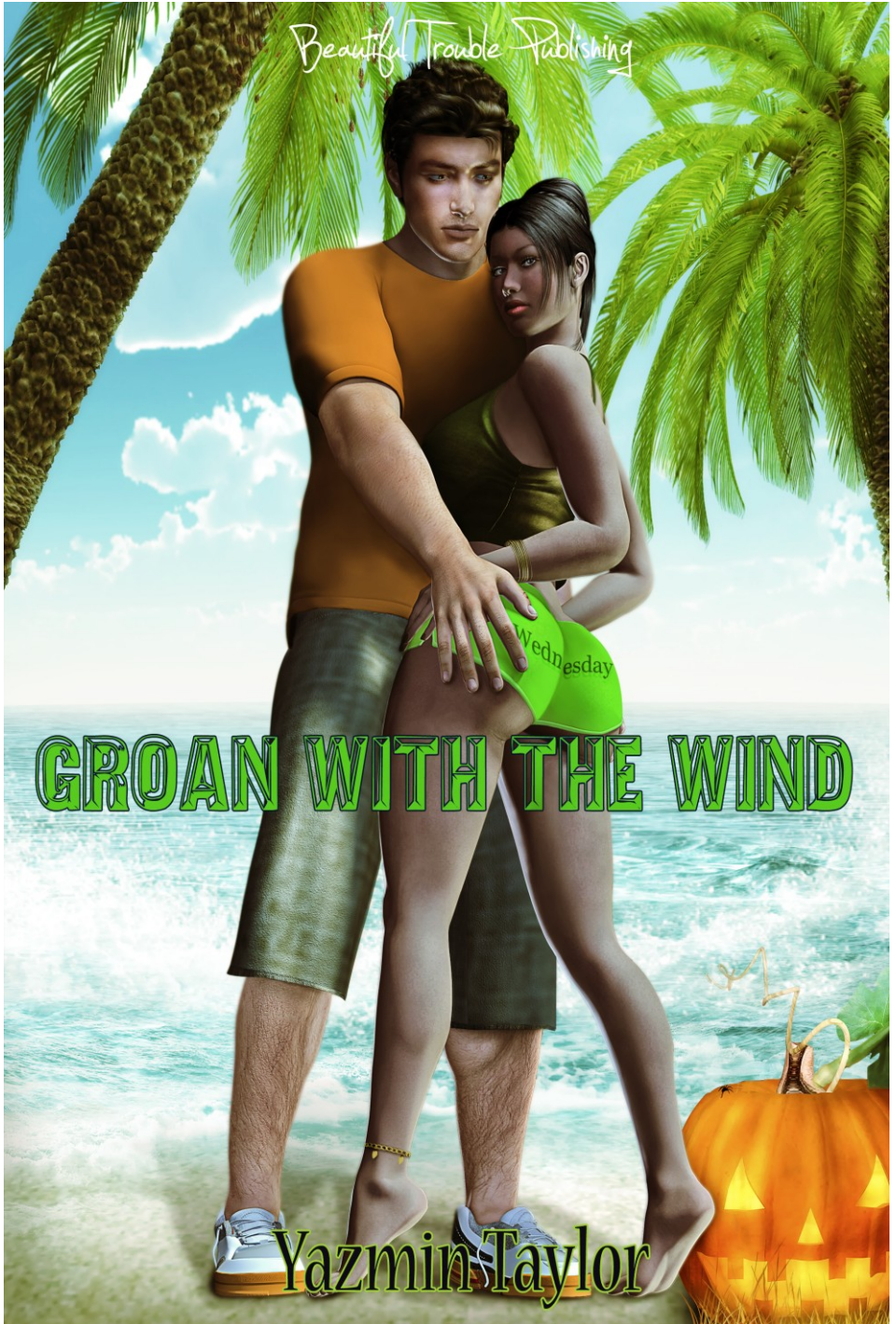


Beautiful Trouble Publishing

GROAN WITH THE WIND

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To everyone who appreciates what it's like to never
have a dull moment and to those who support me
through mine. —Yazmin

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CAVEAT

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

A bad day was getting stuck on the freeway for forty-five minutes when you were barely ten minutes away from your destination. Or standing in line at the bank and having the teller close just when you were about to be next in line. Parker Davies was having the kind of day that extended so far beyond “bad” that even she couldn’t laugh about it. And she’d tried.

Knowing how slow the stylists were at Lenore’s, Parker had shown up half an hour early, hoping that would help keep her hair appointment in the ballpark of on time. After being there only ten minutes, hope got up and walked out the door. A sculpted, upswept ponytail should take a couple of hours—max. And it might have, if Quasha hadn’t booked two other appointments at the same time as hers.

The only reason she continued coming to Lenore’s was because Quasha *always* left her hair looking good enough to grace the cover of a black hairstyles magazine. That fact didn’t seem to mean shit today. She’d spent thirty-five minutes acting like she had patience and tact. As far as she was concerned, she deserved a gold star for her effort. But then patience, tact, and her gold star all rolled out when she witnessed the scene in the lobby. Not only

was her stylist arguing with her loser boyfriend, that simple wench actually snatched her car keys and left, leaving Parker with half a hairstyle and ready to go off like Kayne at an awards show.

Quasha's boyfriend had to be a seasoned dicknotist, because he had Quasha following his every command. Rolling over and begging was fine for four-legged creatures, but it was pathetic to watch a grown woman do it. Like weeds, dick was known to spring up any and everywhere, so there was no need to be a doormat for any man. Another day, she was going to give Quasha a real deal talking to about this bullshit.

Disregarding the shampoo cape and rollers she wore, Parker stormed over to the receptionist's desk. Searching within her for one more ounce of tact and finding none, she let the receptionist know that she was leaving, and that she would return their property via mail. Already pissed beyond belief, Parker grabbed the entire dish of Halloween candy from the counter. No way was she leaving with half a hairdo AND an empty stomach. As much money as this salon charged just to step foot in the door, you'd think they could spring for full-sized candy bars. She made a mental note to add the miniscule sweets to her growing list of complaints as she stalked to her car.

Needless to say, this snafu put a serious monkey wrench in her plans. Weighted down by the styling

products and wetness, her hair was a hot mess. There was no way to salvage it. Washing it out and starting over was the only obvious choice.

By the time she finished doing her hair and showering, her entire day was shot to hell. Hungry, pissed beyond all belief, and getting madder every time her gaze strayed to the bag containing the rollers and cap, Parker decided to drive back to Lenore's tonight and drop her items through the mail slot, along with a long letter explaining how not to treat customers.

Snatching her favorite emerald jersey trench from the closet, Parker simply threw it on over the cotton panties and cami she wore. She took a moment to put on her silver dangling heart earrings, the matching bracelet, and her favorite pair of platform gladiator sandals. The sandals were really meant to be lying-down shoes, but she looked so good in them, Parker couldn't resist the opportunity to be seen in them. Unless it involved a trip to the emergency room, there was no good reason to go outside tore up.

She could have gotten all the way dressed, but she didn't see the point in it, considering she'd just be taking it all off again in a few minutes. She'd only be outside the car for the few seconds it took her to slide the shit into the mail slot at Lenore's. She'd return to her condo, fade to black after eating, and get a do-over

tomorrow before the party. It shouldn't be a problem. Besides, this was The O.C., where people wore socks and sandals like that wasn't a crime against fashion.

That was the plan, but the plan took a left turn, causing her to end up here. Where was here? Here was outside of Lenore's with her hand stuck in the damn mail slot. Parker gave her arm a few more tugs and twists, hoping that maybe she'd free her hand from the mail slot if she simply tried harder. After a few more minutes, all she'd accomplished was getting her bracelet to dig deeper into her skin.

"Fine, I give up," she whispered as the dry Santa Ana winds swept through the empty parking lot. Water spouted from the fountain centered in the quad, as the birds of paradise surrounding it wobbled in the humid breeze. Across the street, palm trees swayed against the night sky. Returning her attention to look around the split level strip mall, Parker didn't see a soul in sight. Every business was closed, and the street wasn't close enough for anyone driving by to notice her predicament.

Remembering the cell phone shoved in her pocket, Parker dug it out and dialed. "One of you pick up the phone—I need you. Simi...Carson? Are you there? Get over here to Lenore's Salon in Rancho Margarita. Bring some pliers or something and hurry

up before...” The cell phone beeped once before the screen darkened.

“Hello? Shit!” Parker screamed before cramming the phone back in her pocket. “Why oh why didn’t I charge the damn thing last night?” If she had, she could keep dialing until one of them answered.

Most likely the couple was out working on last-minute details for their engagement party. No telling when they would arrive home and hear her frantic message. Or maybe they were home listening to it right now and were on the way to rescue her. If there was ever a time to think positive and stay calm, surely now was that time. Besides, she couldn’t work out her frustrations by pacing, and freaking out wouldn’t solve anything.

Feeling the wind kick up a little, she reached down and attempted to secure the lower half of her coat, which was almost impossible, considering she only had the use of one hand. If her grandmother saw her now, she would be threatening to tan her hide if she knew that Parker often left the house dressed like this. A smile came to her lips as she remembered how Granny would always bust up laughing when Parker inquired how her hide could be tanned any more, since she was already two shades darker than milk chocolate.

She might not be dressed for the occasion, but she could honestly say she didn't look bad even with the extra twenty pounds she had been procrastinating on losing. Maybe a few minutes late, but never one to miss a meal, Parker prided herself on the fact that she had more than enough to feed the needy. She knew Tyra Banks wasn't scouting the globe for her, but she also knew that everything she had was definitely in the right places. Standing five foot six, she had just the right amount of dip at the waist, cleavage that often stopped both men and women in their tracks, and an ass that made them follow.

Another gust of wind reminded her once again of her predicament. Usually, she didn't bother to question why fate delivered monkey wrenches to her address. She'd offer it a cappuccino and the seat by the window. But on this day, she couldn't seem to find humor anywhere, which was unusual because she was like a stand- up comedian when it came to finding the punch line in any sideways situation. If she thought about it, her current dilemma was a gut buster. Who else but her would end the day with her hand stuck inside a mail slot, scantily clad, in the middle of the night, outside a strip mall, with a dead cell phone and not a soul in sight.

“Damn, I should have asked for a sandwich too.”

CHAPTER TWO

Under normal circumstances, Huntington Beech would never be nosey enough to intrude on someone's privacy by listening to a voicemail on their phone. If he hadn't decided to drive down a day early, he wouldn't have been here when the phone rang in the first place. But he was here a day early because Simi and Carson had insisted that he spend the night at their place and make himself at home. And he had...up to a point. Then he heard the frantic voicemail. Even if he wanted to, there was no way he could ignore the all-hands-on-deck mayday phone call. Since he had no idea when the couple would return from dinner, he had to do something.

Once he realized who was on the other end of the phone, Huntington knew that whatever was going on was anything except normal. Parker Davies was like an accident on the freeway that compelled you to stop and look, no matter what you might see. Huntington had been resisting the temptation that plagued him, and so far he was winning. Well, kind of...until he heard the word "pliers."

"Did she just say pliers?" he asked the empty room before removing his glasses and squeezing the

bridge of his nose, in an attempt to ward off the looming headache. After listening to the message twice, he was confident that he'd heard right. Turning off the TV and grabbing his keys from the coffee table, Huntington scribbled a quick note to his host and hostess. Well, he'd intended it to be quick, but how do you explain an outing to *The Twilight Zone*? Not really sure about what to write, he decided to simply say he'd be back by morning. He knew the city, so it would only take a few minutes to get to Parker.

The odd restlessness that had settled over Huntington the last few days seemed to disappear with the blowing of the wind, as he used his drive time to mentally prepare himself for whatever he'd find once he reached Parker. Stopping the sun from rising might be more a realistic goal to shoot for, because he never knew what was waiting in the wings when it involved that woman. The day after that "little incident" at Long Beach Airport, which resulted in Parker being prohibited from flying Wings of the West and him being questioned by security for an hour, was the day he decided to add a lawyer, a doctor, and a cop to his speed dial. Even without a priest, that was a damn good start.

"Should I or shouldn't I" had been playing over and over in Huntington's head since then. When his best friend Carson proposed to Simi, he was forced to

take a look at his own life. What he saw had thrown him for a loop. Somewhere along the way, his logical views had started bordering on the cusp of all-out boredom, especially where women were concerned. And boring was definitely not his style. Not that the women he'd been involved with weren't savvy and stunning, because they were. However, he realized now they were all so cookie cutter. They had all been safe, predictable, and thus easily controlled.

And at the time, Huntington had expected this in his relationships. Since meeting Parker, he wasn't so sure any more. Wanting her was not the issue; that was the easy part. With her expressive brown eyes set in a pear-shaped face and her impressive breasts set on a lush body, it wasn't hard at all. It was all the rest of the stuff that made him wary. How could any sane man step over the edge of a cliff and not be a little apprehensive?

In that moment Huntington's cloud of confusion disappeared. He felt the head on his shoulders agree with the head below his belt. The "ayes" have it, and so it is. Envisioning himself taking the leap, he rolled down the driver's window and shouted "Geronimo" to the night sky. Obviously the two old ladies in the car next to him felt no joy over his epiphany, because he saw them check the locks on the doors before speeding away at the green light. The Clark Kent in him took a

back seat while Superman grabbed the wheel. Oh yeah, things were about to get interesting.

CHAPTER THREE

No ifs, ands, or buts, the world is against me today, Parker thought, watching in disbelief as Huntington approached. The one person she wanted to avoid had shown up to witness her in another one of her sitcom moments. Huntington wasn't supposed to see her until the party, tomorrow night. That was going to be the perfect opportunity for him to see her not only looking her best, but also without all the pandemonium that always cropped up when they were together. Another plan bites the dust.

“Ugh, why are you here? I didn't call you,” she coolly stated. “Where is Simi or Carson?”

Sauntering up to her, Huntington simply flashed a lopsided grin while giving her the head-to-toe onceover.

“Well, hello to you too. I'm fine, thanks for asking,” he responded.

You sure as hell are, Parker mumbled under her breath. And he knew it too. He wasn't wearing glasses this time, so she had an unobstructed view of dark eyes with golden flecks. Wavy russet hair flopped over one of them, making it almost impossible for her to keep her hands to herself. Or in this instance, “hand,”

considering she only had one that was free. And don't even get started on the man's killer body, which he had displayed nicely underneath knee-length athletic shorts and a t-shirt. Parker noticed he simply awaited a snappy comeback.

"I was at their place alone when you called. You needed help, and I couldn't let you wait until they came home."

She didn't say anything to that. She simply licked her lips, testing to see if the peppermint lip gloss still coated them. She might be looking all kinds of crazy, but the last thing she needed was for her lips to make her look like a crackhead.

Huntington's smoothly sarcastic timbre caught her attention. "Well? Are you going to clue me in or just stand there looking mean?" he questioned, as he raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I'm opting for the short version here, so pay attention. I'm stuck." Rolling her eyes and sighing, Parker tugged her arm for dramatic effect. "See?"

"I got that part, yes. I just want to make sure there isn't a camera crew waiting to jump out," he said.

Shaking her head in agitation, Parker jumped to her own defense. "You have to bring that up—*again*? Great! First, I waste way too much of my day here

getting my hair done, and now you want to play twenty questions. “

“Wait a minute,” he interrupted. “You paid somebody to make your hair look that way?” he asked as he raked his eyes over the haphazard bun.

“Did you just make a crack about my hair?” Placing her free hand on her hip, she glared. Her hair might not be looking its best, but she wasn’t looking like Don King either.

Huntington knew the moment that question left his mouth that it was the wrong thing to say. Hearing Parker’s comment only reaffirmed that. Completely at a loss for whatever the correct response was, he shifted nervously from foot to foot. He seemed to have a talent for pissing her off. And it wasn’t that her hair was all that bad.

“Well, I mean...I only asked because it looks...like...that.” He blinked while stumbling over his words. It was simply that Parker’s hair always looked so perfect that he was accustomed to her looking like she belonged on the pages of *Essence* magazine.

Of course Parker laughed out loud at his discomfort. “You’re lucky. I’m gonna let that one slide for now. So how about freeing me?”

At least he'd dodged that landmine. Approaching cautiously, Huntington turned toward the building as he dropped to his haunches and peered inside the slot. The sooner he got this problem solved, the sooner they'd be able to talk.

"Roll up your sleeve a little so I can get a better look. It's blocking the view inside", he said. He watched as she complied but quickly realized that since part of the jacket was caught inside too, the sleeve would only roll up so far.

"I'll have to rip it," he said.

"No," she responded almost before he'd gotten the whole sentence out of his mouth.

"What do you mean no?" He turned to face her, thinking he must have heard wrong.

"I love this jacket and if it's ruined, I won't be able to find another one like it. You don't need to see to stick your hand inside and feel around anyway."

"It's a wonder you even got your tiny hand in there, so what would make you think I could get one of these inside?" he asked as he held up one of his hands. He could think of a lot of things he'd rather do than stick his hand in that mail slot. Things like palming her ass or cupping her breast.

"Why are you wearing a jacket anyway? Aren't you hot in that thing?" he asked.

Wasn't she hot? She was hot all right, not because of the weather, but because of the man in front of her. The breeze shifted, and his scent engulfed her and raced down her spine. Huntington smelled like sandalwood and sunset . And if he got any closer, he was going to smell her arousal as she felt wetness pool between her thighs.

The erotic scene playing in her head caused Parker to hesitate a little too long before answering. She wasn't going to ignore him, but Huntington must have thought so, because he looked highly annoyed. In a nanosecond, he shot to his feet and towered in front of her. Craning her neck, she took a tentative step backwards.

"If you wanted help, all you had to do was say so," he said in a low voice, although the determination in his eyes spoke volumes.

"Wait! Just let me—" she started to explain, but her explanations were too late in coming.

Strong hands yanked open the tie on her jacket. She attempted to swat them away to no avail. There wasn't time to react as a dry gush of wind carried the belt out of Huntington's hands and left the jacket wide open and flapping around her. This was going to start a riveting discussion, she thought.

CHAPTER FOUR

Even if the wind had been still, Huntington wouldn't have heard a damn thing. All he could hear was the blood pounding in his eardrums as it all rushed from his brain straight to his dick. Movies made it look cheesy when characters experienced a time-standing-still moment. Up until this point, Huntington had never believed such a moment could exist in real life. Damn, was he ever wrong. The dark green cotton camisole with lace straps did nothing to conceal her straining nipples. Dropping his eyes lower, Huntington gaped at a pair of matching cotton and lace panties that left very little to the imagination and had him seconds away from drooling. As he watched her bellybutton play peek-a-boo, he realized that the writing on the itsy bitsy undies said "Wednesday," his new favorite weekday. Who gives a damn if it was Friday? Thank GOD for hump day!

People didn't die of embarrassment, but it would be nice if they could at least have the power to snap their fingers and disappear for a while, Parker thought

as she felt heat spread to her cheeks—both of them. Parker knew she had to get free before she made a bigger spectacle of herself. And she might have, if she hadn't found herself unexpectedly sandwiched between the building and one brawny man. Wincing before reaching up to grab his shoulders for balance, Parker gulped to get air back in her lungs.

“Are you crazy or something?” she snapped.

“I could ask you the same thing. I'm sorry, are you hurt?” Huntington's hands quickly went to the back of her head and waist, checking for injuries. “All I could think of was to hide you. Somebody was jogging by. So now let's skip ahead to the part where you tell me where the hell your clothes are.”

Pretending as if she hadn't heard the last comment, Parker blurted out, “What? A jogger?” Shoving at his chest, she adjusted her coat as best she could as she peered around his massive form. “The entire time I've been stuck out here, not so much as a security guard has passed by, yet you expect me to believe that a person is out here jogging in the middle of a business district, during this time of night.”

“You're calling me a liar?” Huntington looked at her, somewhat confused.

“I guess I am, yes. Don't try to pretend you're concerned, because it isn't necessary. I know how you

feel about me because I heard you. Hurry up and get me loose so I can go home,” she demanded.

“I’m not doing anything until you explain what you mean when you said you heard me.”

Parker averted her head in an attempt to ignore him. Finally settling her icy glare on his face, she released her tirade on him.

“About four months ago, at Carson’s birthday party. Carson was talking to you about proposing to Simi. I heard you tell him that he should rethink marrying her because she’d disrupt his lifestyle. ‘Birds of a feather and all that jazz’ is what you said. You even used her friendship with me as a reason to break things off; saying how I was contagious and you didn’t want to be infected. Remember now?” she asked.

Parker knew the *exact* moment that dawn broke because the tension left his face, only to be replaced by a deep red blush.

“That entire conversation was a big misunderstanding, and I can explain if you let me,” he said.

Parker pursed her lips but remained silent.

“Okay, I did say that, but you’re leaving parts out.”

“I left after hearing that, because I’d heard more than enough.”

”Well, if you’d have stayed you would have heard Carson read me the Riot Act before he ratted me out to Simi, who took a turn laying into my ass. When I called you contagious, it wasn’t about you or Simi. It was all about me and my own hang-ups. You were getting to me, and I didn’t like it. Carson’s life morphing into a sitcom overnight made me wonder if that’s what it would be like between us. I mean, you’re not like any other woman I’ve dated. But after getting to know Simi and seeing how happy she makes Carson, I realized I was wrong. Chaotic or not, I want a relationship with you.”

Huntington didn’t give her any time to react. One moment he was a good foot and a half away; the next he had her backed up against the wall, pressing his lower body against hers. Lifting her chin, he dipped his tongue inside her mouth and teased her. As he nibbled her lower lip, she couldn’t help but sigh into his mouth. His tongue speared her mouth while his hand came up to gently massage her breast before pinching the nipple.

Parker had imagined kissing Huntington before, but her imagination didn’t have shit on the real thing. There was just something hot about this man who always looked like he could balance a spreadsheet while simultaneously spreading her out on the sheets and balancing her on his long dick. And she knew it

was massive, because he'd been slow grinding that big thing between her legs since the moan escaped her lips.

She didn't realize her arm was freed from the mail slot until she reached up to clutch the front of his t-shirt in an effort to draw him closer. Her eyes registered genuine surprise before pushing Huntington's chest with her sore hand. Leaves swirled by with the gush of wind that pounded on the building.

"Stop," Parker panted as she willed her body to cool off. Judging from the bulge in his shorts and the ticking in his jaw, stopping was the last thing Huntington wanted, but he did as she asked. If Huntington thought she was going to melt over his declaration, then somebody must have told him wrong.

CHAPTER FIVE

“What’s the matter?” The question came out as an annoyed whisper, but he couldn’t help that. He was too fucking hard to tone down his need for Parker. As it was, it took everything he had to refrain from hauling her fine ass and kissing her the way he wanted to. The kiss they’d shared a moment ago had been a good start, but that’s all it was: a start. He hadn’t even begun to show Ms. Parker the things he could do with his mouth.

“Do you hear yourself? You make me sound like I’m some kind of incurable disease that you’re forced to live with but can survive as long as you take your medication. So now that *you’ve* decided you can handle me, I’m supposed to fly into your arms like some kind of soap opera ending? I don’t think so.”

Waves of frustration rolled off Huntington. Parker Davies was the most frustrating fucking person walking the Earth. And yet he’d never desired anyone more. Shoving his hand through his hair, he took a deep breath and began again. “Obviously I’m doing this all wrong, but you know that isn’t what I meant.” Encircling her wrist in the warmth of his hand, Huntington drew her closer. “Hear me out, please.”

Swatting at his hand, Parker pulled away. “I’m not in the mood to hear more of your backhanded compliments tonight. In fact, I think it’s best if we don’t talk again.”

He sighed deeply. “After a kiss like that, you seriously think that I’m going to walk away? You’re being childish. Even if I agreed to that, what about the engagement party tomorrow night? I’m the best man and you’re the maid of honor.”

“Call it what you want, but I’m serious. Since you’re the one who’s being an ass, I think you should be the one to bow out of the party,” she yelled over the bellowing winds.

“No way am I skipping out on Carson because you won’t accept my apology.”

Eyes widening, she responded. “And no way am I ditching Simi’s special day because of you.” Rummaging in her coat pocket, Parker pulled out a quarter. “There’s only one fair way to solve this. The loser is the one who makes up some excuse why they have to miss the party. Now call it.” Rolling up her sleeve, she prepared to flip the coin.

“This is ridiculous, Parker,” he drawled.

“You had your chance, so no bitching when I win.” Flicking the coin with her thumb, Parker shouted, “Tails!”

Unexpectedly, the breeze kicked up and carried the quarter off. “Damn! Help me find it.” Dropping to her knees, Parker scanned the shrubs for the missing coin.

“Not necessary, because I win.” Nonchalantly Huntington stepped in front of her, lifting her as if she were a ragdoll. Marching her backwards, he wrapped her thighs around his waist. “Heads I get tail, tails I get head.”

Lust-filled eyes cemented her to the spot, so Parker had no choice except to melt. Later, they could figure out the ins and the outs, and even later than that she would try to remember why it even mattered. It was impossible to talk anyway with Huntington’s tongue alternately lapping her neck and nibbling her earlobe. Everywhere he licked, her skin tingled. A skilled tongue like his deserved a purple curtain with a velvet rope, and somebody standing beside it going “ta-dah.”

Urgent need washed over Parker when Huntington raised his head and grinned at her. “Good thing I’m not a poor loser.” Rubbing her cheek on his shoulder, she tentatively tasted his neck.

Huntington's laughter ended in a moan when Parker hitched herself higher on top of his throbbing erection and rotated her hips. Her thick thighs gripped his waist tighter, pressing her soaking wet center against him.

"Dear God!" he panted as Parker swooped in and kissed him. No tentativeness whatsoever, she just barged in, thrusting and demanding with her mouth, and he happily obeyed. Breaking away, he snatched a few gulps of air. His mouth sought out her luscious breasts, sucking and licking, teasing and blowing the sensitive nipples.

Swirls of hot air reminded Huntington that they were outside, but he didn't care. After having an appetizer, he wanted more, and he wasn't about to stop now. "I want to taste you," he said as he reached between their bodies and inside her panties, where he palmed her drenched slit and zeroed in on her tender bud.

Parker arched her hips into his hand as he circled her entrance before easing two fingers inside. Her sheath clamped down on his calloused fingers, and she bucked against his hand.

"That feels so good," she admitted moments before spasms rocked her body.

When her spasms stopped, he withdrew his fingers and licked them clean. Noise from the traffic reminded Huntington that they were in plain sight.

Striding to the fountain, he sat on the edge while positioning Parker on his lap. Now they were partially hidden and Parker would be cushioned. Taking her uncomfortably against the cement didn't sit well with him, but neither did waiting to get inside her.

Making the final decision and taking her own turn, Parker reached between them and freed his dick that was straining against his shorts. "Make it fast," she whispered while stroking him.

"Yes, next time...I promise..." Huntington gasped and pulled her tighter against him. Positioning himself at her slick entrance, Huntington drove into her like an angry mob storming a castle. Hips moved at warp speed as the couple cried out in unison against the wind. Minutes passed and angles switched, spiking Parker's pleasure to a whole new level. Wave after wave crashed over her before she found her release. Huntington was right behind her.

Parker placed her feet on the ground as Huntington slumped against the wall, drawing her down beside him. A comfortable silence fell between

them as they straightened clothing and caught their breath again.

“Pick me up at six. I don’t want to be late to the party tomorrow,” Parker said, smiling. Huntington reached down and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

“If Friday looks half as good as Wednesday, I can’t guarantee we’ll be out of your bed that early.”

Gathering her coat together at the waist, Parker dragged Huntington toward the parking lot. “We’d better leave now then, because I’m not done showing you Wednesday. Thank God for hump day!”

*** Yazmin ***

Yazmin Taylor

Yazmin Taylor is a Southern-bred girl. Though she lives in a sprawling metropolis, she still has a lot of country in her—just ask her friends, who're often amused with her colorful country colloquialisms. She's a lover of books, and when she has free time you'll find her attached to her laptop reading the latest romance or erotica e-book. She has a daughter she'd do anything for, including riding a roller coaster with a headscarf on in order to protect her enhanced hair! This may be her first foray into writing, but it's not her first time weaving a story. A born storyteller, she's now sharing her talents...after a little prodding from friends.

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