



# MORGAN'S MUSE

By

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## Chapter One

Virtually empty at three in the morning, the diner held a hushed, relaxing silence as Morgan Caine let out a laden sigh and sipped black coffee from a tan plastic cup. *It should be relaxing.* Her inner city-girl scowled. *Grant, I could strangle you. What's so great about total silence?* A lone truck driver occupied a booth along the row of windows pretending to be a wall, eyelids fluttering up and down as though trying to stay awake long enough to eat. The bored gray-haired waitress, dark circles under pale blue eyes, wiped the olive green counter, gaze straying again to the clock over the serving space that opened into the kitchen area.

Morgan finished her coffee in two gulps, pushed the chair back, and left a five dollar bill on the table to cover the coffee and a generous tip. *I can make the cabin in an hour and, maybe, finally, get some sleep while it's still dark.*

The bell over the door jangled, jerking her attention to the leather-clad, helmeted customer stepping over the threshold. Morgan went still, staring at the newcomer. Easily six feet six, he barely cleared the door frame without ducking. A black leather riding jacket complete with silver zippers and other decorative things, hid nothing of a muscled build. Black jeans hugged hips and thighs as though sewn on around his flesh.

At six one herself, Morgan towered over most people. *He's got several inches and a good eighty pounds on me.* Stomach fluttering, she inched forward as he approached the counter. Warm leather, soft as butter, brushed her bare arm as they passed in the aisle. Shivers rippled through her and she shot a glance over her shoulder. He had yet to remove his helmet as he sat at the counter.

"Get out of here, Morgan," she muttered under her breath. "He's just a man, a biker at that."

Ignoring the pull of the large man and the urge to go back inside, order coffee and sit next to him, she hurried out of the restaurant. She spotted her rented four-wheel drive pickup truck under the one parking lot light that struggled to put out a dull yellow glow, and all but ran across the asphalt. As she unlocked the door, her gaze strayed back to the restaurant. Through the windows, partially blocked by neon lighting, posters, signs, and other debris, she stared again. He sat at the counter, helmet at his elbow as he lifted the coffee mug to his lips. The jacket hung over the back of the stool and she caught a glimpse of dark hair.

*Get a move on, Morgan,* logic ordered as her stomach fluttered once more. She shoved the key in the ignition, twisted it, and listened to the satisfying rumble of the well-tuned engine. A sigh of relief didn't quite mask the twinge of disappointment nagging at her.

"Do not do this," she lectured her rising libido. "The last time you leaped before you looked with a hot guy in leather, you barely lived to regret it. Get to the cabin."

Shoulders squared, spine rigid, Morgan drove away from the restaurant and out of the small town, the name of which she hadn't bothered to learn.

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The narrow two lane road curved into the mountains, twisting higher and higher as trees and undergrowth thickened. Headlights swept the road, visibility clear on a cloudless moonlit night. Trees and brush crowded so close to the roadside, the dirt curb disappeared. "Don't break down," she murmured. "There's no place to pull over."

Fluttering in a slight breeze, leaves glinted under the full glare of the moon. Dark shadows

spread between trees and bushes, tendrils encroaching on the edge of the road. The dark forest surrounded her, but the headlight-illuminated twists and turns of the asphalt humming under the tires lit the drive to the cabin, hidden deep in the woods. Less than an hour after leaving the restaurant, Morgan parked the truck in a small clearing dominated by an A-frame log cabin.

The glare of the truck lights cut through the clearing, mocking the moon light, and rested on the sliding glass doors of the cabin. The front deck sported a propane grill, its cover lowered, metal fixtures gleaming. The cabin, living room/bath/and kitchen area on the first floor, bedroom on the second, drew a grin from Morgan as she shut off the engine.

"You have it all here, Grant," she commented. "Propane grill, cushy deck furniture, two floors. Rustic luxury. All ready for me to just move right in, complete with the generator you promised to have someone turn on for me."

Smirking, she climbed out of the truck, grabbed her backpack, laptop case, and a second backpack full of office supplies, and carried it all to the front deck. Dropping everything on a cushioned lounge chair, she fished a key out of her pocket. "Generator better work," she muttered to the absent Grant. "Or you're a dead man."

She twisted the key in the lock, slid the glass door aside, and stepped over the metal threshold. Sliding fingertips over the rough wood, she found the switch and flipped it up. Several lamps lining the walls, placed on end tables and the desk along one wall, flooded the area with a soft glow, proving Grant's caretaker had indeed done his job. Shadows flickered in corners. A faint light filtered from the second floor, drifting down the stairs huddled in the far corner.

"Got anything brighter?" she mumbled as she moved into the cabin.

Gaze flitting over the rustic decor, she took in the logs comprising the walls. Not a single chink let in moonlight. The well-built cabin withstood decades of bad weather, storms, and long periods standing empty. A fireplace, built into the brick back wall, the only non-wood material used in construction, sent fleeting pictures of a glowing fire, her and a handsome man wrapped up in each other, through her mind. Morgan blinked, banishing the romantic images. "Who needs romance, or even hot sex," she scoffed. "There's no such thing as love."

*Maybe that's why you can't write.* Grant's parting words echoed in her mind. "I don't have to believe in love to write erotic horror stories," she argued, her sharp voice reverberating around her.

Pushing writer's block out of her mind, along with Grant's opinion, she returned to the deck, grabbed her bags, and took them up to the second floor.

The bedside lamp cast a soft glow over the king size bed, positioned so she could lie down and gaze out the sliding glass doors to the upper deck. Grant Travers, her agent and rich as Midas, believed in creature comforts. "Even in your mountain retreat." She grinned. "The only reason I agreed to this ridiculous trip."

Leaving the unpacking until later, she slid her computer case on top of the six drawer dresser and left the back packs on the floor at the foot of the bed. Fatigue dragged at her as the last of the caffeine gave up its feeble struggle to keep her alert. Not bothering to undress, she flopped onto the bed, on top of the covers, and closed her eyes as soon as her head settled on the pillow.

More than an hour later, Morgan sat up amidst the rumpled bed covers and rubbed eyes gritty from lack of sleep. Silence, broken by the whisper of a breeze through the trees, the nocturnal hum of insects, and the rustle of night creatures in the underbrush, settled over her like a hot, heavy blanket. An owl hooted in the distance. A shudder rippled over her and her stomach churned. Morgan squirmed, needing the rush of city traffic, horns blaring, people shouting, and the blast of an occasional emergency siren to lull her into the deep sleep that had eluded her since leaving Tucson.

"I don't belong here," she muttered, sliding her legs over the edge of the bed. "It's too damn quiet out here to sleep." A laden sigh escaped her. "Maybe a walk will tire me enough to doze, or take

a nap later.”

Darting a glance at the black computer case perched on the dresser, she scowled, stood, and went downstairs.

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As she slid the glass door aside and stepped out onto the warm wood planks of the deck, the night beckoned. Soft breezes lifted the hair off the back of her neck, cooling her flushed skin. It blew over her face like a lover's warm breath, drawing her toward the darkness between the trees ringing the cabin. Air so quiet she picked out individual nocturnal grunts and shuffles of movement, enshrouded her until her pace slowed. She meandered among the thick trunks, along a grassy path on a circuitous route until she stood on the shore of a small lake undisturbed by civilization.

Joy swelled inside her, simple appreciation for a piece of nature's beauty, banishing any lingering discomfort with the unaccustomed silence. Moonlight glittered off the water, sparkling like diamonds. A rhythmic roar built in her ears, pulling her around the lake to the rushing water cascading from the cliff high overhead. The glittering spray danced in front of her, refreshing and cool on her heated skin.

Senses dazzled by scenery, Morgan blinked at the man emerging from the froth at the base of the cliff. Bathed in silver light, he stood stark naked on the edge of the lake, water lapping at his ankles. Mouth watering, Morgan couldn't look away. Her avid stare took in shining male perfection, from that long dark hair glinting in pale moonlight to the muscled arms and legs of a powerful build meant to draw female attention. Though difficult to see details, she swallowed hard. *Oh god. She bit back a groan, struggling not to drool at such a magnificent specimen of pure male sexuality. You are in such trouble, Morgan. Get out of here before he sees you spying on him. He's stark naked, for god's sake!*

Her feet moved...toward him! As she approached, each footstep a whisper in the damp grass, he turned in profile, a lean silhouette against the waterfall, back-lit by the glinting silver light. Breath caught, she stopped only a few feet from him, trapped by fascination. Eyeing him as though staring at a feast of her favorite desserts, Morgan yearned for his touch, body clamoring for more than the mere sight of such chiseled masculinity. Rigid, defined muscles attested to great strength.

He hadn't flinched at her arrival and seemed undisturbed by her blatant interest. In profile, his body stood out in stark relief, cock growing as it rose from the patch of shadow marking his crotch. Even at night with nothing but the moon shining down on him, Morgan gasped at the size of his erect penis. Her pussy clenched, dampening cotton with her abrupt need. Morgan gaped, amazed by at her body's reaction as much as by this perfect stranger.

Their eyes locked, held, as time spun out. In slow motion, he reached toward the pile of clothes she hadn't noticed on the ground, caught by the stunning sight of him. He pulled on a pair of dark-colored pants that might have been jeans, easing them over the strong columns of his thighs and narrow hips. The rasp of the zipper whispered across the night, sending shivers up her spine as disappointment spiraled through her. Leaving the waistband unbuttoned, he grabbed a shirt, gleaming white, and lowered it over his head.

Morgan blinked, let out a breath, and sucked in fresh air. The straps of the tank top curved over broad shoulders her hands itched to grab, fingers digging into hard muscle as he... *Stop it, Morgan. You don't even know him!* Her pussy didn't care, weeping that he covered what it wanted. Eyes gleaming, he looked at her again and moved toward her. Breath held once more, anticipation a tight knot in her gut, Morgan stood rooted to the spot. *Touch me*, her body begged, the words dying in her throat. *Oh god, touch me!*

Every nerve screamed for him. Her throbbing pussy demanded that rigid flesh to pound it hot and hard. He stood in front of her, eyes she couldn't tell the exact color of glinting like swirling silver

pools, mysterious and compelling.

*Morgan Caine!* Her mind shrieked at her and set alarm bells clamoring in her head. *What do you think you're doing?*

She stumbled back a step. *I...* Rough callused hands wrapped around her upper arms, steadying her.

*He's a man!*

Swallowing hard, trapped in his burning stare, she managed not to drool. *And what a man!* Those long fingers wrapped around her arms warmed her skin, and every nerve in her body sizzled to life at the contact. Without conscious thought, she moved closer until his heat swamped her, drew her into a sensual haze that fogged what little mind she still possessed. Trapped in that glittering stare, the burning intensity etching the sharp planes and angles of his face, Morgan surrendered anything and everything he desired from her.

"My little wood nymph," he murmured. The low rumble of his voice stroked her senses to life, spreading wildfires through every part of her body until her pussy clenched. Those perfectly sculpted lips moved with each syllable, beckoning speculation of what they might feel like on hers.

His grip tightened on her arms as he drew her closer. He towered over her six foot plus inches until he lifted her to her toes. His head lowered, closing the distance. *Oh yes, kiss me. Please!*

## Chapter Two

Molten silver swirled in those exotic eyes, drawing her into a blaze of heat capable of changing her life for all time. Faint hints of blues, green, browns, even reds, and yellows, mixed and swirled in a compelling tango. Stretching, Morgan reached for those full sculpted lips, curved in a slight smile—of entreaty or satisfaction. She couldn't tell and didn't care. Nerves sizzling like live cut power lines, yearning for that first touch of his lips, she poised on the razor edge of anticipation so sharp it stunned her. *Morgan, you can't*, logic hissed in her head.

He released her and she stumbled against him. Large warm hands framing her face, eyes swirling like boiling silver, he slanted his mouth across hers, taking charge as he deepened the pressure and devoured. *I could come right now!* The notion blazed in her skull as she leaned further into him, breasts to chest, crotch to the enticing bulge of his jeans.

Her lips parted, obeying the demands of raw passion. Sliding his tongue over hers, he wrapped arms tough as steel around her waist. Clamped tight against that rock hard chest, Morgan reveled in every inch of searing body contact, the ridge of his fierce erection delving against her dripping pussy. Blazing heat surrounded her, swamping her with sensations rocketing off the scale. Her entire being focused only on him. Their tangling, gliding tongues became the whole world.

Embroided in fiery sensation, Morgan groaned into that demanding mouth and clutched at him. He slid his knee between her legs so her throbbing pussy rode his thigh. Pleasure crashed over her so intense, she ground herself against that hard muscle. She arched against him, punishing her clit through two layers of denim. Hands clamped on her hips, he urged her into faster, harder strokes. Orgasm ripped through her with a stunning ferocity that blinded her to everything but the ecstasy pounding at her.

Lifting his head, he dragged his lips from hers, catching her rapt gaze in those glittering silver eyes. Gasping for breath, breasts heaving against his broad chest, Morgan only stared, waiting for the next move. Body burning for more, she tightened her hands on his shoulders. Images flickered in her mind of raw, hot sex in the grass. Breath held, she tried to pull him back to capture that talented mouth for more toe-curling kisses.

Lips curved in a knowing grin, he resisted and released her. She stumbled back a step. “What--?”

“Dream of me,” he said in a husky drawl.

Shock waves rippled through her, eyes tracking him until he disappeared into the trees.

\* \* \* \*

Morgan woke to the gray light of early dawn, the sun not yet peeking over the trees into the clearing. No clouds marred the brightening sky as her idle gaze drifted to the tops of trees. Branches and deep green leaves swayed in a slight breeze. Cool air brushed the bare skin of her arms, face, and the swell of her breasts above the deep V-neck of the tank top. Goose bumps rose in the damp morning air and she shivered. Realization crashed into her skull and she sat bolt upright on the chaise lounge in the corner of the deck.

“What the hell? What am I doing out here?” Pulse scrambling, she replayed the evening before, arriving at the cabin, trying to sleep, taking a walk, finding a naked... *Naked man at the waterfall. He dressed and then—kissed the crap out of me! We...* Eyes closed, the scene played in her mind, pussy clenching as his mouth covered hers, devouring her with scorching, mind-numbing kisses. Liquid heat

drenched her panties and she shivered, but not from cold this time. His thigh between her legs, hands clamped on her hips, he'd urged her to ride him to blistering orgasm.

Face flushed warm, she squirmed. The thick seam of her jeans rubbed over her clit. Sharp jolts of pleasure shot through every nerve. A low groan escaped and her eyes snapped open. *Who the hell was he?*

*Morgan, you don't even know his name,* her logical mind scolded.

"He walked away before ..." He walked away. *Dream of me,* he said. Morgan groaned. *How could I not? He left me with a scorching orgasm and just walked away! Temper spiked. The arrogant, conceited... No way, not dreaming of him...or did I?*

She shot a glance around the clearing, grass damp with morning dew, a bit of sunlight creeping over the treetops. *How did I get out here? If it was a dream, if it didn't really happen... do I sleep walk now? If it did happen, why don't I remember walking back?*

*You were so smitten, you paid no attention,* logic chided.

"Shut up," she grumbled and flinched at the sound. "Shit, keep talking to yourself, woman, you'll wind up in a loony bin."

Leaving the lounge and the unsettling morning, Morgan hurried inside and locked the door behind her. *If it did happen,* she reasoned. *He may come back for more, whether I want it or not. She paused, another groan escaping. I do want him. That's the problem, or I'd have never let him...*

"It must have been a dream. Couldn't be real, I don't react to men that way, not since...and certainly not that intensely." *Even Eric never got that kind of reaction from me. From others, maybe, but not from me.*

"Don't think about him. He nearly killed you."

Banishing her ex-fiancé from her mind, she retrieved her laptop from its case and settled at the butcher block table. "Hmm, what to write now," she murmured, plugging the machine into the wall outlet and turning it on to boot up. She opened a new file in her word processing program and stared at the blinking cursor in the corner of the page. Images flashed in her mind. The man emerged from the waterfall, bare skin gleaming in the moon light. Without conscious thought, her fingers flew over the keyboard, racing to record in explicit detail everything she either experienced or dreamed the previous night.

The incident duly recorded, Morgan scrolled to the beginning and read every word, every sensual detail she'd captured on paper. Face flushed hot, pulse pounding, heart racing, she stared at the screen. "Well," she said on a slow exhale. "You can still write. Just needed some inspiration."

A low growl rumbled in her stomach and she chuckled. Glancing at her watch, she blinked. *Early evening?* "No wonder you're hungry."

She pushed the wooden chair back and stood up. Pain streaked across her shoulders and lower back, protesting any further movement. After stretching out the kinks, she eyed the hard-backed chair. Her gaze slid over the computer screen and she grinned. "If you're going to hole up in the woods and write, lay in a few supplies, especially food and a seat cushion." Snatching up keys and wallet, she headed for town.

Morgan walked into Carrie's Diner and took a seat at the counter, the two chairs on either side of her empty. The clink of silverware on china and the delicious mingled odors of frying food filled the air. Her stomach growled, reminding her to stuff it with something before it shriveled up. She snatched up the menu and perused the list of offered items, willing her neglected stomach to behave.

"Something to drink?" the young female voice pulled her attention away from the menu for a brief second and she looked up at the perky blond, hair in the expected bouncy ponytail. *Carrie,* she read on the girl's name tag. "You own this place?"

"No." The young waitress grinned. "My grandmother... I'm named for her and everyone in the



family at one time or another has worked here.”

“Okay, I'll have iced tea and a beer, Budweiser. I want steak, medium rare, mashed potatoes and gravy, dinner salad with bleu cheese, a large bowl of chili, hot enough to scorch the sun, and for desert apple pie a la mode.”

Without missing a beat, the girl, no more than twenty at most, whipped out an order pad and scribbled for several seconds. “Both drinks at the same time?”

“Beer first. Tea with dinner.”

“Lemon?”

“Yep.” Morgan slid the menu back into its metal rack and settled back in her brown vinyl chair.

“If you can eat all that, I'll buy your dinner,” a deep male voice said beside her.

Jerking her head around, she stared at *him*. He'd placed his helmet on the counter but still wore sunglasses. “You!” She hissed it between her teeth, a harsh whisper. No one else needed to know what this asshole had done at the waterfall. *He's real!* Her mind reeled from the shock of seeing him in the flesh.

He frowned. “I'm sorry?” Removing his sunglasses, he studied her through narrowed, *blue* eyes. *He looks exactly like... oh god! But... could be trick of the dark with those eyes...* “You were at the waterfall?”

He shook his head, those incredible bright blue eyes holding her bewildered stare. “I just got in last night, and I'm staying in town, not at a waterfall. Michael Logan.”

“But you look just like...” *Shut up, Morgan, or he'll think you're a loony! Obviously you're just confusing him with a figment of your imagination.*

*“But he was so real.”*

“Excuse me?” That deep voice rumbled over her senses, pulling her out of her thoughts.

“Nothing. Sorry, thought you were someone else. I'm Morgan. Morgan Caine.”

He arched an elegant black eyebrow, but said nothing more on the subject as he perused his menu. Grateful for that small reprieve, Morgan sipped the beer the waitress had placed, unnoticed, in front of her.

The cold, refreshing brew slid down her throat, soothing the senses and her sizzling nerves. Just a single glance from those eyes bored straight into her. *Almost wish he'd put those sunglasses back on!* A soft sigh escaped her. *Such incredible eyes.* Molten silver eyes settled in her mind, exactly like the eyes on the biker next to her except the color. *Twins?* Her pulse raced and her heart hammered in her chest. A single image scorched her brain, two men wrapped around her... *Jesus, Morgan, get a grip! One isn't even real and this one... You don't need this. Get your mind off your pussy!*

That particular organ clenched as that searing image settled permanently into her brain. A plate slid onto the counter, the delicious scent of beef seared yet still dark pink teasing her nostrils. All other thoughts vanished as her stomach clamored for sustenance. Spicy red chili, hot enough to water her eyes just from the enticing smell, sat to the upper right of the plate while mashed potatoes swam in homemade beef gravy alongside the steak. Ignoring the salad, she cut off a barely manageable piece of the porterhouse and settled it on her tongue.

Flavors exploded on her tongue, spreading over taste buds and all through her mouth as she chewed and swallowed, and then ate another piece. *Oh, man! Heaven.* Focused only on the food, she ate more steak and then scooped up a heaping spoonful of chili. Hot peppers and spices erupted on her tongue, energizing her senses, and she swallowed, savoring the fiery hot dish through several more bites. Her stomach greedily consumed all she sent it, chewing and swallowing with a unique pleasure owned only by those who really enjoy food. Her body separated the various flavors and scents and then recombined them into something nameless but nearly orgasmic. Swallowing the last bite, she let out a sigh of pleasure and dropped her fork onto the empty plate.

"Now that was enlightening," the biker spoke, admiration in his tone. "What else do you do with such obvious pleasure in the moment?"

"I happen to like good food, and that was good food." His question dropped into her mind and she gaped at him. "Did you really just say that?"

He offered a wry grin. "Yeah, not the best line, but..." He trailed off, his gaze roaming her face for a long moment. "You're a sensualist."

Face flushed hot, she drained the remainder of her iced tea and pulled her wallet from her pocket. "I'm sure. Nice, um, eating with you."

Pushing the chair back, she stood up. Long elegant yet calloused fingers dropped on her arm, halting her flight. "You ate it all. It's on me."

"You do not have to pay for my dinner." Morgan frowned and tugged on her arm until he released her. He took several bills out of his wallet, covering the cost of both meals, and she bolted, all but running out the door.

Despite the flickering lights of the parking lot, darkness surrounded her as she traversed the asphalt toward her vehicle. Key ring in hand, she poked the key at the door, metal skidding across metal as she struggled to unlock the truck door. Just as the key slid into the hole, a hand settled on the door frame, holding it shut. Heart racing, she whirled and he shifted, pinning her to the truck door.

"Couldn't have planned that better if I tried," he murmured, half closed eyes peering down into her face in a look of such slumberous desire her toes curled inside her boots.

"Um..." The words she commanded on paper deserted her in speech as those mesmerizing blue eyes bored straight into her until she thought he might see her soul if he chose.

He leaned closer, his breath warming her ear, stirring her senses into a cauldron of needs so strong she only stared up at him. *Oh my god! If he kisses me, I'll...*

*Morgan! Don't you dare! Logic screamed in her brain. He's a man.*

"He certainly is," she admitted under her breath, his body imprinted full length against hers. Pure male sex appeal called to everything feminine inside her. Her pussy clenched, clamoring for just the slightest touch. *Oh...*

Resistance weakened, she wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him back with everything in her. Her lips parted on a soft inhale and he slid his tongue deeper, caressing and exploring at leisure. Her breasts pressed against firm hard muscle, sharp thrills spiraling from her tits to her pussy in a single streak of lightning. Knees weak, she tightened her hold and he worked his knee between her legs. Kissing him as though her life depended on it, she settled against him, allowing his superior strength to support her.

Only when her lungs burned for oxygen did she pull her mouth from his and suck in a deep breath, caught in those mysterious blue eyes. *Morgan! Damn it, look before you leap this time!* Common sense screamed in her brain, startling her out of the sexual haze.

Struggling for composure when she couldn't even catch her breath, she tilted her head back. "You bought dinner and now you want sex?"

He shook his head, amusement sparking in his eyes as his lips twitched. "No, a bet's a bet and I never welsh. This is separate. I wanted to taste you, to know what your lips felt like under mine, your body against mine."

"And?" she blurted before even realizing the question resided in her mind. Her face flushed hot and she closed her eyes on a low groan. *Oh my god... he has to think I'm a loony tunes now. Asking a question like that...out loud!*

"More," he murmured, low and husky. His lips grazed hers once, twice, and then a third time before he stepped back and smiled at her. "Tomorrow."

Stupidity invaded her brain and she blinked. "What?"

"Tomorrow," he repeated, an indulgent gleam in his eyes. "The holiday festivities. Fireworks in the park. Booths of all kinds, food, a carnival." He paused, tension crackling between them. "A date."

The breath caught in her throat. *Date?* "I...um..." *Morgan!* Common sense tried to rear its ugly head, but she squashed it. *Date! Not sex, just a date!* She nodded. "Okay."

Looking satisfied, he only said, "I'll pick you up around 3:30," and then turned to walk across the parking lot.

He climbed onto a powerful machine, a gleaming black monster that set her inner girly-girl squealing. The engine roared and then settled in a low powerful hum just before he drove out of the parking lot. *Imagine that power under you. The vibrations of high speed spreading through your whole body as you absorb the pure freedom...* Images flashed in her mind, the two of them on that very motorcycle, parked beside the waterfall, a soft leather seat under her ass as he... "Stop it," she muttered as she climbed into the truck. "Just stop it. It's only a date for god's sake!"

As her body calmed down to something resembling normal, she drove through the woods, windows open to the night breeze and nocturnal sounds of wildlife. She sighed, an oddly pleasant exhaustion settling over her. Lush greenery, darkened by nightfall, blocked the full force of the moon, allowing only a glimpse here and there. Through the normal scents of the woods, a whiff of smoke teased her nostrils and she slowed the truck to a crawl. *What the...? Not a forest fire!*

"Doesn't seem enough smoke for a fire and I don't see any flames anywhere, but better check in case---don't want to burn the a-frame down by ignoring it." With a put upon sigh, she pulled the truck to the side of the narrow road and shut off the engine.

Muttering dire imprecations to whoever hid in the woods at this hour of the night, it felt late even though she couldn't see her watch, Morgan tramped through the woods in the general direction of the strongest smell of smoke. As she stepped around a tree, over an exposed root, a small orange and yellow glow drew her eye.

*Campfire? Seems a little dangerous in the middle of the woods like this!* A dark shadow of a man squatted in front of the fire, poking it so sparks flew into the night in the tiny clearing. She stepped between two large tree trunks, intending to give the hapless camper a sharp piece of her mind...until he stood with a familiar ease reminiscent of... *No!* She shook her head. *He's not real. That waterfall...him...all not real...*

"Very real," he drawled and turned to face her, molten silver eyes fixed on her. "As real as you are."

*Oh...my...god...* Reeling from the shock of him in the flesh, she staggered and before she could blink, he caught her, arms wrapped around her from behind, breath warming the back of her neck. Heat scorched her senses, smothering her so she could barely breathe at his proximity. The pure sexy scent of man teased her nostrils and, as she inhaled deep, settled into her lungs. *Oh man!* She tried to turn, to face him, but he tightened his embrace, holding her back against his chest as his tongue toyed with her ear. Shudders rippled over her, sharp tingles racing from her ear straight to her pussy.

She let out a slow breath in a vain attempt to steady clamoring nerves. "Who are you?"

He shrugged, his shoulders lifting and settling against the back of her head. "Muse."

Finally, she managed to step out of his embrace, turning to face him though his hands remained at her waist. "Um, you don't look female to me."

"Nice of you to notice." He grinned, a flash of gleaming white teeth in the moonlight streaming into the clearing.

Face flushed hot, she stared into his eyes, willing her body to calm down. "Well, the Muses in Greek mythology were all women."

"My mother had an... interesting... sense of humor."

"Hmm." The cool night air raised goose bumps on her arms and the back of her neck so she moved closer to the fire. "That can be dangerous here, in the middle of the woods," she stated, determined to ignore the sheer animal sex appeal of the man. *Two such men cannot possibly exist in this world, let alone in this tiny spot on the planet!*

"I'd never let you burn." He moved closer, that heat swamping her again. "At least, not that way."

She shot a sharp glance at him only to find herself caught in molten silver, drowning with no desire for rescue. She swallowed hard, struggling to maintain some sort of control over her raging libido. *How does he do that? Make me want...* "What are you doing here? What do you want?"

He shrugged, those massive, strong shoulders lifting and dropping in a lazy movement. That white tank top showed off male physique to perfection and her mouth watered as her pussy wept for just a taste of male flesh, a flavor denied it for months.

"What do you want, Morgan?" he demanded, low and intense, and right behind her.

Morgan whirled, stumbled and landed in his arms, plastered against solid muscle. Imprinted against her pliant body, he tightened his hold and lowered his mouth to hers. Somehow magical, fantastical, he swept her into his kiss until she craved more with a soul-deep need that shattered common sense and tossed logic out the window.

Resistance gone, she kissed him until somehow her clothes vanished and soft grass tickled her back. Beyond caring, she tangled her tongue with his until he pulled out of her embrace and cold air blew across her exposed flesh. Her nipples hardened as her pussy clenched.

*No*, she bit back the whimper. *Don't stop...*

Warm breath fluttered over her inner thigh, and her belly quivered, anticipation razor sharp in her gut. *Oh please*, she begged in silence. *Please!*

Obliging, he blew across her clit, which immediately stood at attention. Blood rushed to her pussy, the moist folds now throbbing for more. Her stomach tightened and her fingers curled into the dirt and grass at her hips. She lifted her ass off the ground, seeking more of that mouth. She clamped her teeth on her lower lip and watched, eyes glued to his head, a dark shadow between her quivering thighs. Dark hair fluttered in the breeze, stroking her pale skin until shivers rippled through her. Finally, an agonizing eon later, he shifted and stroked that hot, moist tongue up along the swollen folds of her pussy and licked her clit.

"Yes," she hissed, no air in her lungs to scream the pleasure building inside her as he tongued her pussy, ecstasy rippling through her with the force of a tidal wave. Without conscious thought, she clamped her hands on either side of his head and held him to the feast, fingers tangling in thick black strands, pulling him into her hot flesh. His tongue stabbed deep, again and again. Tension coiled so deep inside her, tight enough to snap like a rubber band, and she squirmed, her legs rubbing against him. Hair tickled her sensitive skin, her thighs quivering harder under that sensual caress.

His tongue left her pussy and she fought back a scream. *No!* She pulled his hair, urging him back to his task, but he only slid two fingers into her sopping wet hole, nails grazing inner muscles already ultra sensitive. Quivers and shivers rippled through her, nerves screaming for release, for more of him, for his cock driving deep inside her. *I can't stand it! Oh Christ!*

He buried his face in her pouting, dripping pussy, tongue gliding over and around her clit until it throbbed, on the edge of release. *Oh shit!* Her neck arched and her eyes closed, visions racing through her mind: steamy, passionate images that fueled her rampant desires. Craving more, she bucked her hips as his fingers plowed in and out, his tongue torturing her clit until the edge of orgasm shrank her vision to nothing but him.

Twisting and squirming, she fisted her hands in his hair, panting for breath as her heart raced so hard it might burst out of her chest. His tongue stilled, his lips closed over her flesh, and his teeth

nipped her clit before clamping on her. Orgasm blasted so hard everything grayed around her and she stopped breathing. Ecstasy exploded along every nerve until hard, rapid waves pounded her senses and she sagged onto the ground.

Eyes closed, she lay still until her heart rate slowed and her body returned to normal. Something warm covered her and she turned into it, wrapping herself in heat until drowsiness overtook her.

\* \* \* \*

Heat baking her face and the sweat dripping off her forehead pulled Morgan out of sleep. A golden hue behind her eyelids indicated blazing sunlight. The soft cushion shifted as she rolled and the breath caught in her lungs. *No grass?* She opened her eyes and verified a sunny summer afternoon. Speechless, she stared at the A-frame's front deck. *What the..?*

"Not again," she muttered, glancing in the direction of the trail she'd taken to the waterfall her first night in the a-frame. "No way did I dream such..." Memories raced into her mind at the speed of light, leaving her gasping for breath as her pussy tingled, eager for another round. *My god, he can eat pussy!* Arousal tugged at her, but she shook her head, denying the sensations rippling through her body. "No way can a dream, a figment of my imagination, do that to me. He's got to be real, but where is he? Who is he?"

*Muse*, her mind whispered. *He calls himself Muse.* "Ridiculous name."

Scoffing, she rose from the chaise lounge and stomped, barefoot, across the wooden deck and into the cabin. Sliding into the chair at the eating table, it wasn't big enough to really be called a dining room or kitchen table, she opened her laptop computer and started typing, not even pausing to wonder why the machine was already powered up. By the time her fingers slowed to a stop on the keyboard and she finished reading the several pages she'd written, the stream of sensuality onto the virtual page depicted on the screen scorched her senses. "Guess I just needed inspiration," she mused aloud, flicking her gaze to the plain black watch on her wrist. *3 pm.* "Damn!"

*Always the last minute, Morgan*, she chided herself. *Even for a hot date! Damn it! Michael will be here any minute.* She raced up to the loft and dived into the shower, barely waiting for the water to warm up. Washed, hair hanging in damp tangles past her shoulders, Morgan stepped out of the shower, rubbed a towel over her body to erase the water, and then stared at the barely presentable contents of her suitcase. "Jeans and t-shirts," she muttered. "Some impression you'll make."

*The way he kissed you, you could go to that carnival stark naked!* "Yeah, right. He'd love that." Images flashed in her mind, a motorcycle and a red hot lover in a shaded spot somewhere... "Jesus, get a grip and get dressed!"

Scant minutes later, in faded black jeans and an equally faded light blue t-shirt, feet nestled in black leather sandals, she leaned on the deck railing, eyes trained on the dirt drive leading to the road. "How can he possibly get here? He never bothered to find out where I am!" *He's not coming so you might as well relax.* "Relax? Yeah, right!"

A cloud of dust and the roar of a well-tuned engine caught her attention. She stared, eyes narrowed as the sound and dust materialized into a dark figure on a motorcycle. The noise grew louder, more enticing, as he neared and finally stopped at the steps to the deck. The man dismounted the bike and removed the helmet. Michael Logan looked at her, glittering blue gaze sliding over every inch from head to toe. Skin tingling as though he'd run his leather clad hands over her bare flesh, she stared at him. Blood rushed to her pussy and her stomach flipped.

Slow and easy, she climbed over the rail and sat on the top of it, feet dangling over the grass. Michael moved closer, resting his hands on the rail at her hips as he peered up at her. Heat slid through her, like a slow burning fuse before ignition and explosion. The breath caught in her throat and words deserted her once more in this man's presence.

"I could eat you in great big bites," he drawled on a low husky note.

*That voice... I could listen to him talk all day...* She blinked, bringing him into sharper focus.

"How did you know where I'm staying?"

He shrugged. "Small town. Everyone knows everything. I just had to ask."

Morgan frowned. *Don't need everyone knowing my business!* "Well, you found the place easy enough."

Head tilted, he studied her for so long she managed not to squirm. "Yeah, I did. Something wrong?"

Without waiting for an answer, he grasped her waist and hauled her off the railing. Stunned, she landed in his arms, breasts plastered against his chest as his arms wrapped tight around her. His mouth found hers and devoured.

Blood rushed from her head, spots danced in front of her closed eyes, and his presence overwhelmed her. She opened her mouth to his probing tongue and nipped the soft moist flesh so he grunted, changed angles and feasted on her. Digging her fingers into broad shoulders, she squirmed against him, sliding her pelvis over his bulging fly until sparks shot to her crotch. *Fuck the carnival and the holiday.* She clutched at him, plunging her tongue into his mouth until oxygen deprivation forced her to pull back, gasping for breath.

Licking a path to his ear, she whispered, "Come inside..."

"Not yet, maybe later." He stepped back, hands on her arms as she staggered from the lack of support. "There's something in town you should see."

Tugging on his arm, she tried to step back toward the deck. "I've seen fireworks before."

He resisted, pulling her toward the bike, where he picked her up and placed her on the seat. Seeing she had no choice, Morgan sighed and swung one leg over so she straddled the seat. He handed her a helmet which had hung from the handlebar and waited, arms crossed over a muscular chest. The fabric of his shirt stretched over well-developed biceps, clinging to the man as though it might rip at any second. Her mouth watered and she longed to rip the material from him herself. Pussy throbbing, she slipped the helmet onto her head and fastened the strap without a word. *You'll get your reward later;* she promised her raging libido as Michael climbed onto the bike, donning his own helmet.

Hands resting on his waist, thumbs hooked in the belt loops of faded jeans, Morgan let out a slow breath. The engine roared to life and she tensed, anticipation a raging river twisting deep inside her. Her lips curved in a slow appreciation as the bike eased back and then forward, before racing down the drive to the road. *Been a while since I rode a bike, but the thrill...!* Tightening her grip on his waist, legs tense against him, she absorbed the vibration of a powerful engine, the rush of wind against her face, and sheer masculinity of the man in front of her.

He oozed sex appeal, calling to everything feminine deep inside her, a femininity that had nothing to do with nurture and everything to do with satisfaction and pleasure. A longing sigh escaped her and she slid her arms around his waist, resting her cheek on his muscular back. Heat penetrated every cell in her body, urging her to stop, to make him stop, anywhere, even the side of the road, and have her wicked way with him.

The bike rumbled beneath her, the vibration setting up a sharp tingle in her pussy. Her insides vibrated in time to the motorcycle's rhythm and the breath caught in her throat. Inner muscles tightened, seeking hot male flesh. Liquid heat drenched her pussy, the swollen folds rubbing hard against the seam of her jeans as the bike motored onward, toward town. She tightened her legs, clamping his waist hard between her knees. *Oh my god, just this is enough...* She groaned, biting back the command to stop right there, in the middle of the deserted road.

Images crowded her mind, searing into her brain, the kind of pictures designed to shock a girl's mother even as her weeping pussy demanded its desires be fulfilled. She squirmed on the black leather

seat, each motion shooting cell-deep need into every cell in her body. *Jesus*. She sucked in a deep breath and held still, muscles tense with the extreme effort not to move again. Focused on the burning sensations gathering in her crotch, she ignored the changing country side until Michael stopped the motorcycle at curbside in front of the park, next to a large beige canvas tent, open to public view.

In spite of the raging disappointment radiating from her pussy, she let out a slow breath and, legs trembling, climbed off the motorcycle. The folds of her pussy lips tingled, yearning. As soon as he got off the bike and removed his helmet, she grasped his shoulders, stood on tiptoe and fastened her mouth to his.

Liquid dynamite poured through as he pulled her tight to his chest, changed angles, and took charge, plunging her into a maelstrom of sensation. Overwhelmed, she slumped against him, grateful for the support, and tangled her tongue with his, uncaring of the public spectacle she'd instigated.

## Chapter Three

Catcalls and whistles pulled her out of the passionate haze fogging her brain and she released him, stepping back as her face flushed hot. Peripheral vision took in grinning men and boys staring at them and she turned. Michael's hand on her arm halted her flight, increasing discomfort.

"Don't worry about them," he advised, amusement in his tone. "They wish they had a gorgeous woman kissing them in the street. Come on, I want to show you something."

Head cocked, she looked up at him. "What?"

He shook his head. "You have to see it."

Taking her hand, he led her into the large tent, full of fantastical paintings. Interest caught, she dropped his hand and wandered around, peering at canvases with dragons, swirls of red, orange and gold clouds, scantily clad warriors of both sexes. *Mythological fantasy brought to life, by an expert*, she mused as she stared at painting after painting until she made her way to the largest, hung in the center of the tent to dominate the space.

The images exploded onto her conscious mind, a huge dark green dragon flying straight toward her, wings spread to maximum distance. Morgan stared, unable to look away as the painting swamped her senses. The green leather clad female warrior astride the dragon's neck wielded a large sword over her head, long dark hair flying behind her. Something familiar caught her eye and she frowned. *I've seen that face. Who is it? Where have I seen her?*

*In the mirror, dummy. It's your own face!* "What?" She blinked and stared harder. *It can't be! It is me! How...?* She whirled around and collided with Michael right behind her. "Oh!" Startled, she stepped back just as his hands curled around her arms to steady her.

"You like it?" Uncertainty flickered in his eyes in spite of his passive expression.

She nodded still stunned by her own face peering at her from the depths of that glorious painting. "It's terrific." Mythological fantasy paintings and artwork always caught her interest and her own face on one painting staggered her. "You could create terrific book covers." She cocked her head, sliding her rapt gaze over the large painting once more before peering up at him.

Disappointment flashed in his eyes for a moment and vanished. "I do design book covers sometimes, but this one..."

Her heart fluttered at the flash of hurt in his eyes. "I didn't mean this one," she hurried to assure him. "This is awesome, museum quality! No book could do it justice." Inside she cringed at the gushing quality of her own words and her face heated, but she plowed on. "Why me? Why did you put my face in your painting?"

His ruddy complexion reddened and he shifted his gaze to the painting. He said nothing, but his hand found hers and gave it a squeeze.

"Why?" she persisted, frowning. "We only met yesterday. No way could you have painted this over night unless you already had someone else in mind, another image, and just replaced it."

A soft sigh escaped him and he looked at her once more. "You've been in my head for weeks, in this painting. It was you or there would be no art."

"But you didn't even know I existed!"

He shrugged, fixing his steady stare on her. "You existed in my mind. That was all I needed. I'm sorry if that bothers you, but I had to paint it the way it came to me, or not paint it at all."

Morgan frowned and shook her head. "I don't know that it really bothers me. It's just a bit



disconcerting to see my own face on such a fabulous work of art.”

“So, you do like it?”

“I had no idea you were an artist. The bike and the leather kind of threw me off, but yes, I like it.”

“It's yours.”

Shock rooted her feet to the spot and stuck her tongue to the roof of her mouth, rendering her speechless. She gaped at him and shook her head, words forming in her head. *Mine? Are you nuts? You can't...* Finally, her tongue loosened and she blurted, “No. You can't do that. It's worth--.”

“Whatever I say it's worth—and it's worth the look on your face to give it to you. And I won't take no for an answer so you're stuck with the painting.”

*I'd rather be stuck with you but...* Without conscious decision, she rose on tiptoe, wrapped her arms around him and planted her lips on his.

Desire exploded from deep inside, sweeping all thought from her mind. Her heart pounded fast and hard, pulse scrambling, as her pussy wept in relief. His lips parted and his tongue slid deep, tangling with hers in an erotic dance that scorched her senses as his arms came around her. Reality faded, taking the sights, sounds, and scents of the carnival with it until only the two of them existed in a passionate embrace.

“Aw, man, get a room!” a teasing familiar voice yanked Morgan out of passion's haze.

She jerked back, staring in disbelief at Muse standing behind Michael, in broad daylight, among others prowling the tent. He grinned in amusement, eyes sparkling with humor at her expense. *No way! He can't be that real!* Mind spinning, she only stared at him over Michael's shoulder, again struck speechless.

“Morgan? Are you all right?” Michael stepped back though his arms still surrounded her.

“What are you doing here?” she demanded, scowling at the man so identical to her date.

He clapped a hand on Michael's shoulder. “Good show, Mike. Terrific work.” He nodded toward the painting. “The best yet!”

Staring at Muse, she flushed hot. Images flickered in her mind, of the two of them at the waterfall, in front of the campfire. A shudder rippled over her. *What if he...?*

*Lets it slip what you two were doing last night?*

*I didn't think he was real!*

*It sure felt real!*

“What the hell are you doing here?” she reiterated as she stepped away from Michael, who now looked from her to Muse though he held her hand tight.

“You two know each other?” He looked puzzled, speculation in his eyes.

“Um.” Morgan slipped her hand from his and without a word fled the tent.

Ignoring the sights, sounds, and scents of the noisy carnival, Morgan shuffled between the booths and amusements, games, and meandering patrons, brain buzzing with the implications of her erotic play with two different men! *You should be ashamed! Two men, for god's sake!*

“Shut up,” she muttered. “He wasn't real, he was...”

*Real enough right now!*

“Morgan!” Michael caught up with her, wrapped a strong hand around her upper arm, halting her, and turned her to face him. “You know him?” He looked incredulous at the same time displeasure flickered in his eyes.

“I... I didn't think he was real! Damn, it, he was only...”

Michael shook his head. “He shouldn't be real. I didn't...” He stopped, shook his head. “What is he to you?”

“Nothing,” she muttered. “Just... inspiration.” Erotic memories flashed through her mind and

her face flushed hot as she looked away from him, not bothering to ask how the two men knew each other. *Muse has been inspiring more than just my writing.*

*No shit, Sherlock, her conscious snorted. Now what are you going to do? You got a hot guy right here, one you want and could possibly be the man you need and a ... a... whatever the other one is, who probably isn't even real enough....*

"Stop it," she hissed under her breath.

"Morgan?" Concern in his voice, Michael stepped in front of her, forcing her to look up at him. "Look, I don't know what's going on here," he continued. "I didn't know he was real either, or could be. He's my Muse. I thought..."

"Yeah, he certainly gets around, doesn't he?"

Michael cleared his throat, looking uncomfortable. "I get the impression you and him... Anyway, I'll leave you alone if that's what you want."

"No!" she protested, clutching at his hand on her arm. "Don't..."

"Morgan?" He lifted a dark eyebrow, peering down at her. His other hand covered hers as he stepped closer, that penetrating blue stare boring into her. "I want more of you, to get to know you more." He paused a moment, as though trying to order his thoughts. "But I don't like playing games. If you don't want the same, say so."

Heat flushed her face but she couldn't look away, staring into his eyes until the words began to flow. "Look, I don't play games, I never have, but my last relationship ended badly when he tried to kill me." She paused as he looked startled and then furious on her behalf. She held up a hand. "Don't get all macho. He taught me caution, which I'd never really exercised before. So, as attracted as I am to you, and..." *Do not admit you're attracted to Muse, you idiot!* "Well, no games. Just honesty."

He nodded. "Agreed. One step at a time, come what may." He glanced at the darkening sky as evening fell, as it did quickly in the northeast mountains, and looked back at her. "The fireworks will start soon. We should go find a good spot."

Smiling, unable to help herself, she nodded. "Sure, maybe a little away from the crowd? I'm not a fan of hanging out in a group of complete strangers."

"I know a perfect spot, good view, and fairly secluded." He took her hand and led her down the street among the meandering people enjoying the carnival.

As the final carnival art browser finally strolled out, Michael lowered the final tent side and turned toward the entrance. He'd spread a blanket in front of it and now lay on the side of it, propped on an elbow to look up at her.

Morgan grinned, took the hand he offered, and settled down beside him. "This is your perfect spot, eh?"

"Yeah, you can see the perfect patch of sky for the fireworks right from here, and with the tent closed up, no one else to bother us."

Shifting closer, thigh rubbing along his, she nodded. "It is perfect." Eyes glued to the patch of dark sky outside the tent entrance, she waited until the first sparks of color exploded across the sky. A small thrill shot through her, much like those invoked by fireworks when she was a child, so many years ago. Red, blue, and white, all keeping with the holiday theme, lit up the night sky in various patterns, concluding with the waving American Flag. During the light show, she'd moved closer, Michael's arm draped across her shoulder as they sat up, leaning forward to catch the last flickering sparks. Heart racing, grinning like the kid she'd once been, she smiled and clapped her hands before leaning back on her elbows.

"I haven't seen fireworks since I was twelve." Her gaze swung to him and she caught him watching her, frank male interest gleaming in his eyes.

Gaze fixed on hers, he stroked a finger over her cheek. "You were beautiful in my head, while I

painted. I couldn't stop. I had to get it on canvas. But here, right here with me, you're staggering. You take my breath away, Morgan, more so than any artwork."

Stunned by simplicity, and sincerity, she stared at him. *No one's ever said anything like that to me.* Desire curled in her belly and she slid her tongue over her lips, her mouth suddenly dry. His lips curved in a slow smile, apparently seeing something in her expression that delighted him. *Yeah, lust is written all over your face, Morgan!*

*Shut up!* Ignoring that inner voice, she threw caution out the window, again, and leaned toward him, eyes half closed. Touching her lips to his, her own parting to invite entry, she succumbed to her desires, and his. Changing angles, he slanted his mouth over hers, tongue diving deep, and took control. Pressing her back, he laid her beside him, leaning over her as their mouths fused together.

*Oh my god, right here? In the middle of town?* She pulled back as he released her, reached over, and tugged the entrance flap down. A quick rasp of a zipper and they were sealed in against prying eyes. He settled half on top of her, kissing her senseless as she wrapped her arms around him. In that position, she spotted the huge painting hanging over them and her lips curved in a smile against his.

His hand swept under her shirt, under her bra, thumb and finger pinching her nipple until she squirmed, thrusting willing flesh into his palm. *Michael!* In a flurry of movement, he pulled her shirt up and she broke minimal contact only long enough to yank the garment over her head and toss it aside. As she settled on her back, he sat up, on his knees beside her hips, and curled his fingers into the waistband of her jeans, and underwear. In one clean sweep, he had her completely naked under his appreciative stare. His gaze lingered for a moment on her breasts, brazen nipples hard and aching for his touch. Looking his fill, he returned his attention to the dark curls between her thighs and with one finger nudged her knee until she spread her legs just enough to allow him to see her pussy.

Excitement lit his eyes, deep blue flames burning just for her. Her stomach flipped and liquid heat drenched her cunt. *And he hasn't even touched it yet! Oh my god, what...?*

She squirmed under his intense perusal, biting her lip to keep from begging. Desire curled in her belly, anticipation a slow burn in her blood. "Michael," she hissed between her teeth.

Slow and easy, eyes never leaving the swollen lips of her pussy, he shifted to lie between her legs, warm puffs of breath stirring crisp curls and warming her skin. Lowering his head, shifting his gaze to her eyes, he held her focus as he slicked his tongue over those throbbing folds until she bucked her hips off the ground, seeking more. His tongue jabbed deep, sliding into her hot wet pussy so hard pleasure rippled through her. He pulled out, and slid in again, tongue fucking her until tension coiled deep in her gut, tighter and tighter until she grabbed fistfuls of his hair and held him to the feast. *Yes, oh god, yes! Eat my pussy. Make me come so hard...*

Relentless, keeping her high on the razor edge of orgasm, he played with her pussy, alternately tonguing her hole and nipping her clit with his teeth. Sharp sensations shot through her, but he didn't let her come yet. Tears leaked out her eyes, frustration and pleasure making her curl her hands into fists, pulling at his hair as her hips twisted under his passionate onslaught.

"Michael!" Squirming, she screamed, demanded, to no avail. He maintained the same maddening pace until orgasm blasted through her so fast and hard everything went black around her for a moment. Breathing stopped, her lungs strained for air as tidal waves washed over her, ecstasy so mind numbing all thought vanished.

He left her, cool air blowing across her tits as rustles of fabric and slight movements forced her eyes to flutter open. He stood over her, all magnificent male glory, and her startled stare zeroed in on his rock hard, throbbing cock. It jutted from his crotch, primed and ready to plunge deep. He froze under her fascinated study and allowed her to appreciate the hard male flesh she wanted deep inside her.

*He tans in the nude!* Every inch of bare skin bore the same tan color as his arms and legs. The bulbous head of his rigid cock promised ecstasy beyond what he'd just given her, the hard length quivering under her perusal. Breath caught in her throat, heart racing as her pulse pounded in her ears, she sat up and slid fingertips over him. *Velvet over iron, and so big! My god!*

*Suck it*, the idea floated in her mind, her libido raging and unable to decide what it wanted more. *Put it in your mouth and suck it!*

Enslaved by her own instinctive desires, she leaned forward and flicked the tip of her tongue across the tip. That pure male taste exploded across her tongue and she swallowed, licking him like a decadent chocolate fudge ice cream cone. Drowning in the sensual sensations, she closed her lips around the tip and sucked hard. A low groan escaped him, somewhere over her head, and his fingers tangled in her hair, tightening to hold her to the feast as she sucked harder and faster.

"Morgan," he muttered, emitting a low growl of extreme arousal.

Pleased by that response, thrilling to the tiny swirl of feminine triumph sprouting inside her, she lowered her head and engulfed him deep in her mouth. Pulling back, she slid down his flesh again, from tip to base.

"No," he sputtered. "Too much. I want..." Tightening his grip, he forced her head back and his cock popped out of her mouth.

Deprived of her treat, Morgan looked up at him in surprise. In a flurry of movement, he pulled her to her feet and spun her around. The slightest pressure from his hands on her shoulders leaned her over the table under the painting he'd given her. He stretched over her, his chest rubbing her back as his cock slid between her thighs, branding her pussy with a scorching imprint.

Breasts crushed against the table, the cool surface a direct, spine-chilling contrast to the fire roaring between them, Morgan curled her hands around the far edge of the table and hung on, waiting for the plunge of his cock deep inside her.

He teased her, sliding his cock along her pussy lips, between the swollen throbbing folds without entering her, denying her for the moment the very thing she craved. Teeth clamped on her lower lip, she shoved her ass back, attempting to capture him. He angled back, and his cock nudged her, his hand wrapped around it as he teased her pussy.

"Please," she begged, thighs clenched tight around his arm.

He rubbed over her clit and leaned closer to whisper in her ear. "Please, what?"

*Oh my god! Please!* No words emerged and she released the table edge, reaching down between her legs to find him. Her fingers brushed his cock head, urging it closer to her sopping wet entrance. "Now," she muttered, heart beating a rapid rhythm in her chest.

He held still, the imprint of his cock head a gut melting sensation. "Now, what?"

*He wants me to say it?* "Fuck me, oh god, fuck me now! I can't stand it!"

He drove into her, so deep, so hard, so fast, her breathing stopped. Her eyes popped wide open and she tightened every inner muscle around him. He pulled back and drove deep once more, again and again, until she squirmed against him, pushing back and forth along his rigid length. Her hips ground into the edge of the table and her heart raced in her ears. Tension coiled once again, tighter and tighter until it threatened to snap.

Withdrawing, he held the tip of his cock just inside her hole, and planted his hands on her ass to hold her still. She couldn't push back onto him again and groaned in frustration. It grew, spreading through her, the need to come, to explode around him and milk him of every drop as he came deep inside her.

One hand on her ass, he reached around and thumbed her clit, pushing down hard to hold it for a long, sizzling second. Then he released it and pushed down again, and slowly plowed his cock deep inside her, again and again, his cock in her pussy and his thumb pushing on her clit in unison. The

unusual sensation sent her over the edge as the ultimate orgasm erupted inside her, wave after wave of ecstasy crashing through her until her eyes closed and she sagged on the table. Still he pounded into her, relentless and strong, his thumb working her clit, his cock reaming her sodden pussy, until orgasm built once more to unbearable levels, tension so tight, so terrible yet so necessary to her life in that moment that she could only hover, helpless, on the precipice.

Finally, he drove deep and pushed on her clit at the exact same moment. Through her own explosive orgasm, he erupted deep inside her, his cock pulsing as jets of hot come filled her. He pulled back and shoved in again, still coming, still filling her with his cum. Pulse after pulse, throb after throb; he filled her as her own orgasmic aftershocks faded into small ripples.

Lungs burning for oxygen she let out a breath and inhaled deep, struggling to breathe. It came in short, sharp gasps for several seconds. The roar in her ears gradually lessened until she detected Michael's harsh breathing, and pushed back against his weight on her. He shifted, allowing her to stand on legs that wobbled, threatening to drop her on her ass. Turning, she looked at him as he leaned against the table, pure male satisfaction a deep gleam in his eyes.

A slow flush spread over her naked body and she looked down, only to have her gaze snared by his cock, now relaxing in slow stages but still appreciably large. Eyes closed, she turned and opened them again, looking at the canvas walls of the tent, the shadows of people moving around as the sounds and scents of the carnival invaded her awareness as light flooded the interior of the tent. Michael had turned on the light hanging from the center pole of the tent. *Right in the middle of town!* But the fear of discovery only added to the thrill of the deed, the desire to do it again. *But not here, this time. That's only asking for trouble.*

*You've got trouble all right, Morgan!* Her mind barged into the pleasant aftermath of hot hard sex. *You didn't even think about using a condom! And neither did he!*

At the moment, basking in the afterglow of intense pleasure, Morgan couldn't bring herself to think about the forgotten condom. Though common sense pricked at her, she only began to find her clothes and get dressed.

"Morgan." Michael's hand on her arm stopped her in the act of pulling on her jeans over her underwear. "I owe you an apology."

Startled, she looked up at him, worry gnawing at her. "Why?"

Face flushed, he nevertheless looked into her eyes, sincerity stamped on his features. "I... uh...got carried away here. I forgot..." He sucked in a deep breath and plunged onward. "I had condoms but forgot to use one. I'm sorry."

She sighed despite a secret pleasure that he didn't apologize for what they'd done. Pulling on her jeans, she said, "Don't worry. I wasn't exactly thinking with my head at the time." A slight smile curved her lips. "I'm just glad you weren't apologizing for taking advantage of me or some such stupid nonsense."

He arched an eyebrow in surprise. "Why would I do that? We both wanted it. An apology for that would be stupid. But to clear the air here, my medical history is clear. I've never failed to use a condom before."

*I don't want to hear what you did or didn't do before,* she grumbled. "So is mine, in spite of my ex's playing around, I made sure of it." She paused, watching his intense study of her. "I have paperwork if necessary."

"So do I if you need it."

She arched an eyebrow. "Recent? Mine was last month."

"Same here."

He shrugged and then grinned. "I think we can rest easy on that. I don't need your paper work, but my offer stands."

Taking in the sincerity he radiated, Morgan shook her head. "Okay." She pulled on her t-shirt and slid her feet into her sandals.

"But there might be another problem."

The gravity of his tone demanded her full attention and she looked up at him, into his narrowed eyes. He stayed silent so long, she finally demanded, "Well, what is it?" *Does he think I'm going to be demanding some kind of commitment of something? God, let's not--*

"I could have gotten you pregnant just now." His face now impassive, he regarded her through blue eyes that showed no sign of his thoughts on pregnancy.

The word meant nothing to her, though, and she hastened to assure him. "First, if you did, it would be as much my responsibility as yours, but relax. It's not possible."

"Oh? Wrong timing?"

Something in his silky smooth tone alerted her to trouble. *It will take more than just my say so.* She let out a slow breath and faced him. "I can't get pregnant, Michael. Mumps... in college. It really ticked off my ex, especially when he was drunk, that he couldn't knock me up. It's one of the reasons he fucked around on me, too. If that bothers you, say it now, before..." *Shut up, Morgan. Don't give away anything else.*

"I'm sorry. I thought..." He shook his head. "Never mind what I thought."

Morgan stood tall, pride straightening her spine and frosting her voice. "Well, it's obvious you thought something, but I won't demand an explanation. Now or ever."

She turned on her heel and took a step toward the tent flap, reaching for the zipper tab.

"Wait!"

Morgan paused, but didn't look back at him. *You don't need this, Morgan. Keep going!* Self preservation urged her to leave, to go back to the a-frame and perhaps back home. She couldn't make her feet move, however, and only stared at the canvas.

"I thought you were lying to me. Most women have, you know."

"No, I didn't know. And I'm not most women."

Silence greeted her response and she sighed. *Damn it, I hate baggage, mine included!* "If you want to tell me, fine. If not, then don't. I won't pry it out of you."

His eyes narrowed at her harsh words and he shoved his hands into his jeans pockets. "Damn near every woman I've let into my life has lied to me, including my own family."

*Family?* Alarm shot through her. *Married?* *Damn it! I never play with married men!* "Oh you...! I never do this! Not with married men! Damn it, Michael!"

"Whoa!" He held up his hands, a warding off gesture that told her to stop advancing on him. Only then did she realize she'd gone on the attack. "I am not married!"

"Then what the hell are you talking about?" She planted her hands on her hips and glared at him. A sliver of sympathy for the pain in his eyes stayed her fury but didn't get rid of it.

"My father's second wife, I won't even call her stepmother, was a conniving, scheming rich bitch. My mother died right after I was born and my father raised me, to be an honest hard working man, to go my own way, all that good stuff. When I was twelve, he married her... Yvonne. How she managed to con him, I have no idea, but what he saw and what she really was, were two different things. Of course, she came to him with three equally conniving scheming teenage daughters."

*A male version of Cinderella?* Morgan scoffed but said nothing, only nodded, indicating he should continue.

He drew an audible, deep breath and settled against the table they'd just fucked on. Face flaming, she nevertheless watched him, waiting. "Anyway, Yvonne was always whining at him to do this or that for her daughters, to make their future a little easier. She was a really good actress, a nice streak of melodrama to all four of them. I was disgusted, but Dad was infatuated. Beauty only went

skin deep there, but I couldn't tell him anything. He wasn't as rich as she was, but he gave them everything they wanted. He couldn't stand to see a woman cry, even fake crocodile tears, and they knew it."

"Why didn't she just spend her own money?" Morgan asked before she thought better of it.

"See, that was the biggest lie of all. It was all a facade. There was no money there, just my father. Until I turned 18, I never knew why she insisted on spending Dad's money and not her own. It was damned suspicious. And the girls... flaunting everything. They were more trouble than I ever thought about being. Drinking, sex, everything. If they had trouble, my father paid for it, bail money, cars they crashed, rehab, everything. After I'd left home, I joined the Army at eighteen so I wouldn't have to watch her screwing him over every day, it just got worse. When I got out four years later, I settled in my own place and they started coming around... the girls. The youngest was the most persistent, though I had no idea why at that time."

"Don't tell me, she was pregnant and wanted to get something out of it. How could she possibly name you as father unless you two..." Morgan let the sentence drop but he got the idea.

Scowling, he declared, "No, never. I wanted nothing to do with them, and besides, that was family. It was just...wrong."

His statement held such vehemence Morgan accepted the truth of it. "Okay, then what the hell happened?" Intrigued with this drama in spite of herself, she waited.

"My father had set aside a considerable trust fund for me, which would come to me at age thirty. The greedy little bitches wanted that too. I guess Dad was running out of money, but he refused to touch the trust fund. And he never said a word to me either. I could see the increasing stress taking a toll on him though and suspected. Anyway, the youngest came around all the time, nagging and overstaying, but I couldn't get rid of her. She cried a lot, that streak of melodrama was large in her. At any rate, I came home from work late one night, found my father and Yvonne, and the girl in tears, in front of my apartment door. The accusations flew, she was pregnant and the baby was supposedly mine. I hadn't touched her, and Dad believed me on that score, thank god. If he hadn't it would have destroyed me."

He paused, pain and fury mingling in his eyes in such a way Morgan took an automatic step toward him. Holding up a hand, he forestalled her sympathy. Morgan sighed, only looking at him.

"Two months later, he had a fatal heart attack. He left them the only thing they ever wanted, all of his money, except the trust fund. They contested the will, claiming the trust fund as part of their inheritance, dragging pregnancy into court until blood and DNA testing proved the baby wasn't mine. Since the funds passed to me if he died before I turned thirty, it was all mine to do with as I wished. They lost the court battle and tried to make my life miserable. The publicity was scandalous, untrue stories of abuse and such misery... At any rate, I ended it."

"How?" Curiosity prompted the question before Morgan could sensor it.

"I signed the entire trust fund over to them and called it quits."

That bombshell stunned her into gaping silence for several seconds. Finally she demanded, "What the hell for? They didn't deserve anything but contempt and a jail cell!"

He grinned without humor. "There were conditions. They could never utter or print or let loose in any way with another lie about my father or the family. Nor would they ever contact me again for anything. I don't know if the silly girl was really pregnant, or if she got an abortion, but there never was a baby born. I got rid of them for good." He stared at her for a moment and continued. "If that bothers you, I'm sorry. It was either give them the only thing they ever wanted, or kill the bunch of them."

Temper subsided under a wave of such strong emotion she didn't dare put a name to it. Morgan walked over to him, taking his hand in hers. "It doesn't bother me. Part of me wishes you had killed

the bitches, but... maybe your solution was the best one.”

“Hey, Mike!” a man called from outside the entrance flap. “You open in there? Come on, man. You can't close up shop yet!”

Morgan jumped, having forgotten about the carnival for a while. Michael smiled and walked past her to unzip the tent flap and lift it up to pin pack. “Come in. We just had something to discuss.” Without another word, he went to the painting and slipped a 'sold' sign under the frame.

\* \* \* \*

Smiling, well pleased with the current situation, and her body's satiation, Morgan wandered out of the tent as Michael got down to business. The artist had to sell his art in order to create more art. The carnival raged full swing, kids and adults enjoying the booth games and rides, adults wandering among spots offering to sell everything from homemade jewelry and arts and crafts to car parts and lawn mowers. There was a lot of art booths and small galleries of all kinds, from paintings, though none as good as Michael's, to pottery and glass sculptures, many of them by local artists, according to the signs prominently displayed in windows and on tables.

The scents and sounds of frying beef and potatoes, hot dogs, and other fattening carnival treats only made her stomach roll. Interest in the local art culture waning, she wandered out of the main carnival, away from the excited kids and strolling adults, onto the edge of the park in the center of town. She ducked under the flowing thin branches of a weeping willow and sighed as she leaned against the tree trunk, encased in solitude. The distant sounds and scents of the carnival drifted past the tree, past her and she closed her eyes, drifting on a wave of pleasant exhaustion.

Eyelids sliding down, she savored erotic memories, relived fiery passion until her pussy clenched and liquid heat dampened her panties. *Oh man.* Her skin tingled, stomach rippling as though his hands roamed over her. She sighed, longing for more, and let her mind wander over the memories again, unable to stop her body's predictable longing reaction.

A rustle of branches and leaves drew her back to reality, her heart pounding and disappointment a sharp sting that Michael hadn't joined her yet. *Morgan*, whispered in her mind. Whiskey smooth and honey warm, that voice flowed over her senses, wrapping her in a sensual haze. Lifting her lashes, she peered into the tangled tree branches, among the leaves rustling in the wind, until a flash of silver caught her attention. Eyes narrowed, she stared at the phenomenon until it delineated into a pair of familiar molten silver eyes.

“Muse,” she murmured, more erotic images flooding her brain. The forest, the campfire, and... *Stop it, Morgan! You just had the best sex of your life and now you're mooning after one who probably isn't as real as he appears!*

A dark form materialized, stepping through the branches. Muse joined her in the secluded area of the tree, stopping directly in front of her. “Interesting day,” he quipped, intense stare never leaving her eyes.

Morgan shrugged, words sticking in her throat. He radiated heat and sexuality, a deadly combination. Her gaze dropped to sculpted lips as the breath caught in her throat. He lifted a hand, finger stroking her lips, now parted in anticipation. Warm male breath fluttered over her face, warming her skin and scorching her senses. Head lowered, he brushed his lips over hers, slight caresses that lit a fire in her gut. She settled the back of her head against the tree trunk, her face upturned, heart racing for his kisses, for his tongue tangling with hers.

Blue eyes flashed in her mind and she closed her eyes, seeking more. *Morgan! Damn it, you slut! You just had one guy all over you, just more or less agreed to exclusivity and honesty, and now--*

“It's not real,” she murmured on a soft exhale. “Anything can happen in dreams.”

*He's standing right in front of you! Logic hissed, and Michael knows him. You want to cheat already or are you just a nympho?*



"Mmm," she murmured, sliding her hands up hard, muscular bare arms. His mouth covered hers and pleasure crashed over her. *Shut up. It's only a dream.*

*You're not even sleeping! How can it be a dream?* Squelching the persistent voice, Morgan rose on tiptoe and kissed him back, tongue tangling with his as he lowered her to the grass beneath the tree. Secluded by low hanging branches in their own little world, Morgan could indulge her desires. Blood rushed to her crotch, swelling the outer folds of her pussy against denim as she squirmed under him. The friction short-circuited her brain and she arched into him, rubbing her breasts over his hard chest. Sparks shot under her skin, sizzling nerves all the way to her crotch. She wrapped her legs around him, feet hooked inside his thighs as she rubbed her pelvis over the bulge in his jeans. Denim slid over denim, a welcome rasp of intent in her ears.

His mouth slid, sucking at skin, down her throat and over the expanse of bare flesh to the low collar of her T-shirt. Heat spread through her body from that minute point of contact. *More*, she implored, tangling her fingers in his hair. His mouth closed over the tip of her breast, tongue flicking the nipple through her cotton t-shirt. In a scant minute, his tongue slid over bare flesh, the sensation so staggering she didn't question how her clothes were suddenly gone.

Fire licked at her everywhere his tongue traveled, clear down her stomach to the crisp curls between her legs. His hands molded her breasts, pinching the nipples between thumb and forefinger as his mouth wreaked havoc on her pussy. Desire spun through her like a thread from a spool, yanking her further into passion spiraling out of control.

A rough hand shook her shoulder. "Morgan? Come on, baby. Wake up."

"Hmm," she moaned, twisting her hips against Muse's passionate attack on her pussy. "Mm, hmm. More," she demanded on a husky whisper, reaching toward the hand shaking her shoulder and sliding up that hard muscled arm to a rugged face. Her eyes slid open and she looked into sapphire blue eyes blazing with desire.

Grasping the back of his neck, she pulled him down and fastened her mouth to his, savoring the unique male flavor. "Michael." She purred against his lips and slipped her tongue inside.

Slow and easy, he pulled back, took her hand and eased her into a sitting position. Sensation vanished, fabric rubbing against her sensitized skin, and she blinked. "Michael? I thought..." *Muse left? How...?*

*He wasn't even there, I was dreaming. Again.*

"Never mind. Guess I was dreaming."

He chuckled but fire burned in his eyes. "What did you dream about?"

Low and husky, the question set her nerves soaring, but her face flushed hot. *Dreaming about another man, Muse. Must have been something...squirming and moaning and you kissed Michael at the same time another man...* She froze, image after image searing into her brain. Two men on her, in her, worshiping her body... *Oh my god! Stop it, Morgan!*

Once released, though, the erotic fantasy burned in her mind. *Even if I write it, it might not go away.* With a sigh, she let Michael help her up and looked around. She'd fallen asleep under the willow tree. Shaking her head at the dazzling speed of her dreams, the carnal images seared into her mind, Morgan looked up at Michael and found herself caught in burning sapphire eyes.

"Must have been an interesting dream," he ventured, taking her hand as they walked across the park to the motorcycle.

Glancing around, Morgan sighed. *Must have slept for a while. And dreamed of ....*

*Dreaming of another man after one had just made love to you.*

*Love has nothing to do with anything. It was only a dream!*

Michael's hand tightened on hers. "Are you okay, Morgan?"

Concern roughened his voice and she shivered, the cool night air brushing bare skin as she

walked beside him. She took the helmet he handed her but before she could put it on, he tipped her chin up with a knuckle. "What's wrong? Tired?"

"Hmm," she murmured, not about to admit she'd dreamed of Muse. *Fuck one man and then dream of another? What is wrong with you, Morgan! Sheesh!* She shook her head.

"Morgan?"

A soft sigh escaped her. "It's okay. Just thinking, talking to myself."

He cleared his throat with a harsh rumble, reaching for his own helmet dangling on the handle bar of the bike. "That must have been some dream."

Morgan slanted a look at him, and then tugged the helmet onto her head, straps dangling along her neck. Her face flushed hot. *What did I do...say?* He looked uncomfortable, but at the same time curious. *Oh, shit.* "Um... not sure, I... um..."

"Well..." He cleared his throat again. "OK. Well, the way you were squirming and moaning, I wasn't sure at first that you weren't having a nightmare."

She looked away, unable to meet his gaze any longer. "No, no nightmares."

Shifting fast, he maneuvered her between him and the bike seat. "Looked like an erotic dream. Did you dream of me, Morgan? After we...?"

"Fucked? Yeah, it was that kind of dream." *No way am I telling him Muse was in that dream, but I can't bring myself to lie either. Leave it ambiguous. Let him assume.*

A slow, satisfied smile curved his lips and pleasure lit his eyes. He placed his helmet on his head, fastened the strap and climbed onto the bike. Morgan followed suit, fastening the helmet strap before wrapping her arms around him.

The bike roared along the road, winding through the dark forest with an ease Morgan envied. Cheek against Michael's back, she let out a contented sigh. The machine vibrated between her legs, rubbing spots so sensitive now she tried not to squirm in anticipation as her hold on Michael tightened. Her hand slid of its own accord down his washboard stomach to rest on his thigh. The vibration, steady and rhythmic, pulsed through her and erotic images swam into her mind, refusing to be banished. Motorcycle, waterfall, and two people entwined on the shore of the waterfall. A full moon lingered over head, throwing everything into stark relief.

Desire unfurled and she fought the urge to ask him to take the bike off road to the waterfall now. Rising need battled fatigue during the ride to the cabin and she waited, hoping she wouldn't be too tired to ask Michael inside.

All too soon, indecision still hovering in her brain, she relaxed her hold as Michael stopped the bike in front of the cabin. She climbed off the bike, removed the helmet, and yanked the band from her hair so it cascaded over her shoulders. Michael put the machine on its kickstand, dismounted, and removed his own helmet, his gaze fastened on her. Blue eyes gleamed in the light of the partial moon, riveted to her without wavering.

Morgan swallowed hard and found her voice. "Would you like to come in? For coffee?" *Do I have to sound like some smitten teenager? Shit!*

*Just tell him to come in and fuck you again. That's what you want!*

"Sure," Michael replied, lips curving into a natural grin. "I'd love some coffee."

Face flaming, she turned and led the way to the door and then inside the cabin. As she bustled around in the kitchen area, preparing coffee, her mind spun. *Why the hell am I so nervous? We've already fucked, already seen each other naked and all that.*

*Maybe because you fucked the biker and then dreamed, or rather tried to fuck someone else, someone who may or may not exist? Morgan, you're going crazy!*

She turned away from the now dripping coffee maker and ended up in Michael's embrace, his face so close to hers his breath warmed her face. "More," he murmured and fastened his mouth to hers.

Sensation blew through her, his lips on hers, the bulge in his jeans grinding against her as he pinned her against the counter, his hands clamped around the edge. His tongue dived deep, prowling her mouth at will. Fire exploded along every nerve chain in her body. *Yes!* Senses screaming for more, she leaned into him, wrapping her arms around his neck as she returned his kisses with equal abandon and enthusiasm.

Hands on her waist, he lifted and sat her on the counter, devouring her with mind numbing kisses. Fingers caressed the skin just above her waistband before curling around the fabric and sliding along to the snap. Kissing her senseless, he also managed to unsnap and unzip her jeans. She kicked off her sandals and rubbed her feet up and down his legs.

His breath hitched and he dragged his mouth from hers. As she gulped in air for her starving lungs, he grasped her jeans and panties, tugging at them. She lifted her ass and he pulled her clothes down her legs to pool on the floor at his feet. Releasing him for a brief moment, she pulled off her shirt and tossed it aside before wrapping her arms around his neck and capturing his mouth again.

Leaning into her, he groaned as his hands roamed her back, sliding over her skin until every nerve screamed for more. Liquid heat drenched her pussy. Those swollen folds throbbed in urgent need and she shifted to the edge of the counter. Denim scraped over sensitive flesh and she shuddered, sensation rippling through her. The hard bulge of his cock pressed against her, teasing her senses and her dripping pussy.

"Michael," she purred against his lips and feathered hot kisses down the side of his neck to nibble on his throat. Clamping her mouth on him, she sucked hard, drawing blood to the surface and leaving her mark on him, all without thought or conscious intent. He groaned again, head tilting to the side as his hands covered her bare breasts, sliding over rigid nipples. Sparks shot through her, sizzling under her skin. He lowered his head, tongue teasing a nipple before his mouth closed over her and he sucked hard and fast. The breath hitched in her throat and her head fell back, eyes closing on a staggering wave of passion. "Oh my god." She moaned, low and husky.

She clamped her legs on him, hands palming his ass to pull him tighter to her begging pussy. Denim rasped over her skin, awareness flooding her in sensation. "You have too many clothes on," she murmured.

"Do something about it," he ordered, voice muffled by her willing flesh.

Eager, anticipation a sharp sword in her gut, she dropped her hands to his jeans, fingers trailing up the hard bulge behind his zipper as she fumbled with the belt. Finally leather slid through metal and she unfastened the button, fingers tugging on the zipper tab. She yanked it down so fast he sucked in a breath. Molding rigid flesh to her palm, she stroked him, fast and hard, until he released her for a moment and dropped jeans and underwear to his ankles. She curled her hand around his cock, tugging and caressing, from base to tip and back again.

Shifting so her pussy hung almost off the counter, she positioned his cock so the tip nudged her opening and her pussy throbbed. A low groan erupted from her throat and she pulled at him, urging him into her. He lifted his mouth from her breast, eyes burning with need as he peered down at her.

"Look at me," he commanded as his hands clamped on her backside, thumbs digging into her hips. "Look at me."

Eyes open, she stared at him, squirming against the source of her pleasure. "Now," she whimpered, begging for release. Tension coiled so tight it had to snap any minute and her senses soared, reaching for him.

He pulled her toward him and slammed his cock deep, hard and fast inside her. Struggling to meet him, she shifted, back and forth, until he tightened his grip and held her still, ramming that large, powerful cock deep and fast, again and again. She clamped her legs around his waist and just held on, relishing the pounding his cock gave her sopping wet pussy. The kitchen faded into the distance, blurry

and unreal as she stared into his eyes, drowning in that deep blue sea of passion until orgasm blasted through her, hard and violent. Even as violent aftershocks crashed over her, he plowed deeper, harder, in and out, over and over again until she clutched at his powerful arms.

Gasping for breath, she dug her fingers into hard muscle, her frantic gaze imploring him to let her rest. With a wicked grin, he shook his head and lifted her off the counter. She clung to him as he spun around and lowered her to the floor. Only for a second did cold linoleum shock her, but he rammed deep and she forgot the cold. He rolled, putting her on top. Startled, she looked down at him, at the passion blazing in his eyes.

He lifted his hips, impaling her, demanding without words that she ride him to ecstasy. Slow and easy, she lifted her ass and slid back down on rock hard flesh. His hands clamped on her hips, urging her faster. She only arched an eyebrow, a warning. *You asked for it.*

She paused, slid back forth and watched in pure feminine triumph as his eyes widened at the sensation. Alternating back and forth with up and down, she maintained her slow, teasing pace. The glint in his eyes promised retribution as he tightened his hold and shifted her, urging her faster. She gave in, speeding up the pace, grinding herself on him as tension coiled once more. This time when he urged her even faster, she didn't balk.

Well into the rhythm, she stared into his eyes as she rode him. Sliding his hands up her ribs, he pulled her down, and captured her mouth with his. As he drove his tongue deep to tangle with hers, he lifted his hips, forcing his rigid cock up into hot moist flesh. Her pussy clamped around him and orgasm blasted through her again, inner muscles clenching as they milked him. Low groans muffled, he tensed and erupted deep inside her, pulsing jets of hot come spurting against the inner walls of her rippling pussy.

Drained, eyes closing, Morgan settled on his heaving chest and panted for breath. As her breathing slowed, the aromatic scent of strong black coffee invaded awareness and her mouth watered, but she lacked the energy to get up.

Michael nudged and she let her body roll off him, the cold seeping into her from the floor. Finally, the enticing aroma of coffee drove her off the floor seeking a large mug. A shiver rippled through her and her nipples stayed hard in the cool mountain air. Shooting him a glance of regret, she pulled on her clothes and sipped coffee as she leaned her ass against the counter.

## Chapter Four

Michael helped himself to coffee and just watched her as he sipped it. Tension arced between them like an electric current. *Just finished fucking and damn! I want to do it again! Shit! What is wrong with you, Morgan, you slut!*

"I should be exhausted, but I'm not," she murmured. "For some reason, I'm not."

Slow and easy, his steady stare roaming over her, he set the cup on the counter and moved closer. "I'm not either, not tired enough to leave at any rate."

"I don't want you to leave," she blurted before she could think better of such an admission.

His lips twitched and a satisfied gleam entered his eyes as he leaned closer, his breath warming her face. "I don't have anywhere to be right now."

"I need a shower." That low husky suggestion slipped out and wild fantasies flickered in her mind, stirring her senses once more to life.

His eyes widened for a moment before a slow smile of pure male interest curved his lips. "A shower sounds perfect."

Anticipation humming in her veins, Morgan led the way up the stairs to the loft bedroom and into the tiny bathroom. Michael crowded in with her, leaving little room under the harsh light of the bare bulb in the ceiling. His sheer male presence enveloped her and the size of the room ceased to matter as she leaned over and turned on the shower, allowing the water to warm before she set a tolerable temperature. The hot spray pounded old porcelain, loud in the confines of the small room as she jockeyed for position with Michael.

He grinned as they brushed each other, legs, elbows, arms, chest to breast, in an attempt to find space to disrobe. Finally he curled his hands around her arms and stopped her in place. "Allow me."

Delicious tingles zipped along her spine, rippling through nerves under her skin. As she lifted her arms above her head, he pulled the T-shirt off and tossed it aside. Steam billowed over the shower curtain, shrouding the room as his hands dropped to the snap of her jeans. Fingers teased her abdomen and the rasp of the zipper filled her ears. In moments she stood naked before him as steam droplets rolled over her body.

"Morgan," he drawled, voice rough with admiration.

Hidden by the fog of steam, he trailed a finger down her throat, around her nipples, and down to the apex of her thighs. Reaching past her with his other hand, he opened the curtain a little. Without a word, caught in passion's steamy spell, Morgan stepped under the pounding spray, heart thundering in her chest. Anticipation speared her and she held her breath as he undressed and stepped into the tub.

"Turn around." He grabbed the bar of soap from the holder in the wall and rubbed it between his hands, creating a rich, fragrant lather.

Surprised, Morgan obeyed without a word. At the first touch of his hands on her shoulders, the pent up breath left in a rush and she shivered. Pleasure rippled through her, following the glide of his hands down her back, arms, legs, and back up around her waist. He lathered soap over her breasts, thumbs flicking the nipples until she leaned forward, hands flat on the wall for support.

Those exquisite, pleasure-giving hands slid down, dived between her legs, and slicked soap lather over the swollen lips of her pussy. Her thighs clenched and desire, fierce and undeniable, unfurled from deep inside her. Her knees weakened under his sensual assault and her hands curled into tight fists on the wall.

Straightening her arms, elbows locked, she arched back into him. Hot, hard, his cock rubbed along her cheeks, settling in the crack of her ass. A scorching imprint on her senses, the sensation sent erotic images streaming through her mind. He wrapped her in his embrace, arms crossed over her breasts as he shifted, teasing thrusts robbing her of thought until she squirmed, eager for the full force of him pounding into her.

"Yes, baby," he murmured in her ear as hot water pounded over them. He moved a little harder, riding along her crack as sensation crashed over her. "Your ass feels so good against my cock. I want it, want you." He paused his torturous teasing, tense behind her as though expecting rejection.

*Oh Jesus! I want...* She cut off the thought, his cock a burning brand on her ass. *Do I really want...?*

*You want it, his cock pounding your ass hard and deep.* With every word, the images filling her mind intensified. *Yes!* A low, hungry groan escaped her parted lips as she pushed back against him, pussy throbbing in demand.

His hand cupped her pussy, finger probing deep along her inner muscles. She shivered, pleasure soaring as he fingered her. "Oh god." Her thighs quivered, the urge rising. *I need...!* Words deserted her, except two. "Fuck me," she ordered, low and rough with raw hunger. "Fuck me!"

"As you command." He pulled back a little and water poured between them as his cock slipped between her thighs. Closing her legs, she trapped him. Rough male hands palmed her ass and he nudged her legs apart again with his foot. Thrusting forward, he rubbed that hot, hard cock along her throbbing pussy lips until liquid heat flooded her.

"Lower," he whispered. "Bend over."

Eyes closed on a wave of pleasure, she obeyed, spreading her feet farther apart. Hands braced on the wall, the hard spray of the shower pounding her skin, she caught her breath and waited. Her pulse raced and all senses clamored for him to fill her.

One hand gripping her hip, he positioned his cock at her entrance, the tip probing slow and easy before slipping in, and he paused. She tried to push back but he held her still. Her pussy lips tightened. *More*, she begged in silence. *Please!*

As though reading her mind, or just craving it, he slammed into her hard and deep. Inner muscles closed around him, clamping down like a tight fist, and she groaned in sheer ecstasy. Tension coiled as he pulled back and drove deep again...and again.

Wet soap caressed her ass cheeks, lather building even as the edge of the bar slid along the crack of her ass. Soap bubbles dripped over her asshole, down her legs as he caressed her, thumb glancing over that puckered hole as he thrust deeper and harder into her pussy. With his other hand, he fingered her clit, pinching and pulling until orgasm blasted through her so intense her vision grayed and her entire being focused only on his cock burying itself hilt deep time and time again inside her.

Relentless, he pounded into her. Pleasure scorched her senses, building higher and higher as his thumb pushed against the tight ring of her asshole. *Do it!* She couldn't voice the command but he obeyed, pushing his thumb deep as his huge cock filled her yet again. In and out, cock in her pussy and thumb in her ass, he fucked both holes until her legs trembled and she came in a blinding rush of pure ecstasy.

As both sets of muscles contracted and then released, he withdrew and she lifted her head on a cry of pleasure. In the next instant, the head of his cock breached her ass and plunged deep, hard, reaming her into another blinding orgasm. Holding her hips in a vise-like grip, he held her still as he thrust over and over, into her ass, plunging deep as muscles clamped around him, milking rigid flesh until he shouted and erupted deep in her ass. His cock throbbed, shooting jets of hot cum inside her until the relentless thrusting slowed and he finally withdrew from her burning, aching flesh.

Legs weak, she stumbled and fell against the shower wall, only now aware the water had turned

cold. Breathing harsh and heavy, Michael leaned on her, hands flat on the wall on either side of her, keeping cold water off her back. With a trembling hand, she turned off the water and laid her hot cheek on tile as her breathing slowed and her body returned to normal in slow stages.

After stepping out of the shower, she stood still as Michael dried the water from her skin. He dried himself off and picked her up. Her head dropped on his shoulder as he carried her to the bed. He laid her down and stood staring down at her.

"You don't expect me to just get dressed and leave, do you?" he demanded, expression impassive though his intense stare never left her eyes.

"Stay," she murmured on a wave of exhaustion but lifted her hand to take his. "Get in here. Would you hold me?"

Without a word, he slid in beside her, snuggled up close, and wrapped his arms around her. With a contented sigh, she closed her eyes and slid into sleep.

Dark and silent, not a creature or breeze stirring, the forest closed around her. She walked the narrow path heading to the splendor and peace of the roaring waterfall. She heard it before she glimpsed it between the trees and stepped out into the tiny clearing the stream meandered through. Moonlight glittered on swift moving water and sparkled in the air as it hit the frothing spray. With a delighted smile, Morgan walked to the edge of the stream and pushed off her shoes. Sitting down, she removed her socks and jeans, and then her t-shirt.

Nibbling on her lower lip, she cast several glances into the wood, assuring herself no one else would disturb her. *Skinny dipping under moon light. What if someone comes?* Tremors rippled through her. *What if he comes?* The possibility of a visitor only enhanced the thrill and she hastily removed bra and panties. She walked, slow and easy, into the water. Soft as silk, the cool liquid rose up her body and slid over her skin like a lover's tender touch.

Desire uncurled in her belly, spreading out to make even toes and fingers tingle. Nerves hummed under her skin and awareness slammed into her. Every cell in her body screamed as she turned around to find him standing on the edge of the stream, watching her. Molten silver eyes slid eyes over her face and down, as though he peered at her through the depths of the dark waters swirling around her. *Muse!*

Rooted to the spot, she didn't move as he shed his clothes and stepped into the water. Her gaze dropped to his long, rigid cock as it swayed in rhythm with his footsteps. She didn't move as he approached, and only looked up at him when he stopped right in front of her, so close the water lapped between their bodies. His steady stare bored into her, as though he saw her soul.

"You are a very passionate woman, Morgan Caine." That low, melodious voice slid over her senses and warmed her body as he slipped an arm around her waist. "A taste is all I ask."

Despite the spell he wove around her, she managed to lift her chin and meet his gaze. "You've tasted, but you keep disappearing before the feast."

He arched a dark eyebrow. "You'd like me to indulge myself?"

Images slid into her mind of Michael in the shower with her, blistering orgasm, and a sexual adventure unlike any she'd previously experienced. A soft sigh escaped her. He slept in her bed while she roamed the forest and bathed naked in the waterfall.

Muse moved fast, fastening his lips to hers. *You have a fantasy, Morgan. I can help you fulfill it.*

It slammed into her brain, a threesome with the two most intriguing men she'd ever met. Once there, the images could not be banished and she craved the union of three spirits not two. *If I do this, will one man ever be enough again?*

*It is not the same, but yes, you will be happy with one. After all, this is fantasy, a dream.*

*Anything can happen in dreams.*

"It's just you and I here," she murmured against his lips, unwilling to leave the haven of his embrace.

"Not for long, I imagine," Muse whispered, his breath warming her lips before devoured her in voracious kisses.

She squirmed in his arms, sliding her flesh along his as passion erupted between them. Wrapping her arms around him, she pressed closer, breasts gliding over his chest, crisp hairs caressing her sensitized skin so sharp tingles shot through her. Her damp pussy clenched in anticipation, which sank razor sharp claws into her senses until every nerve ending screamed for more. He surrounded her, filled her, sheer masculine appeal swamping her until she knew only him, until even the pleasant scenery faded under his passionate onslaught.

Rustles of movement in the grass at the edge of the water registered in her mind but she couldn't drag herself from Muse and the passion flooding her senses. Hot hard male flesh pressed against her backside, hands sliding between her and Muse over her flat stomach and lower, fingers of one hand diving into her pussy while the other hand molded her breast. Pleasure erupted from deep inside, driven by the excitement of something she'd fantasized but never indulged or experienced.

Muse dragged his mouth from hers, lips and tongue sliding down her neck as she tilted her head to peer into Michael's sapphire blue eyes, blazing with heat and excitement. He fastened his mouth to hers and devoured, his fingers busy inside her damp pussy. A low groan escaped her and she squirmed between the two men, anticipation clawing at her insides as erotic visions of double penetration filled her mind.

Four hands roamed over her tingling skin and she sucked in a deep breath, wanting so much more, so much faster than they delivered it. Hands ducking under water, she grabbed the cock in front of her and the one behind her. Stroking fast and hard, she drove each man into a gasping frenzy. "I want..." She panted for breath, heart racing in her chest. Her pulse scrambled and blood rushed in her veins, roaring in her ears.

"Please," she moaned, begged, stroking two hard cocks harder and tighter as the men pressed against her, chests brushing her breasts and back with every harsh breath that rang in her ears.

Passion, hunger, soared to unheard of heights and her eyes slid closed, head falling back onto one hard shoulder. She'd lost track of which man stood in front of her and which behind, but she didn't care as long as both stayed right with her.

Stroking two hard dicks no longer enough, Morgan nudged Muse to step backward until the water lowered enough to reveal rock hard flesh demanding her attention. Michael followed, fingers sliding in and out of her pussy so that she stumbled. Both men kept her on her feet while she focused all concentration on pleasing them. Spreading her feet for stability, and fun, she bent at the waist, with one hand curled around one cock while the hard dick behind her nudged her ass. She licked the tip of the rock solid flesh in her hand, savoring the slick wet taste of sweat salt. Flicking her glance up to molten silver eyes glowing in that rugged face, she engulfed the tip in her mouth and sucked hard. A harsh indrawn breath rewarded her and she sucked harder, sliding up and down his rigid length, ensuring he enjoyed every stroke.

Water sloshed against her thighs like cool silk just as Michael swiped his hot wet tongue hard along her damp pussy lips. Blood rushed to her crotch, the outer folds throbbing with the influx of hot blood. He licked and nibbled, hot breath keeping her heated flesh quivering under his onslaught. His hands clamped on her ass cheeks, holding her still while she sucked on the cock sliding in and out of her mouth as Muse thrust in rhythm with her movements. Double sensation, a cock in her mouth and a mouth on her pussy, slammed into her. *Just the beginning*, she thought, squirming between the two men.



Michael shifted behind her and the head of his cock rubbed over her pussy. Inner muscles pulsed, eager for hard flesh. Breath caught in her throat, she paused in her ministrations to Muse and waited on the razor edge of anticipation. Michael's hard, fast thrust nearly took her off her feet. He pulled back and slammed in again, hard and fast, driving her forward to take more of that rigid cock into her mouth. She gulped hard, taking him a little deeper as the cock in her pussy slammed in and out of her. Sensation skyrocketed! More pleasure than she'd ever dreamed possible swept through her and she wanted more.

Her thighs clenched as tension coiled tighter and tighter, taut as a rubber band about to snap. Still the relentless pounding continued, on and on as Michael drove her up and up, higher and higher. She strained for release, muscles quivering and knees so weak only the two men kept her upright. Michael withdrew the head of his cock and paused, just inside her pussy, driving her crazy with the wait. He shifted and slammed forward so deep and hard, tension snapped with the force of an erupting volcano.

Ecstasy washed over her, inner muscles clamping around rigid flesh, contracting and expanding in massive aftershocks as the sensations rolled through her, over and over again. She dragged in a harsh breath and released Muse's cock. *Oh my god!* Unable to push words past her tight throat, she rode the waves until her breathing slowed and awareness returned.

The two men stood, each with his arms wrapped tight around her so two hard cocks imprinted on her skin, one against her lower abdomen and the other against her ass.

"That was fantastic," she declared, pulse racing under her skin as blood roared in her ears. She wriggled against them. "But I don't think we're done yet."

Two identical faces flashed brilliant smiles at her and two pairs of hands turned her so she faced Michael and Muse stood at her back, his rigid cock sliding between her ass cheeks. "Who's going to do what?" she teased, peering up into flashing blue eyes.

Michael arched an eyebrow. "You'll find out." Lowering his head, he fastened his mouth to hers as he slid a hand down her stomach to her sopping wet pussy. Two fingers dived into willing flesh and she let out a low groan.

Behind her, Muse slid his hard cock along the crack of her ass, teasing her with what she didn't have. Michael withdrew his fingers, eased her legs apart, and urged her to bend over, toward his cock. Gleaming wet flesh enticed her, begged for her attention. She took him into her mouth, marveling at the flavors, different from Muse yet just as sensational. *More*, she thought, sucking hard. *I want...* Images exploded in her mind once more and she stopped her ministrations as Muse plowed into her pussy from behind. "Stop," she murmured, squirming in the men's hold on her. "I want..."

"We know what you want," Muse stated as he turned her to face him. "Put your hands on my shoulders."

She obeyed and he lifted her until his cock brushed her pussy, teasing her senses. She wrapped her legs around his waist as Michael moved in behind her, sliding his hot wet tongue along the crack of her ass. He sucked and nibbled and plunged his tongue deep just as Muse drove his cock into her eager pussy. Inner muscles closed around him, rippling as he lifted her and pulled her back down on him. Two fingers penetrated her ass, diving in and out with the rhythm Muse set as he lifted and lowered her on eager flesh.

Pleasure went straight to her head and she let out a soft groan of need, hungry for more. "Please." That single word escaped on a ragged breath and both men shifted, Muse filling her pussy with his thick cock, stretching her, and Michael withdrawing his fingers. The head of his cock teased her ass hole and she caught her breath, pushing back down on the cock in her pussy.

"Ready," Michael whispered, clamping his hands around her waist, above Muse's hold. They stopped moving, waiting. Morgan groaned a wordless plea.

Anticipation coiled in her gut, stretching like a rubber band until she couldn't stand it anymore and squirmed. In unison, the men moved. One cock slammed up into her pussy and the other drove deep into her ass. She screamed in relentless pleasure as they lifted and lowered her, driving deep in simultaneous thrusts. Sensation ripped away her ability to think as she rode both hard cocks into sensual paradise. *Oh my god! Oh my god!* The phrase raced through her skull, a mantra of ecstasy pounding in her brain to the rhythm of two strong men's thrusts deep inside her. Orgasm blasted through her, so strong, so pervasive, she no longer separated one man from the other, aware only of the relentless pounding of two cocks inside her.

They filled her, over and over again, driving through the aftershocks of her orgasm until the pressure built once more, tension coiling tighter and tighter until both cocks drove hard and deep and she erupted again, inner muscles milking them until they exploded inside her. Hot jets of cum spurted in her pussy and her ass for so long she went limp in their arms. Only their strength kept her from falling in the water.

They eased out of her, hands supporting her as she stumbled out of the water, an arm around the waist of each man. She sat on the grass, staring at the waterfall without paying attention to the magnificent scenery. Senses scrambled, brain mush, she flopped onto her back and closed her eyes. "That was the most fabulous thing..."

Eyes fluttering open, Morgan blinked in the sunlight streaming through the window across the bed and let out a soft groan of protest expecting that fabulous dream to fade from her mind. The mattress shifted and she glanced at Michael asleep beside her in the small bed. A slow satisfied smile curved her lips as images filled her mind: the shower, and the sex imaginable on the planet. Other images crowded in, mingling. Michael and Muse, and the waterfall forest under the full moon... and her heart raced at the steaming memories. *What a dream!*

It blazed in her mind: a volcanic interlude she could only wish had been real. *But I can write it!* Slow and easy, so as not to wake her lover, she inched the covers aside and eased out of bed. She tiptoed across the floor, pulling Michael's shirt on so the tails flapped around her thighs. She buttoned up the two middle buttons as she walked down the cramped stairs and into the galley-style kitchen. She made coffee and as it brewed, powered up her laptop computer and opened her story file.

As yet, the narrative had no title but as the scene in the night's dreams poured through her mind, she typed fast and furious to get it all down before it vanished from her head. Her fingers slowed and she typed the last sentence, amazed at the eroticism that raced from her mind the past few days. *Guess I haven't lost my creative touch after all.* Morgan grinned, stretched the kinks out of her back and neck, and stood up as the aroma of strong black coffee penetrated the sensual fog surrounding her.

Awareness teased her senses and she looked up from the coffee pot to find Michael at the bottom of the stairs, a strange yet fascinated or maybe even astonished expression etching his face.

"Michael?" She paused in the act of pouring coffee into a chipped mug and studied his bemused expression. "What is it?"

"I had the most..." He stared at her for a long moment and then continued. "Interesting, um... erotic dream last night."

She arched an eyebrow as her own dreams raced into full consciousness. "Us?" Uncertainty spiked and she only watched him.

"Us and..." His neck moved as he swallowed hard. "Muse. It was..."

Tension escalated and the silence stretched for so long, Morgan prompted, "Was what?" She swallowed hard, suspicion nagging at her. *Was it really a dream? Did I really....? No way! No man would...!*

Michael narrowed his eyes, watching her as though he'd seen every thought in her head. "It was very erotic, and not something I'd normally do, or condone, but... I couldn't seem to help myself.

When I found you with... him... it was such a turn on..."

Knees weak, Morgan lowered the coffee mug to the counter and just stared at him, leaning against the counter for support as her mind raced for something, anything, to say. "I... dreamed...." Sensation swept her memory, and then her senses.

Understanding dawned in his eyes. "You had the same dream? How..." He paused and then nodded. "Muse, I'd bet. That is one sneaky bastard. But why a threesome? Did he want you as well and dreams were the only way?"

Morgan let out a slow breath, eyeing Michael's stern expression. "Yes, I had the same dream, if that's what it was."

"You think it could have been... we actually...?" He shook his head, denial hardening his voice. "I don't play like that."

Taking one step and then another, Morgan approached him at a cautious pace. He took one step back, but then seemed to change his mind and just stood his ground, allowing her to come to him.

"Was it a dream or was it real?" she murmured, unsure what to believe now. "Was it so bad?" she asked a little louder but still in a hushed tone.

Michael's expression hardened. "I'm a one woman man and I don't share."

"Seeing us turned you on," she reminded him. "It turned you on enough to actually join us."

"I thought it was a dream, that it was some fantasy..."

"A fantasy... you'll fantasize and dream but when you get what could be the real thing, you get angry?"

He stepped back from her, uncertainty in his eyes lessening the intensity etched on his face. "This is not what I had in mind for a true, lasting relationship."

That protest ringing in her ears, Morgan stepped back from him. The implied insult sparked her temper. "You think I planned all this, that I wanted this kind of mess?!" Her voice rose another octave. "He's not even real, for heaven's sake. Everything was a dream, a harmless dream. We just happened to have the same dream is all."

"Coincidence?" Michael shook his head. "No way. Impossible. But you're right. He isn't real, so none of this can be real."

Morgan shook her head in exasperation. "Then what are we fighting over?"

"Good question," Muse inserted, materializing into the tense atmosphere, a broad smile curving his lips. Humor sparkled in the silver eyes sweeping over them.

Morgan shot him a sharp glance and Michael only glared at him. Silence stretched, like a rubber band about to snap between three points of a vibrating triangle. Looking from one man to the other, Morgan floundered. *Which one? And how do I choose between a man and a... whatever the hell Muse really is?!*

"Something wrong here?" Muse quipped s though he knew the exact issue causing the argument. "I thought you two were perfect for each other."

"Until you stuck your nose, or rather your dick, into the middle of things," Michael muttered, turning away as he buttoned the shirt he'd left open before coming downstairs.

"No," Morgan reached for him but he evaded her grasp. "Michael, don't go."

"Why?" He looked over his shoulder, blue eyes sharp as a serrated blade. "So you can have both of us again?"

"Damn it, it was all a dream... just a dream. I want you, only you." Stunned at the truth slipping out before she even thought it, Morgan closed her mouth on further protests. *I won't beg*, she vowed. *Ever. If he wants to run off like a kid in a snit, let him.*

Michael stopped, but didn't turn around. Hands clenched into fists, shoulders hunched, he said one word. "Exclusively?"

Morgan gulped, on the edge of something either wonderful if she only took the plunge. "Yes." Barely a whisper, the word escaped her before she could call it back. This level of commitment shot terror straight through her. *I won't give up*, she vowed. *Ever.*

He turned to face her, his expression inscrutable. "Will it be enough? Will I be enough after...?" He nodded at Muse, who only watched with a smug expression.

Morgan nodded, throat tight as she waited for the verdict. *I won't ask, not again.*

Michael crossed the distance in a blur, swept her into his arms, and kissed her until her senses swam and her lungs burned for oxygen. Passion smoldered in his eyes as he pulled and fixed a hard glare on Muse, who watched them with pleasure.

"I think we've had enough of you," Michael stated, his tone permitting no argument. "You can go now, and don't come back."

"I do have to leave for a while," Muse said with a sly smile. "But I will be back. After all, what will a writer and an artist do without a Muse?"

"We're not interested in your sexual escapades," Michael insisted as he pulled Morgan closer, his arm over her shoulders. "You don't need to come back."

Muse arched an elegant black eyebrow. "For someone who demands honesty, you don't give it to yourself often, Michael. If last night's 'dream' went totally against your wishes, you would never have joined in."

"So it was a dream?" Morgan interrupted, apprehension riding a twinge of disappointment. "We just happened to have the same dream? Or was it real?"

Muse grinned, a sly twinkle in his eyes. "It was whatever you need it to be." He looked at Michael with such intensity Morgan wondered what he found within Michael's mind. "You can't deny what you felt, what you needed, Michael. But you needn't dwell on it. I have no interest in taking Morgan with me, even if I could. I am not human and I cannot live as one, even if I were so inclined."

Morgan looked up at Michael, surprised by the dull flush of embarrassment reddening his face. "Michael?"

"A fantasy?" Michael intoned. "One you graciously granted for me or for Morgan?"

"Hmm" Muse thought for a moment and then smiled. "Both. I often meddle in the lives of my charges, when I'm here, but not often do I find two people who need each other and fit together so well."

"You did that, and could have accomplished the same goal without sex."

Muse shook his head. "You are a stubborn one, Michael. You always were. Think of it as a gift of adventure. Not to be repeated, but perhaps as a memory."

The tension in the arm around her shoulders eased and Morgan let out a sigh as she snuggled closer. Michael gave her swift hug and said, "All right, but I think we can handle the passion on our own now."

Muse smirked. "I'm sure I can, but I may pop in from time to time. After all, what is an artist without the Muse?" With that, he vanished from sight.

Morgan gaped. "I guess he really isn't... human." Turning, she settled against his chest and peered up at him. "So, technically, there was no other man... just you."

A slow smile curved Michael's lips. "Technically, I suppose not, but it gives me a headache to think about him so I won't." He arched an eyebrow. "Think you could be happy with a mere human man?"

"As long as that 'mere human man' is you, yes." She dropped her gaze from his eyes to his mouth, the slow curve of his lips into an intimate smile sparking an answering desire deep inside her. "Take me back to bed."

"My pleasure." He lifted her into his arms and fastened his mouth to hers as passion swirled

around them.

The End