

Beautiful Trouble Publishing



Jeanie Johnson and
Jayha Leigh

BOW DOWN TO THE KNOW

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To every woman who has hit someone dead center with ‘the look’ and caused them to ‘act right.’ —Jeanie and Jayha

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

Chapter One

A product of a single mother, the Atlanta ghetto and later the Ninja Nun Academy, Anax Valere wasn't a man easily impressed by anything, including a pretty face, a banging body, or the prospect of a lucrative business deal. Despite his conservative nature, the woman who walked by impressed the hell out of him...on every level. There were perfect storms, perfect conditions, and then there was the perfect woman. Anax knew he was looking at the latter.

He didn't know who she was, but never in his thirty-four years had he seen anyone who rivaled her. Oh, he'd seen plenty of beautiful women in his lifetime, but discounting those he considered family, he'd known few women who possessed such a strong aura of badassness. And make no mistake about it, sister was straight no chaser, two-hundred proof, undiluted and unapologetic badass from the top of her *could headline as the grand finale at a hair show* hairstyle to the bottom of those *oh damn* boots.

She paired that demeanor with an ensemble that had his heart working overtime, his cock hard and his Neanderthal instincts rising to the surface. Sister wore the shit out of her outfit—and what an outfit it was. Molded to her body like a second skin, black

jeans and a royal purple mock turtleneck were topped by a black leather motorcycle jacket that stopped right at the top of her ample ass. And then there was her footwear.

Having gone to school at the Ninja Nun Academy, he was well-versed in many subjects including: the arts, the sciences, and etiquette. And thanks to Sister Domeka, he was also knowledgeable about shoes. The stiletto-rocking nun ranked shoes by Danté's Nine Levels of Hell, and those boots rated a Level Seven because he could see someone committing violence to attain the black leather boots bearing the three-inch silver heels, a silver "E"-shaped buckle decorating each ankle, black fur upper and black flared leather collar.

The outfit was bad, the kicks were Level Seven; and she was the type of woman who would lead a man to start a war, but that wasn't the cherry on top. The cherry on top was the bells. Draped around her waist, they settled across her ass, jingling with every strut she took and every swish she made. Strut. Jingle. Swish. Jingle. Strut-swish. Jingle-jingle. Swish-strut. Jingle-jingle.

Mid-strut, she turned and caught him staring. Too old for games and too hard to pretend that he hadn't been staring, he slowly caressed her hourglass-shaped body with his eyes. And his body thanked him

for the treat even as his cock tried to talk him into throwing her over his shoulder and dragging her to his bedroom. Raising a single brow, she returned the favor and did a slow scan of his body. Never had he been so glad of the physical work of construction. He might be an attorney by trade, but he was all man beneath his J.D. and hand-tailored dress shirt and trousers.

Licking her luscious bottom lip, she turned and walked off. He was out of his chair before she could take the first step. Before she could take a second step, he was at her side. There was no fucking way he was letting this woman get away.

“Good afternoon,” he greeted the woman who was going to be his wife. “I’m Anax Valere.”

Chapter Two

Not everyone enjoyed their jobs, but Eve Ahn sure the hell did. It wasn't the job itself; it was her bosses. Three-quarters crazy and demanding, Spell and Rage Slayer knew their shit professionally and knew how to have fun. They were cool bosses. More than that, they were some righteous sisters, which was part and parcel of why she enjoyed working for them. She put up with their joint demands for perfection, Rage's complete lack of tact, and Spell's weirdness. In turn they gave her the run of the office and a multitude of perks including long lunches, a spiffy title, and a branding iron. And they didn't get too jealous that her footwear was hotter than theirs.

They treated her like a member of their family, which was scary as hell considering they were in their family. Though everyone else shivered in fear at such a prospect, she didn't mind. She simply rolled with the punches and made sure that Rage didn't commit any kind of felony ending with -cide, Spell didn't push Rage into committing any such felony, and the kitchen was well-stocked with snacks and good eats. The good eats part of her job was why she was currently at Dréa's Cookhouse. They were running low on ribs.

She was a few steps away from her car when she felt eyes on her. Well, being as hot as she was she always felt eyes on her, but this was different. Turning, she looked right into the eyes of a whole table full of fine. Though the two men occupying the patio table were both fine enough to grace any designer's runway, they couldn't have been more different if they tried. The hottie with the tan skin and the shoulder-length blue-black silky mane was wearing rocking business casual—heavy on the casual. Still, he looked good in the faded jeans, boots and a long-sleeved T-shirt rolled up to his elbows. The hottie with the seventy percent dark chocolate skin and the closely cropped hair was rocking a crisp dress shirt—also rolled up to his elbows— a red silk tie and sharp-creased, cuffed dress pants. And though both were undressing her with their eyes, only the dark-skinned man was eating her up with his eyes. Damn.

Being the bold type of woman she was, she did him one better and branded him with her own eyes. Knowing she had his complete attention, she turned to finish her walk to her car...and she made sure to put a little extra umph in her stride. Well, that was her plan, but before she took a step Mr. Dark Chocolate was right there. Before she could even get offended at his violation of her personal space, she got a whiff of him and almost came on the spot. Damn, he smelled good.

And damn if he didn't look better up close than he did ten yards away.

Crowding her, he leaned in and introduced himself. Anax Valere. Odd name for a fine man, but she couldn't be bothered worrying over such trivialities when she was busy trying to convince her diva that throwing what she guestimated was six foot four and two hundred twenty-five pounds of man down and riding him to multiple orgasms in broad daylight involved a laundry list of illegalities. *But what a ride it'd be*, her pussy countered. Putting her pussy on mute, she responded to his greeting.

"Eve," she began when he cut her off.

Not with words but with his actions. He closed his eyes and breathed her in. *Double damn*.

And then he spoke. "Allow me to place your bags in your car, which for the record, is as provocative as its owner."

Because he'd asked, she allowed him to relieve her of her bags. Oh, who the hell was she kidding? She was so hot for him that she would've allowed him to relieve her of her panties right there in the parking lot. And she wouldn't have been shamed because a) she had on her *God gave me titties for a reason* bra and the *makes me want to smack my own ass* panties; and b) brother was so everything she'd ever wanted in

a man...and then some that there simply was no room for anything but 'feel good' in his presence.

She watched him as he settled her bags in her ride. Anax handled her ribs like he was handling a newborn. He got points for that. He also got points for being so much temptation.

Remembering the compliment he'd just given her, she responded. "I compliment you on your excellent taste in cars and women."

"Good," he said as his arm slowly encircled her waist. "Now that you know I have such good taste, perhaps you'll allow me the privilege of taking you out so you can compliment me on other things."

"Like what?" she asked as she slid her arms around his neck and pressed her body into his solid chest.

"Like complimenting me on how well I take care of my woman."

Damn. Did he say "his woman"? Well, that made him her man, and she didn't give a damn that she'd just met him a minute ago.

"Why should I let you claim me as your woman?"

"Because the type of woman who drives a 1969 Camaro with a midnight black paintjob and a purple and black interior and wears bells across her ass is the type of woman who wants me as her man."

Every woman who liked dick wanted a man like him as a man...not that she was going to tell Mr. Dark Chocolate that.

“So you like the bells?” she asked.

“I’m a heterosexual male...of course I like the bells,” Anax said as pulled her into his erection.

Damn, Hotness was packing, and she wanted to go on any trip he wanted to take her on. “Then I’ll make sure to wear them for you again.”

“Tonight, then,” he instructed.

“It’s Thursday,” she said.

“That it is, but I’m going to need at least four nights of you to carry me through next week.”

Damn! Calming her body down, she remembered to be responsible. “I don’t know you like that.”

“Yet,” he said as he pulled back.

No! her body screamed even as she clutched him harder.

Chuckling in her ear, he reached into his pants pocket and retrieved his wallet. Pulling out a business card, he handed it to her as he called out to the hotness who was sharing his table.

“Amyntas! Come here,” he ordered.

Though her body lamented the loss of contact with Mr. Dark Chocolate, she had a good time watching his homie stroll over. She didn’t know she

was appreciating it a little too much until Anax pulled her against his chest. As much as she'd enjoyed facing all of his fineness, there was something about being wrapped up in this man. Laying her head against his hard chest, she reveled in the feel of him at her back.

"Amyntas, if you want to keep your eyes you'll keep them off of my woman," he growled.

"The only reason I'm going to even pretend I'm not looking at her is so I can look at her beauty when you're not looking at me look at her," he said as he held out his hand to her.

"Amyntas Kallikrates," he introduced himself.

"Eve Ahn," she replied as she lost her hand within his paw.

They jabbered for a few minutes. Despite his earlier words, Amnytas didn't even pretend he wasn't admiring her, although he did it in such a good-natured way that she couldn't even be offended. That didn't stop Anax from promising to beat him soundly for it later, just as them being all out in public stopped him from making love to her with his eyes and tempting her with his fineness.

In the midst of their dual admiration of both her and her ride, she learned a few things about the two hotties. First, they threatened each other with every other breath. Second, beneath those threats was a strong bond that was the product of them growing up

together. When they said they grew up together, they didn't mean the same area but the same house. She wasn't as surprised by the fact that they were raised in the same house as she was by the location of that house. They hailed from an area so jacked up that calling it the hood would be an upgrade. And third, they had identical tats.

"Is that some sort of gang thing?" she asked when she noticed the script decorating the insides of their forearms. The tat on their right arms was the bedrock of human rights; the tat on their left arms was in some kind of foreign script.

"No, it's a reminder of our basic rights," Amyntas said as he recited the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. *"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."*

"And a reminder that we are men," Anax said as he translated the other tat for her.

"If you have to crawl to live, stand and die."

Damn. It was clear from their recitation that they didn't simply believe those words; they felt those words. She'd bet her stiletto collection that those mantras were born out of the fire of some hella experience.

In the end, she agreed to go out with Anax...and not simply because he was fine, his business card indicated that he was an attorney, or even Amyntas' promise (accompanied by waggling brows) to personally help her get over her broken heart if Anax messed up. That remark earned Amyntas what sounded like a thorough cussing out in Greek. No, she didn't know Greek, but she'd been complimented enough times by the proprietor of Obsession—her favorite upscale restaurant—to know when Greek was being spoken.

While all of those things were pluses, the deciding factor was the way he looked at his brother. Despite the back-and-forth threats, Anax looked at Amyntas like he loved him...and Amyntas returned the look. The fact that Anax was willing to include her in that humbled her, as she had a feeling that neither male made a habit of letting people in. Unzipping her leather wristlet, she pulled out her business card and handed one to each of them.

“Why does he get one?” Anax asked.

“Because Eve knows she and I would make beautiful babies together,” Amyntas piped in.

“If I catch your dick anywhere near my woman, the only thing you'll be making is a headache for a team of forensics experts,” Anax said.

“Wow, you sure you two aren’t related to my bosses? Because y’all have that whole strain of crazy going on,” she asked before pulling Anax down and fitting her lips over his.

Hearing his sharp intake of breath caused her diva to cheer. Turning to his brother, she threw up the peace sign. Sliding behind the wheel, she pinned both brothers with a look. “I gave your brother my business card so you’ll have a failsafe. You don’t want to mess up with me because I don’t give a whole lot of second chances. If I don’t hear from you by the end of the business day, it’s over.”

She wasn’t surprised when he bent his large frame down and corrected her. “It will never be over between us, Eve, especially when I want you so badly and I know you want me the same way.”

Chapter Three

Hearing Eve's car start, he smiled at the sound. Unless his ears were deceiving him, she was rolling with a Big Block 502 with dual intake. Eve wasn't only a woman who knew her footwear; she was also a woman who knew her cars.

Eve Ahn called to him...on every level. Her hourglass shape, her take-no-prisoners attitude, her quick mind all combined to whet his appetite. For the first time in his life he hungered for a woman. It wasn't a surface hunger based upon looks; it was an all-consuming hunger based on his soul recognizing its perfect compliment.

Anax remained in the same spot until he could no longer see Eve's car. Retrieving his smart phone, he went to input Eve's information when he noticed her title. Eve Ahn, MMFEIC (Main Mother Fucking Executive In Charge) at You Can Kiss Our Whole Sass Sports Promotions.

Amyntas' words drew him out of his stupor. "Seems you've met your match, bro."

"It seems I have, but luckily, I'm always up for a challenge."

Tapping his fist to his brother's, he headed to his Navigator. Eve was his, and while he'd give her space,

he wasn't about to let her go. Knowing she was his not just for today but for the long run, he dialed his mom and told her all about the woman who was going to be her daughter-in-law. After his talk with his mom, he called his partner next, who let him know she was more than capable of holding down the fort...right before advising him to kick his seduction into high gear so she could find out the name of the boots. She might be an attorney by trade, but Oceania Hampton was all woman under those many titles and degrees.

Eve didn't get mad; she got even. Five minutes before quitting time and there hadn't been so much as a peep from Mr. Dark Chocolate. Well, fuck him and the horse he didn't ride in on. Anax might be fine, but he could kiss her ass if he thought for one minute she was going to stay overtime waiting on his call.

After she'd told them about Anax, the bosses had tossed her a thirty-six count box of condoms along with the go-ahead to stay in his bed all day Friday. It looked like she wasn't going to need either. Gathering her coat and wristlet, she shut down her computer and got the hell out of the way lest she be run down by her bosses, who damn near sprinted to the elevators when it was quitting time.

That was just one more thing Eve liked about her bosses. Though they didn't mind putting in a hard day's work, neither Spell nor Rage played that staying overtime shit. And neither did they play coming in during any kind of hardcore precipitation. Her musings were interrupted by Spell's anger.

"I hate him," Spell said as she pressed the button for the lobby.

"Me too," Rage said. "I looked him up. I say we go over to his office and fuck his shit up."

Oh yeah, another thing she liked about them Slayer girls: they had her back. "While I appreciate y'all's willingness to defend my honor and all, I'm going to pass on the premeditated ass whipping y'all are offering."

"Why?" Spell whined.

"Beating the shit out of an attorney in his own office just seems like a good way to end up in an orange jumpsuit. And though I could rock the shit out of the color orange, I don't think County will let me rock my boots with that."

"Beating the shit out of a man who got you all hot in the pants and didn't call seems like poetic justice to me," Rage said.

"That's because beating the shit out of anyone is poetic justice for you, Rage."

“Rage might be a cranky bitch, but she’s right this time,” Spell said.

“No beating down anyone. I like working for y’all, and while I can keep the agency going if y’all have to do a bid, I can’t keep your momma from whipping y’all’s asses once you get out.”

Seeing her bosses literally pout over her decree, she laughed out loud. Linking her arms with theirs, she led them out of the elevator and through the doors of the Corinna P. Drystan Enterprises skyscraper...and smack into the path of Mr. Dark Chocolate.

“You were just going to leave?” he purred as he rose off of his perch at the top of the stairs.

“You’re damned right she was going to leave. Eve’s too hot to be sitting around waiting for any man to call her! She can get a man like that,” Spell snapped her finger, “so fuck you, dude.”

“Yeah, fuck you, and if you keep eyeballing my sister like you want to do something, you’re going to have a throat full of size ten,” Rage said all crazy like, which was her normal tone.

Witnessing the look of absolute confusion on Anax’s face, Eve laughed harder. Despite itching to get her arms around the bouquet of roses he held in his hands, she held on tighter to her bosses, as she did her best to calm them down.

“Ladies, remember the *no going to prison* thing we just talked about?”

“Fine then, we’ll simply wait until later when there’s no witnesses to fuck his shit up,” Rage said.

“Or you can fuck his shit up right now,” Amyntas said as he strolled up to their little group. “Like I told my brother, I’m hoping he messes up so I can help Eve get over him.”

“Ooh, hey, I’m not whoring you out or anything, but you should jump on this dude and hump him across the county because he’s hot,” Spell suggested.

“Like I told my brother, Eve’s mine,” Anax finally spoke.

“Do you want him, Eve?” Rage asked.

“Oh, I want him, but when I was seven I wanted a pony and I grew out of that too,” she answered.

“Luckily, I’m not a pony. I’m a man...a man who’ll give you a much better ride than any four-legged beast can.”

“He gets points for that remark,” Spell said. “And for having such a fine brother.”

“You didn’t call,” she said.

“No, that’s because I’ve spent the last hour and ten minutes waiting for you to alight from the building.”

“What if you’d missed me?”

“I don’t know how you think any man with a pulse could fail to notice a woman like you, kicks like those, or a swing like that.”

“More points,” Spell chimed in.

“There’s a lot of distractions out here,” she pointed out even as she agreed with Spell’s allocation of points to Anax.

“It’d take something like an Extinction Level Event to distract me from you. But being this is Atlanta and anything can jump off at any second, that’s why I brought Amyntas along as an extra pair of eyes.”

“And if both of you had failed to spot me?” she asked because she simply wasn’t about to make it easy for him.

“You would’ve found it hard to leave, being we blocked your car in on both sides with our trucks,” he said.

“Isn’t that a bit extreme? Since you were in the building, you could’ve simply come up to the office.”

“First, I wouldn’t disrespect your job like that. You work there; it’s not a booty call.”

“So, I’m a booty call now?” she asked.

“Well, you do have a lot of booty,” Spell said helpfully.

“While I do admire your booty—” Anax began.

“As do I...if I was looking,” Amyntas threw in.

“It’s all that I can do to right now to refrain from backing you against the wall and slipping into your delectable body, so it was best that I remain down here.”

Oh damn.

Hearing Rage and Spell’s intake of breath, she knew she wasn’t alone in being impressed. Realizing that she’d let go of her death grip on her bosses, she used her wristlet to fan herself. It might be the later part of autumn, but Anax had a sister sweating with his words.

“It’s a good thing I brought these out of the office,” Spell said as she handed her the condoms she’d dug from her backpack. “Save a horse and all that.”

“Yeah, save a horse, but remember we don’t have a problem shooting a horse that doesn’t know how to act right,” Rage said.

“I’ve never thrown a rider before,” Anax said.

“That’s because you’ve never had *me* riding you,” Eve said as she took the condoms.

“Points to Eve,” Rage said.

She couldn’t let a compliment like that slide. Turning to Rage, she held out her fist to give her dap. The next thing she knew Rage had a fistful of shirt belonging to Spell and another fistful of shirt belonging to Amyntas and was in the process of

dragging both away. “Okay, kids, let’s leave the grown people to their own devices.”

Looking at the trio and feeling all kinds of sorry for Amyntas, who had no idea what kind of misadventure he was in for, she gave them a warning. “Remember no beating, maiming, threatening, or killing.”

“Well, damn, you haven’t left us with anything to do,” Rage said before winking at her and mouthing one last bit of advice: *Ride him into the ground.*

Smiling, Eve turned back to Anax and held her hands out for those roses. “Those better be for me.”

Handing her the roses, he got all up in her personal space. “Everything you see before you is for you,” he declared as he put his hands around her waist and lifted her into his arms.

Careful of her roses, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him good and proper. Moaning low in his throat, he met her nip for nip before backing off.

“Not here. I only have so much control.”

His lips may have confessed his lack of control and his body may’ve backed it up, but when he kept all one hundred sixty-two pounds of her in his arms and walked her all the way to her car without breathing hard, Eve knew brother had some hella control. And she knew she wanted to be the woman to make him lose it.

Anax didn't know who those Slayer women belonged to, but damn those fellas had to have some strong constitutions. He smiled recalling Amyntas' string of text messages. The first one had read: *You owe me.* The second one had come in thirty minutes later: *Considering what I'm putting up with right now, I'm going to need your firstborn child.* The third one came twenty minutes after that: *Help me. Rage just threatened to harvest my organs and leave me in a tub of ice. All I asked her was to pass the fucking salt.* The fourth one came ten minutes after that: *I fucking hate you.* The fifth one said: *I'm telling the moms what you made me suffer.* The sixth one came an hour after that: *You better marry that woman or I'll kill you myself. My sacrifices will not be made in vain.* The seventh one read: *It doesn't matter what kind of hell I raise from here on out. After today, I'm a shoe-in to sainthood and Heaven...which Rage tried to send me to prematurely, I might add.* The final one read: *In case I forgot tell you: fuck you, Anax.*

If Amyntas hadn't been openly ogling his woman, he might've felt bad for him. But he had, so fuck him. Amyntas had survived being the only white

boy in their hood; he could handle two females. Even if those females were Rage and Spell Slayer.

He'd only been in their presence for ten minutes and it'd worn him out. Still, he couldn't help but admire the way they'd immediately defended Eve...not that Eve needed defending. Eve was a woman quite capable of setting anyone straight, and that included him.

Imagining Eve telling him off turned him on, but not as much as Eve wearing that dress. He'd thought that Eve rocking jeans and boots was a cock-hardening spectacle, but that was before he saw Eve in eveningwear.

There was nothing overtly provocative about the black chiffon and satin dress. It was the stilettos and the bells she wore on her wrists and ankles. More than that, it was the woman wearing them that made her a walking billboard for wet dreams. He was never so thankful for 20/20 vision, a sound mind, and a healthy body as he was in that moment.

As beautiful as Eve looked, he couldn't wait to see her in his bed wearing nothing but those Level Seven stilettos...and those bells. As delicious as she smelled, he couldn't wait to smell the combined scent of their pleasure. As tempting as she sounded talking to him, he couldn't wait to hear her belt out her orgasm. As classic as her African manicure looked, he

couldn't wait to feel her nails digging into his back. He couldn't wait for all of that, but he was going to have to wait until they finished their meal.

"You're not attending me," Eve said.

"I'm trying to, but all I can hear is the second hand moving on my watch and my heartbeat thundering in my chest."

Eve didn't pretend not to know what he was getting at. "Anxious?" she asked with that mocking smile.

"I've been waiting my whole life for you, so yes, I'm anxious," he admitted.

"Then let's go," she said as she took a final drink of her peach cranberry juice.

So anxious to claim this woman, Anax had to stop and silently sing praises to his God. The prayer gave him the opportunity to center himself, the strength to stand before his destiny like a man instead of a beast. Holding out his hand to her, he was both humbled and terrified when she took it. He wasn't simply asking for her body; he was asking for her trust.

Placing a kiss in her open palm, he placed her hand over his heart and held it there for a moment so

she could feel what she did to him...on the inside, not just the outside. Having arranged for a limousine, he spent the ride home making love to her mouth and coaxing his name from her lips. He savored the way his name tasted on her lips and became full on her moans of pleasure.

When they arrived at his house, he carried her over the threshold and directly to his room. Setting her on the edge of the bed, he asked her, “Are you sure?”

Arching a single brow, she rose from the bed and unbuttoned his shirt. Kissing her way up the skin she slowly revealed, she paused at his nipple. “Are *you* sure?” she asked.

“From the moment I saw those bells,” he responded.

“Good thing I brought them with me, then,” she said right before wrapping one of those amazing legs around him and biting his nipple.

Her touch devastated him. Shuddering under her caresses, he forced himself to pull back. Having procured her “yes,” it was now his right to touch her intimately. And he planned on spending all weekend doing just that—but first, he had to regain the dominant position. As the man in the relationship, it was his job to take the lead, his duty to do all within

his power to please her, his privilege to give her pleasure.

Drawing her to his chest, he slid his hand up under her dress and cupped her ass through her panties. Eve had the kind of ass that demanded both hands to gain the full appreciation of it. Squeezing it, he hefted her in his arms and fitted her sex over his erection. Thrusting his hips forward, he rocked into her in time to Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On." Even through four layers of fabric the feeling of intimacy was present and more intense than anything he'd ever felt before.

"Anax," she moaned out his name.

Knowing she was close, he did not stop. He merely slowed down. Digging her nails into his back, Eve tried to slam her hips into his, but he was not having it. Using his greater strength, he stilled her hips.

"Give it to me, Anax," she demanded as was her right.

Placing her back on her feet, he reached between them and slid two fingers into her panties. "I will," he said as he feathered his fingers over her clitoris.

"Now," she demanded as she pushed her pussy against his fingers.

"At my leisure," he said as he withdrew his fingers.

Stepping back, he sat her on the bed and gave her instructions. "Take off the dress...slowly."

Eve didn't say a word in protest, but neither did she even attempt to bank the fire in her eyes. Slipping his shirt off, he quickly divested himself of shoes, socks and tie. Undoing his belt, he reached inside his pants and freed his erection. He couldn't help the smirk that crossed his face upon hearing Eve's gasp.

Fisting his cock, he locked eyes with hers and slowly pumped his hand up and down the length. Neither spoke words, but their eyes said plenty. His heralded his intent to dominate her body; hers responded to his announcement with a challenge.

Rising to her feet, she turned her back to him. "Unzip me," she demanded.

Allowing his pants to fall to the floor, he stepped out of them and kicked them to the side before approaching her. Having fantasized all night about taking her out of that dress, he didn't have to fumble around to locate the zipper; he knew where it was. Slowly, he unzipped her dress, enjoying every moment of the erotic act. When he was finished, he brushed his lips across the tops of her shoulders before pulling her back against his nakedness. Tipping her head back, he placed his hands over hers and took her lips.

"*Emos* [mine]," he said in Greek and meant every syllable of it.

Turning her to face him, he repeated his proclamation. “*Emos, Eve, emos.*”

“What does that mean?” she asked.

“It’s simply a point of fact; now take off the dress,” he instructed.

Eve didn’t know what the hell Anax had just said, but that didn’t stop her body from responding to it. Damn him for being so fine, so much man, so tempting. Damn him for being everything she wanted and knowing how to turn her on just right. Knowing she was going to submit to his will, she decided to make it hard for him.

Closing her eyes, she went through songs in her head. Settling on one, she opened her eyes, locked in on him and slowly undulated her hips. Letting go of the dress, she allowed gravity its way. Feeling the dress make its sensual descent down her body, she smiled, anticipating Anax’s reaction.

His gasp pleased her, but it wasn’t enough. Stepping out of the dress and knowing she looked damn good in the skimpy bra and panty she wore beneath it, she threw him a challenge and then danced to the beat of Sade’s “Soldier of Love.” She loved this song, especially the break down. When she got to the

rift she took a moment to thank her grandmother for making her take those dance lessons...and then she worked it out, making the bells at her wrists, ankles and around her waist dance.

When Eve started swaying, Anax had to call upon every ounce of his strength to stay where he was. Though he was on the edge, he was still in control. And then he saw those bells around her waist. Before he could reach out to her she started dancing...and he was fucking gone. Clenching his fists and jaw, he breathed through his nose. He counted to twenty...forwards and backwards...in Greek...and then in Latin...and none if it did a damn thing to cool his ardor.

Not about to let her keep the upper hand when he had so many ways he wanted to love her, he moved in and took back the lead. Grabbing hold of her hips, he pulled her into his erection.

“Mine,” he repeated before leaning down and ravishing her mouth. Slipping his fingers into her panties, he thrust a finger in her silk sheath. He relinquished her lips only to whisper a question: “Whose woman are you?”

“Mmm,” she said as he stroked her.

Stroking closer to her sweet spot, he repeated his question. “Whose?”

“Y-oh goodness,” she said.

“Whose?” he asked as he stilled his fingers.

“Yours,” she said without hesitation.

“Say my name, Eve,” he demanded.

“Anax.”

Growling his approval, he continued his onslaught, bringing her to the brink of orgasm and backing off before repeating his question. He continued that pattern until she got to the point where she admitted who she belonged to without him having to ask.

She filled the room with her admission. “Yours, Anax, yours.”

“Always. *To pepromenon phugein adunaton* [it is impossible to escape from what is destined],” he rasped as he laid her on his bed.

As tempting as it was to rip her lingerie off, he refrained. There would be plenty of time for roughness; right now he needed to finesse her orgasms from her. Lifting her foot, he paused a moment to admire the stiletto that graced it and the string of bells that accented her ankle. Bending, he kissed the inside of her ankle before doing the same for its twin. Caressing his way up her muscular legs, he kissed her sex through her panties before slipping them off.

Closing his eyes, he breathed in her scent before opening her petals and tasting her. Ambrosia. Eve was ambrosia, and consuming her nectar gave him strength. Feeling her erupt beneath him made him feel immortal. Continuing to stroke her through his orgasm, he used his tongue to push her into another.

“Anax,” she moaned.

He responded by sucking her clit harder.

“Anax,” she purred.

He answered her plea with caresses.

“Anax,” she sighed.

“Yes, love,” he whispered before taking her mouth.

Reaching behind her, he unhooked her bra. Sliding the satin and lace creation down, he sucked a nipple into his mouth. Laving the nipple into hardness, he turned his attention to its twin and did the same.

Finally, cupping a heavy breast, he found his way back to her lips.

“Eve,” he rasped.

“Anax,” she responded.

“Open for me,” he said as he settled himself between her thighs.

“I’m already open for you,” she said.

“Not your body...your heart, your soul, your mind. Everything, all of you, open for me,” he said as he looked into her eyes and showed her his soul.

Witnessing her acceptance, he said a prayer to his God and entered her temple.

Eve got lost in the way Anax looked at her. Anax worshipped her with his eyes. He sang praises to her with every look. She felt every one of his compliments, and she believed them not because the words were beautiful but because Anax was the man who said them.

Just as she got lost in the way Anax looked at her, she felt liberated by the way he touched her. Dominant to the core, he demanded her sexual submission. She gave it to him—when she was good and ready—not because she was submissive by nature, but because it felt so right to surrender her pleasure to a man who cherished her so thoroughly.

She'd been protected, she'd been lusted after and over, she'd even been obeyed (which she'd thoroughly enjoyed), but until she'd been touched by Anax, she'd never been cherished. It felt so good to be cherished. Anax didn't just assume control of her body; he requested it. When she gave him permission, he

thanked her with his touch and worshipped her with his truth.

After loving her with a gentleness that broke her, he fucked her with an intensity that demanded all she had to give. Anax had a big, thick cock, and he knew how to use it. Spreading her wide, he plunged into her, seating himself on that first stroke. When he asked if she was okay, she moaned out her yes, and before she could catch her breath he rolled onto his back and took her with him.

“I need to hear the bells jingle,” he said as he pulled her down on his cock.

She worked her body, rocking into his thrusts, and yet he demanded more.

“Faster,” he decreed as he kneaded her ass.

Squeezing his side with her knees, she rode him harder, and still he demanded more.

“I want those shoes at a forty-five degree angle.”

“What?” she asked.

“Put your feet on my shoulders,” he clarified.

Leaning back, she slowly put her left stiletto on his shoulder.

“I’ve got you,” he said.

And feeling his big, strong capable hands tighten around her waist, she knew he did. Fearlessly, she settled her right stiletto on his opposite shoulder. With a pussy full of Anax’s cock, her stilettos resting

on his massive shoulders, she'd never felt so exposed...so full...so desired...so fucking fearless.

Able to do nothing but place her hands atop his and hold on, she closed her eyes and just felt. For the first time she truly reveled in being female. For the millionth time she was thankful that Anax was the man in her life.

She'd never ridden so roughly, so deliciously, or so long. Anax set a demanding pace, and she quickly grew tired. Before she could make a noise of discomfort, Anax was already seeing to it. Slowing his pace, he pulled her forward. "Put your hands on my chest and lean forward."

Though his strokes were just as powerful, he slowed them. Though she was tired, his praise strengthened her. He didn't spout the standard bedroom talk that revolved around how thoroughly he was going to tear that pussy up or him asking her if she liked his dick. Instead he told her how she made him feel.

"*Anasa mou* [you're my breath]," he confessed.

She might be his breath, but his admission took hers. And his next stroke hurled her into the most cataclysmic orgasm she'd ever experienced. Her pleasure washed over her so fast that it scared her. So shocked, she couldn't even catch her breath. Overcome, she lost her hold on him.

Frantic, she reached out only to have Anax wrap her in his strength.

“I’ve got you, Eve. Let go, let go,” he said.

And she did. She let go of everything, her emotions, her baggage, her fears. Tears poured from her eyes, sounds she didn’t know humans could make were wrenched from her soul, shivers wracked her body. She laughed, she cried, she soared. Moments later, Anax emitted a roar and soared with her.

When she came back to herself, all she could do was look in his eyes and say “wow.”

“You okay?” he asked.

“Are my shoes the shit?” she responded.

“Yes, they are, and being that you seem to be back to your normal self, I need you on your back and those legs wrapped around me,” he said as he drove into her and took her flying once more.

Someone could’ve held a sledgehammer to the heel of her stiletto, but Eve couldn’t have told you a damn thing outside of she felt fucking unbelievable and the man sprawled next to her was responsible for it. She’d been in his house for three nights, and all she could say about it was that it had a master suite and

that Anax Valere was the undisputed master of it just as he was the undisputed master of her pleasure.

The things he'd pushed her to do...the control he'd coerced her to give up...the truth he loved her to admit. No man, no other being had ever pushed her to the brink like Anax, and still he pushed her further, demanded more, refused to settle for less than everything. She'd been hovering on the brink of orgasm when she'd realized three days in his bed wouldn't be enough. Picking up the phone, she'd called the bosses and asked for sick leave.

"How much?" Rage had asked.

Laid bare by Anax's touch, she'd whimpered out a response. "All of it...all of it."

"Done, and don't come back here without a ring on your finger," she'd said before hanging up.

Eve was an open book for Anax, a whore for his lovemaking, a glutton for his presence.

Closing her eyes (because they were the only thing she could move without the pleasurable aches of soul-constructing lovemaking) she got lost in her memories. She didn't even have to think about the point in the past she wanted to revisit; her mind had bookmarked that memory and took her to it every time. Old folks said hold onto your memories because they'd keep you warm later in life, and all she could say was *tabernacle*. If the memory of the first times

they'd made love was the only memory she retained, she'd be hot during the peak of an ice age.

She wasn't ashamed to admit that Anax had put it on her...and that she'd begged, pleaded, and demanded that he put it on her some more. He'd had her singing out his name like it was the only word she knew. Anax, A-nax, An-ax, An-a-x, Anax. Over and over and over again she'd called him. She'd panted his name, breathed his name, screamed his name, moaned his name, whispered his name...and when she wasn't voicing his name, she was thinking his name.

Her mind searched for his intellect, and he answered her with his truth and enlightened her with his cognition. Her body ached for his touch, and he caressed her with his strength and wrecked her with his gentleness. Her soul reached out for his and he met her at the place she was, opened his life and welcomed her home. *Anax, Anax, Anax.* She'd given herself to him without reservation.

A strong woman, she'd surrendered her body into his keeping because he treated the whole her like she was his temple, even though her body was far from perfect. A woman who didn't let a lot of people in, she'd dismantled the walls she'd constructed around herself because he'd stood before her without armor, without artifice, and showed her his intent. A woman who often felt distant from God, she gave him her

confession because he always met her with grace, stood naked in the truth, and looked at her like he was on fire for her.

Though she'd only just met him, she looked in his eyes and felt like she'd known him for as long as she'd known herself. When he rose from the table and held his hand out to her, there was no thought of not taking it. When she looked into his eyes, she shivered at the sea of possibilities she saw in them.

Anax shook her out of her low expectations. He scorched her with the way he looked at her. He branded her with his touch. He singed her with his voice. He charred her with his presence. Lastly, he humbled her with his honesty.

Epilogue

Every one of the concertgoers they passed looked at them strangely...and he couldn't blame them. Even with P-Funk on the docket, their party looked strange—probably because they were. This was the biggest day in his life, and it wasn't a thing like he'd thought it'd be. First and foremost, they weren't in a church surrounded by family and friends. Instead, they were in the Georgia Dome surrounded by tens of thousands of concertgoers waiting for the start of what was hailed as the biggest hip-hop and old school concert ever. The lineup consisted of a veritable who's ever been who and who was currently who of hip-hop and old school.

He'd learned many things about Eve over the past few months. Among them was the fact that she was a true hip-hop/old school music head. When he'd found out that Black Gloved Fist Record's was hosting the hip-hop/old school event to end all events, he'd known he had to act. Girding up his loins, he'd thrown himself on the mercy of the Slayer sisters. They might be three-quarters crazy, dangerous as hell and weird, but they had a shitload of hookups. How could they not, being their godfather was Nigel "*I own most of Atlanta*" Drystan, their godmother was Corinna "*I*

own Nigel” P. Drystan, and their mother was Sheriff Dream “*I will shoot your ass because it’s a day that ends in -y*” Slayer, who was well-respected for being a just sheriff and running a clean department.

Showing mercy on him, they had indeed gotten him the hookup. And that was why he was currently occupying the owner’s suite for a concert that had been sold out two hours after the tickets had gone on sale. This wasn’t his idea of fun, but he knew it’d make Eve happy, and her happiness took precedence over everything except God.

Smiling, he looked around the luxury suite and marveled at what a handful of determined women could do. If no one had told him that the suite was in the Georgia Dome, damn if he would’ve known. In less than two weeks, they’d turned it into a setting that could rival the Queen’s box at the Royal Albert Hall in the City of Westminster, London, England for opulence and Millionaire’s Row at Churchill Downs for being the sweet spot. It had thick purple carpeting, a baby grand piano, plush seating, a fully stocked bar and a lavish buffet. Hearing the pianist pluck out the beginning notes of the “Wedding March,” he knew it was about to have the one thing he treasured above all else: his bride.

Eve blew him away. Her micro braids were held back by a gold tiara that allowed her golden, beaded

veil to flow down her back. Deep purple in color, the strapless, beaded, form-fitting dress stopped mid-thigh. The detachable train had a gold silk lining. And then there were the shoes. The purple stilettos with gold, crystal-studded buckles and four-inch heels were definite Level Eight. As breathtaking the dress, as badass the shoes, both paled in comparison to the woman wearing them.

Only his Eve would demand to be delivered to the altar via a purple and gold-cushioned open air *lectica* (ancient Roman litter) carried by men who had on way too little.

As if sensing his displeasure at those men, who looked as if they'd been kidnapped from an all-male revue, Amyntas leaned over and spoke. "If you want me to, I can grab Rage and we can go over and stab their eyes out after the wedding."

He knew there was a reason he didn't kill Amyntas. He watched as the litter was lowered and his bride was helped off by Spell and Rage, who escorted her to the altar. She placed her hand in his, and they both punched their left hands with their right fists as they gave him that "try something" look. Not a stupid man or a man who wanted Rage to make good on her promise to double dutch with his entrails, he didn't plan on starting a damn thing but some good lovemaking.

Placing his hands around his bride's waist, he settled her in the crook of his arm and kissed the side of her forehead gently before turning to the pastor and letting him unite them in Holy matrimony. "*S'agapó* [I love you]," he said.

"I know," she sassed.

As unorthodox as the venue, the wedding procession, the dress, and the bride herself were, they had the traditional words (minus any hint of the word "obey"). The pastor didn't dally, and before he knew it he was given leave to kiss his bride. It might've been him, but it seemed that the kiss lasted longer than the actual ceremony. Pulling back for air, they'd just exchanged "I love you's" when the concert began. Someone hit the switch opening the curtains and turning on the surround sound. Almost instantaneously the suite was flooded with the strains of "She's Strange" by Cameo.

Pulling away from him, Eve shouted: "That's my jam!"

It wasn't long before half the room was getting their groove on, and he couldn't blame them. It was a good song, which was exactly why it was his jam too. Helping Eve detach her train so she could get her groove on with the best of them, he stood back and watched her do her thing for a minute before wrapping her in his arms and getting his groove on with her.

Their first dance as a married couple was to that Cameo song; their second dance was to “We Fly High” by Jim Jones; their third dance was to a Sade song. It was an unorthodox beginning to a honeymoon, but feeling the lushness of the woman in his arms, he could guarantee that there wouldn’t be a damn thing unorthodox about the lovemaking he was going to put on the new Mrs. Eve Valere. It was going to be righteous.

****J and J****

Thank you for trusting us to deliver your prose. While we do write to supplement our incomes, we appreciate the investment of your time. We hope that you enjoyed the adventures of Eve. You can read more about her bosses in: *Come Spell or High Water* (out now), *Come what Slay* (coming soon).

For more information on the Jeanie and Jayha universe, please visit our website:

www.jeanieandjayha.com

About the Authors

A kickass tag-team bound together by the pen, Jeanie (the shagacious wordslinger) and Jayha (the ninja master of h*ll no's) are forces of nature that will either leave you begging for mercy or begging for more.

We are women who have brains we aren't afraid to use; feelings we aren't afraid to express; and, middle fingers that we aren't afraid to extend. We pen stories that push all kinds of boundaries and we don't apologize for it. Our heroines are feisty; our heroes are hot, and our stories are one-of-a-kind adventures. Come visit us at www.jeanieandjayha.com and remember: if you don't enjoy your stay, f*ck, it you didn't have to come.

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