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# TRICK OR EATING

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To all of the poker-playing, vampire-hunting  
nerds...and those of you who want to be one.

—Jeanie and Jayha



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This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.



# CHAPTER ONE

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*March*

*Atlanta, GA*

“Ahh,” Cadeyrn Maxen said as he finished off the last bite of buttermilk fried chicken. There was nothing like a home-style meal at Dréa’s, which was why he ate lunch here five days a week, dinner three days a week and brunch on the occasional Sunday. Dréa knew how to throw down, and if she wasn’t married to that crazy Texan he’d have run off with her the first day he’d forked that potato salad into his mouth. His bliss was interrupted by one of the newbs that shared his table.

“Come on, Perennial, you have to go,” one of them whined. “We got a half day off and everything so it’s like an extra, extra long weekend.”

Ah—they were spending lunch trying to talk Perennial into tagging along on one of their adventures. Good luck with that, he thought as he dipped his fork into his apple cobbler. He could see Perennial Archean doing a lot of things (starting and ending with him), but he couldn’t see her hanging with the twenty-somethings whom they’d somehow become responsible for. Collectively known as the Freak-

neaks (a play on words to the festival that used to take over Atlanta for one weekend a year), the young core of engineers were still at that age where they were all about making every weekend a cross between *Animal House*, *House Party*, and *American Pie*. As the only other person at the table who remembered when VCRs not only existed but had knobs, he couldn't see Perennial spending a Friday night with the Freak-neaks.

The chorus of pleading proved his hypothesis.

"So you decided to pass on yet another adventure?" he leaned over and asked.

"Yep," Perennial said without even a hint of remorse in her voice.

"So, how many outings is this that you've turned down?" Cadeyrn asked.

"I lost track after the time they asked me to go do the polar bear thing with them," she said as she looked over at them and shook her head.

"What's wrong with jumping in subzero-degree water?" one of the Neaks asked.

"Nothing, if you're a fucking polar bear...or a seal, trying to escape the clutches of a polar bear," Perennial answered.

"See, you're just not being adventurous," he teased.

"Did you go?" she asked him.

“Uh, no,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not fucking nuts.”

“That’s debatable, but don’t try and bait me when even you’ve got enough sense to say no to that,” she said.

“Hey, we resemble that remark,” one of the Neaks said.

“Yeah, boss, and we resent it,” another said.

“Okay, but what about the haunted cornfield. Why didn’t you go to that?” one of the Neaks asked.

“Because I saw the movie *The Children of the Corn*.”

“Why didn’t you go, Cadeyrn?” she asked.

“Because I spent summers harvesting corn. But what about the haunted house? Why didn’t you go to that?”

“Because they’re filthy. Why didn’t you go?” she countered.

“Allergies to dust and aversion to zombies. Why did you pass on the vampire hunt?” he asked.

“Because sometimes when you go hunting for something...you find it.”

“So you’re scared of vampires?” he taunted.

“No, I’m not scared of vampires. What I am scared of is the Neaks in the midst of other Neaks

hunting for anything. And who the hell goes on a vampire hunt to celebrate St. Patrick's Day?"

"We do!!!" they all screamed. "Come on, Perennial, we'll protect you."

"Methinks the senior aeronautical engineer protesteth too much," he said.

"I'm protesting because I've got good sense. But don't get it twisted, Cadeyrn—I'm not scared. I just don't have the right caliber weapon to take a vamp down if it gets out of hand," Perennial said.

"You know you're sounding real southern right about now."

"Thank you for noticing," she says. "So what's your excuse for not going on the vampire hunt?"

"I don't hunt what I can't eat. And while I've tried moose, elk, bear, and alligator, I'm not in a mind to try deep-fried vampire," he said.

"Now who's sounding all southern?" she asked.

"Well, I never claimed to be anything else," he said. "And I'm not just southern; I'm Texan."

"Which is exactly why we need you on the vampire hunt," the Neaks pleaded.

"Yeah," Perennial said. "You keep that up and your Texan is going to be in question."

"A lot of things might one day be questioned, but my being Texan isn't one of those things," he promised.

“Only two things come from Texas...st—” one of the Neaks began.

“Don’t even finish that sentence,” he warned.

“Careful, or you might get dubbed the ‘has something he needs to compensate for guy,’” Perennial teased.

“Oooh,” the Neaks chorused.

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Perennial was having a good time bating Cadeyrn. Still, she worried that she’d gone too far with her last remark. Leaning over, she gave him a side hug. “Don’t be mad, Cadeyrn. I’m just teasing about that. But if you keep turning down the Neaks, you are in danger of being called the ‘no fun guy.’”

“I’ve been called worse,” he said.

“Not to your face,” she said, looking over at his six foot five frame. Cadeyrn was a big motherfucker, and he carried the motherfucker part well—not that she was looking, mind you. Then again, it was damn hard *not* to notice that much...man.

“Not standing anyway,” he said.

“So that means when I stumble across someone who needs their ass handed to them, I can call you?” she asked.

“Yep,” he said.

“That’s why I like you. Give me pound, Cadeyrn,” she said as she held out her fist and waited for his knock.

“You’re my kind of guy,” she said.

“I’m everyone’s kind of guy,” he smirked.

“Okay, I liked you for five seconds; now you’re back to being on my list. And you know what happens to people who get on my list,” she said.

“They disappear,” one of the Neaks said.

“They collapse into a puddle of tears,” another Neak added.

“How do you inspire such fear in the masses?” Cadeyrn asked.

“It’s the t-shirts,” Perennial said as she pulled aside the parts of her button-down shirt and stuck her chest out to show him today’s mean saying.

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Cadeyrn knew he was meant to look at Perennial’s t-shirt, but he couldn’t help but take a moment to ogle those perfect breasts. Perfect breasts that she normally kept covered up. The tightening in his groin reminded him that he’d better get his self together quick, fast and in a hurry.

Reading her t-shirt, he couldn't help but smile. It read: *Look deeply into my eyes and see if you see any give a damn there.*

"Wow."

"I know, right? My sister bought it for me. Evergreen's nuts, but she has great taste when it comes to t-shirts."

"Uh huh," Cadeyrn grunted as he used every ounce of strength to pull his eyes off the most tempting breasts he'd seen since the last time he'd snuck a peek at Perennial's chest.

Keeping his eyes firmly in the safety zone—the spot above Perennial's left shoulder—took all of his effort. It was either talk to her and end up with an eye full of her fist, or ignore what she was saying and be able to use both of his eyes. He was saved from having to make that choice by one of the Neaks.

"Perennial, why aren't you coming on the vampire hunt?"

"Because I'm an adult, and hunting fabled creatures in the cold isn't what I'm feeling...ever."

"Wow, you sound like an old lady," a Neak said.

"With cats," another added.

"Wearing an apron and fluffy bunny slippers."

"And curlers in her hair."

Imagining Perennial in that getup the Neaks described, Cadeyrn couldn't help but laugh. Ah, he did

enjoy the Neaks. They were like smartass little cousins that you couldn't help but like...and cuss out. He always forgave their antics because they were such good engineers. Still, they could annoy the living shit out of a person.

"C'mon kids, leave Perennial alone. You know how old ladies are," Cadeyrn joked as he settled his hand on her shoulder. It was meant to be a gesture of support, but he could feel the heat from her skin beneath his hand.

He was sitting so close he could smell the subtle scent she wore. He didn't know what it was, but it made him think of a tropical island with white sugar sand beaches, teal blue waters and warm breezes. And of course since he was thinking of beaches, he naturally thought of Perennial dressed in nothing but glistening dark skin...and him.

Feeling his jeans about to choke his dick to death, Cadeyrn slammed the door on *those* thoughts. Thankfully the Neaks were too busy trying to cajole Perennial into vampire hunting, so no one heard the low sound of appreciation he made in his throat. Neither did they notice when he bent his head slightly to get a better whiff of Perennial.

He was pulled from his sensual undertaking by the sound of his name on Perennial's luscious lips.

“Give it up. I have to gird up my loins for a full month to go to lunch with y’all. What makes you think you got any chance of dragging me all the way to the Big Easy to go on a vampire hunt? I’m not going, but I’m sure you can use y’alls collective freakdom to cajole Cadeyrn into going with you. Come on, y’all, amp up the whining a tad and bat those beautifully high IQs at him.”

Wow. Perennial just threw him to the wolves, and from the way she didn’t even pause in the scooping up of her apple cobbler, he knew she felt absolutely zero remorse. Smiling at her moxie, he straightened ever so slightly to keep the bulge in his jeans hidden and grinned at the eager faces around the table.

“I can’t go because I’m keeping Perennial and her cats company,” he answered.

The kids burst into laughter at that comment before falling right back into their pleading. “But think about all the vampires we could kill if both of you came with us.”

They were good...and cute...and yet he still had no intention of going anywhere with them.

“Or we can think about whatever event’s at the Georgia Dome that weekend,” Perennial returned.

Cadeyrn smiled at her answer.

“Which will be overshadowed by the parade we will throw ourselves in the French Quarter to celebrate after all of our kills,” one of the Neaks said.

Both he and Perennial laughed at that. The Neaks were special.

“You guys enjoy your trip to The Big Easy and your vampire-slaying. Perennial and I are going to get some snacks and a stack of DVDs and stay under the radar of mythical creatures.”

The Neaks all stopped talking at once, which was not only a rare occurrence but a disconcerting one, especially when there were six pairs of unblinking wide eyes trained on himself and Perennial.

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Perennial watched the Neaks as they watched her and Cadeyrn with big eyes. She could practically hear the microchips processing. Seeing the reflection of herself and Cadeyrn in all of their glasses, she couldn't help the rush of pleasure that came over her. She and Cadeyrn looked like a couple. Feeling the heat from where his strong hand rested on her shoulder, it was all she could do not to lean further into his big body. Close enough to smell him, she had to will herself not to lean in and bury her face in his neck.

Her fantasies were interrupted by the sound of Cadeyrn's panty-wetting voice. "What are they doing?" His breath scorched her skin as he purred directly into her ear.

Perennial lost the battle to remain unaffected. Inhaling, she gave into her body's demands and leaned into Cadeyrn. He didn't comment. He simply wrapped his arm tighter around her.

"I don't know," she whispered back, turning her head slightly so her cheek rubbed against Cadeyrn's stubble-laden jaw. As she inhaled slightly, his musky, masculine scent engulfed her senses, causing her to feel lightheaded.

"A-hem," the Neaks made their presence known. Only they would cough in unison...and off-key.

"What?" Perennial asked as she was unhappily dragged out of the fantasy involving her riding Cadeyrn like a mechanical bull.

"Um...we're going to go now...you know...to...get ready for our trip and all," her Mini-Me announced as she pushed her blue-framed glasses higher up on the bridge of her nose.

"Okay, have fun, but please leave New Orleans standing so the rest of us can enjoy it later," she warned.

"We're going, but we need to know that Perennial will be safe," she said.

“Yeah,” another Neak co-signed. “We aren’t going anywhere until we know Perennial and her cats will be looked after.”

“Y’all might have missed it, but I can look after myself just fine,” Perennial said.

“Yeah, but you’ve been talking a lot of smack about vampires and they might come after you,” another Neak said.

“Consider her looked after; now get going before I smudge your glasses or worse,” Cadeyrn growled.

The Neaks grinned then took off en masse, running and pushing each other around like kids as they exited the restaurant.

“Let’s get out of here,” Cadeyrn said in a guttural voice as he pulled her to her feet.

The rough timbre of his voice got to her, but it was the way his hands gripped her hips as he pushed up against her that made her breath catch.

Because her sister Evergreen had dropped her off after delivering her a fresh pile of t-shirts, she was in need of a ride, and it looked like Cadeyrn was her only option. As he led her out of the restaurant, she couldn’t help but think of the sorts of “rides” that her inside linebacker-sized colleague could give her. She was so distracted by her internal film reel involving Cadeyrn naked and at her mercy, she bumped into him when he stopped in front of a vehicle.

“Dude, honestly, you...” Perennial began, but admonishment died in her throat as she realized she was being crowded by her colleague.

Something about the look in Cadeyrn’s eyes made it clear that they were way past the colleague stage. Right now Cadeyrn was looking like a badass cowboy who’d come looking for trouble...and found it. The look in his eye alerted her that he wasn’t about to be distracted from his goal. The way his cock rubbed against her made it blatantly aware that she was his goal.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Perennial?” Cadeyrn asked in a growl so deep that he sounded like a predatory animal.

“Just try and stop me,” she challenged him. “I’m getting in the truck. I just need to know if you’re going to be the man who drives me.”

# CHAPTER TWO

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*May*

*About ninety minutes outside of Fort Worth, TX*

“I’m not sitting in the back, that’s out,” Perennial said as she sashayed her fine ass past him and climbed into the passenger seat of Gwynfor’s Ford F-350.

“You going to allow that?” his brother asked.

“The question isn’t whether or not I’m going to allow it; the question is whether or not you’re going to allow it. Perennial might’ve gotten in the passenger door, but I’m betting she doesn’t stay there.”

“What do you mean by that?” Gwynfor asked.

Pointing at Perennial sliding over into the driver’s seat, he responded. “That’s what I mean.”

“So it’s like that?” Gwynfor asked.

“Damn straight, and don’t even think you’re sitting next to my woman,” he responded as he opened the passenger side door and climbed in. He might love his brother, but no way in hell was he allowing any other man to sit next to his woman.

Cadeyrn smiled as he looked over at Perennial, who was unusually quiet. So far she’d only spoken once, and that was to reiterate the fact that she’d fuck them up if they tried anything funny. He smiled

seeing the look of awe on his brother's face, knowing that he wore the same expression. They lived out in the middle of nowhere, and yet Perennial not only knew the directions to his family spread, she knew them in exact detail.

"You're a talented woman," Gwynfor said.

"I'm also a Southern woman, so keep that in mind, homie," she said before lapsing into silence.

While most men might say something stupid along the lines of "a quiet woman is my wet dream," they obviously didn't know the women he knew. And they damn sure didn't know Perennial Archean. Perennial was a Teddy Roosevelt type of woman, meaning that she embraced the West African proverb that advised one to speak softly and carry a big stick. A cautious woman, Perennial didn't start shit, but she sure enough had the stuff to finish some. There was power in that five foot eight, one hundred seventy-five pound frame, and a whole lot of smart to go with it.

He knew because he'd witnessed her finishing shit with his own eyes. Cadeyrn had been in the arms of a good sleep when he'd been jarred awake by his ringing phone. Picking up the offending device, he barked into the phone. "It's 10:02 p.m.—" he began.

"So getting your ass over to the Mad Clatter by ten thirty shouldn't be a problem," Evergreen said.

"I'm not in a mind to listen to country music or drink," he said.

"Dude, you're Texan, so you go to sleep wanting a cold beer and some Hank Williams, Jr. or Charlie Daniels on your radio. I hope you're dressing while I'm talking. There's going to be trouble at the Mad Clatter, and Perennial is going to be in the thick of it."

"And you know this how?" he asked.

"Because I'm starting it, and I know my big sister has my back," she said before she disconnected.

He didn't know what "trouble" meant, but he'd been dating Perennial long enough to know that Evergreen was crazy...and honest. If she said she was about to start some shit, there was going to be a need for some lime and shovels or an ER physician...or both. Pulling on some jeans, an A&M shirt, and his boots, he jumped in the truck and headed for the Mad Clatter. Though it was normally a thirty-minute drive, he slid his truck into the parking lot at 10:29:56 and walked into the Mad Clatter at 10:30:02...just in time to see Evergreen throw a punch into some unlucky bastard's face. Knowing that Perennial would be close by, he turned and saw his woman in the process of DDT'ing some other man into one of the tables. He didn't know what was going on. He didn't care why. He didn't know how many. All he knew was that he

had to get his woman and her crazy-ass sister out of harm's way because he needed room to whip some ass.

There turned out to be six men who needed ass-whippings, but in a matter of seconds Perennial and Evergreen had all six of them on the ground. That didn't stop him from picking them up and stomping some manners into them. The only reason he held back was Perennial's words.

"Don't fuck them up too bad. They need to be recognizable for the wedding photos."

"We each got two," Gage said as he landed a body punch on one of the guys that looked like it might've broken some ribs. "So stick to body punches, else their momma is going to be mad."

He'd done just that, and what'd he get for his trouble? A quick hug from Evergreen and peck on the cheek and pat on the ass from Perennial, who bolted out of the door.

"Love you, bye," she'd said. "I'll see you in a few. Right now I've got to get Evergreen back to her bachelorette party before we're missed."

"Yeah, and you'd better not let Perennial ride you into the ground, because you're her date and I expect to see your fine self at the wedding tomorrow. And you'd better get me a good present too," Evergreen said as she dragged Perennial out of the door.

Perennial had indeed come knocking on his door a scant hour and a half later. And she had indeed ridden him hard. And he'd enjoyed every damn second of it. Having her lush body atop his, seeing his face in her reflection and hearing his name on her lips, he knew he was going to marry this woman. Besides, his dogs liked her, and Apollo and Clover didn't like anyone—yet within minutes Perennial had the two Rottweilers nearly knocking each other over in an effort to gain her attention.

When she'd gone to sleep, he'd made reservations for two first-class round trip tickets from Hartsfield-Jackson to DFW. Then he'd called his little brother to pick them up. Perennial needed to meet his people, and his family needed to meet the woman who was fixing to be the future Mrs. Cadeyrn Maxen.

Witnessing Perennial handling the big truck, he knew he couldn't have made a better choice. Besides being a Teddy Roosevelt type of woman Perennial was a straight-up cowgirl. Like cowboys, cowgirls were fueled by the core of dignity within them and lived by a creed that centered around the concept that some things simply weren't for sale. Things like taking pride in one's work, being loyal to one's friends, and one's word being one's bond. Cowgirls had a "can do" attitude and a spirit of independence, and Perennial had all of that in spades.

Some men preferred blondes; some preferred tall women; some preferred slim women. And while he was a man, he was also a Texan, and thus, he preferred a cowgirl. And Perennial Archean was the most cowgirl of all of the cowgirls he'd ever encountered. And while she was sitting next to him committing their route to memory (in case he went nuts), he was in the passenger seat committing every one of her curves to memory.

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Perennial knew that Cadeyrn and his little brother were awed by her...and they should be. She'd had thirty years to get used to herself and still found herself getting amped over her "herness." Cadeyrn was appropriately awed (and the sentiment was mutual) and treated her just like her momma had drilled into her how a man was supposed to treat her. Still, there was no way in hell she was going traipsing off into the Wild West without knowing *exactly* where she was traipsing to. Lucky for her she had contacts in Texas.

Her Army buddy and road dog was Texas born and bred. If there was something to know about Texas, Sonoma Carmel knew it. Though she'd trekked all over the globe, Sonoma lived and breathed Texas.

She did all of her schooling in Texas (undergrad at Southwestern; master's at Rice; JD at Baylor) and raised most of her hell in Texas, so if it was in Texas, Sonoma knew where it was.

She wasn't sure how this weekend was going to go, but she was up for the adventure. And she was also up for some more Cadeyrn Maxen, even though she'd had all she could handle of him last night...and again this morning. For a man so damn fine, he certainly didn't act like he was aware of it. He might not be aware of it, but everything with a vagina over the age of eighteen was. Perennial hadn't planned to whip anybody's ass this weekend, but she always penciled it in because she didn't play that ogling her man shit. Make no mistake about it, Cadeyrn Maxen was her man...her momma had said so, her little sister had said so, and her little sister's new bff's had said so.

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It'd only been one day. One fucking day was all it'd taken for Perennial Archean to drive him batshit crazy. How dare she have such a great sense of humor, be so knowledgeable, be so damn tempting? All day Saturday he'd watched her walk his family spread looking too damn fine for words. He wasn't an attorney, but the way she was wearing those jeans had

to be against all kinds of ordinances. All of the things that made Perennial her, combined with that cowgirl swagger, were drawing men like flowers drew bees. And because he was in his parents' home, all he could do was look for fear of his daddy taking him out behind the woodshed and his momma cold-cocking him with her Bible. He'd been a good son, a dutiful son, a respectful son, but you can bet your ass he was counting the hours until the plane touched down in Atlanta.

He was counting and fantasizing about all the ways he was going to make her his, and what was she doing? Was Perennial suffering like he was? Was she aching like he was? Was she needy like he was? Hell no. She was too busy adding to her collection of admirers. If the Freak-neaks were here, they'd have a thing or two thousand to say about all of these wannabes trying to talk their boss into stuff.

He'd watched Perennial turn her impressive intellect on Gwynfor, and the next thing he knew it was like they were best fucking friends. Later, he'd watched proudly as she'd politely yet firmly let his daddy know that she wasn't about to take his shit and then turned around and took everything but his shorts in a game of Texas Hold 'Em. Her and his daddy might not ever be bffs, but from the twinkle in his eyes, Perennial had won his respect.

This morning, she'd won over his momma when she'd descended the stairs dressed for church, despite having stayed up half the night proudly representing the Peach State at the poker table. Not wanting to assume she'd want to attend an all-white Methodist church, he hadn't mentioned church at all. But just like the directions, she'd found out the information on her own.

"You're going to church?" he'd asked stupidly as he took in her getup that was doing black women everywhere proud.

"Your momma's preaching. Of course I'm going."

"And if I don't want to go?" he'd asked because he was a glutton for punishment.

"That's your decision, but Gwynfor's attending, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind escorting me." She'd smiled.

"Gwynfor probably wouldn't mind taking you, but he would mind the broken jaw I'd give him if he tried it. I'll be ready in twenty minutes," he'd said as he turned around and headed to his room to get ready. No way in hell was he allowing her to walk in a church with another man unless that man was escorting her to the altar so she could take the title that was hers and hers alone. That being Mrs. Cadeyrn Maxen.

Passing his brother, he'd punched him in the stomach without pausing.

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Saturday had been a busy day. It wasn't riding the ranch that had worn her out; it was the training she'd had to give all the males on the Maxen ranch. Being that Cadeyrn and his brother had been right beside her wearing "say something" looks, no one said anything out of line...at least with their mouths anyway. While their mouths may've remained mute, however, their eyes spoke volumes. She didn't back down from their subtle challenges; she met them head on and stared them down. When the men saw that she wasn't about to be intimidated and she knew a whole lot of something about farming and ranching, things got a whole lot more friendly.

Despite being dog tired from Saturday's events, she was downstairs promptly at nine a.m. She might feel like five kinds of hell, but she was looking like she should be chilling on floor six of Millionaire's Row at Churchill Downs. They probably didn't expect her to drag out of bed until somewhere around the crack of noon, but she wasn't about to disrespect Cadeyrn's momma like that when she was sleeping in her house, eating her food, and oh yeah, sleeping with her son.

For that pleasure alone she should be in church everyday giving thanks.

She was the only black face in church, but she didn't let that bother her none. She was, however, worried that she might doze off...right up until the time Cadeyrn's momma stepped into the pulpit. Her preaching hit her like she'd chugged a half gallon of sweet iced tea and chased it with chocolate cake. Marian Maxen might be a Methodist, but she sure enough preached like she was a Baptist. And she cooked like she was an old black woman. She was definitely coming back to see Ms. Marian even if she broke up with Cadeyrn.

Setting her napkin down and emitting a satisfied sigh at the yumminess of the after-church meal, she let the Maxen men know that, much to Ms. Marian's delight.

"Mind your p's and q's, boys, else Perennial might spirit me away." Turning to her, she kissed her cheek and told her to go nap. "Go have a lay down, youngin'. You have to be tired from taking all of those fools' money. I don't cotton to gamblin' none, but I certainly thank you for the donation. I'll put it to good use feeding the hungry," she cackled as she shooed her off.

Perennial wasn't that tired, but she allowed herself to be shooed. If she didn't, she'd spend the

next few hours trying to think of a way to get Cadeyrn on his back. Cadeyrn in jeans and a t-shirt was fine as all get out; Cadeyrn in a suit was simply too much temptation. He didn't know how lucky he was that they were in his momma's house, otherwise he would've had his bones jumped. As it was, she was damn glad they'd taken Monday through Wednesday off. She had some make up fucking to do once they got back to Atlanta, because this past night without him was hurting a sister. And all the bitches all over him wasn't helping her temper none at all. But she had an ace in the hole: Gwynfor. Once she'd successfully recruited Gwynfor to be part of her fan club, he showed his value by giving her inside information on his brother.

She smiled, recalling their conversation. "Why are you telling me your brother's kryptonite?" she'd asked.

"Because I want my horse back."

"I won him fair and square, Mr. I'm Going to Double Down for No Reason," she said.

"That's true, you did win him fair and square and doubling down was a stupid move, but I really like my horse."

"Then you shouldn't have put him up in a bet."

"I was distracted, okay?" he said.

"By what?"

“By you. I wasn’t expecting you. Then I wasn’t expecting to like you. And I damn sure wasn’t expecting you to have a homie who’d won a bracelet on the World Poker Tour.”

“Ah, so you made all of these assumptions about me, and I of course blew them all out of the water,” she said.

“Yes and yes,” he said.

“Well, I can give you credit for manning up and admitting to it.”

“But will you give me my horse back?”

“If your kryptonite works as well as you say it will, I’ll consider it,” she said, knowing good and damn well she was going to return Gwynfor’s horse.

“I’m curious, though—besides wanting your horse back, why are you so anxious to see Cadeyrn go down?”

“Because you might have missed it, but his ego can use it. He’s somewhat arrogant, and he punched me in the stomach this morning for no reason.”

She’d noticed that *all* of the Maxen men were a little arrogant, but having cousins who were flamingly arrogant, she dealt with it easily.

“Well, having a little sister who is completely at my mercy, I understand your pain. And having a dog, I understand you wanting your horse back.”

“Did you just compare my horse to a dog?” he asked.

“Yeah, four legs and all, you know. They’re about the same except dogs eat horses, right?”

“I’m not talking to you,” he said.

“Sure you are, you want your horse back and she’s a great horse—” she began.

“He. He’s a great horse,” Gwynfor interrupted.

“Whatever, male horse, female horse, draft horse, Baroque horse, they all make good glue,” she teased.

“That is so wrong,” he spat.

“Yeah, it is, but don’t try and play me, because it won’t be pretty. Now that I’ve taken pretty much all of the Maxen men down, give me the goods on Cadeyrn so I can take the last one,” she demanded.

She had to stop herself from smiling at the look on Gwynfor’s face. Ah, she so loved mucking with little siblings. It was like mandatory. And since Cadeyrn was currently waylaid by a group of well-meaning older women, she stood in his stead and did it for him. And while she was at it, she got all of the intel she needed to take him down.

It was underhanded, but she needed every weapon she could get in her arsenal. Cadeyrn was hers, and he was going to stay that way until she was through with him. That was why after her nap, she

took her time getting herself together. Taking a long shower, she exfoliated until her skin felt like silk. And then she applied the fragrance she'd had specially made for her. An exotic mixture of vanilla, coriander, amber and cognac, it made her feel sexy, bold, and able to conquer anything when she wore it. Right now she wanted to conquer Cadeyrn Maxen. Slipping into a delicate black lace and satin bra and panty set, she pulled on a black baby doll t-shirt and a dark wash denim skirt that stopped three inches above her knees before stepping into her black cowboy boots with the python tips. She looked good, but when she settled the black felt Stetson that G had filched from Cadeyrn's room on her head, she looked every inch the cowgirl. She didn't get many chances to wear the cowgirl outfits that Sonoma insisted on buying her every year when she came to visit, but she was damn glad she had them in her arsenal. Checkmate me, she thought as she winked at her reflection and ambled downstairs.

Reaching the bottom, she called out to Gwynfor. "Put it in high gear, Gwennie. I want to see the horse you're going to give me."

# CHAPTER THREE

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Church had been out for damn near four hours, and yet Cadeyrn was still dressed in his suit because his momma had some backlisted visitin' for him to do. Since his momma had encouraged Perennial to go nap, he saw no reason to kick up a fuss about it. Still, he would've rather had Perennial at his side...to reiterate his claim. He didn't much appreciate the way men ogled his woman, he thought as he climbed out of his truck.

He walked into the air-conditioned house just in time to see the crowd of males. Instantly, he went on alert. A bunch of males gathered in one place could only mean one thing: Perennial was in the midst of that crowd. Slamming his truck door, he made his way over to the group just in time to hear the ranch hands trying to talk his woman into getting up on a horse.

"Come on, Perennial, the horse ain't going to hurt you. Why don't you climb on?"

"Because Perennial only rides with me," he said as he made his way to the center of the crowd.

His voice got a lot of attention. He watched as everyone turned to him, but he wasn't interested in seeing the ugly mugs of the cowboys. There was only

one face he was interested in: Perennial's. Turning, she smiled at him...and all the shit in his body just shut the fuck down.

"Hi, Cadeyrn," she purred.

He wanted to return her greeting, but his eyes were too busy taking her in wearing that cowgirl getup for his voice box to put together sounds to form words. The most he could manage was a grunt. It was her fault. It was her fault he could do nothing more than ogle her. It was her fault that his cock was so hard he could drive piles. It was her fault that he forgot every bit of good sense he had. It was her fault for wearing that cowgirl look like she'd never worn anything else. It was her fault for looking so good in it. It was her fault for wearing those boots and walking with that swagger. And it was especially her fault for wearing that hat. It was her fault that he wasn't going to be able to go another ten minutes without having her.

Marching over to Perennial, he snatched her to him. Cradling her hips in his hands, he settled her womanly curves against his masculine hardness. Closing his eyes, he buried his face in her neck, breathed in her scent, and kissed a path down her neck before taking her mouth in a fierce mating of tongues and lips.

“You’re my woman, Perennial,” he growled, not sure who could hear his proclamation but being uncompromising about it.

“You’re mine,” he reiterated as he scooped her in his arms and stalked towards the house.

“I will never share you,” he declared as he marched up the stairs and into the room he used when he came back home to visit.

Only when he had her on the king-sized bed did he loosen his hold. Seeing the desire that lit her eyes, seeing her kiss-swollen lips, smelling the aroma of her desire filling his nostrils turned him on. But seeing his hat on her head drove him further than he’d ever gone before. He knew he had to have her, consequences be damned. Removing his jacket, he went to work on his tie. That seen to, he stalked over to Perennial, who was watching him with undisguised interest. Roughly spreading her legs, he pushed her skirt up, pulled her panties aside and buried his face in her sex. Her moans rang out, spurring him on in his quest to set a new record for bringing her to orgasm.

“Cadeyrn,” she moaned even as she arched her lower body further into his mouth. “Cadeyrn,” she pleaded as she thrust her hips back and forth and fucked his mouth at a faster speed. “Cadeyrn!” she screamed when he added a finger and sucked her clit

into his mouth. “Cadeyrn,” she sung over and over when she was caught up in the throes of her orgasm.

“Perennial,” he finally responded when he came up for air. “Perennial,” he rasped as he settled his hand on her pussy and teased her clit with his fingertips. “Perennial,” he whispered as he plunged two thick fingers inside of her and took her lips with his.

He remained silent as he worked his fingers in and out of her silky sheath. It wasn’t that he had nothing to say. It was that he was busy reading the pleasure in her eyes. Reserved everywhere else, in his bed she held nothing back from him. He treasured her honesty, demanded it. In return he gave her...everything, and that included patience he didn’t know he had, love he didn’t know he was capable of, entrance that he’d denied everyone else.

Letting go of her lips, he used his free hand to remove her t-shirt. Seeing her in the combination of her sexy bra, cowboy boots and his Stetson made him harder than he’d ever been. Seeking her breasts with his mouth, he suckled them through the fabric. Gently pulling on her nipple with his teeth, he worked his fingers faster to speed up the sounds of her pleasure. When she sounded close to hitting a crescendo, he backed off until her cries turned into pants.

“Cadeyrn,” she said as she clamped down on his hand with her powerful thighs and rode his fingers hard.

“Perennial,” he responded as he withdrew his fingers and softly spanked her pussy.

“Please,” she pleaded.

“Please what?” he asked as he licked his fingers before holding them out to her so she could sample his favorite treat.

As soon as Perennial’s tongue wrapped around his fingers, he knew that’d been a mistake. All he could think about was her tongue on his cock, and his cock in her tight pussy. As much as he anticipated the feel of her mouth on his cock, that treat was going to have to wait. Right now he wanted inside her pussy too bad. Taking her lips once more in a searing kiss, he yanked her panties off and cupped her bare ass under her skirt.

Rolling over onto his back, he undid his zipper and released his cock. Pumping it a few times, he watched her lick her lips as she swatted his hands away and replaced them with her own. He groaned as she stroked him. She knew how to work his cock just right. Running her hands from tip to base, she paused and cupped his sac.

On the verge of coming, he lifted her atop him. “Seat yourself,” he instructed as he held her hips while

she lined her pussy up with his cock and slowly slid down. He savored the feel of her body stretching to accommodate his girth. It reminded him that her body was custom made for him. That tight pussy was his, he thought as he felt her fully seat herself. That plentiful ass was his, he thought as he roughly kneaded her cheeks before delivering a hard smack.

Perennial gasped, but he felt her nectar slide down his cock. She liked it rough, and today he was in a mind to give it to her just like her body was demanding.

“I’m the only thing you’re going to be riding,” he decreed.

“Well then you’d better make sure you got something I want to ride,” she said as she rotated her hips and clenched her thighs around his muscular form.

He smiled. Perennial was daring...but he was a Texan. Apparently, she didn’t know how dangerous it was to challenge a cowboy.

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Perennial couldn’t help but preen as she ran her hands up and down Cadeyrn’s chest and rocked her hips up and down his rippled mass. Not even half undressed, he still managed to look damn good. No

one wore half undressed the way her cowboy did. It looked extra good on him because she knew she was the reason for that look. So desperate to have her, all he'd managed to take completely off was his suit jacket. His cowboy boots were still on, his pants were simply unbelted, unzipped and pulled down. His crisp dress shirt was open, not because he was actually patient enough to undo it but because he'd simply ripped the halves apart.

Biting her lip in an effort to hold back her smile, she considered her own state of dress. Her boots were digging into the bedspread. Her skirt was around her waist. Her shirt had gone the same way as her panties—somewhere in the vicinity of her good sense, which from the looks of things was far, far away.

If anybody had told her she'd be in a preacher's house, riding said preacher's son like a cyclist rode a bike during the mountain stage of the Tour de France, she would've thrown them to the wolves. But here she was doing just that on the Sabbath no less, yet instead of feeling guilty she felt only pleasure. How could she feel anything but with Cadeyrn Maxen's hot, ripped body under her, his flashing blue-green eyes boiling over with desire, his hands holding her so possessively, his heart thundering beneath her fingers, his "I love you's" in every single thing he did, in every word he said, in every glance. All she felt was like the

first, third and fourth lines in the poem “Good, Better, Best.”

Cadeyrn did that to her every time. He wanted her, and since the day she’d allowed him to love her he hadn’t bothered hiding that need. It didn’t matter where they were or who was present; anyone with eyes, anyone with a heart knew that this cowboy wanted her. She might not be as expressive as Cadeyrn, but there was no doubt she wanted him right back.

He made her so glad that God had created her a woman. She wasn’t a vain woman anywhere else, but in his bed, held within his hands, she was the biggest diva of them all. Looking into his eyes and getting lost in the undiluted need she saw there, she couldn’t help but allow her diva to have her way. That’s right motherfucker, act like you know...and you know you want this pussy...you want these breasts...you want this brain...you want all of me. So caught up in her fantasies, she was unprepared for the quick but firm smack on her ass. *Smack.*

“You motherf—” she began but then swallowed the rest of her curses when Cadeyrn inserted his other hand between them and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Dropping her head back, she closed her eyes and savored the intense pleasure. A sultry moan slid from

between her lips, dancing its way to the ceiling. Cadeyrn smacked her ass again and worked her pussy harder with that big, hard cock of his. Her moans increased, as did her desire. She knew she sounded like a wanton slut, but she couldn't bother giving a damn. Cadeyrn made her feel good...too good. The combination of the stinging smacks on her ass, Cadeyrn's big cock pounding into her, and his firm thumb stroking her clit had her head spinning.

"Cadeyrn," she groaned as she thrust her hips down hard, taking her man deeper and harder with every stroke of his thumb and smack on her ass.

"Take me, Perennial. Take all of me. Take me harder," Cadeyrn demanded.

Normally, she'd take offense at a man taking such a high-handed tone with her, but all Cadeyrn managed to do was turn her on so good.

"Ride me harder," he demanded and accompanied his demand with another smack on her ass.

Opening her eyes, she stared down into his gorgeous face, which was strained with concentration. Sitting up straighter in the saddle that was her man, she used every ounce of her lower-body strength to throw it back to him just the way he asked.

"Is that all you've got?" he challenged.

Perennial' raised her eyebrow at that comment. "I've got more, but it wouldn't be seemly if you had to be carried out of here on a stretcher, so I'm holding back," she said even as she met him thrust for powerful thrust.

"Well in that case, I'll take over," he said as he used his powerful hands to spread her wider.

Perennial's orgasm was flirting with her. Anticipating Cadeyrn's next hard thrust, it came closer...but nothing came, not another thrust, not her orgasm. She glared at Cadeyrn, who had stilled his hips and simply held her open while watching her with those soulful eyes.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Keep the hat on," he said.

She was about to comment on his cryptic remark and still hips when Cadeyrn began to show her *exactly* why she needed to hold onto the hat. He stroked into her so hard she lost her breath on a gasp. He stroked into her so fast she didn't even have time to exhale. Cadeyrn continued his staggering pace, and all she could do was take it. Somewhere in the recesses of her mind her brain was working out the force equations formula. Her pussy, meanwhile, was busy wondering how to apply that formula to calculate pleasure. Accused of being overly analytical, right now she

couldn't help but place her pussy's needs at the top of her list.

Everything about Cadeyrn was pleasure. Every part of his being gave her pleasure. His intellect sent signals straight to her female parts...she got off watching him do long division in his head and calculations on the fly. He seared her with every look...those blue-green eyes flashed storm systems whenever they settled upon her. His voice sent tremors dancing across her skin...the deep cadence soothing and sure all at once. His scent filled her nostrils, causing her to breathe his essence and breathe out a Perennial-Cadeyrn perfume. His touch elicited her trust...strong, sure, possessive, loving. There was no doubt he was meant for her, fashioned for her, created to her specifications. She'd spent every day since puberty wondering why few men called to her and none held her attention, only to find the answer the first moment she spent in Cadeyrn's arms. She was waiting for him.

Somewhere along the way stars began to burst in front of her eyes, reminding her of the beginnings of the grand finale at a Fourth of July celebration. Closing her eyes, she reveled in the sensations.

"Open your eyes, darlin'," Cadeyrn's ragged voice cut through her pre-orgasmic haze.

Her clit singing Cadeyrn's praises, she took her time doing so.

"Give it to me, Perennial," he rasped even as he increased his already mind-blowing thrusts.

Seeing the beginnings of a smirk, she gasped out between moans, "Make me."

Gripping her hips harder, he pulled her onto his cock faster and then pulled her off slowly. Over and over until she was on the precipice of what philosophers referred to as the final good. Still managing to hold the cowboy hat on her head, she kept one hand planted on his hard chest. He felt so good, so fucking good, so damn right.

His newest demand cut through her revelation. "Come now, Perennial."

Though her body was moments away from obeying, she willed her orgasm to hold on for a few more seconds. Looking him in his eyes, she countered with a demand of her own. "You come first."

Clenching tighter with her pussy, gripping harder with her thighs, she yanked him to her and sang the beginning verses of her orgasm into his mouth. His orgasm came careening in right behind hers, and in turn he hummed the chorus of his declaration into hers. Their orgasms crashed over them for long moments. Replete, they sank into each

other and panted out the bridge in time to their “I love you’s.”

Perennial liked the way Cadeyrn remained inside of her. She reveled in the way he took care of her after their lovemaking. Her body wracked by aftershocks, he simply held her. When their skin began to cool, he pulled the sheet over their bodies and stroked her back, gently calming her as he made soothing sounds and issued more decrees.

“Mine, Perennial,” Cadeyrn breathed.

“You’re mine, first,” she whispered back.

Their raspy bickering was interrupted by the hellfire and brimstone declaration that waltzed around the corner. “I’m glad everyone’s in agreement that y’all belong to each other, because there’s fixing to be a marriage just as soon as I can call that little girl’s momma.”

Perennial wanted to melt into the bed, go through the floor and out of the house. Oh, wow. There was no way she could explain this. She had a pussy full of cock and cum, two cups of forty-DDD hanging out on the front end, a whole bunch of booty hanging out the other, and two hundred twenty-five pounds of half-naked cowboy beneath her. From the smirk on his face, it was a cowboy who had absolutely no remorse or embarrassment about their current predicament. She had no remorse either, but that

wasn't the point—his momma had just seen her naked ass.

“Oh my goodness, your momma just saw my ass,” she whispered to him.

“It's a good thing she doesn't have a penis, because if she did that'd be the last thing she saw before she saw a fist in both of her eyes,” he said as he smoothed her skirt over her hips.

“She probably thinks I'm all kinds of whores,” she started but stopped upon hearing his momma's next words.

“How am I supposed to explain to her momma that my son took advantage of her daughter?”

“Tell her it's her own fault for making such a beautiful, intelligent woman,” he answered.

# PRE EPILOGUE

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“I can’t believe you’re going to wear that to your wedding,” Evergreen said.

“Being that I’m being forced into marriage, I didn’t have much time to plan a better dress,” Perennial huffed.

“Whatever. If you could’ve stayed off of Cadeyrn’s hot body, then you wouldn’t have been forced into marriage. Ugh, that dress is so disgusting. You seriously need to take that back.”

“What exactly is wrong with my dress? It’s a beautiful dress,” she said, somewhat offended on the dress’s behalf.

“It’s so, so, so cover of a bridal magazine,” Evergreen huffed. “And that’s so beneath an Archean female.”

“So what do you propose I wear? Do you happen to have a badazz ensemble in your knapsack?”

“No, I don’t, but I do happen to have your homie Sonoma’s number on speed dial, and she should be here in five minutes with an outfit worthy of an Archean woman...not that you’ll be in it long.”

# EPILOGUE

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Cadeyrn sat calmly on the front pew while everyone around him not-so-quietly went nuts. Sure, his bride was ten minutes late...and the bridesmaid...and their two bff's who were standing up with them...and the musician...and his daddy, his brother, his best friend and groomsman Ris Trahaearn, two of his uncles, and his godfather...but they had three whole minutes before their wedding was to start.

"Everyone else is worried, boy. When are you going to get to that point?" his aunt asked.

"After I hear a hail of gunfire followed by a series of explosions, then I'll start to get worried," he said.

"Really, Cadeyrn," she huffed.

"Perennial will be here, and she'll bring the rest of them with her," he said.

"You didn't make her mad enough to leave you, did you?" his mother came over and asked.

"Probably, but even if she did try and leave me, I'd simply chase her down and bring her back," he said.

"Seems like a lot of trouble over a woman," his uncle said.

“Which is why you’re working on wife number five,” his momma threw in.

Ah, he did love his momma. She had his back even in the midst of getting him told. His momma liked Perennial, and the prospect of not having her as a daughter-in-law was upsetting her...like that was going to happen. Perennial was his. And he was hers. And so was his brother’s horse.

“Two minutes, Cadeyrn. It’s two minutes till,” the usher said.

“Plenty of time,” he assured her.

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” her mother said. “Do you know how much damage my girls can do in thirty seconds, let alone two whole minutes? I can’t afford to buy you a whole new county.”

“Cannon and Gage are with her. They’re fine,” he said as he hugged Perennial’s mother.

“Cannon and Gage are the reasons Evergreen’s wedding photos featured half the people sporting black eyes,” she said.

“Yeah, but knowing them, you should be proud that the groomsmen weren’t being wheeled out on a series of microscope slides, because those boys know how to deliver a righteous beat-down.”

“No wonder they like you. You’re just like them,” she said.

“Except I have much better social skills, and my wallet’s not chained to my jeans. And my suits have sleeves.”

“Hey, don’t be talking bad about Cannon and Gage,” Evergreen said as she ran through the doors of the church dragging said men.

Strolling to the altar, he watched as the rest of the wedding party came sprinting through the door. First came the musician, a full-figured young woman by the name of Donnatella Oxendine. Then came his brother, followed closely by his best friend. A few moments later his daddy strolled in, then his uncles, and then a horde of his dad’s cronies who were, for some reason, shirtless under their suit jackets. He couldn’t wait to hear the story behind that, but it was going to have to be later...much later, he thought as he heard his bride yell out.

“I’m coming! Momma, come on so you can walk me down the aisle. And crank my song, Donnatella.”

At 11:59:30 am, Donnatella played the first notes of...Charlie Daniel’s “The Devil Came Down to Georgia.” And at exactly 12:00 pm, his bride came strutting down the aisle. “Georgia’s in the house,” she proclaimed as her mother skipped up to the aisle with her.

“She’s all yours. And remember I have several thousand acres to get rid of the evidence if you mess

up, boy,” Ms. Spruce said right before kissing his cheek and taking her seat.

He didn’t know what his momma said during the ceremony. For all he knew she could’ve been conducting the service in Greek and Hebrew (being she was fluent in both languages). All he knew was that Perennial was the most interesting bride he’d ever seen. Wearing the most elaborate corset he’d ever seen, she’d paired it with white leather chaps worn over white jeans, white cowboy boots, a white leather holster, and all of that was topped off with a white Stetson. He’d never seen anything crazier, or anything so hot...or a woman so beautiful. All he could do was stare at her.

And did his staring make her nervous? Hell no. Perennial simply stared back at him and mouthed, “I know you want me.”

“And I meant for you to know it,” he breathed into her mouth as he bent and kissed her lips.

Their kiss was interrupted by his momma, who thumped him with something. “Pay attention and get ready to exchange the ‘I do’s,’ youngins.” Wow, chastised at his own wedding...by his own momma.

Finally, he heard the words he’d been waiting thirty years to hear. “You may kiss your bride.”

Before he could bend to kiss Perennial Archean Maxen, Perennial jumped into his arms and laid a kiss

on him that had his whole body moaning in pleasure. They kissed until they were out of breath...and then kissed some more. When the need for breath won out, Perennial slid her luscious form down his body, arched an eyebrow at him and declared:

“And that’s how you break a cowboy in, ladies.”

All he could think was: damn straight.

“Donnatella, play my song,” she said as she grabbed his hand and made her way to the door.

A moment later the melody of “Georgia” was being sung by all of the Georgians in attendance. He was sure all of the Texans in the house were offended, and if he hadn’t had an armful of Perennial, he might’ve been offended too. As it was, all he heard were her sighs, and every one of them was music to his ears.

# POST EPILOGUE

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Their reception might've had the Texas stamp of approval, but for Perennial, it was two hours of foreplay. Damn, her man looked good. It was all she could do to show an ounce of decorum when she saw him up at the altar rocking that dark hand-tailored suit, those shiny cowboy boots and that Stetson. Cadeyrn was too fine for his own safety. Already, she'd had to send out the Neaks to warn off the locals. Between the Archean females, her friends, and the Neaks, they'd dominated Cadeyrn's available time, which meant all those touchy-grabby bitches didn't have to get a Georgia-style ass-whipping today.

The Georgia camp and the Texas camp were just itching for a fight, but being Cadeyrn's momma and her momma had put their feet down, they had to stick with insults. They fought over the music. Pissed at the two Georgia-themed songs played during the wedding, the Texans played every song with the word "Texas" in it. Not to be outdone, the Georgians played every song with the word "Georgia" in it, and when they ran out of songs they even played the Georgian (as in the Eastern European country) National Anthem and followed it up with a Georgia-style fuck you aimed at the Texans.

All she could think was, wow, crazy just married into crazy. Oh well, between the Archeans and Maxens nobody was going to be fucking with their family. Of course if the Maxens insisted on talking smack about Georgia-style barbeque, they were going to find themselves with a Maxen shortage. Her observations were cut short by Cadeyrn's wandering hand.

"Come on, woman, they're playing our song."

"What song is that?"

"A slow one, now come on," he said as he led her to the dance floor.

One song led to another and another and another. They'd started off in the center of the floor but were currently occupying a darkened recess.

"Do I even want to know why everyone came running in and some of my father's cronies are shirtless?" Cadeyrn asked as he dragged her close and rubbed his hotness all over her.

"Probably not, because that'd make you an accomplice," she said.

"At least there wasn't gunfire or explosions," he said as he danced her into a corner and felt her up.

"That's only because Gage and Cannon were there. They stood behind me and Ever like they were secret service and we were royalty, which we kinda are."

“And why were they standing guard?” he asked as he bent his head and licked the top of her cleavage.

“Because while waiting for the convoy of limos to take us to the church, certain members of your wedding party challenged us to some Texas Hold ‘Em,” she answered as she unbuttoned his shirt and gently bit his pec.

“So you won their shirts. What else did you get?” he asked as he unzipped her jeans and snaked a thick finger into her sex.

Arching into him, she moaned her answer. “Actually, I got there whole outfits—I simply didn’t want to see old naked guy ass. Besides the getup, I also got Ris’s motorcycle, your uncle’s dog, and some old guy’s barn.”

“Well, at least you left them with their dignity,” he said as he added another finger and pumped them slowly in and out of her.

“Yeah, but Evergreen took that. And she also got a ten-percent share of a winery, a fifteen-percent share of a horse ranch from some crotchety old bastard, and oh yeah, box seats for all Dallas home games...like we’d want that shit,” she said as she unzipped him and reached into his pants and cupped his sac. She did enjoy the sounds of his pleasure.

“Darlin’, please. I won’t last if you do that.”

“Well, then get your fingers out of my pussy,” she said even as she clenched down on his fingers.

“I need a back door,” he panted.

“But we just got here...two hours ago,” she said as she worked her hand up and down his cock.

“Perennial, I’m so hard for you, so on edge for you that I’m about to explode.”

“Can you make it to the limo?” she rasped into his chest as she licked his nipple and slowed her strokes.

“If you stop touching me,” he groaned.

“Stop looking so fine then,” she said as she licked his other nipple.

Cadeyrn withdrew his fingers from her sex and zipped her up before grabbing her hand from his pants and zipping himself up. Hefting her in his arms, he marched right through the center of the ballroom, not giving a damn that his shirt was unbuttoned, his erection was obvious and her orgasm was imminent. Marching to the limo, he yanked open the door, told the chauffeur to fuck off, and spread her out on the seat.

Unzipping his pants, he pulled her chaps and jeans off before lifting her onto his erection.

“Ride me,” he demanded.

Sinking down, she stopped and ripped his shirt apart. Flicking his nipple with her tongue, she raked her nails across the other one on her way down.

“Cadeyrn,” she whispered.

“Perennial,” he responded as he drove into her with such beautiful, powerful control.

Over and over he thrust. And she met him every step of the way. As good as he was bringing it, she needed more. “Harder,” she challenged.

He laid her on the seat, where she rested her cowboy boot on his shoulder and opened her legs as wide as she could. Cadeyrn drove into her so hard she felt the limo move on each stroke.

“Cadeyrn,” she moaned. “Cadeyrn.”

“Come for me, Perennial,” he demanded.

And for once, she did so without arguing. It wasn’t as if she had much of a choice. Cadeyrn was stroking all of her spots all at once, and she could do nothing but comply. Screaming out his name, she collapsed against the seat. As always, he wrapped her in his strength and held her as she recovered.

“I love you, Perennial,” he rasped.

“Of course you do, because I’m the shit,” she whispered.

“Yes, you are,” he agreed.

“I love you too, Cadeyrn,” she said as she softly kissed his lips.

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They stayed that way for a half hour before they bothered getting dressed. Needing to tidy themselves before they embarked on their honeymoon, they left the cocoon of the limo...only to be greeted by applause.

Da hell? She couldn't be sure, but it seemed like the whole fucking ballroom was outside surrounding their limo.

"Did you think I was killing him being he was screaming my name so loud?" she asked.

"No, we were just wondering why you commandeered this gentleman's limo when we have a fleet of limos over there," Cadeyrn's momma said.

Whatever else she said was lost, as she was in shock. "Is that the owner of the Dallas Co—" she started.

"Yep," Cadeyrn said all proud.

"Oh my goodness. Now we have to buy this man another limousine," her momma said as she reached in her purse and dug out her checkbook. "How much is it?" she asked the smiling man.

"You know what, ma'am. Don't worry about it. It's good to see young people in love." Turning to them, he spoke. "Why don't y'all go ahead and take that one to the airport. And go on and fly on my private jet."

Well damn, she wasn't about to turn that down. As everyone had already seen their post-coital look,

there was no need to straighten up. Thanking him, she climbed back in the limo and dragged Cadeyrn with her.

If this was the way their marriage began, there was no telling how the next fifty years would unfold. Smiling, she rested her head in his lap and drifted off to sleep. When she got back to Atlanta, she was getting the Neaks something good. If not for their vampire hunts, she might've missed all of this.



Thank you for trusting us to deliver your prose. While we do write to supplement our incomes, we appreciate the investment of your time. We hope that you enjoyed the adventures of Perennial and Caderyn.

To read more about the characters connected to this book, check out the following stories:

*Can't See the Forest for the Tease* (Evergreen Archean & Alpine Bruce)

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# jeanie johnson and jayha high

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