

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

SHOW ME YOUR GUN

Mahalia Levey



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This story is dedicated my family for being so
understanding of my limited time.

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and both Stephanie's for being the best editors
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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.

CHAPTER ONE

Every year, St. Bartle's Armored Services threw an annual theme party. Last year's theme was famous couples throughout history. Taleena loved the concept but didn't like the idea of showing up alone, so she opted to stay home. This time, however, Taleena planned on attending. This time she wouldn't hide in the shadows, watching everyone go after what he or she wanted. Sheer willpower, coupled with a desire to be seen as a woman, pushed her to go that extra mile.

Now, she needed to shop for just the right look. *Sweet damn.* Taleena slid her designer shades from her eyes to the top of her head and entered her cousin Deja's store, *Party Central*. Organized racks stood before her. Each one held a category, and each category had sizes tagged for easy access. Looking at so many different articles of clothing and props instigated a migraine. The kaleidoscope of nauseating colors stole her concentration, not to mention made her want to yak.

How in the hell am I going to choose something? Taleena wondered even as she prayed for a godsend. She peeked over the bulky attire in search of a sales clerk...or someone, anyone to help her navigate. Where the frack was her fairy godmother? She clicked her heels...dammit no, that was Oz, not

Cinderella. Come to think of it—had there ever been a black Cinderella?

I need a transformation. She riffled through a rack, taking out a wench outfit. The bustier, gilded in silver and etched with lace, dropped into a full black skirt. She had the bust, although you'd never know it with the asexual uniform she'd been forced to work in. She tossed it over her arm as a maybe and picked up a breathalyzer costume. Laughter bubbled from her mouth. The garb gave a whole new meaning to the phrase "blow me."

"Can I help you?" A young woman popping bubblegum appeared at her side.

"I'm looking for a costume." Taleena slid articles of clothing out of her way to find a piece so hawt, Officer Jason Treadway—a.k.a. her lead officer and longtime crush—wouldn't be able to tear his eyes from her body. Maybe then she'd have a chance to live out the fantasies that had been plaguing her dreams for the past two years.

"If you could be more descriptive, I could help you cut down time on looking."

Taleena read her nametag. Barbie. She cocked her head to the side to study the punked-out teen and blinked. "Barbie, I'm looking for something to make a man's jaw drop open. The kind of open he can't force closed or avert his eyes from."

“The adult ones are in the far corner. We have everything from XXX Heyyy Nurse to Let Me Be Your Doctor. There’s also our best seller, the popular dominatrix set made of all leather, complete with a riding crop, leash and collar for props or not, depending on your pleasure. The boots come separate,” Barbie said.

She shook her head to dispel the image of having Jason on a leash. Somehow the thought of him submitting to her didn’t fit. No. Jason Treadway’s personality clashed with the ludicrous thought.

Taleena swallowed hard. “This is a company-sponsored event with a Western theme. I’m thinking less porn, more like *BAM, how’d I ever miss that?*”

Barbie smiled. “Follow me. There are ‘not too flashy,’ more subtle selections this way.” The sales clerk hop-skipped down the aisles, making Taleena wonder if she took some kind of medication for her exuberance or if it was natural.

When they arrived, she let her fingers drift over a few hangers, trailing down different fabric textures. The pieces in front of her screamed sex! Whereas the adult ensembles looked straight-out trashy, she found herself leaning toward the saloon girl uniform, until her eyes landed on *the* one.

“Barbie, I do think I’ve found what I’ve been looking for.”

She took the camouflage-style chaps, boy shorts and studded bra. A gun belt dangled from the hanger.

“We have matching boots and a cowgirl hat up front,” Barbie declared, obviously easing her way into a better sale.

“Get me the matching accessories and ring me up!” Taleena said as she picked up her size and headed to the front. Lucky for her, she was the only customer. She purchased the matching boots and hat and took her bag from Barbie.

“Come again.”

“I just might.” She exited the store with only an hour left to get ready.

The steady blare of country music met Jason’s ears. Much to his surprise, he found himself grooving to it. He greeted a few of his colleagues with the salutary nod and kept moving. Jason smoothed down his fake mustache and admired the décor. Geez, the threads people came up with. One of his boys had the appearance of a saloon owner, complete with the fake rifle. Many of his female colleagues looked tempting clad in garters and lace. A cluster of people crowded in the center of the room caught his attention.

Edging closer, he discovered what had commandeered everyone's attention. Operated by a scantily-clad woman, a mechanical bull sat in the center of the circle. And on that bull sat one hella fine woman. Like everyone else, he watched the sway of her body in rapt attention. Though he towered over most of the other males, he still pressed forward to get a better look.

He took in the bounce of her breasts, the jiggle of her ass—a sweet ass encased in boy shorts, leaving the underside exposed each time the bull rotated and jarred her on its back. He wanted to know who she was, but the brim of her hat kept him from getting a clear image of her face.

Every time he moved to see more, the bull twisted, preventing him from seeing who belonged to the fine ass bouncing on the seat.

“Damn,” a voice rang out among the crowd.

Jason turned to see his best friend, Donato, and flashed him a smile. “Yeah, she’s a fine one.”

“She hired help?” Donato asked as he handed him a soda.

“I don’t think so.” The bull spun, and Jason was gifted with the sight of the mystery woman’s face. Stunned in disbelief, he took a moment to find his voice. “Not hired help at all. It’s Taleena.” His voice

held a hint of awe. *Where did the conservative woman go?*

“Isn’t she on your team, bro? I thought she was shy.”

All too sudden, the ride came to a halt. “Me too.”

His eyes followed her body posture, how her thighs hugged tight against the leather. Her dismount was nothing short of sexy. He downed the drink and shoved the now empty glass into his friend’s hand. Jason weaved his way through the small crowd to the rider still attached to the saddle.

“See something you like?” Taleena asked as stepped into Jason’s line of vision and cocked her hip out.

Jason narrowed his gaze on the two globes beaded with moisture, calling out for his hands to touch. “Oh yeah. I see a whole lot I like.”

“My face is up here, Jason.”

He liked this new side of Taleena. She had a flirtatious twinkle in her eye and a mouth on her that demanded attention. He stepped closer into her personal space and ran his hand down the side of her arm.

“You can’t blame a man when you’re flashing those babies at him.” For the first time since he’d met her, he registered the light brown shade of her eyes. “You should really lose the glasses at work.”

“Maybe, maybe not—they’re good for hiding things.” Taleena swiped her bottom lip with her tongue.

“Hey girl, nice job up there,” Brandt interrupted her conversation with Jason.

“She’s busy.” Jason cut his eyes at her, silencing her response, then took her by the arm and led her off the center floor. “You shouldn’t have worn that here.”

“Hold the fuck up, Jason. Two seconds ago, you couldn’t rip your eyes from my breasts,” Taleena voiced with vehemence and pulled out of his grasp.

“If you had more than those little scraps of nothing covering those breasts, I and every other man in the room would be more focused on your gorgeous smile,” he said as he leaned against the wall in front of her.

“Are you threatened by others seeing my body or by me?” she asked, capturing her bottom lip between her teeth.

He laughed. “No—neither. I don’t date co-workers,” he said as he adjusted his top hat and suit.

“Why this sudden change?”

The party, which was in full swing, didn’t sway his attention from her. He couldn’t take his eyes off her and found he didn’t want anyone else’s gaze riveted on her but his own.

“Change is good, isn’t it?”

Not wanting to argue, Taleena changed the subject. "Hmph. You look like a marshal in that getup."

"This is a wild, wild West party after all." After checking the time on his pocket watch, he slid it back into his pocket, showing his side arms in his holster slung over his hips, and then let his duster drop. The line at the buffet-style area tucked away on the other side of the room seemed to be growing quick. "We should go grab some B-B-Q before it's gone. Ladies first."

Taleena tipped her hat at him. "Thank you, pardner." She winked saucily and sauntered off.

Amazement floored him. The sway of her hips and the view of her cheeks peeking –and jiggling–out of the boy shorts made his cock harden. *Be easy*, he told himself. Suddenly, dating a co-worker didn't seem so bad. But Jason found he wasn't the only one staring at her. Heads snapped her way each time the belt on her hips rattled. He took longer strides to catch up to her.

"Wait up," he said as he fell into step with her.

"Get lost?" Taleena joined the food line and picked a paper plate off the stack.

"Admiring the view." He reached around her, his arm grazing her bare midriff, and plucked a plate from the table.

“Thought you didn’t date co-workers,” Taleena said, repeating his earlier words as she followed the crowd.

The aroma of pulled pork and ribs slathered in barbeque lost its appeal. The new Taleena occupied all his thoughts and needs. Jason put down his plate and told Taleena to do the same thing.

“We’re leaving.” His patience lessened with each come-hither look she gave in her innocence.

“For real?” Taleena set her plate back down and stepped out of line.

He ached to slap the globes of her ass in his hands while she rode his cock. Jason bent his head down to whisper in her ear, “You win. Right now, your place.”

Taleena stopped in her tracks and just stared at him.

He stared right back. However, the remnants of his patience had run out. He leaned over and whispered in her ear, giving her an out. She didn’t flee. With a whoop of satisfaction, he scooped her in his arms, tossed her over his shoulder and spun on a booted heel toward the door.

“Jason, put me down!” Taleena wiggled against him.

“No!” The palm of his hand met the bare flesh peeking from her shorts.

“Damn, people are gonna talk,” Taleena muttered.

“They began talking the moment you walked in the building.” He grunted when she elbowed him. He slapped at her other cheek. “Be still.” When his sport utility vehicle was in sight, he chirped the alarm and door locks on the remote.

“My ass stings,” she whimpered.

A chuckle left Jason’s lips. “You don’t sound mad at all.” He opened the passenger door and slid her off his shoulder. “I’ll kiss it and make it better.” When she turned to climb in, he smoothed a palm over her heated skin. “All good?”

“No.” Taleena moaned and quickly sat in her seat.

Jason shut her door and rounded the front to get into the driver’s seat. “Buckle up, beautiful.” He slid on the seatbelt. “Still live in the same place, or did you move in the past week?”

Taleena buckled her seatbelt. “You remember dropping me off?”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I?”

“You dropped me off one time over a year ago. No one’s memory is that good.”

“What do you want to hear?”

“How about the truth.”

He slid easily into traffic heading toward her residence. “One of us guys follows you home when we work the late shift. When you get in and the light goes on, we radio to each other and then leave.”

She fiddled with her hat. “I’m both insulted and comforted by that.”

“I’d apologize if I was sorry.”

“How sexist of you.”

Jason navigated down the residential street and parked outside of her house.” I’ll be that—long as you’re safe. I’d do the same for any other woman, if there were more on our team. It pays to be safe, Leena. You know that better than anyone. People get crazy ideas that in our profession we can be forced to give them vital information.”

Taleena opened her door and got out. She fished the keys from her pocket. “I can walk to the door—don’t need the neighbors talking.”

Jason chuckled and followed her. “No, I bet you don’t. You still got that old broad living next door?”

“Yeah, she watches out of her frilly windows all hours of the day and night. We don’t need neighborhood watch since we have her.”

She rounded on him and whipped out her gun, cocking it. “Still think I need protection?”

He reached behind him and pulled out his pistol. "This isn't the kind that has the little flag." He eyed her with deadly intent. "Lower your weapon."

"Make me." She backed up slowly with even steps.

"You do realize you have to unlock your door, so you'll have to turn your back to me?" Smirking, he advanced on her. "I'll have you in a matter of seconds, sexy. Drop it."

Jason waited for her to realize he had her at a disadvantage. With a sigh, she lowered her weapon and turned her back to him. Taking out her house key, she slid it into the slot. And then he was there, his breath against her nape.

"Put your gun away."

"That's not my gun." He gripped her waist and ground his hips. His cock throbbed against the seam of her ass.

"Ohhh," Taleena moaned as she pushed the door open.

Jason moved quicker, closing and locking the door behind him. He took her props and tossed them on the floor. His deft fingers found the clasp on her studded bra, unclasping it.

"Jason..." She shrugged her shoulders, causing the straps of her top to lower until it fell to the floor. She stepped forward and pushed aside his jacket,

unbuckled his belt and slid it out of his pants. Her fingers brushed against his erection. When he groaned, she massaged it through the fabric.

“Give it to me.”

“Bossy, aren’t we?” he asked as he watched her disrobe, which was a tortuously slow process for him. She had the most beautiful nipples and areolas he’d ever seen. He reached out to touch them, brushing a thumb against one, and then the other.

“You’re making me hot.” She moaned and eased the chaps off. She was about to take off the boots when he halted her.

“Leave the boots and hat on.” He gripped the shorts in his hand and tugged, tearing the material in two. “Very sexy. Shaved, too.” He fished his wallet out, opened it, and found a condom. “Very nice,” he repeated and dropped his trousers and boxers.

Taleena ogled his cock. “Oh, damn.”

Arousal speared him. Jason ripped the condom packet open and sheathed his cock. “Where’s your room?”

“In the back.” Her voice wobbled and her breath hitched when he picked her up, impaling her on his shaft. He took his time walking her to her room, stretching her with each step. His hands gripped her thighs that were wrapped around him with Taleena hugged to his chest. “Fucking tight.”

Upon entering her room, he lowered her onto her bed. For a brief second his body left her warm sweetness. His mouth found hers, fused onto it and devoured it with long strokes of his tongue. One hand flicked off the hat, and he wound his hands in her hair. By her eager encouragement, he brushed his fingers against her wet pussy and dived in, finger fucking her hard.

His pleasure came from her ragged breaths into his mouth. He sucked them up with greed and toggled her nub between lazy strokes of his digits.

Taleena pulled back. “I need more”—she pushed her hips down—“Jason.” She nipped his lip with her teeth and then let go.

Jason turned his heated gaze on her and brushed a finger across her lip. “Shh! Savoring.” He withdrew his fingers and chuckled at her mutinous expression. Taking his time, he kissed his way down her body, hitting the hot zones, her navel.

When her expressions changed and her body melted, he bit the inside of her thigh, brushing just momentarily over her clit with his tongue. Her skin felt so soft under his hands. Jason lifted her leg, kissing the back of her knees before positioning himself at her center and sliding in just as she began to protest. Even with the barrier of protection, heat scorched him. A groan of satisfaction left his mouth as

he pushed, inching his way deeper into her channel. He watched her back arch off the bed, and his arousal heightened at her sweet sounds of pleasure.

With each pump of his cock in her core, her breasts shook. Up her leg he stroked, grabbing the flesh of her hips as he ground his pelvis to hers and then soothed the skin he'd handled roughly. "Such smooth skin should be a crime." He bent over her body and let go of her leg to tweak her nipple with his mouth.

"Mmm. Don't stop that." Taleena released the crumpled bedding and ran her hands up his chest. "I love hair on a man." She brushed her palms across the sparse hair on his chest and pinched his nipple.

Jason cupped her breasts, rolling his hands around them while looking into her eyes.

He loved everything about her, from her saucy mouth to her pretty painted toes. However, he wasn't stupid enough to voice his thought. He did the next best thing and kissed her breathless again, then eased her from the edge of the bed to the middle, laying his full weight on her. On his forearms, he stroked her hair and slowed his thrusting to a calmer pace, bringing the tip of his cock out and rubbing her inner lips.

"What?" She moved up, meeting his thrusts.

Jason kissed the tip of her nose and drew his thumb down her jaw line. "Should've kissed you long ago." Around his cock, her pussy pulsed and contracted. She'd become so wet, he threatened to spill before he was ready. He made ruthless love to her mouth and body, taking his sweet time with a clenched jaw, and sweat dripping from his brow. Each mewl and shudder brought him closer, his balls tightening.

"Jason," she cried out, her hands gripping his sinewy arms.

"Oh yeah, Leena." Her climax pushed him to fuck her harder with her body trapped under him. The bed heaved under his full weight, creaking on its legs. Her sweet haven drew him in. He grunted with the exertion of holding back his own pleasure. Under him Leena bucked and turned her head from him. "I want to see you come again." He brought her eyes back to meet his and got lost in her chocolate gaze. Her eyes fluttered and her body tensed. He stroked faster, his pleasure cresting with hers, his seed filling the small reservoir of the condom.

He could feel her quickened heartbeat, one that matched his own frantic pulse. He blew out a breath and placed kisses along her jaw. "You okay?" He shifted off of her, collapsing on his back beside her.

"Mm-hmm," Taleena moaned as she rolled over and pressed her head into his shoulder.

Jason caressed her hair. “I need to clean up.” He eased out from under her and walked to her bathroom. *Get a grip.* Intense sex brought on trouble. Emotions. Needs. Future. He snapped out of his thoughts and pulled the condom off his cock. With an irritated grunt, he tossed it in the trash and turned on the water to wash his hands. One look down told him he hadn’t gotten his fill of his co-worker. Hands pressed against the granite counter, he stared into the bathroom mirror and erased all thoughts of having a relationship from his mind. It wasn’t that Taleena wasn’t prime girlfriend material. Business and pleasure simply didn’t mix well.

“Leena,” he called out. Unsure of what to say, he headed back to her bedroom. Entering, he witnessed her innocence in slumber. Instead of rousing her and taking her again, like he wanted, he dressed quietly and left.

CHAPTER TWO

“Motherfucker.” Taleena woke up to find Jason gone. Fumbling around on her nightstand, she picked up her cell phone only to find no calls. Anger set in. She hurried out of bed and ran to her kitchen. The magnets on her fridge remained unused, and her table clean of clutter. Jason hadn’t left a note, not a message, nothing. After giving her steamy sex, he’d simply left.

How mortifying and un-fucking-believable. *Believe it, sister*, she chided herself for becoming a new booty-call. *So much for knowing someone*. Two years of working next to the sexiest man since time began, and look what it got her. The drought she’d recovered from had opened up a new flood of need. Her body still hummed from the workout he gave her, and her limbs ached. Sore and annoyed, she took a quick hot shower, hoping to erase the night from her memory. His touch was everywhere, his scent all over her room. Angry with herself more than Jason, she got dressed in her plain uniform. Her gaze drifted to her crumpled bed linen as she stormed out of her room and snagged her keys off the table.

Taleena’s fury didn’t abate. Sitting in front of her apartment was the car she’d left at the party. Instead of being thankful she didn’t have to call a cab, she

gritted her teeth and drove to work. He couldn't just expect her to act like nothing happened between them, could he? No. That would be cruel.

Before she knew it, she'd pulled into her parking spot. Living a few blocks from work didn't help matters. *I can do this. I can walk in there and be okay. Last night was fun, but this is my job. I won't let one night of hot sex affect me. I won't give him the satisfaction of my attention.*

After her internal pep talk, she opened her car door, got out, and shut it. The twerp of her car alarm activating hit her ear. Head held high, she walked into St. Bartle's Armored Services and clocked in. As usual, the team was assembled in the meeting room with the daily job itinerary. Taleena checked her weapons and belt and slipped into her seat. Despite her bravado, she felt a flush steal over her cheeks when she walked in and took a chair.

Officer Bradshaw began the meeting. "We have our normal pickups today plus two additional ones. Flannery Jewels has a case for us to collect and deliver to their bank vault, and we have a piece of art to cart to the museum."

Bradshaw put down his clipboard. "Jason, your team will do the normal route and pick up the art. Marvel, your team will do the banks downtown and

get the jewelry.” He paused and then said, “Dismissed.”

Taleena ignored the curious glances sent her way. So much for stepping outside of her comfort zone.

“Hey, girl, you looked hot at the party.” Caleb smiled at her as he filed out of the room.

“Uh, thanks.” She blushed and caught Jason undressing her with his eyes. She turned her back to him and walked out, hoping he choked.

“Taleena, stop.” Jason grabbed her arm and spun her to face him.

“What? Now you have something to say?” she all but whispered, thankful the rest of the crew was not in hearing distance.

“Let me explain.”

“Tell it to someone who cares. I have work to do.” She brushed past him, forcing him to let go of her arm, and headed for their work truck.

From that point on, the day went to complete shit. Taleena’s head hurt from the boiling indignation. Having to ignore the thick tension between her and Jason as it blanketed over them all in the back of the work truck had her nerves standing on end.

“You okay, doll?” Caleb asked.

She forced a smile. “Just have a headache.”

Caleb frowned as they waited in the truck for the holding compartments to be brought to them. He moved behind her and settled his hands on her. “Neck tense?” He brushed her hair out of his way and began kneading her shoulders. “Oh, that feels so good.” Taleena moaned as the tension begin to ebb. “How did you know?” She leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

“Used to do this for my girl and my mama.” Caleb stroked with sure but soft presses on the knotted muscles causing her migraine.

“Mmmm.” She dropped her guard and relaxed.

Caleb began massaging her temples. “The guys wanna know if you’re available to date.”

“Why?”

“Well, after the work party, do you honestly have to ask that?”

“All I did was dress up.” Taleena tilted her head to the side. “That feels wonderful. Your ladies are lucky to have you.”

“You did more than dress up, girl. You came out of your shell—damn sexy of you to do that.”

“So now that I’m sexy, people want a date— Oh yeah...right there...” She squeaked just as Jason opened the door with their goods.

“You two need some privacy, or are you on duty?” Jason snapped and slid into the back with their cargo.

“Sorry, sir. I’ll log it in and call out our departure.” Caleb exited.

Taleena clenched her lips tight and watched from the back as Brandt climbed in the driver’s seat with Caleb in the passenger’s side. She heard their muffled speech but couldn’t decipher what they were saying. All she could sense was the smell of Jason’s cologne and the sound of his haggard breathing. “What’s your problem, Jason?”

He locked in the cargo and took the seat opposite from her, anger riding in his eyes. “You let him feel you up?”

“It’s none of your business,” Taleena snapped. She wasn’t about to tell him he was the cause of her distress or that Caleb took away her pain, if only for a few minutes.

“Damn that. Anything and everything, especially on company time, is my business.”

“And off?” she taunted.

“We’ll discuss that, later.” He sat back. “Buckle up—we’re departing.”

She secured her seatbelt and sighed. “You have no right, not after you just left.”

Jason leaned forward. “I’m sorry I left you.” He sat back and snapped his own. “Trust me, if we weren’t

in this truck and on company time, I'd show you." His harsh stare out the windshield and white-knuckled grip made her question pushing him to his breaking point.

"Tonight, then." God, what a wuss she was. *I'm sorry* and chocolate eyes begging for a second chance, and she was sucked right back in. At least she took it that way, although he didn't look like the begging type. She needed to justify her quick forgiveness.

"Tonight it is."

Dayum. Sweat dribbled down Jason's back, and Taleena couldn't avert her fixation on his body. The drop of the ball hitting the hot pavement did little to distract her from watching the sweat gather between his flexed shoulder blades. The moisture's path down his lower back brought a sigh out of her lips. What she really wanted to do was play towel girl, using her tongue to lick him dry. With a sigh, she watched him land a three point shot. Her gaze turned to Donato and how well he countered her man for every move.

Then her brain went from watching basketball to the night of their big blowup. Nothing turned her on more than the memory of when he'd gotten her home

and proceeded to show her just how well he could apologize.

Fresh roses stood in a beautiful blown-glass vase; he'd placed candles all over her apartment and cooked her favorite dish. She was touched that he'd gone that far in his apology, but it didn't stop there. He'd turned her living room into a massage parlor and brought out the glow in her skin by using his hands, lips and cock—and after he'd brought her mind-blowing pleasure, he'd asked her to be his woman. No engagement ring just yet...not after just one night, instead a beautiful start to a new relationship.

Now, sitting in the gym, she realized the gym membership was by far the best perk of the job. Taleena took a drink from her water jug and leaned back against the bleachers. A shadow blocked her line of vision.

“Welcome back.” She smiled at Nadja. “Donato is losing.”

“That’s too bad.” Nadja sat down.

“What’s your plan?”

“I don’t have one. I’m missing that *go get him* gene in my body,” Nadja said.

Taleena sighed. “Nothin’ like a sexy, sweaty man. He’s into you. Jason told me.”

“I just don’t know how to get his attention. He’s the hottest bouncer at the bar. Girls look at him and I bet they just cream instantly.”

Taleena pulled her attention from Jason to look at Nadja. “Girl, you’re an entertainer. You gain male attention by the flip of your hair, or the gyration of your hips, and then you have that soul seduction voice that’d make the sirens in the oceans envy you. Go! Get your man!”

When Nadja sighed with that resigned look on her face, Taleena also sighed. “Come on, let’s go. You need an intervention.” Hell, if she could get past the *no dating in the company* rule, her friend could, too. She took one last glance at her man dominating the court and then tossed her water in the trash. Taleena draped her arm around Nadja’s shoulder and headed out of the gym with her, a surefire plan formulating in her mind.

****ML****

About the Author

Being smart and sassy with a great sense of humor comes easily for Mahalia Levey. An avid reader of books, she found herself enchanted with disappearing completely into the worlds authors created. One day she vowed to herself she'd be one of them. Then family life came, and college right after. Swayed from her childhood course of action, it took many years for her to get back to that place she held dear as a child. Now she is running full steam ahead to keep up with the many ideas flowing freely. She plans on taking her work to higher levels and expanding her genres. Her main focus is giving her readers variety. Her works in progress include paranormal, fantasy and mainstream romance. Taking characters and watching them grow past what she's imagined is her true passion.

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