

## TROLLING NIGHTS: INTERLUDES

“The First Weekend”

“Always Sweet”

“Welcome Home”

Savannah J. Frierson

Smashwords Edition

Trolling Nights: Interludes

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## **THE FIRST WEEKEND**

It was their first weekend in Charleston, and they were acting straight fools. Tim Capshaw relished the opportunity, especially considering only a week had passed since their return to the States from a mission in the Congo. One of his teammates had barely made it out alive, irrespective of the fact only a fractured collarbone was evidence of his harrowing ordeal. When he and his best friend Ulrich Brown had discovered they'd been the top two scorers on the Team to be part of this new Navy program, neither man had been too thrilled about missing missions despite the fact they knew they'd go with the Team if an assignment required all hands on deck. Tim was a SEAL, trained to go where no one else could, not sit in a classroom all day doing advanced-level math. Yet since that foray into the Congo, both he and Ulrich now welcomed the break.

Tim laughed, shades firmly in place. He and his other classmates, all members of the other Virginia-based SEAL Teams who'd scored the two highest scores, hadn't had a drop of alcohol yet, but they were all drunk on life. Charleston was a beautiful city, if humid as hell, which was why he and the rest of them were currently shirtless in his and Ulrich's living room. After taking a walking tour of the city, then eating a kickass dinner at the Kickin' Chicken on King Street, they'd decided to come back to the apartment and play a pickup game of flag football on the grassy area behind their building. The sweat pouring off them made it seem as if they'd cannonballed into a pond fully clothed, but Tim was glad to know it was still possible to get a rush tackling a guy for the ball (even though it *was* flag football) as he could jumping out of a plane in the dead of night.

It had been Ulrich's idea to don the glasses and pretend being Stevie Wonder singing "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" at the top of their lungs, except only Ulrich and Trey knew all the words beyond the title,

so the rest either hummed off-key or imitated Simon Cowell by telling them their singing sucked monkey balls. Well, Trey's did; Ulrich actually had a pretty decent voice.

An hour later, the eight of them were walking into a roadhouse-type bar, *The Barrel*, eyeing the scene with excited anticipation. Tim ran a hand over his blond hair as his eyes swept the area, stopping at a booth where a group of women, all but one, threw back a shot of something. It was the one who hadn't who caught his attention, especially given the way she wagged her finger as if in warning. When she smiled, though, showing straight white teeth and a sparkle in her eyes, Tim's breath whooshed out.

"Damn, jackpot, huh?" Ulrich whispered from beside him, his and the others' attention finding that table with the beautiful women.

Tim continued to stare at the inky-hued woman with curves for days and no-nonsense radiating from her, especially when the other women danced off onto the

floor and she watched them like a mother hen worried for her chicks. Yet instead of heading to the group like the rest did, Tim made his way to the bar, ordering a bottlenecked beer, and sat on the stool, well aware he'd just found something he infinitely preferred to study more than nuclear equations for the next six months.

## ALWAYS SWEET

It was quiet in the living room...too quiet. The silence made Bevin's heart beat double time and abandon the sink full of sudsy water and dirty breakfast dishes she'd wash just to put in the dishwasher for added assurance. Stillness on a Sunday morning wasn't rare, especially as her roommate was sleeping off her Trolling Night hangover in her bedroom. Nevertheless, she went into the silent space to see the tall, muscular, far-too-fine-for-her-peace-of-mind white man staring at the bookcase, a blanket folded against his chest, a slight smile on his face.

"You're so cute," he said, his grin widening as he turned to look at her.

"What?" Bevin asked, forcing herself to stay where she was; she'd be less likely to make a fool of herself if there were distance between them.

He smiled broadly at her before turning back around and touching the picture frame that held the image of his interest. "You and your mother."



She smiled as well, knowing which photo he meant, and approached him so she could look at it also. “Third grade, bake sale. Mama finally let me help her in the kitchen. That was a kickass gingerbread house if I do say so myself.”

There was a soft snort. “Bet you dipped in the mixture and everything,” Tim teased, his green eyes sparkling with mirth, his two crooked front teeth charming her more than Bevin cared to admit even to herself. Instead, she looked away with mock indignation.

“I shall neither confirm nor deny that statement...”

He laughed, the sound deep and rippling through her. “You so did!”

She turned back to him, almost gasping at the way a shaft of sunlight through the high window caught the blond tresses of his short-cropped hair. He seemed glow, radiate, like some golden god, and it had Bevin throwing him an awkward smile to mitigate her fleeing back into the kitchen.

“Do you still bake?” he asked, following her, pausing to place the folded blanket on the sofa.

“Yep, every morning, bright and early.”

His eyes dropped to her chest where the coffeehouse logo was emblazoned on the shirt, lingering far too long as her nipples tightened under his gaze.

His lips quirked. “For *The Grind*?” he asked, moving his eyes back to hers. They were much darker than before.

“Yeah. Me and Rosita,” she replied, hiding against the sink as she finished her chore.

“Hmm,” he murmured, and before she knew it, he’d buried his nose into the crook of her neck and inhaled. “No wonder you always smell like sugar.”

He didn’t linger, backing away to grab to paper towels and dampen them before going to the breakfast table and wiping it down. It took her a full two minutes to remember he shouldn’t be doing that.

Tim was a guest, after all, no matter how bizarrely he'd come upon that status; or the fact part of her wished he'd stay longer...and not on the couch.

## WELCOME HOME

Timothy Capshaw wanted his wife and he wanted her *now*. After thirty-two hours of nonstop flying, he wanted to climb into bed and hold her soft, warm body against his; inhale her scent into his nostrils; feel her love seep into his soul. But he couldn't do that.

Because she wasn't here.

There was no reason for her absence, in his mind. It was pushing eleven on a school night. She was taking classes at Old Dominion to get her MBA in Business Administration. Not only that, *nobody* was home—not even his two-year-old son Kerry. He'd called the Brown household, relieved when Rosita answered the phone.

"Yeah, she had some sort of function, so I'm watching the babies! Welcome home—*mmm...*"

Tim had rolled his eyes and said he'd speak to them later, irrationally angry Ulrich was getting to do with his wife what Tim wanted to do with his own.

That had been thirty minutes ago; and as the clock skipped past eleven, his pacing had become frantic. How long did these things last, anyway? What the hell kind of school function lasted well into the night?

His body stopped dead, frozen, when the front door opened. His eyes locked in on her, his wife, barreling through the door, the leather jacket opened because, though late, it was still summer, her purple top fitted to her torso. His eyes immediately fell to her abdomen, to her bump that represented where their second child grew.

“Tim!” Bevin Capshaw cried, rushing towards him only to stop abruptly, her arms stretched out wide as the strap of her purse dangled helplessly at her elbow. “What’s wrong?”

“Do you know what time it is?” he asked quietly. There was no book bag on her back. “Where’ve you been?”

Bevin drew back, cocked her head to the side, and pursed her lips. “Excuse me?”

“Where. Have. You. *Been?*”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m slow!” Her lip curled dangerously. “Or a misbehaving child. I’m neither.”

Tim breathed deeply to control his ire and rein in his relief that she was here and safe. This was not how he’d envisioned this reunion going.

“You scared me, Bevin,” he whispered, looking at her mutinous expression. “It’s late and you and my son weren’t here. I couldn’t get in touch with you—”

“So, you got a taste of what I go through whenever you go out on a mission, eh?”

Tim clenched his jaw. He knew she was just saying that because she was on the defensive; and yet, that didn’t negate her point...or his.

“You should’ve called,” he said, then shook his head when she let out a sharp laugh.

“How? I don’t ever know when you’re returning! I’m not putting my life on hold for you, *Timothy*.”

His body stirred at the use of his full name, yet he stalked closer, almost within arm’s reach. “Where’s Kerry?”

“With Rosita, as you well know,” Bevin said, crossing her arms at her chest.

“Why isn’t he with you?”

“I have a test tomorrow and Rosita offered watch him for me.”

“She offered to watch a two year old and an infant so you could *study*?” Tim asked skeptically. “Where are your books?”

Bevin’s eyes widened and she shoved her hand toward the next room. “On the coffee table—why are you interrogating me?”

Tim glanced at the living area, where Kerry’s multi-colored building blocks were in disarray on his play mat and thick textbooks were, in fact, on the coffee table. “Why are they there instead of with you?”

“Wasn’t supposed to bring them.”

Tim narrowed his eyes. Something wasn’t sitting right with him. “Where were you again?”

“Mulligan’s Bar,” she heaved on a sigh.

“I thought it was a school function.”

Bevin just rolled her eyes this time and started walking towards the bedrooms. Tim grasped her arm and whirled her to him firmly, her momentum causing her to bump into his body. They both hissed, Tim closing his eyes at the feel of his wife against him. His other hand grasped her other elbow, not letting her be free of him. After a moment, Bevin relaxed against him, her arms wrapping around his waist.

“It was a study session/study break. A trivia night of sorts of what we’d be tested on. It was surprisingly fun and I feel ready for the test.”

Tim held her close, dropping his face to the top of her head. “I was frightened when you weren’t here. I didn’t like that feeling...” He’d been looking forward to seeing her, counting down the days, hours, minutes, seconds, until she was in his sight. To come home and realize his countdown had been extended had made him almost lose his mind.

“If I’d known you’d be here, I would’ve called, Tim,” she promised, pulling back to look him in his eyes. Hers



filled with tears, and he used his thumbs to brush away moisture that had escaped down her cheeks. “I’m so happy you’re back, though.” She pulled back further, her eyes scanning his form. “Unscathed?”

He gave a crooked smile. “No more scathed than I was when I left.”

Bevin chuckled and sagged against him. “That’s good.”

“So, how did you get there if Rosita didn’t go with you? The car was still in the drive.”

“Javier gave me a ride—”

“*Javier?!* ” A name like that meant trouble because it was male—the guy’s sexual preference be damned.

Bevin pinched the small of his back, causing him to bite back a curse. “I *know* you aren’t jealous!”

“You’re out with another man!”

“Oh, my *goodness!*” Bevin cried, prying herself from his embrace and holding out the sides of her jacket. “Look at me! If this belly ain’t a ‘claimed’ sign, I don’t

know what is—never mind the rings on my finger!” she added, shoving said finger out toward him.

In that moment, a possessive urge so strong gripped Tim, and he hauled Bevin back up to him, kissing her hard. She gasped against his mouth, whimpering, although he was too busy trying to literally *claim* her to pull back and see to her needs. It was hard to imagine, after close to three years of marriage, Bevin still didn’t know the effect she had on men. He didn’t even trust Roberto around her even though he was every bit the younger brother to Bevin that he was to Rosita and had been in a committed relationship with another man for almost a year. If this *Javier* person took her to this study session, then obviously he and Bevin were friends, which meant Bevin trusted him, which meant there was another man watching over her when he was off doing Uncle Sam’s bidding.

He’d have to ~~interrogate~~ meet this fellow ASAP.

“No,” Bevin gasped out, finally wrenching her mouth from his. “You don’t get to touch me and kiss me until

my bra melts to get me to stop being mad at you! If you don't trust me then we have a problem!"

"I trust you," Tim said immediately, moving his lips to her jaw bone and down her throat. "It's everyone else—"

"That line is so tired and cliché. And a lie." She shoved him away, and he moved only because he respected her and her hormones were...mercurial. "I think you should sleep on the couch tonight."

At that, Tim smirked, and then he threw back his head and guffawed. If she thought he would sleep on the *couch* after three months of her not being in his arms, she was heading for disappointment. Bevin crossed her arms underneath her breasts again, then huffed and spun around to the bedrooms. Tim followed directly behind, but he'd been too distracted by the sway of her hips and ass to prevent the door from slamming in his face.

"Bevin!"

"*Couch!*" she hissed through the door. "Welcome home!"

Tim glared at the door and tamped down the urge to kick it like Kerry would do when he threw one of his tantrums. Okay, so *maybe* he'd handled it a little wrong, but a married man didn't come home to an empty house at ten-thirty at night without some trepidation and wait for a half-hour more for someone to arrive; and the fact his wife was filled with such righteous indignation made him irritated and horny as hell.

He took off his shirt and let it drift to the floor. "I'm sorry, Bevin," he said against the door, the front of him completely smooshed against the white faux wood. "Baby, I'm tired, cranky, and still amped up from the mission, and I was so excited at the prospect of seeing you and my babies. You didn't deserve my frustration, and it was my fault for wanting to surprise you instead of calling you like usual. I know you would've called if you knew I were here; that was unfair of me. And I know you love me...and I know nobody can put it on you *like* me because I *love you so much*—"

The door opened. Bevin had tears streaming down her face while the red tank she wore rode up over the belly bump and her green bikini panties made her look like the embodiment of the Black National Flag.

“You punk,” she whispered at him, hitting his chest with her fist as she snuggled into him. “How can you be cocky and sweet at the same time?”

Chuckling, Tim kissed her temple and squeezed her gently. “It’s a gift.”

She tilted up her head and gave him a peck on the lips. “You’re still sleeping on the couch.”

“What?!”

“I have a *test* tomorrow!”

“You know what would knock the anxiousness right out? Dirty monkey sex with your hubby—ow!”

Bevin had popped his bicep hard. “Behave! You wouldn’t want anyone talking to your daughter like that!”

His heart instantly seized and his arms tightened around her. “*We’re having a girl?!?*”

Bevin's eyes widened again, but then she giggled and snuggled into him once more. "I don't know. I didn't want to find out without you. It was merely hypothetical, baby."

And just like that, Tim fell even more in love with his wife. Again. This seemed to be an hourly occurrence where she was concerned, especially when she said or did something so utterly cute and adorable. Or considerate. Or breathe. Yeah, it didn't take much...

She yelped and giggled again when he picked her up off the ground and carried her to the bed. He hovered above her after he lay her down upon it, the soft glow of the single lamp on the nightstand making her look ethereal. Tim really and truly wanted his wife to do well tomorrow, but he wanted to be inside of her even more.

Bevin poked out her bottom lip and cupped his cheek. "I'm still mad at you..."

Nodding, Tim closed his green eyes and began kissing the heel and center of her palm. "I understand." He almost cheered when she bucked up against him to meet

his hips, which he'd started pumping as he loved her hand.

"I hate this is so easy for you—you just look at me and I melt!"

Tim did chuckle at this, not even concerned about the glower she sent him. He buried his face into the crook of her neck and inhaled. She smelled like the bar—smoke, beer, and her—sugar. It reminded him of the first time he'd ever held her in his arms, during that dance at *The Barrel* all those years ago. And he was just as breathless now as he'd been then, especially with Bevin carrying his seed again. He'd only wanted to get to know her then, drawn to her because she'd been bored and alert at the same time, holding court with her friends and their suitors yet inexplicably absent of any herself. That she'd been so wise and so naïve had been an enigma to him, and he'd wanted desperately to be the one to show her all she didn't yet know.

What he hadn't expected was her showing him a thing or several also, mainly love. He honestly hadn't thought

it in the cards for him, and he'd never had to work so hard to get a woman to go on a *drive* with him, let alone anything else. But she'd showed him the gold standard of relationships, her parents, and he'd discovered he'd have to come with it or go home if he wanted her to want him in return. It hadn't been hard to fall in love with Bevin so quickly; but it had freaked her out, she who'd resolved herself to spinsterhood at the age of twenty-seven.

And now she was a married mother of soon-to-be two.

His hands molded over her swell, of the child she was growing within her. He'd been fascinated when Kerry was inside of her, and he was no less fascinated now. It blew his mind how someone so small, comparatively speaking, could do something so mighty. He helped save the world on an almost quarterly basis, but he could never do what she did.

It was humbling as hell.

"You want it to be a girl?" she asked, trailing her fingers through his curly blond locks.



He smirked at her, pressing a little against Bevin's belly so he could feel his child move. When he did, his smirk softened into a smile and he kissed Bevin's navel.

"I want it healthy and happy and whole. If it's a girl, though, I'll have to quit the Teams."

Bevin snorted and laughed, shaking her head. "You're a Neanderthal! Ulrich has a girl and he's still a SEAL!"

"Rosita is also Sancha's mother," Tim reminded her.

"This is a true and accurate statement—Rosita's crazy!" Bevin said, guiding his head from her belly up her body as he kissed her torso. She moaned when his lips found her nipples through her tank and suckled on them briefly. She had the most gorgeous pair of breasts he'd ever seen in his life, particularly when she was pregnant. She began squirming and Tim groaned, grasping her hips to keep her still; but then he caved to his own desires and teased his thumbs along her slick cleft, pulling the crotch of her panties aside.

Bevin's breath hitched and he grew harder in his pants. They'd needed to come off hours ago, but he'd been too distracted with worry, relief, anger, lust, love.

"My test..." Bevin trailed off, helping him get as unclothed as she was, but he went for broke instead of stopping at the underwear stage. He dragged the tip of his hardness against her exposed slit, and her legs opened wider.

"You're so goddamn gorgeous, Bevin; I can't believe you're mine," he breathed. Bevin reared up to kiss him, and he grasped her to him so she wouldn't fall back. Instead, she straddled him, she bent backward over his arms because the height difference made him lean forward to kiss her as he wanted—completely and totally. Bevin moved her head away so she could remove her tank, her breasts bouncing out of the shelf bra and onto her torso. Tim immediately cupped one of the topsoil globes in his hand, nipples hard and the color of onyx against such sable skin. She was his personal garden; no

other seed but his would take inside of her, and it made the gardener in him want to strut.

“In your mouth,” she gasped, pressing her chest against his palms. “I want them in your mouth!”

His lip curled with lust and pride. She’d certainly learned how to own her sensuality during the time they’d been married. She’d almost been scared of it when they’d first begun discovering each other, unused to having such powerful feelings, let alone having them because of someone else or for someone else. Now she could be downright *bossy* at times, and Tim wouldn’t want her any other way. To know he could please her meant she would have no reason to stray, and he would have no reason to use his military training on civilians.

Instead of going directly for her breasts, however, Tim nibbled her bottom lip first while positioning her over his length. His teeth and shaft teased both sets of her lips until she was groaning and seating herself fully onto him.

“Fuck!” he gritted out, feeling the wet tightness of her around him. He’d *missed* being inside of her so much!

This was the coming home he'd wanted—*all* the way home in his wife and her love. Her tongue slipped into his mouth and he suckled upon it, mimicking the way her channel seemed to do that with his hardness. Bevin began twisting her hips and he used his hands to help guide her. He loved it when she rode him, when he could cuddle her against him until every part of themselves was intimately connected. Humming his adoration for her, he finally began his descent from her mouth to her breasts, taking detours at the pulse point in her throat, laving each part of her clavicle with care, anointing the valley of her breasts with his tongue. Bevin cooed, keened, and gasped at his loving, her hands clenching and unclenching in his hair with the same rhythm her inner walls clenched and unclenched around his member. When he finally closed his mouth around one hardened nipple, her hand and walls gripped him hard.

“Yes!” she cried, pulling his head closer. “Suck me!”

Her breasts would grow even more sensitive during pregnancy, which certainly worked to his benefit because

it was one of his favorite places on her body. In fact, Tim didn't know if he didn't have a favorite place on Bevin Capshaw. Every inch of her was perfection, all feminine thickness the way he knew God intended. She wouldn't break under the intensity of their love even if her lack of height might make many think otherwise. He couldn't have dreamed her up any more perfectly.

“I missed having your taste in my mouth, sugar,” he whispered against her nipple when he let it fall out of his mouth. He had to adjust them with her on her back because he needed to come *now*. Not only because he felt he were going to explode in any second, but she did need her rest for her exam tomorrow. He began pumping furiously and Bevin held on for the ride. She kept their mouths fused together and she gyrated her hips at such a way that had Tim almost climaxing before he was ready—before *her*. He always did his best to make sure his wife reached satisfaction first, if not together; but sometimes the little minx would get sassy and turn the

tables on him so he'd have to be creative to help her achieve her release.

Chuckling, Tim linked their fingers together and brought them over her head. "You have an exam tomorrow, honey; I have to break you off first tonight." Not that the long way wasn't *fun*.

Bevin pouted but groaned when he thrust deeply inside of her, brushing her cervix. "Trying to tell the baby hello?"

"Getting her prepared for what she'll hear after she's born," Tim panted on a snicker. "She needs to know her parents have the hots for each other early so she won't be scarred when she hears you calling my name!"

Bevin laughed and grazed his chin with her nose. "So, you want to traumatize *both* my babies?"

"There's nothing traumatic about knowing your parents are completely besotted with each other," Tim replied kissing her mouth lightly. Bevin's face turned so tender that his heart seized in his chest and his arms lost

their strength. He gently collapsed atop her and his hips thrust even more.

“I hope this baby’s a girl who looks just like you, who is the best parts of me and all of you,” Tim whispered against her mouth. “God, I love you so.”

“If it’s a girl, her name will be Violet,” Bevin vowed, the backs of her fingers caressing his face. “After her great-grandmother and the woman who raised the man I love with all my heart.”

Tim kissed her deeply at that and didn’t stop until she shattered in his arms. He held her close as he reached his release, his hips giving one mighty last thrust. Bevin locked her ankles at the small of his back and held him to her as he shuddered on top of her, her kisses and caresses as sweet as she was. Tim moaned and rolled onto his back, taking her with him. Her inner walls continued oscillating around him and he had no intention of leaving her any time soon.

“I’ll give you a ride to school tomorrow and pick up Kerry and maybe even little Sancha from Rosita. I’m

sure Ulrich would like his wife to welcome him the way mine just did,” Tim murmured against her forehead.

“I’m so easy,” Bevin muttered forlornly. “I was supposed to stay mad at you. And sleep.”

“Life’s too short for all that,” Tim said. “I was anxious to see you and scared when I didn’t. Again, I’m sorry for flippin’ out, sugar.”

Nodding, Bevin snuggled into him and yawned. “Apology accepted, baby. We have, I dunno, a few hours. I’m going to fail this test, probably, and that’s okay because my man just put it on me real proper-like.”

“You won’t fail,” Tim declared. “Or else me and the Team will recon the professor and—”

Bevin gasped and popped him gently on the mouth. Tim laughed and kissed fingers and then her temple, rocking her and him to sleep.

**SJF**



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Originally from Blythewood, SC, Savannah J. Frierson has been writing since she was twelve years old, releasing her debut novel *Being Plumville* in March 2007 with iUniverse, Inc. She has released more publications since then, and they are available at all online book retailers or by request at brick and mortar bookstores. For more information about other titles, please visit Savannah's Web site at <http://www.sjfbooks.com> or contact Savannah by e-mail at [sfrierson@sjfbooks.com](mailto:sfrierson@sjfbooks.com).