



*Cat Johnson*

# **FIREWORKS**

**By Cat Johnson**

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Fireworks

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“Who the hell schedules a leadership training over the fourth of July?” Leaning back from the computer, Joe huffed out an annoyed breath. “And we’ve got freaking homework to do, too. On a holiday. It’s un-American.”

“Forget about the holiday. Who the fuck decided a training at a post in Georgia in July was a good idea?” Brad wiped the sweat from his face one more time. It figured the air conditioning in their room would be on the fritz. Just his luck. Sometimes a guy just couldn’t catch a break.

“You northerners are big sissies when it comes to the heat. Don’t forget, I grew up not far from here. This is nothing. Once when I was a kid, my brother and I fried an egg on the sidewalk. *That* was a hot summer.”

“I guess I’m supposed to count myself lucky then that it’s only in the high nineties, and not egg frying weather?” Brad cocked a brow as the sweat trickling down his back soaked through his third shirt of the day.

“That’s right. You should.” Joe’s chair scraped across the navy carpet that had seen better days and he got up. “That’s it. I have to get out of this room.”

“Good idea. Where are we going?” Brad stood too. He wasn’t getting anything done anyway. Even the t-shirt and shorts he wore felt like body armor in this heat.

“One of the guys in the mess hall was talking about going to see the fireworks tonight. I reckon that will at least

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make it feel more like the holiday would be if I were back home. Though at home I'd be able to have a six-pack of cold beers and a hot girl or two while I watched the neighbors try not to blow off their fingers or set the woods on fire."

A hot girl was always nice, but right now, just the mention of an icy beer had Brad's mouth watering. Even without the beer, getting out of their oven of a room sounded good to him. "All right. Let's go. It's got to be cooler outside than it is in here."

Shaking his head, Joe led them out the door with a mumbled, "Sissy Yankees. Can't take a little heat."

A quick questioning of one of the soldiers on their floor let them know the location of the fireworks display. A detour to the bowling alley for a quick pitcher quenched his thirst, and by full dark, Brad was much happier as he and Joe carefully picked their way through the many spectators seated on the grass.

He glanced around. Quite a crowd had assembled. "Where do you want to sit?"

Joe grinned broadly and cocked his head to the left. "Right over there."

Brad followed his gaze, and then saw the reason for his roommate's decisiveness. "You and your red heads."

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it, my friend. My first

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girl ever was a red head. Mary Jo Warren. She was more than a handful in every way, if you know what I mean. Curves like a racetrack. Thighs like tree trunks. When she wrapped those legs around me, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. She spoiled me for all other women."

Brad raised a brow. In the two years he'd known Joe, the man had never shown as much enthusiasm as he did when describing this Mary Jo. Though his tale did explain why he always gravitated to more curvaceous women, and whenever possible, red heads. "And...what happened to you and her?"

"I joined up. She cried her eyes out, swore she'd never forgive me and I guess she didn't. I went to boot camp and never saw or heard from her again. That was fifteen years ago." Joe sighed.

The first of the fireworks shot into the air. "Come on. Let's go take a seat next to your red head."

Joe grinned. "She's a bit on the thin side for me, but hey, who am I to be picky?"

"Exactly." Brad laughed.

Joe was a chick magnet. He figured there were two scenarios for tonight. Joe would go home with this woman, or Brad would be homeless for the night while his roommate snuck her into their barracks room. Oh well. It would be too hot to sleep in there anyway.

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“Hey there. Mind if we sit?” Joe flashed her his patented grin, sure to reel in the ladies.

Surprise crossed her face before she nodded. “Uh, sure. Go ahead.”

“I’m Joe and this here is my friend Brad.”

Waving a greeting as Joe introduced them, he couldn’t help but wonder what had this girl so flustered. She was pretty in a girl next door way. He would think she should be used to guys hitting on her.

“Um, hi. I’m...MJ.” She shook the hand Joe had extended.

“MJ. I like it. Like the girl on Spiderman.” Joe took his seat on the grass, though Brad noted he managed to have his thigh touching hers.

“Yeah, I guess so. I never thought of that before.” She shot Brad a quick glance then leaned back on her arms as the sky lit with more bursts of color. Just when he assumed she was done talking and Joe’s efforts had been shot down, she asked, “So, you guys stationed at Fort Benning?”

Joe was so busy staring at the girl that Brad had to answer her question. “We’re here for a few weeks for training.”

“Did you grow up around here?” Joe studied her face so intently, a wrinkle formed between his brows.

“Um, yeah. Kinda. Not too far.”



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Something very interesting was going on and Brad watched it with fascination. When Joe's eyes opened wide and he actually let out a curse in front of a lady, which Joe never did, Brad's suspicions were confirmed.

"Holy shit! Mary Jo?" Joe's eyes bugged out of his head, but after what he'd said, Brad's attention refocused on the female in question. Joe's first. The one that got away.

"Yes." Her answer was so quiet it was nearly drowned out by the explosions in the sky above them.

"Oh my god. I didn't recognize you."

She shrugged. "I've lost about fifty pounds since I saw you last."

A deep frown furrowed Joe's brow. "You weren't going to tell me who you were if I didn't recognize you, were you?"

"No." Mary Jo shook her head. Her eyes glistened, and Brad suspected it wasn't just from the reflection of the fireworks.

For once, Joe was speechless. Brad cleared his throat. "Uh, should I leave you two alone? It sounds like you have some talking to do."

"No. Don't. I'm leaving, just like he did fifteen years ago."

She jumped up and before Joe could stop her, she was through the crowd.

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“Mary Jo, wait!” Joe called after her retreating back as she kept going and disappeared.

Brad blew out a long breath, not really knowing what to say. “Wow. What a coincidence, huh?”

Looking a bit shell-shocked, Joe nodded. “Yeah.”

“You want to go back to the bowling alley and get another pitcher?” His friend needed more than fireworks to cheer him up right about now.

“Oh, yeah.”

They’d barely made it twenty yards when she stood before them again.

“Hi.” Her eyes flickered from Joe, to Brad, then down to the ground.

“Hi,” Joe repeated, his gaze never leaving her face.

She kicked at the ground with her toe and Brad began to feel as uncomfortable as she appeared.

“I’m sorry.” Mary Jo let out a short laugh. “It’s absolutely ridiculous of me to still be mad at you after all this time. You obviously made the Army your career. I’d thought it was just a whim. I was wrong. I apologize.”

Joe reached out and rubbed her arms. “It’s all right. I reckon I could have handled it better, too, back then.”

She shrugged. “We were really young.”

“Yeah, we were.” Joe leaned his head down nearer to hers.

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“Um, now I really think I need to go. Nice meeting you, Mary Jo.”

“You too.”

Intent on giving them time alone, Brad turned on his heel to leave when Joe called after him, “I’ll see you back at the room later.”

“You got it.”

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Brad knew it was too good to be true that he could actually fall asleep in the sweltering room and stay asleep. Though with the windows open and the fan he’d borrowed from one of the other guys who actually had air conditioning blowing on him, he may have had a chance of making it until morning, if Joe hadn’t come sneaking in.

Elephants made less noise entering a room, and soon, the reason became apparent. The shushing and giggling was his first clue. The slow crescendo of moans coming from Joe’s rack was his second. He’d brought Mary Jo back with him.

Now what? It wouldn’t be the first time he’d feigned sleep while a roommate got busy. Not that he was a pervert voyeur or anything, but honestly, why should he be put out of his own bed just so somebody else could have fun? Tonight, Brad was crankier than usual and wasn’t about to give up his bed. And, inexplicitly, he was also suddenly

horny as hell.

Listening to the rustle of the sheets and the soft whispers started the process. By the time he heard Mary Jo start to come, he was full tilt and hard enough to drive nails with his dick.

Eyelids squeezed tightly closed, he concentrated intently on every sound when he knew he should be blocking it all out. Even the whirl of the fan, which had been the peaceful drone that had put him to sleep before, annoyed him now as it covered the tiny noises he knew she'd be making but he couldn't hear clearly. He strained to catch every shuddering breath she took as she climaxed hard.

Bedsprings squeaked and Joe's moan told Brad his friend was exactly where he wished he could be. Inside her.

Dammit. He should leave. When his hand uncontrollably strayed down and he started stroking himself, he knew he was going to have to, if only to go to the bathroom and finish himself off, but he didn't want to go. He wanted to listen, to share in some small part of this.

As silently as possible, he spit into his palm, and then stroked himself, harder and faster, keeping time with the creaking of the bed just feet from him.

Whispering across the room stopped Brad in mid stroke.

Shit! Had they heard him? He held perfectly still, straining to make individual words out of the murmurs.

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“Brad.”

Joe’s voice made him jump. He’d spoken loud enough; Brad decided he couldn’t pretend to sleep through it, even though he’d like to do exactly that. “Yeah?”

“You can come over here.”

Shocked and confused, Brad took a moment to consider the meaning of that invitation and couldn’t quite wrap his head around it, probably because his hand was still wrapped around his dick, hindering his thought process. “Um. What?”

Joe’s laugh came through the darkness. “Stop pretending you’re not listening to us and just get your ass over here.”

A female giggle followed Joe’s words.

Adjusting his shorts so he was covered, Brad sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed, planting both bare feet on the floor. “Um, why?”

Damn, he sounded like an imbecile.

“To take pictures for my scrapbook. Why the hell do you think?”

“I’m not sure what I think.”

“Brad. It’s okay. Come on over.” The softly spoken invitation from her had him hardening further.

A lump lodged in his throat. Mary Jo, with the peaches and cream cheerleader good looks, did not seem like the

threesome type. Then again, she obviously was because there had not been a whole hell of a lot of discussion happening in that other bed before this crazy invitation had come through the darkness. Not enough for Joe to have convinced her to do something she wasn't into.

Brad rose onto unsteady legs and made his way across the short distance. He eyed the bed, wondering how a mattress designed for one was going to accommodate three. The answer came when the other two moved and Mary Jo patted the sheets. "Take off your shorts and lay down."

Who was he to argue? A good soldier did as he was told, so Brad dropped his shorts and laid down in the spot they'd created for him.

Like a well-synchronized team, Mary Jo straddled his legs, before lowering her head to his cock, while Joe pressed up behind her. Perhaps these two had done this before. A shiver ran up his spine in spite of the heat when her mouth engulfed him. Joe slid inside and her answering moan vibrated through Brad.

He hissed in a breath, ready to come even though they'd just started. This was the most erotic thing he'd ever done and it would really suck to have it end too soon. Fists clutching the sheet on either side of him, he struggled to keep his eyes open to watch her lips and hand sliding up and down his length.

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Joe's arms wrapped around her and he pulled her body upright. "Ease off him a bit, baby girl. Yankees can't last as long as us southern boys."

Throbbing and with pre-come already heralding the inevitable, Brad was afraid to argue. Instead he watched Joe's hand drop to the dark patch of hair between Mary Jo's legs. He wished with all his might he could put the lights on and see better, but the illumination coming through the window blinds from the security light outside would have to do.

Brad couldn't take his gaze off her face while Joe worked her clit and thrust faster. Her eyes squeezed shut and her lips parted. She gasped for breath while crying out. His cock throbbed while he watched her come, imagining how hot and wet her pussy would feel.

Joe pulled her head back and to the side, kissing her hard as he thrust in one final time and then released a loud groan. Brad watched in fascination, wishing he were inside of her instead.

Pulling out, Joe gave Mary Jo one final kiss. "Stay right there."

Padding naked across the room, Joe reached into the dresser drawer and then a foil packet came flying through the air, landing on Brad's chest.

He glanced down at it, wide-eyed, as Joe pulled off his

own used condom, and flung it into the garbage.

“Put it on,” he instructed before turning the computer chair to face the bed and sitting.

The breeze from the fan did nothing to help as he sweat in earnest now, and not just from the heat. Brad discovered his hands shook as he picked up the packet and struggled to open it. Mary Jo finally took it from him. She covered him quickly, her touch gentle but sure.

She moved over him and his tip pressed against her. Then he was inside. She felt every bit as good as he imagined she would. With her arms braced on either side of his head, her face hovered just above his. Brad licked his lips, craving her mouth.

“You can kiss her if you want to.” Joe’s voice sounded strained.

He turned his head and saw the intense expression on Joe’s face as he watched Mary Jo rise slowly up and down over Brad.

Brad’s heart pounded. He wasn’t into being watched. Or maybe he was judging by how much it was turning him on to fuck Joe’s girl, even his ex, while he watched. He grabbed her head and did what he’d wanted to do since seeing Joe kiss her while she came. Thrusting his tongue into her mouth, he kissed her hard.

Brad’s hands slid from her hair, lowering to grasp her



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tiny waist. He began thrusting faster. She angled her hips and her breathing changed, getting more rapid until she was gasping and had to break the kiss. He felt his balls tighten. The tingling started and told him he was close, but damn, he wanted to feel her come while he was inside.

Just as he couldn't hold on any longer, when he began to come in hard spurts deep within Mary Jo, her muscles began to convulse around him. He buried his face in her shoulder, nearly crying out as the combined climaxes shook him to the core.

She collapsed onto him, their chests stuck together with sweat that for once, Brad didn't mind one bit. Outside, the scattered sound of fireworks in the distance continued. The amateur kind that made more noise than color, but Brad could barely hear them over the sound of his own breathing.

Reality began to return with the sound of Joe's voice. "Now this is what every Fourth of July is supposed to be like."

Against his chest, Mary Jo shook her head. "We've done this exactly once on July 4<sup>th</sup>. Fifteen years ago."

"Twice, counting today. And so? It should become an annual event in my opinion."

"You're not joking? You two have done this before?" Somehow Brad knew the answer before she gave it.

She propped her chin up on her hands so he could see

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her face. “Yeah. A few times back when we were dating. He likes to watch.”

That fact didn’t seem to phase her one bit.

“Don’t say it like that. If I remember correctly, you like it too.” Joe crawled back onto the bed, leaned over and kissed Mary Jo hard on the mouth, even as Brad was still buried inside her. “Damn. I’ve missed you, baby girl.”

“I missed you too,” she answered.

Joe’s hand traced a line down Mary Jo’s spine. Brad felt her shiver from the touch. He watched as Joe wet his finger and slid it slowly between her ass cheeks. Mary Jo pushed back against his hand as her eyes drifted shut.

Joe let out a groan. “I’m ready for round two. How about you guys?”

Brad started to immediately get hard again. Who was he to argue?

The End

## **About the Author:**

Cat Johnson is an award-winning author of contemporary erotic romance in genres including military, cowboy, ménage and paranormal. A Junior Leaguer and professional harpist, she has too many animals, a few very close friends and uses her laptop so much she wore the letters off the keyboard within a year. Cat is known for her creative marketing and research practices; consequently she owns an entire collection of camouflage shoes, and a fair number of her friends/book consultants wear combat or cowboy boots for a living. For more visit [www.catjohnson.net](http://www.catjohnson.net)

**Also by Cat Johnson:**

Unridden (Studs in Spurs, Book 1), Linden Bay Romance

Rough Stock, Linden Bay Romance

A Prince Among Men, Linden Bay Romance

Model Soldier, Linden Bay Romance

Crossing the Line, Linden Bay Romance

A Few Good Men, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 108: Just Desserts, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 107: True Blue, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 106: Nice & Naughty, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 105: Smalltown, USA, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 103: Red, Hot & Blue, Linden Bay Romance

Trilogy No. 102: Opposites Attract, Linden Bay Romance

Love's Immortal Pantheon: Erato, Tease Publishing

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