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# NEXT DOOR FLAVOR

JEANIE JOHNSON & JAYNA LEIGH



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# *Next Door Flavor*

Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

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To all of the crazy-azz families we are part of and to  
Dréa who has dibs on Sebastian's kitchen...and  
Sebastian.



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# Part I

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Even though he had a five thousand–square foot luxury log cabin sitting on five acres of premium real estate, Sebastian Ryan was a man of simple needs. His four-bay garage held his chopper and his ancient Dodge Ram; his walk-in closet stored his stash of faded jeans, T-shirts, and steel-toed boots; and his past was littered with women who knew how to say the word “yes” and screamed it even better. Yes, Sebastian was a man of simple tastes...except when it came to food.

What his garage, closet, and past relationships lacked, his kitchen more than supplied. A bastard by birth and an asshole by choice, Sebastian was a certified public accountant by trade and a cook at heart. In a home that boasted a media room with a spectacular view and a bedroom with a bed big enough to fit him, the kitchen was his room of choice. Twenty by twenty, his kitchen had copious cabinets, two industrial-sized freezers, and five doors. The first door led to the garage; the second led to the rest of the house; the third led to the walk-in pantry; the fourth led to his state-of-the-art walk-in freezer; and the fifth led to his deck, which opened out to a grilling area that

would've made the most devout tailgaters speak about it in whispers-laced reverence.

His kitchen had almost everything except for sandwich bread, peanut butter, cold cereal, Ramen noodles, and any type of lunch meat. Growing up poor, he'd lived off of sandwiches, Ramen noodles, and cereal (with water because they'd rarely had milk). During his climb from poverty, he'd vowed many things, including to never again consume those items. A combination of stick-to-it-iveness and that trademark Ryan relentless assholeishness had enabled him to keep that vow and all of the others he and his older brother Sendoa had made.

While those traits had garnered them wealth, education, and a modicum of respectability, those same traits had also garnered them space. No one fucked with those Ryan boys—not the hardasses that lived in his neighborhood or the privileged boys who'd overrun their high school. Oh, those spoiled punks made a varsity sport of picking on the Ryan boys, but no one had dared put his hands on the Ryan boys...not after that one time. Husky kids, he and Sendoa had been six-one in middle school and had topped out at six-seven by the time they'd reached high school—with the attitude to back that size up. Everyone with the title “Coach” had wanted them to play for him—whether it was dunking the round ball, running the

rock, or hitting the long ball—but they hadn’t played sports. It wasn’t that they hadn’t liked athletics; it was that a.) they’d gotten jobs so their mom could work one job instead of three; and b.) even if they hadn’t needed to work, they never would’ve played a fucking thing for their high school, not after the way the administrators had made a habit of looking at their mom like she’d been trash and talking to her like she’d been even worse.

His mom hadn’t had the prerequisite accoutrements to earn respect from the tea-and-crumpet crowd. That was, she didn’t have a college degree from an Ivy League university or a prestigious women’s college; she didn’t have membership at the country club; she wasn’t part of the coffee klatch; she didn’t have the husband, the house or the white picket fence that went with the two kids she *did* have. Bree Ryan didn’t have any of those things; but even more egregious was the fact she didn’t *want* any of those things—*especially* the husband. The only thing she’d ever wanted was to do right by her sons. And damn it, she’d done that...and then some.

He and Sendoa had attended one of the best public schools in the nation. That hadn’t been luck, but rather the sheer wily “bastardness” of their mom working three jobs and saving enough money to move their trailer just inside the district lines drawn to keep

“trash” like the Ryans from attending school with kids who’d spent the entirety of their academic careers shunning them.

If their home had been a body, its pinky toe had settled on the border that allowed the Ryan boys to attend Prosperity Elementary, Junior High, and Senior High Schools. Of course, calling their trailer (that was always one something broken away from being condemned) a home was close to being a damn lie. And it would’ve been a damn lie if not for their mom, who had done all within her power to make it otherwise. They might not have had any extras, but their trailer was always clean, food was always in the refrigerator, and the electric was always on.

Sebastian’s mom had made him a man—and not just any kind of man, but a man who had definitive goals, who knew how to say “*no*” without guilt; “*yes*” without conditions; “*I don’t know*” without shame; and “*it’s over*” without remorse. A man of action, Sebastian knew what he liked, what he didn’t like, and what he absolutely had to have; and when he decided that he absolutely had to have something, he went after it full throttle, no holds barred—just like his mom had taught him.

As always, thinking of his mom caused everything hard within him to soften. Sebastian smiled, imagining the hell she was raising out in the

wilds of Rabershell, Alaska with her best friend Selah Harper-Jendayi. And thinking of Alaska caused him to remember that Sendoa and his best friend Yukon were here visiting him in the untamed mountains of North Carolina instead of in Alaska where they could work on perfecting their asshole personalities.

Referring to Sendoa and Yukon as assholes wasn't mean; it was the straight out truth. Yukon had been voted Alaska Territory Asshole of the Year for fifteen straight years. That'd all changed three years ago when they'd trekked up to Rabershell to take their mom to the famous Jendayi Mystery Lodge. Sendoa had decided to stay; and ever since, he and Yukon had shared the title of Asshole of the Year.

Their presence had intruded on his mission. His mission was one Lightning Garaile—his lush and feisty next-door neighbor. She'd rented the cabin next to his, which was close enough to see but far enough away where they weren't on top of each other...yet. Unknown to her, the cabin belonged to him. Also unknown to her, *she* belonged to him.

Normally, he wouldn't have rented it to a woman, but his realtor had talked him into it by saying the lady needed a quiet place to unwind after finishing her master's degree. A graduate of West Point and a veteran, he couldn't say no to that...or to Zuri Summers. Hell, no one said no to Zuri. He'd been

expecting a straight-laced, no-nonsense woman with crisp clothes and a tamed hairstyle to match her tamed personality, yet Lightning was anything but. With a riot of natural hair that fell down her back when it wasn't poofed up thanks to the humidity, she was all cut off—jean shorts and T-shirts wrapped up in a whole lot of unpredictability.

Currently in his impeccable kitchen, Sebastian finished stirring the sauce for the pit barbeque that was slow cooking out back. He smiled, wondering what he'd ask to borrow next from her. Ever since she'd moved in, he'd found excuse after excuse to go next door. First, he'd needed to borrow a cup of sugar. Then some milk. Then a veritable grocery list of items after that: oatmeal, molasses, a vine of tomatoes, white onions. Soon, he'd run out of ordinary items to borrow and had gone for non-grocery items like duct tape and exotic grocery items like arugula. She'd given him the duct tape, but asked what the hell arugula was. Just this week, he'd gone over in the guise of returning the duct tape and had asked to borrow some beetroot. The look on her face had surpassed incredulity. She hadn't said a word. Not one. Instead, she'd snatched back her neon-colored duct tape and slammed the door in his face, all while calling him a bastard. Normally, he didn't cotton to anyone calling



him such; but when Lightning said it, it did something to his insides...and his cock.

Lightning was his and as soon as he got rid of the leech that was his brother and the leech that was his brother's only friend, he would get right back to his pursuit of her. Having spent the last few months warning off everything with a dick, he knew it was time to step up his game. Lightning was getting finer by the day and the natives were getting tired of his warnings, especially since he hadn't staked his claim. That would soon change—as soon as he got rid of Sendoa and Yukon. And he had to get rid of them, else he was going to kill them.

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Getting out of the shower, Lightning imbued her skin in shea butter and slipped on a pair of sherbet orange lace underwear. The mention of sherbet reminded her she hadn't eaten since last night. Slipping into her pink silk robe, she slid her feet in her prized fuzzy dragon bedroom slippers her dad had bought her the last time they'd gone snowboarding. Opening the freezer to dig out her sherbet, she remembered she was out. Sebastian had borrowed it...along with her maple syrup, her fresh-off-the-vine tomatoes, and her duct tape. If they hadn't been out in

the middle of fucking nowhere, she would've told that asshole to take his triflin' self to the store and get them his damn self, but they were out in the middle of nowhere so she didn't say that...and she wouldn't say it until she was sure he didn't have a basement or freezer full of people who'd pissed him off. Plus, he always returned what he borrowed. Actually, he always returned more than he borrowed...and left her house smelling like him.

*Bastard.*

Sighing, Lightning poured herself a glass of juice and stepped out on her deck, thankful that being in the middle of nowhere meant she could forego the whole putting-on-some-clothes thing. All set to relax and enjoy the late-morning sun, a familiar scent hit her nostrils. Closing her eyes, she breathed deeply. She knew that scent like she knew the path to her g-spot. It didn't matter she couldn't see it; she didn't need to see it since she was Southern. She wasn't pseudo-Southern, sorta Southern, or part Southern. Lightning was one hundred-percent Southern. Her momma was Southern, her daddy was Southern, her maternal and paternal great-grandparents were Southern; her best friends were Southern. Having those types of Southern roots meant she knew her barbeque. When she declared (not said, uttered, or announced, but *declared*) she knew barbeque, she

wasn't simply bragging. She'd done her master's thesis on barbeque (yay for going to college in the South!) and was currently the vice-president of the national barbeque association. That was why she not only *knew* the four types of barbeque (vinegar and pepper, mustard, light tomato, and heavy tomato), she recognized their scents too. Right now, it smelled like the barbeque was in its last hour of cooking, which meant she was going over there and getting her some.

She wasn't embarrassed to go asking. Hell, she shouldn't have to! Sebastian should've had his gorgeous fucking ass over here yesterday telling her he'd bring her a plate. Fucker. She didn't know how he grew up, but Sebastian was Southern, so there was no excuse for this mess. There were things Southerners grew up knowing. First—one did not badmouth Jesus unless one was ready to get a whole lot of foot broke off in her behind; second—if one didn't have a one-syllable name, it was going to get massacred; third—tea should have the consistency of forty-weight motor oil; fourth—never start a fight in a country bar because everyone was somebody's cousin; and fifth— one was neighborly even if it fucking killed him. And being neighborly meant one could not barbeque without sharing. It was standard to keep a supply of aluminum foil and quality paper plates (or a

stock of whipped cream containers) on hand to offer visitors and neighbors food.

Fixing her face in a frown, Lightning walked back in the house. Pulling out a stack Tupperware containers, she filled two cloth grocery sacks with them. Sebastian was going to feed her all week and that was that. Oblivious to her state of undress, she grabbed Basher—her favorite baseball bat—and made a beeline for his digs.

# Part II

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Yukon Mann was shoveling potato salad into his mouth as fast as he could. His speed wasn't due to a lack of time; he simply wanted to waste Sendoa in their silent eating contest. Okay, there was also the fact that the faster he ate, the more he could consume. The vat of sides should've been enough...and it would've been if Sendoa's kid brother had been cooking for anyone else but them. Between him and Sendoa, they could put away a week's worth of groceries in two or three sittings. Good thing Sebastian always had a well-outfitted kitchen and a penchant for cooking.

It was also a good thing that Sebastian could cook so well; otherwise, Yukon would smash him in the face every time he saw him. Sebastian was a certified asshole, but he was willing to overlook that fact as long as he kept making that barbeque sauce. He smiled, recalling the moment he'd met the Ryan brothers. As always, he'd been in the mood for a fight, and Sendoa had been there to give it to him, heedless of the fact most of the patrons in the bar had the last name "Mann." Everyone always left two-thirds of the

bar to Yukon, but Sendoa hadn't known that or given a damn.

The brawl had been brutal, but not as brutal as it could've been if they'd lived in the South where a barroom brawl was a family affair. Accustomed to Yukon's *fuck you up for no reason* attitude, the regulars had simply moved themselves and their drinks to the far side of the bar and watched as he and Sendoa had traded blows. Sendoa had given as good as he'd gotten too. When they'd finally grown weary of fucking each other up, they'd dragged themselves to the bar and shared a pitcher. That had been when Yukon had met the other Ryan brother. Sebastian had stepped in the bar, taken one look at them, and then had spoken to his brother.

"Ahh, it's good to see that you're making friends," he said before summoning the barkeep.

"I should have fucking smothered you when we were young," Sendoa had replied.

It was that comment that had made Yukon realize he and Sendoa cut from the same cloth. Sendoa's little brother, however, was a different story, considering he'd ordered ice water. Thinking Sebastian would fashion a makeshift icepack for his brother's face, Yukon had been surprised when the man had actually *drunk* the ice water. Yukon had smirked then. Here Sebastian was in the best bar

north of 60° (he'd never bothered travelling south of that latitude because there simply was no need to) and he'd ordered water. Being in his usual good mood, Yukon had called him a pussy. In return, Sebastian had kicked over Yukon's chair before finishing his ice water like he hadn't had a care in the world.

There had been no telling what Yukon would've done in retaliation if Sebastian hadn't pulled out the biggest damn sandwich he'd ever laid eyes on. As soon as Sebastian had unwrapped it, the aroma of goodness had had Yukon reaching for his wallet. Though he hadn't known what the sandwich was, his shifter senses had told him it was worth the fifty bucks he'd offered Sebastian. Sebastian hadn't even blinked when he'd demanded fifty more. Mumbling, Yukon had given it to him and snatched the sandwich away. He'd bitten into that sandwich and in return the flavor had made love to his taste buds. If Sebastian had been a chick, he would've called for Reverend Harper (who had been on the other side of the bar reading the *Journal* and enjoying a bourbon) and married him on the spot.

That sandwich had been the impetus of an acquaintance that had the townspeople referring to them as friends—and had Sebastian referring to him as an idiot for calling barbeque between slices of bread a sandwich. Regardless of how many times he and

Sendoa had declared they weren't friends, no one had bothered listening to them. Sebastian always would take it a step further and refer to them as each other's bitches. Fucking asshole. If Sendoa would get off of his lazy ass and beat that secret barbeque sauce recipe out of Sebastian, they could go ahead and drop him off of a glacier. Their momma wouldn't even miss Sebastian as he and Sendoa looked enough alike to be twins.

Amping up his grumbles, Yukon made a move to grab some more of the divine potato salad when his shifter senses picked up stomping coming this way. Whoever was approaching was also muttering under his breath. The speech consisted primarily of "motherfucker" and "barbeque." Though he wasn't sure what was going on, Yukon knew whoever was coming was damn angry. Rising to his full seven feet, he prepared for battle. There was no way in this hellhole they called the South he was going to allow some interloper in here. He wasn't worried about being hurt; after all, the cabin was filled with three males who could hold their own in any kind of battle. Even though Sebastian's primary weapons might be a non-stick spatula and a sauce brush, he was a Ryan, which meant his second favorite past time was beating the shit out of deserving people. So, no, Yukon wasn't worried about the fight coming to the door; he was



worried about the empty stomach this person was bringing with it.

Southerners life had this funny way about it. Scratch that—Southern life was naught but funny ways, and most of those ways centered around hospitality. If one made it to the front porch, one received a glass of sweetened iced tea or lemonade with a “hey y’all!” If one made it over the threshold, one received dessert; if one made it to the kitchen, one was definitely getting a plate. And since this person had made to the front porch, Yukon concluded the visitor was a guest. Though the counter was loaded down with baked beans, grilled corn-on-the-cob, glazed sweet potatoes, macaroni and cheese, chicken, ribs, and barbeque, the scent of woman overpowered all of that.

As soon as it had hit his nostrils, Yukon had perked up. How could he not as this one smelled like sex on a stick—yay for him! Yukon liked the ladies almost as much as he liked his food and he liked his food, almost as much as he liked fighting. Wiping his hands, he made his way to the front door just in time to watch it fly open and welcome a neon-encased hottie.

Yukon was stunned. It wasn’t everyday a stranger simply rolled up in someone’s place. The woman didn’t simply enter; the spitfire barged her

way in and stood in the middle of the living room like she owned it. Her demeanor caught him off guard, but not as much as her state of dress (or rather, undress) did. Clad in a silky robe, he couldn't help but notice her more-than-ample cleavage and her well-developed thighs. Nor could he ignore the orange sherbet-colored panties that were revealed as she walked to the kitchen. With her hair tumbling across her shoulders and all of that hot, little body exposed, one might think she were here for sex...until he looked at her feet and paid attention to what was in her hands.

On her feet were dragon slippers—not slippers with dragons embroidered on them, but slippers in the shape of a dragon, complete with silver horns and silver-edged wings. In her hands was a big-ass bat. Yukon wasn't worried about the bat, even though it was clear the bat was for busting heads in rather than homeruns. Then, she pointed that bat at him. Being a shifter, he'd heal from whatever damage she did. Still, if she caved in his jaw with it, it'd be an hour or two before he could finish eating, which was just enough time for those Ryan boys to finish off the potato salad and everything that went with it. Though he liked to fight; he didn't fight women. Realizing that the best course of action was to stand down, he did so.

“Where's that motherfucker!?” the little spitfire demanded.

She might've been a little thing but damn if she didn't give off that *I'll fuck you up and don't need a reason to* vibe like he usually did. Yukon almost took a step back at the fury in her question; and if that step wouldn't have taken him further from his food, he would have. Saving himself the trouble he knew she was bringing, Yukon pointed towards the kitchen. Nodding curtly and mumbling something that sounded like thanks, she headed to the kitchen. Smiling, he announced her.

“Sebastian, you've got a visitor!”

Reclaiming his seat at the dining table, Yukon watched the woman turn her bags upside down. The cascade of food containers spilling out on the tabletop had him cringing. Dammit, he was going to have to share, he thought a moment before he watched her swing that bat at Sebastian's knees. Knowing there was a good chance she'd take Sebastian out, he grinned. Even if she filled all of her containers twice, she'd still eat less than Sebastian, which meant more for him and Sendoa. And he could always sneak up on Sendoa and cold-clock his ass, which would leave it all for him.

Sendoa's warning interrupted his plan. “Don't even think it,” he said as if he could read Yukon's mind.

*Asshole.*

Digging back into his food, he saw Sendoa grab the bat and step in between the woman and his brother. Dammit, Sendoa was always doing shit like saving Sebastian from an ass whipping. It usually worked; but then again, there wasn't anything usual about this woman dressed like a neon fruit salad. Stomping on Sendoa's instep, she snatched back her bat.

"Touching a woman's bat is like touching her vibrator. Keep your fucking paws off of it!" she yelled as she pushed Sendoa out of the way with her ample hips and got all up in Sebastian's face.

Yukon didn't even try to suppress the laughter that bubbled out of him. Knowing that he was bested, Sendoa simply shook his head, grabbed his plate, and moved it closer to him. This was going to be so good. Popping the top on his cola because that pansy-ass Sebastian didn't drink, he and Sendoa clinked cans and watched the entertainment unfold. Sendoa tried to push Yukon away from the bowl of potato salad, so he was distracted for a moment...but just a moment. Settling the score by stabbing Sendoa in the back of the hand with a spoon, Yukon returned to watching the most interesting display of anger he'd seen since he'd caught a glimpse of himself in the bar mirror during his weekly brawl.

“You bastard!” she yelled as she poked Sebastian in the chest.

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Finishing the barbeque with a heavy sprinkling of his secret-recipe sauce, Sebastian thought of next week’s menu in order to keep himself from outright killing Sendoa and Yukon. Between the two of them, he was damn near close to committing homicide—fratricide especially. Damn, they were assholes—who never stopped demanding. He stayed in the kitchen making food in the hope that if their lips were wrapped around some ribs, they couldn’t be wrapped around speech. Just as experts had to sit before a board and prove they were worthy to practice their specialty or put “Dr.” in front of their names, those two should have to sit before a board and prove they were fit to be around sentient beings. If Sebastian were on that board, he’d give them a “hell no!” They took being an asshole to a whole new level; and the series of “fuck yous”, “bastards”, “assholes”, and grunts they called conversation should be outlawed.

He thought of lacing their food with something unpleasant, but he had too much respect for his craft and too much passion for his food to do such a thing. He could, however, put sleeping powder in their

drinks. If they were knocked out for a few hours, Sebastian could slip over to Lightning's house and borrow something. Knowing she enjoyed her chocolate, perhaps he'd ask to borrow some cocoa even though what he really wanted "borrow" was some pussy. Namely hers. Permanently. He wondered how Lightning would react if he asked her to lend him some chocolate pussy. Knowing her, she'd bitch slap him before telling him to come back when he could handle her mind, her mouth, and her pussy.

Sebastian couldn't help but smile while imagining handling all of her. He loved her mind. Her intelligence was as much a turn on as her body. He loved her mouth. Watching her ask him "what the fuck he wanted" always made his cock hard. Of course, merely walking in the direction of her cabin made his cock hard. He hadn't made her pussy's acquaintance just yet, but he wanted to; and when he did, he was sure he'd like it.

He was just getting to the very good part of his fantasy when he heard Asshole Number Two bellow his name. That was it. He was going to bludgeon them to knocked-the-fuck-out. Yanking his cast iron skillet from the stove top, he was about to make good on his threat when the source of all of his fantasies stormed in...wearing almost nothing except for her anger.

Sebastian could see Lightning's lips moving; but for the life of him, he couldn't hear a damn thing. He might not be able to hear shit, but wasn't a damn thing wrong with his vision. Later, he'd get on his knees and offer up thanks for that. Seeing the silky material working overtime in an attempt to cover all of Lightning's good parts caused a plethora of reactions. He could barely think a thought as all of his blood raced to his cock. While having a hard cock to fuck Lightning with was a good thing, having only a few brain cells left to do the rest of the work slowed down his reflexes. If it weren't for his brother grabbing Basher, he'd be recovering from some kind of injury. He knew that for a fact, for he'd seen Lightning at the batting cages. She'd played two years of softball at West Point and two years at North Carolina, and had three batting titles and two NCAA championships to go with that power swing.

For a moment, Sebastian felt sorry for Sendoa, who didn't know never to touch Lightning's bat, but only for a moment. He enjoyed the sight of Lightning telling him off. He even enjoyed it when she came to tell *him* of, her finger poking him in the sternum even though he was sure he'd feel that for the next day or two. He thought about grabbing her hand and sucking on that finger, but she still had that bat in her hand. So instead of touching, he looked his fill. And damn if

there weren't a lot to see. Lightning was stacked, and her breasts were playing peek-a-boo with the vee of the skimpy robe she wore.

Her sharp command wrenched him out of his fantasy, followed up with a jab of her bat.

"Stop looking at my tits!" she thundered.

*Stop having them on display then*, he thought. Sebastian wasn't stupid enough to say it, regardless of how much of his blood had centered in his groin. Lightning would've had him lying in a pool of his internal organs so fast, it wouldn't have even been funny.

"Now, I know you did *not* fire up the grill and think you weren't going to share with me!"

Sebastian was unsure if that was a question or a statement, but he needn't have worried because Lightning cleared it up.

"I'm sure your mama is a wonderful lady who did all she could to turn you into a decent human being, so I'm not going to blame her for this. I've known you long enough to know you're just damn hard-headed! Even though you're an asshole, the least you could've done was send one of the life couple," Lightning paused and gestured with her head towards Yukon and Sendoa, "over with a plate for me. Did you think I wouldn't know what you were doing over here?"



I'm Southern, Bas. You can't slip the smell of barbeque past me!"

"Hey!" the "life couple" protested upon hearing her comment. "We're not like that!" they simultaneously yelled.

Lightning turned around and leveled them with a look. "Okay, maybe you're not a couple, but I bet you're some damn good interior decorators."

"We're not interior decorators," Yukon growled.

"Whatever. Broadway dancers, then," she countered.

"We are not dancers, either!" Sendoa snarled.

"Well, you know what, I really don't give a flying fuck what you are. You're both interrupting; and if you don't want teeth full of maple, you'll sit back down and mind your own damn business! Better yet, why don't you take your Yankee asses back across the Mason-Dixon Line and stop cluttering up the South with your bullshit?! You might not give a damn about anything, but you're giving the gay community a bad name!"

Though he was being told off good and proper, Sebastian was having a hard time holding in his laughter. It wasn't every day someone dared to talk to Sendoa and Yukon, much less talk that much shit to them.

Lightning's fist tangling in his shirt interrupted his silent mirth.

"Well?" she snarled up at him, and Sebastian allowed the smile to slowly form on his face as he stepped forward into Lightning's breathing space.

"I was coming over to bring you a plate," he whispered as he gently grabbed her wrists and kissed her. Pulling back, he finished his statement. "Now, I'm just going to come...in *you*," he said as he slipped his tongue in her mouth and kissed her like he'd been daydreaming about.

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Lightning had been two seconds away from beating the shit out of Sebastian's guests. The life couple was just an unsolved case waiting to happen. Unleashing her Southern, she'd let them have it; and after she'd given it to them, she'd paused, waiting to see if she would have to give them some bat to the face with her words. When they'd settled for silence, she'd turned back to Sebastian and had gotten an armful of hot-ass man. Suddenly, she'd been aware of how very fine he was...and how very close...and then she'd been kissed.

Oh, damn. Bas could kiss like the colonel could fry chicken. Surprised he could use those full lips for

something other than asking her for shit, she allowed him to continue. All set to let him keep the lead in their kiss, she decided not to slap him. And then his taste hit her tongue and her taste buds screamed out “Hot damn!” Just as she knew the smell of barbeque, she knew the taste of good sauce. There were sauces and then there was the kind of sauce one kept in a safe...and then there was the sauce Sebastian had been eating. That was the kind of sauce that should’ve been in Fort Knox. Fuck the gold standard or the good faith standard, the nation’s economy should’ve been based on that sauce.

Dropping Basher, she jumped up in Sebastian’s arms and slobbered him down.

Pulling back, she demanded. “Where is that sauce?”

“What?” he asked.

“Where is the fucking sauce?” she asked again.

“Sauce?” he asked.

Turning from Sebastian in pure frustration, she damn near tore that kitchen up looking for that sauce. She was about ten seconds away from fucking something up when she heard the sound of a throat clearing. Looking up, she saw one of the life couple handing her a mason jar. Smiling, she snatched it from him.

“Where’s Sebastian’s bedroom?” she asked, not even pretending she wasn’t about to spend the rest of the afternoon fucking Sebastian Ryan. Grabbing Sebastian’s hand, she dragged him off to his bedroom. Well, she attempted to, anyway.

“March your fine ass to the bedroom, now,” she commanded.

“And if I don’t want to?” he asked with a smirk.

She really hated smirky-ass men—even those who could cook their fucking asses off. “Well, then, you don’t have to, but know this: I’m going to spend the afternoon and maybe part of the evening licking this sauce off of someone. It can either be you or one of the life partners in there. For that matter, it can be both of them. I’ve always wanted a threesome,” she said.

Turning to the life couple, she sauntered up to them. If she weren’t so interested in that sauce, she might’ve taken time to appreciate how fucking fine they were with their silky black hair, bronzed skin, and fuck-me-then-fuck-me-some-more-fuck-me-to-sleep-then-wake-me-up-and-fuck-me-again bodies, getting between them and reaching for each of their hands. She placed the emerald-eyed one’s hand on her ass and the blue-eyed one’s hand on her breast.

“All of this is real, boys. Can a heterosexual woman tempt you into a threesome?” she asked while looking at Sebastian with a smirk of her own.

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Caught up in the kiss, Sebastian hadn't been surprised when Lightning had taken over the kiss. He had been, however surprised, when she'd dropped her beloved Basher. Feeling her damn near crawl up his body had had his cock on high alert. Oh, yeah, from the feel of her hard nipples, the ragged sound of her breathing, and the desperation in her touch, he knew Lightning wanted him. Good, because he more than wanted her. Still something in him had wanted to hear her beg for his touch. Okay, it wasn't "something"—it was his ego.

Reluctant to have a woman sharing his mountain, Sebastian had been knocked for six the first moment he'd seen her. Never had a woman intrigued him like she did; never had a woman affected him like she did; never had a woman tempted him like she did; never had a woman challenged him like she did. After spending nights with her starring in his dreams and days with her intruding upon the solitude he'd always preferred, he'd had to admit, there had never been a woman before Lightning. Oh, he'd had sex and lots of

it, but he'd never wanted anything past that. With Lightning, he'd wanted any little scrap of affection she'd give him. He'd take her "hell no" over any other woman's "yes"; he'd take her raised brow over any other woman's crooking finger; he'd take her laughter over the sound of any other woman's pleasure. He'd take her...if only she'd let him.

Before Lightning, he'd never needed...anyone. Or perhaps it was that he hadn't *wanted* to need anyone. Lightning changed all of that. She reached into his chest and did something to his heart. She made him feel, and he was helpless to stop it. Having spent the past few months longing for her with a passion he'd reserved only for cooking, he needed her to want him the same way. That was why he'd played hard to get. That was what had prompted him to act like the sun didn't rise and set with her. If he'd known asking "what if I don't want to?" would result in him having to cut off Sendoa's and Yukon's hands he would've kept that question behind his teeth. But since he hadn't known, now Sendoa had a handful of his woman's breast and Yukon had a handful of her ass.

Running across the room so fast their fingers had barely made good contact with her person, he ripped Lightning from their grip.

"Mine!" he roared and hauled her in his arms.

“Then act like you want it, motherfucker!” she spat.

*Act* like he wanted it? *Act*?! Was she fucking kidding? He didn’t have to *act* like shit—he wanted Lightning and he was going to spend the rest of the day proving that!

“I don’t have to *act* like I want what’s mine. I’ve wanted it since I laid eyes on it,” he drawled in her ear.

“Well, then, come big or stay at home!” she challenged.

“I *am* at home,” he returned as he backed her into the counter and acquainted himself with her curves.

“Then there’s nothing left for you to do...except for come,” she said as she lifted her pelvis into his.

Having his arm full of his fantasy felt right, but Sebastian still needed more. Pulling her closer, he reached down and caressed her sex, reveling in the way she opened for him. Closing his eyes, he inhaled deeply, dragging the scent of her arousal deep into his lungs. He couldn’t help but feel arrogant knowing he was the reason for the dew that soaked her scrap of panty. Feeling her wrap her legs tightly around him, he thrust his jean-covered crotch against her mound, mimicking sex.

“Sebastian,” she moaned. “*Sebastian.*”

The sound of his name on her tongue almost broke him. He'd never heard his name said like that. He'd heard his name said with contempt, apathy, textbook pronunciation, anger, fear, lust, even maternal love, but he'd never heard his name come out of anyone's mouth the way it had from Lightning's. She said his name so good, so honest, so feisty, and now he wanted to hear her scream his name with all of that passion. Hefting her in his arms, he made his way to the bedroom.

His trek was interrupted by the star of his fantasies. "The sauce, Sebastian. Don't forget the sauce."

Grabbing the sauce on his way, he made a beeline for his bedroom.



# Part III

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Sebastian was all-hot motherfucker. Okay, he was always all-hot motherfucker, but right now he was all-hot motherfucker with sauce in his hand. Not even bothering to do more than spare the bedroom a glance (and that was only so she could locate the bed), Lightning snatched the sauce from his grip. Opening the jar, she dipped a finger in and tasted...and shuddered in pleasure. Setting the jar down on the nightstand, she kicked off her dragon slippers and shimmied out of her robe. Throwing a glance over at Sebastian, she noted he watched her like he was security and she fit the description. Smiling, she cupped her full breasts, pinching the hard nipples. When his eyes dilated, she hefted them and licked her own nipples, knowing that little trick would turn him on.

“Strip, Sebastian,” she demanded as she continued to pleasure herself.

Either Sebastian moved in fast-forward or she blinked really slowly, because the words had barely left her mouth when a very naked Sebastian was all up on her, yanking her hands from her breasts and covering her nipples with his mouth. Throwing her

head back, she moaned in pleasure. Sebastian knew his way around breasts. A moment later, she amended her statement. Sebastian obviously knew his way around the whole female form, for he was working her body right. Filling her with his thick fingers, he set a world record for making her come. It was as if he had a map to her G-spot. No sooner had he thrust his fingers in her, she was digging her fingers into his biceps and riding out the waves of her first orgasm.

“Sebastian,” she panted.

He didn’t respond to her moans; instead, he backed her against the wall. Ripping her panties from her body, he dropped to his knees. Spreading her thighs, he inhaled deeply before bending his head and lapping up her honey. Tangling her hands into his hair, Lightning thrust her hips up and fucked his mouth.

“Harder! Lick me like you mean it!” she demanded as she ground her pussy against his lips.

He didn’t lick her harder; he licked her more gently, more slowly, more deeply. He used his teeth to tease her clit and used his fingers to set the rhythm. What a rhythm it was. Tossing her head from side to side, her body undulated in time to his fingers and tongue. Damn, he ate pussy so good, but she wanted more. She needed more.

“Sebastian,” she moaned as another wave of pleasure overcame her. “Sebastian, please.”

“Please what, Lightning?” he asked as he latched onto her clit and stroked her to orgasm.

Emitting a medley of moans and ahhs, she held on to Sebastian knowing his strength was the only reason she was still standing. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she breathed in the scent of her man—yes, *her man*, she’d decided; and if Sebastian had a problem with that, he could simply get the fuck over it—and kissed him. He still tasted good. Her honey went well with that sauce, which reminded her that she had a whole mason jar of it she needed to put to use.

Pushing Sebastian on his back, she reached for the jar. Opening it, she drizzled a line down his smooth chest. Capping the sauce, she bent and followed the line with her tongue. She took her time, enjoying the taste of Sebastian and sauce. Though she’d licked off all of the concoction, she was in no way finished licking him. No way, not when there was this much fine motherfucker beneath her. Crawling down his chiseled body, she paused at his cock. Wrapping her hands around it, she stroked him, accustoming herself to the feel of him. He felt good in her hands and she knew he’d feel spectacular in her body. There was no way he could be anything less than spectacular

considering the way he approached cooking. Just as he put some “*hmm*” up in that sauce, she knew he’d bring some “*hmm*” to their lovemaking.

Bending her head, she took him in her mouth. She didn’t rush it; she savored him, stroking him slowly as she made her way down his length. Sebastian felt good on her tongue and in her hands. He especially felt good in her life. She wasn’t sure how it’d happened, but it had happened, and she wasn’t about to question this good thing—especially when her time as a soldier had showed her so many ugly things, so many inexcusable things.

Focusing on the man beneath her, Lightning reveled in his sharp inhalations, his ragged exhalations, in the way his big hands tangled in her hair. She reveled in his strength and the way that rasped her name.

“Lightning,” he moaned. “Please.”

Lifting her head, she threw his own words back at him. “Please what?”

“Let me love you,” he pleaded.

There were a lot of ways Sebastian could have answered that question. There were an infinite number of sexual acts he could have inserted; and, truth be told, about ten of them had come to mind. She’d gotten hot thinking about what he’d say. Ready to accommodate his wishes, knowing that he wouldn’t

ask for something she wasn't willing to give (if one didn't count the beetroot), she'd been in no way prepared for that response. When she'd heard it, she could do nothing but love this motherfucker more.

Taking a moment to get herself together, she looked into his eyes and answered. "I already have."

She followed her confession with a challenge, because that was what she did. "Whatcha gonna do, now?"

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Sebastian couldn't believe how good Lightning made him feel. She'd reduced him to begging. When he'd uttered his please, he'd known she'd toss his words back at him. What did surprise him was his response...and hers. *What was he going to do, now?*

Smiling at the minx's challenge, he flipped them over. Gaining his feet, he pulled her up and tossed her on the bed. The sight of her there made him pause for a moment, noting how right she looked on it, which was a good thing since she was going to be in it for a long while. Stalking her, he stroked his cock on the way to her. Her reaction didn't escape his notice. From the way her eyes glazed over and the way she bit her lip, he knew she was turned on by his display. Good.

Crawling on the bed, he spread her legs. Bending, he kissed her insteps and proceeded to nip his way from her ankle to her mouth. He took his time, ensuring the journey was a pleasurable one for her. She was already primed for his lovemaking, but he wanted her desperate for it.

Rubbing his hard body against hers, he caged her in. Never had Sebastian felt more male than in that moment. Bending, he whispered in her ear.

“You want to know what I’m going to do now?” he asked.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“I’m going to tear this pussy up. I’m going to fuck you like you want to be fucked, like you’ve been begging me to since the moment you stepped foot on my mountain...unless, of course you, think you can’t handle it.”

He threw that last bit in knowing it would enrage her. He liked her feistiness. Having seen it and heard it, he now wanted to taste it.

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Lightning had been enjoying the feel of Sebastian when she’d suddenly found herself smack dab in the middle of his bed. Before her mouth could form a protest, her eyes had been filled with the sight

of him stroking that glorious cock of his. Licking her lips, she'd trembled in anticipation. When he'd knelt at her feet and kissed his way up her body, she'd trembled from pleasure. He'd touched her so good.

Surrounding by his strength, Lightning had felt claimed. When he'd asked her if she wanted to know what his next move would be, she'd felt a heady rush of eagerness. When he'd told her how he was going to fuck her, she'd felt like she was his fantasy. Damn, this motherfucker knew what she wanted and he was going to give it to her. She couldn't wait! First, though, she had to let him know he was going to have to prove it.

"You talk a good game, but did you consider that perhaps I will be the one to fuck you the way you need to be fucked?"

He answered her question with laughter. A low tone, it slid through her. His laughter was erotic, promising pleasure upon pleasure. Before she could wonder about the type of pleasure, he reared back and slammed his entire length into her.

Feeling his cock plunder her body was the biggest shock of her life. Never having experienced anything that had come close to this pleasure, she wasn't sure how to react. She couldn't even form words. All she could do was inhale sharply, dig her nails into his back, and take it.

Sebastian stopped and kissed the gasp from her lips. “Are you okay?”

She still couldn’t speak, but she could answer him with her body. Looking him in the eye, she thrust her pussy onto his cock, meeting him stroke for stroke. She was setting a pretty good rhythm when his hands stayed her hips.

“*I am fucking you, so lie back and take me,*” he demanded.

She wasn’t even about to hear that. Try as he might, he couldn’t stop her from fucking him back. Clenching her pussy around his cock, she used her hips to fuck his cock with her pussy even as she used her hands to tease his skin with her touch. Over and over she thrust. There was telling how long they would’ve continued their silent battle if Sebastian hadn’t changed tactics. Spreading her thighs as wide as they’d go, he pressed his weight onto her, holding her in place. Satisfied she was going to stay put, he worked her pussy with a combination of slow, deep strokes that had her begging for him to fuck her harder and faster. Of course, he didn’t listen. He simply took his time, working her pussy at his own pace as he roughly palmed her breasts and leisurely sucked her nipples into his mouth.



Moaning out her pleasure and her frustration, she finally managed words. “Fuck me harder! Fuck me faster or—”

The ‘or’ was as far as she got in that sentence, because in the next moment, he was pistoning in and out of her so fast she wasn’t able to talk. All she could do was hold on and pant in time to his thrusts. She tore his arms and back up with her nails, not that he seemed to care. Looking into his eyes, she saw pure determination. Lifting her thighs onto his shoulders, he put all of his weight behind his thrusts. Never had she felt so exposed. She could hide nothing from him in this position—not her body, not her pleasure, not her soul. With him hitting her spot every time, her pants changed to loud keening.

Using strength she didn’t know she had, she pulled him down to her and flipped him over. Settling herself back onto his cock, she rocked her hips into him, demanding his surrender in the same way he had demanded hers. She didn’t fuck him fast; she fucked him with finesse, making sure to squeeze his cock tight with her pussy. He held onto her hips, but she wasn’t having that. Grabbing his hands, she placed them on her breasts and continued her slow, decadent ride on the finest example of man she’d ever encountered.

Sebastian didn’t simply lie back and take it...nor did she expect him to. Flipping her over, he arranged

her on her hands and knees and slid into her from behind. Throwing her head back, she moaned out his name and thrust back against him. He felt so good, so good, so right, as he drove her across the bed with his strokes. Feeling her legs tremble, she moaned out her thanks when he turned her back over. Leaning down, he kissed her. It wasn't a gentle kiss; it was a kiss of possession.

“Say my name, Lightning,” he demanded.

She didn't even think of refusing him.  
“Sebastian.”

“Damn right,” he said as he stroked her to a final orgasm right before giving into his own.

# EPILOGUE

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*Ten months later...*

Sebastian indulged in his favorite activity—watching his wife and twin girls. Unable to help himself, he leaned down and brushed his mouth against Lightning’s before kissing his daughters’ foreheads. He could’ve stayed in that moment forever, and if not forever, at least the next few hours. And he would have, if his fucking phone hadn’t rung. Stepping out of the room so he wouldn’t disturb his females, he barked a greeting into the phone.

“What?!”

“We need your help,” Sendoa said.

“Why?”

“Car trouble,” Yukon called out in the background.

“Why is that my problem?” Sebastian snapped.

“Because we’re on our way to *your* house,” Sendoa explained.

“You just *left* here last week...after three damn weeks!”

“We forgot something,” they said.

“Yeah, an ass whipping,” Sebastian returned.

“We’re going to tell Lightning. She loves us,” Yukon said.

“No she doesn’t. She simply hopes you’ll decorate our house.”

“Shut up and come get us so we can see our babies.”

“*My* babies,” Sebastian corrected.

“No, they’re ours.”

“Come look at their birth certificates and see whose name is listed as the father,” he threw back.

“They might’ve been ours if you’d gone ahead and let Lightning had that threesome with us,” Yukon said.

“That’s it! I’m coming to get you so I can beat your ass!” Sebastian declared. “Where are you two bitches?”

“On the main road about twenty-five miles outside of town,” Sendoa said.

“Prepare to have your asses whipped when I get there,” Sebastian warned as he scribbled a quick note for Lightning before heading to his truck.

If he’d been paying more attention, he might’ve noticed the rental truck barely hidden by the corner of the house.

“I told you it would work,” Sendoa said as he punched in the security code and entered the cabin.

“You don’t have to be such a bragging bitch. Just hurry up so we can get to our babies,” Yukon grumbled.

Familiar with the layout of the house and Lightning’s preference for a good view, they made their way to the sunroom. Just as they thought, Lightning was curled up on the sofa and their babies were in bassinets on either side of her. Instinctively, knowing which twin was theirs, they made their way to their nieces and picked them up.

“Let’s just hope that asshole’s gone for ages. That way we don’t have to share with him,” Sendoa whispered.

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Lightning Garaile-Ryan was awake the moment the phone rang. Why Sebastian thought he could whisper was as much a surprise to her as Sendoa and Yukon thinking they could “sneak.” They’d been arguing from the moment they’d set foot in the house. Hearing their argument, she knew they’d stirred up some new shit with Sebastian; and as soon as he got back, there was going to be some name-calling, some

“assholes” slung back and forth, and a fight. She’d let it go on for a few minutes, and then she’d step in and all of them would be in trouble.

Snuggling deeper into her blanket, she listened to Sendoa and Yukon make their way through the house and waited for the inevitable. As soon as they spotted the babies, they came over and picked them up, uncaring she’d just put them down for a nap. The minute they had the newborns in their arms, they started arguing over whose baby was the best—as if a.) they’d carried them for nine months, three days and six hours and b.) as if either of her daughters was anything but perfect. Closing her eyes tight, Lightning bit her lip in an effort not to laugh out loud.

“Are you kidding me? My baby can kick ass,” Yukon “whispered” angrily.

“There’s no way! My baby could kick your baby’s ass in a cage match!” Sendoa “whispered” right back.

Leave it to them to pit her three-week-old daughters against each other in a freaking cage match. If they didn’t love her and her daughters so well, she’d brain them both; but as it was, they loved them just as fiercely as Sebastian did. Ever since she’d discovered she was pregnant (damn sauce), they’d been fixtures in their home. She could hardly take a step without a BMF (big motherfucker) making sure she was okay. Sebastian had tried his best to run his brother and his

brother's best friend out of North Carolina, but she'd put her foot down. Despite their motherfucker-ishness, Sendoa and Yukon were part of their family.

Though she'd meant what she said, Lightning didn't know they'd use her words like a presidential pardon. Every argument ended with "Lightning said." Being that all three of them were assholes, there were a lot of arguments.

She'd thought they'd settle down, or at least go into a lesser stage of assholishness once the babies were born, but that didn't happen. They constantly fought over their percentage of "cuddle time", even going so far as to bribe her for more. She smiled, thinking of the closet full of stuff she had as a result; and then she frowned, thinking of the closet full of stuff her daughters had from their constant spoiling. Not even a month old, they already had enough toys to start a franchise. Getting mad all over again, she was about to get up and tell them off when she realized the big men were fast asleep with an armful of baby. Smiling, she closed her eyes and joined them in slumber. Having babies was hard, but not as hard as raising assholes.

Sebastian hadn't gone more than five miles when he'd slammed on brakes. Those two assholes were up to something. They didn't *have* cell phone reception twenty-five miles outside of town. Hell, they didn't have a town to actually be outside of. Turning the truck around, he headed home, knowing those assholes were there trying to take over his babies.

Entering the house, he was all fired up ready to kick some Sendoa and Yukon ass. Stepping into the sunroom, he stopped cold at the sight before him. All of them were sound asleep; yet even in sleep, they looked menacing. Who better than the original asshole and the asshole's best friend to watch over his family? Sebastian was still going to whip their asses later; but right now, he was going to enjoy his family. He slid next to Lightning and drifted off to sleep as well.

**\*\*J & J\*\***

For more information on barbeque, check the article "A Very Brief History of the Four Types of Barbeque Found in the USA", written by Lake E. High, Jr., President of the South Carolina Barbeque Association. It can be accessed at:

<http://www.scbarbeque.com/History.html>.



## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Besides being intelligent divas who pen kickass prose, Jeanie Johnson (the shagalicious wordslinger) and her momma Jayha Leigh (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 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 for more.

A kickass, tag-team duo bound together by the pen, they plan on conquering the world side by side. Jeanie will be wearing her favorite hoodie and her Chuck Taylors; Jayha will be wearing her Crocs, her blue T-shirt, and her halo. Of course, all domination will be done swiftly as Jeanie is always getting into sh\*t while Jayha is busy indulging in her torrid affair with ESPN.

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