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# HOTTER THAN THE HATES of Ellie

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# Hotter than the Hates of Elle

*Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh*

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For all of the hell-raising, rabble-rousing, tell-it-like-it-is chicks out there who keep it real and make life interesting. JandJ



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# Caveat

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.



**tag:** (tāg) **noun, verb**

—**noun**

An informal game that involves one or more players pursuing or chasing other players in an effort to “tag” them with their hands or another object, thus making the player “tagged” the new pursuer. Also referred to as Tag, You’re It.

—**verb** (*used with object*)

To touch, as in the game of ‘*Tag, You’re It.*’

**Tag! You’re Writ:** **noun, verb**

—**noun**

An informal writing challenge that involves at least two authors. The first author writes a short story and “tags” the second author. The next author then writes a story “tagging” off of a character, theme or something else and incorporates it in a story that they pen.

This writing challenge involves two author teams. Authors Dréa Riley and Laura Guevara have the pen first (their story is: *It’s all Fun and Games until Someone Falls in Love*) and will “tag” author team Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh. And thus, the game begins.

Dréa and Laura put the ‘The  
End’ on their story *It’s All  
Fun and Games until  
Someone Falls in Love* and  
sneak up and tag  
Jeanie and Jayha

**TAG!!!!!!!!!!!!**

# CHAPTER ONE

## Give 'Em Elle

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At thirty-three years of age, M. Elle Hamilton had lived long enough to accumulate a list of things she refused to acknowledge. Among those items were the fact that her parents had reproductive organs, Freaknik 1992, and her actual first name. Oh yeah, there was that one other thing: Marius Ermenrich, motherfucker extraordinaire.

Marius was a whole lot of asshole wrapped in motherfucker and drizzled with son of a bitch. Though he spoke English perfectly, he insisted on speaking in his native tongue: shitheadian, which was always delivered with that sarcasm-laced accent. Being that he was one of the few people her boss, Hal Fionnlaogh, could tolerate, she forced herself to be civil to him, which was accomplished only if he kept a minimum of two counties between them.

She might've been intimidated by him except for a few things. First, she'd grown up with Chaos (former Marine, former SWAT and co-holder of the 'just give me a reason' title) as a sister. Second, she was reared in a town so deep in Mississippi that the director of *Deliverance* would've been glad to hear something as civilized as banjo music. Third, she was six feet one

inch tall and two hundred five pounds in her bare feet. Fourth, she was very good at her job, despite ending damn near every day splattered with oil from her hard hat to her steel-toed boots.

Coming straight out of the woods and clay dirt roads of rural Mississippi, she'd answered the 'help wanted' ad and after spending two months bugging, pleading, and then downright threatening Hal Fionnlaogh, she was officially 'help.' Grateful for the chance, she didn't let the first complaint spill out of her mouth or let any kind of weather, bad mood, bad cramps, or misadventure stop her from showing up on time and busting her ass all shift to prove to him and everybody else that hiring her was the best move he'd ever made.

She'd come in like every other green-hand—not knowing shit. Like all bo-weevils, she worked all over the oil field serving as flunky to any and every body. Once everyone realized she wasn't going anywhere, wasn't afraid of hard work and was pretty damn good at the tasks assigned, she'd worked her way up to being a bonafide roughneck. Her days consisted of connecting and disconnecting the joints of casing, tubing and drillstems going into the hole (the hole in the ground where drilling for oil first starts) and stacking, but at least she got to spend the bulk of her day in one location. After she'd conquered that, she

got to try her hand at being a derrickman. Not afraid of heights, she worked her way up in the derrick where she connected and disconnected pipe during drilling. The crow's nest was hot in summer, frigid in winter, and lonely all the time, being that there was just space enough for one man or one determined-ass woman to work.

Some days, she was even the driller—i.e., the boss. While she didn't mind running the entire drilling rig, she didn't really want to wear the 'boss' hat. Okay, she didn't mind wearing the boss hat, but if she was going to wear that particular hat, she wanted to wear the one labeled 'field superintendent' because the driller was accountable to them. Being that Fionnlaogh's eldest son was the field superintendent and wasn't about to give that title up soon, she was content to remain up in the crow's nest.

Most employees didn't want to work up in the crow's nest, but then she wasn't most employees. For that matter, she wasn't most women. She wasn't most anything, and it hadn't taken the rough and tough men who worked with her long to get that. Yeah, they'd tried to punk her by crowding her and making inappropriate comments about her tits and ass, but they'd underestimated her. Rural Mississippi hadn't punked her; poverty hadn't punked her; and the unscrupulous males who would've taken her virtue if

they could hadn't punked her, so these guys had no fucking chance.

She'd taken time off, but that was because she'd gone and gotten degreed-up. Despite her quest for higher education, she was back every weekend, every holiday, every break, and every summer. And even after she'd earned her B.S. in Geophysics from Texas A&M and Ph.D. in Petroleum Engineering from UT, she'd come back. She might have the credentials for academia or the boardroom, but she found she didn't have the stomach for it.

Just like she didn't have the stomach for the white-collar sector, she discovered she didn't have the stomach for Marius Ermenrich. She might've felt bad for her hostile feelings towards the man, but she didn't. He was like a lot of the males she'd first encountered in the business, except he was foreign. She wasn't a xenophobe; she just tolerated homegrown assholes a lot better than imported assholes. Mr. Asshole Motherfucker Son-of-a-Bitch—along with hell, half of Texas, and all of Luxembourg—obviously had a problem with a woman being anywhere except beneath him in bed, but she was damn good at her job, so he could shut the fuck up, and if he didn't like that he could kiss her whole entire ass.



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At six feet eight inches tall, two hundred fifty pounds, Marius Ermenrich was accustomed to the looks he got. Other males gave him a wide berth; females stopped to take a second look—and sometimes a third and fourth look. And then there was Elle Hamilton...who didn't look at him at all if she could help it, and when she did it was with dismissal. He'd never had a woman react to him like that. A novel experience, it was a slight he couldn't let pass, especially when he spent a disproportionate amount of time thinking about the woman beneath the oil, sweat, dust and "fuck you"s.

Built on a bigger scale than most women, he imagined she had a body that just didn't quit. He imagined because it wasn't like he ever got to see a whole lot of it, being her standard outfit was hardhat, cargo jeans, A&M or UT t-shirt, and steel-toed boots. He had no idea how long her hair was or how big her breasts were, but he knew how big her balls were. Truth be told, they were bigger than anybody's he'd ever met. In a male-dominated world, Elle held her own and three or four others.

He respected that...and damn near every other thing about her, including her work ethic, her toughness, and her intellect. As much as he liked long

hair on a woman and copious T&A, the one thing guaran-damned-teed to give him a hard-on was a woman with brains—who knew how to use them. Elle didn't broadcast her credentials, but she didn't have to. The other crew members bragged on her all the time. Those brains, that integrity and that right cross caused him to walk around hard for her all day and jerk off every night.

If all that wasn't enough, then there was her queenliness. Despite what she did for a living; despite what she wore to work; despite the way her brown eyes shot ice to those who'd raised her ire, the title 'Queen' should have preceded her name, or perhaps 'Empress.' And if not either of those titles, than definitely 'Mrs.'—and of course 'Ermenrich' would follow the 'Hamilton' in her name.

He liked Elle Hamilton—a whole lot. Like his morning cup of coffee, he needed his daily dose of cold shoulder. Quitting the office, he headed outside. Being that it was Friday and about five minutes to quitting time, he knew he had to step it up. Making good use of his height, he was standing right by her truck five minutes before she got there. Though she'd been sharing a good laugh with the other roughnecks, all traces of mirth left her face as soon as she spotted him. Being her usual ornery self, she ignored him. Walking around him, she unlocked her toolbox, threw

her gear in, slammed it shut and climbed into the driver's seat. And she did it all without sparing him a glance. Ah, he wondered when she'd snap and cuss him out like she'd done that first day they'd met.

He'd made the mistake of telling her she was rank. In return, she'd made the mistake of looking at him. Witnessing the dispassion in her eyes morph into undiluted hate, and hearing her mouthed "fuck you"s, might've had him running for cover...if he was a lesser man. Despite being reared in privilege, he wasn't lesser anything. So instead of apologizing or making an attempt to act more civilized around Elle, he made it a point to rankle her. And she made it a point to give it back a hundredfold.

That was why he admired her. Unlike everyone else who went out of their way to kiss his ass once they discovered his father was a primary investor in the operation, Elle went out of her way to let him know she didn't give a flying fuck. His money didn't intimidate her; his connections didn't intimidate her; and neither did his size. He discovered that little tidbit the one and only time he'd made the mistake of entering her personal space. Without even bothering to look up, she'd given him one warning.

"You got three seconds to back the fuck up."

He had every intention of heeding her warning; however, he was about a half a second too late. He'd

found himself on his knees, his ears ringing, his groin on fire, and his nose bleeding. To this day, he still didn't know how she'd moved so fast or what she'd hit him with, but he learned real fast why one shouldn't fuck with Elle Hamilton. Spending the rest of the day limping—and getting laughed at by the rest of the crew—he'd walked out to his truck only to see a note under his windshield wipers. Recognizing her scrawl, his ego was all set to accept her apology. Only it wasn't an apology; it was the nail in the coffin. *Since you're new in town, and seem to have stepped into an ass whipping, thought I'd be neighborly and recommend some doctors.* Knowing he'd be right as rain by the end of the day, he merely glanced at the business card stapled to it...and then he frowned. *Dr. Ezekial McAllister, OB/GYN.*

What? The next afternoon he pointed out her error...in front of the whole crew.

“Elle darling, I know you think you're above mistake making, but you gave me the wrong business card—but perhaps that's just your way of telling me that you're interested in an alpha male like myself. A strong woman needs a stronger man.”

Proud of his comeback, he walked over and returned the business card and gave her a little wink to go with it. The sound of indrawn breaths should've warned him, but he was too focused on the image of

Elle ripe with his progeny to pay attention to shit. And then her beautiful, full lips started moving.

“I have no problem acknowledging my mistakes; however, in this case, no mistake was made. I meant to give you Dr. McAllister’s card. It’s what I’d do for any female looking for a good OB/GYN.”

“I assure you, I’m one hundred percent male,” he’d said.

“I assure you, I’m one hundred percent not interested,” she’d countered and walked out.

Make no mistake about it. Elle didn’t walk out because his words intimidated her. Elle walked out because it was quitting time, and she took that damn seriously. Of course, he didn’t let her walking out on their argument stop him. He simply followed her.

Speaking only loud enough for her to hear, he continued his bating. “You might not be interested now, but if there are females who can resist an Ermenrich man, I’ve yet to meet them.”

“Ah, so your family carries on the practice of keeping it all in the family, like the House of Habsburg?” she’d countered.

“I’m Luxembourgish, not Swiss or Austrian,” he began.

“And I’m Texan and that trumps anything you got, which for the record, I don’t want any of.”

“When you beg me for it, and I show you mercy and make you mine, the first thing I’m going to do is spank your ass for having such a smart mouth. The second thing I’m going to do is make you get rid of that male Ob/Gyn because no other man is touching my woman. The third thing I’m going to do is teach you Letzebuergesch, German and French, as all children in Luxembourg are at the minimum trilingual. The fourth thing I’m going to do is—” he started.

“Wake up,” she interrupted, “because the only way I’d have your children is if hell froze over. Nota bene: You don’t need to concern yourself with teaching me German or French, and don’t bother trying to teach me Letzebuergesch, because I’m not interested,” she said in German and then repeated in French.

And his cock got harder. He stood there several minutes after she drove off in a cloud of dust, knowing he was going to pursue Elle Hamilton and Texas help both of them. He could hear his father laughing his ass off all the way from Luxembourg. As a man who had more money than he could spend in ten lifetimes, his father’s youth had been overflowing with women who put the legendary Venus to shame. Yet he’d given it all up for Marius’ mother. A Texan with a fiery temper and a deadly drop kick, Baylor Austin wasn’t anything like the women in his father’s past. Of

average looks, she never ran across a gun she didn't want to shoot, bourbon she didn't like, or a man who didn't need one good roundhouse kick to the jaw to make him 'act right.' Yet his father was completely and unashamedly whipped. He'd never understood what it was about his mother that had had his father so caught up—and then he'd met Elle.

His thoughts were interrupted by Hal Fionnlaogh. "I'm going to give you some advice. Don't tangle with Elle Hamilton unless you got a surplus of dignity, because one thing Elle Hamilton does even better than she roughnecks is get people told."

"I'll take that into consideration," he said.

It must've been something about his tone that Fionnlaogh didn't like, because he got downright mean.

"I don't give a damn how many millions of Euros you and your daddy invested in this operation. You got two choices: you better treat Elle like you got some damn sense, and you better treat Elle like you got some damn sense. Deviate from either of those choices and you're going to go missing."

Before Marius could answer, he had a whole crew surrounding him and reiterating that. He smiled (on the inside), wondering what Elle would do if she knew just how much Fionnlaogh loved her and just

how much the rest of the crew respected her. Only one helluva woman garnered that kind of reaction. Yep, he was definitely going to marry her.

“I’ll choose option a,” he told the crew. “But know this, that woman is going to be Mrs. Ermenrich.”

“No, partner. Elle’s got a Ph.D., and ‘Dr.’ trumps ‘Mrs.’ round these parts,” Seoc Fionnlaogh said.



## CHAPTER TWO

### *Elle of a Good Time*

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Not many things got Elle in a skirt, but Chaos was one of those things. Her little sister by exactly ten months and two weeks, they were as thick as thieves...and they'd had to be, because their nearest neighbors growing up had been cotton, corn, and sweet potatoes. Fifteen miles of the crops had surrounded them on either side. She'd hated those damn crops in summer, but those crops had kept them fed all winter, a roof over their heads, and shoes on their feet. Those crops had also gotten her to Texas and Chaos to Parris Island, South Carolina. While the oil fields had gotten her to Texas A&M and then UT, the Marines had gotten Chaos to Alabama A&M. Not bad for two girls who grew up in a family so poor that being called 'dirt poor' was an upgrade.

It wasn't everyday that your little sister called you so you could meet the man she wanted to marry. That was what had gotten her into a skirt. Well, that and Chaos' "suggestion" for her to make an effort to not look like shit. After Elle used her charm to sweet talk Chaos into taking her to Red-Headed Step Child—her favorite sports bar that served the best steak she'd ever tasted—it was a done deal. She'd arrived early so

she could watch them on the down low, but as she'd quickly discovered, Chaos was a whore for her fiancé, which resulted in them being late—which for Chaos was right on time. Elle was impressed right off the bat, because Chaos was the keeper of being on time.

She was further impressed when she spotted the sleek limo that pulled up...and the doors didn't open until twenty minutes later. When Chaos finally exited the vehicle, she couldn't help but smile at the way she staggered. And when she saw the man who exited after her, she understood why they needed the limo. Though she was more than twenty-five yards away, Chaos' man had the kind of fine that you could see in the dark. When Chaos finally untangled herself from him and made her way over, she couldn't help the smile that broke out.

"You are such a whore, but I totally understand," she said as she took a good look at one of the most strangely beautiful men she'd ever laid eyes on.

Standing well over six feet, he had nutmeg-colored skin, eyes the color of the beaches advertised on spring breaks...and straight, golden-colored hair that fell halfway down his back. Though most women would get lost in his chiseled body, it was his hair that caused her to interrupt the introductions.

"Elle, this is Thurston Vidar; Thurston, this is—" Chaos began.

“Before we even get to the intros, you need to explain your hair. Tell me you don’t relax and dye that, because if anything resembling a ‘yes’ comes out of your mouth, I’m going to need you to turn around, finish drinking your mint julep, and get the fuck out, since we can’t introduce you to our family as the man who spends more time at the hairdressers than all the women in our family combined.”

“I’m not gay,” he’d answered.

“I have no problem with gay. You’re hot enough that Chaos would work overtime to turn you bisexual. I do, however, have a problem with guys having better hair than us. That’s out.”

“My father is white. My mother is three-quarters black and one-quarter Choctaw,” he explained.

“And one hundred percent bad motherfucker,” Chaos threw in. “And she’s from Mississippi, rocks a big-ass fro, a badass piece of steel and an MD!”

Suitably impressed, she could see why her sister would marry into this family. If Thurston’s mom was that badass, he couldn’t be half bad.

“Cool. Well, Thurston, if you can make it through this meal without pissing me off, I might give you a strong ‘maybe.’ Then again, Chaos hasn’t picked you off from five-hundred yards, so you’re probably

okay. By the way, I'm Elle. Call me by my first name and you perish."

"Noted."

"So you've spent more than two seconds with Chaos, right?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And you want to marry her anyway?"

"Absolutely."

Deciding she didn't have to maim him, Elle sat and watched the byplay between the couple. Chaos tried her damndest not to be impressed with Thurston, who was so close up on her Elle wondered where the displaced air relocated to. Chaos might try to ignore Thurston, but he refused to be ignored by her little sister. Though she'd just met him, she had to admit that it was mighty hard to ignore Thurston Vidar...and it wasn't simply because he was fine. It was because there was this otherness about him. Being that Chaos was all weird and shit, she guessed their weirdness canceled each other out, so all good. Plus, whatever he did to and for Chaos, she noticed there was a smile in Chaos' eyes.

"Would you two quit it?" Elle asked as she dug into her steak.

"What?" Chaos asked, managing to look all nonthreatening, which was comical being that Chaos

was one of the most dangerous motherfuckers she knew.

“I don’t have to look under the table to know he’s probably got those long fingers of his in your panties.”

The man wanting her baby sister had the smarts to look away from her when she stared him down. Of course he couldn’t wipe that smirk off of his face. She didn’t maim him, though, because hearing Chaos’ gasp of horror had Elle laughing out loud. Thurston was definitely getting the thumbs-up...and a nickname. Her musings were interrupted by the arrival of another male.

“My twin, Borghild,” Thurston introduced.

“Did you say twin?” she asked.

“Yeah, how hot is that?” Chaos asked.

“Very. It’s obvious from the coloring that y’all are related, and damn your momma must be the shit, but y’all have names just as fucked up as us. Have you met the FUNC posse?”

“I don’t believe we’ve had the pleasure.”

“Oh, it won’t be a pleasure. It might be an ass whipping waiting to happen, some shit that will be the catalyst for a new law, but a pleasure...not so much.”

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Being that his cousin Wolfram was in town, Marius decided to take him to his favorite steak house. Texans knew their steak...and their football. He'd just bit into the best cut of steak he'd had since the last time he was here when his whole body went on alert. That could only mean one thing: Elle was in the vicinity. Looking around, it took him only moments to spot her...and only nanoseconds to get an instant hard cock.

Of all the steakhouses in Texas, she had to walk in this one, Marius thought even as he moved so he could get a better angle to ogle her. It was like he was looking at her for the first time, and in reality, he was. Gone was the hardhat, the jeans, and the t-shirt. Gone was the oil, the dirt and the sweat. Gone were the steel-toed boots. Gone was the roughneck/derrickman, and in its place was the woman beneath the title. And damn, what a woman. Built like a bigger, bustier version of Serena Williams; he had to take a long pull of his soda in an effort to calm down.

She wasn't dressed inappropriately, but what she had on showed off more of her body than he cared for other males to see. She wore a denim skirt that showed copious thigh, a v-neck t-shirt and cowboy boots, and wearing her jet black hair loose; it was all he could do not to run across the steakhouse and drag

her fine ass atop his erection. And he might've if he'd had time to kill all of the males who might see more of his woman than he wanted. It was then he noticed he wasn't the only male looking. Without even taking his eyes off of Elle, he warned his cousin off.

"If you're interested in continuing to breathe, you'll get your eyes off of my woman, Wolfram."

And of course being an Ermenrich male, Wolfram wasn't the least bit intimidated. "I don't see a ring on her finger."

"And if you keep looking, you won't be seeing shit but my fist heading towards your eye," he warned.

No telling what would've happened next if a second male hadn't entered the scene and then had the nerve to sit next to his Elle. Lip curled, ears smoking, he watched the male flirt with his woman...and he didn't like it one bit. Without considering the ramifications of his actions, he stood and headed across the restaurant. Of course, Wolfram stood with him and followed. He might need to whip Wolfram's ass later on, but right now Wolfram simply evened the odds. They were family, and family stuck together.

Elle spotted Marius as soon as she entered the steakhouse. There was no way that she couldn't spot him. He was the finest thing in the room. Like most of the men in the steakhouse, he had on jeans and a t-shirt. But unlike most of the men present, he wore the shit out of the simple ensemble. Black t-shirt stretched tight over his wide chest, stonewashed denim stretched temptingly across his ass—if she wasn't busy biting into the best steak money could buy, she'd be sorely tempted to bite into Marius...over and over again.

Turning to Twin One, as she'd dubbed Chaos's soon-to-be brother-in-law, she gave him a command.

"I need you to act interested in me...without invading my personal space."

"What?" he asked.

"Act in-ter-est-ed. In. me," she repeated slowly.

"And why would I have to act?" the flirt said.

"Because if you invade my personal space, you're going to be limping around with one nut that only halfway works...some of the time," she explained.

"That doesn't seem particularly fair," he pouted.

"It's not and I don't care, but if you don't help me out, I'm not going to give my blessing for Twin Two to marry my little sister. Then she's going to be all pissy because apparently, he's been throwing it down on her real good. When Chaos gets pissy,



massacres happen. Do you want to be responsible for that?" she asked.

Before she could finish, Chaos tossed in her two cents. "And before you get out of hand, please know that I'm armed...heavily armed."

"And please know that if you upset Elle and thus upset Chaos, you upset me, bro," Thurston fairly growled.

From the frown on his face, it was clear that even the prospect of something coming between him and Chaos had him ready to brawl. Yep, she liked him. Turning to Twin One, she smiled. "For future reference, just do what I say, because it's so much more palatable to do the task when you don't have the threat of three ass whippings over your head."

"I'd just like to go on record here and state that Thurston cannot whip my ass."

"That may be, but Chaos and I are a whole different story."

"I know a player like yourself isn't accustomed to being overlooked, but in this case it's a good thing. If we're overlooking you, we're not arranging for you to go missing."

"I hate to break this to you, Elle, but Mr. Boredom himself is the furthest thing from a player that you'll find," Thurston said. "He's got an ongoing relationship with his medical journals. In fact, he's

about two weekends away from being that old lady with twenty cats.”

“You’re a doctor?” she asked.

“Yes, which is a good thing because when I beat some respect into my *little* brother, I can patch him up before he goes running off to tell mom.”

“You’re just jealous because I’m her favorite,” Twin Two threw back.

“Ooh, catfight. Rrrour,” she growled while spreading her fingers and clawing the air. It wouldn’t be until later that she’d discover just how accurate that descriptor was.

“You know what? I like you, Twin One. And because I do, I’m going to do something I’ve never done before. I’m going to introduce you to one of Chaos’s friends.”

Seeing Twin Two’s panicked look, she quickly clarified herself. “I mean her actual friends, not one of her many pieces of weaponry. You’re a doctor; G’s a doctor; both of y’all have little sibling envy; y’all should get along like a house on fire.”

“Him and Gallactica?” Chaos spit.

“Yep.”

“Actually, he’s already met her. They work at the same hospital system.”

“Which means she’s probably already either a) told him to fuck off; b) doesn’t realize he exists; or c) currently has a boy toy.”

“My guess is all of the above,” Chaos answered.

“Yeah, but Borie here is brother to your man, and any man that has been around you for more than ten seconds and still wants to marry you has to have big, brass, mastodon-sized balls, so I’m betting Borie here can take G’s current boy toy.”

Turning to Thurston’s brother, she gave him a look. “My money’s on you, so when you get back to the ATL, I’m going to need you to beat that ass, and then go get your woman.”

“But—” he began.

“No buts—you and G are going to be perfect together. Now in the meantime, practice a ‘smoldering eyes’ look.”

“Why am I practicing the smoldering eyes look when I already have that down pat?” he said while going into full mack mode.

Well damn, despite what his brother said, she suspected that Twin One had a core of passion just waiting for the right woman to unleash it. Gallactica so fucking owed her. Remembering he’d asked her a question, she responded. “You have to practice it because I need to run to the ladies’ room and remove

my panties so I can spend the next few minutes flashing that motherfucker across the dining room.”

Noting his shocked expression, she shrugged her shoulders. “Well, you asked.”

“And I will not make that mistake again,” he responded.

“Nope, but next time you find yourself alone in a crowded steakhouse with Gallactica, I’ll bet you’ll be on the verge of busting out the zipper in your pants imagining her sans panties,” she said before flouncing off to the bathroom.

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Ezekial “Zeke” McAllister was in the middle of enjoying a scrumptious steak when his best friend pulled up from his steak long enough to speak.

“Hey, isn’t that your neighbor?” he asked, looking across the dining room.

As he spotted Elle Hamilton, a brief shudder racked his body. He was a big man, and few things scared him. But then there was Elle. Elle had only been his neighbor for round about six months, which was five months twenty-nine days longer than he needed to realize that she, was for lack of a better word, one woman he wouldn’t ever turn his back on. The one time he had, he’d ended up flat on his back

with a pickaxe at his throat. And he hadn't truly turned his back—he'd just turned to the side a little, but that'd been all that Elle had needed.

"Personal space boundaries, dude. I don't care if you're a doctor."

"I was just trying to hand you my business card and welcome you to the neighborhood," he'd choked out.

Taking the card, she'd read it and laughed. "Ah, so you're a coochie doctor? You've got a lot of credentials there, but the one thing you don't have is a coochie...or do you?" she'd asked as she'd peered at him suspiciously.

"All man," he'd said.

"Good, because you'd be an ass ugly woman. Of course, as fine as you are I'd still fuck you, which would make me bisexual, and I hadn't really planned on that...but I could make the change. Well, I could've until you disclosed the fact that you're a coochie doctor."

"What's wrong with being an obstetrician/gynecologist?" he'd asked, all offended.

"Nothing's wrong with it *per se*; but having a boyfriend who spends all day looking at coochie, I might start wondering how my coochie measured up to the other coochies you've come into contact with. Yeah, so what college team do you cheer for?"

“Aggies and Red Raiders—against anybody else, but when they’re playing against each other, I’m A&M all the way,” he’d said.

“Well alright then. Being you’re a fellow Aggie, I guess I’ll withhold maiming you—I’m against alumni-on-alumni crime.”

And that’d been his introduction to Elle Hamilton. His musings were interrupted by Ben’s next comment.

“Hey, that guy’s checking out Elle.”

No fucking way. Turning, he looked in the direction Ben indicated and sure enough, Marius Whatever-His-Fucking-Last-Name-Was was definitely checking out Elle. He wasn’t just checking her out; he was eating her up with his eyes. Having heard about Elle dropping him ten minutes after they’d been introduced, he shook his head. Poor fellow, poor, poor fellow, he thought...right before he laughed his motherfucking ass off. Wanting to know what was so funny, he stopped laughing long enough to explain the encounter to Ben...and then he too joined in on the laughter.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *To Elle and Back*

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Elle had hardly got in the seat good before Twin One started the show. He didn't touch her, but every look he gave her was hot enough to start a wildfire. Imagining how worked up Marius was getting got her hot and bothered. Knowing exactly where he was located, she opened her legs, ever so slightly. It wasn't enough to flash him and half of Texas; it was just enough to make him wonder how tight her pussy'd be around his cock.

On the verge of coming, she picked up her napkin and dabbed her forehead.

"It appears that while you like my smoldering good looks, your target doesn't," he leaned down and whispered in her ear.

Smiling at him, she noted Marius' approach. "I'd say you were absolutely right."

"Hello, Elle," Marius said as he finally reached the table.

"What's up, Marius?"

"Are you going to introduce me to your...acquaintance, Elle?" Twin One asked, putting just the right amount of menace and hotness into his question.

Ah, he was good. Not once did he take his smoldering eyes off of her, much to Marius' great annoyance. Elle bit the inside of her cheek to stop the grin from spreading across her face. While she couldn't get Twin One an Oscar, she was so getting him one badass Christmas gift for this performance.

"Yeah, of course. Borghild, this is Marius. Marius, this is—"

Marius interrupted her before she could finish her introductions.

"I don't need to know his name, although you might need to know his blood type, because I'll be spilling it if he doesn't take his hand off you," he threatened—although she wondered how he managed to push words out being that his jaw was clenched so hard, she was concerned he might crack his teeth.

Marius's deeply accented threat got to her. Looking up at him, she couldn't help but smile inwardly at the dangerous shine in his eyes. Besides her daddy, she'd never had a man get so riled up over her. It might be a total chick move, but she couldn't help the heady sensation that coursed through her knowing she was the cause of his ire. Those words spoken with such violent passion went straight to her clit. It took everything in her not to sigh.

"Who the fuck are you?" Chaos asked.



Elle couldn't help but smile. Trust her little sister to jump in when it was required, and being that almost all of her thoughts centered around impaling herself upon Marius's man parts, Chaos needed to jump in.

Turning his head, Marius looked at Chaos and commented. "You must be a relative of Elle's."

Being that he'd used his usual charm (absolutely none), Chaos responded with her usual modesty (negative infinity). Before she could intervene, Chaos hit Marius with her trademark 'fuck you' expression. Now that Twin Two had entered her life, Chaos had a 'fuck him' expression on her face more often than not.

"I'm her sister, which means I have a right to be here. What the fuck do you want, Austria?"

"I'm from Luxembourg," Marius corrected.

"And I'm from Mississippi and I don't give a fuck. What do you want?" Chaos asked again.

"For you and Elle to take a course at finishing school, but being there are none in existence that'd take you, I guess I'll have to settle on something lesser—like world peace."

Elle couldn't help but laugh at that. It was funny, even if directed at her and Chaos. Always appreciating a good joke, Chaos joined her in her laughter. But while they thought it was funny, Twin One and Two failed to see the mirth. They were on

their feet as quick as can be, facing off against Marius and another man who could only be an Ermenrich. Elle didn't know about Chaos, but seeing all of that alpha in one place about to engage in an all out slobber-knocker on their behalf had her on the brink of coming. She didn't know what was going to happen, but she was going to enjoy it...and from Chaos' comment, so was her sister.

“Oh, this is going to be fun.”

Grabbing her fork and digging into her dessert, Elle paused to ask a question. “Would it be too much to ask y'all to strip down to your skivvies before you battle it out?”

“Ironical that Elle would make that particular request, considering she's bare-assed under that skirt,” Chaos threw in all helpful like.

Something about four big, fine motherfuckers standing toe-to-toe garnered a lot of attention. No telling what would've happened if not for Zeke and Rob.

“From the anger swirling about, I'm guessing you're making friends, Elle,” he said with a smile.

“You know my style.”

“I do, which is why I had to make sure, being I didn't see a pickaxe or any other implement of death being used in your ‘neighborliness.’”

“Just because you don’t see it doesn’t mean there’s not one present.”

“I second that,” Chaos said.

“Not that I’m not glad to see you, Zeke, but you’re kind of interrupting the hot, naked man throw down.”

“You and your friend are kind of hot. Y’all can join in, and we can have a six-man throw down,” Chaos suggested.

“Or, we can have two foursomes, with a Hamilton sister filling,” Elle suggested.

“Yeah! Foursome! Foursome!” Chaos chanted.

Getting into the spirit, Elle asked the ladies next to them if they’d like to see a hot, naked man smack down. Of course, they responded with a resounding “hell yeah.” All she’d done was ask one question, and the next thing she knew every single woman between the ages of eight and eighty (and a couple of men) in the restaurant stood up and started chanting, “Take it off!” as they waved bills at the guys.

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“Tell me again how we got talked into volunteering for the fundraiser?” Thurston looked at the other five guys.

“That’d be your fiancée and her sister,” Marius answered.

“And the ‘or jail’ choice the local police department gave us,” Rob added.

“Oh yeah, that. It’s a good thing Chaos is with ATL Swat, or I’m guessing the only choice we would’ve been given was ‘private attorney or public defender,’” Borghild lamented.

“I might be out of line here, but, um, it seems this whole thing could be solved if Marius stepped up to the plate and asked Elle out like he wants to,” Zeke said.

Being that he threatened to kill me if I kept looking at her, I’m going to have to second that,” Wolfram said. “Ask her out or I will.”

“And you will die,” Marius said.

“That does it,” Thurston said. “One of you dare her to go out with Marius. She can’t resist a dare. And Marius, you have to actually go through with it.”

“That leaves Marius facing all the danger,” Wolfram said.

“Not really, because my brother is left dealing with Elle’s sister—who is SWAT and southern,” Borghild said.

“True, but being that Chaos is over there fellating that straw and looking at you like she’s

hungry, I'm going to guess your brother isn't going to mind being 'punished' by his woman."

"And you would be right," Thurston agreed as he looked over at Chaos and mouthed something x-rated.

Working out the details and sprinkling in threats to Marius, the guys hatched out a plan that would see Marius and Elle alone...away from them...where they could get some blessed peace.

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"So, how bad do you want to fuck the Austrian?"

"How bad does Auburn want to beat Alabama? How bad does UT want to beat Oklahoma? How bad does Carolina want to beat Duke? How bad does..." she continued.

"Okay, I get it. If y'all didn't have those pesky workplace rules, you'd totally..."

"Spend all of my shift and half of someone else's impaled on his cock."

"So what's stopping you?"

"I'm not sure if he wants me or if I'm just a way to pass the time. It's not glam, but I like my job, Chaos. I can't risk my reputation for one night of hot, steamy, no-holds-barred passion."

"You think he'd kiss and tell?"

“I don’t think at all when I’m around him, so what if I’m misreading him?”

“Though I just met him, I’d hedge my bets that not only would he kiss and tell; he’d kiss and broadcast that shit to all and sundry. And that’s not a bad thing. That man wants you, Elle, and not just for one night. He’s been clocking you since we strutted our badass selves in here. Man’s got a forty-dollar steak on his plate and left it to warn off Borghild. Borghild might be the quiet doctor type, but ain’t too many men trying to test that brother. Yet the Belgian stalked right over here and showed all those lovely manners he doesn’t have.”

“Let’s talk about you, stroking Twin Two under the table like I wasn’t going to catch that.”

“Wasn’t really trying to hide it. I like working him up,” Chaos admitted.

“You breathing works that man up. He might be eating steak, but it’s clear you’re the meal he’d rather have on his plate.”

“Yeah, well, I have good coochie,” Chaos said. “And Thurston has unbelievable dick. And you and your waffling is holding me up from getting more of it.”

“Wow, what’s holding you up from getting some is the Dallas Police. Look at them over there, telling the guys off.”

“Yeah, that too. Luckily, I’m part of the fraternity,” she said as she snatched Elle’s keys and got up.

“Um, Chaos?”

“Yes?”

“What kind of shit are you getting ready to start?”

“The kind that gets you laid, so shut up, wench, and pay for dinner, being you’re the one that started all this trouble.”

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“Hey, guys,” Chaos said as she walked up and wrapped her arms around her man.

“What are you getting ready to do?” Thurston asked.

“You, all night long if you’d stop bullshitting around.”

Hearing his growl, she rubbed herself against his back. Damn, she wanted him again and then at least four times after that. Backing off of her man, she cleared her throat and addressed the guys. “Here’s the deal. I need to hear my man scream out my name like soon. Y’all have been over here ‘plotting,’ and still nothing’s happening.”

“Actually, we’ve been talking our way out of misdemeanor charges,” Borghild corrected.

“No talking when I have the floor. Now as I was saying, Austria, I know you want my sister but before you step to her, there’s two things you should know. One, if you ever—and I do mean ever—do anything—and I do mean anything—to hurt her—and I’m talking if she gets a hangnail—there’s a re-barreled Ruger #1T with your name all over it. Now if you think you can handle not fucking it up or fucking her over, and just fuck her, the limo driver is waiting outside the door. Oh, yeah, I wasn’t kidding when I said Elle wasn’t wearing any panties,” she said as she grabbed Thurston’s hand and dragged him off.

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One minute she was settling the bill; the next minute she was face-to-pecs with Marius. Yes, face to naked, hot, hard pecs with Marius because, unlike the other guys, he’d actually heeded her chant and taken it off. Well, maybe the small army of women pulling at him had more to do with his shirtless state than any desire on his part to give her something to ogle. She wanted more to ogle, but looking at all those hard ridges, she couldn’t help but think that was a damn



good start. And then she couldn't think at all because she made the mistake of looking into Marius' eyes.

"Marius," she whispered.

"Don't say my name like that unless you plan on screaming it later," he warned.

Grabbing a fistful of his hair, she threw out a warning of her own. "Don't hand me that caveat unless you're man enough to back it up...several times."

"Several times is just an appetizer," he said.

"I'm a southern woman, so I want a full on meal."

"*Wann ech gelift*—at your service," he said as he nipped her ear and pulled her close.

"Not that I don't like looking at your chest, but is there a reason you're all up on me?"

"Yep," he said without elaborating.

"Well?" she questioned. The rest of her question was cut off by her surprise. That motherfucker backed her into an alcove and, without so much as a by-your-leave, shoved two fingers into her pussy.

Involuntarily, she gasped out her pleasure. Before she could alert the whole of Dallas that she was coming, Marius caught the sound in his mouth. Then he moved his fingers, and she came...and kept coming.

"Marius," she rasped. "Marius."

He didn't answer her; he simply worked those fingers until she exploded all over his fingers once

more. Consumed with pleasure the likes of which she'd never experienced, she had a hard time catching her breath.

Marius' breath tickled her ear. Seconds later, his words tickled everything within her.

"Recall the first thing I said?" Not waiting for her to respond, he continued. "I said I was going to make you beg for my cock. Seeing that my hand's covered in your sweet nectar, I figure that's enough begging," he said as he continued to squeeze her mons. "Remember the second thing I said I was going to do?"

She shook her head 'no' and lifted her hips.

"I said I was going to spank your ass for having such a smart mouth. And I will, but first, I'm going to spank your ass for not keeping *my* pussy properly covered. I'm a selfish bastard, Elle. I don't share anything, least of all my woman."

"And when did I become your woman?" she sassed.

"Elle, there wasn't ever a time that you weren't my woman. As soon as I saw you, you were mine. And just to drill it into you, I'm going to spend the rest of the night doing just that," he said as he picked her up and cradled her in his arms.

"I can walk," she protested seconds before she was tossed in the back of a limo.

Moments later, Marius was climbing in behind her...and unfastening the buttons of his jeans. Oh shit. Reaching out to her, he pulled her onto his lap so that she was straddling him. Straddling Marius was an experience in seduction. The feel of the big man beneath her was in itself enough to send her over the edge, but then there were all of those other delicious sensations. In the private compartment of the luxurious automobile, the world was narrowed down to just the two of them and the raw need that connected them. Though there was a lack of conversation, there wasn't a lack of sound. Their heartbeats played percussion. Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub. The steady thrumming, complimenting bass for the medley of their moans, sharp inhales, sighs and gasps.

Then there was the feel. She was almost overwhelmed with feeling. The feel of his heart thumping beneath his fingers...the heat of his velvety skin against hers...the scraping of the denim against her sensitive pussy...the insistent bulge of his hard cock grinding against her...the feel of his rough hands on her bare ass.

She wanted to get closer to him, needed to get closer. Raking her hands through his thick brown hair, she rocked against him, rubbing herself against his hardness even as she thrust her ass back against

his hands. A secret part of her reveled at the fact that his hands on her ass would leave marks.

Marius spread his thighs, forcing her legs open wider and making the scent of her arousal obvious.

“Tell me how much you want me,” he demanded. “Tell me in words what your body is screaming.”

All she could do was moan in response, but it wasn’t enough for Marius. Smacking her ass, he repeated his question.

“Say it. Admit that you want me. Admit that you’ve always wanted me,” he growled.

Stripping off her t-shirt, she wasn’t in the mind to do shit with her lips that didn’t involve his lips, his hot, velvety skin, or his cock. Reaching around to unclasp her bra, his growl stopped her.

“It’s my present. I get to unwrap it.”

“Then unwrap it and stop fucking around,” she gasped. She gasped because suddenly his hot mouth was busy suckling her breasts. He wasn’t gentle. He used teeth and tongue. Combined with his stubble, it pushed her closer to the precipice. She was almost there when he pushed her over the edge. Then his hands—his glorious, strong, wide-palmed, callused hands—took hold of her and worked pure magic. Pulling her across his lap, he pulled her skirt up and smacked her ass. And then he smacked it again...and again...and again...and again. Her ass was on fire, but

all she could do was push her ass back to meet his spanks. She liked to be dominated, and Marius was doing it without even trying. Dominant by nature, he handled her so damn good.

And then it got better. He lifted her so she was once again straddling him. Shoving a thick finger in her pussy, he spanked her ass in tandem with his fingering. His seduction was choreographed perfectly. A good student, she had no choice but to give him the response he demanded.

She wasn't just a student, though; she was a woman who knew what she wanted. What she wanted was this motherfucker...right, damn now. Reaching down, she cupped the prominent bulge through his jeans before reaching in only to discover that like her, he was commando. His sharp intake of breath didn't deter her—it simply spurred her on. *What's good for the goose...and all that*, she thought. Increasing her pressure, she stroked him from base to tip, smiling at how long that journey took. Marius Ermenrich was a whole lot of man. His next actions proved that he was her kind of man.

Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he pulled her up and took her lips in a savage kiss before leaning back and directing her head lower. "Suck me."

Two words. Two words that had her coming rivers. Licking her way down his chest, she didn't waste any time before tasting him.

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Closing his eyes, Marius gritted his teeth even as he tightened his grip on Elle's hair. Exhaling sharply, he forced himself to breathe through his nose lest he pass out from oxygen deprivation. No woman had ever threatened his control. No woman had ever come close to threatening his control. Then there was Elle Hamilton, who blew his control and almost all of his common sense all to hell. And the scary part? She'd accomplished that without trying. He was never going to let her go, never. The sooner Elle realized she was going to be Dr. Elle Hamilton Ermenrich, the better. Knowing her, she'd be contrary about it, but he was an Ermenrich male, thus he was used to contrary women.

Before he could finish his thought, Elle slid her tongue along the head of his cock. Oh damn, her tongue was magic. Oh damn, this woman was his. Arching his hips off the seat, he watched as Elle wrapped her succulent lips around the head and swallowed him. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen, the most devastating thing he'd ever felt. And then she worked her way down the length until she

reached the base, and he was done. Dangerously close to spilling, he jerked her up. He was going to spill, but it wasn't going to be right now. He had to take some of the control back. Picking her up, he laid her on the cushions and knelt between her legs.

Marius didn't rush. He had no need to. Performing a thorough scan of Elle's skin from her lips to her navel, he reached the treasure that would be his for the rest of his life—her heart—and paused. Ever so slightly, he bowed his head before resuming his journey. When he came to her belly, he paused again and rested his forehead there. He did nothing but breathe in her scent. Slowly, he ran his tongue over her soft skin, committing the taste to memory. Before the night was finished, he would know her scent and taste better than he knew his own skin.

Spreading her wide, he inhaled deeply before running his tongue across her pink sweetness. There were things he was good at, and eating pussy was at the top of his list—right after making money (fifty million Euros and counting), and looking handsome. He brushed against Elle's quivering belly before diving his tongue into her. He licked, nipped and stroked her to orgasm within moments. And thirty seconds later he licked, nipped and stroked her to another one...and another...and another.

He enjoyed hearing her scream out his name. He especially enjoyed it when she added “motherfucker” to his name. Still, he wasn’t satisfied until she added in the choruses of “please, please, please” to her request-demand. Only then did he give her what she wanted. Sitting back, he settled her atop him. Looking into her glazed eyes, he waited until he had her full attention.

“Mine,” he declared as he slammed into her.

Her moans were music to his ears, yet they were almost drowned out by the sound of his blood crashing in his ears. Elle was so tight, so silky, so hot...so his. “Say it,” he demanded. “Tell me that this pussy is mine, has always been mine, will always be mine. Tell me your heart is mine. Tell me.”

“Yours,” she gasped out.

He should’ve been satisfied with her response, but he wasn’t. Women had been telling him those things since he was in high school. They’d liked what his cock did, his tongue did, his money did. They’d liked how they looked next to him. They’d liked how they looked in his sports car, on his yacht, in his jet. They’d liked him too much, too perfectly, too insincerely.

And then there was Elle. Elle, who screamed “no” at him instead of purring “yes.” Elle, who threw left hooks at him instead of her sex. Elle, who brought



him to his knees with oversized wrenches instead of with crocodile tears. Elle, who garnered the attention of males by working her sexy ass off in the classroom and in the oil fields instead of showcasing her ass in skimpy clothes and her breasts in tight shirts.

Placing a finger under her chin, he gently took her lips. “Tell me and mean it, Elle. Tell me you’re mine and mean it.”

Like the contrary woman she was, she told him something completely different. “You tell me first, motherfucker.”

Smiling, he did just that. “I’m yours, Elle. I’m yours.”

“Damn straight, Marius. You’re mine. Now shut up and enjoy the best pussy you’ve ever had,” she said as she grinded down on him.

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Elle heard every word Marius said. She felt them harder. Marius Ermenrich, motherfucker extraordinaire, meant every single one of his words. He meant every single one of his touches. He meant every single one of his responses.

She reveled in it all. She reveled in Marius, who didn’t even pretend that he wasn’t an asshole, who didn’t bother pretending he wasn’t interested in her.

He'd worn his interest like the state of Texas wore its love for football. The crew had teased her about it. Even Mr. Fionnlaugh had asked her when she was going to put that boy out of his misery. Apparently, the answer was right now. Marius had gotten to her. And he was getting to her so good right now.

His touch branded her as his. He bathed her in his scent. He honored her with his need. As he stroked into her with a power she felt all the way to her core, she clenched her thighs and threw everything she had at him. And beautiful, arrogant, alpha male that he was...he threw it back tenfold. Just when she accustomed herself to his powerful thrusts, he amped it up and threw it back a hundredfold.

At six feet plus and two hundred pounds, she'd never had a man she couldn't handle. Seeing the intense look on Marius' face, feeling his purposeful touch, she realized she'd never had a man...until Marius. A maestro, he played her body so perfectly. Every touch caused her to shiver; every stroke caused her to come; every word from his beautiful, tempting mouth caused her to believe.

"Harder," she demanded.

He complied.

"Faster," she begged.

He complied.

"More," she requested.

And he gave her everything, and they both shattered. His roar, her scream, and their thundering heartbeats combined to make a symphony that should've been played by the Dallas Philharmonic...during halftime at the Super Bowl. She had nothing left—nothing—and from the look in his eyes, neither did he. They'd both left everything on the field, and they'd both finished as victors.

“Marius,” she whispered.

“Elle,” he rasped as he took her lips.

Moments later, the limousine pulled to a stop. Tucking her breasts back into her bra, Marius reached over and grabbed her shirt off the seat and re-dressed her. From the look on his face, it was done reluctantly.

“Clothes should never be between us,” he said.

Smiling, she went to crawl off of him when she realized that Marius was still hard. His hands on her hips stopped her movement. “No, I’m not ready to let you go just yet.”

Toeing off his sneakers, he lifted his hips and shimmied out of his jeans. It was done jerkily but done nevertheless, prompting her to ask, “Done this a lot?”

“I’m a handsome man, so I’m naked as often as possible,” he smart-mouthed.

“Almost naked,” she commented. “The socks ruin the picture. Take them off.”

Doing so, he pressed the intercom and spoke to the driver. “Ms. Seville, can I ask another favor?”

“Of course, sir,” the driver responded.

Coming around, Marius handed her his house keys. “If you would, would you unlock my house? As you can see, I have a handful.”

Laughing, Ms. Seville responded. “I noticed that your lady was a handful straight off, sir. I was worried you wouldn’t be able to handle her, but from what I heard, my worries were for naught.”

Before Elle could be offended, Ms. Seville winked at her and gave her a thumbs-up before walking away to unlock Marius’ house.

“Done, sir, and seeing how you’re, um, without most of your clothes, I’m going to close my eyes until you walk into the house. I’ll gather your clothes and set them beside the door before leaving.”

Elle was thinking how thoughtful Ms. Seville was, and then Marius started moving. It took some doing, but he managed to get them both out of the limo without separating them or dropping her. Straightening to his full height, he walked his naked ass to the front door. It was a slow walk, but a sensuous one. It was only once they were inside and she came face-to-face with a large clock that she realized their driver had done the impossible: gotten them across Dallas in forty minutes.

Later, she was going to thank Twin Two for having the foresight to hire a limo to ferry him and Chaos around the big D. And then she was going to check her truck and make sure Chaos hadn't done any lasting damage to it. Right after that, she was going to send that hot-ass Ms. Seville a big, fat bonus. When Marius had panted out to get her to his house with all due haste, that sister took him at face value. Godiva Seville might look like she should be spread-eagled in the center of a men's magazine, but she drove that limo like it was a McLaren MP4-21, and worked I-20 like it was a fucking Grand Prix. Yeah, she was getting a bonus, and later she was going to take a look under the hood of that limo. Later—*much, much later*, she thought as she spread her legs wider and thrust her pussy deeper into Marius' mouth.

## EPILOGUE

### *More Elle than He Can Handle*

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*The Otherwordly Private Hospital, Charlikan, Vermont...exactly nine months later*

It was him calling her by her first name that caused her to go into labor. She was sure of it. That was why she would have to ~~kill~~-maim him. She'd kill him later, in eighteen years, after their baby was grown because she didn't have the patience to be a single mom. Hell, she'd hardly had the patience to be pregnant. And she wouldn't have been pregnant if Marius would've stayed on his side of the steakhouse. Yeah, she was totally ignoring her part in all this and conveniently placing all of the blame on him. She was allowed, and Dr. Subira Washington-Vidar had backed her up...and being she wore scrubs and a gun, the doctor's word was law. Elle liked that kind of law, especially when it came from a woman who looked like she fought crime in between delivering babies. And maybe she did; after all, she and her three sisters owned the hospital, the whole northeastern part of the town of Charlikan, and the neighboring town of Rivé, Vermont. Yeah, Dr. Subira was the shiznit—and Chaos' mother-in-law, which was why she was giving birth in Vermont instead of Texas.

She wouldn't have any need to be outside of the south if her sister could stay off of Twin Two's cock for two seconds...and have a baby on time. Of course, she'd yelled that thought as another contraction hit. Of course, being a heartless bitch, Chaos yelled right at her through the door.

"Maybe if you'd worn some damn panties in the steakhouse and didn't have your titties served up on a platter, Marius wouldn't have spent all weekend planted inside of you."

Ah, that'd been a good time. Of course, Marius had wanted to extend that good time into the workweek, but she'd put her foot down—after she'd unwrapped it from around his neck. She had never missed a day of work and she wasn't going to, despite how good the dick was...and damn, was it good. It was so, so good—not that she cared about that, because that was how she'd ended up in this condition. All married and pregnant and able to speak conversational Letzebuergesch. Asshole. Motherfucker, bastard, son-of-a-bitch.

Okay, so she might have to take back the 'bastard' description, being that she'd met his mother. A lovely Texan, she had no idea what had convinced her to leave Texas for Luxembourg...and then she'd seen Mr. Ermenrich. Hludowig Ermenrich was a handsome, distinguished man...whom she'd wanted to

throw in a chokehold two seconds into meeting him. And she might've if the rest of the Ermenrich males hadn't entered the room and turned it into wall-to-wall asshole. She didn't know whose ass she wanted to kick first, and last, and the most. She had no idea how Ms. Baylor put up with the Ermenrich men (including her own son). And then she'd taken her on a tour of their palatial estate.

It wasn't exactly a tour, being that his momma had only shown her one thing: the sparring room. Standing in the center of the room was a wall of big motherfuckers. They all looked like they should've been on the Cowboys' O-line. Stepping up to them, she'd bowed and in ten seconds flat had all five of them on their backs, panting. Not caring about Luxembourg customs, she'd jumped up and down and cheered like Baylor had scored the winning touchdown in the Super Bowl. *Go Ms. Baylor! Go Ms. Baylor! Go Ms. Baylor!* she'd cheered. Turning to the guys, she'd pointed her fingers at them and pronounced that they'd gotten their asses kicked.

"Don't think about saying nothing, because I can have Marius' mom come back over here," she said as she'd followed the laughing woman to her study. Baylor had handed her an ice-cold Coke, and after toasting, she'd pointed to her wall. It was in that moment she'd been glad for stain-resistant carpet,



because she sure as shit dropped that bottle in her mad scramble to get a closer look at the three swords on the wall. She knew her mouth was hanging open; she simply hoped she wasn't drooling, although if she was, who cared? Turning back to Baylor, she just pointed.

"Three times! Three times!"

"Actually, five, the other two swords are in the bedroom...you know, so I can remind my husband why he shouldn't fuck with me, fuck me over, fuck off on me." She smiled.

And Elle returned her smile and then went over and hugged the crazy, badass woman. "I'm not marrying Marius for his money; I'm marrying him for the mother-in-law," she said.

"Well, having been me for over fifty years, I can understand that," she said.

Knowing *kumites* (underground no-holds-barred mixed martial arts tournaments held in secret) were only held once every five years, she asked. "How old were you when you won your first *kumite*?"

"Twenty, and I was forty when I won my last one."

And what did you say to that? Especially when the one saying it had been badass for such a long time. You said what any Texan would say: *Yee-haw, Motherfuckers.*

That story always made her feel good, and she'd needed to think on it at least once a day every day since she'd married that motherfucker. Oh damn, soon as she had this baby, it'd be literal. She'd be a mother, and being that she planned on fucking Marius a whole lot (hey, it was her reward for putting up with his bastardy ass), he was going to be a motherfucker. But until such time, he was simply a metaphorical motherfucker. A motherfucker who'd gotten her pregnant, and then caused her to lose her job. She wasn't even a full week late before he'd marched her to the Ob/Gyn to get a pregnancy test. Of course, that som'bitch had come back positive. And in five minutes, her whole life had changed.

Marius had called Mr. Fionnlaogh and told him she wouldn't be back. Of course, she'd gotten through to him first and told Mr. Fionnlaogh to ignore everything Marius said.

"Are you with child, little girl?" he'd asked.

As soon as she'd said yes, he'd asked for her to put him on speaker. She did, and the sound of a hammer being pulled back filled the room. "She's married or you go missing, boy. At this rate, you might go missing just on GP for putting your filthy hands on her. Elle, I don't want to see your behind anywhere near these oil fields until you're safely delivered of child."

And then there'd been dial tone. Marius had used that time to call Chaos and ask for her blessings on their nuptials...and then her first name. And the bitch had told him, which was why she was at the top of the list of people's asses she was going to kick after she had her baby.

The sun didn't even get a chance to set before he'd had all of the required documents for them to marry. Well, he could have all the documents he wanted and all the money in the world. He still needed her momma and daddy to sign off on that. Janan and Oxford Hamilton might be missionaries, but they were parents first and thus, they'd kick some ass if they had to. It'd taken him a month of Sundays, but he'd gotten their "yeah, okay," followed by an assload of "don't fuck up"s from her daddy, who wasn't too keen on the fact that Marius was foreign, white and had a penis.

Her next contraction jarred her out of her happy place. Well, it was either the pain or Marius with his freaking "ra, ra" cheering. Turning to the doctor, who'd just instructed her to push—again—she started cussing.

"You know what? I hate all of y'all. Get out!" she said.

Using the last of her energy, she screamed out the names of the three most dangerous people she

knew: her momma, her sister, and her momma-in-law. They bumrushed the door in two seconds flat.

“Can y’all please beat somebody? I shouldn’t be the only one in pain!” she panted.

“You’re the only one who’s a whore, so yeah, you should,” Chaos said around the lamb gyro she was stuffing in her face.

“Wait, why does she get food?” she asked her doctor. “And you should talk about whoredom being ten months pregnant with twins, Chaos,” she shouted even as she grabbed for the snack.

“At least I have food,” Chaos taunted.

“Yeah, but do you have an oil tanker named after you?” she taunted.

“No, but who the hell gave you an oil tanker?” Chaos demanded.

“Papa Hludowig, as reparation for marrying Marius.”

“That’s not fair. I want an oil tanker too,” Chaos whined.

“Well, it looks like we’re at what the locals call an impasse. I want some of that gyro, and you want some of my oil tanker,” she said, staring Chaos right in the eye.

Of course Chaos couldn’t be punked, so she returned her stare without blinking. No telling how

long their stare down would've lasted if their momma hadn't grown tired of their bickering.

"Chaos, give your sister half that gyro, now."

"Ha ha," she said as she waited while Chaos made a production out of breaking off half of the gyro.

Her relief was short-lived, because a few seconds later her momma busted her bubble. "Melee Elle, share your oil tanker with your sister."

"Yessssssssssssssssssss," Chaos yelled. "The Chaos Elle sounds like a mighty fine name to me."

"In your dreams. It was my tanker first, so my name's going first."

"Yeah, but then it's going to sound like a storm front. The Elle Chaos just sounds stupid."

"Fine then, it's the Melee Chaos, but you have to name your helicopter after me."

"Fine," she said, "but only because you're my favorite sister."

"I'm like the only person who likes you," she corrected.

"Probably, but who gives a shit? You, me, our momma, our momma-in-laws, that's all we need to take over the world."

Chaos' speech almost brought a tear to her eye. Real tears did come to her eyes when Chaos pulled a Coke out of somewhere and held the icy beverage up to her lips. Bless Chaos' beat-somebody-unconscious

heart, she thought as she took a sip. Through it all, Dr. Subira just went about her business of instructing her to push, breathe, and stop beating Marius, until finally her baby girl came sliding and screaming right into Marius' big, capable hands. Knowing her baby girl couldn't be in better hands, she slumped back on the pillows and called out a demand. "Food, stat! And lots of it!" Of course, being southern, her momma had a plate of fried everything right there at the ready.

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The snoring woke her. Not even bothering to open her eyes, she voiced her displeasure. "Woman who just pushed something ten pounds and six ounces out of her body trying to get some sleep."

The rest of her complaint was kissed off of her lips as Marius pulled her closer to him and readjusted the covers over them. He could do that because her room boasted a king-sized bed with the plushest mattress she'd ever lain on. There wasn't any such thing as a bare-bones room at the Otherworldly Private Hospital. Every room put five-star hotels to shame...not that she was complaining. Chaos had all but dragged her to Vermont so that she could give birth here. Considering the superb care she'd

received, she was reconsidering giving her sister that beat down she had coming.

Snuggling deeper into Marius, she sighed.

“I hope that sigh is for me,” he said in her ear.

“Actually, it was for that sweet potato pie my momma made,” she sassed.

“Well, it was a good pie, but not as impressive as the beautiful baby girl that *I* made,” he said all arrogant like.

Opening her eyes, she looked over at their sleeping baby girl in the crib next to her. She was perfect—just perfect. “She’s perfect, Marius,” she agreed. “Thank goodness for those Hamilton genes,” she said just to needle him.

He chuckled in response. Leaning over to kiss her, he asked, “I seem to recall you telling me the only way you’d procreate with me was for hell to freeze over. Is it frozen over?”

“Could be,” she agreed. “After all, we do have a black president.”

“You know that is so not politically correct,” he said.

“Which is exactly why I said it.”

“So, your sister’s name is Chaos. Your first name is Melee. Are we going to continue the tradition and name our beautiful angel Turmoil?”

“I know you didn’t just bring up my first name,” she accused.

“I did, but it’s only fair being that you bring up my cock every time you walk into the room, every time you speak a word, every time I think of you.”

She had a comeback—really, she did—but she swallowed it because after a compliment like that, there was only one thing she could do. Turning in his arms, she looked him in the eye right before kissing him breathless. Pulling back, she reached down and stroked him. “Five weeks...,” she said as she squeezed him.

“Elle,” he rasped.

His sharp intake of breath only served to spur her on. Lifting his shirt, she leaned down and licked his nipple. “...six days.”

Feeling him tremble had her inner diva patting herself on the back. “...and it’s on like neck bones. I’m going to be all over you like white on...well, you,” she sassed.

She’d barely got her taunt out when she found her hands trapped within his.

“If we go to Luxembourg, it’ll be five weeks and five days,” he said as he took her lips.

“I like the way your mind works.”

\*\*\*JJ and JL\*\*\*



Thank you for trusting us to deliver your prose. While we do write to supplement our incomes, we appreciate the investment of your time. We hope that you enjoyed the adventures of Elle and Marius

To read more about the characters connected to this book, check out the following stories:

- *Heat & Rrrour* (Borghild Vidar and Galactica Kestral) coming soon
- *The One Who got Sway* (Caoín Donnchadh and Maverick Storm)
- Chaos Hamilton and Thurston G. Vidar (story coming soon)

For more information on the Jeanie and Jayha universe, please visit our website:

[www.jeanieandjayha.com](http://www.jeanieandjayha.com).

# Meet the Players

A kickass tag-team bound together by the pen, Jeanie (the shagacious wordslinger) and Jayha (the ninja master of h\*ll no's) are forces of nature that will either leave you begging for mercy or begging for more.

We are women who have brains we aren't afraid to use; feelings we aren't afraid to express; and, middle fingers that we aren't afraid to extend. We pen stories that push all kinds of boundaries and we don't apologize for it. Our heroines are feisty; our heroes are hot, and our stories are one-of-a-kind adventures. Come visit us at [www.jeanieandjayha.com](http://www.jeanieandjayha.com) and remember: if you don't enjoy your stay, f\*ck it, you didn't have to come.

Praises, compliments, adulation, and the like for Jeanie and Jayha can be sent to:  
[jeanieandjayha@gmail.com](mailto:jeanieandjayha@gmail.com)