

MOTIER FOUX

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CHAPTER 1

Lorennna took a drink of her hot bitter coffee as she absently looked out the small kitchen window. The sun was just up, peeking over the pine trees far behind the house, the snow gleamed brilliantly white. At least eight more inches had fallen during the night, blanketing everything. It clung to the trees and made everything look like a Christmas card photo.

The coffee was bad, she used to drink it with lots of vanilla creamer, but now it hardly seemed worth the twenty-mile drive to town to go to the grocery store. She only drove there once a month. She took a glass bottle of fresh goat's milk from the refrigerator and poured more into the coffee. She knew she lived like a recluse, but she liked it that way. Her small house was bordered by miles of dense mountain forests. Her half-mile driveway was a bumpy, muddy mess, which led to a dirt road that was more of the same. Nine miles on the dirt road led to a poorly maintained stretch of blacktop that ran the last ten miles before reaching the nearest town.

The house had come with Joe, who considered himself something of a backwoodsman. He had believed he was one day going to be completely self-sustaining, and long before meeting her he had gradually begun withdrawing from society. Their courtship had been brief, and their marriage was a struggle from day one. They fought endlessly, and Lorennna felt isolated and alone. The last year of their marriage Joe's cancer came back, and she spent all her time caring for him, watching him suffer. It had ended the previous fall when Joe lost his battle with the dreaded disease. It had been such a shock, so surreal she sometimes woke at night expecting him to be there.

These days, most of the time, she felt nothing. Her existence would sometimes be punctuated with brief moments of happiness, and sadness as well, but in general she felt she just was.

Friends had suggested she move back to town, said she needed to start dating again. She spoke with them less and less, and eventually when she had the phone disconnected it had gone pretty much unnoticed. She knew she was too young to be living like an old hermit, but for now it suited her fine. Her animals kept her company. She had been left with Joe's two German Shepherds, Rack, and Pinion, as her in-house companions, Rack had died over the summer however, he had come in from a nightly romp one evening severely mauled by a bear or a cougar

attack. She had tried to patch him up, but he died during the night from his injuries. Pinion now was constantly by her side, he was reluctant to be away from her, and was extremely protective. She had gotten to the point where she had to hook him up when she went out to the barn to care for the livestock, as he was more aggressive toward them. She assumed he was jealous of her being attentive to any creature other than him.

Getting along here without Joe wasn't easy. She had learned to fix what she could, but the whole property was full of projects that were too much for her alone. She was not a tiny woman, but she wasn't strong enough to do much of the farm work, at five feet four, and weighing one hundred twenty pounds, chopping wood and hauling hay bales was heavy labor. She had been living off her savings account, trying to be frugal, and hold on to as much as possible of the life insurance settlement Joe had left her. She knew she couldn't live this way forever. The National Park Service had made several offers to buy the property, but she didn't want to sell it, she wasn't ready to move on yet. She loved living here, the woods were soothing. She sat out on the porch for hours on summer nights listening to the sounds of the woods and the animals that inhabited them, remembering Joe, and the way it felt to be held. At age of twenty-three a woman doesn't expect to be a widow. Joe had been gone for over a year now and lately she had felt more lonely than ever.

Lorena finished her coffee. Pinion was whining at her side, making it clear he needed to go out. She dressed in a soft, faded flannel shirt and a pair of ragged jeans, put on her work boots, and barn coat. She took the leash from its hook and clipped it onto Pinion's collar. The huge German Shepherd danced to the door and they walked outside into the crisp early November morning. The snow crunched beneath their feet. She hooked Pinion to the tie-out by the barn, and went inside to feed the animals.

She was pumping water with the hand pump in the barn when she heard Pinion barking. It wasn't his normal bark, not like he had seen a rabbit in the brush. It was savage barking, snarling. She approached the barn door and she heard a single gunshot. Pinion was immediately silent. She ran out of the barn. The dog was lying on his side, blood in the snow around him. She turned and looked in horror at a tall blond man, who had a pistol in his hand. He looked at her curiously, and proceeded to slide the pistol into the back of his pants. He began smiling and he walked toward her.

"What is wrong with you?" she screamed. She dropped to the ground beside Pinion, cradling his head. She was crying uncontrollably, her body shaking as she sobbed.

The man strolled casually over to her. "Get up," he said.

She looked up at him. "Fuck you!"

He laughed a little at that. "Soon enough honey."

"Foutre! Why'd you shoot the dog, eh?" came another voice from behind him, another man's voice, with a strange accent she had never heard before. The blond man was not alone.

"I wasn't planning on getting chewed up," the blond man replied.

"It was tied up," the other voice said.

"I didn't know that until after I shot it," the blond called over his shoulder, then looked down at Loreнна again. "Get up."

She felt a surge of adrenaline shoot through her as she jumped up and began striking out against him, her small fists repeatedly hitting him squarely in the chest. He laughed and grabbed her wrists, effectively immobilizing her arms so she couldn't hit him anymore. He had an amused smile, even when she spat in his face.

"Are you done?" He laughed.

She wasn't done. She continued struggling to free her arms, and began kicking him. A solid kick from her heavy work boot landed squarely in his groin, and his smile instantly vanished. He tackled her to the ground, landing heavily on top of her. He slammed his fist against the side of her head. "You fucking little bitch! I'll kill you just like the fucking dog!"

She felt his breath against her face, stale and hot on her skin. He rubbed his crotch against her, and she was repulsed to feel his erection. "Can you feel what I have for you, girl?" he hissed in her ear.

The other man stood over them, looming, a giant of a man with long, jet black hair. "Get off her," he ordered.

The blond got up, and Loreнна laid in the snow a bit dazed, looking up. The dark haired man's gaze met hers. His eyes were such a dark brown they were almost black, and despite her fear, she couldn't help thinking he looked at her with kindness. He had a strange expression on his face, like he was surprised, or frightened.

The blond pulled his gun back out and pointed it down at her. She noticed the other man had a pistol in his hand as well. "Get up" said the blond. There was no

kindness in this one.

"Oh, God. Please don't kill me," she cried as she staggered to her feet.

"I got other plans for you first," he snarled. The big man gave him an angry look and he fell silent.

"Is there anyone else here? In the house?" asked the dark haired man, his voice surprisingly gentle.

"No." Tears streamed down her face, and she wished someone else was there.

He glanced at the wedding ring on her hand. "Where is your husband?" he asked.

"He isn't here."

"Where is he? When is he coming back?" the dark haired man demanded.

"He's gone." She paused then sobbed, "He's dead." She felt the hot tears stinging her face as the cold November wind chilled them.

"Let's go in the house," the big man said.

She walked in front of them toward the house, wondering if she was shot in the back if she would even hear the gunshot. She considered running, but she knew they both had guns, and she also knew she couldn't outrun a bullet. She didn't think she could even outrun them if they decided not to shoot her, and just chased her down.

The door closed behind them, and the big man told the blond, "Keep an eye on her, I'll check out the house." He went into the kitchen, looked around, then she heard him go down the cellar stairs.

"Take off your coat," the blond man ordered. She took it off and laid it on the chair. He looked her over, and she didn't like how he stared at her. She heard the other man coming back up the cellar steps just as the blond man said, "Get them clothes off."

Lorennna felt icy dread at the man's words, but his expression terrified her more. She shook her head, and he walked toward her smiling.

The big man spoke. "Ray, we ain't here for that. Go check the upstairs, make sure nobody else is in the house"

Ray turned and faced the dark haired man, "Come on Reese, I haven't had no pussy in six years. I just wanna have some fun with her. You want to fuck her first? I'm okay with that."

Reese stared back at him coldly. "That's not what we're here for. They'll be coming soon."

"Come on, Reese. Look at that sweet ass she got. I bet she'd love being fucked by a big guy like you. It won't take long. She can suck my dick while you fuck her."

"We aren't here to hurt anyone," Reese insisted. His voice was low, and his jaw clenched tight.

Lorennna felt his protectiveness, and she moved sideways, closer to Reese.

Ray laughed. "See, look big man! She wants you. I bet she's wet right now. Aren't you, you little cunt?" Ray looked at her, his eyes filled with hatred.

Lorennna met his gaze trying to look unafraid, but her legs were shaking in terror.

"Leave her alone, Ray."

Ray laughed, "Just leave me alone – with her, for just a little while."

Reese's eyes narrowed and he stepped closer to Ray. "I'm not fucking playing. You aren't touching her!"

Ray reluctantly turned and went up the steps. Reese looked at Lorennna, his expression softening. "I'm sorry about your dog." She nodded, still feeling tears on her cheeks. Her head was spinning. *Why are they here, and who would be coming soon? I'm going to die here. I'll be dead like Pinion ... and Joe."*

"Where's the phone?" Reese asked her.

"I don't have a phone" she said. She felt sick.

"What's your name?"

"Lorennna" she said, her voice barely audible.

"Lorennna, do you have any first aid supplies? I need whatever you've got, peroxide, alcohol."

"I have some things in the bathroom, I know I have peroxide, I have an antibiotic ointment too."

He smiled. "Get what you have."

She walked down the hall to the bathroom, she could feel him watching her. She thought about the back door, off the kitchen. She wanted to run, but knew that she'd never make it. There was a long stretch of clearing she'd have to run before she would reach the cover of the forest, even if she made it that far, then what? She'd be hunted down like a rabbit. She knew the blond one, Ray, would probably enjoy killing her. At least here in the house maybe she had a chance, the big man seemed kind. She rummaged through the bathroom cabinet her hands trembling as she picked up the bottle of peroxide. She could hear them in the living room. It sounded like they were arguing. She opened the medicine cabinet and took out the

antibiotic ointment, and turned. The blond man was standing in the doorway.

"Just checking on you," he said. His voice wasn't as harsh as it had been earlier, but she could see the same look of hatred in his eyes. He stepped back to let her through and followed her up the hall.

Reese was sitting on her sofa. He had taken off his shirt, and she saw he had some bad cuts on his shoulders and his back. He was extremely muscular, and his dark skin was heavily tattooed. He was holding the shirt in front of him, and she could see part of a large wolf tattoo on his chest.

She walked to him and handed him the things she had brought. "You need some paper towels to clean those," she told him and turned to the kitchen.

When she returned with the paper towels Ray was seated in the chair examining some cuts and bruises on his leg. She handed the paper towels to Reese, and said to Ray, "Do you need some towels too?" He didn't answer but instead held his hand out. She poured some peroxide on a few towels and put them in his hand. He grabbed her wrist and gave her a sickening smile. She quickly yanked her arm away.

"Lorenna, I need you to help me," Reese told her. "I think there is glass in my back"

She immediately went over to him, grateful to be farther away from Ray.

He leaned forward, and she examined his back. There were many pieces of jagged glass imbedded in his cuts. Lorenna sat on the couch beside him and he turned his back to her, she gently eased one of the shards from his skin.

"Don't worry about being easy. Just be thorough." She put her hand beneath his long hair that flowed down his back, and lifted it forward over his shoulder. She saw him shudder, and visible goose bumps spread across his shoulders and arms.

There were blackish-blue, bold script letters across his shoulders "Motier Foux"

She wondered if that was French. His accent sounded a little like French. He didn't look French, he looked more Native American, so why was a French Indian here in the middle of the mountains in Baxter?

She continued picking out the glass. Her hands were shaking a little, but at least concentrating on the task gave her something else to think about besides the situation she was in. She surprised herself when she touched her finger to one of the letters and asked him, "Is this French?"

He looked back at her over his shoulder. "It's Cajun French."

She wondered what it meant, but she was too afraid to ask.

It took over an hour to remove the glass from Reese's back. Even though he had told he not to worry about being easy, she was as gentle as possible. The large pieces looked like the most painful, but the tiny slivers were the most tedious to find and take out. He didn't flinch the entire time she worked. She took her time, afraid of what would happen when she was through.

Ray sprawled in the chair, casually watching her ease the glass from Reese's skin.

"How's that feel, Reese?" asked Ray.

"How's what feel? My back?"

"Her touching you. I bet you're ready to fuck her now, aren't you? She even got tits big enough to tittie fuck her."

Lorena felt her hands tremble. She hated Ray.

"Je vas te passe une callotte" Reese said angrily.

"I don't know your French bullshit, Reese."

Reese gave him a look that silenced him.

Lorena began applying the ointment to Reese's back, rubbing it into the wounds with care. She heard him sigh softly, and she knew he was enjoying her touching him.

Ray had found the bottle of Jim Beam in her china cabinet, and was making short work of it. He sat back in the chair leisurely, drinking the whiskey, and staring at her.

"How old are you?" Ray asked.

"Twenty-three," she replied.

"Mmm. Twenty-three. I bet you got a nice tight little pussy." Ray licked his lips.

Lorena felt her face flushing, no one had ever talked like this to her before, and she didn't like it.

"I bet you ain't been fucked much. How many guys have you fucked in your life, girl?"

"Two" she replied, and she was immediately mad at herself for answering.

Ray erupted into laughter. "Two? Well baby right here in this room is your chance to double your lifetime total. Today is your lucky day!"

Reese was looking at him angrily, Lorena could feel how tight the muscles in his back were. These two were definitely not friends. She wondered why they were traveling together.

"Come on, Reese," Ray said, his voice urgent and insistent. "Help a brother out here. You don't want some of that? Look at her. If you didn't want that you wouldn't fucking care if I had some. Admit it." He took another huge gulp of whiskey.

He held the bottle out towards Reese, who shook his head. "Ray you already shot her dog. We're in her fucking house and she's being cool with us. You aren't doing anything to her."

"She's being cool with us? Reese she's putting that shit on your back cause you got a gun, not because she wants to be your girlfriend."

Lorena was still rubbing Reese's back as Ray said that. She actually was still rubbing it so that he would stay there beside her, she wasn't as afraid of Reese as she was Ray. In fact, she was starting to not be afraid of Reese at all. She wasn't sure what this new feeling she was getting was, but it certainly wasn't fear.

"I need to go bury that dog soon," Reese said after a long period of silence.

Ray looked at him in astonishment. "Man, it's cold out there, why in the hell are you worrying about burying a dog?"

"It can't just be laying there when they come. A dead dog, shot in the neck, how normal is that going to look?" Reese told him.

Again, Lorena wondered who "they" were, and why were they coming?

Ray nodded in agreement. "Okay. I know, I shouldn't of shot the dog. I thought it was loose. I'll leave your little cunt alone, Reese. Fuck it." He turned to Lorena. "I'm sorry I killed your dog," he said in a sarcastic tone. Lorena burned with hatred for him. His speech was slurred badly and his eyes were half closed.

Reese stood and pulled his ragged blue shirt back on. His eyes were on Lorena, she realized she had been staring at him, and he had noticed. His eyes, studied her face warmly. Lorena noticed the black stenciling on the front of his shirt, R. Savoie, she glanced over at Ray slumping in the chair. R. Riddell, it read. Reese reached into his pocket and produced a pair of silver handcuffs. "Stand up and turn around," he told her.

"Why?" she protested.

"Just fucking do it," he said with a hint of impatience. He stared at her, his eyes boring into hers.

She meekly complied, wondering if she had made a big mistake thinking he was the kind one.

"I don't trust you not to go taking off." He gesturing to Ray, who looked like he

was nearly asleep. "He doesn't look like he's capable of keeping an eye on you."

She was trying very hard not to cry, but she couldn't help it, and she felt tears stinging in her eyes.

"It'll be okay. I'll let you loose when I come back inside." He fastened a cuff to her left wrist and led her over to an oak beam that went from the floor to the ceiling, it supported a series of shelves Joe had built for her.

"Sit here," he told her. When she was seated by the beam he pushed her hands behind it and cuffed her right wrist. She looked up at him, silently pleading with him to let her go. He brushed his fingers against her face, wiping a tear from her cheek. His eyes met hers again, and much to her surprise he kissed her forehead gently. He said nothing and walked out the front door.

An icy blast of cold rushed through the small living room as he closed the front door behind him. Ray shivered and sat up in the easy chair. He looked like he didn't know where he was for several minutes. He looked around the room and smiled when he spotted her on the floor.

"Are you down there waiting for me?" he slurred. He laid his pistol down as he stumbled from the chair.

She shook her head and looked away from him. He moved quickly toward her, on his hands and knees across the carpet.

"We gonna have us a little fun now, sweetheart."

"Please, don't do this," she begged.

"I ain't even started yet." He gave one of her nipples a painful pinch through her thin flannel shirt.

She tried to kick him away, and landed a few solid blows before he was kneeling on her legs and holding her face between his hands. He kissed her roughly, trying to force her mouth open. His breath reeked of whiskey. His tongue slithered across her bottom lip. Her head was against the beam so she couldn't back away from him. On impulse she bit his tongue.

He was instantly enraged. "You fuckin bitch. I'll fuckin kill you, you little fucking cunt!" With each word he bashed her head back, slamming it into the wood. He grabbed the front of her flannel shirt and ripped it open. She had no bra on underneath and his hands brutally squeezed her bare breasts. She felt the stubble of his chin scratching her right breast as he moved his mouth toward her nipple. She frantically tried to kick him, and to push him off of her. She felt him sucking hard on her nipple, then he started licking it, only for a second. There was

perhaps the most intense pain she had ever felt in her life, he began biting her. His teeth encircled her entire nipple as he bit down even harder.

She was screaming in pain, and he was laughing. "You want to play and bite me bitch, you get it back." He bit the side of her breast then moved to her other nipple. He alternated between sucking and biting. The pain was excruciating.

He had managed to get her jeans undone, and was working them down over her hips, as she continued to scream and kick. He grabbed her panties and pulled them upward, cutting them into her crotch, until the fabric tore, then he ripped them completely off of her. She screamed as loud as she could, and he wadded her panties and stuffed them into her mouth. He kept pushing them in further, until she felt like she was choking, and she could hardly breathe. She desperately tried to bite his fingers.

He hit her hard, open handed against the side of her head, bouncing it back into the hard oak beam. She heard him undoing his pants "Maybe after I fuck you I'll bite your clit. I'm going to fuck you until you bleed, then I am taking your ass outside and packing that pussy full of snow, and I'm gonna fuck you some more. You want to be such a cold fucking cunt. You will be." His hand was between her thighs pinching her hard. He bit her breasts again as he rammed two fingers inside her.

"Oh yeah, you are nice and fuckin tight. You liked spitting in my face, didn't you? You little fuckin whore, your pussy is too dry, let's get you wet."

He forced her legs apart with his knees, and spat between them. He wet his fingers in the saliva and tried forcing four fingers inside her. She struggled and kicked at him, knocking his offensive hand away. She felt hot liquid on her chest and her stomach, and she realized he had cum on her. She closed her eyes, praying it was over.

She felt his hands around her throat as he began choking her. She struggled for air, and everything began to get dim. A blanket of darkness enveloped her, and she felt a calm stillness. From somewhere outside the soothing darkness she heard him.

"Wake up bitch. I'm not done with you. We're just getting started. Big man ain't here to help you now. You aren't so fuckin tough now are you, cunt? Wanna spit in my face? Boohoo your fuckin dog is dead. When I get done with you, you'll wish you were."

He slapped her face, and her eyes fluttered open, but everything was hazy and

she couldn't see.

"I'm gonna fuck every hole you have, you little fucking bitch. Reese will wish he fucked you first, cause you won't be worth fucking when I'm done."

She felt a rush of icy cold wind sweep over her, and thick warm liquid splattered her face. She tasted blood, and it was everywhere, on her face, in her eyes. She tried to focus on Ray's face, and she thought she was hallucinating. His nose looked like it had melted away, his face was split open. He was spurting blood from his oddly misshapen nose.

She turned her head just in time to see a heavy black boot hit him again in the side of the head, knocking him sideways off her. She felt a hand cradle her head as the panties were pulled from her mouth. Reese crouched beside her, and he reached behind her and released the handcuff from her right wrist. She tumbled forward onto him, into his lap, knocking him backward, so that he was now sitting on the floor. Her legs were tangled in her own jeans, which were down around her ankles, her arms wrapped around Reese's neck, the handcuffs still dangling from her left wrist, holding onto Reese, crushing herself against him.

"Please don't let him. Please! I'll do whatever you want," she sobbed.

She felt his muscular body tremble.

Lorennna turned her head, trying to see his face, when she saw the pistol, on the floor, by the chair, where Ray had left it. She let her right arm fall from Reese's neck, summoning her strength, she reached for the gun. It was just barely close enough to wrap her fingers around the grip. It was in her hand now. Reese watched her, but he didn't move. She pivoted herself, still on his lap, facing the opposite direction, her eyes focused on Ray. She tried to raise the pistol, but her arms were shaking violently. She managed to get it halfway up, trying in vain to point it at Ray, who was still lying on the floor in front of her. Her arms would not work, her whole body was shaking.

Reese put his arms around either side of her and wrapped his huge hands around hers.

"No!" she pleaded, "don't take it away."

His mouth was by her ear and she heard him whisper, "SShh, pischouette, I'm not going to take it." He kissed her neck gently.

She felt a warmth wash over her as his lips touched her neck.

He was steadying her hands and he helped her raise her arms. She had the pistol pointed at Ray's head. Ray was moving now, trying to get up, gurgling on his own

blood from his shattered nose. Reese's arms were firmly around hers, holding the pistol still. He calmly said into her ear, "Now. Pull the trigger." She tried, but the first time she couldn't manage it. She took a deep breath, feeling the pain that wracked her whole body.

Reese's breath was warm against her ear. "If you can't do it, I'll do it for you," he whispered.

Her hands trembled wildly in his. "You can do it," he encouraged. "Now. Do it now."

Lorenn closed her eyes, and slowly pulled the trigger. She heard the gunshot, it was much louder in the house than it had been outside, when Ray had shot Pinion. Reese let her arms go, and they dropped limply. She let go of the pistol, and heard it hit the floor. She opened her eyes and looked over at Ray. He wasn't moving anymore. She could see the bullet hole oozing dark red blood in the side of his head. She leaned back heavily against Reese, feeling a blanket of darkness wrapping itself around her again. It felt warm and comforting. Just before she let it completely overtake her she laughed. "You fucking asshole. Boohoo you're dead. The same gun you used on Pinion, motherfucker."

CHAPTER 2

None of this was supposed to happen. Almost twenty-four hours ago he had been in the back of a sheriff's car, handcuffed, being transported from the old prison, the place that had been his home for the last eighteen years. They were taking him upstate to a new maximum security facility that had just been opened. The guards at the old facility called the new place "state of the art." The old prison was slowly being emptied, slated to close by the end of the year.

He had served nearly nineteen years on a life sentence, convicted of murder when he was nineteen years old. With him in the back of the car was Raymond Riddell, a thirty-year-old punk, with a big mouth, who was also serving a life-sentence for a murder conviction. It was supposed to be a three-hour drive.

Reese was not a talkative man. He had learned that keeping his mouth shut and keeping to himself was the best way to get by. He was a skinny kid when he began serving his sentence, and after only two years in he had begun to gain weight from the prison diet, which consisted of lots of potatoes, because they were cheap, and could be prepared in a variety of ways. At twenty-one he began lifting weights, and it had become his obsession. It was everything, a way to get his aggression out, a way to pass time, a way to keep his mind off the reality of what his life really was. He had the body and strength of a champion bodybuilder, but he was nothing. He was only Reese Savoie, inmate number Wa41602, no chance of parole, no chance of ever being a free man again.

He didn't know exactly what had happened, but there had been an accident. He had dozed off in the back of the car, sometime around dusk, and it felt like seconds later he was hurtling through space, broken glass raining down, rolling, being thrown about, then finally hanging sideways in the car. When he had finally managed to open his eyes there was no one in the vehicle. He had a hard time getting the seatbelt off, his hands still restrained tightly behind his back in the handcuffs.

He crawled out of the car through where the back window had once been.

Eerily the car's headlights were still on, illuminating the dark forest. Snow was falling heavily. Already it had formed a coating on the side of the mangled sheriff's car. The car had rolled down an embankment, into a deep ravine. He could see one of the officers was crushed by it. His legs protruded out at an awkward angle, the top portion of his chest and head were beneath the car. Reese sat in the snow

beside him, clumsily trying to fish the handcuff keys from the man's belt. A shadow passed over him and he looked up. Raymond Riddell stood there smiling, dangling a set of keys from his finger. "Need a hand, my brother?"

Ray unlocked Reese's handcuffs. Reese slid them into his pocket, then with his hands free, Reese took the handcuff keys from the dead officer's belt, and pulled out the man's service revolver. He reached into the man's pocket and pulled out a black leather wallet. Opening it he found sixty-two dollars. He pulled out the money and stuffed it into his pocket, and dropped the wallet in the snow. "Where's the other one?" he asked Ray.

"Dead."

"He was killed in the accident too?"

Ray grinned. "No...umm...he was pretty fucked up in the accident. He was killed by his own .38." Ray laughed and waved the gun in his hand.

Reese stood, tiny pieces of glass falling from his hair. His back felt prickly, and he could tell it was bleeding. He looked around him, trying to formulate a plan, trying to figure out what to do. He felt an incredible sense of euphoria. He was free. In a crazy, fucked-up way, he was free. No bars, no handcuffs, just woods and snow.

"What ya gonna do man?" Ray asked.

"Move," said Reese and he started further down the ravine, moving deeper into the trees.

"Aren't you going to go back to the road?" shouted Ray, behind him.

"No. That is the first place they will look. They will set up roadblocks, and there will be no way outta here."

"Mind if I tag along? What's your plan?"

"I don't have a plan," replied Reese. "I just want to find a cabin, a house, somewhere to hide out by daylight. They will have helicopters."

It was cold and snowing, as the men made their way through the dark woods. They talked very little, moving as quickly as they could. They were snagged by branches and briars. It was slow going, and often painful. Reese found that the faster he moved, the warmer he felt, as he had no coat, and only a blue cotton prison shirt. His years of exercise helped give him the strength to plow through the heavy forest. Ray was much younger, smaller and wirier than him, and had no trouble keeping pace. It became steady, rhythmic. They moved as fluidly as possible through the trees.

The woods were quiet, blanketed with the heavy coat of snow that continued steadily falling. Hours passed, and they neither slowed nor rested, trying to put as much space between the accident scene and themselves. Reese saw nothing but the dark of the forest, no houses, no lights. He wondered how far they had traveled, and could not even begin to speculate as to what that distance could possibly be. He was feeling exhausted, his chest burned. The sky slowly began to lighten, he knew daybreak would be coming soon. He had heard no helicopters yet, so the light was not alarming, he could move faster through the brush when he could see what was in front of him.

They were moving uphill now, much slower going, but the terrain was not too terribly steep. The sun had risen by the time they neared the top of the hill, and Reese saw a building. There was a ramshackle barn with white peeling paint right on the hilltop. He paused to catch his breath. Ray stood to his left transfixed by the sight of the barn. "Finally," Ray sighed. "Looks like an old farm. Do you think people live there?"

Reese shrugged.

Ray laughed then, "Remember all them old jokes about the farmer with the pretty daughter and the traveling salesman?"

Reese nodded.

Ray grinned at him. "I hope she lives there, and is looking for a traveling convict."

Reese looked stoically toward the barn. Women had long ago been pushed to the back of his mind. He had been married when he was convicted of murder and sent to prison. She was a pretty woman, which it turned out was her only redeeming quality. She was five years older than he was, with a bad temper, two ex-husbands, and a four-year-old son who hated him. She divorced him six months into his sentence.

His mother had a strong influence on his life, and he had been brought up to respect women, that women were the ones who brought life to the world, and at the very least they should be revered for that. When he had been younger, and free, he'd had plenty of women, and while he didn't exactly revere them, he didn't treat any of them badly.

For at least the past five years or so he had began dreaming about a girl, always the same one, a pretty little blond with big blue eyes. He didn't know who she was but he dreamt of her often. It had gotten to the point where he couldn't wait to go

to sleep. It was a welcome escape from reality.

The only woman he could recall seeing in person for the past five years was a squat female prison guard, who more resembled a man than a woman. Right now, as cold and sore as he was, the farthest thing from his mind was a woman.

Ray had told him stories about the girl he had killed. He said she was eighteen and beautiful. Her name was Darlene. He had kidnapped her from a carwash in Seattle, taken her miles away to his home, and raped her repeatedly until he had choked her to death. He had laughed and said it was an accident. He hadn't meant to kill her, as he wasn't tired of her yet. He had planned on eventually killing her. He just planned on continuing to rape her for several more months, testing her to see how much she could endure. He had "plans" for Darlene. Reese had cringed inside listening to Ray, what a sadistic, sick fuck he was. He hated him.

Reese himself had killed an old man when he was nineteen. He found out afterward, the man was seventy years old, a husband, a grandfather of seven. At the time he shot him, the man was just the guy behind the counter of the gas station, the same gas station Reese had decided to rob. Reese's wife, Jolie, had insisted they move to Washington, she wanted to live closer to her sister. They were poor, Reese was jobless, and far from home. The man had reached beneath the counter and pulled out a pistol. Reese had a twelve gauge shotgun, and he didn't hesitate, the man was going to die. He shot him in the chest.

His mother came all the way from Louisiana to Washington when he was sentenced. "Reese, tu motier foux" his mother had cried. He loved his mother, more than anything else in the world. She died a month later of pneumonia.

They trekked silently up the hill, toward the barn. Ray had positioned himself in front of him, and Reese didn't jockey for the front position, figuring if anyone came out firing, at least the little boy with the big mouth would go down first. At the crest of the hill, they were behind the barn. Reese paused, trying to decide which direction to circle from, the left or the right, but Ray lunged ahead, excited and anxious, turning toward the right.

Reese heard the dog before he ever saw it. It was snarling and angry. It heard them approaching, and was protecting something in that barn. When it lunged around the corner of the building the first thing he saw was the bright hunter's orange tie-out hooked to it's collar. He heard the gunshot and the dog was instantly silent. It lay on the ground, the gunshot wound in its neck pumping red blood in the snow.

The girl had come out of the barn almost as quickly as the bullet that silenced the dog. Reese caught only a glimpse of her light blond hair as she ran out and flopped down beside it. He felt sad for her, seeing her kneeling in the snow crying. He was angry because he knew there was no way Ray could not have seen the dog was tied. He also knew the moment he saw there was a female here that Ray would be a problem.

She had amused him, the way she had leapt up and struck out at Ray. Cursing him, spitting in his face. Kicking him. When Ray had knocked her to the ground and hit her in the head, Reese knew she was in trouble and he had to get Ray off her.

When Ray got up was the first time he actually saw what she looked like. Lying in the snow at his feet, she nearly took his breath away. She was pale, everything about her was pale, her skin was like china. Her eyes were sky blue, her pale golden blond hair fell softly past her shoulders. She was beautiful. When her eyes had met his he felt afraid. She was the girl he dreamed about many nights when he was alone in his cell. She was curvy and soft, with the face of an angel.

First the wreck, now her. He didn't know what he'd ever done to deserve such luck.

When she was picking the glass from his back she had slid her hand beneath his hair and lifted it, and that simple act had given him chills. Her fingers softly rubbing ointment into his cuts drove him crazy, he wanted to feel her touch him all over. He wanted to touch her, touch that china white skin he was sure would be like satin in his hands.

He cursed himself for leaving her alone with Ray, for leaving her handcuffed and defenseless. He would have killed Ray himself, but he could feel how much she hated, how much she wanted to, needed to pull that trigger. Holding her hands in his when she held the gun, he had felt a connection with her, a bond, a brief moment when they were one, in a way that physical touch nor sex couldn't bind. He felt something inside him for this girl that he had never felt in his life.

Now, she lay motionless against him, the back of her head rested against his chest, her naked bottom was squarely on his lap. His cock pushed against his pants, it was rock hard, straining to get out, aching to feel her. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Oh god, he wanted this girl.

Reese leaned forward and put his face in her hair. She smelled like flowers. He breathed in her scent, feeling that he could not get enough of it. She had clung to

him, her arms around his neck so tightly, her body so tight against him that for a minute he couldn't catch his breath. She had been offering herself to him, telling him she would do whatever he wanted. He would have her, he had known that the first time their eyes met, but not because she was afraid, or trying to bargain, he would have her because she wanted him. He would make her want him.

He put an arm underneath her legs and stood, lifting her easily, and laid her gently on the sofa. Her shirt was completely open and her jeans were down, he could not help looking at her, she was so perfect, so beautiful. He carefully took the handcuff from her left wrist. Both her wrists were welts and bleeding. She had lots of bruises that were just beginning to show. He saw how Ray had abused her pretty nipples, and her ripe heavy breasts. He couldn't tell if any of the bites, or her face were bleeding, because her face and chest were splattered with Ray's blood. Ray's filthy sperm was crusting between her breasts and on her belly. He didn't think Ray had been inside her. He was pretty sure he had stopped him in time.

He spread the girl's legs gently, his whole body burning at the first glimpse of her lovely pussy. With hands trembling, he opened her gingerly with his fingers, checking to make sure she was not bleeding or torn. She looked so tight and pink that he nearly came. His cock was chafing painfully against his pants. She wasn't bleeding, but he couldn't bring himself to take his fingers away, and he held her spread apart, for several more moments. She whimpered a little, and he reluctantly took his hands away.

Reese went into her bathroom where he found the plug for the tub, and began filling it with warm water. When it was about half full he returned to the living room to get her. He knelt beside the sofa and just looked at her, amazed by the way she made him feel, by what she made him feel. He touched her face, tracing her bottom lip with his thumb. He bent to lift her, but she awoke, wild-eyed and she began to push away and scream.

He grabbed her and held her tightly in his arms, holding her still. "SShh. It's okay," he told her. She quit struggling and she hugged him to her tightly.

"Please don't! Please don't hurt me!" He could feel her shaking in terror in his arms. She pressed tightly against him, her body was soft and warm. His earlier erection had just subsided, but her holding him brought it roaring back.

"SSShhh, pischouette. I won't hurt you. I was just going to take you to the bathtub I'm not going to hurt you," he said softly. He pulled back from her, and

looked down at her. Her eyes were tightly closed and she was sobbing. She was so damn beautiful. Even with her bloody face he had to fight the urge to kiss those full lips. He looked around and saw Ray's pistol on the floor several feet away. "The last thing I want to do is hurt you," he told her. Reese reached and pulled the pistol he had from the back of his waistband.

"Lorena. Here...take this." He held out the pistol, flat on his palm.

Her eyes fluttered open and she looked at him in confusion. "I'm not going to hurt you. You want this? I'm *not* going to hurt you. Do you want to hurt me? Take the gun and hurt me then." For a long moment her gaze stayed locked with his.

She took the pistol in her hand. He could see it moving as the girl trembled.

She shook her head. He felt a huge relief as she laid the gun on the coffee table. It had been a risky thing for him to do, but he wanted her to know he wasn't going to hurt her, he needed her to trust him.

"Okay, so neither of us wants to hurt each other. Let me help you get to the bathroom so you can get cleaned up."

He helped her stand up. Lorena bent and quickly pulled up her torn jeans, her bare breasts jiggling. She stood quickly, grabbed the shirt and pulled it closed around her in a futile attempt at modesty. She was crying again, and he laid his hand against the side of her face. "I'm so sorry. No one is going to hurt you now," he told her, his voice barely a whisper. "I could never hurt anything as beautiful as you."

She looked up at him, her eyes meeting his, unblinking. "I'm not afraid of you," she said quietly.

"Good," he answered, "I don't want you to be afraid of me."

"What do you want me to be?" she demanded.

"Happy." He realized how stupid it sounded as soon as it left his mouth. He wasn't even sure what happy meant, something about her made him feel like he could be though.

She faced him, staring him down, her pale blue eyes glittering. "Happy? What part of today would have made me happy?"

"I'm sorry" he replied. "I don't know why I said that. I didn't mean for any of this shit to happen."

She looked at him intensely. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For getting him off me. For helping me, I couldn't have killed that bastard if

you hadn't helped me."

She turned and walked out of the living room toward the bathroom, neatly stepping over Ray's lifeless body, without so much as looking down at it. Reese watched her, and smiled.

While she was in the bathroom, Reese began the task of cleaning up the mess that had been Raymond Riddell. He laid him in the center of the bloody flowered carpet, folded the one end, and rolled the rug like a burrito. In the kitchen he found some large, black contractor's trash bags, which he used to wrap the entire Ray carpet burrito mess in. It was too late in the day at this point to take it anywhere to be disposed of, so he hauled the whole affair down the cellar steps. It was cold down there, and he dropped the bag in the farthest corner.

Back in the kitchen he found a plastic bucket from under the sink and filled it with hot water and what was left of a bottle of Mr. Clean.

He heard a blow dryer come on in the bathroom, so he knew she was still there. He didn't think she was going to run off.

He was scrubbing the blood from the hardwood floor when she came back out of the bathroom. She was wearing a fuzzy purple bathrobe and she sat on the sofa. He didn't look up, but he could feel her watching him. He wanted to look at her, but he continued cleaning the floor.

He went out to the kitchen and emptied the bucket of bloody water down the sink. She was still seated on the sofa when he came back.

"You're probably hungry," she said.

That surprised him. "What?"

"You haven't had anything to eat today, have you?" Her voice was soft, and still trembled a little. She sounded sexy as hell.

"No," he told her, and realized he was indeed very hungry.

"I would like to go and get dressed. I don't need you to follow me, I'm not going to run away. You can trust me. I'll make you something to eat after, if you'd like."

He smiled at her, and sat down beside her. "I would like that very much, but first open your robe for me."

Her eyes narrowed with anger. "What?"

Reese picked up the tube of antibiotic ointment she had earlier used on his back. "Let me see where he bit you."

She reached for the ointment. "I can do it myself." He could see in her eyes that she was afraid, but there was something else there.

Reese pulled the ointment away. "Trust me."

She looked at him. Her eyes wide and so very blue, locked onto his, and hesitantly she opened the front of the robe.

Her breasts were beautiful, full and round, delicious to look at, he drew his breath in sharply. He tried very hard to concentrate on only looking at the bite marks, but he found it impossible. The skin was broken in several places around her nipples, and he could see the marks from each tooth in her soft flesh. He squeezed some ointment onto his finger, cupping her breast and holding it with his other hand, he gently applied it to the areas that had been bleeding. He repeated the process with her other breast. He rubbed the ointment in gently, his fingers lingering long after it was absorbed. Her nipples had grown very hard, and he was painfully aware that he was in the same condition.

Her eyes were closed, and her face was relaxed with a dreamy expression, as he caressed her with his index finger and thumb. He could tell she liked him touching her. Gently he touched the tip of one of her pink nipples with his fingertip, imagining it was his tongue. He heard her sigh, and she quivered, and opened her eyes. She swallowed hard and quickly pulled her robe closed.

"I think it's rubbed in now. Please can I go get dressed?" She stood quickly, her legs trembling.

"In a minute." He took her arm, and pulled her back beside him on the couch. His hand slid under her robe, and rested flat on the small strip of hair between her thighs. "Are you hurt here?"

He felt her trembling, and her eyes were wide. "No" she whispered.

He slipped his hand down further, his fingertips touching her velvety pussy. "Here?" he asked. He felt how wet she was then, and he swirled his fingers in her juices, he wanted to show her that he knew. His heart was pounding in his chest at the thought of her being wet for him.

"No... May I go get dressed now?" she asked, her voice wavering. He didn't want her to.

He nodded and watched her walk up the stairs.

He loved to look at her, he had seen nothing as beautiful as her in years, if ever. His ex-wife had been a pretty girl, but she, like himself, had the dark Acadian features, brown eyes, dark skin.

Lorena was like light, like sunshine, she was different. He felt he could stare at her for hours and not get enough. He tried very hard not to think of being with her

sexually, but it was impossible. He knew he would be a huge disappointment to any woman in bed. He hadn't even kissed a woman in almost nineteen years. He would probably cum all over himself just kissing her.

He put his fingers to his nose and mouth and breathed in, and tasted her wetness, sighing deeply, craving more.

His half-numb, freezing feet, throbbed painfully, reminding him he had needs other than the girl. He was still damp all over, but his feet were wet in his boots, and he could no longer feel his toes.

He had heard no helicopters today, unless in the commotion of the day he had missed it. He just knew that they would be coming. They would take him back to hell. He had not asked to get away, but now that he had it was so sweet he couldn't bear the thought of going back. It was only a matter of time. He hadn't planned an escape, he hadn't wanted a woman. Now he had escaped, and he desperately wanted this woman. He was already feeling love for her.

His body ached, cold and exhausted. He thought about sleep. He wondered if she would trust in him enough to let him sleep with her, not have sex with her, just to lay with her and fall asleep with her. He was too exhausted to make love to her. He could do it quickly and satisfy himself and go to sleep, but he wanted to be rested and take his time, to make her want him.

He realized it probably didn't matter how he felt about the girl, and this whole situation. It was all going to end soon anyway. The police, the federal marshals ... someone was coming for him. He thought of the old overused line from books and movies, "I won't let them take me alive," and now he really understood the full meaning of those words. Better to die right here, free, than to die after another twenty or thirty years of prison.

CHAPTER 3

Lorena looked through the clothes hanging in her small closet. She was looking for something in particular, a soft, pink camisole dress. It was a beautiful, simple dress, casual, but very feminine, with tiny white roses at the bust line. She hadn't worn a dress since Joe's funeral. Tonight she wanted to look pretty, she wanted to feel pretty.

She felt a strong attraction for the man downstairs. He was incredibly good looking. His hair was so black it shined, intertwined with silvery gray hairs, and it fell to the middle of his back. His eyes were dark, but full of warmth. He had broad, high cheekbones, his face chiseled, framed in a jet black, short beard. He was massive, his arms were bigger around than her thighs.

There was something very different about the way Reese made her feel, in spite of what had happened to her today. He made her feel safe. He had saved her. She knew if he hadn't been there Ray would have tortured and killed her. She had felt a real need to kill Ray, for what he had done to Pinion and her. She would not have had the strength to do it, but she had used Reese's strength. He had offered it to her.

Her head was still hurting from all the times it had been hit, and as she dressed, she wondered if she had been hit so hard that she had lost her common sense. There was a man in her house who had carried a gun, handcuffed her, and now she was getting dressed up to cook him supper.

The bites on her breasts were throbbing as she slipped on the dress. She couldn't even consider trying to put on a bra. She looked in the mirror and wondered if she should just put on a t-shirt and jeans, the knit material of the dress clung to her, showing off her nipples which were still painfully hard from Reese's touch. She knew Reese had noticed the way she had responded to him. She slid on a pair of pink lace panties, aware that she was still obscenely wet, and she knew he had known that too. He had made it clear to her he wanted her to know.

She looked in the mirror once more wishing she was pretty, and that her hips and stomach were smaller. Her neck was ringed in ugly purple bruises from Ray's hands choking her.

The stairs were cold beneath her bare feet as she descended them. Reese was sitting on the sofa, untying one of his boots. He already had one off, and she could see his socks were soaking wet.

"I hope you don't have frostbite." She knelt down in front of him and carefully removed his wet sock. The skin on his foot looked pretty good. It was pale but not blue. "I might be able to find you something to wear, but I doubt I can find any pants here big enough to fit you. Maybe some sweatpants, or something."

He looked down at her, with a strange expression as she unlaced his other boot. She suddenly realized how it must look, her kneeling in front of him like this.

He didn't speak for what seemed like a long time. He just sat there, looking down at her. Finally he took a deep breath. "You are so beautiful," his voice trailed off almost dreamlike. "This shit can't be for real. I think I froze to death in those woods last night. Si belle, ma femme, you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

She loved the way he talked, and she felt a warm flush over her body. "Why don't you take a hot shower and I'll try to find you some clothes," she suggested.

He nodded in response. "A shower would feel great right now."

She felt him watching her as she went back up the steps. It flickered through her mind that he didn't really mean those sweet things he said. He was horny, cold, and had nowhere else to go.

A shirt and socks were easy to find. She had saved all Joe's gray wool hunting socks, which she would wear to keep her feet warm when it was bitter cold out, and the floors were cold. She slept in huge shirts in the summer, so she had several of them. She found a size XXL plain black t-shirt, and in the bottom drawer of Joe's old dresser she also found a few pairs of size large sweatpants.

He was still in the shower when she took the clothes into the bathroom. "I'm leaving you some clothes. They might not fit well, but at least they're dry."

"Thanks. There is some money in the pocket of my pants. It's not much, but you take it."

She went through the pockets and found the money, and placed it on the back of the sink. "It's on the sink" she told him. "It's yours. I'm going to take these wet clothes and put them in the washer."

He opened the shower curtain boldly and looked out at her. "I don't need it." She looked back at him, trying to look only at his face. He had an incredible body, rippled with muscles. She forced herself to not look any lower than his soapy chest

"Okay. Well, there's where it is when you do," she said softly.

She picked up his wet clothes and carried them to the laundry room, where she

placed them into the washer tub.

Lorennna began cooking two massive T-bone steaks, which she had been saving for Christmas. One was to be for her, and the other for Pinion. She baked potatoes, and chopped mushrooms to saute with the steak. She heard the old wooden floor creak when Reese came into the kitchen.

He was wearing the clothes she had found for him, his long dark hair was still damp from the shower. He looked amazing. The sweatpants fit him very tightly, she tried very hard not to stare. He stood, quiet, watching her as she made their dinner.

Finally he asked, "Tell me about yourself, Lorennna. What happened to your husband?"

"He had cancer. He died."

"How long have you been alone?"

"A little over a year."

"You must have been a child when you were married."

"I was seventeen."

"Dit mon la verite'! It must be hard being alone so far out in the country for a little girl like you."

"I like it," she said defensively.

"You miss being with a man." He said it in such a matter-of-fact way. She turned and faced him, angry at first, until she saw the soft expression on his face.

"I haven't wanted a man since Joe died." It wasn't completely true, as she had often missed being kissed, being touched. Despite the terrible circumstances that surrounded her meeting Reese, or perhaps because of them, she was almost uncontrollably attracted to him. His dark, good looks, his gentleness, the way he looked at her, none of it was lost on her. She was acutely aware that he was interested in her, and she was trying her best to disguise the fact she liked it, and that she returned the feelings. She decided it best to change the subject.

"I like the way you talk. What is dit.. dit mon la verite'?"

"I lost much of my accent, years ago. You probably would have had a hard time understanding me. I haven't been around my people for many, many years. Dit mon la verite means tell the truth, but in a way like you would say 'I don't believe it, get out of town!'"

She laughed. "And what is that name that you called me. picuette?"

"Pischouette," he corrected. "Little girl."

"I am not a pischouette then. How do you say big girl?"

Reese walked over to her and took her hands in his, looking down at her. "I am six feet five inches tall, and I weigh two hundred seventy-five pounds. You are a pischouette."

She liked him holding her hands like that. She wanted him to put his arms around her, and after a moment's hesitation she pulled her hands from his, and hugged him. He bent and held her, and she laid her face against his chest, breathing in his freshly showered scent. Her knees felt wobbly, his body was so hard against her, and it was impossible to ignore the large bulge she felt through his pants. He wanted her, and she was so aroused in his arms she would have let him have her right there on the kitchen floor. Oh, it had been so long since she had felt a man, and she already knew that being with Reese would be different than anything she had ever experienced before.

"Do you like mushrooms?" she finally asked, reluctantly pulling away. He laughed, and nodded, and watched as she slid them into the iron skillet with the steaks.

Lorennna went out to the laundry room and started the washer with his clothes inside

Then she turned down the flame on the stove, and went to a tall cabinet against the far wall.

"Do you want some wine?" she asked, producing a large bottle of white zinfandel. She felt like she needed a drink. She needed something to calm her shaking hands.

"I really don't know. I guess I would like some. I haven't had a drink in almost nineteen years. There are a lot of things I haven't done in nineteen years." He sighed heavily. "I was serving a life sentence at Darvon until last night." He sat down heavily at the kitchen table and held his head in his hands. "I am so sorry for what that asshole Ray did to you. I don't know how to act around you. I think you are beautiful, and all I know is ugly."

She felt strange hearing him say that. Only then she began to understand the magnitude of what this must be like for him, being here. Being with her. She felt a strange excitement from thinking that he had been without a woman so long.

He wasn't crying, but he was holding his head as if he let it go it would explode. He told her very simply about the shooting that had given him a life sentence, and the odd twist of fate that had resulted in him being there in her kitchen.

Her heart ached for him when she listened to him speak about the shooting. His voice was filled with remorse. She'd never done anything that bad, but she had made a lot of mistakes that haunted her.

"What I can't figure out is why no one came here looking for me. I couldn't have covered that much ground on foot in one night. It's not possible."

Lorennna looked at the clock on the microwave. It was almost six o'clock.

"Come on," she said, and she hurried into the living room and turned on an old console television. "I only get one channel, and it doesn't come in too good, but it is the local channel out of Pullman. We can at least hear the news." She fooled with the rabbit ear antenna, until a snowy car commercial materialized on the screen. "I'm going to go get the food," she told him. "Call me if I miss anything."

When she returned with the plates the news was just coming on. They ate in silence, listening to the day's top stories. The last story before the first commercial break was about a missing Pullman Sheriff's car, that had been en route to Sumnerville Prison, with two deputy sheriffs, transporting two convicted murderers. The car had not been seen since leaving the Darvon Correctional Facility at approximately four pm. There had been no response via radio to any attempted communications to the car.

"How could they not find the car?" Reese said in amazement. "It's a fucking car, a big white fucking car, with red lights on the top, how can they not see it?"

Lorennna contemplated this as she chewed a bite of her food. She remembered a story she had seen in the papers last year. "The snow" she finally said.

"What do you mean?"

"Last year, in like February some guy slid off the road, somewhere around Baxter. It was snowing, and we got a lot more after it happened, and the car got buried. When they plow it heaps up even more snow, because it rolls down the embankments. They didn't find him or the car until late April."

Reese took a large drink of wine from his glass. "Late April? Wow." He leaned heavily against the back of the sofa.

Lorennna could see he was exhausted, she studied his face. He was unbelievably handsome. His eyes met hers, as he caught her staring at him.

"You are so beautiful," he told her.

She felt embarrassed. She had never met a man she was so attracted to, and he was telling *her* she was beautiful? She drained the last of her wine. "You look tired," she said.

"I am very tired," he replied.

"I'll get you some blankets and a pillow." Loreнна gathered up the dishes and glasses to take into the kitchen. When she returned from the kitchen she approached the foot of the stairs.

"Loreнна" he called to her. "Can you come here for a minute?"

She walked back to the sofa and sat beside him. "What is it?" she asked.

He swallowed hard, and stammered a little. "I would... I mean I want, I want to ask you something"

She looked at him quizzically, surely he wasn't going to proposition her. He looked too tired to even stand. She desperately wanted him to though.

"I'd like to sleep with you. I know how that sounds, but I just mean I'd like to sleep next to you, in your bed."

Her heart quickened a bit, and she struggled to think of a response. *Hell yes*, her heart screamed. She sat silent, thinking of how long she had been lonely, and how much she wanted this, how much she wanted him. She was unable to find any words.

"I haven't slept beside a woman for so long. I promise you, this isn't about wanting to fuck you. I wouldn't fuck you."

"What if I wanted you to?" she answered quickly, without thinking, and she immediately felt ashamed of herself for saying it. She felt her face burning red.

He laughed. "I would say I really need to get a little sleep first. When I'm rested, if you wanted me, I would make love to you. I would never fuck you. I would make love to you like someone as beautiful and special as you deserves."

She smiled at him. There was something completely charming about this man, but still she didn't answer. She tried to think of what to say, her hands trembled, and she felt like she could scarcely breathe. He gently touched the side of her face. She wished he would kiss her, but he didn't. He only sat staring intently at her.

When she heard herself tell him "yes," it came out as a hoarse whisper.

Her legs felt rubbery as she went up the steps with him following. She felt dizzy and weak, and she lost her footing on the stairs. She fell backward into him and he caught her in his arms. She liked the strength of them around her. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

He pulled her closer to him. "Don't be sorry."

The bedroom was chilly. She turned on the small lamp on the nightstand, and stood looking at him. Reese sat on the edge of the bed and took off the t-shirt she

had given him to wear, baring his massive chest. The tattoo he had there was awesome, a beautiful wolf nuzzled a blonde haired girl's bare breasts. She only then noticed that girl on his chest looked remarkably like her.

Her eyes widened in amazement.

"She is you," he said.

"No. Who is she?" Loreнна gasped.

"You" he replied. "An angel. The girl who slipped into my cell at night in my dreams. The girl who loved me even though I had nothing to give her other than myself. She gave herself to me, and only me, and she gave me hope, and comfort, and love I made love to her, and she returned all I gave her. I described her to my friend after I couldn't stop dreaming of her, and this is what he drew." He touched the tattoo.

Loreнна stood in stunned silence for several moments, looking at the eerie resemblance of the girl's face, her eyes, her lips, her breasts, the swell of her belly.

"Seriously. Who is she?" she whispered.

"I told you pischouette", she is you." He laid his hand on his heart. "Until today she only existed here. Now she stands before me."

She stood there, dumbfounded.

"Why is there a wolf?" she asked.

"He is her protector."

He reached down and took off the socks, but left the sweatpants on. "What side of the bed do you sleep on?" he asked casually.

"It doesn't matter" she replied, thinking what an odd, but thoughtful question that was. She felt very awkward and somewhat confused.

"I need to put something else on, um.. pajamas" she told him.

"Why?"

"I can't sleep with you naked."

"I'll be asleep, my eyes will be closed" he teased.

She smiled. He was very good at putting her at ease.

He lay down and pulled the covers over him. "Besides," he continued, "I have already seen you naked. In fact I have seen all of you. When you laid on the sofa today, I opened your legs, and I spread you with my fingers. You are beautiful everywhere."

Loreнна felt her stomach drop. She was humiliated. "Why would you do that to me?"

"I wanted to make sure he hadn't hurt you, make sure you weren't torn, but I won't lie and say I didn't enjoy looking at you."

Lorena felt a strange mix of indignity, and arousal. "You had no right to do that!" Reese looked unconcerned about what she was saying, and it annoyed her.

"You know, I didn't have to tell you about it. I don't think it was wrong to make sure you weren't hurt." He paused and looked at her with a sly smile, "and you are protesting way too much. I felt how wet you were tonight, you didn't complain then."

"Well, at least I was awake then! I had a choice. I wasn't unconscious on the sofa"

Reese looked at her thoughtfully. "Okay. I see your point. Don't be so mad at me just because I think you have such a pretty little pussy" he teased.

Lorena felt her face burning red with embarrassment.

"Are you ever going to lie down?" Reese asked.

She turned off the small lamp. The room was only slightly illuminated by the moonlight coming in through the window. She sat on the edge of the bed, with her back to him, and hesitantly slipped off her dress. Wearing only her panties she slid quickly beneath the covers next to him. She felt the bed move as he rolled over to face her.

"Come over here by me" he whispered. "I want to feel you in my arms." She moved beside him and laid her head against his chest as he wrapped his muscular arms around her. He was warm against her, and she liked the way it felt to be held by him. She was reminded of the bites Ray had given her as her breasts brushed against Reese's bare chest and her nipples hardened painfully.

"Goodnight," he whispered.

"Reese?"

"What is it?"

"Kiss me goodnight?"

He kissed her tenderly on her forehead.

"Why won't you kiss me on the lips?"

"Because I'm afraid what will happen if I do, and I am so tired, baby. I am so very fucking tired."

She surprised herself by tilting her head up and quickly kissing him on his face "Goodnight, Reese"

He exhaled sharply. "Goodnight, baby".

She lay there wrapped in the warmth of his arms, waiting to feel him touch her, waiting for him to try to convince her to let him fuck her, but he only held her, tightly, protectively. She was safe with him. She felt that, she believed that. He wasn't going to hurt her. She liked the way he felt next to her. The way he smelled. Just lying there beside him she was becoming very excited.

She snuggled closer to him and closed her eyes. She could hear his heart beating. A short while later she could hear his slow deep breathing and she knew he was asleep.

In the faint glow of the moonlight she looked at him. She had never seen a man more attractive than he was. He had called her beautiful. No one had ever called her beautiful, not even Joe. She knew she could not live the rest of her life pining away for Joe, but she was frightened by the intensity of her feelings for Reese. A convicted murderer, she envisioned herself being charged with harboring a fugitive. Then came the realization that today she had committed murder. She had never even so much as gotten a speeding ticket, she had never broken the law. Yet she had killed Ray. Reese hadn't done it, although she was sure he would have, but it was her finger that pulled the trigger. It had felt so immensely satisfying, seeing him lying there with a bullet in his head, yet she had even felt burning hatred for him even as he laid there dead.

She could do this, she could give herself to Reese if he wanted her. She needed him to want her.

CHAPTER 4

Reese woke as the first light of dawn sneaked in through the bedroom window. The girl was still asleep, still in his arms. One of her legs was thrown across his. He looked out the window watching the snow fall, he was pleased to see it was still snowing. This was all too perfect. It hardly seemed real. Maybe it was another dream and he'd wake up in his cell.

He caught sight of a picture on the table beside the bed. It was her wedding picture. She looked radiant, her smile was dazzling. Her husband was tall, very thin, and he looked tired. Reese wondered if Joe was already sick when she married him. He wondered what their life together had been like. She loved Joe. Reese could tell that just from the way she looked when she spoke of him, and she still wore her wedding ring. Even now, as she lay in his arms sleeping it sparkled on her finger.

He thought of how sweetly she had asked him to kiss her last night. He had wanted to kiss her, he wanted her in every way, but he was afraid he was going to make a fool of himself. He knew he would have to get over feeling like that, because he wanted her too badly to be able to refrain from a physical relationship. He felt rested, still a bit sore from all the running he had done, but he was ready now. He leaned close to her face and he softly kissed her mouth. She stirred a bit then she opened her eyes. He kissed her again, and he felt her kissing him back. Her lips were soft, just as he had imagined they would be. She opened her mouth slightly, and his tongue touched hers. He was painfully aware of how much he wanted her, his hard cock insistent against the thin fabric of the sweatpants. He stopped kissing her and took a deep breath. He didn't want this to be a hurried fuck. He could have her a million times, but this would be the only first time, and he wanted to make it last.

"Good Morning" he greeted her softly.

She smiled. "I thought you were afraid to kiss me."

He kissed her again. "I got over it. I'm going to kiss you in many places. Many times."

He kissed her neck, then tenderly her bitten, bruised breasts, careful not to hurt her. He cupped them in his large hands, enjoying the feeling of their weight and softness. He slipped the lace panties off her. His mouth moved effortlessly down her side, then to her belly button, and finally to the strip of dark blond hair between

her white thighs.

"Spread your legs for me, Lorennna," he urged, his tongue lapping at her gently. She jumped at the first touch of his tongue against her soft pussy lips. Her clitoris was already engorged and he began to lick it gently, and make circles around it with his tongue. He slid his hands beneath her, cupping her buttocks and holding her in place as he continued to make love to her with his mouth, tracing and probing every fold with the tip of his tongue. She was deliciously wet, he felt the warmth of her juices on his face. He was so thirsty to taste all of her. She was heaven. He wished he could get all of her into his mouth at once. She tasted so incredibly sweet, he sucked up her cream, her smell, desperate to feel her climax against his mouth. He savored each moment, loving how she felt, how she tasted, her feminine, musky scent, listening to her soft moaning and ragged breathing.

Her swollen clit was at his mercy. He worshiped it with his mouth, his lips, and his tongue. It was his now, and he took it with the adoration it deserved. He worked his tongue into her drenched tight slit, wiggling it about, before plunging it in, as deeply as he could reach, swirling it, loving the way her muscles tried to pull him in deeper. He held her to his mouth relentlessly. He felt her spread her legs even wider. She was giving herself to him. Her hands grasped the back of his head as she thrust her hips upward. As her muscles began contracting strongly against his tongue, he knew her whole body now belonged to him.

"Oh Reese!" she cried. Her body quivered against him.

He loved hearing her say his name as she came.

He left his tongue there, feeling the twinges of aftershocks she was experiencing against him, making sure she was completely ready for him. Rising up, he stripped off the sweatpants, feeling her eyes on him. He wanted her to see how hard she made him, he wanted her to see the cock he was about to give her. He straddled her, the tip of his erection lightly resting against her pussy's dark blonde curls.

"I want to make love to you," he whispered hoarsely.

"Please." She sounded like she was begging, and it made him want her even more.

"Please what?"

"Please make love to me." She *was* begging now.

His hard cock touched her tight, wet opening, pressing against it. Her open legs wrapped around him tightly, pulling him toward her. He began to ease into her slowly, feeling her tightness all around him. She pulled harder with her legs trying

to force him into her.

"Non pischouette. No! You let me do it. I don't want this to hurt you," he commanded her.

He fought back the urge to ram into her, to impale her, and slowly, inch by inch, feeling her walls stretch around him. He entered her, until his cock was completely inside. He felt her wince a little and pull back from him slightly.

"Relax your body. I won't hurt you." He was then completely still for a few moments, to give her some time to adjust to being penetrated so deeply. She didn't move at all beneath him. He could feel her tension, her fear at being so overfilled, her pussy was clenching him like a fist, trying to close, to push him out, her legs were taunt.

"Ssshh, it's okay." He kissed her her neck, until he felt her legs slowly relaxing.

"I have found heaven," he whispered huskily into her ear. He breathed in deeply, every bit of his body wanting to slam into her. "If I am too big for you, you don't worry, I will be gentle. Always gentle. That pussy, it is mine now, non?"

She whimpered softly.

"Who's pussy is this?" he urged

"It's yours," she gasped.

"Say it Lorennna!"

"This is your pussy" she moaned.

He nuzzled her neck, and kissed her. "I will have you so many times you will soon stretch to fit me. "

She slowly arched her hips and began rocking beneath him. Her pussy was around him so tightly, and he could not stand it anymore. He backed up a bit, and began thrusting, long glorious strokes. She cried out at first, then began moaning intensely, but he could manage only three more thrusts before he exploded inside her.

He was unable to speak for a few minutes. Finally he kissed her. "Shit. I knew that was going to happen. I'm sorry."

She giggled. He was still inside her and he enjoyed the sensation of the tiny vibrations it caused, like little bubbles popping.

"It won't always be like that. You just haven't, you know. It's been a long time," she told him.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?"

She blushed, a deep red, "Only a little. You are..." she paused, "very big."

He felt a secret pride when she said that. He already knew that, but hearing her say that was even better.

"Mais non. I am not big, you are just so very tight. It will hurt less each time." I will always be gentle," he promised. "If I hadn't of given in so quickly would I have made you cum?"

She nodded.

"You have not had a man as big before?" he asked, although he knew she hadn't. He wanted to hear her say it.

She looked away, embarrassed, avoiding his eyes. "No."

He turned her face toward him and kissed her. "You have no idea how incredible that was for me. I haven't had a woman in so long, and never have I had one so sweet, so beautiful." He rolled off her, and lay on his side next to her. His head rested on his arm while he stared at her. "I wish I could stay in this bed all day with you."

She looked worried. "Are you leaving?"

"No, I'm not leaving. Where am I gonna go?"

He saw the look she got when he said that. "You think I am just telling you lies because I need to stay here? Don't you?"

"I don't know. This is all happening so fast I don't know what to think."

"None of what has happened between us has anything to do with me having to be here"

"What?" she asked, looking confused.

He didn't answer, but sat up on the edge of the bed with his back to her. He looked outside watching the heavy snow falling. Finally he turned and looked at her. "I can't court you."

"Court me? What are you talking about?"

"Court you. Take you out. Date you. Buy you things. Do those traditional things a man does to show a woman he wants her, that he is worthy of her. I feel I was meant to find you, meant to be here, to have you. I have nothing to offer you, and it is selfish of me to even try to keep you." His voice trailed off, and he looked at her beautiful face. "I want to have you. I want to keep you. I feel something different for you. If they come and take me back, take me away from you, I want you to tell them I kept you here as a hostage."

She looked up at him, her eyes wide and serious. "No one will know you are here. No one comes here. I won't tell anyone you're here. They will never know."

"I know we've only known each other a day but Loreнна..."

"It doesn't feel like it has only been a day," she replied.

"No, it doesn't," he agreed. He looked into her eyes, and tried to think of how to tell her, how to explain to her how completely lost in her he was. "Loreнна, I am so... I ... I am... I would do anything for you, anything to be with you, to stay here with you. I would rather die now, in your arms than ever go back there, and be without you."

She looked at him wide-eyed but silent. He felt foolish, and he looked down at his hands.

"I'm afraid," she whispered.

"Of me?" Reese asked. "I could never hurt you."

"Of how you feel. Of how I feel."

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Like you do. Like I belong with you, I need you."

He leaned and kissed her. "The last thing you needed was any of this." He turned back toward the window. "I have to get rid of Ray."

She was silent for a moment. "Where is he?"

"In the basement."

He heard her draw her breath in, and he turned and looked at her. "The ground is frozen. I don't know how I'm going to do it. I tried to bury your dog yesterday and I couldn't dig down more than a few inches." He saw her tearing up. "He's buried in the snow beside the barn. I will bury him properly as soon as I can. I promise."

She nodded, swallowing hard.

"I don't know what the hell to do with Ray. He isn't worth the time it'll take to bury him, but we need to get rid of him."

"I know what you can do with him," she said after thinking for a few minutes. "There's a cement slab far behind the house, it covers the opening of the septic tank. Move the slab and throw him in there, then cover it back up."

Reese was astonished. "How in the hell did you think of that?" He laughed. "You're a scary girl."

"Joe used to throw in a few dead animals in there every year. He said it was good for the system, it would make bacteria that would help keep breaking things down. I guess it worked because he lived here twenty years and he said he never had to have the tank pumped out."

Reese laughed. "Well, I guess that's a good ending for a piece of shit like Ray."

Lorenn didn't laugh, and he saw how grim she looked. She was touching one of the bite marks on her left breast, he knew she was thinking of the things Ray had done, or tried to do, to her. Reese leaned down kissed the bite lovingly.

"He wasn't inside you, was he?"

She looked confused at this question. Reese touched her softly between her legs. "Inside you."

She shook her head. "No, only his fingers."

"Foutre! That should have never fucking happened," Reese said angrily. "It's good his filthy cock wasn't in you!" He sat on the edge of the bed holding his head.

"You wouldn't have wanted me if he had been inside me?"

"I would have wanted you no matter what. I just didn't want him to rape you, to hurt you. I wanted you all along. I wanted you before he even touched you. I wanted you when your eyes first met mine. When your hands touched my back. I wanted you, and I still want you. I wanted you even as I left you handcuffed and defenseless with him, it was all my fault."

He felt her move behind him. She kissed the back of his neck. Her fingers were feathery soft on his back, and he felt her tracing the letters of his tattoo.

"You didn't ask," he said. "Everybody asks."

"Asks what?"

"What it means."

"I wondered what it meant."

"It means half crazy. My mother called me that, not in a playful way. She meant it as an insult. She said it because I fucked up my life and broke her fucking heart. She was right, except maybe I am more than half crazy. I am a complete fuck-up. I should never have let Ray come with me. He wanted to go up the fucking road. He never would have hurt you then. It would have been just me who found you here. I wouldn't have hurt you and I wouldn't of killed your dog." He kept his back to her, she might have heard his voice crack, but she was not going to see him with tears in his eyes.

"Reese, if you're going to play 'what if' ... well, what if you weren't here? What if it was just him? What if he changed his mind about going by the road and he came here? He told me the things he was going to do to me, and it was horrible. I knew I would end up dead, but the things he said. I would rather die first, than

ever have them done to me."

Reese thought about the girl from the car wash, and the things Ray had bragged about doing to her. He didn't want to even imagine Ray doing those things to Lorenn. She was right. Things could have been much worse. Now that Ray was dead he'd see to it no one ever hurt her again.

"Well, it wasn't just him. And if any shit ever comes down, I killed him. I shot him. I won't see you get in any trouble for any of this."

She kissed him on his neck again, her mouth lingered, her breath was warm. "Do you want some breakfast?" she asked.

He took her face in his hands and kissed her deeply, his tongue caressing hers, and he could feel himself getting hard again.

"I would like to have you again before breakfast, my beautiful girl." He felt her hand shyly touch his erection, and he put his hand over hers and wrapped it around his cock.

"Don't be afraid to touch me. You want me don't you? You want to feel me inside you again, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Tell me" he said.

"I want you," she whispered, avoiding his eyes.

"Look at me," he said putting his hand beneath her chin and tilting her head up. "Look at me and tell me that you want to feel my cock in you."

Her eyes met his. "I can't talk like that. I just can't"

"You can. You can, because that's what you want, and I will give you anything you want. You don't ever need to be afraid or embarrassed. You just tell me, and it is yours." He kissed her again, his tongue deep in her mouth, and he could feel her softly sucking it. He took her bottom lip and sucked it as he slid his hand between her thighs and stroked her wetness. She was dripping from her excitement, and his semen from their earlier sex. He liked the way his index finger slipped easily inside her. She pulled her mouth away from his, and looked into his eyes

"I want to feel your cock in me, please."

He loved the way her mouth looked as she said that. There was something so overwhelmingly arousing about making her want.

He pushed her back onto the bed and entered her with one sudden thrust, which made her cry out. He pulled almost all the way out, teasing her, teasing himself, until only the head was still inside her pussy's sweet kiss. His thrusts were slow

and rhythmic, and gradually they became harder, he felt her vagina stretching and yielding to him. He liked the way her breasts bounced up and down, as he slid in and out. He felt her legs wrap around his waist, her foot brushing against his buttocks. He loved the warm, silky, slickness of her, he had never experienced sex like this before. It was the most intense feeling he had ever known. She was making soft whimpering moans, he loved the noises she made. He tried to concentrate on thinking about her, instead of how fantastic it felt to be in her. She was going to cum on his cock this time, he would not give in first. She was breathing hard, arching her back, meeting his thrusts. He knew she was getting close.

Holding himself up with one arm he caressed her breasts carefully with his other hand, then between her legs, rubbing her clit with his thumb, as he moved in and out.

"You're going to cum for me, Lorena. That sweet, hot pussy, is going to cum all over my cock. Come on baby, give yourself to me. You are mine, show me. Show me that I own you."

She gasped and held him tightly to her, he felt her fingers digging deeply into the cuts on his back, but instead of it bothering him, he enjoyed the sting as she squirmed and jerked beneath him. He felt her muscles clamp down, holding him, squeezing him, embracing his cock. She was loud, her moan was a scream, and he enjoyed every second of the violent orgasm she had beneath him. He let himself go then, he was surprised at the amount of fluid still left inside him. It felt like he emptied a gallon into her warmth. He collapsed on top of her, sweaty and sticky, straining just to hold himself up enough to keep his weight from crushing her. Semi-hard, he stayed inside her, wishing it didn't have to end. He felt her trembling beneath him, and he kissed her, she tasted like salt, only then did he noticed she was crying.

He quickly rolled off her.

"Oh fuck! I hurt you didn't I?"

"No. No you didn't hurt me."

"Why are you crying?"

"I don't know. This is just so ... I don't know. I have never felt this way."

"What way is that?"

"I don't know. It's just, it's so much. I think that I am already in love with you" He heard the tremble in her voice.

"I want you to be. I want you to love me," he told her eagerly. He kissed her, a quick soft kiss on her lips. Her face was between his huge hands, and he stared into her eyes. "The only woman I loved in my life was my mother. I cared about my wife, but not like this, it was nothing like this. For you I am motier foux!"

She sobbed mournfully, holding him, he felt how tightly she clutched him. "I lost the man I loved once, they can't take you away. I don't want to lose you.

"I can't promise you tomorrow, Loreнна. There is only today. You know I will do all I can to stay with you."

"Just yesterday I woke up right here in this bed, alone," she said.

"If I can help it, you never will again," he promised, and in his heart he hoped he wasn't lying to her. His lips sought out her mouth, kissing her earnestly. "Did I make you feel good?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed.

"Was it still big?" he teased.

"Yes, a little" she said.

"Only a little? I will have to give it to you much harder next time, pischouette." He kissed her gently. "Didn't you offer me some breakfast?"

She smiled and nodded.

"Well, then woman, get your ass out of this bed and get yourself in that kitchen," he teased.

She smiled at him, and got out of bed. "Since you love me so much, maybe you should be making me breakfast."

He watched her getting dressed, admiring her china white skin, her large full breasts, and her sexy round butt. "I would make you breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Whatever you want."

"I'm going to make you breakfast," she laughed. "I was only kidding you."

"I'm not kidding" he told her. "I would do anything for you. Someday, I will prove it to you."

CHAPTER 5

Lorennna made coffee, as bacon sizzled on the stove. Reese was taking a shower, and she felt an odd sense of impatience waiting for him to be done. She wanted to see him, she wanted to convince herself this was real, that this was really happening.

When he had woke her this morning, he had done more than just awaken her from sleep, he had awoken intense desires and needs inside her. His mouth had felt so deliciously wonderful. She had married Joe knowing he didn't like oral sex. Once when they were dating she had tried to put her mouth on him and he had nearly thrown her off him. He told her he would never kiss her again if she put her mouth "there". She remembered at the time thinking how silly that sounded. She had only one boyfriend before Joe, and he would have done anything for a few licks and sucks. She didn't mention that to Joe though. If your boyfriend didn't want you to suck on him because he wouldn't be able to kiss you again it probably wouldn't be a good idea to say, "But Joe! I sucked Vince's cock all the time." Joe didn't want to get, and Joe didn't give. There were times when she would have begged to feel Joe's mouth on her, but Joe, being Joe, well that wasn't going to happen. Once she got used to the idea it didn't seem so bad. Joe was gentle with his hands, and he often made her orgasm by stroking her and touching her. Vince had used his tongue on her a few times, always as foreplay before sex, he was too impatient to make her cum like that.

Reese had taken her to a whole new level. She had never in her life had an orgasm against a man's mouth, and it was the most wonderful feeling she'd ever experienced. There had been an urgency in the way Reese took her, a need to satisfy her, and she felt it. It had been incredible, mind blowing. He had made her cum like she never had before, and when he straddled her, his moustache and beard glistening with her wetness, she had never wanted any man so much in her life.

She was cracking eggs into a bowl to scramble them when she noticed her wedding ring. She knew Reese looked at it, she had seen him looking at her hand several times. She twisted it loose, pulled it off of her finger and put the ring on the kitchen windowsill. Funny how she was so used to wearing it she didn't notice it, but it felt strange to not have it on her finger.

She was still thinking of Reese when he came into the kitchen. He came up behind her and kissed her neck.

"Do you want some coffee?" she asked, turning to him.

"Yes. I want to kiss you first though." His mouth was soft and warm on hers.

Sitting across the table from him and eating breakfast, she found herself constantly looking at him. Often times when his eyes would meet hers she would look down.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, laughing.

"Do what?"

"Act like you are embarrassed to be looking at me." His eyes locked with hers in an intense gaze. "I felt you cum against my mouth. You don't need to be too shy to look at me."

Lorena felt her face flush. "I didn't know that I did that."

"You know that you do. You are too shy to look at me, and yet I have seen you spread your legs wide for me. I know what you taste like. I know what you feel like. I know the sounds you make when you cum. Don't you like the way I look?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking down at the table. "I think you are the most handsome man I have ever seen."

He laughed. "I don't think I would consider myself handsome, but thanks. You, on the other hand, are beautiful. Perfect, like an angel. You are my angel."

She felt awkward hearing him say that. She was pale, she was flabby.

"You don't believe me, do you?" he asked.

"I don't think I am beautiful," she said.

"You've never had the right man," Reese told her.

"What does that mean?" she said, feeling the need to be protective of Joe.

The right man would have made you feel you beautiful. Made you know you are beautiful. I will have to teach you this."

She found his choice of words "teach you" interesting. "Well, I'm sure you could tell me everyday I am beautiful, but I know what I look like. I'm not a model."

"Right" he agreed readily. "You are not some bony, knobby skeleton, who, if she didn't have fake tits would be built like a starving Ethiopian boy. You are soft. You are sexy. I wouldn't want to sleep with a starving Ethiopian boy, but you ... I want to make love to you all the time."

Lorena looked at him, and he looked so serious.

Over more coffee they discussed the location of the septic tank, and putting Ray

in it. For Loreнна it seemed almost surreal to sit and talk over breakfast about disposing of a man's body, a man who she had shot. She didn't like thinking about him being in the basement though. Anywhere out of the house would be better. Reese was going to take care of it. Shovel the snow from the slab, open it up, dump him in, and burn the carpet he was wrapped in.

She loved the way he was so matter-of-fact about "getting rid of Ray" and yet he was so kind to promise her a proper burial for Pinion. He had convinced her to take the money he had too, she would use it at the thrift store in Pullman to buy him some clothes, especially jeans, and a coat. She was glad he trusted her, and he wasn't worried about letting her go alone. She would go when the snow stopped, for at least a day.

He was still eating, and she noticed him suddenly stop chewing. He laid his fork down on the plate, and looked at her lovingly.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You took off your ring."

She nodded, and looked into his eyes. He looked so serious, and she could feel his intensity. He helped her clear the table after breakfast, often stopping what he was doing to kiss her. When they were through Reese told her, "I am going to take care of the other mess now. Go take a bath while I do that. When I am done I will take care of you."

Reese went to the basement to get Ray's body. He promised to take care of everything. He didn't want her involved, didn't want her to be any part of it.

Loreнна went to go take a bath. The warm water was soothing against her aching body. Ray had hurt her quite a bit yesterday, and all her muscles felt sore. She leaned back in the tub, the water just reached the top of her nipples. The bites burned painfully as the warm water touched them. She sat up further so the water was no longer against them, and rested her head back and closed her eyes. She lay there soaking for quite some time.

Reese opened the bathroom door and stood watching her. "It's done," he said.

She could tell he had just come in from outside, he still had snow in his hair. She sprawled naked in the warm tub, her body drinking in the water's warmth, her eyes on the huge man who stood looking at her naked body.

"How's your bath?" he asked. She could hear the desire in his voice.

"Good. Nice and warm" she replied.

He stripped off his t-shirt and knelt on the floor beside the tub. He squirted a

large portion of body wash onto his hand, and began to wash her shoulders. His hands were icy cold, and they soothed her burning nipples as he washed her breasts. He then washed her belly and her legs, she loved the way his hands were slippery on her skin from the soap. She intentionally shifted in the tub so she could spread her legs slightly.

She heard him laugh softly.

"What's funny?" she asked.

"You. Trying to pretend like you didn't do that on purpose."

"Do what on purpose?" she asked trying to sound like she had no idea what he was talking about.

He slipped a soapy hand between her thighs and began to rub her. "You know what you did. You want me to see you, you want me to touch you." He washed her vagina, his fingers separating and opening every fold, and she closed her eyes and sighed with delight. He slid his arm down further, and his fingertips brushed delicately against her anus, then to her tight slit, and whisper soft he traced circles around her opening. Her pussy ached for more as he teased her, and she threw her right leg over the edge of the tub so she was spread much wider.

"Yes, I did that on purpose," she told him. She felt wickedly slutty lying in the tub with her legs spread for him.

"C'est bon?"

She had no idea what he said, but it sounded incredibly sexy. "What?"

"C'est bon? good?"

"Mmm, yes." She sighed.

"I will get you nice and clean," he said.

He did not penetrate her with his fingers, only continued to stroke and lightly, touch every inch of her. She was aching for more, all she could think of was that she wanted him to fill her. She remembered their earlier lovemaking, and how he had told her to tell him what she wanted. She sat up suddenly and threw her arms around his neck, splashing water down his back and onto the floor.

"I want your cock" she moaned.

She saw his smile then, he looked smug, devilish.

"What will you do to get it?" he asked, with a sinful grin, as he fluttered his finger against her sensitive clitoris.

"Whatever you want," she answered, feeling like a whore, which only heightened her arousal.

He put his hands under her arms and lifted her soaking wet from the tub, standing her in front of him. He handed her a towel.

"Dry yourself."

She did as he directed, keenly aware of him watching her. She tried to make it excite him, making sure she was turned around backward, with her legs spread just far enough apart so she was completely exposed to him as she bent and dried her legs and feet. When she turned back to face him, he was staring at her, chewing his bottom lip.

"Go up to the bed," he said.

She walked slowly in front of him to the steps, then up them, swaying her hips a bit on purpose, to make her bare bottom shake. When they reached the bedroom she stopped and turned to him.

"Lie down."

She lay down on the bed, and let her legs fall open slightly, hoping to feel his sexy mouth on her again. He undressed without taking his eyes off her. Her eyes were immediately drawn to his full erection. Her earlier shyness had completely dissipated.

He stood at the side of the bed and held his swollen cock inches from her face. This was not what she had expected, but it ignited a raging lust in her, and she felt her pussy quiver, as her juices flowed.

"I want to feel those pretty lips of yours on my cock," he said roughly.

She turned and without hesitation took him hungrily into her mouth. She loved the way it felt. She greedily tried to get every inch into her. She could feel her own wetness running down her thighs, as he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her mouth all the way to the base of his erection. Her lips slid up and down his shaft, as she explored him with her tongue. Instinctively she grabbed his buttocks pulling him toward her, pulling him deep into her hungry mouth. The sublime look on his face made her want to give him more, and she pulled him even harder into her, until her throat was full, and she gagged. He held her tightly then, holding her still, with all of him buried in her face. It was difficult to breathe, which she took great delight in, she loved being used like this by him. She felt dirty, and she had never been so frenzied. Finally he let her hair go and pushed her back.

"You are going to straddle my face. I want to taste that sweet pussy while you suck me."

When he lay down, she hurriedly scrambled onto him, not sure what she wanted more, his mouth on her pussy, or his cock packing her mouth full. She writhed against his face as his lips forcefully circled her clitoris. She stuffed her mouth full of his hard shaft, her lips, her throat, felt so full and stretched. Her slick pussy slid against his face, his moustache and beard prickling her tender pink folds, adding to her bliss. It took her only minutes to orgasm, with an intensity that made her feel like she was going to lose consciousness.

She screamed in ecstasy through the mouthful of cock that engorged her.

As soon as she climaxed her clitoris became extremely sensitive, and she squirmed to avoid the suckling of his mouth. It was a unique mingling of pain and pleasure. Reese held her firmly in place, his large hands clenched tightly on her upper thighs. He gentled his technique, and his tongue lapped softly against her swollen lips, circling in soft licks, swirling around the entrance to her vagina. She felt herself relaxing, and he released his hands from her thighs, not using them to hold her still. He now used them to indulge her in even more sinfully shameless play, spreading her open and pulling her little hood back, exposing her swollen bud to his mouth and tongue. He was gentle, up until the point when she was about to climax again, when he held it between his teeth, nibbling, sending her into a violently fervent orgasm. Her throbbing, contented pussy could take no more of his attentions, and she rolled limply off him.

He straddled her face now, and she eagerly took his cock back into her mouth. Holding a handful of her hair again, he began to thrust in and out of her mouth. Her throat was full of him, and she was willing and ready to swallow all he had to give her. She saw his face as he ejaculated, his eyes were open wide, watching her as she swallowed his hot, salty syrup, his mouth open in an exquisite O. His face was smeared with her own creamy white juices. She sucked and coaxed every drop he had to feed her, quenchless, drinking him in.

Reese lowered himself onto the bed beside her. Lorennna was soaked with sweat, and she closed her eyes. Her whole body crackled with electricity. She was acutely aware of the searing heat between her thighs. She felt raw. She felt sore. She felt fantastic.

She realized she must have dozed off for a while, because when she woke she was in the strong embrace of Reese's arms. She opened her eyes and met his gaze with devotion. They lay there for some time before any words were spoken. Reese finally broke the silence.

"Oh my god, girl. What's your name again?"

She laughed. "After that I should hope you'd remember it."

"I don't even remember my own name after that," he breathed into her ear. "What happened to my shy pischouette, my shy little girl?" His eyes locked with hers.

She blushed at his stare, but said without shame, "She really, really wanted you"

"Wanted?"

"Wants" she said, kissing his cheek.

"Oh hell," he sighed, "not for a while now, pretty girl. Give me a rest. You are gonna kill me."

She flicked her tongue across his lips. "Better to die in my arms than go back," she teased.

He laughed softly. "In your arms sweetheart. Not between your legs."

"My arms are better than between my legs?"

"In your arms, between your legs, in your mouth, it don't matter, it's all the same. It's all heaven baby."

CHAPTER 6

Lorennna slid behind the wheel of the old silver and blue pick-up truck. Reese reached around her and strapped the seatbelt over her, standing beside the driver's side door.

"Be careful."

"I will" she promised. "When I get back you can try on all your new clothes for me, she teased.

"When you get back you can take your clothes off because you won't need them for what I have planned."

He kissed her, and slammed the truck's door shut.

He stood in the snow, watching the truck disappear down the tree-lined driveway. Already he missed her. He turned and walked slowly back to the house.

It was too quiet with Lorennna gone. He had never been alone here. He spent the morning snooping around, looking at her old photo albums, and reading old cards and letters she and Joe had written each other. He noticed that even on anniversary cards her husband had never written "Love". At the bottom of every card there was only "Joe". "A man of few words, that Joe," Reese commented aloud. He casually flipped through a photo album that was clearly the last of the snapshots taken before Joe died. He was sickly pale, and rail thin. The last picture in the book caught his attention. It was Joe, sitting up in bed, the same bed Reese made love to Lorennna in so regularly. Joe was gaunt, dark circles under his eyes, which were glazed with pain. He was holding up a sheet of ruled notebook paper, on it was written in red, "I love you now and forever my wren." He assumed "Wren" was a special name for Lorennna, something private, something between the two of them. On the next page was a newspaper clipping. It was Joe's obituary. Reese read it, feeling an eerie sadness, Joe was survived by two brothers, Edward, and Michael Sutton, and his loving wife, Lorennna Denise Rooney Sutton. Reese flipped to the next page expecting it to be blank. A letter was attached to it. It was written in shaky handwriting, on the same type of ruled notepaper as the makeshift sign Joe held in the photograph.

My Dear Wren,

I will hide this letter, and if you find it before I am gone, I didn't mean for you to read this until I am no longer with you. I have had over a year to come to terms

with the idea of you having a life without me. I think it will be a good thing for you. You didn't get to have a life with me. I took you away from your life, your job, your friends. I made you my wife, for what? To bring you to the middle of nowhere so you could be my nurse and my maid until I am dead? That wasn't what I had in mind Wren. If I knew then what I know now I would have never even asked you for your phone number. I did know I was sick before I met you. They told me it was in remission. I believed it was gone. I am sorry I wasn't a better husband, and I never said the right things, but I always loved you. I know that you will meet someone else in your life after me. I am sure when you do you will compare me to him and see what an asshole I really was. Please don't tell him. Don't let him know that I was the worst thing that ever happened to you. I never wanted to be that, and I am sorry that I was. I know that you wanted to leave me, and you only stayed because I was sick, and it's true I did try to make you feel guilty so that you would stay. I can't die without you Wren. I want to die, everything hurts now. The pain is so bad I understand why people who are sick want to kill themselves, but still when I see you I want to live just one more day as your husband. I will leave you everything that I own, but it isn't enough. I wish I could give the world to you. Someday you will meet someone who will, but please, Wren, when you go on with your life don't turn and look back and remember me with hate.

I love you. I loved you,

JOE

Reese slammed the book closed. He wished he hadn't read it. He suddenly felt uneasy in this house, this house that had been Joe's house. He was in Joe's house, making love to Joe's wife, inside Joe's house, inside Joe's wife, in the bed that Joe had lain dying in. He hated Joe, he wanted to hate Joe, he didn't want to feel pity for him. Reese felt queasy. He drew in his breath thinking of Loreenna, she was shy and timid, yet she was also an incredibly sexual woman. The more he thought about her, the more Reese hoped he was the only one she was ever like that for. He didn't want her to be hungry for sex, he wanted her hunger to be only for him. Joe had repressed her, squelched her self-confidence, and he surely hadn't made her feel the primal, carnal emotions that Reese did. Reese hated to think of her as "Joe's wife". In fact he thought of her as his own wife, even though he knew he couldn't marry her.

"Sorry, Joe" he said aloud. "I win. Did she ever scream your name?" Reese

knew she hadn't. For a hot-blooded woman like Loreenna, sex with Joe must have been a bland ponderous duty, a burden. He couldn't even imagine Loreenna grinding herself on Joe's face, moaning his name. Reese had her like that regularly, he loved hearing her cum, knowing he satisfied her. Sexually, he was a bit dominant, but he always tempered that with gentleness, coaxing, teasing. He let her have what she wanted, but he always got what he wanted. Just last night as she slept in his arms he had a new idea. He wanted to watch her rub her pussy for him, play with herself until she had an orgasm. He knew that women knew how to make themselves cum, and he was going to watch his sweet little girl show him how she pleased herself before she met him, when she was alone and lonely. He knew she'd like it. Because she was shy, she would be a little hesitant, but with a little coaxing, she'd be spread open wide, letting him watch her, loving him watching her. He liked her doing what he wanted, because in every other aspect of their life together she had all the power, although she never acted superior, this was her house, she paid the bills, and she protected him by not turning him in. He knew all that was because she loved him, and everything he gave her sexually was for the same reason. He loved her. He knew where the boundaries were and he would never do anything that hurt her. He'd had his finger in her sweet ass a few times while his tongue made her melt, teasing her little pink clit. He knew there was a definite limit there. She was slightly aroused, more because of his tongue, and possibly because she felt like he was doing something "bad" to her, but he could tell when her excitement was mixed with pain. He had no desire to use her that way, because he knew it would hurt her. He knew his woman, and she would always be pleased by him.

He put the albums and cards away and decided to go down to the barn. Loreenna had shown him how to milk the two goats. He knew how to feed the hens, and the horses, plus he could do all of the other barn work. Instead of sitting in the house with Joe, he decided to just go do everything, so that when Loreenna came home he could take her right to bed and she wouldn't have to do any of the household chores. She could just cum for him, over and over, sweet, hot, wet, Loreenna. Just the thought of her made his cock stand at full attention. Her sweet pussy fed him and he thrived on it. Old Joe should have drank her juices more often, they had an incredible healing property. Reese loved her, but he didn't just love her, he lusted for her.

He stepped back outside. It was a beautiful morning, clear and crisp. He and

Lorennna watched the news every night, and they were forecasting a heavy snowstorm, supposed to start tonight. It was chilly in the barn, but not unbearably cold.

A gray and white barn cat wound itself between his ankles, hoping for a dish of goat's milk. Reese crouched and petted it, and he felt an odd sensation, as if someone was watching him. He looked around the barn and saw nothing. It seemed odd. Just yesterday Lorennna had told him the same thing when she was in the barn. She had been insistent that someone was there, but Reese searched and found nothing. She had panicked and was sure it was Ray, somehow alive, hiding in the barn. Reese had tried to calm her. He knew it wasn't Ray, there was no mistaking that Ray was dead when he dumped him down the pipe. Lorennna had been so fearful all last night, and he had secretly enjoyed it. It felt good being her protector. She had clung to him so tightly, long after they were done making love she was still holding onto him. He did hate the fact she was often plagued with nightmares of Ray. He always felt he had failed her from the beginning when it came to what happened with Ray. He'd even had a few nightmares about Ray himself, although he would never tell her. The one he most often had was Ray raping and torturing her and Reese had to watch it all, hear her scream in pain, powerless to help her. He'd woken up more than once reaching for her, holding her, making sure she was really there, safe in his arms.

Reese turned on the light. The bare bulb illuminated the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling. He looked in all the barn's shadowy corners and still saw nothing, but the feeling persisted.

The chicken coop was actually a room connected to the barn, and Reese went in and put food out for the hens. He watered them and collected the eggs into a small plastic bucket. He liked the fresh eggs, Lorennna made him eggs in some form almost every morning for breakfast. She was a good cook, although that was not the talent she possessed that he most enjoyed.

Back in the barn, Reese led Shannon, a tall brown goat to the milking stand. As soon as he sat down he had the feeling again he was being watched. He milked the goat, not bothering to turn around. He'd given up looking, and he was sure no one was there, it was all in his head. Lorennna had spooked him with her own fears.

He put Shannon back in the stall, and brought out Frieda. He began milking her but she was skittish and kept trying to get out of the stand. She kept looking over his shoulder, at the corner of the barn, her eyes bulging. Reese turned quickly and

looked where she was looking. Two yellow eyes glowed in the corner. From his angle, and in the murky shadows he couldn't tell what was there. The eyes disappeared, behind a stack of three bales of hay. Reese finished milking, and hurriedly put Frieda back. He stealthily approached the stacked hay. Leaning over it he saw the eyes again, and this time whatever it was began growling. He overturned the hay bales, and the light barely reached into the corner. It was a puppy, a strange looking one, but a puppy none the same.

He reached to pick it up and it curled its lips in a snarl.

He sat down and began talking to it, softly, and kindly. The dog looked at him curiously and Reese extended his hand. The dog sniffed it furiously, and Reese realized it smelled the goat milk.

"Are you hungry little dog?"

He went and got the metal bucket of milk and a small plastic dish Loreнна used to put milk in for the cats. He poured some milk into the dish and slid it toward the pup. The dog drank the milk ravenously.

Reese finished the rest of the day's chores, and went back to the dog, it was still there, lying in the same spot. He was determined to catch it. It wasn't Pinion, but Loreнна would love to have another dog. He scooped it up in one rapid motion. It yelped, but didn't bite him. It was emaciated, he could feel every bone in its body against his hands. Reese carried it to the house.

After a large bowl of raw ground beef and scrambled eggs the dog seemed a bit friendlier, and Reese petted him. He could tell it had never been handled and it acted as if it couldn't decide if it liked being touched, or if it wanted to pull away. He smiled. It reminded him of the way Loreнна acted when he first met her. It was hard to tell what the dog was going to look like, it was a mangy pelt of scraggy fur stretched over a skeleton.

By the afternoon it followed him everywhere. It was at his feet in the kitchen as he browned ground beef to make spaghetti sauce. He had decided to make Loreнна dinner.

He tossed the dog another wad of meat, the dog devoured it greedily. "C'est bon, eh? You will like it here. Wait until you meet your beautiful mama. You are her Christmas present."

He put a large pot of water on the stove to boil pasta, and stirred the sauce. He had been anxious all day for Loreнна to get home, he had wanted to make her dinner, and take her up to bed. Now he looked forward to presenting her with the

puppy. It wasn't much to look at, but he knew Loreнна would be happy with it. He had never been able to give her anything tangible, anything that she could hold in her hands. All he could ever give her was himself, and he took great pains to do anything he could to show how he felt about her.

Reese heard the truck coming up the driveway, and he picked the dog up and put him in the bathroom and closed the door. He hurried and put his boots on and ran out, not bothering to tie them.

When Loreнна opened the truck door Reese pulled her out into his arms.

"Wait until you see what I bought for you!" she said. Reese silenced her with his mouth, kissing her deeply, how he had missed that sweet mouth.

"You show me later. I have something for you."

Loreнна began gathering the bags from the passenger seat of the truck. Reese grabbed them. "I'll get these. Go to the house."

She smiled when they went inside. "It smells so wonderful. You made me dinner?"

"Yes," Reese told her as he set the bags on the floor.

"What a nice surprise."

He kissed her again. "That's not your surprise, pischouette."

"Hummm.. Have you thought of some new depraved thing to do with me?"

"I have, but that is not your surprise either. I know Christmas is two weeks away, but you have to get your present now." He sat her on the couch. "Wait, I will go get it."

Reese hurried to the bathroom and retrieved the puppy. He carried it out and set it into Loreнна's lap.

Her eyes were wide in amazement as she touched it, gingerly petting it.

"I know it is skinny and it's not Pinion, but he is yours. He is what has been in the barn, watching us. I don't know what kind of dog it is, do you?"

Her voice was hushed as she carefully caressed the puppy's fur. "Reese, it's not a dog, it's a wolf."

Reese looked at the animal skeptically. "He don't look like much. He is no tahyo."

"What is a tahyo?"

"Big hungry dog."

"A wolf, Reese, he is a wolf!" she trembled. "Like your tattoo, of... me, now here is this wolf. This is crazy! We can't keep him," Loreнна said. As if on cue

the dog licked her face.

Reese looked at her dumbfounded. "You don't like him? See! He likes you. He licked your face."

"It is against the law to keep a wolf as a pet."

Reese erupted into laughter, and he saw her expression change as she realized how stupid she had just been.

"Okay, I am an idiot," she laughed. She cradled the puppy in her arms, and looked at Reese, her eyes shining. "We should call him Tahyo. I love him. Thank you!"

"You can thank me properly after dinner," Reese promised. "Then the good little law abiding girl can spread her legs nice and wide for the escaped convict."

"You make it sound so bad," she protested.

"I was actually thinking it sounded sexy as hell," he said, smiling.

CHAPTER 7

Lorennna laid on her back, naked, looking up at the ceiling. Reese was standing at the foot of the bed, holding her ankles. He roughly jerked her down the bed further, pulling her ankles out a bit more, spreading her legs wider. She was helplessly, hopelessly wet, and she knew he could tell.

"Show me, my little whore," he ordered. She placed a hand on each side of her pussy and spread herself for him.

"You are wet" he said. "Lorennna, remember I told you that I want you to be in love with me?"

She nodded. He was looking at her so intently it frightened her.

"It is because I am so in love with you. You are perfect. Not just beautiful, you are sweet, and you are obedient."

"Obedient?" She felt a little insulted by that.

"Yes, I expect you to obey me, and you do. I can do whatever I want to your body. I can have you do whatever I want, can't I?" His voice was very low, and she knew he meant what he said. It was true, he had her, and he would have her do whatever he wanted. She liked that, and sexually it excited her more than anything ever had.

"Yes," she said, closing her eyes, not looking at his face.

"Open your eyes and look at me. You can't hide from me"

She opened her eyes and met his intense gaze.

"Show me how you make yourself cum," he ordered.

Delicately, she put her index finger against her clitoris and began to rub it. She watched him looking at her, and it made her even wetter.

"MMmm, you are a horny little girl aren't you? Keep rubbing, keep your cunt spread, show me how much you want."

She rubbed herself more vigorously, feeling her wetness spreading.

"Tell me that you are such a lonely little whore," he cajoled her, sliding her all the way to the foot of the bed, spreading her legs open as far as he could. She felt the muscles in her legs stretching as he spread her, and she was fully splayed.

She liked Reese's games, but she decided to play a little differently to see what he would do.

"Mais non," she said using his words, as sweetly and innocently as she could. "I am not lonely! I am Reese Savoie's whore."

He paused for a moment, then recovered. "Show me how you would play with yourself for him?"

She spread her pussy as wide as she could, feeling her lips and folds stretch, and the bedroom's cool air caress her where it normally did not. She gently moved her clit with her index finger. "I would not have to do this for him," she said, still rubbing herself. "His mouth would do it for me."

He was silent, and she felt a sense of victory.

"What would you do for his mouth?" Reese finally asked her.

Her arousal was building from her own fingers and his dirty talk. "Anything he asks."

Reese smiled at her wickedly. "Well, he asks you to make yourself cum."

Seconds later she did. She felt him let her legs down, it was a relief to her aching leg muscles.

"How did that feel?" he asked softly in her ear, now on the bed beside her.

"Not as good as when you make me cum."

"Good" he said, kissing her. "I'm glad I'm good for something. I just wanted to watch you. You know I just play with you, and that you are not my whore. You are my angel."

Her heart surged. He always knew just the right thing to say. "I know that. Sometimes it is really exciting when you talk to me like that. I have never felt things like you make me feel. I think of you in ways I never thought of anyone before. Sometimes I think..." She stopped herself, afraid to tell him what she often had thought of since the first day she met him.

"Sometimes you think what?" he asked.

She knew he would persist now until she told him. She didn't really know how to say it. "Sometimes I think about how afraid I was of you the first day I met you. I guess sometimes I wonder what it would have been like if it had only been you here that day, no Ray, and you had just wanted to..." She stopped, not sure how to explain. "Not like Ray did, but you know, you just wanted to..."

"Fuck you?" Reese asked.

Lorena was silent for a minute, she knew Reese hated that term, he always called it making love. He was the only man she'd ever met who never called it fucking. He told her that in Cajun there wasn't even a word for fuck, the closest equivalent is foutre, which means doom. So foutre you meant you were dooming your enemy.

I don't know if I'd say that, but you know, just had me. You know ... took me"

Reese laughed. "Took you? How is that different from fucking?"

"Well I don't know. I didn't mean like slapping me around, but like kind of held me down."

Reese grinned broadly at her. "You want me to play this game with you, don't you?"

"I just always wondered what it would have been like."

It wouldn't be the same now," Reese told her. You were afraid. Fear is a powerful aphrodisiac."

"You wouldn't have hurt me" she said.

"I might have," he said.

Lorennna couldn't believe that. "That's not what you are like."

"I might not have hurt you on purpose, but let's face it, I am much bigger and stronger than you. Would you have fought me?"

Lorennna thought about this, although it had crossed her mind many times. She always knew she would have fought him, but it was a question of just how hard or how long. After all she had been attracted to him. "I would have, but I don't know how much. I guess it would have depended on what you were doing"

"You mean if you liked it?" he teased.

"I don't know what I mean," she said finally. She hadn't been able to explain it right anyway. She really did want to use the term fuck to explain it. Somehow saying "hold me down and fuck me" wasn't something she could say to him.

Reese was still looking at her curiously. He was smiling too, that wicked smile he got when he was thinking about doing something new. He sat up and patted her thigh.

"Get up and get dressed. Put on something old."

"Why?"

"Cause we are going to play your game. I don't want to be ripping clothes off you that you like."

She felt a little rush of excitement as she sat up.

"Well, go on woman. Get some clothes on," he laughed. "I never thought I'd be telling you that." He got up, grabbed his pants, and walked toward the bedroom door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm putting Tahyo in the basement. He won't like it if he thinks I am hurting

you." He paused at the door. "If it would've just been me and you were in the house, I would've knocked on the front door. Would you have opened it?"

She thought about it then nodded.

"Good I don't want to have to fix a door I kicked in."

She smiled, he seemed really serious about this.

Lorenna dressed in her oldest flannel, similar to the one she actually had been wearing. She had a pair of jeans she'd been meaning to fix because they had a big hole in the thigh, so she would wear them. Before she put them on she looked through her drawer and found a pair of panties that were so sheer she had never worn them. She didn't care if he tore them, wearing them was for his benefit, not hers. She wanted to make it a little more exciting for him, he had been with her so many times it was probably not going to be easy for him to pretend he was excited because he never had her before.

She listened as she ascended the stairs but heard nothing, she hadn't heard him go outside. The living room was quiet and she could hear Tahyo scratching on the basement door. She felt a strange anticipation, and to her surprise her legs were trembling. She stood quietly, waiting, wondering what he was planning.

The bang on the front door made her jump. She approached it, almost afraid she had ever said anything about this. She turned the knob, repeating in her head that he would never hurt her. She knew he wouldn't, he loved her.

She opened the door, ready to play along. She was shocked to see that he was wearing the old blue prison shirt. She didn't even know he still had it. It momentarily threw her off guard.

He stepped in the door and immediately grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her back. It didn't hurt, but it certainly wasn't enjoyable.

His eyes were dark, and serious. "Is there anyone else here with you?"

"No," she said.

"I need someplace warm, it's freezing out there."

He pushed her to the couch and sat her down.

"What's your name?" he said, standing over her. He didn't have the kind look in his eyes he had when he really asked her that on the first day she'd met him. He looked excited, aroused, and sexy as hell.

"Lorenna." She tried to say it and sound sexy. So far this was kind of fun.

"Lorenna, Mmm, look at you. You sure are a good looking woman. You live here all alone?"

"Yes," she said, he was almost scary he was so intense.

"You know what Loreнна? I was in prison for almost nineteen years until last night. Do you have any idea of what not feeling a woman in nineteen years does to a man?"

She shook her head.

"Well, no matter. I have a woman in front of me right now, a damn fine looking woman." He stood her up and grabbed her roughly, kissing her, his mouth was hard and crushing, not like the soft warmth she had grown accustomed to. She put her hands on his chest and pushed him, trying to push him away from her.

"Don't push me woman," he told her, his hand was cupping her breast through her shirt, not painfully hard, but much firmer than his usual loving caresses.

"Mmm, nice tits. Can't wait to suck these."

She was enjoying this, and she pulled back playfully. "Don't touch me like that."

"I'll touch you any way I want to," he announced, "I can do anything I want to you, and I will."

He looked and sounded serious. Loreнна felt a warmth in her hips, he was turning her on.

He grabbed her and ripped her shirt open in one fluid movement, and his mouth was on her breasts, sucking. He was rough. Very rough, she struggled a little.

When she struggled she noticed how firmly he was holding her. There was no way she was going to be able to escape the grip of his powerful arms. She began to struggle in earnest, but he pushed his foot behind her ankles and lifted her feet out from under her. She was now off the floor, he was holding all her weight. He went up the stairs, carrying her effortlessly, like she was a doll. He took her into the bedroom and roughly laid her down. He put what felt like his full weight onto her, crushing her into the mattress. His hands grabbed her wrists and yanked them up above her head.

"Lay still" he ordered.

He stood, and she was limp as he unbuttoned her jeans, and jerked them off. She now lay there with her shirt open and only her scanty panties on.

He liked the panties, she could tell. For a moment he stopped and was just staring. She liked that. She wiggled on the bed, for effect, feeling satisfaction that she had managed to distract him from his role.

"Nice," he said. "You won't be needing them though." He pulled the panties roughly off of her, she heard them tearing as he did. He stripped his own clothes

off, standing over her naked, momentarily, before he was on her again.

He was incredibly heavy on top of her.

Once again his hands held her wrists above her head, tightly. His right knee began forcing her legs open, his mouth was rough and bruising, kissing her like he never had before.

"Spread your legs," he told her in a voice that actually made her afraid, although it excited her at the same time. She squirmed a little, then caught up in her own little fantasy, she struggled fiercely, just to see how firmly he had her pinned down. She immediately knew she wasn't going to be able to get away, not even playfully.

"Wider. I want those legs spread nice and wide." He pushed her thighs further apart with his knee.

He penetrated her with a deep painful thrust that took her breath away. His cock was steely hard, and even though she had been with him many times, he had never used it on her in this way. He thrust into her with what felt like the force of truck. For the first few minutes she enjoyed it. She felt helpless, powerless, as this huge man held her down and fucked her. She came intensely, her whole body pulsing. Reese didn't appear to notice she had come. He pumped into her even harder, his balls were slapping against her butt. He grabbed her ankles tightly and pulled them up in the air, giving himself easier access to pound her even harder.

She struggled in earnest now, trying to pull away, to pull back, to avoid the pain of him slamming into her. Her insides were hurting.

"Please," she finally begged.

He clenched her wrists even tighter, she felt she'd lost the circulation in her hands.

"No talkin' now, just fuckin'."

She realized then that he still thought she was playing, he kept ramming into her, the head of his cock painfully poking her cervix.

She cried out loudly. "Reese! Please. Please, stop, you're hurting me!"

He was still against her instantly. He rolled off her and pulled her on top of him, his hard cock now harmlessly pressing against her inner thighs. Lorennna felt painful cramps in her lower belly.

Reese clutched her face between his hands. "Please, please, honey, finish me."

He was pleading with her now, and it made her melt. She guided his hard cock into her, and rode him slowly, but because she was so sore she tried not to slide all the way down him. He was under her, but as she felt him moving her on him, she

knew he was in control, top or bottom, she belonged to him.

His ragged breathing deepened, and she relaxed the muscles in her legs and let him pull her down on top of him with ease. She was impaled on him, and with his cock buried to the hilt inside her he came.

"Lorennna. My sweet Lorennna" he cried as she felt him throbbing in her, filling her full of his hot seed.

She stayed sitting on top of him for what felt like an eternity, before he pulled her down beside him.

She felt tears in her eyes, and she still had bad cramps in her lower abdomen.

"I'm sorry my sweet girl. I'm so sorry. I didn't want to hurt you. I thought this was what you wanted."

It had hurt badly and she knew she would never again wonder what it would be like to be fucked by him.

Her lips were covered by his. Once again they were warm and gentle, but she could feel they were desperate to gain a response from hers. She parted her lips, and softly stroked his tongue with hers, and she felt his whole body quiver against hers.

She opened her eyes, and she saw he looked at her with kindness and love.

She kissed him, open-mouthed, wet and soft, and she cried to him softly.

"I never want to be fucked by you again. Only made love to."

His fingers traced her jaw line. "I have never fucked you, pischouette. Even though I hurt you, it was not on purpose. I was trying to give you what I thought you wanted. It was still me, making love to you. "

She sobbed, partly because of the pain in her belly, but mostly because she knew he meant what he said.

CHAPTER 8

Reese awoke, startled. He rushed to the window and looked out, but there was nothing there, only the blackness of the night. He had been dreaming the house was surrounded by police, that they had come to take him back. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and realized he was trembling. It had seemed so real, and the fear of being taken away from the woman who's bed he shared, haunted him on a daily basis. He couldn't go back to a life without Loreenna. If he could spend the rest of his life in a cell with her there with him, he could finish a life sentence, but without her in his life, he would rather be dead. She was his life, she was everything.

Loreenna stirred beside him. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

"I had a dream they came for me."

He felt her move behind him and she put her arms over his shoulders.

"Loreenna, I am not afraid of going back to prison. I am afraid of being without you" He swallowed hard, and he felt like he wanted to cry.

"Well, neither is going to happen," she said, sounding very convincing.

I would already be back if it wasn't for you. Where would I have gone? How would I have lived? You saved me. You saved me, and all I can think about now is how much I love you, and how I would rather be dead than be without you." He felt her lips touch his neck and he smiled.

He turned to her and took her face in his hands. "I love you with all that I have, Loreenna. What I want more than anything in the world is for you to be my wife. I want to marry you. I wish there were a way I could. Just so you know, in my heart you are my wife. You are mine, I would never give you up."

Her lips were warm and soft on his. "I don't want you to give me up," she whispered

He was glad to hear that. He knew there was no way he could ever let this woman go. Just the thought of her being with anyone else enraged him. He hated knowing she had shared this bed with Joe. He hated the image in his mind of her ever being pleased by another man. She had said to Ray on the first day Reese saw her that she had only been with two men before in her life. While Reese had been with plenty of women so long ago when he'd been a free man, he wished that Loreenna had been only his, no other's.

"Have you really only been with two other men in your life?" Reese asked. "You

are so beautiful, I'm sure you had many boyfriends."

"No, only Joe, and my first boyfriend Vince."

"Do I satisfy you?" He knew he did, but he needed to hear her say it, needed to hear her tell him. He ran his fingers against her nipple, and was pleased to feel it harden immediately at his touch.

"More that I have even been satisfied in my life."

He felt a swell of pride in hearing that. "Why?" he asked.

"I ... I never..." Lorena stammered a bit. He liked how embarrassed she was when it came to talking about sex.

"You never what?" he said caressing her other breast now. Outside the sun was beginning to come up, and he could see the outline of her beautiful face.

"I never had, I never had ... I never came like you make me do with your mouth. No one ever did that to me."

Reese laughed a little, he hadn't expected her to tell him that, and he was surprised that neither Joe nor Vince had ever treated her to the pleasure she deserved. "Really? Come on, dit mon la verite, never?"

"Really" she replied softly. "The first time you did that to me, I couldn't believe how good it felt."

"Want to know a secret?" he asked.

"What?" she asked.

"I love eating your pussy." He laid beside her pressing his mouth by her ear. "I love the way you taste. I love licking your sweet cunt," he whispered. "Your other two boys don't know what they missed out on, and that pussy is all mine now." He could tell by her breathing she was getting excited.

"Mais oui, my tongue will be tired now that I know how much you like that. I will want to do it to you everyday." He stoked her thighs and gently caressed her pussy, which as he expected, was wet for him.

He smiled and knew it was time. "Spread your legs for me, Lorena. I am going to give you what you deserve."

She parted her legs to make room for him between them. The pink and swollen lips of her pussy opened delicately. He settled in between her legs, his nose filled with the delightful scent of his aroused woman. He couldn't think of anything on earth that smelled better. He kissed her inner thigh and softly licked the sensitive crease of her leg. She moaned as his tongue tickled her.

"Spread your pussy lips for me," Reese said, breathing heavily against her clit.

She placed her hands between her legs and opened her lips for him. Her delicious pink opening was wonderfully exposed. It glistened with wetness. His tongue moved in and slipped deep and hard into the delicate folds of her pussy, tracing and exploring each crevice. His nose rested firmly against her clitoris. Reese's mouth was completely covered in her juices. Slowly at first, his tongue swirled through the wetness. He withdrew and circled her clit with his tongue. He encircled her clitoris with his lips, as his tongue lightly flickered over it, faster he went, alternating between deep excursions into her pussy with his tongue, to the delicate licking of her clit, to the rapid side-to-side caressing of her lips.

Her head was thrashing from side to side, her chest heaved. Her leg muscles tensed as he played with her. She moaned, "Please make me cum."

That was exactly what he wanted her to do. The enjoyment of licking and tasting his woman was boundless. His beard was dripping from her. His nostrils were filled with her scent and his lips and tongue, made love to her. Her climax was exactly what he wanted.

With her plea ringing in his ears, he increased his attentions, anxious to finish her, to give her what she so desperately wanted. He could feel her body tensing, he had brought her to the edge, and had thrown her over. She plummeted at great speed from that great height, twitching and quivering all the way down. At that moment, his tongue was flicking wildly at her clitoris but it didn't matter any longer. He moved down slightly and extended his tongue as deep into her pussy as was humanly possible. He was now just along for the ride.

His tongue was blessed with the countless spasms of her internal muscles. They tugged and pulled just like they did when his cock was in its place. Just before the end, came her orgasmic flood. In delightful spurts, her richly sweet cum flowed around his tongue. This was his reward, for only if he had done this well, would her juices have been so abundant. The feeling, scent and taste were beyond description. He was truly in heaven.

He did not move until she no longer twitched. Only until she was motionless did he know her orgasm had subsided. Only then did he slide his tongue from her pussy. Only then did he gently place a faint kiss just below her very sensitive clitoris.

"You taste so good, I can't get enough of your cum..." Reese told her. He moved up beside her, wanting to hold her. He loved the glazed, dreamy look she had after she came. She clung tightly to him. He was immensely aroused, and he wanted to

orgasm himself, but he was going to wait a bit longer before making love to her.

"Did you like that Lorennna?" he asked her softly.

"Mmm, yes," she sighed, her lips against his neck.

"I want to make love to you," he said into her ear. "I've gotten that little pussy all wet and ready for my cock, non?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

He lowered over the soft peaks of her breasts breathing warmly over them before drawing her nipple into his mouth, sucking slowly on it. His hand trailed up her rib cage, cupping the soft flesh of her other breast, and sliding his thumb over its hardened peak.

She ran her hands up his back, her hands, so soft on his bare skin, over his muscles, up into his hair and she clutched it in her hands. He responded, by biting down gently on her breasts making her back arch, pressing herself tighter against him.

Reese sat up on his knees and parted her legs. Then, grabbing her hips he pulled her up against his groin, and lifted her torso against him, his face level with her heaving chest. He ground her against his erection, feeling the heat radiating from her pussy. "Tell me you want this," he breathed as he slid his hand down over her naked bottom, which he cupped and squeezed.

"There is nothing in the world I want more."

It was all he needed to hear, and he thrust his hips, driving himself into her. The sounds she made when he was inside her made him so crazy. His tempo increased and his balls slapped against her as he pumped into her. Beads of sweat formed on his back and he brow as he neared the edge of his peak. "I ... I'm going to cum," he groaned as he thrust once more. She cried out just as she felt the first spurt of his cum deep inside her. He felt her cum against him, her pussy milking his cock over and over, pulsing around his softening shaft, he could hear his heart pounding in his ears.

He kept her tightly against him, wishing he never had to her let go.

CHAPTER 9

Loreнна laid on the couch, her head resting on Reese's lap. He was stroking her hair. Having Reese here was the most wonderful thing that could have happened to her.

A fire crackled in the fireplace. Loreнна liked watching it. She was glad to have a fire again. Chopping firewood was one of her least favorite jobs, and she had a hard time doing it. Reese however, enjoyed it, and he had a large pile of wood stacked on the porch. Loreнна loved watching him chop firewood, his arms rippled with muscles as he brought the axe down.

Reese was eating popcorn, and occasionally he would put a piece in Loreнна's mouth. She wasn't all that fond of popcorn, but there was something really sexy about taking the popcorn from his fingers with her lips.

He looked down at her, his eyes warm, his smile made her happy.

"You look good with your head laying on my lap," he told her.

She looked up at him. "Yeah, my head is facing the wrong way, right?"

He laughed. "I wasn't even thinking that. I was thinking about when you wanted me to play with you, when I was the escaped convict and you wanted to play the helpless little hostage."

She blushed, and she could feel her cheeks were warm. "Yes, that was the same day you called me 'obedient,'" she said.

"Obedient is a good thing."

"Yeah, if I was Tahyo," she said without trying to hide her sarcasm.

"Loreнна, that is another of the many things about you that turns me on, drives me crazy. I spent half of my life in prison, where I couldn't even be in charge of myself, and now, here I am. I am almost forty years old, and I have this gorgeous, sexy young girl who will do what I ask? How could that not turn me on?"

He traced his fingers over her lips, and she almost told him the truth, that she liked his power, liked his control. She loved being his.

His fingers slid gently up her arm. "I want to play with you, Loreнна." He said softly. "There is something I have wanted to do to you for a long time."

Loreнна felt a twinge of fear stab at her stomach, she was afraid of what he was going to say. "Don't ask me to do that?" she said, pleading. "I love you, but I can't do that."

"What?" Reese said, looking genuinely concerned.

She felt so embarrassed, she was unable to find the words. "Not ... you know, back there"

Reese looked confused for a second, then he started to laugh. "Your ass?" He laughed harder. "Honey that's not what I was talking about. I don't want to do that to you. I don't want to hurt you."

"What do you want to do then?" she asked, feeling immensely relieved, yet still slightly nervous.

"I want to tie you up. Good and tight."

Lorennna looked at him in surprise. "Why?"

"Because I know you'll like it."

She hadn't ever been tied up in her life. The closest she had ever come to that was the first day Reese was there and he had handcuffed her and Ray had attacked her. Reese wouldn't attack her, he wouldn't hurt her, but she couldn't understand why he wanted to do it.

"Why?" she repeated slowly.

"Because I know you will like it. When I was holding you down, holding your wrists, you liked it."

She had liked that, but she hadn't told him that. "How do you know that?" she asked, feeling guilty.

"It isn't true?"

"Maybe" she replied.

He grinned. "Well if you didn't like it, your pussy sure did because you were dripping wet."

So there it was, that was how he knew. She was nervous.

"Can I?" he asked.

"What?" she asked, stalling for time, feeling a mixture of apprehension and arousal.

"I'm going to," he announced. "Sit up."

Lorennna sat up, and Reese got up. "I know there's some rope in the basement."

She felt a lump in her throat. "Rope?"

"Yeah, rope."

"You're going to use rope? Not like, something softer?"

He laughed. "I don't want softer, I want you tied up tight. I want you to not be able to wiggle out, or get loose until I let you loose."

"I don't know" she said. She wasn't getting the feeling that this was going to be

much fun. "I'm not sure I..."

"I'm going downstairs to get the rope. Go in the kitchen."

"Why the kitchen?" she asked, concerned.

Reese didn't answer, he was already on his way down to get the rope.

Lorenna stood in the little kitchen looking around. She wondered what he was going to do now. Her legs were shaky, but her damn traitor pussy was already beginning to dampen

Reese came back up the steps, holding a bundle of clothesline rope. He smiled at her. "Get undressed."

"Here?" Lorenna asked. She looked around the kitchen trying to figure out what he was planning.

"Yes, here." He sighed. She could tell he was trying to pretend he was impatient. "Come on Lorenna. I'm ready to get started."

She undressed in silence. She always felt uneasy when he watched her undressing, and not knowing what he had planned was making her hands tremble. She finished, and stood naked in front of him.

He kissed her. "I can never get enough of looking at you. You are so beautiful." He caressed her shoulder, and paused. "You're shaking. Why?"

"I ... I don't know. I'm kind of nervous."

He smiled at her and patted the oak table. "Come sit up here pischouette." She approached him and he picked her up and sat her on the center of the table's edge. Without hesitation he began tying her right leg to the right table leg. He wrapped a lot of rope around her leg and the table leg, she wasn't going to be able to move. She wouldn't be able to move backward at all. He tied her left leg to the other table leg in the same manner, and stopped to admire his handiwork.

"This table is just the right width. You are spread very nicely. You should be nervous. You are going to be completely at the mercy of a wanted criminal."

His voice and words heightened her arousal. She felt her wetness running between her butt cheeks.

"Lie back," he ordered, and she knew he was trying to sound harsh, but she could see his eyes were smiling, full of mischief.

She lay back on the hard table. Reese looked her over. "Too hard? Want a pillow?"

It wasn't too hard, but a pillow would be nice. "Yes" she answered.

"Good," he replied. I need one to put under your little ass too."

He returned with two roll pillows from the sofa, one he positioned under her butt, lifting her splayed hips and thighs up from the table. He positioned the other carefully under her head, stopping to kiss her. His mouth was exquisite, soft and warm, his tongue caressing hers passionately.

He tied a length of rope to her wrist then, pulling her arm back and attaching it to the table leg. He tied her other wrist too, and checked to see that she couldn't pull loose. Satisfied he smiled down at her. "You look so good, all spread and helpless! I'm going to like this as much as you will."

He leaned over her, his tongue and fingers teasing her nipples.

"Oh. You intend to keep teasing me? That's why you tied me?" She believed she had finally figured out his scheme.

He smiled at her. "I can't gag you, because I want to hear you beg. I can't blindfold you because I want to see your eyes when you plead."

She giggled. "You will have to tease me an awful long time before I will beg," she promised

He smiled. "I'm not going to tease you. I am going to make you cum. More than once."

Lorennna realized now what he was up to and she squirmed in the ropes.

"The begging you'll be doing will be for me to stop." He smiled, and ran his fingers through her wet folds. "I can tell it won't take long for me to get you your first one. You are making such a wet mess of that pretty pussy, I'll have to clean you all up."

Lorennna looked at him seriously. "You have to stop in between. You know I can't stand it if you don't."

He chuckled softly. "That is why you are tied up my dear. You won't be wiggling away from me. I've always wanted to just keep licking, keep sucking that little pink clit, hearing you squeal." He ran his fingers over her body as he walked around the table slowly. "You look so good like this. I will have to do this with you regularly. I can't wait to hear you screaming when I'm sucking that clit, licking it raw."

Lorennna panicked at the thought. "Reese, no," she said, then she felt his tongue licking at her softly, gently, teasing at first. She steeled her body, determined to keep from having an orgasm. She'd make it take so long he'd be tired of doing it.

His mouth was so warm and insistent, and the sensation of being bound and spread was making it impossible to not enjoy his attentions. He lapped at her, his

hot tongue tickling and tasting, she was right at the brink. He teased her a while longer.

"Okay, Lorennna. I know you are ready. Beg all you want, I will not stop."

His fingers moved inside her like a cock, thrusting with perfect timing as he sucked on her swollen clit. She came hard, her pussy clutching at his probing fingers. She knew her felt her orgasm, she waited for him to pause, hoping he had just been teasing her and would stop.

Her heart was pounding, it was as if she could hear her blood rushing through her veins, pounding in her ears.

He knew she came, and yet he continued, his tongue as insistent as ever. The delicate licks felt like a searing hot whip. She tried pulling back, and couldn't, she clenched her thighs, tensed every muscle in her vagina, wishing she could pull her clit away from his merciless tongue. She wanted to close herself off from the continuing attentions of his mouth. Her body jerked each time his tongue touched her.

"No," she pleaded. He wasn't stopping, not even slowing or gentling. Each time she made a sound he pulled her clit between his lips and sucked, and she writhed beneath his mouth. His fingers dipped into her again, and he was back to lashing her clit with his tongue. It was too intense. She struggled hard against him and the ropes. "Please stop, just for a minute," she begged. He sucked her harder then, pulling and stretching. Then suddenly it wasn't unpleasant anymore, in fact it felt better than it usually did.

She could hear herself making sounds but she had no control over herself. Her whole world at that moment was that wet tongue tapping at her clit, taking her to the next brink.

She came, blindingly intense, closing her eyes and seeing flashes of white light.

Reese lifted his head, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He had a devilish smile. "More? Does my girl want more? I can do this all day!"

She couldn't speak, her muscles felt slack. She watched as he lowered his mouth to her again, and she shrieked as his tongue touched her clit.

"No Reese. *Please stop*," she begged and pleaded and cried, his mouth just kept working against her. Her throat was hoarse from screaming and pleading. She could hear nothing except her own heartbeat pounding in her ears. Nothing would stop that tongue, each lick was like a slap, her pussy was on fire. She felt her hips rising to meet his mouth as he wrested another shattering orgasm from her limp

body.

Her eyes were closed tightly, she felt too exhausted to open them. She didn't feel his mouth on her then. She didn't know if he had finally stopped or if she was too numb to feel anything. She felt him undoing the rope from her leg.

He had both her legs loose and was standing over her. "Hey, Loreнна? Are you okay?"

She managed to open her eyes and look up at him. His face looked worried. She felt light-headed, dreamy. She thought she spoke.

Reese untied her wrists, and pulled her off the table.

"Hey, are you okay?"

She looked into his dark glittering eyes, not knowing whether she should slap him or thank him.

"I'm okay," she murmured, vaguely aware they were back in the living room.

"You scared me there. I thought you passed out." He held her against his chest.

She nestled her head against his neck, breathing in his smell. She could smell herself on him too, his beard was dripping wet.

"It didn't hurt, did it?" he asked softly.

Her eyes snapped open. "Of course it fucking hurt! Didn't you hear me screaming for you to stop?"

He nodded. "I also heard you screaming when you came. I don't believe I have ever seen you cum that hard." He kissed the top of her head. "Next time we will try four instead of three."

She narrowed her eyes to slits. "You will never, never, ever have me tied up again."

Reese laughed. "Maybe not this week."

Loreнна was silent, not wanting to argue. She wasn't sure she ever wanted to do that again, but Reese was right when he said she had never come so hard.

"I think it's time you gave me a little something to say 'thank you'."

Loreнна laughed. "Thank you for not stopping when I asked you to?"

Reese grinned, Yes."

Loreнна knelt on the floor in front of him, her legs still felt very weak. "What if I don't stop when you want me to?" she teased, her fingers already working at undoing his jeans.

"I'm not tied up" Reese replied.

"Maybe tomorrow will be your turn," she said as she took his cock in her hands.

Slowly she lowered her head, her mouth approaching the tip of his stiff cock. Her lips parted, sliding him into her hot mouth. She could hear his breath rushing. Her tongue was caressing the tip of his cock, her fingers playing with his balls. She began to let her head sink deeper, taking more and more of him into the warmth of her mouth. Lorennna felt him looking at her, as his cock vanished completely between her red lips. She held this position for a moment, her throat relaxing, wrapping around his penis, her tongue moving under his vein. His mouth was open, but he didn't say a word or make a sound. She saw him close his eyes, biting on his lower lip. Meanwhile she began to let her head bob up and down the length of his cock, moving her lips to the head before going deeper again, taking it all in. Reese let go a deep feral moan, he was watching her again, but his eyes were half closed. She could tell he was getting more excited, he was moving against her mouth and his hand rested on the back of her head. She pulled her head back until her mouth was completely off of him, and she licked the head with tiny delicate twirls of her tongue.

Reese groaned softly. "Make me cum, baby."

She continued licking, her tongue tracing the vein in his cock to the base and back up again. She was breathing against him and twisting her tongue against the tip. She felt his hand tensing against her head and she knew he wanted to pull her mouth down onto him.

"Oh, " he moaned, his hips thrusting up. "Make me cum."

"Say please," she said softly.

His eyes widened as she continued stroking him with her tongue, her hand cupping his balls, she ran her thumb against his anus.

"What?" he groaned.

"Say please. Beg me nice to make you cum"

"Please," he said hoarsely. "Please make me cum." She liked the quiver in his voice.

She smiled. "I guess, since you asked me so pretty."

She took all of him into her mouth again, and moved up and down rapidly, her lips tight around him, her thumb pressing hard against his ass. She felt his balls tighten in her hand and his cock throbbed as he flooded her mouth. He was moaning her name. She liked that.

She held him in her mouth until he began to soften, then she laid her head against his thigh.

"See, I don't have to tie you up to make you beg."

"No you don't," he agreed. "I don't have to tie you up to make you beg either, but I'll do it again."

"I don't think so," she replied.

"If I want to I will, and you will let me." His tone was very matter-of-fact. "I love you, Lorennna. " His tone of voice and expression softened.

She climbed beside him on the sofa, and leaned against him heavily. "I love you," she said. She wanted to fall asleep against him, her body was exhausted.

CHAPTER 10

Reese reached for Loreнна, but the bed was empty. He looked at the clock, it was only six o'clock in the morning. He hadn't expected her to be up yet. Since his arrival here, he never woke without her by his side. She was usually still wrapped in his arms. He always made love to her in the morning. He lay there for a while trying to go back to sleep, but finally got up to go find her. He put on only his boxer shorts, The house was cold as he went barefoot down the steps.

The bathroom door was half closed and he could see the light was on.

Loreнна was on the floor in the bathroom, kneeling naked in front of the toilet, her arms resting on the seat. She was chalk white, and despite the chilly air, beads of sweat glistened on her forehead. She looked up when she heard him come in.

Reese knelt down beside her. "What's wrong?"

"I'm sick. I'm so sick, Reese."

He knew she hadn't been feeling well for the last week or so. She had been tired and queasy, and hadn't been eating, but he had never seen her looking this bad. He sat on the floor and pulled her into his arms. Her skin was ice cold. "God, baby, you are so cold. How long have you been down here?"

"I don't know." She started crying, and tightly held onto him. He felt her whole body convulsing as she sobbed.

"Shhh, it'll be okay. I'll take you to the hospital. Whatever you need, baby." He gently stroked her hair.

Loreнна shook her head. "I'm not going to the hospital. You can't take me anywhere. Someone might see you."

"I don't fucking care about that! I don't want to see you sick. I don't want anything to happen to you. I need you to be better."

"I don't need to go to the hospital. I know what's wrong. I'll be okay."

He was genuinely confused. "What are you talking about?"

Her body lurched in his arms and she pulled away from him and began gagging into the toilet. He rubbed her shoulder lovingly as she vomited. When she was no longer gagging he wiped her bottom lip with his thumb.

"What's wrong, baby?"

She didn't answer, but began crying hysterically. Reese picked her up, and carried her back up the stairs, where he sat on the bed, holding her in his arms. He had never seen her act like this, not even the first day he met her, when so many

horrible things had happened to her.

"Lorennna, come on, baby, talk to me. What is wrong?"

She tried to pull away from him, and he grabbed her wrists tightly and pushed her down on the bed. "Stop it. Just stop this fucking shit, Lorennna! What is wrong with you?"

"I'm sorry, Reese. I am so sorry." She was still sobbing.

He felt terrible watching her cry. He let go of her wrists. "You don't have to be sorry. I'm sorry you feel so sick. What can I do?" He felt helpless.

She sat up, her face inches away from his, and he looked at her, his face etched with concern.

"I need to talk to you," she said.

"I'm right here, baby. Talk to me" He wiped away a tear that slid down her cheek.

"I'm pregnant," she sobbed.

It took a minute for his mind to process what she was saying. He felt stunned, but also a vague sense of pride in the fact he had gotten her pregnant. He didn't know why he hadn't even thought of it before, why he had not considered this would happen. She'd had one period back in November, he remembered that vividly, because it had seemed like forever before she would let him taste her again, and he had hated it. He would not have minded having her anyway, but she didn't want him to. He supposed he had been too busy enjoying making love to her to think about getting her pregnant. Why wouldn't she be pregnant? There were days he made love to her four or five times a day. He had cum in her regularly. She should be pregnant.

"Why would you be afraid to tell me that?" he said.

She shook her head, and through her tears said, "I don't know."

"Are you crying because you feel sick, or because you are afraid of what I will say?" He paused for a moment. "Or are you crying because you don't want to be pregnant?"

"I just don't want you to be mad at me."

"I'm not mad." He smiled at her. "This is just something I've never done. I never made a baby." He looked at her seriously. "Do you want this?"

She smiled weakly at him. "More than anything."

He kissed her, he wanted to kiss her gently, but his hunger for her took over as his tongue plunged into her mouth, he could taste her vomit, it didn't repulse him,

he only kissed her deeper.

He placed his hand against her stomach, and his mouth brushed her ear as he whispered. "It will be okay."

She smiled at him. "Do you really mean that?"

"Lorennna, I told you before I would do anything for you. I love you. How could I not want to have a baby with you?"

She sobbed bitterly. "I didn't know ... I didn't think I could get pregnant. I tried so hard when I was with Joe, and it never happened. Joe said maybe I just couldn't have kids."

Reese clenched his jaw in anger. What an asshole Joe was. Why would he put that on Lorennna? He was the one who was sick. He was weak and maybe his sperm was weak as well. He hated Joe. He knew it was stupid to hate a dead man, but he hated him intensely

"It's okay. It is good."

He lay with Lorennna in his arms stroking her soft hair, thinking about her being pregnant. He hadn't thought of being a father since he went to prison. When he married Jolie they had talked about having a family, but they were always so poor that if it had happened it would have made things go from bad to worse. He wasn't sure how this was going to work with Lorennna. He didn't know how they could work out her going to the doctor's, or going to a hospital to have the baby. He didn't want to go anywhere public, but there was no way he would not be there when she gave birth to his baby. He didn't want to get caught, but he had to be there with her. He had to.

He listened to her breathing, she had fallen back asleep. He looked at her, like he always did. He loved watching her sleep. He felt so much love for her in his heart that it made his chest ache. He had no doubt in his mind she would be just as beautiful when her belly grew, as she was now. In fact it excited him, thinking of watching her swell. He thought then of Miss Aroura. He hadn't thought of her in years. She had moved to their neighborhood from New Orleans when Reese was a tall gangly kid of sixteen. Her husband was in jail, and she was probably eight months pregnant. She was a beautiful black woman, around twenty-five, so stunningly pretty that her pregnant belly didn't detract from her appeal. Reese had been a shy kid, always awkward with girls. Miss Aroura took a liking to him when he helped her carry her trash out one day.

Miss Aroura was one hell of a horny pregnant lady. Reese had never been with a

girl, and he had suddenly found himself with a woman, a very experienced woman. She was not shy at all, and never failed to direct him to exactly where she wanted him, and for at least several weeks, she wanted him a lot. She taught him how to lick her, telling him that he would have many girlfriends if he learned how to do it just right. She taught him, and he learned, and she would make him cum with her mouth or her hands as a reward. Only once had she let him have intercourse, and then she was afraid he was leaning on her belly too hard, so she had turned around and let him take her from behind. Miss Aroura always wanted his mouth. She told him when she was done with him "he'd damn sure know his way around a pussy."

Sometimes when she would get excited, her breasts would leak, he liked the way her milky secretions glistened white on her chocolate skin. She'd let him taste it once, and pretty soon he found himself wanting to suck those milky brown nipples all the time. Her husband came back a week before she had the baby, and that was the end of that. They moved away about a month later, and Reese remembered how relieved he was they were gone. He was always nervous when he'd see her husband around, and he was always ashamed to look her in the face.

He'd used what he learned from her on his first real girlfriend, and Miss Aroura was right, he sure knew his way around a pussy.

Lorennna stirred by his side, and he felt a twinge of guilt for thinking about another woman while he was lying in bed with her. He pulled the covers down, exposing her breasts. They had healed nicely, she had one small scar he hoped would eventually fade away. Her nipples were so beautifully pastel pink, he had always loved sucking them, just the thought of her breasts leaking into his mouth made him rock hard. He would put them to good use before they fed his child. He pulled the covers down further so that her belly was uncovered. She didn't look pregnant yet, her belly was always softly round, not fat, just softly round, he loved the way it felt. He put his hand against her stomach and laid it there, trying to get his mind around her being pregnant. It was going to change everything, it was going to change both their lives. It was frightening, but it was good, all at the same time.

It wouldn't be able to have his name. His mind hung on that for a long time. He couldn't marry Lorennna, he couldn't give their child his name, and where was the money going to come from to take care of them? Shit. It was like nineteen years ago all over again, no job, a wife he couldn't take care of, and now a baby. Here with just her he could hide, but with a baby there would be doctor's appointments,

then school. How could he possibly not get caught then? He had told Loreнна this was good, it would be okay, but it wasn't good. It couldn't possibly be okay. He felt an uneasy panic and dread fill him.

Tahyo began whining softly, and Reese slipped out of bed. He dressed quietly, not wanting to wake Loreнна. Tahyo followed him down the steps. Reese slid his coat on, shoved his feet in his boots and stepped outside. The wolf ran round excitedly, peeing on the bushes around the house. Reese would usually play with him outside after he was done going to the bathroom, but today he only stood stoic, watching it snowing, thinking about the woman upstairs in bed sleeping, with his child growing inside her belly.

Fear gnawed at him, the thought of losing her, and losing his freedom, he couldn't survive either one, losing one meant losing the other. Tahyo spun wildly in circles at his feet, clamoring for attention. Reese thought how he loved watching Loreнна hold and cuddle Tahyo so lovingly, and he knew at that moment that he wanted to see her, holding his child, their child. Loreнна was so pale, her eyes so blue, he wondered what their baby would look like. The wind whipped down the mountain behind the house, and only when it iced the tears on his face did he realize he was crying. He wasn't crying because he was afraid or sad. He was overcome with the thought that he had never in his life felt tears of joy, and now they were streaming down his face.

He picked up a stick and threw it for Tahyo, who bounded after it with enthusiasm.

Reese ended up staying outside with the wolf longer than usual. When they went back in he went up to the bedroom. Loreнна was still sleeping.

He went down to the kitchen and made coffee, scrambled eggs, and toast. He fixed a plate of lightly buttered toast, and a tiny bit of eggs, and a cup of coffee with more milk than coffee, and carried them up the steps. Reese set the plate and cup on the table by the bed, and sat on the bed. He bent and kissed Loreнна, until he felt her kissing him back.

"Good morning, pischouette."

She smiled weakly. "Good morning."

"I brought you breakfast."

Loreнна groaned. "Oh, I don't want to eat. I can't eat."

"Yes, you can eat. Sit up and have breakfast."

"I'm not hungry, Reese," she said, but she sat up.

He pressed his hand against her stomach. "Our baby needs you to eat." He took the plate and handed it to her, and she picked up a piece of toast and took a small bite. "I didn't give you that much, you can eat all of it." He smiled encouragingly.

Tahyo poked his head over the side of the bed, sniffing. Loreнна petted him and slipped him a piece of egg.

"Hey! You are supposed to be eating that."

"I am. I was just sharing a little."

"We are going to have to figure out some things. I don't want you to have my baby without me being there."

"I will have it here," she said, chewing on the toast.

"You can't do that. What if something happens?"

"Women have babies all the time. They come when they're ready whether it's at a hospital or not."

Reese considered this for a minute. "I suppose we have time to think things through. When do you think it will be born?"

"Well, the last time I had my period was in November."

"I know, believe me I remember." He rolled his eyes.

"Sometime in the middle of August."

Reese smiled at her. "I was born in August." He realized he had never asked Loreнна when her birthday was.

"Really? When?"

"The twenty-second. I will be thirty-nine. When is your birthday?"

"It was in November."

"So you were with me and you didn't even tell me it was your birthday?"

"No, it was two days before you came here."

Loreнна finished her breakfast, and started to get out of bed. "I'm glad you aren't mad at me." Reese took the plate and put it back on the table, and put his arms around her.

"You didn't get this way on your own. How could it be something to be mad about?"

Her eyes clouded with tears. "Because I don't know how we can do this without anyone finding out about you." Her words echoed his earlier thoughts.

"Don't cry," he said gently. "We will figure out something." He kissed her neck, stroking her breasts. "I was thinking about these earlier."

"Thinking what?" she asked.

"Thinking how you will be able to give me a drink when your milk comes."

Lorennna looked horrified. "You're not being serious! Are you?"

"Of course I am."

"That's disgusting," she said.

Reese laughed. "I can lick your pussy but I'm not allowed to have a taste of your milk? Why is it disgusting?"

She stared at him, and he could tell she was trying to think of something to say.

He lowered his head and sucked her nipple softly. "Is it disgusting now?" he asked as he cupped her breast.

"There is nothing there now" she protested.

"So I am not going to be allowed to suck your nipples when you have milk? Maybe I won't be allowed to lick you then either?"

Lorennna stammered. "I didn't say that." She sighed as his mouth closed around her nipple again.

"I can't believe we're even having this conversation" she said.

CHAPTER 11

The April sun woke Loreнна from a sound sleep. She could hear the water running off the roof as the snow melted. The weather had been warm for the past week, and both she and Reese restlessly watched the snow disappearing. She remembered when she was little her grandmother telling her to hurry and go outside and play in the snow, because it was rotting away. That was what it looked like. It curled, and shrunk at the edges, like rotting fruit. While neither of them spoke about it, she knew they were both thinking t the same dreadful thing. The car, sooner or later, was going to be found. They both felt the time ticking away.

She was five months pregnant now, and she was only beginning to show. She hadn't been sick for several weeks now, and she wasn't tired all the time. She thought about the baby often, but she lived with the fear that everything she had was going to be taken away from her.

Reese never acted afraid, but she saw his fears. She saw how his face creased with sadness sometimes as he lay beside her with his hand against the small rise of her stomach. She knew he was afraid he wasn't going to get to see the baby. Evangeline, that was her name. It had been Reese's mother's name. Loreнна felt certain it was a girl, so certain she had not even wanted to pick out a name for a boy. Reese had been skeptical of her intuition, but in only four months he would see she was right. She prayed he would see, she prayed he would be with her, not just then, forever.

She could hear him downstairs, talking softly in Cajun to Tahyo, and she felt the sting of tears in her eyes at the thought of him never holding their daughter, crooning to her in his secret language.

She heard Tahyo coming up the stairs, his nails clicking on the wooden steps. The wolf poked his head into the room and seeing she was awake came running to the edge of the bed. "Were you sent to wake me up, Tahyo?" She petted him, admiring how impressive he looked. The skinny, mangy pup was a distant memory now, he was muscular and healthy.

She heard Reese in the doorway. "Is her highness going to come downstairs and eat breakfast, or do you want breakfast in bed?" She heard the sarcasm in his voice.

"I remember when you used to wake me up by kissing me, now here you stand, demanding I get out of bed!"

"You remember because I just did it this morning, you are the one who went back to sleep."

She smiled at him. God, she loved that man. "You are the one who wore me out."

Reese laughed. "I wore *you* out? I was the one who did all the work, you just laid there."

Lorennna threw a pillow at him.

Reese casually picked it up. "Is this for me to prop your little ass up with while I give you a good spanking?"

"Mais non! Hell no, you wouldn't dare."

"Not now anyway." Reese laughed. I am hungry and the biscuits are getting cold."

"You made biscuits? Now there is something I should throw at you. I bet they're hard as rocks." She felt pretty hungry herself as she got out of bed. Even though she teased him, he was probably as good at cooking as she was. She reached for her nightgown which was hanging from the back of a chair.

"Leave it?" he said.

"What?" she asked.

"Leave it, and just come down like you are. The house isn't cold."

She wondered what he was up to. "Why?"

"Because I like to look at you. I can't think of anything I would rather see across the table from me than my gorgeous, naked, pregnant wife."

She loved when he called her his wife and he knew it. "Well, okay. You did make me breakfast." She smiled.

Reese didn't allow her to drink coffee anymore, but as she sat down to the table she saw he had made her chocolate milk, which she loved.

"What are you up to?" she asked him, tasting a bit of ham as he was buttering her a biscuit.

"Nothing. Making you breakfast. I've done it before."

"I know. but you are being, too nice."

"Too nice? I am going to spank that ass after breakfast. Don't call me nice." He stared at her for several moments, and just as she was starting to feel ridiculous sitting and eating breakfast with nothing on. "I just want to treat you as good as you make me feel. I want you to miss me when I'm gone."

She felt the lump rising in her throat. She knew what he meant by "gone," but

the implication behind the word made her feel hopeless.

He swallowed his coffee hard. "Lorenna if they come here for me, it's not going to be like the tv or a movie. They aren't going to have some big shootout with me. I'm gonna put my hands behind my back and go."

She was surprised to hear him talk like that, especially since he had told her he'd rather die here than go back.

"A lot of things could happen. You could get hurt, too. At least if I go back to prison I will still be able to at least know what this child looks like, even if I never can know her. I know you'd send me pictures, maybe even bring her to see me, non?"

He'd said "her". Lorenna felt her heart shattering into a million slivers. She fought back the sob that so badly wanted to escape her. "Reese, I don't ... I can't do this without you. I need you." She stood and went over to him, she saw the tears in his eyes. He hugged her waist without standing, and she felt his whole body convulse. He slid out of the chair onto his knees, still holding her around her waist, and with his head against her stomach he wept openly. She touched his hair as he sobbed against her.

"I don't care if you see me cry, Lorenna. Let God see me cry too. Foutre God! I served over eighteen years, others who did worse than me were out in ten, fifteen. Free, free to live like normal fucking people again, not hide, waiting to be found. Free to marry the woman they love, give their children their name. Foutre God! There is no fucking god! There is no mercy. There is no atonement. There is nothing."

Lorenna stood, tears streaming down her face, as she watched the strongest man she'd ever known, sob like a little boy at her feet. He laid his head against her, his cheek resting against her stomach, she felt the warmth of his tears on her skin, and then something else. She felt the baby move. Reese jerked his head back from her and put his hand on her. Beneath his hand the baby moved again.

Reese looked up at her in awe. "She is moving, non?"

Lorenna nodded.

He stood and hugged Lorenna. "There has to be a way. There has to be a way, I want this too badly."

He sat heavily back in the chair.

"If we could leave here, where could you take me?" Lorenna asked.

"To Louisiane, but we have no money."

"If we had the money, still how could you go there? Wouldn't they look for you there?"

"I doubt it. I have no family left there that I know. No one there ever knew I went to prison. My mother would never want that shame."

"Why would we go there then?"

"The people, the life, the place, it is my heritage. It is in my blood." He touched Loreнна's stomach. "It is in her blood."

"We could have the money." She said feeling a bit of hope.

"How? No, wait you are right. I could get the money. I am already looking at going back to jail for the rest of my life, why could I not rob something?" He sounded desperate

"No I mean I can legally get enough money for us to go away. The National Parks Service made several offers to buy this property. I own sixty acres here."

Reese looked at her in surprise. "How much money are we talking about?"

"Three hundred eighty-five thousand dollars."

Reese sharply drew in his breath. "Why were you still here?"

"I was going to go, someday. I just wasn't ready to leave. I wasn't ready to leave Joe. I'm ready now." She remembered something then and frowned. "We have another problem."

"What is that?"

"Ray. He can't stay in there. What if they find him?"

"How would they connect him to you?"

"I don't know, but if they come looking for me to find out if I know anything, then they will find you. They will find out about us."

Reese slammed his hand on the table. "That son of a bitch Ray is as much trouble dead as he was alive!"

"Not to me he isn't," Loreнна said.

Reese's expression softened. "Mais non, you are right. Not to you."

"I will have to go to Pullman. Make phone calls, set up meetings."

"I will have to get rid of that piece of shit Ray. For good." He paused, and said thoughtfully, "I will bury Pinion before we go."

Loreнна kissed him. "There is something else you have to do."

"What would that be?"

"I'm standing in front of you naked, and you have to ask?"

"That would not be something I have to do. It would be something I want to

do." Reese stood and picked her up. Loreнна always knew how strong he was, but when he picked her up and carried her she was always amazed at how effortlessly he did it. He carefully draped her over his shoulder so he didn't hurt her belly, and smacked her bare ass.

"I owed you that," he said as he carried her up the steps.

Loreнна felt him lower her onto the bed, gently as he always did. He knelt beside the bed, the look on his face one of pure joy, and amazement.

"What?" Loreнна asked.

"I can never get enough of you. I made love to you only a few hours ago, and it feels like it has been forever since I have been inside you."

His finger ran down the soft skin of her throat, which she felt quiver, as he slowly ran his fingertip across her breasts. His fingers lightly traced the veins in her breasts which had darkened, as her breasts grew heavier and fuller with the promise of the child in her belly.

He undid his pants, and kicked them off, not bothering with his shirt. He hadn't even kissed her yet, but he was already hard in anticipation.

His mouth was soft and warm, tentative at first then with deepening confidence and passion his tongue caressed hers, and she eagerly responded. His hand slipped between her thighs, caressing her. She was, as she always was in anticipation of him, slickly wet.

"You are already wet," he said.

He kissed her neck. "Good," he said, kissing his way down to her breasts. He sucked one nipple gently, and rubbed the other with his fingers. She loved when he did this, her nipples were extremely sensitive, and having both touched at the same time drove her wild. He alternated, so that each nipple was suckled and licked. Between her legs her clit was throbbing, begging for the same treatment. With a hand on each breast he pressed his mouth to her ear, breathing his warm breath on her, sucking her earlobe.

"Je t'aime. I love you. I love you more than life," Reese said against her neck, his breath burning each word into her very soul. His mouth on hers again, he straddled her carefully.

Loreнна touched him, her fingers closing around his hard cock, guiding it to her, guiding it to where they both needed him to be. She felt the broad head of it pushing against her wetness, and he slid into her with agonizingly slowness. He took her ankles and rested them on his shoulders, and she felt him finally, fully

inside her. He filled her so completely, stretched her, in a way that was not unpleasant, but was so deliciously satisfying that she felt possessed, owned by him.

He moved in and out now, slowly. He had always been gentle with her but since she had told him about the baby he was even gentler, more careful. She loved looking up at him, whether he had his eyes closed or open he always looked so spectacular, he was like a god. His broad shoulders, his arms hard as steel, holding himself over her, balancing his own weight so perfectly, so aware, despite how caught up in the moment he ever was, that he did not want to crush her beneath him, with his body's weight. She rocked beneath him, finding it difficult to arch her hips with her feet behind his head. He was perfectly still then, his insistent cock in her so far that she could feel the weight of his balls resting on her. She could feel him looking at her, and she met his eyes.

"You are mine," he said.

"I am yours."

He was fervent then, his lovemaking was not rough, but urgent. She felt his need, not a need to orgasm, but his need to claim her as his own. His cock probing her, touching her in places where no man, other than him, had ever been before. Reminding her, demanding her to submit to him, to give all of herself to him, over and over.

He didn't need to remind her.

CHAPTER 12

It was a warm enough day that Reese wore only a t-shirt, as he pried up the cement slab in the back of Loreнна's house. It had taken longer than they expected to sell the property. All the paperwork made it seem like it was never going to happen, but it finally did. A yellow rental truck was parked, fully loaded in the driveway, waiting for tomorrow morning. Loreнна was in Pullman, at the bank, depositing the payment. She was going to take five thousand dollars in cash out of her savings account for the long drive.

Loreнна had sold the horses, goats, and chickens over the past month. A neighbor up the road had taken the two barn cats, and Tahyo was going with them. Everything was going just the way it was supposed to.

Someone had found the car over three weeks ago, and it had been more a relief, than a problem. It was almost June now, and Reese never guessed it would remain hidden so long. Reporters on the news suggested that last month's spring thaw, with its melting snow, and heavy rains had caused a mudslide. The car had been almost completely buried. The story didn't seem to generate much interest, at least as far as locating the two missing convicts, perhaps because they had been missing for almost eight months, and the police probably would never imagine they would remain in the area. They had given names, descriptions, shown pictures, which actually made things a little better as far as Reese was concerned. The picture they were using of him was old, and the description was wrong on both the height and weight.

He had actually driven through Pullman two days earlier to drop off Loreнна at the truck rental lot. Clean shaven, and wearing a ball cap, he'd driven right past Darvon, twice. It was an intoxicating feeling, driving past the building where he had spent most of his time in a cell, now in a pick-up truck going past at sixty-five an miles an hour. Hell, if the other cons could see him now. A beautiful woman beside him in bed each night, freedom, love, a real life, it was almost too much. He had a lot to be happy about.

Loreнна was almost seven months pregnant, and she was as beautiful as ever. Her breasts were huge, her belly was swollen, and he loved her more every day. Evangeline kicked a lot now. Reese would lie in bed at night with his hands on Loreнна's belly, feeling the baby moving. It amazed him sometimes that Loreнна could sleep with this tiny baby kicking her from inside. Life with a pregnant

woman wasn't always great, but life with Lorennna was always fantastic. He didn't care if there were times when she was moody, if she was unreasonable. He loved when her hormones kicked into overdrive and she was horny. He loved to tease her when she walked around barefoot, telling her she was barefoot and pregnant, but no matter how she was, she was Lorennna, the light of his whole world.

She'd been excited this morning about going to pick up the payment, it was all finally happening. He woke with her beside him, and a feeling of great anticipation as to what was ahead for them.

He'd taken a shower with her this morning, he loved washing her, feeling her skin, silkier than ever against his hands. Her belly was beautiful to him, even though she spent a lot of time worrying that she was fat. His only problem with it was that he could now no longer see her face when he was between her thighs. He could always tell by her body's reaction that she enjoyed what he was doing, but he did miss watching her eyes glaze and widen as she came against his mouth.

She always knew what to do to drive him crazy too. Only a few hours ago, she'd been on her knees in front of him, on the floor in the bathroom, both of them still wet from the shower. He loved looking down at her like that. Kneeling submissively in front of him, her large breasts heaving, her lips parted, she'd held his balls with one hand, and with the other guided his cock into her mouth, slowly, she took all of him into her mouth. He held his hand against her throat, he could feel it swell as the head entered and withdrew. He could feel her saliva running down him, hear her muffled sounds as she tried to breathe with her mouth full of him. Her breasts were so full and heavy now that they rested on her belly, and they bounced each time her head moved. He touched her hair, fighting back the urge to grab a handful and pump in and out of her mouth. Standing perfectly still, he let her do it all herself. Her mouth was exquisite, her tongue was ecstasy. Watching her, kneeling before him, her mouth full of his cock, her belly full of his child, he knew she could not be any more his than she was at that very moment. She looked up at him, and he touched the side of her beautiful face, the face of an angel, she was his angel, and she sucked his cock like a New Orleans whore.

He took her out to the couch, and she got up on her knees, her belly so round, it almost touched the cushions, as he entered her from behind. She was wet from sucking him, he liked that. He teased her with tiny strokes, until she was rocking back against him, trying to get more. He used his hand and caressed her wet pussy as he moved in and out, he made sure he wet his thumb in her slippery juices, and

then rubbed it slowly against her tight little ass. After a few more seconds of teasing her, he worked his thumb into her anus. She yelped, and was writhing, trying to move away from his thumb, but she was reluctant to pull away from his cock. He felt her tensing, then tightening, and he twirled his thumb inside her butt. She came so hard against him it was almost painful to feel her muscles squeeze so hard. He pulled his cock from her just in time to ejaculate all over her sexy butt cheeks. It had been fantastic, and she was cute as hell when she got mad at him, saying she'd have take another shower. Oh how he loved that woman!

The concrete slab came loose, and he rolled it to the side. Reese had a long pole he fashioned a hook on, using an old fireplace poker. He dragged the area where he knew Ray's body had sunk. Tahyo watched him curiously, and more than once got in his way. He had weighted down the body with concrete blocks before he dumped it, so he figured it should be in the same place. The first two or three times when he came up with nothing surprised him, but after over an hour of looking he was getting frustrated. He couldn't figure out why he could not at least feel a lump in the bottom of the sludge. Where the hell was it? The more he thought about it the less this seemed like it was really even necessary. He knew where it was, and was looking and couldn't find it. How was someone going to find it accidentally?

Lorennna was going to go into a panic though, he knew it. She'd be having nightmares about him still being alive, or someone finding his body, forever. Reese sat and lit a cigarette. He'd bought a pack in Baxter, on the way back from Pullman, that was two days ago and this was the first one he'd smoked. It tasted good, he found himself thinking he should have had one earlier. He slid the slab of cement back in place and let it fall shut. He didn't want to lie to Lorennna, but he was going to. Tomorrow they would be on their way, and Ray the rapist would be right where he was now, right where he'd stay, until he rotted away. Reese smoked his cigarette.

Reese and Tahyo sat on the porch until the truck pulled up the driveway. Reese walked down to the pick-up, as Lorennna slid out, a bit cumbersome. She was radiant, and smiled at him.

"Are we all ready?" she asked.

"We are," he answered her, his mouth already seeking hers. She tasted like spearmint gum.

"You've been smoking."

"Yep, and you've been chewing gum," he teased.

She pulled out a large roll of money from her purse. "I've never seen this much money in cash before."

"Neither have I."

"We should leave tonight, leave now," she said excitedly.

"Sounds better than sleeping on the floor, don't it?" he agreed.

"Let me get the pick-up on the trailer and we are outta here."

"Can we spend the night at a motel once we get out of state?" Loreнна asked.

Reese put his arms around her. "What are we going to do at a motel?" he asked suggestively

"Whatever you want," Loreнна said.

"Well, in that case, you've talked me into it."

He watched Loreнна walk down by the barn, to the giant oak tree where he had buried Pinion. She was still there when he had the truck securely loaded onto the trailer. He watched her, with a lump in his throat. He always wondered what he had done to deserve her. The late afternoon sun lit her golden hair, and she looked so angelic, standing over Pinion's grave, her hands beneath her pregnant stomach. She was wearing a white cotton dress, and the darker skin of her nipples was slightly visible through the fabric as the sun lit her from behind. He walked up behind her and laid his hand against her belly, kissing her neck.

"Loreнна, I love you," he said into her ear. "You are my life. You are the most beautiful woman in the world."

His hand caressed her belly lovingly, as he turned her around to kiss her soft lips.

"I am the fattest for sure," she replied.

He looked down at her belly and smiled. "I hope not. I want you to be even fatter, I want our baby to be born healthy." He moved his hand, and saw he had left a black greasy hand print on her dress where he had touched her.

"I've got grease on your dress! I'm sorry."

She looked down. "It's ok. It'll wash out."

"Are you ready to go, or do you want me to find you something else to wear in the truck first? I'm so sorry about your dress, honey."

"Do you think I need to put something else on?" she asked.

He smiled, she was so sweet, seven months pregnant with his baby, and she still worried all the time about how he thought she looked. He actually liked the hand

print on her dress, he'd like to put his greasy hands on her bare skin.

"I think you need to let me put my hands all over you. Let's go in the house. I'd like to make love to you one more time in the house where I first had you."

"On the floor?" she asked.

"Does your back hurt too much?"

"I don't think so."

Reese opened the back of the yellow truck and took out some pillows. "Come on little girl, you won't be worrying about your back when I'm done with you."

She followed him to the house, and he used the pillows to make a bed on the living room floor. He laid her back on the pillows, kneeling over her, his mouth tasting her neck, her shoulders. He pulled her dress up over her hips, sliding his hand up over the expanse of her round belly, his fingers delicately stroking her nipples, feeling them stiffen and rise beneath his fingertips. He stroked her thigh, toying with the leg band of her white panties, finally slipping his fingers beneath them and feeling her skin. He paused stroking, surprised to feel she was completely smooth.

She was giggling.

"You shaved? When?"

"This morning when I went back to take another shower. I wanted it to be a surprise."

Reese smiled. "It's definitely that." He liked how it felt, and he quickly jerked her panties off, anxious to have a look at her. He spread her naked pussy with his thumbs, and felt his cock leaking precum in his underwear.

"Oh, god, baby, you make me so fucking crazy," he sighed as he tasted her, his tongue sliding against her freshly shaven pussy lips. "I can never get enough of you." He licked at her clit, his index finger pressing into her. He felt her getting wetter.

"Please, oh please, oh please, oh please..." she moaned. Her voice was high-pitched and desperate. His cock felt like it was going to explode.

Usually he took his time with her, but he was in a hurry to make her cum, he wanted to fill her with his cock, not his tongue. His finger wiggled inside her as he sucked at her clit. He felt her tensing, she was moaning. He put his other index finger in her too, and he pulled her open wide, pushing his tongue between his fingers. That did it, she was cumming hard against his fingers and his tongue, her pussy clenching and throbbing as she whimpered.

Reese straddled her, hurrying to unzip his jeans and pull his cock out, he wasn't even going to bother pulling his pants down. He couldn't wait to be inside her, he had been very close to ejaculating in his underwear.

"I'm glad I made you cum like that, pischouette, cause this isn't going to take long," he told her as he guided his hard cock into her bare pussy.

He took her with long, forceful strokes. He couldn't stand it another minute. He came, pumping hard into her as he unconsciously called out her name.

It took him a few moments before he could speak.

He patted her thigh as he looked down and watched his semen ooze from the lips of her pussy. "I'll go down to the truck and get you some clean clothes. Do you need a towel?"

She nodded. Her eyes sparkled. He felt so good, so in love with this woman, the woman of his dreams.

"I'm sorry I came so fast." It was rather surprising to him how he never failed to be excited by her.

He brought her clothes, and knelt in front of her wiping his cum from her thighs with the towel. He felt her hand touching his hair softly.

He ran his hands over her belly, and pressed his lips to it. "I love your mama, Evangeline. She is the best thing that ever happened to me."

She shyly redressed in front of him. He found it amusing that she was still so self-conscious about being naked in front of him.

"You look really cute since you shaved," she said, when she noticed he was staring.

"I don't want to be cute" he replied, but his heart felt good when she said that.

"You can't help it" she said.

He smiled at her. "You are pretty fucking cute since you shaved too."

She blushed, a deep red.

He held her hand as they walked to the truck. Tahyo trotted beside them. Reese felt a deep sense of well-being. He was the luckiest man ever sentenced to life in prison.

Chapter 13

Lorena sat in the rental truck, watching through the dusty window as Reese chatted to an old man in front of a gas station with a small general store in the front. Her legs were cramped and her bladder was full and she couldn't stand it any longer. She climbed down from the truck. The fresh air smelled wonderful.

The old man smiled warmly at her and shook her hand. "You're the wife? I am Herbert Gautreaux. My wife la chaste-femme. Your husband was telling me you were expecting a child. You may want to meet her?"

Lorena didn't know what he meant. The man's mouth crinkled into a smile. "Chaste-femme, mid-wife."

"Oh, yes," Lorena said, feeling a sense of relief. The closer her due date loomed the more nervous she was becoming, having the baby without help from someone who actually knew what to expect.

"You two come for dinner tonight. She will cook up something good."

"Do you have a bathroom?" she asked uncomfortably.

"Yes, ma'am, right round the side" he gestured.

Lorena walked stiffly and found the bathroom.

Reese and Herbert were still deeply involved in speaking when she came back. Most of the conversation she couldn't understand, so she stood politely, looking at how dense the woodlands behind the gas station were.

The woods here were different than the forests of the Cascades, thicker, darker, full of marshlands, with different trees and plants than what she was used to. The cypress trees she had seen were fascinating, with their unique twisting knees and exotic looking curtains of Spanish Moss. They had driven across a long expanse of bridge, and she was amazed at the vast swamps on either side. They had stopped and she looked out in the water, trying to see an alligator, she'd never seen one except at the zoo. They hadn't seen any, but Reese assured her that soon she would. There were plenty here he'd told her.

Reese seemed to come alive with excitement as they neared his homeland. It was as if he smelled the swamps and the marshes. She could feel his excitement, and she wished she could share it, but she was so exhausted and sick of sitting that she was just anxious to get somewhere, anywhere. They had decided to either stay at an inexpensive motel for a few days, and they would look for an apartment to stay at for a few months so they would have time to look at houses. Shortly after

Evangeline was born they hoped to be living in a nice house.

Reese had spotted an "Apartment for Rent" sign on the gas station window, which it turned out was around the back, upstairs, a nice little place with a wide balcony porch that overlooked the swamps and woods behind the station. It was sparsely furnished, and Lorennna was grateful to see there was a bed, the thought of Reese having to unload theirs and put it together before she could lie down would have been torture. Herbert Gautreaux, the owner, was such a kind old man, the fact that his wife was a mid-wife was almost too perfect.

Tahyo was rushing about, running up and down the steps. He trotted into the woods several times, sniffing in delight at all the new scents, and happy to feel grass beneath his feet again. Reese would always call him back quickly. He told Lorennna that to an alligator Tahyo was just another dog, and gators love the taste of dog meat. She felt a little shiver of fear now as she sat on the balcony looking into the woods.

Reese was unloading things they would have an immediate need for. He had seen Lorennna's exhaustion and suggested she soak in the tub, then take a nap.

The little apartment was very clean, another bonus for Lorennna, as she didn't feel like doing any heavy scrubbing just to be able to relax in the bathtub.

The living room had only a sofa, and a television. The floor was covered with deep blue carpet. She had never seen carpet so beautiful or unique, it had flowers and birds on it. She liked the whole place, it would suit them well until they could find a more permanent home.

The bath had a cast iron claw-foot tub, just like the one at the old house. Her body was aching as she let the water fill it, the water would feel so good on her aching muscles. Her breasts were extremely sore as well, and they felt unusually tight and hard. She eased her body into the tub, wondering if she'd even be able to get back out, she felt gigantic. She felt like a big whale lying in the water, her breasts bobbing up and down in the warmth. She touched them gingerly, feeling their odd solidity. Looking down she noticed her left breast was leaking slowly. Her milk had come. She felt a flush of embarrassment, thinking of the things Reese had said. She lay back, letting the water ease some of her soreness.

Her eyes were closed as she relaxed in the tub, when the bathroom door flung open, with a force so hard that the knob knocked against the plaster wall, breaking a large chip from it.

Reese towered over her, looking enraged. He held a large manila envelope in

his hand.

"What the fuck is this?" he said, holding up the envelope.

"I don't know, what is it?" Loreнна replied, although she knew what it was.

Reese knelt by the tub. "You said you were getting rid of all this shit! Why do you have this? Why did you pack it?"

Loreнна looked at his face, contorted with anger, she felt very afraid of him. "I don't know what you have Reese!" she lied.

"It's Joe's shit. All Joe's shit, his birth certificate, social security card, *everything*, even your fucking marriage certificate! You promised me *no mementos*! You said you were getting rid of all of it!"

"They aren't mementos. I might need them" she said softly.

"For what?" Reese raged. "To make me jealous? To remind me you were his wife and that he fucked you before you laid in my arms at night? To remind me that you will never legally be *my* wife?"

Loreнна felt his hand grip her neck, and she was frightened. His eyes were black with anger.

"They aren't mementos" she protested. "I thought there would be something there I might need later, because of the property sale." She heard herself crying as his hand closed against her neck, lifting her from the water. "Why are you doing this?" she pleaded. "You are hurting me. You are going to hurt the baby!"

Loreнна struggled against his grip. "Reese, please! Why are you doing this? Why are you so mad at someone who is *dead*? Joe is gone."

"And yet you are still his wife," Reese said angrily. "Do you think of him when I make love to you? Do you imagine it's his cock inside you?"

He slacked his grip, and she slid back into the tub. Loreнна collapsed into the water

"You are always jealous, and for what?" she said. "Never in my life have I felt what I feel for you."

Reese stormed out of the bathroom. She sat in the tub, upset by his behavior, and she felt anger welling up inside her. She grabbed a towel and hastily dried off. Still dripping water she went into the living room. Reese was sitting on the floor, leaning back against the wall.

"You bastard!" she said. "I've given up everything I had because I love you. I came here with you. I have your baby in me, and none of that is enough for you? It's not my fault we can't get married. I'm sorry that you're a such a little man you

can't get over the fact I was married, that I was with someone else before I met you! *Before* I met you."

She saw the anger in his eyes as he looked up at her, his jaw was clenched.

"If you don't believe by now that I love you, you never will." Her voice lowered. "And if that's the case I don't even know why I'm here, why I'm wasting my time trying to show you how much I love you!" She turned and went into the room that was to be their bedroom, and rummaged through a box looking for something to put on. She quickly pulled a maternity dress over her head and turned back toward the door.

Reese blocked the doorway, his dark eyes smoldering. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting dressed," she replied coldly.

Reese stood silently, looking at her. Loreнна sat on the edge of the bed waiting for him to move out of the door.

"Were you telling me that you are going to leave?" Reese said.

"I don't know. I don't think I deserve to be treated this way by someone who claims to love me."

"I don't *claim* to love you, I do love you," he replied, his voice quivered.

Loreнна looked at him. He had a strange expression on his face that she couldn't read. She sat quietly.

"I have no intention of ever letting you leave me," he told her then, and something about his tone of voice made her almost afraid. "All the times I told you that you are mine, that you belong to me ... I meant it. You will never leave me."

"And if I do?" she asked, almost afraid to hear his answer. She stared back at him, and she felt her pulse quicken, he was such an amazingly handsome man. Her knees felt weak as she looked at his face. His arms were on either side of the door frame, hard and muscled, he was powerful, more beautiful than any man had a right to be. She did belong to him.

"You won't," he said.

She stood and moved very near him. She could smell his familiar scent, she loved how he smelled, how he looked, and made her feel.

"And if I did?" she said softly. She ached to feel his hands on her, his mouth, his hard body against hers.

"You can't," he said.

"Why can't I, Reese? Would you hunt me down and bring me back?" She felt herself trembling, wishing he would kiss her. She'd never leave.

"No, Loreenna, you wouldn't leave in the first place, because you love me."

She felt relieved that maybe she had finally gotten through to him. "I do love you" she said. "I don't know why you don't believe me because of some papers. I think we will need those papers for something. I had to bring them."

He looked at her critically. "You should have told me. Loreenna, I am sorry, I am so very sorry. I never want to hurt you. I just wish you had talked to me about this. I wish you had told me."

"So you could have been just as unreasonable then?"

A hint of a smile was on his lips. "Yes, I like being unreasonable. I like making you mad. You are cute when you're mad."

"Well, I must be cute as hell now," she retorted, still trying to sound angry.

"No, you aren't cute. You are horny. I bet you are wet."

Loreenna felt her face flush. She was wet.

Reese caught her in his arms. "I bet if I feel your pussy I'd find you very wet for me. Wouldn't I?" His voice was deep and rough.

He let his arm fall and slid his hand beneath her dress, where he rested it momentarily on her inner thigh, before he ran his fingers against her. "MMmm" he said softly, his fingers nimbly caressing her. "Just as I thought. You are always so wet for me."

He took off his shirt, and undid his belt. "Now I guess I need to make up for being such a prick. What do you want Loreenna?"

She wanted it all, he made her dizzy as he kissed her, as hungrily as he did the first time, as he did every time.

"I want to feel your mouth on me." she whispered.

He smiled. "Again? You always want me to lick your sweet pussy."

He kissed her neck, his fingers tracing her nipples through the soft cotton of her dress. She limply lifted her arms as he took her dress off and let it fall to the floor. She felt him laying her on the bed, leaning over her, his tongue coaxing at her clit. His mouth covered her, inch by inch licking, sucking, his tongue softly probing, teasing her. Her hands moved between her legs, spreading herself open, feeling his hair tickle her thighs as his mouth worked on her. Suddenly, the pleasure became blindingly intense and she shuddered involuntarily against his mouth as she came.

He got on the bed beside her, lying on his back. "Make love to me, Loreenna" he

whispered, his voice thick with lust.

She straddled him carefully, she felt huge and awkward. He smiled and caught her hips, pulling her gently down on him. She felt the weight of her belly resting on him. He moved beneath her, his hand resting against her stomach. She leaned forward, pushing herself with her legs, clumsily riding him. She wondered what he must be thinking now, his perfect muscled body beneath her huge expanse. His tongue flicked gently over her nipple, and she looked down at him. He smiled at her.

"MMMMMmm. You taste like warm melted ice cream."

Shit! She had forgotten about her breast leaking earlier.

She struggled to pull back as his mouth closed tightly around her nipple, and he sucked insistently.

She was surprised that it didn't feel bad. In fact, it actually soothed her sore breast. Seconds later she found it felt fantastic, as she felt him bucking beneath her, his mouth still firmly attached to her breast. She felt how wet she was as she slipped easily up and down. The hair at the base of his cock brushed and tickled her clit with each downward movement. She felt him throbbing inside her and her own orgasm washed over her.

She wobbled weakly over him, unable to maintain her balance. His strong arms helped her to the bed beside him, and she lay exhausted. Reese stroked her face with his fingertips.

"I'm so sorry, Loreнна."

"For what?"

"Grabbing your neck before. I'm so sorry baby. I hate Joe. I fucking hate him. I don't know why but I hate him more than I have ever hated anything or anyone."

Loreнна turned her head and looked into his eyes, they were wet with tears.

"It's okay." She moved closer beside him, and his mouth covered hers in the warmth of the kiss she knew and loved. His tongue brushed hers and she could taste a strange sweetness on him.

She pulled away, suddenly feeling very ashamed. Her hands instinctively touched her breasts, finding the one he had suckled soft and yielding, while the other was still hard and painful. It was leaking a tiny bit. He watched her with an amused smile.

"Does it feel better?" he asked.

She felt her face burning, and she didn't want to answer. It did feel better. It felt

much better. He was studying her face, still smiling.

"Yes, Um, a little."

He touched her sore breast with his fingertips. "Would you like me to make this one feel better?"

She felt humiliated, she felt slightly repulsed, but she very much wanted him to.

"Yes," she heard herself say.

He nuzzled against her, his tongue swirling around her nipple, then his mouth gently closing around it, his hand kneading her softly.

She watched him with a strange mix of excitement, relief, and disgust, as he sucked, his eyes were closed blissfully. He squeezed tenderly and she groaned. "You are milking me!" she gasped with embarrassment. He paused and looked at her, his hand brushing her hair from her face.

"I am loving you," he said sweetly.

His mouth closed back around her, and she found herself stroking the side of his face as he suckled her. It felt wonderful, and she was embarrassed by that. His fingers found her drenched pussy. He squeezed the lips together and released them. Slowly, sensuously, he began to rub her clit, his finger rubbing in circles around it, then slid his finger deep into her wet slit. She felt his thumb against her clit as the tip of his index finger massaged her anus, all the while sucking her breast vigorously. She lifted her hips to his hand as she felt herself nearing orgasm, with one hand he held the breast he suckled, with the other his thumb moved against her clit, and he suddenly thrust all his fingers into her cunt.

"Oh, Reese," she moaned through her orgasmic shudders.

A while later she sat on the edge of the bed watching him put his clothes back on. He saw her looking and he smiled at her.

"Your face is still red."

"I'm not sure how I feel about that Reese. It's, I don't know it just seems ... strange"

"It comes from you. I love you. Why is it strange?"

"It just does. I don't know how I feel about it."

"You wanted me to do the other one, remember?"

She nodded timidly. "Yes but it was so sore, and after it wasn't."

He knelt on the floor in front of her. "I'm sorry, pischouette. I don't want to make you feel strange." His fingers traced her swollen belly.

"At least I am not so sore now."

He looked at her and smiled. "It will be worse next time. I'm sorry, baby. At least you didn't have any problem cumming on my hand while I did it."

"What will be worse next time?" she asked.

He cupped one of her breasts. "The soreness."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He chuckled a little. "Since now you are empty, you will make even more."

Lorenn felt almost betrayed by him. "You knew that?"

"I am counting on it."

She felt a little stab of anger. "Why would you do that to me?"

He laid his head in her lap, his long hair spilling across her naked thighs. "Because I am so in love with you. I want to drink from your sweet pussy, I want to drink from your pretty pink nipples. I want to drown in you."

She felt the warmth of his breath against her leg. "God help me, Reese Savoie, I am so in love with you" she replied.

He tilted his head up, looking at her with his mischievous boyish grin. "We have to go to the Gautreaux's for dinner. Maybe after you will give me some dessert?" He stroked her thigh suggestively.

She smiled. "Maybe. What did you have in mind?"

"Oh some cookies – and milk."

She smacked him on top of his head while he laughed.

CHAPTER 14

Eva Gautreaux was a tiny woman. There was certainly nothing imposing about her in stature. Her wise black eyes, however, made Reese uneasy. He could swear she saw inside his soul, which if she could, she could see the blackened stain left behind by what he had done to a seventy-year old grandfather. It was something he could never take back,

Herbert was interested in hiring Reese as a mechanic. Reese had worked on the trucks at the prison for many years, but he couldn't tell Herbert that. Reese spoke of his experiences at the prison, referring to it as the garage where he had worked. Eva looked at him from time to time as they talked and Reese didn't know how, but he felt certain she knew.

Herbert told Reese and Loreнна that Eva made magic. Reese could feel when she looked at him, or rather through him, that she possessed something powerful. He was sure Loreнна didn't understand it, but he had grown up in this culture, and he knew about magic. Somehow, someone had made magic when he found himself suddenly free from his life sentence, and in the arms of the woman who was tattooed onto his chest. He didn't know where it had come from. Perhaps somewhere, someone knew the heaviness in his heart for what he had done, for what he had made of his life, and he was for whatever reason given this second chance.

Dinner was a spicy andouille sausage gumbo and rice, which Reese knew poor Loreнна was suffering through now, and later tonight she would relive her suffering when the heartburn came. She was very quiet at the table. He looked at her as often as possible, his mind wandering back and forth, from Loreнна his angel, to Loreнна his lover. He loved them both. She was going to be the mother of his child, and the woman who he'd spend the rest of his life making love to. He didn't feel trapped or smothered, he felt lucky. Really fucking lucky.

She was beautiful, wearing a pale blue maternity tank-top, that made the blue in her eyes even more intense. He watched her raise her glass, sip her iced tea, he looked at her bare ring finger. As soon as he was working he was going to put a ring there. Maybe legally he could never be her husband, but that didn't matter. She was already his wife just as sure as the sun rose and set.

After dinner there was an impromptu sit-down on the front porch, as the mosquitoes hummed around them. The smell of the marshes made him feel at

home. He remembered being a skinny little boy, running through the swamps, looking for snapping turtles for his mother to cook.

Eva was extremely interested in Loreнна. She was an old woman of the old ways, and believed that a Cajun should marry a Cajun, so to her, Loreнна must possess some special power that had bewitched Reese. She spoke of Loreнна as the "pale beauty."

Reese loved her pale beauty. For whatever reason, Loreнна didn't fancy herself as beautiful, and Reese often wondered what she saw when she looked in the mirror. It certainly couldn't be what he saw, or she would have him on his knees begging for her, not giving herself so freely to him, as she always had.

"Da baby comes in August, eh?" she asked of Loreнна.

"Yes, I think so" Loreнна said.

Eva placed a tiny wrinkled hand on Loreнна's belly, and after a moment she smiled.

"It is a girl."

Reese saw the smug look Loreнна gave him, and it made him smile. He believed Loreнна when she told him she "knew" it was a girl. He just always tried to remind her that she could possibly be wrong.

"You are special" she told Loreнна. Eva closed her eyes, and was rocking back and forth. One withered hand clutched Reese's, while the other remained on Loreнна's ample belly. "You are the angel who will free him, you shall give him redemption."

Reese silently laughed inside, it would be a long time before his pretty Loreнна would quit reminding him of this moment. If only she knew how truly special she was though

She continued talking to Loreнна, her onyx eyes shining. "Dis man he know no love before you, only his mamere. He was a wicked man. Dis man he love you. He love de child in your womb. Evangeline."

Reese saw Loreнна's face, and he knew she felt the same wonder he did.

"How did you know..." Loreнна stammered.

Eva sharply cut her off. "Da baby she is beautiful. She is healthy, she has brothers dat come after her. You will bear strong children for you husband."

Loreнна looked like she was in shock and Reese felt like he was too. Brothers, plural, he would have sons with Loreнна. He liked that idea.

"She don't come in August. She come sooner," Eva said.

Reese's eyes met Loreнна's and he saw the same love he felt reflected back. God, she was beautiful.

The woman turned and her eyes bore into Reese. "Motier foux. Your mamere cursed you once with dat! She no longer curses you. She has seen you change and become a man. She's seen you love and have compassion. She's seen the pain and the remorse. She sends you the message that you still need change more.

Reese felt a cold sweat rushing over him. She knew; he could feel it. She knew who he was, she knew everything. She could see that black stain on his soul.

"How?" He gasped, feeling as if his lungs were crushing.

"You still are full of hate. You need become dat you hate, only den your life is your own."

Reese wanted to understand, but he couldn't. "

The woman looked at him. "You need become dat you hate."

Reese was completely confused.

Eva turned to Loreнна once again. You love dat man?"

Reese heard the truth in her voice when she whispered, "With all that I have." Her eyes were wet with tears.

Eva looked at Reese. "You love dis woman?"

"Yes" he said solemnly.

She looked at Loreнна her eyes glittering like black diamonds.

"He is full of hate for the man you were married to. He is afraid you don't love him like dat other man, and you do not. For him you would give up your own life."

Eva's eyes narrowed and she glared at Reese. "You have this woman. She is yours. To keep her, and your daughter, you need become dat you hate."

Reese looked at her, overwhelmed at all the old woman knew, all the things she was saying.

"You need to use what you have to become what you are not, otherwise you cannot be free."

It was like some crazy riddle, Reese couldn't understand. Reese looked at Loreнна, and her eyes were glowing. She knew, he could see she knew. She had solved the old woman's riddle.

Become what he hated? Joe? Ray? They both were dead, what was she saying? How or why would he become either?

Loreнна swallowed hard. "Joe," she said, softly.

Reese felt himself growing impatient. "What about Joe?" he said. Just the mention of that name angered him. Loreнна's eyes met his.

"You need to be Joe," she said, in a voice so hushed he hardly heard her.

"What?" Reese asked.

"The papers, birth certificate, social security card, you can be Joe." Loreнна whispered to him.

It seemed so simple now. Reese couldn't understand why he hadn't thought of it before. Loreнна had been right all along. There was a reason why she had to save all those things, he felt even worse now for being so angry with her about the envelope.

It would be easy, with all the correct papers to use Joe's name and Social Security number. There was even a marriage certificate saying Joe Sutton was married to Loreнна. If he was Joe Sutton then she was already his wife. *His* wife. Not someone else's, only his.

Eva let go of his hand, and she smiled at him. "Your mamere loved you with all she had, just as your pale beauty does." She paused for a moment then said, "Just as you love them. It does not end, it only changes. Your family, family is what matters. Nothing else. Hate is a useless emotion. It serves no purpose other than to weaken the spirit and drain the soul. Love is the only emotion that moves us forward, that makes life complete. Is your life now complete?"

Reese felt her eyes on him. "My life was complete the day I met the woman who now carries my child."

Eva smiled. "As was hers."

Reese felt the magic Eva made at that very moment. Someday he would stand before a judge, or a preacher, and take Loreнна Sutton as his wife, but it would be nothing compared to this moment. Eva's magic was that she knew. She knew the depth of the love he had in his heart, and she knew Loreнна loved him. A preacher couldn't do that. He could pronounce them man and wife, but never could he see, or proclaim, what Reese knew was the truth. He was meant to be with Loreнна, she was the one for him.

CHAPTER 15

Lorena sat on the balcony. The late afternoon sun was scorching, but at least a slight breeze would occasionally drift over her. She was still unaccustomed to the humidity here. She felt the perspiration beading on her face. Reese hadn't come home at lunchtime today. It was well after five and he still hadn't come up from the gas station.

She had considered walking down to see him, but then she saw the truck was gone. She couldn't help but worry. What if he left her? In her heart she knew he wouldn't, but her insecurities had grown with her belly. He didn't seem very interested in her sexually anymore, and she supposed she really couldn't blame him, she felt ugly and fat. He was almost painfully gentle when he did make love to her. He said he didn't want anything to happen to the baby. Neither did she, but she missed the passion and insistence of his old ways. She tried to force the nagging doubts and fears out of her head. He loved her, she knew that.

She heard the truck's tires crunch on the gravel below as he pulled into the parking lot. She watched him as he got out of the truck, his white t-shirt damp with sweat, clung to his broad chest. There were so many times when she looked at him and wondered why a man so undeniably handsome wanted her.

He came up the steps looking positively beaming. He was carrying a five-pack of Budweiser, the missing one already open, and in his other hand.

She tried her best to smile like she really meant it. "You look happy," she said.

"I am always happy when I'm with you. Today is special though, a real day for a celebration. I have two surprises for you." He sat beside her and kissed her, she tasted cigarettes and beer on his breath.

"Really? What are they?"

"Well, here's one." He opened his wallet and pressed a piece on plastic into her hand. They'd talked about this, taken the necessary steps to make it happen, but somehow it hadn't ever seemed real. She stared at it, feeling like it really couldn't be there. Reese's picture was on a Louisiana driver's license, with the name Joseph James Sutton. She wrapped her hand around it to convince herself it was real.

"Oh, you really did it," she gasped.

"We really did it."

She sat, awestruck, staring at his picture. She had thought a couple of weeks ago that they were going to have some major problems, when a woman from the

Social Security office had phoned to inquire as to the status of Joseph James Sutton. It seemed that somehow they had "accidentally" entered into the database that Mr. Sutton was deceased, and yet he was working as a mechanic in Louisiana. Loreнна had tried, as smoothly as possible, to tell her that her husband was very much alive and well, and there must have been some sort of mix-up. The woman was apologetic, and said that mistakes like that had been made before. It had just seemed too damn easy. This had all been too easy, that troubled her. She kept waiting for something bad to happen.

"Aren't you going to ask what the other surprise is?" Reese said, his voice shaking her from her thoughts.

"I still just can't get over the first one."

He reached and took her hand. "You know I love you with all my heart?"

She did know that, despite her silly fears, and her hormonal emotions. "Yes."

He got up and stood beside her, his hand digging into his pocket. She knew as soon as he knelt on one knee beside her what he was going to do.

"Loreнна, will you marry me?" He held out a beautiful silver ring with a small heart shaped stone.

She felt her eyes tearing up, and was unable to speak. Never in her life had she felt so much love and happiness. She could only nod, and she felt him sliding the ring onto her finger. His hands were shaking.

He stood and bent to kiss her, then whispered, "Thank You," into her ear. "You have given me a life I never thought I would have."

She couldn't hold back her tears anymore and felt them streaming down her face.

"Why are you crying?"

"I have never done anything in my life to deserve this, to deserve you."

"You are so wrong, pischouette. For the things I have done in my life, the last thing I deserve is the happiness you have given me, but I am a greedy man. I don't care if I deserve it or not. I have it, and I will forever keep it, as long as I have you."

Loreнна forgot how much her back hurt and how tired she was. She thought only of Reese and the life that they had together over the past nine months.

"What are you thinking about? You look a million miles away."

She smiled. "I was thinking of the first night I spent with you. I was remembering how much I wanted you to kiss me. You just looked at me and I saw something in your eyes, and I just wanted to feel you kissing me."

"Oh, you know I wanted to kiss you, but I knew after I did I would just have to have you, and I was so tired, I'd have been done in two minutes, and I'd have rolled over and gone to sleep. You'd have hated me then. You'd have driven down to Pullman in the middle of the night to bring the sheriff round."

She laughed. "I would not have."

"I know, I trusted you. You could have taken that gun I put in your hand and blown a hole in me. I got to say, there was a moment when I was a little nervous."

"I couldn't have done that."

"No, cause you already wanted me," he teased. "You were like a little dog in heat."

Lorennna smiled at him. "I have wanted you ever since."

"Yeah, except when your back hurts, or you have a headache, or whatever else excuse you come up with."

She smiled at him, even when he was trying to get to her, he was so damn charming. "So, am I supposed to call you Joe now, or do you prefer Joseph?"

"You are supposed to call me Reese, or sir, master or daddy, if you want." He paused, "No, seriously, hell no. I'll use the last name because I have to, but I won't ever be Joe."

"Joe could have never have been you," she said, without thinking.

"I used to look at that fucking wedding picture of you two, and I just hated it. I was so sure you loved him more than me, that you would never care for me like you had for him. You loved him, didn't you?"

She knew there would be a day he'd ask her this question, and she had always wondered if she could answer him honestly. She remembered how she felt when she was with Joe, and she knew, in retrospect she hadn't ever loved him. She had cared for him when he was sick, and mourned him when he died, but she had never even imagined what it was like to be truly in love, until she had met Reese. There was just no way to explain it.

"I once thought I did, but you know, I never was. I have never loved anyone until you."

He smiled broadly. "I never could stand the thought of you loving anyone but me. That's why I hated him so much. I don't hate him now, I can even accept my daughter carrying his last name, because I know the truth and that is enough for me."

"I hope this ends soon," Lorennna sighed.

"What?" Reese asked, with concern.

"I am so tired of being pregnant." Despite all the happy news, she suddenly felt overwhelmed. "I know you don't want me the way you used to." She started to cry, and found herself unable to stop the flood of tears. "You don't even like to look at me anymore."

"That's not true, Loreнна!" he protested. "I don't want to hurt you. You are a little girl, with my baby in your belly. Eva told me I needed to be careful now that you are past your eighth month. Believe me, it's not always easy. If you think I don't look at you like I used to, it is only because I can't look at you without wanting you. If I accidentally hurt you or the baby I would never be able to live with myself. I find you as beautiful pregnant as I did before. I sometimes want you so much I am afraid I will be too rough and hurt you." She felt him pulling her onto his lap, stroking her hair. "Always, I will want you, Loreнна. I know it is hard for you now, but please don't think I don't feel the same as I always have for you. It is hard for me to be this way too." He took her hand and rested it on his crotch, as he breathed into her ear. "It is hard. Never have I wanted a woman as much as you."

She sniffled a bit, laying her head on his chest, breathing in the familiar, comforting smell of him. "Eva said I can't, we can't do anything for six weeks after the baby comes. You will be ready to go and find someone else."

"It's not the sex pischolette, it's you. I cannot get enough of you. I spent over eighteen years in prison, believe me, I damn sure know how to get myself off if that's what I need." He bit her neck lightly, maybe you will even help me, non? If I ask you real pretty and sweet?"

She laughed. "Maybe."

"When you are all rested and healed up then we will be us again. I'm sure some things will change. You are going to be someone's Mama, and I will be her Dad." He kissed her softly. "But I will always be your daddy, pischolette. I will spend the rest of my life loving you, making love to you." His large hands cradled her swollen belly. "You aren't sorry this happened now, are you?"

"No" she replied. "I have never been sorry, just scared." She was terrified, actually, thinking of having the baby, worrying about the police coming, worrying everything.

Reese kissed her. "I know you are scared, but it's going to be okay. I was scared at first, only because I thought the day would never come that I would be with you,

and see her be born. I'm not scared now, I am just happy. No, not just happy, grateful. Grateful for the woman of my dreams who loves me."

She looked at the ring on her finger. She was the one who was grateful, the most handsome, kindest man she had ever known had chosen to love her.

"You know, Eva did say Evangeline will have brothers" Reese said.

She noticed how he stressed the "S" on the end of that word. "Yes, that's what she said. I can't say after being pregnant for over eight months that I'm exactly thrilled with the idea of ever doing it again."

He smiled down at her. "Right now I am thinking of how much fun we will have making them."

CHAPTER 16

It was a warm and humid July evening. Reese sat out on the balcony with Tahyo. He wasn't in a very pleasant mood. Loreнна had been nothing but a bitch since he had finished work down at the garage, and he was glad to be outside, away from her. He would have stayed at work longer if he knew what a foul mood she was in. Earlier she had nearly flipped out over a bag of potato chips he left open. It really wasn't that big of a deal, was it? Tahyo kept going to the screen door, whining softly. He wanted to go in. Crazy, stupid wolf, better to be outside than suffer the woman's wrath. She hadn't felt well all day, her back was hurting. He had tried to rub it for her and she complained more, saying he was being too rough. He'd tried rubbing easier, but she gave him that disgusted sigh and said to forget it. He felt bad for her, she was obviously miserable, her belly was massive, it was no wonder her back hurt. He thought maybe a little love making would gentle her, make her feel better. After all she was always thinking he didn't want her anymore, and nothing was further from the truth. So he tried, and that was when all hell broke loose. If she'd had that pistol she would have done to him what she did Ray. He smiled a bit then, thinking of her in the kitchen, standing at the stove, frying chicken. He had stood behind her and kissed her neck. She'd sighed a bit, so that seemed like a pretty good indicator he was making some progress, and he kept kissing her, her neck her ear. Over eight months pregnant and she was still sexy as hell as far as he was concerned. He'd whispered in her ear then, "I want to taste you." That apparently was not what he should have said at that point.

"Reese, I'm busy. I'm making you chicken."

"I don't want chicken honey, I want pussy, your sweet, hot pussy," he told her softly.

She sighed, again that disgusted sigh. "I just want to finish this so I can sit down."

He decided on a new and even more wrong tactic. He nuzzled her neck, nibbling her just a little. "Come on Loreнна, I want you," he said to her in his sweetest voice. "Whose pussy is that?"

She fucking lost her mind then. The tongs she had in her hand hit the kitchen wall and she spun around. "Look at me!" she screamed. "Do I look like I need you slobbering on me? I can't even see my pussy. My back hurts. My tits hurt. I hate this!"

She was cursing, crying, she was screaming. She obviously hated every part of the male anatomy. He tried to be gallant. "It's okay, Loreнна, I understand."

Not only had she felt the need to tell him he could not possibly understand, but she flew into a rage. "You will never understand."

He'd been less frightened by mass murders at the prison.

Tahyo whined more insistently pawing at the door. He called to him, but the wolf ignored him, digging ferociously at the corner of the door. Reese got up and put his hand on the latch. Inside he heard nothing. She wasn't slamming anything. That was good, but he heard absolutely nothing, which worried him.

"Loreнна?" he called through the screen.

Still no sound.

He opened the door then, god help him, he was going in. In the living room he called again, "Loreнна?"

He knew now where she was, he could see the bathroom door was closed. He rapped on it softly, his mouth near the door. "Loreнна? Loreнна are you okay?"

"I don't know" she finally answered. "I don't think so." Her voice was pained, and weak.

He opened the door. Loreнна was dressed in a white silk nightgown, sitting on the toilet with the lid closed, doubled over, holding her belly. Reese knelt on the floor in front of her.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm bleeding."

Tahyo whined and howled in the doorway. He moved toward Loreнна and whimpered.

Reese saw her panties were around her ankles, the crotch was stained with blood.

"Oh shit. Are you hurting?"

When he saw her face he didn't need an answer to the question. She was in agony.

"Okay, baby, we are going to get you to Eva's"

She nodded. Her face was wet with tears. "Reese?"

"What honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry I was so mean. I just hurt so bad, all day."

He felt a stab in his chest. He was sorry for even thinking she was a bitch. He was so very sorry. In that moment he could see himself if he lost her, and he knew

that he couldn't survive it. "It's okay, baby. It will be okay. I love you." He touched her shoulder. "Can you stand? Can you walk?"

He helped her as she struggled to her feet. Her nightgown was wet with fresh blood on the bottom in the back. He saw her wince, and hold her stomach again, then his bare feet were wet. For a minute he didn't know what happened then he realized her water had broken. His mind raced, she was so limp in his arms and those steps out front were so steep. She was crying harder, her nose was running, her breathing was raspy and labored.

"Okay honey, listen. I am going to carry you down the steps. You can sit at the bottom and I'll pull the truck up, okay?"

She nodded. Her eyes were glazed.

He scooped her up, surprised at how light she felt. He walked down the wooden steps from the apartment, slowly, carefully, carrying all he cared about in the entire world in his arms. At the bottom of the steps he set her down, and realized he didn't have the truck keys, and ran back up to get them, smashing his toe painfully against the top step. It didn't matter, he knew she hurt more than he did. He found the keys and raced back down, his foot was bleeding, half his big toenail was torn off. "Fuck," he thought, "I should have grabbed my shoes!"

He ran across the parking lot, oblivious to the gravel beneath his bare feet. Somewhere in the back of his mind it registered that when he opened the truck door the dome light failed to come on, despite that he shoved the key in the ignition and turned it.

Click. Click. Nothing.

He pulled the headlight switch. Nothing.

"*Fuck!*" he raged. It was over a mile to the Gautreaux's. It would be a long way for her to go if she could walk, even longer to carry her. He would carry her. He had to carry her. He exited the truck, slamming the door behind him. Loreнна was huddled in a crying mass at the foot of the balcony steps, Tahyo was sitting vigilantly beside her, whining.

"Loreнна?"

She whimpered in reply.

"Baby, the truck won't start. I'm going to carry you." He thought he heard her protesting, but she was already in his arms and they were already almost to the road. He went as fast as he could, sometimes it felt he sprinted with her cradled limply against him. She felt so hot against him, her skin was damp with sweat, and

she intermittently would cry out in pain. He occasionally felt Tahyo brush against his legs.

"Remember when you were planning on doing this at the house? I don't know what we would have done then," he said to her softly. "I'm going to get you there, honey, I will take care of you." She didn't answer, only whimpered a little. "Lorenna, Tahyo is here, he's coming with us." He wished she would answer, say something. He wasn't even sure she was aware of what was going on. Her hair brushed against his neck. He remembered how she always smelled like flowers. His heart ached, he was afraid something was seriously wrong.

Halfway there she was becoming very heavy. His arms were getting tired. He kept talking to her, hoping to keep her with him, hoping she would reply.

"I don't know how my life would have gone if I hadn't come to your house last November. There was a reason I found you, Lorenna. I have never felt love like I do for you."

His chest burned, his arms ached. She stirred against him.

"Reese, you are the only man who I ever really loved," she said hoarsely.

Reese felt his heart surge in his chest and all his aches vanished in that moment. He was only aware of the woman in his arms, the woman who had given him a life and a love he could have never even believe existed. Everything he had was because of her, all that he would ever be was the man who loved her.

Eventually through the wet fog, he could see the Gautreaux's house lights in the distance. Lorenna's arms were around his neck now, and she cried out in pain almost constantly. He pressed his lips against her sweaty forehead. "We're almost there, pischouette, I love you with all that I have. You and Evangeline, you will both be okay."

She screamed in pain then, and it made him jump so much he thought he would drop her. He heard her voice, wracked with pain and panic.

"Reese, it hurts. It hurts so bad."

His foot touched the bottom step to the Gautreaux porch. "Sssshh, baby. We're here. You will be okay."

"Foutre you, God!" he cursed in his mind. "Don't you take her away from me. She is everything"

Herbert was sitting in a rocker on the porch smoking a pipe. He quickly got to his feet as Reese said, "Lorenna is bleeding. We need Eva's help. Please!"

He opened the door for Reese, yelling into the house "Eva, hurry. Lorenna is

here!"

Reese burst through the front door laying Loreнна on the sofa, as Eva entered the room, looking very bright eyed.

"She's bleeding. Her water broke," Reese exclaimed, feeling helpless.

He watched as Eva checked to see how dilated Loreнна was. She looked at Reese intently. "I can't feel her cervix" She motioned to a door. "Take her to bed"

Reese struggled to pick her up again, she felt much heavier than she had been only minutes before. She shrieked and cried in his arms, she thrashed wildly as he carried her.

"Loreнна?" he said softly as he laid her on the freshly made bed in the Gautreaux's extra bedroom. Her eyes opened, he felt her terror and pain. "I don't know how much longer I can stand this," she sobbed. He stroked her damp hair.

Eva was there then, she checked her and could feel a lip of the cervix. She told Loreнна to try to push a little, while she tried to move the cervix's lip over the baby's head. Loreнна was obviously trying, and she was screaming in pain. Reese was frightened at how much she was bleeding.

"Please help her Eva! She is the only thing in this world that matters to me. Her and this baby, please."

"Get behind her" she said to Reese. "You need to be behind her to push her forward as she pushes! Help her."

Reese hurriedly complied, wanting to do whatever he could. He was numb. He sat behind Loreнна, his arms tight around her

Eva had her hand on Loreнна's belly and she felt a contraction coming on. "*Push!*" she ordered.

Reese pushed Loreнна's limp body up some, and he felt her leaning back hard against him and her face turned beet red with her efforts as she pushed. His mind drifted aimlessly back to the first day he met her, when she was unconscious in his lap, her body supported by his, leaning back against him, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life. She still was, she would always be. He felt the tears sting in his eyes.

"*Harder!*" Eva said. "She is crowning!"

Loreнна moaned. "It hurts, it burns."

"Once more," said Eva. Loreнна leaned against Reese like a wet rag doll. He pressed his mouth to her ear. "One more push, baby. Push hard, she is almost

here."

He felt her body shaking and he knew she hurt badly. Her eyes were wide, wild with pain.

His mouth found hers and he kissed her. Then she pushed back against his chest, writhing in pain, crying. "I can't. I can't do this," she wailed.

He wrapped his arms around her, his hands holding hers, just the way he had that first day, when she'd been on his lap holding that pistol. "Lorenna. *I love you!*" He kissed her ear, his mouth was against her ear. "Remember when I held you like this the first day I met you? Remember what I said to you? You can do it, do it now."

Lorenna grunted, an unworldly sound coming from her lips. Her eyes bulged. She pushed as she screamed. It was 11:55 pm on July 15th, when Evangeline Marie Sutton let out a loud lusty cry. Eva placed her on Lorenna's belly, and within moments she was wiggling and crying. She had to wait until Reese's shaking hands cut her cord before she could reach the comfort of her mother's breast.

Eva gave Reese a basin of warm soapy water and a cloth.

"Clean your child and your woman. Take care of dem. I will be back soon. You need dis time together."

Reese felt as if his head were spinning. He wiped Evangeline gently as she intermittently cried and suckled Lorenna's breast. She was so tiny, so perfect, his daughter. His chest ached. He went on to the familiar task of spreading Lorenna's thighs, and then he wiped her lovingly, tenderly cleansing her legs and her vagina. He cleaned the blood from her pale white skin. He felt exhausted, and yet he knew Lorenna was the one who had done this. He thought again of what Eva had said about Evangeline having brothers. The thought of seeing Lorenna go through this again was almost intolerable, but he and Lorenna had made the most beautiful baby on earth.

He laid his head against Lorenna's other breast and he felt himself crying, sobbing tears of joy. Again this wretched woman was making him cry tears of joy!

She sighed heavily beneath him. "Reese, I love you."

He breathed into her ear. "Lorenna, I love you. With all that I have, with all that I will ever be, I am yours." Evangeline was fussing against Lorenna's chest.

Lorenna sighed heavily. "I told you the baby was a girl."

Reese kissed her softly. "You did, and I knew you were right. You are always

right, Loreнна. Without you I am nothing."

Loreнна looked at him with so much love he felt awed by her.

"May I hold her?" he asked Loreнна, almost afraid to touch the tiny baby.

"Hold her, Reese. You are her daddy."

He picked her up uncertainly, her head bobbed against his hand as he supported her neck. Her hands were tiny, with long slim fingers that immediately wrapped tightly around his thumb. He felt like those fingers were squeezing his heart.

He held her closer to him. She smelled like Loreнна. Evangeline was the second most beautiful woman in the world at that moment, second only to her mother who lay sweaty, rumpled, and exhausted. He let himself go then, his tears falling like a river, crying like he had never imagined he could.

"Motier foux, Evangeline. For you and your mamere I am half crazy." He paused and sighed, and he sobbed. "I am just crazy," he said, his tears wetting his wife and his baby girl.

Epilogue

Lorenna sat outside, on the glider, the evening air was so heavy with humidity it felt like it was embracing her. Five day old Joshua fussed a bit against her chest. Joshua was the first baby she'd ever delivered at the hospital. It ended up being a good thing, since there had been complications, but she missed sweet old Eva. Eva died two months after Adam was born. He was the last baby ever born in her little birthing room. Eva had probably seen hundreds of babies born in her many years as a midwife, but Lorenna liked knowing that she and her family were special to Eva. Evangeline was often shortened to Eva now, and Lorenna would never forget the magic of the tiny woman.

Reese was sitting on the floor of the porch playing Go Fish with Adam. She knew he would let Adam win, he always did.

Almost eleven years had not diminished the love she felt for that man. His hair was more gray than black now, and the contrast with his dark eyes and brown skin was strikingly handsome. She stared at him, and he must have felt it because he turned and smiled at her. She could have sat for hours like that just looking at him.

She heard the screen door squeak open and Evangeline came out and flopped on the floor beside her father.

"Daddy. I need you to help me. For school I'm writing a paper about our family. Daddy, how did you meet Mommy?"

She saw Reese's face, as he smiled at their daughter.

"Wow, Eva, that is the best story ever. I can't believe I never told it to you before!"

"Well you never did," she said a bit impatiently.