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The background of the entire cover is a lush garden. In the upper center, a man and a woman are shown in silhouette, embracing and kissing. The man is wearing a dark suit and tie. They are surrounded by various flowers, including purple lavender in the upper left and right, and a large bed of pink, white, and purple flowers in the foreground. The title 'TREY'S ANGEL' is overlaid on a semi-transparent tan banner across the middle of the image.

TREY'S ANGEL

A champagne glass filled with bubbly liquid, topped with a large red ribbon bow, is positioned on the right side of the foreground flower bed.

COOPER MCKENZIE

Trey's Angel

By

Cooper McKenzie

Dedication

To angels in human form



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Trey's Angel

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Molly James fought down a delighted smile as the doorman's jaw dropped when she stepped from the passenger's seat of the silver SUV. Okay, maybe she didn't look as silly as she felt. But would the outrageous outfit be enough to hold Trey's attention for more than two minutes? She was leaving for the far side of the world in 48 hours and needed to know if he felt anything for her before she left.

"Thank you," she purred in the voice Joan had made her use for the past three days since putting *Operation Tempting Trey* into motion. Soft, breathy, airy, the voice went with the outfit like chips went with dip.

Once on her feet and balanced on the four-inch heels, she stepped away from the SUV and waited for Joan to join her on the sidewalk. She caught sight of a woman in the hotel's mirrored front door and paused. That woman was gorgeous. She also matched her movements when she raised a hand to brush a hair from her cheek.

Was that really her?

Gone was the shy wallflower who wore camouflage or any other combination of the uniform issued by the United States Navy. As least for one evening, a sex goddess replaced the military dweeb. The skin tight denim skirt stopped several inches above the top of her over-the-knee stiletto boots. The black leather vest with every button closed, hugged and accentuated the rest of

her curves. The black-brown hair she normally wore in a French braid had been turned into a raven waterfall, inviting a man's hand to play in the tresses.

Before she could panic, Joan joined her on the sidewalk. Dressed in the white version of her biker babe outfit, she looked like a denim and leather angel. With her white-blond tresses styled in the same waterfall of waves, they looked like positive and negative images. At least Joan had the confidence to carry off such an outfit.

"I feel silly," Molly admitted as they waited for the valet to bring a claim ticket for the SUV.

"You look hot. There's just one thing," Joanie unbuttoned the top three buttons of the vest, pulling the edges apart to expose the blood red bustier that held her tits high and proud. It matched the G-string covering her newly waxed pussy. "Yep, that's perfect. Trey won't know what hit him."

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do? Isn't this false advertising or something? I'm a Navy paper pusher headed for a six-month cruise in two days. Maybe I should just go to a movie or something."

Joanie grabbed her hand and refused to let go. "Trey won't care about that. I bet once he sees you he won't let you go. Just remember to make him work for it. Every man here tonight is single and rich and you'll have your pick. You are no longer twelve-year-old tomboy Lolly Molly with braces and extra weight. You are

Molly James, sex goddess.” Joan waved toward the mirrored door.

“But it’s been five years since he’s seen me last. He may have changed as much as I have. Maybe he’s already found the woman he’s looking for.”

Joan dragged her through the front door of the hotel and across the lobby. She waved off the concierge who looked like he wanted to ask them their business. “Good evening, Michael. We’re here for Trey’s party.” His eyes widened with surprise before he smiled. Only when they’d reached the winding staircase that led down to the ground floor ballroom for Trey’s “Come As Your Dream Self” thirtieth birthday party did Joan speak to her again.

“Women change, grow and evolve. Men just buy bigger toys. The secret to finding a man to spend your life with is to accept who they are at the beginning and not want or expect them to change. You know Trey. You’ve loved him since you were twelve despite the fact that he’s lazy and a goofball. He loves you too, but he’s never admitted it.”

“He does?”

“Yep. Every time I see him or talk to him, he asks about you, wants to know when he’s going to see you again. Now come on, we’re late. And be careful on these stairs. Don’t want you falling and hurting anything before Trey sees you.”



Thomas Remington Endicott Younger, the fourth, or Trey to everyone

except his mother and grandfather, wondered if life really did begin at thirty. He had just announced his retirement from professional football due to a knee injury in the Super Bowl, and now his life was one big blank calendar. Then he wondered if he'd be able to get out of the ballroom alive if someone yelled fire. Probably not. He'd be trampled under the dozen pair of designer shoes worn by the women who surrounded him.

Between his sister, his teammates and his former assistant, every over processed, over made up gold digger in the state had been assembled to vie for his attention. Too bad he had already bedded and rejected nearly all of them. The ones he hadn't tasted already were cut of the same cloth. Cloth he didn't want to be wrapped in.

Unfortunately he'd brought it on himself. He'd been making noises about settling down, wanting to meet someone special. But no woman would do. A tomboy had claimed his heart and these interchangeable pieces of arm candy could never match up. Looking past the women toward the door with the idle wish he could make a break for it, he saw Joan step into the room. "Excuse me, ladies. My sister just came in and I need to speak with her."

A look toward the open bar caught the attention of his single friends who watched him with amusement and a touch of jealousy. At his raised hand and desperate look three men approached. They were able to distract maybe half of the

women crowding around him.

He eased his way toward the edge of the remaining crowd, holding his breath to keep from choking on the cloying, overpowering scents of clashing celebrity perfumes. Good thing no one could smoke in the building or the place would explode in a perfumed fireball.

He jumped when Ashley Banks patted the front of his tuxedo slacks then cupped his bored and flaccid cock as she purred in his ear. “Find me later, lover. I have a special gift for you, but you’ll have to open it in private.”

“Uh, sure, Ashley.” Trey walked away, her suggestive tone and promise of sex forgotten before he’d taken three steps.

Once he’d freed himself of the bimbo brigade he saw that Joan had not come to his birthday party alone. He couldn’t see the woman’s face, but the raven tresses that fell past her shoulders brought to mind his dream woman. He hadn’t seen her in years, though he thought of her often, usually at the most inopportune times.

Dropping his gaze from her dark hair to the lush curves covered with black denim and leather, Trey felt his cock twitch with interest. None of the other females in the room had affected his pleasure center like this and he had yet to see this woman’s face. Whoever she was, he vowed not to let her escape without learning everything he could about her. Maybe he could talk her into visiting his suite upstairs.

When she turned slightly and he saw her profile for the first time, his heart clenched and blood surged to his cock. He shifted from mildly interested to hard as steel in two heartbeats. Picking up his pace, he brushed past two more women who looked predatory.

“Joan, you’re late.” Though his eyes never left the woman by her side, he brushed a kiss on his sister’s cheek. “We’ll talk later about your cute idea of appropriate guests for my party.”

“Hello to you, too. Happy birthday.” Joan kissed his cheek.

Trey turned to face the woman. His woman. The woman to whom he would spend the rest of his life proving his love. She would never get away from him again.

Wide amber eyes met his. Scarlet tinted lips smiled as she extended her right hand. “Happy birthday, Trey.”

Her breathy contralto voice wrapped around his heart. Memories and fantasies he’d been trying to forget since Joan had introduced him to the angel faced tomboy in a too big T-shirt and too short jeans flooded back.

“Where the hell have you been, Molly? Fuck, I’ve missed you angel.” Ignoring her hand he wrapped both arms around her and pulled her tight to his chest. Lowering his head, he kissed her.



It wasn't a polite hello kiss. It wasn't a friendly kiss between old friends. This was a down and dirty, no-holds-barred, open mouthed, dueling tongues soul kiss. The kind of kiss Molly had dreamed about since learning such a kiss existed. Wrapping her arms around him, she let go and let herself feel. Her nipples went pebble hard and her cunt flooded. In seconds her juices soaked her G-string.

As her scent filled the air around them, Trey's hold tightened, pulling her even closer. He shifted his stance, sliding one leg between hers and pushing his impressive hard on against her hip. She moaned softly, tilting her head to kiss him deeper. She made another sound when Trey ran one hand down her back and cupped her ass, pulling her body even closer. She shifted her hips, humping the thick, tree-like thigh, amazed to find herself only seconds from orgasm.

Before she could throw herself over the edge of completion he jerked away with a string of curses. Molly stood frozen, afraid to move. She'd thrown herself way over the line of respectability, but he'd started it. She watched as Trey chased after two rather large men, one dressed as cupid, the other wearing a gorilla suit.

Next to the two powerhouse defensive players, he looked almost frail, though he topped six feet and was a hundred and eighty pounds of lithe power. His hair was as blonde as his sister's and nearly as long. Tonight a red ribbon secured it at the base of his skull. The ribbon that matched his red cummerbund and bow tie.

Joan stepped in front of her, blocking her view as Trey tackled the duo and started pounding on them. “Wow, that was one sex-packed kiss.”

“Uh huh.”

“I wasn’t sure the ice would cool him down, but apparently it worked.”

“Huh?”

“Those two put ice down Trey’s shirt. Otherwise you would be giving us all a hell of a show right about now.”

Molly’s heightened color grew brighter at Joan’s casual observation. “Wow,” she breathed as three large men in tuxedos pulled Trey to his feet and blocked him from the two pranksters. So focused on Trey, Molly didn’t notice the room had gone silent except for the country song about friends in low places. She also didn’t see every female in the room turn to stare daggers in her direction.

“Yeah, you could say that. Oh shit. Here comes trouble,” Joan said.

Trey looked in her direction and smiled.

“Hmmm?” Molly took two steps in his direction but stopped when a tall, beautiful blonde woman in a blue silk halter dress stepped in front of her. Molly blinked and looked up to find the woman looking at her, her expression completely neutral. Uh oh, somebody wasn’t happy.

“Yes?” Molly asked, wondering if she could get around this woman without causing her bodily harm.

“I don’t know who the fuck you think you are, but Trey is mine.”

“And who are you?”

“I am Ashley Banks. And Trey is mine. Leave him the hell alone.”

Molly caught sight of Trey moving toward them. He looked predatory, though she wondered who he would be claiming. “Trey is his own man. Besides, he kissed me first.”

“From now on, keep your lips to yourself,” Ashley growled.

Behind Ashley, Trey shook his head and laid one hand over his heart. “I would imagine that would be up to Trey.”

Ashley growled again, sounding like an unhappy mountain lion as Trey joined them. He wrapped his right arm around Molly’s shoulders and pulled her close to his side. “Ashley, I see you’ve met my angel and intended. Molly, this is Ashley Banks. She’s an old friend.” Trey put a gentle emphasis on the word old as his left hand took Molly’s left hand and raised it so he could brush kisses over her knuckles.

“Your intended?” Ashley whispered. Murder and mayhem filled her eyes and her perfectly tanned skin flushed red though she seemed unable to frown.

“Well, unofficially, but yes, my intended.” Trey leveled deep blue eyes on the lead of the gold-digging airhead brigade, his expression deadly serious.

Molly watched as silent communication seemed to flow from man to bimbo,

and then Ashley turned and flounced off. Joan drifted off to talk to Cupid who'd brought her a glass of white wine. Looking up at the man beside her Molly fell into eyes that reminded her of some of the oceans she'd sailed over during her last tour of the Caribbean.

"Come with me." Trey dropped his arm from her shoulders to take her left hand into his right.

He turned and headed to the nearest exit, pulling her along in his wake. When she tripped, he stopped and looked at her boots. With a smile and a shake of his head he swept her up into his arms and carried her.

He didn't stop until they were in the formal garden outside that separated the back of the hotel from the wide town boardwalk. By then Molly's brain had started to function again. He sat on a wooden bench, settling her in his lap.

"Your intended?" she asked, looking out toward the Cape Fear River. She didn't want to look in his face, didn't want him to see the hope she felt.

Trey cupped her cheek in a warm palm and turned her until she faced him. He looked so tense, so serious. "Like I told Ashley, it's not official, but yes, I intend to make you my wife. Someday. When you're ready."

"I leave the day after tomorrow for a six month deployment cruise."

"Iraq?"

She shook her head. "Hospital ship Mercy. We'll be cruising the Pacific."

“How much longer are you in for?”

“I’ll be up for reenlistment when I get back. I can either get out or sign up for four more years.”

Trey’s expression relaxed and he smiled down at her. “Would you be willing to leave the Navy for me? Not that I’d mind being a military spouse, but I’d rather you be with me so I can love on you every day. You won’t ever have to work again, angel.”

Molly’s stomach clenched when he smiled at her. She’d loved him for so long and now he was hers. Or was he? Maybe the past few days were all a dream and she’d wake up in her rack on ship?

The questions stopped when he lowered his head and kissed her. Unlike their first kiss, this one enticed with its gentleness. One hand wrapped around her back, slid under her arm and cupped a breast. The other reached down and slid between her knees and eased up her thighs. When he reached the top of her thigh high stockings, he paused and brushed his fingertips back and forth over the bare flesh of one thigh. Then those fingers continued up her leg to the apex where damp flesh and wet panties waited.

“Oooo,” she breathed into his mouth as his fingers traced the bare lips protecting her needy clit.

He slipped a finger under the silk. “Mmmm, bare pussy, my favorite

appetizer.”

Shifting her to sit on the bench, he knelt before her. He used his shoulders to spread her legs, which shifted her short skirt up her body until he exposed her silk covered crotch. First one, then two fingers pressed into her, sliding easily into her wet heat.

“Red, my favorite color. But they are inconvenient, hiding my birthday treat.”

Molly closed her eyes and dropped her head back. She wanted to howl at the full moon overhead, but didn’t want to call attention. As it was, they were exposed to anyone who bothered to look in their direction

A moment later she felt a tug. Trey’s hot breath wafted over the bundle of nerves where her focus centered. “Pretty,” he murmured right before the tip of his tongue touched her, sending an electrical storm surging through her. “Mmmm, sweet.”

“Please,” she cried, not sure how much more she could take.

“What, angel?”

“I need to come,” she begged, not caring anymore who heard or saw.

“And so you shall, baby girl. Give it to me, Molly. Come for me,” Trey ordered as he kissed her clit, then licked from where his fingers entered her to the top of her slit before settling down to nibble and suck at her.

Molly cried out as a tidal wave of orgasm rolled over her. Threading her fingers through his hair, she humped her hips to gain the maximum amount of pleasure. Though he claimed her as his intended, she knew better. No way would Trey be able to wait six months for her. He was a football star, model and celebrity. No way could he go half a year without sex.

When he began to hum his alma mater's fight song while holding her clit tenderly, she flew over the mountain cliff of orgasm again even harder than the first. She'd never had back to back orgasms before, with a man or alone.

Trey brought her down slowly, easing her back into her own body. Once she quieted, he pulled a cloth from his jacket pocket and cleaned her up. After kissing her clit one more time, he pulled her skirt down then moved to sit beside her on the bench, gathering her to lean against his chest.

"Wow," she opened her eyes and stared at the azaleas across the wide path. The bushes were in full bloom, providing them with a full spectrum of floral color, blue tinged in the moonlight.

"You're incredible," Trey replied hoarsely.

"Not yet, but I'm hoping to get there soon." She ran her fingers up the inside of his leg. She didn't stop until they traced his cock, standing tall and proud, pressing hard against his zipper.

Pushing out of his arms, she swung around to kneel between his splayed

legs. Smiling up at him, she dealt with his trousers. “Why are you wearing a tuxedo? I thought you were supposed to dress up like the person you always dreamt of being.”

Pulling open the waistband, she found he’d gone commando. His cock bobbed forward, the tip bouncing off her nose.

“I did. I’ve always wanted to be a gentleman.” Trey said, spearing his fingers through her hair and holding her head still before she could taste him. “You don’t have to do this, angel.”

Molly smiled up at him as she used her hands on him. One hand cupped his balls while the other wrapped around him and slid from base to head and back down again. “We can’t have you distracted from your guests. Besides, I want an appetizer, too.”

After that, talking stopped, except for the sounds of approval Trey made as she slid his shaft deep into her mouth. When he began to shift under her ministrations, his balls pulling up tight and his hips lifting to meet her, she began to hum “Anchors Away.”

“Oh God, baby girl. I’m gonna come.”

Two racing heartbeats later, Trey matched action to words. Molly swallowed his lust then licked her lips. She reached for the cloth on the bench and finished cleaning him. Pushing to her feet, she looked down at the man she’d loved

for more than a dozen years. If he would have her, she would gladly spend the rest of her life being bad like this with him.

Voices coming from the boardwalk intruded. In seconds he had himself tucked away and redressed. Standing, he pulled her to her feet and hugged her. “Stay with me tonight? Keep the bimbo brigade from tearing me apart?”

Molly nodded, then dropped her head so he wouldn’t see her disappointment that he only asked for the next few hours. She’d hoped he’d ask for the rest of their lives. Closing her eyes, she buried her face in his neck and took a deep breath, taking in the clean, fresh masculine scent that had always defined Trey.

They stood wrapped in each other for a few more minutes. “I guess we’ve got to go back inside now. Are you okay?” he asked, easing back and forcing Molly to stand on her own.

“I’m fine.”

She allowed Trey to thread their fingers together before turning back to the hotel. When they reached the ballroom again Joan stood in the hall just outside the room. She looked amused, but a little put out. “Molly, why don’t you go freshen up while I talk to my brother for a minute.”

Molly nodded and headed down the hall toward the ladies room. She needed a few minutes to figure out if she really wanted what seemed to be

happening to her.



Trey watched his woman walk away, knowing she didn't understand what he asked of her. Problem was, he didn't know how to put his feelings into words that wouldn't offend her. He wondered if the concierge would be able to find a judge, a priest, a minister... someone who had the authority to join them in matrimony right here, right now.

He waited until Molly was out of sight before turning his attention to his sister. "Yes?"

"If you hurt her I will personally hunt you down, cut off your balls and feed them to you."

"Sounds painful and over the top, even for you. I'm not going to hurt her. I'm going to love her."

"For how long? Tonight? Until her ship sails? Or until the next pretty bimbo comes along to distract you?"

The anger in her voice startled him. She'd never cared about the other women in his life. "What's up, Joan? Why are you so concerned? What do you know that you're not telling me?"

Joan sighed and glanced behind her. "Just that you could hurt Molly more than you could possibly understand." Glancing over his suit, she motioned to the

scrap of red satin sticking out of his pocket. “You might want to tuck that away.”

Before Trey could question her further, Molly appeared around the corner, looking less rumpled but just as sexy as she had before he’d carried her outside. With a deep breath for strength, he wondered how long it would be before he could take her upstairs to his suite.



By the time the last guests left, Molly’s feet ached, her back hurt and she was so horny she could barely stand up. Trey had kept her close by all night, usually with their fingers intertwined or an arm around her shoulder. They’d talked with his friends, ate from the buffet of all Trey’s favorite foods and danced all the slow dances together.

“That was a great party, Joan. Thanks,” Trey said as they walked from the ballroom and headed toward the stairs up to the lobby.

“That’s my job as your business manager, to keep the talent happy. But in this case I had a blast. Too bad the bimbo brigade didn’t stay for cake.”

Trey frowned at his sister when she turned to grin. “If you ever invite any of those women to any function I am to attend at any time in the future, I will fire you and blackball you from ever again working for anyone in this country.”

Joan snickered. “Yes, your royal pain in the ass. I will make that note as soon as I get to my office tomorrow.”

Molly remained silent, leaning against Trey as she tried not to cry from the agony of wearing high heels all evening. Once they reached the lobby, Trey stopped in front of the elevators. “You want to come up, Joan?”

“No, I want to go home and take these damn heels off. Molly, you want to stay or come home with me?”

Uncertain for the first time since the garden, Molly looked to Trey.

“She’s staying,” Trey answered.

“I’ll drop your bag in the morning.” Joan hugged her before walking away.

Molly froze when the elevator dinged and the doors slid open. Maybe she should run and catch Joan before she drove away. She didn’t want to impose herself on him.

“Angel?”

“Are you sure?” she whispered. “It’s not too late for me to leave.”

She couldn’t look at his face, didn’t want to know if he already regretted the decision. Instead she focused on the bright red untied bow tie.

She sounded like a frightened virgin, but couldn’t help it. Her experience had been limited to a couple fumbling make-out sessions in high school and two short relationships since joining the Navy. Could she do a one-night stand and then act casual about it in the morning? She just didn’t know. She’d loved Trey for so long she didn’t want to be just another woman that passed through his life and

his bed.

Trey's hand cupped her face and tilted her head until she met his blue-eyed gaze. "I want to spend every second with you from now until you have to leave. But only if you want to be with me," he said before brushing a kiss over her lips.

"Yes, please." Molly breathed as she returned his kiss.

When he released her lips, she found herself cradled to his chest as the elevator doors opened. They had reached their floor. Even then Trey didn't release her. He carried her easily down the hall to the door at the end.

"Put your arms around my neck and hang on. I have to find my key," he instructed between nipping kisses.

"You could just put me down," she did as he requested.

"But I like carrying you. And your feet have to hurt, too. Okay, here it is." It took three tries before the card worked and the lock clicked open. By then Trey was growling.

Molly smiled as he shoved the door open and then kicked it closed behind them. "In a hurry?"

"Damn straight."

He carried her across the living room and gently set her on the couch. After stripping off his jacket and tossing it aside he knelt in front of her. Keeping his gaze trained on hers, he unzipped her boots and pulled them off her feet. Then he

carefully rolled her thigh high stockings down before gently manipulating and massaging her feet, causing Molly to moan with relief and appreciation.

“Feel better?”

“Oh, yes.” She moaned again as his hot, talented fingers took the massage up one leg to her knee before moving to the other and paying it the same attention.

She tried to spread her legs when he stopped, hoping he would continue upward. Instead, he pulled his hands from her and stood.

“Dance with me?” He offered her a hand.

She’d been so focused on Trey that she hadn’t noticed the soft music playing. A jazzy–bluesy–new age blend filled the room, soft and slow and perfect for dancing with Trey. With a nod, she put her hand in his and allowed him to pull her to her feet. They still hurt, but standing in bare feet on the plush carpet didn’t hurt nearly as much as those boots did.

Trey pulled her into his chest and wrapped both arms around her back. She did the same and they began to slow dance around the room. She enjoyed being held, cradled against a man. Especially when she’d loved the man for more than half her life.

Just then she felt Trey’s lips brush a kiss on her temple as he rubbed one hand up and down her back in long, soothing strokes. “God, you feel so good in my arms,” he whispered, his voice hoarse.

“Hmm, mmm,” she responded.

Needing to feel him, she pulled back just enough for her hands to move to the studs holding his shirt together. One by one she opened them. When she reached his waistband, she pulled the shirt out and finished the job. Then she ran her hands around his waist, marveling at the warm, bare skin she’d uncovered. When she dipped her head and licked at a taut nipple, he made a sound of approval deep in his chest.

Needing more than their dancing could provide, Molly stepped out of Trey’s arms. What she was about to do was bold and daring and she hoped it wouldn’t turn him off, but she wanted more.

When he would have followed, she held out a hand, holding him off. Still moving to the music, she began to strip. Four buttons and the leather vest opened. A shrug and it hit the floor as she continued dancing across the room. Next, her skirt dropped and then she started on the hooks of the red velvet corset. By the time she reached the door to the bedroom, she was naked.

She didn’t look to see if Trey followed. The sound of muttered curses and fabric rustling told her he followed. She’d nearly reached the bed when a large, hot hand on her shoulder stopped and turned her around. A moment later she was leaning against his chest as he bent his head and took her lips, her mouth, her breath.

“You set me on fire,” he murmured as he lifted her in his arms.

Molly wrapped her arms and legs around him, trying to get even closer. The feel of his long, hard shaft rubbing against her wet slit made her wild. Shifting, she tried to climb his body to take him in. But he wouldn't cooperate, holding her still as he crossed to the bed. With one arm holding her to him, he used the other to pull the covers from the bed.

“Angel, if you don't stop it's going to be over before we get started.” He groaned as he laid her on the bed.

Molly smiled when she saw his tense expression as he followed her onto the bed, laying on his side next to her. “I know you're getting older, but don't tell me you're a one shot wonder,” she teased gently. “Do we need to get you some of those little blue pills?”

He growled a warning in response. Leaning over her, he took a nipple between his teeth as a hand brushed its way down her body to the apex of her thighs. Spreading her pussy lips with two fingers, he used a third to stroke her clit before dropping his hand farther between her legs and gliding two fingers into her cunt. The electricity of his simple touch caused her thoughts to short circuit. All she could do was feel.

Molly cried out when he pulled his fingers from her, replacing them with his cock. He eased in slowly, filling her beyond what she'd ever felt before. He stilled

once he fully seated deep inside her.

Opening her eyes, she looked up at him. His expression was strained as if he teetered on the edge. "Move."

"I'm too close. Just give me a minute." He spoke through clenched teeth.

"No, give it to me, now." Wrapping her legs around his hips, she arched her back as she clenched the muscles of her pussy.

"Oh God."

A heart beat later he pulled out nearly all the way, then slammed back into her, giving her the motion and the touch she needed. The coupling wasn't gentle or considerate or pretty. It was hard and brutal and raw and Molly loved it.

Trey's third push home sent her over the top and every driving thrust thereafter kept the orgasm rolling over her. Just seconds later Trey cried out and stilled, his cock deep inside her as it pulsed his life force into her. The feel of his hot lust washing through her rocked her with an even stronger orgasm and she screamed before fading from consciousness.

When she woke, Trey lay beside her, gently stroking her body and murmuring as he kissed her hair, her face, her shoulders, whatever he could reach.

"Are you all right?" he asked when he saw her eyes were once again open and focused on him.

Molly smiled and raised a hand to cup his cheek. "I'm incredible. You?" She

didn't tell him how she really felt. How her heart, her entire being, loved him.

This was absolutely the wrong time to say 'I love you', no matter how much she did. She didn't want him thinking she wanted just his body. He needed to know that she loved all of him, that she had loved him for fourteen years and would love him for the rest of her time on Earth no matter who he ended up claiming as his life partner. She loved him enough to give him up.

"Better than incredible."



"Hello?"

"Joan, will you come pick me up? I'll be at the bookstore across the street from the hotel." Molly whispered into the phone, not wanting the desk clerk to overhear.

"Molly? What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"Yes, I just need you to come get me and take me to the airport. Please, Joan?"

"I'll be there in fifteen."

She'd walked out of the suite leaving a note tucked under Trey's cell phone. It was a cheap thing to do, but she couldn't face him. She couldn't say good-bye. So she'd said it on paper, leaving her shipboard address and email in case he wanted to get in touch. She doubted he would.

The last two days had been a sexual fantasy, fulfilling many of her adolescent and more adult dreams. They'd stayed naked for the entire two days, loving whenever, wherever the urge hit. They also talked and shared secrets, dreams and memories, cuddled in the bed, on the couch watching old movies, in the Jacuzzi.

She refused to end such a special time with her tears and his promises that wouldn't be kept. She packed her biker babe costume in a plastic bag for Joan to deal with and dressed in black jeans and tank top with a lightweight red jacket. Her wallet, tickets and other necessities were in a black leather purse with a long strap slung across her body. She'd dressed for traveling though her flight didn't leave for several hours.

Once in San Diego she would change into her uniform and report for duty. For now, this moment, she needed to leave Trey before she gave into her heart's desire to desert and stay with Trey forever. Duty called and she had to respond. Once she'd finished this cruise her life would be her own again, though she had no clue what she wanted to do next. That was something she would spend the next six months considering and planning.

Slinging her barely legal carryon suitcase over one shoulder, she picked up the plastic bag and headed out the hotel's front door. Smiling and waving off the valet, she walked down the driveway and across the street. She remained tense,

waiting for Trey to grab her arm. But he never did.

“It’s for the best,” she assured herself as she wiped away tears on one sleeve while reaching for the door of the bookstore with the other.

Ten minutes later bells jangled as the door opened. “Molly?”

With a sigh, Molly stepped out from where she’d taken refuge with the latest hardback by her favorite romance author. She’d already paid for it, so she smiled at the clerk and headed for the door where she’d left her bags.

“Thanks, Joan.” She hugged her friend.

“Don’t thank me yet,” Joan said as she picked up Molly’s bags before Molly could, and gestured for Molly to precede her out the door.

Trey leaned against the passenger’s door of Joan’s SUV with his arms crossed over his chest. Dressed in tight fitting faded jeans, red and blue Rugby shirt and worn sneakers, he radiated masculinity and anger, though his eyes shot laser blue heat when she met them.

“You left.”

He sounded so hurt that Molly couldn’t look at him any longer. Turning, she focused on a trio of seagulls across the parking lot. “I didn’t want you to feel obligated...” she started.

“Obligated? OBLIGATED?” He growled as he pushed from the SUV and crossed to her in several angry steps. Grabbing her by the shoulders to hold her

still, he lowered his head until they were eye to eye. “I love you. I know you have to leave for six months, but I didn’t want to let you go until the last call for your flight. I’d thought about finding someone to marry us, but didn’t think that would be fair to you.”

“You... you want to marry me?” Molly wondered if she would wake up from this dream in the ship’s infirmary, the victim of some horrendous disease that had left her with wild dreams.

“Yes, I want to marry you. But I had decided to wait until after your trip. Will you marry me? Will you be mine for the rest of our lives?” Trey straightened, but kept his eyes locked on hers as he pulled her into his chest.

Molly wrapped her arms around his back and slipped her thumbs into the back of his waistband. “What about Ashley and the others?”

“Angel, they were just time fillers until you came back to me. You were always the one I wanted. The only one I ever wanted.”

“Oh God,” she moaned as she lifted up on her toes to kiss him. Heat, need, want, lust exploded through her as he tightened his hold and deepened the kiss. “Yes, yes, I’ll marry you, Trey. In six months, if you still want me.”

“Oh, I’ll still want you then, but I think I can wait six months to be your husband.”



Molly was one of the last ones off the ship when it docked in San Diego seven months later. She'd finished the paperwork and walked down the gangplank as a civilian. Once on the dock she didn't bother to look at the dwindling crowd. There would be no one there to look for. No family to claim her. Trey was in New York finishing up a photo shoot for an underwear campaign.

Shifting her duffle bag high on her shoulder and juggling her purse and carryall, she headed for the shuttle bus stop. She had a room waiting at the motel near the front gate, and tomorrow she would catch a ride to the airport and head to Wilmington. Joan would meet her at the airport and keep her company until Trey returned from New York tomorrow night.

She jumped when someone grabbed her shoulder. Dropped her bags when he turned her around. "Trey?"

"Damn, woman, you don't listen. I've been yelling at you since you started down the gangplank." Trey lifted the duffle bag off her shoulder and dropped it to the ground as well. "Welcome home, angel."

Wrapping his arms tight around her, he lowered his head and took possession of her lips. The kiss was hungry and loving, soothing all the nerves that had been jangling since his last email three days before. She touched him, rubbed against him and felt him press back, long and hard against her pelvis.

"I didn't think you'd be here," she confessed when he finally broke the kiss.

“I thought you had to be in New York.”

“I wouldn’t be much of a husband if I let my sailor return from sea without a proper welcome home. Now let’s go and start our pre-wedding honeymoon.”

The End

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Author Bio

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but has come to appreciate air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything from children's books to vampire romance, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving. She loves to hear from her readers at coopermckenzie@ymail.com

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Red Rose Publishing

Behind Closed Doors

Love Reincarnate- Vamping With Jayne Series: Book 1

Love Bite -Vamping With Jayne Series: Book 2

Love Choice- Vamping With Jayne Series: Book 3

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Mary of Nazareth, Pennsylvania
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Keene Publishing

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She