



# **IT ALL BEGAN AT DIXIELAND**

**MIRRAH MCGEE**

It All Began at Dixieland

Mirrah McGee

**Mirrah, Mirrah on the Shelf**



Copyright © 2023 Mirrah, Mirrah on the Shelf

Published by Mirrah, Mirrah on the Shelf  
authormirrahmcgee@gmail.com

Copyright © 2023 Mirrah, Mirrah on the Shelf

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed without the prior written consent of the author except for the use of quotations in a book review.

Real names of places, athletic teams, entertainers, and brief samples of their work have been used for entertainment purposes. This publication is in no way endorsed or supported by those referenced.

Gold Logo: nrey / Shutterstock.com  
Cover Image: NDAB Creativity / Shutterstock.com

*For my stalkers, er, dedicated readers, especially the MO Misfits: I see you, I hear you, and I am grateful for each and every one of you.*

*For my mom: More than there are stars in the sky...*

# Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Efa \(ee-fa\) Josefina Blevins 1.](#)

[Efa 2.](#)

[Efa 3.](#)

[Efa 4.](#)

[Efa 5.](#)

[Foster Nichols 6.](#)

[Efa 7.](#)

[Foster 8.](#)

[Efa 9.](#)

[Foster 10.](#)

[Efa 11.](#)

[Foster 12.](#)

[Efa 13.](#)

[Foster 14.](#)

[Efa 15.](#)

[Efa 16.](#)

[Efa 17.](#)

[Foster 18.](#)

[Efa 19.](#)

[Foster 20.](#)

[Follow Me:](#)

## Efa (ee-fa) Josefina Blevins 1.

“Efa Jo? Is everything alright?” The sound of concern in my mom’s voice is not surprising. It’s 8:30 in the morning on a weekday. I’m a writer...I don’t normally function at this hour. Let alone, call her, unless it’s an emergency.

“Everything is fabulous. Hey, listen,” I begin, my voice shaky with nerves, “you know your lifelong dream of visiting Kansas City, Missouri? How would you like to make it a reality? You, me, the open road...”

“Drop the act. Tell me what’s wrong and we’ll work out how to fix it.”

I sigh heavily, dropping my head to rest on the back of my desk chair. “Mallory is suffering from the *mandemic* known as the common cold and can’t join me as planned for the book signing in Kansas City this weekend because she’s currently planning her own funeral.” I bark a laugh at the dramatism of my best friend. And myself. “She doesn’t trust me to do her extraordinary life justice.”

Mom snorts into the phone, “You’d do a slideshow of her blowing her nose while driving and stuffing her face full of food.”

Rolling my eyes, I tell her, “Of course, I would. How else do you celebrate a life well lived?”

“Daughter of mine...” She’s running out of patience; I am overly familiar with the tone. So is my dad.

“It’s like a twelve-hour car ride and though I do enjoy the sound of my own voice, I’d like some company and I know you’re not working—”

“So, I win by default?”

“No...?” That wasn’t convincing. She’s going to hit me on the back of the head when she sees me tomorrow. *If* she sees me tomorrow. My mom, God bless her, is sixty-five, medically

retired, and not a traveler. It's a long shot to ask her, but I love her...and I don't have anyone else to ask.

"Where are you staying in Kansas City?" I tell her the name of the hotel where the event is being held, less than a mile from the airport. "And why aren't we flying?"

I gasp in shock, "It is prohibitively expensive to fly! It's far cheaper to drive and I am not limited in what I can bring for my table and adoring fans."

"You don't want to have your squeeze pierced udders inspected by the TSA?"

"They have such thankless, tiring, important jobs—"

"Bullshit." She's right, that was bullshit. I'm confident in my writing and my ability to arouse and entertain in equal measure through my words, but in person not so much. And I certainly would be mortified if I were detained for cow teats with my business card pierced through the nipples like I'm smuggling dangerous contraband on an aircraft.

"You have two queen beds?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there a chair? Refrigerator?"

"Yes, yes." I already checked before I called her, knowing she can't sleep laying down and her insulin requires a fridge.

"I'll inform your father and leave shortly after lunch, so I'll see you this evening. We'll leave promptly at 7 tomorrow morning. I expect a personalized playlist for the ride." She clicks off the phone and I slump back in my seat. Flabbergasted. That's what I am.

She's coming with me. My mom and I...for 12 hours in the car! Oh God! What the hell was I thinking?

## Efa 2.

“You are such a beautiful girl, Efa Jo, why do you wear those shirts? They do nothing for your figure?”

“Uh...” I glance down at my coral-colored scoop neck t-shirt and shrug. “Because it has my pen name on it and I’m promoting myself?” I drop the visor and inspect myself quickly in the mirror. “This color looks great with my complexion...what are you smoking?”

“Standards.” She replies haughtily, her lips twitching as she fights not to laugh.

“Give it up, woman.”

“The color does look amazing against your bronze skin. But it’s shapeless.”

“I’m not trying to lure my mom into my bed.”

“Obviously, but are you successful in luring anyone else?”

“MOM! I’m not talking to you about my sex-life.”

“Because you don’t have one to speak of?”

“The point of this trip is to promote myself as a romance author and interact with my readers. I’m not trying to pick anyone up or have a romp between the sheets. I’m selling books and an escape from reality.”

“I’d think getting some would be an escape from reality for you.”

“Why does dad put up with you?”

“Because he loves me unconditionally.” I stare at her for a moment unimpressed. “He loves my enchiladas. And how I roll my r’s when I’m rolling his—”

“MOM!” Maria Martinez Blevins cackles in the passenger seat of my SUV. I drum my fingers on the steering wheel while I wait her out. Eventually, and almost a song and a half later, she sobers enough to speak again.



“I’m nervous.”

I glance at her quickly and then back to the road. My mom is not one to show her vulnerability. “About what? The trip? The hotel? My IBS in stressful situations? Your health? My driving? Come on woman, give me something.”

“If you’d stop guessing for ten seconds...” with a shake of her head, she continues, “I’m not sure, really. Just nervous. It is a long trip, and I don’t know what to expect at the hotel, so I’m not sure how well I’ll be able to sleep, but that’s not it. Nervous for you, maybe? This is what, your 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> signing?”

“Uh...” I think back over the last couple of years that I’ve been attending book signings, “7<sup>th</sup>.” I reach over and pat her leg. “I’ve got this, mom, no need to worry on my behalf. It ain’t my first explicit penis-filled rodeo.”

“Title of your sex tape.” She murmurs and my heart leaps for joy. I bark a laugh and grin obnoxiously at her as her face flames.

“I’m so proud of you, mom!”

She shrugs casually, face still tomato red, “Just trying to fit in this weekend.”

“I’m not worried about the signing, mom. I had presales, so I’ve paid for my table at the show. Anything on top of that is just a bonus.”

“I know. Your business is doing well. Not sure what it is.” She presses her hand to her stomach, looking out the window.

Cruising along the highway in the middle of nowhere Illinois, not quite halfway through our trip, I let the custom playlist play in the background while I contemplate her concern.

“Is it like when you had that dream when you were a kid about your friend, and it turned out that she had been in a car accident?”

“I think it is.”

“Hmm.”

“Maybe another car accident.” She’s not psychic, or a seer, or anything mystical and does not require evaluations and jackets that bind your arms. She’s just a firm believer in intuition and I can’t fault her since she’s usually on to something. “Or maybe, I’ll accidentally crash vagina first into an available penis?”

“One can only hope.”

About an hour later, I’m gaining on an old camper being pulled by a pickup truck that’s moseying along in the right-hand lane. Something juts out from the side of the camper and before I can blink, a panel of the siding rips off and flies right at the windshield of my SUV, straight at my mom. We both gasp and garble inarticulate noises of shock and fear. The rogue panel catches the wind current between the two vehicles and flips at the last second, moving between the camper and us, successfully avoiding impaling my mother.

“HOLY SHIT! FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK!” I yell, my chest thundering and my arms and legs tingly with adrenaline. I pull up next to the pickup truck and roll down my mom’s window, both of us flailing our arms at the driver. The elderly gentleman flips us the bird and focuses back on the road.

“That was some crazy *Final Destination* shit right there!” Mom’s hand is over her heart. “Pull over, Efa, I need a minute.”

I cut across the right lane and slow down once I’m on the shoulder, the familiar rumble of the strip beneath the tires soothing for once. We aren’t dead. My mom has not been decapitated by Jesus’ family camper. I don’t have to tell dad that mom was nervous about her own death!

We both get out of the vehicle once I’m in the park and meet in the front. We hug and cry and then let each other go and dance around like lunatics shaking our arms and legs to get rid of the excess adrenaline.

I register the sound of a door shutting and look up mid-shake to see a tall man walking toward us with a frown.

“Excuse me.” He drawls, a slight twang to his deep voice. “Are you two alright? I watched the whole thing and”, he

shakes his head, removes his ball cap, and slaps it against his thigh, revealing light brown hair with natural blond highlights, before slamming it on his head again, “hot damn, that was a bit of luck back there. I called the state troopers and reported his license plate. Don’t want any more of that paneling coming off.”

“Thank you.” I breathe out, dropping my hands to my knees and bending slightly at the waist to catch my breath. “I appreciate that. We’re ok. I think. Shaken and stirred for sure.”

“But alive.” Mom says, coming up next to me and rubbing her hand up and down my back like she’s always done when I’m upset or sick. “Thank you for stopping, young man. We just need another couple of minutes and then we’ll be back on the road.”

“Wait.” He holds up a hand and then jogs back to his shiny truck. I snicker as I watch my mom mirror my own head tilt to stare at the man’s impressive backside in tight blue jeans.

“I’ll distract him while you prepare to fall vag first—”

“MOTHER!” I hiss at her with a glare.

“Here’s some cold water for you both. It’ll help with the shock. And a couple of snack bars for some sugar.”

“Are you a doctor?” Mom is about as subtle as a 3<sup>rd</sup> degree sunburn.

“No, ma’am. Retired army.”

“Oh? You’re so young?”

“Mom.” I try for a reprimanding tone, but it sounds whiny even to my own ears. The stranger merely grins at my mom, and I swear she blushes. Wait until I tell dad.

“Anything else I can do for you two lovely ladies?” I stand quickly and put my hand over my mom’s mouth. Adrenaline and shock are nothing compared to a Latina woman with no grandbabies.

“No, thank you. You’ve done more than enough. Please be safe.” He drops his chin and looks at me from under the brim

of his hat. With a shake of his head and a sexy smirk, he tips his hat to us and goes back to his truck.

“Quit staring at his butt!” I whisper.

“You first.”

“I’m not married.”

“I’m married, not blind or dead.”

“Get back in the car and eat your snack bar.”

## Efa 3.

“I love the consistency of *Cracker Barrel*.” Mom says, wiping her mouth with her napkin and sitting back in her seat. We’ve demolished a few dishes and I’m anxious to get back on the road. We’re about 2 hours from Kansas City.

“You’re so old.” I snicker into my own napkin, not fast enough to dodge her shin kick beneath the table.

“Shut up, or I won’t buy you those candy sticks you love.”

“Let’s not be hasty.” I forgot about those delicious sugar treats. My mouth is watering just thinking about the black cherry flavored one. She smiles fondly at me and not for the first time today, I’m happy she’s with me on this trip.

Life has been a bit hard on her and dad the last several years. She and dad were supposed to retire together, but mom had a slew of health issues spring up about 5 years ago and it forced her into an early retirement. Dad has continued to work to compensate while taking care of most of the house as mom is physically unable to go up and down the steps easily, let alone carry anything.

With them in Marietta, Ohio, and me less than an hour from Cincinnati, I can’t help as much as I would like. Months when my royalties are good, I usually find some way to spread the wealth, sending them groceries, gift cards for gas and their favorite restaurants, or a few times I’ve managed to slip some money into their savings account without them noticing.

She’s become a bit of a recluse since retiring, so I was incredibly surprised she agreed to this trip. It’s a lot of time in the car and there will be some walking between our hotel room and the ballroom where the event is being held. I nearly caused another wreck when she told me a couple of hours ago that coming with me was a no-brainer, regardless of how she felt, because she wanted to see me in action. Mallory has regaled her and dad about my antics at book signings, how I come alive amongst “my people”. Dad texted that he wants

video footage so he can brag to his buddies about his internationally loved author daughter...even if she does peddle plot driven porn.

“Come on, Ms. Tacy Ellen, I saw one of those ceramic Christmas trees with lights but in Halloween colors. It’ll be perfect for your dad’s office. You know how he loves the season of spooky.” She wiggles her fingers, mocking my old man, and with a chuckle I stand up.

Check in hand I follow her around the entire country store as she picks up nearly everything, inspects it, then puts it back down. I grab the Halloween tree and take it to the counter, paying for it and the bill.

“I was gonna get the tree—”

“It is a gift for Mr. Blevins from Tacy Ellen for his continued support through her illustrious career.”

Mom leans her head against my shoulder. “We’re so proud of you, sweetie.”

“Thank you.” I clear my throat awkwardly, the cashier staring between us with a bright smile. “Now, where’re my diabetes sticks?”

“Right here.” She places a large handful of various flavors on the counter and nudges me out of the way so she can pay.

A little under two hours later, we’re pulling into under the porte cochere of the airport hotel hosting the Romancing Dixieland Author Event. I’ve never been to Missouri and I’m oddly excited. One thing I’ve really enjoyed is traveling to different parts of the country and meeting new authors and readers. It is a strange phenomenon, my shyness in everyday life and how it disappears when Tacy Ellen takes over.

“Mom.” I place my hand on hers and stop her from exiting the vehicle just yet. “Are you still nervous?” She rears back like I’ve slapped her, her face contorting into a sneer. I slowly put space between us in fear for my life.

“Am I nervous?” Reaching out, she smacks my arm and gasps in outrage. “Devon Sawa flashed through my mind mere hours

ago when I nearly died from attempted paneling, and you ask me if I'm still nervous?"

"Right." I wince remembering our near-death experience. "Sorry. Never mind." I get out of my vehicle and round the front end to help mom from her seat. She holds my arm as we walk through the automatic doors and up to the check-in desk.

"Do you have any carts?" I ask the man helping us, as I glance around the spacious lobby, noting the steps up to the hotel bar and those down to the event floor. But no carts.

"I'm afraid we do not have any available at this time."

I whip around to face him, my mouth dropped open in surprise. "What do you mean you don't have any carts?"

"We only allow two to be used at a time. They are stolen quite frequently, so we keep them locked up."

Mom looks around exaggeratedly, and I brace for sarcasm. "I didn't realize we had entered a museum. Do you have them on display somewhere behind bullet resistant plexiglass? Do we need to pass through a metal detector before we lay eyes on the rare species of luggage cart?"

"Uh...we...we have a bellhop—"

"I should hope so."

"Mom, I'm gonna grab everything from my car, including my cart for tomorrow, then I'll park. Here." I slide one room key card from the sleeve and hand it over. "Just wait until I get everything in the lobby first." I hand over my purse and with one last huff of irritation, mom hobbles over to a nearby couch to wait for me.

After I'm finishing unloading our suitcases, our pillows (hotel pillows are absolutely useless), mom's portable fan, my wagon cart with boxes of books, tote bags, swag, shirts, and of course, the cow teats squeezies, I turn to start wheeling it into the lobby.

"Ma'am?" Looking up, I find a man old enough to be Moses' grandfather shuffling toward me, a polo shirt with the hotel's insignia on the chest. Sure. Makes sense.

“Hello.” I reply cautiously, hoping against hope that he isn’t here to “help” me.

“Let me help you with your bags.”

“If you could just wheel these two in, I’ll get the rest.” I urge our two rolling suitcases toward him and grab a hold of the book cart and pull it behind me while I hold the two garbage bags with our pillows.

“Look what I found!” Mom screeches when I step through the second set of automatic doors. She’s standing proudly next to a luggage cart, while a young woman eyes her suspiciously, limping away.

“Did you assault someone for the cart?” I ask, even though I’m so thankful for its existence, I’d help her hide a body if needed.

“Only a little.” She waves me off and presents the cart with a flourish.

“Thank you. Head up to the room, mom, I know you’re exhausted and in pain. I’ve got this.” She doesn’t believe me, but it must be worse than I thought since she gives in without argument.

Grunting with effort, I lift both of our suitcases onto the cart, our pillows, then I run back out for her fan. I slip the bellhop two dollars and assure him I’ve got it from here. I don’t need his heart attack on my conscience.

I have never been more aware of my lack of flexibility and muscle definition than when I’m pushing the book cart up the ramp, because of course there is a ramp to the elevator, and pulling the luggage cart with four wheels all working independently of each other behind me.

“Would you like some help?” I sigh, halfway up the ramp and prepare myself mentally to turn down the bellhop’s counterpart, the only man to live amongst the dinosaurs. But the voice registers in my hindbrain and I snap my neck turning to look at the man from earlier on the side of the road. The hottie with the beautiful backside.



Instead of politely declining, or even graciously accepting, I blurt, “Are you stalking me?” He chuckles, not taking offense.

“Well, I’ve been here for more than an hour, so...are you stalking me?”

“NO!” I rush to assure him and apparently everyone in a 10-mile-radius. I close my eyes with a sigh of personal defeat.

“Then it’s a coincidence. I’ve got the luggage, call for the elevator.”

“Oh. Well. Sure. Thank you.” I manage to get to the elevator, hitting the button many, many times as the handsome stranger comes up behind me. The doors open quickly and I’m thankful we don’t have to stand there in awkward silence.

“Foster!” I stop between the elevator doors to observe the gorgeous and petite woman waving at me. No, not me, the stranger with my luggage.

He smiles at her and it’s all white teeth and charm. My stomach flips as I watch him, a little flutter of jealousy it isn’t aimed at me. Stupid. “I’ll be right back, I’m gonna help her get her luggage to her room.”

The woman with sun-streaked blond hair and pouty lips glances at me, her head cocking to the side for a second, before she shakes herself and waves. “I’ll meet you at the car.”

“SHIT!” The elevator doors try to close on me. “Sorry. I got it from here. Thank you, uh, Foster.”

“Do you have extra arms and hands? Are you a witch?”

“No,” I reply automatically.

“Then I’ll help you to your room.” I shrug, and step all the way into the car, sticking to the corner. With both carts and both of us, it’s cramped. We ride up to the fourth floor in silence. I’m too busy holding my breath so I don’t inhale his woodsy cologne and rub up against him like a cat. Not sure why he’s silent. He can probably sense my weirdness.

I lead us down the hall on my floor and stop in front of my room. I drop the handle to the cart and flinch when it hits the floor with a thud. My hands go into my pockets, and I rock

back and forth on my feet. Eyes fixed just over his shoulder; I face him.

“Thank you, Foster, I appreciate your assistance.”

His smirk is obnoxiously endearing. He leans against the wall next to my door. “You have me at a disadvantage. You know my name, but I don’t know yours. Doesn’t seem fair.”

“Blevins. Efa Blevins.” I mutter, feeling my face redden under his attention.

“Like Bond, James Bond?”

“No, Like dork. Super dork.” His laugh, oh my goodness. Like a warm blanket on a cold night.

“Nice to meet you, Blevins, Efa Blevins. I have a feeling I’ll see you around.” His tone is suggestive.

My eyebrow rises in confusion, he can’t possibly be attending the book signing tomorrow. “Why would you?”

“We’re staying at the same hotel. Anything is possible.” I blush darker for the obvious reason, and I hope the dim lighting of the hallway and my bronze skin hides it enough. His knowing grin suggests otherwise. I stand stock-still while he walks back down the hallway and enters the elevator. It opens immediately for him, like it was expecting him. Even the elevator is captivated by him.

Dropping my head to the hotel room door, I tell the elevator and myself, “He’s got a wife or girlfriend. We don’t stand a chance.”

Mom opens the door suddenly and I nearly fall into her, and our room. I manage to catch myself with a yelp.

“As your mother, that was really hard to listen to.”

I roll my eyes and begin bringing in our stuff. “Then you shouldn’t be eavesdropping.”

Mom continues, “Unfortunately, that isn’t the worst thing to happen to you today.”

Snorting, I put my hands on my hips and stare at her, “Well, we almost died.”

She points a finger at me, “I almost died, you almost witnessed it, there’s a difference.” She shakes her head once, “Never mind that, I meant this.” She motions inside the room toward the bathroom. It takes me a second to realize what she’s pointing at.

“What the fuck?”

## Efa 4.

“It’s not like the hotel room is free. I paid money to stay here. I paid for amenities that most have come to expect from an established hotel chain. And that includes a complete, lockable, solid bathroom door.”

“Efa, sorry, *Tacy*, you’ve got to let it go.”

I stop in the middle of the event corridor, my rolling cart packed to the gills behind me, and stare at my mother aghast that she would suggest such a thing.

“Let it go? Let it go? Who am I, Queen Elsa? No, I’m not letting it go. A bathroom is a private, safe space. I should feel comfortable and free to ‘bathe’ in any way I see fit without fear of others hearing what I’m doing in there.”

“You once defecated on your father’s face as an infant. I’ve held you while you threw up over my shoulder and down my back. You used to bend over, no matter where we were, and yell, ‘I’m done!’, waiting for anyone to come and wipe your tush.”

“I don’t remember any of that, so it doesn’t count. As an adult with intact cognitive functions, I refuse to form new memories that include you standing outside that...that...saloon door and hearing my poop plop as it hits the water.”

Laughter draws my attention away from my mom, who is unimpressed with me right now, to an older woman standing a few feet from me, amusement dancing in her blue eyes as she grins my way.

“First time staying at this hotel?” She asks, her voice rough, no doubt from cigarette use, but comforting in its warmth.

“Yes.”

“The bathroom doors take some getting used to.”

I scoff. “There will be no getting used to it. Those aren’t even doors. It’s the equivalent of despair. All hope is lost, might as well lose the bottom half of this wooden barrier. And who

needs locks? Don't hog all the sorrow for yourself, let it waft out so those unfortunate enough to be staying with you can suffer with you."

She laughs harder and it makes me like her.

"Page Andrews." She extends a hand toward me but at the sound of her name my entire central nervous system shuts down.

"Uh..."

"Huh. I think you broke her."

The older woman laughs and shifts to extend her hand to my mom instead. "I get that reaction a lot at these events."

"Oh, are you an author like my daughter?"

"MOM!" I screech, my brain coming back online. "Page Andrews is an author. She is a master of her craft. A beautiful sorceress enslaving thousands and thousands of willing souls with her words alone. I, on the other hand, am an ogre that has tricked a handful of people into giving me their money in exchange for a few poorly constructed sentences, mediocre sex scenes and some fart jokes."

"Holy shit. Are you Tacy Ellen?" My knees buckle, hearing my name leave the precious lips of one of my favorite writers of all time. I drop to the floor, rest my head on the handle of my cart and breathe deeply as black spots dance around the edges of my vision.

"Mom," I whisper, waving my hand to bring her closer to me. "I'm dying. I'm hallucinating and it can only mean the end. I love you and pa. Remember me."

"She's even better in person. Hold on." I vaguely hear my idol on the phone as I prepare to meet my maker. I hope he doesn't hold my browser history against me. The porn is for research purposes and so are the toys. I can't write authentically without firsthand knowledge. God, forgive me for the Kitty Crusher, it was a gift from Mallory. Blame her, smite her.

"WHERE IS SHE?"

“Tacy. Get up.” I shake my head. Why would my mother ask me to expend the last of my energy in standing when I’m about to die? “Tacy. There is a woman with purple hair running toward us. Get. Up.”

I look up at the urgency in her voice and do indeed see a middle-aged woman with bright purple hair flowing behind her as she does a damn good impression of Usain Bolt down the hallway, dodging people and their carts left and right. I find the strength to stand in my final minutes and brace for impact.

“TACY ELLEN!” I catch the woman when she flings herself at me. My eyes drift to Page Andrews, so lifelike for a hallucination, and she shrugs with a grin.

“Tacy, meet Wren Phillips.”

“Shut. Your. Nonexistent. Bathroom. Door.” I murmur in disbelief. I wonder if my hallucinations are so real because of my creative genius. Like Picasso. Robin Williams. Chris Farley. Efa Blevins.

“I can’t believe it! I love your books. I’ve read every single one.”

“Even the bovine motorcycle club with cud whores?” Mom is as flabbergasted as I am.

Wren nods excitedly, “Friesia and Sahiwal are my favorite characters! And Red Angus, God, he’s a great cud whore, you love to hate him and all his drama.”

“People actually read your books.” Wren, Page, and I stare at my mom with our mouths hanging open.

“You didn’t think anyone read my work? Why would you come to a book signing with me?” I’m not offended, at least, I don’t think I am. They support me whole-heartedly; however, mom and dad don’t understand the premise of most of my romantic comedies. But I have readers, from all over the world, that do. I didn’t give any thought to what my parents thought of my burgeoning career.

“I knew you had readers, you were making money somehow, I just never...I’m so proud of you.” Her lower lip wobbles and I

drop Wren and wrap my arms around my mom, squeezing her tight.

“Hold me, Page, I’m overwhelmed by all the love!”

I pull back from my mom with a watery laugh, watching Page roll her eyes affectionately at Wren. I can’t believe they are both standing here in front of me, talking to me, and they read my books!

“I know you still have to set up, but do you have the full series with you for the Teats Out MC? And the second generation?” I nod dumbfounded. Page rubs her hands together, “Excellent. I’d like to buy both complete series.”

I turn to my mom, my eyes wide, clutching my chest, “Mom, it’s the big one. I can see the light.”

Mom doesn’t miss a beat, using her customer service voice, “Will that be cash or card?”

## Efa 5.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this since you’re 31 years old.” Mom sighs as we enter our hotel room after a long and phenomenal day. “Efa Jo, do you need to use the potty?”

I stop, drop my money box to my bed, and cock my head to the side. “No. Why?”

She smiles fondly at me, though it’s slightly patronizing. “Because you are bouncing on your feet like a little kid about to pee their pants.”

“Oh.” I grin broadly at her and do a little jig in place. “Today was fantastic! I’m pumped and excited and...and... invigorated. I want to write and read and eat and sleep and jump for joy.”

Her smile grows, “I’ve always been proud of you, Efa Jo, you know that. But today...” She sighs softly, sitting gingerly on the edge of her bed. I can see the pain that lines her tired face. I’m so happy she’s here and yet I know what this is physically costing her. “There are no words to adequately express how brightly you shined. You drew people in, they gravitated toward you and your energy. It was a sight to see and I’m so damn happy I got to witness you in your element. I don’t think the video I took for your dad will do it justice.”

“You filmed me?” I ask, trying and failing to stop the emotions welling inside me at her words.

“You don’t see it, but everyone else does. I heard plenty of readers tell me how much they love your books, but it’s you they wanted to talk to, take pictures with, get your autograph.” She transforms instantly, her face lighting up as she remembers, “And the tattoo! Someone had a logo you designed permanently inked on their skin. I haven’t decided if that’s awesome or weird.”

“It’s weirdly awesome!” I state emphatically. And it is. I was touched beyond words at that reader’s love for my work. It was humbling. The whole day was a lesson in humility. I sit at



my computer, and I give voice to the thoughts that run rampant through my head and people read them. Not only that, but they love them, devour them, and hunger for more. I will never get used to that.

“Thank you.” I say after a minute, gratitude causing my voice to thicken. I lean down and hug her gently. “I love you, mom. I’m so happy Mallory is a big dramatic baby.”

“Me too. Now, freshen up and then go join your friends.”

I straighten and stare down at her with a cocked eyebrow. She sees mine and raises one of her own. “Mom. I’m going to order dinner for us from the hotel restaurant and we’re going to watch horrible movies the rest of the night.”

She throws her head back and laughs. “Those are my plans for the evening. Yours are to join the authors that invited you out to dinner and your beta readers.”

I want to. God, when Wren and Page told me to meet them in the lobby later to go to dinner with them, I nearly screamed like a teeny bopper at a boy band concert. But...mom.

“Nah, I wanna spend time with my mom.” I flutter my eyelashes. She is unimpressed.

“Go. Laugh. Hang out with other people. Perhaps you’ll find an available penis to crash into—”

“MOM!”

“Change your clothes, reapply deodorant and brush your teeth. Then go have fun and don’t worry about me. I’m a big girl, I can take care of myself.”

“I know you can, but I don’t—”

“Efa Jo.” Her voice suddenly strains. “I just need to rest.”

“Ok.” I agree reluctantly. “You promise you’ll order something from room service?” She nods and I don’t believe her at all, but I don’t push it. I dig through my suitcase and grab a form fitting V-neck shirt, linen shorts and a clean bra and panties. I showered this morning, but I’ve been sweating all day in a ballroom with over 500 authors, assistants, and readers.

I run through a quick shower, brush my teeth, blow-dry my hair, apply some light makeup and dress. Emerging from the bathroom, my mom is grimacing as she sits in the chair next to her bed. I don't want to leave her when she's in so much pain. Her dark eyes dart to me and I snap my mouth shut, knowing it's a lost cause. She's made up her mind.

"There is my beautiful girl."

I smirk, "Was I not beautiful this morning?"

"No, your shapeless clothes molded unattractively to your sweaty body, and you had a swamp ass stain on the seat of your capris."

"OH MY GOD! Why didn't you say anything?"

"What were you gonna do?"

"Stay behind my table the whole time! Keep my back to the wall. Pray we were on a fault line and the earth would open and swallow me whole."

"I'd say since you are still here, even the earth didn't want your swampy ass." With a grin, she moves her hands in a shooing motion. "Have fun. Drink. Eat. And be famous!"

I huff in irritation but kiss her cheek. "Love you, mom."

"Love you, Efa Jo, more than there are stars in the sky."

I double check I have my phone, wallet, and Kindle, slide my Rocket and Groot mini backpack across my shoulders and head out. Nerves flutter obnoxiously in my stomach as I ride the elevator to the lobby. Wren and Page are big time names in the romance world, and I'm still amazed they invited me along to join them. I'm happy a few of my beta readers will be there. Over the last couple of years, I've grown to really like Cheryl, Darlene, Liberty, and Nancy. Hundreds of miles separate us, but I look forward to our interactions online, not just when they read my books and tell me how wonderful I am.

"TACY!" I jump stepping off the elevator when my pen name is yelled across the lobby. Wren waves to me as if I could miss her purple hair. A genuine smile stretches my lips as I join them.

I have Mallory back home in Ohio, my parents, and the afternoon cashier at the gas station that I'm close with, but with every signing, I feel like I'm finding my place in the world, surrounded by like-minded individuals who truly love the written word. Especially when that word is cock. Ha!

A few minutes later, we've figured out the travel situation and load up in my vehicle and Wren's. I follow her to a Chinese restaurant. Our large group descends on the restaurant, and we sit around a few tables pushed together for a couple of hours talking, laughing, drinking, and eating.

Riding high on endorphins and moving out of my comfort zones, we head back to the hotel bar where we confiscate a big table and drink some more. Readers and other authors filter through, stopping to join us for a while or just a few words. It becomes one of those nights where you could never predict what would happen and it couldn't have gone better if you planned it. Around 11:30, everyone starts yawning. Several have to get up early for flights or long drives home. Hugs, and heartfelt goodbyes are traded, and the others leave the bar. I stick around finishing my soda, having stopped drinking alcohol about an hour before. I grab my backpack and stand up, my bladder screaming at me.

On my way out of the bathroom, I spot a familiar head of brown and blond hair entering the bar. My feet move without any input from me, and I find myself standing next to Foster as he sits at the bar. He turns and notices me out of the corner of his eye, then does a double take that makes me giggle when he realizes it's me. He remembers me. My heart races at the thought I made an impression.

"Blevins. Efa Blevins." He says my name in that deep raspy voice of his and my entire body breaks out in goosebumps at the sound. My clit pulses and my nipples harden. "Join me for a drink." It's not a question, but it sparks one that I can't stop myself from asking.

"Will your girlfriend be here soon?" I aim for nonchalant and fall woefully short. The curiosity in my voice is as obvious as my jealousy. My face flushes when he smirks at me knowingly.

“I don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Wife then.”

“Don’t have one of those either.”

I jut my hip out and rest my fist on it as I glare at him and his amusement. “You don’t like labels, then. The woman who you are here with—”

“My sister,” he rumbles. Leaning closer, I smell his cologne and it short circuits my brain again. “I’m not afraid of labels, Efa Blevins. Something belongs to me; I claim it proudly.”

God, how I want to belong to him at this moment. My pussy, neglected and bitter about it, dampens at his proximity. I swallow thickly, my eyes dropping to his lips. I can’t help imagining how soft they would feel against my own. How hard would he press them to mine? Would he lick my lips or invade my mouth with his tongue and take what he wants?

“Wanna join me now?” I glance up to his eyes and shiver at the banked heat I see. The arousal, interest, and intent. I’m super glad I showered before coming out tonight and changed into a sexy bra and panties set.

I close the distance between us, brushing my lips against his cheek on my way to his ear. His breath hitches at the contact. Mom is going to get her wish.

I take a deep breath and prepare myself for the inevitable vaginal crash, “Absolutely.”

## Foster Nichols 6.

We're sitting at the bar, legs entwined as we face each other, leaning in close. It's not loud in here, in fact, there's barely anyone else in the bar. And truthfully, it could be a packed house and I think she'd still be the only person I could see. Smell. Almost taste.

She's fucking beautiful. Exotic with dark features, long glossy hair, and sensual eyes. And she's completely oblivious to her own charm. She's self-deprecating, humble, honest to a fault and dorky as hell.

I'm here for it all.

Ok, I'm also here for her ripe tits and banging body and lips I desperately need wrapped around my cock before the night is over.

But mostly, I'm here for her captivating personality. I would have stopped for anyone on the highway after being almost decapitated by the siding of a camper. When I saw two women emerge from the vehicle, I knew I made the right call. They were on the verge of hysterics, and I couldn't blame them. I was merely a bystander and my asshole puckered something fierce when that panel went flying toward their vehicle.

I got back in my truck and drove off with a ball of regret growing with every mile I put between us. Her smile on the side of the road, fucking hell, it packed a punch. Hits a man... below the belt.

Finding her at the same hotel had to be fate. It took me a few moments to even offer my help, finding her adorable as she tried and failed to lug all her belongings up the ramp to the elevators. Enclosed in the elevator with her, the sweet smell of her invading every molecule of my body, I was happily willing to drown in my desire for her. If it wasn't for my sister and our dinner plans, I would have begged for the chance to spend more time with her.

And now here she is in the hotel bar with me, laughing her ass off and I'm mesmerized by her. Completely and utterly lost to her. This won't be the last time we are together; I will damn well make sure of it. Life has taken some weird turns lately and as I watch her lips close around her straw, her cheek hollowing slightly as she sucks up her soda, her eyes glittering with merriment, I understand every moment of my life has led to her.

"Alright, enough about me. What do you do? How do you spend your time?" She asks eagerly, as if she craves the details of my life as much as I crave the details of hers. We've talked about her family, her best friend Mallory, life in small town Ohio, and her desperation to see the world beyond, even though she only made it to the other side of the state.

"Well, I enjoy repeatedly running into the same woman and —"

"Seriously!" She lightly smacks my upper arm. I snatch her hand before she draws it back and hold it in mine on my lap. Her mouth forms a cute little "o", and her eyes widen in surprise. I can't help but picture that same reaction when I enter her for the first time. I shake my head and focus on her question.

"You ever seen *Band of Brothers*?"

She nods quickly, "I love it and *The Pacific*."

"Me too." I grin, thinking back to a younger version of myself. "I watched it repeatedly. I lived and breathed Easy Company. I watched when they jumped out of the planes and fought the bad guys and knew that is what I wanted to do. So, I joined the army as soon as I turned 18 and worked hard to become a paratrooper. Never felt anything quite like jumping out of a plane thousands of feet in the air...the fear, the excitement, the rush of adrenaline...at least not until today." I meet her gaze and hold it as my meaning sinks in. A gorgeous flush spreads across her bronze skin and I want to feel its heat beneath my tongue. "Unfortunately, my military career ended earlier than I would have liked. I actively served for 14 years, but my medical discharge became official about 6 months ago."

She gasps, her free hand coming up to my cheek and grazing my stubble. Tingles travel down the length of my spine at the intimacy. “Were you injured in combat?”

I laugh, which confuses her. “No.” I sober after a moment, “Sorry. No. It was a fucking training exercise. Wind shifted suddenly and another trooper collided with me, and I landed wrong. Fucked up my knees. Had two surgeries and months of physical therapy but they will never be the same.”

“I’m sorry, Foster. That...well, frankly, that sucks big ol’ donkey dicks.” Unable to resist, I drop my head to her neck and press a soft kiss to the delicate flesh.

“Thank you, baby.” When I pull back, her eyes are glassy and her lips are parted, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she pants. “It did suck the biggest, most gnarliest of dicks, at least at first. Honestly, I started working with my sister for something to do and realized that my life isn’t over now that I don’t have the military, I’m just starting the next chapter.”

“Where do you live? I mean, you’re staying in a hotel, so you aren’t from here, where do you...hang your hat?” She sighs in frustration and drops her chin. I chuckle at her being tongue-tied. Happy to know I affect her.

“A few hours from here. But my sister and I grew up outside of Kansas City, and our parents still live here. We’ll be heading their way tomorrow.” I tell her, my tone regretful. I’ve only just started to get to know her.

“Excuse me.” The bartender comes to our end with a customer service smile. “We’re closing in a few minutes. Would you like to settle your tab now?” I check my watch and find it’s nearing 2 in the morning. Shit, we’ve been talking for hours.

“Yeah, sorry, didn’t realize the time.” I hand over my credit card. While the bartender rings me out, I turn to Efa, “Would you like to come to my room?”

I watch her internally debate her choices. She finally smirks, “Won’t your sister mind?”

“I’m 34 years old and have been sleeping on my own for quite some time now. Plus, I don’t think she’ll care one way or the

other, considering she's on a different floor than me and already conked out."

"You have a room all to yourself?"

I nod, closing the distance between us once again. "Just a soft expansive bed and little ol' me to occupy it." She snorts, considering I'm over six feet tall. I dip my head again and this time lick up the column of her throat. "You wanna join me?"

Her lips press against the shell of my ear, and I feel it in my cock. "Absolutely."



## Efa 7.

Panting against the top of his head as his lips descend down my neck, I breathe out, "I've never done this." His mouth freezes, lips puckered mid-kiss. Slowly, he arches his neck to meet my eyes.

"Sex?"

"What?" I bark, then snicker when I realize what he thinks I meant. "No, I have had sex. Sorry. I just meant sex on the first date...not that we are on a date...but like the first-time meeting someone...I've never...I have a very specific checklist before I am intimate with someone." That does not make me sound any less crazy, should have let him believe I was a virgin.

He smirks, his eyes lingering on my wet and kiss-swollen lips, "And how's that list working out for you?" Before I can answer he dips his head to my neck, his hands caging me against the wall outside his hotel room, his impressive erection pinning me in place. My brain stutters and all rational thoughts flee when he swivels his hips and grinds into me.

"List? What list?" He chuckles and I'm not sure why, and I don't care. My entire body is primed and ready for whatever he has planned. Orgasms. He better be planning orgasms. I want them. All of them. Every. Single. Fucking. One.

I register the click of his door, then I'm airborne as he carries me into his room, pushing me against another wall. He tugs at the hem of my shirt, his mouth attacking mine. Whining at the separation, I rip my shirt over my head and throw it, driving my tongue back into his mouth and drinking down his deep, throaty growl. His hands move from my ass to mold my tits. He pops them out of my bra, thumb and forefinger pinching my nipples as he pulls slightly, sending a bolt of pleasure straight to my clit.

"Foster." His name, that one word, a beg, a plea, a cry of desperation. He drops me to my feet, his hands leaving my

abused nipples, traveling down my sides as he follows my shorts and panties to the floor. I stare in wonder as he buries his face in the apex of my thighs and breathes deep.

“Fucking hell,” he moans. I brace my hands on the wall when he lifts my right leg over his shoulder, spreads my pussy lips and licks me with a broad stroke of his tongue.

“Jumpin’ Jehosephat!” I squeak. His chuckle vibrates through my clit and straight to my heart...and vagina. I’m wet. Obscenely wet. And he’s snarling and snapping and grunting his pleasure. I’ve never had anyone eat me so...voraciously. It’s been pleasurable in the past, an appetizer. But this...I feel decadent and savored like a five-course meal.

He gently slides two fingers inside and my back is bowing, and my hands are tangled in his hair and I’m on the edge of a cliff and I can’t wait to jump. He suckles my clit, nibbling on it. He twists his hand and curls his fingers, pressing against something inside me and I leap.

Good Lord, that is good.

My legs shake, stomach twitches and chest heaves. He glances up from his post between my legs, his eyes heavily lidded with hunger. He is the most magnificent creature I’ve ever seen.

I shift the foot over his shoulder, pressing it to his chest and pushing him to his ass. I climb on top of him, fusing our mouths together, reaching between us to grapple with his pants. He breaks first, drawing in deep lungfuls of air before descending on my tits. Tossing my head back at the indescribable pleasure of his mouth on my aching nipples, I manage to fish his cock out of his briefs. My fingers on the underside, I nestle it against my clit and rock back and forth, my other hand on the back of his head to keep him where I want him.

“Yes. Yes. Bite me. Harder!” I urge him, my hips moving faster and faster as my next orgasm builds. One hand goes to my ass, holding me tighter to him, his own pelvis tilting to meet me, increasing the delicious pressure on my clit.

I cum again. My eyes close as I'm overwhelmed by the sensations. I glance up in shock when I'm suddenly on my back, his large body straddling my upper stomach. He pushes my tits together to create a tunnel around his dick.

"I saw you jumping on the side of that fucking road. Your tits just bouncing. My mouth watered. Fucking watered, Efa, wishing I could taste your nipples. My cock hardened so fast picturing this right here, that I thought I'd pass out in my truck. Didn't think...didn't know...God, you are so perfect. Aren't you? Perfect for me."

I nod but can't speak. My throat is tight with emotions I'd rather not dissect right now. No one has ever spoken to me like that, in *that* voice. The way his darkening gaze devours me, his sinful hunger palpable...

"Forgive me, baby, I can't hold back. Gonna cum all over your beautiful face. Gonna mark you, make you mine." Oh, hell's bells. I extend my arm to reach around him to touch my clit, my body so close just because of his words, but he smacks my hand away. Instead, he guides my hand to hold my breast in place, then his dexterous fingers delve between my lips, zeroing in on my clit. His arm pumps in rhythm with his hips, the angry head of his cock playing peek-a-boo while his fingers play me like fiddle.

"You gonna cum too?" I nod. "You gonna soak my hand like you soaked my chin?" I nod again. My body is tense and strained. One glance up his body and I know he's close. His skin stretched tight against his bulging muscles, the cords of his neck in stark relief to flushed skin. "Hold your breath," he instructs seconds before ropes of cum fly from the slit of his cock, covering my face. Never enjoyed this before, but right now...with this man...his fingers giving me no respite...I splinter beneath him for the third time, feeling something snap almost painfully in my lower belly. "Fuck yeah," he groans out, his frantic pace slowing as the last spurts of his cum land below my throat.

I lay there in a haze of lust and cum, attempting to catch my breath and my composure. That was...holy shit. We didn't

even have P in the V, and that is the BEST sexual experience of my life.

“What...what are you doing?” I stutter, feeling his tongue lap up his release. He shimmies down my body, pushing my legs apart and licking up my center, then he’s hovering above me and kissing me so sweetly even as he feeds me our combined juices.

“We taste fucking delicious.” He grins and I can’t help but snicker at his youthful exuberance.

“You’re a kinky thing, aren’t you?”

“I am with you, it seems.” My tummy flips at the thought that I’m special to him, but I squash it down. This is probably a one-night thing, but that doesn’t mean I can’t enjoy myself and the time we have together. He shakes his head, his eyes soft, and I wonder if he’s thinking the same as me. “Shower.”

“Oh. Ok.” I agree quickly, realizing we must be done.

“I’m not done with you, baby, just thought you’d like to rinse me off of your face before it crusts.”

I screw up my face in disgust, “Ew. Lead the way.” His dark chuckle promises filthy things to come, and I can’t wait.

## Foster 8.

She is perfection. All wet and soapy, her tits thrust out as she arches her back to rinse her hair under the shower spray. Shimmering bronze skin, long dark hair, her body the reason men become insanely possessive. You have something this precious, this magical in your grasp...yeah, I can understand killing anyone that threatens your happiness, let alone the reason for it.

I've just met her, but I feel like I've known her months, if not years. Like our souls were separated long ago...God, my sister would have a field day. I sound like one of the heroes from her books. Sappy. Lovestruck. Whipped.

I'm not complaining or denying it. She's had me by the short and curlies since I met her on the side of the road. Hearing her speak, her laugh was enough. But now that I've had my hands on her, her skin beneath my tongue, hopefully my cock inside her tight pussy soon...I don't think I can just let her walk away in the morning. I don't know where she lives currently, we didn't get to that yet, but I'm damn sure gonna find out. No matter the distance, we'll make it work. We'll figure something out. A woman this spectacular and perfect doesn't come along often, if ever. I'm not a smart man, but I'm not stupid enough to lose her now that I've found her.

Unable to handle the distance between our naked bodies, I step up behind her, my cock wedged between her firm ass cheeks. Her breath hitches, head tilting, giving me access to the long column of her throat. Such delicate skin. Thin. Her pulse beats rapidly as I glide my tongue over it. My hands slide up her torso, cupping her breasts, feeling the weight of them in my hands, before capturing the thick nipples between my fingers. She moans and writhes, her thighs rubbing together the longer I torture her flesh. A broken cry escapes her lips, boiling the blood in my veins. She protests the loss of my right hand, but keens when I push it between her legs and begin a slow back and forth over her sensitive and swollen clit.

She responds so beautifully to me. Opening herself up without hesitation, offering me everything she has. Her pelvis moves instinctively, seeking more, demanding satisfaction. I band my other arm across her chest to hold her in place, using my foot to spread her legs. She's up on her tiptoes, my hand driving relentlessly into her pussy, faster, harder, deeper until she's jerking uncontrollably in my arms as she cries out my name.

My dick is an angry throb, hanging heavy between my legs. I barely think to turn the water off before I'm throwing open the glass door and pulling her out. I spin her around, her front to the vanity. Grabbing her dripping wet hair, I wrap a hand around it and force her head up. She meets my eyes in the steamy mirror, her gaze unfocused. Her back arches, her plump ass sticks out, and I step up behind her, notch myself at her entrance and thrust to the hilt. The wet slap of our flesh fills the small space of the bathroom, a cacophony of moans and grunts, and the unification of two souls too long without their other half.

Her pussy clutches at my length, her body begging me to stay. I never want to be anywhere else, but inside my Efa. I tug on her hair, her eyes snapping to mine in the mirror. "Mine." She whimpers in response. "Mine. Dammit. Mine."

I slap her ass cheek, loving how she pushes back for more as if she can't help herself. Shifting on my feet, I lift her leg to the counter and slide just a bit deeper. We both moan and I lose complete control. I hammer into her with abandon, barreling toward my orgasm and giving her no choice but to join me.

She cries out, her pussy constricting to the point of pain around my shaft. Her body milks the cum straight from my balls. By the time I'm done emptying into her, my feet are tingling.

I drop my forehead to rest between her shoulder blades. We're both breathing heavily. I wrap my arms around her stomach and hold her close to me. I feel her stomach spasm when she laughs.

"You think we'll make it to a bed?"

Laughing, I kiss each shoulder, then her spine, "Eventually."

## Efa 9.

Hissing, my stomach clenches painfully, my body automatically folding itself into the fetal position. Shit. Literally. IBS is the worst, and I should have known eating Chinese food last night would do this to me.

In the dark of the room, it takes me a minute to remember I'm in a hotel, in bed with the Marathon Man. My pussy protests my movement as I slide out of bed. I feel around the nightstand for my phone. As silent as possible, I click on the flashlight and move gingerly searching for my clothes. I double over near the door, my shoes in my hand. I stare forlornly at his bathroom, but quickly shake the thought from my mind. It's bad enough I'm gonna have an IBS attack in that farce of a bathroom in my own room with my mom, I'm not subjecting this beautiful stamina-blessed man with the heinousness I'm about to expel.

I'd like to leave him with sensually erotic images of our naked and sweaty bodies writhing together on every available surface of his hotel room. My mind conjures memories of me riding him in bed, his hands and face occupied with my tits while he filled me so completely. The way he tossed me around, throwing me to my back and plowing into me, flipping me to my stomach and pulling my hips up before surging back in, caressing my cheek, and wiping stray tears from underneath my eyes while I happily choked on his girth.

Yeah. I'm not ruining any of that with fecal matter.

With the light of my phone, I find the hotel notepad on the desk with a pen. Hastily I scribble my name and phone number. A spasm in my lower back indicates I'm running out of time. A cramp steals my breath. I spin on my bare feet and with ass cheeks clenched, I speed walk out of the room, leaving the most incredible man I've ever met behind. I can only hope that he'll feel the same and that he meant all of the wonderfully possessive things he said to me as he owned my body.

The elevator takes forever, but finally I'm quietly entering my hotel room, praying I don't wake my mom. When I softly close the door, I turn around, ready to run to the toilet, but I stop in my tracks. Mom is sitting in the armchair, her face pale, eyes wide.

"Mom?" I rush over to her, stopping a few feet from her when my stomach cramps again.

"I'm fine. Go." She knows me too well. Forgetting my hatred for using the restroom in earshot of others, I devastate the toilet all the while pretending my mother has temporarily lost her sense of hearing and smell.

I decide to shower when I'm done. My heart aches as I wash away his scent, the ghost of his lips against my skin, the heat of his cock as he impaled me over and over. I'm fine. Everything's fine. I'm not crying. It's the shower.

I hate that I left him. I hate that one look at my mother, and I know we're leaving immediately. This was too much for her. Standing in front of the ridiculous surround sight mirrors, the large vanity mirror as well as the full-length mirror directly in front of the toilet, I smile like a love-sick fool at the bite marks, beard burn, and fingerprint bruising that dot the landscape of my body. I didn't wash him away after all. I get to carry him with me a little longer.

A towel wrapped around my body; I leave the shit-out at the MO Corral at dawn to dress. "Mom," I say softly. She glances at me, her eyes roaming over my visible skin. Her lips curve into a salacious smirk, but she doesn't say anything. I can feel myself blush, but I'm 31. I have sex. Not often. But I certainly made up for it last night. "Get dressed. I'll pack us up."

"No, we can—"

"Mom." She cocks an eyebrow at me when I use her "mom voice". "You are in pain, and it's time to get you home. Let dad nurse you back to health."

She chuckles, her face still pale and strained. "I don't want to cut your weekend short."



I sigh, content and happy. “It was magical, mom. I promise. Let’s leave on a high note.” I look at her and wince. “My high note. You, not so much.”

“Your gentleman—”

“Has my number.” I shrug with carelessness I do not feel at all. “If he wants to see me again, he’ll call.” And if he doesn’t, then...my Kitty Crusher and I will certainly be spending a lot of time together. No other man has ever fucked me like Foster. Can’t imagine anyone ever will.

## Foster 10.

I slap my hand against my desk, growling at the empty inbox of my Facebook messenger. Three private messages. Two to the email she has listed on her account. Three weeks and nothing. Just a wham, bam, not even a thank you...sir.

Efa Blevins turned my entire world upside down and left me alone to put it back to rights. Only I can't. I can't get her out of my mind. Her laugh. Soft skin. Dark berry-colored nipples. The scorching wet heat of her pussy. There isn't a thing about her that doesn't do it for me. But apparently, I'm alone in this infatuation. If my hotel room didn't reek of sex and rubber from the condoms, my dick wasn't sore and balls shriveled up like raisins, I'd swear I imagined the whole thing.

"Foster. I love you, but you break that desk, I'm gonna break you." I glance up at my sister and try to muster up a smile. Her flowy skirt and peasant top flutter as she walks toward me. While I've lived a life of military regimentation, Emery Nichols has lived like a free-spirited hippie who sells literary porn to the masses.

Of course, in the last several years, she's brought me over to the dark side. I jumped out of airplanes for a living, never thought I'd be posing nearly naked for a romance book cover. Especially one written by my baby sister. And now, I'm designing the book covers myself, as well as logos and ads.

"Hey." Emery places a soft hand on my shoulder, her eyebrows furrowed in concern. "Are you alright? Has she responded?" She knows about Efa. I've done nothing else but talk her ear off since that morning I woke up alone and irrevocably changed. I shake my head, her lips purse. "I'm sorry, Foster."

"Me too. We had a connection. I know we did. You can't fake that kind of chemistry. But then she left. Left like it was all nothing."

Em plants her ass on the edge of my desk. “Maybe she left because you ruined her for all men, and she was scared.”

“If I ruined her, then contact me and let me continue to ruin her every day...twice on Sundays.”

“You’ve always disliked football.” Em concedes, knowing I don’t fill my Sundays with pigskin. I’d much rather fill Efa.

“Give it some more time. You’ll find your way back to one another if it’s meant to be.”

“This isn’t one of your romance books, Em.”

My sister grins with an amused glint in her eyes, “Who’s to say it’s not?”

# Efa 11.

## *9 weeks after book signing*

“You have to tell him.” My jaw drops as I stare at my former best friend. Mallory stares right back, not intimidated in the least. I get it. I’m currently hunched over a toilet, my stomach returning everything I’ve eaten in the last 12 hours without a receipt. Rude.

“Excuse you,” I whisper hoarsely. “I’m not one of those bitches in the romance books who keep the pregnancy a secret. I would never do that to him. Or our child.”

“Then you’ll tell him.”

“Mal.” She helps me up and over to the sink so I can brush my teeth. “Have you not been paying attention the last two months? He hasn’t called me. I left him my number and he didn’t use it. Besides that, I’m ridiculously smitten enough to ignore that bright blinking sign of his disinterest and try to track him down. Problem is, I don’t know his last name! The hotel won’t give out that information.” My cheeks blaze when I remember the last phone call I had with them. “And the mean manager said if I called again, they’d notify legal counsel.”

Mal shakes her head, her lips twitching, “You slept with him and didn’t even know his last name?”

I smack her arm, but I’m so weak it doesn’t even faze her. “I wasn’t concerned with such frivolous details as his identity when my vagina’s satisfaction was on the line!”

She holds up her hands, “I’m not judging. I’m impressed.”

Rolling my eyes, I snort, “Well, impressing you makes this surprise pregnancy and my impending single motherhood totally worth it.”

“Don’t be dumb. You’re not alone. And you aren’t without options. Talk to your parents. Hire a private investigator.”

I drop my head on the cool marble of my bathroom sink. “Ugh. My mom is never going to let me live this down!”

My former best friend cackles with undisguised glee at my predicament. “Maria Martinez Blevins is going to have a fucking field day with this! I can’t wait. Let’s go tell her now.” I groan, smacking her hands away when she tries to drag me along.

“I don’t want to tell them yet. But a private investigator is a good idea.”

“Then we’ll start there. I’ll make a few calls. You...just gestate.”

“I’ll get right on that.” Mallory starts laughing harder than is warranted by her joke. She’s not that funny. I narrow my eyes, “What?”

“Aside from not knowing the last name of the guy railing you, you had sex with a virtual stranger without a condom!”

I stand up straight, glaring at her, hands on my hips. “We did use condoms! The floor of the hotel room was littered with them. We used condoms!” I insist when she laughs louder. “Dammit, Mallory! We used...” Oh shit! I deflate immediately as the memory of him taking me against the vanity of the bathroom flashes through my mind, “We used condoms every time...but the first.”

“Ooh, you better make notes, this will make a hell of a story! Your fans will love it!”

# Foster 12.

## *4 months after signing*

“Nick. NICK! *Foster*.” My sister hisses my name, her fingers digging into my sides, eliciting a very manly squeak out of me.

“What?” I spin around quickly and contort my body to dodge her evil fingers. “And use my business name!”

“I did, *Nick*.” She rolls her eyes, “You didn’t answer me.”

“Sorry.” I rub the back of my neck with one hand while pinching the bridge of my nose with the other. I’m a little stressed and preoccupied and depressed. I’m a little bit of a lot of things it seems.

“We’re set up, no thanks to you, so walk around, go outside, get some fresh air, and come back focused, *Nick Forester*, cover model and graphic designer extraordinaire. These readers are rabid animals.”

“She says with love,” I murmur. Emery, excuse me, Nichole Emory, beams a blinding smile.

“Absolutely! I love the erotica obsessed nuts!” I bring her to my side and lean down to kiss the top of her head. She means it too. She began writing romance because she couldn’t find the types of books she wanted to read and managed to stumble upon a loyal and growing fanbase of voracious readers.

“I know you do. And you’re right. I’m not in the right mindset. I’ll get some air and be back ready to work.”

She shoves me away with a soft smile. “Bring me back an iced coffee!”

Hands in the pockets of my ridiculously tight dark jeans, I meander around the ballroom in Lexington, Kentucky, nodding my greetings to authors and their assistants as I pass. At the opposite end of the expansive room, I come to a halt,

my eyes blinking rapidly as if the image before me will suddenly change.

It's her. Efa Blevins. The woman who haunts my days and inspires such dirty dreams at night that I wake up hard and aching. She's laughing with another woman in front of an author table, stacking books and swag. My head tilts as I watch them, a smile coming unbidden to my lips. They are clearly well acquainted. Efa is tall, dark, and exotic. A contrast to the fair complexion and short stature of the other woman. Ying and yang.

"TACY!" Efa snaps her head up, a broad grin lighting up her entire face. A blur of bright pink sails past several tables. Efa comes out from behind the table to greet whoever it is. My mind is stuck on her answering to the name Tacy, but my body has already registered the slight bump of Efa's middle. Heart thumping. Palms sweaty. Legs and arms tingly. She's pregnant.

Over the pink hair, Efa glances my way, and her eyes widen comically when we lock gazes. Everyone in this ballroom, the hotel, the city, the state is forgotten. Her. Just her. She's all I can see. I swear I can hear her sharp intake of breath even 20 feet away.

I quickly close the distance between us. Desperate for her scent, the heat of her body pressed against mine. Excited and nervous for confirmation that it's my child causing her belly to swell deliciously. I swallow hard, my mouth watering as I wonder if her pussy will taste differently now that she's pregnant.

My stomach somersaults when I'm close enough to notice the sheen of tears in her dark eyes. She licks her lips, a shuddering breath wracking her entire body.

"You never called."

"Why didn't you answer my messages?"

## Efa 13.

“I don’t have your number.”

“What messages?”

I shake my head and lean back against my table, my hand resting lightly on my belly. It’s an unconscious move, but it brings me comfort. And staring at the man who lent me half his DNA to grow a person, I’m in desperate need of comfort.

“Tacy.” Mallory uses my pen name, saying it forcefully, reminding me where we are. I offer her a grateful closed mouth smile. She stares at Foster for a moment before something like recognition lights up her features. “*Tacy*.” She hisses, grabbing my arm and squeezing tight. Too tight. “Was Nick Forester’s naked penis inside of you?”

“No.” I glance between the two of them. Foster’s cheeks flush slightly. “This is Foster.”

“No,” Mallory argues, “this is Nick Forester. A gorgeous Godlike human male that graces the covers of many, *many* romance novels, including Cyclone from Nichole Emory’s *Hell’s Screams MC* series! OH MY GOD!” She screams, losing all sense of discretion and decorum. “Do you have any idea how many times I’ve masturbated to the image of your baby daddy?”

Foster, or Nick, uh...the dude who ejaculated inside of me, chokes on a laugh. Meanwhile, I have dropped completely to the floor, the bones in my legs having liquified. I meet Foster’s intense stare. After a beat, I give him the pregnancy announcement equivalent of jazz hands and say, “I’m pregnant.”

“I gathered,” he says, slow and measured, and I’m not quite sure what his tone means. Is he mad? Sad? Glad? Vlad...the Impaler. A nervous and slightly hysterical laugh bursts forth at the stupid joke I make in my head. Mallory, Foster, and several nibby neighbors look down at me with obvious concern.



“You impaled me. With your flesh sword,” I say and then give up altogether, sliding until I’m lying horizontal on the floor. This is better. I don’t feel dizzy down here. The carpet is surprisingly soft. I’ll just stay here.

“Uh...Mr. Stamina, I’m gonna have to ask you to come back later. The book signing is about to begin and Tacy Ellen needs a moment to...get up and prepare for her fans.” I hear Mallory attempt to usher Foster away from my table, but he ignores her, instead standing with his big, booted feet on either side of my prone body. He bends at the knees, and the move brings his crotch much, much closer to my face. Flashbacks of myself on my knees choking on his girthy cock steal my breath. My gaze snaps to his when he growls, and I’m ensnared by the desire that greets me.

“Tell me why you didn’t respond to my Facebook messages? I have to know.”

“I didn’t get any.”

On his knees, he leans down until mere inches separate our mouths. Again, the images of him fucking my tits bombard me, my clit throbbing in response. “We’ll be doing it again, baby, I promise.” I nod without thought, knowing I’ll agree to anything this man asks. His impressive body, in dark denim and tight cotton, radiates heat. The scent of his cologne infiltrates my nose. I realize in this moment, how much I’ve missed him. How I’ve yearned to be near him again. Just like this...

Well, not exactly like this. We’re drawing a crowd.

“Efa Blevins,” he whispers my name tenderly. I nod dumbly. “Of Miami University of Ohio.” My head cocks to the side; he really did try to find me. Oh damn, the hormones! Tears fill my eyes, and no matter how fast I blink they don’t dissipate. Instead, they fall down my cheeks, cascading sheets of emotion that I’m ill-equipped to handle at this moment.

“I wrote you a note!” I wail, blubbing on the floor for God and all the book signing to see. “I left my number. I wanted to see you again! But I had to urgently evacuate my bowels and I couldn’t let you hear and smell it! And you would have

because there were no real doors for the bathroom! And then my mom was in so much pain and I knew I couldn't stay, she had to get home and we left, and I hoped that you would call! But you didn't!" I'm full-on sobbing now. I register that his capable arms are wrapped around me, and I'm cradled in his lap...I cry harder at the sweetness. "And then I found out that you left something behind in my uterus and I called that infernal hotel, and they wouldn't give me your contact information or even reach out to you themselves! For a place that doesn't care about the sanctity of private daily ablutions, they sure were protective of your identity! They threatened legal action if I continued to call them. All I had was your first name! And I hired a private investigator, but they haven't found anything yet!" I seek out Mallory, noting she's right next to me with wide eyes. She's never seen me like this, hysterical and unguarded. Hell, I've never been like this before, I don't blame her. "Do I still have to pay the investigator if I found him first?"

"Tacy." Oh shit. I peek up at the coordinator for the event from under wet lashes. She's clearly battling between professionalism and amusement. Her eyes are hard, but she's biting her bottom lip to stop smiling. "Perhaps, a quick trip to the restroom is in order. I understand the...urgency to handle personal matters such as this, but we need to open the doors to the VIPs. Could you and Mr. Forester discuss your *relationship* in private after the signing?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course. I apologize." Despite not being that far along, nor encumbered by a large belly, it's difficult to get off Foster's lap and stand. More so because I don't want to. Foster assists me to my feet, moving with the agility of a trained athlete and master of his own body. His arm wraps securely around my waist.

"We'll be right back," he tells her, guiding me from the ballroom. We slip down the hall. Outside the ladies room, he presses a kiss to my forehead. "Dry your tears. They're killing me, baby."

"Sorry." I murmur, quite embarrassed now that the emotionally charged moment has passed.

“None of that. Don’t apologize. We’re together now and we’ll work it all out in a few hours.” He groans, “It’s going to be hell knowing you’re so close, but I can’t touch you.” Not overthinking it, I burrow into his broad chest, my arms twining around his back, and I give me, us, a minute.

“I’m so happy you’re here.”

“Me too, baby. Me too,” he whispers into my hair, then gently urges me into the bathroom. I pee, wipe my face, and take a few deep breaths as I wash my hands. Looking in the mirror, I note my flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and the proud set of my shoulders. My hands drift to my middle and a big smile stretches my lips to the point of pain. The dark cloud of the last few months dissipates and the sun shines bright and promising out of every pore of my body.

He’s real. He’s here. And that’s all that matters, for now.

## Foster 14.

I can't stop touching her. I'm not even trying. Months without her, I won't leave any distance between us ever again. The last 5 hours were hard enough; however, the constant stream of readers and fans kept me distracted. Though she was on my mind the whole time.

Pregnant. She's pregnant. With my child. I'm going to be a dad. I can hardly believe it. Especially, because we used condoms every time...except that one time after the shower. Damn. My swimmers are exceptional. The Michael Phelps of sperm. The Peyton Manning of ejaculate. The Michael Jordan of baby batter.

Alright, I'm done.

And now, she's here, in my hotel room, on my bed, with her head on my chest, her body between my legs. Her soft snores vibrate through my ribcage and settle in my heart. We weren't in here five minutes before she passed the fuck out after the signing. I know we have so much to talk about, but I'm content to lay here with her forever.

"Mmm." Her moan is unexpected in the near silence of the hotel room. Efa's cheek rubs up and down on my shirt, her legs entwined with mine. No doubt she can feel my erection against her middle. "You aren't a dream."

"I can be." I tease huskily, my hands trailing down her back before tangling in her hair. I tilt her head up and take her lips in a soft kiss. Like coming home after a long trip.

"You're better than a dream." Shifting us on the bed, I lay her on her back and hover over her, my face inches from hers. A serene smile tips her lips, as she blinks her eyes open slowly. She's fucking beautiful.

Burying my face in her neck, I tell her, "So, are you." Sliding down her body, I push her shirt up until the little bump of her belly is exposed. I kiss it over and over again, so many emotions swell in my chest, making it hard to breathe.

“It’s ok, Foster. It’s going to be ok.” I nod, but don’t respond, I can’t. Words are difficult right now, so I focus on touch. Showing her with my hands, my tongue, my lips how much she means to me. How thankful I am we found each other again.

Minutes later, laid out before me like a feast, naked and begging, three fingers pump deep into her hot pussy, my tongue toying with her sensitive nipples. Her tits are bigger, nipples thick, the weight of them in my hands a blessing.

“Cum for me, baby. I want one from you before I fuck you hard and fast.” Biting her bottom lip, she meets my eyes and holds my stare as she shatters at the tips of my fingers. The tight clutch of her channel dares me to hold out any longer.

Positioning myself between her supple thighs, I lift one of her legs to rest on my shoulder, the other I push toward her chest, and drive into her. Months I’ve gone without her, the scent of her arousal tickling my nose, the whimpers of pleasure that only I can elicit, the feel of her complete surrender beneath me.

“Mine. I told you; you were mine. I meant it, baby. This pussy, those magnificent tits, your heart, this baby...mine. ALL MINE!” I set a punishing rhythm, exorcising all of my frustration, sadness, hopelessness...I pound into her tight pussy over and over again. My heavy balls against her ass, the slap of flesh as our pelvises meet, the flush that darkens her skin from tits to her captivating face.

“Pinch your nipples. Pull on them, pretend it’s my mouth.” I order, my hand drifting down her smooth leg until my thumb rests on her swollen clit. Tight circles of the bundle of nerves have her pussy clamping down on my shaft. Her fingers pluck her nipples, her eyes still locked on mine, she licks her lips.

“Cum inside me, Foster.” Her voice is breathy, thin, demonstrating how close she is. “Cum with me, please.” My hips stutter. The sound of her begging has my balls pulling up tight and my spine tingling.

My thumb speeds up on her clit, and seconds later she’s soaking my cock, pulling my orgasm from my heavy balls.

Our combined juices create quite a mess between us, but I don't care. I'm so fucking happy right now.

Moving her legs, I wrap my arms around her and turn us to our sides to catch our breath. I press my lips to her damp forehead and linger in the moment of satisfied bliss.

"I tried, Foster. I would never keep your child from you. Regardless of how you felt about me—"

"I'm fucking gone for you, Efa. I've been gone since I saw you freaking out on the side of the road. Every word, every laugh, every moan, every touch I've only fallen more under your spell. You didn't return my messages and I worried that you didn't feel the same. How could this overwhelming connection be one-sided?"

She cups my cheeks in her soft little hands and smiles sadly. "I don't use my personal Facebook...ever. I'm so sorry, Foster. We've lost so many months..."

"We did." I agree, the words dragged from my throat. "And we can't change that no matter how much we wish it to be different. But we've been given a second chance, an opportunity to set us on the right path." I smooth my hands over her belly reverently. "To be the family we are meant to be."

"We hardly know one another. It seems silly to say, but it's one thing to co-parent, it's another to call us a family."

A growl of denial bubbles up. I don't like her answer, but I can understand where she's coming from. Logically, I know that one night together shouldn't be enough for the foundation of a solid relationship...marriage. And yet, love is illogical.

"Aside from finding out you are pregnant with my child, have you thought of me since you left my hotel room 4 months ago?"

"At least every minute of every day," she admits quietly.

"Before you found out about the baby, had you tried to find me?" She nods, her eyes welling with tears. I lean forward and press my lips to each eyelid, tasting the salt of her sadness. "My first message to you was the next afternoon. Then a week

later, and another week after that. I didn't want to harass you, but I desperately wanted to see you again. Speak to you. Confirm that everything I felt wasn't just my imagination." I wiggle on the bed, eliminating the scant distance between us, until we are pressed together chest to toe. "I knew with absolute certainty when I was 12 years old that I would be a paratrooper in the United States Army. I knew the moment I hit the ground and my knees shattered that my time living my dream was over. I knew that I would do anything my little sister asked of me, including posing mostly naked for the cover of romance novels. And I knew the moment I met you that you were my new dream. And everything I have ever done in my life has brought me to this moment, to you. To our baby."

She's a blubbering mess, so I hold her tight until she cries herself out. "I knew...I knew...", she begins haltingly, "I knew the moment I saw you that I wanted to ride your dick with my hand in the air screaming Yee-haw!"

I bury my face in her hair and let out a boisterous laugh. Tension drains from my body, and I know we're gonna be just fine. "You were so pretty that night, taking my dick like a champ, I was disappointed I didn't have my cowboy hat for you to wear!"

A few minutes later, we sober enough to speak again. "We're having a baby." I nod when she points out the obvious, though I smile at her wistful tone. "I don't even have your phone number or know your last name or where you live."

I shrug as best I can laying down. "West Lafayette, Indiana. And Nichols." Smirking, I add, "Efa Nichols. Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?" She lifts her left hand and exaggeratedly inspects her fingers.

"Doesn't have a ring yet. And doesn't need one anytime soon. Let's figure out the basics first before we dive into legal proceedings."

I snort, "*Legal proceedings*. How romantic."

## Efa 15.

“Are you sure you want to do this? We just found each other again, I’d hate to lose you because of the fuckery of my friends.” I force a laugh to hide how serious I am. My Witches Brewed is an interesting group of ladies. Crazy. They’re bat shit crazy, and I love them with all my heart. However, I think I love Foster more...and I don’t want him to run away screaming in fear for his life after meeting them.

I mentally shake myself. My bitches are fucking awesome. If he can’t handle them, he isn’t the right guy for me.

God, it’s me Efa. Please let him handle them. I want him to be the right guy for me. The only guy for me. From now until forever. I would apologize for being greedy, but you created him, so technically it’s your fault. Should have made him less spectacular. Just saying. \*Cough, cough, *overachiever*, cough, cough\*

“Who are you having a conversation with?” Foster asks, pulling me up short in the lobby of the hotel.

“Uh...” Was I speaking out loud?

“Your lips were moving, and you were doing that neck thing when someone is putting someone else in their place.” My cheeks burn hotter than the center of the earth. How very astute of him to notice.

“Just...uh...working out a plot line for a new book.”

“Sure.” He doesn’t believe me because he knows me so well already, and I’m a horrible liar, but mostly the knowing me thing. “And to answer your question, I am more than ready to meet the people who are important to you.” I don’t stop the sappy smile, that was too sweet. “Besides, my sister will be there too.” My shoulders deflate and my smile loses its luster at the reminder. I’m excited to meet his sister, don’t get me wrong. She’s going to be an auntie to our little one. But she’s important to him, and I don’t want to fuck it up. By like speaking or breathing or accidentally farting or something.



Foster snags me around the waist and brings me to his chest. I bury my face against his sternum and purr like a kitten when he kisses the top of my head and rubs my lower back. “Nothing to worry about, baby. I promise. Ain’t a force on earth that’s keeping me from what’s mine.”

“Oh?” I arch my neck to look him in the eye, my eyebrow cocked in challenge. “And what is yours?”

“You.” He growls, dipping his head and taking my lips in a passionate kiss. The sounds of the lobby disappear, the people fade into nothing as he takes control of my mouth, demanding my submission and relishing his victory. I’m his. No point in arguing. The last several months have been...absolute shit. He dug beneath my skin and made his home in my heart that first night. Logically, I should be worried, but I’ve never felt such certainty about anything in my life. His hands move to my lower belly, where he cups the slight swelling. Breaking the kiss, he rests his forehead against mine and sighs happily. “And the little one.”

“Good answer,” I murmur in a voice usually associated with a sex-phone operator. Clearing my throat, I push back from him, giving me a fighting chance of regaining my composure. And not shoving him into the nearest elevator for naked sex things. He smirks, obviously knowing how he affects me, and judging by the tent of his jeans, he’s not immune to me.

Hand in hand we enter the breakfast area of the hotel. It takes me 0.5 seconds to spot my Witches. It’s not hard since they’re standing on their seats, pretending to make out with themselves, and humming porn music. Foster squeezes my hand in support, gives me a blinding smile and a wink, then he dives in. God bless him.

“Ladies. It’s a pleasure to meet you all. I’ve heard so much about you.”

“He’s real. You weren’t lying out of your perky ass, Mallory. She knows Cyclone,” Amanda whispers, her brown eyes startlingly wide as she looks him up and down.

“Amanda, right?” Foster steps forward, his hand extended for a shake.

“He knows my name.” I chuckle at her reaction, but I’m not at all surprised. Mallory grabs Amanda’s hand and places it in Foster’s. He pumps up and down twice before releasing it and pivoting to the next one.

Kim gawks at him, her mouth wide open; I can see her tonsils. With a snort, Mal helps her as well.

Sarah, normally the quiet one, stutters for a second before blurting, “Sometimes I imagine your picture from the cover of *Libations* when my husband and I have sex.”

Foster’s hand begins to drop in surprise, but he rallies quickly. “Thank you?”

“I love my husband. We’ve been married for many years. But he doesn’t have all the...the...where is your neck tattoo?” Sarah ignores personal space bubbles and practically climbs Foster in search of any ink. Foster laughs good-naturedly, gripping her by the waist and placing her on her feet a couple feet away. He holds out his arm for me and I slide under it, resting my head on his chest.

“Actually, I don’t have any tattoos. They are added digitally.”

All three women gasp like scandalized southern belles, dramatically leaning on one another as they process this unwanted news. Mallory and I snicker, used to their behavior. They have been with me since the beginning. Amanda was one of the first people to reach out to me on social media about a year after I started writing. She brought her sister and best friend into the mix, and they have become invaluable to me over the years. Not just as beta readers, but as my friends.

Amanda puts her arms over the other two and draws them into a supportive huddle. “No. Tell me you’re joking? Tell me you have tattoos, and you just cover them in makeup to disguise yourself in public. Tell me anything other than that we’ve been lied to. Is nothing real? Next, you’ll say Nichole Emory isn’t even her real name!” She points over our shoulders, and I dip under his armpit to see a petite blonde hippie walking toward us with a friendly grin. My attention on the newcomer, I miss whatever Foster did with his face to cause the witches to wail and fall to their knees.

Everyone in the breakfast area is watching us. Most were before, but now there isn't a single person not glued to the scene waiting to see what happens next.

"LIES! It's all lies!" Kim cries out, her hands stretched above her head.

"Witches. Get it together." Mallory claps her hands like a preschool teacher.

"No. Let us live in the land of illusion just a few moments more. It's too much."

"Hello, I'm interrupting something," Nichole Emory chirps happily at my side. "Brother dearest, what have you done to these poor women?"

Sarah is beside herself, "Brother! *Brother?*"

The rumble of Foster's laughter is deep and hearty. "Take all the time you need, ladies. In the meantime, my girlfriend and I are gonna get some breakfast. We're having a baby and mama's gotta eat. When you're ready, join us, and I'll take all the selfies you want."

Sarah snaps her head up, cheeks flushed. Amanda and Kim stop their caterwauling. "With your shirt off?" Foster nods while I roll my eyes. "Hop to it girls, Mama Tacy is growing a human, she needs sustenance. Chop! Chop!"

I'm forgotten as the witches help Foster through the food line, preparing plates for both of us. Nichole loops her arm through mine and steers me to their table. "Tacy Ellen, your *Teats Out MC* series is a revelation!" My knees nearly buckle at her words. I will never get used to other authors reading, let alone enjoying, my work.

"Blevins. Efa Blevins." I drop my chin to my chest and sigh. I did it again. Nichole laughs, leaning into me.

She whispers conspiratorially, "Nichols. Emery Nichols." She pins me with a hard stare, "Tell me you didn't leave my brother behind on purpose."

"I had to shit!" I screech. When I glance around the area, all eyes are on me. I wave, face bright red, then bow with a

flourish.

“And there are like no doors on those bathrooms!”

“Exactly!” I hug her as hard as I can. Thankful to meet someone who understands. “We’d just met! He didn’t need to hear what my body is capable of!”

“Are you talking about the bathrooms again?” Foster kisses my temple, an indulgent smile stretching his lips.

“No doors! No locks! No fan!”

Amanda pats my shoulder as she places a plate heaped with food in front of me. “Babes, ain’t no bathroom doors or locks or fans in a delivery room to hide the shit you push out along with your kid.”

I feel the blood drain from my face. When I meet Foster’s terrified stare, I notice he is quite pale as well. His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows hard. I lick my parched lips and reach out a shaky hand. He takes it in his and we squeeze each other to the point of pain, clinging to any available lifeline.

“C-section,” we say in unison.

Nichole, aka Emery, chuckles humorlessly, “You can’t just decide you’re having a C-section.”

“We can. We did. It’s happening.”

“Wanna bet, Nostrawrongus?”

## Efa 16.

“Efa Jo, I’m not sure how I feel about you ditching your best friend and assistant, forcing her to drive back alone with all of your book things.” Foster snorts, unable to hide his amusement at my mother’s admonishment.

“Mom. It takes two hours to get home from Lexington. She won’t even have to stop for gas.”

“You know she has the bladder of a gnat. She’ll have to park and enter the gas station alone...in the dark.”

“It’s not even noon. And do gnat’s have bladders?”

“I’m not an entomologist, Efa Jo. How should I know?”

“Mom.” I’m exasperated, and my tone conveys that perfectly. A little too perfectly, given my mother’s dramatic tscking.

“And you! You are riding in a vehicle with a stranger! He could be a serial killer or a loafer salesman, or...or...”

When she can’t come up with anything more heinous than those two options, I chime in, “the father of your grandchild.”

“Supposedly.” Foster raises an eyebrow at me in question with a smirk. I shake my head. He’s the father. I don’t need Maury Povich for this one.

“Do you think I fell on more than one penis that weekend?”

“Efa Jo, my little girl, why...how...did it hurt...” My poor father. Conner Blevins would never do well on a telenovela. And not just because his family is Welsh. Not a fan of drama or gossip or theatrics. He’s a straight shooter. And I love him bunches.

“Dad. I’m sorry. I forgot you were on the phone.” Cringing, I shrug my shoulders and offer Foster an apologetic smile.

“It’s ok, sweetie, your mother seems to have forgotten that the serial killer loafer salesman is driving the car currently using its speakers to blast your conversation.” He’s glaring at her, I know it. And she doesn’t give a shit. Because that’s my mom.

“I most certainly did not. I’m putting him on notice. I know his game. He won’t get one past me.”

“Mrs. Blevins...”

“Foster, please call us Conner and Maria.”

“Speak for yourself—”

“Thank you, Conner. I look forward to meeting you in a few days. In the meantime, please rest assured, I am not a serial killer, or a singular killer, nor do I peddle the footwear of men who choose to loaf. I know it’s soon, but I will not deny, even to you, that I am in awe of your daughter, and have been beside myself without her these last few months. The fact our child is currently using her body like an Airbnb, only makes me love her more.”

Mom snuffles. I snuffle. Dad clears his throat awkwardly. And Foster grabs my hand across the center console and kisses my knuckles. “I want to dislike him...” Mom laments. A chuckle sticks in my throat, unable to get past all the emotion choking me up.

“It’s impossible,” I admit hoarsely, knowing with absolute certainty I won’t dislike him a day of our life together.

“Efa Jo, you two take the time to get acquainted,” my father sighs heavily, “with clothes on. We’ll see you in a few days. Drive safe and be careful.”

“Watch out for men wearing loafers!” Mom shouts in the background. “And pleated pants!”

“Love you, sweetie.”

“Love you too, dad. Mom. More than there are stars.” Mom’s incoherent babbling fills the vehicle before dad ends the call. “Well, that was far more emotion from my mother than I expected.”

“She seems great.” Foster glances at me with wide eyes for a second, a forced smile plastered to his perfect lips. Closing my eyes, I drop my head back to the head rest and laugh. Long and loud. Free and joyful.

“Why do they call you Efa Jo?” Foster asks a few minutes later.

“That’s my name.” I answer automatically.

“Right. I mean, why not just Efa?”

I turn in the seat and bring my left leg up, tucking it beneath my right. “Are you sure you’re ready for the Martinez family drama?”

“Baby, I’m ready for everything with you.” I was not expecting that. Damn.

“Oh. Well.” It takes me a second to defluster. “My mother has a younger cousin, Jaqueline. She has idolized my mother her entire life. My mom’s awesome, don’t get me wrong, but like, seriously, aim higher. Anyway, when my dad was in his early twenties, he was diagnosed with Hodgkin’s Disease. He went through chemo and was told that it was unlikely he’d ever have children. Mom was by his side every day, every treatment, every unfortunate side effect. He went into remission and was healthy for years. Well into their early thirties, they considered adopting, but hadn’t made any moves in that direction, when mom found out she was pregnant. So, for your information, I’m a miracle.”

“Yes, you are.” There isn’t even a hint of sarcasm. Swoon!

“Mom was about 4 months along, when Jaqueline announced that she and her husband were also pregnant. I was born about 6 months later, and they named me Efa Josefina. When Jackie’s daughter was born a few months after me, she named her...Efa.”

“But...but...why? It’s a pretty unique name...why?”

“Right? Jackie thought it was cute. Dad had to remove all sharp objects from family get-togethers until mom regained her sanity. It was a close thing, having to visit mom every two weeks at the state pen.”

“So, they call you Efa Jo to differentiate you from your cousin.”

“At first, yeah. Then it just stuck, even though mom does not speak to Jackie anymore.”

“Because of the name thing...and near homicide?”

“Uh...no.”

“Elaborate.”

“How about, instead, I stroke your cock and whisper filthy things in your ear?”

“Do you know any filthy things to whisper?”

I smirk, lean forward, squeezing my arms together to accentuate my cleavage and breathe against the shell of his ear, “Soap scum.”

A shiver rolls through his body. I rear back in shock, wondering what the fuck just happened. “Fuck, baby.”

“Did that...did that really do it for you?”

“Not the soap scum. But your voice. So close to my ear. Yeah. Yeah, it did.”

“Noted.”

He shakes his head back and forth, then clears his throat as he shifts in his seat. My eyes zero in on the hard-on visible in his jeans and my lips smack together, my mouth watering. Oh, wait, no, that’s my vagina. “Now, tell me why they don’t talk?”

“Seriously?” I ask incredulously.

“Yes. I’m driving and it’s unsafe to engage in sexual activities while operating a motor vehicle.”

“Can you be cited with a DWA?”

“DWA?”

“Driving While Aroused.” I tap my finger against my chin.

“That’s going in a book. But I might need to workshop it a bit.”

“Efa Jo.” I like it when he says my name. It sounds much sexier coming out of his mouth than my parents. Not that it’s sexy at all when they say it...shut up. You know what I mean.



“Fine. But I warn you, it’s not pretty.” He motions for me to continue, waving his hand. “Ten and two, mister. You have precious cargo. If we can’t do sex things, you can’t do jazz hands.” I’m stalling. I know. He knows. And I know he knows. “Alright. So, about 15 years ago, I think, Jackie’s husband filed for divorce and full custody of their kids, Efa, Mario, and Connal.”

“Connal?”

“Just listen.” Glancing out the window, I take a deep breath. “Not sure how my uncle didn’t pick up on any of this for so long, but she would get haircuts like my mom, dress like her, named her kids obvious variations of my parent’s names. The last straw was...ugh...turns out, that Jackie liked to role-play. A lot. She called him Conner during...activities not suitable while driving. Wanted him to call her Maria.”

“That’s fucked up.”

“I know.”

“Like, on a scale of how fucked up is fucked up; that’s fucked up.”

“I know.”

“Hmm.” He hums, thinking for about a mile. I let him, knowing that’s a lot to process. “When we role-play, no Maria or Conner.”

“Or Jackie!”

We’re comfortably quiet for a while. Both of us just happy to be with the other. We exchange sappy smiles, sing along to a few 80’s classics, and stop for a bite to eat and to get some gas. Pulling out of the parking lot, I spot a middle-aged man digging into a storage trailer on the back of his SUV. My stomach churns with nerves the longer I look at him and all of his things.

“Are you sure you want to just pack up your life and move somewhere new where you only know the mildly eccentric romance author you’ve impregnated and admittedly not all that well?”

Foster doesn't answer right away. And I'm both appreciative that he's taking the time to think through his response and why the fuck isn't he answering right away with declarations of his undying love and devotion?

"I think I know you better than you think I do." He glances at me quickly. "I'm sleeping at my sister's house and renting storage space. I can work anywhere I live. And I want to live with you."

"Are we moving too fast?"

"Nope." He's infuriating and sweet.

"What if *I'm* the serial killer?"

"I think it's important for people to have hobbies." The bubble of anxiety in my gut pops and an effervescence floods my veins.

"You're ridiculous." I squeak out between giggles.

"I love you, Efa. All of you. You can't scare me away."

"What if I poop in the delivery room?"

"What if *I* poop in the delivery room? I have a delicate tummy in stressful situations." He counters and I giggle more, thinking if that were true, his time in the military must have been interesting. "Efa." Ooh, he's all serious now. "I love you. I'm with you, always."

Something about his man gives me clarity, certainty, and a knowing that I'm exactly where I'm meant to be. "I love you, too, Foster."

## Efa 17.

“Fuck, I missed you!” I moan, throwing my head back beneath the spray of my shower head as Foster pounds mercilessly into me from behind. His hips stutter, his rhythm faltering for just a moment as he snorts and smacks my left butt cheek.

“I don’t know if you’re talking about me or the shower.”

“Shower!” I blurt out immediately, closing one eye on a wince when I realize what I said. The truth hurts.

“Figured. You had my cock last night.”

“There’s nothing like your own home throne and shower and bed.”

“I’ll admit, you have excellent water pressure.” Bracing my hands on the lip of the tub, I start laughing at the conversation we’re having while he’s balls deep inside me and still thrusting away. “Good God, keep laughing, your pussy is like a damn vise!” He begins moving faster, gripping my thigh, and lifting my leg to rest my foot on the edge. The angle changes and he hits deeper and that’s all folks. My orgasm crashes into me out of nowhere and I screech to the high heavens as the potent pleasure surges through me.

“Good for you, Foster. It’s important to please your woman.”

“WHAT THE FUCK!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“MOM!”

“Sorry, had to pee and couldn’t wait for you two to finish. You need to look into a house before the baby arrives. Or at least an apartment with two bathrooms.” Foster is frozen behind me, his hands growing cold on my hips as shivers wrack my body from shock and the last of my orgasm. Then I hear my mother empty her bladder.

Kill me now.

Foster lays his head between my shoulder blades. His laughter vibrates through my back, settling warm in my heart.

“Your mom is peeing on the other side of this curtain.”

“I know.”

“I think I understand your issue with the saloon doors at that hotel now.”

“Awesome.”

“I’m still hard.” He whispers. I Kegel the shit out of him and he slaps my ass again. “*Stop that.*” His frantic hiss does not deter me in the least. “I’m gonna cum and your mom is right fucking there.”

“Her fault for showing up unannounced and interrupting our shower time.”

Mom flushes the toilet. Touche.

## Foster 18.

“You’re just gonna move in with her?” Maria asks skeptically.

“Yup.” Not a doubt in my mind this is right. Seeing her again after months without her. She was never once not on my mind in all that time. She consumed me from the beginning, and I’ve been given a second chance. Not wasting a fucking second.

“Don’t you think the mother of your child should also be your wife?”

“MOM!” Efa squawks, but I hold her tight to my side on the couch and look her mother in the eye.

“Absolutely.” There is a prolonged moment of tense silence before Conner grins, slaps his knee, stands up with his phone to his ear, and Efa punches me in the thigh as hard as she can.

“Seriously?” Her voice is so high a dog somewhere in her complex starts barking. She holds her finger up before I can respond, “What is dad doing?”

“Letting the monsignor know everything’s a go.”

“MONSIGNOR!”

“Efa, please. A reasonable tone, you’re scaring the neighboring pets,” Maria replies nonplussed. Efa pinches the bridge of her nose, a flush darkening her skin. I would like to comfort her, but my fucking thigh. “Next Saturday, the two of you will be married in a lovely, albeit rushed, ceremony at the basilica. Foster, I’ve spoken to your parents and sister. They will be arriving on the Friday before the wedding. Con and I will stay here tonight, and then tomorrow, we will all drive back to Marietta and begin preparations.”

I’m...stunned. Flabbergasted. Shocked. Surprised. And really happy. Efa...less so.

“No.” Maria and I stare at her like someone speaking in tongues. Then we look at each other and shrug.

“Thank you, Maria, for doing all of this.”

“NO! Don’t thank her. Don’t encourage her. This is...this is... ludicrous!”

She does not find my laughter funny. “I thought you were going to say ‘Sparta’.”

“Do not be cute and make movie references right now when my mom is being overbearing!”

“Excuse me.” Maria says casually. “I am bearing the right amount. I saw you two the day you met. I saw you when you came back to our hotel room after you two...were well acquainted. I saw the disappointment. I heard the sadness in your voice for months during your separation. I heard the stress you tried to hide when you told us you were pregnant. And I heard the pure radiant joy in your voice when you called to tell us you found him again. I am your mother, Efa Josefina Blevins. I know you. Don’t tell me this isn’t exactly what you want, what you have prayed and wished and hoped for. Don’t tell me ‘no’ because you think that’s what you are supposed to do. Do what feels right. Do what your heart tells you.”

I love Maria and Conner already. They raised a helluva woman and I am the lucky son of a bitch that is going to spend the rest of his life by her side.

“Efa?” I place my hands on her jaw, turning her to face me. Her beautiful eyes are shiny with tears, but she offers me a tentative smile. She searches my eyes, her hands cupping my cheeks softly, sweetly. She must find whatever confirmation she needs, because her smile grows confident until it’s blinding and fucking glorious.

“We’re getting married?” I nod. “Next week?”

“Yeah, baby. We are.” I seal my mouth over hers, tracing the seam of her pillowy lips with my tongue. She opens slightly, her tongue peeking out to tangle with my own. “I love you so much.”

“I can’t believe this is happening.” She shakes her head, her eyes flitting between mine. “I love you.”

Our moment is broken when Conner comes back into the living room, a broad grin on his slightly weathered face. “All set for Saturday next at the basilica.”

Maria claps her hands once. “Wedding is settled. Now, let us discuss baby names.”

“We don’t know the sex of the baby yet, mom.”

I sit up on the edge of the couch, leaning my elbows on my spread thighs and give Maria my best model smile. “If it is a girl, I was thinking Jacqueline Maria.”

“Dammit.”

“Shit.”

I ignore Conner and Efa’s exclamations and maintain eye contact with my future mother-in-law, while I fight not to laugh at my joke. She uses the arm of the couch to assist her to stand, then walks with measured steps into the kitchen. Efa yelps and chases after her.

“Yes, Monsignor Alvarez, quick question. Do you have time next Saturday for a wedding *and* a funeral?”

# Efa 19.

## *6 months later*

“Efa. Baby?”

“In here.” I call out from the nursery where I’m hovering over Javier’s crib. Our little man came out of my vagina right on time. Foster lost his bet to his sister and had to dress up like Captain America and visit the children’s ward of the hospital, however, neither one of us lost control of our bowels during the delivery, so we consider it an all-around success.

“Last box is officially unpacked, everything has been put away, and I still can’t find the damn filleting knife from the block. How did we manage to lose it?”

“Another of life’s mysteries.” I answer, keeping my head down to hide my grin. 6 months he’s been searching for that knife. I know where it is, I’ve always known where it is, but telling him would cause him to run away screaming from me and my family. So, I’ve kept it to myself. I’m wondering, though, now that Javier is here, and we’ve moved into our new home, if I need to worry whether he’s a flight risk.

He’s gotten to know my parents quite well. My dad, some of Foster’s army buddies, and my husband have been working hard to renovate the historic four-bedroom house we bought for a steal on foreclosure in Oxford, Ohio. Hell, he even led the campaign to convince my parents to move into the guest house in the back.

Foster could have saved his breath and poster board. All it took was one look at the sonogram picture of their first grandchild for dad to announce his retirement, for them to put my childhood home on the market and start packing up. I was a little sad to say goodbye to all my cherished memories growing up, but Foster assures me we’ll make even better ones



here for our children. And my parents will be right there with us every step of the way.

Foster and his sister Emery are repurposing the poster board in an attempt to convince their parents to move from Missouri to Indiana or Ohio. Emery is less than 3 hours from us. Talking with his mom, I know they've already taken the steps to start the process, but they enjoy seeing what each sibling comes up with to top the other in their bid to win their parent's love. It's entertaining...and expensive. We're winning because of squishy little baby man.

So much has changed in the last six months and yet it feels like everything is falling into place. After our short and sweet wedding ceremony, it seemed like everything started moving at warp speed. Foster's constant presence and open heart made it easy. Well, easier than if I'd been on my own. And a lot more fun. He loves me with everything he's got and to him I'm perfect. I think we're perfect for each other.

With that in mind, I take a deep breath, turn from our sleeping boy, and face my husband. "You should check mom's purse."

"What?" He snorts, thinking I'm joking. Naïve Foster. Have you learned anything from your time with the Martinez-Blevins? "Why?"

"Because it's in her purse."

"Ok." He leans against the door jamb, crossing his ankles and arms. "Why would it be in her purse?"

"Remember Namegate 2023?"

He rolls his eyes, "We are not calling it that. It was nothing. I made a joke; it ruffled a few feathers. Your mom and I are cool. She loves me."

"She does." I concede. "When you suggested we name our child after her demented cousin, she went into the kitchen, and I went after her."

"I remember." His eyes widen in alarm. "She went into the kitchen to grab a knife to filet me with?" I nod, biting my lower lip. His eyes dart over my shoulder, his brows furrow in

thought. “I’ve bitched about the missing knife *to her...* multiple times.”

“I know, dear.”

“Maria is devious.” He says, almost to himself. I’m not sure how I feel about the admiration in his voice. “And she’s kept it all this time?”

I shrug, “Because you kept bitching about it being missing. Payback.”

“I love her.” He smirks, dropping his arms to his sides and stepping into the nursery. He brings me to his chest, his entire body enveloping me in his warmth and addictive scent. This right here is my home. “Not as much as I love you.” He whispers.

“Me or Javi?”

“Bit of both.”

Chuckling, I lean back and nip at his chin. “Take me to bed?”

“He’s down for the count?”

Peering back over my shoulder I smile softly at the human person we created doing the nasty. “For a few hours. He drained me, but there might be a little something left for you.” I suggest with a wiggle of my eyebrows. He really enjoys my milky tits. Suddenly, I’m airborne over his shoulder, his large hand kneading my ass.

“Damn kid, I’m nice enough to share...”

## Foster 20.

### *9 years and 3 more kids later*

I find my beautiful wife sitting on the couch in the living room, leaning back against it with her eyes shut and a serene smile stretching her plump lips. My cock jerks in my pants at the sight, wanting to feel them around my length before I slam into her pussy.

“Efa—”

“Shh!” She places her finger to her lips without opening her eyes. “It’s quiet. Don’t ruin it.” Chuckling, I drop to the coffee table in front of her and bracket her legs with my own. Four kids in ten years are a lot. But we tackle it all together like the fucking winners we are. With our parent’s help. Right now, though, they are with my parents. I just met them at the Indiana/Ohio border to make the drop. My mom and dad are taking our four to a water park resort for the week, leaving Efa and I blessedly alone...

“Baby.”

“Nuh-uh.” She shakes her head in denial.

“Open your eyes.”

“No.”

“I have a present for you.” Her eyes snap open, alert and intrigued.

“A present you say?” I knew that’d get her.

“For you.” I hand her the wrapped box, every atom in my body vibrating with excitement.

She rips the paper off, tosses the lid and brings the book out of the tissue paper. She’s silent as she reads the cover, then opens it. Page after page, her face flushes a deeper red, tears begin to stream down her cheeks. I don’t worry. I know her. She’s mine

and I'm hers, and I know she is fighting not to laugh until she's done.

"You..." She begins, clears her throat, and starts again. "You did a photo session of yourself." I nod, my mouth hurting from smiling so big. "And made it into a book for me." She's almost to the last page. Looking up at me, she loses her composure and starts hysterically laughing. "A Poo-doir photo session?"

I'm a genius. That's what I am. I did my own version of a boudoir photo shoot for my wife. Except instead of sexy lingerie on soft bedding, I'm in various seductive poses in the bathroom at the hotel where we made our first born. Pants around my knees or ankles, sweat dotting my forehead, biting my knuckles, spraying deodorizer, toilet paper wrapped strategically to cover my naughty bits.

Poo-doir.

She turns to the last page and gasps just as I drop to my knee in front of her and present a ring, a large square diamond surrounded by the birthstones of our children.

"For our 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary, I want to celebrate by renewing our vows with all our friends and family, and a big reception to follow. I want to marry you all over again and do it right this time. Give you the wedding of your dreams."

"Foster...you idiot." She swipes at tears. "I had the wedding of my dreams. I married you."

"Then let's do it again and treat ourselves to an epic night of dancing and cake."

"I love cake."

"I know."

She wraps her arms around my neck and leans in to touch her lips to mine. I taste the salt of her tears, but as always, I also taste the promise of forever. "I love you more."

We don't speak again, our mouths fusing together, our hands divesting each other of clothing and barriers, stripping ourselves naked in more ways than one. When I enter her, I shudder in indescribable pleasure. She moans in my ear, her

arms and legs cinched around my body, holding me as close to her as possible, while her pussy grips my cock, welcoming him home.

Slowly, I build us up until our bodies can no longer climb any higher. Whispering, “I love you”, she and I fall into our orgasms. I bury my face in her neck and press my lips to the tender skin above her pulse.

Inhaling shakily, I confess, “This last decade has been the best of my life and while I’m anxious to see what the next 6 decades hold for us, I’m enjoying each chapter too much to wish it along.”

“Whoever is writing our love story is doing a hell of a job.” I kiss her again, desperate to feel her tongue against mine, breathing in each other.

“We write our own story, baby, one page at a time.”

## Follow Me:

Follow me on Amazon and social media to keep up to date with my latest releases.

Website: [www.mirrahmirrahontheshelf.com](http://www.mirrahmirrahontheshelf.com)

Facebook: @authormirrahmcgee

Facebook Group: Mirrah's Magpies

Facebook Group: Covenant of Ascent

Instagram: authormirrahmcgee

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed this book as much as I enjoyed writing it. Please take a moment to leave a review on Amazon or submit your rating on Goodreads.

-xoxo Mirrah