



*Scarlet Rose*

# RIDE My Girlfriend

CAMEO BROWN



# Ride 'Em, Girlfriend

by

Cameo Brown

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## **Dedication**

To my real-life cowboy who makes  
my every fantasy come true.



## Ride 'Em, Girlfriend

“What the hell do you want?”

That’s what I wanted to ask the cocky hunk of a cowboy gawking at me from the next table over. For the last four Tuesdays and Thursdays, Mr. Studly Pudly watched me from across the way, like I was some kind of goddamn statue or something. Hadn’t he ever seen a black woman before?

Normally, I wouldn’t give a shit. Long ago, I’d given up trying to educate or tolerate dumbfucks who’ve never seen my kind. Out here in Boonyville, I’d gotten all kinds of comical responses from the locals. I just ignore them and hang with my girls.

There’s Lucia, a prof from Italy, a pasty gal from New York named Ina and two other sisters—LaVinia and Melanie—who clawed their way out of shitholes in D.C. and Detroit, which is where I’m from. There’s also Brenda, the whitest black woman I’ve ever known and the only person deeper in denial about her pathetic life than me. We all work at the college just north of here, which might as well be on another planet for as much as anyone cares.

Dottie’s Diner has the best food in the state, and Dottie is smart enough to know when to put it on special. Our Tuesday and Thursday lunch dates gave us a chance to enjoy the warm spring weather while bitching about our jobs and personal lives away from the campus, although we still had to be careful. A colleague or student might wander in, although the chances would be low.

Today, PMS had my hormones firmly in its grasp, and bitchiness tempered with only a modicum of cynicism controlled my being. So, I stared right

back at Mr. Whitebred Cowboy and even winked once.

It embarrassed him, but I didn't care. I'd had enough of being his little centerpiece. I was raised by a prostitute mother, a crack addict grandma and an absent father, but I'd still learned better manners than to stare at strangers. Was this guy raised under a barn or something?

Quit fucking staring!

This particular Thursday, with menstruation on the horizon and a genetically engineered bad attitude I'd nurtured over the last thirty years, being the center of attention because of my wide nose, dark skin and close-cut 'fro didn't sit well with me. If the cowboy hadn't come to me, I'd have probably dumped coffee on his head, or at least flipped him off. Or maybe not.

This is the Land of the Lost, and my exile here needs to be as pleasant as it can be, given it will probably last until I die and get buried with the cows. Inciting the natives by abusing one of their own is not a wise plan, so the wink was as far as I would take it.

Although I have the credentials, experience and accolades to be faculty at Harvard, I settled for a job in Buttfuck, Nowhere, mainly because my momma said I shouldn't push my luck. There's nothing like one iota of self-doubt to sabotage a career and land a sistah in the wasteland of human existence.

"Excuse me," a deep, very male voice penetrated my brain, tearing me away from my acidic thoughts.

The low rumble quickly swept away all awareness of anything except an intense masculine presence and the blue color of the cowboy's eyes. Deep, luscious blue.

I blinked, dazed. In front of me stood the cowboy, a combination of hunk, stud and god wrapped up in a thirty-something package decorated



with dirty blond hair and riveting ocean eyes. And—who could forget?—white skin.

“Yes?” I attempted to sound haughty, but with panties as wet as mine, it didn’t come easily. I had to fight for it.

“My name is Randy Stide,” the vision in front of me continued. “I noticed you ladies are from the college. Do you happen to know who’s doin’ the toy drive this year?”

I almost climaxed right there, my maternal side doing somersaults at his mention of toys, but I held it together.

“Professor Donald Majinsky,” Brenda answered in a stern, dismissive tone. She’s our token militant and a pain in my ass. Like she ever chased a john out of her family’s apartment with a frying pan.

Brenda hates whites for what they did to her people. Of course, her people, the Jacksons of Walthingham, happened to have amassed a fortune buying stock in Wal-Mart and sent her to better schools than any of most white kids in the nation, but still...

Randy said thanks and turned to leave, but his gaze lingered a bit in my direction. Yep, he definitely pegged me as the desperate, big-built jive ass black gal he’d seen in the movies. I’ve got big hips and medium tits set off by a smaller waist. The new generation calls it having junk in my trunk. I call it hereditary ass fatness and the reason I can’t buy clothes off the rack without tearing my hair out.

I’d guess I was the first real black chick Randy’d ever seen and he wondered why I didn’t jump up and start hollerin’ at him about fixin’ him greens and givin’ him some of my good pussy. Maybe he wanted me to sing a ballad for him.

Stupid, sexy crackah.

Our girls’ lunch continued uninterrupted, although by the inordinately unusual amount of

trips to the bathroom, I would say I wasn't the only one who thought Hubba Hubba boy had it goin' on. I left a feeble tip and headed home.

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Correction, I would have headed home if my Chevy POS had cooperated. On my professor's salary, which I started earning about a year and a half ago, I hadn't managed to save the funds to get my car the overhaul it needed or to go in debt to buy a new mode of transport.

"Need some help?" asked the same sexy voice who'd asked about the toys.

I inhaled deeply to calm my self-righteous indignation and turned to face Mr. Helpful.

"Not really. It will start," I said. He looked doubtful, and doubtful—like every other quality imaginable—looked twice as good on him as it did anyone else. God, he was beautiful.

"Okay," he said, and got in his truck and left.

What a guy.

A half an hour later, I sat in the parking lot at Dottie's Diner cursing myself for not parking in locations where satellites were known to fall regularly. I banged my head against the steering wheel, sure my cursed life with Herman Gladstone had followed me to the ends of the earth. Why wouldn't it?

I heard the roar of a truck engine next to my car and looked up. It was Randy the Cowboy, a grin on his face as big as the state. He got out of his truck and walked around it, in a studly manner, of course.

"It still won't start?" he asked, showing he must have gotten his genius genes from...nowhere.

I just looked at him, trying to be intimidating, which is extremely difficult to do when you're wearing stiff panties and sitting in a car with rust spots on it the size of Bermuda. I made an effort to be civil.

“Fraid not.”

“I’ll take a look,” he said, giving me no choice but to pop the hood. The metaphor wasn’t lost on me. A mental picture of him getting under my hood invaded my consciousness.

Bad black woman, bad!

He shook his head. “Your gigamixer in your hyperolater is malfunctionary,” he said.

At least, those are the words I heard. Even with a PhD in English Literature, I had no idea what the hell he was talking about. By his tone, though, I figured out it was guy-speak for “Your car is really fucked up.” He slammed the hood and I jumped.

“Need a ride?” Randy asked, wiping his hands on his jeans.

Did the Mayor of Hunkville here know he was using double entendres, or was it just my general horniness coloring everything with a sex-crazed connotation? His dreamy smile pressed my mute button. I couldn’t speak. A strange expression crossed his face.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. I’m sure you’ve got someone to call. If not, maybe one of the ladies inside can help you out.”

He tipped his hat curtly and headed around his shiny, manly Dodge. How adorable—he thought I was afraid of him.

As if.

As it turned out, I didn’t have anyone to call. Not here. Hell, who was I kidding? I didn’t have anyone to call anywhere. Neither my ex-husband nor my ex-boyfriend cared if I lived or died, which, come to think of it, isn’t much different than how it was before they became my exes.

I wondered what Randy thought when he got around to the driver’s side and found me staring at him through the window of the passenger’s door like a lost puppy. I hoped he would take my presence for

a “yes.” If he didn’t, I’d look mighty foolish standing there while he rolled his big pick ’em up truck over my toes.

Randy blinked once, and a smile spread across his face. Again with the dreamy goddamn smile. If he didn’t stop it, I’d lose the ability to speak completely.

I smiled back.

He started back around the truck, but I didn’t want him to think he needed to treat me like a date, so I opened the door and tried to hop right in. The truck’s height precluded me from doing this anywhere near what one would call gracefully, but I managed to get situated before he got back around.

Still, he insisted on dragging the seatbelt across me. I grabbed it from his hand—his big, strong, masculine hand—and my fingertips brushed his knuckles. I gulped and pulled them away quickly.

Randy glanced at me again, and my face heated. He gently tugged the buckle out of my grasp and reached over me, fastening it with a loud click. Then he stood back and spoke.

“My name’s Randy Stide,” he reminded me, his eyes darker now. I nodded at him as one would nod at a five year old. A semi-retarded five year old.

“Yes, I know it is,” I said, trying not to sound too condescending.

He watched me for a moment before he headed to the driver’s side again, and it wasn’t until he sat next to me and turned the key in the ignition that it occurred to me he’d probably been waiting for me to introduce myself. Perhaps I had been raised under a barn after all. Could have sworn it was low income housing. Go figure.

I cleared my throat.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Stide. My name is Professor Rumani Gladstone. Thank you for giving me a ride.” God, how I wished I could ride something

else of his.

“Call me Randy, Professor Gladstone. My father was Mr. Stide,” he said. How original. I would have rolled my eyes if he hadn’t been watching me.

“Call me Professor Gladstone,” I answered bitchily. I had a line of shit a mile long, too, and no compunction about using it. It kept people at a distance, which is where people need to be kept.

“Professor Gladstone, whereabouts you headed?” Randy asked as he backed out. To his credit, he handled my snarkiness well.

I didn’t mind giving him my address on campus. Coleridge State is a small college, but it has kickass security there. One of the security guards actually tasered a belligerent professor last week. While he did—technically—taser a teacher whose only crime was being an asshole, the fact he carried a weapon and didn’t hesitate to use it gave me hope he would one day, possibly even accidentally, stop something bad from happening to me.

I sat there as we bumped along, the warm rain threatening all morning finally making its appearance in the form of a delicate mist. Randy turned on his wipers briefly to clear the windshield and squinted at the sky above, searching for something. I’d never seen a cowboy appear so thoughtful, as if he contemplated life itself. Maybe he did. Out here the rain can make or break a ranch. Or so I’ve heard.

“The rain is fallin’ all around; it falls on field and tree. It rains on the umbrellas here, and on the ships at sea.”

Randy’s deep baritone startled me, but his near perfect recitation of Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Rain” from *A Child’s Garden of Verses* surprised me even more. I couldn’t tell if he talked to himself or if he meant for me to hear him. It didn’t matter. His drawl turned the whimsical Scottish words into a

mental aphrodisiac, and my hormone levels jumped in response.

Randy's fragrance—a sensual combination of soap and leather—made me dizzy. The feel of him, his strength and earthiness, filled the cab of the truck, and I found myself lost in his quiet charisma.

Randy kept his eyes on the road ahead, skillfully maneuvering his vehicle over the bumpy road with one arm resting on the door and one on the wheel. I caught him glancing at me a couple of times, but he didn't speak.

"I hope this isn't out of your way," I said, trying to generate some noise besides the ping of gravel against the tires. He shook his head.

"My ranch is only about a mile outside the campus."

"You own a ranch?" I asked, incredulity making my voice squeaky.

With all his muscle and his nice tight ass, I'd assumed he was a ranch hand. I'd kind of fantasized about him being a ranch hand, as a matter of fact. A ranch hand who knew how to bail his hay, if you know what I mean. Oops.

"Inherited it from my father about two years ago," he explained.

He looked at me full on, his gaze roving over my face. Only my face. I assumed he'd scope me up and down like most of the losers—I mean men—I'd dated had done, but he didn't. He just stared at my face.

I shifted my weight to adjust the pressure building between my legs. Campus wasn't far, but I was ready to jump out of the truck and run the rest of the way. Such is the effect raw male sexuality has on me.

Suddenly, Randy pulled his truck over to the side of the road and shifted into park. He slid over toward me before I realized what he was doing and stroked my face, his deep blue eyes searching mine.

“The world is so full of a number of things, I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings,” he said, his thumb caressing my lips. How did he know my favorite quote by Robert Louis Stevenson?

I didn’t have time to ponder it. Randy’s full lips found mine a second later, gently tasting me until my stomach fluttered. He unsnapped my seatbelt and took me, stunned, into his arms. He deepened the kiss until I was utterly breathless. His tongue touched mine, sending a jolt of pleasure all the way down between my legs.

My poor panties got doused again with my liquid response to Randy’s manliness. I shivered and clutched his shoulders to keep from wrapping my leg around him, although my instincts, or maybe it was my general horniness, tempted me otherwise.

He broke from the kiss, breathing heavily, and leaned his forehead against mine. His free hand stroked my thigh, and though a layer of fabric separated his fingers from my skin, his touch burned my flesh as if his palm rested right on it.

He stroked my cheek again, his eyes filled with a noble kind of misery. Then he reluctantly scooted away. I could feel some kind of apology coming, and, quite frankly, I didn’t want to hear it. I wanted my stomach to flutter again, and I needed his big cock to sooth the ache inside my pussy, which, at this point, could have floated away on its own.

“Would you like to see my apartment? It has a nice view of the campus from my bedroom,” I said, trying to keep my voice from cracking.

Okay, it’s lame, but I figured we were past the point of trying to bullshit each other, especially since he had to struggle to get his erection under the steering wheel when he slid back over to his side of the cab.

He reached for me, and I scooted next to him. I’d made an executive decision. Whatever this cowboy’s

motive, I didn't care. His hand enveloped mine, and I put my head on his shoulder. Corny, I know, but it felt really good, and I was tired of feeling really bad all the time.

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Before long, we stood at my door. We hadn't spoken in the last ten minutes, except for my giving Randy directions. His flirty glimpses and devilish smile did all his talking for him. Once he even lifted my hand to his mouth and massaged his lips against my skin, then pressed a lingering kiss against my frazzled nerve endings. I almost passed out, and my panties gave up the fight completely.

I worried Randy might change his mind before I could get my apartment door open, but I shouldn't have. If he'd stood any closer, he'd have been in front of me. He slipped his arms around my waist and coaxed me back against him, nuzzling my neck. His erection poked me in the butt, and I leaned into it, reveling in the feel of his wanting me. He moaned low in his throat and tightened his grip.

Finally, the door gave way and we stumbled into my living room. As soon as the door closed, Randy pinned me against it, crushing me with his hard body. He kissed me again, nibbling my lips while his hands roamed over my breasts and lower, hesitantly at first, then growing bolder. When he found my hips and kneaded them gently with his fingertips, I melted into him, lifting my thigh against his hip to invite him closer.

Randy lifted me up and placed my legs around his waist. He was one strong son-of-a-bitch. Terror gripped me—no woman wants to cripple a man for life while they're fucking—but he carried me effortlessly through the bedroom door and deposited me on the bed, looking down at me with passion-dark eyes.

He let his gaze wander over me as I lay there,



the hemline of my dress well above my knees. I couldn't help but smile. He leaned forward and lifted the material up my thighs to the edge of my panties, brushing his fingertips across the damp lace. The slight touch tickled my mons, and I giggled like a teenager on her first date. Randy's gaze intensified. He took a deep breath and reached for something in his back pocket.

His wallet.

Oh, Lord in Heaven!

He thought I was a hooker. A fucking hooker! Just like my momma. I stayed calm and willed back the tears threatening to stream down my cheeks any minute. Is that how these cowboys found hookers? In diners? They didn't have titty bars here? How much would he throw on the table—\$25, \$50, \$100? At least he was considerate enough to pay before and not after.

I wanted to die.

Randy opened his wallet and fumbled through it. My heart pounded so hard I was sure he could hear it, but he remained focused. I wanted to jump up and run from my own apartment, but he stood over me, intent on his search. There was nothing I could do.

Giving a satisfied grunt, he plucked out something in a shiny little package. I sat halfway up to get a better look, my curiosity salving my ego just enough to give me some courage. My brain finally registered the object in his hand, and it didn't have anything to do with money.

He held up the condom and sighed. "I only have the one," he said, sounding forlorn.

Randy looked like a little boy with only enough money to buy one piece of candy. I couldn't help it; I started laughing hysterically. Only one? Good glory, what did he have planned? He looked sheepish, but I couldn't stop laughing.

“I don’t do this kind of thing...” Randy started, his voice strained and his eyes cast down.

I think he even blushed.

“I don’t either, so thank God for divorce parties,” I said, and I meant it.

I rolled off the bed and rummaged through my dresser. Somewhere in there was a treasure chest of sexy goodies my ladybuds bought me to celebrate my divorce from the repulsive Dr. Herman Gladstone, and among those goodies was a box of fifty multi-colored condoms.

“Aha!” I cried out, holding up my prize. “Some gag gifts just keep on giving.”

I handed Randy the box. His surprise changed back to passion as he drew out one condom, then another and another, until five condoms lay on the bedside table. I raised my eyebrows. He winked at me.

Back to the melted butter state.

As slowly as I could, I unbuttoned my dress and slid it up over my head, leaving only my bra and panties to cover the parts of me Randy awakened so easily with his touch. It would have been tacky to tear off everything and dive into the bed, but Lord I wanted to.

Randy’s breathing picked up, and the heat of his gaze as it roamed my body made my nipples pucker. He stared hard at the space between my thighs, as if mesmerized by it. I stepped forward and unbuttoned his shirt, kissing the exposed pale flesh as I did so, and drawing his attention to my lips. He captured me in his strong embrace and kissed me hard, his restrained passion bubbling to the surface as he slanted his warm lips across mine.

His tongue probed my mouth, inciting more of my juices, and I slid my hands under the worn fabric to clutch the hot, hard muscles of his back. He broke the kiss and leaned his forehead against mine.

Randy stood there immobile for a moment, like he wasn't sure what to do next.

I helped him out by removing my bra, exposing my breasts to him, and suddenly he was back in the game. My breasts had never been what anyone would call beautiful, being rather full and long with pointy nipples, but Randy turned feral at the sight of them.

He dropped in front of me, cupping each breast in his hands and sucking the nipples, first one, then the other. Electricity shot straight to my clit, and a soft moan escaped my throat as I grabbed his shoulders for support.

His lips found their way lower. He rained kisses down my belly and stopped at the juncture of my thighs. Slowly, he slid his hands into the waistband of my panties and tugged their restrictive fabric away from my skin. I shimmied out of them and stood naked before him, taking him in as he eyed me like a hungry wolf cornering his prey.

Randy's shirt hung open, revealing his muscular chest, its rapid rise and fall betraying his excitement. Blondish-brown hair curled across his nipples and narrowed into a line disappearing into his jeans, pointing the way to places on his body I desperately wanted to explore. I rubbed his broad shoulders absently, enjoying the view. Life on the ranch had been good to him, and now, indirectly, it would be good to me.

My pussy swelled in response to the idea of his large cock invading me and giving me pleasure. What would it be like to have him deep inside me? I wanted to know. I had to know.

Suddenly, Randy leaned forward and planted a kiss right on my mons, causing me to stiffen and gasp. He kissed just a bit lower, bringing him close to my opening. I wound my fingers in his hair, nervous. I wanted him to use his tongue on me so

badly, but what if he didn't like me down there? I couldn't take the humiliation.

Herman and Maceo absolutely refused to please me orally; neither would even try. Herman actually made a face when I suggested it. It was expected, however, I would provide blow jobs on demand like a good little 'ho. So much for women's rights.

I shut my eyes against the memories, covering my breasts to protect them from the critical glower of the ghosts of my past. I shook my head to clear it, but the long invisible tentacles of self-doubt firmly seized me, dragging me back like always. I clenched my thighs together.

Randy rubbed his face across my mons.

"Let me taste thy nectar, sweet princess," he whispered.

His turn of a phrase turned the heat in my blood up a notch. As Randy's full lips teased at the wiry hair covering the prize he intended to possess, his caress on my buttocks relaxed my taut muscles. The light touch of his fingertips tenderly stroking my thighs gave me goose bumps.

My reflexes, wholly controlled now by my desire, betrayed my troublesome intellect. More and more I wanted Randy's mouth to pleasure me. I spread my legs and leaned into his persuasive mouth.

Oh my God!

I almost exploded right then. When his tongue touched my clit, tiny warm sparks pulsed through me and my skin prickled just below the surface. I groaned and he slid his tongue deeper inside my wet lips. His hands gripped my hips and urged me to him, opening me more to his wonderful assault on my senses.

He licked me hard, his warm tongue touching my most tender places and bringing me alive. He feasted on my cunt, waking feelings in me I didn't know existed and reminding me I was a woman. He

licked each lip and everything in between, every fold. His tongue—I never knew a tongue could be so hard—slipped just inside my tight opening, teasing me more.

My pussy spasmed, its swollen folds desperate for his big, hard length to drive into them and end my agony. Randy held no reservations about burying his face in my wetness, and even if he had, I couldn't have stopped him in my condition. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. I could hardly stand up.

"Oh baby, please," I begged, running my hands through his thick hair. "I want you in me."

Randy took mercy on me. He picked me up and carried me to the bed for the second time. I lay there, aching for him, watching him undress. His shirt and jeans gone, I could finally see his magnificent body as he stood before me.

His firm thighs flexed as he moved, the light brownish hair covering them barely visible. Randy's swollen cock dripped through his briefs. I sat up and kissed his flat belly, letting my hands roam absently over his erection. He smelled of sex and man, warm and musky. The fragrance of his excitement emboldened me. I let my mouth wander to the starched cloth protecting his cock, sucking at him through the material barrier.

Randy gasped, and I slid my fingers under the elastic of his briefs. I stroked his balls, reveling in the feel of his warm, moist flesh in my hand. Randy impatiently yanked at his briefs, but they resisted his erratic attempts to free himself.

I managed to get the ornery fabric down to his ankles, and he stepped out of the last barrier between us. For the first time, I saw how really big his cock was. My eyes widened.

Damn, was he well-hung!

I couldn't resist the temptation to kiss his firm silkiness. He tasted like a man should taste—fine

ale mixed with thick port. He intoxicated me, and I needed more. I placed his head in my mouth, swirling my tongue around the tip and sucking it gently.

“Oh God, yes,” Randy rasped.

I took his entire cock into my mouth and sucked, kneading his nice, tight ass as I did so. His head fell back and he breathed hard. His muscles tight, he thrust slightly against me, his cock swelling even bigger than it was before.

Suddenly, he pulled out and felt around wildly for the bedside table. I worried the condoms might not fit, but he quickly secured one and turned back to me, tensed and ready. Randy had been so patient, but I could tell he needed a release. The strain showed on his face, and his cock, even without the lavender condom, looked almost purple.

I opened my thighs and brought him down to me. He nuzzled my neck, then got down to business. Randy fingered me slowly, spreading my lips and penetrating me. My grateful pussy rewarded him with thick cream, and he rewarded me with another sizzling kiss.

I'd never been so wet in my life. It occurred to me briefly that I'd wake up a pile of brown dust in the morning if I didn't replenish my fluids. Bet my dust would glitter like fine topaz, though, and hell, what a way to go.

My hunky lover settled himself between my thighs, getting comfortable. Once a homesteader, always a homesteader. I hoped he didn't plan to take time to build a log cabin down there. I could think of much better things to do with his log.

My silly musings faded into sweet nothingness when Randy placed his throbbing head between my lips. He held my gaze as he entered me, filling me with his huge cock. His eyes closed, in ecstasy I hoped, and he pushed deeper, then pulled back. He

did it again, stretching me and causing a delicious friction against my hardened clit.

“So good,” he whispered, and thrust harder and deeper. He built into a steady rhythm, riding me hard but in a gentle way. This man was amazing. I spread my legs wide and kneaded his fine ass, hoping he would take it as a sign I could handle whatever he needed to give, or take. I lifted my hips to him, willing him to fuck me harder and harder. A fire only Randy’s seed could put out claimed my body, and the vibrations and friction from his rhythmic pounding converged in my brain to create a high of pure pleasure.

I met him thrust for thrust, and I could see the beast in him taking over; the animal who wanted to rut me good fought against the decent, considerate cowboy who wanted the slow burn. I’d never had the combination before, but I was having it now. And how.

It felt good.

His hard length massaging my clit with every penetration felt good too. Too good. I couldn’t help myself. When his thick cock entered me the next time, I climaxed, screaming his name and grabbing wildly at him—his arms, his back, his thighs. He rode me in a frenzy for a few more seconds before he stiffened, letting out a yell as he pumped his way through his orgasm.

As I drifted down off of my incredible high, I noticed a fine sheen of sweat covered his pale skin, making him glow like a god. I lay beneath him, feeling him slow his rhythm as the last of his release faded, and part of me wished the condom had broken. I wanted to feel his hot cum inside me, mixing with the evidence of my own need and bathing my insides with its warmth.

The fragrance of our love-making lingered in the air, and I started to go clean up after he rolled off

me, though I didn't want to yet. Herman and Maceo both balked at my womanly output, and I assumed a conservative cowboy would, too.

But Randy dragged me back, mischief in his smile. In seconds, he'd dispatched the condom in the bedside trashcan and wrapped me up in his strong arms. My leg lay across his waist, and we cuddled for a long time before Randy broke the silence.

"Do you like to dance?" he asked, and I tensed.

Here it came. I knew it. For this kind of fuckin', I'd pay a price. I could just hear him now, "Dance, bitch, dance! Yeah, baby, be my dirty girl!"

My stomach knotted, mainly because I wanted to do it. If he wanted me to dance for him like a stripper and degrade myself, I wanted to do it, but I just couldn't. I'd been through enough shit already. Goddammit, I never learn.

"I'm not very good," I lied, trying to salvage some dignity.

"I can teach you, Professor Gladstone," he said. I winced inside at the use of my formal name. I shouldn't have been such a bitch. No wonder he yelled "baby" when he came. Calling me Professor Gladstone would have definitely ruined the moment.

Something akin to hope in his expression surprised me. Suddenly, he scooted off the bed, in all his naked glory—and it was glorious—and held out his hand. I must have looked completely puzzled. Grinning, he hauled me up into his big arms.

"This is dance position," he said, wrapping one arm around me so his palm cupped my shoulder blade.

He clasped my other hand in his so it hovered just beside us. I naturally put my hand on his shoulder to keep my balance, and he tucked me in close.

"The rumba goes like this," he said, moving his body with mine. "Slow, quick, quick. Slow, quick,



quick.”

We danced a basic box step until I got the hang of it, then Randy lifted his arm and I walked under it.

“This is an underarm turn,” he explained, taking me back into his arms once I got all the way around.

He pressed his hand into my shoulder blade, forcing me to step to the side. He let go of one hand and we opened up to my right. Then we turned back to each other and side-stepped the other way, allowing us to open up to my left.

“Those’re crossover breaks,” he tutored me, his sultry voice like a warm embrace.

Our bodies swayed together, and Randy sang softly. I could just make out the words “mujer” and “corazon”—Spanish for woman and heart, I think—as he maneuvered me around the bedroom. His rich voice edged the Latin ballad with a sexy Southern twang, and I giggled with a kind of levity that had evaded me for a long, long time.

“Do you like it?” Randy asked as we danced around the room.

He captured my gaze in his and smiled his enchanting smile. It stole my voice again. I nodded and smiled back. Our slow dancing made my heart beat faster, and Randy’s eyes glittered seductively as the distance between us disappeared.

Until just then, I’d always thought of ballroom dancing as something rich WASP-y neo-cons did, but Randy’s naked form elevated it to a whole new level, and I wanted to go there with him. Slows and quicks and all.

Each flex of Randy’s sinewy limbs made me tingle inside, and his cock made it hard to concentrate on anything. Randy was well-built and as strong as he looked, but his lead was gentle and coaxing. He didn’t demand; he initiated. He used his body like he’d been born to dance instead of ranch,

and his rich, melodic voice sent pleasant vibrations all through me. With those sexy moves, I'd let him lead me anywhere.

Rumba, anyone?

Randy continued his instruction, oblivious to my complete and utter astonishment. A cowboy who can ballroom dance? At least I think it was ballroom dance. He could have guided me into a back flip and I'd have done it.

Randy did more slows and quicks, his smile getting bigger with every completed pattern. He lifted his arm again and I walked under it. It thrilled him to no end.

"You're a natural, Professor," he declared, his eyes dancing, and I swear I blushed.

He couldn't see it, of course, but I felt heat rising to my cheeks. Maybe he could see it. It seemed to me this cowboy uncovered parts of me I hadn't known existed until the moment of his touch. Thanks to his incredible form and our close body contact, I could feel heat rising in other places, too.

As relaxed as I was, my mind whirled. A million crazy notions flitted around in my head. The most bizarre of all of them by far had to be I was ballroom dancing naked in Montana with an equally naked white cowboy. And he was so, so beautiful. Maybe inside as well as out. Was I dreaming?

"You ever tango with anyone, Professor?"

"No, I can't say as I have," I answered, and he settled me into dance position again.

Our bodies mashed together, and his touch became more passionate. He stroked my back before settling one hand on my shoulderblade. With the other, he placed my hips against his and situated his brawny thigh between my legs.

"Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow," he chanted, moving me backward.

The gentle nudging of his hips against mine

caused my baby-maker to twinge, and, for as much as I wanted to dance, I yearned more for Randy's sweet lovin'. He didn't go unaffected, either. His erection swelled against me, dripping down my leg as he danced me over to the bed.

Randy donned condom number two. He turned me around, caressing my sides and hips as he positioned me at the side of the bed, across from the dresser mirror. He kissed my shoulders and neck, his hot breath scorching my skin and his cock poking me, begging for entry. Instinctively, I bent forward and spread my legs. His long finger rubbed my clit and produced ripples of pleasure as my orgasm built again. His rigid cock found its way into my heated folds, filling me completely, and I moaned.

I thrust against Randy, watching our reflection as I milked his cock for all it was worth. He rode me hard, groaning, frantic. He threw his head back, his neck and arms flexing with his effort. We rocked together, our steady rhythm and the animal sounds of our fucking driving me toward sweet oblivion. Soft against hard; hard against soft. My body screamed for release and I rammed back, begging for him for more. He drove deeper, grabbing my ass with one hand and wrapping the other around my waist to steady me, to help me accept his engorged cock over and over again.

Randy's groans mixed with my yells of encouragement as our passion neared the ultimate crescendo. We bounced together until we arrived at our bliss almost simultaneously, my cunt spasming against the sweet invasion as he pounded himself into me. The waves of pleasure pulsed through me, and, out of control, my body hummed. I couldn't stop yelling.

I'd never watched a man climax before—in a mirror or otherwise—and the sight of Randy reaching his peak overwhelmed me. His baby blues

blazed the moment he found his release, and it was incredible. He continued slowly moving inside me, a slow, lazy smile taking over his handsome features.

I'd never come so hard before, and being thoroughly ravished left me weak. I found myself lost in the incredible afterglow and the promises it held. With the little strength I had left, I crawled forward onto the bed. Randy collapsed beside me, grinning, and I stroked his cheek. Emotions I hadn't experienced for a long time, and maybe one or two I'm not sure I'd ever known before, welled up inside me.

Randy leaned down for a tender kiss, something I wouldn't have expected after such wild, balls-to-the-wall fucking. He let his tongue caress my lips, drinking of me, then sucked on my bottom lip before burying his face in my neck and snuggling against me. Like any silly female who'd just been freshly fucked into complete submission, I sighed contentedly and passed out in his arms. I didn't wake up until I heard his voice.

I blinked and looked at the clock beside the bed. Six o'clock.

"I'll be there as soon as I can. Love you, too, Annie. Bye."

I froze. He'd been talking to someone on a cell phone. I peeked at him from across the room, watching him as he hurried around the room gathering his clothes. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep, even after sensing his presence near the bed. Randy touched my face, but I persisted in my charade.

"I've got to go, my nubile princess," he whispered.

I couldn't help it. Not only was he blowing me off for some chick named Annie, of all things, but he showed his ignorance in the process.

"It's *Nubian* princess," I corrected him, mentally

adding “you asshole.”

He jumped in surprise when I opened my eyes and spoke. I made my voice as cold and flat as I could and glared at him.

“Not after what we just did, princess. It’s nubile,” he said, recovering quickly.

His voice was full of amusement. Amusement isn’t in my repertoire. Something is either funny, or you’re an asshole. Randy now officially qualified as an asshole.

“Can I call you?”

Oh God, how pathetic. The line every guy says after a woman’s gone to bed with him, like he’s asking permission to call to hint he really plans to. I glanced at the three remaining condoms on the nightstand and felt cheated. Shit.

I nodded just to hurry the “after the fuckin” ceremony along and he kissed me. I listened to him pad through the living room and waited until the front door clicked shut before I let the tears flow.

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Two days later, I started my period, which kept the girls from questioning why I was so angry and blue. They accepted my hormones excuse. To no great surprise, Randy didn’t call, and he didn’t show up for lunch on Thursday like he normally did. The group he usually sat with didn’t seem any different, just short a member. A tall, hunky, great lay member.

Tuesday came, and still no Randy. When I chase them off, they stay chased off. Did his friends know why he didn’t show up? Did they blame me? Or were they each just waiting for their chance to try me out? Get me on the rebound and bounce me like a basketball. I doubted any of them could match Randy’s prowess.

A lot of bad memories had cropped up because of my stupidity. My marriage to Herman, for one. He

basically wanted a taste of dark meat and the prestige of being married to a woman of another culture, albeit an inferior one in his estimation.

He liked to call me his bitch in private, living out some weird fantasy about being a hip hop mogul or something. He liked it when I stripped for him and pretended to pole dance. I wanted a home and babies, and he wanted a video whore.

About six months into the marriage, he accidentally introduced me as his “black wife” at a university function, and it finally occurred to me he married a symbol of his moral convictions, and maybe a character from one of his fantasies, but not a woman he loved. I don’t know why I put up with him for as long as I did. I’d been a fool, but at least his name opened a few doors for me. He owed me that much, the bastard.

Then I hooked up with Maceo. He was the first guy I dated after my divorce. He was a brother, and I decided should do the right thing by returning to my roots. I’d been so wrong about Herman, but I was even more wrong about Maceo. He wanted to be with me because he believed black men should marry black women to perpetuate the culture. He claimed he’d finally tired of white women and honeybees. He lied.

Maceo wanted to be the next Malcolm X, which wouldn’t have been too bad except he kept getting distracted. By boobs. He had a penchant for women in general—black, white, Asian, leprechaun, tooth fairy, etc. This, along with a violent streak my momma’s meanest john couldn’t aspire to, convinced me to seek a relationship elsewhere. I’d been a fool again.

The third time’s a charm, it’s been said, which brought me to Randy. I’d hooked up with an educated white professor, an abusive black philosopher and an ignorant white cowboy who could

fuck like a maniac and dance like a salsa champ. What next? A Latino pimp with a limp?

I sat at the table, picking at non-existent lint on my calico blouse and listening to Myra whine for the eightieth time about the lack of decent coffee in the Western part of the country, when the bell on the diner door jingled. I didn't pay attention. I'd stopped watching the people coming in a long time ago. Randy wasn't coming back. I'd given up. Looked like my vibrator would have to take up the slack.

But Randy was back. The waitress greeted him warmly and a chorus of hellos from his friends followed soon after. I still didn't look up. Instead, I focused on Ina's story about her latest blind date disaster and Brenda's rant about subliminal white oppression in grocery stores, which meant they didn't carry her brand of oil.

Fascinating.

I sensed someone standing nearby just like the day he'd first spoken to me. I trembled inside, but I'd never let him see it.

"It's good to see you, Professor Gladstone." I recognized Randy's low, sexy rumble immediately.

"You, too, Mr. Stide," I answered, my voice cold. I glanced at him.

I could have sworn I saw hurt in his eyes, but he said no more. He looked tired, like he hadn't slept. From guilt maybe? I hoped so. With a tight smile on his face, he nodded and headed toward the bathroom. My lunchmates gawked at me.

I just shrugged. The chatter started again, and I fought the urge to throw up everything I'd eaten. I sat there, trying to figure out what to do before he headed back our way. Leave or stay? Stay or leave? I wasn't thinking too clearly.

I must have waited too long or he took the quickest piss ever. I smelled his scent and felt his vibe before I ever saw him. Randy breezed past our

table and sat down with his crew. He gave his order to the waitress, a new girl, adding a smile so adorable it made her blush and giggle.

Memories of his smile as we lay together muddled my brain, and, against my will, my pussy let loose a stream of its own special kind of tears. Damn, there went another pair of panties.

I officially ditched the idea of urping and decided crawling under the table might be the best course of action—even though it would ruin my favorite tan palazzo pants—when a screechy, annoying voice interrupted my reverie.

“Rumani!” Brenda huffed.

I glanced in her direction. Her eyes blazed. I frowned.

“What?” I growled.

“Are you even listening to me?”

“No, Brenda, why would I?” I answered. “Why would I listen to the same maddening complaints from someone who’s looking forward to menopause just so she’ll have something else to bitch about? Is menopause the white man’s fault, too?”

All conversation at my table stopped. Brenda’s mouth worked, but nothing came out of it. Finally, a moment of respite from her constant mantra.

“Oh, I don’t know who you think you are, sistah,” Brenda started, bobbing her head and waving her hand in the air. I interrupted her.

“I’m not your sistah. I didn’t grow up in your rich fucking family. I grew up stepping over junkies in the hallway and running home from school every day, hoping someone there would protect me from the creeps hollerin’ at me on the street. Instead, there were more creeps waiting for me when I got home.”

I was losing control, but I couldn’t help myself. Brenda leaned back as I got in her face. The other ladies leaned forward expectantly.



“Did you ever have to babysit your brother while your momma sucked some guy’s dick so you could eat dinner? And it wasn’t always white guys standing in line for my momma’s services. A whole goddamn rainbow coalition lined up in the hallway. Blacks, Latinos, gay guys who couldn’t find a date.”

I kept my voice low, but if anyone would have looked at us, they’d have figured something was definitely not right. If my bared teeth hadn’t tipped them off, Brenda’s horrified, ashen countenance would have. I wound up for my finish.

“The only difference between the dick my momma sucked to get me out of the neighborhood and the dick your momma sucked to get you into Yale was the location. And let me tell you something, any man who’ll take advantage of a woman has got no place in civilized society, wherever it may be.”

Although I ended on a rather profound note, Brenda was apparently still back at the part about her mother dick-sucking the obstacles from her daughter’s path to post-secondary learning opportunities. Her ashy face now held sort of a strange pink tinge I’d never seen before on a black woman, and her breathing came in short, snorty gasps. I think she wanted to slug me. She could bring it on if she wanted. I wasn’t afraid to break a nail.

Instead, she slammed her fist on the table and glanced at each of our colleagues in turn. Lavinia spoke up first, her voice quivering and quiet.

“Me, too,” she said like a mouse. *Me too what?*

“I third the motion,” Ina spoke up. *Motion? What fucking motion?*

“I fort it,” Lucia added, her accent obscuring the “th.”

“I think it’s settled,” Melanie wrapped it up for all of us. “Brenda, if you want to keep coming to lunch with us, you have to admit to yourself you’re a

rich militant wannabe and forgive yourself for it. It's time to get past it."

I sat there shocked, probably more so than Brenda, whose eyes narrowed into slits.

"And for God's sake," Ina added, "write a letter of apology to Barack Obama's wife before the Secret Service hunts us all down."

The girls, one by one, started snickering. Even I wanted to laugh, picturing an excited journalist on FOX recounting the arrest of five college professors from Montana as the FBI hauled us away because Brenda wrote a nasty letter to the First Lady.

Seconds later, our table turned into a den of hysterics with everyone joining in except Brenda. Lucia was nearly in tears and Melanie was choking. I laughed, too, and as I did so, I glanced up. I caught Randy looking at me steadily, his handsome features set in a hard grimace. He looked miffed. He didn't turn away until one of his buddies said something.

Brenda interrupted us by standing up and shoving her chair against the table so hard it almost tipped over.

"I don't need this bullshit!" she sneered, and stomped toward the door.

Ina looked at Lucia who looked at Melanie who looked at LaVinia. Then they all looked at me. I just shrugged my shoulders, and the snorts and guffaws started again.

"Girl, thank God for you! She was beginning to scare me with all radical shit," Melanie said, taking a drink of her soda. "I was serious about them investigating us. Did you read her letter?"

And from there I let the conversation drift away from me again. It wasn't my fault really. I kept feeling like someone watched me. I glanced over at Randy a couple of times, but he sat with his eyes on his food, stabbing it and shoveling it in mouthful after mouthful. Maybe he was in a hurry to get

home. I wasn't.

My lonely apartment and worn out vibrator beckoned. Classes had been canceled because of the flooding near the University. Extra rainfall this year caused a riverine flood affecting a number of ranchers in the surrounding area. I'd wondered about Randy's ranch, but his description of its location and his obvious presence at the diner suggested he'd been spared.

I offered the girls my good-byes and hit the ladies' room just in case my miserable car decided to puke on me again. I'd gotten it fixed, but it was like the men in my life—totally unreliable except when expected to fail. I didn't feel like risking pissing in a cow pasture today, so I made the extra effort to avoid getting in a situation where I might get mounted by a steer in heat. Seems like it already happened once this month, and once was enough.

I left the bathroom and noticed Randy's chair at his usual table now sat empty.

"Professor," a resonant male voice said behind me. I jumped and turned abruptly, nearly colliding with Randy. His expression was dark and unreadable as he grabbed me, purse and all, in a vice-like embrace. He studied my face as if he'd find an answer to some very important question there.

The smell of leather and the comfortable softness of his worn denim jacket captivated me. I wanted to scream and yell at him, to make him hurt the way I hurt, but I just stood there paralyzed in Randy's arms in the back of the diner. His lips crushing mine soon removed any thoughts of stalking away indignantly. He tasted like sweet tea and peach cobbler, and I melted into him, molding my body to fit his.

Almost as soon as it started, Randy broke the kiss and shoved me away. He breathed heavily, his sullen eyes filled with passion and desire and

contrasting starkly with the frown on his handsome face. He grunted something and forced his way past me, using his cowboy hat to cover the fullness in the front of his jeans. I stood there, even more confused and angry, yet savoring the warm wetness he'd left on my lips, the only lingering evidence of his presence.

I finally turned to leave. Randy had disappeared, just like after our fling. Some part of me harbored disappointment, though I willed myself not to think about it. My efforts were none too successful. The tingle in my lips and ache in my chest made it impossible to focus on anything else.

Sometimes where there's a will, there's a way. Today wasn't one of those times.

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The next couple of weeks dragged by with no sign of Randy. Without Brenda our girls' club conversations picked up considerably, which meant we talked about sex a lot more. It sure didn't keep my thoughts from drifting to Randy. I wondered where he'd gone; who he was with. I only knew for sure it wasn't me.

I was half-listening to Ina's latest dating fiasco—I'd told her not to go out with Dr. Loudham—when the bell on the diner door distracted me. I looked up to see a pretty, petite pregnant woman hustle in. The waitress squealed and grabbed her.

"Annie, honey, how you doin'?"

Annie? Randy's Annie? The bitch was pregnant? I couldn't even fantasize about beating the shit out of her? Life had gone from completely unfair to totally turned against me. The girl shuffled over to the table where Randy's cronies held court, and they fell all over themselves to hug and kiss her. She'd probably slept with every one of them. Meow.

"You gonna name the baby after Randy?" a tall

skinny man asked. Annie rubbed her distended tummy and nodded.

"If it's a boy, he'll be William Edward. If it's a girl, though, Miranda Kay."

Jesus Christ! Randy married a woman so dumb she couldn't even name her baby after him correctly? A huge scoreboard in my head flashed "O for 3." At least I didn't have to chase him out of my apartment with a frying pan. I almost laughed out loud.

Randy suddenly appeared from nowhere. I didn't see him come in, but he headed right toward my table. He looked like shit. Very adorable shit, but shit nonetheless.

His face, covered in razor stubble, conveyed a quiet weariness, as if the weight of the world rested on his shoulders, and he walked slowly, a little more stooped over than I'd ever seen him. Where was the strong, indestructible cowboy who'd danced all over my heart? A terrible, cold feeling crept up my spine.

Worry.

Now I was worried about him? How do you worry about someone you detest? Granted, I'd worried in the past Herman might not spontaneously combust like I'd prayed, but this was different.

Randy's gaze found mine, but he turned and sidled up to Annie, putting his arm around her. He shook hands with all the cowboys at his usual table. How nice, a reunion.

I couldn't hear all of their conversation, but I could see it was animated. Randy didn't seem to say much, though, which wasn't unusual for him.

My chest tightened. It hurt to know I knew this man so well in such a short time. Randy made a farewell gesture with his hand, kissed Annie on the side of her head and headed for the door.

I ignored the urge to bawl in front of my friends and continued to nod and smile. Snatches of

conversation drifted over.

“...sure were lucky.”

“You and William stayin’ with Randy till the waters go down?”

“Good thing William weren’t hurt none when the bridge collapsed. Wouldn’t want your baby growin’ up without a daddy.”

“Randy dropped me off. I’m meetin’ William here to get some groceries before we settle in for a few days.”

“You want that kid o’ yorn to go to college like Randy?”

I froze. A light went on in my head. Stide. The name had sounded familiar, but I didn’t connect it before. I’d known a student named Edward Stide from my online literature class when I first started working at the college. Edward Randall Stide. He was three credits short of completing a degree, in what I couldn’t remember.

I remembered everything else about him, though, because he was incredibly articulate and because he made me think. We’d shared some fabulous forum conversations. He liked quotes and often related our reading selections to music. I’d even gone so far as to imagine what he looked like and wished we could meet in person. He was bright, aced the class with no problem and sent me a thank you card after the course ended.

How could I miss the connection? Edward Randall Stide listed Robert Louis Stevenson as one of his favorite authors in his class profile. I remember being surprised someone else liked his work besides me.

Stevenson’s *A Child’s Garden of Verses* was the reason I turned out to be a professor instead of turning tricks to make my way. It’d been my favorite ever since my momma dug a filthy copy out of a local school’s trash bin and made sure to read it to me

every night, even when I had to help her with the words. I learned how to imagine places far away from the hovel I called home. The book saved my life. How could I forget someone who enjoyed something so important to me? What was I thinking?

I knew what I was thinking, or more accurately, what my pussy was thinking. It was thinking about the way Randy's glance made my flesh pleasantly damp. It was imagining what his strong thighs looked like beneath those skin-tight jeans. It was watching his fine ass and pondering whether his work-hardened hands would be rough against my tender skin if he fondled my breasts.

Annie waddled toward our table, no doubt on the way to the bathroom. My brain finally wrested control of my faculties from the curly-haired diva between my thighs and bid me to pay attention to Randy's Annie as she wobbled past. A closer look at her as she awkwardly ambled by revealed blondish hair, incredible blue eyes and a nose like Randy's. When she smiled at me, realization hit me full force. She and Randy could have been brother and sister, they looked so much alike.

Shit!

I hit myself in the forehead with my palm. My tablemates stopped in the middle of their conversation about men and their prejudice against smart women. How ironic.

They watched, eyes wide and mouths open, as I jumped up and dug wildly in my purse for some money to throw on the table. I stumbled around my chair, my purse strap catching on the wooden back. With a knowing smirk, Melanie reached over and unhooked the stubborn leather with one of her well-manicured fingers.

"Ride 'em, girlfriend," she said, winking and nodding toward the door.

I made it outside just as Randy got to his truck.

He stopped with his hand on the door handle when I yelled at him to wait. He stood there, not moving, for a long time. He didn't turn around until I spoke again.

"Edward? Edward Randall Stide? Annie's brother?"

He looked exhausted. My heart pounded. I wanted to cradle him in my arms and erase whatever memory kept the corners of his mouth turned down. Randy's hand shook a little as he set his drink on the hood of his truck. He removed his hat and turned it in his hands, staring at the ground. A certain vulnerability dominated his stance. He knew I knew who he was.

"I'm sorry I didn't call," he said, breaking the silence.

"I'm sorry you didn't call, too, but I'm sure you had a good reason," I answered. He nodded, still ill at ease.

"I did at first. But then it didn't look like you missed me too much the last time I saw you," he explained to the gravel beneath his feet.

"What?"

"You were laughing and having a good time. Meantime, I didn't want to, but I was missin' you so bad..." his sexy voice trailed off. He wouldn't look at me.

My outlook definitely picked up after hearing those words.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to be with you, Professor?" he asked, turning his head and squinting at the sun. Still no eye contact.

I didn't know what to say, so I winged it.

"You going home to the ranch?" I asked, changing the subject but not letting him off the hook. He finally looked at me.

Sometimes a sistah's just gotta take a chance.

He nodded again, confused.



"I hear you got company for awhile. Something about a flood."

A hint of suspicion invaded his baby blues. He tilted his head.

"I can take care of you, baby, if you'll let me," I offered, inviting myself to his ranch and into his life.

I lifted my hand to my shield my eyes from the sun. I shifted my weight to my other hip and rocked back and forth from foot to foot. Very sexy, yet very coy.

Work it, girl, work it.

Randy shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose, like he couldn't believe what stood right in front of him.

"You know, Professor Gladstone," he started.

"Call me Ru, and don't forget you still owe me these," I interrupted, giving him my most encouraging smile and holding up the three condoms he'd left on my nightstand. I'd carried them in my purse since our evening together, just to feel him close to me.

A shy smile spread across his face.

"Ru," he began again, his voice husky and filled with longing. "It's not easy being a rancher's woman. Sometimes cowboys get called away to help their sister's husband save his farm after a flood or some other life and death nonsense. That's the only thing that would keep a rancher from his woman, if she wanted to be his woman. Do you want to be a rancher's woman?"

I didn't answer right away. He was so intense, as if what I said would be the most important thing in the world to him. I relished the moment before answering. Giddy, I walked toward him.

"Randy, it's not easy being a professor's main squeeze," I said. "Sometimes we smart women are so dumb we let the past nearly ruin our future and push away the people who make us feel more like a

woman than anyone in our lives ever has. That's the only thing that would keep a professor from her man, if he wanted to be her man. Do you want to be a professor's man?"

Randy grinned full on then, and my stomach fluttered. He closed the space between us in two steps, grabbing me and holding me close. He kissed me breathless. I kissed him back until he was breathless. As we stood there holding each other, he buried his face in my neck and said the words I'd longed to hear for so long, words I realized didn't mean anything unless they came from the right person. And Randy was the right person.

"Ru, baby, I just want you."

## About the Author

Cameo Brown is a word freak, book addict, and erotica devotee. She enjoys living in the world of stories, especially the erotic ones, whether reading or writing them. In real life, she lives in the United States with her totally delectable husband, who still doesn't quite understand why she enjoys sitting at the computer so much, and a passel of temperamental felines who are plotting to take over the world.

More information about Cameo and her stories, including book trailers, can be found at her place in cyberspace, [www.cafepriapus.com](http://www.cafepriapus.com).

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