



APPREHENSION

HEATED RESTRAINTS



YVETTE HINES

Heated Restraints

A novella of erotic romance by

YVETTE HINES

Published by Phaze Books
Also by Yvette Hines

Santa's Helper

Speed Dating

Arrested Heart



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Dedication

To my husband who always respects my writing craft, even when I forced him to listen to hours of country music so that I could feel my characters. To the Zajdels for challenging me to write this story, it allowed my writing to grow in another direction. Cheers to the both of you.

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Chapter One

Thor could hear the Carrie Underwood song blaring a quarter of a mile away. Even with the distance, the candy apple red shine of the car was vaguely identifiable as it barreled down the road's flat terrain leading to the main gate of Moody Air Force Base.

Here comes trouble. The words echoed through Thor's mind, only slightly comprehended above the car's radio.

When the red Corvette finally pulled up beside him, the chorus of *Before He Cheats* was playing. He watched the blonde driver as she conversed with the brunette beside her and flipped her dependent identification toward him.

Things like that always pissed him off. "Excuse me, ma'am. I need you—"

Thor cut his own words off. Blondie still wasn't giving him the benefit of eye contact.

On any other day, he would have repeated his order. But, not today. Today was his last day of work and he classified that as 'taking no shit day'. Reaching across her body, he twisted the radio's dial quickly, feeling it snap into the off position. *Nice legs.* He noted the fact that the skirt of her sundress was riding high on her thighs, whether by the wind or her instigation, it was a sight worth appreciating.

He returned to his authoritative stance beside the car.

Finally, the blonde turned with her brow pinched and pierced him with an angry glare, barely visible through the tint of her glasses. "Hey, where in the hell do you get off—"

"Sorry, ma'am," he began "but it's base policy—"

"I can care less about base policy. But, a little courtesy would've been nice."

The blonde woman pushed her sunshades on top of her head, allowing it to double as a headband holding her wind blown shoulder length hair away from her face.

She had nice eyes. Hazel eyes. He hadn't expected that color. Blue maybe or even brown, but the striking gold-green color of her irises emphasized by her mascara thickened lashes gave him pause.

Reigning himself in, he brought his focus back to the subject at hand. "When you pulled up, I requested you lower your music, but I guess you couldn't hear me with the volume up so loud." He purposely gave her a cocky smile.

The brunette leaned toward the driver's side of the car with a snide smirk on her face. "Evidently, *Technical Sergeant* Zeller, you don't realize who you're talking to."

Taking his sights off the driver, he glanced at her passenger for a moment. "Doesn't matter, ma'am, the rules apply to anyone entering the base."

The brunette hooted with laughter. "Your little security force's handbook of rules doesn't apply to Major General Michael Wright's daughter."

"Stephanie, don't—" the blonde driver attempted to stop her friend.

Ignoring her, Stephanie, the brunette, went on, "I'm sure you know who *he* is." She beamed a superior smile at him. "He's here from the Pentagon to retire in his hometown. *Our* hometown. Claremont is a neighbor of Lowndes."

Just great. I had to be the one to get the town princess.

The driver jumped in again. "Steph, leave it alone. It's not worth it."

He was sure the General's daughter probably meant that he wasn't worth the time.

"Well, when you get there, tell him I said congrats," he commanded. Looking back at the driver, he placed an additional amount of authority in his voice. "Identification, please."

Opening her hand, the blonde presented him with her card.

Collecting it from her for review, his fingers brushed the soft, supple skin of her palm and heat raced up through his fingertips. Lifting the picture, he scanned the name on the card. Liza Wright. Purposely, he held it longer than was necessary before he passed it back to her awaiting hand.

"Enjoy the ceremony, ma'am," Thor told her.

Slipping the card into the inside handle grip of the driver's side door, she looked back at him. For a moment, her eyes traveled down the length of his body as if assessing his worth. When they returned back to his face, she flipped her glasses down and said, "I plan to. The party is at Claremont Wright Country Club if you care to stop by when you get off."

Like hell I will. It wasn't that she was not beautiful. She was damn hot. Every fiber in his being had reacted to the view of her golden thighs. And in any other situation he would have taken her up on the offer with big hopes for the end of the night. However, his every instinct told him she was trouble.

"No thank you, ma'am."

Shrugging off his reply, she floored the gas and peeled through the gate, turning her music back up.

As he watched her pull off, he was tempted to call it in, but disregarded it. Instead, he looked down at his watch and checked the time. He was relieved to note that in four hours and ten minutes he would be off duty and by tomorrow morning he would be out of the Air Force.

* * * *

Few parking spaces were available when Thor arrived at Sonny's. He'd learned quickly that food and business were how they did things in the south, in that order. A month after he left the military, he'd received a call from Robert Dennison, the Claremont police chief, asking him to meet him for the final interview to join the local force.

Thor was happy for the time off to relax but now he was becoming restless and antsy. It was time for him to get back in the cops and robbers game. Stepping out of his car, he paused. Leaving the barbeque establishment was the town princess he'd had the pleasure of meeting during his last day of duty. Just like four weeks ago, she wore a dress and sunshades, the only difference this time was instead of a mouthy brunette accompanying her, she held a large bag of takeout. He admitted to himself she was a knockout. A visual treat. Even with her regal attitude. It just made him want to tame her even more.

Leaning back against his car, he took a moment to observe the General's daughter. Watching the sway of her hips as she strolled with confidence to her convertible two rows over from his, a smile played on his lips. The miniscule amount of wind in the air wasn't an adequate amount to cool the rising summer heat from his skin; however, it was more than enough to flirt with the hem of her dress, allowing him a glimpse of her sexy tanned legs. As she padded across the ground in her sandals, he noted how nice her calves were. The kind of calves a man loved to cup in his hands or feel over his shoulders. He was slightly heartbroken when the parked cars in her row blocked his view of them.

She disappeared from his line of sight as she passed two vans parked next to her car. When she arrived at her car, she leaned over the driver's side door and situated her burden in the back seat. Just like sweet iced tea to a hot and thirsty man, the town princess satisfied him with a view of her sweet round ass. The thought of wanting to see her naked in the same position didn't shock him as much as it turned him on. Quick and fierce.

Attempting to clear his mind of images that wouldn't lead him to employment, but more than likely run out of town if anyone found out, he brushed his hand across the back of his neck and pushed away from his car. Chief Dennison was inside waiting on him and he needed to mind his own business concerns. The princess definitely wasn't his business, nor his concern. Matter of fact, Princess Wright would probably have been pissed if she'd known he'd been observing her royal hiney. Nevertheless, as he walked away, he couldn't stop himself from glancing back over his shoulder and watching her pull out of the parking lot. The wind now teased her hair and made his finger itch to do the same.

Running his hands through his hair, now grown out from the short standard military cut, he headed toward the front of the wooden restaurant, which resembled a big red barn, to meet the Claremont chief of police. Dust from the unpaved parking lot trailed in the wake of his footsteps as he moved to the entrance.

“Brad ‘Thor’ Zeller.” A tall, thin black man in a suit with basketball palming hands grabbed his hand and patted Thor on the back. “I recognize you from your file photo.”

Thor added his own strength to the handshake. “Then you better be Chief Dennison.”

The black man smiled.

“The one and only.” A greeter standing by the welcome podium chimed in with a wink.

“I hope you brought your appetite,” Chief Dennison commented as he ended the handshake.

“I sure did.” Thor rubbed his abdomen for effect. He’d heard from his friend Jack that this was one of the best barbeque restaurants in town.

“Great.” Dennison headed toward the woman. “A booth, please, Rachel.”

“You got it, shuga’bear.” Grabbing two menus from beside her stand, Rachel, the greeter, sashayed into the dining area. “This way.”

“During lunch we’ll talk about the position I have open and you can tell me how you got your nickname. Or should I just believe I’m eating with a legend?”

It was Thor’s turn to laugh. Business and food, the southern way.

* * * *

Liza was tired. She’d spent her Saturday at an all day study session in the library at Florida State. Her group’s final research project was due and they had needed this last meeting to tie up loose ends before the semester ended. She would be starting her six weeks of internship, and then wait for fall graduation. Then she didn’t know what she was going to do. She’d have her Master’s in early childhood counseling, but she didn’t know whether or not she wanted to stay in Claremont County or if it was time for her to pick up roots and leave. She’d been here all of her life. This had been where her father was raised, as well as Moody being his first assignment. He’d met and married her mom here. The military had relocated him to various places, but her mother was a homebody and refused to uproot her son and daughter every three years. Amazingly, her parents had made it through the long stretches of absence.

Dressed in a frayed, thigh length skirt and short-sleeved layered t-shirt, she cruised along the interstate. The cool early evening breeze blew through the window and cooled her heated flesh. Thick rolling gray clouds moved across the dark sky, making her aware that a spring storm was on its way. She loved storms. They were unpredictable.

Sighing, Liza wished she could have said the same for her life. Claremont County was a beautiful place to raise a family, but she didn’t know if it was the place for a twenty-seven-year-old single woman. She craved change like she craved sex. It had been years since she’d dated and almost as long since she’d slept with anyone.

In Claremont County, everyone knew everything about everybody so she'd spent the last two years concentrating on school to keep the gossip about her life at bay.

She loved being a part of the town, but for a while now she questioned herself. There was no doubt if she desired a counseling position anywhere in the town, she'd have one without even an interview. If a position wasn't open, one would be created for her. She was Liza Wright, grandchild of a founder. Could she make it somewhere else? Did she want to make it somewhere else? Was there anything in Claremont County for her? Those questions constantly plagued her.

Pulling off Interstate 75 onto Gridston, she gave a sigh of relief. The only thing she wanted to do was get home and put her feet up. The highway was deserted as she careened down the stretch of road.

"You've got to be kidding me," Liza groaned when minutes later she saw flashing lights in her rearview mirror. She steered her car to the shoulder and put the car in park. She didn't have any concerns about getting a speeding ticket, instead, she was more annoyed at being stopped. Whichever deputy was stopping her must not have recognized her car. They'd give her a friendly hello and a warning and send her on her way. All the neighborly conversation was just delaying the time until she was bumming mindlessly in front of a movie, until sleep claimed her. Tired, she wanted to get home soon.

She watched the car slide up behind hers, then she got out of her convertible. With the search light beaming in her eyes, it was hard to determine which deputy was walking toward her.

"Dale, is that you, or is it Martin?" Liza called out.

"Ma'am, do you know you're not supposed to get out of your car unless instructed to do so?"

The voice was gritty and male. As he spoke, there was a bite to each word as if he didn't tolerate noncompliance. He commanded authority. Liza noticed the tingling along her arms as the hairs on both of them rose.

Definitely not Dale or Martin. Warm sensations raced along her skin where moments before the wind had cooled it. Chalking it up to the humidity of the night, she leaned against her car and waited. Finally, he stepped in front of her and blocked the bright light and she could see his face.

"You." She tilted her head and stared up toward his face, seeing the gate guard from the base in Valdosta, the main city of Lowndes County that bordered Claremont. "So, you're the new officer everyone has been talkin' about. Thor, isn't that what they call you?"

His intense blue eyes captured her. "Good evening, ma'am. Once again—"

This man's nickname had always intrigued her. Cutting him off, she asked, "Don't tell me. You're supposed to be able to clap and make it thunder or something, right?"

One of his eyebrows lifted. "Anything's possible. But, no matter. When people talk, the made up story is always better than the original one."

She chuckled as she tapped a finger against her lips. "Now, I recall Jack told me somethin' about you being deployed to Iraq twice. He said when you all were there no matter what situation you were in, you always managed to get out without a scratch. Jack seems to believe that you have some sort of shield around you. He said you wielded your gun to protect as if it was a gift from the gods." She stepped toward him and spoke in a sultry voice, "So, does lightening flash in the sky when you use your *mighty* hammer?"

Liza didn't miss the flare of his nostrils as she stood close to him. She wondered if it was a response to her honeysuckle body spritz or a sign of annoyance. The desire to push the envelope tickled the back of her neck.

"Ms. Wright, do you know you're not supposed to get out of your vehicle unless instructed to do so?" He repeated the question.

"Hmm." At least six feet tall, he towered over her five foot six inch height. Broad shoulders and narrow waist were enhanced by the cut of his uniform. She had to admit the man had a nice build. A part of her wished she could view him from the back and see if his ass was just as pleasant. Ignoring her own wondering thoughts, she leaned against her car. "I guess the base doesn't offer enough work for you. Now you're moonlighting with the sheriff's department."

"No." Amazingly, he arched his eyebrow higher.

She figured he was probably annoyed because she hadn't answered his question. Crossing her arms over her chest, she continued, "No. Ah, maybe you got kicked out of the military. Couldn't hack it. All those loud music violators making you mad?"

Tilting his head to the side, he eyed her from under the brim of his hat. "Are you trying to piss me off and get a ticket or are you always this insolent?"

Insolent? The nerve of him. Slapping her hands to her hips, she leaned toward him. "I like to call it my own sassy wit."

"Hm," he grunted.

The little nonverbal, guttural sound he made infuriated her. Balling her fists against her waist, she asked, "Don't you have bad guys to catch? I'm sure someone is robbing a bank somewhere." Liza didn't know why she felt the urge to antagonize him. Something about him caused an unnamed sensation to dance along her spine.

Watching the muscle jump along his jaw line, she enjoyed a small thrill in knowing that she could aggravate him.

He stared at her, unaffected by her comments, and calmly ordered, "License and registration, please."

He's got to be made of stone. Rolling her eyes, Liza turned toward her driver's side door, wrenched it open and bent inside to retrieve her information. While she was in the car, she became more irritated that she couldn't affect him. The fact that this was her town, where she'd lived all her life and Mr. Patrol Officer By the Books couldn't get past his own ego to give her a little courtesy for speeding, which she knew she'd been doing, angered her.

Sitting in her seat while rifling through her purse, an idea occurred to her. If she couldn't affect him with her sharp mind, then she'd get to him the old fashioned way. Backing out of the car, she handed him only her license.

Taking her identification, he eyed her. "Do you have a car registration?"

"I'm sorry. I've never been stopped in my own town before so I'm a little fuzzy about the protocol."

"Registration." He rested the palm of one hand against the butt of his gun, which she figured he used more as a place to rest his hand than a threat of force.

"Yes, sir." Turning with a flounce, Liza got back into her car. This time she balanced her body on the knee she placed in the center of the seat. Stretching long and arching her back, she reached over the center console to the glove compartment, where she riffled inside, pretending to search for her registration.

Liza was no fool. She knew that the position she assumed allowed Officer Zeller a clear view of the expansion of her thighs. She had been told many times that she had nice legs and for sheer spite, she was willing to use them against the emotional rock outside.

Turning her head, she glanced out of the back window, but was unable to see more than his waist and the top of his pants. Forgetting herself, she couldn't help but admire the cut of his clothing and how well his uniform slacks cupped his sex. *Impressive*. The thought danced in her mind before she had a chance to refocus herself. Heat filled her lower belly and she was shocked at how easily she had become aroused by a man she didn't even know, let alone like.

"Here it is." She announced as she backed out of the car. Giving him a triumphant smile, she slapped the paper into his open hand. "There."

For a brief moment, his wide hand closed around her smaller one, holding it. Feeling the slight grip, he held on.

Liza allowed her eyes to travel from their joined hands, moving her gaze past his hair-sprinkled forearm and shoulder, until she reached his face. Taking note of his chiseled jaw, firm lips and distinct nose, she continued up to meet his eyes. She was captured by the heat in his azure stare.

Sparks went off where their hands touched, causing her fingers to tingle.

"I'm completely within my right to give you a ticket. Speeding is illegal and dangerous," he told her.

Snatching her hand from his, she tried to regain control of the situation and her emotions. "Well, if you fear for your life and the safety of the drivers of Claremont County..." She stepped toward him, tilting her head back so she could continue to maintain eye contact with him, "why don't you just arrest me, officer?"

Like lightening, Officer Zeller had her swung around and pinned against the side of her car. The heat of his body pressed along her back.

"You know, princess, I have no qualms about putting you in handcuffs." He spoke in low tones with his mouth flush to her ears.

Her lungs seized, stealing her breath and refusing to relinquish it. She became light-headed. She was assailed with the desire to arch her back and press her hips into him. It had been so long since any man had dared to impose his strength on her. His forcefulness turned her on. Desire ignited between her legs and caused her sex to swell. One of his hands gripped her hip while the other held her hands on the top of her car. The material of the ragtop under her palms and the vibration of the running car kindled sensations in her breast.

Being restrained by Zeller was giving her thoughts of what it would be like to be with him in a more intimate setting. Naked and vulnerable for him. At that moment, she wanted him.

Shocked at her thoughts and the wetness dampening her panties, she gave herself a mental shake. Using all of her willpower, she shifted to the present. Liza finally took a deep breath to fill her lungs with the cool night air, but instead she smelled him. He didn't wear cologne or a fancy aftershave; just the scent of clean male with his own natural musk. Her pussy throbbed and she squeezed her thighs together in an attempt to squelch it, unintentionally making it worse.

Zeller's hand traveled around her waist, adding pressure to her abdomen, pushing her back until his thick cock lightly brushed the crease of her ass. "Nothing to say, princess?"

The way he called her princess sounded like both an endearment and an insult. "I do believe this could be considered police brutality. I wonder how Sheriff Pyle would feel if I told him about one of his deputies taking liberties with me on a routine traffic stop."

His chuckle rumbled against her back before she heard it. "This stopped being routine the moment you put those creamy thighs of yours in my line of sight. It's a good thing I work directly for Russell and I'm not a deputy."

Damn. She knew she wasn't being subtle, but she didn't expect that her actions would backfire on her in this way. "Arrest me, give me a damn ticket, or let me go, *Officer Zeller.*"

For a moment, he didn't move and Liza thought he was going to continue to hold her. But, he stepped away, releasing her as quickly as he had grabbed her, saying, "I'm going to give you a warning this time, but you need to be careful on these roads at night."

Facing him, she leaned back against her car, staring at Thor. "Thanks for your concern, Officer Zeller. I'll take it under consideration." Pushing away from her vehicle, she turned to get in. She ran into Zeller's arm as it shot out in front of her, halting her movement.

"I mean it, princess. The RACE team has been cruising these roads because of the teens drag racing down here and causing accidents, some serious."

"Duly noted." She shoved his arm out of her way and got in her car.

"You may need these for the next time you're stopped."

He held her driver's license and registration out to her. Reaching out the window, Liza removed the items from his hand. "Thanks. By the way, my name is Liza. And I'm nobody's princess."

Not waiting for his compliance, Liza shifted her car into drive and pulled away.

Liza had always hated being called princess. It was an old wound for her. In Claremont County where her family owned so much, it had separated her from everyone else. She had always been treated with kid gloves. Until now.

Chapter Two

Thor watched her drive off, as gravel from her spinning tires pelted the bottom of his pants and fat raindrops struck his shoulders and hat. She was a firecracker, that one. Claremont County's own Princess Liza Wright. In the two months since he'd permanently become a citizen of the county, he'd heard stories from his friends about her and her family. The county, a blink between Lowndes and Tallahassee, was almost nonexistent. It wasn't large, but her family owned a lot of it. Her great-grandfather was one of the founders.

Shaking his head, Thor chided himself on his actions. In the eight years he'd been a security force's officer, he'd never mishandled anyone. Whether a traffic violator or a suspect in a crime, he'd never overstepped his boundaries. But with the princess, it was an entirely different story. During their encounter he'd felt on edge, reckless, and untamed.

He couldn't deny that he was attracted to her. Shit, he thought she was sexy as hell. But, she wasn't the first good-looking girl he'd ever been around. He'd had plenty of women passing through town attempting to flirt with him to get out of a ticket. Most showed him a heavy helping of cleavage, while others went as far as pulling their skirts up to an obscene level. Still, he'd kept his cool in all of those situations.

With Princess Liza, the more she gave him her brazen attitude the more he wanted to prove to her how bold he could be. When he'd restrained her against the car, he'd known instantly that it was a mistake. He should have never touched her. Feeling her body aligned with his had made him instantly hot and horny. His cock had gone on full alert and he'd wanted to flip up the back of her skirt and take her right there on the side of the road. Feel her wet heat squeezing him tight as he buried himself deep inside of her sweet pussy and drive them both to paradise. Thoughts of showing her a better use for her saucy mouth had flooded his mind.

Sighing, he watched the shine of her taillights disappear as she turned around a bend. The only thing this night has confirmed to him was that he had to keep control of his emotions when he was around her. Now that they lived in the same town, he'd have to remain constantly on guard.

Turning back to his car, Thor adjusted the bulge protruding from the front of his uniform pants, making him uncomfortable as he walked back to his car.

What he'd told Liza had been the truth. These roads weren't safe after dark, especially for a woman alone. During the past month, he'd been assigned to the

nine member Rural Area Criminal Enforcement Team, more commonly referred to as the RACE team. They'd arrested several drug traffickers who were attempting to move their wares from Florida to Atlanta, as well as a few young adults who used some of the rural roads for drag-racing. They were increasing the motor vehicle accidents.

The town princess had an annoying habit of getting under his collar, but the last thing he wanted was to see her harmed. Shaking his head to clear it, he got in his green and blue patrol car to call the station. He had a job to do out here and it wasn't the princess, no matter what his libido was telling him.

* * * *

Entering her bedroom, Liza set her book bag on the floor beside her desk. The only thing she wanted was a shower. She was tired and the verbal scrimmage with Officer Brad "Thor" Zeller had sapped her of any remaining energy.

Slipping off her shoes, she berated herself for allowing him to get under her skin. Since she'd been with him on the side of the road, her body had felt hot and feverish. She would have loved to blame her physical complaints on the rising temperature of the spring change to summer, but she knew that wasn't it. It was Thor. His tall sinewy frame was playing havoc on her senses. Pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it to the floor, Liza continued her progress toward the shower. Her skirt and panties were next. In one swift motion, they met the carpet floor like the rest of her apparel. Padding into the bathroom, her bra was the last thing to drop from her body. Brushing the shower curtain aside, she turned on the faucet. She tested the temperature before getting in.

Once under the comfortable stream, her skin rejoiced while the steady flow of water cascaded over her. Sighing, she ducked her head under in an attempt to rinse the day's worries of school and men from her mind. Feeling refreshed, she grabbed her puff and began to lather her body. Suds dripped from the twisted plastic and filled the air with the scent of peaches and melons. Scrubbing her body in a circular motion, Liza relaxed. Closing her eyes, she allowed her mind to wander.

The steam filled the room, footsteps could be heard outside of the shower. Slow progressive beats brought him closer to her. Her breath quickened in anticipation for the moment he'd join her. Waiting for him to give her body what it wanted. She didn't have to wait long.

When she turned and looked over her shoulder, he was there, entering the shower. She looked into his cobalt eyes and was lost. Lost in the confidence that this man could bring her pleasures she'd never known. Allowing her gaze to travel, they roved past his firm lips and chiseled jaw until they reached his broad shoulders. Reaching out, she touched them and felt the heat of his skin. He was on fire just like her body. The desire to cool him, taste with slow licks, covering him from head to toe assailed her.

His gaze was intense. No words were needed. He closed the gap that remained between them. Pulled her into his arms. A frisson of heat raced down her spine, followed by the descent of his hands as they glided down her back until they reached her ass. Cupping her bare cheeks in his hands, he squeezed them.

His throbbing erection pressed into her abdomen, causing her pussy to throb with the desire to have him deep inside of her. She wanted him to lift her, impale her on his hard cock and fuck her until she came pulsing around him.

But he had other plans. With the same speed that had been performed at the side of the road, he turned her back around to face the wall. Placing her hands flat against the cold tile, his voice was husky in her ears, "Don't move."

She couldn't have moved if she'd wanted to. He kept a firm hold on her hips, restraining her. There was no fear of the situation or of him. The position aroused her. But, those sensations were tame compared to the searing passion that assaulted her senses as he pushed her hair aside and began raining open-mouthed kisses along her shoulders and the sides of her neck. She began to shiver with pent-up desire. Release. More than her next breath, she needed it.

"Touch me," she begged. "Please..." She knew there was a whine to her voice but Liza didn't care. She needed him.

Sealing his lips to her ear, he asked, "Where? Where do you want me to touch you?"

Reaching back, she made an attempted to grab his hand and place it where she wanted it. But he evaded her.

Seizing her wrist again, he returned it to the wall.

"Stay," he growled.

Spreading her legs, Liza tilted her ass back, trying to communicate her need.

"Where?"

That one word and his tongue stroking the outside shell of her ear was enough to make her reel.

"My pussy. Now. Please," she demanded.

His low chuckle rumbled along her spine as strong hands circled her waist and slipped between her legs. His agile fingers parted her aching lips. She almost sighed with relief as he slid along her juices and made swirling motions around her clit.

The trembling began in her legs, making her aware that her orgasm was heartbeats away.

His other hand reached up and captured her breast, massaging and flicking her taut nipple. Liza began to pant as she realized his cock was sliding down the crease of her ass, joining his hand in playing with her heated sex.

Slippery, wet and aroused, Liza enjoyed everything he was doing to her, but she needed more. Rotating her hips along with his movements, she was prepared to help him get her off.

He had other plans for her. With one of his feet, he nudged one of hers until her stance had widened. Dropping his hand from her breast, he wrapped it around her waist to support her as his other hand joined hers against the wall. The tip of his cock rested at the opening of her sex, then without a moment of further hesitation he thrust forward thick and hard, not stopping until he had seated himself deep inside of her heat.

Liza screamed as her orgasm overwhelmed her. Shaking and pulsing she leaned against the wall of the shower panting. Her legs were weak and threatening to collapse as her sex throbbed and contracted in its final spasms of ecstasy around her own fingers. Eyes hazy with lust, she looked around her empty shower. Sadness invaded her heart as she realized it had been a dream, a fantasy of her own making. Thor had not been there pleasing her. Her imagination had played a wicked trick on her.

Righting herself, she rinsed the remaining soap from her body, then turned off the shower and got out. After drying herself briskly with a towel, she collected her clothes from the floor as she entered her bedroom. Depositing them in the dirty laundry basket, she pulled a t-shirt and panties from her dresser and put them on.

Climbing into bed, she told herself that she was not attracted to Officer Zeller, she had just been working herself too hard for school and that was all.

Her sex chose that moment to give her one final flutter of the previous climax, calling her a liar. Squeezing her eyes shut, she ignored her body's response and hoped for a dreamless sleep.

* * * *

"Hey, Jack. How's it going tonight?" Liza approached the bar and nodded at Stephanie Maxwell, who was waving her over to one of the back tables where she was surrounded by other bar customers, mostly males. Liza ran her fingers through her hair in exasperation. She'd just finished the mother of all tests for school and she didn't feel like fighting off drunken men. She only agreed to come tonight because Stephanie complained that she didn't get to see her often during the school year. Since tonight started her two-week vacation before the summer session, she felt bad not spending time with her best friend.

Jack moved down the bar until he stood in front her, drying a glass, then placed it on the shelf behind him. "Pretty busy for a Wednesday night." He turned back to her. "But I guess I can attribute it to the high school baseball team playing in the regional championship against Echols."

Leaning into the tall polished wood bar, Liza gave him a small smile. "Too bad we didn't win."

Shrugging, Jack said, "Guess we can't win 'em all. What can I get you?"

"Classes are over for now, so I'll take a Bacardi Lemon with 7UP...just for a little celebration."

Jack gave her a quick wink before moving around the back of the counter to mix her drink. Liza observed her old classmate. She'd known Jack since the third grade when his family had moved into town. They'd attended the first two years of college together, but he left school to join the military. He'd said he needed to do something different for a while that wasn't in Claremont. After four years in the military, he'd come back, opened up the Dirty Dozen bar and married Betty Dixon, his high school sweetheart.

"Here you go, little lady." Jack placed her clear beverage on a small round coaster, which boasted the name of his establishment.

She could see the words, *Dirty Dozen*, magnified at the bottom of the glass. Laughing at the nickname, little lady, her friend had given her in high school after she'd failed to have a growth spurt like the rest of her friends, finally capping out her height of five' six". Rising up on her tiptoes, she reached across the bar and ruffled Jack's short black hair. "Thanks, Jackie boy."

Reaching into her purse for money, she was stopped by Jack's voice.

"No need to pay. It's my gift to you, little lady. Congrats on another semester ended." Grinning at her, he continued, "But, don't get beside yourself. It's only the first one that's on the house."

"Jackie boy, you know I only ever drink one."

He nodded. "That's right, college girl, and you keep it that way."

Returning his earlier wink, she strutted away from the bar to join Stephanie, who looked as if any moment she'd come over to the bar and get her.

"Well, it's about time you got over here, Liza. I thought I was goin' to have to drag you away from the bar," Stephanie reprimanded from her perch on Wyatt McCall's lap. Wyatt was a surgical assistant in Tallahassee and by the looks of it, Stephanie's new boy-toy.

Liza shook her head at her girlfriend's antics and wondered how long this relationship would last before Stephanie resumed her pursuit of her brother Robert. Her best friend had been after Robert since her brother had graduated college and went on to law school. But, Robert was doing an excellent job of playing hard to get. He hadn't seriously dated anyone since college, which was usually a topic of discussion at Sunday afternoon family dinners.

"I was just chatting with Jack for a moment." Liza glanced around the booth, trying to decide whether or not she wanted to squeeze in around all the men at the table. "Evenin' Dale, Wyatt, Harvey, Steve."

"You can sit right here, pretty Liza." Dale Moore gave a few pats high on his thigh, leaving no misunderstanding where he wanted her to sit.

Taking a sip of her drink, she placed it back on the table, then leaned in toward Dale and spoke to him in a breathy voice, loud enough for all the people around the table to hear. "Dale, as much as I would love the chance to *ride* the evenin' out on you generous lap... I can see you're still on duty and I'd hate to do anythin' to cause you to have a *hard* night at work."

“Well, shit, you done it now.” Dale quickly squeezed his large body out of the booth and lumbered away to the bathroom, the cackling of the remaining five people chorusing behind him.

“Liza, you’re going to give that old man a heart attack talkin’ to him like that,” Steve Ewing chided her, shaking his head as he slid across the cushioned seat from where Dale had him crunched in.

“Well, if he went home to Mindy like a good man should then he’d have nothin’ to worry about,” she answered.

“Give me somethin’ to worry about. Come dance with me.” Steve grabbed her hand and tugged her toward the dance floor.

Liza didn’t complain because one of her favorite songs was beginning. As the opening guitar strings to *Here for the Party* by Gretchen Wilson started playing she was already swaying to the beat. She and Steve had dated during their junior year in high school, but had realized they made better friends. She knew she could be as wild as she wanted with Steve, he was safe.

Swinging and swaying to the country rock style of the female artist, Liza enjoyed herself. No school, no worries, and the arms of a good friend were just what she need.

Chapter Three

That's exactly how Thor found Liza when he walked into the Dirty Dozen. For a moment, he was mesmerized by her fluid movements on the dance floor. With her arms above her head as her hips rocked to the music, her skirt rode low and her shirt rose high, allowing a glimpse of her midriff. Her face was filled with joy. There was a broad smile on her mouth as she dropped her arms and glided around her partner in circles. He knew the guy she was dancing with. His name was Steve and he was the manager at the Claremont Bank in town.

Thor had to admit that they made a nice-looking couple. The thought caused a stone to drop in his gut. Biting the inside of his lip to keep himself under control when Liza stepped into the arms of Steve and gyrated her body against the banker's tall frame.

Turning away from the couple, he headed toward his friend at the bar. "Hey, Jack, let me have a beer." He and Jack had been stationed together for four years and it was because of that friendship Thor had obtained his position on the RACE team. Jack's father was the sheriff in town. As a favor to his son, as well as honoring Thor's eight years as an Air Force security forces troop, Sheriff Pyle had given the job to him. The two tours Thor had served doing special investigation in Iraq had helped to seal the deal.

"Anything for an officer of the law." Reaching into one of the cabinets under the bar and popping the top off the dewy bottle of beer, Jack slid it along the polished wood to rest in front of Thor.

Thor caught the beer and quickly brought it to his mouth as the misty smoke crawled out of the top. The beer was ice-cold and did the trick in cooling his senses and setting him right in the mind. He hadn't seen Liza in over a week, but she'd been in his thoughts since their roadside encounter.

Setting his beer back down on the bar, he glanced over his shoulder as the last bars of the song were playing and witnessed Liza giving Steve a kiss on the cheek before rejoining the group at one of the back booths.

"So, Thor, you starting to adjust to small town life?" Jack's voice pulled him away from Liza.

"Yeah, it's quiet for the most part and I like that." He took another sip of his beer.

Jack chuckled loudly. "Yeah, quiet. Excluding tonight."

"I noticed when I walked in there were a few more people than usual at this time of night."

“The baseball championship,” he confirmed.

Thor nodded.

“How was work tonight?” Jack wiped down the counter.

“It was alright. I spent most of it following a tip on some drug runners we were expecting through here.”

“Any luck?”

Thor shook his head. “Nope. Maybe they’ve found a new route.”

“Wouldn’t that be nice? Then we wouldn’t have to worry so much about our teens in Claremont getting that junk.”

Thor took his last swig. “Sad thing about it, if they don’t get it from these guys, they get it from somewhere else.” Thor pushed aside his empty bottle.

Jack moved with years of efficiency at tending bar and grabbed Thor’s empty bottle and replaced it with a fresh one, cap removed.

“That’s true.” Jack changed the subject. “So are you missin’ the military?”

Thor laughed. “Did you miss it when you hung your BDU’s up for the last time?”

“Shit, no. And every day I’m here I miss it less and less.”

“Exactly.” Thor couldn’t resist peering over at Liza and her friends at their booth. She now sat next to Steve in the booth and another chair had been brought over for Dale to rest his heavy frame in.

The lazy arm Steve had slung over the back of the booth that Liza’s head was leaning against slightly raised Thor’s hackles. He hated feeling possessive of her. She wasn’t his. Had never been his. Hell, he didn’t even truly know the princess. Shaking his head, he shifted away from them.

Thinking about the events of the night, he watched as Jack saluted farewells to each customer as they began to trickle out the door. He admired his friend. Jack was happy. He had the job he wanted and the family he desired. Thor envied the peace his friend had found. Over the years of being in the military, he hadn’t met or dated anyone whom he’d even considered for a moment marrying and raising a family.

His eyes drifted again to Claremont’s princess. Shaking his head, he forced himself to turn away.

“Be right back, Thor, I need to get the stuff to restock the shelves for tomorrow.” Jack tossed his towel over his shoulder and walked to the back of the bar.

“I think I can find something to occupy my time while you’re gone.” Thor tilted his beer up to his mouth.

“I’m sure you can.” Jack yelled from the back.

At that moment, Thor heard a melodic laughter coming from behind him. Turning, he noticed Liza and some of her group had moved to one of three pool tables four yards away from him. Steve sat on a stool by the table. Liza was playing pool against Harvey Carter, one of the supervisors at the local peanut plant. Dale must have finally remembered he was on duty tonight and left. Out of

the corner of his eye, Thor spotted Stephanie and Wyatt on the dance floor grinding and swaying to Melissa Etheridge's *My Lover*, and doing an excellent job of ignoring everyone else around them.

Thor could hear a few people around him murmuring how the couple needed to take their sex act from the bar floor to one of their apartments.

Disregarding the pair, Thor turned fully around in his seat and leaned his back against the bar as he drank his beer and watched Liza. She flirted with both men equally. Steve appeared to take it good naturedly, but Harvey's face was lit up as if he really hoped to spend the remainder of the evening in Liza's arms.

As he continued to observe them, he heard Jack bring in empty crates to begin removing the alcohol from the shelves preparing the bar for closing. Checking his watch, Thor noted the time. Fifteen minutes 'til one. Just as always. Jack was a family man, he never stayed open past one and he never opened on Sunday because it was family day for him.

Yeah, he envied him.

Exhaling slowly, he gulped down more beer as he stared at the pool players in front of him. Liza had just shot in the eight ball, leaving Harvey with four striped balls still on the green felt.

"Man, I told you not to play her. She's a shark," Steve snickered and hooted.

He could see the tension around the other man's mouth. Harvey was angry. By his look, Harvey didn't appreciate being bested by a woman. It possibly wouldn't have been so bad without Steve's additional comments.

Harvey whipped around toward Steve and spoke through gritted teeth. "Shut up, Steve. She's beat the shit out of you before."

Steve spoke through broken laughter. "Damn, right. That's why I don't play...Liza." He laughed harder. "And especially not for a year's supply of peanuts that you're going to have to pay for."

Before Harvey could respond, Wyatt and Stephanie came waltzing back over, holding hands. Wyatt questioned, "Who's paying in peanuts?"

"Harv—"

Steve's speech was broken off when Harvey jabbed the pool stick in his side.

Thor watched Liza stroll toward the man with the wounded ego. She turned her full charm on Harvey.

"Harvey, don't be mad. I'm sure I got the upper hand on you tonight only because it's late, you've been drinkin' and you're probably tired from a long day at the plant." If the hand Liza placed on Harvey's shoulder wasn't enough to assuage his pride then the syrupy sweet voice she used did the trick.

Giving Liza a broad smile, he nodded like a bobble head willing to agree to anything she said.

"Yeah, it's probably best I head home and get some rest." Forcing a yawn, Harvey emphasized his point by rubbing his eyes as if he just now realized he

was tired. "Do you want me to bring the peanuts by your house each week?" Harvey asked, hopeful as a puppy begging for a treat.

Stepping back, Liza gave him a smile. "Harvey, you're an honorable man. But I couldn't eat all those peanuts." Turning toward the pool table, she began to retrieve all of the balls from the slot below, deposit them on top and prepared them for racking.

Thor noticed he wasn't the only one admiring the view of Liza's sexy thighs revealed from underneath her skirt every time she leaned over the pool table. Both Harvey and Wyatt looked as if any moment their eyes would pop out of their heads.

Stephanie giving Wyatt's arm a smack was enough to get his attention.

Liza continued. "Harvey, you can just have them delivered here. That way everyone can enjoy them."

It was at that moment Harvey realized he'd been had.

"Come, Harvey, let me get you home. Remember how tired you are?" Steve stood up and stretched.

"I'm heading out, too, Liza." Snuggling against Wyatt's side, Stephanie continued. "Wyatt has agreed to give me a lift home."

Yeah, he's going to give her a lift alright, Thor thought.

"You're all leaving me?" Liza gave her friends a sexy pout.

The desire to kiss her and suck her full-bottomed lip into his mouth was driving him crazy. Lifting his beer, he took a deep swig, finishing it while attempting to cool his heated thoughts.

"Sorry, sweet cakes. But, I've got to get up early tomorrow for work," Steve apologized.

"And I really need to get to bed," Stephanie replied as she tugged Wyatt toward the door.

"You're the one who invited me here," Liza tossed the accusation to Stephanie.

Stopping in her tracks, Stephanie tilted her head to the side and gave Liza a pointed look. "I'm sure you *understand*, Liza."

"I do." Waving her friend away, she said, "Go. Get some *rest*."

Steve kissed Liza on the forehead. "I'll talk to you later in the week." He pushed Harvey toward the door.

"Alright," Liza mumbled, more to herself.

Thor spied Liza glancing at her watch, then she looked around the bar to see if there were any other people in it, possibly to persuade them into playing pool with her. Pivoting around, she spotted him and realized the same thing that he had, they were the only two left, with the exception of Jack, who was in the back with his cash drawer.

Neither one spoke. Thor's eyes dropped, attracted by the subtle tapping of her fingers along the pool stick. Nervousness or indecision? Thor pondered her small action.

He was enjoying the moment, observing her without the earlier crowd hovering around. His eyes lowered further and he took in her small feet, which were slipped inside a pair of decorative flip-flops. The view of the pale pink polish coating her naked toes and the plain gold band surrounding her second toe was downright erotic. Her sexy jewelry caused a feeling of intimacy in him. Dragging his gaze higher he took in the silky smooth expanse of her legs until his view ended at the hem of her light green skirt that reached mid-thigh. He'd never had an opinion of whether he liked his women in skirts or pants, but on Princess Liza, it was definitely skirts.

Scanning past her skirt and now covered midriff, Thor paused at her breasts, which were held captive by her form-fitting top. Full breasts, with erect nipples. Evidence of arousal or a biological response to the air conditioner?

"Are you finished?"

Her sultry voice forced his eyes to return to her face. Glad she'd grabbed his attention, because soon his cock would have shown her exactly what he was ready to finish.

"With what?" he responded.

Rolling her eyes, she said, "Ogling me."

Angling his head, he raised a single eyebrow in her direction. "I wasn't ogling. I was appreciating the view."

She made a sucking sound between her teeth and turned away from him. "Well, I hope you got your fill, Officer Zeller."

"Thor."

Glancing over her shoulder, she eyed him. "Excuse me."

"My name is Thor or Brad."

She settled the pool stick in the case, which was attached to the wall. "Don't tell me, Officer Zeller, you don't take your duty to the county seriously?"

Still resting against the bar, Thor stretched his arms out along the top. "I take my job very seriously. But, when I'm off, I'm off."

"Gotcha," she said, walking over to one of the tables to retrieve her purse.

"I thought you weren't finished playing."

Stopping with her purse clutched under an arm, Liza stared at him. "Everyone's gone. All of my friends left. It's a little hard to play the game alone."

Piercing her with a direct look, Thor asked, "What's wrong, you afraid to play someone who could truly give you a little competition?"

"Who's that, Jack?"

Taking note of the light in her eyes, it was evident to Thor she was being playful.

Pulling out money from his jeans pocket, Thor laid it on the counter and rose from the stool. "If Jack can beat you then I know I'd spank that sexy ass of yours all over this bar."

Looking passed his shoulder, she said, "Jack, did you here that? He thinks he's better than you."

"I heard 'im," Jack responded, coming further into the bar from his office. "I'd prove him wrong if I wasn't headin' home."

"Any day, Jack," glancing in Jack's direction, Thor challenged good-naturedly. Looking back at Liza, he asked, "So, you game, princess?"

"Didn't you hear the man? He said he was going home. Which means we'll have to find out who's better another day. Oh, wel—"

"Don't let me stand in the way of a fair competition." Jack tossed Thor keys. "Lock up when you leave. I'll stop by your house and get the keys from you in the morning."

With sure hands, Thor caught them. "Will do."

"But—"

Both men ignored her protest.

"By the way, you can put that money back in your pocket." Pushing his backside against the door to press it open, Jack finished, "You know it's no good here."

"Don't worry, Jack, it's not for the owner. It's for the bartender." Thor beamed a smile at him.

Laughing and shaking his head, Jack left.

Thor followed him out and switched the bolt to the locked position. Sliding the keys into his back pocket, Thor asked, "So, what's it going to be, Princess Liza? Will Daddy let you stay out and play?"

Shooting daggers at him, she bit out, "Fine." Tossing her purse onto a table, she marched over to the pool sticks and grabbed the one she'd replaced moments before. "Only so I can whip that smug smile off you face, officer."

Thor's smile became broader as he crossed the room to get his on stick. "Rack 'em."

Stomping over to the other end of the table, she mumbled, "Well, I can tell I won't be playin' with a gentleman."

"That's for damn sure." Thor added chalk to the tip of his stick. He normally would have racked the balls, but he couldn't resist the temptation of watching the princess leaning forward on the table and her breast giving a nice little swing in accompaniment. "You can break."

"Thanks." She removed the triangle and pushed it in the slot on the side of the table. Grabbing her stick from where she propped it against the edge, she walked around the table planning her first move.

"So, what are we playing for?"

"My name." Finding the angle she desired, she leaned over the table and stretched one arm forward to balance the stick in the crease of her thumb and forefinger. "If I win...you stop calling me Princess Liza." Controlling the pool stick with her left hand, she rested the tip on her tented right hand and snapped it forward, hitting the tip against the top right of the cue ball.

The crack of balls knocking against each other was broken when two of them dunked into a corner pocket one after the other.

“I’ll take solids.” Liza announced.

Nodding, Thor acknowledged her request.

“If you happen to beat me...which I warn you no one has done in a long time, what do you want?”

Staring across the length of the pool table at her, Thor waited until she made eye contact. He said, “I want the same thing as you. If I win...” he purposely lowered his voice a notch, “you say my name?”

He noticed the significant rise and fall of her chest.

“Fine. If you win. But that’s a big ‘if’.”

Thor noticed her slight nervousness as her smile quivered slightly at the corners. He wondered what was behind it. Pushing the question away for the moment, he took a seat on the barstool Steve had vacated and waited for her to miss. Once she did, he would put his all into the game and make it a point to beat her.

Chapter Four

“Well, I do believe it is time for you to pay the piper,” Thor told Liza as he dropped his pool stick onto the table. Over an hour later, they finished their second game. Liza had lost the first with two balls remaining on the table and had demanded they play the best out of three. This time Thor had beat her with four of her balls left on the table. He had to admit she was an awesome player.

“What are you, some kind of shark?”

Thor laughed loudly. “That would only qualify if I hadn’t told you from the beginning that I was good.”

“Whatever,” she said, still holding the pool stick in front of her with the wide end of the stick on the floor.

Approaching her, Thor admitted, “I’ll give it to you. You’re really good. Too bad all of your competition consists of men in a small county who would rather allow the town princess to win just because they have hopes of getting into her panties.” Reaching out, he grabbed the pool stick in an attempt to return it to the wall.

“You don’t know a damn thing, Officer Zeller.” Liza yanked at the pool stick caught between their two bodies.

“I don’t know anything?” A rough chuckle erupted from his lips. He caught how once again she’d purposely used his position instead of his first name. Thor leaned closer to her, his mouth almost touching hers. “I know one thing, princess. You prance around this county like you’ve got gold between your thighs.” He stepped forward, pressing his body into hers.

“Maybe I do,” she punctuated her words with a sassy tilt of her head.

Thor was hard as a hammer and he had no doubt the town princess noticed it pressing into her abdomen. “Then let’s see.” He took a final step forward to bring Liza up against the edge of the pool table.

For a moment, he paused, watching her eyes to see if there was any sign she didn’t want this. Want him.

“If you’re man enough, Officer Zeller,” she taunted.

That was all he needed. With a half growl and half sigh of relief he removed the pool stick from her slack fingers and tossed it onto the floor behind him. Thor bent at the knees, grabbed the back of Liza’s thighs and hoisted her onto the pool table.

She gave a small scream of shock blended with a giggle when she noted her new position. She wasted no time in pulling his mouth to hers.

The kiss was rough and quick. Thor's tongue entered her mouth. She tasted like down home spices and country warmth. The kiss went on and their tongues battled as their hands had done with the pool stick. He pulled away, breaking the contact of their lips.

With labored breathing, their chests expanded and contracted rapidly as if they had been running for miles.

He gave her a cocky grin. "Now, let's see about that pot of gold." Thor dropped down between her legs. Pushing her skirt up to her waist, he viewed white cotton panties covering her sex.

Leaning forward, he could smell the heady scent of her pussy. She wanted this as much as he did. He hooked his thumbs under the edges and stroked her wet heat. He heard her breath catch. Then he tugged, making quick work of sliding her underwear down around her ankles. Liza removed her feet from the leg holes, totally disregarding them. Her panties dropped to the floor and he spread her thighs wide and gazed at the royal treasure illuminated by the lamp hanging over the pool table.

Glistening wet, she looked like a treat waiting for him to taste. That's exactly what he did. Dragging her hips to the edge of the table Thor began to lick and lave her cunt. His tongue slid along her spicy honey-coated slit until he reached her clit. Gently flicking the stiff nub, he enjoyed Liza lifting her hips toward his mouth. He sucked her swollen lips and she cried out. Slipping two of his fingers inside of her, her slick muscles squeezed as he pumped them into her. She began to moan and whimper as he returned his attention to the kernel guiding her desire. As he circled it, she rotated her hips, matching his pattern. He watched her legs begin to shake, her thigh muscles quivering and jerking. Liza was close to climaxing, when he leaned away from her, pausing in order to intensify her orgasm. She buried her hands in his hair, pulling him back to her.

"Please."

Chuckling, he gave in to her request. He moved back toward her sweet pussy and orally gave her what she wanted. He laved, swirled, flicked and suckled her until she exploded into ecstasy's haven. Giving her one final lick, he rose.

He and Liza's hands battled once again, this time over the fastenings of his jeans. In seconds, his button and zipper were undone and his jeans were shoved below his hips.

Liza's hands reached out and grasped his aching cock. He had to clench his teeth to keep himself under control. The soft feel of her hands circling his engorged member pushed him quickly toward his end.

"Shit," he called out when her thumb brushed the sensitive tip. With shaky hands, he pulled a condom out of his back pocket. Using his teeth to tear it open, he removed it.

She took it from his hand and slid it properly down his engorged member, then stroked his covered length.

“As good as that feels there’s only one place I want to be right now.”

Smiling at him coyly, she asked, “Where is—”

His deep thrust silenced her and himself as well. She was so tight. Thor’s spine tingled as if held inside of a warm fist. Closing his eyes, he took a few breaths to get himself under control. If he didn’t watch himself, he would come before he’d given either of them the fullness of pleasure.

Feeling Liza arch her hips, pushing him in further, caused him to open his eyes. Looking at her lying back across the green felt expectantly heightened his arousal. Lowering his eyes, he stared for a moment at the place where their bodies were joined. Almost poetic.

Shaking himself for the sappy thought he began to slide in and out of her snug pussy, inch by inch. Hooking her legs over his arms, he leaned over her, allowing himself total access to sink completely inside of her.

“Let me see those beautiful breasts, princess,” he commanded.

Without question, Liza lifted her shirt and bra, availing herself to his gaze. Her breasts were perfect globes, enough to fill a man’s hand and mouth. Admiring the rose-colored tips briefly before bowing his head and taking one of them between his lips, Thor suckled her.

For the second time that night, Liza buried her hands in his hair. Feeling her fingers gripping and massaging his scalp drove him wild. Releasing her breast, he captured her mouth in a feverish kiss and propelled his hips forward, driving into her.

* * * *

Thor was being rough, pounding into her repeatedly and Liza enjoyed every intense movement. Every man she’d ever been with treated her as if she were delicate and breakable, but not Thor. He was different in many ways from her previous boyfriends.

The thickness of his cock sliding in and out of her body was impressive. *Boy, did he know how to use it.* A while ago, she’d kicked off her sandals and now her heels were digging into his sides and her toes were curling.

Meeting him thrust for thrust, she wanted more of him. When he leaned, pushing her thighs wider as he pressed himself deeper, she swore the tip of his cock had touched her soul. Needing to touch him, she unbuttoned his shirt and glided her hands across his taut skin. The thought of having the time to savor every inch of Thor’s firm body tapped at the edges of her mind.

Her fingers tingled as the second climax of the night slammed into her, pulling a scream and his name from her lips. Behind her closed lids, her eyes burned and tears threatened to spill from them.

Moments passed before she opened her eyes and looked at Thor. A sheen of sweat coated his chest and his head tossed back as he groaned out his release. Finally, his head fell forward, bowing low.

The room was quiet. No more music, no sounds of them having sex. Nothing.

Liza wanted to say something. Tell him she wasn't a whore. Explain that she'd never done anything like this before. Even possibly thank him for protecting both of them. But she didn't know where to start. She wondered what he'd say if she told him that he was beginning to work himself into her thoughts on a daily basis.

Before she could figure out what to say, Thor stepped away from her. His semi-erect cock slid from her, leaving a hollow feeling in its wake. Looking at her for a moment, he turned away and straightened his shirt and pants.

Jumping down from the table, Liza righted her own clothes and stepped her feet into her shoes. "Thor, this was not how I'd planned my evening—"

"Look, Princess Liza," he began, cutting off her words. "I know that letting a commoner between those sweet thighs of yours probably wasn't your *plan*."

Staring at his back, Liza was shocked by his words. She wanted to turn him around and tell him that wasn't what she was going to say.

His back still to her, he continued, "Why don't you just head home and wash up before my scent sets in."

She wanted to take one of the pool sticks and smack him in the head. However, if he could say something as thickheaded as that, she doubted it would even faze him. Instead, she reached out and grabbed his shoulder, forcing him to look at her. "You know, Thor, you're right, you are beneath me. But not because my dad is a general and not even because my family owns most of this town." Jabbing a finger into his chest for punctuation, she finished, "but because you're a fucking insensitive prick. And the day you moved into Claremont was the beginning of the worst days of my life."

Thor dropped his head, appearing ashamed, but Liza didn't buy it for one moment. Turning, she snatched her purse from the table and marched toward the door. When she reached it, she undid the lock, then faced Thor one last time. He'd raised his head, still standing where she'd left him, and watched her.

The tears started burning in her eyes again. She knew that if she didn't leave soon they would spill over. This time not in soul-wrenching passion, but in pain. "You know what, *Thor*, while your face was buried between me *sweet thighs* you should have kissed my ass." With that said, she pushed the door open and exited the Dirty Dozen, not looking back as she got into her car and drove off spitting gravel.

* * * *

Thor felt like shit. He knew he'd hurt her. It had been his intention. Being inside of Liza had been an earth-shattering experience. If it had just been great sex, he wouldn't have thought anything about it outside of it being gratifying pleasure. But, it had been more than that and when he'd looked at her and seen

the tears shimmering in her eyes under the lights, he knew she'd experienced something, too.

He had to get his head on straight. Brad Zeller was the last person she'd probably be looking for to have a serious relationship with. Women like Liza Wright married men with more than just a badge pinned to their chest.

Yeah, he'd done the right thing. Keeping the sex that happened between them in perspective was the best for both of them. It had been a long time for him. That was the only reason the world had seemed as if it had tilted when he entered her and the sole reason why his heart felt as if it beat in tune with the pulse leaping at the side of her neck.

Then why did it feel as if a part of you walked out the door with her?

"A long time." He repeated the words aloud hoping to silence his internal voice.

Tidying the area, Thor grabbed the foil wrappers from the floor and collected Liza's white cotton panties. Sliding them in his pocket, he grabbed the pool stick from where it had rolled under a table and placed it back in an empty clamp.

Glancing around the room, he verified that there was no further evidence of what had happened between them. Reassured, he turned toward the door, switched off the lights and left. Locking up the bar behind him, he got into his car and pulled away.

Chapter Five

Two weeks later, Thor sped down Gridston Road. He was trailing a 2006 burgundy Monte Carlo. It was two o'clock in the morning and he'd gotten a tip from the Tallahassee police department that the vehicle had crossed the state line into Georgia. The Florida authorities suspected them of drug running. Fifteen minutes ago, he'd caught up with the car. He had waited until locating the perpetrators before he switched on his sirens, not wanting to alert them. Calling in to the station, he let them know he was on the suspect's tail. A quarter of a mile down Gridston Road he saw several lights and cars lining the side of the road.

"Damn, a drag race," Thor said, reasoning why all the cars were gathered together.

The Monte Carlo continued on, not slowing down. Spotting his patrol car and hearing the sirens, the teenagers scattered quickly into cars and peeled away. Thor was thankful that no accident had happened. Still in hot pursuit of the burgundy car, he witnessed it taking a bend in the road. Finally, leaving the teen crowd behind, Thor began to exhale a sigh of relief as his car rounded the curve and two other vehicles came careening toward him. Apparently, they had been swerving to miss the Monte Carlo.

Shifting into defensive driving mode, Thor attempted to veer around them, but since both drivers were moving at reckless speeds around the turn, it was impossible to anticipate their moves. Within seconds, he was hit by one car, then the other. His car was shoved in multiple directions and began to spin and flip. Everything went black.

* * * *

"Let's start over..." Liza's voice sang out along with Chris Daughtry as his song *It's Not Over* played on the radio. It was almost two-thirty in the morning and she was on her way home from Sacred Heart children's home. She'd pulled an evening shift with them. In her final semester of school, Liza was at the beginning phase of her internship. Even though her degree was in school guidance counseling, she'd asked her advising professor permission to do her internship at a children's home. She wanted the experience of working with children who were misfortunate. Do something different from working in the

schoolhouse in Claremont County. Thankfully, her internship professor had thought it a good idea as well and had approved it.

Excitement cruised through her veins as she hit Gridston from I-75. She was almost home. When several cars zoomed passed her, she wondered what was going on. Seeing all of the small decorated cars, she assumed the teens in town were finishing a drag racing event. Glad that she missed it, she continued in the opposite direction. As she moved around a sharp curve, her heart dropped. A few yards in front of her was a patrol car, smashed into the hill on the side of the road.

Veering off to the side, she pulled up behind the car. Jumping out, she ran over to it. The car was upside down and smashed badly. She dropped to her knees as she approached the driver's side of the car. Dirt scattered as her knees made impact and oblivious to the pain, bent down to she peer into the window.

The officer was hanging upside down, suspended in place by his seatbelt. The beating of her heart sped up as she reached into the car and pulled the head back so she could see who it was. Dirt and blood were smeared all over his face, but she had no doubt of the identity of the unconscious officer. It was Thor.

"No..." Her voice was faint. Praying he was still alive, she slid her hand up until she could locate the pulse as the side of his neck. It was faint, but he was still alive. Relief flooded her body like summer rain. Scooting away from the car, she looked around to find someone to help. A few yards away from her, two tall gangly boys stood staring at the car in shock.

"Get help!" she screamed out to them. When they didn't move and still stood there in horror of the accident they most likely caused, Liza yelled, "Get help, dammit! Before he dies!"

Snapping out of their zombie mode, they scrambled back toward one of the two other cars on the other side of the road. She didn't trust the two of them to be able to get someone out here before Thor got worse.

"Hold on, Thor," Liza told him as she got to her feet and returned to her car. She grabbed her purse and pulled the cell phone out, then tossed the bag back into the car, not caring where it ended up. Moving back to the patrol car where Thor's life was in danger, she called the 911 dispatch.

When Bonnie Tucker's familiar voice answered the line, Liza began speaking, not waiting for the operator to finish her speech.

"Bonnie, this is Liza Wright. Officer Zeller is hurt. His car is at the Gridston curve toward I-75. He's unconscious and bleeding."

"Got it. Everyone is out in pursuit of a suspect but I'll call them back and get help out there. The EMT's have already been dispatched and should arrive shortly. Does he have a pulse?"

"Yes. It's weak." The tightness in the back of her throat as she peered up at Thor still hanging there motionless was painful. "Tell them to hurry, Bonnie. Please." Liza didn't care if the other woman heard the begging tone in her voice, she only cared about Thor.

“I will. I promise.”

“Thanks,” Liza said before she disconnected her phone.

Lying down in the dirt, Liza grasped one of Thor’s hands in hers. It was warm, swollen and slightly purplish from the blood pooling in it. She began to speak softly to him, consoling words about help being on its way and how he was going to be all right. She wasn’t sure if he could hear her or not, she just needed to talk to him. It had been over two weeks since she’d last seen him in the bar and she’d purposely not gone into town in an attempt to avoid him. He had said a lot of hurtful words to her, but at that moment she would have given anything to hear his voice or see his piercing blue eyes.

* * * *

Throbbing pain drummed a beat through Thor’s body. He laid on the bed motionless, afraid to move a single muscle in fear it would rebel and cause him to hurt even more. One of the last things he could recall was the horror in the teenage boy’s eyes as his car spun out of control and headed for his police car. Finally, the last view he saw as his vehicle began to flip and before everything went black was the taillights of the Monte Carlo as it sped away.

Hell, had those kids not been racing, he’d have caught up with the drug runners.

For a moment, he struggled to become conscious of his surroundings without opening his eyes. Even with the full body ache, he became aware that he was lying flat on something soft but firm. His ears noticed a steady beeping sound in tune with his own heartbeat. It didn’t take a genius to realize he was hulled up in a hospital. One of his least favorite places to be trapped falling a close second to staring down the barrel of a gun in the hands of an enemy.

But, if he was in a hospital, the thing that didn’t make sense was why he smelled a light sweet scent reminding him of honeysuckles instead of antiseptic.

Expecting to see a petite-sized blonde-haired person with hazel eyes, he was shocked to discover Jack. However, reality set in past all of the drugs they may have given him to minimize his pain. The princess had reason to be many places, but after how he’d treated her at the bar, this wasn’t one of them. He’d be lucky if she threw a handful of dirt on his casket at his burial.

“Jack, you using your wife’s body wash again? I can smell you all the way over here.” He turned his head, eyeing his friend.

“Well, you should smell shit.” Jack moved from his stance by the window and stood next to the bed. “Because I about crapped in my pants when I heard you were injured and in the hospital.”

Thor chuckled and wished he hadn’t. Grabbing his ribs, he groaned.

“Don’t worry, they’re not broken, just bruised,” Jack confirmed.

Exhaling a breath as the pain subsided, Thor smiled as he said, “Well, I guess my shield is gone.”

“Maybe.” His friend pulled a chair closer to the bed and sat down. “All heroes take a tumble. Next thing you know they come out stronger than before. Soon as your leg heals, you’ll be up and runnin’ in no time.”

“If you say so, Jack.” Moving each leg slowly, Thor discovered quickly by the shot of pain his right leg was injured. He sucked in air between clenched teeth.

“I say so, Thor.”

He eyed his friend. “Then say you can get me out of this sickbed.”

“Don’t doubt me, man.” Jack shook his head. “I already asked. The doctor said as long as you woke up tonight and had no complications...you could be sprung in the morning.”

Holding his hand out to Jack with a grimace of pain, Thor said, “That’s why you were on the intelligence side of the team, you always know the right questions to ask.”

Slapping Thor’s awaiting hand, Jack gave him a large grin. “A cop never forgets his training.”

“Never.”

* * * *

“Hand me the suntan lotion, Steph.” Liza situated herself on the terrycloth material covering the lounge on the side of the pool at the Claremont Wright Country Club.

Snapping the lotion shut after pouring a liberal amount into her hands, Stephanie gave it to Liza, then asked, “So, you goin’ to tell me what’s up with you and Mister Law and Order?” Stephanie eyed Liza with a questioning look.

Distracting herself with the lotion, Liza averted her gaze away from her friends. “What do you mean? There’s nothing going on with the new cop and me, I barely know the guy.”

“Ha! That’s not what everyone in town is saying,” Stephanie giggled and relaxed back in her chair.

Liza glanced around at the other pool attendees. She was glad it was still early and only a few people sprinkled the pool area and most of them were middle aged men more interested in their morning laps than conversation.

“Steph, you know you can’t believe everything you hear in this town,” she punctuated her words with a giggle. “Hell, they’ve been convinced that Robert is gay for years since he’s in a successful law practice but no marriage.”

Stephanie wiggled dramatically and shook her fake breast for effect. “Well, any man who turns Stephanie Maxwell down repeatedly has got to be batting for the other team. But I haven’t given up on your brother yet. You and I are destined to truly be sisters.” Stephanie winked.

“Well, that’s good to know.” Liza rolled her eyes and smiled at her friend. It would’ve never dawned on Stephanie that maybe she wasn’t Robert’s type.

Maybe her brother was like her, nobody in Claremont County seemed to grab her attention and excite her like...

Quickly, Liza shook her head, attempting to clear her thoughts. She was not going to spend this day thinking about Thor. Not at all.

"Well, Liza, if nothing is going on between you and mister sexy cuff me and spank me, then why were you at the hospital all...night...long."

Damn. She'd forgotten how fast gossip spread in her town. "It wasn't all night. Besides, since I found him near death on the side of the road, I kinda felt responsible for him. Once I discovered he was okay, I left. Plain and simple." Too bad the same couldn't be said for the state of her legs. In the agitation brought about by her friend's prying question, Liza had applied an extremely liberal amount of suntan lotion to her them.

"Plain and simple my ass. If that's what you want me to believe then have no worries. Just like your legs don't look like grandma's southern fried chicken." Stephanie laughed and slipped her sunshades on and settled against her lounge.

Vaulting up from the seat, Liza said, "I'm going to the bathroom to wash some of this off. When I get back, try not to be close to the pool. I'd hate for you to fall into all that chlorine just hours before your hair-coloring appointment."

Liza headed toward the bungalow style bathrooms and smiled as she heard Stephanie call out.

"That's real low, Liza."

Yeah, her comment was low, but so was the fact Stephanie had brought emotions to the surface that she wasn't ready to face just yet. Shaking her head at her friend's outrage, Liza continued to the bathroom.

* * * *

Bored, Thor stared up at the ceiling. He hated being immobile for a week. At least next week he would be able to do light work around his house. After spending two days in the hospital, plus several hours unconscious, he was very thankful to only have had a bad knee sprain and a minor concussion from the accident.

His gaze dropped to his right knee as it lie swollen and discolored, propped up on top of a mound of pillows. He had torn his medial collateral ligament. Sighing, he reached for his crossword puzzle to take his mind off the throbbing pain.

"Knock, knock," a female voice and a soft tap came from his front door.

Dropping the puzzle onto his chest as the front door was pushed open, Liza stepped inside. His heart leaped at seeing her and his groin tightened at her appearance in his home. She stood in the doorway, wearing a light purple-colored tank style dress, with slip-on sandals. Something he was noticing was her trademark foot apparel. The part of her outfit that was causing his libido the most problems was the lower half of the dress. It began an inch below the apex of her

thighs and ended mid-thigh, the crochet pattern allowing him a healthy glimpse of her creamy thighs.

Swallowing his groan, he said, "So what brings you here?"

Liza licking her lips before she spoke wasn't doing anything to quell his rapidly approaching arousal.

"I heard you'd been released from the hospital and I figured you might be hungry for some real food." Stepping forward with a foil-wrapped plate in her hand, she continued, "Smith Northview Hospital isn't known for their cuisine. Although I'm sure it was worth the trip for you to return back to Valdosta."

Thor was shocked to see her at his house and even wearier of her bearing a plate, the last time he'd seen her, they hadn't parted on friendly terms. "Are you sure you're not trying to send me back to the hospital for the things I said to you?"

She dropped her eyes to the floor, then pasted a smile on her face and lifted her gaze to him again. "No fear, Thor, I like my enemies to be standing when I take them out."

Returning her smile, even though he was convinced that she was hurt by his words, he responded, "That's good to know."

Placing the plate on the table, she walked into the kitchen. Thor heard her opening and closing doors looking for utensils, he suspected.

"The silverware is in the third drawer from the refrigerator," he called out as he grabbed one of the pillows from under his knee and placed it in his lap over his erection. The smell of her perfume had reached him and it was causing sexual mayhem in his body.

The slapping sound of her shoes against the tile floor allowed him to track her movements, until she came out of the kitchen with a fork and paper towels.

Setting them down next to his food, Liza looked at him and said, "Can I get you something to drink or anything before I go?"

He shook his head. "No, thanks. Jack set me up a cooler with some drinks in it. So, I'm good."

Rubbing her hands together, she gave him another smile. "Well, I guess I'll be going then." Starting to turn toward the door, she paused. "You know, Thor, I am really glad you're okay."

Staring at her for a moment, Thor had the urge to pull her into his arms and hold her. She was right. He'd been a jackass the other night and he could kick himself twice for putting the nervous look in her eyes. "Thanks. And for the record, I'm sorry for what I said to you at the bar."

When she grinned at him, the light that filled her eyes let him know the smile was genuine this time. "Maybe tomorrow I could bring you another plate. If this one doesn't kill you." She winked at him and headed toward his door.

Thor's laugh followed her out.

Yeah, Princess Liza was sassy, but she had spunk and that made her even sexier to him.

* * * *

The following two weeks fell into a routine of Liza coming over, cooking for him and spending a few hours playing a couple games of *Sorry*. He found out it was her favorite board game, as well as other things about her. She spent most of her day with him, but at night, she drove to Tallahassee to the Sacred Heart children's home to work with them while she completed her internship for her master's degree. That shocked him. He'd believed that all these nights she had been driving back and forth from Florida to party like other people. His guilt ate him up for thinking that she just a shallow rich girl.

Thor stood in the shower and rinsed the suds from his hair. It had been too long since he'd washed his hair. Most of the days he hobbled to the sink and washed up, but he couldn't take the stench coming from his head any longer. Positive that Liza could smell it, he figured she was too polite to say anything. His balance wasn't the best and it proved faulty when he tilted his head back and shifted his position, causing pain to shoot through his knee and up his thigh.

"Aww—" he hollered as his feet slipped in the bubbles at the bottom of the tub and he went careening to the porcelain flooring. His butt smacked and stung as it came in contact with the hard surface. Thor began to curse a blue streak until he saw Liza running into the bathroom. He could see her distorted silhouette through the designer Plexiglas door.

"Thor, are you okay?" her words were anxious.

Guilty, he struggled to get up. "You're early." He turned the shower off.

"And you're not supposed be taking a shower yet."

He saw her arms pull in close to her body as she crossed them over her chest. It was the posture she'd taken with him many times during his convalesces when she'd caught him doing something the doctor had forbidden.

"I hate to admit it, but I might need a hand getting up." Thor had made a few attempts to push himself upright, but couldn't find enough footing with only one foot.

Approaching the door, Liza slid it open. "I have a mind to leave your hard headed ass right there, Thor."

"You have too big of a heart to leave a man down." Thor gave her a lopsided smile.

"You should be glad. So, how do you want to do this?"

"Put your arms under my arms. I'm going to do most of the pushing, but I need someone to keep me stable."

Following his directions, Liza moved in close to him.

Oh, hell, he thought as he smelled her intoxicating scent. Chiding himself for not remembering how she affected him, he steeled himself against her smell. Pushing up too fast to avoid a soon-to-be embarrassing situation, Thor almost

knocked them both into the shower. But, luckily, Liza was stronger than her tiny frame suggested.

Standing up, he quickly grabbed the towel from the bar and held it in front of him until she stepped back. Wrapping it around his waist, he looked up and his eyes made contact with Liza's and he couldn't help but notice that her hazel eyes had darkened to green. He didn't know if it was because of him or a reflection of the emerald green v-neck top she wore with her white knee-length skirt.

"Thanks." He cleared his throat. "I might've pruned sitting there at the bottom of the shower without you."

She rubbed the back of her neck. "No problem. I'm here to help. If I assist you to your room, you think you can manage from there?" Liza licked her lips.

It was a signal Thor was becoming familiar with when she was nervous.

"Yeah."

Aligning herself to his side, Liza wrapped her arms around his waist.

"You're going to get your clothes all wet." Thor couldn't stop the thought that raced into his mind. He wondered if she was wet in other places. That caused him to drop his eyes to her skirt. Returning them back to her face, he took a deep breath, which he shouldn't have done because he could smell the soft scent of her hair. *Get yourself together, man.*

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yup." The single word came out gruff.

Together they managed to lift him out of the bathtub and into his room. Just as they reached his bed, Thor attempted to step away from her prematurely and the sudden lack of support caused him to fall. Since Liza had yet to let him go completely, she was caught up in his tumble toward the bed.

Thor landed on his back with Liza sprawled on top of him. Neither of them moved. Feeling the supple imprint of her body on top of his, Thor was helpless to stop the full awakening of his cock as it made its presence known between their pelvises. Identifying the texture of her skirt, he was alerted to the fact that his towel had been lost in the fall.

"Liza," was the only thing he got out before he pulled her lips down to his.

He kissed her like a starving man. Nipping at her bottom lip, then drawing it into his mouth. Deepening the kiss, he slid his tongue along hers.

Liza began to moan and grind her hips into his hard length. He gripped her hips and pressed against her.

Breaking away, he panted, "Tell me if you don't want this. Stop me now, Liza. Otherwise I'm going to be buried too deep for either of us to speak."

Her giggle fluttered in her stomach and patted against his abs before it left her lips.

"I want you, Thor." Standing up, Liza removed her clothes. The urgency in her gesture let him know she hadn't lied, her desire was as elevated as his.

Scooting back until his head rested against the pillow so he could watch her undress, Thor appreciated every inch of her body that was revealed to him. When she stood naked before him, he said, "Come here, princess."

Climbing onto the bed, she kneeled beside him. Gripping her at the waist, Thor hoisted her tiny frame up until her thighs straddled his face. Blowing slow breaths against the golden triangle cut hair covering her cunt, he teased her. When he heard a small moan come from her mouth, he commanded her, "Hold on."

When she reached out and grabbed the headboard, he began. Parting the lips of her sex, he witnessed the level of her arousal in the wet shine of her pussy lips. Thor glided his tongue from the rosy hole of her ass to the tight opening, up her slit until he reached her clitoris. She began to buck against his mouth, showing him her enjoyment. Holding a tight reign on her hips, he guided her movement until she began to cry out. With one hand, he held her in place as he flicked his tongue across her distended clit and slipped three of his fingers inside of her, pumping along with her gyrating hips.

* * * *

Liza's sex was stretched as Thor's fingers entered her. All she wanted to do was come and come hard. Seizing the top of the headboard in her grasp, she bore down against his talented tongue and his hand. Instinctively, Thor began to stroke the spot inside of her pussy that made lights flash behind her eyes as she exploded uncontrollably. Quaking and moaning, she lost track of how many orgasms he gave her. Every time she thought she was coming back down, he would start up again.

When he finally removed his hand and ceased his actions, Liza took several breaths to steady herself. She could smell the scent of her own juices permeating the air around them.

"You're not the only one with oral skills, Thor." Sliding back down his body, she didn't stop until his hard cock was before her face. Using a single finger, she softly circled his tip, swirling his pre-come around the head, watching it leap and flex in response. He was impressive in length and size. The last time they were together, she didn't get a chance to truly admire all that he had to offer. It had been a rushed moment, no time for discovery.

Continuing on, Liza dragged her finger away from the tip of his shaft and down the large vein. She reached his sack and cupped the heaviness. Leaning down, she took them into her mouth and suckled them gently. When Thor spread his legs slightly, allowing her more room; she stroked the sensitive skin located at the bottom of his balls.

Thor groaned.

Shifting, Liza trailed her tongue back up the main vein. When she reached the crown once again, she gripped his length with her hand, and took him into her mouth. Bowing her head, she deep throated him.

He growled.

Liza continued. Her head bobbed up and down as she stroked his thick cock in her mouth with her tongue. Squeezing and pumping she massaged his hard shaft. She could taste the salty bit of his pre-come and he caused her arousal to rise again.

The slight trembling in his thighs was her signal that he was progressing close to his climax. Giving him one final suckle, she rose and crawled up his body.

“I want you inside of me, Thor. Do you have any objections?” She placed small kisses on his abdomen and then his chest. Hovering above him, she flicked one of his nipples.

Giving a quick intake of breath, Thor grabbed her shoulders. Pulling her toward him, he kissed her. Reaching beside the bed, he retrieved a condom from his nightstand and handed it to her. “None. Unless you make me wait any longer.”

After she placed the thin sheath over him, she smiled. Gripping his stiff cock, she guided him to her heated center. Pressing down, she spread her thighs wide and took him inside. Her breath caught as his thickness slipped along her walls. *Full and complete.* The words echoed in her mind. Gazing at Thor, she watched his face take on both an expression of rapture and peace as they paused for a moment.

Liza clenched her sex around his cock, causing him to open his eyes and look at her. Winking, he took hold of her waist and arched his hips up, burying himself to the hilt. Her eyes closed and her head tilted back at the deep impact. A sigh of exhilaration came out as she began to ride him.

Thor met each drop of her hips with an upward thrust. In and out, they moved as one, fulfilling each other’s desire. Calling out words of adoration and encouragement, they took one another into ecstasy. The pressure of her budding orgasm made her body tense and the nerves connected to her skin come alive. Every brush of Thor’s hands along her skin made her moan in pleasure. She knew it wouldn’t be long until she was taken over. Up and down, she rotated and arched her hips, making sure that Thor finished with her.

“Touch yourself.” Thor cupped both of her breasts, squeezing and pinching her nipples.

She had no issue with satisfying herself, but she’d never done it in front of anyone else. However, Thor challenged her. He made her want to step out of her normal mode and discover who she could be. Taking a chance, she lowered her hand down his abdomen until she reached her pussy. Her wetness surrounded them. She was amazed to feel how it coated them both and allowed their smooth

glide. Touching her clit, she shuddered in response. It was sensitive and swollen, in need.

“Look at me,” he commanded.

Opening her eyes, Liza stared into his heated blue pools. As she stroked the stiff bud, circling and flicking it, she noticed Thor was taking as much pleasure in her act from watching her. Her sex began to pulse and twitch against her hand and his cock as she raced toward a climax.

Her hips became more insistent, rocking and swaying, pumping and squeezing until finally she came. And came hard and wild, calling his name.

The only thing she was aware of outside her own rapture was Thor climaxing along with her. His heated essence filled her as his hands clutched her hips, holding her in place.

Collapsing onto his chest, Liza lay there listening to his rapid heartbeat until it calmed.

“I do so love to hear you call my name.”

His voice rumbled in her ear.

She leaned up over him. “That’s because you’re a sexy *arrogant* man.”

Kissing her on the tip of her nose, he said, “Don’t forget cocky.”

His semi-erect cock flexed inside of her, punctuating his words.

“Yeah, you’ve definitely got more than your fair share of that.” She returned her head to his chest and heard his laughter rumble in her ear.

They lay in silence, until finally she sighed. It was time for her to go. She looked at him again. “Well, I have to leave.”

“So soon?” Thor ran his fingers through her hair, pushing it away from her face.

“Yeah. That’s why I was here early to tell you I couldn’t stay long. We have our monthly internship meeting tonight so I need to go by campus before the children’s home.”

There was something reflected in the depth of his eyes, but Liza was afraid to hope for more with him. She still had a couple of hours before she had to be at the school, but it was time for her to go. Thor was an addiction. She needed to give herself some time away from him. Doubtful that she meant more to him than a good time, however, she had no regrets.

Getting up, she said, “Let’s end this right this time.” Sitting beside Thor, she bent forward and kissed him, putting all of her unspoken feelings and emotions into it.

As they parted, she rose. She quickly got dressed without looking at him. Finally, she slipped on her sandals and turned toward him. Eyeing his well-sculpted naked form in repose, there was no longer any swelling around his knee. He would be back to work in a couple of days.

He pushed himself up to a sitting position against the headboard. “You take care of yourself, princess.”

“You do the same, Thor.” Smiling, she turned and left his house. Nothing else needed to be said.

Chapter Six

“So, how’s the MCL doing today?” Jack asked the next day when he stopped by Thor’s house to drop off a dessert plate from his wife Betty. Taking the chair across from the couch, Jack sat down.

“Good. By tomorrow I should be about ninety percent.” Thor rubbed a hand across the side of his knee. Most of the soreness had gone and he walked with only a slight limp. “Hopefully, I’ll only have to ride the desk for a few days, then I can get back out to the field.”

“Yeah? I’m surprised you lasted this long being a couch potato.” Jack reached into the cooler beside the table, tossed Thor a beer and retrieved one for himself.

“So, am I,” Thor chuckled and popped the top off his bottle.

“I guess it helped having company sitting with you while you recuperated.” Jack opened his drink and guzzled some.

Thor was in the process of lifting his beer to his mouth when the understanding of Jack’s words hit him. “Company...hmmm. Who told you?”

“Small town chatter.” Jack confirmed and took another drink, eyeing Thor over the brown bottle’s length.

Looking at Jack intently, Thor decided not to waste time beating around the bush. He and Jack had always been straight with each other. No need to change that now. “Yeah, Liza came by a few times.”

Jack raised his eyebrow. “A few times? More like three to four hours a day,” his friend corrected.

“Damn. That’s not chatter, that’s fuckin’ special investigations.”

Barking with laughter, Jack almost choked on a mouthful of beer. Wiping his lips and chin with the back of his hand, Jack said, “Pretty much.” He cleared his throat. “So, what’s going on with you and Liza?”

“Nothing.” He paused and stared down at his label. “I thought maybe something... but,” he stopped again, sighed and took a sip of his beer, “I’m not what she wants.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yup. She likes charity cases. Helping the helpless.” He patted his knee in what he hoped was a nonchalant manner. “I was. Now, I’m not.”

“What happened? Did that accident knock all the sense out of your damn thick skull?”

Thor was shocked by the forceful tone of his friend. He and Jack went way back and this was the first time he'd ever seen him this upset. "What's wrong with you? Liza and I are both adults. I didn't take advantage of your town princess if that's what's going around."

"No one's sayin' that." Jack barked. "This town cares too much for Liza to say anything that hurtful."

"Well, good." Now he was angry. Thor's beer made a loud *thunk* as he set it down on the table. "Because I care about her too, but she's the one who walked away and hasn't called or come by in two days."

"Have you called her?"

Jack's calm question knocked the wind out of his sails. "What?"

"Have you called her?" he asked again.

"No."

"I thought you said you two were adults."

"I am a fuckin' adult."

Standing, Jack grabbed both their beer bottles. "No time like the present to act like one."

"What makes you think that she wants more from me than a good time?" Thor asked.

"Women who want a good time don't lay on the side of the road in the dirt holding on to an unconscious man's hand. Nor do they spend all night in a hospital waiting for a guy to wake up if all they're looking for is a little fun." Jack turned and headed toward the kitchen.

Jack's words hit him deep in the gut. *Liza had been there at the accident and with him at the hospital?* Thor watched his friend walk into the kitchen. He knew Jack was right. For the last two days, he'd been sulking around the house waiting for her to come by so he could talk to her. Tell her how he felt and that he cared for her. More than he ever wanted to.

Liza had waltzed her little sassy ass right into his heart. And damn it, he'd fallen for her hard. It was time for him to make the next move.

* * * *

"So, guys, this is our game plan."

Thor watched Glen Russell, the captain of the RACE team, walk over to the white board in the conference room they'd all been in for the past hour discussing the drug traffickers.

Popping the cap off a marker, Captain Russell began to make drawings that resembled a football diagram. "I spoke with Chief Dennison and Sheriff Pyle. We've all decided that our best plan of attack against these guys is a good solid roadblock." He turned back toward his men, waving the marker as he spoke. "There may only be one main interstate that runs through Claremont from Florida, but there are several ways to branch off it and travel around." Facing the

board again, he made a few more X's and O's. "Now, these are the areas we will cover. As you can see we're goin' need all of the law enforcement workin' together at the same time to make this happen."

"Any questions?" Snapping the cap on the marker, he waited.

"Does this mean we all will be on duty every night until they come through here again?" Thor asked, leaning back in his chair in the first row and trying to ignore the pain in his ass from sitting in the hard plastic seat for so long. Add it to the nagging feeling in his knee, which only acted up when he sat still; he was more than ready for the session to end.

"Nope. The schedule will remain just as it is. The only difference is everyone will be on call. As soon as these guys are spotted, you need to get to your position point in record time." Captain Russell picked up a small stack of papers and passed them out to his team.

Thor glanced down at his copy of the town and city limits map. He sighed with relief when he located his name with a few more officers from the other two law enforcement departments. Since he was on desk duty this week, he'd been afraid they may have considered leaving him out of the detail.

"We're going to catch these guys and sooner or later they'll all learn to stay out of our county. If there's nothin' else, you all can go."

The room was silent. When all the men were dismissed, Thor stood to exit the room. It was his day off and he had his own plan of action to execute tonight.

"Officer Zeller," the Captain called out to him, halting Thor at the door.

Stepping to the side, Thor allowed his other teammates to pass. "Yeah, Captain?"

"I just wanted to check on how you were doin'?"

"I feel great. My leg gets a little stiff now and then, but I'm fine. I wouldn't jeopardize the team just to be part of the show."

Captain Russell eyed him for a moment. "Glad to hear it." Extending his arm, he patted Thor on the shoulder. "You're still on desk for a while. But, whenever all this goes down, you're in."

"Thanks, Captain."

Thor waited until his boss left the room, then popped his cell phone out of his pocket and punched in a number.

* * * *

Liza heard Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 begin to play as she hustled across the campus of Florida State to her advisor's office. Pulling her cell phone out of its side pouch on her purse, she eyed the caller I.D. screen. Finally locating it, she smiled when she saw it was Thor. She'd given him her number one day while he was healing at home just in case he needed something. He'd never used it.

"Hello, Thor."

"Hi, princess. I want to see you tonight."

Damn, his deep voice sounded good. She'd missed him over the week. Purposely, she'd kept her distance from him since he'd gotten better, needing him to show her that this *relationship* of sorts wasn't one-sided. She was old-fashioned in a sense and desired him to make the next move. "I'm at school now, but I should be done in an hour or so. Then I just have a quick stop by the children's home and tell the kids goodbye. What time?"

"Can you come here when you finish?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you then."

They ended the call and she continued her brisk strut across campus with a little pep in her step. After she turned in her thesis to her professor, school would be complete.

* * * *

Two hours later, Liza walked out of the Sacred Hearts children's home. It amazed her how dark it was outside. She'd only been inside forty minutes and the moonless sky gave the area an eerie feel. For a moment, she considered returning inside and asking someone to walk her to the car, but knowing the counselors inside were already beyond the ratio of children to staff, she changed her mind and continued. Rounding the corner of the building, she headed in the direction of her car. When she parked earlier, there had only been a few spaces available in the back row; now an extended-cab truck was blocking the view of her convertible.

Anxious, she accelerated her pace, finally arriving at the pickup. She began to sigh with relief. Stepping around the flatbed, she froze. A few feet in front of her, a tall white man was sliding some type of car jacking tool along her window. Not waiting to be discovered, she pivoted on her rubber-soled flats and prepared to run back to the building for help.

"Well, what do we have here?" A short stocky dark-skinned black man called out as his hand gripped her forearm only two strides into her escape plan. In his other hand, he held a dark colored gym bag.

She'd missed the lookout guy because he'd blended into the night.

"I take it this must be your car, little lady," the tool man said from behind her.

Liza turned her gaze away from the short mountain, looked back at the tall tawny-haired man, and took note of the scar along his jaw. *Identification features*. "You can have the car. Please just let me go."

"I don't think so." The white man leaned his arm on the top of her now open driver's side door. Evidently, he was savvy enough to disarm her alarm system.

The blood in her arm began to throb around the place where the black man's hand held her like a manacle.

The dark mountain began to shove her toward the open door as he said, "You and Georgia plates are going to get us through the little speck on the map called Claremont."

Claremont County. Liza dug her heels into the ground and tried to pull her arm free. She didn't have to be a genius to realize who these guys were. What she didn't want was them to figure out who she was. That the very same town they wanted to drive through without trouble was her town. "Please, let me go. My family will miss me if I don't show up home soon."

Dropping the bag, the black man grabbed her other arm and pulled her closer to him. "Listen, lady, at this moment I don't give a fuck about your family. I've got an appointment on the other side of that shit kick'n town and I don't plan to miss it."

The other man stepped closer to them. "If you play nice then we'll let you go and you can drive to wherever home is, unharmed. If not..." the white man gave her a sadistic smile, then lowered his voice to barely a whisper. "Now, get your pretty little ass in the car before I start thinking of other ways to get you to cooperate."

The black man's barking laughter grated along her nerves as he released his hold and gave her a push toward the car. Silently, she crawled into the back seat and prayed she'd get out of this alive. Both men got into the front and closed their doors, sealing her fate.

* * * *

Thor leaned against the banister on his porch, watching the car lights pull into his driveway. Well over an hour ago, she'd called him and said she was getting ready to leave the children's home. He'd gone out and picked up food so they could have a quiet dinner and talk about their relationship or lack thereof.

The ready smile on his face slowly disappeared when he realized it wasn't her, but one of his RACE team members.

"Thor!" Chris Payton called out as he launched himself out of his haphazardly parked car and raced toward him.

Chuckling, he asked, "Is my house on fire, Chris?"

"It's the drug runners."

Instantly, the muscles in Thor's shoulders tensed, as he turned toward his front door. "I'm on my way, let me grab my gun and leave a note for—"

"They've got Liza."

His knees went weak and almost buckled. The only thing that saved him from hitting the ground was his grip on his front door. Thor looked over his shoulder at his teammate. "How in the hell did that happen? What happened to the fuckin' roadblock plan?" He rushed into his house for his gun.

Following him, Chris answered each question Thor volleyed at him. "They were drivin' her car. So, the block was never activated."

“How’d they get her car?” Thor slammed a full clip into his gun, then placed it into the holster on his thigh.

“We don’t know.” Chris trailed Thor out the door. “We would’ve missed them completely, but Dale got curious when he tried to flag her down for a greeting and she didn’t stop. Then when he threw on his lights as a joke to get her to stop, her car sped up. That’s when he got concerned and started following her. He called it in when he noticed she was looking out the back window.”

Thor opened his new patrol car door. The whole team had started driving home every night awaiting the drug runners’ return. None of them expected them to return like this. “Where are they now?”

“Claremont Wright Country Club in one of the Northern resort condos.”

Thor didn’t wait to hear anything else. He pulled across his front yard, drove over the sidewalk, and then pressed his pedal to full speed once he hit the street.

* * * *

“I want my daughter out of there now!” A man, who could only be recognized as the general by his mannerisms and dictatorial orders, stared down over half of the Claremont County law enforcement agency as Thor approached.

“How many people are in there with her?” Thor interjected to Chief Dennison and Captain Russell.

“Two.” Captain Russell spoke first. “Dale saw them drag her out of the car and luckily the guest who stayed here checked out this mornin’.”

“You’re Thor.” Squinting, the general assessed him as if trying to gauge his worth through his eyes. “Liza got help for you when you were injured some weeks back.”

“Yes, sir,” Thor answered automatically, even though it had not been posed as a question. He was no longer shocked about the small town communication system. “I’m going to get Liza out of there.”

“I’m going to hold you to your word.” With a quiet authority, the general walked through the crowd of cops who were parting before him.

Thor looked back at the two men in charge. “Do we have a diagram or sketch of this place?”

“Here you go, Thor.” Danielle Smith, a petite black woman on the police force, passed him some papers.

“Thanks.” He began scanning the diagram and looking for the best way to enter the house. The hairs on the back of his neck began to lift and his heart thumped forcefully in his chest as he slid back into the military training he’d received. This town wasn’t prepared for a situation like this.

“Whatcha got, Thor?” Chief Dennison stepped closer to him.

Glancing up, Thor said, “I need two good officers to help me assess the house.”

“They told us to stay away or they’d hurt her,” Deputy Martin recited, his voice holding a slight tremor.

Thor didn’t think for a moment that Deputy Martin wasn’t scared, he knew the whole town was nervous about anything happening to Liza; one of their own. Their town’s princess. He felt the same way, but he didn’t have time to let his emotions set in, he needed to get Liza out of there. “You all have done a fine job of that. Now we need to get in there before those two men start to make rash, stupid mistakes and realize they are not getting out of Claremont. They think they’re calling the shots and we’re going to let them.”

“Take Chris from RACE and—”

“I’ll go.”

All eyes focused on Smith in surprise.

“Before you say no, Chief, remember, I’m fast and small. I can get into a lot of places all you big burly men can’t.”

Sighing, Chief began, “Now, Officer Smith, I know you—”

“I’ll take her,” Thor said. Within moments, he and the other two officers moved away from the group as Thor articulated his plan. “There are two men. They can’t cover the whole house. I want to go around back and get a look into every crack and crevice. First person to find an opening or where everyone is in the house let me know.”

When he received a nod from both Chris and Danielle, Thor led them out.

After twenty minutes of low crawling and sliding through the dirt to peep in the windows, Thor was the one to find Liza. She was sitting on the floor with her arms tied around the base of the toilet and a bandana across her mouth. The bathroom door was closed.

He reminded himself to stay focused. Even though he knew the armed runners were in the living room, arguing and talking with someone on a cell phone, he didn’t want to alert Liza just yet. Instead, he moved to the front of the house and let Chris know what he’d discovered and to keep watch of the criminals. Signaling Danielle on the other side of the house to follow him, he waited until they were below the bathroom window to whisper to her what was going on.

Glancing up at the small window, Danielle smiled. He knew what she was thinking ‘There was no way in hell any of the men would have been able to squeeze through the window and cut Liza loose. But she could.

Thor finally got Liza’s attention as he used a knife from the Leatherman on his belt and began working quickly against the window’s lock. When Liza’s gaze met his, he silently tried to communicate to her that everything would be okay.

When the pane slid quietly across the track, he placed his finger over his lips to tell Liza not to make a sound. Stooping down, he laced his fingers together to give Danielle the boost she needed. Like butter, Danielle slipped through the narrow window with ease. Thor held the petite officer’s feet as she placed her hands on the floor, then tucked her head and rolled as he released her.

Danielle stood up, grabbed the knife he handed her, then squatted, making quick work of what he soon discovered was duct tape binding Liza's arms. Pulling the bandana from her mouth, Liza wasted no time in stepping into Danielle's braced hands and crawling out of the window into Thor's awaiting arms.

He seized her tightly to his frame for a moment and felt the trembling in her body. Placing a kiss on her forehead, he moved her to the side as he assisted Danielle out. Gazing into Liza's beautiful hazel eyes, he wanted to hold her again, but he knew now was not the time. Grabbing Liza's hand, he placed it into the female officer's, then directed them into the wooded area behind the house and before signaling the other law enforcement personnel to come in.

It was clean up time.

* * * *

"Daddy!" Liza ran into her father's arms and finally allowed the tears to flow that she'd been holding back since the moment the drug men had shoved her into the back seat of her own car. Once the first tear slid out of her eyes, it was like Niagara Falls.

"Liza, baby, I thought I'd go mad waiting for them to get you out of there." He squeezed her tight and rubbed her back.

"Hey, squirt, I thought you'd grown out of finding trouble."

Stepping out of her father's embrace, she turned and looked at her brother Robert. "I've more than learned my lesson now." She gave him a watery smile and allowed him to pull her into a hug.

She didn't know how long she stood in the huddle with her father and brother, not wanting to pay attention to action going on at the club condo.

"How can I ever thank you?"

Her father's question and the tingling sensation running down her spine alerted her to who approached them. Turning, she watched Thor move toward them; his gaze swiped her from head to toe, assessing, before glancing at her father.

"Sir, there's no thanks needed," Thor confirmed and shook the hand her father extended to him. "There wasn't any other option for me except getting Liza out of there."

Her heart accelerated as she listened to his words. She wondered if he saved her because it was his duty or because of his heart.

Thor turned to her again. "Ms. Wright, the drug runners have been taken into custody. We know you're tired, but Chief Dennison would really like you to come in tonight and give your statement while everything is fresh."

"Don't you think tomorrow would be—" her father began.

Laying a hand on her father's arm, she gave him a reassuring smile. "Dad, I'm alright. I'll go tonight, if Officer Zeller doesn't mind taking me in with him." She cut her eyes to Thor.

"How'll you get home? The police will need your car for evidence," Robert her law conscious brother chimed in.

"I'll make sure she gets there," Thor announced, looking at the men in her family.

Her father's heavy sigh let her know that he wasn't in agreement, but he nodded. She kissed him on the cheek and hugged her brother one more time before walking away with Thor.

Chapter Seven

“Are you sure this is where you want to be, Liza?” Thor asked when they walked into his house after leaving the police station.

Strolling into the center of the room, Liza allowed her hand to brush along the furniture in his house. She needed to touch things and feel alive.

Turning, she stared at Thor, who hadn’t moved from his place by the closed door. Blonde-haired, blue-eyed, strong and handsome Thor. For hours she had wondered if she’d ever hear his voice again, feel the restrained strength as she glided her hands along his skin. *Thor*. “Yes.”

She began to undo the buttons of her blouse. “May I use your shower?”

He intense gaze watched her hands as they worked the fastenings of her shirt, then her slacks.

His eyes lifted and met hers. “Yes. I’ll get you a towel.” Leaving his position, he crossed the carpeted floor and pulled her into his arms.

Sliding her hands up his broad back, she enjoyed the sense of safety that only Thor made her feel.

Rising on her toes, she kissed his chin, then stepped away and moved to the bathroom. She removed her clothes, got into the shower, and thoroughly bathed herself. Liza made sure to clean away every place the two men had touched her. She was thankful that she hadn’t been raped, but she still felt filthy.

When she exited the bathroom, Thor entered it saying, “I’ll be out in a minute. I think I have half of Claremont County’s soil on my clothes. I put some sweats and a t-shirt on the bed so you could have something to wear home.”

“Thanks.” She padded her towel-clad body down the hall to his room.

* * * *

“What are you doing, Liza?” Thor didn’t even attempt to keep the shock out of his voice when he walked into his room, saw Liza standing next to his bed, handcuffed to the post, and bare as the day she was born.

Her hazel eyes were dark with anxiety as they stared at him. “Thor, I need you.”

“Okay, princess, that’s all you had to say and I wouldn’t have taken you home. You didn’t have to bind yourself to my bed.” He crossed the room with only the towel around his waist.

“Yes, I did. For three hours of my life I was held prisoner and tied to a toilet not knowing what those two assholes would do to me.”

The sadness in her eyes pulled at him.

“Why the cuffs, baby?” Reaching toward her, he caressed her shoulder.

“The shower cleaned the outside but now my soul needs to be renewed and reminded that I’m safe. Free, even with these.” She shook the little chain between her wrists. “I want you to make love to me, Thor.”

He didn’t try to understand her, he just responded to the desperation he heard in her voice and the need in her eyes. Stepping up behind her, Thor stroked her shoulders, kneading the tight muscles.

The tension receded from her body and Liza’s head bowed forward, allowing him to place kisses along her neck. Soft pecks and light licks, he coaxed her to relax even more. Where they touched, he wasn’t sure which one of them was trembling more. Liza wasn’t the only one who needed cleansing. He’d been afraid tonight, something he’d never experience in his military career, but it took everything in him not to freeze under the paralyzing feeling. Everything that could’ve gone wrong in trying to get her out of that condo had haunted him every minute.

Yeah, this was for them both.

Lowering his hands down her sides, he was amazed and thankful for her small frame. Resting his hand on her waist, barely larger than the span of his hand, he held her and breathed in her scent. Freshly scrubbed, there was no scent of peaches, melons or honeysuckle. This time it was Liza’s natural scent. She smelled like home. A place he wanted her to be for the rest of his life, but this was not the time for the conversation, it was time for healing her.

Circling her waist, he guided his fingers through the hair covering her sex and slipped between her legs. Without direction, she widened her stance and he became aware of her level of arousal.

Wet and stiff. The swollen lips of her pussy were open, revealing her distended clit. Grasping her hip with his other hand, he pulled her back against his hard length and let her know she wasn’t the only one affected. No, his blood pumped forcefully into his dick.

Her wet heat covered his hand as he stroked her cunt. Pulling against the cuffs, she arched her back to him and ground her sexy ass into his stiff shaft.

“Thor, please don’t make me wait. Not tonight.”

“Never, baby.” Snatching the towel from around his waist, he didn’t care where it landed. Pressing a hand in the center of her back, he directed her into a low position.

Bowing his head, he did what she’d requested of him before and kissed both of her ass cheeks. He heard her passionate giggle at the attention he gave to her bottom as he made patterns along her skin. Moving lower, he licked her. Sliding his tongue through the honey spiced juices of her pussy, relishing her taste.

She opened wider.

Circling and flicking her clit, he heard her moan as her hips began to make erratic movements. Drawing the kernel into his mouth, he alternated between suckling and licking until she climaxed.

Dragging his tongue through her sweet cream, he rose and took hold of his cock. Angling himself against her heat, he slid inside of her tight sheath. She cried out as he entered her and the spasms of her orgasm pulled him in deeper. Tilting his head back, he closed his eyes and enjoyed the erotic peace that came over him every time he joined with her.

“More, Thor.” She pressed back, seating him in the depths of her delicious sex. “Don’t stop.”

Gripping her hips, he extended his stance and began to thrust. She met him each time as she pressed her ass into his hips. Grinding his teeth, he rode her hard, making a concerted effort to remove the night’s event from both of their minds. It was just him and her, nothing else mattered.

The pressure in his balls as they tightened let him know his climax was imminent. But, he didn’t want them to end this way. He needed to look into her eyes, the hazel pools that had captivated him the first time he saw them.

Pulling out, his took note of his glistening red angry dick making small jerks of disapproval after leaving her snug heat.

Shifting positions, he sat on the edge of the bed, moved inside the circle of her arms, and lifted her body until she straddled his lap.

Her beautiful eyes assessed him.

Smiling, he brushed her hair over her shoulders. “Now, we’re ready to finish this.”

Spreading her thighs, she availed herself to him as he entered her. Together gazing at each other, they journeyed into an orgasm that left them both speechless and shaken.

* * * *

“Well, Zeller, I was wondering when you’d show up.”

Thor stared at Liza’s father across the threshold of their family house. Wondered how long it would take the Major General to kick him off his property. When he’d met him last night, there was no mistake that Liza was daddy’s little girl. Thor was sure her father knew what time he’d brought Liza home as well.

Observing the older man who still stood ramrod straight with his hair cut to military standards, Thor said, “Hello, General Wright.”

“Thanks again for going in there and getting my daughter. No kind of planning can beat military training. I spoke with Dennison and Russell last night about you instructing Claremont County’s law enforcement agencies.”

Thor sized up the other man. Did he really want to be standing in a classroom instead of out in the field? He wasn’t sure, but one thing he knew was

having General Wright in his corner in this town would go a long way. Not to mention the future he hoped to have with Liza. "Thanks, sir."

"None needed. Come in." The older man stepped back allowing Thor to enter. "I'm sure you haven't come out here to discuss your career with me."

Respecting General Wright enough to give him direct eye contact, he said, "No, sir. I was hoping to speak with Liza." All that talking he'd done with Jack about being an adult. Now, he felt like a teenager standing before this man.

"I'll get her. You're welcome to wait in the library." He gestured to his left as he headed up the stairs leading to the second level.

Thor turned toward the library. Entering it, he walked around the spacious room, picking up a few books and thumbing through them just to give himself something to do besides tap his fingers.

"Thor?"

The breathy sound of Liza's voice calling his name drew his attention. It had only been a few hours, but it felt longer. She stood in the doorway looking as beautiful as the last time he'd seen her. However, this was the first time he'd seen her in pants. She was casually dressed in tan khakis and a button-down blue shirt. As always, another designer pair of sandals graced her feet.

Replacing the book on the shelf, he stepped over to her. "Sorry to just drop by, but I needed to talk to you."

"About what?" She pushed her hair back behind her ear.

Is she nervous as I am?

Looking at the open door, he asked, "Can we talk in private?"

Catching his hint, she shut the door.

As soon as she had the door closed, he stepped to her, pulled her into his arms and kissed her. When her lips opened under his, he slipped his tongue into her mouth, sliding it across hers. Joining in, her tongue circled his. Her lips sealed around it and she began to suckle him as she'd done his cock before.

His penis leaped in remembrance. Thor pulled back, his breath labored. "Why didn't you tell me you were with me after the accident?"

"Because, Thor, if I told you that, then I'd have to tell you I'd fallen in love with you at that moment, when I thought you weren't going to make it."

Thor's heart swelled. He'd never met anyone like her before. "I've judged you so wrong. Then last night, I almost lost you."

"I know." Her words were softly spoken, but clear.

A dry chuckle came out. "Liza, I didn't come to this town looking for love." He planted a kiss on the center of her forehead. "I just wanted peace from all the things I'd seen and experienced while I was in the military."

She wrapped her arms around his waist. "So, have you found what you were looking for?"

"No." He began moving backwards until he reached the couch, sitting down he pulled her onto his lap. "Instead, I found a little hellion who invaded my every thought, whether I was awake or asleep. Then ultimately took over my heart."

She batted her eyes at him playfully. "I haven't the foggiest idea who you're talkin' about."

Swatting her on the ass, he said, "You. I'm talking about you, Princess Liza."

Liza wiggled, until she settled more comfortably in his lap. "You know, I think I'm getting used to that name."

"Hmm." His hand traveled underneath her shirt and rested on the bare skin of her midriff. "Do you think you could get used to living with me?"

Her eyes became large as she stared at him. "I believe I could."

"How about Liza Zeller?"

Realizing what he was asking her, she began raining kisses over his face.

"Is that a yes?"

Pulling back she asked, "Are you sure you want to be stuck with such a *hellion*?"

"Without a doubt. Besides, it's my job to apprehend all reckless drivers on the road." He pressed his rising cock against her ass.

"Wise guy." She swatted his shoulder. "But, I do like the way you think, Officer Zeller." She ground her hips against him.

"I'd show you exactly what I was thinking if you hadn't picked today to wear pants and your father wasn't on the other side of that door."

She laughed, "You know doors can be locked and pants can be taken off."

Thor groaned. "I know, but I need to be able to make you scream my name and I'd hate for the general to come in here with guns blazin'."

"So, what do you suggest?" Her voice became low and throaty.

"How about tomorrow I come by and speak with your father?"

"That's a great idea. I guess I can wait until then." She gave an exaggerated sigh. "You can have Sunday dinner with my family." She started to rise. "I'll start packing today."

Tugging her back down, Thor asked, "You wouldn't be a little anxious, would you?"

Unfastening her pants, she grabbed his hand and slid it down the front. "What do you think?" Liza asked as he reached inside of her underwear.

Her hot wet pussy saturated his fingers. "Let's ask the general if he has any empty boxes for you to pack. Now."

Moaning she pressed herself against his hand. "I thought you'd see things my way."

"And you're about to see stars, Princess," Thor told her as he pushed his hand down further. When he slipped two of his fingers into her damp sex, he pressed his lips to hers, trying to quiet her cries of ecstasy.

About the Author

Yvette Hines loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest pleasures in life outside of her husband and two children. Her belief in happily ever after began when she was sixteen and started reading romance books. Now as an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in her life. Residing in Virginia with her family, she is an avid member of Chesapeake Romance Writers. She loves to hear from her readers: sasseyvettehines@yahoo.com or visit her at <http://SASSE-Yvette-Hines.blogspot.com>.