

Beautiful Trouble Publishing



Hot Like Fire: The Taming and Liberation of Mariana

Jeanie Johnson & Jayha Leigh

Hot Like Fire

The Taming and Liberation of Mariana

Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh



www.beautifultroublepublishing.com

Hot Like Fire
The Taming and Liberation of Mariana
Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

Copyright © May 2007 by Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be produced or shared in any form, including but not limited to: printing, photocopying, faxing, or electronic transmission, without prior written permission from the authors. Basically, that means no jacking our work, peeps.

This book is a work of fiction. References may be made to locations and historical events; however, names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the authors' imaginations and/or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), businesses, events or locales is coincidental.

Published by
Beautiful Trouble Publishing, LLC
PO Box 61
Colfax, NC 27235
www.beautifultroublepublishing.com

Cover Art: Les Byerley
Editor: Stephanie Parent
Formatting: Savannah Frierson
E-book conversions: Jim & Zetta <http://www.jimandzetta.com/>
ISBN: 978-1-936271-00-9 (print); 978-1-936271-01-6 (e-book)

To S and M—you epitomize strength, love and honour. Without you both I would never have made it to where I am now, which is happily found and with my Momma. Forever and a day. I love and thank you. To my Momma, the woman who is everything I want to be when I grow up...I love you. Momma. And last but not least, to my Man—you are everything I've always wanted, needed and prayed for—I love you baby. --Jeanie

What do you say when you revisit your firstborn prose? It always holds a special place in your heart. This was the first J&J joint, the book the kicked off the J&J Universe. Damn, we had no idea one book would turn into this. All I can say is, wow...just wow. And thank you to all of you who not only made the journey with us, but took the first steps as we embarked on the adventure. Thank you seems so little, but know that I mean it.

To the men who understand that every woman has a past and is entitled to it...to the women who lived that past and still walk with that swing in their hips whether rocking three-inch stilettos or steel-toed work boots, whose voices carry influence whether praying or cussing, and who swath themselves in sass, dress up in dignity and always have a little something-something left over to give their sisters a safe place to rant, rave, and cry. —Jeanie and her Momma

To the MFP Please Posse...thank you for the sisterhood...To Yvonne—Professor of Recreation & MMFIC; to Donna—the Supreme Posse Commander; to Dréa—Starter of International Incidents; to Rolanda—Overlord of Smileys & Group Counselor; to Laura—Asst Overlord of Smileys; to Brandi—Group Spiritual Leader; to Kesha—the Legal Dept for the Group; Regi—CEO of Inventive Methods of Revenge; Sonja—Proprietor of the Posse Bakery; Toni—Sgt-at-Arms; Lisa—Official Stunt Driver; Tasha—Official Posse Diva and future model for one of the books; Marie (txbbw princess), the other Marie, Zarelle, Katherine, Sam and Paz—you divas rock!. If we forgot anyone, please forgive us and know that we still got love for you.

And a special shout out to Alcira who found Lulu for us, thus allowing us a stage for our prose. Good looking out.

Special thanks to John Spiritwolf for the information on Native customs.

Note about eBooks

eBooks are NOT transferable. Re-selling, sharing or giving eBooks is a copyright infringement.

CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made.

Prelude I

“Fuck,” Mariana muttered upon hearing the song that came on. She so didn’t need this shit right now. She sighed, tears silently tracking down her face as she listened to Uncle Kracker sing “Don’t Know How (Not to Love You).” The last thing she needed was to hear some guy bearing his soul, crooning his confession in time to a haunting rhythm, considering she was still raw from her recent breakup. She didn’t need to be reminded that her happily-ever-after had been re-appropriated and that some other woman was now the beneficiary of her fragile hopes and dreams. Some other woman who was everything she was not: white, blonde, model-slim. Mariana may not have been blonde or model-slim, but what she was garnered numerous second and third looks. Simply put, she was built like a brick shithouse, having legs heavy with muscle, an impressive bust line and the impressive ass to match it thanks to her African-American mother and her Samoan father.

Cursing, she wiped away the hot tears that scalded her face as they fell from brown eyes made even darker from pain. Mariana didn't want to feel; she wanted to be able to slip into diva-mode and draw upon the strength that she wore in the face of disappointment, but she couldn't just yet. Perhaps in a few more minutes, a few more months, but not right now. Right now, she still ached for his presence. Her ears awaited endearments from his softly accented voice, while her body still cried out for the familiarity of his big, muscled form. She'd loved him—and had even admitted as much to him. Her ex had been everything she'd ever wanted in a man—except faithful, except strong enough to be her man. Okay, maybe he wasn't even close to everything she wanted, but that didn't make her immune to loving him, nor did it make his betrayal any easier to bear.

Ignoring the voice that mocked her for believing in happy endings that involved women like her and men like that, she took a deep breath, centered herself and returned to her packing. Her destination was the beautiful South

Pacific, specifically an exclusive resort few people knew about on an outlying island off of the eastern coast of Tahiti. It was supposed to have been the vacation of her dreams; now it was merely a place where she could nurse her wounds in private without the sympathetic glances of well-meaning friends or choruses of '*I told you so*' from everyone else. Sighing, she dismissed the irony of traveling to one of the world's most romantic destinations as a single woman.

Prelude II

Samson Ahiga Madeira was a man who garnered second and third glances wherever he went. How could he not? Standing six foot nine and weighing three hundred thirty-five pounds, he sported bronze skin, hypnotic blue eyes, glossy, waist-length blue-black hair, and a body that promised women a thorough and unforgettable fucking. He was an exotic-looking man thanks to his mixed ancestry. His stature and eye color were gifts from his Portuguese lineage; his rich skin tone and luxuriant hair came from his Navajo lineage.

Though Samson was quick to flash that smile that could be featured in the after pictures of a cosmetic dentistry advertisement, that easy-going manner was merely camouflage. If one but took the time to look into his eyes, they would clearly see the caveats advising against fucking with him or anything that he considered his. The problem was that few could stand to look into his eyes for long. Though mostly blue, his eye color

was comprised of an iridescent mix of hues that appeared black when he was passionate or angry. Not one to suffer fools or their bullshit, he could go from at-ease to going-to-your-ass in the blink of an eye. Samson was definitely on the ‘do-not-fuck-with’ list, yet people often did, and as such his past was littered with hordes of scarred, limping imbeciles who’d ignored the caveats and roused the dragon...and then gotten incinerated.

Regardless of his temper and the aura of danger that surrounded him like the rings surrounding Saturn, Samson was a good man. Blending in with the danger was an abundance of integrity that few beings possessed. Though he had a juggernaut contract that granted him the lifestyle of privilege and all of the perks that came with it, he didn’t dedicate himself to the usual pursuits of wealthy men. After all, he wasn’t accustomed to being privileged, but instead was well-versed in reality.

Samson became well-versed in reality from the cradle. Being the product of a mother who was a citizen of the Navajo Nation and a white father with Portuguese grandparents, he was

familiar with injustice, bigotry, and the limitations of good intentions. Regardless of having a family that was financially stable and known to be decent folk, as a child he was often on the outside looking in at a world that rejected him not only for being something more than a white, Anglo-Protestant male, but for having the unmitigated gall to be damn proud of it. To the dismay of his peers, he rejected all efforts to whiten him up, proudly embracing his Navajo heritage instead of letting it fall to the wayside in favor of his European roots. Though he visited his great-grandparents in Portugal and spoke Portuguese fluently, he also made an annual pilgrimage to *Diné Bikéyah* (Navajoland) and learned Navajo, one of the Athapaskan languages and the language of his mother's people, although he was not yet fluent in it.

Regardless of his circumstances, however, he wasn't friendless. He befriended and ran with the other outcasts. The seats in front of his big screen television were often filled with men who were laws unto themselves. Though many of his friends had gotten into all kinds of shit, at heart

they were good men who lived by the same rules: you do what you have to do, but you don't hurt women or children—ever.

Samson had a thing about how women should be treated, which he'd learned from his father and both of his grandfathers. The males from his mother's tribe had taught him the importance of maintaining balance between the individual and all living things, while the males of his father's house had instilled one lesson in every boy: love your woman as Jesus loved the Church. Regardless of how well a woman could fight or shoot; regardless of how high the lift-kit on her pickup truck; regardless of the number of degrees she had conferred upon her; regardless of how much money she made; regardless of how messy her past was; regardless of how capable she was of taking care of herself and the world, women were gifts from God and were to be treated as such. Full stop.

Samson took those teachings to heart. If a man hurt a woman in his presence, that man was going to be carried away on a gurney. It wasn't merely his father's teachings that made him such

a protector of women; it was the things he saw with his own eyes—and one thing he couldn't help but notice was that women often paid the price of whatever foolishness men engaged in.

A man of strong passions, Samson was a complex man, a good man, an educated man, but right now he was a restless man. At age thirty-four, he'd damn near finished his wish list of wants. He had the juggernaut bank account and real estate portfolio; he'd earned multiple degrees from prestigious universities; he'd traveled to numerous countries; he'd earned the highest honors in his profession; he'd had many beautiful women.

As blessed and privileged as he was, Samson was also tired...and though he was loath to admit it, he was lonely. In spite of being in the company of many beautiful women, he knew it wasn't him as much as it was his recent privilege that afforded him the opportunity to be photographed with them. In his heart, he knew none of those women were the stand-by-your-man type, which was why he'd chosen them. He never wanted to hurt a woman's heart, and subsequently, he never

wanted his heart broken, so he purposely chose women whose primary goal in life was the amassing of expensive stuff and good times.

He could handle women who wanted the things his millions could buy and entrance to the places his fame gave them access to. That type of woman was plentiful. Good women, like the old adage went, were damn hard to find. That was why he traveled so much in the off-season. Not to find a woman, but to escape the reality of what he didn't have: he didn't have the woman who was what his grandmothers were to his grandfathers and what his mama was to his papa. He didn't have his everything.

Emitting a gasp, Samson stopped dead in his tracks and tried to catch his breath. As he was accustomed to being in the presence of his rowdy teammates, hyped-up fans and adoring women, not much threw him off. But the woman in his line of vision not only shocked him into stillness, she threw off his bodily functions. His breathing became erratic, his heartbeat double-timed it, and he broke out into a cold sweat.

He hadn't planned to stop in the hotel's five-star restaurant, but then, that was before he glimpsed the woman who walked her fine ass into his line of vision and hypnotized him with the sway of her full hips and spankable ass. Hungrily, he watched her as she took a seat at one of the outdoor tables. The woman was fucking stunning. She boasted an exotic look, and Samson guessed that a mixture of Polynesian and African blood coursed through her veins. She had the thickness that African-American women were frequently blessed with and the long, thick tresses

for which Polynesian women were renowned. And, of course, she carried herself with the innate pride that women of color wore like a second skin.

Her laughter pulled his attention from her body and directed it to her lips. Groaning, he watched the mirth spill from those pouty lips. Then he caught a glimpse of tongue as she licked her lips. In that moment, he envied her lip gloss; hell, he envied everything that was touching her. Waiting for her tongue to make another appearance, he swore that her lips whispered an invitation: *Would you like a taste?* He didn't just want a taste; he wanted to make a nine-course meal out of her lips. Several questions flooded his thoughts: *How would her lips feel under his? How would she taste on his tongue? How would they look parted in pleasure as she called out his name?* The image of him making love to her mouth caused him to groan. Shaking with need, he commandeered the nearest table and took a moment to gather himself.

When he was able to think complete thoughts again, he went back to his perusal. His eyes

skimmed a path down the curves of her body. A full-figured woman, her luscious body looked as if it would welcome a man home. Sighing with pleasure, he continued his slow perusal of her body's topography, noting her bountiful cleavage, thick legs, well-developed calves and even her feet when she toed off her dainty sandals. Laughing, he noted she didn't seem to appreciate wearing shoes. From the way she kept discreetly adjusting her dress, he'd bet money that she was a shorts and t-shirt kind of woman. He didn't know who had prompted her to wear that dress, but when he found out, he was going to buy that person a drink. Who was he kidding? Considering all of the pleasure he was getting from looking at her in that dress, he'd buy them a whole fucking distillery.

The dress wore her and highlighted her caramel skin to perfection. A deep red in color, it boasted a side slit. If a man were lucky, he'd be able to catch a glimpse of panty and copious thigh. The Creator must've decided Samson was a worthy man, in harmony with nature and the universe—for just then, she laughed and shifted

positions. The shift allowed him to glimpse the sheer black panties she wore underneath. His cock damn near burst through his pants. He forced his mind to Denver winters in order to bring his body back under control.

Finally his tunnel vision cleared, and he noticed the two other occupants of the table. His island beauty was sitting with another woman—an African-American woman who looked like she didn't take any shit. He immediately ascertained the relationship between Take-No-Shit Woman and his island beauty. Take-No-Shit Woman fancied herself as the island beauty's protector; but besides obviously being important to the beauty, she was a grade-A certified cock blocker who took her job damn seriously if one were to go by the way she carried herself. She rocked crisp Levis, a Negro League Baseball throwback jersey, and a 'try me' look. Her expression only softened when she looked upon the island beauty; any other time she wore that '*try me*' expression on her cocoa-colored visage. One had to get through her if they had a hope in hell of exchanging hellos with the caramel-colored beauty.

The gentleman next to her was a large European man. Approximately an inch shorter than himself and probably about eighty pounds lighter, he had shoulder-length dark hair. It was obvious the man played sentinel to both women. Unlike the African-American woman, however, he wore a perpetual smile. Of course, he was always looking upon the island woman—and who wouldn't smile when looking at that beauty? Still, he wasn't fooled by the man's easygoing demeanor. Something about him said '*lethal*'—and Samson hadn't survived to adulthood in some of the roughest territory in Colorado by ignoring his gut.

* * * * *

Samson was so entranced with the woman that he didn't notice his teammate slip into the seat at his table. Whereas he was an offensive tackle, Mack Mitchell Ford was six foot four and two hundred thirty-five pounds of outside linebacker that you didn't want to tangle with. Mack

watched Samson for a few moments before he finally spoke.

“It must be a woman. Which one has garnered your attention?”

Pulled from his fantasies, Samson cleared the haze of lust from his eyes, although he did not look away as he answered. “The caramel-colored woman.”

“The one who’s wearing the hell out of that sundress?” Mack inquired.

“Yeah,” Samson confirmed.

Focusing on the woman Samson pointed out, Mack took a moment to appreciate the way the hottie filled out that dress. Sister was stacked. And then he took another moment, and he realized that Samson was in deep. The man known for bringing devastation to entire defensive lines, and who teetered between on-the-verge-of-going-to-someone’s-ass and going to someone’s ass, felt something powerful for that woman. They’d been friends for a long time, but Mack knew that his reign as best friend was over. This woman had Samson’s nose wide open, and Mack would be taking a back seat to her needs

and wants. If the hottie proved to be a good woman, he could live with that.

“She seems to have a man or a really possessive girlfriend,” Mack commented while looking at the individuals who occupied the hottie’s table. “Or maybe both.”

“No, she doesn’t,” Samson answered with assurance.

“What makes you so sure?”

“If you were her man, would she have that sad look in her eyes?”

“If I was her man, she’d be flat on her back with nine inches of hard dick stroking her to multiple orgasms,” Mack answered.

“Exactly,” Samson confirmed before admonishing Mack. “And that better be the last time you think of my woman in sexual terms.”

“Noted, brother, but what about that man with her? She has her hands in his hair.”

“He’s not her man. He doesn’t touch her like a lover, and she only smiles at him like a friend.”

“And the hair?” Mack asked.

“Women have a thing for men with long hair and shaved heads. Consider all of the times women have run their fingers through my hair or rubbed on your scalp without it being a sexual thing.”

“Yeah, they rub my scalp for luck, but they run their fingers through your hair out of envy. You have hair like a girl,” he teased.

“The only thing that’s womanly on me will be that woman over there. That woman is *all* woman.”

“True that, but the sentinel is keeping a close eye on her. Just because she doesn’t belong to him doesn’t mean she doesn’t belong to some other man.”

“She’s not married.”

“And you know this how?”

“No ring.”

“Not all married couples wear rings.”

“If that woman was someone’s wife, she’d have on a ring. If not for her own pleasure, then to serve as a caveat to men like me.”

“And what kind of man are you?”

“The kind of man who’s getting ready to claim that woman.”

“It’s not like you to encroach on another man’s territory,” Mack stated. That was one of the numerous things he admired about Samson. He only went after available women.

Samson laughed at his friend’s choice of words. “It’s not like me to meet a woman like that.”

“And what kind of woman is she?”

“The best kind.”

“So she’s like first round draft material?”

“She’s the entire draft, the entire league, and the stage on which we play.”

“Damn.”

Mack went silent after Samson’s reveal. Little mama didn’t know what was about to hit her. He’d once been hit by Samson and had to remain abed for two days. But if a woman had to have a man panting after her, she couldn’t ask for better. Samson not only had undergrad degrees in accounting and Latin American history, but also an MBA. And he’d worked the hell out of that master’s degree. Both Samson and Mack had made

more money from Samson's brilliant and well-researched investment strategies than playing pro ball. But Mack didn't merely hang with Samson because of his financial expertise; he hung with him because Samson was good people. First and foremost, those deemed the most vulnerable in society—women, children and elders—were under the aegis of Samson. Secondary to that, Samson was a thorough man who left nothing to chance. He respected his opponent regardless of whether it was a defensive line or the land itself. When he wasn't working on his cattle ranch or at the computer, he could be found at the local university, as he was a Ph.D. candidate. Samson was one of those men you wanted to hold in trust for your sister or daughter.

Emerging from his thoughts, Mack looked his best friend in the eye. "Thanks, man." Both men knew his thank you was for more than the copious financial advice Samson had given him. Samson had been there for him from jump and continued to be so every day since their initial meeting at college. They'd met at a fight...well, he'd been busy fighting a handful of guys when

Samson had shown up. Samson told him he'd thought to even the odds but soon realized it wasn't necessary, so he'd sat back and enjoyed watching him lay waste to the group of boys who'd decided it would be fun to hassle some overweight woman. After the fight, Samson had asked him if he wanted to hang, and that was that. Over the years, Samson had become the brother he'd never had.

It was Samson who'd made him get his head on straight after he'd earned an unimpressive 1.75 cumulative GPA during his first semester. Samson had chewed him a new asshole that day, to the amazement of his teammates and his coaches. The normally joking man had dropped some heavy knowledge on him: *'You are a study of contrasts. On the outside you are strong, yet what good is that strength when it houses a spirit so weak? You work out seven days a week to keep your body in peak physical condition, yet when's the last time you worked out your mind? You spend your time relentlessly pursuing things that will only serve to enslave you. The community should fear men like you who build their*

empires upon injustice, fill their minds with ignorance, and pass on legacies of apathy. And more importantly, you should fear yourself for aspiring to that.'

When everyone else clamored for him to turn pro after his junior year, it was Samson who had yanked him up and told him point blank that the last thing that he needed was a bunch of money at his disposal without maturity, good sense and a sound financial plan. Thus, he'd not only remained at school, he'd graduated with honors and a double major in African-American history and psychology.

"Don't mention it."

Samson's low reply interrupted Mack's trek down memory lane. "I'll always mention it, since your friendship is one of the things I'm most grateful for. Now what are you going to do about that little hottie over there, because you haven't stopped looking, but you haven't made a move either."

"I'm going to let her know that she's available," Samson said.

"And if she doesn't slap you?"

“Then I’ll introduce myself and ask her what the hell is wrong with men that she is available,” he said as he rose from the table.

“And if she does slap you?”

“I’m still going to introduce myself.”

“Can I come?”

* * * * *

Samson stilled. Mack was his brother in every way that counted. As such, he’d literally witnessed hundreds of women fall all over the dark chocolate man with the shaved head. Since Mack was a workout addict, everything he wore came from what Samson dubbed the MMF Collection. That is, all of his clothes showcased his chiseled-from-stone body. Those were Mack’s words, not his. Even though Mack had a strand of narcissism running through him, there was a lot more to the man than his appearance.

In spite of being a bit of a lady’s man, Mack was a good friend and an even better man. Having the air of a predator under his easygoing demeanor, he had a healthy sense of humor and

copious intelligence. His sense of humor and wit were surpassed only by his sense of decency. Not normally a jealous man, Samson knew that should this woman look at Mack, he'd be tempted to waste his best friend and brother.

"In any other woman but her," Samson replied to Mack's question about coming.

Mack rolled his eyes. "So you're going to be psychotically jealous?"

"I already am."

"Well at least you picked a hella woman to be psychotically jealous over, my brother."

"That I did, and just because we're both devastatingly handsome doesn't make us brothers," Samson teased.

"You're right. This is what makes us brothers," Mack said as he thumped his chest with his big fist.

The two men tapped fists before leaning in for a brief hug. "Same," Samson seconded with pride in his eyes.

"Let's go before some other man tries to sweet talk your woman and I have to explain to

the authorities how their island came to ruins,”
Mack commented.

“Excuse me, Miss,” Samson purred. “Might I dine with you?” He looked directly into his island beauty’s eyes so she knew she was the one he addressed.

“Um, I...” she began.

“She’ll be glad to have company for lunch,” Take-No-Shit Woman said as she practically yanked the white man acting as sentinel out of his seat. It was a comical moment, since the island beauty’s hands were still tangled in his locks.

“But—” she began.

The sentinel said something, but it came out sounding like growls.

Leaning down, Take-No-Shit Woman whispered, “Chiquita, I’ll be right across from you.” In a louder voice she finished, “Neither Mr. Madeira or Mr. Ford will hurt you, or they’ll fuck—ing die quick and extremely painful deaths—emphasis on the conjunction in that sentence.”

“You know them?” both the island beauty and the sentinel inquired simultaneously.

“As a fan of football, I know of the Pro-Bowl offensive tackle and Pro-Bowl outside linebacker. You’ll be safe with them, and of course Carl and I shall be within beating-down-out-of-line-motherfuckers distance,” she said before dragging the reluctant sentinel to the table that Samson and Mack had previously occupied.

* * * * *

“Carolina, I don’t...” Carl began.

“Carl, do you know who those two men are?”

“Dead men, if they do something to hurt Mariana.”

“Exactly. But they’re also public figures. They won’t do anything to draw negative attention to themselves considering the scrutiny that accompanies them. Also, they’re right decent fellows. Both are college graduates, philanthropic, and more importantly for our particular circumstances, they’re rumored to be just as devastating in the bedroom as they are on the field. Right now, Mariana needs some confidence. She needs to know there are drop-dead

fine men who find her beautiful. The worst thing that'll happen is that those men will sweet talk her and make her feel like the sexy, beautiful diva she is. They won't drag her off and ravish her, although they probably want to. Oh wow, I just got hot thinking of the image of those two fine brothers working together to bring a woman pleasure. She needs that, since your stupid cousin cannot seem to get his head out of his ass. We'll be right here to make sure that neither of those devastatingly fine men does anything she doesn't want them to do."

"And if they do?" Carl inquired in a deadly tone.

"Oh, sweetheart, then we shall lay waste to them before they even try something so colossally stupid."

"But what if they suggest something that she does want?"

"Then I hope she'll lay back and enjoy every delicious second. Now sit back and watch the show."

She smiled and laughed inwardly when she saw the scowl settle on Carl's face and heard him

mutter, “They’ll die should they think to lay a hand on her.”

* * * * *

“So are you going to tell us your name?” Samson asked.

Shaking her head, Mariana replied softly, “Tell me your names first.”

Samson smiled at her sass, but under that smile was another emotion. “We are the two luckiest motherfuckers in this room, being that we get to dine with you and all.”

“You don’t have to say that. Did my auntie pay you guys to come over here and chat me up?” she asked softly, not wanting to meet their eyes but doing so anyway.

Looking in the direction she indicated, Mack asked in disbelief, “Are you talking about the woman wearing the throwback jersey?”

Samson interrupted, “Yeah, the one glaring at us as if she just discovered a new strain of bacteria?”

Smiling, Mariana answered, “Yeah, her. That’s my auntie. She loves me.”

“No, your aunt didn’t send us over here to sweet talk you,” Samson replied with a slight frown on his face. Some motherfucker had obviously done a job on her confidence. He would like to meet that sorry bastard in a dark alley and teach him the proper way to treat a woman. Samson was about to comment aloud when they were interrupted by the waiter bearing a fresh coffee for the beauty.

* * * * *

Taking advantage of the interruption, Mack, who’d also noted her lack of confidence, sent a warning to Samson. “She’s a good woman, brother.”

Samson answered in Portuguese. “I know.”

“And she also fears you...and though I’ve just met her, she doesn’t strike me as a woman who fears much.”

“I sense the same thing, although she wears bravery almost as well as she wears dignity and grace.”

“I thought you were going to say that she wears bravery almost as well as she wears that dress,” Mack joked.

“No. Though she’s definitely doing a helluva job rocking that dress, I’m more interested in how she wears me.”

“Have a care, brother. You’re an intimidating man—even to other large men.”

“I’ll do everything with care, and when she’s ready to let me in, I’ll honor her with my undiluted passion even as I love her more gently than she’s ever been loved.”

“From the way she’s been hurt, it could be a long while,” Mack pointed out.

“I’m aware of this.”

“So why go through with this when you can have your pick of other women?”

“Because I don’t want any other woman, and *this* woman is worth however long I have to wait.”

“You know there are probably eyes here watching her every move?”

“Good—then they can describe me to the stupid motherfucker who used to have rights to her so he’ll know who I am when I come to kick his ass. And while he’s recovering from the ass-whipping and his own stupidity, I’ll show him how you treat a first-class woman. And more importantly, *she* will learn how she should be treated.”

“I like the way you think.”

“That’s because like me, you’re a smart man,” Samson replied.

“This is true; however, other men aren’t as smart as we are, and should any of them want to start something, I’ll help you finish it,” Mack proclaimed.

“And as always, there’s no one else I’d rather fight beside,” Samson said before reverting back to English and focusing in on the beautiful woman.

* * * * *

Mack waited for Samson to begin plying the beauty with questions, but it seemed he was too

busy wanting the woman to consider speech. Mack smiled; he had a feeling this woman was going to accomplish the one thing that neither society nor entire defensive lines had been unable to do: she was going to bring Samson to his knees and have him beg for mercy.

He could tell Samson was making her nervous, but at least she wasn't screaming for help. Kicking Samson under the table, Mack decided to start the conversational ball.

"Might I ask your name?"

"My name is—" she began, but he interrupted her before he could finish.

"I'm going to call you Beauty. It's my niece's favorite movie, and it's fitting, since you're sitting next to the beast here," Mack joked in an attempt to make her laugh.

Smiling, she answered, "My name isn't Beauty."

"For me, it is. Whatever your name is, on my lips it will mean beauty, so that is what I shall call you, and I won't tolerate anyone—including you—contradicting me about such a serious matter."

Mariana gasped in surprise, but no words came out.

“So, are you kids going to actually engage in a conversation or just sit here and make eyes at each other?” Mack asked.

“I’m not making eyes,” she objected.

“Well, he is,” Mack said sotto voce.

“Not at me,” she denied.

“Well, I can assure you that he’s not making eyes at me, Beauty.”

* * * * *

Mariana opened her eyes a sliver and admired Mack. True, he wasn’t as big as the men she was accustomed to, but the man was cut. She got an eyeful of him, since he wasn’t shy about showing off his body. The color of her favorite coffee, he was the type of man her auntie would describe as ‘*hot to death*.’

Though Mack was an attractive man, he paled in comparison to Samson. Then again, damn near every man she’d ever encountered paled in comparison to *that* man. Samson had

skin that reminded her of Mediterranean summers. Bronzed to perfection, his skin set off his beautiful blue-black hair. And then there was his face. He had full lips that highlighted perfect white teeth, but what drew her was the look in his eyes. It was a mixture of sensuality and determination. Quite simply, the man made her pussy throb.

She was surprised to realize that Samson made her nervous. It wasn't that he did anything untoward; it was that she knew he was the kind of man who made a woman thankful for the softness attributed to her femininity. As alpha as Samson was, she appreciated everything that made him alpha instead of being afraid of it. His greater size, greater strength, and aggressiveness turned her on, for she instinctively knew he wouldn't use them against her. Without considering her actions, she rubbed the area on her hip that still bore evidence of what an irresponsible man could do. When she'd broken things off with Brendon, she'd had to channel every great orator in history to convince her auntie that Brendon hadn't hit her. As big an ass as he'd turned out to be, he'd

never hit her, much less think such a thing—but he had battered her peace of mind with his thoughtlessness.

* * * * *

Snapped from his perusal by Mack's inane conversation, Samson didn't even bother looking at his friend as he advised him, "Your death is imminent."

"And that's my cue to leave. It's been a pleasure. When we meet again, remember that I'm his best friend, so I get treated better than the other riff-raff."

"But..."

"No objections, Beauty. Just remember what I said," Mack said as he leaned down and kissed her hand. Throwing a warning glance at his brother, he mouthed a caveat before taking his leave: '*don't hurt her.*' With his promise delivered, he sauntered off in the opposite direction of her aunt, who he knew would want to ply him with questions he didn't want to answer.

Though Samson was familiar with small talk, he didn't bother. He wanted this woman. "He's my best friend, but I won't hesitate to kill him."

"What?" she asked in disbelief.

"You were eyeing him."

"And? Is there a law against that? He's a nice-looking man."

"And a dead man, should he try moving in on you," Samson continued before she raised an objection. "What stupid man has let you out of his sight?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"Because the only reason a man would allow you out of his bed is because he's a fucking idiot."

"Wow, stupid and an idiot, huh?"

"I can think of worse names for him," Samson offered.

"That won't be necessary, although I should tell you that he's actually quite intelligent. He has a master's in mathematics," Mariana defended.

“Then he must be gay. No way in hell would you have the energy to leave my bed, much less dress, although I do have to admit that I appreciate that dress on you.”

* * * * *

Mariana wasn't normally a shy woman, but Samson was a whole lot of man. And even more alpha than she was accustomed to. She was still shocked at the threats he'd made to his friend, although Mack hadn't seemed shocked or insulted.

Biting her lip, she shook her head and looked at Samson...and her nipples got hard. Though her rational mind knew she shouldn't ask, her irrational mind just had to know. “How would I eat if I had no energy?”

“I'd feed you. I'd hold your softness in my arms and feed you bites of succulent food. And as you ate, I'd eat from your lips.”

Mariana threw back her head and sighed. She was aroused even though she didn't mean to be, as she'd sworn off men.

Leaning close to her, he whispered in her ear, “And after I fed you, I’d cover your ripe body with the juice of some exotic fruit so that I might suckle it from your most tender places—your breasts, your hips, the trail from your navel to your sex. I’d suck your clit into my mouth and shake my head at the papaya and the mango because neither produces nectar as sweet as yours. I would open the windows so that the exotic island birds could hear you sing your pleasure and know that they should sit in silence because their songs pale in comparison to yours,” Samson purred as he took her hand in his.

Mariana shivered. He had a voice like melted butter, and right now she was mashed potatoes—warm, thick, and ready to soak him up. His massive hand dwarfed her. Hell, his whole being dwarfed her. She was a big woman, and yet her entire fist disappeared in his mammoth hand. She hadn’t realized that she’d said that last bit aloud until Samson answered her musings.

“Yes, I do dwarf you, and trust me, you’ll enjoy the benefits. Have you ever been dominated

by almost seven feet and over three hundred pounds of man?”

A sigh escaped Mariana before she could bite down on her lip and silence her pussy. Her body was accustomed to regular loving...to good loving. And yes, she was accustomed to being dominated by men, but they only dominated her—they rarely pleased her.

* * * * *

Mariana opened her eyes and perused the work of art seated next to her. Samson was freaking huge—one big muscle on top of other big muscles. His t-shirt was so tight, it looked as if he was on the verge of hulking out. He could’ve been the body double for a superhero, except for one small thing: there’d never been a superhero that big, that heavily muscled or that intimidating. Intelligence shone in his eyes, and regardless of his base words, she knew this man could hold in his own even amongst a crowd of Nobel Prize winners. And he had a long, long tongue—and it

looked like it had muscles too. She wondered what he could do with that tongue.

* * * * *

Samson noticed the island beauty staring at his mouth. Inwardly smiling, he reached for a peach. Holding it gently, he bit into the succulent fruit, exposing the core with his first bite. He ate with precision, savoring its sweetness, careful not to allow even a single drop of nectar to escape his questing and talented tongue. Turning the core towards the beauty, he spoke.

“Do you know why the peach is my favorite fruit?” Not giving her time to respond, he continued. “Peaches are my favorite because they remind me of a woman’s genitalia...ripe, succulent, fleshy, and sweet. Though I’ve eaten them daily since I was a young man, I’ve never grown tired of them.”

“Why not?”

“How can you get tired of pleasure? I have to admit that being in the South Pacific has exposed me to an array of exotic foods. In fact, I’ve

discovered a delicacy that goes beautifully with peaches. In a head-to-head competition, it wins hands down. If I could, I'd have it at every meal. In fact, I'd make it the entire meal."

"What is it?"

"You are that delicacy."

* * * * *

Mariana closed her eyes and willed herself not to shudder. Crossing her legs, she blew out a breath. Oh, goodness. This man was turning her on so good. She hadn't been this wet since her ex. Brendon had said he loved her, but she'd always seemed to come after everyone and everything else, whether it was his luxury vehicle, his well-connected friends, or his whims. Brendon had said many things, but she'd realized that his words not only cost him nothing, but were worth even less. Sighing, she halted that flow of thoughts, deciding not to waste another thought on a man who hadn't spared any for her.

Instead of focusing on things that didn't matter, she concentrated on her throbbing pussy.

She'd been without the attentions of a man for many months, and her pussy was in a full-blown argument with her brain. Her body was presenting a list of demands, while her brain was countering with a list of reasons those demands should be suppressed for loftier pursuits. She'd been a good woman for so long and had the college degrees, scars, and heartbreaks to prove it.

Was it so wrong to want a man? No, not just *a* man, but a *good* man. She enjoyed her intellectual pursuits, but at the end of the day, graduate degrees could get her more money but not companionship. For once she wanted to be held in strong arms, instead of serving as the barricade that sheltered others from their bad decisions. She wanted to be loved by a man who would put her pleasure before his own, instead of fighting men who attempted to dominate her with their strength, privilege, and convincing guilt trips. She wanted a man who could make her scream out her pleasure without ever entering her body, instead of a man who made her sigh from disappointment. She wanted a man who wanted her just as she was, who appreciated hav-

ing her as his woman and didn't go looking for greener grass.

Mariana didn't know all of those emotions were visible in her eyes, and that Samson, being the observant man he was, deciphered each of the emotions—but she did see him smile.

* * * * *

Across the room, two other people also saw Samson smile. Her aunt Carolina smiled one of those smiles that made her enemies shudder. Oh, her niece often commented that Brendon's nasty talk made her slide out of her chair, but Brendon was a boy. Samson Madeira was not only a man, but man to the motherfucking core. He was going to make Mariana slide right out of her sadness, then right out of her clothes and smack dab into a cataclysmic orgasm. Oh yeah, she couldn't wait. The only thing that would make it better would be if Brendon was conveniently kicked down a flight of stairs that fed directly into a crocodile and piranha-infested river rife with dysentery germs and surrounded by hungry ja-

guars infected with distemper, in an unindustrialized country undergoing a military coup during a thunderstorm. She didn't hate Brendon, but she wouldn't mind watching him have his ass handed to him—regardless of how fine said ass might be. And said ass *was* fine, but it was attached to a man who had no heart. Brendon had many things, but he lacked in equal proportion. He had a big dick but no integrity; he had a lot of money but no restraint; he had a picture in his head of the perfect woman, and irony of ironies, he lacked the vision to see that Mariana had been just that.

* * * * *

Carl tensed. Seeing the look in Mariana's eyes and her aunt's smile put him on full alert. He excused himself and strode outside, where he could get a hold of his temper and make a call. Not caring that the international call he was about to make was at peak hour rates, he pressed the send key. He didn't wait for the recipient to do more than bark out a greeting.

“Congratulations, cousin. You’re a fucking idiot. Mariana is the best woman you ever had, and you fucked it up with your thoughtlessness. If Mariana and I weren’t friends, I would’ve made a play for her. And if I knew a man who was worthy of her, I would’ve set them up. She needs a man who never overlooks the fact that she’s a woman regardless of how strong she is, how well she can fight, or how easy it is for her to hide her hurt. That woman needs a man who is willing to work his fingers to the nubs to make her dreams come true. She needs a man who will use all of his resources to protect her from those who would disrespect her for being half-caste, for being true to herself, for refusing to be the stereotype that makes them feel better about themselves. And she needs a man who wouldn’t let her hide anything from him—not her pain, not her fears, not her beautiful soul—because she’d know he would never dishonor her, ignore her, or put his needs before hers.

“The irony is that so many people love Mariana more than you ever tried to and none of them was her man. You threw away the best

thing you ever had, and now she's minutes away from being talked into going upstairs and being pleased by an American football player. She looks like she's on the verge of an orgasm, and you know what, I couldn't be happier for her. You had the privilege of loving her, and one day, when your maturity outgrows your ego, you'll have the misfortune of knowing that not only did you let the best woman walk out of your life, but that you *pushed* her out of your life."

* * * * *

Hanging up, Carl stalked back into the dining room contemplating murdering the man who wanted Mariana. It wasn't that he didn't want the American to want her; he simply didn't want him to hurt her. He didn't want her to hurt anymore, period, and anyone who tried it would face his wrath. Though the smaller football player had excused himself, Carl knew that given the chance, he'd make a play for Mariana too. What scared him was the fleeting thought that Mariana might let them both have her.

Reclaiming his seat next to Carolina, he kept his eyes on Mariana. Carolina was obviously caught up in the goings on at the table, because she didn't even acknowledge his return. Then again, he noticed that while white women went out of their way to get near him, women of color mostly ignored him. Oh, they'd give him the occasional lip-smacking moan of appreciation and a second glance, but they didn't go out of their way to get his attention. He wasn't narcissistic, but he suddenly wanted to know why.

"Why don't women of color like me?"

"They do," Carolina said without looking away from the table.

"Yeah, but they don't..."

"Fall all over you and kiss your ass," she finished.

"Yeah."

"Because it's pointless. You're a white guy, and eventually you'll get over your jungle fever and settle down with a nice white woman. It's what guys of your ilk do."

"The man with her is also white—" he began.

“Yeah, but the one thing he is beyond white is your basic lunch pail guy. Mr. Madeira may be wealthy, but there aren’t any frills under that wealth. He’s a straight out meat and potatoes man.”

“I’m—” he began.

“Look, Carl, you’re a nice guy, but regardless of how much you kick it with the blue-collar crowd, you’re still part of the white-collar world. Guys like you are often drawn to things you aren’t supposed to have. You buck the system for a while, pissing off a few people while doing so, but if the fire gets too hot, you can always go back to your world of privilege when and if you get tired of slumming.”

“I don’t consider it slumming.”

“Yeah, you don’t, but those who make the rules do. And it may not be fair, but many women of color consider that type of guy a waste of their time.”

“Why?”

“Are you kidding me? It’s because wealthy men tend to be quite prissy. Only a wealthy man would allow another man to hold an umbrella

open for him. Women don't crush on guys who do weak shit like that. Ever wonder why women—even educated, should-know-better women—fall for gangsta ass guys? It's because regardless of what they aren't and what they'll never be, those guys are man to the core. They haven't lost that edge, that bit of alpha that women crave. Working-class women rarely get the chance to be a woman because they're so busy working like men. It's ironic. Working-class women know how to be men, but most have forgotten how to simply be a woman. On the other hand, wealthy men have forgotten how to be men, and they don't have jack to replace their manhood except for their money and privilege. And privilege isn't going to fuck you into a mind-shattering orgasm, go to the wall for you, or stand in for you and take your pain."

"But—" he began.

"Carl, you're a beautiful man, but one day you'll come across the one woman who makes the world and everything in it make sense to you. The world will make sense to you because that woman will be your whole world. Instead of con-

cerning yourself with mysteries such as the key to quantum physics, making a soufflé that won't fall, and trying to break the code of creation, you'll concern yourself with the things that matter: namely, loving your wife. And it may sound simple, but the woman who's your missing half will work wonders. Her presence in your life will make you believe in God, in miracles, in love."

"What if I've found her?"

"You haven't."

"How do you know?"

"Boy, first you better get that fucking bass out of your voice when you're talking to me. I'll fight your fine ass right here, right now. Second, I know you haven't found her because if you had, you wouldn't be here playing sentinel to Mariana and myself; you'd be wherever your woman was, doing whatever it took to make her yours."

"What about Brendon? Mariana is his one, and yet..." He trailed off.

"Your cousin's a fucking moron. And I could care less who his destiny is, but I know it isn't Mariana else, she wouldn't have ever had a reason to walk out. Mariana has discovered some-

thing these last few weeks: she doesn't need that motherfucker or the drama he brings with him. If a man wants to keep his woman, he needs to bring more to a relationship than dick; he has to give his woman something no other man can give her, or she won't continue to waste her time, her tears, or her loving on him. Now why don't you run along and allow those women who've been eyeing you to stroke your ego? I'll keep an eye on Mariana," she promised as she summarily dismissed him and summoned Mack over with a crook of her finger.

* * * * *

"Where's his room?" Carolina asked without preamble.

Mack sighed. He'd known this woman was going to grill him, but damn. "Could you at least let a man sit down before you start the Inquisition?"

"Mr. Ford, we're both African-American, so let's not sit here and bullshit each other. I don't

have the time for social niceties, and neither do I waste words.”

“Can I at least get your name?”

“First name Carolina, last name ‘I-will-ushe-in-an-apocalypse-should-either-of-you-hurt-my-niece.’”

Mack shook his head, sure he wasn’t hearing correctly. *Did this woman just threaten to usher in an apocalypse?*

“Look, I’m not one of your groupies. What I am is a concerned aunt. Mariana isn’t merely my favorite niece—she’s my favorite, period.”

“Samson is my brother and my best friend,” he interrupted.

“Then you’d hate to be the one to identify the remains of his remains, so you should heed what I say, Mr. Ford. I’m not playing. I know a bit about you two gentlemen, else I wouldn’t have left my niece with y’all, but I’m not taking any chances. Now we’re going to be here for another week, and I suspect that your little friend over there is going to want to spend almost every waking moment with Mariana.”

Not almost every waking moment—but every waking and sleeping moment, he thought but didn't interrupt this woman. He didn't have a daughter, but he knew that when he did, he'd be psychotic over her.

"So I need to know the location of Mr. Madeira's room. You can tell me without pain or with it..."

Did this chick—who was at least five inches shorter and fifty pounds lighter than him—just threaten him...and mean it?

"...but either way, I need to know where his room is."

"Why?"

"So I can procure the one next to it."

"And how do you plan on going about that?" he asked, curious to see how far this woman would go.

"With money."

"I'm guessing if they can afford those suites, whoever you're planning to bribe doesn't need the money," he countered.

"Mr. Ford, I'm not an economist, but one thing I do know is that regardless of how much

money they already have, wealthy people rarely turn down more money.”

Mack was impressed with the fervor with which Carolina spoke. This wasn't a woman who postured; this was a woman who *did*. Reaching into his pocket, he took out his keycard and offered it to her. “Suite nine.”

“Why?”

“Because in all the years I've known him, I've never seen him look at a woman the way he looks at your niece,” he said as he stood to leave.

“Thank you,” she said before he left the table.

“If I had a daughter of marriageable age, I wouldn't be so willing to help you out.”

“You trust Samson that much?”

“More. When you talk to him, you'll understand that your niece couldn't be in better hands.”

Mariana closed her eyes whilst listening to Samson's hypnotic baritone. When she opened them again, she realized that he'd moved closer. Feeling cocooned by a wall of fine alpha male, she bit her lip and sighed. Damn. She now understood why her auntie had a thing for blue-collar men. There was something about big, rough men that their pampered, white-collar counterparts just couldn't compete with. But she didn't have time to think another thought, because Samson started purring in her ear.

* * * * *

“Do you know what I'd do to you, if you but allowed it? As soon as I saw or heard your ‘yes,’ I'd lift you onto my lap and take your mouth in a kiss. Placing you over my erection so that you could accustom yourself to my largeness, I'd grind against you—slowly, so I wouldn't frighten you with my power or strength. I'd thrust one of

my hands in that soft waist-length hair of yours and slide my other hand under your short dress. I'd grip your ass and press you tighter onto my hard cock. Damn, I love your ass. I'd deliver a smack or two to just to feel it jiggle, and I'd also smack it to admonish you for attempting to hold back the orgasm building within you. After I'd spanked your luscious ass a couple of times and caused you to cream through those scant panties, I'd work my way under the front of this scandalous sundress and cup one of your breasts and pinch the nipple into hardness. When you finally gave in to your orgasm, I would stand while still holding you in my arms and walk to the elevators. I wouldn't care who knew how desperate I was for you, because all of my attention would be on you and getting you to my room so I could fuck you like you need to be fucked. A big, fine woman like you needs a man who won't keep you on a pedestal, but who will take you down off of that pedestal, throw you on the bed and fuck you until you scream out a sonata telling the world who you belong to. And don't get it twisted, I would never hurt you, but your pussy would be sore, as

well as your breasts, your ass and your mouth—but you’d revel in the way I worked your body. And after I fucked you, I’d love you to sleep. You’d fall asleep in my arms and sleep all night because you’d know that I wouldn’t allow anything or anyone to harm you.”

Samson wanted her, but as a man, he knew he had to earn her trust. Sure, he could get her to submit sexually, but it wasn’t simply about making love to her. He wanted more with her. Gently turning her, he tilted her chin so she had an unobstructed view of his visage. He needed her to look into his eyes and see the truth there.

“Men frequently speak untruths. They make promises they have no intentions of honoring. Though I’m not a saint, I’m not that type of man. Everything from my lips is more than a promise—it is the truth. I want you, but my wants don’t matter. Only your wants matter. Though you do a commendable job of hiding your pain, I see your hurt in the depths of your eyes. I don’t know what caused that hurt, but know that I have no intentions of allowing anyone to hurt you, regardless of whom that anyone is. I want you to trust

me, and as much as I want you, I'll wait until you want me."

"I wanted you the moment I set eyes on you," Mariana admitted.

"But do you trust me?"

* * * * *

Mariana was taken aback by the fierce look in Samson's eyes, his fervent speech, and his last question. She knew this man would never intentionally harm her, and if he did accidentally hurt her, he would immediately seek atonement. And though a small part of her was still afraid, something within her told her she could trust this man.

"Yes, Samson. I do trust you."

After closing his eyes briefly as if sending up a prayer, Samson gently tugged her closer and placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Thank you for saying that, but I don't think you trust me fully just yet."

"I do trust you. It's myself that I don't trust. I've made mistakes before."

"I'm not a mistake," he rumbled.

“You’re not a mistake for me, but perhaps I’m a mistake you don’t need to make.”

“I won’t listen to such foolishness. I’m a grown man. I know what I want, and I’m willing to wait.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re worth it.”

Mariana gasped. This man who was the fantasy of so many women had just said that *she* was worth it. “You could have any woman you wanted.”

“But there’s only one woman I need,” he said as he kissed the top of her head.

Mariana couldn’t stop her soft trembles. Drawn to this man, she peeked at him from under her thick lashes. He was so big. At thirty plus years of age, she knew that under the gentleman lay a dangerous, dangerous man. Though she’d fought men before, she knew she’d have no chance against this man. It wasn’t that she thought Samson would hit her; it was that she knew he wouldn’t. She’d been with many men, and each of them had hurt her in myriad ways. And contrary to belief, it wasn’t the guys who hit

who caused the most pain; it was the men who didn't. It was easy to leave a man who hit you, because what he did was fundamentally wrong; it was much more difficult to leave a man who battered your self-esteem or hit you with doubt, because words didn't leave bruises. Mariana was suddenly more frightened than she'd ever been. Samson wasn't a man who hit, but he was a man who encouraged, who protected, who loved...and she could handle that, but how would she handle it when he didn't want her anymore?

* * * * *

Samson noticed her trembles, and though he wanted to haul her beautiful self in his arms and kiss away her fears, he knew it would take time and a good man to vanquish the demons that caused her to involuntarily tremble, to flinch, to hurt in silence. And he knew he was that man. His love would be the balm that soothed her.

“Mariana?”

“Yes?”

He was pleased that she looked him in the eye in spite of being unsure. This woman had the heart of a warrior. “If I move over, would you sit on my lap?”

After a short pause, she inquired, “Here?”

“Yes.”

“I’m not sure if that chair will hold us both.”

“Luckily the beach is only a few steps away. We could sit on the beach. Your aunt can still see us from here if you’re worried.”

“Okay.”

He took her hand, and they walked the few feet to the beach and sat down. He waited for her to settle herself in his lap, and when she did, he breathed in the scent of his woman. Though he wanted to lay her on the soft sand and make love to her under the blue sky, he simply held her and brushed gentle kisses along her jaw line. Samson knew that she had some trust in him—else she wouldn’t be with him—but he also knew from her slight trembles that a small part of her was scared. He would hold her all day and all night, hell, all lifetime if necessary.

“I am Samson Ahiga Madeira,” he began.

“My name’s Mariana—” she began.

Samson shushed her before she could tell him her last name. There was no need to know her last name, for soon she would change it to Madeira.

“The name Mariana suits you, but your friends call you that. The name Beauty suits you, but Mack calls you that. I shall call the woman I plan to spend forever loving, *Somente Mina* and *Nizhoni*.”

“What does that mean?” Mariana asked.

“*Somente Mina* is Portuguese for ‘only mine,’ and *Nizhoni* is Navajo for ‘beautiful.’”

Though she gasped at his proclamation and most likely had something to say, he had to release the words in his heart. “*Somente Mina*, I’m a big man, a strong man, a dominant man. I cannot hide the fact that I want you, nor do I wish to hide that. You’re a beautiful woman, and I give you free reign of my body. You can touch me in any way you desire, but until you’re ready, I won’t touch you in a sexual way.”

Mariana closed her eyes and alternately thanked God and prayed for strength. She felt warm all over, and not simply because she was sitting on Samson's lap. She was warm because she *knew* he wasn't toying with her. This motherfucker meant it. Laying her head against his chest, she lapsed into silence and listened to the steady beat of his heart.

Mariana lost track of the number of hours they sat on the beach. Being that it was dusk when she next opened her eyes, she was sure she'd not only slept, but slept well, which was an unusual occurrence. She was also equally sure that Samson hadn't let her go, although he couldn't be comfortable with her weight firmly on his lap. Shifting, she snuggled deeper into his embrace. Though she was still hesitant, she had to admit something: she was scared—but not of him. She was simply tired of being scared she would be hurt, disappointed, or let down. Samson called to her on every level, and the soft parts of her, the battered parts of her clamored for this strong man. In that moment, she realized Sam-

son was the one man she might never be able to get over, but she also knew she'd risk pain for just one night with this man.

"Samson?" she whispered.

"Yes, *Nizhoni*?"

"Can we go to your room?"

"We can do whatever you would like, but you don't have to do that."

"I know I don't have to, but I want to. For once in my life, I want to do this for all of the right reasons. Please," she began.

Closing his eyes and offering thanks to the Creator, he responded to her pleas. "*Nizhoni*, you never have to plead with me for anything. All that I have is yours."

Samson didn't rush her to his suite. They had plenty of time. Instead he held her closer.

* * * * *

Mariana was surprised that Samson didn't immediately take her to his suite. She knew he was giving her time to adjust to him...and she appreciated it, but she wanted him. Perhaps it

was the sound of the Pacific Ocean, the beauty of the blanket of stars above their heads, or the scent of paradise, but she wanted him...right now. Grateful for the cover of night, she turned in his lap and straddled him. He was massive, but she didn't feel fear; she felt needy—needy for the feel of his big body on hers; needy for his hands on her hips, pulling her into his erection; needy to experience the loving this man could give her.

Tunneling her hands in his silken sheaf of hair, she traced his succulent bottom lip with her tongue before tasting him properly. She hadn't known he'd taste this good or that her pussy would be so demanding. *Closer, harder*, her body screamed. As she ground her pussy into his hard erection, within seconds her pussy was drenched, and she was spiraling into the hardest orgasm she'd ever had. Throwing her head back, she purred her contentment even as she collapsed against his chest.

Samson was surprised when she turned in his arms and sat astride him. He groaned at the feel of her against him and reveled in her femininity. She had no idea that to him she was walking temptation. Calling upon his will, he remained still, allowing her to touch him in any way she wanted. When she tunneled her soft hands through his locks and took his mouth in a kiss, he groaned deep in his throat. When she ground her pussy against his cock, he nearly jumped to his feet, even with an armful of voluptuous woman. But when the smell of her orgasm filled his nostrils, his heart nearly burst from his chest.

Opening his eyes, he watched her and almost wept at how beautiful she was as she took her pleasure from him. Eyes closed, her back arched, her nails digging burrows in his shoulders, pleasure spilled from her succulent lips. He could do nothing but hold her and watch in awe as she found her pleasure...and named it. When she'd called out his name in her passion, it struck him right in the middle of his heart and his ego. Holding her tighter to him, he vowed right then

and there that his name would be the only name she called out from this moment on.

* * * * *

Mariana's orgasm ripped through her with such force that it left her too weak to do more than lean into Samson's strength and shudder through the aftershocks of her climax. Her whole body tingled, and she could literally feel the pleasure coursing through her. After she caught her breath, her brain finally functioned enough to allow her to focus on something other than how incredible she felt. Pressing her breasts into his massive chest, she breathed in the scent of him and tightened her hands in his hair. Opening her eyes, she looked at him in wonder and realized that she'd just used Samson. She'd gotten off without him. Choking back a cry, she went to apologize, only to have him cut her off by kissing her.

* * * * *

Samson knew she was going to try and apologize, and he didn't want to hear such nonsense. She didn't understand that she had just given him a gift. Tightening his hold on her, he sucked on her bottom lip before taking her mouth in a deep kiss.

"Samson, I—" she began, only to be cut off when he kissed her.

"—are most beautiful when you orgasm," he said in between kisses.

"But I—"

"—belong to me," he finished as he mated his tongue with hers.

"Was selfish and—"

"—are completely wrong. You just honored me in so many ways, *Nizhoni*. Not only did you show me trust, you showed me that you want me."

"I do trust you, but every woman wants you, Samson."

"No—they want what my money can buy them, but they don't want me. I've never had a woman react to *me* so honestly. Never have I been so turned on. *Somente Mina*, I told you I

wouldn't make love to you until you were ready. And I meant that."

"I'm ready, Samson."

"You don't have to say that, *Somente Mina*."

"Samson, I mean it. In fact, I believe that I screamed it moments ago."

"I'm trying to be honorable. I'll wait until you're thinking clearly...."

"Samson, if you don't take me, I'll take you."

"*Somente Mina*, I don't want to use a condom. I want to feel you. I can wait until we both get tested. I already know that I'm safe, as I get tested frequently during the season and following the season, being that I play a contact sport."

"I'm safe too. My auntie dragged me to get tested after Br—" she began but was cut off by his finger against her lips.

"I don't want to talk about other men when we're in our bed."

"Noted, even though we're not technically in bed."

"When I'm with you, any flat surface can stand in for a bed, and since you introduced the

subject of that cunt, know this: he was a—” He paused to find a word.

“Fool?” she supplied.

“Ha. That cunt would have to go through several more stages of evolution to aspire to be a fool. I don’t have a proper word to describe what he was, but I know what he’ll be if he ever fucks with you again.”

“Samson, it’s okay. He didn’t do anything that I didn’t let him.”

“*Somente Mina*, stop.”

“But...”

“No. I don’t want to hear that mess. Did he have a dick?”

“Uh, yes.”

“He has a dick. Biologically he’s a man. And being a man, it’s his fucking job to care for women and children. You were his woman. He acknowledged you as such, so it was his responsibility to care for you—in all ways, not simply to avail himself of your voluptuous body, beautiful soul, and forgiving heart.”

“Samson, it’s not all his fault. I couldn’t be what he needed.”

“You’re wrong, *Nizhoni*. The problem wasn’t that you couldn’t be what he needed; the problem was that even with your imperfections, you’re greater than he’ll ever hope to be.”

Mariana gasped. “Oh.”

“But you’re mine now, so I don’t have to take another man’s woman.”

“You would’ve tried to take me from him?”

“There is no try, *Somente Mina*. I would’ve taken you.”

“What if I’d been married to him?”

“Don’t ask me that, *Somente Mina*, because then I’ll have to answer it, and you might not think I’m a decent man afterwards.”

“No, Samson. I’d still think you were a decent man. I’d just know you aren’t perfect, but then, who is?”

“No one person is, but together, *Somente Mina*, we are perfect, and woe to the man who tries to take you from me.”

“But, you just intimated that you would’ve broken up my marriage if—” she began.

“I didn’t intimate, *Somente Mina*.”

“Then what’s the difference?”

“The difference is that no man should tear asunder what The Creator has brought together.”

“Oh damn, you mean that.”

“I mean everything I say to you,” he said as he took her delicate hand and put it atop his erection. She attempted to pull her hand away, but he effectively stopped her retreat by placing his hand on top of hers.

“Don’t be afraid of this cock. Your pussy was custom made for it, and thus you’ll only know pleasure from me,” he promised as he prompted her to take him in her hands. He knew she wouldn’t be able to enclose his girth, but he also knew they would fit together. “I love holding you because as you become acquainted with my strength, I have easy access to your big breasts, your womanly hips, your tight pussy, and your voluptuous ass. Your body is my own amusement park, and I never want to leave it.”

Kissing her, he whispered in her ear. “I know that you might look at other men,” he began.

“I see no other men when I’m with you, Samson,” she interrupted.

Pleased at her response, he continued. “I know other men will look at you because you’re a beautiful woman, but you belong to me, and I’m not sharing you. You’re my woman, and I don’t care who knows it. The fact that other males are here makes me want to throw you down and fuck you in front of them so they know which mother-fucker you belong to. And I want them to see how good I work your delectable pussy, and to know I’ll end any who would interfere with you.”

“You have no idea of your power. I want to watch you strip out of that dress while stroking myself to the tempo of the orgasms I’m going to give you. Right now my nose is filled with the smell of your arousal, and that scent combined with the image of you wearing nothing but a scrap of panty is driving me wild. I want to rip your panties off of you and taste you—starting at your delicate feet,” he began as he scooted her off of him and rose to his feet.

* * * * *

“I’m not delicate,” Mariana interrupted. “I’m two hundred twenty-five pounds.” Mariana stopped talking and watched Samson rise to his impressive height. Damn, that was a whole lot of man, and she couldn’t help but admire him. He gently pulled her up from the warm sand and flush against him. Moaning, she looked into his hypnotic eyes and became entranced by the covenants she read in them. If she wasn’t so turned on by his thick cock pressing into her sternum, she might’ve had time to be impressed by the fact that he lifted her straight up and seemingly without effort. If he hadn’t taken her lips in a devastating kiss, she might’ve noticed the fact that he kissed her all the way into the hotel, to the bank of elevators, and finally to his suite.

But she didn’t notice any of that because she was too busy being overwhelmed with a man who was all man and who made her feel like a woman who was all woman. Sinking her hands into his luxuriant hair, she ground her lower body into his. His mouth consumed hers, and she enjoyed the ride his strong body offered and the feel of his big hands cupping her ass. It was only when

she'd damned near run out of breath that she realized she was no longer outside, but in one of the most exquisite suites she'd ever seen. Her mind started to ask questions, but then Samson's baritone cut in.

"To me, you're delicate. Being two hundred twenty-five pounds makes it possible for me to give you all three hundred thirty-five pounds of me. Do you know how long it has been since I could fuck a woman like I wanted to fuck her? Like I need to fuck her? Too long. Thin women cannot take this much man. That's part of the reason why I avoid them; the other reason is that they look hungry all of the damn time, and I find myself wanting to take them to my kitchen and feed them. But you're built as a woman should be built, and with you, I'll hold nothing back. Now lean back and enjoy my tongue."

* * * * *

Samson continued kissing his way up her body. He stopped when he reached the apex of her thighs. Inhaling, he bowed his head. Damn,

he thought, she was *all* woman, and she smelled ripe. He licked, he nibbled, and then he made his way to her glorious breasts and suckled until she gave herself over to him. Dipping two fingers into her wetness to test her readiness, he guided the head of his hard cock into her core. Closing his eyes, he groaned at the feeling. Damn, her pussy felt like home, he thought as he stroked into her, groaning and sighing the entire time. Her pussy gripped him so tightly that he almost came on every stroke. He wanted to stay planted in her forever, but her pussy was just too damn good. Sighing, he withdrew so he could prolong her pleasure.

* * * * *

Trying to catch her breath, Mariana arched into Samson's body as he pleased her breasts. Never had she had a man make love to her as if his next breath depended upon making her come. Every part of her body was sensitized to his touch. She was sure she was experiencing a full body orgasm, because everything pulsed or tin-

gled. Smiling, she looked into Samson's eyes and stilled at what she saw. He wore a look of pure rapture. Placing a finger under her chin, he kissed her so gently that it felt like butterflies landing upon her lips. "Thank you for trusting me."

Mariana watched as Samson rose to his impressive stature, and she marveled at both his grace and physique. She took the hand he offered and once again reveled in his strength as he effortlessly pulled her to her feet before gathering her in his massive arms. Carrying her to the luxury bathroom, he sat her on the edge of the marble tub and started the water. The tub was freaking huge. It could easily hold her, him and two other people. She knew the bath was for her when he reached for a container of bath salts. Though she knew money wasn't an issue with him, she didn't want him wasting his money when she could simply bathe in plain water.

“Samson, those salts are expensive.”

“Yes,” he agreed as he continued to read the label without looking up.

“Perhaps you should forgo them. I can—” she began.

“Enjoy being pampered,” he continued as he dumped a liberal amount of salts into the tub

before disappearing from the room. He reentered the room with an armful of roses. Sitting beside her, he broke the petals from the flowers and tossed them into her bath, creating a rippling kaleidoscope of colors in the tub.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, overcome by his thoughtfulness. “You don’t have to.”

Samson ignored her protests and placed her into the water. “This is the minimum a man should do for his woman. And any man who wants you should do even more. Though I am enjoying pampering you, I admit that I also have a selfish reason for doing so. Too many men have been near you, and I don’t want to smell another man on you. Selfish and completely illogical, but nevertheless, it is how I feel. Sit back and relax,” he ordered. “I’ll return in a few minutes.”

Mariana did just that. She leaned back in the tub, and for the first time in a long while, she relaxed and put her trust in a man who wasn’t related to her. Her musings were interrupted by the sounds of rhythm and blues being pumped over the Bose wave radio. Oh damn, she loved what she dubbed ‘*baby, baby, please*’ music be-

cause in those songs, men went to the ends of the earth for women; did anything to get them, keep them, or get them back. In essence, they loved women like women wanted and needed to be loved. Thinking of what Samson would do to keep her caused her pussy to cream all over again.

A few minutes later, Samson returned. Climbing in behind her, he pulled her against him. Mariana simply lay in his arms and basked in his strength. She needed this—needed a strong man, a good man, a real man, *this* man to care for her.

They soaked in the warm water, wrapped in each other and a comfort neither had experienced before. When the water began to cool, Samson stepped from the tub and held out his hand to her. “Come,” his deep baritone rumbled through his chest and went straight to her pussy. Though his words were a directive for her to follow him, her pussy thought Samson was giving it a command, and as such pumped out nectar.

Samson led her to the shower, where he poured copious body wash into his palm and

washed her and then himself. When he finished with that task, he surprised her yet again. Sitting her on the shower's built-in granite bench, he knelt and washed her hair. Mariana gasped in surprise, but Samson merely shushed her with a kiss and continued to massage her scalp. He lathered her long tresses as if he had all the time in the world, and judging from his sighs, he enjoyed giving her pleasure as much as she enjoyed receiving it.

Mariana attempted to step from the shower when he finished rinsing the suds from her hair, but he stopped her with a kiss. "I'm not finished. I need to condition your hair."

"You don't have to," she began.

"I know that I don't *have* to; I *want* to, and furthermore, I'm going to. Now turn around so I can see to your hair, baby."

Mariana turned and allowed him to see to her hair, glad that her Auntie hadn't allowed her to cut the heavy, ass-length curls. When Samson had finished, he picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Mariana gasped when she spotted the bedroom. Not only had the bed been remade

with fresh linens, but the room resembled a hot-house with vases of exotic flowers covering virtually every surface. Besides the long-stemmed roses, there were orchids, lilies and tulips.

Overcome by his thoughtfulness, she could only get out a single word. “Oh.”

She simply couldn’t keep the awe out of her voice or the surprise off of her face. “Oh,” she said again as she looked at Samson. “Thank you.”

Handing her an ice-cold Coke, he spoke. “You never have to thank me for doing my duty.”

“You don’t have to—” she began before he interrupted her.

“Yes, *Somente Mina*, I do. A woman is more than a vessel for pleasure—a woman is a vessel of life.” Pulling her close, he dropped a soft kiss on her lips. “Now be still and allow me to pamper you. The only sounds I want coming from that beautiful mouth are moans of pleasure.”

Mariana trembled but allowed him to have his way with her person, knowing that he would do nothing to hurt her. Wrapping her in a bath sheet, he dried her hair. Samson brushed her hair with firm strokes that left her scalp tingling

and her pussy wet. He didn't cease until her soft curls shone with health.

Once her hair was seen to, he opened a container of coconut body butter and massaged it into her skin. It was one of the most erotic events she'd ever had the pleasure of experiencing. Samson left no part of her skin untouched. Mariana was overwhelmed by this man. Not only did he touch her as if he were handling a newly discovered artifact, he pampered her in a way she couldn't have fathomed in her most selfish dreams. She couldn't understand why a man of his stature would prostrate himself to a woman like her. One day she'd gather her courage and ask, but for now she was going to enjoy his touch. Finally, he sat on the bed and pulled her into his embrace.

* * * * *

Samson used his heavy thigh to part her legs. Throwing her legs over his broad shoulders, he gently bit down on her clit before sucking it into his mouth. He feasted on her, slurping,

sucking, and nibbling through multiple climaxes. She could tell he enjoyed himself from the sounds he made. He growled, he moaned, he hummed. Oh. Damn. The motherfucker ate pussy like nobody's business. She could've sworn that his tongue had muscles, and he used every one of those muscles to bring her to pleasure over and over and over.

Samson didn't give her a chance to come down before he had her on her knees. "Baby, I'm going to spank you. Do you know why?"

"No. Why?" she moaned.

"First, because you want me to spank you. You want to be spanked by a man who is man enough to do it properly. You want me to smack your ass hard and then thrust my fingers into your heat. Don't you?"

"Yes," she choked out.

"Good—because that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to spank that ass until it's good and red, until you're crying from pleasure because I'm working your pussy so damn good."

"Oh damn, please."

“Oh, don’t worry. I will please you even as I punish you for allowing another man to touch you—and for liking it.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense,” she began.

“I know it doesn’t. I’m just jealous of every single man who has ever touched you or thought about touching you. If I could, I’d hunt them down and take their memories right before beating their asses.”

“But—” she started to protest but was cut off by his finger against her lips.

“Shh, baby. Get on your knees so I can spank that beautiful ass. I want you to submit to me,” he said as he delivered the first smack. His large hand covered most of her ass, so he didn’t have to alternate cheeks.

Mariana groaned at the pleasure-pain. He smacked her ass again. She groaned. He smacked her ass again and stroked her clit. She moaned. He repeated his ministrations, delivering pleasure-laced pain that made her breathe in staccato and bite her lip to contain her screams.

“Do you know how hard you’re making me? No woman has ever turned me on this good. Let me hear your pleasure, baby,” he demanded as his massive fingers worked her clit.

When her guttural moans turned into screams, Samson stopped spanking her ass and concentrated on her pussy. When her cream slid down her thighs, he grunted in satisfaction and licked it from his fingers.

* * * * *

Pushing her onto her back, Samson gently took her hips in his hands, spread her legs and began lapping her juices. He loved eating pussy. Loved everything about it—the taste, the musky smell, the warmth. *Somente Mina* had a pussy that tasted like ripe fruit and smelled like pleasure. When he was sure he’d gotten every drop, he placed her legs on his forearms and licked a line from her creamy pussy to her ass. He spread her wider before plunging his tongue into her ass and rimming her until she screamed out her re-

lease. Hearing her cries of ecstasy, he returned to her cunt and caught her nectar.

He didn't wait for her to come down from her orgasm; instead, he flipped her over and dragged her to her knees. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he directed her beautiful mouth to his thick cock. His cock was almost two inches in diameter and damn near twelve inches long. Most women couldn't swallow the head, much less come anywhere close to deep-throating him; still, he guided her lips, needing to feel her warm mouth on him.

He waited while she adjusted to his girth, and then he got the surprise of his life. She swallowed his head and took about half of his length in her mouth. Oh, fuck. Letting go of her tresses, he threw back his head and roared, never having experienced such absolute pleasure. Closing his eyes, he basked in this feeling of rightness. If she didn't stop, he was going to spill, and he didn't want to spill yet for two reasons. First, he still had to pleasure her, and second, he sure as hell wasn't going to waste his seed in her mouth. The warrior in him wanted to flood her pus-

sy...wanted to lie back and watch his cum pour from her body. He was going to fill this woman, claim this woman, and when he finished Mariana would know that he was the paradigm for a man, that she was his paradigm for woman...and he wasn't letting her go.

Dragging her up his massive body, he surprised her by literally bench pressing her and holding her suspended above him for a full minute. Samson held her there to get her attention and to let her accustom herself to his great strength. He could bench her weight thirty times in under two minutes and then go out and destroy defensive lines. It may have seemed conceited, but he wasn't showing off; he was letting her know that he was all alpha, all the damn time. And even more important than her becoming accustomed to his strength, he needed her to understand that despite his impressive strength, he'd only touch her with gentleness. Licking his lips so she could appreciate his talented tongue, he waited for the dormant part of her body to realize that it wanted, needed, craved an alpha,

not those useless metrosexual boys littering the planet.

When he saw what he wanted in her eyes, he settled her over his cock and instructed her, “Go down as far as you can.”

He patiently waited for her to slide down his massive cock before resuming speech. “Am I hurting you, *Somente Mina*?”

Mariana moaned. “No, you’re just so big.”

Grabbing her hair, he kissed her and said, “Good, now that I know I’m not hurting you, I’m going to make you take *all* of my cock, even if we have to remain in this bed for the rest of the day. You *will* take me. I’m going to stretch that tight pussy inch by inch. I won’t stop until you’re moaning, gasping and stuffed full of my big, thick cock. You won’t ever play with another man after having this cock. You won’t play with any other man because you’ll know who you belong to.”

Mariana gasped, but no words came out.

“Repeat what I said, *Somente Mina*.”

“I belong to you. You’re going to make me take every inch of your cock, and oh goodness—” she exclaimed as he seated himself fully into her.

Samson distracted her with dirty talk so she didn't realize she'd been steadily sliding down his thickness. He'd never had a woman take all of him, or for that matter *want* all of him. He knew she wanted him, for he could read it in her eyes. In that moment, he knew he would kill over this woman. "Mine, woman. And if I catch another man in *my* pussy, I will fucking kill him, but before I deliver the *coup de grâce*, I'll fuck you in front of him so he can see how you handle a woman, and so you can see how perfectly we fit and know that no other man can complete you the way I do. Do you think the boy you pined for can make you feel like I do? Does he fuck you so good that you turn to putty—even before he touches you? Does his cock touch your esophagus?

There's only one man: me. I'm telling you so you know. When my brothers see you with me, they'll know. And if they see some motherfucker getting out of line with my stuff, it's on. Any man who makes a transgression against you makes a transgression against me."

"Why are you telling me this?"

“Because I know that little boy is going to try to get you back. And I know he’s not stupid enough to face me, so he’ll wait until he thinks it’s safe. But it ain’t ever going to be safe for him or any man to attempt to take you from me. Just because I’m not there, doesn’t mean you won’t be guarded. My boys won’t leave any man unlimping if they interfere with you. They would hand out an ass-whipping and then bring you home to me because you’re *my* woman. And that means something, so remember that, *Somente Mina*. And when you come home to me, I’ll take you where you stand. Then again, I plan to be constantly buried in your velvet pussy, planted to the hilt in your plump ass, or filling your wet mouth with my big cock.”

“Samson,” she moaned as he rocked into her.

“*Somente Mina*, you’re mine. I’m not usually a stingy man, but I find that when it comes to you, I’m many things I’ve never been and I’m more than I ever imagined I’d be. I will never allow another male to encroach on what is mine. I have a feeling I’m going to have to teach you

who you belong to...and I have a feeling it will be a pleasurable lesson for us both.”

“Samson, no one wants me.”

“I want you, and if I ever hear you demean yourself thusly, I’ll spank your beautiful, plump ass raw. And then I’ll fuck you so hard you’ll be unable to walk for an entire week,” he said as he pistoned into her.

“Samson,” Mariana moaned.

“Who do you belong to, *Somente Mina*?”

Sighing, Mariana answered, “You.”

“Damn right, but you need to be quicker about answering me,” he growled as he smacked her ass.

“Who do you belong to?” he asked again.

“You, Samson,” she purred.

“Damned right you do. I’m taking you out of here, *Somente Mina*, and that boy who is your sentinel can try and stop me, but he’ll only end up with a whipped ass. The only person who can stop me from taking you is you, and after I finish fucking *my* pussy, you won’t even consider such nonsense. Now ride my cock, *Somente Mina*,” he demanded while smacking her ass. “Ride my

cock hard. Ride it like you mean it,” he ordered as he dug into her ass cheeks and pumped her up and down his thick rod.

* * * * *

Mariana was so turned on that she was one whole-body blush. There was something so raw, so base about his declaration. It called to all of her feminine parts. She wanted to be dominated by him. In her heart, she knew this was her fantasy—to be dominated—not just by a big man, but by this man. She trusted Samson to expertly dominate her without debasing her. Every touch, every nip, every bite, every smack brought pleasure to her body and solace to her soul, for she knew that this man respected her. Moaning, she threw back her head and worked her hips in a circular motion, squeezing her pussy tight around his cock. Running her hands over his hard torso, she pinched his nipples as she ground herself against him, giving herself up to this man and knowing that before Samson, she’d never had an alpha—only good imitations.

* * * * *

Samson reveled in the feel, the touch, and the taste of this woman. He enjoyed every second of her riding him, but now the alpha man was demanding that the civilized man cede the right of way. Flipping her gently, he settled her amongst the pillows and kissed her before taking up residence between her glorious thighs. She was a tight fit and he knew that he was stretching her, but he wanted to dominate every part of her body so that when she moved, she moaned in remembered pleasure. He wanted her body to know its master.

“Am I hurting you, *Somente Mina*?”

“No, you’re, oh goodness, making me feel good, so, so good.”

“It’s my pleasure, *Somente Mina*. I’m supposed to make you feel good.” Slowly withdrawing from her velvet sheath, he looked her in the eye as he stroked his cock until it returned to full hardness. “You want my cock, *Somente Mina*?”

“Yes.”

“What do you want to do with it?” he asked as he lightly spanked her clit with his free hand.

“I want you to love me with your cock instead of attempting to control me with it like other men.”

“I’m not other men, *Somente Mina*. I’m the *only* man. You won’t find another man who can make you feel like this. Get on your knees and spread your thighs wide,” he demanded as he grabbed her by her hair and helped position her. Settling behind her, he smacked her ass twice before filling her with his thickness. He smiled, hearing her groans and knowing he was customizing her to fit him.

Samson groaned in pleasure as he stroked into his woman. His strokes were so powerful and his woman such a tight fit that he drove her forward with each thrust. He had to continuously pull her back lest he drive her into the headboard. If there were no obstacles such as walls to impede them, he could’ve literally fucked her all over the island. His thrusts were powerful thanks to his impressive lower body strength. At football prac-

tice, he no longer got on the blocking sled, as he frequently knocked it over when he hit it.

“Where are you going, *Somente Mina*? Are you trying to get away from me?” he teased.

Mariana could only manage moans.

Samson smiled, knowing she was feeling too much pleasure to bother answering. And though one part of him smirked, the dominant part of him wanted her beyond the ability to understand his words. Reaching around her, he lifted her flush against his chest. Yanking her hair, he turned her mouth towards his and ravaged her soft lips until they were swollen from his attention. Grabbing a handful of breast, he pinched the nipple. The gentleman in him wanted to pleasure her, but the caveman in him wanted to mark her so that when she looked in the mirror, she would see the evidence of his ravishment and reminiscence about how good he had loved her. He wanted her to look upon his love marks, recall the pleasure that accompanied each one...and want more. Though he marked her in private places, he also marked her in conspicuous places as a warning to other males. When other males

saw his markings, they'd know that not only was *Somente Mina* taken, but that the male who'd claimed her was lethal and wouldn't hesitate to destroy any who interfered with this woman.

Growling, he pulled out of her and gave her a moment to catch her breath. "Are you alright, *Somente Mina*?"

"Yes," she breathed.

He turned her head so he could look into her eyes and ascertain whether she was being truthful with him. Placing a gentle kiss on her lips, he moved over to her ear and gently bit the lobe. He smiled when he heard her sigh, and he grew harder when he felt her shudder.

"*Somente Mina*, are you sure you're okay?" he asked again. "Am I being too rough? I'm a big man, and you're so soft and delicate. I want to dominate you, but I don't want to hurt you, *Somente Mina*."

"I'm good."

"Promise?"

"I promise," she said as a tear escaped her eye.

Samson growled when he saw her tears, and the alpha in him clawed to the surface. Crawling atop her, he got right in her face. “If I’m not hurting you, then tell me why you’re crying. I don’t like seeing you cry, *Somente Mina*. Tell me if I’ve hurt you; or are you crying for some boy in your past? If you are, I’ll kill him for putting tears in your eyes. I should kill him on general principle just for making you sad in the first place.”

“It’s not you, Samson. It’s me.”

“Explain yourself, *Somente Mina*.”

“You’re being so good to me,” she began.

“A man never tires of hearing that,” he interrupted.

“Have you heard it often?”

Samson stilled at her question.

“I’m sorry. I had no right to ask you that, considering that I’ve had my share of lovers.” she closed her eyes, but not before he glimpsed the pain in them.

Samson’s eyes iced over. “No one better ever insinuate that you are anything less than a

lady, or they'll fucking die—immediately, and in great pain.”

“But I’m not a virgin. I’ve been with other men.”

“Key word is ‘been,’ as in past tense. This is the present, and right now, your man is making love to you. *Somente Mina*, I will never allow another male to touch you—except for our sons, and even then, they’d better tread softly around you. From here on out, *I* will give you enough pleasure that you’ll never again consider having another man, because I will be more man than you can handle. Though one part of me loathes the fact that other men have had the pleasure of making love to you, the other part is glad you have something to compare my lovemaking against, so you know without doubt you’ve never had better than me. *I* am the last man who will ever have the pleasure of loving you, *Somente Mina*.”

His passionate words caused Mariana to gasp in surprise. “But—” she began.

“Woman, this doesn’t warrant further discussion. You’re mine. And no one—and that

includes you—better speak of my woman without the proper amount of reverence in their voice. And if any man wants to bring up your past, they'll be making an unexpected visit to a place called 'Ass-Whipping.' Now come here, so I can begin making love to you.”

“You’ve been making love to me for over two hours.”

“No, *Nizhoni*, that was just foreplay,” he said as he dragged her from the bed and backed her into the glass window that offered up a breathtaking view of the island. He lifted her into his massive arms, settled her on his cock and began to rock into her with slow strokes.

* * * * *

Mariana tingled with pleasure, but she had to protest their current position. Anyone walking by could see them should they look up. She wanted Samson to continue fucking her, but she didn’t want her ass on display to every inhabitant and visitor to the island. “People can see me,” she began.

“Yes, they can, but only enough of you to know that I’m giving you a thorough fucking. Your hair covers you, *Nizhoni*. Though I want everyone to know you’re mine, I wouldn’t put you on display. Now be quiet, and enjoy this cock. Take your pleasure and enjoy being my woman, because I sure as hell am going to enjoy being your man.”

Mariana shushed because Samson was doing her so very well. All she could do was hold on and take it...and enjoy every single second. And while she was enjoying his loving, she let go of her fears and let him into her heart.

* * * * *

Samson wanted to fuck her harder, but he had to get her on a soft surface in order to do so. He walked back to the bed and deposited her on it. “Suck my cock, *Somente Mina*.”

Before she could scramble to her knees, he’d already thrust his cock in her face. She licked the head, enjoying their combined taste before taking him into her mouth.

“Damn, that feels so good, *Nizhoni*,” he said. “But you know what I want to do? I want to make you take it. I want to shove as much cock in your mouth as you can take without choking,” he said as he grabbed the back of her head and fed her his thick cock.

Mariana didn’t have a chance to do anything more than swallow as much as she could while breathing through her nose. Whenever she thought she would suffocate, Samson would back off and give her time to gulp air before again stuffing her mouth full of his big cock.

“Just for the record, *Somente Mina*, here’s something you need to know about me: your body belongs to me. I better never discover that you’ve done anything to harm my body. *My* body...do you understand me?” he asked as he pulled out so she could answer.

“Yes.”

“I mean it, *Somente Mina*. I won’t have you putting yourself in danger,” he declared as he pulled from her mouth and kissed her. “I can’t take seeing you hurt. If you caused the hurt, I

would spank your ass. If someone else hurt you, I'd kill them."

"But—" she began.

"No buts, baby. That's just the way it's going to be. And don't think I won't know. My boys will drop the dime on you. We look after each other's women and children. You're my woman; therefore, you're looked after. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now turn over so I can show you how a real man lays it down."

Samson made love to *Somente Mina* non-stop for the next four days. He didn't allow her to leave the room, although he did invite her aunt to make random visits to ensure that her baby was well cared for. Carolina only stayed long enough to see for herself that her niece was being treated like royalty and to reiterate her rather impressive threats. Showing Ms. Carolina the utmost respect, he metaphorically bowed down to her, knowing that she meant every word. He shivered, recalling his initial shock at the caliber of her threats, having never before been threatened with the four horsemen of the apocalypse. That threat made her warning of emasculation a secondary concern. In any case, he would see that her aunt would have no need to carry out her threats, for he planned to love *Somente Mina* and show her only pleasure and devotion.

Hearing *Somente Mina* sigh, he turned his attention back to her delicate form. She was lying on one hundred percent modal sheets because

that was one of the softest materials available, and nothing harsh should ever again touch her silken skin. The resort didn't have any on hand, so he'd ordered several sets. Her sigh of pleasure had been worth the expense of having them sent via same day delivery. He didn't tell her he'd ordered them because he knew she'd protest and say something foolish, such as she wasn't worth such fuss.

Making sounds of appreciation, he lay down and gently pulled her into his arms. Despite her low opinion of her physical attributes, *Somente Mina* was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Though he loved to watch her passion unfold, he especially enjoyed looking at her when she slept, for it was only then that he saw her without the walls. He refused to allow her to keep anything between them, even the walls she constructed to protect her emotional well-being.

When she slept, he could see the hint of vulnerability she kept hidden, and that vulnerability triggered his instinct to protect. Samson wasn't concerned about other males attempting to harm her, for he'd kill them without remorse or a

second thought. He was, however, most concerned about the fact that she thought the men who cared for her would let such an insult stand. He knew she was strong and capable of fending for herself, but she wouldn't be.

Being this close to her wreaked havoc with his body, but he knew he had to allow her to rest, for he'd spent the past four days making love to her. Though he still hungered for her, it was his duty to see to her well-being. And while he made love to her, he prayed like a motherfucker. Prayed that he was enough man for this woman; prayed that God wouldn't take her from him, because in his heart, in his soul, he knew that this woman was the one person he couldn't make it without.

Closing his eyes, he pictured every millimeter of her caramel skin. Every curve, every indentation, every scar. Unintentionally, he emitted a low growl thinking of her scars. She had too many. Having spent time in the company of men with questionable reputations, he knew what had caused the vast majority of those scars: fights. Noting her quick reflexes, unexpected strength,

and fiery temperament, he doubted his woman had lost many fights, but still, she had been abused, and that was unacceptable. He frowned...mad at civilization for constructing societies in which women had to fight, and disgusted with those who would harm a woman. Something in his gut told him that those scars had been caused by males—he couldn't bring himself to say "men," for a man wouldn't abuse a woman. He made a mental note to find those males and deal with them. For every scar they had caused, he would inflict ten upon them. For every tear they had caused her to shed, they would shed ten times as much blood. He would discover who these bastards were, and he would take great pleasure in wrecking them bit by bit.

Those who knew him often teased him about how protective he was of women, but if they could see into his mind and heart, they wouldn't tease him about his feelings for *Somente Mina*. They would run and hide, fearing the beast that had been awakened, for when it came to his woman, the beast completely usurped the presence of the man. He wasn't merely protective of

his woman...he was death to anyone who would harm her or attempt to take her from his side.

* * * * *

Mariana awoke as she was being lowered into a steaming hot bath. Sighing, she allowed Samson to pile her curls into an oversized clip and settle her against the soft bath pillow. The hot water felt so good, but when he activated the Jacuzzi controls, she almost orgasmed from pleasure. If she'd bothered to open her eyes, she would've noticed Samson's look of appreciation. She didn't open her eyes until she felt Samson tend to her. Lifting her from the tub, he dried her off and dressed her in a barely-there robe before leaving her to see to her teeth. He threw her an 'I want to fuck you' glance before telling her that food and her favorite fruit juice awaited her. Hearing the magic word—food—she didn't tarry. Samson had worked her hard these past four days. Her body was sated beyond her greatest dreams, and her soul was at peace; now she needed to tend to her stomach.

* * * * *

Samson excelled at tasks for two reasons. First, his will was so strong that he never considered failure to be an option. A well-read man, he strongly believed in Edison's view of failure. He didn't fail; he simply came across methods that didn't work. Second, he was humble. Many days he could be found sitting at the knee of an older individual and soaking up their words, knowing that wisdom fell from the lips of the ancient, of the experienced, of those who had 'gone through.' Thus he'd sought out *Nizhoni's* aunt and sat at her side so that he could be learned something because that was how strong women passed on knowledge. They learned you something—not taught you something, but *learned* you something—and once they learned you something, you never forgot it. And that was why he flew in Chester, a chef who had a chain of upscale steakhouses in the American South. And that was why every one of *Somente Mina's* favorite dishes graced their balcony table. After tast-

ing the chef's dishes, Samson had to admit the man was worth every penny he'd demanded.

* * * * *

Mariana gasped when she saw the spread, and then she dug in. Even though Samson had done nothing but pamper her, she was still amazed by all he did for her. If she wasn't careful she could get used to this, and that was dangerous because Samson would eventually realize that she wasn't worth the fuss. Then she'd have to go back to being the woman guys overlooked, took for granted, assuming she could handle everything life threw at her on her own. She could handle it, but that wasn't the point—but guys never seemed to understand that. Shaking off those depressing thoughts, she looked upon the feast that Samson had set out. Besides the various hearty dishes, the table was graced by bowls of exotic fruits. She ate heartily, enjoying the best meal she'd had in ages. Though she could cook, she didn't enjoy cooking and thus dined primarily at fast food restaurants.

Sated, she sat back and enjoyed the feel of the sunshine on her body, reveling in the feeling of peace that surrounded her whenever she was in Samson's presence. She didn't even need a cigarette to relax her, for whenever she was with him, she didn't have to be on high alert. Samson was a good man, and to her surprise, he wasn't looking to change her; he just wanted to care for her and dominate her in bed. She could live with that; she only hoped he didn't grow tired of her too soon.

Mariana thought the pampering was over, but she'd never been more wrong. Samson pampered her all day long. While she sunned herself after her savory meal, Samson beckoned her over to the oversized chaise lounge he was occupying. Settling her on his lap, he rained kisses upon her. He massaged her shoulders in between kissing her. Although he held her loosely, she knew that should she attempt to rise from his embrace, Samson's massive arms would close around her and hold her to him.

She'd almost drifted off when she heard his rich voice pour over her. And she came on his

first note. She'd fallen under the spell of his deep speaking voice, but oh damn, that motherfucker had a singing voice that wouldn't quit. Tingles danced throughout her body as she listened to him sing some Luther to her. Oh fuck, she wanted him. Turning in his arms, she tucked her face in the area between his neck and shoulder, held him tighter and listened to this man sing to her. He sang to her for over an hour, and she cried all the way through his serenade. When he stopped singing, he kissed the top of her head and said, "Those better be tears of wonder and not sadness."

She didn't even bother opening her eyes or moving from her comfortable perch on his chest. "They are."

"Let's go inside, *Somente Mina*," he said before rising and carrying her inside. "You need a massage. I've been rough on you these past few days."

"I don't like other people touching me," she whispered.

Stripping her of her miniscule robe, he placed her face down on the bed. "And what

makes you think I would ever allow someone else to touch you, *Somente Mina*?”

Mariana started to rise from her prone position. “You said I needed a massage.”

“I did,” he confirmed before pushing her gently back onto the pillows. “But I am more than a strong arm. I’m a man who knows how to please his woman. *I* will massage you, and you *will* like it. Then you will thank me prettily and you will sleep through the night. Understand?”

Mariana bit down on her lip and closed her eyes, knowing she was in good hands and hoping those hands would never let her go.

Samson had to tend to some business. He also had to go home to instruct his ranch staff on the travel plans for the prime bull he'd purchased before traveling to the Southern Hemisphere, but first he had to get his house in order, for he was bringing a woman home. Sighing, he knew the next few weeks were going to be trying, for he had to convince his woman that she wanted to be his for the rest of her life. And as with every other task he embarked on, failure was not an option. *Somente Mina* was going to be his—full mother-fucking stop. Though they could live in the islands for half the year, they would live in Colorado for the other half so that he could see to his ranch and continue his football career. She could spend her days studying, being pampered or doing charity work, but she would not spend them separated from him. He wasn't going to tell her now. He'd wait and tell her after he returned from taking care of business. Her aunt had graciously switched flights with him so he could fly back with her.

* * * * *

Mariana was surprised that Samson flew back with her...but she wasn't complaining. Though she was normally a nervous flyer, it was difficult to be scared when a big, fine man supplied you with mind-blowing orgasms for the duration of the flight. As soon as they were seated, he wrapped his arm around her and kissed her lips into a permanent smile. Soon his big hand found its way between her thighs and stroked her through her scant panties. She would've screamed out her pleasure if his tongue hadn't been shoved down her throat. Shuddering, Mariana dug her nails into his heavily-muscled back and rode out the first of multiple climaxes.

As soon as they landed, he carried her to the waiting limousine and dropped her home. A short ride by car, she was glad to get home so that she could get a proper fucking. She was disappointed though. Samson wouldn't stay the night,

insisting that it wasn't proper for a man to spend the night at a woman's home.

"How's spending the night with me improper, but fucking me isn't?" she'd asked with a hand on her curvy hip and a pout on her succulent lips.

"Even when I'm rough with you, *Somenta Mina*, I don't fuck you. I make love to you. Now stop pouting, and get some rest. I have business to take care of and will be gone for the next week, but I'd love to call on you next Monday when I return, if you're not too tired."

"Maybe I've got plans," she pouted.

"I wouldn't be surprised that a beautiful woman such as yourself would have plans, but I want you, *Somenta Mina*—badly. I'll wait for you if I must, but know this: You belong to me, and I will have you," he declared as he kissed away her pout. "And before you go trying to make me jealous, know that there's no way in hell I'll allow another man to take you from me, *Somente Mina*. So in my absence, let the men of New Zealand know they'd better come big or stay at home, and if they come with the intent of taking you

from me, if they're lucky they'll spend a few weeks in the hospital. If they're not lucky, well, at least they will have died for a worthy cause. And *Somente Mina*, the one thing you are is a worthy cause, but you're my worthy cause. Remember that while I'm away."

Mariana didn't have plans; she was simply put out that she wasn't going to have Samson there. The time at the resort had spoiled her, and already her body was accustomed to his presence and domination. She'd wanted to sulk, but her auntie had swooped by bright and early the next morning and taken her to a spa for the works. Pouting, she'd tried to protest, but her auntie had promptly ignored that and directed the spa attendants to exfoliate, wax, and pamper her favored niece.

* * * * *

Though Mariana felt beautiful, a hint of sadness surrounded her.

"What's wrong, baby?" her aunt asked.

"Nothing."

“Mmm hmm, now tell me the truth.”

“I miss Samson,” she admitted. “I feel so stupid for falling for yet another man who obviously doesn’t want me.”

Laughing, her aunt pulled her closer and kissed the top of her head. “First of all, *chica*, that last male wasn’t a man—he was a boy in man’s clothing. Second, that boy is still panting after you. He must’ve text messaged you a hundred times this week. And last, Samson isn’t about to share you, so if that boy you used to be with wants to continue to revel in his stupidity without a permanent limp, he needs to stay away from you, because Samson wants you with the fierceness and isn’t about to give you up.”

“Samson wouldn’t stay the night with me, and he supposedly has plans for the next few days.”

“Why do I get the feeling that ‘supposedly’ is in quotation marks?”

“Auntie Carolina, I’m not stupid. I know I’ll probably never see him again, unless I happen to attend an NFL game.”

“Mariana, Samson doesn’t strike me as a liar. If he said he has something to do, he does. Before you condemn him, you should give him a chance. You can’t make everyone prove their innocence, especially as you’re not sure of their guilt.”

“You’re right; I’m just scared. Every part of me aches for him—my body, my heart, my soul. I want him, Auntie Carolina—more than I’ve ever wanted any man in my life.”

“Good. That’s the way you’re supposed to want a man, *chica*.”

“What if he breaks my heart?”

“What if he coddles it within his own?” her aunt threw back with a quirk of one perfectly arched brows and that when-have-I-ever-been-wrong tone.

Mariana had no answer, but a newfound hope bloomed inside of her. She wanted next week to hurry and get here and bring Samson with it, for he was assuredly the man of her dreams—even if she could only voice that fragile truth in the barest of whispers.

Mariana had just laid down when her phone ring. Not wanting to do anything more than close her eyes and dream of Samson, she snatched the phone off of the cradle.

“What?”

“*Boa noite, Somente Mina.*”

Though Mariana wasn’t fluent in Portuguese, she understood Samson’s greeting. He’d told her ‘good night,’ and with that sexy alpha purring in her ear, it was indeed a good night.

“Are you there, *Somente Mina?*”

Mariana wasn’t there yet, but if he kept talking, she’d be there the soonest. His rumbling baritone washed over her like a sun-warmed ocean, but when he spoke to her in Portuguese, her body went on full alert. She noticed that he slipped into Portuguese whenever he was aroused. Closing her eyes, she bit her lip as his voice slid over her like molasses. “Samson,” she purred.

“*Sim.* Yes. It is I, *Somente Mina.* Are you expecting someone else?”

“No, I wasn’t even expecting you.”

“Have I interrupted your plans?”

“No. I was...” She stopped, embarrassed to admit her plans.

“You were what, *Somente Mina*?” he cajoled.

“I was thinking of you, Samson.”

“Thinking of me doing what?”

Throwing caution and her pride to the wind, she answered in the barest whisper. “I was thinking of you holding me, loving me.”

* * * * *

Samson growled after hearing her soft admission. It pleased him that she would admit her need for him. As strong as her need was, it couldn’t possibly match the inferno she’d started inside him. Being the man, it was his job to ease her burdens, to carry them completely on his shoulders if possible. Knowing she had been hurt by men who had been careless with her heart and trust, he realized that her admission had cost her much. He’d vowed to do all within his power to

never hurt her in any way, and that vow extended to her pride. Though some males had dared to hurt her physically—and would pay for that—many of them had stomped on her pride.

Lying down on the hotel's king-sized bed, he slipped his hand under his towel and wrapped his hand around his cock. Stroking his hard cock from base to tip, he unleashed propriety and allowed his desire free reign.

“*Somente Mina*,” he growled. “There hasn’t been a moment when I haven’t thought of loving you—on the plane, in the car, at meetings, while executing complicated business transactions—every moment, woman. I rush back to my room so I can center myself and think of you. My cock is hard all day because thoughts of you are always on my mind. Right now I’m stroking my cock, wishing it was your soft hand stroking me, wishing that I could release in your hot mouth or your velvet sheath.”

Pausing, he savored the sounds of her soft moans. “Are you touching *my* body, *Somente Mina*?”

“Yes,” she moaned.

“I shall remember that, and later I’ll spank you for touching yourself without my permission.”

“But you’re touching yourself,” she complained.

“But nothing. That is my body. No one touches it, and you don’t touch it without my permission. You don’t come without me. Now stop giving me lip and put the phone on speaker.” He gave her a moment to comply before continuing. “Cup those glorious breasts and pinch your nipples. I know that they’re spilling over your hands because you have too much breast to fit in your hands. Push one up to your glorious mouth and suck on the nipple. I know those breasts feel and taste good—don’t they?”

“Yes.”

“Keep one hand on a nipple and slip the other one in *my* pussy. How wet are you? Is *my* pussy flooded with cream? Is the cream sliding down those thick thighs?” Not waiting for her to respond, he issued a directive instead. “Stuff another finger in my pussy.”

“Samson,” she breathed.

“Now, woman. Stuff another finger in my pussy and stroke yourself to orgasm. Imagine it’s my big cock working your tight pussy. Imagine my lips biting your nipple. Imagine my tongue down your throat. Imagine over three hundred pounds of alpha dominating your body,” he said as he neared climax.

“Samson, please.”

“Please what, woman?”

“Please me,” she cried out as she spiraled into orgasm.

Hearing her cries of ecstasy pushed him over the edge. Giving himself over to his orgasm, he roared out his pleasure and his frustration. The pressure in his balls was lessened, but not the emptiness in his heart. He wanted to climax in his *Somente Mina*. This eased the pressure but did nothing to alleviate his need of her. Knowing he would be away for at least three more days, he vowed that the next time he came, it would be in her or with her, but never again without her.

Samson had spent the past week knee-deep in business dealings, paperwork and arguments, and though he was a bit tired, nothing short of death could keep him from his woman. The closer he got to his *Somente Mina*'s house, the lighter his step became. Inhaling the sweet air, he closed his eyes briefly and centered himself, needing to be near her as much as he needed his next breath. His heart beat in time to the same chorus: *Somente Mina...Somente Mina...Somente Mina*. Considering the chaos in his own soul, it wouldn't surprise him if his woman had spent the past week thinking up foolish notions involving him not wanting her. Women—one day he would figure them out, but it wouldn't be today.

Grabbing the mixed bouquet of multicolored roses, pink lilies, and baby blue delphiniums, he climbed out of the new truck and practically ran to the door. Samson knew she enjoyed flowers, and he also knew she would never think to ask for something for herself. Luckily, he was an obser-

vant man, and also of the mind that his *Somente Mina* would receive everything that was her due not just because she was a woman, but specifically because she was *his* woman. She would consider anything beyond a necessity frivolous. Smiling, he imagined his *Somente Mina's* expression when she realized just how far his frivolity extended. Before meeting her, he'd lived; after holding her to his heart, he lived to please her.

* * * * *

Ringling the doorbell, Samson waited for his woman to answer the door. He gasped upon seeing his woman. She had grown even more beautiful in the past week. Thrusting the exotic bouquet at her, he stepped into her space, grabbed a handful of ass and lifted her to his chest rather than bending down to her height. Grinding himself against her, he took her mouth and kissed her until they were both panting for breath.

“I missed you, *Somente Mina*.” Not even waiting for her to say it back, he admitted, “Every

day without you was a hell I never intend to endure again.”

She gasped, but he didn't have time for additional words. Using one hand to free his cock, he reached under her *lavalava*—the traditional sarong-style dress of Polynesian women—pushed her panties to the side and thrust his hard cock into the hottest, tightest pussy he'd ever have, the last pussy he'd ever have. Hearing her cry out her pleasure, he lifted her hips and slammed her back down on his cock...and came on the first stroke. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, his knees damn near buckled and if he hadn't witnessed the look of rapture on his woman's face as she gave into her own pleasure, he would've feared he'd gone blind. *Damn, I love this woman*, he thought as he staggered to the couch and sat down with the love of his life still embedded on his cock...and the bouquet still crushed between them. And though the bouquet smelled good, it didn't come close to smelling as good as the scent of his woman's release.

Mariana was beyond speech. She'd never come so quickly or so hard. Sighing, she simply laid her head in the space between his neck and shoulder, still feeling the aftershocks of the orgasm exploding throughout her body. Shaking from her pleasure, she noted that Samson rubbed her back to calm her even though he too was shaking from their cataclysmic release. Leaning back, she looked into his eyes to thank him and was stunned by what she saw there. She'd never had a man look at her like that—it was the way her brother Bronson looked at his wife. Never had she thought she'd be the recipient of that particular look, and though it had taken thirty years, that look was worth every day she'd had to wait.

In that moment, she knew that for thirty years she'd been wrong. Arrogantly, she'd thought she was well-versed in the art of making love, but the truth was that though she'd had intercourse, she'd been a virgin to making love. Never had a man made love to her; they'd fucked her, done the dirty with her, screwed her, freaked

her, but until this moment, until this man, none had made love to her. The epiphany rocked her to her soul.

Samson was making love to all five feet eight inches and two hundred twenty-five pounds of her—not some fantasy woman, but her, the woman the world knew as Mariana. And she knew this because not only did he look into her eyes as he made love to her, he looked into her soul as well. At first she'd thought he simply wanted her to know it was him making love to her, but now she knew he looked at her because he wanted to really see her—not just the physical things that marked her as woman, but everything that made her her...including the imperfections.

Samson didn't simply talk dirty to her, swap slob with her, fondle her tits, fuck her pussy, or finger her ass. This man touched her with care and spoke to her with reverence. Every one of his touches was a caress; every word he whispered was a promise she knew he would keep. Not only did he make love to her body—he made love to her mind, searching for that which hurt her and

replacing those insecurities with unparalleled pleasure.

“I love you, *Somente Mina. Eu te amo*,” he repeated in Portuguese.

Seeing the truth and the tears in his eyes, Mariana’s heart overflowed, and tears fell from her own eyes, for there was no longer any room for them in her heart.

“I love you too, Samson. *Alofe ate oe*,” she whispered in Samoan. Her admission coupled with his lovemaking had exhausted her. Gripping him tighter, she rested her head on one of his massive shoulders and sobbed before falling into a light sleep.

Waking from a brief but restful nap, she looked out of the window, finally noting the big black truck parked there. He’d parked it—kind of—in the driveway, but the truck was simply too big to fit properly.

“Your truck is hot, Samson, but you cannot park it there because it’s blocking the drive.”

“Oh is it? Can you move it for me?” he asked as he tossed her the keys.

“Oh hell yeah,” she said with glee, bouncing on her feet at the chance to get her hands on that powerful truck.

Wrapping her *lavalava* around her, she slipped on some sandals and practically skipped to the truck. Whistling, she ran her finger over the glossy exterior of the Ford Super Duty 250 Lariat pickup before climbing inside. The truck was fully loaded—American-man style. It boasted a black leather interior with heated seats, a sunroof, rain guards, a thirty-inch lift kit, grill guard, taillight guards, Giovanni tires, custom chrome rims, a Bose stereo system, DVD player/GPS system, and TV screens in the headrest hooked up to a PlayStation 3. Yes, it was fully loaded, and the seats were blanketed with exotic flowers. There were purple dahlias, blue hydrangea, bright pink king proteas, scarlet orange anthuriums, golden, orange and red variations of heliconia, white miniature cymbidium orchids, phalaenopsis orchids in both white and lavender, tulips in yellow, orange, red, and pink, blue delphiniums, orange tiger lilies, orange bird of para-

dise, and calla lilies in white, salmon pink, and bronze.

Taking a moment to savor the smell of the exotic flowers, she missed the envelope taped to the wheel. She only noticed it when she went to start the truck. Opening the envelope, she gasped, realizing that it contained the title and that the title was made out to her. Her hands started shaking so badly she could barely get the title back in the envelope. She was shaking too much to even consider moving the truck, but before she could climb out, Samson was there. Opening the door, he held out his arms, and she fell into them crying.

“You don’t have to—” she began, but that was as far as she got before she found her hair in his massive fist and his tongue down her throat.

Using the last of her strength, she pulled back from his kiss and finished her protest. “Samson, this is too expensive. It’s okay. I don’t need this. I...”

“I know you don’t need it, but you deserve it and I want you to have it, so this discussion is finished, *Somente Mina.*”

“But, I’m not after your money—” she attempted.

“I know this, woman. But know this: I am after you, and not just your body, but your heart and soul...your future,” he said as he pressed something on the dash that suddenly filled the cabin of the truck with the sound of John Legend. Pulling her deeper into his arms, he proceeded to kiss away all of her objections.

* * * * *

Samson loved witnessing her pleasure. *How could he not love a woman who appreciated a good truck?* He knew it wasn’t just about the money. She wasn’t a gold digger, but the type of woman who gave until she had nothing more to give. Breaking the kiss, he turned her over the passenger seat and stepped behind her, using his large body to shield her. Pausing to kiss his way down her spine, he pulled up her *lavalava*, and after pausing to admire how good her plump ass looked in the lace masquerading as panties, he spanked her ass good and hard, ignoring her

protests and admiring the way those cheeks jiggled. He continued spanking her ass until it was red, knowing her pussy was getting as wet as her ass was getting red.

Though he hadn't known her long, he knew Mariana like no other. He knew that she'd have her eyes closed and that she was biting her lip in an attempt to silence her gasps. Though his spanking had to sting, she pushed her ass out further, wanting the sting of his hand and his domination. Her nipples were stiff, and he guessed her pussy was tingling in anticipation of the fucking that would follow.

Pausing in his spanking, he pushed the bodice of her *lavalava* down and roughly palmed the heavy mounds. "Pinch your nipples," he demanded as he began a litany of dirty talk. "Your tight pussy's wet, isn't it? Pinch your nipples harder. You want me to shove my cock in your pussy, don't you? Yeah, I know you do, but first I have to finish spanking this ass. You touched yourself while I was gone, didn't you? You don't come without me, woman. Do you hear me?"

When Mariana didn't answer fast enough, he spanked her ass harder, grinding his hard cock into her before repeating his question. "I asked you a question, woman. Answer me...now."

Hearing her acquiescence, he growled his approval. "I need to spank this ass all day to properly punish you for touching *my* pussy, *my* breasts, *my* body. Besides needing your ass spanked for touching yourself without my leave, you need a spanking for wearing this revealing outfit for a man who's not me. Do you think these other cunts should be able to see you looking this hot? Hell no they shouldn't. You know all of them are thinking about fucking you. How could they not, with the way your breasts are bouncing in this getup and with your ass swaying like that? You want other men to want you? I'll kill all of those motherfuckers. They can't fucking have you. You belong to me, woman, and I'm going to prove that to you."

Stopping to dip a finger into her pussy, he smirked upon hearing her gasp and drawn-out moan of pleasure. "Oh yeah, nice and wet. Do those other men make you this wet? You want

my cock so bad right now, don't you? I know you do, and I'm going to give it to you right here. No one will be able to see you, but any man passing by will know that you're over here getting fucked by my big cock when they hear your moans."

Withdrawing his finger, he slowly sank into her pussy, savoring the feeling of her loving after a week without it. Resting his head against her back, he stopped to catch his breath and to give thanks to the Creator. *Somente Mina* drove him to the brink—every single time. He vowed he wasn't going to leave her again. The beast within him demanded her submission, but the man within him knew he had to earn it.

Regardless, he planned to assert his dominance in every way possible. Not normally a biter, he circled her waist with one strong arm and pulled her flush against his chest before biting deeply into her shoulder. He needed to mark her to prove to other males that she was taken, even if he had yet to prove it to her. Licking the wound, he roughly grabbed a fistful of curls before taking her mouth in a dominating kiss as he stroked into her, hitting her spot every time.

Needing to look into her eyes, he withdrew and flipped her onto her back. Knowing her body was tired from his loving, he wrapped her legs around his waist and pounded into her pussy. Beyond words, he attempted to convey everything he was feeling with his eyes. *Love me back, love me as I love you, love me, woman, love me, love me, love me, flawed man that I am. Love me.* Being that he loved her and had waited so many years for the Creator to join their paths, he held off his climax until she absolutely couldn't take any more, and when he released within her, he threw back his head and roared out his pleasure.

He didn't immediately withdraw after spending himself. Instead he lay against her breasts while she ran her fingers through his hair. Reveling in the pleasure of being with her, he remained embedded within her, hoping to impregnate her because he wanted children with her and because he wanted to bind her to him as tightly as possible. He wanted to bind them so tightly that she'd realize there was no Mariana without Samson; the last two weeks had had

taught him that there had had never been a Samson until Mariana.

* * * * *

Samson had planned to give his *Somente Mina* time to accustom herself to him, but in that moment, he knew he couldn't wait any longer. There was no way he could allow her to entertain the thought that she was available. She was his, and he would do whatever it took to gain her belief in him, her belief in them. He loved this woman and he had to have her, had to bind her to him—now.

Snatching her softness to his hard chest, he took her mouth as he worked her clit. The beast within him growled in satisfaction, but the man in him wanted more. Any man could give her pleasure; he wanted to be the only man who had the legal right to do so. She belonged to him. Without breaking their passionate kiss, he worked her to orgasm before scooping her up and setting her deeper into the truck.

He took a deep breath and admired the picture she made sprawled out on the front seat of the truck: her bountiful breasts spilled over the top of her *lavalava*; her legs were spread open, allowing him a peek at her voluptuous thighs and her delicious pussy; her hair was in glorious disarray, cascading down her back; her lips were swollen from his passionate kisses; her eyes were glazed over from the orgasm still rippling through her body. Taking a deep breath, he savored the smell of her release, and the beast within him roared his possession. Reaching into his left pants pocket, he took out the ring and tossed the box into the backseat. Grabbing one delicate ankle, he pulled his woman forward, yanked her to him and demanded her hand in marriage.

“You belong to me, *Somente Mina*,” he said as he slid the nine-carat ring onto her finger. “You belong to me, and now everyone else will know it. Most importantly, you will know it,” he said as he fit himself between her thighs. Grabbing her throat, he tilted her head back and nipped a trail from her ear to her neck. He didn’t break the skin, but he took great pleasure in

marking her. Reaching her breasts, he gently bit the nipple before taking it into his mouth. “Mine,” he declared. “All mine, *Nizhoni*. Recognize who you belong to, and know that I won’t ever let you go. Wherever you go, I will follow, even if it means jumping into the fiery pits of hell. I won’t let you leave me, and more importantly, I won’t ever give you a reason to try such nonsense. God gave you to me, and only He can take you from me. Tell me who you belong to, *Nizhoni*. Tell me now.”

* * * * *

Mariana was on sensory overload. Being gifted with the vehicle of your dreams right after being fucked senseless will do that to a woman. She hardly had time to take it all in before Samson fucked her into another orgasm, slid a ring onto her finger and demanded that she marry him. What the fuck? He might be one fine panty-wetting-inducing motherfucker, but he couldn’t tell her what to do. She was a grown damn woman. *Oh damn, was that his cock?*

Yes, it was. And where was he planning on putting that thing? Oh, yeah, right there in her pussy. Throwing her head back, she locked her legs around his back and screamed out her yes. Bastard—a fine, intelligent, fuck-a-woman-into-a-coma bastard—but a bastard nonetheless.

Mariana once again found herself staring at her engagement ring, not because she was enamored with shiny things but because she still couldn't believe that Samson had placed it there. Though she didn't show her ring to anyone, there was something about nine carats of diamond in one place that caught everyone's attention. It seemed as if everyone (and their mommas) had noticed it, and those who hadn't were quickly told about it. She'd tried to leave her ring at the hotel, but Samson wasn't having that. He'd told her in no uncertain terms that she would be wearing that ring, and soon enough, she would be wearing a Madeira on the end of her name.

Running home to dress, since her clothes hadn't fared well under Samson's onslaught, she did her best to accustom herself to wearing so much wealth on her person. Getting caught up in her fantasies, she forced herself to pause in her mooning over Samson so she could function.

Smiling, she recalled her initial reaction when she got her first glimpse of that truck. Humming from pleasure, she'd climaxed so hard she'd thought she might pass out. It wasn't simply the truck that had caused her to go giddy; it was his words when she'd attempted to protest the purchase of such an expensive gift. She still couldn't get over his thoughtfulness...nor could she get over the kissing, the ass-smacking and the fucking that had followed. He'd fucked her good and proper, so much so that it'd necessitated another shower and a change of clothing. After telling her she was going to marry him, he'd taken her to his luxury hotel room and fed her a sumptuous meal before making love to her for the rest of the night...and all that morning. She'd been late to work, but she couldn't even rouse her conscience enough to pretend to give a damn...or wipe that shit-eating grin off of her visage.

Sighing, she reluctantly dragged herself away from the memories of how wet Samson had made her and how fast they'd fogged up the windows. She had work to do, and if people would stop dropping by her cubicle, she could pretend

to get some done. It seemed as if all of New Zealand had stopped by her desk, and it was still early. Mariana figured that most came to gawk at her as she was all dolled up. Normally, she was a plain-white-dress-shirt-and-black-dress-pants type of woman when at work and a t-shirts-and-jandals type of woman at home. But today, in lieu of her standard work outfit she wore a silky, black surplice-styled dress with matching black slides that boasted a one-inch heel. Stopping two inches above her knees, the short-sleeved v-neck dress showcased her formidable bosom and her generous curves while still managing to remain appropriate for a professional environment. Because it had a built-in bra, all she wore beneath it were scant black lace panties.

Her hair was also responsible for the veritable parade of people. She always got attention when she wore it loose. She had straightened it with the flat iron, so her healthy tresses cascaded down her back and flowed to the top of her ass. Many had wanted to touch it, but the ‘mother-fucker please’ look she wore discouraged such nonsense. But unfortunately for her peace of

mind, it didn't stop them from gawking at her ring. She wasn't getting any work done, but she was doing her damndest to clear out her files, as she'd turned in her notice and would be leaving in a week.

Mariana may have thought people came by because of her new look and the ring, but actually it wasn't that at all. They were drawn by the glow that emanated from her. She glowed from a new-found confidence in her femininity, from the aftereffects of some serious lovemaking, and from the knowledge that she was well and truly loved—not merely in theory, but in reality.

* * * * *

Mariana was on a phone call when she received the first text message. Brendon had returned from business in Amsterdam and wanted to have lunch. She was about to answer 'no' when the second text came through, alerting her that he would be outside at one p.m.—her customary lunchtime. Cussing under her breath, she emailed her aunt asking her advice. She wasn't

surprised when she read her aunt's response. Her auntie's 'advice' came back in bold, red, italicized, underlined capitals followed by numerous exclamation points:

*TELL THAT WEASLY LITTLE BASTARD
THAT HE CAN GO STRAIGHT TO HELL AND IF
HE NEEDS HELP I CAN PERSONALLY DROP
HIM OFF AT THE GATES!!!!!!*

Smiling, she responded, assuring her auntie that she was simply going to ignore Brendon and have lunch in the in-house cafeteria. Assurances were in order because her auntie was a little mental when it came to her. Any situation that riled up Carolina could not end well. Turning off her phone, she made a note to check her messages before going to lunch.

By the time lunchtime arrived, Mariana was famished and antsy. She was famished because being a partner to Samson's loving took a lot of energy. Though she'd eaten more in the past few weeks than she normally did, she'd still lost a good ten pounds. She was antsy because she'd

seen Brendon drive up in his flashy, silver Audi. Currently, he was leaning against it, admittedly looking hot, if somewhat arrogant as well. He had that ‘people are put on earth to please me’ look. Yet as fine as he looked, Brendon didn’t hold a candle to Samson. Merely thinking about Samson caused shivers to ripple down her body.

Shaking her head to clear it of the images of Samson hot, naked, and sweaty, she turned on her phone and checked her messages. Mariana was surprised at the number of text messages that awaited her response. In addition to the texts from Brendon, there were texts from Sean, Carl, and Hugh. Sean was back from vacation and wanted to have lunch. Carl warned her not to make plans, as he’d stopped by her favorite café and picked up lasagna. Then there was Hugh. Hugh was one of those things best left alone. They had a history—sort of. He was the reason Carl played sentry and the reason her brother insisted on a couple of his boys playing bodyguard. Apparently, Hugh had brought her lunch as a peace offering and had even called her brother Bronson in an effort to avoid the ass-

whipping Bronson would gift him with should he show out. What the hell was going on? Why now that she had a man was she suddenly being ambushed by men wanting to pay her all kinds of attention?

Her phone buzzed with yet another text message. Slapping her hand on her forehead, she closed her eyes and groaned in frustration, wondering who was left to text her and what the fuck they wanted. Sighing, she opened her eyes to see and damn near dropped the phone when she read the text. *‘Look to your left, Somento Mina.’* And she did—and the sight took her breath away.

Samson was devastating. Wearing a stark white t-shirt that highlighted his massive arms and the hard planes of his chest, a pair of stone-washed button-fly jeans, cognac-colored cowboy boots, and a matching Stetson, he reeked of alpha. The floor slowly went silent because every female stopped talking when they spotted him. The males in attendance followed their lead because they knew what this man was: a predator, and everyone on the floor wanted to see what he was hunting. Samson wasn’t hunting a what but

a who: he was hunting her. Before that moment, Mariana had never known that being prey could be so damn enjoyable.

Mariana could only stand still and wait for him to come. For a moment embarrassment washed over her, as she didn't like people staring at her, but she knew she looked good. Mariana was glad she had listened to her aunt—as if she'd had a choice—and gotten a full body wax, a French manicure and pedicure. She felt beautiful, and not just because of the clothes and the expensive perfumed lotion she wore, but because finally she *believed* that she was. For the first time, she wasn't intimidated. Confidence pulsed within her...it wasn't merely running through her blood but dancing, serenading her with so much assurance that even if no one else ever gave her another compliment, she would still feel so beautiful that she could lend some of her beauty to every woman in the southern hemisphere and still have a surplus. And bolstering that belief was Samson. Samson looked at her as if she was the only woman in the world.

The diva broke free, and she tossed back her unbound hair, straightened her shoulders, licked her lips and shot him a look full of challenge. And she almost came when she saw his cock harden beneath his jeans. He entered her area, bent her over her desk and ravaged her mouth before backing her against the window. The very window that Brendon, Sean, Carl, and Hugh all looked at from various spots on the property. He lifted her in his arms and kissed her until he felt her knees go weak. When he finally put her down, he turned her to face the window, pressing his hard cock into her back.

* * * * *

Samson was tired. All he wanted to do was get enough sleep so he could spend all night making love to his *Somente Mina*. The last few days had been a whirlwind of activity that saw him flying to the U.S. and Australia before returning to New Zealand and his *Somente Mina*. Apart from seeing to some ranch details, he spent the majority of his time closeted with his attorney,

making preparations to have *Somente Mina*'s name added to his accounts, onto the deed of his various properties, and onto his medical insurance. Because he was a man who was always prepared and because his attorney was efficient as well as knowledgeable, he'd concluded his business in record time. A day after setting foot in the U.S., he was back on a plane, en route to Australia so he could face the only man who came close to being able to stop Samson from taking *Somente Mina*—her brother.

Samson spent the better part of a day at her brother's home, explaining how Mariana's hand in marriage was his. Bronson was a mean motherfucker and stingy over his females. And considering his females, Samson could appreciate that stinginess. Bronson's wife was a strong sister who wore her beauty like she wore her strength: understated. It didn't hit you in the face, but it was there all the same. One had but to look, for it was there for all to see. Bronson's youngest daughter was the kind of daughter who kept fathers awake at night wondering how many boys they were going to have to beat the hell out

of. And then there was Mariana, whom Bronson considered a daughter of sorts.

Mariana was everything to Samson. He could understand why Bronson was willing to fight, maim, and kill over her, because he would too. Samson respected Bronson's stance, but there was no way in hell he was going to leave the southern hemisphere without his *Somente Mina* at his side.

After talks so intense they could rival those at Camp David in 1979 and in 2000, Samson finally returned to Auckland in the wee hours of the morning. He'd planned to nap, but then Bronson had called, informing him he'd just received a call from Mariana's bodyguards and learned there was a bevy of men waiting outside of Mariana's building wanting her attentions. Hearing of potential challengers roused Samson's beast.

Thanks to his conversations with Carolina, he didn't need to be briefed on the reason bodyguards were necessary. Samson also didn't need to be told that Brendon was amongst the assembled men who waited for him to mete out justice.

Perhaps there was something in the air that made the males in Auckland wish for premature deaths. Pulling himself out of bed, Samson showered and dressed for battle. He needed his clothes to make only one statement—he needed them to showcase six foot nine and three hundred ythirty-five pounds of pissed off Native American. Calling the concierge to arrange for a taxi, he planned his siege en route.

Samson pulled himself from the recap of his latest activities and focused on his current surroundings. He knew two things. One, he loved his *Somente Mina*, and two, he wasn't sharing his woman. Period. End of story.

Though he was sorely tempted to stare at her luscious mouth, he forced himself to look into her luminous eyes. If he looked at her beautiful mouth, he'd pull her atop his hard cock and fuck her pregnant right then. He was that on edge, that needy, that serious about this woman.

"*Somente Mina*, do you know how beautiful you are?" He continued before giving her a chance to answer his question. "Probably not, but after I take you from this place, I shall spend

the rest of the day describing in great detail how beautiful you are—using my lips, hands and cock. I am privileged to have such beauty at my side. And when we arrive at the hotel, I will spank your fine ass for being such temptation. *Somente Mina*, you are *Nizhoni*—beautiful. I will thank your parents for doing such a spectacular job.”

Pressing her into the window, he pointed out the four men who *thought* they had a right to her. Meanwhile, he tenderly kissed her ear while holding handfuls of her breasts.

“Do those boys know how dangerous a pissed off, educated Native American man is, *Somente Mina*? Do they know how possessive a Native American male is over his woman? Do they know how enraged we can get when a white man attempts to take what is rightfully ours—especially when what they’re trying to take is our woman? The government took damn near everything from us, including our home, language, and customs. And beyond that, the social systems they constructed systematically attempted to strip my people of their manhood, their dignity, and subsequently robbed us of our ability to care

for our families. Though there is now peace between the white men and Natives, the *Dineh*—the people—will never forget the unjust treaties and other Indian Removal Acts that demonstrated their power over us. The *Dineh* will never forget the watershed moments that reduced our people to things—the Treaty of 1868 and The Long Walk that followed. Hostilities still exist between Native Americans and white Americans, and many of my brothers still don't cotton to white men touching our women."

Samson didn't wait for her to answer; he merely continued talking as if they were alone instead of on a floor filled with an audience. "This ring on your finger is a caveat alerting them to the fact that you belong to another man. *I* am that man. The only men I remotely respect in that group are the sentinel and the vampire. Hugh, or as I like to refer to him, Dead Man Walking, has an ass-whipping coming for frightening you. Your ex, that metrosexual posing as a man, has an ass whipping coming for being fucking stupid. The dude who looks like an extra in *Interview with a Vampire* has an ass-whipping

coming for whatever he did that hurt you. The sentinel might escape without an ass-whipping, but then again, probably not, since I suspect he hungers for you. And all of them will bleed for making you cry, for making you feel less than the queen that you are, and for having the unmitigated gall to *think* that they have a right to you.

“The metrosexual wants you bad, but he isn’t man enough for you, *Somente Mina*. Let him run to the arms of whatever woman is available, because you are too much woman to waste on a boy like that. I see him looking at this window, willing you to look at him. He wants to slide up in you, but the only way he’ll get a taste of you is if he gets on his knees in front of me and sucks your essence off of my cock. And I’m not gay, so that ain’t happening. I’m taking you outside past all of those stupid boys, and I dare any or all of them to attempt to stop me, but I know they won’t. They’re pretty boys, and while they might talk a good game, ain’t none of them trying to challenge a man like me. Nothing about me is pretty, not my looks, not my job, not the way I destroy defensive lines and people who fuck with

me or what's mine. If it wouldn't disrespect you, I'd put you on my cock right now and fuck you all the way to your truck. I could rend those boys to pieces without interrupting my stroke. Come, *Somente Mina*, let's go now so I can finish this and get you home, where I can work your tight, hot pussy with my big, hard cock. You need to be reminded of what man you belong to, and so do the boys of New Zealand."

After hearing the huge man's words, every woman on the floor hated Mariana and every man wanted her. Jealousy and envy were twin towers of bitches. The women already envied Mariana for so many things, including her intellect, her strength, her sense of humor and her refusal to be assimilated and remade into the image of what society deemed proper for her. The men coveted her for those same reasons.

Mariana was completely oblivious to the attentions that she received. The nail in the coffin for many was the fact that even had she known, she wouldn't have cared. Trust Mariana to buck establishment. There was always some woman imitating her or some man panting after her. The latest included that good-looking Hugh, even though he—like every male in the building—knew she didn't want him.

A few months ago, two men had even come to blows over her. Did Mariana give a damn? No, she didn't even know what was happening.

She simply strolled into the building, took her seat and finished her tasks. Damn her. It wasn't enough that she had two fine well-to-do men fighting over her, but now she had this fine motherfucker willing to lay waste to small countries over her. No one knew who the huge Native American man was, but many of the women wanted some of him, and the men wanted what he had.

Everything about him seemed to be thick and full, and before he had pulled Mariana into his embrace, every woman there had gotten an eyeful of the impressive bulge in his jeans. He was the kind of man most women would never be woman enough to handle, but from the dreamy look on Mariana's face, it looked like she was handling him just fine. And from the slowness of her walking, obviously she had handled him a lot. Lucky bitch.

It was clear that though her ex was nuts over her, the hulking man who held Mariana so possessively and tenderly was fucking psychotic over her. All anyone had to do to confirm it was look in his eyes. When he was looking upon his wom-

an, those eyes reflected love, but those same eyes promised death to anyone who should interfere with his woman. How did the men in attendance know this? Because right now, those eyes were boring into them and guaranteeing two kinds of death: quick and in a hurry.

Security not only didn't make a move, they moved out of his way and 'allowed' him to take Mariana without so much as a hint of an objection. In actuality, they didn't 'allow' this man to do anything. This man did as he pleased. Being men, they knew two things: first, that man was more dangerous than the blond ever thought of being; and second, that man wasn't leaving this building without Mariana—regardless of whose ass he had to whip. And none of them were volunteering for death on this day, especially when they were destined to lose both the battle and the war. So they backed up and let him take his woman in peace.

* * * * *

Samson knew one thing: he was taking his woman out of here regardless of whom he had to kill. He turned from the window, holding his woman possessively. One massive hand cradled her neck, and the other caressed her stomach. Perusing the room, he noticed the envy in the eyes of the women and instinctively knew that most of them hadn't treated his *Somente Mina* with the respect she was due—most likely because they were riddled with envy. Smiling, he decided to give the haters one more reason to hate. Shifting, he moved her directly over his erection, eliciting a gasp from her. Tangling his hand in her silken locks, he tilted her head back and took a drink from her mouth while his free hand lightly caressed her. He wanted to stroke her breasts and her mound, but he didn't want to embarrass her. And he instinctively knew that should he touch her intimately, he would throw her to the ground, rip those scant panties off and drive eleven inches of hard cock into her until he filled her with his cum.

Sighing, he backed off of that fantasy and deepened the kiss. Feeling the beginning of her

climax, he pulled back. Gently biting her earlobe, he whispered to her.

“Look at these men. I can’t believe these bitches worked with a woman as beautiful as you and didn’t do all within their power to claim you. I’m going to make you come right here so these bitches can witness how beautiful a woman is when she climaxes, how honored they should be that a woman would allow them such intimacies, and to remind them who it is who has dominion over your body. That I’m the one who has dominion over your body. And these bitches can covet you all they want, but they will never get another chance to be your man.”

Recapturing her lips, he brought her to a devastating climax using only his mouth. Before she could scream down the city block that housed her building, he caught her cries of pleasure with his lips and held her until she stilled. Then, taking her left hand, he twirled her so her back was against one of the cubicle walls. Retaining her hand, he got down on both knees. Lifting one of her feet, he kissed the inside of her ankle and did the same to the other before working his way up

and kissing her stomach. Resting his head there for a moment, he spoke.

“With God’s blessings, our children will grow here.” Rising, he continued, “Our children will feel love in your presence and find solace in your arms. Our daughters will mimic you, hoping to grow into half the woman you are. From you, our sons will learn what makes a good woman. We shall all protect you fiercely because we’ll know you are the wealth our house is built upon. And I...I will love you with everything in me.” Taking her hand, he kissed her ring finger, then continued. “I love you, and I don’t care who knows it. You own me, *Somente Mina*.”

Samson looked around the floor once more. Sensing no challenge, he hefted Mariana in his arms and slowly walked to the door. His massive hands overflowed with her bountiful ass. Samson was an ass man. After delivering his impassioned proclamation, he lapsed into silence because he was once again busy ravishing *Somente Mina*’s gloss-slicked lips. He could spend every moment feasting on her and never be full.

Tightly holding onto his precious bundle, Samson stalked to the elevators. He didn't let her go even once they were safely inside the steel doors. Instead he held her impossibly tighter, not wanting any separation between her lushness and his hardness.

Mariana started to tell Samson that he didn't have to carry her all the way out of the building, that she was perfectly capable of walking on her own power, when he growled his displeasure.

"Samson?" she inquired.

"Mine," he fairly roared out.

Considering the fierce look in his eye, Mariana fingered his silken hair before rubbing her soft hands over his hard jaw, soothing him with soft kisses and her acquiescence. Although he was holding her in a death grip, she knew that right now Samson needed reassurance that she not only belonged to him, but that she *wanted* to belong to him.

"I love you, Samson."

“Do you?”

“Yes.”

“Honestly?”

“How can you doubt it, baby?” she asked as she ground her softness against him.

He didn’t speak; rather, he growled his pleasure at her words. Hearing Samson growl deep in his throat caused her inner diva to smile and made her panties fill with cream. At this rate, her black lace panties were going to pretty much be useless.

“You don’t have to carry me,” she sighed.

“Yeah, but then I couldn’t do this,” he answered as he moved her so that her pussy rested atop his hard on. Samson backed her against the wall as he dry-humped her into a cataclysmic orgasm.

“Oh fuck,” she purred into Samson’s neck right before biting into his massive shoulder.

“Who’s giving it to you, *Somente Mina*? Who has the right to fuck this velvety pussy?” he demanded as he pushed the top of her gown aside and roughly bit her nipple. “Who?”

“You, Samson, only you.”

“Damned right, *Somente Mina*. Only mine...that is your name,” he reminded her as he put her back together and strolled out into the lower lobby.

Samson may have given an outward appearance of calm, but inside, he was a man on fire. His cock was hard, and not only could he do nothing about it, but he also had a parking lot full of competition wanting what was his. They couldn't have her—even over his dead fucking body.

When he'd received that call from Bronson, he'd become fearful. He feared that his *Somente Mina* would try and leave him, and he feared what he'd do to keep her by his side. The survivalist in him surfaced, and before he'd had time to consider his actions, he'd researched how quickly he could move his money to an offshore account, which countries didn't extradite and where he would flee with his woman. That afternoon was a lesson in humility for him, for in those moments he understood how good men could be driven to perform such selfish acts. He didn't excuse those acts, but at least he understood the catalyst for some of them. *Somente*

Mina triggered every ounce of gentleness within him but she also triggered the beast. Her body, heart, time and attention belonged to him exclusively, but he was owned by her in turn.

Samson knew as soon as he stepped out of those doors, it would be on—but he was prepared. He was successful at his various endeavors because of careful planning and execution. Pausing before he reached the door, he kissed his *Somente Mina* breathless and rearranged her in his arms so that her head rested against his chest and her legs hung over his arms.

Hearing her gasp, he reassured her as she fairly crawled over his body, scrambling for purchase. “I will never drop you, *Somente Mina*. You must know this.”

“Okay,” she said warily.

“Let go then,” he challenged.

She looked him in the eye, smiled and relaxed in his arms. Smiling at the trust she placed in him, he lifted her above his head and turned a few circles, eliciting a symphony of giggles from her sultry mouth. Laughing with her, he put thoughts of his competition aside and reveled in

this moment. Playfully, he pretended to drop her in between dips and twirls. He loved the picture she made: her beautiful mouth stretched in a huge smile, her eyes twinkling and her arms extended out as if she were a prima ballerina and he the male lead dancing the finale.

And that was the way he danced her to her truck. He laughed her right past the startled onlookers and the motherfuckers who thought to take her from him. Requesting her keys, he unlocked the truck and settled her behind the wheel before walking around to the passenger side. Reaching over, he took her mouth in a soul-searching kiss before speaking. "Take us to my hotel, *Somente Mina*. I wish to make love to the woman all of New Zealand thinks to take from me."

"Samson, no one else really wants me..." she began.

"I want you. Now drive us to my hotel so that I can prove how much. I shall spend the remainder of the day and all of the night doing just that."

"We can go to my house," she began.

“No, *Somente Mina*. I mean to spend the rest of the night planted within that silken hot pussy, and considering the intensity with which I want you, it might be several nights before I allow you out of bed. As a grown man, it is my responsibility to provide shelter for my woman, not the other way around. Though it might be acceptable to society at large for a man to live with a woman, it is not acceptable to me. Now show me that beautiful smile and drive us to the hotel.”

* * * * *

Samson was quiet as she drove. His *Somente Mina* had no idea what she did to him. No idea at all. Like a predator and a man in love he watched her surreptitiously. Nothing she did went unnoticed. A patient man, he watched her mouth move as she ate, watched her throat work as she swallowed, and imagined her pouty lips circling his thick cock, imagined her delicate throat swallowing his hot cum. He watched her walk, knowing how good her big hips cradled him, and sighed at the memory of how it felt to be

between her voluptuous thighs as he sank into her core. Growling, he recalled how hard he got when he watched her walk...no, she didn't walk—she sashayed. Her ass was everything a woman's ass should be. Her plump ass jiggled when he smacked those caramel-colored cheeks, and it felt tempting under his hands when he held her up to his mouth so he could feast on her sweet pussy.

Somente Mina was everything a woman should be. He even watched her drive, for he loved watching her work that manual transmission. His cock went to instantaneous hard-on as he imagined her working it as expertly as she worked that stick shift. It took everything he had to refrain from taking his cock out and stroking himself to full hardness as she drove, for he knew that should he take his cock out anywhere in the vicinity of a flat surface, he would fuck her without a second thought—regardless of where they were or who watched. Though he wasn't one to put on public displays of affection, he didn't care who witnessed him loving his *Somente Mina*.

Samson had many fantasies of fucking her in that truck. *Somente Mina* drove him to the

brink of reason. His woman had no idea how close she was to getting the fucking of her life whenever she was in any enclosed space. Taking a deep breath in an attempt to calm himself, he closed his eyes and thought of how he'd fuck her. He'd direct her to a place of majestic beauty—a place worthy of her own beauty. When they arrived, he'd begin their lovemaking by simply pulling her across the bucket seats and waiting for her to fall into his arms instead of waiting for her to exit the truck via the driver side door. He wouldn't rush her, but once she placed herself in his arms, he wouldn't let her go—ever. Stalking to a spot of green as lush as *Somente Mina's* body, he'd gently set her down, then strip for her—most likely setting a new world record for speed in getting one's clothes off. Standing before her, exposing the beast under the man, he'd call her name in a voice so strained with desire, he could barely be understood.

Once *Somente Mina* gave him a sign of her acceptance, he'd go down on one knee before her, his head resting near the juncture of her voluptuous thighs. With soft strokes he'd rub circles

over her thighs, and with impatience he'd rip her delicate panties from her and inhale deeply, savoring the scent of her essence. He'd peel that scant dress from her and lay it upon the grass, and then lay her atop the delicate fabric and spread her out before him.

Bowing his head between her thighs, he'd spend long hours traversing her softness with his tongue. No bit of skin would go untouched, from the back of her ankle to the shell of her ear. He'd feast upon her and enjoy it as if it was the best meal, the only meal, his last meal. He wouldn't rush, because he'd waited his entire life for every moment with this one woman. When he reached her mouth, he'd spend long moments tasting her.

When he was finished with his dessert, he'd cover her with his body, careful of his great stature and her softness. Entering her slowly, he'd close his eyes, throw back his head and weep from joy, from pleasure, from the fulfillment of finally having the one thing he'd wanted so desperately. Thanking God in Navajo, in English, and in Portuguese, he'd love her gently—in the beginning. He would be concerned about her

comfort and pleasure, so he'd drive into her with the gentlest strokes he could manage. But he'd find he'd underestimated her passion—her demands to fuck her harder would unleash his beast, and with a growl, he'd give her everything he had.

Grabbing a fistful of her curls, he'd yank her against him, relishing in the feel of her soft breasts against his hard chest. His hold would leave no room for her to move anywhere he didn't want her to. Looking at her with eyes ablaze with passion, he'd give her harder.

“You want me to fuck you harder, Mariana?” he'd ask as he slammed into her so hard she lost her breath. “Is this hard enough?” he'd ask as he repeated his actions. Hips moving like a jackhammer, he'd fuck her so hard she wouldn't have the strength to cry out her satisfaction, as she would be too busy trying not to pass out from the pleasure. Stopping to let her catch her breath, he'd ask her, “Is this how you like it? Who is fucking you, Mariana?” And before she could form an answer, he'd stroke deep and tell her. “Samson is fucking you. That's right, Sam-

son, not Brendon, not Sean, not any other motherfucker, but me! I am not a boy. I am a man—your man—so understand that and don't forget it, because I will kill any man who attempts to take you from me, even if that man is my best friend. You belong to me. I tried, Mariana. I tried to give you time to love me as I love you, but you're too fucking beautiful, too damn sexy, too much woman for me to ignore. I am your man, and every time I see you I'll remind you of this.

“Get on your knees, woman, so I can finish showing you who you belong to. You want to be fucked hard; I'll fuck you so hard they'll feel the shockwaves in Australia and hear your cries in the Arctic. I'll fuck you so thoroughly that your body won't accept any other male because it knows that all other males are inferior. I'm a man, Mariana, and you're my woman. You'll never again put yourself in danger. You'll never sleep without me by your side. You'll never climax without me. Do you know how many nights I self-pleasured, Mariana? Do you? Every night since that first time I saw you.

Every. Damn. Night. And several times during the day—every damn day—so get on your knees and accept my cock, accept my body dominating yours, accept my possession.”

Though Samson was caught up in his fantasies about *Somente Mina*, he was very aware of the men who wanted his woman. He went silent...listening to every noise, analyzing it for any threat to his woman. Inhaling deeply, he closed his eyes and breathed in the scent of his *Somente Mina*. In turn, he was granted a measure of calm. And he needed every bit of calm he could muster to prevent himself from jumping out of the truck and laying waste to those who would challenge him for what was rightly his. As a man, he was familiar with the look the other males wore—want, need, lust. All of them—the metrosexual, the sentinel, dead-man-walking and the extra in a vampire flick—wanted his woman in the worst way. It wasn't merely his imagination running rampant or the green monster taunting him; Samson knew this without a doubt.

Samson knew because he was blessed with the gift of 'the sight,' which he'd inherited from his maternal great-grandmother. Having the

sight didn't mean he could select next week's winning lottery numbers or read someone's mind. One didn't merely *see*; one had to go within himself and *feel*. The stronger someone's passion, the easier it was to 'see,' and the passions ran so strongly within these men that Samson didn't even require meditation to see; he merely had to close his eyes. When he did, he was assailed with images of what each male wanted to do with his *Somente Mina*. He centered himself, breathed deeply and gave the images their head. Growling, he knew he would never allow his woman to ever again be touched by another male. *Somente Mina* was his.

The metrosexual wanted to ravish her. If *Somente Mina* gave the little blond half of a half of a chance, he would skip to his prissy little car and drive her to his prissy little house. The sentinel would warn off every male in the vicinity, and though angry, he would be gentle with her—because he didn't simply lust after her; he loved and respected her. *Somente Mina* brought out the beast in this male. Though the sentinel would be death to any other male, he'd approach her

with reverence and gentleness, gracefully herding her to his destination.

* * * * *

Dead-man-walking would attempt to chat her up, but he wouldn't succeed. Boys like that tended to allow their arrogance to override their good sense, which often resulted in bad ends. Samson didn't appreciate his arrogance because it wasn't warranted, and he didn't respect the man because unlike the other men, he didn't love her; he merely wanted to possess her. Dead-man's thoughts revolved around his wants, his needs, and his memories of *Somente Mina's* voluptuous body. That boy stood there wanting her primarily because he couldn't have what so many men craved. He wouldn't be able to move *Somente Mina* with his kisses or his words...and he wouldn't get the chance.

Dead-man-walking would try though. Without a care he'd stroll over to her, and catching her unaware, he'd roughly take her mouth, thinking he could coax her into wanting him.

Somente Mina would struggle against him not out of fear but out of anger. Being stronger, Dead-man-walking would simply catch her hands and continue to ravish her mouth. If he had any sense, he'd understand when a woman was telling him no, just as he'd understand that a woman like *Somente Mina* didn't travel without some man watching her back. That boy was definitely due an ass-whipping, and as fate had it, he would be the recipient of more than one. Later Samson would add to his list of beat downs, but not before the vampire got a go at him.

* * * * *

The vampire gave Samson pause. He may act as if he hadn't a care in the world, but it was a fucking ruse. That motherfucker was on the one. Regardless of what he seemed to be doing, that man was always zeroed in on *Somente Mina*, whether from across the room or across the hemisphere. He didn't merely look at *Somente Mina*; his eyes devoured her.

For certain, when Samson saw Dead-man-walking touching her thusly, an internal bell would ring in the start of round one. *Ding, ding.* All kinds of hell would break loose, for he wanted to fight him. In fact, he was looking for an excuse to whip up on him. With a snarl, he'd drag Dead-man-walking off of *Somente Mina* and commence to waste his expensive suit and then his person. Under normal circumstances, Samson would bet that Dead-man-walking could hold his own, but when he decided to fuck with Mariana, he left the parameters of normal and jumped straight into the danger zone. Grabbing that idiot by the scruff of his neck, the vampire would sling him across the parking lot. Taking a moment to see if Mariana was safe, he'd stalk to the fallen man, drag him to his feet and waste him without either remorse or a second thought and with the absolute quickness.

Everyone would be stunned, for it isn't everyday that you witness an ass-whipping of such thoroughness, but knowing his *Somente Mina*, she'd be the one to save Dead-man-walking's life. She'd run over and call the vampire by name, and

when that didn't work, she'd attempt to pull him off. At first, the red haze of anger would prevent the vampire from hearing her pleas, but then the man within the beast would recognize her call and heed her. He'd leave the boy alone, but then the vampire would turn his complete attention on her.

“Woman, once again you’ve put yourself in danger. You don’t ever fucking attempt to break up a fight between two men, even if one of those men is a fucking cunt. In fact, you don’t ever be any place where there’s a fight. This bullshit is going to stop, and stop right fucking now.” Not giving Somente Mina a chance to respond, he'd take a moment to rid himself of his bloodied shirt before wiping the blood from his bruised hands.

“What if I had hit you? I don’t give a shit about killing any male who harmed you, but it’d fucking kill myself if I hurt you. It would fucking kill me, and I already died once when I hurt you.”

Samson imagined his Somente Mina trying to explain, but he knew the vampire wouldn't even bother listening to her reasons.

* * * * *

If the vampire didn't want his *Somente Mina*, Samson could imagine rolling with him in his posse—but the man *did* want his woman, and that changed everything. Samson couldn't fault him for his taste or his determination or the way he protected her—even when protecting her from herself. A woman of great dignity and class, his *Somente Mina* was as stubborn as she was beautiful and intelligent. And she was his. All his. Full motherfucking stop, as his *Somente Mina* liked to say.

Samson wanted to make love to his *Somente Mina*, but he knew he had to ravish her. He had to leave no doubt about which man she belonged to, considering all of the males who wanted her to belong to them. For the most part they were good men who'd made bad decisions, and after realizing the lengths he himself would go to in order to keep her, he couldn't cast stones (but that wouldn't stop him from breaking off an ass-whipping). Being sprung after knowing her only a short time, he could understand them wanting her. Had they only lusted after his *Somente Mina*, he could thrash them without remorse, but knowing that they also loved her made it impossible for him to categorically hate them. Deep down, he knew that should she ever need, the sentinel and the vampire would give without hesitation. Still, she belonged to him, and he was keeping her regardless of what he had to give up to do so, whether it be his lucrative cattle ranch, the pursuit of his doctorate, his NFL career, or his

American citizenship. *Somente Mina* belonged to him, and the beast within needed to reiterate that categorical fact.

“*Somente Mina?*” he whispered.

“Yes,” she answered without taking her eyes from the road.

“Plan on spending the next few nights on your back.”

“What if I had other plans?”

“As long as you can accomplish those plans with eleven inches of cock in you—fine. Otherwise, you can scrap those. *Somente Mina*, I need you. I need you and will take no less than your absolute submission to me.”

“That’s cute the way you think I’ll ever submit to anyone.”

Growling, the beast within Samson smiled at the challenge and continued as if he hadn’t heard her resistance. “I’m going to spank your ass and then fuck you hard.”

“Why?” she whined as she poked out her luscious bottom lip.

“Why? You’ve got to be kidding. For starters, for showing off my body without me there to

appreciate it. For wearing those barely there panties beneath. For tempting me while knowing I'd have to wait to get into that tight pussy. For having damn near every man in New Zealand wanting you. And last but not least, for saying that no one wants you. Don't ever say that bullshit again."

"But—" she began.

"No buts, *Somente Mina*. The only words I need to hear spill from those luscious lips are your vows to belong only to me, followed by declarations of how good my cock makes you feel. It's a good thing my name is only two syllables; then again, you probably won't have the strength to do more than moan your pleasure as I spank your ass and fuck that tight pussy."

* * * * *

Mariana was surprised to discover she was nervous. Samson was a lot of man, and unlike many men she was acquainted with, she knew he wasn't about to allow her to ignore or disregard him. From their brief acquaintance, she knew he

meant every word that came from his mouth. If he said he was going to fuck her good and proper, then he would fuck her thusly. Knowing him, he would surpass good, and proper would be nowhere in attendance. Her pussy was wet just thinking of how good he was going to fuck her when he got to the room.

She was quiet as she parked the truck. Turning off the ignition, she waited for Samson to make a move. She didn't have to wait long. He spoke as soon as the engine stopped.

“Somente Mina?”

“Yes,” she answered, somewhat annoyed that her accent was so strong. Her accent was discernable when she was agitated.

“I love you,” he drawled in that deep, sexy baritone as he leaned over and kissed her with a passion that left her breathless. The man knew how to kiss. His kisses weren't merely a meeting of lips, but a thorough exploration, an exchanging of the breath of life. Whenever he leaned in to kiss her, she involuntarily leaned into him, wanting as much contact between them as possible.

There was something about being kissed by a man with full lips.

Slanting his mouth over hers, he nibbled her bottom lip, coaxing her to part her lips and accept his tongue. Sighing, she leaned her head back and snuggled deeper into his chest. Tangling his hand in her curls, he held her still and had his way with her mouth. He began by nibbling on her bottom lip, and when she elicited a long moan, he caught the sounds of her pleasure before they spilled from her lips. Mating his thick tongue with hers, he growled into her mouth. She wasn't sure when he reclined his seat, but as she considered that puzzle, Samson pulled her into his lap and thrust his groin against her, causing her to cry out and tremble.

“Somente Mina, do you want me?”

“Yes, Samson.”

“You have to really want me, because once you walk across the threshold, I’m not allowing you to do anything more than take all of my cock—everywhere I want to put it.”

“Oh damn.”

“Is that a ‘yes?’”

“That’s a hell yes,” she sighed as Samson crushed her to him before setting her off of him and exiting the truck.

“I love you, *Somente Mina*,” he reiterated as he placed gentle kisses on her swollen lips and cradled her in his massive arms.

Softly caressing his strong jaw, she said, “I know you do, Samson.”

And she did. She knew without a doubt that this big, rough man loved all of her—the good parts, the imperfect parts and the in-between parts. He wanted all of her—not merely the current Mariana, but the past Mariana who made mistakes, and more importantly, he was laying claim to the future Mariana as well. Sighing, she gazed into his eyes and went pliant in his arms, giving herself over to this man and his need to claim her.

Carrying her with ease, Samson was unaware of the stunning picture they made: they were the modern-day, urbanized version of the knight-in-shining-armor and his caramel-colored princess. Samson wasn't concerned about how they looked together; he was only concerned with getting his woman to his room so he could explore her body, re-stake his destiny, and quiet his fear that some other male would capture her heart. Regardless of how gentle he was with his *Somente Mina*, at heart, he was a man of action. *Somente Mina* was going to need her strength because the beast within him was determined to conquer every bit of her.

Walking into the room, Samson paused to shove the door closed with his heavy boot before locking it. Setting *Somente Mina* on the bed, he stepped away from her and leaned against the wall of the sumptuous suite. He didn't take the time to appreciate his luxurious surroundings; he had eyes only for this one woman—his woman,

his *Somente Mina*. Crossing his arms across his massive chest, he began a leisurely perusal of her body, starting at her feet and stopping at her eyes. Making appreciative noises, he wet his lips and stared at her arrogantly, because he had the right to do so.

“*Somente Mina?*”

“Yes?”

“You fucking belong to me, and I’m going to spend the next few days proving that to you,” he said as he stripped off his shirt, exposing his heavily muscled chest.

“Okay.”

“Do not say ‘okay,’ say ‘yes, Samson,’” he demanded as his hand went to his groin.

“And what if I don’t want to say ‘Yes, Samson’?”

“Well then, I will simply spank your delectable ass until you do, *Somente Mina*.”

* * * * *

Mariana was already hot for Samson, but when he started stripping, she had to bite her lip

to keep from crying out. Damn, this motherfucker was the hotness personified. When he instructed her on how to answer him, she had to press her knees together to prevent the cream from sliding down her thighs. Samson was all man, and all of that masculinity was focused on her. Looking into his eyes, she knew he was going to fuck her just how she needed to be fucked—hard.

She watched as he leaned down and removed his cowboy boots. Samson was the picture of pure dominant male: shirtless, legs sprawled, and the head of his big, hard cock jutting over the top of his white boxer-briefs. The contrast of the white against his deep bronze skin was just one more turn-on. Breathing hard, she couldn't muster the wherewithal to do more than simply stare as he finished stripping. When he stalked to the bed and held out his big hand, she took it without hesitation. Leaning up on her tiptoes, she pulled him down and kissed him. Raking her blunt nails over his flat nipples, she wasn't prepared for his roar, which startled her.

She was about to jump back when Samson lifted her off the floor and crushed her against his chest.

“Samson?” she asked hesitantly.

“You thought I was going to hit you, didn’t you?”

“I—” she began, but he cut her off.

“*Somente Mina*, I will spank that plump ass as often as I can, but I will NEVER strike you—ever. Do you understand that? You can look at me in many ways, with lust, with anger, with desire, with love, even like you’re considering kicking me in the throat, but you never need to look at me in fear. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, but you growled. Did I do something wrong?”

“No *Somente Mina*, you did everything too right. I’m going to have to give you that spanking now.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m seconds away from fucking that tight pussy, and I want to spank that beautiful ass before I do. Now take that dress off before I rip it off.”

“But—” she began. Dammit, she had to offer a little protest at his high-handedness, regardless of how wet he was making her pussy.

“No, *Somente Mina*. Take it off—now,” he reiterated. “Or do I have to spank your clit after I spank your ass?”

“You are such a motherfucker, Samson.”

Piercing her with a look that bespoke sex, he crowded her and answered, “Only after you have our first child, but until such time, I’m simply the man who owns everything on your body. Now take that fucking dress off, woman.”

* * * * *

Sitting on the edge of the king-sized bed, Mariana stepped out of her shoes. Next she stood and began removing her dress. She was about to shimmy out of it when Samson’s words stopped her.

“Take it off slowly, *Somente Mina*. Today is about pleasing me.”

Smiling, Mariana slowly lowered the dress over her breasts. Pausing when she heard Sam-

son's growl, she smiled before putting a little extra swing in her hips. She watched as Samson took his cock in his hand and slowly stroked it. Her inner diva preening, she lowered the dress over her hips and allowed it to pool at her feet. Stepping out of it, she was about to remove her black lace panties when Samson approached her.

"Leave them. I want the pleasure of ripping them off of you," he said as he tore them from her body and gently pushed her onto the bed.

Mariana sighed, knowing Samson was about to fuck her out of her mind.

* * * * *

"You want me, *Somente Mina*?"

"Yes, Samson."

"That's what I want to hear. Now pull the sheets back, stack those pillows up and get on your hands and knees."

"Why?"

"Because as I warned you earlier, I'm going to begin your ravishment by spanking your ass,

and I want you to be comfortable as I do so. Now get on your hands and knees.”

Grunting his approval at her obedience, he crawled up behind her. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he kissed her gently and walked his fingers down her spine before sinking two large fingers into her wet pussy. Sighing, he nipped at her luscious ass and kissed his way back up her spine before delivering the first stinging smack to her ass.

Hearing his *Somente Mina* gasp, he growled out his pleasure and smacked her ass again. “Those smacks were for failing to wear a bra under that scandalous dress.”

“But the dress has a built-in bra,” she protested.

“Not even caring. Unless it comes with a built-in force field to keep other males off of you, I’m not hearing that.” Smacking her ass three more times in quick succession, he stopped and caressed the reddened area. “Those were for wearing that scandalous dress in the first place. You can’t go out dressed so sexy without me at your side.”

He smacked her ass a few more times before stopping. “This is for being so fucking beautiful that every man wants you.” Pulling her head back to taste those lips again, he admonished, “These next smacks are preeminent smacks because I know that you have a penchant for wreaking havoc.” Samson ceased talking so he could concentrate on delivering additional smacks to that glorious ass. Taking a deep breath, he gathered himself. His cock was rock hard, *Somente Mina’s* pussy was drenched, and he needed to fuck her soon—but first he needed to soothe her.

Coaxing her to lay on her stomach, he straddled her. Carefully moving her long tresses aside, he kissed the back of her neck, pausing to gently nip her soft skin. Using his thick tongue, he soothed each place he nipped. Hearing her moan her pleasure, he took his time and nipped his way down. Using his talented tongue, he took his time and left no part of her untouched. Growling softly, he gently turned her and repeated the kissing-nipping process on the front of her person.

“*Somente Mina*, I have the sight.”

“What?” she asked, too caught up in pleasure to truly comprehend his words. Her breasts were aching, her nipples were hard, her ass was tingling, and her pussy was singing. *Why was this fine motherfucker wasting time talking when he could be fucking her?*

“I have the sight,” he repeated as he continued caressing her body with his tongue. “I know what those boys wanted to do to you.”

“But I don’t want them, Samson. I only want you.”

“That’s a good thing because I’m the only man you may have. Do you understand that?” he asked as he gently nipped her earlobe.

“Yes,” she moaned as he placed her thigh over his shoulder.

“Say my name, *Somente Mina*. Say my name so you know *I* am the man who is giving you pleasure. Say my name so you know *I* am the man who will fulfill all of your fantasies. Say my name so you know *I* am the man—full mother-

fucking stop. Don't just say my name—purr my name...scream my name in ecstasy, and then moan my name in wonder.” Lowering his voice to a whisper, he then added, “Say my name, *Somente Mina*, because I need to know that you want me.”

“Wha—?”

“I am the man, *Somente Mina*. I am the man. You are the woman. As your man, everything on you belongs to me,” he growled. “Everything, and only to me. Those men all wanted you. They all wanted to make love to this delectable body. But they won't be making love to you; they won't be touching you—ever.”

* * * * *

Samson plunged thick fingers into her creamy pussy, ruthlessly working her clit until he unleashed her orgasm. Needing to hear her pleasure, he didn't drink in her screams. “Look at me, *Somente Mina*. Look into my eyes and see who is fucking you, loving you, caressing you, bringing you pleasure. Look at me and see me for

what I am—a big, rough half Native-American, half white man who is *all* man *all* of the time. It is me who has dominion over your body—not that little metrosexual boy, not the sentinel, not dead-man-walking, and not the vampire. It is me—and it will continue to be me until the end of time.”

“Samson,” she moaned. “I only want you.”

Appearing not to hear her, he continued stroking her velvet pussy, taunted by the visions of what those other males wanted to do to her glorious body. “Unlike that blond, my ego doesn’t need to be constantly stroked. I knew that you were mine when you came into my line of vision. You are mine, and soon every man will know that fact. Whenever I hear your voice, I know I’ve accomplished something special because you’re with me,” he said as he took her full lips in a passionate kiss.

Samson thrust his tongue down her throat and kept it there until she gasped for the breath he was waiting to give her. He didn’t even pause in the pleasuring of her mouth as he reached down and grabbed handfuls of her breasts, palming them roughly and pinching her nipples before

reaching down to suckle them. Grinding against her softness, he thrust his hard cock into her creamy pussy and stroked her until she surrendered to her climax. Pulling back, he watched her take her pleasure. Though his ego was pleased at her response to his loving, it was in no way near being fully appeased. He intended to make her come apart in his arms multiple times.

Taking both of her small hands in one of his, he softly caressed her silken skin. Tilting her chin, he recaptured her lips and began a gentle exploration. Licking her teeth and the roof of her mouth, he waited for her to go soft under him even as she ground herself into him. His beast was pleased when she pulled him closer, dug her nails into his flesh, and demanded his dominance. As much as he hungered for her, he would always wait for the subtle signs of her acceptance. A woman was to be cherished as her body was a consecrated place, not meant to be violated but made to be revered.

“Say my name,” he demanded and paused to hear her answer.

“Sam-son,” she moaned out.

Growling his pleasure, he demanded, “Now say your name.”

“Mariana,” she breathed.

“No. That used to be your name. Now say your name,” he demanded while biting a nipple.

“*Somente Mina*,” she groaned.

“And?”

“*Nizhoni*,” she finished.

“Now say your whole name,” he demanded.

“*Somente Mina Nizhoni A—*” she began.

“No,” he admonished and bit down on her nipple.

“Yes,” she gasped.

“No. Your name is *Somente Mina Nizhoni Madeira*.”

“But—”

“But nothing, *Somente Mina*. That is your name, starting the moment I washed the memory of every other male off of you.”

Satisfied that she knew she belonged to him, he went back to loving his woman. Mating his tongue with hers, he tasted her, he feasted on her, and his ego became drunk on her passion. Feeling her gasp and hearing her groan out her plea-

sure, he rubbed his big body up against her lushness. Loosing her arms from his hold, he was pleased when she circled his massive neck. Groaning, he kissed her so thoroughly that she needed his breath to survive. Tunneling one of his hands through her curls, he used the other to stroke her silken skin. He lingered at the money spots—her thighs, her waist, her navel—then reached under her and caressed a handful of her glorious, plump ass before seeking his ultimate destination.

Using his long, tapered fingers, he dipped into her cunt and gently explored the warmth and feel of that creamy, velvety sheath while recalling the pleasure he always found when he slid into her depths. After bringing her to orgasm, he removed his fingers and paused to lick her cream from them. Growling low in his throat, he commanded her to open her beautiful eyes so she could witness what she did to him, witness how she broke him down and built him up, and understand that when in her presence he could scarcely concentrate on shit else because she was

more than just his fantasy woman; she was his everything.

Mariana woke with Samson's tongue in her navel. Sighing, she kept her eyes closed and savored the feel of him having his way with her body. She relished not knowing in which direction he was going, and being equally excited about either choice.

The man was gifted, having a talented tongue, full lips, huge fucking hands, and a thick cock. As beautiful as he was, his beauty paled in comparison to his incredible mind and his unwavering integrity, and even those paled in comparison to his beautiful soul. Moving from her navel, he worked his way down. He licked and nibbled her skin, stopping at various places. Whenever he stopped, he softened his touch and tattooed the area with feather-light kisses. After kissing it better, he worked his way down to her feet and kissed the arches.

Working his way back up, he paused at her hip. It was then she realized what he was doing: he was kissing every battle scar on her body.

Embarrassed, she tried to sit up. Growling, he moved from her hip to her mouth and kissed her into submission.

“Allow me to kiss it better, *Nizhoni*,” he begged with such concern in his eyes that she lay back down without protest.

Resuming his task, Samson kissed the rest of the scars that marred her silken skin—stopping at one in particular. She knew Samson knew what had caused that scar. But she didn’t know he hadn’t closed his eyes from pleasure; he’d closed them in prayer. He was thanking God for His intervention...for saving this beautiful woman for him.

Samson kissed every other bit of skin. He touched her with reverence and whispered in Portuguese. She didn’t understand what he said, but every word seeped into her soul and made it lighter. When he was finished, he carefully gathered her in his arms and plundered her mouth with a gentleness that caused her soul to weep. This man was loving her—all of her, not just the good parts.

Samson felt his *Somente Mina* go soft. Pulling away from her, he looked into her eyes and saw many things, including his most heartfelt dreams and his future. Closing his eyes from the intensity of the love burning in his chest, he acknowledged what else he saw when he looked at his *Somente Mina*: he saw his greatest weakness and the catalyst for something he had never felt—bone-wrenching fear. He'd survived much, including the loss of friends and loved ones, soul-numbing disappointments, and a loneliness that had seemed to stretch endlessly, but he knew without a doubt that he could not survive without this woman. His *Somente Mina* was his world, and he couldn't make it without her—and he knew that he wouldn't try. In that moment, he knew one really could die of a broken heart. This woman was his. The Creator had delivered her to him, and he would do nothing to violate such a gift. Though a church hadn't yet performed their marriage ceremony, in his heart *Somente Mina* was already his wife, and he vowed then and

there that he would do nothing to violate the sacrament of their union.

* * * * *

Normally a light sleeper, it was the heat that woke Mariana, not the deep timbre of Samson's snores. Pushing her hair out of her face, she took a moment to get her bearings. She was surprised to discover that she slept virtually cradled in his massive arms. Instead of immediately moving from his embrace, she took the time to peruse this giant of a man who was so strong, yet held her so gently; this man who had every reason to be confident, yet seemed afraid that he was going to lose her. Samson was...so many things. He was all of the best things in life, including gentle, intelligent, and most importantly, honorable—too good for her. Any other man would leave her once he realized that fact, but Samson was a man of his word and would sacrifice his happiness to see to her comfort because he'd promised. Because she loved him, she'd have to leave him...later, when she was stronger...when she

stored up enough of his love to last her for the rest of her cold, lonely life. Biting her lip to keep from crying out, she didn't realize that tears spilt from her eyes until Samson jerked into immediate wakefulness.

* * * * *

Samson had never felt more peaceful than when he held his *Somente Mina* in his arms. After loving his woman to sleep, he'd settled back in the big bed and reveled in her presence not just in his bed, but in his life. He couldn't stop looking at her, caressing her, or being amazed by her. This beautiful woman, this delicate woman, exhibited such dignity and strength in the face of humiliating and debasing treatment and impossible odds. Gently massaging the scar on her hip, in his heart he knew that Mariana held more strength in her than was present in his entire offensive line. Yes, he knew in his heart she was an impressive fighter, but the majority of her strength didn't lie in the force of her punches and kicks, but in her ability to forgive even the most

heinous transgressions against her person, her trust, her peace of mind. Not so him—he planned to find those who’d hurt this gentle woman not simply because it was wrong to treat people so shabbily, but primarily because Mariana was *his* woman...and he took that damn seriously.

Samson came instantly awake when he felt his *Somente Mina* start to cry. He didn’t even need to open his eyes to know his woman was crying. Gathering her to him, he fairly roared his question. “Why are you crying?”

Feeling her flinch, he took a deep breath and repeated the question in a softer tone. “*Nizhoni*, have I caused you pain?” he asked as he pulled her fully into his arms.

“You could never cause me pain, Samson.”

“Then tell me why you cry.”

“I just love you so much, Samson. Sometimes it’s difficult for my mind to accept that someone could love me this much.”

“Accept it and know it, just as you know that The Creator has intertwined our destinies.”

“I love you.”

“And I love you.”

Snuggling into his strength, Mariana pressed a kiss to his hard jaw and stroked his decadent hair before falling into a restful sleep.

When Mariana woke, she called the gift shop and ordered a few *lavalavas* so she'd have something to wear besides Samson. It wasn't that she minded wearing him; but she had the feeling she was going to be there for a few days, and she needed something to go about in. She felt delicious, even more so after soaking in the Jacuzzi tub and indulging in a savory breakfast. Once she realized Samson was going to sleep for a bit longer, she went to the pool to get a little sun. She sat poolside for an hour and a half before missing him. Picking up her Coke, she returned to their suite to indulge in her favorite treat: Samson.

* * * * *

Samson felt almost human again after a hot shower, but he wanted his woman. He didn't wonder where she'd gone, as she'd been considerate enough to leave a note informing him that she'd return soon and that she'd billed a few

dresses to his room. He was pleased that she felt comfortable enough to do so, but he wasn't pleased to wake up and find her somewhere other than by his side. Still, she was his, and as soon as she returned he was going to reiterate that point—with his tongue, his hands, and his cock.

When the door opened and his woman walked in, Samson's cock sprang to life...and so did his beast.

* * * * *

Samson was a patient man. He considered himself to be a good man, but what he wasn't was a married man according to the laws of the land, which meant the rest of the world wasn't legally obligated to acknowledge that *Somente Mina* was his. And though *Somente Mina* admitted such and wore his ring, she apparently didn't have any idea of how territorial he was over her. If she knew, then she wouldn't have dared wear that *lavalava* outside of their bedroom.

Had Samson not been exhausted from loving Mariana, she wouldn't have made it out of the

bed wearing so little, much less made it out of the room. He'd made love to her until she screamed herself hoarse, until her body hummed from pleasure, until her eyes had glazed over from passion. Reluctantly, he'd allowed her to rest. Though he'd still hungered for her, he'd contented himself with watching his *Somente Mina* sleep. When he'd finally closed his eyes, he'd damn near fallen into hibernation.

He wasn't surprised that Mariana was up before him or that she'd left the room; he was surprised that she'd dare leave their room dressed in nothing but her beautiful self and a skimpy *lavalava*. Granted, the colorful dress covered her from breasts to knee, but dammit, parading about half naked was out...unless he was there to warn off every male in the vicinity. If anything with a cock looked at her for longer than he deemed appropriate, he'd personally kick their ribcages in for them so they'd have something else to concentrate on besides his woman's body.

"Where are the rest of your clothes?" he asked without preamble.

* * * * *

Mariana knew it was going to be on as soon as that question left Samson's mouth. Though the maiden in her was thrilled by his possessiveness, the woman in her wasn't about to allow him to try and rule her...without a fight.

"What do you mean 'rest'? This is a complete outfit."

"You're damn near naked!"

"I'm more covered in this than in shorts or a dress. Gosh," she exclaimed.

She watched Samson stalk towards her, yet she wasn't scared. She now knew that this man, regardless of his great size and sudden temper, wouldn't harm her.

Standing before her, he asked one question. "Are you scared of me, *Somente Mina*?"

Not knowing the danger she was in, she tossed her silky locks, put one hand on her curvy hip and answered. "You wish."

* * * * *

Though he was angry about her lack of attire, Samson smiled upon hearing her answer, for he knew she truly wasn't scared, since she'd blatantly challenged him. His facial expression didn't change, but inside, he laughed. His woman had no idea what she'd done: she'd unchained the beast. And the beast had been chomping at the bit to have her.

"Are you sure you aren't just a tiny bit scared?"

"Not a tiny bit, not a miniscule, not a little bit, not a smidgen...not at all scared, Samson."

"Glad to hear that," he said while stalking her. He stopped when he came toe-to-toe with her. Pleased that she didn't back up, he simply turned her and walked her to the wall. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he tilted her head back and took her mouth, kissing her so hard and deep that her moans couldn't escape.

"I'm glad you're not scared of me, *Somente Mina*," he said as he snatched her *lavalava* from her body. Quickly divesting himself of his towel, he ground his cock into her back and grabbed a

handful of breast. “Oh yeah, I know what you need, and I’m going to give it to you,” he said as he pinched her nipples. “I know I’m being rough; but I also know you like it. I smell your pussy creaming. You obviously need to be reminded of who you belong to. Is that what you want?” he asked without giving her time to respond before taking her mouth again.

Still holding onto her hair, he moved his hand from her breasts to her pussy. Placing his leg in between her spread feet, he forced her to spread her thighs wider before shoving a finger into her tight pussy. Ruthlessly working her clit, he brought her to the brink of orgasm before removing his finger and delivering a few stinging smacks to her clit. Not wanting to hurt her, he alternately smacked and rubbed her clit. “Damn, this pussy feels so good. It’s so wet because you know you want my cock shoved in it. Don’t you?” he asked. Rubbing her clit again, he repeated his question. “Answer me,” he demanded when she didn’t respond.

“What?”

“You want my cock shoved in your tight pussy, don’t you?” he asked. “You’d better answer me, or I won’t touch this pussy anymore today.”

“Yes!” she shouted her agreement.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I want your cock.”

“Where do you want it?”

“In my pussy. In my mouth. In my ass. In me.”

“You’re such a naughty girl, aren’t you?” he asked as he continued to work her clit.

“Yes.”

“I like you like that for me. Open your mouth,” he demanded and shoved his fingers into that decadent mouth when she complied. “Taste yourself. See how good you taste. Hurry up and clean my fingers, so that when I kiss you I can taste your nectar.” His cock got even harder watching her suck off his fingers. Samson loved watching her suck him and would have to be sure to shove his cock down her throat so he could watch her mouth work him. He took her mouth as soon as she finished cleaning his fingers. Taking his time, he savored the taste of her.

Pulling back, he covered her mound with one of his hands. “You see how my hand covers this pussy completely?” he asked while using his hand to push her up on her tiptoes. “Yeah, this is my pussy. Isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Get on the bed,” he demanded while walking her there. Gently pushing her onto the bed, he spanked her ass a few times before turning her over and issuing yet another demand. “Suck my cock,” he ordered as he shoved it in her mouth. He didn’t wait for her to catch a breath or adjust to his girth; he simply filled her mouth and waited for her to take it down her throat. “That’s right. Suck it. Take it all. You like sucking this cock, don’t you?” he asked as he pulled out so she could breathe. Pushing her onto her back, he smacked her clit a few more times before burying his head between her thighs and ravishing her sweet pussy. Catching her cream on his tongue, he put her legs on his forearms and plunged into her pussy. Using jackhammer thrusts, he worked her pussy hard before spiraling into his own orgasm.

Normally Samson would pull out and pull her into his arms, but this time he simply held her tight and rolled over without pulling out. Settling her on his chest, he caressed her back with gentle strokes, loving the feel of *Somente Mina* covering him like a soft blanket. He didn't want any of his ejaculate seeping out; he wanted it to fertilize her and create life. Knowing she might think him all kinds of bastard if he wasn't upfront with her, he admitted: "I hope you're pregnant. The thought of you ripe with my child turns me on so good. I've never wanted that with another woman, *Somente Mina*."

* * * * *

Mariana was surprised by Samson's words, even though he'd been doing nothing but surprising her since he sat at her table. It wasn't his money, stamina, or size that surprised her; it was his honesty. He never tried to hide anything from her, including his moral battles, his shortcomings, his desire and love for her...and more than that...his fear that *he* wasn't good enough for *her*.

“Why are you in such a rush to get me pregnant? Do you want children that bad?”

“It’s not just children I want that bad. I want children with you. I want *everything* with you that bad, *Somente Mina*.”

“Everything?” she asked.

“Everything,” he confirmed.

“Why? You could have anyone else.”

* * * * *

The beast within him stirred. Though his *Somente Mina* had accepted his proposal, he knew from her question and the confused look in her eyes that though she’d accepted him, she hadn’t fully accepted how much she meant to him. It was obvious his *Somente Mina* still harbored thoughts that he’d made a mistake in choosing her...that he’d grow tired of her and leave her. She had no idea he hadn’t chosen her. The Creator had chosen her for him—he just had the good sense to appreciate the magnitude of the gift with which he’d been blessed. He was never

letting her go, and the beast within him thought it best to inform her of this.

“*Somente Mina*, you are mine, and not just because I say so, but because The Creator has so written it. In time, you will come to accept my presence in your life as fact. You will understand that I will never leave you, regardless of what temptations the world dangles before me, regardless of how hard you try to push me away. Should you run from me, I’d simply follow. There’s no place I would not go to retrieve you, even if it meant jumping into the depths of hell. I was toying with the idea of waiting until we went to the States to marry you, but now I won’t leave the southern hemisphere without you by my side and Madeira on the end of your name.”

“But—” she began.

“No buts. You’re mine. Everyone else knows it; now you need to know it,” he said as he rolled her under him and made gentle love to her.

The fortnight had been a whirlwind of activity. The first thing Samson did was pray; the second thing he did was burn up the phone lines. The first call he'd made had been to his parents. The second call had been to his minister. The third call had been to his attorney—not to procure legal advice, but to thank her. Counselor Jefferson was without a doubt a brilliant woman. Recommended by his close friends Allan and Joaquin, she was everything they'd said she was and more. When he'd mentioned marrying his *Somente Mina*, she'd put on her cape and gone into super-attorney mode. She'd advised him that marriages that were legally performed and valid in the nation they were performed in were generally considered legal in the U.S. but may be subject to other requirements including proof of citizenship, good health, disclosure of financial soundness, and residency requirements.

Before he'd returned to the southern hemisphere, she'd handed him a dossier complete with

a table of contents, highlights, and sticky notes. There were notarized copies of his birth certificate, blood work, and his financial statements. Included in the packet were forms and information he'd need based on both scenarios—if he married in New Zealand or within the United States.

Being that *Nizhoni*'s mother was African-American, she already had U.S. Citizenship, which meant he wouldn't need to complete a petition for an alien relative. Still, he didn't want to take any chances that something could go awry. After explaining his sentiments to his attorney, she advised him to calm his balls, and to marry *Somente Mina* in New Zealand...then marry her in the U.S....and then marry her on the Reservation, just to cover all of his bases and calm his nerves. It was a good thing he liked his attorney, else he might've had something to say about her abrupt manner. Regardless of his grumblings, he knew he'd be sending her a bonus because she deserved it—and because he liked the idea of three marriage ceremonies, as it meant three honeymoons.

* * * * *

Samson called *Nizhoni*'s aunt and explained his great need to be married to *Nizhoni* yesterday. Offering her congratulations, Carolina demanded he give her niece a wedding that befitted her, celebrated her beauty and expressed how fortunate he was to have her love and trust. Then she informed him not to fuck up before telling him in great detail how she'd dispose of his body should he not heed her words. After that greeting card moment, she advised him to call Bronson, who was more familiar with Native customs befitting *Somente Mina*'s station. Taking her words to heart, he did just that. After speaking with Bronson, he was stunned to learn that his *Somente Mina* hailed from one of the oldest and respected lineages in the South Pacific.

With a sense of awe, he wondered how it was that men had allowed this woman to remain unclaimed for so long. Shaking his head in amazement, he concluded that obviously men were stupid, but in this case he was glad they

were because it meant that he didn't have to kill anyone to have her. Though he wasn't a female, he had an idea that killing her husband wouldn't have been the most auspicious beginning to a relationship. He could just imagine that conversation. *About killing your husband...my bad, so when would you like to get married?* Chuckling, he wondered if she'd cuss him out before stabbing him or stab him whilst cussing him out. Damn, he loved that woman. Sometimes men were fucking idiots, but not him—he was a smart man...and a damn lucky man to capture this woman...and a blessed man to win her trust.

* * * * *

Samson had no idea the ceremony would be this grandiose, this amazing. Yet in spite of the opulence of the ceremony, the lavish costume of the Samoan people, the flowers, and the music, he saw only his woman. His *Somente Mina* was clearly the most beautiful woman in attendance, and not merely because she was the bride, but because she was his. Samoan culture was com-

plex, yet he would gladly suffer any amount of inconvenience to show *fa'aaloalo* (respect) to his *Somente Mina's aiga* (family). Just as it was for his Navajo ancestors, and her African-American side, family was important to Samoans. The values of *alofa* (love), *tautua* (service), and *fa'aaloalo* (respect) were held in particular esteem by Samoans. He not only respected that way of living, he admired it. That was the reason he proudly wore an *e faikaga*—the formal dress *lavalava* for men.

He discovered that Samoan weddings were not only major social events but also festive celebrations. Generally, both families provided the bride with wedding dresses, and though he wasn't Samoan, his family followed their tradition and provided his *Somente Mina* with an exquisite gown, which she would wear to the reception. She was wearing the traditional-style dress for their wedding.

He'd decided to hold their wedding on the beach and was glad he'd done so, for it was a gorgeous day, and only the natural beauty of this paradise could compete with his woman's beau-

ty—and even the beauty of paradise was having a hard time commanding his attention when his *Somente Mina* was near. Though a string quartet played, it was the symphony of the Pacific Ocean and the beating of his own heart he heard when he got his first glimpse of his bride. Dressed in a wedding gown made of the finest silk and satin, with a sash of *tapa* cloth in keeping with her Polynesian heritage, the simple lines served to highlight her natural beauty and womanly curves. Her hair was styled in an intricate chignon and adorned with a stunning crown of Tiare flowers. The only testament to its great length was the lock at her temple that was left free. It took everything in him to refrain from running to her and ravishing her where they landed on the soft sand.

Samson knew she was nervous when he glimpsed the slight tremble of her hand. Though tradition may have dictated it was her duty to come to him, he wasn't marrying tradition, he was marrying *Somente Mina*, and it was his job to see to her comfort at all times. Thus he left the altar, walked to her and knelt before her, prostrating himself to the only person on earth who

deserved it. Rising, he whispered “I love you” in every language he knew, picked her up and walked the remaining distance to the altar.

* * * * *

Mariana walked down the aisle on the arms of both her father and her oldest brother, thankful for their strength, for she was all nerves. The beach was filled with guests...and they were all looking at her. If that wasn't enough to make her nervous, seeing Samson had shaken her to the core. The man was simply breathtaking...and he wanted her. She didn't know why, but she wanted and needed this man with everything in her...and she'd fight everyone and everything to keep this man—even her own doubts and fears. The revelation caused her to tremble, for she had never admitted to needing anyone...but she needed this man, and she could no longer hide it from anyone, least of all herself.

She tried to focus on putting one foot in front of the other, and when she opened her eyes, Samson was before her, kneeling and professing

his love. Mariana couldn't stop the tears. This proud man had not only knelt before her, but he wore the traditional dress. She had no idea he would wear the traditional Samoan dress. It wasn't required since he wasn't Samoan, and yet he wore it for her, without her asking him. How she loved this man—truly, truly loved this man, and not merely in theory but in fact, for she knew that was how he loved her.

* * * * *

The reception was as festive as any Samson had ever attended. Held outdoors on her family's land to accommodate the hundreds of guests, it was quite an event. Not only did it have more than enough food to feed the guests several times over, it had a complete brass band. It was a festive atmosphere, and he found himself enjoying this day more than he'd thought possible. Having waited most of his life for this woman, he was sure he'd be impatient for the ceremonies to conclude, but he discovered that he was in no rush.

Sitting back, he enjoyed the pomp and circumstance of a Samoan wedding. They wanted to adhere as much as possible to Samoan culture, but they did make minor changes, being that he wasn't Samoan. Traditionally, the best man gave the toast and the blessing, but they'd deviated and though his best man Mack gave the toast, her brother Bronson blessed the couple. Samson felt it was Bronson's due to perform such an important and sacred part of the ceremony—after all, he had watched over and protected his woman, and that was a debt Samson could never repay. Getting up, he went to the microphone and said the words that were in his heart.

“Bronson, I want to thank you, yet ‘thank you’ seems so insignificant for all you have done for my woman, and therefore for me. I need her, and I know that if not for you, I may not have ever had the chance. I know you’ve protected my woman from all manner of threats, and I know you’ve also nourished her. It was you she turned to when the world became too much. It was in the arms of you and your wife that she found solace and the strength to face one more chal-

lenge, one more disappointment, one more day. I know what you've sacrificed, and though I can never give you back time, I give you my pledge that if there is anything you or yours need, you only have to ask and I will do all within my power to make sure that you get it, regardless of the price. Even if the price is my life, I will gladly give it, for *Somente Mina* is my life, and I wouldn't have had one, if not for you saving her for me."

* * * * *

Tears filled the eyes of virtually every person who heard Samson's words. Mariana gasped from shock. Holding her hand to her mouth, she closed her eyes but couldn't stop the tears. She knew that Samson wanted that cake, but he'd have to wait for one more thing: she was going to perform a *siva*, a Samoan dance performed at auspicious festivities, for him. Normally, she loathed the dance, considering it old-fashioned. Though it was part of Samoan culture, many women now chose to forgo this ritual. She'd

planned on being one of those women—but that was before she married this man.

Smiling, she rose and surprised not only her family, but herself as well and performed the traditional dance that was a display in grace and skill—but to her, it was more than that. It was a physical manifestation of the love she felt for this man. So she danced and poured her heart and soul into every move, and when she finished and saw his tears, she knew it was the right thing to do.

* * * * *

Though both the toast and the blessing touched him, it was *Somente Mina*'s dance that caused his heart to stutter. She danced for him. And he would hold that moment in his soul for eternity. When she finished, the crowd was on its feet praising her skill, and he was at her side pulling her into his arms.

“Thank you, *Somente Mina*,” he said between kisses.

“I love you, Samson. I don’t have much to offer you, but everything I have is yours.”

“When we get to the room, I’m going to spank your beautiful ass for saying such nonsense. It is I who have little to offer you, but I’m never letting you go, *Somente Mina*. You’re my everything.”

Mariana looked into his eyes as she spoke. “You can have some cake now,” she whispered.

Although his *Somente Mina* put on a bold front, he knew she felt just as he did: overcome. Samson knew when she became nervous, she hid behind mirth or nonchalance. He also knew he wouldn’t allow her to do so with him, because their union was not simply important. It was everything.

“I want that cake, but what I really want is to eat that cake off of you, *Somente Mina*.”

Hearing her gasp, he smiled and led them to their table. He had the rest of his life to make this woman smile, gasp, and scream his name, but he’d have only one wedding day. He wanted to savor these moments—every sound, every sight, every smile that flitted across his woman’s

succulent lips. If ever he lost his way, his hope, or his ability to be grateful, he wanted these memories to remind him of how blessed he was.

* * * * *

Samson had to give it to Samoans—they knew how to celebrate and they knew how to eat. And though *Somente Mina* was the meal he wanted to eat most, the lavish spread would sate at least one of his appetites...until tonight.

Tonight, he would eat to his heart's content. He couldn't wait until they reached the opulent suite he had reserved in the breathtaking Bay of Islands area—a tropical paradise approximately an hour from Auckland off of the coast of New Zealand. Samson filled himself on roasted chicken, roasted pig, corned beef, a starchy root vegetable called taro...and then there was the cake. As a man with a serious sweet tooth, the cake was all of his sugar fantasies come true. Not only was the cake multi-tiered—it was multi-tiered vertically *and* horizontally, literally spanning the width of two tables. Samson cried when he saw

that cake; then again, he'd been doing a lot of crying since seeing his future walk to him.

And though *Somente Mina* was his future, it was obvious she was many things to many people. She was confidant, protector, mentor, adjudicator; but to him she was his solace, his haven, his refuge. *Somente Mina* was his destiny, his future, his gift. From the look of surprise on her visage, it was apparent his woman had no idea how revered she was to so many people. Besides her own parents, who clearly doted on her, and her beloved brother and his wife, who were more like a second set of parents to her, she had two favored aunts, and numerous male cousins who all acted as brothers...and he had been threatened by each and every one of them. Though he still held the threat of ushering in an apocalypse in high regard, her brother's threat of pulling out his ribcage and his wife's addendum of pulling it out via his cock were equally intimidating, as was her parents' threat to make him the subject of some kind of forensics show episode. He had no intention of tempting them to make good on their threats, not merely because

the thought of dying in horrific and prolonged pain concerned him, but because there was no pain that would hurt him as much as his *Somente Mina's* tears, and he had no intention of ever reducing her to tears. He'd pull out his own rib-cage first.

After trekking to the United States, they rested for a week, then embarked on a hellu road trip while they waited for the date of their second wedding ceremony. Her African-American family members were spread out over the Diaspora and therefore needed more notice than a fortnight. Once a decent period had elapsed, they had a second wedding at their home in Colorado's Northwest Territory. Their ceremony was a blend of African-American, Portuguese, Navajo, and southern culture, and therefore had a Baptist preacher, a Catholic Priest and an elder of the Navajo Nation officiating. It took place in the evening, as that was the traditional time when Navajo ceremonies occurred.

They began with a ceremonial washing of the hands, which was a Navajo tradition meant to cleanse away memories of past loves and bad deeds. As a tribute to her African-American roots, she wore a gown in deep burgundy that boasted a lining made of *kente*-cloth. In a nod to

his Portuguese heritage, Samson wore a top hat, and part of the ceremony was conducted in Portuguese. To represent her southern culture, there was a barbeque in lieu of a reception that featured every fried food and pork by-product one could imagine.

The ceremony was well-attended. Not only were scores of football players in attendance, there was also a smattering of professional baseball and basketball players and academics who'd attended university with Samson. It was obvious that her man was well-liked and respected among his peers.

Mariana was happy because she was home. And though she and Samson would reside in Colorado for part of the year, her home wasn't a particular state, but rather the heart of the man she knew loved her above all others. She loved Samson, and instead of running from his love, she embraced it, and was thus liberated.

They honeymooned at the resort where they'd met. Standing on the veranda of their opulent suite, Mariana laughed at the irony of returning to one of the world's most romantic

destinations a second time, but this time as a wife, not as a woman who could've been the subject of a country and western song. She relished the feeling of having a heart full of love versus a heart full of loneliness and hopelessness.

* * * * *

Samson stood back and watched his woman. He never tired of watching his *Somente Mina*. Every time he looked at her, another layer of the woman he loved was revealed, and he was moved. She stood with one curvy hip against the wall. Her hair trailed down her back in a river of soft curls. Mariana often commented that her hair was alive, but to him, it was vibrant like her. When he looked at her, he knew he was witnessing beauty in its purest form. Sound muted, and he saw the world in Technicolor.

He had a vision of her watching their children playing, and it floored him. Though he'd planned on taking her out to a nightclub, he knew he wasn't ready to share her. The world had had her for thirty years; he'd just gotten her. This

day, he needed her—not for sex, but because she was a balm to his soul. Even though he had his ring on her finger and a Madeira on the end of her name, even though he could financially support her, he was still scared. Knowing she was the one person he couldn't take for granted, he had to bring it and keep bringing it. Never would a day go by when she wouldn't hear him express the love he held for her. He'd express his love in a multitude of ways. He'd say it with his mouth, with his body, through gentle lovemaking or with simple caresses as he passed her in a room.

Walking up behind her and gently embracing her, Samson admitted, "You are my heart, my reason for everything, and though I want you to bear my children, you're not simply a baby-making factory or a status symbol. You are my woman."

* * * * *

Feeling her man behind her, Mariana leaned into him and rested her head against his massive chest. When he bent and gently took her lips, she

sighed into his mouth and enjoyed the attentions of such a giving man.

“Samson,” Mariana began, only to have Samson shush her.

“*Somente Mina*, I just want to hold you. I need to hold you. Come, let's just be...together, let's just be.” Pulling her along, he settled her next to him, and they watched the world with eyes filled with each other, hearts filled with love, and souls filled with thanksgiving. They revelled in simply being with each other and listened to the Pacific Ocean serenade them.

Finally, Samson broke the silence...and the last doubt that lingered in Mariana's heart. “I know you are a princess in your land, but to me, you are my queen.”

Turning, Mariana looked into his eyes. Gently stroking his handsome face, she placed a hand over his heart and replied, “And you are my peace,” before kissing him with all of the love she had in her soul.

**This Concludes Samson's and Mariana's
Beginning.**

**Thank you for reading. We hope you
enjoyed the tale as much as we enjoyed
writing it.**

Jeanie & Jayha

Praises, compliments, adulation and the like for
Jeanie and Jayha can be left at:

jeanieandjayha@gmail.com

About the Authors

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

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

See, people, this is the kind of praise you get when you have Yvonne as your MMFIC and Rolanda as MNWIC. Thanks Von and Rolanda.