



One Night Only

Destiny Wallace

Red Rose™ Publishing

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By

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Chapter One

Time: 0727 (7:27 am)

Location: Base Hospital

Mission: Get to work on time.

Maleeya Benson shifted position in the elevator, moving forward when the three other people got out on the second floor. The doors slid shut and she waited for the initial jerk before taking a swig of the venti caramel macchiato she held in both hands. She tucked a few falling strands of black hair behind her ear. She'd definitely have to redo her bun before lunch time. She looked down at her new uniform. She actually liked the lighter-colored ABU uniform better than the green, brown, and black BDUs she'd been wearing since Basic Training. Sage green, beige, and tan looked better with her medium brown skin. She checked her watch. Three more minutes and she'd be late.

With a heavy sigh, she mentally willed the elevator to move faster and that no one push any buttons to make it stop before the fourth floor. She hated being late, even by a minute. After being in the Air Force over nine years, she had eased

off the whole arrive-fifteen-minutes-early-for-everything habit, but she still had to be on time. She hated waiting for others and didn't think it fair for others to have to wait for her.

She exhaled in relief when the elevator dinged and the doors swooshed open. She'd be right on time.

"Good morning, Lee," Nina greeted her when she walked through the waiting room.

"Morning hon, it's not good until the coffee kicks in."

Nina laughed as she straightened out the magazine rack. Nina Green was thirty-eight, but didn't look a day over twenty-eight. Her parents had met while her dad was in Korea so she was a gentle mixture of her diminutive Asian mother and towering Caucasian father. She had long black hair, light brown eyes, and delicate features. Nina looked too young to have a fifteen-year-old son, but she managed to blend the caring of a mother with the impishness of a teenager quite well.

Lee unlocked the clinic door and made a beeline for her office. She hated mornings, but loved the quiet before the first patient arrived. Before the waiting room filled up with people along with the sound of one of those all-day news channels, everyone milled around office doors with cups of coffee discussing what they did or watched the night before.

Lee also loved her job. She worked in the mental health clinic at one of the largest Air Force bases in the continental United States. It was a dream assignment, really. There was a Starbucks on the first floor of the hospital and no inpatient facilities. She loved the North Florida weather and even owned her condo on the beach.

The best thing wasn't the hospital, the base, or even the weather. The best thing about working in the clinic was her friends...not the providers who were all officers and thereby not available for friendship, or *fraternization* as the military put it. Her friends were mostly civilians. There were times she felt she should be paying the military for the opportunity to work with such wonderful people.

Once she got to her office, those friends filtered in one after the other for their morning chat.

First was Diane, a short, forty-something mother of two. She worked with the nurses that ran the support program for new and young parents. She was in charge of keeping the records and scheduling briefings. Diane was very light skinned with dark eyes. She always kept her hair on point, currently cut in an angled bob and dyed auburn.

Walking in behind her was Nancy, also forty-something, but a mother of...count 'em...six kids that ranged in age from twenty-one to seven. She was tall and lean with blonde hair and pale green eyes. She hailed from New Orleans and

even though her accent only came out when she visited home, she had a laid-back personality congruent with being raised there. She had a quick wit, biting sense of humor, warm demeanor, and an easy smile.

Then there was Terri, or Staff Sergeant Henderson at work. She was the same height as Lee and the same age, twenty-six. She kept her platinum blonde hair cut short so it wouldn't fall past her collar or into her bright blue eyes; much easier to deal with than the messy bun Lee fought with every day. Terri was the opposite of Lee in other ways. *She* was married. *She* had two kids. Terri was also feminine, where Lee was a sort of a tomboy. She had that in common with Nina. Girly or not, Terri was her best friend in the world.

Nina was last to walk into Lee's office and fell right into the conversation they were having about the sitcom they were all currently watching.

"So are you going tonight, or not?" Diane asked, brushing imaginary lint off her linen pants.

Everyone turned to look at Lee. She'd been on the fence about going to Diane's going-away celebration. Her husband had gotten orders to transfer to a base up north. It was kind of sad saying good-bye...even if there was alcohol involved.

"I don't know," Lee shrugged.

"Oh, come on," Nina said. "Just go, what else do you have to do?"

Nothing.

Nancy leaned forward in her chair. “Logan will be there.”

“There’s really no need for the conspiratorial whisper,” Lee said, turning to her blank computer screen.

“So you don’t mind if I say it out loud?” Nancy quirked a blonde eyebrow and smiled.

“Yeah,” Terri said, putting a hand on her hip, “why don’t we make an announcement over the hospital PA system?”

“Terri!” Lee gasped.

Diane laughed.

“We all know how you feel about Logan,” said Nina, “Don’t even try to front.”

Lee glanced at her open office door. “I really don’t care what Tech Sergeant Wentz does.”

“Like hell,” said Diane.

Nina and Nancy snorted.

Terri sighed and shook her head. “Okay, forget about Wentz. *I’m* going. You know that I never go anywhere, at least without my kids in tow. If I’m going out tonight, you sure as hell can.”

“I *know* I have no life, do you guys really have to keep reminding me?”

“Oh honey,” Nancy said looping an arm around Lee’s shoulders. “You know we love you but we’ll love you even more if you come out with us tonight!”

“Fine, I’ll go. It’s Friday and I don’t have shit else to do. If you guys can get out of the house and beat the gaggle of kids off your apron strings, I guess I can get off my couch for a night.”

“That’s the spirit!” Nancy said, raising her coffee cup. The rest of them lifted their travel mugs and ceramic cups to touch hers.

“Speaking of Logan,” Nina said dropping her voice, “did you guys hear about his wife?”

The other women leaned in close to hear what was sure to be a juicy tidbit of information, judging by the hushed whisper.

“She left him,” Nina continued.

There were gasps all around.

“Why?” asked Terri.

Nina shrugged.

“When?” said Diane.

Another shrug.

“Okay,” said Lee with a sigh, “why don’t we start with this question...*how* do you know?”

“Jermaine told me.”

“How does *he* know?” Lee followed up.

“Logan told him. You know how they are when they’re on the desk.”

The desk was the front desk where patients checked in and out, and calls were accepted to schedule appointments or speak to providers. The front desk was the least private place to work in the clinic, but since there were usually two people manning it at all times, the most fun.

“Yeah,” laughed Diane, “they gossip worse than women.”

Staff Sergeant Jermaine Benson was another coworker. He and Logan were pretty friendly, due to their close rank and shared interest in sports. Jermaine was just a bit taller than Lee, and a bit darker. He was originally from Beaufort, South Carolina and had just recently gone through a divorce. His ex-wife had been miserable since they’d left their former base in Charleston, South Carolina. She couldn’t stand being so far from her family. She’d left him, taking their eighteen-month-old baby along. It made sense that Logan would discuss the dissolution of his marriage with someone who’d just gone through the same thing.

“I wonder what happened,” Nancy muttered.

“Hey,” Lee said holding up her hands, “we don’t even know if this is true. Maybe Sergeant Benson heard wrong, she could be on vacation or something.”

Nina rolled her eyes. “Right, nobody hears something like that wrong...that’s not the kind of thing you misquote.”

Everyone nodded and Lee swore her girlfriends could hear her heart hammering against her rib cage. *Logan...uh...Sergeant Wentz...was alone? His wife was gone? Could it be true?*

They disbursed at seven-thirty, when the first appointment of the day was scheduled.

“What a way to start the day,” Lee muttered once she was alone in her office.

Chapter Two

Time: 1745 (5:45 pm)

Location: Maleeya Benson's condominium approximately one hundred feet from the beach.

Mission: Get dressed and get courageous.

She had one night...just one night to show him that she was right for him. She could make him forget about the divorce. Well, she'd give it her best shot. Lee closed her eyes, imagining telling him just how she felt, and him finally seeing her as a possibility and not just a coworker.

Logan was wonderful to look at, just shy of six feet, with slanted cobalt blue eyes, dark brown hair cut close to his head, a blade nose, and thick, full, pink lips. His cheekbones were high and so was his tight ass. How many times had she paced herself to jog right behind him during PT so she could watch his ass? Lee hated running, but she'd run until her lungs burst if he was her lead. Logan tanned like leather and living in Florida meant he was brown almost year-round. Every time Lee saw him without a shirt, she had to look away or she'd end up staring.

Logan Wentz was gorgeous and she loved to look at him.

“Wow,” Terri said, walking into Lee’s bedroom. She had total access to Lee’s house. It made sense for Lee to have someone she could trust able to get into her home when needed. Terri usually only used the key to water the plants when Lee was out of town, but if Lee didn’t answer the door, she would let herself in to make sure her girl was okay. “That outfit is appropriately scandalous for this evening’s activities.”

“Shut up,” Lee said, smiling at her reflection.

She was wearing a black form-fitting T-shirt that ended well above her pierced navel, and dark denim skinny jeans that sat low on her hips. Lee ran a hand through the large curls that cascaded from her ponytail and smiled again.

“Do you think he’ll notice?” she mumbled.

Terri slipped an arm around Lee’s waist and met her best friend’s eyes in the mirror. “He’d have to be blind and we both know that’s not the case.”

Lee nodded and turned to face Terri. “You look hot, mama!”

Terri did a quick spin, her barely-there white dress swishing around her thighs. Her blonde hair was bone straight but flipped up at the ends. Her skin was flawless, with a healthy tan, and her big blue eyes sparkled.

“What did Duke say when you tried to walk out of the house wearing *that*?”

Terri smiled. “He couldn’t really say much.”

Lee giggled. "He was busy swallowing his tongue, no doubt."

"Maybe," Terri said with a shrug, "but Shaylah wouldn't stop asking me questions. 'Where're you going, Mommy? Why are you all dressed up, Mommy? What color is your lipstick, Mommy? When can I wear makeup, Mommy?' Ugh."

"Whatever. You love it."

Lee fished her bank card, two forms of ID, and sixty bucks in cash out of her wallet. She shoved them in the pocket of her jeans.

"I do, but honestly, I'm so glad Davis is still too young to talk!"

"Well, let's put your kitchen pass to good use," said Lee. "I'll drive."

"Good," said Terri as she checked her hair in the full-length mirror. "That means I can drink! Where are we going for dinner again?"

"Dock Side Bar and Grill," said Lee.

"I've never been there before," Terri said wrinkling her nose.

"I read online that it's good."

Terri rolled her eyes. "Let's stake our gastrointestinal well-being on what a few bloggers think."

"Quit your moaning. I've never met such a picky adult."

Terri reached inside the neckline of her dress and adjusted her boobs. "I'm not picky. I'm just careful about what I put in my body."

"Right," Lee said, grabbing Terri's shoulders and pushing her toward the

bedroom door. “I’m sure we’ll find *something* that you can eat there.”

“It’s on the dock,” Terri sighed as they went down the stairs. “That means they serve seafood. I can’t eat shrimp, crab, or lobster...and I can’t stand fish that’s too fishy.”

“Okay, okay!” Lee interrupted. “You’re not picky.”



The table was full by the time they arrived. Everyone was there, Diane at the head of the table. Nancy, Nina, and an attractive Hispanic woman Lee had never met were sitting on one side. On the other, Jermaine sat between Logan and Eddie, a younger guy that also worked with them. Eddie was absolutely adorable. He was young, single, and lived in the dorms. Eddie was tall, with neatly cut blond hair, and expressive green eyes, a swimmer’s build and a dimpled smile. He’d just turned twenty-one and everybody in the office made it their job to take care of him. He had open invitations to everyone’s holiday celebrations, children’s birthday parties, and over for dinner any night of the week. Another coworker that Lee hadn’t been expecting was Maegan. She was another civilian in the office, but she wasn’t administrative like the rest of them. Maegan was just over five feet tall and almost always wore heels that gave her another six inches. Lee didn’t think much of Maegan, but no matter Lee’s opinion she had to admit it was good of Maegan to show up to Diane’s going-away.

“Hi,” Terri said to the table as she took the seat across from Jermaine, leaving empty the seat in front of Logan.

Real subtle, thought Lee.

“What’s up?” she said with a wave.

“I didn’t think you’d actually make it!” Diane said a bit too loudly.

“What margarita are you on?” Lee asked.

“Halfway into my third,” said Diane proudly. “You guys are gonna have to play catch-up!”

Lee shook her head. “I’ll let you have the lead for a while.”

Terri sucked her teeth. “Forget that! I’m all in, baby!” She waved down a waiter and ordered a large margarita, which turned up in a glass that could have been a small birdbath.

Lee ordered water and a Caesar salad that she ended up sharing with Terri.

It was almost seven-thirty when everyone had finished eating and all the bills were paid. “Anybody want to go with me to the bathroom?” Terri asked.

“I’ll join you,” said Nina. “Come with us, Lee.”

“Uh...sure.” Lee never did understand the female need to pee in a pack. Every time she got hauled off the bathroom with a bunch of women, she got an image of one of them in a stall while the others stood guard outside the door at parade rest, like secret service agents.

The imagery was interrupted when Terri spoke on the way to the restroom.

“What’s going on with you?”

“What?” Lee asked. “What did I do?”

“Nothing,” Terri sighed, “and that’s the problem. We all saved the seat across from Logan for you, and you’re just sitting there like a lump. You haven’t even spoken to him directly.”

Lee felt her face go hot with embarrassment. How could she say anything to him in the middle of all their mutual friends? She had overheard Jermaine telling Logan that they were going to get him hooked up at some point that night. She’d wanted to throw something but managed to restrain herself.

“Seriously,” Nina said, holding open the bathroom door and letting them in before her, “you’ve got to at least talk to him tonight.”

Lee wanted to defend herself, but there was nothing to say. She’d been sitting across from Logan for the better part of an hour and she’d been hard-pressed to think of anything to say that wasn’t cliché or awkward. So she ate in mostly silence, contributing to the conversation about the NBA playoffs and not much else.

If dinner was any indication, she was going to blow her one chance.

“Damn,” she hissed, “you guys are right. I don’t have a clue here. I’ve never even talked to him about anything besides schedules, meetings, and the World

Series. What am I gonna do?”

“First of all,” Terri said with a wicked grin, “we’ve got to get rid of this shirt.”

“Wait a minute!” Lee shrieked swatting her hands. “All that’s underneath is a lace camisole! That’s practically underwear!”

“It’s June in Florida, you can afford to show some skin,” Terri muttered, getting back to the task of removing the T-shirt.

“What if I’d only been wearing a bra?” Lee asked as she adjusted the thin straps of her turquoise camisole.

“Please,” Terri scoffed, “I know for a fact that you don’t wear underwire unless you’ve got a gun to your head.”

“And we’re getting rid of this damn ponytail,” said Nina, tugging the band out of Lee’s hair.

Lee’s head jerked back as her curls hesitated to release the ponytail holder.

“Here,” said Terri, pulling something out of her purse, “this shade will be great on you.”

Lee flinched when her friend began to smear the lipstick on her mouth.

“Calm down, it’s just makeup, it won’t hurt you.”

“Says you, last time I tried to put on mascara I scratched my cornea.”

Nina snorted out a laugh.

After the lipstick, Terri brushed on some rouge.

“Perfect,” Nina said when she removed her hands from Lee’s hair. She placed her hands on both shoulders and turned her toward the mirror.

Lee had to admit she looked good. The makeup wasn’t heavy; she still looked like herself...just a little more colorful. Her light brown skin looked great against the turquoise camisole and her curls fell over her shoulders.

“Wow,” Jermaine said when she returned to the table. “You look kinda hot.”

Lee rolled her eyes. “Thanks, Jermaine...*kinda* hot was exactly what I was going for!”

Jermaine shrugged. “What do you expect me to say, Lee? Remember that night you came to my house for poker night? You kicked all our asses and then...what was it you said?”

Lee shrugged. “I don’t remember,” she lied.

“I do!” said Eddie. “All the guys were talking about going home broke and Lee said, ‘If I wanted to play with *bitches* I’d go to a gay bar and have whiskey sours with a bunch of lipsticks.’”

“That’s right!” laughed Jermaine. “Now every time I have a poker night, attendance is contingent on you *not* being there. You can’t just pick and choose when you’re gonna be a girl.”

Lee glared at him. “I’m not a girl, I’m a woman. I’m *always* a woman.”

“Well,” Jermaine said leaning back in his chair, “right now, you *definitely* look it.”

Across from her, Logan chuckled.

Great, she thought. That quote from poker night wasn’t going to help change the way Logan saw her! Damn Eddie and his accurate memory! Why was he so fucking bitter anyway? She’d loaned him back his money when he came up short for his car payment that month, and it had only taken him three months to pay her back. She hadn’t even charged him interest!

“Okay, everyone!” Nancy announced. “We’re gonna hang out at Beach Blues until the other clubs open.”

Lee wrinkled her nose, she wasn’t really into Blues.

“It’s just for an hour,” whispered Terri.

“I guess I can suck it up for an hour,” sighed Lee.

Chapter Three

Time: 2118 (9:18 pm)

Location: Beach Blues Bar, on the island.

Mission: Wait for the *decent* clubs to open.

The one saving grace about being stuck at Beach Blues for an hour was that the televisions were tuned to the UFC fight. It was early yet for the main event, but the pre-fights were entertaining enough. When they walked in there was a large table in front of the band area available. The club was tiny, so they were also sitting by the front windows. Outside Maegan was on the phone. The way she was pacing made it clear that the conversation wasn't exactly pleasant. Lee's feet hurt just watching the petite brunet pace back and forth in those sky-high heels.

Lee zoned for a while. They'd lost Eddie, who was much too young to be bothered hanging out with them at a Blues bar, and was also invited to a poker game across town. Lee almost wished she'd bailed like Eddie had, the music wasn't exactly her taste, but she was mostly surrounded by friends and she had to make nice. Turns out the attractive Hispanic woman named Kate was Diane's

friend and neighbor. Her husband was deployed and her oldest daughter, fourteen, was babysitting the younger two. Lee swore Kate must have had that teenager when she was a teenager herself because she barely looked thirty. She had long jet-black hair, wide hazel eyes, and thick pouty lips painted a shocking red. She was tall, around five foot nine, and had curves for days.

From the looks of it, Jermaine had also noticed Kate. Lee remembered he had a penchant for the hot Latinas, and had to smirk when she spotted him concentrating on Kate instead of his beer or the conversation.

Lee still wasn't ready for a drink. She'd never been drunk in her life, and she wasn't planning on starting anytime soon...and certainly not tonight. She had to stay lucid or she'd miss her opportunity.

Speaking of opportunity, Logan was sitting beside Jermaine, chatting easily and completely oblivious to her quiet despair. Lee glanced back at the television. The women's round was starting.

Finally, Lee thought with a sigh, *something to watch*.

"Hey," said Terri returning to her seat from a trip to the bar. She handed Lee a club soda and started sipping on her own. "What's the deal with Maegan?"

Terri glanced out the window at Maegan who was still on the phone, but pacing faster now. Maegan wasn't in the military, but she was a damn good social worker with seemingly infinite patience. She also had a constantly sunny

personality. Maegan had flowing black hair and large brown eyes. She was petite because she worked out all the time, the woman even taught a spinning class three times a week. Lee still thought there was something off about Maegan. She was always smiling and that smile was capped and bleached. She would never tell her age, but her crow's-feet betrayed her, no matter how many layers of makeup she caked on her face. Maegan's clothes were always in style, her heels were always high, and she was very brand-conscious. Lee tried not to judge, but she couldn't help thinking that Maegan was shallow. Then again, Lee herself was so much the opposite, that it was no wonder she thought less of Maegan's blow-dried, made-up, salad-nibbling personality.

"I think she's talking to her boyfriend," Terri said.

"The guy in California?" Lee looked back at the UFC fight with a sigh. How'd she gone from watching two women beat the lights out of each other to watching Maegan and her long-distance boyfriend drama?

"Yeah," said Terri. "He just left but I guess he's not so happy about her being out on the town with us."

"He's got some nerve," Lee muttered. "It's not like he's here to take her out himself."

Terri shrugged. "I guess he's the jealous type."

"Do you think he has a reason?" Lee glanced at Maegan. She was in her

usual uniform, a form-fitting dress and high heels. “She did show up late for dinner. Maybe she wasn’t so interested in hanging out with us tonight.”

“I don’t know about all that, but you know Maegan is a flirt.”

Lee nodded. That was true.

Terri laughed. “I bet she’ll get a huge flower arrangement delivered to the office on Monday.”

“Yup,” said Lee, “it’s funny how her flowers are delivered to the front desk, but when Duke sends you flowers, you’ve got to go down to the basement to get them.”

“What, you think she’s fucking the Teleflora guy?” asked Terri.

Lee took a drink. “I’m not saying all that, I just think its suspect.”

“Look!” Terri said pointing outside. “She’s getting into her car!”

“I know she’s not about to leave without saying good-bye!” snapped Lee.

“Well, you don’t know a damn thing because she just put it in reverse!”

Lee forgot all about her drink and the fight. Instead she watched Maegan’s little white BMW pull out of the parking space and leave the lot. “How rude!” she scoffed.

“I think that flower arrangement just got even bigger!” Terri giggled.

Lee smiled, in spite of herself. She really felt Maegan should have said good-bye to Diane, it was her going-away after all! Lee looked down the table at Diane.

From the looks of it, she was feeling too good to care about Maegan's faux pas.

Diane was looking down at a shot of clear liquid in front of her. Nancy had the same thing and was trying to hand Diane a lime. There was a salt shaker on the table between them.

"What the hell is this?" Lee asked, pointing it out to Terri.

"Oh! I forgot. While I was at the bar getting these," she held up her half-empty soda, "Jermaine came up and said he was going to get Diane a shot of Patrón because she's never had it before."

"More tequila?" Lee said. "I don't think Diane needs any more tequila tonight."

Lee watched as Diane rotated the shot glass, the lime wedge, and the salt shaker around in front of her. "How do you do this?" she asked.

"Lick it, drink it, and suck it," Nancy told Diane.

The entire table erupted in raucous laughter. Nancy glanced around, eyes wide in surprise. "What? I'm just telling her how to take the shot."

Lee couldn't stop laughing. Nancy was completely unaware of how those words in that order sounded coming out of a slender blonde, soccer mom.

"That's not what it sounded like!" Terri shrieked wiping at the tears under her eyes.

Nancy's cheeks started to flush and she rolled her eyes. "Don't make me an

old woman just yet,” she said with a smile. “I grew up in New Orleans, back when the drinking age was eighteen. I bet I’ve got more practice than anyone else at this table.”

“You do have a big-ass margarita maker!” Terri relented.

“Damn right,” Nancy said with a firm nod. “Now let’s take this shot and get outta here.”

“Where are we going?” Nina asked, picking up her lime.

“Wet Willy’s.”

Lee tried not to show the distaste that she felt on her face. She’d never been to Wet Willy’s before and had never planned on going. She’d seen the commercials filled with sweaty dudes watching sweaty girls dance with each other, all set to house music. *Yech*.

“It’ll be fun,” Terri said patting her hand. “Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried,” Lee snapped, picturing in her mind the tiny tanned women in that damned commercial.

Terri didn’t respond because she was busy taking pictures of Nina, Nancy, and Diane taking their shots.

Chapter Four

Time: 2235 (10:35 pm)

Location: Wet Willy's, a club on the island.

Mission: Loosen up, already!

Wet Willy's was an open-air bar. It made Lee think of a giant tiki bar with a stage. Half of the bar was outside because the place was *literally* on the beach. Most of the women came off the beach, bikinis and all, to belly up to the bar.

There was a cover band playing Bon Jovi songs on the small stage. Nancy and Diane were close to the stage swaying to "You Give Love a Bad Name" as they leaned on each other. Terri danced with a random guy who mostly stood with a beer bottle in his hand, watching Terri's tiny figure writhe to the music. Lee rolled her eyes and walked over to lean against a rail beside Nina.

"Want one?" Nina asked holding up her half-empty beer bottle.

Lee shook her head. "Nah, I'm good. Cool, the fight is on." The main UFC event was finally on and playing on a large screen above the main bar.

"You watch that?" asked Nina.

Lee smiled. “No basketball on tonight is there?”

Nina laughed. They liked to give each other a hard time since Nina was a Houston Rockets fan and Lee was a Detroit Pistons fan. The two of them watched a large dark-skinned man with a bushy beard pummel a smaller, leaner Hispanic guy. “Hardly seems fair,” muttered Nina.

Lee nodded her agreement just as Diane hurried up to her and grabbed her arm. Nina was close behind.

“Omigod, it’s *him!*” Diane hissed.

“Who?” Nina asked glancing around.

Lee scanned the crowd, trying to figure it out who exactly had Diane’s panties in a twist.

“That sexy First Sergeant...the Army guy.”

Lee gasped. “The one with the eyes?”

“Yup,” Diane confirmed.

“Ooh,” they all chorused.

Due to an incident with one of his troops, the Sexy Shirt had been in and out of their clinic for over a week. Lee had been the first one to see him, since she was on the front desk the first time he’d visited. The man was so handsome there should be a law. He was 6’4” tall, had copper skin, high cheekbones, and an amazing smile. There was not an ounce of fat on his body, evidenced one Friday

when he came by in fitted jeans and a white t-shirt. All those attributes were just fine, but his eyes were the kicker. Those eyes were heart-stopping, a curious mixture of gray, green and gold, and framed with long ink black lashes.

Every single woman in the office knew when he was around because whoever was on the desk would call back to Diane's office so she could let everyone know. While most of them silently worshipped him or stared openly, Maegan would flirt, touch his arm, giggle, and toss her black curls over her shoulder so often one would think she'd strained her neck by the time he walked back out the waiting room door.

The man was sex walking. It was hard to tell if he was Hispanic or a mixture of other ethnicities, but it didn't really matter. All that mattered was that piece of man-candy was a *frickin'*-mazing!

"He's at the bar," Nancy informed them.

Diane laughed. "Maegan is going to be mad she missed him!"

All heads turned to the crowd shouting orders at the bar. There, standing a head above the tittering women and the various men eyeing those women was the Sexy Shirt. At the moment he was leaning on the bar, in fitted dark-wash jeans and a white button-up shirt. There were subsequent oohs, ahs, mms, and even a "damn".

"What's everybody looking at?"

Each of them jumped, startled out of their silent reverence. Lee turned to Jermaine standing right behind her.

“That First Shirt is here,” she explained.

“Our Shirt?”

“No,” said Lee looking back to the bar.

He seemed confused for a moment as he glanced in the direction everyone else was staring. “Oh, the one all the women in the office drooled over for a week?”

“Uh-huh,” Nina grunted.

Jermaine rolled his eyes. “I still don’t see it.”

“Why you always hatin’?” Lee teased.

“I’m not hatin’...I’m just saying, he’s nothing special.”

“Well,” Nina said, tearing her eyes away from the bar to focus on Jermaine, “no one says anything when you’re drooling over that girl with the Spanish accent.”

Jermaine took a swig from his beer bottle and shrugged. “She’s sexy as hell.”

“She’s also a patient,” said Lee.

“Wait, wait!” Nina said, handing Lee her beer bottle. “How does it go when you see her name on the schedule?” She licked her lips and gave a wicked grin as she turned to face Jermaine full-on. She clapped her hands together, as if in prayer and cast her hazel eyes to the thatched roof above. “Please let her be in civvies.

Please let her be in civvies. Please, *puh-leeze* let her be in civvies.”

Lee was still laughing as she handed Nina back her drink. Even Jermaine had to laugh. “Have you seen her ass in jeans, though?”

“We’ve all seen her ass in jeans. I mean, you staring at her ass in those jeans,” Diane contributed.

Nina and Lee leaned into each other as they collapsed in laughter again.

Jermaine shook his head and walked off again. On a riser toward the back, Logan and Kate were talking and laughing.

“Speaking of asses,” said Lee turning to face Diane. “I dare you to walk by him,” she pointed directly at the Sexy Shirt, “and graze his ass.”

Diane blushed furiously. “No way!”

“Not enough tequila yet?” Lee teased.

Nancy snorted a laugh.

“Fine, anybody else dare to do it?”

“Why don’t you do it?” Terri asked.

Lee crossed her arms and smiled. “I came up with the dare. She who dares it, doesn’t have to do it!”

Nina laughed and took the last swallow of her beer. “Fine,” she said with a grin. “I’ll do it. I need another drink anyway.”

Lee laughed as her friend walked off toward the bar. Unfortunately he was

no longer leaning over the bar. That would have been too easy. Now he was standing beside a stool chatting up a smoking hot redhead. All the women watched Nina walk up to the bar and swing her arm just so, the back of her hand skimming from one back pocket across to the other. Lee and Terri giggled while Nancy and Diane gasped.

He turned around to Nina who smiled and said something only the two of them could hear. He smiled at her and turned back to the redhead. Nina gave them a wave and a wink before she leaned over the bar to place her order.

“Does it feel as good as it looks?” Lee asked when Nina returned to their group.

“Better,” groaned Nina.

Both women leaned against each other in a fit of giggles.

“What’s so funny?” Logan asked walking up to them.

“We just saw some people we recognize. You know how weird it is seeing people out of uniform sometimes,” Lee answered quickly.

“Yeah. Hey, not to insult anyone, but I’d like to go someplace that plays music from this century.”

Terri nodded. “Yeah, I’m kinda over the Bon Jovi.”

“Why don’t we go to Club Overtime?” Nina said. “That club is brand new and seriously hot right now.”

“Let’s go then,” Terri said.

“I’m getting tired,” Nancy sighed. “I called my daughter and she’s picking us up from here.” She motioned toward Diane.

“Nooo!” Terri whined. “Don’t punk out on us!”

“Leave her alone!” Nina said hugging Nancy. “If they want to go home, let them.”

“Every time we leave a place, we lose people!” Terri sighed.

“I’ll see you guys on Monday,” Nancy said hugging them all and waving to Jermaine and Kate. Diane quickly did the same and followed her friend outside to where Nancy’s oldest daughter was waiting to drive them home.

“Well, who’s driving?” asked Nina.

They split up into two groups. Jermaine drove Nina and Kate in his Caddy and Logan drove Terri and Lee in his truck.

Terri shoved Lee into Logan when she got into the bench seat. He winked at her when their thighs pressed against each other and she felt her cheeks heat and a clutching in her gut that warned she was wasting her one chance.

Chapter Four

Time: 2315 (11:15 pm)

Location: Club Overtime, a dance club on the island.

Mission: Get some liquid courage to help with the loosening up.

“One-dollar drinks?” Lee repeated over the thumping music in Club Overtime.

The bartender leaned closer, making his biceps flex under the black t-shirt. “One-dollar drinks until midnight!” he said with a nod.

It took about two seconds for Lee to produce her bank card. “Vodka cranberry...start a tab!”

He gave her a dimpled smile and turned around. Cute, Lee mused, gazing at his ass. Too bad all bartenders flirted shamelessly to up their tips. She could never take anyone working behind a bar seriously.

“What are you drinking?” Terri asked, coming up beside her.

“Just about everything considering drinks are a dollar apiece!”

Terri’s eyes went completely round. “Hell yeah, I’m starting a tab!”

“Don’t bother, I already started one...just put it on mine.”

“So generous,” said Terri clasping her hands under her chin and batting her eyelashes.

Lee put an arm around Terri and squeezed. “You are so worth it!”

Two vodka cranberries in, Lee gazed around the club from her seat at an empty table; most of the tables were empty since almost everyone was dancing to “Clothes Off” by Gym Class Heroes. The lighting was awful, as were the neon accents. The roof was low due to the fact that most of the space was upstairs in the sports bar...there were windows and everything up there! The dungeon feel was a bit disconcerting, but the music was up-tempo and the crowd was definitely into it.

Kate and Jermaine were farther up the bar flirting shamelessly. Lee wondered how she did it. How did Kate work it so easily? Surely it helped that Jermaine was inexplicably drawn to Hispanic women with sexy accents, and Kate was definitely that. She had long black hair that looked wet and wavy. Her jeans were positively painted on and her red shirt showed plenty of cleavage.

Lee tried not to think about the fact that Kate was already married. Who was she to judge? She pined over a married man for years.

Lee sighed and looked down at her drink. This was their third stop for the night and she’d yet to say anything to Logan. Scanning the crowd, she spotted him

at a pool table. The plan was not working...and neither was what she'd hoped would be liquid courage. Why was it so hard for her to talk to him about anything besides sports or work?

"Don't make that face," Terri said, slipping her arm around her waist and putting her head on Lee's shoulder.

Lee shrugged. "I think I'm ready to go home."

"No way!" Terri groaned, "We just got here."

Lee rolled her eyes.

"Quit being a chicken shit and talk to him already! Wasn't that the point of this whole evening?"

Lee's gaze went back to the pool table. Logan picked up his beer bottle and took a long swig. "I can't."

It was Terri's turn to roll her eyes. "Fine, just sit here."

After Terri walked off, Lee downed the rest of her drink and licked the remnants from her lips. She glanced at her watch, twenty more minutes of cheap booze.

Lee slipped off the stool and made her way through groups of twos and threes to the bar. She ordered another vodka cranberry from the dimpled bartender and waited while he flirted with the girls that had ordered before her.

When she finally got her drink, she turned to see Logan behind her.

“Hey, Terri said you wanted me to walk outside with you.”

“Uh...yeah,” Lee stammered glancing around to give her friend a glare. Not finding her, her gaze settled back on his face. “I guess I could use some air.” She shrugged.

He gave her a weak smile, took her elbow, and guided her through the crowd. There wasn’t much air to be had in the humidity of an early June night in Florida. Lee people watched as they walked around. Dozens of rail-thin blondes draped themselves over their dates; two brunets danced with each other...about two minutes or a half a drink from making out on the dance floor. A group of scantily clad black girls rolled their eyes at Lee even though they openly ogled Logan. Speaking of haters, she thought, as she rolled her eyes right back at them.

Lee stopped by the stage and watched a group of girls put on a burlesque like show. It was basically a strip tease. Well, if you considered tiny shorts, tinier skirts and tube tops clothes.

“What about her?” Lee said pointing to a slender blonde in white capri pants, black stilettos, and a lime green tube top.

Logan followed her finger and shrugged. “What about her?”

“To get you back in the game,” Lee explained.

He smirked. “I’m not much for blondes.”

Lee nodded. *That’s right, the ex had brown hair.* “Well, everybody wants to get

you laid tonight. It won't happen if you don't start talking to someone besides the people you see every day at work."

"What if I don't want to get laid?"

Lee laughed. "All men want to get laid!"

Logan shrugged.

She silently slipped her drink and continued watching the blonde dance.

"Are you heartbroken?" she asked after a few moments.

"Nah, more like pissed the fuck off."

"Why?"

Logan glanced around and took her elbow. They tucked into a dark corner where the music didn't quite reach.

"Nobody at work told you?"

"No, I mean...I heard some stuff but..."

He smiled, but not really. "She's pregnant."

Lee took a sip of her drink to keep from doing or saying anything to betray her shock. Could she have been so wrong about Logan? She never thought him the type of guy to get a divorce because of an unplanned pregnancy.

"Wait a minute...I thought you guys were *trying* to have a baby!"

"She's four months pregnant."

The gasp she'd previously swallowed escaped this time. "But...but...we just

got back from Iraq in April.”

“Exactly.”

Lee took a deep breath to calm down. She was running the emotional gauntlet: anger, sadness, pity, jealousy. “Damn, Logan, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be,” he growled.

“No...no, I’m serious. You don’t deserve that...six months in a warzone, eating sand, and taking fire...”

“Don’t talk about it like I’m some kind of hero. I was just doing my job.”

“I was there! I *know* what you did.”

There was something more genuine in his smile this time. “I know you were there. Every guy in my tent talked about you for six months.”

“Huh?”

“Yeah, you were a popular topic...especially the fact that you didn’t give any of them the time of day.”

Lee laughed and ran a hand over her hair. “I wasn’t interested in sneaking around for a few quick fucks.”

“You’re better than that.”

She smiled. “I’d like to think so.”

Logan’s fingertips brushed through her hair and she held her breath. “You are.”

Lee blushed. “I just don’t get it,” she said studying his face. “What happened between you two?”

Logan dropped his hand. He’d been leaning into her but he suddenly stood straight. “The deployment, most likely. This was our first separation...I mean two-week TDYs here and there, but no remotes or deployments until this one. I guess she got lonely, or bored, or...”

“Idle?” Lee offered.

“Yeah...what’s that saying? The devil makes work for idle hands.”

“Or other body parts,” mumbled Lee.

Logan chuckled.

“Sorry,” Lee said quickly, “I shouldn’t joke.”

“It’s okay. I’m not that sensitive about it.”

“Seriously,” said Lee, “Maybe it’s the mental health tech in me, but you have to feel *something*.”

“Regret,” quipped Logan.

“So, a while ago you told me that you’re shy. If you are so shy how’d you two get married in the first place?”

Logan studied the empty beer bottle for a second and Lee almost told him he didn’t have to answer the question. “We dated on and off in high school. Then I left and went to Basic Training. I graduated and started training and one day I

called her up and proposed.”

“Oh,” Lee said with a grimace. “That’s the wrong time to make relationship decisions, after six weeks of showering with a bunch of guys.”

“I know.”

Lee shook her head. How many of their patients had made that same mistake? Then they came in depressed or angry with serious marital problems. It was a wonder *anyone* in the military stayed in their first marriage. Then again, maybe it was nice to have someone to share a life with, unlike her who’d never had a relationship that lasted more than four months.

Logan sighed. “I just feel like I stayed out of obligation. I loved her but I’ve known for years that something wasn’t quite right.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Lately I’ve had this feeling that I’m missing out on something.” His voice dropped and he leaned into her again.

“It was probably just that seven-year-itch thing.”

“No, that was three years ago. That was more of a general malaise than this crippling need to wake the fuck up.”

Lee found that breathing was becoming a bit difficult. “Are you awake now?” she asked.

Logan’s fingers returned to her hair. “Wide-awake.”

She looked up and was lost in the intensity behind his eyes. He leaned down, a fraction of an inch, barely noticeable, except she was keenly aware that his lips were getting that much closer to hers.

“Hey! We’ve been looking all over this place for you guys! We’re headed out to Night Crawl!” Terri exclaimed, shattering the moment and startling them both.

Chapter Five

Time: 2439 (12:39 am)

Location: Proceeding due west on Highway 98.

Mission: One last club before calling it a night.

Lee wanted to strangle Terri's skinny ass. Best friend or not, Terri had interrupted what might have been a kiss...a first kiss. After Terri stumbled into their moment, Logan took a step back and shook his head as if to clear it.

Terri slipped an arm around Lee's waist and dropped her head against her shoulder. "I love dollar drinks," she giggled.

"How many did you have?" asked Lee smoothing the blonde hair away from Terri's sweat-dampened face.

"Fuck if I know," Terri said.

Logan chuckled.

"I had a vodka tonic, a couple martinis, and this *kick-ass* mojito. If I wasn't already married, I would marry that fuckin' mojito!"

"Holy shit," Lee snapped, "I left you alone for fifteen minutes!"

“Yeah, and you picked up the tab...sucker.”

This time both Lee and Logan laughed.

“So,” Terri breathed, “who’s driving?”

“Well, I’ve had quite a bit of vodka so are you good to drive?” She quirked an eyebrow at Logan.

“I’m good. I only had half a light beer.” He took Terri’s other arm and eased some of her slight weight off Lee. “I’ll load her in the truck while you settle your tab.”

“Thanks,” Lee said, turning to walk back into the club.

When she walked out the front door, his beat-up eighties Silverado was parked at the curb. From the splotchy paint, the truck had once been blue, but was now mostly gray undercoating. Terri was seated between them and leaned against Lee as soon as she got her seat belt fastened.

“I’m having a great time,” she muttered. “Thank you so much for coming out with us.”

Lee smiled and smoothed her friend’s blonde hair away from her face again. “No problem.”

“You think she’s going to make it?” Logan asked as he pulled into traffic.

“I’m fine!” Terri slurred. “I’m just getting started.” Her lids were heavy, and around ten seconds into their ride she was asleep, with her head on Lee’s shoulder.

“Should we just take her home?” Logan asked ten minutes later when he’d parked in the lot of their next destination. Around the truck, multitudes of college-aged kids were going into or coming out of Night Crawl, the area’s most popular night club.

“She’d never forgive us.”

“Well, I’m not carrying her in there,” muttered Logan.

Terri pushed herself to sit up and scoffed. “You don’t have to carry me anywhere. Let’s go!”

Lee couldn’t help laughing as she slid out of the cab and helped Terri clumsily do the same.

Terri stumbled over her high heels and used Lee’s arm to right herself. “Fuck, those cheap drinks are kicking in,” she muttered. “Don’t let me drink anything else. I don’t want to puke.”

“Okay,” said Lee. “No more drinks for you.”

They got in for free with their military identification and headed straight for the dance floor. The floor was elevated, surrounded by a black rail, and lined with stools and a slip of a table just the right size for a drink. Lee helped Terri onto one of those stools; unfortunately that was the only one available. That left her to stand behind her friend and watch the people dancing in front of them.

“Let’s dance,” Logan whispered in her ear.

Her nipples pulled tight and she nodded. "I'll be right back," she told Terri. "Stay right here."

Terri glanced back at Logan and smiled. "Have fun!"

The DJ was playing LMFAO, "I'm In Miami Trick," the remix with Pitbull. Lee knew for a fact that Logan grew up in Miami so she wasn't surprised that he knew all the lyrics and could dance. For the first time that night she felt free, like herself. She threw her hands in the air and let the music guide her hips. She laughed when she was bumped from behind and stumbled forward into Logan's arms. Instead of stepping apart again, they continued dancing. Lee's hands found her way to his hair as his hands slid to her lower back. By the time the song was over, neither was dancing any longer. Logan's lips pressed against hers and she gasped. Her surprise gave him the perfect opportunity to slip his tongue into her mouth. Lee moaned and pressed against him. She could feel his erection pressed against her stomach and that fact made her knees wobble a bit.

"Let's see if we can find some privacy," Logan whispered when they broke the kiss. Both were panting, and it wasn't from dancing.

Logan held her hand as they navigated the crowd and finally found a private booth in the far right corner of the club.

The booth was dark because of the white curtain drawn around it. Lee's eyes were wide as Logan slipped in and yanked the curtain shut. He leaned

forward and framed her face with his hands. His thumbs caressed her cheeks for a few seconds before she giggled.

“If you’re going to kiss me, you better hurry before Terri finds us again.”

Logan laughed. “No time to savor the moment?”

“No,” Lee said, leaning forward and catching his bottom lip between hers. He groaned and pulled away slightly.

“Are you sure?”

“Shut up,” she answered.

Logan slanted his mouth against hers. Lee slid her hands up his chest and gripped his neck. She arched into him, pressing her breasts to his chest. Logan grunted, and she slid her tongue into his mouth. Their tongues slid against each other, teasing each other. Logan’s hands left Lee’s face and found her breasts. His thumbs teased her nipples and Lee whimpered as his touch made her panties flood.

Suddenly, they were jarred by a thump against the back of the booth.

“Oh shit,” said a familiar voice. Logan pulled away, his eyes wide. He’d recognized Jermaine’s deep voice.

A light, feminine giggle followed.

Lee’s mouth dropped open and Logan covered a snicker with his hand.

“Come on, *papi*,” Kate’s voice said. “Let me feel what you’ve got and we can

get out of here!”

Lee didn’t know if she wanted to be appalled or impressed at Kate’s forward manner. The woman knew what she wanted and how to get it!

“You know what I’ve got,” Jermaine grumbled.

“I want it in my hands,” Kate urged.

Nothing else was said for a few seconds, but then came the metallic swoosh that indicated the curtain had been pulled aside.

“Excuse me!” a strange male voice boomed. “Did you pay for this booth?”

“Pay?” repeated Jermaine, his voice strained.

“This is a VIP booth, four hundred bucks a night! You’ve got to pay to sit here!”

Lee and Logan’s eyes met and Lee began to slide across the torn black leather to the other side of their booth. She did her best not to make any noise and Logan did the same. Once at the other end, she slid out of the booth without hitting the curtain. Logan grabbed her arm and walked her back to the dance floor. She only caught a glimpse of Jermaine and Kate walking in the opposite direction, toward the exit. Evidently Kate had collected all the information she needed and had made her decision.

“Where’s Terri?” Logan asked, bringing Lee’s attention back to him.

“She was sitting right...” Lee groaned.

“Let’s split up and check the bars,” Logan suggested.



There were four bars around the club. The largest one was in the middle of the room, adjacent to the dance floor. Lee decided to check that one first since it was closest to where they’d left her. Logan headed toward the back of the club.

Lee let out a sigh of relief when she saw Terri sitting on a barstool in conversation with a greasy-haired guy who didn’t look old enough to buy her a drink.

“What are you doing?” Lee asked when she’d reached her friend.

“This guy bought me a drink!” Terri said, holding up a plastic cup with blue liquid in it.

“What’s that?” Lee asked putting her hand over Terri’s and bringing it under her nose to sniff.

“A Blue Goose,” Terri said smiling.

“Don’t drink this,” Lee said, taking the cup and sliding it down the bar.

“Hey!” Young Slick protested.

Lee turned to him and frowned. “Don’t say shit to me. This is my best friend and she’s married to a man who can snap you like kindling. She doesn’t need drinks from you and she sure as hell won’t fuck your skinny ass. Move on!”

“Who are you, her mother?” he asked, stepping into Lee’s personal space.

“No, but I’m about to call your mother if you don’t get back right now!”

“Bitch, you don’t...”

“I know you didn’t just call me a bitch!” Lee shrieked. Terri put a hand on Lee’s arm in an effort to calm her down.

“Is there a problem here?” Logan asked, stepping onto the scene.

Young Slick and Lee both turned to look at him, surprised he’d interrupted. Logan was taller than the guy, and his shoulders were wider. He didn’t look upset, or at all bothered about the fact that they were so close to a physical confrontation, but his gaze was hard as he stared at Young Slick.

“No,” said Lee, “this young man was just telling Terri good-bye.”

“Good,” Logan said, “I think it’s time we left anyway.”

“Let’s get the hell out of here,” Terri sighed, hopping off the barstool, “before Lee puts this little boy to sleep.”

Young Slick looked from one of them to the other, muttered something, and walked off.

“Thanks,” said Lee, smiling up at Logan.

He just shrugged and slipped an arm around Terri’s waist. “Let’s get her home.”

“I can walk!” Terri snapped pushing away his arm.

Terri put an arm around Lee and started walking. Logan rolled his eyes and

followed them out of the club. He got a text as they were helping Terri into the truck.

“That was Jermaine,” he told Lee. “He wanted us to know that he’s taking Kate to her house.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Lee grunted, pressing her lips into a tight line.

Logan shook his head and helped her into the truck. “I think they’ve got the right idea,” he whispered close to her ear.

Lee felt herself blush.

Chapter Six

Time: 0150 (1:50 am)

Location: 2579 Fontera Street.

Mission: Get Terri home.

They pulled up to Terri's house fifty minutes later. They had to fight tourist traffic to get back over Brooks Bridge, which took them off the island and back into town. Then they had to drive almost to Pensacola to get to Terri's house in Navarre.

Logan helped Lee get Terri out of the car. She'd fallen asleep on the ride, and wasn't prepared to wake up just because they'd gotten her home.

"Terri!" Lisa said shaking her by the shoulders. "It's last call!"

"One last shot. Wait...huh?" Terri said, blinking awake.

"Come on," Lee said, putting Terri's arm around her shoulders. "Let's get you in the house. Where are your keys?"

"Ehmapurse," Terri slurred.

"Damn," Lee swore. "Your purse is in the trunk of my car at Club Overtime!"

We're going to have to wake up Duke."

The two of them hobbled slowly to the front porch. Terri was starting to slide down Lee's side.

"Are you sure you don't want some help?" Logan called behind her.

"No, we're good!" Lee called. All she had to do was get Terri in the house and she could figure out what was going to happen with Logan, if anything. "I'm never letting you get drunk again!" Lee hissed as she struggled to get Terri to lift a foot so they could make it up the front steps.

Terri giggled. "You've said that before."

"No," Lee sighed. "I said I was never going to let you get drunk in New Orleans again. I had to hold your hair while you puked in the middle of Lafayette Square."

"Ugh," Terri moaned. "Don't say puke!"

Lee rang the doorbell and prayed the chimes didn't wake up Terri's baby. That's exactly what Duke needed; a sloppy-drunk wife and two kids wide-awake at two in the morning. He would never forgive her.

Duke opened the door and looked from his barely upright wife to Lee. Duke was just as big as Terri was small. He was around six-four with buzzed black hair and piercing black eyes. He was Special Forces, stationed at Hurlburt Field, the base closest to their house. He looked big and scary, but Lee had seen him rolling

around in the backyard with his squealing, giggling daughter. He rubbed a hand over the black stubble on his chin and quirked an eyebrow at Lee.

“I’m so sorry,” she blurted.

His pillow-creased face registered a smile. “No problem, Lee. My girl likes to party and she deserves to get out every once in a while.”

Lee let out a relieved breath when Duke lifted Terri into his arms and walked her into the house. “Baby!” Terri squealed when she finally noticed him. “Oh, baby, I love you so much!”

“Do you need help?” Lee called behind him.

“Nah,” Duke said. “I’m just going to get her some aspirin and water. Then I’ll get her upstairs.”

“Okay, uh, her car is at my house. I’ll drive it here tomorrow.”

“No problem,” called Duke from the kitchen.

“All right, uh...bye!”

Lee backed out of the door and shut it. Terri was so lucky to have such a cool husband.

“Where to now?” Logan asked once she’d climbed back into the truck.

“Take me home, please,” sighed Lee.

“Okay,” said Logan, his voice tight.

Lee watched him start the car and smiled. “Will you drive me to pick up my

car tomorrow after I drop Terri's car back here?"

He smiled at her. "Sure, what time do you want me to take you?"

Lee hesitated a moment. "Why don't we talk about that after breakfast?"

Logan hit the brakes, hard. Lee gasped when he threw the truck into park and turned to face her head-on. "Are you serious?"

"What, you don't want to spend the night?"

Logan's expression could only be described as struck. His eyebrows came together, then apart again. His mouth opened, and then snapped shut.

Lee was starting to get nervous when he finally spoke. "Of course I want to spend the night at your place, but it's going to change a lot of things between us."

"Maybe I want things to change between us. Maybe I've wanted that for a while now."

Logan gulped audible. "Things will change around the office, too."

"You're not my supervisor," Lee said with a shrug. "We'll figure it out."

Logan turned to stare out the windshield for a few seconds. "What's your address?"

Lee's heart accelerated right along with the truck. She bit the inside of her cheek and savored the pain. *This was happening...for real...no waking up before the good parts, no relying on her imagination.* Logan was taking her home...to bed.

Chapter Seven

Time: 0243 (2:43 a.m.)

Location: Traveling due east on Highway 98.

Mission: Put the night to bed.

“Nice place,” Logan gasped into Lee’s mouth just before she tugged on his bottom lip gently. They’d just stumbled into her house; she was in his arms, legs around his waist, and hands in his hair.

“Thanks,” she groaned, tugging at the buttons on his shirt. Her fingers weren’t cooperating as well as she’d like. Maybe if she wasn’t in a state of hyper arousal she’d be a bit less clumsy, but too late. Her pussy was buzzing and her heart was racing. Finally, she was going to get some!

Logan settled her on her feet and proceeded to operate the buttons that seemed to be outsmarting her. “I’ve never felt this way about a coworker before. I imagine it wouldn’t have been good for my military career if I had.”

“Well,” Lee said, as she tugged open her jeans and worked them down her hips, “I’ve never slept with a married man before.”

Logan smiled. "I signed the papers and mailed them last week, so your reputation is intact."

Lee stopped undressing and stared at him. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah," he muttered, running his hands through his hair.

"Am I some kind of...rebound thing or revenge sex?" Lee made sure her voice was steady, and not as pitiful as she felt.

"No, of course not!"

"That's what you would say, even if it was true!" she accused.

"Yeah, I mean, no....I mean, I'm not thinking about anyone but you. I've had a thing for you for *years*. I just knew better than to try and be one of those sleazy guys that cheats on his wife. I couldn't get away with it."

"I don't believe you."

"So you think I *could* get away with being sleazy?"

Lee rolled her eyes. "No! Before that...I think I would have noticed if you'd had a thing for me."

Logan laughed. "Really? Then how come I got you a purple scarf and knit cap when I was your secret Santa two years ago?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Purple is your favorite color. I remembered, and you didn't even notice."

"I don't remember telling you that."

“I found out.” Logan smiled, “and on the plane to Iraq, you fell asleep leaning on my shoulder. You smelled amazing. You looked like an angel. I almost kissed you then and there.”

“I thought you weren’t sleazy,” Lee whispered against his lips.

“That’s why I didn’t kiss you then.” He leaned forward, pressing his lips to hers. “You shouldn’t be some married guy’s piece on the side. You deserve more and I want to give you more.”

“Really?” Lee asked.

“Most definitely.”

Logan kissed her, long and thorough. His tongue explored her mouth and his hands gripped her ass. “Fuck, you taste good,” he groaned when they separated.

“You taste like beer, but I can forgive that because you’re a really good kisser.”

Logan chuckled. “Where’s your room?”

“I can’t remember yet,” Lee mumbled, going up on her toes to instigate another kiss.

While their tongues wrestled, Lee tugged at his jeans.

“You in a rush or something?” Logan whispered against her lips.

Lee smiled. “Maybe a little,” she admitted.

“Let’s slow down for a second,” he said, holding her wrists and pulling her hands away from his fly. “Let’s start by finding your bedroom.”

Lee blinked a few times as Logan stepped away from her. “Uh...okay. It’s the third door on the right.” He laced his fingers through hers and led her down the hallway to her bedroom.

Lee was thankful that her room was actually clean and she’d made her bed that morning before work. Usually she didn’t bother since she was the only person that lived there. No sense in putting on airs for herself...not that Logan was interested. As soon as they got into the room, he slid his fingers along her bare belly and began removing her camisole. Lee nibbled her bottom lip. Her breasts were nothing to be ashamed of, it was just the fact that she was almost completely naked in front of Logan Wentz. She’d imagined it, dreamed of it, but now that it was happening, she was suddenly nervous.

“Beautiful,” Logan growled, holding her breasts in his hands. He ran his thumbs across her erect nipples and chuckled when she gasped. “I like the sound of that.”

Lee waited patiently while he undid her jeans and pushed them down her legs. She stepped out of them and noticed Logan remained on his knees. He hooked his fingers to the sides of her black lace underwear and pulled them down. Lee could feel herself shaking as she stepped out of those, too. “Yeah, you’ve got to

be an angel.”

“Shut up and take off your pants,” Lee said, rolling her eyes.

Logan chuckled as he shook his head. Once he was also naked they collapsed onto her bed, connected at the lips, his hands in her curls and her hands all over him. As soon as she'd seen what he had to offer, she'd gasped again and wrapped a hand around him. He was big, bigger than she expected, hard, and ready. Her pussy flooded with need.

Logan worshipped her dark, sensitive nipples, making her cry out. Her entire body was pulled tight in anticipation. His lips and tongue were wonderfully talented. Then he moved lower, and lower again. He spread her legs and opened her with his fingers.

Lee's hands fisted in his thick brown hair when he went to work. She'd never in her life felt anything so amazing...and talk about thorough! Logan's moans almost matched hers, he seemed to enjoy himself immensely.

Her legs had gone to jelly...not that she could remember how to walk if she tried. As it was she could barely remember how to speak. Lee gasped, groaned, grunted and made weak attempts at praise that turned into moans halfway through any given statement.

She was vaguely aware that she'd pulled the sheet clear of the mattress, but that was only because she could feel the mattress cover under her hands. Feeling

was the limit of her capabilities at the moment. Speaking was asking too much. When his tongue retreated and he sucked gently on her clit, the tightness in her body released. Lee screamed when her orgasm overtook her. Logan gripped her shivering thighs and caught her essence on his tongue. Once her body steadied and her breathing slowed, he pulled her against him.

“Condom,” he whispered. “I don’t have one.”

Lee pointed to the night table behind him. “There are some in the drawer,” she panted.

Logan found one quickly and sheathed himself before moving over her. Lee’s body was slow to yield to him, even with the natural lubrication he’d coaxed from her. She didn’t exactly get around. There wasn’t much time for dating between work and school. That was why most of her relationships lasted no more than a few months - her priorities didn’t leave much room for lengthy complicated relationships.

Lee cried out when Logan was securely inside her. She stretched around his invading member.

“Are you okay?” His deep blue eyes searched her strained face.

Lee nodded. “Never better,” she sighed.

Logan laughed and trailed kisses along her neck and shoulder. He pulled back until the head of his dick was just inside her, and then plunged back in. It

was easier going the second time, making them both groan. He was buried within her, filling her up and her pussy pulsed, clutching at his cock until he had to pull out again or risk an embarrassingly early finish.

Lee was being driven to another orgasm and it was almost too much to take. She cursed, and groaned, and trailed her fingernails down his back. When his cock left her, she tightened her ankles behind his back in an attempt to bring him back to her.

“Harder,” she begged, “fuck me harder!”

He didn’t need any further encouragement. Logan increased his pace. The walls echoed the sounds of their ecstasy. His curses joined hers and they both cried out as the friction drove them both over the edge.

Logan collapsed onto the bed beside her and gathered her to his side. “Let’s get some sleep,” he whispered, after dropping a kiss on her head.

Lee didn’t have to be told twice.

Epilogue

Time: 1319 (1:19 pm)

Location: 2579 Fontera Street.

Mission: Return Terri's car.

"What the hell is this?" asked Terri the next afternoon when Lee showed up with her car. Her hair was mussed and she was still in her pajamas.

Lee followed Terri's finger, pointed directly at Logan who was waiting in the truck. "He's giving me a ride."

Terri's pretty face twisted into a smirk. "I'm assuming he gave you a ride last night, too."

Lee smiled. "Maybe he did, and maybe twice this morning."

Terri laughed and pulled her into a tight hug. "I'll see you at work on Monday...that's assuming you'll be able to walk."

Lee rolled her eyes.

"I want details!" Terri called after her.

Lee jogged to the truck and hopped in.

“That was quick,” said Logan.

Lee glanced back at Terri, who was standing on her front porch, arms crossed, staring directly at her. “Yeah, I think I’m going to have to take leave next week.”

Logan laughed. “We’ll take turns. That’ll probably be the only way to keep everyone out of our business.” He pulled her hand to him and pressed a kiss against it. “You know this is going to be a total pain in the ass.”

“Totally worth it,” Lee breathed.

The End

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Author Bio:

Destiny Wallace grew up in North Carolina. She's been writing stories since the first grade. After graduating high school, she spent four years in the military. She currently resides in Florida with her husband and children.

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