envelope reassembled in her brain. "Yes." she confessed.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Where is the baby's father?"

"Dead."

"Why?"

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"I killed him." She cringed, waiting for Desi to bolt. He didn't.

"What happened?"

"He was an off-duty cop. We were getting out of his car in a restaurant parking lot. We happened upon a carjacking. He drew his weapon and got shot. I dragged him back into his car and, on the way to the hospital, I wrapped the SUV around a telephone pole. He died." Tears poured from her eyes.

"It was an accident then. Not your fault. He might have died of the gunshot wound anyhow. Where was he hit?"

"In the head."

"Well, his death wasn't your fault."

"The judge thought so. I was driving on a suspended license. Convicted of manslaughter."

"That's bogus."

"I don't want to talk about this anymore. Please don't bring it up, ever again."

He wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "So you're expecting to have future conversations together?"

"No. Never mind." She tried to pull away.

He kissed her cheeks and wiped the tears with his fingers.

She closed her eyes and tried to forget her old life. "Desi, I want a new beginning. A new life for myself." *And my baby, too.*

"I'm always up for something new. Always finding ways to reinvent myself. Hang with me as long as you like. You'll be surprised at what you don't know about me." He softly kissed her lips.

Bianca swallowed as his erection brushed her hipbone. "For somebody who keeps insisting you aren't interested in sex, your body seems to betray you." She smiled.

Desi contracted his muscle and smiled at the magic in her eyes as she watched his big fat cock jump. "You're a beautiful woman, Bianca. Any man would want to make love to you."

Make love? What happened to I'm not gonna fuck you? What's going on with him?

He asked, "Can I see them?"

"What?"

Your pussy and asshole. "Take your panties off. Let me see."

"So you can tease me again and refuse me?"

"Oh, I'll tease you, girl. And yep, I still won't make love with you. Not without protection, and I don't have any."

The hunger in his voice encouraged Bianca that she would indeed be pleased again this evening. This time by him, as the willing partner. She stood. He remained kneeling.

With great haste, she stepped out of her white panties and carefully folded them, placing them on the chair with her clothes. She turned to face him.

He pulled a dark blanket from an overhead storage bin and fluffed it open, letting it fall to the floor. He knelt in the middle and in a demanding voice said, "Come here."

Bianca took in a deep breath as she stepped onto the rough wool.

He smiled as he looped a curl around one of his calloused fingers. "A natural blonde."

She felt his breath on her mound, so close to her clitoris. Closing her eyes, she prepared herself for ecstasy.

"Turn around. Bend over and let me see."

She opened her eyes and complied.

He groaned as he squeezed her ass and inhaled the heady scent of her sex. Easing her down to a kneeling position, he moved her hair off of her shoulder and softly kissed it.

Bianca quivered, enjoying the intimacy of his loving touch. Loving touch...from a near stranger. She felt her inhibitions take flight as she relaxed with his tongue tasting a path down her back. When he reached the cleft, he eased her shoulders down, and lowered her bottom half so she was sitting on her calves. He slid his fingers in her mouth and she suckled them hungrily. He removed them and resumed a new kiss from her shoulder, licking down to the cleft. Bianca felt his hot breath back there when his hands parted her bottom. She tensed up.

He stopped. "What's wrong?" as if he couldn't tell.

"No. I don't—"

"Why? Did he hurt you?"

"No, I just am not interested in—" Bianca's heart raced.

"I would never ever hurt you, sweetheart. Never. You don't want me entering you here, I won't."

She sighed in relief.

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"But someday, sweetheart, I could show you the kaleidoscope in your mind."

Her breath hitched as he tongued her gently then pulled away. She rolled over and looked up at his determined face and dropped back to his determined sex.

"You need release."

"You need me, too."

His mouth closed over one erect nipple, taking in much of her small breast as his hand played with the weight of its twin. His circular motion drove all thoughts from her mind. She opened her thighs to him. He placed one leg between them, positioning so that his cock strained toward her belly button.

Bianca let out a tiny gasp as he removed his attention from her breasts to her mouth. With the rhythm of the waves, he kissed her as he ground the base of his shaft against the hood of her pleasure.

She cried out into his mouth.

With the tiger's roar, he spilled over her stomach, breasts and nearly to her neck. Milking the last drops out, he purred in contentment.

Bianca smiled and closed her eyes. *He's a marvelously inventive lover. Too bad this is a one-night stand.*

His fingers played in the sticky thick ejaculation, as he licked himself from her. Pausing over the stretch mark, he laid a gentle kiss on it. With an unspoken promise.

As she watched him dress in the normal wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am way she had been accustomed to, she ran her fingers over the roughness of the wool beneath her back. Well, she hadn't been able to get face-time with Reverend McNaughton at the ball, but he'd seen her in the crowd. She had succeeded in seducing his son, so perhaps he would facilitate a meeting. If she approached him correctly. Damn, she couldn't blow this one.

He said, "Listen, I've gotta go now. I've got a thing. You can stay as long as you'd like."

"Where are you going? To swim with the dolphins? We're anchored in the middle of the bay."

"Not too far out. I'll bring us back to port."

"Oh." She stood and slipped her panties on.

He climbed the ladder.

As she zipped her taffeta skirt, she smiled at the memory of his kiss. He tasted so hungry. As hungry as she did. Was this humping good enough to garner the meeting she needed? Or did she have to offer him more?

Bianca folded the blanket and stowed it overhead. She fastened the cabinet and climbed the ladder. A harsh wind hit her in the face, blowing her hair across her eyes.

He cut the engine and tied off the boat.

"Well, um...it was a fun night. Thanks." he said.

Bianca plopped onto the cold bench seat and shoved her feet into her shoes. She needed to act quickly. This couldn't be goodbye. She needed his help. Stepping over to him, as ladylike as possible with the rocking of the boat, Bianca touched his arm. He smiled. She curled her finger, beckoning him to lean down. He did. She whispered, "I'll do it."

"Do what?" he whispered back.

"Let you in."

"In where?"

"Back there." She choked out, her heart racing.

He stood up strait and looked down into her eyes. "Why?"

Bianca exhaled. She didn't want anal sex. Ever. She didn't want to go through with it. She couldn't go through with it. But she needed to speak to his father. "If I let you do that, will you arrange a meeting for me with your dad?"

Desi turned away and muttered an explicative.

That said it all. She'd blown it. A sour taste of rum bubbled in the back of her throat. She grabbed a piling, and stepped up on the ledge of the boat. As she tried to clamber onto the dock, she saw the tear trickling down his cheek. Falling back into the boat, he caught her.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"What's wrong, Desi?"

"You're just like all the rest of them. You used me to get to him. I'll tell you now, you're wasting your time. He takes his vows seriously. He won't take you to bed."

She felt horrible. She was guilty and there was no denying it. "I'm sorry for hurting you, Desi. I thought you wanted sex from me."

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"Not until we connected. Or at least, I thought we shared and connected as two human beings. You women are all alike."

"Desi, everything I told you is true. And yes, I do need to see your father. But not for sex. He's not my type."

"Then what do you need from him, the keys to Heaven?"

"He helped me escape from prison. Got the governor to grant a pardon. Set me up in a new life with a new identity. Took my baby to a loving home." Tears blinded her.

He yanked her toward him and cradled her head in his chest, then just as abruptly pulled away and cupped her face in his hands. "You'd better be telling me the truth."

The pain in her eyes showed her honesty. "You have to believe me. And don't tell anyone. Not ever. Oh, I shouldn't have said anything."

"You expect me to believe that Reverend McNaughton helped you get outta prison? He set you up in a new life and found a loving home for your baby? Did he also get you a new name?"

"Yes!" Oh, she shouldn't have said anything.

"Okay, maybe I do believe you. Maybe I will help you meet the reverend. But what's in it for me?"

Bianca wondered if he was setting her up for...for...for what? What could he set her up for? She couldn't be any more disappointed or hurt or alone. She mumbled, "I'll do anything. I'll let you fuck me like that."

He grabbed her hair, tangling it in his hands. His mouth claimed hers. She responded meekly at first, then joined in as his passion flared. Pulling away, he whispered, "No. I won't fuck you, Bianca. I don't do that."

Okay, so they were back to square one. She'd blown it.

"I won't introduce you to my father."

"Fine. Well, I tried." Tears again found their way to the surface.

As she tried to clamber out onto the dock, Desi leapt out and picked her up, setting her down firmly on the weathered boards.

"Thanks, for nothing," she defiantly choked out.

"Come on." He grabbed her hand.

"Come where?" she protested, trying not to be pulled alongside as she stumbled.

"I've got someone I'd like you to meet."

"Your dad?"

"No."

"Who?"

"Someone who can, I think, clear this whole matter up between us."

* * * *

Desi pressed the security code into the rear gate of the parsonage. Bianca held tight to his waist as he parked his Harley at the tiny guesthouse. He helped pull his helmet off her head. A bobby pin flew out. She tried not to think at how bad her hair must have looked. Nervously she followed him inside the unlocked door. He turned and locked it.

Gripping her hand, he pulled her across the darkened room, through a doorway into what must have been a bedroom. He also locked that door. The room finally came into view after he lit a fat candle in a glass jar. Lavender scents emanated as the flame danced. She observed a simple double sized bed, a chest of drawers, nightstand and a television.

He stripped off his clothes, throwing them in a corner.

Bianca didn't know whether to be happy he'd changed his mind, or terrified he was going to try it. She clinched up her sphincter. Was it worth it? What had she gotten herself into?

Desi leaned down and kissed her, pressing his lips gently onto hers. "What's wrong? You're shaking."

She fought not to cry.

"Are you scared? I told you I'd never hurt you. Relax, Bianca. Relax. Nothing will happen that you don't want." He ran his fingers through her hair, combing it out, kissing her face and shoulders as gently as a butterfly. She trembled beneath his touch.

Sometime between him undressing her with his teeth and tongue, and the first puff of breath he blew over her private parts, the mission evaded Bianca. There was no Lorna seeking to reclaim the child she'd let go of so he could have a chance at a good life. Away from his wrongfully imprisoned worthless mother.

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Taking her place was Bianca, the new woman. A woman that lived in the moment. As his tongue laved around with gentle arousal, she cleared her brain. Took her whole life past and present, put it inside a crisp white envelope. Ran her tongue around her lips and sealed it. Placed it in the big shredder and saw the confetti rise.

As he worked her breasts in a circular motion with his hands, his tongue darted over her clitoris, lapping then sucking in turn. Bianca wrapped her legs around his shoulders and slipped her hands into his soft hair. He squeezed her nipples in between his fingers and she felt a connection down below. She was on the cusp and gasped when he removed his hands.

Desi stuck one finger in her mouth and she hungrily suckled it. A long bead of saliva came out with it as he plunged his finger into her vagina, and pumped it in and out. Her breath hitched as he worked a second finger inside. In and out as he flicked her pleasure with his tongue.

Bianca squeezed her thighs vice-like around his face as the first wave swept her. She screamed out as he jammed a finger up her ass. Every shade of blue, grey, and lavender exploded in her head. "Desi!"

He pulled away as soon as he felt the last contraction. Scrambling up to her face, he stretched out next to her. "See."

"No, I'm blind. I never want to open my eyes again."

"Why?"

She smiled. Your kaleidoscope.

He kissed her sweetly.

"You're very tight, you know."

"Sorry."

He laughed. "That's a good thing."

"Well aren't you going to?"

"To what?"

"You want me to roll over?"

"If you insist."

Bianca rolled to her stomach, but Desi positioned her instead on her side. Grabbing a condom from the nightstand, he donned it, then teased her thighs open. Using his fingers to be sure, he eased himself inside her vagina. They both sighed with

delight as he rhythmically pumped his shaft in ever-increasing tempo.

"Desi?" she panted.

"Yes. It's me back here."

She giggled. "I think you're in the wrong place."

"Feels right to me. Where do you want me to be?"

"I love it, too. But I thought you wanted the dirty sex."

"Dirty sex?"

"Are you going to make me say it?"

"Not if you don't want to."

"Well, you can if you want."

"Can what?"

"Back there."

"Thanks." He reached around and found her clit. Rolling it with his finger, she clamped her special muscle tighter with their rhythm.

"Desi?"

"Yeah, it's still me back here."

"Do you want me doggie style?"

"This is working just fine for me."

"Oh." As the first wave of orgasm swept through her, she grabbed a pillow and screamed guttural unladylike noises.

He kissed her gently on the shoulder. She sighed into the pillow.

"Are you okay?"

"Of course I'm okay." How sweet of him to ask.

He thrust deeper inside, resuming a slow rhythm.

"I'll do it for you. You can have me like that."

"Like how?" he enjoyed making her ask.

"I'll give you my ass." Please don't let it hurt too much. But she was becoming inclined to think nothing would hurt with this man. With this wonderful lover. If only for one night. She wanted to explore all he wanted to share.

"What would you like me to do with it?"

"Pleasure yourself."

"No. I don't do that."

"I thought that's what you wanted?"

"I want you to want me." *Forever.*

SON OF A PREACHER MAN

"I want you to teach me. Invite me to see the rest of the kaleidoscope."

He kissed her shoulder and withdrew. She awkwardly turned toward him, wondering what was next. She didn't think he'd come yet. Placing her hand on his erection, she felt the smooth rubber, down to the empty well at the tip.

"Can I take it off?" he asked.

"You said you didn't spill your seed inside women."

"I won't spill it near your womb."

She answered by presenting herself bottom side up. He positioned her like on the blanket, sitting back on her calves, face in the pillow. Parting her plump ass, he groaned as the firelight flickered across her pucker. He huffed a breath of air onto it, and she trembled as he ran his tongue around her cleft, circling the delight.

Desi slipped a finger into her pussy and pulled out a long string of lubrication. He carefully worked it in and out of her asshole.

Bianca relaxed into the pillow, savoring the sensation. He raised her onto all fours and plunged his cock into her pussy. In and out, deeper, in and all the way out. Then deeper, then out. Faster and faster. He grunted as he tried to focus on working her clit with his finger. She began to moan as he pulled his cock out and plunged just the tip into her ass. Squeezing her cheeks together, he used his hand to milk his length.

She screamed, he screamed and they collapsed in a heap as he quickly withdrew.

"Are you all right?"

"What do you call it?" she asked huskily.

"What do I call what?"

"The extra colors in the kaleidoscope?"

"You name them."

"Desi and Bianca. Lovers for life."

"Don't tease me." His voice turned serious.

She rolled out from under him.

"You sound serious."

"I am."

"So am I."

"Lovers for life?" he mused.

"Yes. Just you and me."

He smiled as the dawn peaked through the curtains. "Maybe not just you and me."

"What, do you want a ménage?"

He laughed. "No. One woman for me. You."

"Well then, what do you mean?"

"Get dressed."

"In my ball gown again? Oh I'm so tired of wearing that thing."

He rummaged through his closet and pulled out a pair of gym shorts and a fresh black tee shirt, tossing them at her. "See if that'll be more comfortable."

He pulled on some black briefs and a pair of jeans. "Come on. Our third party will be here soon."

"Who?" Bianca followed him out into the living room.

He opened the blinds then stepped into the adjacent kitchen. She heard him turn on the microwave. "Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. In the rocking chair."

Curious, Bianca did as she was told. Looking out the window, toward the main house, she saw a woman with a bundle walking toward them. Desi met her at the door and they had a hushed conversation. Bianca ran her fingers through her tangled hair.

Desi closed the door without admitting the woman. He turned and walked toward Bianca, carrying a toddler. He handed the boy to her, and a warm bottle of milk.

Confused, Bianca took the sweet smiling babe in her arms and offered him the bottle. He took it readily. She laid him back in her arms and rocked.

Desi said, "I think this is the reason you wanted to talk to my dad. You were formerly known as Lorna Davis, right?"

She was speechless as the warm sunrise danced into the room. Looking into the eyes of her baby, she listened as Desi explained.

"He's my son. I've been raising him. He turned my life around, gave me a purpose to go on. Thank you for this wondrous gift, Bianca."

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She looked into the infant's bright blue eyes. "Momma's here, darling. Momma came back for you. Everything is going to be all right. I'm going to take you home and—"

"Oh no you aren't. He is my son. And I have the court documents to prove it." He started tugging the baby from her arms. "He needs to burp. Don't you know anything? If you don't burp him in the middle of the bottle, he'll spit up all over you."

Bianca felt foolish. Of course she should have known that. Why didn't she?

Desi took the baby and burped him.

"What did you name him?"

"Jake. Jacob Lucas McNaughton."

"I like that."

Jake let out a huge belch. Desi handed him back to his mother.

She hugged him tight as he squirmed and pulled her hoop earring. Desi helped extract the little fingers. She cradled him in the crook of her arm and offered the bottle to him again.

Desi sat on the coffee table in front of the rocking chair. "My dad said you'd come for him someday. I'd always hoped you wouldn't."

Bianca knew she would never be able to leave without her child. "I'm sorry, Desi. You seem to be a wonderful father to our little Jake. But I am going to have to do something legally to get full custody." She hated lawyers and courtrooms.

"Fine."

"Fine?"

"All we need is a license and my dad."

"Hunh?"

Desi kicked the table back and knelt in front of her. "Will you marry me?"

Bianca smiled, trying to suppress a giggle. "Maybe."

"Maybe? What the F kind of answer is that?"

"I need to get to know you first, before I leap into playing house. And you need to get to know me. And I really look forward in getting to know Jake."

About the Author

Sammie Jo Moresca is a proud card carrying member of the Romance Writers of America, dabbling in erotic romance since 2005. She blushes and tells her friends not to buy her steamy books. Sammie Jo married the firefighter who saved her life and they are living their fairy tale happily ever after.