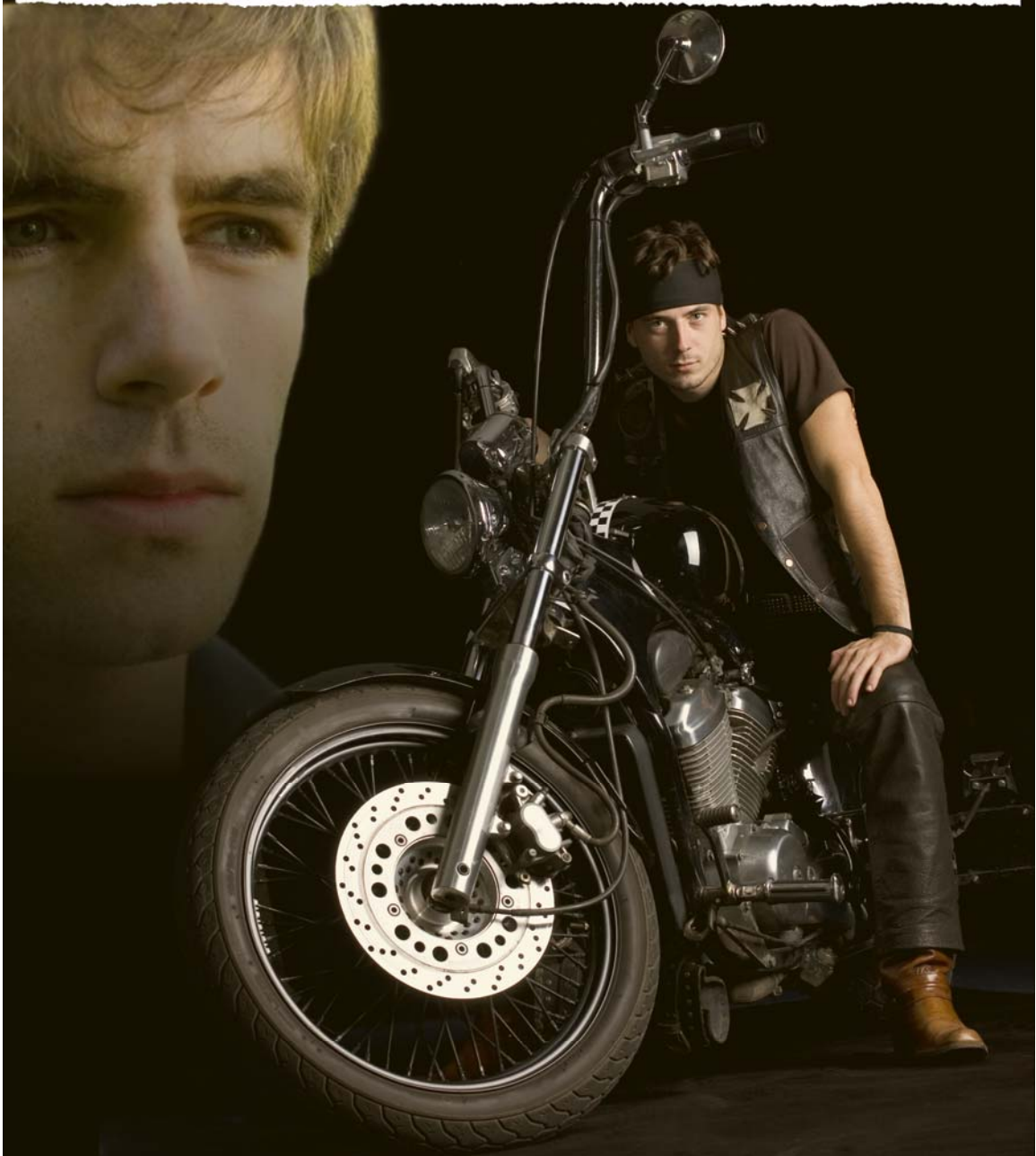


# SECOND CHANCE



**S E L E N A K I T T**

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# *Second Chance*

*By Selena Kitt*

He was at my register every single day at noon with his shaved head and faded tattoos, and it was always the same thing—a sixty-four-count box of crayons, two Slim-Jims and a thing of Cracker Jacks. Lucky and I were sitting in the break room sharing a box of Ho-Ho's for lunch the first time I mentioned it.

"I've seen that guy," she said, her mouth full of cream-filled chocolate. "He's creepy."

"He is not," I protested, already sorry I'd brought it up as I glanced at the clock. We had to be back at our registers by two. "I think he's actually kind of...charming."

"Do all gay men use words like 'charming'. Who says 'charming' anymore?" Lucky rolled her eyes and shoved the box at me. "Besides, charming equals creepy. Look at Prince Charming—he sneaks up to her room to kiss her while she's sleeping? Can you say 'stalker?'"

"You're paranoid." I slid the box back towards her, really sorry I'd mentioned it now. I glanced over, making sure the break room door was closed and no one had heard her mention my sexual orientation. I was out and all, but not *that* out, especially at work. All I'd wanted in the first place was Lucky's confirmation of my suspicion—which had nothing to do with stalkers—that the definitely more-than-charming Cracker Jack guy leaned more my way sexually than hers.

"Better paranoid than dead," she quipped, flipping the lid to the Ho-Ho's open and peering inside. There were three left. "Sounds like this guy is a troll."

"A what?" I crumpled my wrapper and tossed it toward the trash.

"Come on, Ty," she said, taking a bite. "A box of crayons and a bunch of snacks? He might as well be buying lollipops and condoms."

I shook my head at her. “Huh?”

“You should report him, that’s what you should do,” she said, eating half the pastry in one bite.

“For buying crayons and Slim-Jims?”

Lucky swallowed and whispered, “He’s a pervert. A *pedophile*.”

“You’re insane.” I snorted a laugh, getting up and pushing my chair in. “I’m going back to work.”

She was saying something else, but I didn’t hear it as I shut the door. I was sure Mr. Slim Jim had been flirting with me—and on more than one occasion, too. I worked at Wal-Mart. I knew exactly how to do that short, hetero-reserved, guy-friendly nod. I’d practiced it until I had it down perfectly. Mr. Cracker Jack was definitely giving me more than that. I mean, there was friendly, and then there was *friendly*. Not that it mattered, really. I wasn’t about to get involved. Not now. Hell, probably not ever again.

But damn, the man was hot.

And now Lucky had me thinking about him even more. She was wrong, of course. He wasn’t what she thought he was. So he was a little rough around the edges and had strange buying habits—you couldn’t judge someone based on that. Could you?

I found myself standing at my register, ringing up customers and wondering.

\* \* \* \*

There was no room to move in my little efficiency. It had been a year, and I still had boxes stacked towards the ceiling. They made a line in front of the TV in the living room with my handwriting in black marker, now sun-faded, on them—“linen” and

“Katie’s toys” and “books.” They made a perfect make-shift coffee table, though, for my Mountain Dew and cold pizza breakfast while I watched the morning news.

Depressing. Everything was depressing. Detroit was no place to come for a vacation, that was for sure. Not that anyone was. Two drive-by shootings at a fast food restaurant, a smattering of fires, and a man convicted of molesting a twelve-year-old. *Do you want fries with that?* I sighed out loud, and it actually made me grateful to be working in a Wal-Mart instead of a McDonalds.

It could always be worse.

I closed my eyes for a minute, putting my bare feet up on the boxes, and remembered the pungent smells of the Pennsylvania hillside, her little tangled blonde head leaning on my arm, his hand across my shoulder. There was nothing like digging into the dirt of your own land, turning the earth and finding the dark treasure under the surface. I was a long way from that, and I could feel it with every breath of city air.

My cell rang and I reached into my pocket for it. Caller I.D. said *Lucky*. Who else?

I flipped it open. “What?”

“I know it’s your day off...” She started her sentence with a fast plea and I groaned. “But...” And then she didn’t finish, just let it fade out.

“But what?” Damn. She knew I was gonna ask.

“Lee wants me to go with him to Frankenmuth for the weekend,” she admitted.

“Lee?” I sat up, hitting “mute” on the TV remote. “Lee, the guy you said could win the Lotto and grow a dick the size of the Eiffel Tower and you still wouldn’t take him back? You can’t mean *that* Lee?”

"Please, Ty." The tone of contrition in her voice was for my benefit and I knew it. She already had her damned bag packed. "Please, please, please, pretty please, with a hundred boxes of Ho-Ho's on top?"

"Sounds like just one 'Ho' here, girlie." I sighed.

"Yeah, but I'm *his* 'ho..." The sound of adoration in her voice made me relent.

"Okay." Who was I to stand in the way of true love? Or at the very least, a weekend romp up north?

Lucky squealed and I had to pull the phone away from my ear. "Thank you, thank you, thank you! I owe you so big!"

"You still owe me from when you two took off to Mackinac," I reminded her, taking a bite of cold pizza and washing it down with a swig of Mountain Dew—breakfast of champions. "What time are you supposed to be in?"

"Nine." She sounded contrite again.

I glanced at the clock. It was eight-thirty. "You're a bitch, you know that?"

"But you love me," she said, making a kissing noise through the phone.

"Save your kisses for the General," I said, using my nickname for Lee I knew she hated. "I have to go work your shift so you can go get laid."

"Who knows, maybe you'll get lucky this weekend," she said, and I could hear her smile.

"No, that's going to be Lee's job," I retorted. "Have a good time, Lucky."

I clicked "off" and tossed my cell on the boxes in front of me. I'd been looking forward to a day off, thinking I just might have the energy to start unpacking some boxes

without bawling my eyes out—or at the very least, taking a nap and watching re-runs of *Buffy*.

“Heigh-ho,” I whispered, heading for the shower. I was going to have to hustle if I was going to make it by nine, and still, I couldn’t help myself—I ended up jerking off in the shower, thinking about Slim Jim’s bald head and broad, tattooed shoulders, and the thought of his cock in my hand, in my mouth—*oh fuck, buried in my ass*—made me shoot off in just minutes, splattering cum all over the tiles in a white-hot Rorschach. The shower quickly washed away the evidence of my lust, but the images in my mind—they lingered.

\* \* \* \*

I was so pissed off by noon, I barely recognized Lucky’s alleged pedophile going through my line. I had that quote running through my head from *Clerks*—“I’m not even supposed to be here today!”—every time something went wrong. And things just kept going wrong. First off, thanks to my ill-timed but irresistible shower jack-off session, I was late, and our manager du jour was a complete bitch and made a big deal out of it, like it was actually my shift or something.

After that, it was just a bunch of little things—the tape roll took five minutes to get back in and the woman waiting in line with a screaming toddler finally just walked away. I had a guy slam a fifty-pound bag of kitty litter on the belt, and it broke open everywhere and for the rest of the morning, no matter how many times I cleaned it, little gray pellets kept rolling around.

By noon, I was more than ready for lunch. I turned off my light and scanned a box of tampons for the woman in line, turning back and saying, “I’m closed,” to the guy



standing behind her. That's when I saw what he was holding—two Slim-Jims and a box of Cracker Jacks.

He was about to walk away, when I waved him back. "Wait."

The woman, who looked like she had run over from the law offices across the street in her blue pinstriped suit, ran her debit card through. I waited for it to clear and handed her the receipt, giving her my standard, "Have a good day." How much more insincere could it possibly get than the relationship between cashier and customer? I might as well have been wearing a smiley face bobble head.

"Thanks for taking me." He dug his wallet out of his back pocket as I scanned his items and I couldn't help flushing at his phrasing. *Taking me*. God damn. He could take me anytime, anywhere, any way he wanted—I could imagine myself being tossed around like a rag doll under his weigh and, oh jesus, my cock jumped against my zipper like an eager terrier waiting to be let out.

"That'll be two-ninety-two," I said weakly, putting his stuff in a bag as he took a ten out of his wallet. Then I noticed and said something before I caught myself. "What—no crayons?"

"It's Saturday." He gave me a slow, lazy smile, one that made my stomach churn as he handed over his money. Christ, but he was big, like a tank rolling through my aisle.

I gave him a puzzled smile, sorting out his change. "No crayons on Saturday?"

"No crayons on Saturday," he agreed, taking his bag, and I noticed more tattoos on the backs of his fingers—"ride" on the left hand and "free" on the right, both in fading black ink. "You don't usually work Saturdays, do you?"

His eyes were blue, striking, and they were on me, fully. I swallowed and shook my head. "Filling in for a friend."

He leaned on the little ledge where the credit card machine was, his forearm bulging with veins. "So are you off to lunch now?"

"Not a moment too soon," I replied lightly, resisting the urge to look away, but still finding it hard to breathe.

"Want some company?"

There it was, just like that, undeniable and clear—an offer I had to either refuse or accept. I took my time, shutting my drawer, tearing off his receipt. When I turned to him, I noticed for the first time how observant those blue eyes really were.

"Slim Jims and Cracker Jacks?" I asked with a smile.

He grinned. "I can spring for steak and eggs at Denny's."

I glanced around, as if my answer could be found somewhere else. "Okay. Let me cash out. I'll meet you outside?"

"Sure." His stroll to the door was just as lazy and unhurried as his smile and I tried not to watch him walk away, but I couldn't help myself.

I didn't know why my heart was beating so hard. I didn't believe for a minute he was dangerous, like Lucky said. Well, at least not in the psycho-killer sense, in spite of the tattoos and the denim jacket and the motorcycle boots and all. But he was dangerous, all right, at least for me. Part of me knew it and that part was quaking in my own figurative boots.

I cashed out and grabbed my jacket from my locker, smoothing my hair in the little mirror. It was hopeless, of course—the shock of blonde curls on my head never

stayed put, no matter what I did with water or gel. I frowned at the dark circles under my eyes, noted that I looked older than I wanted to at the ripe old age of thirty, and slammed my locker closed.

As the electronic front doors parted for me, I hesitated, realizing I didn't even know his name. He saw me and waved me over, waiting out front just like he said, sitting on the biggest, loudest motorcycle I'd ever seen in my life. It apparently went with the boots.

"Let's walk!" I yelled over the noise of the engine, hugging my arms across my chest. "It's just across the street."

"Are you serious?" He frowned. "Come on, hop on!"

"I can't ride on that thing!" I hated admitting it, but I couldn't. I just couldn't.

"How come?"

"Long story." I took a step back from the bike as he revved the engine.

"All right." He rode the motorcycle into a parking space and I walked over to meet him.

"So what's your name?" I asked as we started across the parking lot.

"Jonah," he replied, pocketing his keys. "You're..." He glanced over at me and made a face. "Tybalt? Really?"

"Ty," I corrected, rolling my eyes and reaching for my name tag. I always forgot about it. I unpinned it and slid it into my pocket.

"Hot-headed?" he asked, putting his arm straight out in front of me to keep me from crossing the street and I smiled at the gesture. We weren't near an intersection, and Denny's was directly across, so we had to essentially jaywalk.

“Me?” I laughed, a sound that surprised me. How long had it been since I laughed like that? “I’m more kitten than tiger.”

He gave me a quick, sideways look, but there was a bit of heat in it and I flushed, hurrying after him across the street.

“I just thought...you know, Tybalt, from the play...” He opened the door to Denny’s, holding it and waving me in. “So your mother was a Shakespeare fan?”

“You read Shakespeare?” I watched him signal the hostess. Her eyes widened slightly and lit up when she got a look at him—not that I blamed her. The man was like a walking god in denim and motorcycle boots. But I couldn’t help the stab of jealousy I felt when she came over and greeted him, touching his arm, laughing and tucking her hair behind her ear as she led us to a table.

Me, I couldn’t be so obvious. I sat across from him in the booth and hid behind my menu until she went away with our drink orders—a Coke for me and an iced tea for him—our hostess now doubling as waitress. I wondered bitterly if she’d traded someone for our table.

“*‘Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once,’*” Jonah quoted, folding his menu and sliding it behind the salt and ketchup.

I blinked at him over my menu. “Are we filming a reality TV version of *Pulp Fiction*? Are you going to pull out a gun and start talking about righteousness and furious anger?”

He laughed, a deep, rumbling sound. “Julius Caesar might have lived if he’d had a gun.”

“You’re certainly well-read.” I raised an eyebrow at him and tried to study my menu. The words were swimming.

“Well...” He shrugged and I was almost pleased to see him looking a little embarrassed. “Actually, I just know that one quote. I thought it was cool back in high school, cowards and valor and all that. I probably just said it to impress you.”

I didn’t say anything as the waitress set down our drinks and tried, again, to flirt with Jonah. He smiled and nodded and told her to come back for our order and I sat there, feeling very pleased with myself for no reason at all.

“My brother’s name is Romeo,” I admitted, peeling open my straw.

“Oh no, you’re kidding me!” Jonah grinned. “Do you have a sister named Juliet?”

“No sisters. Thank god she just had us two.” I snorted. “So is there a story behind your name? A whale, maybe?”

He chuckled, squeezing lemon into his iced tea. “No whales. No brothers or sisters, either. Just me.”

“Your parents?”

He shook his head and shrugged, his eyes on some distant point as he drank. “They’re dead.”

“I’m sorry.”

The appearance of the waitress again kept me from moving past perfunctory platitudes.

Jonah ordered. “Southwestern skillet. Extra spicy.”

And so did I. “Chocolate chip pancakes. Extra syrup.”

I think the waitress finally got the hint, because she disappeared quickly this time.

"Sweet tooth?" Jonah remarked as she left.

"I'm afraid so." I smiled.

He appraised me slowly. "Doesn't show." His gaze moved heatedly, darkly down, pausing at my mouth and I had a feeling he was wishing the table wasn't in the way of his assessment.

"Fast metabolism." I shrugged.

"What do you weigh?" He leaned back in his seat, draping his arm across the back of the booth. His bicep was twice the size of my own. At least. "One-fifty?"

"I'm probably half your size."

He nodded. "Just about."

"I could never bulk up," I admitted, sipping my Coke. "I tried pretty hard, too, back in college. What's your secret?"

The waitress arrived, carrying a tray, and started setting dishes down. Jonah was eating before she'd even set my syrup on the table.

"Well, the military helped," Jonah went on, ignoring her altogether, his mouth half-full of eggs. "But it's probably mostly genetics."

I spread butter liberally on my pancakes. "You're in the service?"

"Was," he corrected, waving the waitress away when she went to refill his iced tea.

I hid a smile as I poured syrup. "Army?"

"Navy." He swallowed, those striking blue eyes sharp again. "What about you? I don't imagine Wal-Mart is your chosen career path?"

"No." I shrugged. "But it pays the bills for now."

I waited for the next obvious question—*what do you do?* I didn't want to talk about college, a wasted engineering degree, which would somehow lead to my life with Don and Katie. No, I really didn't want to talk about any of it.

Instead, Jonah surprised me with a less obvious but even more shocking question: "So, are you out?"

I swallowed a sticky mess of doughy chocolate chips, washing them down with a long drink of Coke that tasted like battery acid and made my eyes water. "Mostly," I admitted, recovered enough to answer. "Family and friends, but...my job, not so much. You?"

"I, uh..." He grinned, looking sheepish. "I was an equal opportunity sorta guy for a long time. But I've sort of narrowed my field of interest over the years."

I snorted, pushing the pancakes away from me. I was entirely too full already. "Being gay in the Navy is a rather frightening stereotype."

He winked, scooping up the last bit of his eggs with a spoon. "The Village People just liked the uniforms."

"Well, I don't blame them," I replied, winking back.

His laugh, like everything about him, was irresistible. Then he surprised me again. "I want to take you home."

His words completely disarmed me and my cock throbbed when I looked into his eyes. I had to admit, I wanted it too. If it had been ten years ago, even five, I probably would have. Instead, I said, "I have to get back to work."

"I know. Me too," he agreed, wiping his mouth with a napkin, his eyes never leaving mine. "But I still want to."

"I'd like to come home with you." Yes. God, I wanted it, too. What harm was there in the admission? But the silence that followed was dangerous. In that silence, we were already on his bike, back to his place, clothes and trepidation both dispatched. During that pause, we had already sucked and fucked our way to a blissful oblivion. I couldn't let it go on. Clearing my throat and reaching for the check, I said, "Well, I have to punch back in..."

"I'll get it." Jonah stood, digging into his pocket and pulling out a few dollars to leave on the table for the waitress.

"So where do you work?" I asked after the bill was paid and we were walking back across the street. Damnit, I didn't want to go. I didn't want *him* to go.

"Bouncer." We stopped at his motorcycle and I watched him swing his leg over. "Pays the bills."

"It's a really nice bike." I ran my hand over the chrome. Just the smell of the exhaust when he started it made my throat constrict.

"I'll take you for a ride." He put the kickstand up and fastened the helmet he'd retrieved from the back. "Any time."

I shook my head, the desire too strong to bear, stepping back. "I can't."

He nodded and gave me a little smile. "Maybe next time."

*Next time.*

\* \* \* \*

"All right, I just gotta know. What are the crayons for?" Jonah showed up in my line again on Monday and after yet another conversation with Lucky about him, I just



had to ask. He shrugged as I bagged and handed his purchase over. “The Slim Jims and Cracker Jacks I can attribute to an usual palate. But crayons?”

“You really want to know?” He waved the receipt away and I dropped it into the trash basket. “Then tell me why you’re so afraid of motorcycles.”

I blinked, swallowed, scowled. “I never said I was afraid of them.”

“Prove it.” Jonah’s smile spread slowly.

“How?” But I knew. Of course I did.

“I’ll pick you up tonight at seven.”

I retrieved the receipt from the trash and used the pen resting on the ledge of my register keys to write down both my phone number and my address. All the while, Jonah looked very pleased with himself, as if he’d known I couldn’t resist a challenge.

Damnit.

It was a three-minute conversation at most, and we couldn’t linger any longer—already the woman behind him in line was sighing, rolling her eyes, shifting her considerable weight as she nudged her cart closer and closer to my register. My hand didn’t even brush his as he took the offered receipt, tucking it into his wallet before slipping it into his back pocket. But the encounter was long enough for my cock to grow and begin to throb insistently in my shorts.

It didn’t even ebb when Lucky glanced over as she rang someone up in her line and made a face, sticking her tongue out at Jonah’s back as he walked away. I didn’t care what she thought. I didn’t even care what I thought.

The truth was, I wasn’t thinking at all.

And it felt fantastic.

\* \* \* \*

I buzzed him up and spent the time it took him to get up the stairs standing at the door with my hand on the knob, too nervous to do anything else. Besides, I wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. I had no intention of letting Jonah see my only-half-unpacked mess of a place.

“Hey,” I said, opening the door just wide enough for me to slide through and close it behind me. “Ready?”

“Born ready,” he agreed as I turned to put the key in the deadbolt to lock up. “You?”

He moved in behind me, his knee easily finding the weakness between my thighs and parting them as he pressed my belly against the door, his weight making me gasp. I felt his cock against my ass even through layers of denim and shuddered as his hand reached around and squeezed the crotch of my jeans, probably just confirming what he already knew. I was as hard as granite.

Oh fuck. We weren’t even going to make it out to the parking lot, let alone out to dinner. I’d been afraid of this, but anticipating it, too. At least I wouldn’t have to prove anything by riding behind him on the motorcycle.

“I think we should eat in,” he growled, using his palm to rub the head of my cock, the friction through the denim creating an unbearably pleasurable heat.

“I don’t know...” My mouth hesitated, but my body didn’t. I arched back against him and he decided things when he turned the doorknob and spilled us both into the foyer.

“You’ve got the prettiest little mouth,” he breathed, shutting the door and pressing me, this time, on the other side of it. His kiss was hard, bruising, but I took it and begged for more, moaning and sucking at his tongue as we each toed off our shoes and fumbled with each other’s buttons and zippers, finally giving up and doing our own.

“Bedroom is that way,” I gasped, nodding in the general direction. At least the bed was made and there weren’t as many boxes. Jonah moaned as I wiggled my hand down into his briefs, discovering that he was just as big there as he was everywhere else.

“We’d better go now, or we’re never going to make it,” he murmured.

It was practically a race. I think Jonah followed and didn’t lead only because I was the one who knew where I was going. But he had me down on the bed the instant the bedroom door was open, down on my belly, his hips again grinding, but this time our pants had slipped down and his cock was free. I felt it rubbing against the crack of my ass through my boxers and shuddered. Christ, he really was big.

“Take them off,” he insisted and then stood, the weight of him gone. It was both a relief and a disappointment. I rolled over to see him shrugging off his jacket and tossing it aside, then sliding his jeans down his hips. He wore briefs, the tidy-whitey kind, and his cock tented them quite nicely.

I slipped my jeans down slowly, my boxers, too, and saw his gaze shift between my legs. His hand was already moving over his crotch, rubbing and shifting the bulge there. I was nowhere near as big as he was, but he seemed satisfied enough as he reached out and grabbed hold of me with a warm, generous squeeze.

I sat up on the bed, sliding my ass to the edge, and worked to get his briefs down. He let me as he peeled off his t-shirt and, aside from his socks, stood there gloriously naked. He had more tattoos than I could possibly grasp in one sitting, but the overall mosaic result made my cock pulse and weep with lust. His stomach was a thick, fuzzy washboard and I wanted nothing more than to lick the dark line of hair trailing down from his navel.

Jonah looked down at me, running a hand through my hair, tilting my head back so our eyes met in the dimness. The blinds were closed and the sun was somewhere out there, low on the horizon, far away from our heated encounter.

“Pretty mouth,” he said again, his voice hoarse, his thumb finding its way between my lips. I sucked greedily, my eyes never leaving his, my hand drawn to his cock, wrapping around his sizeable girth. I knew what he wanted, and I wanted it, too. On my knees, I was the perfect height to take him, and I spent some delicious tongue time licking him free of pre-cum, only to discover more.

Jonah sighed softly, letting me take my time, enjoying the journey. His hand moved in the mop of my hair, guiding me a little, forcing me deeper, pulling me back, the slightest direction, steering his pleasure through the rhythmic valley of my mouth, over the soft rise of my lips.

When my pace increased and I became more intent and full of purpose, I felt his hand tighten on my scalp, but I didn’t stop. The spongy throb of his dick head made me crazy, and the slick slide of his thick, veiny shaft pressing past my lips was electric, jolting through me, the sensation vibrating down my chest, hardening my nipples and my cock.

“Ahhhh fuck,” he whispered, biting his lip and sliding out of my mouth with a thick, wet popping sound. “Not yet. Not yet.”

I whimpered in response, nuzzling my face against his crotch, his pubic hair a pungent nest of wiry softness. His balls were tight and I licked the ridged sac like a cat looking for milk.

“Get on your knees.”

When I looked up at his direction, puzzled, he said, “On the bed.”

I moaned softly, but I did as he instructed, crawling up onto the mattress on my hands and knees. I didn’t say a word when he went straight to my night table drawer and found what he was looking for, but I felt my ass clench in both excitement and trepidation. I’d taken some substantial cocks before. Don had been a good eight inches. But Jonah... Jonah was a giant compared to Don.

“Oh god,” he whispered, sliding his hand over my hip and down the globe of my cheek. “That is a gorgeous ass.”

I think I blushed. If I were a cat, I probably would have purred. I’m pretty sure I arched up against his hand before he brought it down hard against my ass, making me yelp in surprise.

“I’m going to fuck you, Ty.” I heard his hand, slicking up his cock. I whimpered and nodded against the bed, my thighs trembling just slightly. “But I want your cum. So don’t you dare shoot. You got me?”

“Yes.” I groaned as his finger worked the lube against the tight, humid hole of my ass. The KY was cold when he squeezed it into my crack, but he warmed it up with the

smooth press of his prick up and down that crevasse. I heard the condom go on, but I couldn't feel it.

"Easy now," he murmured, one hand on my hip, the other working the head of his dick slowly against the tight pucker of my ass.

I bit my lip and closed my eyes, feeling my own cock throbbing between my thighs. I wanted to stroke it, but I didn't dare. If I so much as tugged on it, just once, I might come all over the bed, and I didn't want that. More importantly, Jonah didn't want that. *I want your cum*, he'd said, and the thought made me shiver in anticipation as he slipped past the last barrier, that stiff ring of muscle finally yielding to his pressure.

"Ohhhhh yes," he groaned, both hands gripping my ass, easing me back slowly into the saddle of his hips. "Oh god, that's a tight little asshole, baby!"

I moaned and took him, every inch, every swollen bit of him.

"Tell me." Jonah whispered when he was buried in me completely. I trembled beneath him, my hands fisted against the bed covers. "Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me, Jonah," I begged, turning my face so he could hear my panting words. "Fuck me hard!"

He groaned and pulled back, only to drive in again, making me shudder and bite my lip. God, he was big—so very big! I felt stretched beyond endurance, but his cock hit all the right spots as he started to really fuck me, keeping time with my racing pulse.

"You like it hard, you little bitch?" Jonah gasped, the slap of his meaty thighs against mine filling the room.

"Yes!" I admitted, my cock aching. If I didn't touch it, I was going to explode, but if I touched it... "Oh god, please!"

Jonah thrust deep, deeper still, filling my bowels with the hot meat of his prick until I thought I would burst. He growled and bucked and groaned, "I'm going to come!" but I knew it, I knew, and I closed my eyes and reveled in his pleasure and my own. "Take it, oh god, take it, take it!"

"Yes," I said, my voice muffled in the covers. "Yes, yes!"

Oh god, I wanted to come. I couldn't stand it. And before I knew what was happening, Jonah had pulled out and yanked off the condom, expertly knotting it and tossing it aside. Then I was down on the bed, on my back this time, his beefy hand pumping my engorged cock against his waiting mouth.

"Come for me, Ty," he murmured, his breath hot on my dick. "That's it, baby, you like that?"

I moaned my answer, my hand moving over the smooth, rounded swell of his bald head, pressing his mouth down onto my prick. He swallowed my length, oh god, once, twice—*three is the magic number*—and I felt the tickle welling up deep in my balls.

"Now," I warned, thrusting, and he pumped me—hard, fast and furious—to completion, my cum surging up from somewhere near the base of my spine and shooting so far into the air, it landed first on his tattooed shoulder, the next spasm flooding his cheek. I thrust my hips and cried out, my toes curling, my lubed and well-fucked ass clenching with every blissful, shuddering burst of pleasure.

"That was better than thai food," I murmured when the spots had cleared and I could see and hear again.

"I'll say." Jonah grinned, my cum still splashed over his cheek and shoulder. I

pulled off my t-shirt and cleaned him up. He watched me in the fading light, his eyes soft. "But I'm still hungry."

"For thai food?"

"That, too." He stood slowly and stretched. "Got anything in the fridge?"

"Cold pizza."

"Works for me."

We padded naked to the kitchen and raided the fridge, standing with the door open while we folded over cold pizza slices and ate them in two or three bites.

"Hey." Jonah traced the scar on my shoulder, touched another on my thigh.

"What happened?"

So here it was. "An accident."

"Motorcycle?"

Of course he knew. Of course.

I nodded. "It was his bike, not mine." Whatever that meant.

"How long had you been together?"

"Five years." I couldn't believe I was telling him this. The only other person I'd told was Lucky, and I'd been drunk at the time and I'm sure I hadn't made any sense.

"We had a...farm. And a little girl. Katie." Jesus, it sounded stupid when I said it out loud.

"Yours?" Jonah chewed thoughtfully.

I nodded. "Enough. She was his, but her mother had taken off to Europe, somewhere in Spain."



“What happened?”

“The accident.” I shrugged and tossed my last piece of pizza in the box on the counter. I wasn’t hungry anymore.

“Katie wasn’t on the bike with you, was she?”

I looked at him in horror. “No! She was with the babysitter. But Don...he was killed.”

“Oh god.” Jonah winced like I’d hit him. “I’m so...sorry.”

“I didn’t know it for two months.” I lifted my hair, showing him the scar along my hairline. “Closed head injury. I was in a coma for two months. Pretty well bankrupted us...me. They figured I’d never come out of it.”

“But you did,” Jonah said softly.

“Yeah.” I snorted bitterly and closed the pizza box. “I woke up to a dead partner and my little girl gone.”

“Gone?”

I tossed the box into the fridge and shut the door. “They found the mother. She took Katie back to Spain. I had no...legal rights.”

Jonah nodded knowingly. “Damn, Ty. I’m so sorry.”

I looked at him, wondering what he was thinking. He leaned back against the counter, his arms crossed over his chest. I touched a dimple under his ribs. “You have scars, too.”

He glanced down where my finger pressed and nodded. “I got shot.”

“What happened?”

He pursed his lips, his eyes guarded, and I waited.

"I guess this is true confession time, huh?" His smile didn't quite reach his eyes. I just shrugged and he sighed and said, "I told you I was in the Navy?" I nodded. "Seal Team Two."

I raised my eyebrows. "You were a Navy Seal?"

He made a face. "Were being the operative word there."

"What happened?"

He took a deep breath. "A court marshal and a dishonorable discharge."

My eyebrows stayed raised. "Why?"

"Long story short—my team came across a group of soldiers who were raping a woman. I killed the man who was on her at the time."

I gaped at him, trying to imagine. I couldn't. "You shot him?"

"No...I..." He cleared his throat and frowned. "I pulled him off her and...I just...lost it..."

I wanted to put my arms around him but somehow knew it wouldn't be welcome. Not then. Instead, I touched his scar again. "So how did you get this?"

He blinked. "Well...at my court marshal, they said it was an accidental discharge of a firearm."

"Was it?"

Jonah shrugged, studying the piece of pizza still folded in his hand. "I think one of my own men shot me, just to get me to stop. But I don't remember it very well."

"Jesus," I whispered.

We stood there in silence for a moment. Jonah took the last of his pizza in two bites, licking his fingers and looking at me.

“Good pizza.”

I nodded. “There’s a great little place around the corner. Lucky turned me onto it.”

“Lucky?”

“Friend of mine from work.”

He gave me a look and I realized what he was thinking. “A girl. And a general pain in my ass.”

He smiled. “Women.”

“She’s making me go to the company picnic tomorrow,” I said with a groan. “I hate putting on the face.”

“You put on the face every day.” He mock-grinned, pulling his smile up like the Joker’s with his index fingers.

I laughed. “Tell me about it.”

“Want me to go with you?”

I hesitated. “You want to?”

He shrugged. “If you want me to.”

“Ok, can we stop the go-round?” I nudged him with my elbow, but he grabbed hold of it, pulling me close enough I could smell pizza sauce on his breath.

“Sure. You’re going. I’m coming with you.”

“Well, that’s settled then,” I managed before he kissed me and we were down for another round.

\* \* \* \*

"I'm telling you, there's something about him..." Lucky whispered and nudged me as I stood at the food table, taking half a hotdog down in one bite. She made me choke and I grabbed a plastic glass of Hi-C to wash it down.

"Don't do that!" I coughed, crumpling the cup and tossing it at the trash bin. Of course, I knew what she was talking about. Jonah was over at the relay races with a bunch of kids rallying around him. Everyone brought their kids to these things and there were always games. Sue from the bakery department hadn't shown up to run the races, and Jonah had graciously volunteered. "And would you leave the guy alone? He's fine. Trust me. He's *fine*."

"Yeah, I can tell you think so." She gave me a sidelong stare, watching as I took the rest of the hot dog in another huge bite, my cheeks bulging as I chewed. At least I didn't have to talk to her with my mouth full.

"That's quite a talent," she said with a smirk as I grabbed another hot dog. "I bet Jonah appreciates it."

"Shut up," I managed, spewing tiny bits of bun before swallowing again. "Would you just be happy for me, for once?"

She frowned, picking up a cup of orange Hi-C—Wal-Mart sprang for the best high fructose corn syrup money could buy, of course—and sipping it as she looked over at Jonah. "I'm trying to be happy for you. I am!"

"There is no try," I mocked in my best Yoda voice.

"Look at him!" She pointed to the obvious. I had to admit, Jonah was having a great time over there blowing a whistle every time one of the kids had to pass the relay

baton, but I just didn't pick up any sort of creepy vibe off him. Protective, and well, yeah, dangerous, I guess. But not in a bad way.

"So he likes kids." I shrugged. "Hell, / like kids."

She frowned and finished her Hi-C off in a quick swallow. "But you weren't the one jumping up and down to volunteer to spend the day with them instead of your new boyfriend."

I sighed, but what she said hit home. I had to admit it. I was jealous. I was over here gulping down bad hot dogs because I was wishing he was over here, paying attention to me. "He didn't jump up and down," I said anyway, in Jonah's defense. "He volunteered, after a great big silence from the rest of us, I might add—"

"What are the crayons for?"

Her question caught me off guard and I swallowed. "He hasn't told me yet."

"You asked him?" She crossed her arms and her eyes narrowed. "And, what, he just didn't answer? He avoided the question?"

"He didn't avoid it..." My gaze skipped over to Jonah, who was kneeling down now, talking to a little blonde girl wearing a bright pink dress.

"But he didn't tell you," Lucky pressed.

I made a face at her. "We were kind of *busy*..."

"Look." She pointed to Jonah again and I saw him, kneeling now and putting a band-aid on the little blonde's knee. She'd obviously been crying and, as I watched, she pointed to her knee and Jonah leaned over and kissed it. The sight was actually incredibly sweet, this great big tattooed, bald-headed guy kissing a little girl's boo-boo. It reminded me far too much of Don and Katie and I swallowed hard, looking away.

"It's innocent," I insisted, frowning in Lucky's direction.

"I hope so." She sighed and shrugged. "I just... I have a feeling."

"So do I," I countered, looking back at Jonah lifting the little girl in his arms and twirling her around. I heard her squeal in pleasure from here, and when Jonah turned and waved to me, my heart melted.

"Yeah, I know you do." Lucky's voice broke into my thoughts. "But you're feeling it in all the wrong places."

No, the truth was, I was feeling again. I was feeling it everywhere, all over, in all the right places and yeah, all the wrong ones, too.

"Lucky, when you find a guy who can treat you with half as much respect as Jonah has, not just for women and kids, but for the entire human race, maybe you can tell me about your 'feelings,' okay? But until then..." I turned to look at her stunned face, her wide eyes. "Shut the fuck up."

I ignored her, "Hey! That's not fair!" comment as I turned and headed to help Jonah with the relay races. *If you can't beat 'em, join 'em...*

\* \* \* \*

"He's an asshole."

I had to admit, I had been hoping to open my door and find Jonah standing there at two in the morning. I think I'd been dreaming about it. Instead it was Lucky, swearing like a sailor and pushing past me into the apartment.

"Let me guess...the General?" I remarked as she threw herself on my couch. I didn't really look at her until then—my eyes were still full of sleep and I'd only turned on the hall light. "Oh my god, Lucky! Your face!"

"I hate him." She'd been crying, too. Jesus, she was a mess. "I'm never going to talk to him again."

I groaned, sitting on the boxes—my version of a coffee table—and pulled off my t-shirt, using it to wipe at the tears and blood. "What happened?"

"What does it look like?" Tears slipped silently from her eyes, smearing mascara down her cheeks. It was hard to tell what was make-up and what was bruise.

"Okay, what *specifically* happened?" I prompted, getting up and walking a few paces to the kitchen to get ice.

"I was talking to your boyfriend at *The Rusty Nail* and Lee thought I was flirting," Lucky called.

"What?" I came back with a Ziploc bag full of ice and a washcloth, sure I'd heard her wrong. "What did you say?"

"Did you know Jonah fights for money?" She sniffed and accepted the washcloth, wiping her face and even blowing her nose into it before taking the Ziploc bag and pressing it, with a wince, against her eye.

"What?" I asked again, my voice sounding faint, even to me.

"Lee said he made a bet on the fight himself. It was going on in a back room."

I blinked, trying to take in this information. "What does this have to do with your black eye?"

"Nothing, I guess." Lucky looked at me from her one good eye, nonplussed. "I was talking to Jonah after he came out into the bar. Lee told me about the fighting, and well... I went to ask Jonah about it."

“Confront him, you mean.” I snorted, shaking my head. “What is it with you? Jonah’s a good guy. What does he have to do to prove it?”

She swallowed and said, in a small voice, “He kind of did.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I told you Lee thought I was flirting. He’d been drinking a lot. I mean, *a lot*.” Her eyes skipped away from mine and I sighed at her excuse-making. “Anyway, he uh...at first Lee was just yelling, you know, and I was trying to explain, and Jonah tried, too, but Lee got madder and madder and he wasn’t hearing either of us.”

“So he hit you?” I asked. She nodded. “In the bar? With Jonah right there?”

She nodded again, clearing her throat. “Ty, I think Jonah might be in jail.”

“What?” I stood up, nearly knocking the boxes under me flying.

“Well, he hit Lee,” she explained apologetically—and probably rightfully so. If it hadn’t been for her confronting Jonah, nothing would have happened in the first place. “And he hits *hard*, Ty. Really hard. He hit him hard enough to knock him out. And then someone called the cops.”

“Oh shit.” I sat back down, my knees weak now.

“They came and asked all sorts of questions about me pressing charges and I kept saying no...” She averted her gaze again, sniffing and wincing as she moved the ice around on her face.

“Of course,” I snapped, rolling my eyes.

She went on like I hadn’t said a word. “And Jonah, he was talking to another cop in the corner—I was so scared, Ty. The bartender kept saying they were going to arrest him.”



“Did they?” I pressed.

She shook her head. “I don’t know. I didn’t see him again. Lee ended up in an ambulance. He was coming around and yelling at me again by the time they had him strapped on a gurney. Then one of the cops drove me home, and I came here...”

I sighed, moving to sit next to her, letting her put her head on my chest as she started up crying again. What a mess!

Suddenly she sniffed and her head came up sharply. “I should call the hospital!”

“Oh no, you don’t.” I shook my head and my finger at her. “I hope they throw The General in a jail cell after he gets stitched up.”

Her trembling lip and tear-filled eyes almost made me relent. “I just want to see if he’s alive or dead...”

“Tomorrow.” I sighed. “Right now, it’s two in the morning, and you need a shower and some sleep.”

I helped her up and directed her toward the bathroom.

“Are you going to call Jonah?” she asked as she shut the bathroom door behind her and I heard the shower turn on.

I looked at the phone. If he was in jail, I couldn’t reach him anyway. Of course, he had one phone call. Would he call me?

And if he wasn’t in jail...well, I reasoned, the phone went both ways. And it was two in the morning.

“Take a shower,” I instructed, not answering her question. “I’ll make up the sofa.”

The bathroom door opened a crack and I glanced back, seeing Lucky’s good eye peering through.

“Jonah was great tonight,” she murmured with a sniff. “The way he came to my defense...”

I shook my head and smiled. “I told you so.” I opened the linen closet to get some sheets as the bathroom door closed again.

“But I still want to know what the crayons are for!” Lucky called.

I laughed and started making up the couch for her to sleep on.

“So do I,” I murmured, my mind on Jonah, which was the case much more often than not lately.

\* \* \* \*

“Can you take a break?”

When I looked up, there he was, with a sixty-four-count box of crayons, two Slim-Jims and a thing of Cracker Jacks. Lucky said he’d been fighting but he didn’t look any worse for the wear. I glanced around and turned off my light.

“Sure,” I said, ringing him up. “It’s lunch time anyway.”

I met him outside, expecting with some trepidation to see him pulled up on his bike—I never had gone for a ride, like I’d promised—but instead he was just leaning against the side of the building, eating one of the Slim Jims he’d bought and swinging the plastic bag containing the rest of his purchases.

“Let’s go for a walk,” he said.

I nodded, falling into step beside him. “Lucky told me what happened.”

“She’s quite the martyr, that one, isn’t she?” Jonah snorted as we turned the corner on the Wal-Mart, heading around the side of the building. “Want a bite?” He offered the last of the Slim Jim to me, but I shook my head.

“She’s a friend.” I shrugged. “Thanks for defending her.”

“I would have anyway, even if she hadn’t been your friend.”

“I know.” I smiled. “Did you get arrested?”

“No.” He laughed, shaking his head. “The cops here don’t arrest me.”

I raised my eyebrows at that as we rounded the back corner of the building now and started walking the length of the Wal-Mart from behind. “Any reason for that?”

We were just past the dumpster we used for boxes when Jonah turned, his gaze pinning me. “I can’t stop thinking about you.”

I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t really say anything. He was on me in that instant, his mouth crushing mine, his cock so hard through his jeans it felt like a steel bar ramming against my thigh as we kissed. He palmed the denim seat of my pants while the other neatly cupped my cock and balls. I found the button of his jeans and pulled, unzipping him right there, not caring who saw us, or even if I got fired.

“I can’t keep my fucking hands off you,” he growled, unbuttoning me, too. His hand was too big to slide comfortably into my jeans, but it made for an achingly pleasurable squeeze as he tried to get a grip on me before he just yanked the denim down over my hips.

Any thought of protest disappeared the moment my cock was free and in his pumping hand. I was just as eager for him, using both hands to widen his zipper’s divide and slip him out of his briefs. He groaned against my mouth when I rubbed the head of his prick with my thumb, pre-cum sticky on the tip.

“Suck it,” he whispered hoarsely into my ear, but I was already sinking down, gravel biting my knees as I knelt before him, even through the denim, but I hardly

noticed. His cock filled my mouth to overflowing, and I savored his musky scent, hungrily taking as much of him as I could manage. My tongue traveled him, length to tip and back again, even spending a few sweet moments lapping at the fuzzy sacs below, before getting down to the business of getting him off.

I set up an easy rhythm, squeezing and tugging my own throbbing cock as I sucked him, his hand fisted in my hair, giving me just enough direction to be useful, but not enough to throw either of us off. There wasn't a lot of time, and we both knew it, but Jesus, it was good, too good to stop, too good to keep going...

"Ty, oh god, baby, yessss..." He went about fucking my mouth with increasingly hard, insistent thrusts of his hips, punctuating each motion with a fevered grunt. I was dripping pre-cum, so much I could hear my own hand slicking up and down the length, almost as loud as the wet plunge of his cock into my throat. That, coupled with the sound of our own rapid breathing, was the only sound in the world.

"Fuck," he gasped as I added my other hand to the mix, pumping and sucking him at once, determined now, feeling my own climax looking to breach. We set a bruising pace, a furious race, sucking and stroking with a steadily increasing pounding tempo that neither of us could stand much longer. "Oh! Ty! Fuck!"

Yes! That was it! I swallowed the first shuddering explosion of his cum, not really able to savor its peppery tang until the next full blast. He flooded my tongue then, his hips thrusting, thighs tight and trembling, and just looking up at his face pushed me over the edge, seeing his eyes half-closed, his bottom lip caught under his teeth.

I came so hard I saw stars. The back alleyway disappeared and I erupted like a white hot universe exploding into a billion pieces. My cock jerked like a marionette in my

hand I had no control of whatsoever, although I attempted to aim it blissfully into space. When I came back to Earth, Jonah's cock had begun to go slack in my mouth, and I realized I was still painfully on my knees behind the dumpster at work, and anyone at all could come along and see us at any moment.

Jonah helped me stand and we buttoned up in silence, but it wasn't an awkward one. I was tucking my shirt back into my jeans when he pulled me to him with one arm, squeezing me so hard I could barely breathe.

"I don't know what to do about you," he murmured.

I nodded, looking up at him. "I don't usually do this, you know?"

"Me, either." He grinned. "But I want to do it again."

I laughed, punching him lightly in the ribs.

"Easy!" He winced, making a small pained sound in his throat.

Frowning, I lifted his shirt and gasped when I saw the bruises. "Jesus! So you *do* fight for money! What else don't I know about you?"

He shrugged. "I'm an open book."

"Then what are the crayons for?" I asked, raising my eyebrows in challenge as I picked up his discarded bag, his purchases still inside, from the pavement.

"Tell you what..." He smiled, pulling his shirt back down and looking at his watch. "You come with me right now—on my bike—and I'll show you."

"Show me?" I swallowed hard.

He nodded slowly, obviously waiting for me to decide—as if there was a decision to be made.

"Let's go," I said.

\* \* \* \*

I hid my face against his broad, denimed back the entire ride, so I had no idea where we were when he cut the engine. My heart hammered in my chest and my balls ached from the vibration. Or maybe it was just because I was hard again, still so fucking hard for him as he steered the metal monster through traffic, my crotch snuggled up tight against his ass.

“We’re here.” Jonah stated the obvious as the bike’s engine ticked while it began to cool. I slid off first and then he dismounted as I looked around, frowning. A local park—a kids’ playset, a baseball diamond, picnic tables. Jonah started walking and I followed.

“That’s a school.” I was the one stating the obvious now as we crossed the street. The kids were out for recess, most of them running around, either from swings to slides, or playing tag, or just giving chase.

“See that little girl over there?” Jonah asked, nodding in the direction of a picnic table. She was little—maybe kindergarten age—and she was sitting alone at a table with a coloring book. No crayons. “Her name is Jessie.”

“Daddy!” She squealed and jumped up as we approached, and I blinked in surprise as Jonah caught her little hurtling body in mid-air. “You’re late! Recess is almost over!”

My fault, I thought with a flush as he set her down and pulled two things out of the bag he’d stashed under his coat—the Cracker Jacks and the sixty-four count box of crayons.

“Yay!” She took them both, running back to the table and sitting down, all business now.

“Jessie, this is Ty,” Jonah said as he sat across from her. He patted the bench beside him and I slid in, smiling cautiously at the little girl.

“Hi, Ty,” she said with a bright smile. “Hey! Hi! Ty! That rhymes!” She giggled, opening the crayons and beginning to color.

I noticed one of the teachers or recess monitors looking over at us. Jonah waved to her, and she nodded, giving him a brief smile before turning her attention elsewhere.

“You like coloring?” I asked, watching her fill the space of Mickey Mouse’s ear with a brand new, blunt-tipped black crayon.

“Mmm-hm,” she agreed, her tongue sneaking out as she concentrated. Then she looked up and said, “My daddy brings me brand new ones every day. I hate the broken kind.” She made a face and went back to her art work.

“You have a really nice Daddy,” I said, swallowing the lump in my throat.

“I know,” she agreed. “He brings me Cracker Jacks too. Open?” She held the box out and Jonah opened it for her, spilling some into his hand and taking a mouthful before handing it back. “Hey!” she protested, peering into the box. “Don’t eat my prize!”

The bell rang and she looked up, crestfallen. “Daddy! No!”

“It’s okay, pumpkin—this is our weekend, remember?” He picked her up and gave her a bear hug until she squealed and gasped for breath—I was familiar with the process. I looked away as they said their goodbyes and the little girl took her crayons and coloring book and Cracker Jacks with her to line up at the door.

"I only get to see her one weekend a month," Jonah said as we walked back across the street. "So her mother and I agreed I could come see Jessie on my lunch hour."

I nodded. Once a month was more than I had ever been offered.

"She's..." I smiled, looking back across the street as they filed into the building. "She's very sweet. I'm sorry you don't get to see her more."

"So am I." Jonah mounted his bike, nudging the kickstand up with his foot. He looked at me. "You ready?"

Was I? It's like riding a horse again, I thought. You just get back on, right? You take a chance and get back on.

"Ready," I agreed, climbing on behind him and holding on tight.

*The End*



## ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company ([www.excessica.com](http://www.excessica.com)) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals five kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of “exceptional literary quality,” out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read “blind” (without author's name available.)

Her book, [EcoErotica](#), was a finalist in the 2009 EPIC Award Contest and her book, [The Real Mother Goose](#), was a finalist in the 2010 EPIC Award Contest.

She can be reached on her website at [www.selenakitt.com](http://www.selenakitt.com)

If you enjoyed SECOND CHANCES, you might also enjoy:



## **HEIDI AND THE KAISER**

By Selena Kitt

**Mousy little Heidi is a wanna-be designer who works as nothing more than a glorified go-fer for one of the largest and most well-known companies in the world of fashion. When she accidentally stains CEO Warren Kaiser's pants, she gets two things she didn't expect--a spanking...and a job. Kaiser hires her as his assistant, and her "training" proves to be quite a test of surrender.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mild bdsm.*

### **REVIEW by Simon Lowrie, author of Journey Round a Darker Sun**

*"This is a little cracker of a story, even more delicious than the cover – which is saying something! The characters are so engaging, and so convincingly drawn, that I read the whole thing through in one sitting as easily as eating ice cream. Between them, insecure and self-effacing Heidi, and her imperious boss Mr Kaiser, generate some of the most scorching scenes I've ever read, and better yet, their relationship unfolds within an involving storyline of high fashion and intrigue. And as for the scene in Paris at the end – it's just sumptuous! Go read it."*

Excerpt From HEIDI AND THE KAISER:

Kaiser's office building was downtown, and between traffic and finding parking, it was 11:58 a.m. by the time she burst through the main doors of the skyscraper to ask where she could find his office at the front desk. It wasn't until that moment, with the security guard staring at her bare legs, that she realized she was still dressed for the beach in shorts and a t-shirt.

"What floor?" the woman in the pinstriped suit with the short dark bob asked as Heidi slipped onto the elevator.

"Forty-eight," she murmured, still out of breath.

The numbers seemed to take forever to tick by, people getting on, getting off, and every time she looked at her watch, another minute had passed. By the time the elevator opened at her floor, it was 12:05 p.m. No one got off with her, and as the doors closed behind her, she looked around for a receptionist, but there was no one at the desk.

She adjusted her backpack on her shoulder—to her left was a closed door, and to her right was a hallway. As she stood, shifting from foot to foot and considering, the door to her left opened, revealing Mr. Kaiser looking at his watch.

"Five minutes late, Heidi." He waved her in. "Come in. Take a seat." Her belly did a little flip as she brushed by him, putting her backpack on the floor at her feet as she sat in one of the leather, wing-backed chairs facing his desk.

"I'm sorry." She was still a little breathless as he shut the door and sat across from her. "Lenny didn't give me your note until this morning." Digging into her pocket, she pulled out the folded paper and held it out to him—her invitation to be here. He just

leaned back, tenting his fingers, looking at the note, and eventually she let it flutter to the desk, clasping her quivering hands in her lap.

“Do you know why I asked you here?”

She shook her head, feeling her ass clenched in the chair, her thighs damp and sticking to the leather.

He frowned. “When you answer me, Heidi, I would appreciate either a spoken ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ followed by ‘Mr. Kaiser’ or ‘sir.’ Do you think you can comply?”

“Oh.” She flushed, nodding, and said, “Yes, sir.”

“Now, about the reason I asked you here...” His eyes moved over her face, down to her outfit, very similar to what she had worn the day before. “It is my general impression that you don’t enjoy your job.”

Heidi opened her mouth to deny it and saw him raise his eyebrows, as if he knew what she meant to say. “Yes... sir. That’s true.”

He gave a brief nod. “I thought perhaps we might find something better suited to you at Kaiser.” She stared at him, all the breath gone from her body. Was he going to offer her a job in design?

“Can you type?” he asked, immediately dashing her hopes.

“Yes, sir.” She frowned.

He leaned forward in his chair, folding his hands and resting his arms on the desk. “You may have noticed that I don’t have an office assistant out front? My last secretary was with me for eight years, and I have yet to find a replacement for her. It’s been several months, now, and I admit, I’m becoming frustrated and I really do need someone.”

Heidi took a deep breath, glancing around the office. "I've never been anyone's secretary."

He shook his head, smiling. "Irrelevant. You have what I need."

"I... do?" She met his eyes, her breath coming a little faster as she squirmed in her seat. His eyes were dark, moving over her, and she couldn't help remembering the incident in the bathroom.

"I need someone who can follow orders." He leaned back in his chair again and she could see the memory of yesterday in his eyes. "Who would be willing to do whatever I asked. You showed me yesterday that you are... quite willing."

Heidi swallowed, pressing her damp palms to her shorts. "I'm not sure I know what you mean?"

"Yes, you do." His eyes were smiling. "I compensate very well. You would be my assistant, answering my calls, handing my correspondence and taking care of my professional and personal needs during the day. Would you be interested in such an arrangement?"

It wasn't the promise of money or the poshness of his office, or even the fact that he was the head of one of the richest fashion companies in the world—it was the way he looked at her, with nothing concealed or disguised. His eyes saw directly through her, and there was no smugness in the way it appeared as if he had her figured out, because he had. They both knew it, and there was only one answer she could give him.

"Yes." She squeezed her hands together, her legs, too. "Sir."

He gave her a nod. "Good. I think we'll both be satisfied with the arrangement."

Opening the top drawer of his desk, he withdrew a large white envelope and slid it across the blotter. Heidi didn't know if she should take it or not, so she kept her hands clasped, just looking from him to the envelope.

"This contains general information about Kaiser, which you have already, of course, since you are essentially already in my employ," he explained. "There is also a contract and information about duties as well as your salary and benefits."

She nodded, looking at his hand, the buffed, square nails, resting on the stark envelope. Her bottom tingled, remembering how red his palm had been after he spanked her. Shifting in her seat, she crossed one knee over the other, trying to make herself more comfortable with the yearning ache between her legs.

"If, for some reason, you read those over and change your mind..." He nodded toward the envelope. "You simply need to tell me, and you will consequently stay in your current position."

"I can't imagine why I would object."

"No." He smiled. "I don't imagine you will. In spite of the apparent haste of my offer, I actually choose my assistants quite carefully."

Standing, he leaned his palms on the desk blotter, his eyes moving down the front of her t-shirt, looking at her hands in her lap. "Now, there is just the matter of your tardiness."

Her heart leapt and she met his eyes, feeling faint. "My... tardiness?"

Mr. Kaiser reached underneath the desk and Heidi heard the door behind her lock. The sound made her mouth go dry.

“One of the things that I cannot abide is lateness.” He reached down and unbuckled his belt. She felt faint as she watched it slipping through the loops of his pants. “And you will find that I am quite unorthodox in my methods of discipline.”

He snapped the belt in his hands and she jumped, gasping, her hand going to her throat as she stared at him. Doubling it over, he slapped it against his palm, the belt whistling and then smacking his flesh. Heidi sat and wondered how much it would sting and she wiggled her bottom against the chair.

“It’s a Vincente.” He gave her a small smile. “Italian. Calf-skin, medium weight. Makes a nice sound, doesn’t it?” She couldn’t speak, she couldn’t move, all she could seem to do was stare at the belt in his hands as her whole body flushed with a trembling heat.

“Heidi?” He cocked his head, reminding her. “I asked you a question.”

“Yes, sir.” She drew a shaky breath.

“Come here,” he instructed, and she recognized the tone immediately and obeyed, moving around to his side of the desk, amazed that her legs were holding her weight at all given how much they were shaking.

“You remember this?” He tilted her chin up and she met his eyes, nodding.

“Everything pulled down and bend over.”

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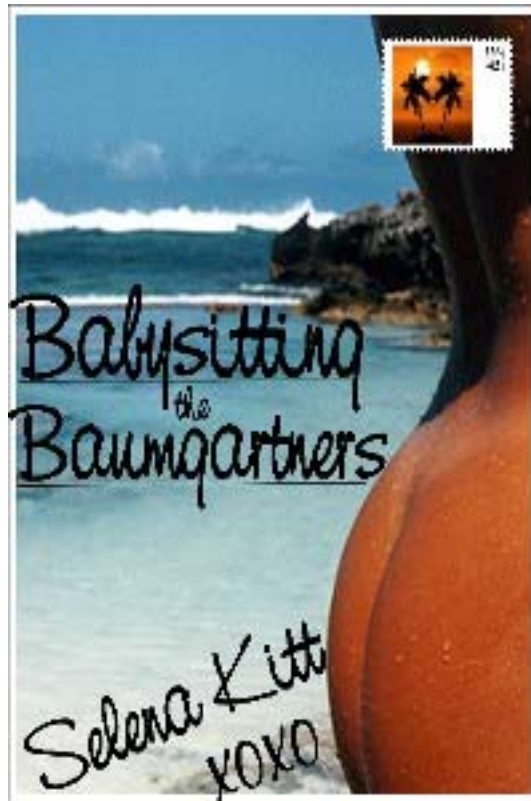


### **NAUGHTY BITS**

By Selena Kitt

**David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?**

*Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.*



## **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

*Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.*

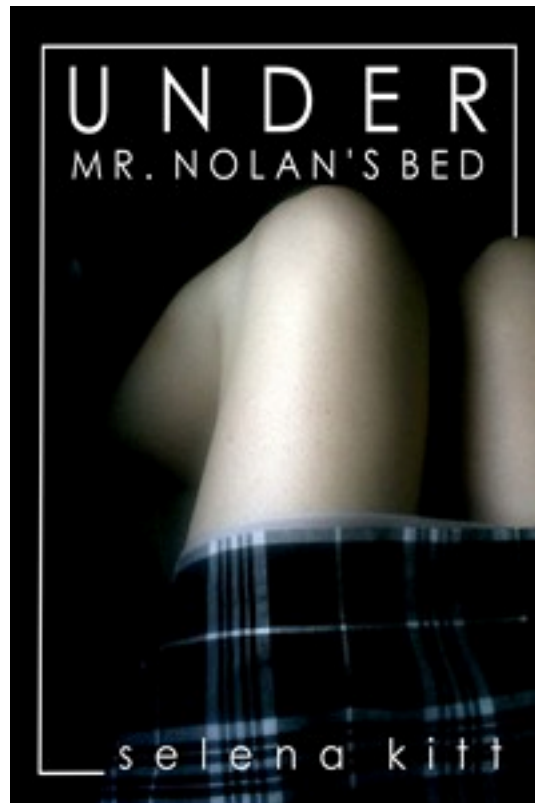


### **BLUEBEARD'S WIFE**

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

*Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.*



### **UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED**

By Selena Kitt

**Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.*



### **THE SYBIAN CLUB**

By Selena Kitt

**Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.*



## **STARVING ARTIST**

By Selena Kitt

**Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.*



**ON CHERRY HILL**

By Selena Kitt

**Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...**

**But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.*





## **ESCAPING FATE**

By Selena Kitt

**Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.**

**When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?**

**When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!**

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.





## **TICKLED PINK**

By Selena Kitt

**Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*



## **PAPERBACK ROMANCE**

by Selena Kitt

**Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*

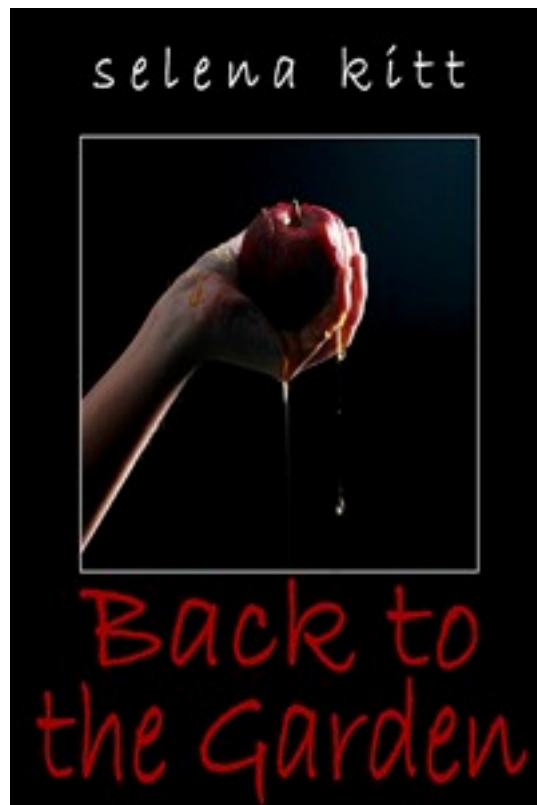


## **TAKEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.*



**BACK TO THE GARDEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.*



## **ECOEROTICA**

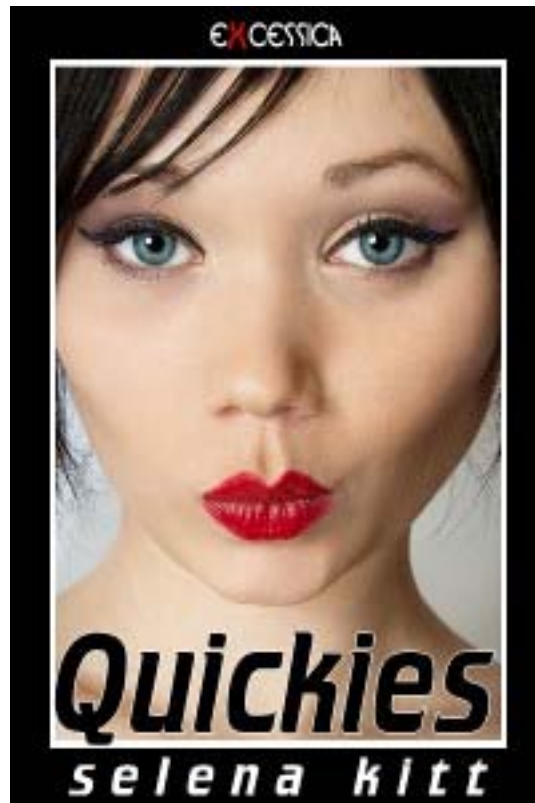
By Selena Kitt

**Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?**

**This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.**

**Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*

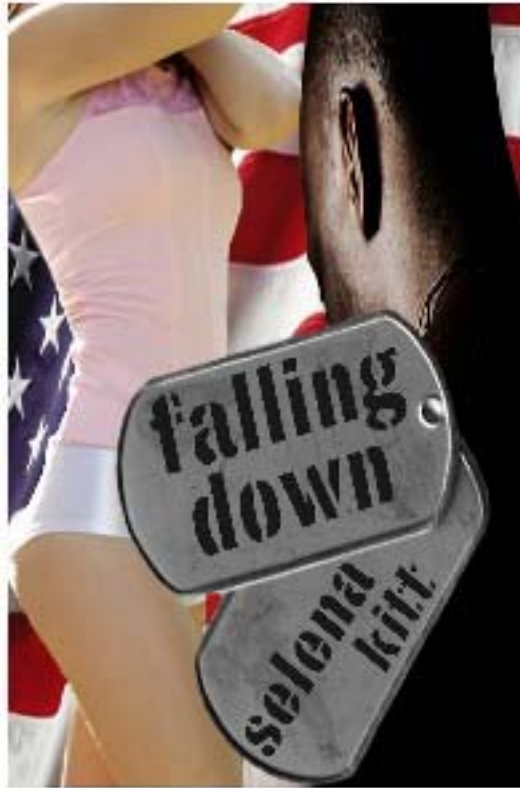


## **QUICKIES**

By Selena Kitt

**Whether the story is about a quick encounter of the erotic kind or it's just a fast and furious read, here is a pulse-pounding twenty-five story anthology, promising to take you on a headlong express to ecstasy. Join Selena Kitt on a swift, delightful ride, from stories of heart-racing sex in elevators or across office desks or in dressing rooms, to the impatience and excitement of the first time experience - you're sure to have a blissful ride on the these racing rapids of erotica!**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, explicit sex, nonconsent, prostitution, sibling incest and lesbian and m/f/f group sex.*

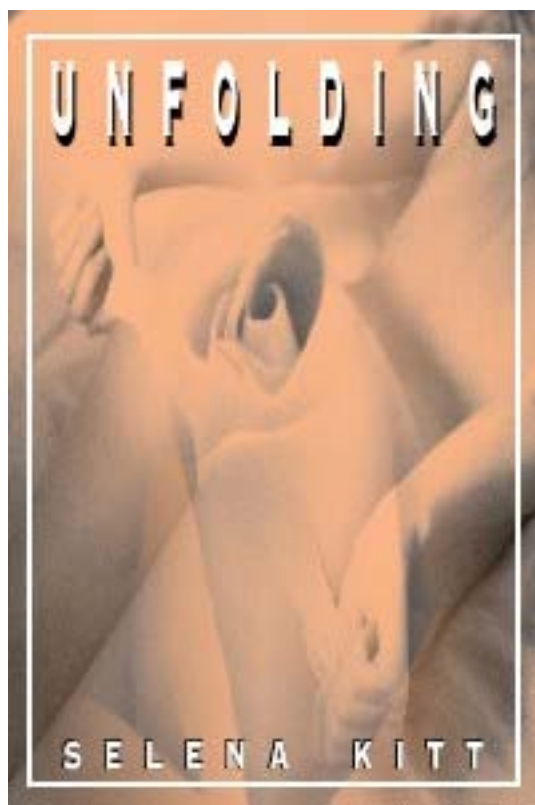


## **FALLING DOWN**

By Selena Kitt

**Lindsey is a bad girl, and she's determined to stay that way. She's been called a slut enough to know it's true, and she's not ashamed of the fact anymore. She makes it known to every man she comes in contact with that she's available for the taking—the rougher, the better. When she meets Lieutenant Zachary Davis, she finally finds a man who refuses to treat her like the trash she believes she really is. But can Lindsey change her wayward, dangerous ways and learn to value herself the way the Zach seems to?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.*



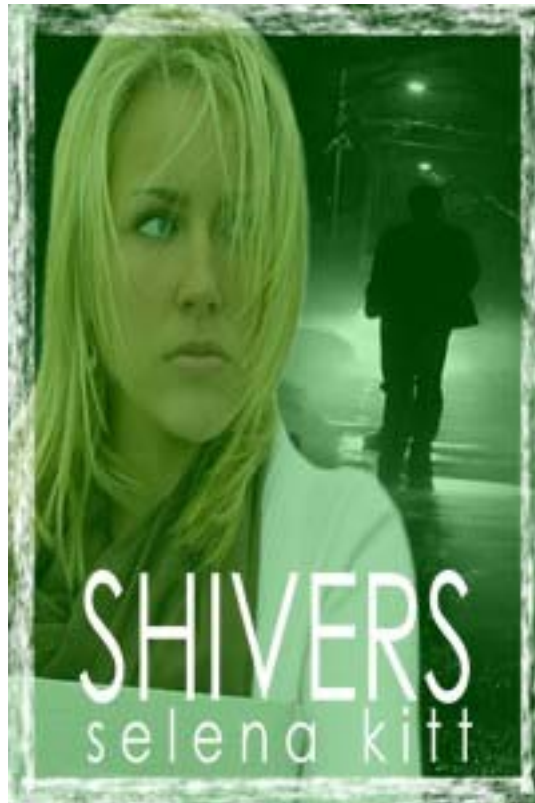
## **UNFOLDING**

By Selena Kitt

**Charlie lives an average life in an ordinary home, and she isn't complaining. Jack is a good husband and they have beautiful children—but when she discovers her penchant for a secret taboo, she finds that it suddenly turns her sex life from a mundane distraction into a mind-blowing, transcendent experience. This is the story of a woman's exquisite unfolding, as her sexual discovery and yearning for something more pushes she and her man to the edge, testing boundaries and forcing her to surrender to something much deeper than herself.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, a m/m/f threesome and anal sex.*



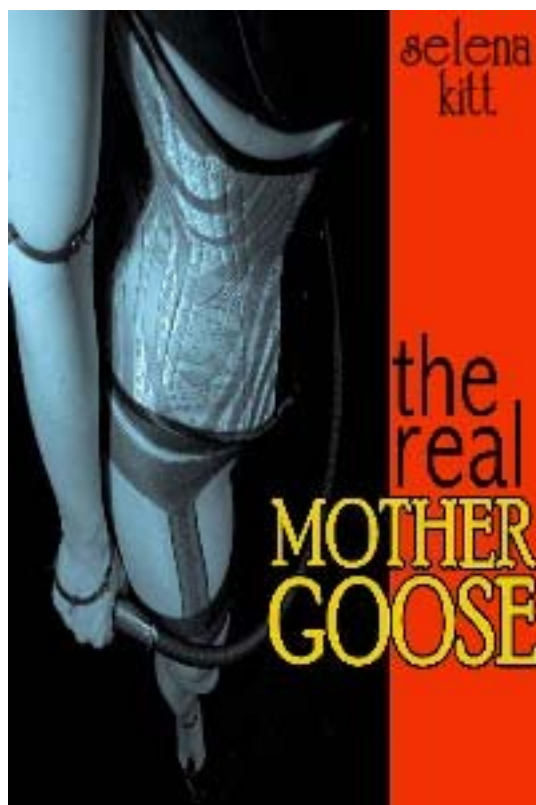


## **SHIVERS**

By Selena Kitt

**Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calendar, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.*



### THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE

By Selena Kitt

**Settle yourself in for a wicked bed time story, a hot, wild ride through nursery rhymes like you've never heard them before. Set in a fantastical world where the privileged few own and raise sex slaves like beloved pets, Mother herself is the star of the show, wielding a riding crop and taking care of and training her young charges with a firm and skillful hand. But where has Father Goose wandered off to, and who will take Mother in hand when she ventures too far?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language, sex, and elements of bdsm.*