

Mad About Mirabelle



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By Amarinda Jones

Chapter One

“Back off, mate!” Mirabelle Turner slapped at the hands that were burrowing under her diaphanous short flared red skirt. When she had taken her friend Clarisse’s place in the hired limousine outside the nightclub she had done so expecting luxury. Mirabelle had not expected one of Clarisse’s pretty-boy hangers-on to jump in with her and start trying to get into her panties. She had not wanted to go to the nightclub at all. That had been Clarisse’s idea. Now here she was half lying, half pushed back against the seat with a man between her legs who was intent on having sex.

It had seemed like a good idea at the time to accept the limo ride. Having to wait in line at two o’clock in the morning for a taxi outside a nightclub sucked. The rich—and if she wasn’t her friend Mirabelle would have said “spoiled”—Clarisse Radcliff had insisted that Mirabelle take the limo. Clarisse herself was going on to another party with yet another Prince Charming-come rocket scientist come male stripper, she had met.

“Take it, Mirabelle. I have already paid for the driver’s services so it would only go to waste.”

Mirabelle had wondered if Clarisse actually understood what waste was. But then the rich are of a different stratosphere from the budget conscious. So Mirabelle had slid into the limo and the man now between her legs had followed on in behind her. She had scarcely noticed him nor the tall, darkly handsome uniformed man who opened the limo door for her with a coolly cynical smile.

Mirabelle pushed at the man’s shoulders for him to let go of her but he just laughed as if amused. He was testosterone and alcohol fueled and looking to get laid.

“I know you want me, baby.” The man cupped her pussy and rubbed through the fabric that covered it as if to prove his point.

“I want many things but you’re not one of them.” The hands between her legs were momentarily thrilling—but only momentarily. It took more than a rampant hand between her legs to make Mirabelle open wide for a swollen cock. She liked sex but she liked a little finesse and a hell of a lot more passion. Mirabelle did not want a *wham bam thank you ma’am* shag. She wanted raw *I can’t get enough of you and I must have you now* passion. Now that was thrilling and worth dropping your panties for. The man on top of her was a wham bammer and every woman knew that they weren’t stayers.

She succeeded in pulling his hands out of her panties only for him to plant them firmly on her breasts. This man was an octopus. She felt the clasp to her halter top snap open and her breasts popped out. The man’s mouth latched onto one of her pink taut nipples.

“Oh bloody hell,” Mirabelle moaned loudly. She could never think clearly when someone was sucking her nipples. Superman fell apart at kryptonite and Mirabelle lost it when someone sucked her breasts. Her hands instantly went to the man’s head to hold it against her breasts as he sucked greedily. Okay, maybe she did not need finesse. Maybe she just needed to follow this up with the good stiff cock she could feel poking into her stomach between her legs. The man had possibilities and it had been a while since she had sex.

* * * *

Flynn Curtis watched the scene in the backseat behind him. It was hard not to when the woman was luscious and the yuppified man was clearly wanting a taste of

what she had to offer and those large pink-nippled breasts were definitely worth tasting. Flynn could feel his cock harden instantly in response. Though to be correct, he had been hard and ready the minute the woman in red had slid into the limo.

Flynn looked at the red traffic light then back down at the dashboard of the limo. The privacy panel was closed but he could watch the action taking place on the monitor on the console. He pressed the record button to activate the three tiny cameras in the backseat. He definitely wanted to film this woman. Flynn had heard all about her when he had taken on this limo driving gig for one night as a favor to his friend Scott, who owned the business and was one driver down for the evening.

Flynn had been told him this woman was as rich as hell and hot to trot every night. Scott had done very nicely from Clarisse Radcliff's business as she was always calling up Scott Services for limousines to get her to and from whatever party or club she was attending. Scott also filmed each and every client's fucking sessions just for his own private entertainment. Morally it was wrong to film without consent but Flynn knew lots of stuff happened that people were completely unaware of. This Radcliff woman was apparently Scott's main film star and Flynn could see why. This woman was hot and sexy as hell with her "don't touch" yet "come hither and try me" look. Just his type. Flynn wanted to keep this particular tape for himself. No one else would ever get to see his fantasy woman.

Flynn had to smile when the dark-haired woman's struggles subsided as the man's mouth found her breasts. They were deliciously large and suckable. Flynn shifted uneasily in his seat, trying to accommodate his rapidly growing cock. He knew he would have to jack off if this continued much longer. He looked at the woman. Her eyes were

closed and her head was thrown back as she gave herself up to the man at her breast. The woman clearly enjoyed sensual pleasure. That she reportedly had a different man in the back of the limo nearly every night indicated this. Scott said that she liked to play hard to get before she submitted. Some women were like that. This one had certainly tried to fend the guy off. That was until he captured her breast with his mouth. She obviously liked it rough and hard and full on.

* * * *

Mirabelle pulled the man's mouth from her breast, her swollen red nipple popping out from between his lips. For one moment there she had actually been enjoying herself and contemplating the possibility of a nice hard cock between her legs. But contemplating and doing were two different things. She hadn't had a really good fuck for a long time. But she did not need to be the conquest of some lecherous twit. Even the sex-starved had some standards.

"Get off me." Mirabelle pushed hard on his chest. She could feel her short skirt flipped up and those hands were edging her panties down.

"Come on, Clarisse."

"I'm not Clarisse." She knew her best friend was always ready for a hot, wild tumble but Mirabelle was not in the same league as Clarrie. No one was.

The man looked at her and smiled.

"I don't care who you are. You're hot, baby."

"Well, you're not, now get off." Mirabelle tried to kick out at him but at that moment her panties were pulled down to around her knees, trapping her legs together.

After one almighty wrench the man had pulled off her lacy pink panties and held them aloft trophy like.

Mirabelle made a grab for them but the man laughed. She slapped his face hard. How did this man ever get a woman? He had the finesse of an elephant trying to mate with a turtle. Or was he so triumphant because this was the first time he had actually got a woman's pants off? What a sad and most likely small-balled individual.

"Yeah, fight me, baby. I like it." The man once more made a grab for her breasts.

"Okay then..." Mirabelle pulled back her hand and smacked him in the jaw with all her might. The man rolled off her, dazed. "Did you like that? I can do it again."

"Bitch!" The man held his jaw as his eyes narrowed on her angrily.

"You have no idea." Mirabelle snatched her pink lacy panties from his hands.

While she did not for one second regret smacking him, Mirabelle knew she was in danger of him doing something much worse to her.

"Driver, stop the car now!"

Flynn looked down at the monitor with interest. Not what he expected. He stopped the car in a side street.

"Get out!" Mirabelle pointed to the door.

"Oh you're not getting off that easily. You're going to be really sorry you hit me, bitch. I'm going to fuck you so hard you will feel like you are being split in two." The man advanced menacingly toward her.

Oh shit!

Mirabelle pushed back into the leather upholstery, grateful that she still had on her ridiculously expensive spiked heels. She had originally blanched at the price of the

come fuck me shoes when she had first fallen in love with them in the shoe store window. However now she could see these expensive lethal weapons strapped to her ankles may just save her life.

The door to the limo flung open.

Please let it be Batman coming to save my ass.

“You heard the lady—get out!” Flynn locked eyes with the man, letting him know in no uncertain terms that he could easily beat the crap out of his yuppified metrosexual hide.

Mirabelle looked at her uniformed savior in surprise. Was this the limo driver? Two thoughts crossed her mind. Thank God he had come to her rescue and why had she not noticed this slab of beefcake before? Tall, dark and damn sexy what with that crooked scar above his left eyebrow.

“This bitch led me on,” the man whined.

“Regardless, when a lady says no she means it,” Flynn told the man. “Have you not gotten that into your skull yet?”

“Cock teaser!” the man yelled at Mirabelle as he started to get out of the car.

“Small-balled prick!” Mirabelle yelled back. She turned to look at the limo driver who was looking at her with interest. “With men like that you just naturally assume they are somewhat challenged in the penile department.” Though Mirabelle doubted very much that this limo man was. Broad-shouldered, lean-hipped with a mouth that was so delicious looking it was bound to be high calorie but definitely worth the tasting.

“And what should I assume about you?” Flynn asked as he shut the door and sat down on the seat and looked at her lazily.

“What?” And what the hell was he doing in the backseat with her when the steering wheel was in the front?

“Don’t you know it’s not nice to get a man all hot and bothered and push him away? Men hate women like that. Those sorts of women need to be taught a lesson about getting all hot and bothered with no place to go.” He slid over closer to the woman in red.

Hot and bothered sounded pretty good coming from limo man.

“Do you have a problem?” She swallowed hard as she looked at the man. If she had to sum him up in a couple of words she could have said raw and sensual from the jagged scar over his left eyebrow to the full lower lip of his mouth. *Just the way I like them.*

“I have no problem. But you do.” Flynn looked down at her bare breasts and licked his lower lip.

Mirabelle’s eyes followed the path of his tongue. Some men were just watchable. This guy with the wavy dark hair was one of them. The smile he gave her was all hot wicked promise.

“Look, I appreciate you getting rid of that creep but why are you in the backseat? Isn’t the whole idea of being a chauffeur to sit in the front seat and actually drive?” It was only then that it occurred to her that as he slid closer in beside her his eyes were riveted on her bare breasts. “Frigging hell!” Mirabelle grabbed the straps of her halter top and tried to fasten it behind her neck. *Could this evening get more embarrassing?*

Flynn draped one long arm over the backseat headrest, his fingers within touching distance of the woman struggling to cover her breasts.

“What I don’t get is why a woman as sexy as you are would be putting out for a wimp of a pretty boy like that or aren’t you all that particular when it comes to men?”

“I was not putting out! And I am excessively particular when it comes to men,” Mirabelle snapped angrily as she struggled with her top. She was even angrier when she realized that limo man was right. She hadn’t been at all particular when the man had her breast in his mouth. Mirabelle hated it when people used her own weaknesses against her.

“He wasn’t even a real man. A real man never forces a woman to have sex.”

“And I suppose you are a ‘real man’?” Even as Mirabelle said it she realized she was probably sitting beside one of the most real men she had ever come across. It was just the spicy smell of him, the warm strength radiating from his body and the knowingly sexy look in his eyes that told her that. He would never have to force a woman. A woman would fall at his feet and beg for him to take her. Mirabelle didn’t beg. Not even for a man as hot as limo man...well...maybe... No, she definitely wouldn’t. *Why won’t the clasp on this damn halter top clasp?* It snapped shut under her panicked fingers.

“I’m very real.” Flynn watched her attempts and smiled. “I wouldn’t bother. I’ll be stripping that dress off you very soon.” Flynn loosened his tie and pulled it off over his head. He was ready for a little fun.

Mirabelle stiffened at his words. What the hell was going on? Was this some sort of orgy limo? She knew Clarisse was always up for a good time but she was seriously beginning to wonder about that girl. Did this happen every night in her rental limo? Mirabelle’s eyes widened as she watched him. *Why is he taking off his jacket? Good lord look at those shoulders!*

“What are you doing?”

Flynn slid right up into her, making her back up into the corner in retreat.

“You are a cock teaser.”

“I am not!” Just the way he said it in that low husky voice made her hot and that was weird as it wasn’t a compliment. “You don’t even know me.”

“I’ve heard all about you.” Flynn planted a hand on either side of her body as he leaned in close and looked into her eyes. “You’re a spoiled brat who uses men for her own pleasure.”

Bloody hell! He thought she was Clarisse. Now Clarisse was definitely a cock teaser and proud to admit it.

“I’m not who you think I am.” She had no room to move. He was all hot, solid, overwhelming male. If she was into swooning she would have swooned right now. Though she doubted a swooning fit would have saved her with this man. He was trouble—the sort you hope to find but wonder if you are up to the challenge of taking on. Mirabelle licked her lips nervously. *To challenge or not to challenge?*

“I know exactly who you are.” Flynn’s hands moved down to rest on her thighs. “You chew men up and spit them out when you’re done with them.” Flynn’s mouth descended on hers, not giving her a chance to reply as his tongue thrust inside her mouth and he kissed her hungrily.

Mirabelle closed her eyes, her hands automatically gripping the broad shoulders before her as his lips devoured hers. *Talk about kissing the stuffing out of you.*

Flynn broke off the kiss and stared at her with interest. This one he would enjoy.

“I cannot remember the last time any woman tasted so delicious.”

“Oh frig...” Mirabelle opened her eyes and stared at him dumbly, all normally functioning brain power beaten into submission under the wild flurry of “give him to me now” hormones. The heat of his calloused hands was burning through her dress like a brand on her skin. She felt a rush of wetness between her legs. This was all man. They did not make them like this anymore and if they did she wanted the franchise. She knew what he wanted and in many ways she was happy to give it to him but he had it all wrong. She was not Clarrie. She did not play games. Mirabelle pushed at his chest. It was like trying to push a bulldozer.

“Get off me.” It sounded like a half-hearted plea even to Mirabelle as her hands ran lingeringly down his chest. *God, all those muscles! It seems a shame to waste them.*

“No.” Flynn let his hands move slowly down her legs to the edge of her skirt.

Thank heavens she had shaved her legs. You just never knew when sex was in the cards... What? What the hell was wrong with her? One minute she was telling herself she did not play games and the next she was up for whatever games sexy limo man wanted to play. This was what hanging around Clarisse did to her. Her slut genes became suddenly active.

“I’ll scream.” *Though probably only as I come.*

Mirabelle squirmed against him. Some men were just so nice to squirm against. This one was hard in all the right places.

“Go ahead but you won’t.” Flynn flicked up her skirt and looked at the tangle of curls between her legs. His cock pushed wildly against the zipper of his trousers, wanting out and in.

“How do you know?” Of course a good girl would have pulled down her skirt, maybe slapped him or burst into tears, but then a good girl wouldn’t be wondering about the size of the cock she saw bulging in his trousers. A good girl would not have been nightclubbing with Clarisse—known slut and best friend.

Flynn ran a finger along her inner thigh and felt the shiver that ran through her.

“Because, Clarisse, you like to tease and flirt and drive men wild. How would you like it if I did that to you?”

I’d like it very much, thanks.

“You won’t because you are a gentleman.” Lord, she was channelling her mother.

Flynn laughed loudly. “No I’m not. I’m just a man who wants to make you so wild that you are going to beg me to fuck you.”

Oh God this is sounding better all the time.

“I would never beg you.”

Flynn smiled at her knowingly.

“You will.”

“You are awfully sure of yourself.” And of her. She had the ability to say no. That was the power she had in this situation. She could say no. Limo man himself said real men didn’t force women. Mirabelle could use the “no” power any time now. Possibly. Maybe. If he wasn’t so damn hot and sexy and wantable.

“No, I just know your type.” Flynn yanked at the straps of the halter top. Her breasts spilled into his waiting hands. He leaned into her and licked one pink nipple slowly.

Oh no! She was screwed or about to be.

“Don’t...” *Do...take...suck...feel*. Guilt was vastly overrated and “no” just didn’t seem to be part of her vocabulary at that moment. There was absolutely no comparison between this man and the little prick from before.

“But I must.” Flynn captured the nipple in his mouth and sucked down hard.

“Oh boy...” Mirabelle groaned as a flame of desire ran straight down to her groin. Her hands instantly tangled in his hair, pulling him closer as he sucked greedily. She could feel his hands on her hips as he pulled her beneath him. There was no way she was going to stop him. That idea had gone down the gurgler.

Flynn pulled the dress down from her body, leaving nothing but a thin silver ankle chain and the sexiest shoes he had ever seen. Swollen pink breasts, creamy white thighs and curves that he could spend hours exploring. He could easily bury himself in this woman and never come out.

“You are beautiful.”

“Am I?” No one had ever said this to Mirabelle before. The way he said it made her want to believe him.

“Hell yeah,” Flynn insisted as he grabbed her ankles, parted her legs and pulled her forward so her legs were over his shoulders.

Oh yes please...

“Oh no...” She knew what he was going to do. She was both alarmed and wildly excited. No one had ever done that before. She was open and exposed and this man was a stranger, yet Mirabelle had a feeling she would indeed be begging him to fuck

her. Maybe she was a cock teaser and completely unaware of it. Maybe she did need to be taught a nice, hot, hard lesson...

"Oh yes..." Flynn murmured just before his tongue licked one long hot stroke over the slippery pink folds of her pussy. He smiled as the woman shrieked. He licked again.

Mirabelle panted and squirmed under his ruthless tongue as it slid back and forward over the same path relentlessly. She felt like she was going to explode when he spun it on her clit. It was the most exquisite sensation. She was going to come in this stranger's mouth and she did not care. She was so needy that embarrassment or right and wrong were just tedious side issues. But suddenly the licking stopped.

"What...why?" She looked at him frantically. She was so close to the edge. Why stop now? Did he just want to torture her?

Flynn pulled her legs from his shoulders and sat back and looked at the woman. He had a feeling she would not be the only one begging. He wanted to plead her to allow him to slide inside. She was all flushed and wet and slippery. Perfect. Flynn watched as she bit her bottom lip as she tried to control herself.

"Do you want me?" His voice was hoarse and demanding as he tried to keep control.

"Yes," Mirabelle whispered, her breathing hard and fast. If he did not take her now she was going to have to use her own fingers to find fulfilment and they were never as good as the real thing. "Please." She, a smart independent woman, was actually contemplating begging. Feminism had its place, but let's get real, she told herself, the promise of a toe-curling orgasm with a sexy stranger beat bra burning every time.

“Please what?” Flynn wanted her to say the words. He needed to know the need was mutual.

“I need you.” Mirabelle’s legs were bent and spread wide. She was his for the taking.

“Do you need me enough to beg?” Flynn ran one finger down between her breasts to her clit.

“Yes...”

“Beg me...”

“Please fuck me now.” *Bad girls rocked.*

Flynn smiled at the need in her eyes.

“Get on your knees.”

On my knees?

Mirabelle had never been ordered to submit to anyone before in her life let alone a stranger. It had been a secret fantasy of hers to be taken hard and fast by a stranger but she never dreamt it would come true. Could she? Should she? *Oh hell yeah.* What was that Elvis song? “Follow that Dream”? This was one time the King was wrong. She did not need to follow the dream. It came right to her.

Mirabelle looked down at the space between the two sets of facing seats. Not a lot of room. It was going to be very tight and awfully cozy. Just enough room for two hot bodies to squeeze together. Acting purely on need, she dropped to her knees quickly and stuck out her ass, ready to receive. She had never felt so free and wild in her life. It was dangerous and exciting and she loved every wicked moment of it. She turned around to look at him.

“Please...now.” Mirabelle watched as he unzipped her trousers and his cock thrust out impatiently. *Holy snapping ducks the man is huge!* She smiled and licked her lips in anticipation as she watched him pull a condom from his pocket and roll it down to sheath his straining shaft. *Oh this is going to be good.*

“Oh Clarisse, I’m going to fuck you good.” Flynn looked at the plump ass pointed directly at him and then to the eyes on his cock. He would have to ask his mate Scott for another limo shift with the lovely Clarisse if this was what happened.

That he thought she was Clarisse did not bother Mirabelle. She would never see him again. All she wanted was that fat, hard cock ramming inside until she came. What was in a name anyway? Hot fulfillment was the priority.

“Don’t talk about it. Just do it.” Mirabelle watched him drop to his knees behind her. She spread her legs and pushed her backside back into him. His chest was hot and hard against her back and his cock prodded her ass impatiently.

This woman had him on fire. Flynn wasn’t sure who was submitting to whom. He no longer cared. He just wanted inside her. He grabbed her hips and impaled her hot slippery core in long stroke. He smiled as she gasped in delight.

“You like that?” Flynn asked as he moved slowly inside her.

“Hell yes,” Mirabelle moaned. She could feel him up to her stomach, his body hot and strong behind hers. “Harder.” She pushed back into him, wanting every strong hard inch of him inside her.

“Yes ma’am,” Flynn chuckled huskily as he pulled out and rammed deeply into her again, leaving no space between them. His hands slid up to her breasts and his

mouth fastened on her neck, sucking down on the tender flesh as he increased the force of his thrusts.

“Oh...oh...” Mirabelle dropped her head back against the man behind her. The heat of him between her legs was the best damn feeling in the world. She wanted everything he had to give. She had never felt so intensely alive as the orgasm spiraled up inside her, looking for release.

Flynn held her close to him and thrust harder, listening to her gasp with pleasure. He smiled as he felt her body tense up against his as she came.

Mirabelle shrieked with delight as the spasms racked her body. She felt the man behind her stiffen and growl as he came hard inside her. She had never had sex like this before. It was fast, wild and uninhibited and she wanted to do it all again with this man. *If only she could be that lucky.*

Flynn turned her head and kissed her lingeringly. He has a mind to look up Clarisse again. Maybe there was something to spoiled rich girls.

Chapter Two

“Bloody hell!” It was not possible. Mirabelle Turner stared at the black-leather-clad man in amazement. She ducked down and hid behind the wooden fence that separated her property and that of her seventy-year-old neighbor. “It couldn’t be...” *Limo man?* Here? Now? Just thinking about that man sent a wave of heat through her body. She bobbed up on tiptoes and peered over the fence and studied the man as he swung one leather-clad thigh off the sleek black motorbike and demounted.

Mirabelle squinted at the man’s face. Dark wavy hair, yummy lips and a sexy scar over his left eye. This was not a face you would forget quickly. It was burned into her memory.

“Fuck! It is limo man!” Mirabelle was both panicked and excited. The last time she had seen him had been three o’clock this morning when he had let her out of the limo at Clarisse’s place. Mirabelle had thought it would be safe to do that as he thought she was Clarisse anyway. The good-night kiss he had given her had bee-stung her lips and pulled a muscle in her tongue but it had been worth every second of swelling. It was the sort of kiss old ladies in the retirement homes reminisced about over gin slings, illicit cigarettes and hot poker hands. *The one that got away.* Except this one hadn’t gotten away. Limo man was outside her neighbor’s clapboard house getting off a motorbike. What were the chances of that in a city the size of Brisbane, Australia?

“Slim and none,” Mirabelle murmured as her eyes followed his progress up to Lila Standish’s front door. She had never been an overly nosy neighbor. It was not that she wasn’t averse to peeking over wooden fences. She was a woman after all and felt the hormonal need to know what was going on at all times. It was just that normally nothing

exciting ever happened when she was at home. But this—this was unbelievable! Was this fate? Synchronicity? Or maybe just plain dumb luck that the hot stranger who had made her knees shake with passion last night was on her next door neighbor's door step? *Freaky cosmic stuff, man.*

Mirabelle steadied herself against the fence as her toes protested at the strain she placed on them. She watched as her widowed neighbor rushed out her front door and hugged limo man. Was he a friend? A relative? An overly demonstrative door-to-door salesman and if so was he coming to her door next to demonstrate his stuff? Her thighs sweated in memory. This man had some good stuff. She could still feel the imprint of him inside her body. Some men like limo man you never forgot. *Limo man.* Mirabelle did not even know his name but then he did not know hers. That's what happened when you had great sex with strangers—names were not always the foremost thing on your mind.

"You are such a slut, Mirabelle," she murmured to herself, not feeling the slightest bit like she needed to attend church to absolve her sins. She would be there forever if she did. She had sinned a lot. Oh well, things happened. A girl had to enjoy herself. Mirabelle took one last long look, mainly focused on limo man's leather-clad ass, and sighed. It was time to scarper. She did not want him thinking she had been watching him. Besides she had two weeks' holiday and she had many chores to do. Ogling the hot guy was not on the list. However, it could be added...

"Mirabelle," Lila Standish called as she looked over and spotted her retreat. She beckoned her over.

“Bugger!” Mirabelle hissed as she turned and put on her “be pleasant to the neighbor” smile and walked around the fence to the woman. She saw limo man turn in her direction. His eyes snapped open wide and he grinned in instant recognition. Yep it was definitely him. She could only hope he was gentleman enough not to explain to Lila that her neighbor had begged him to fuck her. Lila Standish made mouthwatering homemade cookies and Mirabelle would hate to have her supply cut off on a moral technicality.

Be cool, be calm and be collected. He’s just a man you had knee-wobbling sex with. No big deal.

“How are you, Lila?” Mirabelle could feel limo man’s eyes on her. Doing the unaffected “I have never met you before in my life” thing was most likely not going to work. This was a big deal.

“Mirabelle, this is my nephew Flynn Curtis.”

Flynn held out his hand, melding her hand to his in a caressing handshake. He had swung by Clarisse Radcliff’s home earlier that morning hungering for a taste of the dark-haired woman he had had several hours previously. But only a vacuous silicon blonde answered the door. It had been disappointing. Now Flynn could only see possibilities.

“Mirabelle? That’s an interesting name.” Flynn took in the purplish love bite on her neck that he had given only her hours earlier. It gave him a primal feeling of satisfaction to have left his mark on this woman.

“Mirabelle’s an interesting woman, dear.” Lila smiled at the younger woman, unaware of the tension between Flynn and Mirabelle.

Whoa! Even hand holding with this man was potentially dangerous. Mirabelle could vividly remember the feel of those large, warm, calloused hands elsewhere on her body. She pulled her hand free as she felt the sudden rush of moisture between her legs. Why had she never seen him visiting Lila's before? It was not like he was someone who was easy to dismiss at a glance. Or maybe her senses had well and truly been tuned up after last night's outing. Nothing like fantastic sex to clear the mind.

"No, actually I'm extremely boring." *Move away from the hot guy.*

"I'm sure that's not true."

Oh, so not fair using that deep, husky voice on her. Mirabelle just knew she was going to have to leave them in a moment and sink her fingers deep inside herself to relieve the sudden rush of built-up tension coiling through her body. The man was sex on a stick and he had only just touched her hand. Of course the problem was he had touched so much more several hours earlier and that was hard to forget.

"Flynn had been working in the mines up in Far North Queensland in Weipa. He's an engineer." Lila was obviously proud of her nephew.

Hence the large, calloused yet sensual hands that had roamed her body with such purpose.

"Really?" Mirabelle tilted her head and looked assessingly at the man in question. This man in black leather was like hot caramel fudge sauce oozing over vanilla ice cream—lickable and heavenly. "Hmmm, he looks more to me like, say, a limo driver or maybe a stripper with those biker leathers." Mirabelle smiled at Lila's girlish seventy-year-old giggle.

Flynn smiled smugly at Mirabelle.

“Looks can be deceiving.”

“Yes they are. People can make all sorts of assumptions without knowing all the facts.” Like she was a cock teaser. *Puh-lease*. Mirabelle never teased any cock without expecting a nice hard reward in return.

“Assumptions can work out nicely sometimes,” Flynn replied, anticipating his next taste of this woman. She was more tempting by the second.

“I wouldn’t know...” Prim and proper just did not suit Mirabelle and they both knew it.

“Flynn has decided to settle in Brisbane. He is going to stay here for a week until his new house is finished.”

A whole bloody week? Mirabelle just knew she was bound to do something stupid in that time. She almost wished she was back at work. *Almost*. She wasn’t quite that desperate. Work sucked.

“That’s nice.” It was for Lila but Mirabelle was not sure how it would affect her. She could see herself doing a lot of poking her nose over the fence during the next week to perve at limo man—followed by a lot of lonely, sweaty nights with her hands between her legs trying to forget what she saw. Mirabelle was worried she would be collecting cats next and dressing them up in homemade outfits like the frustrated spinster she was. All this at thirty-four years of age. It was scary to be so desperate so early in life.

Okay so the neighborly pretend-you’ve-never-met-or-had-sex-with-the-hot-nephew thing was done. It was time to move away.

“I have to go. The lawn mower has been stuffing up and I plan to beat it into submission with a hammer.” When in doubt, smack machinery about and swear a lot was Mirabelle’s motto.

“Flynn can help you,” Lila offered as all nice neighbors do when another indicated a problem.

“Oh bugger off,” Mirabelle almost said. She looked at limo man and did not care at all for that sudden gleam in his eyes and that smirk on those kissable lips. He was sexy and irresistible and undoubtedly she would get herself in trouble if he “helped” her with anything.

“I’d love to be neighborly and help Mirabelle...and myself,” Flynn added. He added the last bit quietly.

What did he say?

“It’s absolutely not necessary, Flynn.” His name sounded like a warning on her lips. *Back off, buddy, or I may be forced to do something hot, satisfying and very silly with you.*

“Oh but I insist.” Flynn put his hand out for her to lead the way. “I’ll be back soon, Aunt Lila. I’ll just sort Mirabelle out.”

“Sort her out”? What did that mean? Was she making more out of this than there was? Maybe it was just simple kindness. He probably only just meant the lawn mower. Yeah right. Mirabelle moved off ahead of him. She wished she was wearing something more ass-covering than the old denim cut offs that were extremely raggedy around her butt cheeks. She could feel his eyes boring into her ass. Mirabelle tried to subtly pull her old shirt down to cover her ass but it had shrunk years ago and there was nothing to

pull. And yes, technically he had seen her ass and been tightly wedged up against it, but it seemed kind of impolite to be staring like some horny miner on leave.

“Stop looking at my ass, limo man.”

“‘Limo man’?” Flynn threw back his head and laughed loudly at her words. “How do you even know I’m looking at your luscious ass?”

Luscious? Why was it always the good-looking men who were demented? Her ass was slack-muscled cellulite like any normal woman’s was and all the exercise or miracle creams in the world were not going to change that.

“I can just feel it.” Those eyes were scorching her skin. Mirabelle rounded the side of the house. Find lawn mower, get mower fixed and then search and destroy kitchen for calming chocolate. It sounded like a good plan.

“It’s kind of spooky you and I meeting up again like this.” Flynn followed close behind her. He leaned down and whispered in her ear, “Boo!”

Holy crap! Mirabelle jumped. It was a different kind of scary from your Halloween scary. It was soft and subtle and you wanted more than candy handed to you as a treat.

“It’s all just coincidence,” said the woman who had never believed in coincidences.

Flynn put a hand on her bare arm. He smiled as he felt her sudden shiver. He turned her around to look at him.

“Why did let me believe you were Clarisse?”

“You just assumed I was. Would it have made any difference if I had told you my name?”

“No, we still would have made love.” Flynn ran his hand lightly up and down Mirabelle’s arm. “You have to admit we were fantastic together.”

Oh God his hands feel so good on me...

Mirabelle cleared her throat. Too much good could be dangerous.

“We had sex. But it had nothing to do with love and I feel nothing now.” It was a huge lie of course. She had felt more in five seconds with this man than she had felt in an hour with another. He had no equal.

Flynn grabbed Mirabelle’s other arm and gently pushed her up against the nearby garden shed, his body melding to hers.

“Can you feel this?” Flynn ground his hard, hot cock against her. “I got a hard-on the minute I saw you.”

Mirabelle gulped. She was both pleased and scared at Flynn’s admission. Pleased—because she had affected him so. Scared—because it was so unlike her to have wild crazy ill-thought-out sex. However those slow grinding hips against hers were making her question just how ill-thought-out it would be to give it up once more for limo man.

“You know, when Aunt Lila mentioned her neighbor Mirabelle I thought she would be some seventy-year-old spinster with a bunch of cats—not the hottie I had last night.” Flynn slid his tongue up the side of her neck. “You taste so delicious. I want you, Miss Mirabelle,” he whispered against her mouth.

Oh boy. Warning. Wobbly knee alert.

“What?” Mirabelle knew “what”, she just had to make sure she was completely certain that his intentions matched her ramped-up expectations. They both had to be on the same page or she was going to look and feel awfully dumb.

“I want to fuck you again.” Flynn scattered light soft kisses over her face as his hips rammed hers.

Okay, same intentions. Check.

“Yes, that I got. It’s really rather obvious with your cock prodding my stomach like that.”

Flynn chuckled at her words. He wasn’t the only one trying to keep control.

“So what’s the problem?” His hands went to her breasts, softly kneading the firm, covered flesh.

Oh my...

“Last night was...” Mirabelle began, trying to find the right words, however she was finding it difficult to concentrate with the breast fondling thing going on.

“Last night was fantastic.” Flynn had no problems with words.

“Okay yes, but it was a one-off.” Though a two-off seemed doable right at that moment.

“Why?”

“Because I’m not like that.”

“Hot, sexy and incredibly fuckable?” Flynn looked at her as her eyes opened wide at his words. “You’re all those things, Miss Mirabelle, and more.” He unzipped her shorts and started pulling them down her legs. He smiled when he saw the dark tangle of curls between her legs. “You have no panties on. Excellent.”

“I, ah...” How did she respond to that and not sound depraved, as good girls always wore undies? “We can’t do this.” Though seemingly her shorts around her ankles indicated they could and would. She gasped as his hand slid between her legs, gently but insistently pushing her legs apart.

“Why not?” Flynn found her slippery clit and rubbed softly.

“Oh...ah...because someone will see us and...” And what? She was sure there was a good logical sentence that followed that. But who the hell could concentrate with limo man’s hand between her legs?

“So let me get this correct—basically you are happy to have sex with me as long as no one sees us all hot and tangled together.” Flynn kissed her lips lingeringly as the woman beneath him bucked against his hand. “If I wanted to take you against the garden shed with the neighbors watching would you really care what anyone thought?” He shoved two fingers inside her slippery vagina and massaged his thumb over her clit while placing his mouth on hers. “Or would you just suck my cock inside and enjoy the moment?”

“Oh God...” Mirabelle panted out loud. Did she care? Maybe. Okay, realistically not a lot at that moment. Did she want him inside her? Yes please with a cherry on top.

“I want you.” Flynn’s tongue traced her lips.

“Flynn...” Mirabelle knew the road to hell was paved with good intentions. Why not just aim straight for bad girl hell? And how much could anyone really see of this angle of her backyard?

“Yes, Miss Mirabelle?”

“Take me now.” The words were out of Mirabelle’s mouth before she let herself gather the sense to change her mind. The thought of limo man being inside her was the only thing that mattered. She grabbed the edge of her t-shirt and pulled it up over her head. She wrenched off her bra and pulled Flynn’s head to her breasts. She needed to feel his lips against her nipples. To hell with what the neighbors saw. So she would get fewer Christmas cards this year. It would be fewer she would have to send.

In full sight of anyone watching, Flynn’s mouth latched onto her breasts and sucked greedily. He pulled his hands out from between her legs and he slid them under her ass. He lifted Mirabelle up and against the shed, his body weight holding her up. Flynn smiled as he felt her legs automatically wrap around his hips.

“That’s my girl,” Flynn muttered hoarsely as his mouth went over to suckle the other breast.

“Oh yes,” Mirabelle hissed as his mouth sucked her nipple hard. Her hand went feverishly down to his zipper. She wanted to feel the fullness of him once more. She pulled his cock out and licked her lips. He was hard, hot and all hers. Mirabelle desperately needed to feel him inside her again. “Now, Flynn.”

Flynn lifted her higher and smiled as Mirabelle gripped his shoulder with one hand while the other remained wrapped around his cock as she guided it into her body. As he thrust into her to the hilt, his lips captured her gasp. He withdrew and then leaned into her and thrust hard again.

Fred, Mirabelle Turner’s next-door neighbor, swallowed his chewing gum as he watched sweet, polite and naked Mirabelle jump up and wrap her legs and arms around the man in black leather. He knew he shouldn’t watch but there was something about

the way these two people moved together—urgent yet passionate—as if their need was so great they would explode. He could not remember the last time he felt like that. He watched a moment longer then went inside to look for his wife.

* * * *

Flynn smiled politely as his Aunt Lila talked about the latest happenings in her life. He wasn't listening to a word she said. It wasn't that Flynn didn't care. It was just that his mind was on one thing only and that was Miss Mirabelle. His cock was hard at the thought of how she excited him in a way he never felt before. Flynn had been with many women but not one who instantly grabbed and held his attention like the bombshell next door. And to think she lived right next door to his aunt. Flynn silently thanked fate and his old mate Scott for bringing them together.

When Scott had rung desperate for a fill-in driver for one night, Flynn had been reluctant to take on the job on his first night back in Brisbane. He didn't need the money or the angst of chaperoning pretentious people around. But he was not one to let down a mate so he had agreed to help him out. He and Scott had a wild checkered history and his mate had helped him out many a time in the past so it was only natural to return the favor. In the end it had turned out to be a favor for Flynn.

Flynn had not been looking for love. Mutually stimulating sex, yes, but love was not in his plans yet. That was not to say Flynn did not want to get married and have kids, it was more that he wanted to make sure the woman he married was a woman he loved with all his heart and soul. Flynn did not believe in taking on anything without being committed to it so he was not in a big rush to get married. He wanted the deep commitment his parents had. They loved each other with a passion that had not waned

over the years. They fought, they made up, they argued, they made up. Flynn wanted all that—the highs, the lows, the enduring love and the burning passion.

Flynn smiled as he remembered the barely contained look of panic on Mirabelle's face when they met again. His heart had jumped wildly at the sight of the woman who had come reluctantly toward him and his aunt. The thrill of seeing her again sent a surge of adrenaline shooting through his body. Flynn had only known Mirabelle Turner for but a sweet moment, yet he knew this was the woman for him.

Flynn had once asked his father how he knew his mother was the one he wanted to be with forever. His father had simply replied he knew in a heartbeat that no other woman could ever compare. Mirabelle was like that. She had grabbed his heart and imagination. She was sexy and sweet and full of attitude and Flynn wanted to see and taste more of this delicious woman. And although the sex was fantastic it was the way Mirabelle's mind worked that interested him. She wanted him but she didn't. She was scared but she was fearless.

Flynn shifted restlessly in his seat. He wanted to get up and go over to Mirabelle's house and talk to her, among other things. He had never held a more beautifully responsive woman in his arms before. Yes, they had only just met but Flynn was a great believer in things happening for a reason. As far as he was concerned there was no timetable to falling in love. He stiffened suddenly. Was it love at first sight or was he just a horny miner on leave? Had he ever wanted to rush off and sweep a woman into his arms? Had he ever wanted to know a woman's deepest thoughts before or after she came? Had he ever lusted after a woman more than once? The answer was no. But then he had never met a woman like Mirabelle.

“One lady definitely worth exploring further,” Flynn muttered to himself.

“What, dear?” Lila asked as she handed him a plate of neatly cut sandwiches.

“I might do a bit of exploring later.” He had his territory already marked out and ready to conquer.

“There are so many interesting things around this area, Flynn.”

And they are all next door.

Flynn zoned out as his aunt talked about Kedron Brook and the bushland walks in and around the suburbs. He was thinking about being all hot and tight and inside Mirabelle again. A muscle jumped in his jaw as he crossed his legs and tried to contain his cock. It needed to find a home. It needed to be inside Mirabelle. Flynn knew it was going to be a long bout of polite chit-chat before he could fulfill his desires. That was okay. He knew Mirabelle was worth the wait.

* * * *

A few hours later, standing washing dishes, Mirabelle could still feel the tell-tale mark of Flynn inside her. No man had ever affected her like this. The mere fact that she had willingly jumped into his arms and had sex against her garden shed in the open was incredible to her. Yet she felt so replete and so amazingly feminine. There was nothing like good hot sex and a knee-wobbling orgasm for your soul. She looked through her kitchen window above the sink. Lila’s place was on the right of Mirabelle’s. She could see the lights on in her neighbor’s home. Flynn was going to be there a week. Could she expect a week of sex? She hoped so. After this afternoon’s rendezvous Mirabelle was not going to pretend otherwise. She had never wanted any man so badly before and that was so unlike the careful Mirabelle who chose men rationally. That was

probably why she had only ever had rational sex in the past. *Bor—ring*. Irrational and to-hell-with-the-consequences sex was much more exciting. In forty years from now she wanted to have something to tell the other ladies in the retirement home as she sipped her gin.

“What the...” Mirabelle murmured as she saw a dark figure climbing over the five-foot-high side fence. Between her legs tightened in anticipation. Please let it be Flynn. “I swear, Guardian Angels, I will never ask for anything ever again if this is limo man.” Mirabelle squinted into the darkness. Woo hoo! Guardian Angels rocked!

When Flynn knocked on her kitchen back door she told herself to be calm, to be neighborly and to at least not drop her pants to her ankles without some token of resistance. That was only lady-like. She did not want him thinking she was predictable. She opened the screen door.

“Evening, limo man, what brings you to my door?” *Please let it be sex.*

“I came to get some sugar.” Flynn’s eyes roamed over her hungrily.

“I don’t see any cup.” Mirabelle moved back to the sink, plunging her hands into the water to continue washing dishes. That or she was going to pull him to her and kiss the stuffing out of him. That wasn’t the casual, unaffected look she was going for. She closed her legs tightly. That also helped.

“Not the kind of sugar I’m after, Miss Mirabelle.”

“How’s Lila?” Mirabelle feigned disinterest in his provocative statement.

“She’s fine but I did not come to talk about Lila. I want to talk about us.”

“Is there an ‘us’?” The use of the word “us” sounded weighty. Mirabelle wanted to keep this whole thing between them light and hot and steamy. “Us” was not a light word.

It implied commitment. Sex was one thing but long-term commitment was another. Could she even expect that after wild sex with someone who was in essence a stranger?

“You know there is.” Flynn stood and watched her soaping up the dishes. She was a good actress. “I still don’t get why you let me think you were Clarisse.”

Because Clarisse Radcliff was wild and uninhibited and for one moment in the limo Mirabelle decided to follow her friend’s lead.

“If you remember, limo man, we did not have time for introductions before you fucked me from behind.” Just saying the words made Mirabelle hot and wet. She liked having a man thrusting hotly from behind. It made Mirabelle feel like she was totally out of control and she liked that.

As if sensing her thoughts Flynn moved behind her, sliding possessive hands on her hips. He felt her shiver in response.

“You like it from behind, don’t you, Miss Mirabelle?” Flynn ground his already hard cock against her covered backside and he kissed the side of her neck.

“Any way with you...” Her voice was thick and soft with desire. She had wanted Flynn badly for the last couple of hours. Her legs parted in anticipation.

That was all Flynn needed to hear. Mutual need and desire was what they both craved. He pulled her shorts down in one go.

“Are you wet for me?” He slid his hands between her legs, sliding his fingers in her moisture.

“Yes.” Just plain and simple. Yes.

“Would you like me to take you in the ass?” Flynn slid one slippery finger between the cheeks of her ass and into her tight anus.

Mirabelle jumped at the intrusion. It was tight and tantalizing and no one had ever done that before to her.

“Yesss...” she hissed out. She wanted Flynn to be the only man to take her in the ass.

Flynn laughed softly.

“I like a woman who knows what she wants.” He unzipped his trousers. He was already rock-hard and standing at attention. Flynn had been waiting to fuck Mirabelle all night. It had been hard to concentrate and be polite around his aunt. He had already jacked off once to relieve the pressure.

His cock prodded the cleft of her ass. Mirabelle widened her legs and pushed her ass back into him. Flynn’s hands pulled hers from the water and over to the pump action liquid detergent.

“What are you doing?” Whatever it was she more than happy to go along with it.

“You need to soap me up, Miss Mirabelle, so I can slide on inside you without any pain to you.”

Her eyes widened as he pumped the thick lavender detergent into her waiting hands, soaping them up between his.

Mirabelle turned around. This was one of the most erotic experiences of her life. She grabbed his cock in both hands and slid the handful of thick, slippery liquid over his shaft. She smiled as she heard him growl softly.

“You like that, limo man?” She was soaping him up so he was slick and hard and ready to slide inside.

“You know I do.” Flynn spun her around and pulled the cheeks of her ass apart. He slid one soapy finger then another inside the ring of tight muscles his cock was soon going to invade.

Mirabelle stiffened at the sensation. It was completely different from anything she had ever felt before. It was sweetly itchy, full and tight and she wanted more. She pushed back against him, grinding her ass to entice his cock inside.

“Fuck me now, Flynn.” She wanted that big stiff cock of his inside her any way she could get it.

“This may hurt...”

“Just do it...do it now.” She grasped the stainless steel of the sink as she felt him pushing inside her ass. “Oh...” The hard stretching feeling was overwhelming. When he was all the way inside she sighed and leaned back against his body. She knew then this was the only man she would ever want in her body. It was a wild, crazy feeling to have but she just knew in a heartbeat it was true.

“Oh indeed...” Flynn chuckled as his hands slid under her t-shirt and snapped open her bra. Her breasts filled his eager hands as he thrust slowly in and out.

The feel of Flynn’s rock-hard cock grinding tight and full inside her like this was like no other she had ever felt. She closed her eyes and gave herself up to the feeling.

“You like my cock inside you like this, Miss Mirabelle?” Flynn murmured softly into her ear.

“Oh hell yes...” Mirabelle felt his testicles slap up against her ass as he kicked up his pace. “I’ve never had anyone make me feel like this before.” She was burning up with sensation.

“I’m glad,” Flynn responded as he sucked down hard on her neck and ramped up the rhythm.

“Oh...oh...” She opened her eyes and gasped as he pumped harder and harder inside that confined space. “Oh...God...fire...” Mirabelle’s eyes widened in shock. She could see bright orange flames were licking up the side of Lila’s house and lighting up the evening sky.

“Yeah, I’m on fire too.” Flynn could not ever remember fucking a more beautifully responsive woman.

“No. An actual fire.” She pointed out to his aunt’s house. Mirabelle felt Flynn stiffen and start to withdraw. She put her hands back behind her and held his hips in place. “I really want to say forget the fire and fuck me but...”

“There is an emergency but you would never be that selfish.” Hell Flynn wanted to come too. He pounded harder to finish them both off. “There are emergency and emergencies. If I do not get to come I will be extremely pissed off and all the emergency services people in Australia will not be able to deal with that.”

“Hurry up!” Mirabelle screamed in pleasure as Flynn did as requested. She bit her lips as she came.

Flynn felt the liquid heat of him rush up inside her. Too late for regrets about a condom. He had a feeling he would have to get in a large supply. He pulled out of Mirabelle’s ass and spun her around and kissed her hungrily.

“Talk about lousy timing!” Flynn gave Mirabelle one last swift kiss. “Call the fire brigade.” He rushed to the door, pulling up his pants.

Chapter Three

The charred remains of Lila Standish's home were sad to see. The old wooden house with the once stately front verandah was no more. It had gone up like a tinder box. Nothing was left but blackened wood and the cement stumps the house had once sat on. All the water and fire expertise in the world could not have saved it. The general consensus was that an electric fault had caused the blaze.

"Oh Lila. I am so sorry." The woman had lost everything. Mementos, photos, clothes and personal papers. Mirabelle shivered in the night air. The fire brigade had done all that they could. The house was gone. Mirabelle looked as Lila's eyes searched the rubble as if trying to find anything from her life still intact. "Come and stay with me tonight, Lila."

"I couldn't impose," Lila responded in a daze as if she was there but not really there.

"Of course you're not imposing. Stay as long as you like." Mirabelle wrapped an arm around the older woman's shoulders. She could not see the old woman out on the street. It was times like this you needed support. Mirabelle did not doubt for one second Lila wouldn't have done the same for her. Selfishly, Mirabelle thanked whatever angels who were watching over her that it was not her own house.

"We'd love to stay with you." Flynn smiled at Mirabelle charmingly as he stood close beside her on the other side supporting his aunt. Luckily for Flynn his clothes and personal effects had still been strapped in the pack on the back of his motorcycle when his aunt's house had gone up in flames. The bike had been parked in front of the house,

well away from the flames. Flynn had moved it the minute he had gotten his aunt clear of the house.

Mirabelle did not know what to say. If Lila stayed then of course her guest had to stay. Mirabelle did not know how she felt about Flynn staying in her home. Sure they had indulged in some mighty fine sex but sex was one thing, living with someone was another. She knew having Flynn in her home was asking for trouble but maybe she wanted to be troubled.

“I’ll be a good boy,” Flynn whispered in her ear.

“And pigs will fly.”

“What, dear?” Lila asked, snapping out of her daze.

“Nothing for you to concern yourself over, Lila.”

* * * *

Flynn crept naked into Mirabelle’s room as soon as he settled his Aunt Lila down for the night. He had already checked out Mirabelle’s femininely pink appointed bedroom and was pleased to see she had a television and a DVD player within. He wanted to play for her the disc of their time spent together in the limo. He silently walked over and slipped the disc into the player, grabbed the remote control and headed for the sleeping Mirabelle.

“Shove over,” Flynn ordered softly as he flipped back the bedcovers and slid under the sheets that covered Mirabelle.

“What the...” Mirabelle opened her eyes groggily and saw the naked man in her bed. She had initially thought it would take her ages to get to sleep with Flynn in the house but it hadn’t. Strangely enough she felt an overwhelming feeling of safety and

comfort knowing he was there. And that was weird because she had lived alone for long for a time. Or maybe she was just too tired to be tense. It had been an exhilarating yet exhausting twenty-four hours. “What’s wrong with your own bed?” Flynn Curtis—naked, hot and ready. Every woman’s fantasy. Mirabelle was insistently wet and awake.

“You’re not in it, Miss Mirabelle.”

Cute answer.

“I like to sleep alone, limo man.”

Flynn gently pushed farther into the bed, his body seeking contact with her flesh.

“Well, that’s too bad because I’m in your life now.”

“For the moment.” Hot, naked male flesh was rubbing up against her and she liked it.

Flynn dropped the television remote in pursuit of better things to hold. His hands roamed hungrily over Mirabelle’s body.

“What are you wearing?” He threw back the bedcovers to see the simple white cotton nightie with the gently flounced hem that went past her knees. “Very sexy.” He traced his finger around the scooped neckline and over the cotton-covered tip of one of her already extended nipples.

Mirabelle shivered. She had some vague plan that if she dressed conservatively she would act conservatively. She had a feeling there was nothing ever vague or conservative about Flynn Curtis.

“Well gee, I wasn’t expecting you in my bed otherwise I would have got out my skimpy lingerie, maybe found a whip...”

Flynn’s palm flattened down on the fullness of her breast, kneading the flesh.

“You were expecting me—that’s why you wore the granny gear, thinking you could turn me off somehow. However I have a permanent on button with you.” Flynn’s other hand went to her other breast. He kissed Mirabelle softly, his hands moving up to the scooped neckline of the nightie. He smiled at her sexily and then ripped the nightie from her body in one quick action. “All things considered, I’d rather see you naked, Miss Mirabelle.”

Mirabelle gasped in shock and wild excitement. Now she understood the whole bodice ripping thing. No wonder there were so many romance novels written about it. It was wild, possessive and it made her feel out of control.

“Your aunt is down the hall.” Though relying on the thought that a seventy-year-old half-deaf woman could save her from letting Flynn slide in between her legs did not seem like an iron-clad plan. But then, she really did not want to be saved.

“A freight train crashing into the side of the house wouldn’t wake Aunt Lila.” Flynn’s hands pulled the shredded cotton from Mirabelle’s body so she was naked to his touch. His hands went back automatically to her breasts, knowing the lady was particularly sensitive to any stimulation of her nipples.

“I don’t think this is a good idea.” Mirabelle made a half-hearted attempt to get up. Though she was kidding herself, the man had her breasts and she was his.

“Why not?” Flynn flung one leg lazily over her body to hold her down as he started placing soft kisses on her lips.

“I really don’t know you.” Yes, she was well acquainted with the hard cock that was prodding her inner thigh. But other than physically, she barely knew this lover of twenty-four hours. It was a case of knowing versus doing. How well did anyone need to

know someone before you had great sex? She and Flynn had already come so sweetly and passionately together that another time or two or six could surely not hurt. Was deep, meaningful conversation all that important when you could have an orgasm that made you scream and made you forget what the hell you were conversing about anyway? After all they had met and had wild stranger sex in a limo. It was not like meeting at the church social where rules of etiquette had to apply.

“Yeah, you do know me. You are just doing the overly analytical thing all women do when they’re attracted to a man.”

“Dear me, how foolish of my kind to be so careful,” Mirabelle responded cynically.

“Men are uncomplicated. They see, they want and they take.” Flynn rubbed the pads of his thumbs over the pink nipples before him. “You saw me, you wanted me and yet you are agonizing over all the reasons you should not have me.”

“I don’t just throw myself at any man. I have a right to agonize.”

Flynn smiled down at Mirabelle.

“I’m just damned glad you allowed me to catch you.” He took one hand off her breast and searched around him for the remote he had dropped earlier. “I have something I want you to see.” He saw her eyes open and a cynical look come into them. “Yes, you will be seeing and feeling my cock inside you later but for the moment I have a short film I’d like you to watch and enjoy.” He pushed the button on the remote to turn it on and play.

Mirabelle looked at the flat screen of her television. As the screen came to life, she looked at the image of a man lying on top of a woman with his hands on her breasts. Great! Limo man wanted to show her a porno flick. He had not struck her as

the type of man who needed this sort of entertainment for stimulation. That was disappointing and Mirabelle was just about to tell Flynn this when she saw the woman grab the man's head and hold it to her breasts as he sucked her. That was sort of hot and...

"Holy crap!" Mirabelle gasped and stiffened when she saw her own face come on screen. Those were her breasts and she was the woman on screen holding onto a man urging him on to suck her. And worst of all it was that small-balled wonder Flynn had ejected from the limo. *From the limo?*

"Fuck!" Mirabelle sprang up in alarm. This was from the limo! She had been filmed! She struggled to get up. She needed to punch Flynn or yell at him or something. This was humiliating. Was he trying to upset her? Because it was working,

"Well yes, fucked literally." Flynn pulled her tense, struggling body into his arms. He slowly caressed her breasts and stomach in long soft strokes, trying to calm her down.

"You filmed me!" Mirabelle slapped at his hands to free herself. There was no way she was going to have sex with this man tonight. "You are a pig!"

"Just watch."

"No! I never want to..." Whatever Mirabelle was about to say was lost as she saw the scene to change quickly to just her and Flynn on screen. Good lord! Was that really her with her head back and her legs wide open letting a man lick and suck her between the legs? She moaned softly just at the memory of it. She looked so wild and abandoned and it was strangely arousing. They were a damn hot couple on screen. When it came to the part when Mirabelle slid onto her knees and begged Flynn to take

her she felt incredibly hot and wet. As if knowing this she felt Flynn's fingers slide in between her legs to her clit.

"No one ever gets to see this but me and you." This was his woman and Flynn vowed silently to himself no one but him would ever touch her so intimately again.

Mirabelle knew by the look in his eyes Flynn meant every word of it. She would have been mortified if someone else saw her getting taken hard and fast from the rear as she begged for more. But then she had been fucked up against the garden shed with who knows who watching, so what did that say about her? Being seen in the backyard having sex was one thing but being seen on the World Wide Web blonde bimbo style was just plain tacky.

"Don't you think it's hot the way we make love, Miss Mirabelle?" Flynn rolled on top of her, kissing her passionately.

Mirabelle knew she should have pushed him away and demanded an explanation but some things really didn't need explaining or justification. They just were what they were—like sex with Flynn. It was meant to be. To fight something so good was crazy. Mirabelle's arms and legs instantly locked around him as she gave in to the sensation of his flesh on hers. If she got any hotter she was going to explode into flames like the house next door. However she did not need or want to be saved. Mirabelle just wanted this man.

"Flynn...I..." Hard and fast was fabulous but Mirabelle wanted him and she wanted more than just a quick tumble.

"You can do anything you want with me, you know," Flynn murmured against her lips as if sensing this. He wanted to give her his body, heart and soul.

“Really?”

“Anything, I’m yours for the taking.”

Mirabelle smiled wickedly. She had some ideas she’d like to try out. She had just never had the chance before.

“Roll over then, big boy.”

Flynn chuckled and rolled over, allowing Mirabelle to climb on top of him.

“What do you plan to do, Miss Mirabelle?” His hands went instantly onto her hips to urge her on. “Not that I care. Anything is fine as long as you’re doing it to me.”

“Oh well then, maybe some licking and kissing and most definitely some sucking.” Mirabelle straddled Flynn’s body. His cock was hard against his stomach. She looked down at him. Where to start when everything looked so good?

Flynn groaned as the wet heat from Mirabelle’s open legs slid enticingly over his skin as she leaned forward and licked and bit his shoulders softly. Her breasts rubbed enticingly against his chest.

“Lick and suck away, Miss Mirabelle. I’m yours.”

Mirabelle had never really met a man she wanted to lick from stem to stern. Some men just weren’t lickable. Flynn Curtis was. She scorched a wet hot path with her tongue and lips down to his flat brown nipples, toying with the firm hair-roughened flesh of his chest, satisfied when she felt the man squirm beneath her nicely. She allowed her tongue to run over the detailed ridges of his abs. These were abs you could eat your dinner off. Firm and incredibly delicious on the taste buds. She placed wet sucking kisses on those taut muscles before continuing to lick her way down farther. She deliberately bypassed the nerve center of the man completely. However she made sure

to rub her breasts lightly over his cock in passing. She smiled as Flynn groaned. Mirabelle slid slowly down his body and licked and then sucked from his toes up. She looked at her writhing man beneath her, his cock jutting up frantically. Mirabelle licked her lips.

“Hmmm... Yummy.” She tongued back up his body again, only stopping long enough to rub her breasts teasingly against his impatient cock. Mirabelle ran one finger lightly up and down an enticing path of hair that stretched from his navel down. “Where does this go I wonder...I ponder?” Her finger trailed back and forth as if deciding where to go next. The short springy tufts of dark hair curled around her fingers as she continued on down the path to her ultimate destination. She gently pushed back the cock that kept thrusting itself into her face, demanding her attention.

“Are you trying to kill me, Miss Mirabelle?” Flynn gasped as he tried to latch on to the breasts swinging before him.

Mirabelle pulled away and laughed softly.

“Only with pleasure, limo man.” She leaned down and slowly re-licked down the path to his groin. Flynn’s cock pulsed against the side of her face as she bypassed it to lick and suck on the muscled thighs below.

“I will explode.”

“Well, that would be an interesting news story...man explodes under woman’s tongue...details at six.” Mirabelle sat back on her heels, wet and exposed as she looked down at Flynn. “No, you won’t explode yet, not until you’re inside me.”

Flynn looked at the woman with her legs spread wide.

“I think I love you.”

“Aw, that’s sweet. Are you saying that because you know there is an excellent chance that I have every intention of sucking your cock?” Mirabelle picked up one large, calloused hand and sucked one of Flynn’s fingers inside her mouth, imitating what she would do to his cock. At the same time as she sucked on his finger, she slid her fingers into her slippery vagina and slid them in and out. She watched the man squirm beneath her. This was fun. She definitely had to do this more often with limo man. She pulled her fingers out from between her legs and his out of her mouth and reached forward and grabbed Flynn’s cock, the moisture from her mouth and vagina sliding over the tense flesh in her hand.

“No I mean it. I love you, Mirabelle Turner.”

Mirabelle stiffened slightly. Flynn actually sounded as if he meant it. But then some people said the “love” word so lightly. She leaned over and licked the tip of his cock. Flynn closed his eyes and groaned as she gave cat-like nips to the bulbous throbbing head.

Mirabelle was quite pleased with the effect she had on Flynn. It was good to see she was not the only one who was a slave to their body. She licked down slowly to the base of his shaft, flicking his tight balls every so often with her tongue

“Miss Mirabelle...” Flynn was gritting his teeth to keep control.

“I’m new to this, limo man. I want to play. You may come when I’m ready and not before.” Her tongue slid up the slide of his cock. She looked down at the man before her. His eyes were on hers. She smiled and opened her mouth wide over the head of his cock and sucked down hard.

“Oh God...” Flynn groaned out loud as he gripped the sheet under him.

“It has nothing to do with religion, Flynn. It’s all about Mirabelle.” She slid the cock head out of her mouth, tonguing it slowly, before taking it inside her mouth again. Mirabelle felt Flynn’s hips buck as he searched for control. She had to give it to Flynn, he had control to burn. But she knew he would not have control much longer. She slid his cock fully inside her mouth, sucking on it like it was a lollipop.

“Miss Mirabelle, I want to be inside you when I come.”

Mirabelle slid his wet cock from her mouth with a smack of her lips, holding it in her hand. She had been ready to come the minute he showed her that film.

“Do you want me to ride you hard, cowboy?” She moved and positioned her pussy spread wide and open over the head of his cock.

“Climb on board. Don’t torture us further.”

“Yes dear.” Mirabelle slid down on the cock in her hand. “Nothing like the heat of a hard cock up inside you.” She smiled as she heard Flynn gasp in relief.

“Glad to oblige, Miss Mirabelle.”

She slid back off, leaving his cock moving blindly in desperation, looking for home to slide into.

Flynn grabbed at her to pull her back on.

“What are you doing?”

Mirabelle liked the sound of desperation in his voice.

“Oh you want me back on?” She looked at him as if she was uncertain of what she should do. Mirabelle was not uncertain about the cock hovering between her legs. She would be hosting that again very soon. It was more to do with if the condoms in her bedside cabinet drawer were still useable. When was it she last had sex? It had been so

forgettable she drew a blank. But then had she really ever had sex before Flynn? The answer was no. This was so real and hot she did not want to forget the moment. She reached over and pulled out the drawer.

“You’ll pay for this stalling later.”

“Maybe that’s why I’m doing it.” Mirabelle snagged the last lone condom and tore off the packaging. It looked good to go. She slowly rolled the thin rubber down Flynn’s cock. In the past this action had always seemed awkward but not with Flynn. It was exciting just feeling the contained power in her hand. She slowly mounted his cock and she slid back down on him.

“Thrill seeker...” Flynn held her hips so she could not get off.

“Only with you,” Mirabelle murmured as she leaned forward, pressing her breasts into Flynn’s mouth. She rode slowly up and down on him, the heat of his cock burning into the core of her.

Flynn sucked on the taut pink nipples that were presented to his lips.

Mirabelle gasped as he sucked greedily. No one had ever made her feel the way Flynn did. She pushed back from him and increased her pace. The need for both of them to come was overwhelming and Mirabelle was going to take them there.

“Oh...oh...” she panted, grinding down on him riding harder and faster. “Oh Flynn!” she screamed as the orgasm started its explosive charge within her body. To hell with whether Lila could hear them or not. Tomorrow if questioned she would say a mouse made her scream. A really big hard one.

Flynn gripped Mirabelle’s hips as he felt the explosion rock through him. He yelled out loud as he came hard and fast, pumping inside her.

“Bloody hell!” Mirabelle flopped forward onto Flynn as the tremors shook them both.

“Are we good together or what?”

Chapter Four

Mirabelle woke up with a start.

“What the hell was that?”

“Well, Miss Mirabelle, that’s my cock seeking safe harbor.” Flynn lay behind her spoon fashion with his arms around her as they had been when they had fallen asleep. Already his cock was wide awake and seeking an opening.

“No, I know what that is.” And Mirabelle would have liked to concentrate on providing safe harbor if not for the noise she heard outside. “I mean that sound. What is that?” It sounded like chunks of wood falling against each other. She squinted at the clock. It was nearly three a.m. Nothing should be stirring at that time of the morning. She felt Flynn’s cock tight against her ass. Okay, almost nothing.

“What sound?” Flynn snuggled in closer to Mirabelle. “I most definitely could get used to this.”

“Typical man deaf to everything when your cock is up.”

“Come on, you like my little friend.” Flynn lifted one leg over Mirabelle’s hip, rubbing his cock against the cleft of her ass.

Mirabelle bit her lip to stop herself from moaning. She loved the feel of his body against hers.

“Little? Are you fishing for compliments?” Flynn’s cock was “little” the way a submarine was “little”.

“Nah, I know I’m good.” He slid his hand around to her pussy, teasing her legs to open wide.

The sound of wood hitting wood made Mirabelle jerk upright in Flynn’s arms.

“That sounds like it’s coming from Lila’s yard.”

Flynn heard the sound this time. It sounded like rubble being shifted. No one should be lurking around at this hour.

“I better check it out.” He slid out of bed and looked down at Mirabelle. “Damn I should have pretended not to hear the noise, then we could have been doing what we do so well together.”

“I would have known. I am a woman. We know everything.”

Flynn grinned down at her. She was one hell of a woman and he wanted to know everything about her.

“Forgive me, I keep forgetting your sex is all wise and all knowing. I am but a man.” He headed to the door.

“You’re naked...and erect. You can’t go wandering around like that!”

“You’re right. Damn shame to waste a good hard-on.” He doubled back to the bed.

Mirabelle jumped out from under the covers.

“We need to check that noise out, it might be looters.” She started pulling on leggings and a t-shirt. “Put some clothes on.”

“I thought you liked me naked.”

Mirabelle did but that was not the point. Not everyone would willingly welcome a naked engineer wandering around her backyard.

“Do you want to scare the neighbors?”

“I don’t suppose there’s any point suggesting you stay here?”

“None whatsoever. It’s my house and I can do what I like.” Mirabelle moved around to the door and Flynn followed close behind—too close. His cock prodded her ass. She closed her eyes for a moment, remembering the feeling of that hot iron rod inside her. She was insatiable when it came to Flynn.

He pulled her back against him.

“I don’t believe I can hear that noise now.”

“It’s not going to happen, limo man.” Mirabelle pulled forward, breaking contact.

“Later it will,” Flynn replied with certainty. He trailed behind her, stopping at the spare room Mirabelle had allocated him. He grabbed a pair of sweatpants and pulled them on.

Although she had not turned on the lights, there was just enough moonlight shining through the windows for Mirabelle to admire the lickable bare chest before her. She looked down farther. Oh dear...

“Can’t you do something about that?” She pointed to the large projectile pushing out the front of his pants.”

“I know a cure.” Flynn’s hands slid around her waist, pulling her toward him. He rubbed his hips suggestively against her.

“Let’s see what the noise is first.”

“Spoilsport.” They passed the room Lila was using. They peeked in. She was sleeping soundly.

As they headed down the back stairs of Mirabelle’s house the sound of someone picking through the rubble intensified.

Flynn reached out and caught Mirabelle’s hand in his.

"I scare easily," he teased softly. Flynn wanted to keep Mirabelle close and safe as they approached the five-foot fence.

"I thought nothing would scare a big tough biker like you," Mirabelle whispered in return. She liked the warm pressure of Flynn's hand in hers. It made her feel safe and all girly.

"You scare me something fierce." Flynn put her hand to his lips and kissed her palm.

Mirabelle looked at him in amazement. She scared him? How? The wild rush of feelings she had for this virtual stranger scared the crap out of her.

"I'm afraid I'll never get enough of you, Miss Mirabelle."

She stiffened at Flynn's words. That sounded awfully like long-term commitment. Did she want a man in her life full-time? Mirabelle wasn't sure she was made of the right stuff for that. She killed goldfish in a week. God knows how long a man would last. And you can't flush men.

"And now I've scared you."

"No."

"Liar," Flynn whispered in her ear.

His hot breath against her ear made her shiver. Mirabelle wanted them to get back on track. Thinking or talking about long-term strategies was not something she wanted to do just yet. *Just yet?*

"We're supposed to be catching the bad guy."

"And yet here we are falling in love."

Mirabelle snorted. Falling in love? That was way more complicated than sex.

“Great sex does not mean love.” Mirabelle slapped a mosquito that bit into her leg. “Get over the fence.”

“We will be discussing this later,” Flynn assured as he cupped his hand for her to put her foot in. “Do you want a boost over the fence?”

“I don’t climb fences.” That required athletic ability. Mirabelle sucked at that.

“Me you climb all over but not fences?” There was just enough moonlight to see her blush. Flynn was amused. “That’s kind of sweet that you can blush after all we’ve done.”

Mirabelle had indulged in wild passionate sex with this man. He had seen her naked. She had done things to his body she had never done to another man. She hadn’t blushed in years, so why now?

“You don’t give me splinters.”

“What do I do for you, Miss Mirabelle?” Flynn moved in close to her, his voice husky and low and his hands possessive on her hips.

Mirabelle swallowed hard. No man had ever made her feel so instantly hot by a look or a touch or a word. She wanted to take him then and there. She cleared her throat as she felt the sting of another mozzie bite. Once again reality was checking in.

“Get over the fence and find out what’s going on, Batman.” She watched as Flynn swung himself over the fence and disappeared into the darkness. She could still hear the sound of wood falling against wood. Someone other than Flynn was wandering around next door. In the darkness Mirabelle could see nothing much through the slats of the wooden fence, and jumping up and down to peek over made her only too aware she should exercise more and she shouldn’t jump without a bra on or she would blind

herself. It abruptly became awfully quiet as if someone was aware they were being checked out by Flynn. Where was he and was he all right?

Suddenly something brushed the back of her bare calves. Mirabelle screamed out loud and looked around her in the darkness. What the hell was that? She heard a man shout and then the sound of feet running toward her.

Bloody hell! What was going on?

“Mirabelle, are you okay?” Flynn flung himself over the fence in a hurry. He pulled her into his arms, searching her face as if he feared something terrible had happened. He has just found her—he did not want to lose her.

“I don’t know. Someone was here.” Mirabelle looked into the darkness and saw eyes reflected back at her. She shrieked and clutched at Flynn who instantly shielded her body with his, tensing as if he expected an attack. But there was no attack. Just the sudden sound of Flynn laughing hysterically. “What’s so funny?” Superheroes never laughed when under attack unless it was in the face of death.

“It’s a cat.” He pointed to the tortoise-shell-colored cat that shot past them in a beam of moonlight.

Mirabelle felt stupid. She was not normally a person who scared easily. So why now? Had sex with the limo man shaken up a few brain cells, turning her into a ninny who screamed at cats and looked helplessly to a man to defend her? If so, she would have to re-think the whole sex with limo man thing. Mirabelle ran her hand down the wide expanse of male chest before her. Or maybe not. Why give up something that good? Maybe she would just carry a torch in the dark and check for cats before screaming.

“What happened over there?”

“Well, for one thing there were no cats terrorizing me.” Flynn took the gentle slap on his bare chest in good humor. “Someone was there but your scream scared them off.”

“What the hell would they be after?” Everything was ruined by the fire. Surely no one was that mad-keen a renovator to want burnt items in their home. Or was the sooty charred look in at the moment?

Flynn’s arms tightened around Mirabelle’s waist, pulling her closer to him.

“What can I tell you? People are strange and always looking for an opportunity to be stranger.”

“But to cash in on someone’s misfortune? That sucks.”

“Not everyone is as sweet and nice as you.” Flynn nuzzled the side of her neck.

“Ah, I hear flattery. What do you want?” Mirabelle had a fairly good idea. That ever-ready cock of Flynn’s had not completely gone down after all this time. It was flaring up again and pulsating against her stomach.

“What do you think I want, Miss Mirabelle?” Flynn dropped his pants and kicked them aside.

“Out here?” Even as she said the words, trying to sound appalled and failing miserably, Mirabelle was instantly wet just thinking about fucking Flynn outside in the moonlight. Who would be up at this hour anyway?

“It’s nice and dark and peaceful and that grass looks awfully soft.”

Before Mirabelle had a chance to protest further she felt Flynn’s leg hook hers and she was tumbling slowly to the ground with Flynn following her down. Just as well

she hadn't gotten around to fixing the lawn mower. The grass was thick and spongy. There was an upside to having a mangy-looking lawn. It was beddable.

"There are a million mosquitoes out here." She could hear their whining drone already as they started to zero in on the chunky white flesh on offer.

"The odd mozzie bite won't kill you." Flynn slid in between her thighs and started pulling her leggings down.

"Mozzies love my flesh." She generally avoided wandering around her backyard in the dark as she was a beacon for the little suckers.

"I understand how those mozzies feel. I have a deep devotion to your flesh as well." Flynn had the leggings down and her shirt off before she could say another word.

"You have fast hands, limo man." She looked up at the star-filled sky. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea. It was kind of romantic after all and she was already naked and very willing so...

"All the better to undress you with, my dear." Flynn ran his hands over the length of her body, stopping to rest on her breasts. The beauty of her pale skin in the moonlight made him suck in his breath in wonder. "You are so beautiful." He kissed her deeply, his tongue entwining with hers.

Mirabelle gave herself up to the moment. And there seemed to be quite a few of them with Flynn Curtis in her life. She was hot with desire and Flynn's hard cock against her stomach promised a thrilling ride. Mirabelle pulled his head down to her breast and moaned as he sucked eagerly down on her nipple. Her legs lifted and locked instantly in their natural position around Flynn's hips. Not even the drone of mozzies could turn her off.

“So I take it you’re not averse to a moonlight fuck?”

This man could pretty much fuck her anywhere, in whatever lighting and she would not complain. She just wanted him—pure and simple. Why fight it?

“I cannot wait a moment longer, Flynn. Slide that cock inside me now,” Mirabelle whispered against his mouth. She locked eyes with him as he slowly slid into her body. It was a slow, deep fuck in the moonlight. She panted softly as Flynn plunged deeply in and out of her. It was at that moment that Mirabelle knew two things for sure. Firstly, she never wanted another man other than Flynn again. And secondly she had fallen in love with limo man.

* * * *

A couple of hours later, Mirabelle was cursing her moonlight fuck. It had been sweet and romantic. It had also allowed flesh-eating mozzies to bite into her tender flesh and leave her as itchy as hell.

“Flesh-eating little bastards,” she hissed as she ran her fingernails back and forth over one particularly torturous bite on her thigh. She knew she shouldn’t scratch as her skin would bleed and she would scar. But damn it she was itchy!

“Don’t scratch, you’ll make it worse.” Flynn stood behind her in the bathroom rubbing cool tea tree oil over the bites on Mirabelle’s back. “And they weren’t flesh eating.”

Mirabelle grabbed his tea-oiled hand and slapped it on her thigh. She needed relief now or she would rip her skin to shreds.

“Not flesh eating? Says he who has no bites on him.” It was hard to be cranky with Flynn when his hands were softly massaging the itchiness away. Her thigh was

starting to feel better under his touch. However this same touch was producing an itchiness in another area that was going to require a different type of massage.

“Bite me now, I won’t mind.”

“Why do you have to be naked as well?” Flynn’s cock was once again prodding her ass. Not that she really minded...

“It’s because I don’t want to get lotion on my clothes, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn ran his hands lightly up to the gentle swell of her stomach, pulling her against him as he did.

“Sounds like a plausible lie but for the cock at my ass.” Mirabelle turned her head slightly and saw Flynn smile. She could get used to a smile that that.

“Would you like me to do something with that cock, hmmm?” Flynn nuzzled her neck lingeringly.

“As your aunt is awake I don’t think it’s a good idea right now.” They had earlier told Lila Standish about the looter and she had looked at them vaguely and blandly replied *how terrible*. But somehow she did not seem surprised to Mirabelle. “You know, I don’t believe her.”

“Who, Aunt Lila?” Flynn looked at her with a mixture of surprise and bemusement.

“Yes, your aunt took the whole looter thing too calmly.” Yes, Mirabelle was naturally suspicious by nature but her neighbor did not react the way she had expected a seventy-year-old to react after several shocks in a row. “There was a strange look in Lila’s eyes.” Lila Standish had made it quite clear she had no idea why someone was poking around in the debris as there was nothing to poke around for and that was the end of the story as far as she was concerned.

“She is a seventy-year-old woman. Everyone reacts differently to shock. Do you want her to wail and collapse?” Flynn’s hands slid down to the inside of Mirabelle’s thighs.

“No but...I have no mozzie bites there, limo man.” Mirabelle sank back against him, her protest only a token one. She had never met any man, or person for that matter, whom she was as totally relaxed with as Flynn. Was it love or just really good body chemistry? Did she care at that moment? Not really. Mirabelle gave herself up to the sensation.

“You can’t be too careful.” Flynn smiled at the soft sigh that escaped her lips. He had been hard the minute his hands had touched her flesh. Mirabelle just had that effect on him. It was like super powers had been given to his cock. A teenage boy’s dream. He gently stroked his fingers through the curls between her legs.

“I don’t think Lila was shocked. She looked more annoyed.”

“Her house has been destroyed. You would have to expect the victim to be pissed off.”

“Yeah but...oh...” Mirabelle sagged against Flynn as his fingers slid inside her. “I can’t think straight when you do that.”

“And that’s why I do it. Now that I have your complete undivided attention...we have to talk about sex.”

“Are you ever not interested in sex?”

Flynn chuckled and moved his fingers inside her slowly.

“No, but I should have been more careful the last couple of times and used a condom.”

“That was not all your fault.” Mirabelle knew the excuse of being taken by the moment was not good enough. She knew better.

“If you get pregnant I want to know.” Flynn felt Mirabelle stiffen under his hands.

Whoa, pregnant? Bloody hell! How stupid was she? That thought had not even crossed her sex-crazed mind. *Dummy!*

“I’m sure I’m not.” She did a quick calculation in her head. Twenty-eight days from when? If she subtracted that from that, she should be okay...maybe...possibly...oh hell...she had always sucked at math.

Flynn turned her around to face him.

“I mean it, Mirabelle. I want to know.” The thought of this woman having his child made Flynn fiercely proud and delighted though he could see she looked anything but. He knew Mirabelle had yet to accept that this was not just a one-off deal with them. He wanted this woman for life.

Mirabelle knew by the look in his eyes he meant every word. She had two options—never have sex with him again or buy a supply of condoms immediately. She looked down at his steel rod of a cock jumping impatiently awaiting an invitation inside—okay, the not-having-sex thing sounded foolish and wasteful. There had to be another condom somewhere in the house. Chocolate she hid to be specifically brought out for PMS emergencies. Condoms had now become just as essential an item, especially as they seemed to be boinking like bunnies at the moment. Mirabelle just did not want to produce any of her own baby bunnies just now.

“Do you have a condom now?” *Please say yes.* She was officially sex-crazed and it felt good to acknowledge it. *My name is Mirabelle and I am crazy about having sex with Flynn.*

“Are you saying you want me now?”

Was he kidding her? What a question to ask.

“Do you want me?” Mirabelle did not want to beg the man...unless she really had to. Sex crazed or not, she still had a few principles left. However the begging thing had turned out quite well in the limo.

“Miss Mirabelle, I’d want you if I was gasping my last breath.” Flynn pulled her toward the door. “Come with me. I know where condoms be,” Flynn responded in his best pirate voice as he headed to the guest bedroom he had yet to use. He stopped suddenly at the sound of someone coming toward them. “Fuck! It’s Lila!” They were both naked. Flynn looked around wildly and pulled open the first door he saw.

“Ah, the old hide-the-naked-people-in-the-broom-closet trick.” Mirabelle pushed a broom out of the way as he shut the door quickly on them. She giggled softly as she stumbled against the vacuum cleaner. It had been funny seeing Flynn in such a panic.

“I’m glad you think it’s funny. My aunt probably would have had a heart attack if she saw me like this.” Flynn pointed down to his cock. It was standing club-like against his stomach. He could hear his aunt moving around near them. “I suppose sex is off?” He ran his hands down her back caressingly. The close confines of the broom closet made it nice and cozy.

“Not necessarily.” Mirabelle saw Flynn’s eyebrows arch with interest. She grabbed his cock in both hands and gently stroked it in a slow milking action. The mere

fact that she could reduce this strong man to a shuddering wreck at her touch was both powerful and exhilarating.

Flynn groaned as she gradually increased the friction on his cock. He put his hands on Mirabelle's soft shoulders and watched as she pulled up and down on his cock. He leaned down and kissed her lingeringly.

"If you keep doing that I'll come all over you, Miss Mirabelle."

"I want you to come." She leaned forward and licked his chest as the pumping rhythm of her hands increased. She stretched and toyed with the straining shaft, feeling it pulsating with a life force all of its own. Mirabelle could see a bead of milky moisture spurt out the head of his cock. She slid one hand around to cuddle his balls, feeling them tight and hard as she continued to milk him.

"Oh Miss Mirabelle, what you do to me," Flynn growled as a jet of milky white semen sprayed over her stomach as she continued her teasing yet purposeful hand job.

The white sticky liquid washing over her stomach did not bother Mirabelle one bit. She had wanted to see Flynn come in her hands. She had never given a man a hand job before and she had to admit it was an interesting, enjoyable experience.

"Thank you." Flynn's voice was hoarse as his cock was pumped dry in her hands. He kissed her passionately.

Mirabelle licked her lips. She loved the taste of Flynn Curtis. No one kissed like he did.

"That was fun. I had never done that before."

"Really?" Flynn smiled widely at her.

“Why the foolish grin?” Lord he was handsome. The scar over his eyebrow gave him such a rakish air.

“I’m just pleased you chose me for all these firsts in your life.”

That tender look Flynn gave her almost made Mirabelle want to tell him she loved him. Almost.

“Well, you’re something special to have sex with, limo man.” And no other man would ever be able to top that. Mirabelle just knew it. “I can’t hear Lila so I think the coast is clear.”

“Not yet, I have unfinished business of my own.” Flynn dropped easily to his knees. He pulled Mirabelle forward and gently, yet insistently pulled her legs apart. “I have the need to make you come in my mouth.” He leaned forward, hands on her ass as he began licking the hidden folds between her legs ruthlessly, the taste of their joint scents on his tongue.

He needed her to come? Well, Mirabelle was happy to oblige. She was halfway there anyway. Her hands went down to his head and pulled his dark head in closer to her body as he continued licking the tender pink flesh.

“I will scream if you continue to do that and your aunt will know what’s going on and what a deviant you are.” Her fingers threaded through the soft strands of his hair, keeping him in place despite her words.

Flynn looked up at Mirabelle and smiled.

“I can live with being called a deviant.” Flynn spun his tongue on her clit and felt Mirabelle shiver with pleasure.

Mirabelle pushed her pussy into his face, wanting and getting more. She leaned down against him, her breasts on his back. She almost collapsed to her knees when his tongue went inside her vagina in a thrusting motion.

“Oh Flynn,” she whispered. Mirabelle liked the ticklish feel but she needed something harder. As if guessing her thoughts Flynn suddenly thrust three fingers then four inside the slippery wet core of her. Mirabelle’s head flung back as his tongue worked her clit and his fingers thrust into and out of her. She bit her lip to stop herself from screaming as the tremors grabbed her and pushed her over the edge of no return and she came in Flynn’s mouth.

Flynn stood up and pulled Mirabelle into his arms.

“God I love you.” Flynn kissed her softly, sucking on her lower lip.

The taste of their combined scents on his lips was wildly erotic. Mirabelle wanted to believe Flynn loved her but it was all too quick. Wasn’t this all just knee-trembling sex? Her heart said no. However the rest of her body would pretty much go along with anything at that moment. She was a slave to her senses. Mirabelle had never felt this wildly abandoned with any man and she liked it. But was that love?

“I think it’s safe to leave.”

Flynn kissed her nose teasingly.

“Scared of the whole love thing?”

“It’s all too soon...”

“When it’s right, it’s right, Miss Mirabelle. Time is irrelevant.” Flynn opened the door of the broom closet and looked out. “The coast is clear.”

“Coming out of the closet has a whole new meaning for me now.” Mirabelle followed Flynn out. She stopped and listened. “I can hear someone outside in Lila’s yard again.”

Flynn walked into the kitchen and looked out the window overlooking his aunt’s yard.

“What is this preoccupation you have with wandering around naked?” It didn’t bother Mirabelle, but she was into the whole limo man naked thing. “What if Lila walked in at this moment?”

“Aunt Lila is at her place.” Flynn watched the woman in question poking around in the rubble of her home.

Mirabelle looked out the window.

“Well, that’s interesting.” What was his aunt looking for?

“What? The woman is looking over the wreckage.”

“But last night Lila said there was nothing to look for. What is she doing there now?” Mirabelle noticed the reflection of her naked breasts against the glass. “Bloody hell!” She jumped back from the window. If the neighbors hadn’t seen enough of her in the last couple of days then they had just copped an eyeful now. “I forget I’m naked around you...and get that thing under control.” Mirabelle pointed to his cock. It was already jerking with interest. “You’re like the Eveready bunny.”

“Oh Miss Mirabelle, let’s find those condoms and...”

Mirabelle pushed her hands against Flynn’s chest.

“No, we need to see what Lila’s doing over there.”

Flynn sighed.

“Does it matter?” He smiled at the look of exasperation Mirabelle gave him. “Yes, I know. You are a woman and you need to know everything five seconds ago. So let’s get dressed and find out whatever it is you want to find out and then we’ll make love.”

“I’m kind of sticky...”

Flynn ran his hands caressingly over Mirabelle’s stomach where evidence of his coming still coated her body.

“Okay, let’s take a shower together and...”

Mirabelle smiled and shook her head.

“That’s just asking for trouble. We’d never get out of the shower and there is a drought and water restrictions you know.” It was a dead certainty that they would use up more water than the State Government allowed them to. And while showering with Flynn was a mighty nice idea, showering alone would be quicker and better for the environment.

“Fine, shower alone but it won’t be much fun,” Flynn responded in mock hurt.

“You’ll cope, limo man. Rejection is good for the soul.”

“I bet you won’t reject me later.”

With his cocky attitude and that body of his, Mirabelle had no intention of taking that bet.

Chapter Five

“What are you looking for, Aunt Lila?” Flynn called out as he walked over to her among the rubble. Was it his imagination or did dear sweet old Aunt Lila look pissed off to see him?

“Nothing in particular, dear. I just wanted to see if there was anything worth salvaging.” She moved toward her nephew. “I can’t imagine what those people were looking for last night.”

“Yeah, it’s not like you have gold buried under the floorboards.”

“No of course not,” Lila Standish responded quickly.

“Are you okay, Aunt Lila? You look kind of pale.” His conversation with Mirabelle about his aunt’s reaction to someone being in her yard last night came back to Flynn’s mind.

“It’s just the shock of it all.” Lila looked at her nephew thoughtfully. “Mirabelle is a sweet little thing, isn’t she?”

“She is as sweet as pie.” And Flynn wanted to keep tasting that sweetness. It was an indulgence he was not about to give up despite the lady’s reluctance to accept that there was more than just sex between them. Flynn did not need to fall in love by the numbers. It just happened. He was in love with Mirabelle and he knew she felt the same. He looked forward to making Mirabelle admit it.

“It’s funny she’s not married. You don’t think she’s one of those lesbian people, do you, dear?”

Flynn had to bite back a laugh as he thought back over the last twenty-four to forty-eight hours he had spent with Mirabelle. Her team of choice was not in dispute.

She was the captain of his heart and she would not be playing on anyone else's team but his from now on.

"Some women just want more, Aunt Lila." And as far as Flynn was concerned he was everything Mirabelle Turner could want. He just had to convince the lady in question.

"I guess that's it. Run along, dear, I'm just going to poke around in the rubble." She smiled sweetly at Flynn. "I'll be fine, I'm not going to do anything stupid that could make me break a hip or anything."

Something about his aunt made Flynn uneasy. Was it just the whole fire thing or was it something else?

"I was thinking I would take a ride and check out how my house is progressing."

"Take Mirabelle with you, dear. Let her see what you have."

"I already have and I plan to show her much more," Flynn murmured softly under his breath.

* * * *

"There is no way I am getting on that." Mirabelle clutched the helmet he had given her in one hand and used the other hand to point to the shiny black motorbike before her. Motorbikes never seemed safe to her. Mirabelle liked the enclosed feeling of a car with its roll bars and air bags. She did not like the thought of having to hang on for grim death and having to pull bugs out of her hair. When Flynn had invited her to see his house under construction, she had been curious. What sort of a house would someone like Flynn have? Was it the sort of house she would like to live in—all purely interest and speculation of course. However, no matter how great her interest, Mirabelle

did not want to ride this beast to get there. That Flynn was a capable driver she did not doubt for a second. It was all the other mad drivers on the road she was worried about—along with the bugs in her hair.

Flynn swung one leg over and slid onto the bike and sat down.

“It’s a Harley Davidson VRSCR—the latest model.”

This man was truly worth looking at in his tight black leather. Mirabelle wondered if that was how Flynn looked when he was riding her. Maybe it would be worth considering dragging her large standing cheval mirror over to the bed when he next mounted her for a ride.

“I don’t care if it’s a ten-year-old Tonka toy. I’m not riding on that.” Some women rode those things but by no stretch of the imagination was Mirabelle Turner even close to being a biker chick. She was more like an economical sedan chick.

“What’s wrong? Don’t you like the feel of something hard and powerful between your legs?” Flynn smiled at her rakishly.

“It’s vastly overrated.” Mirabelle swallowed hard. That smile and that body in those biker leathers were so damn sexy. She felt the muscles between her legs tighten just thinking how hard and powerful Flynn was. She wanted something between her legs now but it wasn’t a motorbike. Mirabelle looked up at the overcast sky. Lord was it suddenly getting hot or what?

“I don’t remember my being hard between your legs being a problem for you last night.”

Yep she was either having an early onset menopausal hot flash or she was a complete and utter slave to her desires when it came to this man.

“You didn’t give me a chance...” It sounded like a pathetic excuse even to her ears.

“And if I had?”

There was no point denying that she did not want sex with him as that was a big fat lie and they both knew it.

“I’m not getting on that.”

“Chicken...”

“Am not!” Okay she was, so what? Chickens were not bad role models. They were industrious and productive social creatures.

“Are too. What are you scared of?” It was a loaded question and they both knew it.

“Of falling...” *further in love with you.*

“Sometimes it’s worth the fall.” Flynn looked at her significantly.

Significant looks sucked as far as Mirabelle was concerned unless it was she who was giving them. Then she did not mind coming across as superior and all-knowing. That was completely different.

“Worth falling on my ass?” Lord knows she had the cellulite to cover any major damage to her butt.

“Look, you are more than welcome to grab hold of and hang on tightly to any part of my body you want to.”

Mirabelle looked at the body in question. There was some mighty grippable stuff there.

“Well...that might be okay...”

“And you can do the same when we’re on the bike.” Flynn flashed a charming pearly white smile at her.

“You just think you’re all that, don’t you?” The problem was Flynn was that and more. She walked over and looked at the bike. There was not a lot of room to sit. However one plus would be that she would have to plaster herself against the back of Flynn. *This is beginning to sound doable...*

“Swing your leg over, Miss Mirabelle. Pretend it’s me.”

“You wish.”

“Oh but I do,” Flynn responded softly as he watched her slide on over the bike. “Put your helmet on.” He turned around to help Mirabelle with the buckle. When he was satisfied she was safe, Flynn kissed her nose teasingly.

Okay, that was kind of sweet. Mirabelle wrapped her arms around Flynn’s waist, feeling his stomach muscles contract under the black leather.

“If I get killed on this I am never speaking to you again, limo man.” Mirabelle leaned into the strength of him.

Flynn chuckled.

“Duly noted, Miss Mirabelle. Now lift your feet and hang on.”

Thirty minutes of screaming later they stopped outside a house in the north Brisbane suburb of Samford. The surroundings were peaceful and tree filled. Only the sound of hammers and drills interrupted the solitude.

“You can let go now.”

Mirabelle had thought that her last foray into Myer's shoe department on sale day was a traumatic and hair-raising experience. However riding pillion of a motorbike trumped that.

"I may never let go."

"Works for me." Flynn leaned back into her, liking the feeling of her plastered against his body. "You were really scared, weren't you?"

"What gave it away? Was it all the screaming?"

Flynn got off the bike and helped Mirabelle to dismount.

"New things are always scary, Miss Mirabelle."

"And that was absolutely terrifying. I may never walk properly again after having that between my legs. Don't say it," Mirabelle put her fingers to his lips, interrupting the words she knew were about to come out of Flynn's mouth. Though, if she had to be honest, Mirabelle had also found it kind of exciting. Her legs may be rubbery from the ride but her pussy was wet and tingling from the vibrations of the machine beneath her.

Flynn kissed the fingers on his lips and took her hand in his.

"Come and look at my house."

The house was not quite at lock-up stage but it was certainly close to it. Flynn nodded to the tradesmen who were putting in fixtures, plumbing and painting.

Mirabelle had to admit it was one of the nicest houses she had ever seen. It was two-story brick with a double garage and a wide welcoming front entrance that was in the process of being paved. Even though the house was shiny new and un-lived in, it had a warm, homey feeling to it. This was the sort of place Mirabelle would have liked to

live in if she had the money. Maybe one day that bitch of a lotto fairy would smile on her and give her a break.

Mirabelle wandered from one room to the other. She was not nosy, she just liked to be well informed. There was a big difference between the two. When she came to the kitchen she was impressed. All the modern conveniences were in. If limo man cooked, in her eyes, he would be a keeper—not that she was looking for a keeper. It was just good to know what sort of man, in theory, you would want. *Whatever bit of self-delusion works best for you, Mirabelle.*

“Why so many bedrooms?” The kitchen was the only room in the house that was devoid of workmen. But their paint cans, paint trays, rollers and drop sheets were everywhere.

“I’d like a wife and kids one day.”

Mirabelle looked at him uncertainly. Their chat about pregnancy came back into her mind. For one moment she pictured herself and Flynn with a couple of kids and a dog...*and snap out of it, woman!*

Mirabelle cleared her throat. Words were suddenly hard to find at that moment.

“It...ah...would be a great family home...” She could just picture miniature Flynn running around with cheeky grins.

“What about you?” Flynn looked at Mirabelle keenly. “Do you want the whole white wedding deal?”

Mirabelle had never been one of those girls who dreamt about her “prince” coming along to sweep her off her feet. Maybe it was her pragmatic upbringing or the fact that she did not have a romantic bone in her body. Either way, she had never

pictured herself as a bride—maybe bride of Frankenstein early in the morning on first getting up but that was about as bridal as she got.

“Well, I think we both know a ‘white wedding’ isn’t in the cards.” Mirabelle scooted up on to a wide kitchen bench behind her and looked around her as she imagined herself Carol Brady-like in this kitchen. She hated cooking but she would probably make an effort in this kitchen.

“What about a husband and kids?”

“I never really thought about it before.” She had, in an abstract, never-going-to-happen-to-me way. So why worry about it?

Flynn leaned against a wall and looked at her.

“So what is the Mirabelle Turner story?”

“It’s all pretty boring. I work at Promptel. I hate, loathe and despise it but as it pays the bills I sell myself to the Promptel devil every day of the week like the greedy sod that I am.”

“Okay, so the job is crap. What about your family?” Flynn had a deep desire to know everything about this woman—her hates, loves and passions.

It was kind of weird and rather sweet that after all they had physically done with and to each other they were finally getting down to the nitty-gritty stuff of mentally getting to know someone.

“The only family I have left is my brother Jonathon who lives interstate with his perky wife and two point three children.” Mirabelle could not remember when she last saw her brother. However she did remember the conversation. “I am apparently a ‘disappointment’ to him and we communicate only if absolutely necessary.” *Like never.*

She saw Flynn's raised eyebrow at her comments. "Well, you see, I'm not married and I don't try to better myself." How did one explain insane family members to someone who probably had a normal family? But then was any family normal? "And yes, he is a tight-assed prick and no, I don't know what he means either so it's just better left in the current state of nothingness between us."

"That's sad." Flynn moved toward her, needing to give comfort. This explained a little to Flynn about Mirabelle's reluctance to admit to what was happening between them. She had no one who loved her in her life. He was determined to rectify that.

"No, that's life." Mirabelle buried her brother back down in the vault of things better left alone. "I bet you have a big, happy family who actually like each other." Flynn Curtis had that well-adjusted and loved look about him.

"I am lucky. My parents, sisters, nieces and nephews are spread all over Queensland. I try to see them as often as I can. Lila is the only relative I have in Brisbane." Flynn placed his hands on the sides of her jean-covered thighs and parted her legs to slide between them.

"So why are you settling in Bris-vegas?" So named by the locals due to all the excitement not happening in this sleepy city.

"I just like the atmosphere and it's a good home base." Flynn's hand went down to the zip on her jeans. He zipped it up and down in a leisurely teasing way.

Even this man playing with her zip was exciting to Mirabelle. Of course she knew what he wanted. It was just a matter of how Flynn planned to go about getting it. And it was not like he could take her in an exposed house full of workmen. *Could he?* Mirabelle shivered in anticipation at the thought.

“You must have missed your family when you were up at the mines in Weipa.”

The zip stayed down. *Uh oh...*

“I did but it was good money.” Flynn’s fingers slid inside her jeans, touching the warm flesh above her panties as he pulled Mirabelle closer to him and nuzzled her neck.

“Oh no not here...” She would have been insensible not to have felt his cock pressing hard against the front of his trousers and in turn her denim-clad inner thigh.

“Why not?”

“Ah duh, there are workmen everywhere.” Why was he pushing her backward onto the tiled bench top? Did he not understand her words about workmen? Yes, she could fight him and make him realize the insanity of his actions but...

“So?” Flynn slid his hand under her backside and began pulling her jeans down.

Mirabelle was flat on her back and trying to hang on to her jeans.

“I don’t want someone watching me like that.” However, the thought of getting caught with Flynn inside her was kind of exciting. Her pussy was already wet with anticipation.

“It’ll be a quickie.” Flynn had her jeans off and her panties soon followed. He leaned over her and started undoing the buttons on her blouse.

Mirabelle slapped half-heartedly at his hands. Just the thought of him sucking her breasts was enough to make any rational good-girl thoughts fly out the window.

Besides, she had not been a good girl since she was ten years old and she had been thrown out of the Girl Scouts for smoking. So why pretend to be either good or rational now?

“Are you mad?” Was she? Maybe, but a hard and fast quickie with the limo man seemed incredibly doable at that moment. And if someone saw them? Well, Mirabelle would cross and blow up that bridge if it happened.

Flynn pushed Mirabelle’s bra up and tongued one taut nipple.

“I’m mad about you, Miss Mirabelle.”

“What if someone comes in?” Mirabelle asked as her legs automatically locked around Flynn’s hips in response to his tongue on her breast.

“I expect they’ll be shocked, intrigued and most likely jealous.” He sucked down hard.

Oh yeah, she most definitely wanted sex with the limo man again. Workmen? What workmen?

“How quick a quickie?” As far as Mirabelle was concerned now was a good time for Flynn to slide on inside.

“Are you ready for me now?”

“I was ready ten minutes ago.” Mirabelle was stretched out before him like a banquet ready to be devoured.

Flynn slid two fingers inside her vagina.

“Are you ever not wet, Miss Mirabelle?”

“I’m always wet around you, limo man.”

Flynn chuckled at her words as he unzipped his trousers and pulled out a condom from his pocket.

Mirabelle licked her lips in anticipation as she watched Flynn roll the condom over his ever eager cock.

Flynn smiled at the look of eagerness on Mirabelle's face.

"What about the workmen watching?"

"Stuff the workmen. I want you inside me now."

As Flynn slid inside her he gasped in relief.

"Home," he murmured softly.

Mirabelle pulled Flynn down and kissed him as he thrust hard and fast inside her. She tried to catch her breath as the thrusts penetrated deeply. Already she could feel the orgasm building up inside her.

"Bloody hell you're good," Mirabelle panted, clutching Flynn to her.

"I aim to please." And Flynn would do whatever was needed to please this woman.

"And I am pleased you aim so well." Mirabelle flung her hands over her head in complete surrender as she gave in to the spasms of pleasure that ripped through her body. As she came, her hands sought to hold on to the bench. However the only thing she managed to connect with and smack her hand into was a tray of paint, sending an arc of white paint splattering all over her bare breasts and shirt.

"Oh!" *The pleasure.* "Oh!" *The paint.* Orgasm versus worrying about paint? Orgasm won. Mirabelle screamed in relief as it ripped through her. *Oh dear what will the workmen think?*

Flynn thrust a few more times and came hard inside her.

"This is your fault," Mirabelle gasped as her body trembled in the aftershock of coming. She looked down at her breasts. Her nipples looked like snowcapped mountains. She struggled to sit up.

“My fault? Because I made you come?” Flynn pulled out of her body and looked at her in amusement as she sat up. “I believe that color is called Arctic White and it looks better on you than the walls.” He grabbed a nearby rag and started to slowly wipe the paint from her breasts, paying particular attention to her nipples. “I didn’t tell you to smack your hand into the paint, Miss Mirabelle.”

“Don’t do that!” Mirabelle slapped his hands away from her breasts and pulled up the cups on her also-paint-splattered bra.

“Why? Am I turning you on?”

“No.” Yes. The man’s hands were lethal weapons. One touch and she automatically wanted to open her legs and beg him to slide on in. “Look at my bra and shirt. They’re ruined.” Mirabelle jumped down from the bench and pulled up her jeans just as a tradesman walked in. She clutched her shirtfront together and shot Flynn a dirty look.

Flynn was not the slightest bit perturbed. He shielded her body from prying eyes and watched her button up her shirt.

“Since I ‘ruined’ you with an orgasm and paint, the least I can do is buy you a new bra and shirt.”

“No, it’ll be okay.” It was not totally Flynn’s fault she was out of control. It was a mixture of hormones and plain old-fashioned lust. *Give me more.*

“I insist, Miss Mirabelle. It’s my fault for being so bad.” Flynn pulled Mirabelle to him and kissed her softly. “But you like being bad with me, don’t you?”

Oh hell yes.

“Well...”

“Come on, it’ll give you a chance to ride the wild beast again.”

Mirabelle blew out a sigh.

“I don’t think I’ll ever like motorbikes.”

“I wasn’t talking about the bike.”

* * * *

“I only need a shirt,” Mirabelle told him as Flynn dragged her, paint splattered, into the large department store at the Chermside shopping center. She normally never shopped in this particular store as it was too expensive. She was a chain store kind of girl. “This is all designer stuff.” She picked up a shirt and gasped at the price. Whoa! The price of that was the equivalent of her electricity bill for three months. Mirabelle replaced it quickly on the stand. She hugged her arms over her paint-covered shirt, feeling out of place in the plush surrounds with the limo man in his biker leathers. Though Flynn walked around like he owned the place.

“I owe you a shirt and you shall have a shirt.”

“Okay fine.” Mirabelle picked up the electricity bill shirt, eager to get out of the store. “This will do.”

“Get a couple of them,” Flynn urged.

“Do you know how expensive these are?”

“You’re worth it, Miss Mirabelle.”

Well, of course that was the correct answer but really...

“Big spender, are we?” Mirabelle had heard working for the mining industry paid big bucks but that did not mean she wanted the man to spend money needlessly.

“Whatever you want.” Flynn picked up a couple more shirts and some pants from the surrounding racks and handed them to her.

“I don’t need pants and these may not be my size.” Mirabelle looked at the tags. They were.

“I know what fits you inside and out.”

Mirabelle blushed at his words. This was the only man on the planet who had the ability to fluster her so.

“You’re a cocky bastard.”

“And you love that about me.”

Yes, Mirabelle did. But was it the love of sex with Flynn or loving Flynn and wanting to have sex with him? That was the question. Of course she knew the answer. It was accepting it that was hard to do.

“Go try them on.”

“They will fit and I am only getting one.”

Flynn smiled down at her charmingly.

“Humor me.”

Just by the look her gave her, Mirabelle would have gladly done more than just humor him at that moment. *Down, girl.*

“Have I done anything else but humor you for the last couple of days?” They walked over to the changing room. “What are you going to do?” He was probably going to be like most men and lurk about outside impatiently or look for a hardware shop.

“I’ll just check out a few things. I’ll be back directly.” Flynn leaned over and kissed Mirabelle softly.

Mirabelle dutifully tried everything on. It all fitted as she knew it would. She was a woman who knew her size. She wasn't thin and she wasn't overweight. Mirabelle Turner was one of the sixty percent of the population who was average.

"Go the average," she murmured as she slipped off the last shirt over her head. She only needed one shirt and she felt guilty even buying that. The price was ridiculous but the shirt was very nice.

"Hey," Flynn stuck his head into the curtained cubicle and looked at Mirabelle in her bra and panties.

"What are you doing here? This is a ladies' change room."

He pushed the curtain aside and stepped inside carrying a shopping bag with the department store logo on it.

"I wanted to see my lady."

Okay, that was sweet.

"What's in the bag?" The change cubicle seemed awfully small with Flynn Curtis suddenly in it.

Flynn tapped the bag lightly and smiled.

"Just something for later." He dropped it on the floor and let his eyes roam Mirabelle's scantily clad body.

Mirabelle stuck her head outside and looked around. No one was about. She ducked inside and pulled the curtain closed.

"You're not supposed to be in here, limo man." Mirabelle had a feeling Flynn did a lot of stuff he wasn't supposed to. But then that's what made him so wonderfully, wickedly different.

“Why not?”

“It’s a dressing room.”

Flynn moved in closer to Mirabelle.

“Okay, so take off your bra and panties.”

Just the way he said it in that husky tone made Mirabelle hot all over.

“I said ‘dressing’ not undressing room.”

“Strip.”

“Why?” Dumb question but some last bastion of rational self-control still demanded she ask it.

“Because I want you, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn picked up her hand and placed it on his leather-covered groin.

Mirabelle could feel his cock pushing at the seams to get out. All that confined power needing an outlet. She felt her pussy moisten with excitement. Would she ever not want this man?

“You are so like that Eveready bunny.” Her hand stayed where it was, cupping his cock gently. But that was no bunny in his trousers. “This is wrong, limo man.”

Flynn reached around and pulled off Mirabelle’s bra. His hands molded the firm flesh before him. He smiled at the faint splatters of paint still on her nipples.

“Says who? The only sign I see says you ‘must wear underwear when you try on swimwear’. We’re not trying on swimwear so we are not breaking any rules.” Flynn leaned down and licked one of her nipples.

Mirabelle’s hands instinctively clutched at his head to hold him close.

“Don’t do that...” *Do it. Do it harder and do it faster.*

“I’m just trying to get all the paint off.” Flynn sucked down hard. Mirabelle groaned and her hands went down to her panties where she met Flynn’s hands tugging at the elastic and pushing them down. With joint effort they slid them to her feet.

Flynn’s hands roamed the plump flesh of her ass.

“I like you without panties. I especially like to do this.” He thrust his hand between her legs. Mirabelle gasped. “Nice and wet and all for me.”

“We can’t do this here.” Mirabelle could. She really could.

“Of course we can. Trust me.” Flynn turned her around to face the mirror. “I want to watch us make love.”

Mirabelle felt the thrill of anticipation pulse through her body as she watched Flynn unzip and drop his trousers. His cock stood hard and proud against his stomach. Mirabelle licked her lips and locked eyes with his.

“Like what you see, Miss Mirabelle?” He rifled through his trouser pocket for the condom he knew was in there.

“Hmm...yummy.” She listened to his answering chuckle as she watched him roll a condom over his excited cock. She had never liked the hard, glaring lighting in dressing rooms before as it made every lump and bump stand out so prominently. But now Mirabelle saw definite advantages in it. Mirabelle pushed her ass back into him and spread her legs.

“Perfect,” Flynn murmured as he grabbed her hips and rubbed his cock, toying against her ass. “Hard and fast?”

“Yes...any way...just do it now.”

“That’s my girl.” Flynn impaled her to the hilt with one stroke.

“Oh Flynn...” Mirabelle moaned as he thrust back and forth, his testicles slapping into her ass. She watched them in the mirror as Flynn’s hands caressed her breasts and tugged on her nipples. It was beautiful and wild and she had never thought of herself as either of those before. It was this man who made her feel this way. She had never trusted someone as quickly as she had Flynn. And for Mirabelle, trust and love went hand in hand. Yeah, she loved him.

“Everything okay in there, madam?” came the voice of the saleslady outside the curtain.

Mirabelle felt Flynn thrust harder in response.

“Oh yes, fine. I’m coming...coming out soon.” Mirabelle felt the crazy urge to giggle but she bit it back. “You are bad, limo man.”

“But you love me.” His eyes locked with hers. No words were needed. They both knew this was just more than fantastic sex.

“Make me come.”

“Yes, Miss Mirabelle.”

Chapter Six

“God, I feel terrible!” Mirabelle rushed alongside Flynn as they made their way down the corridor of the Prince Charles Hospital. “We were having sex while Lila was having a heart attack.” There was probably a hell for people like her. She wondered if it was co-ed.

Flynn grabbed Mirabelle’s hand in his.

“This has nothing to do with that. We could not have prevented her heart attack.”

“We should have been with her.”

“No, we were meant to be together.” He stopped at the room number the nurse had indicated. “Do not ever feel guilty about that.”

Mirabelle looked into the intensive care room and looked at Lila lying quiet and still on the bed. An oxygen tube had been inserted into her nose and beeping monitors surrounded her. Mirabelle had never realized until this moment how old and frail Lila really was. She always seemed so capable and strong for her age. They went over to the bed.

“We’re here, Aunt Lila,” Flynn clutched Lila’s hand in his.

Mirabelle felt an instant tug of love for Flynn. He cared so deeply for his family. Sexy, sweet, loving...and hers? Who knew? *If wishes had wings...*

“I’ve called my parents. Dad said he should be here in an hour or so. He’s driving down from Toowoomba.”

“She will be okay, Flynn.” Mirabelle squeezed his hand reassuringly.

“I know,” Flynn looked at Mirabelle lovingly. “You are so good for me.”

Oh boy...she was hooked.

"I...ah...will get water or something." This was a hospital. It was extremely tacky to be thinking of throwing herself at this man at this time. Where had her previous guilt gone?

"I love you, Mirabelle Turner." Flynn's words were strong and true

"Bloody hell... I...ah..." *You love him so say the words, you fool!* "I lo...oh look, Lila is stirring." *Saved by the sick woman.* Okay Mirabelle loved limo man but saying and doing were two completely different things. "Lila, it's Flynn and Mirabelle. We're here for you."

"And I'm here for you, Miss Mirabelle, and I can wait for you to say the words," Flynn leaned down and whispered against Mirabelle's ear.

Mirabelle shivered at the hot breath against her neck.

"He was here... He said he knows..." Lila muttered incoherently.

"'He'? Who is 'he' and what does he know, Aunt Lila?" Flynn leaned down to listen to his aunt.

"I have to get it... He can't have it."

"It? What is 'it'?" Mirabelle looked at the woman in the bed. The paramedics had reported that Lila Standish had been found in the rubble of her home. What had she been looking for? Despite Lila's protests to the contrary, there was definitely something she was searching for in the debris. "What is going on here, Flynn?"

He looked at Mirabelle thoughtfully. She was right. She had been from the start. There was something his aunt wanted from her old house. Something that was important enough to risk her health over—but what?

"I'm going to have to search through the rubble to find the answers."

"It's too late tonight."

"Tomorrow then."

* * * *

"What do you have the camera for?" Mirabelle watched as Flynn tinkered with the expensive-looking DVD camcorder. They had left Lila's hospital room only after Robert Curtis, Flynn's father and Lila's brother, had arrived. Curtis senior was sweet and charming and Mirabelle could easily see where Curtis junior got his charm.

"I want to see if anyone is going to be lurking around in the dark tonight at Lila's place. I want to be ready to catch them in the act so to speak."

"That's smart."

"I'm full of good ideas."

"And full of your own self-importance as well it seems." Mirabelle smiled overly sweetly at him. "Why are we in my bedroom? It's not even overlooking Lila's place." Flynn smiled wickedly at her. It was a smile that set her on edge and made her instantly wet between the legs.

"Don't move." Flynn placed the camera on the bed and left the room. He returned quickly with the department store bag he had with him earlier. "I bought you a gift, Miss Mirabelle." He handed it to her.

The eyes that locked with hers were hot and hungry and Mirabelle just knew whatever was in this bag was going to be something good.

"You don't have to give me anything." She opened the bag and looked inside. "Oh..." What was in there wasn't much of anything but it was lacy and skimpy. She pulled it out. It was a rosy red waist cincher with matching pull up lace-topped thigh-high

stockings. Mirabelle felt hot all over. He wanted her to wear this? “Not a lot of material here, limo man.”

“There’s nothing of you that I want to cover up.” Flynn picked up the camera. “I want to watch you dress in those...just for me.”

Mirabelle’s eyes opened wide as she gulped hard, trying to fight back a wild surge of excitement.

“Are you going to film me?” The thought of him doing that made her even hotter. She had never allowed any man to do what Flynn wanted to do to her.

“Do you want me to film you?”

Mirabelle bit her lip. She should say no.

“Yesss...” she hissed out softly as her eyes locked with Flynn’s. “But I only want you to see it.”

“No man but me will ever see you naked and hot, Miss Mirabelle. You are mine for life.”

God she wanted desperately to believe that.

“Strip for me.” Flynn lifted the camera to his eye. He zeroed in on every move she made.

Mirabelle wished she knew how to strip in a seductive manner that would turn Flynn on but the large bulge in his trousers indicated that turning him on was not going to be a problem. She dropped her jeans and started on her shirt buttons.

“Take your panties off first,” Flynn ordered, his voice husky. “I want to see that sweet pussy of yours now.”

Mirabelle was beginning to like being ordered around by Flynn. It was sexy and non-threatening and it made her feel wild and out of control. Normally she would never have allowed this to happen. Control was everything. But then this was Flynn and she had no control when it came to him. Normally she would not have done half the stuff she had if not for Flynn. Mirabelle just liked being crazy and free with this man. She immediately moved her hands down to the sides of her panties and slid them down her legs until they fell to the floor.

“Now the shirt. Rip it open.”

Mirabelle giggled suddenly at Flynn’s words.

“Seriously? You paid a mint for this designer shirt.”

“It’s just a shirt.” Flynn flashed a sexy smile at her. “Now rip it.”

Mirabelle grabbed the edges of the button-up shirt over her breasts and tore the shirt apart. Buttons flew everywhere as the fabric ripped. She waited for him to tell her to remove her bra.

“I want to see those luscious, suckable breasts of yours, Miss Mirabelle.”

“And I want you to suck them, limo man.” She heard his amused chuckle as she pulled the bra from her body.

“I promise you I will suck you until you scream.”

“You’d better,” Mirabelle murmured as she picked up the waist cincher. “How badly do you want to see me in this?” She almost forgot the camera was there. This was all just a show for the man she loved.

“Put it on now.”

Mirabelle unlaced the waist cincher enough to allow it to go over her head and breasts as she slid it down to her waist. As she positioned it under her breasts and just above her groin she had to admit this garment was a nifty item of clothing. It hid a multitude of sins and if any waist needing cinching it was hers. She pulled the laces in tight.

“Oh God...” muttered Flynn, his voice thick with emotion.

Mirabelle arched her eyebrow at him and licked her lips. She cupped her breasts and massaged them slowly.

“You like this, limo man?” Her breasts seemed to stand out more with the cincher tight around her waist.

“Hell yes. Put on the stockings now.”

“No, Flynn.” Mirabelle shook her head at him as she tugged on her nipples. “You put them on me.” Mirabelle sat down on the edge of the bed and opened her legs wide. “But you must be naked first.” Flynn nearly dropped the camcorder in his rush to strip off his clothes. Mirabelle giggled loudly. This was both sexy and fun. She watched as he placed the camcorder on a nearby dressing table, in line of sight, making sure he could capture the moment.

Flynn dropped to his knees before her. His hands started automatically heading between her legs. Mirabelle smiled. He wasn’t the only one who had power.

“You are not to touch my pussy until I say so.” The look of dark passion in Flynn’s eyes almost made Mirabelle decide to give him the order to touch her.

“I can hold out longer than you can, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn reached over for one of the fine lace-topped stockings on the bed.

“I doubt that very much.” She had plans for him. If there was someone lurking outside in the debris of Lila’s house neither of them cared anymore. Mirabelle held a leg up for him to slide a stocking on. It was torture for both of them but she knew it would be worth it. “Nah-ah...don’t touch,” Mirabelle gently slapped Flynn’s hand as it finished sliding up the stocking and started to slide on up to her pussy.

“You know I am going to fuck you until you can’t stand, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn slid up the other stocking and got the same hand slapping.

“Promises, promises...” Mirabelle murmured as she crossed her legs and pushed at his shoulders. “Go back to your camera, limo man.”

Flynn stood up hesitantly and went back to the camera. It was clear to them both that the last place he wanted to be was across the room from Mirabelle. His cock was rigid against his stomach.

“Don’t play with me.” His voice was hot and had a dangerous thrilling edge.

Mirabelle smiled a sexy smile.

“Oh, I’m not going to play with you,” she said, spreading her legs wide. “But I’m going to play with myself first.” She leaned back on one hand and inserted the other between her legs. She slowly rubbed her clit and closed her eyes. It would take nothing at all to come.

“Oh God...” Flynn murmured hoarsely, the camera locked on Mirabelle.

“Again, it’s got nothing to do with religion, Flynn.” Mirabelle slid her fingers inside her slippery vagina and imagined Flynn thrusting hard inside her.

“Do not come without me inside you.”

“I’ll do what I like.” Mirabelle rubbed and thrust harder inside herself, panting as a spiral of pleasure started to build up.

“Fucking hell!” Flynn dropped the camcorder and raced over to her. He pulled her hands out from between her legs and hoisted her legs in the air so she landed flat on her back. “You are a very bad girl, Miss Mirabelle.”

“What are you going to do about it?” All Mirabelle could see was the hard cock nearly bursting to get inside her. Flynn pulled her up so her hips met his. She knew her back would kill her tomorrow but like Scarlett O’Hara she “would think about that tomorrow”.

“I will never get enough of you,” Flynn murmured as he sank his cock deep inside her and stopped. He smiled as Mirabelle shrieked with excitement. “Do you like that?”

“Yes! Now bloody move!”

“You command that, my lady?”

“Fuck me ’til I scream, limo man.”

“Okay...get ready to scream...”

Mirabelle grasped the bedcovers and held on for dear life as Flynn slammed back and forth into her. The scream that tore from her throat as she came matched the hoarse cry from Flynn as he pumped hard and hot inside her.

“I may never walk again.”

“See, I always keep my promises.”

Chapter Seven

“Okay, so what exactly are we looking for, limo man?” They had been scratching around through the rubble of Lila’s house for forty minutes and they had found nothing that indicated something that someone would want other than Lila Standish.

“Anything that stands out,” Flynn said, hoisting a wooden beam up and looking underneath.

“You stand out.” Mirabelle was instantly drawn to look at him especially when his biceps were bulging so nicely as he went all He-man. He was infinitely watchable.

“You already have me, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn’s eyes locked with hers.

“Do I?” Sure it was a dumb question but all this love and relationship stuff was new to her.

“You know you do, you stubborn wench.” Flynn dropped the beam with a thump.

Mirabelle giggled. Wench? She could live with being called Flynn’s wench.

“You’re weird,” she muttered as she looked at the junk around her. *If I was something somebody wanted where would I be in this rubble?*

“But you like me.”

Mirabelle looked up at him.

“Yeah I do. A lot.” She surprised herself. That didn’t hurt one bit to say.

“Just think how easy saying you love me will be,” Flynn responded as if reading her mind.

Mirabelle had been about to answer back when her eye spied something in the rubble.

“What is this?” She bent down and tried to pull out what looked like a small metal trunk. “It’s stuck.” She pulled hard to clear it from under what appeared to be the arm of one Lila’s sofas that was pinned under a part of the roof.

“Wait, don’t hurt yourself.” Flynn raced over to help her. “I’ll lift and you grab.”

“Sounds like what we did last night,” Mirabelle quipped.

“And what we will do again tonight.” Flynn spanked her ass lightly.

“If you’re lucky, limo man.” Mirabelle dropped to her haunches waiting for him to lift the obstruction.

“I’m always lucky with you.”

“Do you practice saying sweet things so the girls fall in love with you?”

“You’re the only girl I want doing that.” Flynn hoisted a large flat piece of what once had been part of the ceiling.

“Nice muscles.” Mirabelle licked her lips.

“I’ll show them to you in more detail later.” Flynn watched as Mirabelle grabbed at the metal trunk. “Be careful.”

“Got it.” The trunk was the size of an average suitcase but it was heavy and required two hands to lift it.

As soon as it was free and she was clear, Flynn dropped the obstruction with a crash. He helped the struggling Mirabelle with the metal trunk.

“I’ve seen this before. I think it’s just got mementoes in it.”

“It’s still worth checking out and I am sure Lila would want it regardless.”

Once inside Mirabelle’s house, Flynn placed the trunk on her kitchen table.

“Should we be poking around in private stuff?” It was really more of a rhetorical question as Mirabelle really wanted to have a look in the old metal trunk. It looked like it dated back to the 1930s.

Flynn laughed and shook his head.

“Oh please, you know you want to look inside.” He flipped the latch and pulled up the lid. There were neatly bundled letters, spidery crocheted pieces of lace, old-fashioned jewelry and a stack of photographs.

Mirabelle picked up a bundle of the photographs. She looked at the faces of the people in the pictures. There was one of a really young Lila and a very handsome man.

“Was this Lila’s husband?”

Flynn looked at the photograph she handed him.

“No, that’s his brother Charlie. He was a lot younger than her husband Alistair.”

Flynn reached over and flicked through some photos. “That’s Alistair.”

“Wow, he looks really pissed off.” Mirabelle looked at the black and white photo in her hands. This man was also handsome but he looked like the last thing he wanted to have done was to have his photo taken.

“From what little I remember of Alistair he was always really nice to us kids but he always seemed to be irritable around Lila.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. He disappeared when I was about twelve and we never saw him again.”

“Disappeared? I thought he was dead. Lila always talks about being a widow.”

“I guess after twenty-four years of your husband being missing you have to expect he is dead.”

“Or really good at hiding,” murmured Mirabelle as she looked back at the smiling couple in the first photograph. They looked young and happy. “And in love...do you think Lila was screwing around with Charlie?” Flynn looked at her in amusement. “Well, she looks pretty happy with him.”

“Therefore Aunt Lila was screwing around.”

“It’s just a theory. What happened to Charlie?”

“As far as I know Charlie went to live in London after Alistair disappeared. No one has seen him since.” He smiled as he saw Mirabelle’s eyes light up with interest and speculation. “I can see you’re thinking Alistair is really alive and coming back to wreak vengeance on Lila for having an affair and that Charlie will rush in and save her.”

“Well...it could happen and...” Mirabelle stopped dead and burst out laughing. “Oh my God you are Batman!” She looked down at the little boy dressed as Batman in the color photo in her hand.

Flynn looked over at the photo. He would have been about eight years old then and Batman had been his world. He looked back at Mirabelle. The boy was now a man and while Batman still kicked ass Flynn’s world had changed and he needed no more super heroes. He just needed Mirabelle.

“I was good-looking even then.”

Mirabelle snorted in amusement.

“It’s sad to be so delusional,” she murmured politely as she continued searching through the trunk. If she had any scruples about looking through Lila’s stuff they had

well and truly disappeared. “What is this key to?” It was the only modern thing in the trunk. She picked up the shining brass key and handed it to Flynn.

He looked at the attached tag.

“It looks like it’s for a storage shed on Newmarket Road.”

“Why would Lila have a storage shed when she had so much space under her house?” Like a lot of older houses in Queensland, Lila’s was built on strong stumps to allow cooling breezes to flow through. This meant that there was more than enough room to park a car or to store all sorts of stuff underneath. Under Mirabelle’s house was a veritable warehouse of crap she would never use but could not part with. “I say we go and check out this storage shed.”

“For what reason, Nancy Drew, other than female curiosity on your part?”

“Don’t you want to find out why both Lila and someone else were poking around in the rubble?”

Flynn looked at her thoughtfully.

“You are going regardless whether I agree or not, aren’t you?”

“Yep.” Mirabelle took the key from him.

“Are you going to be pissed off when we don’t find the Maltese Falcon?”

“No, because I reckon it’s something bigger than a black bird statue. I reckon its money.” Flynn laughed loudly. “People do dumb things when it comes to money.”

“Would you, Miss Mirabelle?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never had enough money to be dumb with but I would like to give it a try.” It was the sort of “dumbness” that she could handle at least once. Sure,

money did not buy happiness but Mirabelle was willingly to have a go at being rich and not completely happy for a while.

“So you think my dear sweet Aunt Lila has a fortune hidden in a storage lock-up in suburbia?” Flynn grinned widely at her.

“You can be amused as you like but what else could it be?”

“It could be old furniture.”

“In a storage shed? The woman keeps the key to it in a trunk full of mementoes. If it was something boring like furniture then the key would have been on a key rack or in a dish. Have you no romance in your soul, limo man?”

Flynn grabbed Mirabelle and plastered her tightly up against him.

“I have romance to burn, Miss Mirabelle.”

Mirabelle could certainly feel something burning into her. It was large and stiff and already pushing to get out.

“Being horny is not being romantic.”

“So you would say no to me fucking you up against the kitchen sink again?”

Mirabelle closed her eyes momentarily as that memory of Flynn all tight, hot and full in her ass came back to her. She doubted if she would ever say no to him. Her hands went down to his trousers.

“What is it about you that I can’t get enough of, limo man?” She pushed him back onto a chair and climbed onboard his lap as she released his cock. It jumped straight into her hand, looking for action. She caressed the tight straining shaft teasingly.

Flynn immediately sighed and started pulling at the buttons of her shirt to free her breasts to his touch.

“Because you love me and we are good together.” Mirabelle’s shirt and bra hit the ground. His mouth immediately latched on to her nipple.

“Oh yes...” They were good together. How on earth had she gotten through the last thirty-four years without Flynn Curtis? He could have whatever he wanted from her. She caressed his cock with one hand and pulled his head closer to her breasts with the other.

Suddenly the definite sound of footsteps coming up her back stairs interrupted their interlude.

“Anyone home?”

“Fuck!” Mirabelle let go of his cock and tried to push Flynn’s mouth off her breast. “Let go. It’s your father!” Her breast sprang wet and swollen from his mouth with a loud popping sound.

“He’s had sex before—he won’t be shocked.” Flynn reluctantly let Mirabelle up.

She snatched up her shirt and hauled it on, buttoning it up crookedly in her haste to cover her naked breasts. She watched as Flynn stood lazily to his feet. “Put that away.” She pointed to his eagerly dancing cock. It was dumb to the drama around it.

“There is only one place I want to put it, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn stood behind her just as his father came through the back door. Both father and son exchanged knowing grins.

“Hey Dad, is there anything wrong?” Flynn moved in closer behind Mirabelle who in turn jerked forward at the cock that prodded her ass. Flynn pulled her back with a gently insistent hand on her waist.

“Sorry to interrupt you both,” Robert Curtis apologized, his eyes full of amusement.

“No, don’t be silly, you weren’t interrupting anything.” Mirabelle tried to sound as if there was not a large, impatient cock at her ass.

“I just wanted to say we are getting Lila transferred by ambulance up to Toowoomba so we can look after her there.”

“That’s a good idea, Dad.”

“It was a pleasure meeting you, Mirabelle, and I am hoping to see much more of you.”

“You nearly did a couple of minutes ago,” Flynn quipped softly.

“Flynn!” Mirabelle did not know where to look. Her face flamed with embarrassment.

Robert Curtis chuckled.

“My son is a tease. I’ll be back later when you are less...ah...busy. I would not want my son doing himself an injury.”

Mirabelle waited until Robert Curtis had left. She then turned around and looked at Flynn and his cock.

“That was so embarrassing!” She slapped his chest.

Flynn took the blow easily.

“So I supposed you’ll never have sex with me again after I embarrassed you so?”

“Did I say that?” Yes, she was embarrassed but it was also exciting nearly getting caught in the act. “You did mention something about fucking me up against the sink,

limo man. You owe me one damn good fuck after that.” She slammed the back door to the kitchen. There was no way she was going to be interrupted again.

Flynn pointed to her jeans

“Drop ’em.”

“Take them off me.”

Flynn moved toward her in a predatory manner. He reached for her fly and pulled it down, dragging her jeans and pants down to her ankles.

Mirabelle kicked them free as he ripped off her shirt and spun her around to face the kitchen table.

“I want your cock in my ass, limo man.” Mirabelle parted her legs eagerly.

“And you’ll get it. Now bend over and be a good girl.” Flynn smiled at the plump ass ready and waiting for him. He grabbed his hot hard cock and slid it back and forth between her legs, letting her slick, slippery juices coat his shaft.

Mirabelle moaned as he slid back and forth.

“Now! I want you now!”

Flynn didn’t need any more urging, he spread her cheeks and pushed his cock past the ring of muscle to slide fully inside her ass.

“Oh my.” Mirabelle loved the tight, hot feeling of his cock high up inside her as Flynn rode her ass.

“Oh hell, we should have used a condom.”

“If you pull out of me now I will kill you, limo man.”

Flynn’s laughter was loud and triumphant.

“I would never disappoint a lady and death seems rather permanent when I have definite plans to spend my life with you.”

Mirabelle’s breasts bounced as Flynn started thrusting harder. She loved the feel of his skin up against her as his groin slapped over and over into her ass.

“I love you, Flynn,” Mirabelle screamed as she came.

“About bloody time you said it,” Flynn declared as he came hot and steamy inside her.

Chapter Eight

"I think we should abstain from sex." That sounded as prissy to hear as it was to say it.

Flynn laughed hysterically at her words.

"That's so funny I nearly drove off the road." They were on their way to Lila's storage shed on Newmarket Road. Flynn had allowed Mirabelle to talk him into driving her car over to it. He looked quickly at the woman beside him. "Are you serious? Is this because you finally admitted you loved me, Miss Mirabelle, in one moment of glorious weakness as you came?"

"'Finally'? We have known each other a couple of days. You make it sound like months." And yes, it had everything to do with that. Mirabelle could not think straight when she was having sex with Flynn. God knows what she would say next while in the throes of passion. *Marry me? Let me have your baby? How do you feel about painting your new kitchen blue instead of boring Arctic White?* There were some dangerous words lurking on the tip of her tongue. And they were all to do with commitment to a man Mirabelle had known for a couple of days.

"Does time matter?"

"Don't get all Zen on me, limo man." She looked at his profile. Damn this man was all that and more. "Sex is all we have together." *Wasn't it?* Though Mirabelle was open to debate on this like the pathetic lovestruck fool she was.

"It's not all and you know it." Flynn parked the car in the storage facility's car park. "We're here. Let's argue about this later when we're all hot, tight and sweaty together."

“We’ll see.” Mirabelle got out of the car. She was pathetic. Just the intimation that Flynn planned to have sex later made her wet between the legs. “I am either a slut or I am besotted with limo man,” she murmured softly to herself.

Flynn moved up quietly beside her and whispered into Mirabelle’s ear.

“You are not a slut and you are besotted.” He grabbed her hand in his and pulled her toward the main office.

Ten minutes later they stood outside the lime green roller door of Lila Standish’s storage unit.

“You have the gift of the gab, limo man.” The woman in the office was only too eager to tell the handsome charming stranger that Lila Standish always paid on time but to her knowledge she infrequently visited the lock-up.

“I can’t help it if women like me.”

“Oh please,” Mirabelle snorted.

“Are you jealous?”

“Are you nuts?” Of course she damn well was. Yes, they had only known each other a couple of days but she had tagged this man and until she let him go, Flynn Curtis was hers. “Open the bloody roller door.”

Flynn chuckled at her words.

“You’re the only one for me, Miss Mirabelle.”

Okay, that was the correct answer.

As the roller door slid up, Mirabelle’s eyes opened with astonishment.

“Bloody hell!”

“What did you expect, the lost treasure of Atlantis?”

"I expected...well...something...anything..." Mirabelle looked at the empty space before her. There was nothing.

"Well, that blows your theory that Lila was hiding money."

Mirabelle walked into the empty space and looked around.

"Footsteps..." They were everywhere in the dust on the floor. "Big bouffy bloke footsteps."

Flynn crouched down to look at them.

"You're right, Nancy Drew, and they do look recent."

Mirabelle felt ridiculously pleased with herself, which was crazy as footsteps in the dust told her nothing more than someone had been in the shed and that no one had cleaned there in a while.

"So what do we do now?" She watched as Flynn stood up.

"We go home and we make love...oh that's right, we aren't having sex until you control yourself enough not to blurt out you love me."

Mirabelle slapped his chest lightly.

"Shut up! I jut think we sh..." She stopped and looked at the far corner of the shed. Mirabelle moved toward what appeared to be an envelope. She reached down and picked it up. It was an envelope and there was a letter inside.

"That's a private letter, Miss Mirabelle. You shouldn't read it."

"It's also a clue so don't split hairs, limo man." She ignored the amused laughter from Flynn as she slid the letter out. Her eyes scanned it quickly. "This is dated three weeks ago..." She read quickly and gasped. "I bloody knew it! I told you Charlie was shagging Lila! This is a love letter from him to her!"

“No one that I know of in the family has heard from Charlie in years.”

“Well, Lila obviously has...but it doesn't make sense. Why is his love letter here and not at Lila's home?” Mirabelle looked at the address on the front. It was definitely her next-door neighbor's.

“Because Lila had to have been here recently to have dropped it. So much for my charming information out of the office lady.”

Mirabelle patted Flynn's back overconsolingly.

“Never mind, not every woman is going to drop her pants for you, limo man.”

“I only wanted to pump her for info—not make love to her. You are the only one I want dropping her pants for me and you know it. You are the only one I love.”

He really had to stop saying such nice things.

“Let's get back on track, shall we?” Mirabelle removed her hand from his back. Her consoling pats had started to become long caressing strokes that took in every hard muscle on his back and started to screw with her resolve not to have sex with him. “So Lila came here for something. What and why?” Mirabelle was not a great fan of puzzles. She liked things laid out in front of her clear and simple. Conspiracy theories were okay on television but not in real life. But then had her life been real after Flynn dropped into it or was it more real now than it had ever been?

“Maybe the ‘what’ and the ‘why’ are in Charlie's letter.”

Mirabelle read the letter again, mumbling the words out loud as she tried to glean information quickly.

Flynn placed one large hand on the letter before her.

“Sorry, I was away the day they taught fluent mumble in school. Can you read it in English please?”

“I can’t see anything revealing in this letter. It’s all lovey dovey crap. Charlie says he *looks forward to seeing* Lila again and *renewing that special bond they made so many years ago...*that’s sweet.”

Flynn leaned down and smiled at her.

“Why, Miss Mirabelle, you’re romantic.”

“I do not have a romantic bone in my body,” Mirabelle scoffed. The man did not need to know any more about her romantic yearnings than he did. She may love the man but romance was another thing. She wasn’t even sure how to go about that. She looked away from the power of his smile and back to the letter. “He writes that she *has always had his heart* and that he wants *to give her something he has been waiting for years to give her*. I wonder what that is?”

“Well, he hasn’t seen her for a while so my bet is he’s talking about sex...don’t do the eye roll thing at me...it makes sense. These are two lovers who haven’t seen each other in a long time. If it was us wouldn’t you be hanging out all tense and needy for me?”

“No, I would use my fingers to solve that problem,” Mirabelle told him coolly. Like her fingers would ever replace Flynn Curtis.

“Do not even go there, Miss Mirabelle, or I’ll prove how wrong you can be.”

Flynn’s hands descended on her hips, pulling her close.

“We don’t have time for sex. We have to see Lila.”

“I doubt Aunt Lila will tell us anything especially when she finds out we have been poking around into her private affairs.”

Mirabelle waved her hand dismissively.

“Oh please, she’ll understand I naturally had to snoop. It is like an unwritten law of being me. Thou shalt snoop to satisfy curiosity.” She looked at Flynn as he laughed and shook his head. “You’re not a woman so you wouldn’t understand.”

“I understand you only too well, Mirabelle Turner.”

Mirabelle had the feeling that he did and it both scared and pleased her. It was rare to meet another person you could be yourself around. But it was also a worry that after a couple of days Flynn could read her so easily. She pushed his hands from her hips. If he kept up that slow, subtle massage of her hips she would tumble into his arms and beg him to make love to her.

“We need to get up to Toowoomba.”

* * * *

Toowoomba, known as the Garden City, is nestled at the northern end of the mountain range known as the Great Dividing Range, which separates two Australian states and two completely different and diverse groups of Australians—those from New South Wales and those in Queensland. And all Queenslanders know which state is far superior. Queensland ruled in lifestyle, climate, sport and beer. It just was as simple as that.

“We will have to be careful how we handle Lila,” Mirabelle said she gazed appreciatively out the window at the tree-lined streets and pretty gardens. Even though

there was a drought, the Garden City was still living up to its name. It had taken them less than two hours to arrive at Flynn parents' home in the suburb of Middle Ridge.

Flynn stopped the car and looked at Mirabelle in a mixture of exasperation and love.

"You're the one who wants to grill her about her secrets." His aunt was recuperating in his parents' home after being checked out of the hospital as she had not suffered the heart attack they had suspected, but angina. Due to the lack of hospital beds in the public ward, Flynn's parents, who lived close to the hospital, were monitoring her progress.

"I do not." "Grill" sounded Gestapo-like. Mirabelle merely wanted to ask some pointed questions in the hope that Lila would spill her guts and tell her deepest, darkest secrets. It was completely different from grilling someone. "I just want to ask a couple of questions to satisfy my curiosity about the whole Charlie house-burning thing. Let's face it, the letter, the house burning and the shed are all connected, that is pretty obvious."

"I really can't see how. Justify it however you can, Miss Mirabelle. It still comes down to one thing—you're snooping." Flynn got out of the car and went around to open her door.

Mirabelle had never had a man open a door for her before. The feminist in her said it was not necessary and it was outdated. The girly girl in her thought it was sweet and nice and maybe she could and should have sex with limo man again soon.

"I am just a friend visiting a sick friend. If you are having a conscience thing going on then you don't have to come in with me."

"No, I want to. I'm fascinated."

“There is more to what is going on than we think we see or know.” Recently dated love letters, houses burning down and looters lurking in the dark were not mere coincidences. “Everything happens for a reason.”

Flynn smiled down at Mirabelle as he enfolded her hand in his.

“I’ve always believed that.” He kissed her palm.

The feel of his lips on her skin shot a charge of electricity up her arm and into her heart. How could she not love this man? He did everything right. *So why am I fighting him?*

“I’m not talking about us.” Mirabelle felt a rush of sudden panic overwhelm her as she looked at the home before her. This was Flynn’s family she was meeting. She had met the patriarch of the Curtis family but every woman knew the power of any clan was with the mother. She smoothed the dark red sundress over her hips and placed her hand on the scooped neckline, wondering if it was too low cut.

“Who said I was?” Flynn watched Mirabelle straightening her clothes. “You look beautiful.”

“I am about to meet your mother. I need to look calm and presentable.”

“Why?”

“Because mothers can make or break a relationship.” Mirabelle looked down at her pale legs. The skirt of her dress flared out just above her knees. “Is this skirt too short?”

Flynn ran his hand down her outer thigh to her knee, smiling as he felt the shiver run through her.

“It can never be too short for me.” He pulled her close and looked into her eyes.
“So we have a relationship, do we?”

“Shut up and ring the door bell, limo man.”

* * * *

Mirabelle felt completely at home with Flynn’s family. They had made her feel like she was a part of the family. It was something she had not felt in the longest time. And Flynn had held her hand and kept looking at her so lovingly that it had felt so natural to snuggle up close to him on the sofa and relax into the warm strength he provided.

“I can see that Flynn is deeply in love with you, Mirabelle,” Louisa Curtis said as they cleared the dishes away in the kitchen for the all-important talk-to-the-woman-who-may-be-taking-my-son-away-from-me discussion.

“It’s all been so quick.” Mirabelle looked at Flynn’s mother. She was both tough and smart and sweet—just like her son.

“I think we all worry too much about time. It slips away before we know it. I often wonder why we bother with worry about the required length of time it takes to do stuff. I don’t believe there should be a time limit on falling in love.” Louisa looked at Mirabelle fondly. “You love my son, don’t you?”

“Oh yes. It’s just, he is kind of overwhelming.”

Louisa laughed loudly.

“Have you told him that?”

“If I told limo man that he would consider it a compliment and his ego is big enough.”

“Limo man’?” She watched as Mirabelle blushed deeply. “I bet the reason behind that name is a very interesting story.” Louisa grasped Mirabelle’s hands in hers. “I have never known Flynn to do anything on a whim. He loves you and he does not love lightly.”

“Neither do I.” That was the problem. Mirabelle wanted the happy ending but she was scared to go for it.

“So tell him.”

“I will tell Flynn...”

“Tell Flynn what, Miss Mirabelle?” The man in question pushed though into the kitchen and wrapped an arm around Mirabelle’s waist. He looked at her with interest.

“Ah...that we should go and see Lila now.” Mirabelle ignored the amusement in the eyes of both mother and son. She had told Flynn she loved him once. She would do it again—eventually. It was all to do with timing.

* * * *

“Your family is really nice.” They stood outside the room where Lila was resting. The older woman had declined the invitation to lunch due to tiredness.

“I’m nice too,” Flynn whispered into her ear, making Mirabelle jump.

A mere soft warm whisper from this man could turn her legs to jelly. And yes, Flynn Curtis was very nice indeed.

“Whatever,” Mirabelle murmured as she knocked on the door to Lila’s room. “Can we come in, Lila?” She pushed opened the door.

“Mirabelle, Flynn, how nice of you to come and see me,” Lila Standish greeted them in a tired voice. She lay stretched out on the bed with a book in her hand.

“We wanted to see how you were doing, Lila.” Mirabelle sat down on a chair beside the bed. “How do you feel?”

“I feel very mortal.”

Heart attacks can do that to you.

“I heard you collapsed in the rubble of your home.”

“Yes,” Lila responded quietly.

Mirabelle looked at her with interest. Yep, her spider-sense was telling her there was definitely more going on here than met the eye. But how did one go about pumping an infirm woman for information without looking like a complete and utter nosy, insensitive bitch? *Very carefully was the answer.*

“Were you looking for something?”

“No, not really...”

No, not really? That was a dead giveaway.

“Flynn and I had a poke around and we found an old trunk.” Mirabelle watched as Lila stiffened, her eyes fixed intently on Mirabelle’s. She was right. The trunk was important somehow. “We took it to my place.”

Lila relaxed momentarily.

“The lid was badly dented and some of the contents fell out.” Yes it was a big lie. Mirabelle glanced quickly at Flynn who was shaking his head in amusement. Mirabelle forged on with her lie. “Anyway, I saw some old photos of you and Alistair and Charlie.”

“Oh yes,” Lila murmured politely, her eyes still locked on Mirabelle.

“We also found a key.” For a woman who had just had a heart attack her reflexes were mighty quick.

“That would be to my storage unit. There’s nothing in there though.”

No, we know that.

“Just a good place to store junk, huh? There is some stuff that is hard to give up sometimes.”

“Something like that.”

Flynn looked at the two women. Mirabelle was right. His aunt was hiding something but there was no way she was going to let Mirabelle know what it was.

“Lila looks tired. We should go.” Flynn pulled Mirabelle up from the chair.

“Yes, we’ll leave you to rest.”

“So you must be disappointed,” Flynn said as they shut the door on Lila’s room.

“Why?”

“Well, you did not learn any deep dark secrets or the location to a hidden fortune.”

Mirabelle smiled smartly at Flynn.

“On the contrary I know more than ever that Lila is hiding something and it was in that storage shed.”

“But it isn’t anymore so the mystery’s over.”

“We’ll see...”

Chapter Nine

"Hello, I'm Charlie Standish. I'm looking for my sister-in-law Lila."

"Son of a motherless goat!" *This was a turn-up for the books!*

"I beg your pardon?"

"Sorry... I...ah...come in," Mirabelle invited the older man over the threshold of her home. She could easily see the resemblance between this man and that of the younger man from the old photograph. This Charlie Standish was just an older, more world-weary version.

"I was looking for Lila. I saw the house was destroyed. Is she okay?"

The demolition and removal team Flynn had hired to clean up his aunt's property had been in there all day clearing up the mess. She hadn't seen Flynn for hours as he was next door supervising the operation.

"Lila's fine." Mirabelle looked the man up and down. He looked pretty fit and spry for a man who had to be in his seventies.

"Where is she?"

"She's staying with family." Mirabelle held out her hand. "I'm Mirabelle Turner by the way." The handshake she received was firm and strong. "When did you last see Lila?" This was no coincidence that this man had turned up.

"It would have to be twenty-four years ago, just after Alistair disappeared."

It was odd Charlie Standish said "disappeared" when others declared Alistair Standish dead.

"That's a long time." Mirabelle doubted even with the mysterious circumstances surrounding Alistair that if this man really loved Lila he would have left her alone that long.

"It is when you love someone."

Oh that was so sweet. Yet Mirabelle did not believe him.

"So why have you taken so long to come and see Lila? Did it have something to do with Alistair?"

"Yeah, everything," the man muttered as he looked at Mirabelle critically. "Look, miss, I don't want to be rude but..."

"You don't want to tell me your life story." *Damn shame that.* But that was okay. Mirabelle would work it out anyway. "You'd want to see Lila."

"Yes."

"She's staying in Toowoomba."

"With her brother Robert?"

Mirabelle nodded. She could hardly wait to tell Flynn. The one thing that stuck in her mind was why was he here after so long and just after the house had burned down? Was it love alone that brought him back to the woman he loved? Or something else?

"How long have you been in Brisbane?"

"Why?" The man's tone was suddenly harsh.

"Just wondering." *Oh yeah, there was a story there...*

"I'll be on my way."

* * * *

When Flynn returned to Mirabelle's home later that night he looked exhausted. Mirabelle instantly wanted to wrap her arms around him to ease the tension in his body. But she didn't. She was, after all, a big scaredy cat.

"We have a couple of problems." Flynn ran a tired hand through his hair. "Dad just called. Lila had another heart attack."

Mirabelle stiffened in alarm.

"Oh God is she all right?"

"Yeah, she is in the Toowoomba Hospital in the intensive care unit."

"I hope Charlie gets to see her."

"Charlie?" Flynn looked at her in puzzlement.

"Charlie Standish!" Mirabelle saw the look of surprise in Flynn's eyes. "Yes I was gob-smacked too. He was here earlier today."

"Dad didn't mention seeing Charlie." Flynn looked worried. "What did he want and why would he turn up now after all this time?"

"I'm not sure why other than he seemed to be keen on seeing her. I told him Lila was in Toowoomba." Mirabelle saw the frown that creased Flynn's forehead. "Do you think the shock of seeing him after so long did it?" Maybe she had done the wrong thing telling Charlie where Lila was.

"That or maybe the other problem."

"We have another problem?" Heart attacks, houses burning down, fabulous sex with limo man...how much more could she stand?

"The rubble-clearing guys who started work next door found something."

“Another trunk?” Now that would be interesting. Maybe Mirabelle would be able to poke around in it.

“No, a body.”

“A body?” Mirabelle looked at him wide eyed. “A dead person type body? You are kidding me!” She watched as Flynn shook his head. “Why didn’t you come and tell me straight away?” How like a man to tell a woman the details after the fact.

“No, I’m not kidding you. The skeletal remains of a man were found. That’s why I have been away so long. I have been dealing with the police. And naturally I apologize for the late reporting, oh commander in chief.” He grinned softly at her.

Mirabelle’s heart stumbled over a beat. He looked so tired. She almost felt bad pumping him for further information. *Almost.*

“Oh Flynn, how terrible!” *Tell me more.*

“It gets more interesting, Miss Mirabelle. The police believe the body has been under Lila’s house for quite a while.”

Mirabelle put her hand to Flynn’s chest in a mixture of morbid excitement and just because she wanted to touch him again.

“For, say, twenty-four years?”

“Exactly.” Flynn’s hand covered hers.

Mirabelle always felt a tingle when he touched her, talking about dead bodies or not.

“It has to be the missing Alistair.”

“Possibly, and it would explain why no one ever saw him again. They have taken the body away for forensic testing.”

“It can’t be a coincidence that he ended up dead under his own house or that Charlie has turned up now after all these years at the same time that a house burns down and a body is unearthed in the cleanup.”

“No.” Flynn sighed tiredly. “I’ll have to tell the police about Charlie now. They already want to speak to Lila but due to her heart attack that’s not going to happen until she is stabilized.”

“Lila?” Mirabelle tried to picture her seventy-year-old neighbor killing her husband. Could she have done that? People were not always as they seemed and if she loved Charlie enough she may have wanted to get rid of Alistair. “You don’t think she could have snuffed out Alistair?”

“Women can be just as treacherous as men.”

Mirabelle knew that only too well. She worked in an office where the battle lines were always changing and the female staff were the generals. She reached up and gently pushed back a dark lock of hair from his forehead. She softly traced the scar over his eyebrow.

“How did you get this?”

“I fell off a motorbike when I was sixteen. I wasn’t wearing a helmet. But I have learned a lot since then.” Flynn’s hands rested on her shoulders, his eyes gentle on hers.

Mirabelle had learned more in the few days she had spent with Flynn than in her entire life.

“You look tired, limo man.”

“I am,” he agreed, massaging her shoulders.

This man has the best hands...

"This hasn't been much of a holiday for you." Flynn smiled at her and Mirabelle felt her heart do a flip-flop. God he was gorgeous.

"I met you and fell in love with you. That's made it both special and unforgettable."

"I swear you rehearse these lines to get to me." Mirabelle held out her arms to him. As their bodies met, Flynn wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly. "This doesn't mean we are going to have sex." *Who was she kidding? She wanted this man.*

"It doesn't mean we're not," Flynn murmured huskily as his hands went down to her ass.

Mirabelle could feel his cock pressed hard against her. Oh yeah, they were going to have sex. She was looking forward to it.

"Shouldn't you call the police instead of fondling my ass?"

"I would rather fondle your ass any day, Miss Mirabelle." Flynn's lips nuzzled her neck.

Mirabelle shivered in anticipation. Maybe there was no real rush to call the police after all. But then she didn't want to be interrupted later on. *What to do? What to do?*

"Call the police." Common sense and civic justice won out.

"Police? What for? This is completely legal what we are doing." Flynn's hands kneaded her breasts. He smiled as Mirabelle moaned at his touch.

"Remember...Charlie and Lila and the body under the house?"

“Yeah right... Forgot about that for a moment.” Flynn kissed her hard and pulled reluctantly out of her arms.

Mirabelle felt instantly bereft. She also felt suddenly very needy for Flynn. She had not had sex with him for twenty-four hours. That in itself was amazing.

“How long do you think you’ll be?” She pulled her t-shirt over her head and smiled as Flynn’s eyes were riveted to her lace-covered breasts.

“You want me badly, don’t you?” Flynn reached out and ran one long finger down the deep valley of her cleavage.

“Just get your ass back here as soon as possible.” Mirabelle pulled down her shorts so she was standing dressed only in her underwear. “I’ll be waiting.”

Flynn grabbed her to him, kissing her hungrily.

“One very fast phone call coming up.”

* * * *

Two hours later Mirabelle had fallen asleep on the sofa only to be woken up by a sound outside her home.

“Flynn?” There was no answer. She squinted at the clock. It was ten p.m. “That is the last time I throw myself all hot and willing at a man...” Mirabelle muttered in frustration. She got up from the sofa and picked up the shorts and shirt she had discarded earlier. As she put them on she again heard the noise outside. It was coming from Lila’s place. “Who the bloody hell is out there now?” Mirabelle let herself out the back door and crept down the steps. She went over to the dividing fence and peered over. She could see no one but then it was pitch black but for the odd light from the moon. “Where is limo man?”

“Right here.”

Mirabelle shrieked. She slapped his chest.

“Don’t do that! You scared the crap out of me.” Mirabelle blew out a breath as she tried to calm herself down. “What are you doing out here?” She did not add—*when you were supposed to be inside naked with me?*”

“I’ve been watching and waiting.”

“For what? For me to stumble around aimlessly in the dark looking for you so you could scare me? Because that plan worked.”

“No, smart ass, after I spoke to the police I got to thinking that maybe whoever was searching in the rubble was not after the trunk and that this was not an electric fault as first suspected.”

“You mean maybe the fire was lit deliberately?”

“Yeah possibly.” Flynn wrapped an arm around Mirabelle’s waist, pulling her close.

“So someone set the fire to the house to destroy evidence?” This was all very like a *CSI* episode.

“Maybe but all it appears to have done was expose the body.”

“So you have been sitting out here in the dark waiting for the murderer to appear while I was inside waiting for you?” Definite sex versus a possible murderer. Where were the man’s priorities? “I am beginning to wonder about you.”

“Miss Mirabelle, after the phone call, I went back to ravish you but you had fallen asleep.”

“You could have woken me up.”

Flynn slid her hand to her ass and cupped one cheek caressingly.

“You looked so cute curled up in your underwear.”

“Apparently not cute enough.” Mirabelle tried to push Flynn away but he was like the ocean—strong, fast-moving and all over her.

“So we are over the abstaining from sex thing?” Flynn put his hands under her ass and lifted Mirabelle up into his arms. “Did you find out it wasn’t going to work with us?”

“Something like that.” Mirabelle automatically wrapped her arms and legs around Flynn’s body, feeling his cock jut into her stomach. “Though I believe I can go back to the abstaining thing mighty quickly if you piss me off.”

Flynn chuckled loudly as he walked with his woman back to the house.

“I’ll make it up to you.” He kissed her lustily.

Mirabelle gasped as she tried to catch her breath. Flynn’s kisses always left her breathless and wanting more.

“You’d better.”

“So is it sex outside under the stars with a million mozzies competing with me for your flesh or inside the staid comfort of your house?”

“As long as you are inside me, limo man, I don’t care.”

“That’s my girl.” Flynn lowered her to her feet and started to tumble her to the grass.

Mirabelle lifted her head and looked around as she clutched at Flynn.

“Did you hear that?”

“No.” Flynn laid her on the grass and dropped down beside her, his hands instantly going to her shorts.

“Are you doing the deaf male thing because you want sex or can’t you hear that noise?”

Flynn flung her shorts off and started working on her panties.

“Actually a bit of both.”

Mirabelle’s hand went down to grip her underwear. The noise she heard sounded awfully human and she did not want to be found naked under Flynn by a possible murderer. That seemed to be asking for trouble.

“There it is again...listen...someone at Lila’s.” Mirabelle pushed up from Flynn. “I can see a torch beam.”

“Right. Clearly no sex for limo man tonight,” Flynn muttered as he pulled Mirabelle to her feet.

“Don’t be so negative,” Mirabelle said, pulling on her shorts.

Flynn smiled at this.

“Okay, so we sort out the murderer and then have sex?”

“Sounds doable to me.” Mirabelle headed back over to the fence with Flynn following close behind. Mirabelle peeked over the fence and gasped. “Good grief it’s Charlie.”

The man in question heard her words and looked up at them.

“I was just checking to see what damage had been done.” Charlie Standish walked slowly over to couple. “It’s a shame about the house. Did you manage to salvage anything from the rubble?”

“No we didn’t, Charlie,” Flynn said, his voice very calm and monotone as he surveyed the man walking toward them.

“Hello, Flynn my boy.” Charlie reached over and held out his hand.

For a moment Mirabelle believed Flynn was going to ignore it. She looked at him questioningly.

Flynn grasped the man’s hand in his.

“Charlie, long time no see.”

“You’ve certainly grown.”

“We’ve all changed in some way, Charlie.”

Was Mirabelle the only one of them who thought that was an oddly cryptic comment?

“Mirabelle tells me you’ve been to Toowoomba.”

Charlie Standish looked at Mirabelle and he did not look happy.

“No, not yet.”

Mirabelle looked at the man assessingly. He was lying. Blind Freddie could see that. *What the hell is going on here?*

“Really? I thought that was where you went after seeing me. You were, after all, so eager to see Lila.”

“I am but I will catch up with her soon enough.”

Mirabelle looked at Flynn who was coolly surveying the other man.

“Well, I’ll be off,” Charlie Standish said, breaking the silence between them. “I’ve no doubt I will have time to catch up with you tomorrow.”

“You can tell us all about London, Charlie. It was London where you have been living all this time?”

“Yeah sure.” Charlie Standish waved once and left.

“That was definitely odd.” Mirabelle had no idea what to make of any of that. As far as she could tell she was the only one out of the three of them who was confused.

“No, not really...” Flynn murmured thoughtfully and said no more.

“And?”

“What?”

“You can’t just say things to me like ‘no, not really’ and zone out, limo man. Do you not know me at all?” Mirabelle poked him in the chest to get his attention from wherever it had gone to.

Flynn grabbed her finger and kissed it.

“Oh I know you very well, Miss Mirabelle.”

“So?” Mirabelle slapped her leg as a mozzie dug in deep.

“That was Uncle Alistair.”

“What!” Mirabelle was gob-smacked. “Alistair? The man who is supposed to be dead and buried under your Aunt Lila’s home?”

“Yes, he looks pretty good for a dead man,” Flynn quipped.

“Are kidding me? How do you know that’s Alistair Standish?” She felt a sudden chill run down her spine. Even as she said the words, Mirabelle knew Flynn was right.

“I would know my Uncle Alistair anywhere even after all this time. He was the only one who ever called me ‘Flynn my boy’.” Flynn looked down at the amazement on

Mirabelle's face. "They are brothers, they naturally look alike. It was easy for you who had seen the photographs only once to be confused."

Mirabelle looked wide eyed at Flynn.

"If that was Alistair then that's Charlie under the house."

"It looks like it is a very good possibility."

"So why is he pretending to be Charlie?"

"That's a good question. I would say it has to do with the fact he killed Charlie and now after all this time he needs Lila for some reason."

Admittedly Mirabelle did not get along with her own anally perfect brother, but she would not kill him.

"So why would he kill his brother? Surely not over Charlie shagging Lila?"

"A man will fight for his woman."

"Oh sure, but it has to be something more." Beating the crap out of each other was one thing but actually killing your brother was another. "What about the missing stuff from the storage shed? Do you think he's behind that?" Mirabelle leaned down and scratched her leg. "Why are mozzies biting me and not you?"

"Because you are naturally sweet and luscious." Flynn placed an arm around her shoulders and started guiding Mirabelle into the house and away from her attackers. "As for the storage shed. We have to speak to Lila about that and this time we have to get answers. However in the interim I suggest we pretend that Alistair is Charlie until we can work out his game."

Mirabelle walked up the back stairs of her home. She turned to look at Flynn.

"I'm sure he went to Toowoomba."

Flynn followed her inside.

"I agree and I'm sure that's why Lila had her second heart attack. She saw Alistair and keeled over."

"If it is Charlie who was found under the house then Alistair must have written her that letter." Mirabelle walked over to the kitchen sink, put in the plug and turned on the water. She lifted one foot high up onto the stainless steel edge and started rubbing her wet hands on her itchy skin.

Flynn watched her smoothing the water over her skin with interest.

"I believe that's why Aunt Lila finally collapsed. I think the stress of knowing that the writing on the letter belonged to Alistair overwhelmed her. She could take no more."

Mirabelle turned off the tap and swapped legs, well aware that Flynn was watching. And maybe she did not have a bite on her inner thigh but he seemed to like the way she was rubbing slowly upward. A little subtle torture never hurt anyone.

"Need some help there?" He moved toward her.

"No, I have it under control." *Just barely.* Mirabelle put both feet on the ground and leaned casually back against the sink, making sure her breasts pushed out toward him. "So Lila moved whatever it was in the storage shed because she feared Alistair?"

"Are you trying to turn me on? Because it's not necessary. A five-second look at you makes my cock hard." Flynn's hands fastened onto Mirabelle's hips. He ground his hips close to hers to illustrate the point.

"You say the sweetest things, limo man," Mirabelle murmured as her hands went to his shoulders and she rubbed her breasts against his chest. "So what do you think Alistair has over Lila other than the affair?"

“That’s what we have to find out from my aunt.”

“Are you going to tell the police about all this?”

“I will but in the morning. Alistair is not going to do anything tonight. There is nothing left in the rubble.” Flynn picked Mirabelle up in his arms. “I have to make love to you now, Miss Mirabelle.”

“But...” What was she going to say again? All this he-man manhandling had quite undone her thought processes. She had never had a man pick her up and carry her in his arms. It was romantic and sweet and she just hoped Flynn wouldn’t sue her when he threw his back out.

“I have to take you to bed now. Everything but sex can wait until the morning.”

Flynn carried Mirabelle through the house toward her bedroom.

“I itch all over, limo man.”

“Or I take you to the shower. I can solve all your itches then.”

“What about the police and Alistair?”

“I don’t want to take them to either bed or the shower.” Flynn placed Mirabelle on her feet and started stripping the clothes from her body. “Everything can wait until the morning.” Once she was completely naked Flynn tore off his clothes in a frenzy.

“A little eager are we?” Mirabelle looked at his club-like cock standing up proudly against his stomach. She went over and pulled open the shower door and turned on the water.

“And you’re not?”

“Oh I want you. I’m just not as obvious.”

Flynn moved in quickly behind her and slid a hand between her legs, feeling the slick wetness.

"It's obvious to me." He slid his hand back and forth, making Mirabelle squirm in pleasure.

"Get in the shower, limo man," she ordered as she stepped under the spray.

Flynn watched as the water slid down her breasts, ass and thighs. He groaned out loud.

"What do you plan to do, Miss Mirabelle?"

Mirabelle pulled him close toward her, the shower spray making their skin shine.

"Soap you up, rinse you off and then fuck you." She reached for the pump action soap and squeezed it into her hands, lathering them as she went. "How does that sound to you?"

"Sounds like a plan."

Mirabelle looked over his tanned wet body.

"Where shall I start?" The obvious answer was the cock that kept poking insistently into her for attention. She ignored it and instead ran her soapy hands caressingly over her breasts and stomach and down to her pussy.

"Oh man..." Flynn muttered hoarsely as he watched her slide her fingers inside the folds as she lathered herself up.

"Do you like that, limo man?" Mirabelle asked as she slid her hands back up her body, making sure she was nicely lathered up. She smiled as Flynn groaned in agreement. Mirabelle stuck her hands back under the soap dispenser and lathered them up again. "Turn around and put your hands on the wall."

“Yes, Miss Mirabelle.”

Mirabelle looked at the taut ass before her. Her soapy hands slipped over the firm cheeks eagerly. She felt Flynn jump as her fingers slid into the cleft and slowly worked their way down and under, toying with his balls and making him squirm. To torture him further, Mirabelle slid her wet slippery body back and forth against his back and ass.

“You are playing with fire...”

“I want to burn with you.” Mirabelle slid her hands out of his ass. She slammed her body hard against him as she grasped his cock and began lathering it up between her hands.

“Bloody hell. Where did you learn that?” Flynn growled as he gripped the wall.

“Just something I thought of now.” She continued to rub her slick body back and forth as her slippery hands teased his cock. “Do you want to come?”

“Hell yes.”

“We don’t have a condom.”

Flynn turned around quickly and lifted Mirabelle over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry.

“I can find a condom.” He snapped off the water and headed out of the shower.

“Don’t slip over in your rush.” Mirabelle was enjoying every second of this. She liked taking Flynn to the edge. She giggled as she bounced wetly against Flynn as he pounded through her house. The large hand that caressed her ass made her squirm with anticipation.

Once Flynn reached her bedroom he dropped Mirabelle unceremoniously on the bed.

“Do not move.”

Mirabelle bounced several times on the bed and watched as Flynn raced out of the room and came back with the biggest box of condoms she had ever seen.

“You are very optimistic, limo man.” She sat up and watched him.

“You have no idea, Miss Mirabelle.” He ripped the top off the box, condoms falling everywhere. He grabbed one and moved purposefully toward her, his cock dancing eagerly with every stride.

“A bit anxious are we?”

The bed bounced as Flynn landed beside her. He pulled Mirabelle open legged onto his lap as he ripped the packaging with his teeth and handed her the condom.

“Now.” Flynn’s hands caressed her damp breasts.

“I have never put one of these on over a wet cock before.” Mirabelle grabbed his playful friend and started the slide.

“I’m sure you are up to the challenge, Miss Mirabelle.” He watched as she slowly rolled upward. “Are you trying to drag this out? Do you want to kill me?”

“I want you inside me, limo man, but a rubber condom over a wet cock is not easy.” She swatted his hands away as he tried to help. “Be patient! I can do this. A bloody condom is not going to thwart me.” Mirabelle smiled in triumph as she covered his straining shaft. She looked up at him innocently. “What do we do now?” Mirabelle licked her lips.

“Slide down on me now, wench.” Flynn grabbed her hips and urged her on.

"I'm back to being a wench now, am I?" Mirabelle giggled as she slid down over the hard cock. She groaned as the heat of it filled and stretched her inside. "Abstinence sucks."

"Yes it does," Flynn responded as he kissed her deeply, his hands on her breasts as she moved slowly back and forth on him.

"Suck me, Flynn." Mirabelle pulled his head down to her breast and she cried out loud as his tongue lapped one taut nipple. Mirabelle slowly rode his cock back and forth, panting with excitement as the orgasm started to grip the muscles in her vagina. She increased her pace and rode Flynn, driving them both on to an explosive climax.

Flynn collapsed backward with Mirabelle on top of him. He looked at her in concern.

"Are you crying?" His fingers gently traced the tears on her face.

"No..." Mirabelle could not remember the last time she cried. But when she did it had to be something pretty amazing and soul shattering for her to do so.

"Are you okay?" Flynn was really worried. He sat back up with Mirabelle in his arms. The tears were rolling down her face unchecked. "You're scaring me."

Mirabelle wiped away some of the tears with the back of her hand. She bit her lip and looked at him.

"I love you, Flynn."

Flynn laughed and pulled her tight against him.

"Of course you bloody do! It's nothing to cry about. I didn't cry when I told you I loved you."

Mirabelle laughed at his words.

“I’m just more sensitive than you, limo man.”

Flynn kissed her soundly.

“No, you’re just bloody slow and stubborn, Miss Mirabelle.”

“But I got there in the end and that’s all that should matter.”

Chapter Ten

"I have to warn you, Mirabelle..." Lila Standish's voice was breathless over the phone.

Uh-oh, this does not sound good. No hello or how are you, just straight into a warning.

"Warn me, Lila?" Mirabelle clutched the cordless phone to her ear. "About what?" She should have known the warm happy feeling that she had been feeling all day could not last. What was it Isaac Newton said? *For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction?* It was amazing she had actually been awake enough in high school science class to remember that but she had. Mirabelle was happy and in love with Flynn so naturally the universe just had to screw with that.

"You're in big trouble."

"Okay." Not a hell of a lot was going to surprise Mirabelle at the moment what with burning houses, people who were pretending to be who they were not and falling in love with Flynn. She could handle anything at this moment. *Bring it on.*

"Alistair is alive and he is pretending to be Charlie."

That Lila was shocked and frightened was only too evident in the tone of her voice. Mirabelle did not want to add to her panic and give her another heart attack.

"Flynn worked that out last night," Mirabelle responded calmly. Although they still could not work out what benefit Alistair was going to achieve in this ruse. It was more than likely he killed Charlie. Why come back now after all this time to get caught? It did not make sense.

"Alistair killed Charlie twenty-four years ago and buried him under my house."

Mirabelle was certainly having third and fourth thoughts about her neighbor. Her initial thoughts about Lila being the sweet friendly lady across the fence were clearly wrong and Mirabelle was beginning to wonder about her own judgement. What other secrets was she hiding? Or like most people was she only going to reveal them when pushed?

“We sort of worked that out as well, Lila, when they found a body under your house and a man claiming to be Charlie turned up. Flynn is talking to the police about it now.”

“Oh no...” Lila gasped as if it was the worst possible news for her to hear.

“Alistair needs to be caught, Lila. Why didn’t you ever say anything about this before? How the hell could you have lived with a body buried under your house?” In the scheme of things that could be considered vaguely normal this wasn’t even on the list.

“You wouldn’t understand,” Lila muttered tiredly as if it was all too much for her. “Alistair is a cruel, brutal man. I have always been terrified of him. If I had said anything about him killing Charlie all those years ago he would have killed me.”

Mirabelle ran her hand through her hair as she tried to take in what Lila was saying. That she had been scared for her safety Mirabelle understood completely. There were some violent and abusive men out there who needed a good ass kicking to understand how being on the receiving end of violence felt. But not to report a crime was just wrong no matter how scared you were. And what about the rights of the victim? Charlie should have been allowed justice and not buried and forgotten.

“You should have said something, Lila, as this is going to make it look worse for you.”

Lila sighed in frustration.

"It's complicated, Mirabelle."

"I have never known a situation that wasn't." Like most people Mirabelle didn't expect that would change any time soon. "So you got sent a letter from the dead Charlie and you realized the disappearing Alistair was coming back into your life." How panic stricken would you be after twenty-four years of being on your own to have an abusive husband reappear in your life?

"How do you know about the letter?" Lila asked in amazement.

"I found it in your storage shed."

"You should not have been snooping, Mirabelle." Lila's voice was very upset.

"Well, you shouldn't have had a body buried under your house." If Lila thought she could guilt Mirabelle she was sadly mistaken. Snooping was an art. Burying bodies was just wrong.

"Okay, so you know about the Charlie letter. When it arrived out of the blue I knew Alistair was back for revenge."

"What for?"

"I was in love with his brother Charlie."

Score a correct guess for Mirabelle.

"That can't be it surely? I can understand Alistair wouldn't have been happy to have found his wife sleeping around with his brother but there has to be more of a reason for revenge than that." Although if Flynn even looked sideways at another woman Mirabelle would rethink the whole lovers' revenge thing.

"It's that and the money."

“Yes! I knew it!” Mirabelle hissed out in triumph. She was on a roll. She could hardly wait to tell Flynn.

“What?” Lila asked in confusion.

“Nothing—what money?”

“From the bank job the boys pulled twenty-four years ago.”

Good God! Lila was a gangster moll. It’s always the quiet ones you have to watch out for.

“So Charlie and Alistair were bank robbers?” Mirabelle was pleased at how calmly she was taking all this. It was not every day that someone confessed to knowing about some major crimes like murder and robbery. This had been a damn interesting vacation so far.

“So they robbed a bank and undoubtedly scored a large sum of money.” The reasons for revenge were starting to become clearer by the second. Money was a huge motivator for all things vengeful.

“They robbed several banks actually. They were very good at it.”

Bully for them. The pride in Lila’s voice made Mirabelle shake her head. She loved and adored money but other than the elusive dream of a lotto win, Mirabelle knew the only way to make money was through hard work.

“We split the money three ways.”

“Three ways?” Was Lila a bank robber as well as a liar?

“I kept my mouth shut so I deserved a cut.”

Sweet old lady my ass!

“I can only assume that Alistair is back for the money.”

“He’s had and spent his share. He now wants mine.”

“How much are we talking about?”

“I have two hundred thousand dollars left.”

“Holy frigging hell!” Mirabelle gasped and sat down hard on the floor. She could pay off her mortgage and her car with that money.

“The money was in the shed,” Lila informed her.

Right again. If only Flynn was there so she could gloat.

“Where is it now?”

“That’s what I wanted to warn you about. The money is close by you.”

“What, in the rubble? Is that why everyone is picking around in it?” Most of the rubble had been cleared away from next door. If anyone had found any money no one was saying.

“No, it wasn’t in my house.”

“Where then?” Even as Mirabelle said the words an uneasy feeling invaded her bones. Was this an answer she wanted to hear?

“It’s under your house.”

Mirabelle almost dropped the phone in shock.

“My house!” She was sitting on a fortune!

“I had it moved there when I got the ‘Charlie’ letter.”

“I don’t recall seeing it.” A huge sum of money stacked in nice neat piles would naturally be something Mirabelle would have questioned.

“You have a lot of junk under there, Mirabelle. It was the perfect place to hide it.”

That was true. The Hope diamond could be under her house and she would not know.

“Why my house?” Like most neighbors Lila and Mirabelle had swapped house keys in case of an emergency. However, stashing stolen loot, as far as Mirabelle was concerned, was not considered one.

“I wanted it close by me. It is my money after all.”

Her money? Thieves obviously had a logic all of their own.

“Okay, correct me if am wrong...” A sudden thought had come to Mirabelle. “But if the bank robbery was twenty-four years ago then the money you would have would be the old currency when Australia had paper notes. We have had polymer currency since 1988.”

“Those paper notes aren’t worthless. I have been cashing some in every now and then in odd places.”

“Doesn’t anyone wonder about them?” It was not like paper notes were part of the national currency. They would stand out.

“No one ever questions a sweet old lady, Mirabelle,” Lila responded slyly.

You’re a piece of work.

“So if Alistair was such a vicious man, why didn’t he just take your cut of the money if he intended to leave you anyway?” That did not make sense to Mirabelle.

“When I found out he had killed Charlie and was burying him under my house I blackmailed him.”

Shades of Arsenic and Old Lace.

“I told him that I would tell the police unless he left me and my cut of money alone.”

“Do you not feel any guilt about all this?” The answer was of course no, Mirabelle knew that even as she asked it.

“Guilt is overrated, dear.”

“And apparently greed is good.”

“You wouldn’t understand.”

“No, I guess not.” Mirabelle shook her head. “What about your so-called love Charlie? How could you have lived all these years knowing what happened to him and where he was and yet do nothing about it?”

“I had to get on with my life, Mirabelle.”

“Who the hell are you, Lila?”

“I am a woman who had to survive.”

“But at what cost?” Everything had a price.

“What I did or did not do in the past is irrelevant. I wanted to warn you about the money and I have. Alistair is smart. He’ll work out where it is sooner is later. He may be old but he’s vicious.”

“I have to tell Flynn...” Mirabelle muttered softly to herself as her mind spun out with all Lila had told her.

“Do you?”

“It’s what people do, Lila. They share information with the people they love.”

Okay, the love word was not really that hard after all.

“I’m glad to see you two together. You remind me of Charlie and me.”

Mirabelle snorted at the comparison. *No way, no how.*

“Except, you dodgy old bag, we aren’t thieves and I’m not screwing around on my husband.”

“Don’t judge me, Mirabelle,” Lila snapped angrily.

“No, whichever deity you believe in will do that, Lila.”

“Move the money.”

“I’ll call the police and I am sure they will be happy to have it.”

“Foolish girl.” Lila slammed down the phone.

“What next?” Mirabelle murmured to herself.

Chapter Eleven

Mirabelle left yet another message on Flynn's cell phone. She had missed his earlier call a couple of hours ago saying he had spoken to the police about the whole Alistair-Charlie thing and that he was headed up to Toowoomba to talk to his aunt. Mirabelle could have saved him the trouble. She pretty much knew everything.

After a vain search through the phone book and a fruitless chat with a Directory Assistance operator, Mirabelle gave up on trying to find Flynn's parents' telephone number. It had to be an unlisted number. Mirabelle was annoyed she hadn't had the foresight to ask Lila when she rang and confessed her sins for it earlier. But, as they said, hindsight had twenty-twenty vision. Whoever "they" were.

Mirabelle looked at her watch. Flynn should be in Garden City by now and he was bound to call her soon. While she could have called the police herself, Mirabelle wanted to give Flynn a heads-up just so he could alert his family to any possible embarrassment. It was not an everyday occurrence that you discovered a crime ring in your family.

She was extremely tempted to go under her house and start searching around for the money. The temptation was great. Yes, it was snooping but it was her house so technically that tag did not apply. Anyway, how could it hurt? And shouldn't Mirabelle be able to point out the money to the police without them all breaking their necks stumbling over the assorted junk under her house? Yes, that was it. She was doing a public service by saving a cop from twisting his ankle.

Mirabelle picked up her cordless phone and shoved it in the pocket of her shorts. It was always good to have a phone when she was under the house. Last time she was

under there she knocked her head so hard on a low hardwood beam she nearly lost consciousness. Instead Mirabelle had just sworn and stumbled dizzily until she fell over a couple of terracotta pots and cut her knee as she fell on the prongs of a rake. *Grace in motion—not.*

She grabbed the keys to under the house as she headed down the back stairs. A strange thrill of excitement ran through her. It was like searching for *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* except her Humphrey Bogart was in Toowoomba.

Once under the house Mirabelle grimaced.

“What a mess,” she murmured softly. Lila was right. Anything could be hidden there and she would not have had a clue. Boxes were stacked haphazardly on top of each other amid the chaos of paint cans, an exercise bike, a small freezer, car stuff and whatever the hell that was in the corner. Mirabelle would have liked to have said that guilt at her sloppiness made her want to immediately turn over a new leaf and be more tidy but that would have been a lie and there had been enough lies told already.

“So if I was money would where I hide?” Mirabelle moved slowly around lifting objects and moving things. “Arrgghh!” she screamed as a large blue-tongued lizard darted out and stuck his tongue out at her, pissed off that his resting place had been disturbed. She stumbled backward over a carton and fell on her butt. The lizard looked at her unimpressed. “You should consider yourself damn lucky I provide all this chaos for you to live in.” Mirabelle scrambled to her feet and dusted off the bottom of her shorts. The cordless phone rang in her pocket. It had to be Flynn. She was expecting no one else to call.

“About bloody time, limo man,” Mirabelle said into the phone. Her heart flip-flopped as she heard him laugh softly into the phone. That was a laugh she could easily live with for the rest of her life.

“Did you miss me, Miss Mirabelle? I got your urgent messages. You must want me very badly. I am happy to indulge in some phone sex until I can get home to you.”

Flynn’s voice was seductively suggestive and Mirabelle felt a rush of moisture between her legs. *Oh God that sounds good... Sex and Flynn coming home to me.*

Mirabelle shook herself. She had to get back on track. She tightened her legs and focused on the task at hand. What was that again? *Oh yes...Lila and the money.*

“Not everything is about you and sex, limo man.” Though it certainly seemed that way at the moment.

“Really, Miss Mirabelle? I thought after last night—”

“Shut up and listen,” Mirabelle interrupted. If she hadn’t, she would have been begging him for phone sex then and there. Last night had been special and they both knew it. “Lila called me...” She filled Flynn in on their earlier conversation.

“Bloody hell! That explains a lot,” Flynn responded, stunned at what Mirabelle had told him. “You must be happy you were freakishly right about everything.”

Mirabelle snorted.

“Nothing freakish about it. I am a woman and I am always right. You’ll have to get used to that.”

“I can do that, I assure you,” Flynn promised her softly.

The man was so sweet she wanted to lick him.

“Have you seen her yet?”

“No she’s not here.”

“What?” Where would a woman who suffered two heart attacks have gone? Even as she said the words she had a horrible feeling she knew the answer. Mirabelle had to find that money now. There was no way she was fighting Lila over it. The answer was to find the stash and move it.

“Dad said Lila checked herself out of the hospital awhile ago without telling anyone.”

“I bet it was after the phone call to me.” She did not need to be a Rhodes Scholar to work that out.

“Where are you, Miss Mirabelle? The reception is terrible.”

To truth or not to truth?

“Under my house.” What could Flynn do? He was two hours away. By the time he arrived Mirabelle would have the problem sorted.

“You are not looking for the money.” The exasperation was clear in Flynn’s voice.

“Okay I’m not—but I sort of am. I may just stumble over it and...”

“Mirabelle!”

“Flynn!” she responded in the same frustrated tone as he.

“I’m worried about you.”

“Oh please! I just fended off a blue-tongued lizard. I am invincible.” Mirabelle could just see Flynn shaking his head in vexation.

“I am running to the car now. I will be there soon. Just don’t do anything stupid,” he urged softly.

Mirabelle could hear Flynn jogging along, cursing under his breath softly.

“As if! I’m just going to have a look around...maybe clean up a bit. If I find any money that would be a bonus.”

“Wait until I get there,” Flynn ordered.

“Yes sir!” Mirabelle snapped out briskly in soldier-like form.

Flynn sighed and chuckled lightly.

“I love you, Miss Mirabelle.”

“You’re very sweet, Flynn Curtis.”

“Anything you want to say to me?”

“I am looking forward to tasting that sweetness when you get home tonight.”

“Close enough,” Flynn laughed huskily.

“What a man,” Mirabelle murmured softly as she ended the call. She could not wait to see Flynn tonight. It was exciting to be in love and to have the someone you loved love you back. She felt revitalized. Mirabelle decided to use this newfound vigor to search for the money. If, as she suspected, Lila had done a runner from Toowoomba to collect her stash, then Mirabelle knew time was limited. Besides, she could hardly get into trouble under her own house, could she?

* * * *

Flynn gunned the Harley and took off from Toowoomba like the hounds of hell were on his tail. He had a bad feeling that Mirabelle was in over her head. He knew there was no way she was going to sit quietly and wait for his return to Brisbane. Flynn loved Mirabelle’s crazy passion to find out the truth. He just hoped like hell he could get to her before anything bad happened. The police had assured him an officer had been dispatched to Mirabelle’s home. Yet Flynn had the feeling it would be too late. The more

he learned about his aunt the more he realized they were not dealing with a sweet little old lady who wouldn't hurt a fly. The woman was a scheming manipulative bitch.

That his Aunt Lila was a thief and an accomplice to murder had shocked and stunned his family. His parents had been appalled. The old woman had so thoroughly fooled the people who loved her. The more he thought about it the more Flynn began to wonder about Lila's heart attacks. Were they heart attacks or was she trying to save her seventy-year-old hide because she knew the jig was up? Whatever it was or wasn't Flynn did not care. His aunt would get her comeuppance. Flynn just needed to get to Mirabelle. If his aunt was capable of committing these crimes who knew what she would do to protect the money she had hidden all these years? Mirabelle knew about the money. This made her a direct threat to Lila. Not only that, but Alistair was now on the scene. It would not take him long to work out where the money was.

Although Flynn was against speeding, his need to get to Mirabelle outweighed any traffic fine he might get. He wove his Harley dangerously in and out between cars as he shot down the Warrego Highway. He ignored the car horns blaring angrily at his actions as he passed close by them.

"Fuck off!" Flynn yelled at the driver who gave him the finger as he flew past. He did not care what these people thought of him or his actions. They meant nothing to him. The only person who mattered to Flynn was Mirabelle. Her safety was everything to him. Flynn swerved suddenly to avoid a slow interstate holiday driver and he jumped the bike onto the shoulder of the road, which gave him a clear, if illegal, traffic lane of his own.

“Fuck legalities as well!” There were times like this when the road rules did not apply. He thanked God for the power of the Harley as he screamed past the slow traffic heading toward Brisbane. He was determined nothing would stop him from reaching the woman he loved. If he lost Mirabelle now it would kill him. She was his future. She was the woman he wanted to have kids with, to argue with, to make love with and to grow old and senile with. Lila and Alistair were not going to take that away from him.

* * * *

“Right, where to look,” Mirabelle murmured as she surveyed her messy kingdom. She had to think like a dodgy old woman. *Dodgy* she could do but *old* Mirabelle refused to consider. Her eyes roamed over her pack rat items. She had dozens of boxes full of assorted crap. Anything could be in those. There was an old jerry can with a hole in it—always handy—a torn kite—who knows why she kept that—stacks of empty tin cans collecting dust—they were so useful—a broken electric fan—one of her Mirabelle-can-fix-it phases—two large ugly blue vinyl suitcases, an ugly metal garbage bin and... What? Her eyes went back to the two large ugly blue vinyl suitcases. *Hello...they do not belong to me.*

“Bingo, bango, bongo. I have no wish to leave the Congo,” mused Mirabelle softly as she pushed her way toward the suitcases. They were definitely not hers. She should have realized that instantly. But she was sometimes blind to the bleeding obvious. Look at Flynn Curtis. She knew now she had loved him the minute he took her hard and fast against the garden shed.

Mirabelle pulled one, then the other, suitcase down from the cupboard they were perched on. They were definitely not hers. Lila Standish’s name was on the faded name

tag. Mirabelle wondered how seventy-year-old Lila had hefted them up there. She did not doubt for a second there were some kick-ass older people in the community.

However, those suitcases were damn heavy. Obviously greed gave you strength.

Mirabelle put the suitcases flat on the ground. She undid the buckled clasp and unzipped the sides. As she flipped open the zip she just knew what she would find.

“Holy frigging hell!” Knowing and finding were two different things. She looked down open mouthed at the money. The old bank notes were carefully wrapped in layers of clear plastic. A lot of time and effort had gone into preserving them from the elements and the varmints. “You’re a careful and cunning old woman, Lila Standish...”

“You’re absolutely right, young lady.”

Bugger! She was not alone.

Mirabelle swung around and looked at Charlie Standish.

“Charlie.” Who of course was really Alistair. She should have known he would turn up now. What had Lila said? *Alistair is smart. He’ll work out where it is sooner or later. He may be old but he’s vicious.*

“Cut the crap. You know I’m not Charlie.”

Mirabelle looked at the man carefully. She could not see a weapon but then he did not really need one. Under her house was full of potential weapons. Drills, screwdrivers, hammers—just to name a few. The only thing Mirabelle had going for her was that she was younger than the man before her. Alistair may be as vicious as Lila said but in full fright Mirabelle could outrun even the most athletic.

“What are you doing here, Alistair?” Act cool, dumb and vague when faced with a threat was Mirabelle’s first line of defense.

Alistair looked down at the suitcase at her feet.

"That's mine."

"It's technically mine because possession is nine-tenths of the law."

Alistair moved menacingly toward her.

"And death is forever."

Okay, his saying was more powerful than hers. What do to? What to do? Flynn was right. She should have waited.

"I know about Charlie."

"So?"

"I'll tell the police." Mirabelle had thought little of Lila's blackmailing but Mirabelle was not against using it to save her own ass.

"You can't if you're dead, missy." Alistair was within striking distance of Mirabelle.

"You're not going to kill me because I know too much." Bluffing was her next trick if being vague did not work. This was generally followed up by ugly crying.

"You're stupid if you believe that."

"You have no weapon." Yet she still felt the man was spry enough to beat the crap out of her if he wanted to. Mirabelle wished she had followed up on that seven-dollar two-week self-defense class she had been offered at the local community center. At the time it had seemed too hard. Good old hindsight again.

"I killed Charlie with my bare hands. I can easily kill you the same way."

Mirabelle looked at his hands. They were wrinkled but they were also large and capable. It looked like the ugly cry was fast becoming her next best option for survival. Or maybe familial affection.

“What about Flynn?” Guilt was nearly as good as the ugly cry.

“What about him?”

“He’ll be devastated if you kill me. Flynn loves me.”

Alistair scoffed at her words.

“He’ll get over it. There are plenty of big-boobed women out there he can fuck.”

Alistair looked at her breasts lecherously.

Ewww! What a romantic...

“Do you actually care about anyone or have you always been a vicious prick?”

Oh dear...where had that come from? Just ask the man to kill you now, why don’t you?

Alistair laughed harshly and bent down to look in the suitcase.

“You are pretty ballsy taking me on, missy.”

So he liked ballsy, did he? She could do ballsy. She generally got into trouble for it, but what the hell.

“So we have established that you are an uncaring bastard. Why are you here then?” Mirabelle looked at him challengingly. There was ballsy and ballsy. She still needed to stay alive. “Lila told me how you got the money, that you split it three ways. What did you do with your cut? Drink it or gamble it?”

“What would you know of either—other than getting drunk on fancy cocktails and spending pennies on the lotto?” Alistair said dismissively as he zipped up the suitcase and grabbed the handle.

Okay, he had her there.

“So you blew your money and you came from London looking to take what belongs to Lila.” Not that it belonged to the crafty old woman but Mirabelle wasn’t going to push the point.

Alistair had the handles of both cases now.

“You know what, missy? I’ve decided not to kill you.”

Excellent.

“I can’t allow you to take that money, Alistair.” Though how the hell she was going to stop him she wasn’t sure. Some strange sense of decency precluded her from jumping on the old crook and pummelling him into the ground.

“You can’t stop me,” he said as if reading her mind.

“But I can,” responded Lila as she pointed a nasty-looking gun at her husband.

Bloody hell? What next?

Chapter Twelve

“Oh Lila baby, you’re not going to shoot me,” Alistair said as he looked at the wife he had not seen for twenty-four years.

“I’ll shoot your dick off if you move one inch with those suitcases,” Lila responded coolly as she cocked the gun. “Remember this gun, Al? You left it behind when you ran off all those years ago. I kept it hoping you would come back and I could use it.”

Oh my God!

“There will be no dick-shooting-off at my place,” Mirabelle told them, her voice a little too high pitched for her liking but sudden fear did that to her. She just knew her public liability insurance would not cover said dick-shooting-off threat and there was no way she would be stemming any blood flow from the groin of that nasty man.

“Drop the suitcases, Al.”

Alistair Standish smiled a smarmy smile at her.

“Come on, Lila, we can share.”

Yeah, like she is going to be stupid enough to believe that, thought Mirabelle, trying to stand still with the overwhelming urge to run madly pulsating in her veins.

“You are an idiot, Al, if you believe that,” Lila responded with a sneer.

Right again. Mirabelle was on a roll. She just hoped she survived this to have a chance to wallow in her own rightness.

“You wasted your own money and you will not get a chance to waste mine.”

“You would not have this money but for me, woman!” Alistair roared loudly at her.

“And Charlie.” Lila aimed at his groin and looked at Mirabelle. “This one is a hopeless fuck. It would be no waste to shoot that dick off.”

Way too much information.

Lila swung back as she saw Alistair make a move.

"I am still pissed at you for killing Charlie."

"He had it coming."

"He was your brother!" Lila screamed at her husband.

"He was fucking you!" Alistair yelled at his wife.

"Okay, well, this sounds like personal business so I will just be leaving..."

Mirabelle lifted one foot to leave. She was quite amazed at the fire coming from Lila.

Was this the helpless old woman who had experienced two heart attacks? Did she even have a heart to attack?

"Stay where you are, Mirabelle. I don't want to shoot you but I will," Lila warned firmly.

"Okay. Staying here I am." It was good to know Lila did not really want to shoot her. The downside of course was she added the proviso about shooting her if pushed. Mirabelle was relieved when Lila's focus went back to Alistair.

"You burned my house down, you bastard!"

"I wanted to flush you out and find the money."

Lila shook her head at him as if she was dealing with an idiot.

"What if I had it in the house? It would have burned, you moron!"

"I know you're not that stupid," Alistair snapped angrily. "I worked out where it was by following and watching missy here with Flynn."

How much exactly had he watched?

“Is there nothing you won’t do with my nephew?” Alistair leered at Mirabelle. “You are one hot, desperate woman.”

Oh ick!

“You gave me a heart attack—two in fact.”

Alistair snorted at Lila’s words.

“You don’t have a fucking heart, Lila!”

Lila narrowed her eyes angrily at his words.

“Drop the suitcases—I won’t say it again.”

“No, you won’t shoot.”

A loud bang exploded from the gun Lila held in her hand. Mirabelle screamed and hit the floor, covering her head. Alistair dropped the suitcases and fell to the ground. Lila had shot him in the leg.

Won’t shoot? How frigging wrong can you be?

“Are you out of your mind, Lila?” The smile on the other woman’s face appeared to confirm that fact. Mirabelle dropped to her knees as she tried to help the wounded man. There was so much blood and it was spurting everywhere. She had no idea where to start. She pushed her hand down hard over the area with the most blood. Blind Freddie could see an artery had been hit. “We need to call an ambulance now, Lila!”

“I would not bother.” Lila looked down.

“He’s bleeding and he is a human being!”

“Barely...”

Okay, she had to agree partially with that but still...

“Leave him!” Lila ordered, the gun now trained on Mirabelle.

“You’re not serious?” Even as she asked the question Mirabelle knew she had not met a more serious-looking woman in her life. It chilled her to see the glee on Lila’s face.

“Deadly serious. Now get up, we’re going upstairs for your car keys.” She watched as Mirabelle stood. “We are going for a little drive.” She grabbed Mirabelle by the arm and pulled her forward.

Mirabelle stumbled. She looked down at her t-shirt. It was covered with Alistair’s blood. Was this actually happening? Had she just been menaced by two people in their seventies? Wasn’t it usually the other way around? Clearly, carrying out serious crime had no barriers when it came to age.

“I’m not going anywhere with you, Lila.”

“That’s tough talk when you have a gun in your face,” Lila responded. “Now move.”

Knowing she had no choice, Mirabelle headed out from under the house. She did not doubt Lila would pull the trigger if she felt the slightest bit threatened. As Mirabelle headed up her back stairs, she wished Flynn would magically appear and talk his aunt out of whatever crazy scheme she had in mind. That or a bunch of religious do-gooders selling some half-assed religion would be equally welcomed now. If anyone’s God got her out of this mess she would sign on for a life of worship.

“Where are we going?” Mirabelle pushed open her screen door and headed over to the sideboard where her car keys lived.

“Just get the keys and ask no questions.”

Mirabelle snatched them up and looked down at her feet.

“I have no shoes on.” This was not unusual for her as Mirabelle rarely wore shoes around her own home. She was a barefoot kind of gal.

“I don’t care.”

That Mirabelle got loud and clear. Lila Standish, the nice little old lady from next door, did not give a rat’s ass about anyone but herself.

Once back under the house, Lila pointed Mirabelle toward the suitcases.

“Put them in the car.”

“Lila...” Alistair groaned painfully.

Good grief he was still alive! Mirabelle expected he would have bled out by now. What a tough old bugger.

Lila looked at Alistair. She smiled once and shot him in the other leg.

“Fuck!” Mirabelle yelled. That was the coldest thing she’d ever seen anyone do. It was chilling. She turned her eyes on Lila and tried to control the shiver of fright that ran down her body.

“It’s payback for all the years he hit me,” Lila explained as if perfectly justified.

Mirabelle was of the opinion that any domestic violence was wrong and that the abuser should be punished severely. But shooting a man who was already down and bleeding was just wrong. Mirabelle was horrified. Whatever evil Alistair Standish had perpetrated against his wife, he was paying severely for it now.

Mirabelle zapped the car open and dragged the cases to the trunk. They were large and unwieldy and only one would fit in. She looked at Lila. She was the woman with the gun so she gave the orders. Mirabelle was not about to question that now.

“Put the other suitcase on the backseat and get in.”

As Mirabelle slid into the driver's seat she gave Alistair one last look before she buckled in and as she reversed out and down her driveway.

"You are really going to have to tell me where we are going. I can't drive aimlessly hoping I will stumble on the direction you have in mind."

"To my storage shed on Newmarket Road."

Okay, this possibly was starting to make sense. Now Alistair was no longer a threat she could return the suitcases to her lock-up and no one but she and Mirabelle would know she had stolen loot stashed there. *Oh dream on...like things were ever going back to the way they were after this.*

"You're going to put the suitcases back there?" It was crazy to ask but hope sprung eternal.

"I am going to put something there—yes."

Mirabelle did not like the way that sounded at all. She thought about her options. Mirabelle could drive her car off the road and crash it in order to attract attention. The big pitfall to this was serious injury or death to one or both of them. Or she could try to do something dumb like wrestle the gun from Lila. The woman was seventy after all. There had to be some serious osteoporosis going on in those bones. Mirabelle would either succeed, possibly running them off the road in the process, or get them killed in the effort. Anyway she looked at it, injury or death were her options. She looked at Lila. She was fairly sure the ugly cry would not work on her. Mirabelle decided to just bide her time and wait for an opportunity.

Once at the storage shed facility, Mirabelle drove through, amazed at how Lila could wave sweetly to the woman in the office with one hand while holding a gun at her ribs.

Mirabelle stopped outside Lila's lock-up. The older woman ordered Mirabelle to get out and open the shed. She tossed her copy of the shed key to her.

Mirabelle went along with it as she had no other option. Lila followed her around like an annoying little dog that also happened to be holding a big gun in its paw. Mirabelle pulled the roller door up. The contained summer heat rushed out at her.

"Now what?"

"Get in." Lila motioned her forward with the gun.

"You're kidding?" The face that looked back at Mirabelle was not that of a kidder.

"Do I look like I'm kidding?" Lila waved the gun in front of her face.

Mirabelle looked inside the enclosed space. She gulped tensely. This was not good. Boxes of crap were supposed to be stored in there. Not people who could sweat and dehydrate.

"It's a hot day and it's as humid as all get out. This is a metal shed. I'll boil in there." As it was, the hot cement under Mirabelle's bare feet was making her dance about.

"Well, dear, I can kill you first so you don't have to worry about boiling away."

Was this the same woman who brought over home baked chunky double chocolate cookies last week?

"You are a nasty old cow." Oh yeah, Mirabelle was going in the shed and there was stuff all she could do about it.

Lila laughed at her words.

“Think what you like but I just need enough time to get away.”

Mirabelle looked at her incredulously. Was the woman nuts? Flynn knew all about his aunt now, Alistair was probably dead under Mirabelle’s house and it was only natural to assume someone would wonder where Mirabelle was. It was not like Lila could actually succeed in this half-assed plan.

“Get away? Where, Lila? You can’t even drive.” In fact Mirabelle had never seen Lila in the driver’s seat of a car.

“I can do a lot of things, Mirabelle.”

“Yes, I bet you can. You are a ruthless woman. You cannot possibly get away with it.”

Lila laughed merrily as if it was all a great lark.

“But I’ll give it a damn good try.” She reached over and patted Mirabelle’s arm. “You know, I have always liked you, Mirabelle. I am glad you are with Flynn. He’s a good man. I hope you and Flynn remain happy and in love.”

Happy and in love? There were some vital screws missing in Lila’s head. Some of the cogs were running around a little too freely.

“Yeah right! If don’t boil to death first.”

“You’re resilient. You will survive, dear.” Lila pushed Mirabelle inside and slammed down the door and locked it.

“Bloody hell,” Mirabelle muttered to herself. She put her ear to the hot metal of the roller door and grimaced as she listened to Lila starting her car. How on earth did she make it deliver the grinding noise? It wasn’t a stick shift. It was an automatic. It had

no gears to grind. "I'm kissing that car goodbye." Mirabelle looked around her. Other than a thin strip of light from the small gap in between the roller door and the floor she was in darkness. And it was hot. Turkish steam bath hot. Oh bugger, she was screwed. Or maybe not. Mirabelle suddenly remembered she still had the phone in her pocket.

"Woo hoo, Mirabelle!" She pulled the phone out and looked at it. "Oh no woo hoo." It was a cordless phone. It needed a base station in range. "Bugger," Mirabelle muttered as she pushed back her damp fringe from her eyes. She had already started to sweat in the heat. While the thought of sweating away excess weight was a bonus, being found a thin corpse did not seem quite as appealing. All things considered, she would rather be chunky and cool. Supermodel thin was overrated anyway.

Mirabelle thought about Flynn. Would she ever see him again? The man had been in her life barely a week and yet already he was such a major part of it. She did not want to let that go. What was it with the cosmos? She finally dropped her guard and let someone in and now the cosmos wanted to kill her. What was that about?

"Fucking cosmos," she muttered. Mirabelle tried to gather her thoughts together. Yes! That's what she would do. She would channel her thoughts and send a message to Flynn who would instantly know where she was and save her. It worked on television. So why not now? Mirabelle closed her eyes and thought about the man in question. After thirty seconds she gave up. It was too damned hot to channel anything let alone thoughts. The only thing she could think about was a cold shower and ice cream. Maybe Flynn would turn up with an ice cream cone.

Mirabelle dropped down to the dusty floor. She would not cry. She had been through worse than this. Of course Mirabelle could not remember when but she was sure something worse had happened. So why cry now?

“Oh Flynn... I love you and it’s all too bloody late.” Fucking typical! Mirabelle always left everything to the last minute. There was a lesson to be learned in all this. “If I survive...”

* * * *

Flynn screeched the Harley to a skidding halt outside the storage facility, gravel flying up as he kicked down the stand, jumped off the bike and ran toward the manager’s office and quickly explained his suspicions. She had handed him the master key and Flynn had run swiftly to his aunt’s lock-up with the manager following behind.

Flynn had just come from Mirabelle’s house. The police were still there. Alistair was dead and there was no sign of Mirabelle or his aunt. Flynn had been frantic with worry. Yes, he was wildly relieved that it had not been Mirabelle lying dead on the ground. That would have killed him. But the fact that a gun had been used on Alistair had alarmed him. Flynn was damn sure Mirabelle did not own a gun let alone know how to use one and it made his blood run cold. If his Aunt Lila could kill her husband, God knows what she would do to an interfering next-door neighbor who knew about her money.

It had only taken Flynn a few tortured minutes to guess where Lila was headed. Mirabelle’s car was gone and there were drag marks to where the car would have been parked if the oil leak on the ground was any indication. He knew it was a long shot but the storage shed was the only place Flynn could think of. He left without further word to

the police. He knew they would only hold him up with further questioning and Flynn didn't care for questions when the love of his life was in deep trouble.

Flynn reached the roller door of the shed and cursed as his hands fumbled with the keys. He wasn't sure what he expected to find. He just had a gut feeling it wasn't going to be good.

"Shit!" He knew he should calm down but the thought of finding Mirabelle dead or injured made Flynn anxious and angry. He found the right key and turned it in the lock. As he slammed the roller door up wildly, he saw Mirabelle lying on the ground.

"Fuck!" Flynn ran to her and fell to his knees beside her. "Please God I'll do anything you want if you let her live." His heart beat frantically as he searched for the pulse in her neck. Mirabelle was hot, pale and sweat soaked. He knew he could gladly kill his aunt with his bare hands at that moment. "Thank Christ!" Flynn swore with relief when he found her weak, erratic pulse. Mirabelle was alive. And it was a bloody miracle. The storage shed was like a furnace.

"Mirabelle," Flynn slapped her face lightly, "come on. Wake up." He kissed her lips softly. "Mirabelle, it's Flynn—you're safe."

He would give anything at that moment to hear her speak.

* * * *

A cool breeze suddenly wafted gently over her face. Mirabelle gasped. She was clearly hallucinating because for the past two and a half hours she had been lying in a puddle of her own sweat. There was nothing cooling about that. Her clothes and hair were drenched.

“Mirabelle,” Flynn slapped her face lightly, “come on. Wake up.” He kissed her lips softly. “Mirabelle, it’s Flynn—you’re safe.”

Mirabelle felt the hand on her face and the arm under her back supporting her body. Her eyes flickered open once and closed quickly. *Hell it was so bright!*

Mirabelle licked her lips. That certainly tasted like Flynn.

“What? Flynn? Am I dreaming?” She tried to swallow but her throat was dry. “Did you get my mind message?” If so where was her ice cream cone?

“What mind message?” Flynn asked in amusement as he gently scooped her up into his arms.

“Oh God I’m dead then...” Mirabelle head was light as she felt herself being lifted into the air by a strong-armed angel who happened to look a lot like Flynn. *There was a heaven after all.*

“You’re not dead, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn kissed her again.

“You’re not an angel.”

“I’m anything but.”

Mirabelle opened her eyes as the kiss and the cool air invaded her senses. She looked into his eyes. The love and concern she saw made her tingle all over. If she ever doubted it before, she knew Flynn loved her now. This was more than just sex.

“Oh Flynn. I’m really hot and sweaty. I must feel horrible.” She felt horrible in her own skin at that moment. Mirabelle could not imagine what Flynn was thinking carrying her hot sweaty body.

Flynn smiled down lovingly at her. That she was alive and in his arms were the only things that mattered to him.

“I’ve been hot and sweaty with you before, Miss Mirabelle, and you are always delicious to touch.” Flynn carried her swiftly into the shade of a nearby awning. “I found her! Call the ambulance!” he yelled to the office manager who had let him into the shed. The woman ran off to do it.

Flynn fanned Mirabelle’s face. It wasn’t going to be enough.

“Don’t move.”

“My legs are like spaghetti. They are not going to be taking me anywhere soon.”

Flynn rushed down the office and came back with a bucket of water. The office manager trailed behind with a large jug of water and a glass. Flynn plonked the bucket beside the prostrate Mirabelle and ripped off his shirt.

“Not now, Flynn, give me ten minutes or so.”

Flynn threw back his head and laughed.

“We’re not going to have sex.”

“Oh...”

“You sound disappointed.” Flynn dunked his shirt into the bucket of tap water and slowly squeezed the water out over Mirabelle’s hot body.

“Oh Flynn, that is nearly as good as sex.” The water was lukewarm but fabulously refreshing.

The office manager looked down at her in concern as she poured a glass of water and handed it to Flynn.

“It’s ice water. Only give her small sips. We don’t want to throw her into shock.”

Flynn cradled her in his arms and held the glass to her parched lips.

“Oh please it has been a week of shocks. What’s one more?” Mirabelle sipped greedily. Her hand shook as she covered Flynn’s while he held the glass to her mouth.

“I was so worried when I saw Alistair on the ground bleeding.” Flynn looked down at her wet t-shirt, noticing the blood for the first time. “You have blood on you! Are you hurt?” He quickly pulled up her shirt. His eyes scanned her pale smooth sweaty skin.

Mirabelle blinked wearily. She was having trouble keeping her eyes open. Was that sound of sirens in her head or on the street? She swallowed down another sip of water.

“I tried to help Alistair... He was bleeding everywhere... And Lila said she did not want to shoot me. She said she wanted you and me to be happy.” Mirabelle looked blearily at the man she loved. “I wasn’t happy in the shed, Flynn.” She closed her eyes. “How’s Alistair?”

“Alistair is dead,” Flynn said, his voice flat. “He died of blood loss.”

“Oh no!” He wasn’t a good man but he did not deserve to die like that. “I don’t want to go back home. I can’t live there now.” She did not want to think about some man bleeding to death under her house or that another man lay dead and unmourned under Lila’s house for twenty-four years.

“Come live with me and be my love,” Flynn leaned down and murmured passionately against Mirabelle’s now moist lips.

The office manager sighed.

“You’re reciting poetry. Am I hallucinating?”

“No, it’s just how I feel, Miss Mirabelle.” He smiled into her eyes. “My house is just about finished—it just needs furniture. We can pick that out together.”

“What? We barely know each other. We met having meaningless, nameless sex in a limo.” Mirabelle looked at the office manager who was not shocked. She just giggled. Okay, maybe it was just Mirabelle that found it all a little too quick. What did it really matter as long as they loved each other? *Oh...now I get it—and it only took a healthy dose of dehydration.*

“Come on, Miss Mirabelle, I love you and you love me—it’s a done deal. We were meant to be together whether we met in a church or in the backseat of a limo.”

“Living together...huh?” Mirabelle looked at him thoughtfully. Sex was one thing but she could not imagine day after day of the same person.

“So what’s the problem?”

“Well, it’s just so...intimate.”

Flynn laughed loudly and cuddled her close against his naked chest.

“Intimate? We’ve sucked and licked and kissed every part of each other’s bodies. We have made wild, passionate love that has made us both shake and you cry with emotion and yet you have a problem sharing the toothpaste with me?” He grinned widely at Mirabelle.

“Well...okay, now that you put it that way.” Mirabelle ran a hand softly over her chest. “The thing is, I just like my own space.”

“You can have it.” Flynn leaned forward and kissed her nose teasingly.

“Really?” Did this man understand her so well in such a short time that he would willingly give her whatever space she needed as long as she was with him?

“Whenever you want me to leave you alone I will. But whenever you want me I’ll be there.”

Mirabelle pulled his face down to hers and kissed his lips lingeringly. She looked over at the office manager who had tears in her eyes.

“Is this the most near perfect man or what?” *And he’s all mine.*

“Near perfect?” Flynn queried in amusement.

“I am sure you have a flaw somewhere.” She struggled to sit up. “I don’t want to give you a swelled head.”

“You always make my head swell.” Flynn’s voice was husky and suggestive.

“I’m not talking about that head.” Mirabelle smiled. She was happy. Hot and sweaty and needing a shower and a gallon of ice cream but happy. And it was all because of Flynn. “I love you.”

“Miss Mirabelle, after finding you alive but sweaty—that declaration is the second best thing that has happened to me today. I adore you.”

Mirabelle saw an ambulance stop beside them.

“Even all hot and sweaty?”

“We’ll make it part of our wedding vows.” Flynn felt Mirabelle stiffen in his arms.

“In sickness and in health, through sweat and heat I will love, honor and cherish forever.”

“You want to marry me?” Mirabelle started crying, which had the office manager crying and the paramedics wondering what the hell was going on.

“I just proposed,” Flynn explained. The paramedics smiled and the office manager clapped. He looked down at the woman he loved. “Is this your happy cry or your ‘my God I don’t want to marry you, Flynn’ cry?”

“I’m happy.” Mirabelle gulped back a sob.

Flynn kissed her hard.

"I better be careful, I don't want to overheat you." He handed his woman over to the care of the paramedics now kneeling beside him.

"Overheat me, limo man..." Mirabelle murmured sexily as her eyes closed tiredly. It was hard concentrating on sex when you were so tired.

"Limo man'? Is she delirious?"

"Nah, Mirabelle's in love with me."

"You're limo man then?"

"He's my limo man for life."

Flynn smiled down at her.

"Are you going to deny all knowledge of this conversation tomorrow, Miss Mirabelle? I have witnesses you know."

"No, I want you—this is for keeps."

* * * *

"I have good news and bad news," Flynn announced as he walked into Mirabelle's private room at the Prince Charles Hospital. She had been admitted overnight for observation.

"Oh yeah?" Mirabelle licked her lips as she looked at Flynn Curtis. He was so drop-dead handsome and sexy that she wanted to rip off her hospital gown, tear the intravenous drip from her arm and shag the man senseless. And if she wasn't so damned tired she would do it. Severe dehydration knocked the stuffing out of a person.

"What are you thinking, Miss Mirabelle?" Flynn sat down on the edge of her bed, his head close to hers.

Mirabelle slid over to allow him more space. She wanted to lie beside this man for the rest of her life.

“Nothing I can do anything about at the moment.” She saw the light of amused recognition in his eyes. “What’s the news?”

“They found Lila. She is in police custody. Dad went and saw her. She is trying to make out as if she is some defenseless, sweet old lady.”

“Defenseless my ass! She is a crafty, murderous old bag.”

“And the police have positively identified the remains found under Lila’s house as belonging to Charlie Standish. He’ll be given a proper burial now.”

“I’m glad. He was a crook but he still deserved that.” Mirabelle sighed softly as Flynn stroked her unfettered arm gently. “What’s the bad news?”

“Lila crashed your car.”

Mirabelle jerked upright.

“I bloody knew she did not know how to drive.” She blew out an exasperated breath as she slumped back on the bed. “I’ll have to get a new car now.”

“We have my motorbike,” Flynn suggested, smiling at Mirabelle’s horrified look.

“The big Tonka toy?” She shook her head vehemently. “I am not riding on that.”

“Scared?”

“No. The only large hard thing I plan to have between my legs again is you.” *Let him argue that!*

Flynn couldn’t.

“I can live with being the only man or beast you want to ride.” He lifted back her bedcovers.

“What are you doing?” Mirabelle asked even though she had a good idea what Flynn had in mind.

He pulled her hospital gown up. He smiled as he saw the curls between her legs.

“No panties—perfect.” Flynn rolled on his side closer against Mirabelle as his hand descended on her pussy.

“Flynn, you can’t—not here.” Mirabelle was wet already just thinking about the possibilities. Her legs parted widely without much urging from Flynn.

“Why not?” His fingers dipped into the warm, slick folds between her legs.

“I’m kind of tied up.” Mirabelle held up the arm with the fluid drip in it.

“I’ll do all the work, Miss Mirabelle. I don’t expect anything in return.” Flynn kissed her hungrily. “I’ll take an IOU from you any day,” he said as his fingers circled on her clit, massaging gently. With his other hand, Flynn hoisted her gown up to expose her naked breasts. He leaned over and sucked one pink nipple into his mouth.

“Oh Flynn,” Mirabelle moaned as she cradled his head with her one free arm. Would she ever get enough of him? It did not seem at all likely. “What if someone comes in?” Not that she particularly cared at that moment. Her decorum was always shot to hell when Flynn touched her.

“I’ll say I’m aiding your recovery by lifting your spirits and making you come.”

Mirabelle giggled then gasped in pleasure as his fingers slid inside in her vagina. She bore down hard on them as he thrust hard inside. “Oh, oh...oh Flynn...” His lips caught hers before the scream could escape her mouth.

A sudden knock on the door made them both look at each other. Flynn grinned conspiratorially at her as he flung the blanket over her body. However he did not

remove his fingers. They were still inside her body as he remained lying beside Mirabelle. Flynn crossed his legs casually and watched as his mother entered the room.

Mirabelle went instantly red. Louisa Curtis smiled quizzically then chortled out a shocked yet amused laugh as she looked down the bedding to the interesting tent-like lump under the blankets. It was not hard to work out what was going on under there especially as her son's arm was leading half-covered down to the tent.

"Mirabelle is having a...ah...procedure done," she called over her shoulder to her husband. "We'll go and have a cup of coffee, Robert." She looked at her son. "We'll be back in say ten minutes?"

"Fifteen would be better, Mum." Flynn watched his mother shut the door behind her before he flung the blanket back.

"I am so embarrassed." This was one of the most mortifying things she had ever been caught doing. "Your parents are going to think I am a slut."

"Nah, they love you." Flynn started massaging her clit again.

"I can't come after that..." Even as she denied it, Mirabelle could already feel a spiral of pleasure slowly circle up from within her. Maybe being a slut wasn't too bad. She panted softly as Flynn drove her over the edge.

As she came back down to earth with Flynn's arms wrapped securely around her Mirabelle shook her head in mock dismay.

"You are so bad, limo man."

"But you love me," Flynn murmured as he teased her lips with soft, playful kisses.

"Oh yes..." agreed Mirabelle softly as she curled her hands into his hair.

"And I am mad about you, Mirabelle."

“Good to hear,” Mirabelle whispered as she kissed him hungrily.

Epilogue

“Are you absolutely sure he can’t see us?” Mirabelle asked as she pushed the frothy white skirt out of her face. She was pushed into a corner. One of her legs was over Flynn’s shoulder and the other was flung up over the backseat.

“I’m positive. The privacy screen is up. Don’t worry so much. Just enjoy.” Flynn reached around and unzipped the fitted bodice and pulled the fabric over Mirabelle’s shoulders. As soon as her breasts were free Flynn leaned forward and spun his tongue on her nipples.

Mirabelle dropped her head back and groaned.

“Is he filming us?” She remembered only too well another time when the privacy screen was up and Flynn had been the one in the front seat filming her. But he had come into the backseat and the rest was history.

“Do you want him to?” Flynn burrowed under her skirts, seeking the hot moisture he craved.

“Will he watch it?” Being filmed was one thing. Having anyone else but herself and Flynn watch it was wrong.

“No, I told him not to and I trust Scott.” His hands slid under her ass, grasping her cheeks as he pulled her closer toward him.

Mirabelle reached down and grabbed the zipper of Flynn’s fly and tugged quickly. She had changed so much since the fateful meeting with Flynn twelve months ago. A year ago she would have been horrified at the thought of being filmed. But then she wouldn’t have done half the things she had done and enjoyed and planned to do again if

not for Flynn. His deep love had liberated her to trust, to try and to take what she wanted.

“Well, I would like to immortalize the moment in film,” she admitted as his cock jumped hard and eager into her hand.

“It is our first time making love as man and wife. That’s pretty damn special.”

The “Just Married” sign on the limousine was a dead giveaway. It seemed only natural to them that they make love in the same place where they first met.

“This nearly became our second moment after you put your hand under my dress beneath the reception table.” Mirabelle gasped as that same hand slid in between her legs and found her clit once more.

“You weren’t wearing panties. Naturally I wanted to play.”

“I nearly screamed.” Thank God she hadn’t. How would she have explained that one away to their assembled guests?

Flynn chuckled at the memory of it.

“But you covered it well with your award-winning performance of pretending to choke on the fish.”

“And yet you still didn’t pull your fingers out of me even then.” Flynn had just kept on rubbing her clit until she clutched the pretty white beribboned bridal chair for support as she came. The idea to pretend to choke was the only thing that saved her from social embarrassment.

“I would have pulled my fingers out but it would have looked so obvious after your splendid choking scene.”

“You are so bad, limo man.” Mirabelle stroked his cock teasingly.

“But only with you, Miss Mirabelle.” Flynn grinned knowingly at her. “Besides you really didn’t want to stop, did you?”

No, Mirabelle hadn’t. Any time Flynn touched her she craved more. She pushed Flynn from her and scooted off the seat and dropped to her knees. She flipped up the skirt of her immaculately white wedding dress, spreading her legs and pushing her ass out toward Flynn.

“Make love to me, husband of mine,” she said huskily as she looked at Flynn, her eyes full of love.

Flynn immediately dropped down behind her and moved in close behind his wife. He turned her head so their lips met and he slid into the slippery wet sheath of her body.

“Mine,” he growled as he started slowly thrusting in and out.

“Forever,” Mirabelle agreed, as she closed her eyes and happily gave in once more to the man she loved.

The End

ABOUT AMARINDA JONES

Amarinda Jones believes anything is possible and sometimes just asking for the impossible will surprise someone enough that they will give it to you. Writing is like that. Put it out there and wait for a response. There is always the possibility you may fall on your ass, but after all, that's what cellulite is for. Amarinda believes in taking chances, speaking her mind and aging disgracefully. Twenty years from now she plans on being the neighborhood witch that all the kids are scared of. But then, everyone has to have a hobby.

If you enjoyed MAD ABOUT MIRABELLE, you might also enjoy:



MAN FRAME

By Emma Hillman

Lucy loves her new neighbor. One, because he's seriously hot; and two, because he leaves his window open while getting himself off. What she doesn't know however is that Nate can see her too. Every evening, he watches her undress, the blue film covering her window not enough to mask her silhouette. He's already half in lust with her body and that's before he knows what she looks like, apart from her round breasts and even rounder ass.

Things accelerate when Nate takes matters into his own hands and invites her to his condo. It was only supposed to be some fun between two consenting adults but suddenly there's another man with them. A man who's invited himself to the party and who seems to really enjoy looking at her. Rodrigo likes it even more when he's touching her, making her lose control in a way she's never experienced before.

He's not dupe though. He can see how his best friend is acting with her. There could be something good between these two and he pushes them further and further, until...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/f/m sex.

Excerpt From MAN FRAME:

She couldn't help it. She automatically looked around and guessing where his bedroom was, she went straight for it. She stepped into the white room she'd been spying on from her own apartment. The boxes, the unmade bed, the wide-screen plasma TV she'd imagined on the wall. It was all there. Walking closer to the window, she opened it and looked at the building opposite.

Her bathroom window stood open and you could clearly see the cabinet and its tall mirror. "Oh hell."

"I see you've found the scene of the crime," he whispered in her ear just as his arms wrapped around her from behind.

She jumped, startled by his sudden embrace. "What are you doing?"

"Shh." His voice had lowered. "I didn't mean to startle you, I'm sorry. I've just been thinking about this all day long and now here you are..."

She blinked, never once realizing she hadn't moved away from him or turned around. That she'd accepted his hold on her as if it was entirely normal. As if she hadn't learnt his name only five minutes before. "What do you mean?"

"Let's not play games, Lucy. You know what happened last night." He cupped her right hip and pulled until she was turning around in his embrace.

She looked up into his eyes. Oh my, intense grey eyes. She licked her lips then sighed. "I thought you couldn't see me."

He chuckled. "Oh baby, I could see you all right. I've been watching you every night ever since I moved in."

She started. "But that was over two weeks ago!"

His turn to blink. "You know when I moved in?"

Oops. "Yes, I saw you carrying some boxes that day. What do you mean you've been watching me?"

He slid his hands down her back until they were cupping her butt. Feeling her tense, he quickly added, "Every evening before going to bed, you take a shower."

"Bath. I take a bath."

He shrugged. "Okay. And then you apply lotion or cream or whatever on your legs, sometimes all over your body. It's sexy as hell."

"I keep my window closed." She wasn't that stupid, damn it!

"You've got the lights on and your silhouette is clearly visible. Believe me, baby, I've been watching you every night. Fantasizing about you every day too. And then last night-"

She cut him off. "Last night was a mistake! I really thought you couldn't see me!"

“So you were jerking off in front of your window because...?”

She bit her lip. Hard. “I was watching you.”

“And?” He lowered his face until his mouth was nearly skimming hers.

“You took your clothes off.”

“Because you told me to, remember?”

Oh god, he’d heard her? “You touched yourself.”

He nodded then his tongue traced her lower lip. Softly. Too softly. “I had to. You were driving me crazy and you were so sexy, standing there naked. Touching yourself. Making yourself come.” He couldn’t stand it anymore. His mouth crashed on hers, his tongue diving in and tangling around hers as if he couldn’t wait to taste her.

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