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THE ONE WHO GOT *Sway*

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*Jeannie Johnson &
Jayha Leigh*

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

THE ONE WHO GOT SWAY

Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh



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The One Who Got Sway

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As always to our Mr. Mes. Despite the fact Jeanie suggested we make readers engage in cage matches for the rights to DIBS, we're allowing them to DIBS here. To Dréa, who has DIBsed Forbes and a whole host of other characters. It means a lot to us that you like our characters that much. To Nikkia, who is willing to bring world destruction if her DIBS on Caoín is not recognized; and considering we're peaceful, gentle women, we will honor her DIBS. To sunniii01 and Jeanie for schooling us on the term 'dickswitch.'

J and J

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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.

PROLOGUE:

FRESHMAN ORIENTATION

Forbes Donnchadh was the kind of man women saw and would immediately want naked. One of those big, strapping corn-fed boys, he was all rugged good looks. With blond, short-cropped hair; clear, grey eyes; a muscular build; and his standard outfit of T-shirt, pressed jeans, and size fourteen steel-toed boots, he looked more like a soldier than a future doctor—probably because he had been one. His four-year stint of active duty in the Army had been time well spent. He had swagger to go with his “*aw, shucks, ma’ams*” and his 3.96 GPA. Yeah, his fucked up first name notwithstanding, he was a great guy, one most women desired sans clothing, hot and sweaty.

Luckily, Maverick Storm was not most women. The first day she’d laid eyes on him, he’d been about two seconds away from getting dropped by an advanced operating systems book to the back of the head. She wasn’t a violent woman, but he’d dared wrap his big paw around the last Rice Krispy Treat and, dammit, she’d

been tired, hungry, PMSing like a motherfucker, and still had to complete a project on approximation algorithms.

She'd dug the corner of her book into the middle of his back. "Put the Rice Krispy Treat down slow and easy and no one gets hurt."

"What?"

"Drop it! Dammit, I'm PMSing—I *need* that Rice Krispy Treat!"

Solely focused on the begetting of that Rice Krispy Treat, she didn't notice anything else. But when he'd surrendered the snack, she'd stuffed it in her face as fast as humanly possible. It hadn't been until later, when she'd found herself leaning against his strength and sipping the hot chocolate he'd pushed into my hands, that she'd returned to her senses.

"Hey, did I pay for this?" Maverick had asked.

"I paid for it," he'd said.

"I could pay you back," she'd offered.

"No need. It's the first time I actually witnessed someone inhale food...plus, after your little demonstration, security believed my story that there wasn't any trouble, so it's a win-win."

"Security was here?" she'd asked, stunned.

Forbes had smiled. "Yeah. We'd gathered quite a crowd with you threatening my life and all."

"I'm so sorry."

"No worries. Now, finish drinking your chocolate."

She had and two hours later, when she'd awakened sprawled all over him after her nap, she'd felt almost human again. She'd been wiping her face on his sweat-shirt-clad shoulder (damn, he'd smelled good) that she'd realized Forbes wasn't as calm, cool, and collected as he pretended to be.

"Hey, hey, watch the sweatshirt!"

"Easy, dude. It's just a sweatshirt, sorry!"

"It's not 'just a sweatshirt' like that garbage you're wearing," he'd insisted.

Had he called her Virginia sweatshirt garbage? Oh, he'd been fixing to get a beat down and she hadn't cared he had eight inches and eighty pounds on her. Allzen Storm was her daddy, which meant she knew how to whip ass with not simply the best of them, but the *very* best of them.

"Did you just call my Virginia sweatshirt garbage?"

"Yep."

"Soon as we step out of here, you need to defend yourself," Maverick had instructed.

"Soon as you get me a worthy opponent, I will," he'd thrown back as he'd brushed imaginary lint off of his sweatshirt.

"I hope that red cotton is worth the ass whipping you're going to take," she'd said.

“First, this is maroon, not simply some generic shade of red. Second, respect the ’House and the mystique,” he’d said seriously.

Jerking him around to face her, Maverick had discovered he’d definitely been rocking a Morehouse sweat-shirt. “Da hell are you doing with Morehouse gear?”

“I’m a student there, thank you very much.”

“Well, damn, I guess I’ll have to delay your beat down since my daddy went there and all.”

“Good man.”

“The best, but don’t get all cocky because I’m still going to rough you up a little bit,” she’d promised.

“I promise not to laugh at your efforts to do so.”

“You’re an asshole.”

“Yep.”

“Whatever, I’m hungry. Let’s go get some food.”

They’d left the bookstore for chicken and waffles, and she’d learned three more things about Forbes, well three more things after finally learning his name. First—no white boy had ever rocked his Morehouse gear with more pride than he did. For that matter, I doubt any Morehouse alumna rocked the maroon and white harder. Second—that cat felt comfortable anywhere. He hadn’t given a flying fuck he’d been the only white boy in the diner; he’d just cared that his plate stayed full. Third—he was a gentleman. Even though Maverick had invited him out to dinner, he’d paid.

“You drove, after all; least I can do,” he’d said.

Forbes Donnchadh was quite a man. He was smooth, always managing to talk me out of giving him that ass whipping. All good, though, because over the next twelve years, he and Maverick shared a lot—including an awesome friendship. Forbes was her best friend, whether he wanted to be or not. They shared everything...well, except a bed because that’d be nasty. It had started with sharing her truck in undergrad. He hadn’t had a vehicle and Maverick hadn’t felt like waiting for him to catch the bus when she’d wanted to see him, which was all the damn time. Forbes was funny and smart and she’d liked being around him.

After sharing so much of their time, they’d ended up sharing their families on breaks and vacations because her daddy had wanted to know who was that boy she’d always talked about and his momma had wanted to know who was that girl who’d kept answering his phone. Maverick’s five brothers had started calling him brother; Forbes’ three brothers had started calling her menace.

Haters.

Forbes and Maverick had shared an apartment in Atlanta while he went to medical school at Emory. They’d shared a townhouse while he completed his residency in Dallas. They’d shared a house in Chapel Hill while he did his fellowship at Memorial. Now they

shared a sprawling log cabin nestled on twenty acres outside of Atlanta with both of their names on the mortgage. Some might think it crazy for two unmarried people, with no intention to marry each other, to buy a house together, but they didn't know Forbes or Maverick. Forbes wasn't just any man; Forbes was a Morehouse man like her daddy and brothers. And Maverick was a woman with good damn sense. Her daddy hadn't killed him, and you couldn't get any higher approval than that.

ONE:

FRESHMAN YEAR

As stated, Forbes and Maverick shared everything. But this wasn't the current story for that one had already been written. Maverick owned him. This story was about his fucking cousin Caoin. As hot and kickass as Forbes was, Caoin *really* got to Maverick. What the hell did one say about Caoin Donnchadh...other than he was a whole lot of man and too damn fine for words? Oh, yeah, there was the fact he was a fucking asshole, and not your garden-variety type asshole, either. He was the Emperor of all of Asshohedom.

Maverick didn't lose her mind over Caoin, but she did lose a whole lot of sleep. She shouldn't have even been sweating him like that because she didn't sweat males. On paper, Caoin was everything Maverick didn't like, want, or need in a man. He was too big, too rough, too raw, too untamed, too much, *too much* (Okay, she was lying her fucking ass off; he was everything she wanted but he was also one she knew she didn't have a

hope in hell of controlling. And that scared the shit out of her.

Besides his big, fine hotness, Caoin had the most jacked-up accent she'd ever heard. Having a daddy with a Scottish brogue so thick other Scotsman had to listen hard to understand him, a Kentucky-born and bred momma with an drawl so strong the characters on *Hee Haw* sounded like they spoke the Queen's English in comparison, and spending a large part of his growing-up years in Russia, he had a Scottish-Southern-Russian accent. Maverick could barely understand him—not that he'd ever said much. Though she couldn't understand his English, her body could understand this motherfucker was a prime male. In. Every. Single. Way. That was why Maverick had stayed away from Caoin when he'd first visited Forbes.

For all of his roughness, Caoin was nobody's fool. Maverick didn't know what he did; but she suspected that whatever it was, he was damn good at it. Those piercing eyes didn't miss shit. He looked at Maverick and she knew he saw *her*, not the disguise. He saw right through her spectacles, half-assed ponytail, oversized shirts and sweatpants to the woman she was underneath.

Most people didn't know she wore a disguise; they simply thought she was that fucked up. Caoin, however, wasn't most people. She had no weapons against this

man. The gift of gab she used as a sword and her sense of humor she used as a shield might as well have been *papier-mâché* because they crumbled in the wake of his blatant masculinity; fell apart in the face of his blazing sexuality; and dissipated in the presence of his “don’t fuck with me” vibe.

Maverick wanted Caoín and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. No matter how many times she pushed her dick switch—that button in a woman’s head that was pushed when anything with a dick enters the general vicinity, making her lose her whole damn mind—to the “off” position, every single time she thought about Caoín, every single time she heard his voice on the phone, every single time she saw his picture, it clicked on. And on the rare occasion when she saw that motherfucker in person...*oh, damn!* Her femininity kicked into overdrive; her thighs parted of their own accord; her moans poured from her mouth. Her body was on red alert and her internal circuit breaker didn’t even pretend it was going to do a damn thing.

Oh, she tried not wanting him, but that had worked about as well as trying to stop Southern cuisine from being fattening. So many things about him turned Maverick on and few of them were physical. His strength made her warm; his sense of humor made her heartbeat speed up; his sense of justice made her wet. And as much as she admired those traits and as much as

she wanted to pretend they were what drew her to a man, the thing that turned Maverick on so much was Caoín's blatant masculinity. He was a big, hard, meat-and-potatoes man who played by his own social rules. If his ass itched, he scratched it. If a party sucked, he left it, regardless for whom or what it was celebrating. If he didn't like you, he told you. If he wanted to fuck you, he told you that too. Maverick liked that rawness, that lack of polish, that edginess. She liked it because it was real. He wasn't acting hard or manly; he simply was that way. Damn it, it got to her. He invaded her fantasies and conquered her body without ever touching her.

She was his and he knew it. She was his and yet, he maintained his distance. She was his and yet, all he did was look at her with that fucking smirk—that “I have a big dick and I know you want me” smirk. And Maverick hated Caoín for it. Hated him because he knew what he did to her...knew keeping his distance stirred up her hunger...knew how out of control her cravings were. She wanted him, *she wanted him*, and she fucking had to have him. Her mind might try to resist him, but her pussy flooded in his presence. Her nipples hardened when she heard his voice. Her heart lub-dubbed when she thought of how he never half-assed anything. Caoín was unapologetically male, unapologetically flawed, and unapologetically sensual. Damn.

As much as Maverick wanted him, she would never go there. Some roads were best left untraveled. But Fate had decided otherwise. She was still a woman, Caoín was still a man, and her body wasn't about to ever let her forget that.

TWO: SOPHOMORE YEAR

Sprawled on the couch with Forbes, Maverick hid behind his large frame as the 61" screen filled with monsters.

"Why do you insist on watching these movies if you're going to spend half of it cowering behind me?" Forbes asked as the credits started rolling.

"Shut up," she returned smartly and moved from her perch on the couch. They'd spent the rainy afternoon watching movies and eating snacks. "I had to watch them now since you're up and leaving me," she sighed as they entered the kitchen.

"It's only for a month, Maverick."

"But who am I going to play with?" she whined.

He smirked. "Yeah, because I only exist for your amusement."

"Not only for my amusement; just *mostly* for my amusement," she said while loading the dishes in the dishwasher.

“Don’t worry about being scared to stay here. I invited Caoin over to keep you company,” he said all nonchalantly as he walked out of the kitchen.

Did this motherfucker just say Caoin? Caoin, as in his asshole, “fine to the infinite power, need to get a chastity belt to keep from jumping on him and riding his face into the sunset” cousin Caoin? Oh, hell no! Absolutely not! No fucking way! Not going to happen! Hurriedly filling the dishwasher with soap, Maverick bumped it closed with her hip and ran after Forbes.

“Da hell do you mean Caoin’s coming here?” she asked, jumping on Forbes’ bed and watching him pack. He was meticulous at this just as he was meticulous in every damn thing he did.

“I mean Caoin’s coming here.”

“But he’s an asshole and I hate him! And you’re not going to be here to stop me from beating his ass unconscious or to fix him up after he regains it!”

“True, but he’s already on his way here,” he said without so much as a by your leave.

“Vermont’s not that far away. Tell him to go back! Tell him you need some maple syrup and a brother named Darryl!” Maverick ordered and handed him the phone.

“Is that what you want me to really do?” he asked as he took it.

“Yes, hurry before he gets here!”

“What if he’s really close?”

“Then tell him I’m hosting a party with wall-to-wall gay men who all have a kilt fetish,” she supplied, all proud at her quick thinking.

“You sure you have a master’s in Computer Science, because you certainly have a great imagination?” he said as he dialed.

Maverick bounced on the bed in anticipation.

“Hello, Caoin?” Forbes greeted in his deep timber. As always, Maverick smiled while listening to him and thought about how kickass he’d sound doing a book on audio.

“Yeah, so how close are you because I’m ready to head out in a few and Maverick’s fairly bouncing off the walls anticipating your arrival. Something about a Scotsman in a kilt fetish,” he said as he winked at her.

Oh. My. Damn. She was going to *kill* Forbes—kill him dead—just as soon as she ascertained whether or not he’d made that stupid call or was merely yanking my chain.

She snatched the phone from him. “Hello?!”

“Afternoon, Maverick. It’s good to hear you’re so anxious for me to arrive. Currently, I’m wearing jeans, but I’ve packed plenty of kilts,” he drawled in that fucked up Russian-Scottish-Southern accent of his...that fucked up Russian-Scottish-Southern accent that had her pussy clenching—not she’d ever admit that.

Dropping the phone, Maverick looked at Forbes and finally, after twelve years, she unloaded that ass whipping she'd been saving up.

Knowing Maverick for over twelve years, Forbes knew what to expect as soon as he'd dropped that news on her. Maverick wasn't the type of person to take anything lying down—that was why he liked her so much. And that was why he was going to hook her up with Caoin. She needed a man who was a man and Caoin needed a woman who could give as good as she got—or even better.

Feeling her topple him to the bed, he rolled out of the way just in time to avoid a fist to the ear, but not in time to avoid the headlock. Spending a few minutes wrestling, he relaxed realizing that even as mad as she was, she wasn't trying to hurt him. If Maverick had wanted him hurt, he'd have been hurt. Having taken many a vacation at the Storm household, he knew that Maverick didn't fight like a girl—and, yeah, that was sexist, but that was how he rolled. She fought like a special ops soldier—as if her life depended on it. Tired from their impromptu wrestling match, they both lay sprawled on their backs.

“Why, Forbes? What did I ever do to you to deserve this?”

“For real? Because I have a list. It’s not finished because I didn’t want to kill off a section of rainforest in South America to get enough paper to finish it.”

“You’re so lucky I’m tired or I’d be back over there giving you what for.”

“You’re lucky I’m tired or I’d make you take that back.”

“Oh, you’re so cute. Like you can make me do anything, Mr. ‘*Threaten to tell my daddy with every other breath*’. You should be ashamed to stoop so low.”

“But I’m not because it works. If it weren’t for me, no telling what kind of messes you’d be wrapped up in.”

“If it weren’t for me having you keep your hands busy in the kitchen, you wouldn’t have such a steady hand in surgery.”

“And you’re also delusional. I’m adding that to the list.”

“You better bring me something good from Dallas after this stunt,” she huffed.

“Don’t I always bring you something good?”

“This is true but I want something really, *really* spectacularly good.”

“Done.”

“And,” she began.

Uh-oh. That “and” had him worried. “‘And’ what?”

“If I kill Caoin, you have to help me stage the scene so it looks like an accident and help me drag his carcass out of the house so it doesn’t fuck up the resell value.”

“Because that’s reasonable.”

“Fine, then, if you’re going to be a bitch about it, I won’t kill Caoin. I will, however, pay you back, so don’t get to Dallas and think your name is Debbie.”

“What?”

“Don’t do it. I can’t have you dragging back some tramp.”

“Why am I scared?”

“Don’t know. But know this. While you think you’re being all slick getting me a babysitter, whose ass I can kick, I might add, I’m putting this mutiny on my list.”

“All you have to do is call me if Caoin gets out of hand,” Forbes said.

“He’s going to be out of hand as soon as he steps through the door. I bet he’s amped up his assholishness since the last time I saw him.”

“Probably, but at least with him in the house I know you’ll be safe.”

“Whether he’ll be safe or not is another matter altogether. If you’re so worried about my safety, why couldn’t you have one of his hot-ass friends come keep

me company? Imagine me in my huge bed with Borg-hild and Thurston Vidar on one side and Vadim and Volod Volyavich on the other? That's just hotness to the infinite power right there."

"Imagine me walking in and, I don't know, *mas-sacring them all* if I ever catch them in your bed," he snarled.

"Do you always have to be a dream killer?"

"Yeah, when it involves my little sister in bed with four men who aren't her husband, then yes, I have to be a dream killer and maybe a serial killer too."

"If you killed them all at one time, technically, you wouldn't be a serial killer; you'd just be a small-scale mass murderer."

"I can live with that."

"Fine, then. I'll save my four-horseman fantasy for when you're not here to piss all over my '*it's raining hot men*' parade and go back to my beating-Caoin's-ass fantasy. Is that G-rated enough for you?"

"Ah, wonderful, just good, old-fashioned senseless violence. Yes, that's G-rated enough for me. But for the record, if Caoin lets a girl kick his ass, he deserves that ass whipping," Forbes said, chuckling at the thought of Caoin getting an earful of Maverick.

Maverick glowered at him and stomped out of the room. "I want two presents!"

Calling Caoin, Forbes wondered if he'd even bother to answer. As he was a bit uncivilized, it was a crapshoot whether he'd answer the phone; and right now, the Magic 8-Ball was leaning towards "don't count on it" since Caoin had already taken one call this month from him. Two was pushing it. Three was unheard of.

"She mad?" he asked in lieu of a proper greeting.

"Hell, yeah!"

"Ah, just like I like her."

"Caoin, you hurt her and I'll kill you."

He laughed. "You're so cute when you're trying to be all grown up."

"Okay, how about this? You hurt her and I'll tell Aunt Dixie what you did. How do you think your momma would feel about that?" Forbes asked, knowing how big on women's rights Aunt Dixie was.

"Why don't you also throw sand in my eye while you're fighting dirty?"

"I'll do whatever I have to keep Maverick safe...even if it's from you. If you're not stepping to her correct, turn your ass around and head back to KMA Compound."

"When I get there I hope you're ready for a fight, Forbes."

"Already had one; another ain't nothing but a thing. Hurry up and get here so I can whip your ass before I head out."

“Good thing I’m turning onto your street now, then, isn’t it?” he said as he disconnected.

Tired from his eighteen-hour drive, Caoin was more than ready to get out of his truck. He was also more than ready for a good, rough fight. He looked around for sharp objects before banging on the thick door. As soon as his cousin answered, he grabbed a fistful of his shirt and dragged him outside for a smack down. Forbes might’ve had an office job, but he was still a Donnchadh, which meant this fight would be more than worth his while. Or it would’ve been if not for Forbes’ feisty-ass roommate.

Fancying herself Forbes’ keeper, Caoin found himself blasted with a high-powered, double-barreled water gun...right before catching a knee in his throat.

“You leave my brother alone!” she screamed as she kicked him in the ribs.

Good thing she was barefoot else that would’ve left a mark. Caoin lay in the dirt and watched her drag Forbes away, clucking her tongue and asking him if he were okay. Caoin might’ve been on the ground, but it wasn’t because he couldn’t get up. He simply didn’t want to given that he had a lovely view of Maverick’s shapely thighs and ass from that position. Now if she’d only bend over again, he’d have a lovely view of her glorious breasts.

Unfortunately, Caoin didn't get another peek at those because she stomped off in the house. He did, however, get an unobstructed view of Forbes' middle finger and him mouthing the word "asshole" as he played the victim and allowed Maverick to help him in the house.

Getting up, Caoin wondered if slamming Forbes' head into the wall would affect his ability to drive to Dallas.

THREE:

JUNIOR YEAR

Caoín hadn't even been here for two minutes and he was already showing his assholishness. Dragging Forbes in the house, Maverick checked him over for injury. Finding none, she restated her case, hoping he'd tell Caoín to fuck off.

"Tell him to leave, Forbes."

"Not happening."

"Take him with you, then. I can find someone else to keep me company."

"Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of. You'd find some guy I didn't clear and then I'd come back from Dallas and have to hunt people down and kill them. Is that what you want? Do you want me to lose my medical license?"

"Why do you always have to bring up the killing people/losing your medical license thing? Damn, there are shows all over TV to help you get away with that sort of thing."

“Because I know it works and I need every advantage I can get when it comes to you.”

“Fine, it’s not fair, though.”

“I know, but you love me.”

“Three presents. Three *really* kickass presents,” she demanded as she hugged him.

“Don’t kill Caoin, okay?”

“But I already want to kill him *now!*” she whined.

“So do I, but Aunt Dixie’s kind of fond of him, being he’s her only child.”

“They’re making wonderful advances in the fertility field, so she could have another baby,” Maverick said.

“But would you want to put her through that? What if she ended up with a son even worse than Caoin?”

“There is that, but what if she ended up with a really outstanding child like me?”

“Please, I’ll make you all of the Rice Krispy Treats you want,” he cajoled.

“You already make me all of the Rice Krispy Treats I want now,” she reminded him.

“But I’ll make you new, improved Rice Krispy Treats with colored marshmallows and other surprises,” he promised.

Bastard. He always went in for her Achilles’ heel. “Fine,” Maverick mumbled and scoffed, deciding to go for *his* Achilles’ heel. “Don’t pick up an STI while you’re

away. I already have a woman picked out for you and she's rather fond of dick."

She smiled as Forbes turned all kinds of shades of red. He liked to pretend she didn't know there was such a thing as sex. Yeah, she owned him. Maverick then shot Caoin the bird and left them alone, calling him a sorry motherfucker the entire way.

She still couldn't believe Caoin was here. Not "here" in the United States, not "here" in Atlanta, not even "here" on the twenty wooded acres she paid taxes on, but *here* in *her* house. Caoin spent all of his time on isolated spots in Vermont, Scotland, or Russia, and she understood why. He had zero people skills and that was grading on a curve. If he lived anywhere with others, he'd spend every evening having a torch-wielding mob chase him. Maverick couldn't help but smile at that image even as she wondered if they had any torches.

Caoin knew Maverick was waiting for him to try something and normally, he would; but he'd been up for over thirty-six hours and needed to sleep. Oh, he had enough left in the tank to needle her, but he wanted Ms. Maverick on her toes...and then on her back, on her hands and knees, up against the wall, over the couch, in the bed of my truck, and under the blanket of stars...but

that was neither here nor there. Caoin wanted her anticipating what he'd do next to piss her off more. From the icy glare she'd shot him, the extended middle finger salute she'd paraded past him, and the way she kept mumbling Forbes should just let her kill him, Caoin was pretty sure she was pissed. Of course, he not having her foot up his ass pissed her off, too, so odds were she was extra-special pissed off. He smiled, attempting to calculate her level of pissed off, when she discovered he had no intentions of allowing her to ignore him, this heat between them, or sleep anywhere else except for in her bed while he was in residence. Tossing his things in the guest bedroom he had no intentions of using, he headed off to shower.

Caoin took a few moments to enjoy the pulsating jets. And then he spent the next few minutes thinking of seducing Maverick. Of all of the women he'd met, Maverick was the only one he didn't understand. Of course, it could be because she was so damn strange (and considering how strange his *own* mother was, that said something). Not that Caoin was a conceited man, but there wasn't a non-related woman, heterosexual or otherwise, who didn't want him—and that included Maverick. She just didn't want to admit it. He might only be a geologist, but he knew desire and he saw it every time he looked in her eyes. Sure, he had to look deep—*real* deep—past the smoldering hate, but it was there. Even

though she didn't play Texas Hold 'Em, Maverick had one helluva poker face. Still, regardless of how many times she greeted people with her public persona, she couldn't hide the way her nipples hardened when he approached; couldn't conceal the fact that her pulse sped up; couldn't stop overheating in his presence. Hot-natured, Maverick tended to fan herself when she thought he wasn't looking.

And that was her first mistake. When she was around, Caoín was always looking. At first, he'd looked because he'd wanted to see what Forbes saw in the smart-mouthed menace. No way in hell could he imagine his stone-cold cousin allowing anyone close. Nothing got to Forbes—not his former poverty; not hard, dirty work; not a gang of thugs. That was what had made him such an outstanding soldier and physician. But Maverick more than got to Forbes; Maverick got under his skin. Caoín had had to meet the woman who could do that. And when he had, his first thought was, *this is the woman you let run you ragged with her incessant demands of sugary snacks?* And then Caoín had gotten to know her...and he still didn't understand.

Borghild, Thurston, Vadim, and Volod already thought she was great company—probably because she spent her time feeding their already over-inflated egos by telling them they should run off to Tibet or any other place where they allowed women to have multiple hus-

bands...or, hell, get a compound in Utah since everyone thought the state invented polygamy. If any of them could've made a reasonable facsimile of a snack, she probably would've done it. He didn't bother contemplating why that thought disturbed him. Instead, he thought about how he was going to touch her; how he was going to taste her; how he was going to enjoy the sound of her surrender.

Stepping out of the shower, he towel-dried his hair and checked out his visage. Eyeing the two-day old stubble, he smirked. Normally, he would've shaved, but he wanted to mark Maverick. He *needed* to mark her. Finishing up, he threw the towel in the hamper, grabbed a handful of condoms, and headed straight to Maverick's room.

Hearing her laughing at the television from the den, he knew she'd amuse herself for several more hours—plenty of time for him to get a few hours of sleep. Looking at the sharply made bed, he smiled. If he didn't know better, he would've thought Maverick had ironed her bedding into place. There wasn't one frill, one fluff; there were simply right angles and severe creases. Maverick was definitely a military brat. No wonder Forbes liked her—they had complementary OCDs.

Too bad he was going to have to mess up such a bang-up bed-making job.

Caoín slid under her covers. The bed might have been military regulation, but there was nothing regulation about the way it smelled. It smelled like woman who was *all* woman. There wasn't any detergent scent on the sheets. There was no trace of perfume. There was simply the smell of Maverick. Inhaling, he filled his nostrils with her scent and his semi-hard cock became completely erect. Exhaling, he forced himself to close his eyes. He needed to grab some shuteye because he planned to have Maverick under him before this night was over.

After watching four hours of the *Scooby Doo* marathon, Maverick set her DVR and house alarm then headed to bed. Not having heard shit from Caoín since the shower had stopped running, she figured his assholishness had lulled him to sleep, which was a good thing because meant that she didn't have to fuck him up. Forbes better come through on those new, improved Rice Krispy Treats, else she was going to drive all the way to Rivé, Vermont, storm the KMA Compound, and kill Caoín.

Walking into her bedroom, she immediately knew that something wasn't right. She didn't put on the light; she didn't need to. It smelled different...and it was in her fucking bed. Dropping down onto her stomach, she snake-crawled to the window and grabbed one of the

weapons she had stashed there. Something was in her room, which meant something was about to die. It had to, because she didn't want to hear Forbes' mouth about not setting the alarm sooner. Well, why would she with asshole in attendance. Wasn't Caoin supposed to protect her and all that?

Dammit, now she was going to have to mess up her bedroom. Not a violent woman, she didn't believe in warning shots; she wasn't allowed to with Allzen and Alba Storm as parents. Careful not to make any noise, she was in the process of sliding under her bed (not because she was scared, but to position herself to shoot the intruder through the mattress) when a voice rang out.

"Knowing your penchant for violence, I'd say you had a Browning 9mm in your hand or a Ruger .45."

Caoin? Clicking the safety back on, she stashed her weapon away and got to her feet. Stomping to the nightstand, she threw on the light. She had a bone to pick with Caoin. He was so lucky she'd promised Forbes not to kill him.

"A—Get your ass out of my bed. B—I know you didn't, motherfucker! C—You're supposed to be a fucking geologist."

Caoin had awakened as soon as she'd stepped foot into the room. He was always alert when someone was

within five meters of him. That was what made him so good at retrieval...and destruction. He'd expected Maverick to turn on the light—not snake-crawl her way to the best position to fire off a kill shot. Yes, kill shot. Maverick might not be military, but whoever had trained her had taught her well. Others wouldn't have heard her; they simply would've wondered how the hell they ended up with a first-class ticket to “you are totally fucked.”

Turning on his side, he readjusted the sheet and gave her his full attention. Seeing her armed and ready, as if she were trained by Uncle Sam himself even while knowing her daddy, brothers, and Forbes had given her the proper instruction, made him harder than he already was.

“I *am* a geologist. I have a shiny diploma stating that.”

“There's a University of Complete Assholes? Did you have your own campus and everything?”

“Us Harvard alums have been referred to as such—mostly by those jealous Yalies.”

“Oh, Harvard, figures. That explains some of your attitude. Probably an Eliot House dude,” she sneered.

“Got the attitude from my mother, who co-invented Raising Hell. And no, I wasn't an Eliot House man; I was a Mather House man.”

“My condolences to that House.”

“I assure you Mather was all the better for having me as a resident.”

“I assure you that you are so full of shit.”

“And what do you know about Harvard? Last time I checked they weren’t admitting riff-raff. That’s what the other Ivy Leagues are for,” he countered, knowing he was making her good and mad.

“Did you just refer to me as riff-raff while lounging about in *my* bed in *my* house?”

“It’s only half your house; the other half is Forbes’.”

“True, but guess what, motherfucker? Forbes belongs to me. You might be his cousin, but he likes me way better than he likes you.”

“That’s because he is a fool.”

“You take that back! My brother is not a fool!”

“He let you in his life,” he taunted. Scooting back in the massive bed, he watched her literally steam.

“Forbes said I couldn’t kill you; he didn’t say shit about maiming you.”

Ah, he liked her sass. He’d like it even better when she sassed him while full of his big, Southern-Scottish-Russian cock.

“You couldn’t even sneak up on me. How do you propose to kill me?”

“With a hefty dose of ass whipping. Now get out of my bed.”

“No.”

She was all over him before he could even finish the word.

Impressive.

“Da hell do you mean ‘no?’”

She didn’t scream, but she didn’t need to. Ah, but she would scream when he fucked her.

“I mean no. Forbes said to keep you safe. Therefore, I’m staying.”

“Keep me safe from the guest room. Or better yet, keep me safe from Vermont or Russia or in a re-run of *Hee Haw* or from wherever you got that jacked-up Ivan-Angus-Cletus accent.”

“Jealous?”

“Yes, I’m jealous I haven’t had the pleasure of hearing it while you’re somewhere far, far away from me. Now get out of my bed. And you better be fucking clean. I just changed my sheets.”

“Of course you did. You probably change them every other day being all OCD just like Forbes.”

“We’re not OCD; we’re just damn particular. Now get your ass out of my bed.”

“Make me,” he challenged, knowing that despite the ample meat on her bones, she couldn’t budge him. Oh, but he hoped that she’d try.

Apparently, she must’ve known that because she snatched up the phone and stomped off to the bathroom.

He didn't even have to hear who she was calling. He knew. She was telling Forbes on him. As if Forbes could make him do shit.

Caoín wondered what Forbes would promise Maverick to prevent her from coming out and killing him like she was itching to do. While she was in there, he checked under the mattress, the window sills, the nightstands, and pillowcases for any additional weapons. Of course, he'd found some in each of those places—and the good stuff too. Maverick knew her weapons and he didn't doubt she knew how to use them. He couldn't help but tear up at that. He'd put them back later; but right now, he needed them out of harm's way so she didn't accidentally impale him with a blade or bullet. Then again, if he were merely injured, it *would* be an accident because he was sure she'd be going for the kill. Still, if any impaling would be done, it would be him...impaling *her*.

As soon as the phone rang, Forbes knew it was Maverick and he knew Caoín was perilously close to death. Sighing, he answered and used his doctor voice. Well, he would've if Maverick had allowed him to get a word in before going through a highly detailed dissertation on why Caoín must die at her hands.

“I hate him! I’m going to dig a hole and bury him out back. Of course, the hole will be so big people might think I’m digging for a pool, but I don’t care. I hate him; he must perish. Say that you understand.”

“I understand, but you promised me you wouldn’t kill him.”

“I know and I wasn’t, but he’s lying in my bed! He un-tucked my sheets and now they’re all helter-skelter!”

Oh, shit! Maverick had a thing about how her bed was made. He wasn’t even sure if she actually got under the covers most nights. He was going to really have to bring his A-game to get her from killing Caoin. Damn, his cousin owed him.

“You promised me you wouldn’t; but if you want to disappoint me, like so many other people in my life...” He sighed. “Like my father, who didn’t love me enough to stick around, then, fine, go back on your word and kill Caoin if it will make you feel better. Whatever you decide, you’ll still be my favorite little sister,” he said.

He was going to hell for this...or slide real close to it on his way to wherever.

“You can’t use that Forbes Donnchadh Storm! That’s just fucking wrong! And that man wasn’t your daddy. Allzen Storm has been your daddy for the past twelve years; and if you say otherwise, I’m calling him and telling him.”

“I’m sorry. I—”

“You owe me ten presents and Rice Krispy Treats four days a week—five days a week to keep me from maiming your cousin. I hate him. Did I mention that?”

“You did.”

“He’s in my bed and won’t move.”

“Well, you could go sleep in the guest room,” he said, knowing good and damn well that was a hell no. Maverick was territorial about everything. She wouldn’t surrender her room without an all-out fight. Maverick would go DefCon 1 on Caoín’s ass so fast it wouldn’t even be funny.

“That’s a fuck no, hell no, and motherfucker, no! You must have lost your whole mind to think I’m giving up shit to that asshole!”

“It’s just for a month, Maverick.”

“I don’t give a wrinkly damn if it’s for one nanosecond! It’s my territory. If I let him stay and run to the reservation of the guest room the next thing you know he’ll be ‘gifting’ me with smallpox-infected blankets. No, thank you! I took history; I know the story.”

“Wow, I’m not even going to bother saying that’s over the line.”

“Good, because it’s not. And I’m not giving up my room.”

“Then you could share,” he paused. “If you’re not scared of Caoín, that is. I understand if you are, though. No shame in that. Caoín’s a big man, strong and well

trained. You're a delicate female," Forbes said, biting his lip to hold back his laugh.

"I. Am. Not. Scared. Of. That. Asshole."

"Prove it."

"And when I do?"

When, not if. He loved her fire...and he bet Caoin would too. "Rice Krispy Treats every day of the week—and twice on Sundays."

"Really?"

"Really."

"I love you, Forbes."

"I know. Now, why don't you shower and act like you don't even see him. Talk about how great his friends are. That'll get him all out of sorts."

Oh, he was so getting told off by God for this.

"*Yeah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!* They are the hotness! I love you!"

"Love you back. Now, go give Caoin more hell than he's ever seen. And when I get back, tell me all about it in vivid detail. My cousin is too arrogant for his own good."

"Kay, night," she said.

"Night," he returned. Sighing, Forbes wondered if he'd be able to utter those words around the hole Maverick would punch in his throat when she discovered what else he'd done.

Maverick decided to beat Caoín at his own game. Indulging in a long soak, she scrubbed, sloughed, and shaved until her skin was silky smooth and glowing. Wrapping her hair, she threw on a skimpy pair of underwear and slid into her “most favoritest” shirt in the whole world. A simple grey button-up, it was the most comfortable thing she’d ever felt, which was why she’d nabbed it when Forbes wasn’t looking. By the time he’d gotten around to finding out that she’d taken it, she’d worn boob prints into it, which meant it was now hers by default. She always slept in it—even if it meant staying up while she washed and dried it before wearing it.

Taking one last look at herself, she winked at her reflection and strolled to her bed. It took everything she had to keep her eye from twitching when she saw her wrinkly covers. Still, she was proud of herself as she slid into bed and cut out the light.

And then Caoín touched her.

Oh, no, this motherfucker didn’t! But he did. Not only did he touch her; he fairly plastered himself against her. The only thing that fit her tighter was her own damn skin, and then she gasped at the feel of his cock. He was so close it felt like he wasn’t wearing anything.

Hold the phone!

Gritting her teeth, she bit out the words as she put some space between them.

“You better have some clothes on. If there’s ball sack on my sheets, you are going to die,” she said.

“Reach back and see,” he whispered in her ear. “Unless you’re...scared,” he taunted as he bit down on her lobe.

Oh, damn this motherfucker! That was her spot and of course he’d find it! But back to the balls on her sheets—and his taunt. She wasn’t scared. Reaching back, she got a handful of...balls.

“You’re dying, dude. You left me no choice,” she said as she reached into her nightstand for her machete.

Caoín was barely hanging on. When Maverick had returned to the bedroom wearing...*his shirt*...he’d lost some of his breath, most of his ability to think, and all of his ability to reason. He’d never allowed a woman to wear his articles. Never allowed them to spend the night. Never allowed them anything more than his cock, regardless of how beautiful, obedient, and willing they were. Yet when Maverick waltzed out of the bathroom wearing an “I should kill him” look and his shirt, he couldn’t think of anything besides getting that woman on her back...and to the altar.

Da fuck did that come from?! Oh, hell...

He was a “love them, love them some more, love them a little bit more after that, and then leave them” type of guy. He didn’t do “forever.” But right then, he

knew Maverick was a forever type of woman. And more importantly, she was *his* woman.

By the time the night was over, she wouldn't want it any other way.

FOUR:

SENIOR YEAR

So caught up in the shock of having Caoin's balls in her hand, Maverick she didn't have time to react to his next actions until she found herself flush against his hardness, her hands trapped within his big fists. She wanted to be mad, but he felt so fucking good. It was so delicious to be manhandled by a man who knew how to go about it, by a man who wouldn't hurt her. She might not know everything about him (okay, she didn't know shit about him other than the basics—hot-ass friends, big dick, smart mouth); but she knew there was no way in anybody's vision of hell Forbes would've let anyone inappropriate near her. Forbes might pretend to be all casual about things, but she was nobody's fool. Forbes was straight-up gangsta.

Instead of being freaked out by Caoin's mastery, the Southern-Scottish-Russian man turned her on.

"Caoin," she whispered.

"Yes, love?" he replied in English. "*Da, moje solnyshko,*" he replied in what she was sure was Russian.

Yes, *a ghràidh*,” he replied in what she guessed was Scottish Gaelic. She’d later find out he’d called her his sun and his love.

“Please,” she responded.

“Please what?” he asked.

“Please,” she begged as she arched into his hard body, leaned closer to that decadent voice, and wrapped herself within his maleness. She reveled in Caoin, in herself, in being with him like this.

Finally, finally, finally! her body moaned. Maverick had heard his voice frequently; she’d seen his picture everyday on the way out of the door; she’d even met him on several occasions—and wanted to kick his ass every time she saw him.

And fuck him.

But right now, in her bed, there weren’t any time constraints. There wasn’t an audience; there weren’t any excuses. There was very little between them, including space and clothes. A throwback to the time when The Bruce was King of Scotland, Caoin was raw male.

Knowing she couldn’t pretend anymore, Maverick grabbed his hand and pulled him tighter against her...and he came willingly. Turning in his arms, she took a moment to indulge in the picture of Caoin in her bed and became even more aroused. Slipping out of her shirt, she slowly threw her leg over his hips, straddling him and biting her lip as her groin muscles stretched.

Caoín was such a big man that her knees didn't touch the bed. She didn't care about the minor discomfort, instead enjoying the feel of all that muscled man beneath her.

Running her hands over his chest, Maverick marveled at the feel of his flesh. He was hot, hard and every inch the alpha male. She could've spent all day and night touching him, but he grabbed her wrists.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation.

Caoín stared straight into my brown eyes with his emerald green ones. "What are you sure of?"

"That I want you."

"How do you want me?"

His words struck Maverick right in the soft parts. He'd said "me" instead of "it." He wanted to know how she wanted *him*, not how she wanted sex.

"Unrestrained."

"I'm a big man. Women often think they want a man unrestrained."

"I can handle it," she said, suddenly glad for her 150 pounds; then, she added, "A lot of men think they are the shit in the bedroom."

"Tell me in detail how you want me."

It got to Maverick as much the second time he said it. Gazing into his eyes, she looked past the startling green color and right into the deepest parts of him. And

seeing the good man there, she reached into the deepest part of herself and answered him with the naked truth.

“I want you to spread my thighs and shove that big, Scottish-Russian-Southern cock into my pussy without worrying if you’re too big, weigh too much, or are being too rough with me. I want you to dominate me. I don’t want pretty words, a pretty man, or gentle touches. I want base words, gritty sex, and raw emotion. I want my thighs sore from having you between them. I want to be able to let go and not be afraid.”

“What if I want to put my big, Scottish-Russian-Southern cock in your mouth?”

“What if I want to fuck your mouth with my pussy?” she countered.

“What if I want to put my big, Scottish-Russian-Southern cock in your ass?”

“Will you spank it first?” she asked and smiled when his eyes became a darker green.

“You want a safe word?”

“If I thought that I needed one, I wouldn’t have let you stay in my room; but perhaps *you* need a safe word,” Maverick sassed.

And before she got it out of her mouth good, Caoin yanked her to his chest. The height difference meant she had to stretch to reach him properly. His fist in her hair prevented her from doing naught but take his kiss. It was so forceful it stole her breath. He kneaded her ass

so roughly, she was certain he would leave marks; but Maverick didn't care for anything except his big cock rubbing against her and making her pussy wet. She couldn't silence the mewling sounds that poured from her throat. She didn't want to. She didn't have to. Maverick wanted Caoín to hear her passion, *needed* him to hear it.

He tasted like After Eight dinner mints. Being that those were her favorites, she didn't mind giving him entrance to her mouth or his tongue stroking hers. She wanted his cock stroking her too. Maverick attempted to reach between them only to get smacked on the ass.

"You said you wanted to be fucked. Settle down, lass," he growled.

"But I want—"

"I know what you want. You're a slut for my cock, aren't you?" he said as he laid her down.

"Just like you're a whore for my pussy," Maverick returned.

"Damn straight," he said as he roughly yanked her thighs apart and buried his nose deep in her pussy, licking her nectar like it were the last drink he'd ever get. She usually didn't care for oral, but that was because she'd never had Caoín eat her pussy before. Oh, damn, this motherfucker ate pussy so good he could usher in world peace with it. Caoín needed a show. Better, he needed a seat on the UN's Human Rights Commission so

he could spread the word about how to properly eat pussy. Every woman should have the right to have her pussy eaten this damn good.

Grabbing his hair, Maverick used every ounce of strength in her lower body to grind harder against his face.

“Eat my pussy, you motherfucker. Eat it. Lick it—you know you want it!” Maverick locked her ankles behind his head and rode his face so hard that the committee for the Thoroughbred Racing Hall of Fame in Saratoga Springs, New York should’ve called her because ain’t no jockey ever rode a horse as good or hard as she rode Caoin’s mouth.

Maverick gave him no quarter, but Caoin didn’t need it. He wanted to eat her out as much as she wanted him to. He didn’t just eat it; he ravished it with his tongue and kept ravishing it right through three orgasms. Though she didn’t want to release him from her grip, Maverick had no more strength after the third orgasm. All she could do was let go of his hair, his body, and every single inhibition she possessed. Falling back onto the bed, Maverick could barely keep her eyes open and watch him lick his way up her body.

Knowing her thighs were sore from riding him so hard, Caoin carefully settled himself between them. Dipping his head, he kissed her long and deep, letting her taste herself. She thought she was scrumptious.

Keeping her lips occupied, Caoin reached down and played with her breasts, roughly palming them and teasing her hardened nipples. The sting only heightened her pleasure.

Pulling back, he growled her ear, “Can you take me or do you need a break?”

“Motherfucker, I don’t need shit except for your cock in my pussy. Do *you* need a break?”

He just laughed and spread her legs wider with his knee. The dull ache was a reminder of his prowess and she welcomed it. Teasing her with the head of his cock, he rubbed it over her slit, causing her to thrust up in an attempt to catch him with her pussy and draw him inside.

Caoin chuckled and pushed inside a half-inch before withdrawing. “You want my cock so bad, don’t you?”

Growling in response to his question, Maverick redoubled her efforts to bring him inside.

“Tell me how bad you want my cock,” he demanded.

“Caoin, stop being a bastard and fuck me.”

He bit her earlobe and laughed softly, fisting her hair in his hand. “This is my pussy and I decide when I’m going to give it this cock. My pussy will get it after you tell me how bad you want it.”

“I want it so bad, so bad,” she whispered, almost in tears.

“How long have you wanted it?”

“Since that first time,” she revealed.

“Did you play with this tight little pussy at night thinking about me?”

“Yes.”

“Did it feel good?”

“It felt empty.”

“That’s because you were missing the 235 pounds of Highlander to push you over the edge,” he said as he plunged his cock into her.

Maverick’s breath caught. “My goodness, my goodness, my goodness,” was the only phrase she could utter.

Her eyes closed of their own accord and her head lolled to the side.

“Look at me!” he demanded. “Look at me and know who gives you pleasure.”

She did as he bid and looked at him. The intensity on his face as he pleased her strengthened her need. He wasn’t playing at fucking Maverick; he was fucking her with everything he had, like his life depended on it. Her body took everything he offered...and begged for more. Her pussy actually paused in its enjoyment and gave the rest of her an “I told you so!” before refocusing on Caoin. If the rest of her *hadn’t* been enjoying his cock so much, Maverick would’ve told her pussy a thing or two.

For now, she focused on what Caoin was doing to her. His cock was so thick it stretched her wider than she'd ever been stretched. He stuffed her so full of him she felt him everywhere all at once.

"Caoin," Maverick whispered. "Caoin."

"You want me to stop?" he asked as he slowed his strokes.

"Only if you want to die!"

"You feel so good around my cock. So tight. So fucking tight. Yes, my pussy feels so good, so good," he said.

"Aren't you supposed to ask whose pussy it is?"

"I don't need to ask whose pussy it is; I know it's mine," he said as he thrust deeply.

"*Oh...*" Another orgasm was approaching.

She was on the verge, on the brink, right there, and then he pulled the fuck out. Maverick had never gone this crazy before, never came this close to going stark, raving mad, never been so close to slaying someone...until that moment. Ready to tear him a new one, Maverick wasn't prepared when he rolled to his back and made himself comfortable against her queenly headboard.

I know this motherfucker isn't finished! she thought. Picking her up like her weight wasn't shit, he settled her onto his lap, facing him, and kissed her.

"Mine," he said. "Say it."

“You know everything, so no,” Maverick said and kissed him back.

“Your mouth might not say it—yet—but your eyes and body do,” he said as he turned her over on his lap and smacked her ass hard.

“Motherfucker!”

He remained silent and simply smacked her ass again harder.

“Hey!”

He responded by shoving two fingers into her, which shut Maverick right the fuck up—if one didn’t count her sudden moan.

“*Ohhhhhhhhhhh!*”

Caoin had some talented fingers. Fuck having a texting contest every year; someone should sponsor a “Fingering Your Woman’s Pussy” contest and see who could make his or her woman come the most times in a minute.

Caoin would definitely win, she thought and pushed her ass back.

“That’s right, fuck my fingers,” he instructed. “You’ve been needing a good fucking for a while now haven’t you?”

“Shut up,” she said even as she widened her stance.

He smacked her ass with his free hand; this time was the hardest of all. “You’ve also been needing a good

spanking.” He slapped her ass again. Despite the mocha color, she knew it was red. His hand was so big that one smack covered a portion of both cheeks, but pleasure chased every bit of the pain away as he worked her pussy in tandem with his smacks. Her ass was taking one for the team and her pussy was right there thanking it.

“You like it rough? Do you? I knew you would,” he said as he finished. “I’m not going to spank you anymore today, else you’ll be too sore, but know I’m not through with your ass by a long shot,” he said as he caressed it. Then, he paused and grabbed her whole pussy in his hand.

“It’s is so wet for me. Your cream is running down your thighs in rivers. You’re such a slut for me, aren’t you? Don’t bother lying; I feel the evidence all on my hand,” he said and plunged his fingers back into her.

After a few moments, Caoin moved Maverick off his lap.

“Suck my cock.”

She wanted to say something at his imperial tone, but her traitorous pussy was too busy getting wet.

Maverick didn’t waste time taking his thick cock in her mouth. Licking the tip, she savored the flavor. He tasted powerful. Flicking her tongue over the top, she sucked the head into her mouth and worked his length up and down with her hand. Hearing his breath catch made her smile around his cock.

Oh, yes, time for some payback, she thought. Taking his heavy balls in her hand, Maverick kneaded them and sucked more of his cock into her mouth. Already enjoying her task, hearing his base words aroused her even more.

“Suck me harder. Take me deeper.”

It would have been perfect...if he would’ve touched her. Never having appreciated a man holding her head down before, she wanted him to grab her head and fuck her mouth. She wanted him to “make” her suck his thick length.

It was as if he’d read her mind because no sooner had she thought it than big hand “forced” her head down farther on his erection.

“Take my cock!” he demanded. “Suck it good! I’ve known you wanted it since that first day I met you. I’ve dreamed of getting you alone and making you take this cock every way I wanted to give it to you.”

Maverick got so wet hearing his words. She imagined him taking her off to his big truck and driving somewhere, anywhere secluded. She imagined him bending her over his seat and pounding his cock into her from behind. She imagined him roughly palming her breasts, spanking her ass, and working her tight pussy with a fierceness. She got wetter imagining how it would feel when he finished with a medley of their come running down her inner thighs. Would he make her lean

against the door with her legs open so he could see her pussy filled with his come?

She felt a new thrill at the prospect. Her nose nestled in his pubic hair, she concentrated on pleasuring him.

“Enough,” he said when she took a breath.

Thinking he was ready to fuck her some more, Maverick wasn't pleased when Caoin stopped her from straddling his lap and impaling her on his cock. It was so hard, glistening with her saliva and standing proudly. The purplish-red head drew her cunt to it like a magnet.

“Caoin,” she growled.

“Give me a reason why I should let you have some of my big, Scottish-Russian-Southern cock.”

“Because I want it!”

“Ask me nicely.”

Swallowing her anger at having to wait...and ask, she licked her lips. “Let me have my cock.”

He fucking smirked, but he also lifted her onto his cock so she didn't have to kill him in his sleep. Maverick exhaled at the feeling of him filling her. So did he.

“So good. So damn good,” he said.

“I know, motherfucker. I've felt it before.”

“Yet it's *my* cock for which you're begging,” he said as he gently pumped into her.

Maverick dug her nails into his shoulders and fucked his cock with her pussy, taking a moment to be

thankful her thighs were strong enough to allow her to fuck Caoin in that position.

“That’s right, baby. Fuck my cock. Dig your nails into my arms and back so that I wear your marks. Show me how bad you want me,” he said as he thrust harder.

He was so forceful and she was so sensitive that it didn’t take Maverick long to go over.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,” she panted, frantically bouncing on his dick.

“Hell, yeah,” he said and leaned back a little, taking her with him.

The reclined position let her feel more of him. The orgasm crashed over Maverick with such strength that she bucked into him. Soaked with sweat, she had no choice but to burrow her nails into his back for even more purchase. Caoin then spread her cheeks and inserted a thick finger into her ass. Immediately, Maverick went off like a box of firecrackers. He simply kept working, diligently making his way deeper into her ass until his finger was fully embedded.

“Caoin!”

Just when she thought it couldn’t get any better, he grabbed her hips and pulled her deeper onto his cock, pistoning into her like a muscle car on a quarter-mile straight. He thrust so hard she could feel the shockwaves in her ribcage. He kept working his hips, kept

working his cock, kept working that finger until she came once more in time with his orgasm.

Even his climax is powerful, she thought as his come splattered the walls of her pussy.

“Take my come,” he ordered. “Take it! I’m going to fill your tight, little pussy up with it!”

And I’m going to let him, Maverick thought as she collapsed in his arms.

She didn’t know how long she lay there, but it was long enough for her heart to slow down so it only sounded like the drum line at a black college homecoming verses the battle of the bands that had been going on.

“I’m going to fuck your ass,” he growled. “Don’t pretend you don’t want me to.”

“Please,” Maverick begged, grinding down on his finger. She wanted this man every way.

Flipping her onto her back, Caoin placed her feet over his shoulders and eased his thick cock into her ass. Biting her lip, Maverick tried to relax to facilitate his entry. He didn’t speak; but from the sweat dripping from his brow, she knew brother was working hard not to hurt her despite her saying, demanding, and pleading she wanted it rough. Taking his time, he finally got in every inch of his cock. When Caoin was fully seated, he gently fucked her ass, giving her time to enjoy the new feeling. Maverick never would have thought it could be so good. She thought he should be on the House’s Ways

and Means Committee. Maybe he could teach them to give us some foreplay before they fucked the citizens.

“Caoin,” Maverick breathed.

“Mine,” he responded as he slowly worked her ass.

“Harder,” she demanded.

“Slower,” he countered, and did just that.

“Come big or stay home,” she challenged, using the last of her strength.

He accepted the thrown gauntlet and picked up the pace and intensity of his thrusts. “Your pussy, your mouth, and your ass all belong to me,” he declared.

“Maybe...”

“No, not maybe. They belong to me. Your body knows it. Do you think any other man can satisfy you now that you’ve tasted my passion, felt my big, Scottish-Southern-Russian cock? Do you think I’d allow any other male to touch you and live?”

“Caoin!” Maverick gasped. He didn’t just sound possessive; he felt possessive. Already hard, his body went harder, as if he was readying himself for battle.

“Caoin,” Maverick tried again.

“Mine,” he snarled, then leaned down and kissed her. Taking his head between both of her hands, she kissed him back.

FIVE:

TEN-MINUTE RULE—NO CLASS

Maverick had never, never, never, never, never, *never* been loved so well, so thoroughly, so demandingly. She knew it; her body knew it; and, from the smirk on Caoin's face, he knew it. And she didn't care he knew because right now, her body just felt too damn good. It was a perfect moment. The moon was shining through the window, Caoin was in her bed, and she was in his arms.

Then the phone rang, shattering her unbelievable sexual high.

"Someone's going to get it!" Maverick grumbled while reaching around for the phone, finding nothing but Caoin's hardness. *Damn, this motherfucker felt good!*

"Yes, she will, and the someone who is going to get it is you," he rasped as he pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

"Caoin," Maverick moaned. "*Caoin...*"

The phone was still ringing. Finally grabbing it, Caoin snatched it away from her.

“Stop touching stuff that isn’t yours!” Maverick complained as he held it out of reach.

“Says the woman who had her hands on my balls,” he replied.

Before she could respond to his dig, Maverick heard the one voice she didn’t want to hear under the circumstances.

“Maverick Storm, whose balls did you grab?!” her father yelled. Two seconds later, her momma chimed in, “Screw that! Were they big?”

“I don’t know what’s going on, but the only balls my daughter better be touching better have Spalding or Rawlings written on them!” her daddy said.

“Oh, hush, Allzen; I want to hear more about this.”

“Well, you can hear all about it tomorrow at six a.m. sharp when we’re at her door. Call Forbes; I’ve got a thing or ten to say to him. He leaves her alone for one day and there’s conversation about balls,” her daddy thundered.

“Boy, you better be present and ready when I get there. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Mr. Storm.”

“I don’t need you to answer shit! You just do what I say; and if you don’t, I can tell your momma. How you like them apples?”

“Do you know my mother?” Caoin asked.

“Stop asking questions,” Maverick implored; but of course, he was a man, which meant that he didn’t listen.

Typical. He probably didn’t ask for directions, either.

“I don’t know your momma, but I know things. I know you were eight pounds, nine ounces when you were born. I know you buy way too many prophylactics to have your balls anywhere near my innocent, baby girl.”

Oh, my goodness! Hearing her daddy say prophylactics was not something she’d inserted on her PDA’s “To Do” list!

“I like to be safe, sir,” Caoin said.

“Stop putting your dick every damn where and you’ll be safe. And since your dick is so close to my baby, it belongs to her; and if I catch it anywhere else, the only thing you’ll have to worry about is if you have a dirt allergy because I’ll bury your ass. You got me, boy?”

Yep. Maverick was going to fucking die and so was Caoin because her daddy was crazy like that. And her momma was even crazier than he.

Damn, at least I’d gotten a chance to fuck him first...

“Yes, sir.”

“Caoin, shut up. My daddy is trying to force you into marriage,” she said.

“I don’t have a problem with that,” he said, all loud and whatnot.

“Yeah, but I might.”

“Too bad, because you’re definitely marrying me.”

“Maybe, perhaps,” Maverick mumbled, “but you need to be asking me first!”

“No. If I ask you, you’ll simply tell me ‘hell no.’ Therefore, I’m telling you. You’re marrying me.”

“Well, I won’t bother to show up, so there’ll only be three people at the shindig: you, your ego, and your spare ego!” she yelled.

“Do his ego and spare ego have big balls, too, dear?” her momma asked.

Oh, my goodness! Could this get any more ridiculous?

Caoín leaned in close to Maverick and whispered, “You’ll marry me or I’ll tell your daddy about your four-some fantasy.”

Yep, it could get more ridiculous. “You. Are. A. Dick, Caoín!”

He smirked. “Possibly, but I’m also all yours.”

“Great, what I always wanted. An extra asshole.”

SIX:

FINAL EXAMS

Maverick didn't know how it'd come to this. No fucking idea at all. One moment, she was minding her own business and reveling in the afterglow of putting it on Caoin; and not even three weeks later, she was in Northwest Vermont. Dr. Dixie Trimble-Donnchadh, Dr. Subira Washington Vidar, Dr. Zenzele Fierce-Volyavich, and Nabirye Palmares-Ramman, Esquire were best friends from college, the sole owners of the entire town of Rivé, and the matriarchs of KMA Compound. And if that weren't cool enough, they had the monopoly on hot-ass sons. Oh, damn. Seeing the Scotsman Dr. Ragnall Donnchadh, the Viking Óðinn Vidar, and the dignified, yet reserved Dr. Tikhon Volyavich, Maverick could see that the Four Horseman had no choice but to be the hotness.

Did she mention they owned the entire town? Not part of it, not some of it, not most of it, but the whole damn thing? And then they also owned the entire Northeast part of North Hero Island. The adjacent

seven square miles were owned by Nabirye's niece and nephews Tia, Sacha, and Kyle. Talk about sisters doing the do. That was as hot as the "Dr." that preceded their names.

Yeah, the occupants of KMA Compound had swagger and in twenty minutes, Maverick would be part of their family. They might not be related by blood, but wasn't nobody telling them divas they weren't sisters. Originally from the South, each one of them chicks had a collection of "hell nos", "fuck yous", and "kiss my asses", and they weren't afraid to use them. While Caoin's momma took full advantage of her swear-word arsenal, her Viking hotties' momma preferred the steel weaponry strapped to her hip while the momma of her black Russians just walked off and left your ass standing there looking stupid when you pissed her off. And Nabirye just smiled and kept them all out of trouble from the comfort of her Key West palace.

Yep, they were all crazy; and if Maverick had to put them in order of crazy, Caoin's momma would be at the top of that list by three or four light years.

Never mind her thick Kentucky drawl or the fact she was lily white even after spending the whole day out in the sun, she had "black girl" hair. She not only wore it in an afro puff, sister had an afro pick, making Maverick stay on the lookout for a bottle of Afro Sheen. Yeah, she

was straight-up crazy and rocked her Howard gear as hard as Forbes rocked his Morehouse threads.

“Damn right I went to Howard,” she would brag. Well actually, it sounded more like, “da yum rrrr ah eye t, iyuh we unt to ha werd”; and after having her repeat it eight times, Caoin’s Zulu great grandmother translated Kentucky Southern to Regular Southern before Maverick finally understood what she was saying.

Speaking of which, Maverick still couldn’t believe she had agreed to marry him. Okay, sure, her daddy had had a lot to do with that given the whole, “if you have any feelings at all for that boy, you’ll marry him; otherwise, I’m going to take him on a little country ride” (Translation: I am on the cusp of killing him ...a bunch of times...thereby kicking off some kind of interspecies war, so marry him.).

And that was the other thing. While getting to know her soon-to-be husband in between bouts of screaming out his name, she’d learned a host of interesting tidbits.

A—Caoin’s middle name was Zulu.

“I wanted a strong African name for my boy, and it was between Zulu and Shaka.” Of course, the way Dr. Dixie had said it took a long time and had a whole lot more syllables. But again, Caoin’s great grandmother provided a handy-dandy translation.

B—“Asshole” was Caoin’s general demeanor.

Even his momma had to tell his ass off several times a day. Dr. Subira had actually pulled her gun on him at dinner the other day when he'd walked past her acting like he didn't have good sense. And Dr. Zenzele had simply kicked him out of the room with just a look. Dr. Nabirye threatened him over the phone.

“Ha ha. I was right. Caoin is an asshole,” Maverick had said to Forbes. And then she'd sung it. And then her Four Horseman hotties had started chanting it with her. And then their mommas had come in the room, wanting to know why they were raising so much hell; and after she'd told them, they'd laughed their asses off...and then joined in the chant. What did Caoin do? Just turned up the television and kept watching The Weather Channel—in Russian.

C—Not everybody in Caoin's family was human.

She'd learned that tidbit by accident when she'd spotted a tiger and grabbed her own gun to shoot it. Boy, was she embarrassed to discover it was Mr. Vidar! Perhaps another time the faux pas would've bothered her, but she was too busy having fun to let it.

The KMA Compound had a smorgasbord of toys including ATVs, jet skis, kickass boats, and a helicopter. She didn't know how to fly it, but Caoin could; and they'd spent most of their time airborne. And she spent ninety percent of it begging Caoin to let her take the controls while he told her variations of “hell, no!” By the

end of the first week, she knew how to say “hell, no”, “no, darling,” “no, sweetheart,” and “no, baby” in Russian and Scots Gaelic.

During the silences in the chopper, Maverick learned a lot about Caoín. First, and foremost, he loved her. He didn’t say it with words as he wasn’t a talkative man unless he was telling her “no.” Still, she didn’t need the words because he’d declared it with his ever-present touches. He wasn’t a holding-hands person, but he was a “picking her up and setting her closer to him” man. It was completely Neanderthal, but damn it if she didn’t like it. *A lot*. Of course, she wouldn’t tell him that—ever—regardless of how fine he looked in his wedding kilt...and Tims.

No, he didn’t rock some Tims with his kilt. No, he didn’t!

Her eyes immediately went to Forbes.

“You are such a narc!” she shouted as her daddy walked her to the makeshift altar. Being that it was fall, they’d opted to have their ceremony outside under a canopy of autumn leaves.

“Yes, but you like it, don’t you?” Forbes said, all smarmy like.

“Shut up!” she demanded.

“Maverick!” her momma said, managing to sound all scandalized.

Maverick pouted. “Momma, Forbes is always telling stuff about me to Caoin. He’s supposed to be my best friend—but he never tells me anything about Caoin, and he never lets me kill him, either. That’s not fair!”

Mad as all get out, she stopped her forward progression and stood in the middle of the aisle, crossed her arms, and tapped her foot.

“You know what? I hate you *and* Caoin! I don’t know if I want to get married. You know, the more I think of it, the worse of an idea this seems...especially with y’all standing next to your hot-ass friends. Hey, guys!”

“Hey, Maverick,” they all replied and winked.

“Baby, you don’t have to marry that boy. Of course, I will have to kill him being that he touched you and all,” her daddy said.

Before Maverick could respond, a kilted man spoke up.

“I like this man. This is how fathers should be. If you are forced to kill him, know that I am willing to lend a hand...not that I’m saying you’ll need it...”

“Thank you, sir. I appreciate it, but I can handle one boy,” her daddy said.

“Andrew, what did I say before we left? I said, ‘no talking,’” the distinguished African-American woman with him reminded.

“Silana, I’m just making an observation. You din-na forbid that.”

“Actually, if you recall our second meeting, I banned you from making observations as all of your observations revolve around you killing someone. We’re here to make contacts with Mr. Vidar and his friends. Please don’t act crazy today.”

“Everyone keeps his eyeballs off of my woman and my daughter, and I won’t,” he said.

“I like him,” Maverick said aloud, watching how the big Scotsman so carefully held his daughter and his wife. “You are so lucky to have him, ma’am.” Man, the wife looked like she gave him all sorts of hell and in regular doses too. She was Maverick’s kind of woman.

“Baby, tell mamma what’s wrong,” Maverick’s mamma demanded as she approached.

Maverick’s pout returned to her face. “I hate Caoin.”

“That’s understandable,” his mamma shouted out, and a chorus of cheers seconded her.

“Everyone stop picking on Caoin, please. Baby, tell me what’s really wrong and don’t give me any of that ‘you hate Caoin’ business because you *did* have his balls in your hand...”

“Feel free to tell everybody, Momma,” Maverick grumbled.

“Wow, she could find them?” one of the black Russians asked.

Taking her hand, Maverick’s momma walked her to the front and sat her down. “What’s really bothering you, honey?”

“What if Caoin turns out to be crazy and starts belittling me and trying to keep me away from my family and friends?”

“We’ll kill him, remove his teeth, and throw him to some hungry pigs. Then we’ll collect any leftover bones and grind them down and sprinkle them into concrete along with the teeth.”

“You promise?”

“Of course, honey. You’re my only baby girl.”

And as always, when her momma looked at Maverick like she was her whole world, Maverick’s eyes filled with tears.

“Oh, Momma, I love you,” she said and threw herself in her embrace.

“Well, you have to, or I’ll smack your behind. Now, tell me, do you want to marry Caoin or not?”

“Yes, but he never asked me to marry him, Momma. He should ask me.”

“Yes, he should,” she said. “Caoin Donnchadh, I know you asked my child to marry you. I know you did!”

“No ma’am. I did not.”

“And why the hell not?” a chorus of women asked, outraged.

“Because she’s contrary.”

“Caoin, you ask her to marry you right now and you better sound like you mean it!”

“But—”

“Don’t you ‘but’ me, young man! Maverick’s *my* baby! Did you endure thirty-six hours, nineteen minutes, and eight seconds of labor? When’s the last time you pushed something that weighed ten pounds and two ounces out of your vagina? Oh, that’d be never. So do what I said and do it now!”

A chorus of his groomsmen’s laughter rang out. “You got told off!”

“Shut up,” he said as he went to Maverick and dropped to his knees in front of her, taking her hand. “Maverick Storm, will you marry me?”

“Do you want to marry me or are you scared my daddy’s going to kill you?”

“A whole lot of the first choice and a little bit of the second. I know I’m an asshole, Maverick, but never doubt that I love you. I didn’t ask you because I couldn’t survive you telling me ‘no.’”

Caoin’s words went straight to the soft places within her. “I love you so much, Caoin.”

“And I love you more,” he said and held her.

“Why do you always have to try and beat me in everything?”

He smirked. “I don’t have to try baby, I’m just better at most things.”

“In your dreams.”

“In my dreams, I’m making you scream my name.”

Maverick laughed. “You are so bad!”

“Yes, I am.” Lifting her chin, he looked her fully in the eyes. “Is there anything else you want or need?”

“Can your hot-ass friends take their shirts off and oil down their chests?”

Caoin scowled, but Maverick’s daddy interrupted his “hell, no!”

“If I see one man titty anywhere up there, the wedding is going to be preceded by a massacre.”

“Daddy, you can’t massacre on Sundays.”

“I’ll lightly maim, then.”

“Don’t you want me to be happy?”

“I do, but your happiness better not involve seeing man titties.”

Maverick smiled. “Daddy, they’re pretty cut; I’m sure they don’t have man titties.”

“I see one nipple that is attached to something that has a penis, and there’s going to be copious bloodshed. I’m just saying,” he said.

“In that case, can I have a helicopter, Caoin?”

“You staged this whole thing for a helicopter, didn’t you?” he asked.

“No, but now that you’re feeling all benevolent, I figured now was a good time to ask.”

“Soon as you get your license, I’ll get you a chopper.”

“Really?”

“Really. Anything else?”

“Can you make Forbes move to Vermont with us?”

“Done.”

“Uh, I have a job and might not want to move to Vermont,” Forbes said.

“No one cares about your wants and needs Forbes. Move to Vermont and keep your sister from killing Caoín. I like his momma. If you didn’t want to move to Vermont, then you shouldn’t have introduced them.”

“Ha ha,” Maverick laughed as Caoín picked her up and carried her to the altar.

And that was how Maverick got proposed to—at her wedding. And that was how she got married. But the best part was what she wore. Since Caoín was rocking a kilt and Tims, it was only fitting Maverick rocked something equally provocative. She wore a white chainmail dress, sort of what Tina Turner wore in *Mad Max* (minus the shoulder pads, but showing as much thigh), and her white Tims. Thank goodness for her other best

friend Maelstrom Garaile and her sisters in the FUNC club. They were cool like that.

Caoín hadn't reacted to it when Maverick had been walking down the aisle because she'd worn an ankle-length cape over it. But when her daddy handed her over to him after a short dissertation about actions and consequences, death and mayhem and such, she'd shimmied out of it and received a chorus of "damns!" And then Caoín had gone ape shit.

Just like he was supposed to.

Her momma gave Maverick the thumbs up and she returned it.

They eventually got to the "I dos." Of course, that wasn't until after Caoín had threatened to gouge everyone's eyes out. He was such a people person, her Caoín. It was a great wedding and a short reception, but Maverick was mad right up until she cut into the cake. And when she did, she ran to Forbes and hugged him as hard as she could. He might work her nerves, but she had to love a man who arranged for a Rice Krispy Treats wedding cake. She just had to.

****J & J****

We hope you enjoyed this romp. Check out the other stories involving these crazy chicks.

Lightning Garaile's story "Next Door Favor" can be found in *Shara and Friends' Naughty Bites, Volume 2* and is available at: <http://www.lulu.com/content/e-book/shara-friends-naughty-bites-volume-two/7309622>

Read about Borghild Vidar and his mate in *Heat and Rrrour*.

Read about Borghild and Thurston Vidar's parents' story in *KMA Club: Subira*.

About the Authors

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

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

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