



Who Wants *Pie*

Taboo Series: Book Twelve

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Who Wants Pie

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A Trope-tastic Thanksgiving story...yes please!

Grayson Hart is the very definition of hero. He's tall, handsome, strong and a firefighter. He's also an orphan who has lived by his own code for longer than he can remember. One of those codes is that you don't sleep with your best friend's little sister - no matter how hot she might be or how tempting. But then...forced proximity and an afternoon in nothing but underwear changed everything.

Tinsley Dresdan has watched her big brother fall in love and now her mother is ready for her to settle down and give her grandbabies. But the only person Tinsley has ever had eyes for is her brother's best friend and partner, Gray. He's been the center of her focus for as long as she can remember but would her mom go so far as to kidnap the two and lock them in a room together or are they in far more trouble than even Gray can handle?

Can this hero turn things around and keep the only woman he's had eyes for with him this holiday? You bet your

cranberry sauce! This is the follow-up to Sir Richard's Portrait (Taboo 10) everyone has been asking for. So when you're all filled up on turkey and you can't take the relatives a minute longer, sit down and spend the night with Gray - the firefighter with a large....sweet tooth!

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Chapter One

Tinsley

Thanksgiving...how is it going to go this year? Especially given the fact my mom has been throwing one of the family friends at me lately. I understand why she thinks me and Gray are going to look good together. I really do. He's...great. Tall, dark, handsome; and a hero - he fights fires and saves lives for fuck's sake. So, I understand why she would want us to be more than what we are.

Hell, there was a time when I would have been all over the idea as well, but that was when I was young and stupid. I would be down to be a notch on Grayson Hart's fire pole but that was before I found out what a man whore he is. I don't really want to be with someone who has been with every woman in town.

I've known Gray since I was fourteen years old, and my brother first brought him home for dinner. When I was seventeen, I would go to the firehouse and bring him snacks and cookies and all sorts of goodies. I wasn't stupid, I didn't say it was just for Gray or that I was there because I had a big stinking crush on the hottest fireman I have ever laid eyes on. I just told everyone I was there because of Rayne, my brother.

Then, around the time I turned eighteen and was about to leave for college - and would have probably made an ass out of myself because I thought I didn't have anything to lose - some of the men that work with Gray and Rayne told me Gray spends a lot of time picking up waitresses at the local topless bar and bragging about all the girls he's bagged in the town. My crush ended quickly and decisively that day.

It's not like I was going to stop being nice to him or anything. He's Rayne's partner and a good guy despite his penchant for cheap floozies without clothes on. And Rayne and me are like...siblings to him. We're all he has. Gray's an orphan. He's just not getting any more of my pie. At least not for free.

And then there's mom. She flew off the deep end when Rayne and Cami, his sweet little fiancée, got together. Now she's seeing hearts everywhere and looking for her children's happy ever afters. Lately, mom's just done things like volunteer me to be the person to pick Gray up for Sunday dinners or find out if Gray knows anything about such and such, so why don't I just give him a call.

It's cool. I would probably do that stuff anyway. Like I said, just because Gray fell off the pedestal I put him on doesn't mean I'm going to kick him to the curb and say to hell with the years of friendship we have together. So, even though I think Gray is hot as hell, it doesn't mean I am going to give in to a damned thing.

Are her attempts going to ramp up because it's a holiday and one so family-oriented as well? Or has she finally got the message that me and Gray are just destined to be nothing more than really good friends/ adopted siblings? With mom, it's a toss-up really. She seems like she's laid off, but who can tell?

I try to be mindful of it, but the woman is wily as hell. That's why I don't see her coming when she asks me to go down into the basement and find her a wine opener that she is sure is in a box at the very back of the room.

I hear someone come down after me and think for a moment that it's mom.

"Mo...oh hey," not mom, "Is, um, mom coming down to help look or...?"

He shrugs his shoulders, "I'm not sure, she just told me to come down and look for the wine opener."

"She told me to look for the wine opener." My stomach sinks. "Oh, mom!"

I bound up the stairs to find the door locked. Part of me isn't surprised at all about this. "She's meddling again."

I slump down the stairs and find a place to sit so I can wait her out. Gray's brows draw together, and he goes up the steps to try the door before banging on it to try to get my mom's attention.

"What the hell? What is going on?" He continues to jiggle the handle. And then the lights go out!

"Oh shit!" I jump up from where I'm sitting, "Why did she turn the lights out?" It is super dark down here. Normally I would say I'm not afraid of the dark, but a dark basement really changes a person's view of things.

“Don’t worry,” I can tell by his voice that he’s coming closer. “There’s an emergency candle with matches in the tin somewhere over here. We can...,”

I cry out when his hands cup my tits. He started walking around with his hands out so he could find the shelves, but instead of the shelves, he found me!

“Not the candle! Not the candle!”

Unbelievably, he doesn’t move his hands at first. Just leaves them cupped loosely around my breasts. Before he finally pulls away and mumbles an apology. “Sorry.”

“S’okay.”

In a matter of seconds, he finds the tin and lights the candle. It doesn’t offer much light, but it’s better than nothing. Once he gets done with the candle, he comes to sit next to me.

“So, um, why do you think it was your mom who locked us in the basement together and killed the electricity?”

Without thinking about what exactly I am saying, I start to answer him, “She thinks we should...we...,” Oh shit! “She...I don’t know.”

Good recovery, Dresden. Way to keep the fact your mother is trying to throw your sad ass at the family friend to yourself. And how do I tell him my mom is trying to set us up? Will he become distant and not want to spend as much time with us if he knows?

“Oh, now you have to tell me.”

Oh damn!

Chapter Two

Gray

The blush that skirts Tinsley's face makes me want to know exactly what her mom is up to. Knowing Lynda, it could be anything really. She could want us to volunteer for something at her Book Club - which is really just a reason for a bunch of ladies to get together without their husbands and have a good time... but not too good a time since most of the ladies are happily married, Lynda included. To wanting us to run an errand for her, which included doing something naughty to Rayne. Only he's with Cami and happy now, so...that idea isn't really on the table anymore.

“What is it? If you don't tell me, I'll find another way to figure it out. You know I will.”

“Okay!” At last, she gives in to me - which is way more satisfying than I think it should be. “She's trying to set us up.”

“Excuse me?” Did I just hear her right?

Tinsley nods her head like she's sharing some profound wisdom with me, “Set us up together.”

“You mean like she’s finally going to murder that bitchy neighbor she can’t stand and blame it on us. That doesn’t sound like a very motherly thing to do. I don’t think Lynda would do something so...wrong.”

“No!” She rolls her eyes at me and throws her hands up in exasperation. “Like me and you making her a grandmother again kind of ‘set up’.”

“Oh,” I draw out the word, “Whoa! That’s...um...,”

“Yeah, I know. It’s a lot and it’s not cool and she needs to stop it.”

“I was going to say sweet. I think it’s sweet.”

“You think my mom trying to knock me up so she can have another baby to cuddle is sweet?”

“Well,” her wording hits me in the face like a bat flung from the hands of a sweaty ten-year-old little leaguer. “Wait - I’m the only one she’s tried that with, right?”

The thought of someone else being with Tinsley makes my stomach sour and I want to kill something in a very unholy, unheroic way. She’s entirely too sweet for someone to just... fuck around with.

Her eyes grow big and round, “Yes!”

“Then yes, I think it’s sweet.” I’m gifted another eye roll.

“Why is it sweet as long as it’s you?” She moves away from me to stand against one of the shelves.

I follow like a fucking masochistic moth willing to gladly be burned by her flame as long as she shares just a little bit of that heat she has trapped inside of her with me. “Because...it just is.”

“But why?” Now I’m the one looking for an easy answer as a way out. “Tell me why Gray?”

“Because she trusts me with you.” I’m only giving her half-truths. “Your mom wouldn’t just let anyone be with you. She’d want someone she knew would take care of you, keep you happy...make you the center of their world.”

“And you’d be like that?” I don’t think I like the fact she has a tone of disbelief in her voice. I step closer to her so she has no choice but to look up at me.

“With someone I’m with that I want to knock up? Oh yeah.” I want to reach out and touch her face, see if it is as soft as I think it is, but that’s not going to be a wise decision on any level.

Her eyes narrow as I hold my hand just close enough to get the illusion that I can touch. “And how many women have gotten this special attention from you?”

She sounds mad and upset. Almost jealous. She doesn’t need to be jealous. I’ve not been with anyone in so damn long I’ve forgotten how to fuck probably.

“None!” Again she gives me a look like she doesn’t believe I’m not some man-whore out every night with a different woman. It couldn’t be further from the truth. “You should know that! I don’t go around knocking women up.”

She turns away from me and stands up to go back over to the shelving in the room. “Oh, so you always wrap it up. What a gentleman.”

Why the hell would she think I have to wrap my cock up when the only thing it’s been spending time with is my hand and that’s not often enough to even count?

“Guess mom will have to find some other boy to do the deed then, huh?”

I yank her around so I can push her back against the shelving. She doesn’t have time to figure out what is going on or what she’s just done - the gauntlet she just thrown down. I have her wedged between my arms with my hand wrapped around her neck before I even know what the hell I’m doing. It was automatic and instinctual when she mentioned someone else having to knock her up. And now that I have my hands on her, the one thing I was afraid of happening is happening. Damn it.

“You tell your mom....,” shit, what is she supposed to tell her mom?

“What? To find another candidate...I,”

I stop her the only way I know how. I kiss the fuck out of her. Full contact - lips and tongue. And a realization hits me hard... Tinsley’s never kissed anyone before. She’s never been

kissed before. She has no idea what to do with her tongue or my tongue when I give her the chance to take the kiss over.

And I lose my god damned mind for a split second. All I can think about is her - how she smells, how she feels now that I have her pushed against the shelves and myself, how fucking tight and fresh everything would be if I could only squeeze my cock in what has to be the tightest pussy in the world.

When the lights come on I have a handful of tit and I'm working my leg up against her hot little pussy that is taking up so much space in my mind, making her ride it. At the sound of the door opening she jerks from me and rushes underneath my arms so she can run the hell away from me as fast as she can. The only sign she's affected the same as I am is the flush on her cheeks and the fact her lips are swollen because I damn sure know how to kiss.

I know one thing from my time in the basement with my best friend's sweet little sister - I could kiss her for hours and not get tired of it. And if she gives me even half a chance, she's going to find me all over her and up in her as well. And her mother won't have to worry about not having any more little grandbabies to play with.

Chapter Three

Tinsley

I ran. I ran as fast as I could away from Gray. Gray. The man I all but grew up with. But then he has never done anything like that to me before. He never touched me or looked at me the way he did when we were down in the basement. Or kiss me like he was trying to give me mouth-to-mouth and save my life.

So, I not only ran...I'm currently hiding as well. Which is why when my mom comes in to tell me I'm going to have to find another place to go while our freaking house is being fumigated a week before Thanksgiving, I break out in a cold sweat.

“Mom, it’s going to be hard to find a place to stay on such short notice....”

She stops me, “Oh, we’ve already found a place for you.”

Please be with Rayne and Cami, please be with Rayne and Cami. But I don’t get so lucky as Gray steps out from around the corner with a shit-eating grin on his face that tells me not only does he know I’ve been hiding, but he also knows my time is up.

He comes close so he can speak without my mom overhearing him, “When your mom called and told me about this fumigation thing, I was going to say no.” He plays with one of the buttons on my shirt just above my cleavage. “But she alluded to the fact that she was going to try to send you home with one of the other guys from the station and I realized there was no way in hell I was going to let you go anywhere else but home with me.”

I narrow my eyes at him and swat his hand away.

“Wouldn’t want anyone else getting the chance to knock you up, now would we.”

I can tell my mouth is open by how hard my mom is looking over at us. “I won’t be there very much because of work, so you don’t have to worry about sharing the space or anything.”

He says it louder so my mom will think that is what is bothering me. I give him a disbelieving look. Especially after what he just said about someone else knocking me up. He lowers his voice once again for just me, “What? You don’t think I can keep my hands to myself for a couple of days, Tins?”

The big jerk. No, I don’t think he’s going to pass up the opportunity to tease me about this thing or make life difficult for me just because he can.

He comes even closer until his voice is nothing but a raspy whisper, “Don’t worry, Tinsley, I think I’ll be able to resist.”

What a complete jerk. But one that doesn't lie. That night and the next day, I am alone in his apartment. There's not even a hint of Gray. So much so that by the next afternoon when I get back from school, I feel safe enough to run around in only a nightdress. I'm convinced he is going to spend this entire week at the station and I will have his apartment all to myself. Which suits me just fine. I shouldn't be getting all bummed out about him not coming home once when he knows I am here.

I come out of the shower and hear my phone ring. Shit! I left it downstairs. I tighten the towel around myself and just commit to making a run for it. It's not like there's anyone here to see me after all.

I'm halfway across the living room when the door opens, and I realize with a cold sinking feeling that I've been caught. "Oh! My! GOD!"

Gray's eyes light up with mischief and a smile crosses his face that's one part shit-eating and another part delightful glee. For seconds, all we do is just stare at each other until he finally speaks, "Comfortable?"

"Oh my God!" My voice starts out as nothing but a whisper but soon I find a louder volume, "Turn around! Don't look!"

I am in nothing but a damp towel and some beads of water. This is the most naked I have been in front of someone since I was an infant. I might die from this. The embarrassment might be more than I can handle and I might keel over, right here. What is the saying when you are in an accident...you should always wear clean underwear? Yeah, I'm missing a big part of that!

“But...,” I can already tell by how he’s grinning that he’s not just going to let this go. He’s not just going to walk out the door and pretend he saw nothing. “But it’s my house. I think you should be the one that has to turn around.”

The idiot that I am, I almost do what he tells me to do and turn my happy ass around. And then I catch myself. I can tell the look on my face could cause full-grown men to drop dead where they stand and yet, somehow, he’s still breathing. In my rush for the phone, my comfort of being alone, and my dumb luck, I had to grab the thinnest towel Gray could possibly own. If I turn around, he is going to get a whole lot more than just a show...he’s going to get the whole production.

Not that it seems he would mind, the way he’s looking at me. The perv. It doesn’t help that secretly, somewhere down deep inside, I’m just as big a perv.

Chapter Four

Gray

I take all of Tinsley in. It might not be right to gawk at your best friend's kid sister, but I can't take my eyes off her. The tiny towel, the legs that are begging to have a man between them, breasts no towel is going to be able to hide, all have me by the balls...and the dick. Hell, even the twist thing she has her hair up in is doing it for me. It should look messy but all I can think about is taking it down and letting my fingers mess it up even more. And the water...come on! I'm just a fucking man - not a saint. She looks lickable as fuck with little drops of dew coursing down her skin all but showing the path my tongue could take.

I need to come home more. Especially while she's here and if this is how she's been spending her evenings. I start to wonder how long both of us are going to stand here staring at one another when she finally breaks and runs for the stairs. I am gifted with the added bonus of seeing that towel bounce around her thighs as she runs up them. She doesn't come down and when I tell her I'm going back to the station all I get is a grunt of acknowledgment to tell me she even understands what I am saying.

“You just going to stay in the bedroom...hiding?”

“I’m not hiding!”

I don’t know why I’m poking at her so much. “Yeah, you’re not hiding,” I laugh and turn to go, “and I’m a freakin’ debutant.”

She pulls the door open, completely dressed now, “I am NOT hiding. I don’t hide.”

I don’t argue with her anymore. Instead, I just make my way to the front door, laughing while I go. I should have realized, knowing Tinsley as well as I do, that this would not be the end of the issue. Tinsley can’t stand not having the last word.

And sure enough, the very next day she shows up at the station. Because of Rayne, who doesn’t happen to be here this time, everyone knows Tinsley. And most people are used to her or Lynda bringing something delicious to offer us. They aren’t the only ones. Some of the wives and moms take turns bringing desserts over so her being here isn’t unusual.

The thing that makes this time different is how Tinsley is dressed. She’s wearing a bright yellow sweater that is all but skintight and the tiniest little skirt that barely covers her ass. I hit the door to my office as soon as I see what she is wearing and make my way through all the guys that are hanging around.

“Hi guys. Who wants a bite of my pie?”

As soon as the words are out of her mouth, I’m on her. “Hell no!” I bend over and scoop her up over my shoulder, putting my hand on her ass so I can make sure the damned skirt stays down while I have her upside down. I start to head for the office when Danny Stowe steps in front of me.

“Aw, come on, Gray. Everyone wants...,” the look on my face must stop him, but he doesn’t have to go on. I know exactly what the fucking horn dog was going to say. I sit Tinsley down just long enough to slug Dan before picking her back up.

The entire time Tinsley is mouthing about how I’ve gone insane and she can’t believe I would do something so crazy. And that I must be on something - like crack - to act this way. I barely have the door shut before she is all but leaping out of my arms and turning a fully pissed-off face up at me.

“Just what in the hell is wrong with you? I can’t believe you would do something like this to me! And for what? Why? What is it you are trying to even do, Gray Hart!”

“You know damn well what the problem is! You can’t come in here asking men like that if they want a bite of your fucking pie!”

“Why not? I’ve always brought food to the station and you’ve never had a problem with it before.”

“You can not be that naive!”

“What the...naive about what?” She looks genuinely confused.

“You are way too old to walk into a room with all these grown men and ask that when you know it means asking them if they want a taste of your pussy.”

“What?! No! You’re just being a jerk.” She pushes past me, full of confidence that I won’t try to touch her to stop her, as she makes her way to the door. The color rides high on her cheeks and I can see the blush travel down to the tops of her breasts, which I can see because they are on full display due to the scoop-front of her sweater.

“Unless you want me to throw you over that table and show all these guys who gets ALL of your pie right here and now, you won’t do that again.”

“You are such a jerk! You would never do something like that! You respect Rayne too much.” She’s got me there but...a man can only take so much and hearing a woman like this ask an entire room to eat her pie is definitely my limit. I can see her thinking things over before she narrows her eyes and pushes her chin out. “I’m calling your bluff.”

It’s little more than a whisper but it echoes through the room like a bullet shot through a china shop. I reach over and pull the chord on the blinds so they fall closed. And then I move. I move so fast she doesn’t even know what hits her until she is flipped over the desk with her skirt up. The first smack makes her squeal so I put my hand over her mouth to keep anyone else from hearing her.

I smack her bare ass cheek again. “Don’t tempt me, Tinsley! I have great respect for Rayne and his family but I’m not going to let you go around and offer your pussy to every man coming and going!”

She flinches at my words. But I keep on going. She’s nineteen - almost twenty years old. She needs to learn what happens when you push men like me too far. I smack her again and see her scrunch her eyes closed. “Not to even mention you’re in my house, living with me...”

“Only because...,” I cut her off with another swat. She’s speaking to me but she’s not opening her eyes.

“Doesn’t matter why.” It doesn’t matter how she wound up living with me, she is and that is the only point. “You are.”

I lean back to take in her face. She’s not squealing any longer and her entire body has gone rigid. And she’s shaking a little. Shit! I’m going to have to cut off my own hand if I hurt her for real. I sit her up and take her face in my hands so I can make sure she’s not hurt. She won’t open her eyes for me.

“Look at me, Tinsley.” I snap it out with so much authority that she has no other choice but to open her eyes. And quickly realize that she’s not shaking because she is hurt or upset. She’s turned on. It’s there in her eyes.

I switch places with her so that I am sitting on the desk and pull her into the space between my legs. She tries to pull her skirt down, but I haven’t moved my hand from the cheek of her ass. It’s nothing for me to run my hand in between her tightly clenched thighs and find out she is soaked.

The touch of my hand has her eyes rounding as she tries to pull away from me.

“No.”

She stops once again at the command she hears in my voice, the whip of authority. I pull her back while turning her a little so I can lean her back on my chest and reach around her to play with the edge of her panties. They are fire engine red and seem somehow fitting. I cup her pussy but don’t try to go

under the panties. My fingers put pressure there where I know she most needs it and feel her lean her entire weight against me as she bites into her lower lip to keep from crying out.

I bring my other hand up so I can maneuver the plump pillowy lip out from between her teeth and use my hand to cover her mouth. Her hands come up to touch the back of my hand but she doesn't pull it away or jerk from me. Her body trembles in my arms and I know the second she crests over the edge of her orgasm. She yells into the palm of my hand and her little body shakes through it all.

Finally, she collapses back against me trying to catch her breath as I lower my hand to encircle her neck now. Her underwear is soaked, wet enough that it has leaked out onto the fingers I was using to get her off. I wait for her to open her eyes and look at me before I bring them to my mouth and give them a lick. "Mmm," I whisper close to her ear, "that is some good pie."

She looks at me with unbelieving eyes. I'm not lying. She does taste so damn sweet. Sweet enough to eat...for days at a time. I could spend my whole life worshipping at the altar of this woman's thighs. I pull myself back from thoughts like that, they are going to cause nothing but trouble. Trouble and heartache considering she is my best friend's little sister.

She helps me out by running. As fast and as far from me as she can. And fate works in her favor this time because a knock comes on the door about the same time she reaches it. Pulling it open wide, I can tell by the widening of her eyes that the person on the other side is going to be the very person that I am trying to protect.

I quickly take a seat behind the desk as Tinsley takes off without even talking to her brother. And I'm left with a hard-

on in the most uncomfortable situation I can think of having one while the taste of Tinsley is still lying on my tongue.

“What was Tinsley doing here?”

I can't stop myself. “She brought me dessert.”

Chapter Five

Gray

I didn't go back home for the next twenty-four hours. I just gave Tinsley what I'm betting by how she acted, her first orgasm that involved another person. Maybe the first one ever. I don't know enough about Tinsley to say she's the type of girl to kick back with a porn and take care of business on her own. For all I know, she's never done anything other than clean it and here I am teaching her what an orgasm feels like, showing her some men know exactly where the clit is, and giving her silent promises that if she comes sashaying back in front of me with a skirt that short, I'll do it again.

I figure we both need a minute to gather ourselves before we sit down and have a big conversation about where we go from here. How we are going to navigate the new present with each other. How we break it to her brother.

Because things are going to change. Things can't go back to me and her pussy footing around one another and trying to pretend none of this happened. No, we have to figure this shit out. And I have to make sure I handle this just like I would a wildfire. Carefully and skillfully with a whole shit ton of luck and grace. Praying the entire time, everything goes down how it's supposed to and preparing for when they don't.

I wake up, at least I think I'm awake. Maybe I'm not. Maybe this is still a dream. All I'm sure of is I am happy, and I have a very enticing package lying on top of me. I rub her back and moan as I pull her more fully on top of me. Hell yeah! This is right where I want to be.

I rub my hand down her back and over the panty-clad cheek of her ass and moan again. Tinsley has the best ass. I've been dreaming about her and this ass since I had my hands on it if I'm just being honest with myself. And if this is a dream, there is no fucking reason I shouldn't take this opportunity to explore just how nice it is. I might have been dreaming about this ass for years now. Probably when I really shouldn't have been because of her age. Hell, I shouldn't be thinking about it now since I'm almost twenty years older than her. More like fifteen, but once you pass ten it really doesn't matter any longer about how high the number is...you're a pervert.

But I am all for this dream. I run my hand over her leg and up her body so I can find her tits too. God damn, Tinsley's body is a world-class playground! How can any man not want to play at her jungle gym and worship her?

The little thing on top of me starts giving out her own moans and telling me she's just as turned on as I am. She starts rubbing against me...and I come awake fully to realize this is not a dream. Tinsley is really on top of me, rubbing against me like a cat trying to find a little attention, and my cock is above the rim of my boxers rubbing against her wet panties.

Holy shit! Holy fucking shit!

We're both in our fucking underwear and some of that wetness that I'm feeling isn't all Tinsley. Oh, she's giving me

all the cream she can, but a lot of this is me. I've been leaking pre-cum on her for who knows how long. And suddenly, I'm freaking out.

Why the hell are we both in our underwear? And where the fuck are we? Because I'm fucking certain we are not where we should be. The only place I am going to take Tinsley is in the bed I sleep in every night dreaming about her. And this is not that bed. This isn't even a fucking bed. We're on the fucking floor.

"Tinsley...", she doesn't wake up for me, only rubs against me harder, causing me to have to fight a fucking moan from falling out. I try again. "Tinsley, baby, we got to...um, we got to...I think we're in trouble, Baby."

"Gray?" she seems just as confused as I am when she finally does wake up. "What...what's going on?"

I think very hard about what I am going to tell her, how I am going to say what needs to be said, "I'm not sure, baby, but I think we might be in some trouble."

The last thing I want is to freak her out or cause her to worry. Overly much anyways. "Trouble?"

"Yeah. Trouble."

I may not be sure where we are, but I do know waking up to have Tinsley on top of me is how I want to start every morning and after I find out what is going on, I plan to work on making that my new life goal. I just have to get Tinsley on board with what is happening.

Chapter Six

Tinsley

One of the first thoughts that go through my head is that I have a man between my legs. And the tip of his dick out of the boxers he's got on. And I'm soaked.

“Oh shit!” My mind is still foggy and things aren't making any sense, but some part of me is telling me to run. To get the fuck up and run! Because none of this is how things are supposed to be.

He stops me before I can even lift myself off him.
“Don't...”

I do what he says when he uses that tone of voice on me. It's like a Daddy voice that demands attention and submission.

“I'm not sure what is going on but I do know we have to... fix some things before we jump up.”

Things? Like his cock playing peek-a-boo. But when he starts to 'fix' things, his hands go to my bra, making me realize my boobs are all but falling out. He doesn't ask for permission or hesitate to push them back in the cups of my bra. It's only after they are back inside the lace that he reaches

down between the two of us and rearranges his cock so that it's no longer sticking out the top of his waistband.

When he does, the back of his hand brushes against the soft skin of my bare thighs and causes me to gasp out. This is all new - the fact a man is between my legs, that I have to spread them farther than I ever have before to accommodate him, the touch of a work-roughened hand against me - all go a long way to throw me off balance.

He sits us both up but keeps his hands on me, holding my ass so that I don't just jump up. I'm so afraid of what is going on that I let him. I feel weirdly better that he is touching me - having his skin touch mine - that I don't even think about moving away from him.

“Where are we?”

He looks around before answering, “I'm not sure. I...,” he stops. “What's the last thing you can remember?”

“I...I don't know.” I start to answer him, but have to stop. I'm not sure what the last thing I did was. Which scares the hell out of me more than a little bit. “I can't remember. Why can't I remember, Gray?”

He shakes his head indicating he doesn't understand why either of us can't remember either. “Could it be my mom? Maybe she...asked some of the guys at the station to help her...,”

“Wait, one of the guys came in and handed me something.” He interrupts me but I can tell it's for a good reason. I can tell he's trying to recall something, “It was a small box wrapped in

paper and tied with a ribbon. My name was scrawled on the front of it.”

“I don’t really want to know about your...women giving you things. Why would you even mention that now?”

“Other women? There are no other women.” He looks at me like I have lost my god-damned mind.

“The guys have told me what an absolute horndog you are. You don’t have to pretend you’re not.” I don’t want to mention that one time I went to the station and found out how he spends his downtime.

“I’m not a horndog. What are you even talking about?”

I break and pull myself from his arms. I don’t mind finding a little sympathetic comfort with him, but I can’t stomach him lying to me. “The guys told me you spend all of your weekends at the topless bar picking up women.”

“Damn it.” He pushes himself up too until we are both standing.

“So it is true.” The way he says it tells me it is but damn, having him admit it out loud is just a soul killer. I guess some secret part of me was holding out hope that it wasn’t true. That it was all gossip or guy talk that wasn’t really true.

“I...Son of a bitch. Who told you?”

“What does it matter? It’s true. And now you’re trying to brag about getting gifts from them. Why? Why would you say

anything about it?”

“I’m not fucking bragging about it. That ‘gift’ was about you.”

“What?”

“And I don’t spend the weekend picking up topless dancers at the local bars. I was at The Glittery...”

I cut him off, “I don’t want to know...” And then he cuts me off.

“My sister works there.”

“What?” I am stunned for a second before reality sinks in, “You’re an orphan. You don’t have a sister.”

“Yes, I do! She was in the system too. My birth mother gave her up like she gave me up. She’s about as old as you and I went to the bar to find her and get her the hell out of there. We have different fathers.”

“Oh,” I’m not certain I believe him or not, but why would he lie?

“Aaron gave me the package and when I opened it there was a card in it with only two sentences and an address on it.” He scrunches his face up like he’s trying to remember. “We have your girl. If you want to ever see her again, come to 1415 Warf Street, that’s all it said.”

A chill runs down my back as memories come back to me. Going into his house and seeing someone standing in the living room. Turning around but not fast enough to keep the woman behind me from sticking something in my arm.

“I didn’t need to know anything else but that. It was addressed to me and I only have one female that would ever be close enough to me to even be considered my girl, and that...is you.”

At his words, the door to the room pops open and in steps the woman I remember and the man that was standing in the living room of Gray’s apartment. Terror courses through me and thoughts of all that could happen in a situation like this have me shaking with fear.

Gray pushes me behind him as the woman’s words catch my heart and make it lurch. “Let’s have some fun with you.”

Oh God! What’s going to happen to me? Why the hell was I ever against being with Gray to start with if this is how everything ends?

Chapter Seven

Gray

As soon as I see Courtney, I realize shit is about to get nasty. This bitch can't do a thing without making a mess wherever she goes. The address on the note was a familiar one. It's down around the docks and has a bunch of houses that the department uses for training. So, without even thinking about it, I go to get what's mine - my girl. Tinsley.

But before I could step out of my car, I'm get tased by a guy and out of the corner of my eye, someone comes up and jabs a needle in my arm. It must have been Courtney.

“So she's the reason you won't fuck me?”

Tinsley's arms go around my waist and she plasters herself against me like she is trying to hide from all of this.

“She's the reason you won't even date me!” This time it's not a question. Apparently, Courtney can tell how tightly Tinsley is holding on to me too.

“What do you want, Courtney?”

She gives me a vapid smile, “Revenge, Grayson. I want revenge.” Her smile reminds me of a shark grinning, all teeth and no warmth. Hell, I would trust a shark more than this unhinged woman standing in front of us. At least with them, they can’t help it - it’s their nature. She’s just...crazy.

“You see the two of you are in the demo house that’s set to be torched in,” she looks down to check her watch, “five hours. And both of you are going to be front and center for all of the fireworks.”

Tinsley squeezes up around me.

“But first we’re going to have a little fun with you.”

Anger rises up inside of me, “Fuck off! No one wants to have fun with you, Courtney. It’s why I turned you down every time.” I point to the man who is a lot smaller than me, “And if you even think of touching her, I’ll kill you!”

The chicken shit would have never gotten the upper hand on me if he hadn’t snuck up on me and I hadn’t been so focused on getting to Tinsley. But if he even looks at Tinsley, I will rip his fucking eyeballs out. He realizes it too because he worriedly looks to Courtney after he stops moving towards us.

“Fine!” Once she realizes her flunky isn’t going to try to help her, she gets pissy. “Then spend the next couple of hours thinking about what’s going to happen...what you’ve led her to!”

She turns and walks out as the man follows after her. We hear the door slam shut and what sounds like a drill being used on the other side of the door. I’m betting they are barricading

the door. We are left standing in the middle of the room in nothing but our underwear.

“Well, now what the hell do we do?”

“We wait.”

“Wait?” She sounds incredulous. “You want to just sit and wait?”

“Protocol says they have to clear the building before they ignite it or even think about doing something with it. And I left the note that was sent to me with one of my own for Rayne. Someone will find us, Tinsley. And I doubt it will take them the full five hours to do it.”

“So half the fire station or my brother is going to see me in my bra and panties...great!”

“Shit!” I start looking for another way out. All of the windows in the room have been boarded up and the only other door in the room looks like it leads to a bathroom without a window in it.

“All this time...all this time I’ve been a good girl.” I stop looking for a way out and start really looking at Tinsley. “All this time and it doesn’t matter because everyone is going to see me. I should have just...”

“Just what?” I start circling her. If her thinking goes the way I think it is going, I am going to have to spank her again.

“Not being so damned worried about staying so...innocent.”

I reach out and grab her, spinning her around so I can take a swat at her ass. “I told you...when you are in my house...,”

“But I’m not in your house now, am I? I’m in a house that’s about to be burned down while being trapped in nothing but my underwear!”

She pulls away from me and starts to run, but I grab her. The momentum brings both of us down to the floor. We tussle on the floor until I finally get control of both of her hands. She realizes her tits have come out of her bra again at the same time I do, but unlike her, I am perfectly happy about it.

I dip my head to take one in my mouth, causing her to squeal out and push her hips up. Then we both realize my cock has popped back out over my waistband again too. I can’t be certain how much of that is from the tussle and how much of it is because I am harder than a rock. She ends up pushing her panties-clad pussy right up against the head of my throbbing cock. Without thinking, my hips thrust, moving against her. Both of us are so wet that her panties might as well not even be there. My cock leaks a little more with every thrust and her hot pussy is so warm and wet her panties are glued to her.

My cock slides against the lace and splits her lips apart so that I am tunneling through the heart of her every time I move. She squeals and pushes harder against me. A strangled moan is pulled from her as I use my mouth on the hard peak of her nipple.

“Such a sweet girl.” I mumble against the soft flesh in my mouth. “Such a good little pussy.”

She groans out. Her hips rock up while mine push down and both of us groan at how damned good it feels. She sinks her fingers into my biceps on either side and plants her feet so she can get better purchase. It would appear that we are having sex to anyone looking. Hell, we might as well be, given how my cock is hanging out and her underwear is offering no protection.

“Oh God!” She tenses...and cums hard.

I watch the beauty happening in front of me, trying to take in every part of this moment with her. Her arched back, the curve of her neck when she gives in and tosses her head back, the thrust of her breasts, the rhythm of her hips as they try to chase the release. God damn, is she beautiful.

Both of us need to pull back and talk about things and there is no better time than now. When we won't be interrupted, and she can't run away. Even though there is no escape, she still takes off as soon as I give her the briefest amount of space.

...so we'll talk while I give her orgasms. It's not ideal but... I can work with it.

Chapter Eight

Tinsley

God damn it, I did it again. This is not the place to lose my head and just give in to him. I have no idea where I'm going, but I do know I have to put space between us. I head to the bathroom. With any luck, it has a door I can lock.

Before I can walk completely into the room, he is on me picking me up. He sets me down only long enough to spin me around and press me up against the sink, kissing the hell out of me. Then he spins me again and puts my hands on the edges of the vanity. I start to ask why. Why is he making me put my hands here? Is he thinking about trying to spank me again? Why is he pushing so hard? Why is he giving me all these orgasms?

He answers the first part for me quickly. He pushes against my back so that I am bent over a little bit before he yanks on my panties. What the hell is he doing? I try to turn around, but he plants his hand right in the middle of my back, making it impossible to really move. Instead, all I can do is turn and look at myself in the mirror.

I don't recognize the face in the mirror. She's flushed and her eyes are wide and dilated. Her cheeks are bright, and her lips are swollen. Her hair is a mess where someone has run

their hands through it repeatedly. This woman is ready to have sex...and so not me. Surely this woman can't be me.

I hear tearing and it jerks my attention back to what is going on behind me. "What...what are you doing? I don't have anything else to wear!" When I try to look back again, all I can see is his fist wrapped in the lace. I can just barely see his eyes as he peeks around my hips. They narrow as he unwraps his hand before pulling them down my legs.

"Step out if you want to keep them."

Without even having to think, I do as he says. Getting caught by the men that work at the station in my underwear is way better than being caught completely naked. As soon as I step out, he puts his face up against the backs of my thighs.

"Oh my God!"

He kisses the backs of them before going up and doing it again to a new part of my legs until he gets to the curve of my ass. I find myself holding my breath, waiting to find out what he'll do next. And he doesn't keep me waiting. He places his lips right at the bottom of that curve. Wet heat comes to my skin and I don't have to wonder if it's his mouth because his tongue comes out to swipe around the curve until he runs it over to the edge of my lower lips.

All I can do is cry out and put my hand on the cold glass in front of me so I can try to keep my balance. He takes the cheeks of my ass and pulls them apart so he can plant his face further in the hollow of my legs. At the first swipe of his tongue, I yelp and try to move forward but can't because the rim of the sink prevents it.

“Oh God! Wh...what are you doing?”

I don't expect an answer, but he surprises me and gives me one, “Getting a better taste of this sweet pie.”

His tongue is like a fork, spearing inside of me and making my body coil like it's ready to pop. I lean my head against the glass, trying to use the coolness of the mirror to chase away the growing heat.

“I'm going to eat this little treat until I can't use my tongue any longer.”

That sounds...like he plans to be eating me for a really long time. That I might as well settle down because he's going to be on me for a while. The warm, wet muscle spreads me apart as he takes a swipe up with the broad part of it and then back down with just the tip. My fingers curl around the edge of the porcelain as he kicks my legs even wider.

If he doesn't stop, he'll be all the way under me and I'll be riding astride his face. He's already got me pushed up on my tiptoes. He lingers around my entrance before pushing himself inside. It's the first and only thing I've ever had inside of me. This man...he is my first kiss, my first orgasm, the first... thing that has been inside of me. He owns so many of my firsts.

I start to squirm because I worry he is going to break through my cherry with his fucking tongue and I'm not sure how I feel about that. He holds my hips firm so I can't shift away. I've resorted to trying to communicate through gurgles and moans as I fight through the pleasure his mouth is giving me.

A sharp swat on the cheek of my ass startles me so much that I forget to fight. It momentarily allows my body to relax enough to fall into the orgasm Gray is pushing me towards. I raise my hand up to cover my mouth when I finally crest. Not to keep myself from making any noise. I do it more as a way of hanging on to some part of myself, to try to keep control. Hell, maybe I'm even trying to keep myself from embarrassing the hell out of myself by how loud I am when he's got his tongue on me.

I sag against the sink thinking we're done. But Gray doesn't stop. He doesn't even really acknowledge that I came except by speeding up and squeezing the globes of my ass a little harder. He chases the taste of me so that no part is left untouched - unlicked - and yet he keeps on going. It seems like giving him what he wants has only driven him into a frenzy instead of calming the situation down. His tongue shocks me by gliding up even higher than the virgin entrance of my pussy and he starts ringing the sensitive place I never even thought about having someone kiss before.

"I..." I lose what I was going to say as he does the same thing he did with my pussy and pushes his tongue up in me. It ends on a shattered moan as he mouth fucks my asshole. My knees start to shake and wobble. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep myself up on them. His thumb sneaks around the side of my hip and starts rubbing the tightly packed nerves at the top of my lips, causing even more precious air to leave on the wings of a sigh. And for the first time, I feel the tips of fingers touch me.

I jolt, but a swift slap on the ass has me holding still once more. One of his fingers slips and slides inside of me, causing my body to tighten down on it. When he adds another, the stretch and burn are enough to make my body lose control again as I squeeze up on the digits inside of me like they were his cock. This orgasm feels different. I realize it's because I've never had anything inside of me before. Muscles that want

desperately to contract but have never been used, never contested, flutter like mad. And for the longest time, all I can do is feel myself become wetter and wetter as the release is drawn out.

This time I can't hold back the cry as my body quivers through the crescendo. "Oh God, oh God! Oh Grayson!"

After, my body is limp and pliant as he cleans me with his tongue and reaches around me to move us so that I don't have to be in such an awkward position any longer. At least I think that is what he is trying to do. But when he sits down on the toilet and pulls me down in his lap, we both realize rather fast that his cock is out again.

It's like it has a homing mechanism and goes straight for my entrance because the tip is already in before either one of us can stop. I try to move but it only makes me sink lower, faster. "Oh my God!" He is going to have marks on his hands where my nails have bitten into him. And the entire time, I have no idea what Gray is thinking or feeling. He hasn't said a word. He's shaking under me, but that's it.

"Gray?" I call out his name and try again to stand, but lose my footing and sit back - hard. His dick drives all the way up inside of me. I only have time to cry out once before Gray is moving. He leans me back so that my head can lay on his shoulder as he kicks my legs out even further so that they wind up on either side of his. His hands...they're so fast. One goes to my clit so he can start rubbing, while the other grabs my breast and starts playing there.

He...I... We popped my cherry. It's gone. He is all the way inside of me. The bite of pain that I felt when his giant cock pushed through is drowned under all the things he is doing to

my body. Warmth floods my body and on some level, I instinctively know it's Gray - he's cum in me.

It happened before he was all the way seated in me. When just the tip was in, I felt the wave of warm wetness course up and splash on the back of my cavern.

“Breathe, baby.” At his command, my body starts to do what he tells it to. I wasn't even aware that I had stopped breathing. He spreads his legs out even further and his cock butts up against something that makes my body shake every time he hits it.

“Oh...oh my...Gray?”

“Oh fuck, yeah. You like that, don't you, Tinsley? That pretty little pussy's hugging the fuck out of my cock.” I've never heard Gray talk like this. But then again, I've never been in his lap with his dick shoved up inside of me either. “God damn, you took my dick so damn good. Like this pussy was made just for me, just for my cock.”

He turns and licks up the line of my neck before nipping at my ear. “Oh my God, Gray!”

The shaking I felt from before only intensifies the deeper and swifter he strokes in and out of me until I'm afraid I'm going to break apart. Nothing should be this intense, this deep.

“You cumming for me, Tinsley? You gonna pop that virgin pussy around my cock? Is that what you're going to do? Is it baby?”

“Gray! Gray!” All I can say is his name. It’s like the only word I can remember as I lean into the feeling and push down. My body spasms so hard that everything clenches. Contractions course through me all the way up into my womb. I cum so hard. And warmth floods my body. Not just his, but mine. I know I left a mess on his balls as my body imploded with ecstasy and my mind shuts off completely.

The next thing I know, Gray is yelling for everyone to turn the fuck around and picking me up so he can carry me out of the room. My panties are back on even though they offer little coverage since I’m still indecently wet. Everyone is talking so fast and things...happened in that room. That, combined with the cold temperature outside, starts a shiver fest that doesn’t stop until I am placed in the cab of Gray’s truck.

He reaches for the backup clothes all the guys keep with them just in case they have a call while not at the station. He’s talking to someone behind him while he pulls one of his shirts down over my head and wraps his jacket around my shoulders. There is so much noise around the two of us, but for the most part, I am kept insulated from all of it because Gray keeps me in the cab of his truck.

He tells them about Courtney and describes the man that was with her. He does all this as he pulls jeans on and takes the socks he has rolled up in a ball in his bag and puts them on my feet. The man is standing in the cold in nothing but a pair of blue jeans and barking out orders like the chilliness of the night doesn’t bother him at all.

He takes me over to a waiting ambulance where they check me out and take blood samples to find out what Courtney used to knock both of us out. She’s a nurse at the hospital in town. She stole drugs from there to use on us they think. It’s completely dark by the time I spot Cami wrestling her way in between all the lights and noise and big-ass men.

“Oh my God, are you alright?”

I start to nod but then just melt into a puddle of tears as she wraps me in her arms. I take the comfort. I don't need to tell her it's not because I was knocked out and left to die in a building that was supposed to be burned down. I'm crying because of what happened between me and Gray and how fucking confused I am about all of it. Cami doesn't care about why I'm crying. She just wants to offer me comfort and that is what I need right now.

I cry even harder when Gray lets me go with her and Rayne back to their house. If he felt something...when we were... together, there's no way he would be able to let me go...right? The very fact he seems more than okay with me going to my brother's house should be enough to tell me what happened in the building...it didn't mean anything to him. Which somehow scares me more than Courtney and her goon ever did.

Chapter Nine

Tinsley

I manage to keep myself away from Gray for three whole weeks. It wasn't that hard to do with Cami and Rayne's upcoming wedding. I've been really helping them with all the little details since I came to stay with them. Or watching little Taylor for them.

Thanksgiving was a little strained this year. Gray spent the entire day just staring at me. I would turn around from having Taylor on my hip and catch him looking at me with a look I can't quite read. It's a mix of possession and lust, but there is something else there too. Something that makes me want to run the other way yet has my heart leaping with hope.

And then I woke up sick one morning. And the next one too. I worried I might be coming down with something so I left Cami and Rayne's and went back to mom's. The last thing I wanted is to give little Taylor something or keep the wedding from happening. Cami and Rayne have waited so long and mom would explode if she had to wait any longer.

But the third day had me headed to the next town over and hitting up the pharmacy. I spent last night crying about the fact Taylor is so cute and getting bigger and bigger every day,

which doesn't seem fair. And then I started bawling over the Christmas commercials that popped up on television.

I've already taken one pregnancy test and it came back positive but those things are wrong more than they are right. Not to mention there are tons of things that can cause a false positive. I try to think of one but nothing is coming to me. And I really don't want to think about it too hard. Half of my mind is on not vomiting and the other is on getting Cami down the aisle. Today is her big day...not mine.

Maybe after the wedding when Cami comes back from the honeymoon, then I will ask her to go with me to her doctor and find out if things are really...positive. And in the meantime, I have six more boxes to try. God, what is my mom going to do if it turns out that I am pregnant? And with Gray's baby?

There is so much going on that when we come in and catch Cami crying it never occurs to me we both might be pregnant at the same time. When mom suggests it to Cami and Rayne and tells them she is going to send my dad out to pick up a test, I just blurt out, "I have one."

Every head in the room turns my way. The room seems to get smaller and all the air is sucked out. I have to really concentrate on not passing out.

"Why do you have a pregnancy test in your purse, young lady?"

Oh shit! Well, I was going to have to tell mom sooner or later. A shadow passes across the room.

“I don’t want to talk about it today, Mom. I promise we will discuss it after Cami and Rayne get married. Let’s just get them down the aisle.”

I am all but begging her at this point. I am backing out of the room so I can run and grab my purse when I back right into Gray. The one person I desperately do not want to hear what is being discussed.

I wheel around to meet his gaze and I can just tell he heard everything. His eyes have a coldness about them that chills me. This is not the way I wanted to tell him. It’s not the way I wanted him to find out. And now, I have to talk about all of this with my mom. All while not knowing if I really am or not.

Somehow, by sheer will alone, I make it through the ceremony and am headed back to the reception area when I find myself flipped upside down and a shoulder in my stomach.

“Where are you going? Where are you taking Tinsley?”
That would be my mom who seems to be following me.

“Home!”

It takes me a few minutes to find my voice, but when I do, worry sets in right behind it. “Gray! Gray, don’t...you can’t...” What am I going to say? Don’t pick me up like this because I might be pregnant, and this could harm the baby. I find myself hanging limply over his shoulder. “Please just be safe.”

“Oh, you mean because you’re fucking pregnant. Is that what you mean, Tinsley?” He sets me in his truck and buckles me in. “When? When were you going to tell me, Tinsley?”

“I don’t know for sure, Gray. I...I wasn’t sure. There are so many ways it might not be...what it looks like.”

Silence accompanies us all the way back to his house. Once inside, my brows furrow together in confusion and a frisson of fear runs through me. Boxes are sitting everywhere, and the apartment is way more empty than it was when I was last here.

“Are you...leaving?” I feel like I might throw up again. My heart is lurching instead of actually beating at the thought of him being gone. Is that why he was so pissed? Because...he planned to not be around.

“After the break-in, I want a house with better security.” He doesn’t look upset anymore. Maybe just knowing I realize he’s leaving is enough for him to...calm down. “You have another test?”

“What?”

“You have another test, right?” I nod. “Take it.”

Oh God! “No.”

If I take a test and it comes back positive and he’s here, it might make everything even more real. Then I couldn’t pretend any longer. I couldn’t be calm, I couldn’t be even-keeled. And given the fact that I’ve already taken two boxes of them and all four tests came back positive, I have no doubt the one I would take here would do the same.

“Take it!” His voice has that whip of authority. “Take it or I’m going to spank that ass and we both know where that is

going to go, don't we, Tinsley.”

“Fine!” I grab my purse and pull out one of the boxes of tests.

“What kind is that?”

I turn right before I go into the bathroom and put my hand up to stop Gray from coming into the bathroom with me, “The kind that you take in the privacy of a bathroom without eyes on you.”

He narrows his eyes at me but doesn't try to come in with me, which I thought he might try before I said something to him. I do my business and come out to stand by the open door. I'm not quite sure if I'll need to run back and lock myself in or not. He took me to the bathroom in his bedroom, but all that's left in the room is his bed. All of the clothing, the dressers, the little things that make a place a home aren't here anymore. They've all been put in a box somewhere to be taken to a new place for a fresh start.

Maybe the fact he's moving is a good thing. Maybe I won't ever have to be in the new place. Maybe it's time for a clean break with Grayson. I fight with myself against the sick feeling that leaves in my stomach and the heaviness that sits in my chest and square my shoulders.

“How can you be sure this has anything to do with you?”

My question has a streak of cold flash through his eyes again. He starts walking me backwards. “Because as soon as you left my home, I've kept my eyes on you. I'm the only one who has ever been in that tight little pussy...”

I gasp at his words as he reaches out to grab me by my hip.

“So, if there is a baby in there it’s because I put it there...,”

I know. I know I am pregnant; I know it’s his and I know I’m not going to be able to bluff my way out of this room without us having a discussion about what to do next and how to break this to my family. I slap his shoulder to break the tension and to put it out there that I’m not tickled about being backed into a corner.

“If you hadn’t cum in me, none of this would be happening.” He grabs me by the wrist and keeps backing me up toward the bed. “Not that I don’t want the baby...or that we have to...do something stupid like marrying because of it or...,”

He interrupts me, “Oh we’re getting married.”

My heart lurches to a stop. The last thing I want is this. I never want to trap someone that doesn’t love me because they are trying to do the right thing. I will not put myself or my baby through that. “I will not marry you just because we accidentally made a baby.”

A smile tilts his lips that lets me know I am not going to like what is about to happen. Never for a minute do I mistakenly think he is grinning because he is going to take the easy way out and not try to talk me into marrying him and he’s relieved by it.

Chapter Ten

Gray

“Okay...,” I reach behind me and take out the little surprise I got for Tinsley after the last time she ran for me, “I get it! You’re young - you don’t understand, so I’m just going to tell you...,”

I slap the cuffs on her, one wrist at a time. She yelps out before I push her back so she’s thrown off balance and lands on my bed.

“You...you...what the hell do you think you are doing?” I ignore her outburst. I have to stay focused and get through the rest of what needs to be said.

“We didn’t accidentally make a baby.” I crawl onto the bed. “You let me cum in you, you let me pop that cherry.”

I take her hands and raise them above her head. She’s still in the bridesmaids’ dress from the wedding. The purple hue makes her red hair pop and compliments the hue of her skin. The tiny straps of her dress work extra hard to keep her tits in. I run my eyes over the soft swells before I cup her face in the palm of my hand.

“You don’t let a man like me do that and not become his.” I lean forward and kiss her lips before pulling back, “I understood you needed time. But, Tinsley, your time is up.”

“Wh..what the hell? What are you...?”

I kiss her again so I can stop any of the arguments she might come up with. “So now, I’m going to tell you how this is going to go.”

I take the straps down on either side of her shoulders so that the tops of her breasts are allowed freedom finally. The beautiful mounds spring forth temptingly. The dress had some sort of built-in bra, so once her dress is down, all that bounty is free for me to look at and fawn over. My fucking mouth waters at the thought of having her tits in my mouth again. Especially when she whimpers like she might be needing the same thing.

“I’m going to make love to you and fill that little pussy up again. And then we’re going to start planning our wedding. You have a week because I’m not waiting another second more.”

She gasps out, her eyes big and round. I pull back to look down at her. I want to take in all the soft skin and the looks that come and go in her bright eyes.

“It might not be a baby, Gray.” She starts nibbling at her lower lip. “It could be a false positive.”

I don’t expect to find the worry that clouds them. I never stopped to think that she might be as excited and want this as much as I do. It only makes my dick harder to think Tinsley wants my baby inside of her, that she wants to start a family with me. That she might be thinking the same thoughts, having

the same worries I am. The world is a little less lonely when you have someone with you like that.

“Doesn’t matter,” I tell her the truth. It doesn’t matter. I would still demand she marry me, command her to stay with me, by my side, every night of our lives. I spot the hope sitting in her eyes as well.

“I’m not marrying you because of that. But Tinsley...,” I come so close our breaths mingle together, “if you aren’t yet, you will be soon. Because I plan to be on you as much as possible. You’ll be pregnant soon enough.”

“Gray...,”

Her eyebrows draw together, and I use my free hand to smooth them out for her. “I’m not wearing anything - nothing between us - you’ve spoiled me from that, baby!”

“Gray...?”

I interrupt her plea with one of my own, “I need to feel your skin against mine, need to be as close as I can be to you, for as long as I live.”

“Are you...saying what I think you’re saying?”

“That I want you, that I want to marry you, that I need you with me,” I trail my hand down her arm and across her cheek before moving further down. “That I love you.”

Her eyes fill with tears as her chin does the cutest little wobble.

“That I chose you. I chose you to be my family. I want to be the one to see you, really see you, every morning, and kiss every night before we drift off in one another’s arms. I want to start a family with you, one we make on our own, but I also want to take care of the one you already have, to keep it safe, to have to deal with your mom trying to get more grandbabies out of us even if she has to lock us in a basement.”

She giggles through the tears that are streaming down her temples. “Are you sure about that?”

“Oh yeah,” I stare deep into her eyes, wanting her to be aware of how badly I really do want this, “I want it all - with you.”

This time, when our lips collide, there’s a sweet rush to it like we’re both trying to get to the same place, fast. Her cuffed hands go around my neck as her legs come up to wrap around my waist. It makes the skirt on her dress inch up higher and gives my hand the perfect place to go.

Tinsley’s so soft and smooth everywhere, but right at the heart of her, she’s the softest - the sweetest. I move down so I can kiss her stomach over the top of her dress before going lower. Our eyes never leave one another as I push her skirt up around her waist and yank her panties off. Her eyes, damn, her eyes are on fire. The sexiest thing I have ever seen and I’m currently in a position to be looking at the prettiest pussy out there. But her eyes...those are brimming with love and want and need. For me. All for me.

She sees me just like I see her. My imperfections, my messy life, my non-existent family, my ups and downs. She sees it all and she’s still choosing me. And damned if that isn’t the sexiest thing I have ever experienced in my life. It’s like a

bond we have that started here, in bed -with sex-, and goes so much further now. We take each other wherever we go, connected. I've never felt anything like that. It must be what family and love feel like.

I lay my mouth on her and settle in to make a meal out of her. She tastes different, richer, and creamier. I wonder if it's because she's full of my child. I wonder what other changes are to come. There is no way I would miss a thing. I want to be here for every change she has - not just with the baby, but for the rest of our lives. I yank the top of her dress down even further so her breasts can be completely free and massage one after another.

She arches into my touch and I note how sensitive she's gotten. I need her out of this gown and naked but I love seeing her cuffed and needy for me too. "Oh God, Gray! Oh...I...I'm so close."

I flick my tongue against her hardening bundle of nerves and send her over the edge. She floods my mouth with her cream. When I slide my fingers inside of her, she's just as tight as she was the first time. I'm going to have to spend so much time loosening her up enough that I can quickly slip in whenever I want to. She might never be that loose. Aren't I a lucky as fuck man?

I roll her so I can hold her in my arms as I nestle her ass up next to my growing cock and keep playing with her until she's taking not just two fingers but three. Crying my name and pulling my hair, she comes apart for me again. The sweetest, most beautiful gift I have ever been given.

Chapter Eleven

Tinsley

I feel like I've broken apart and come out on the other side freer and more me than I have ever been. His words, the way he's holding me, make me feel like the most precious thing in the world.

His fingers slip from me. I've never been so wet before in my life. He holds his fingers up to show me what a mess I've made of them before bringing them to his mouth and licking them clean. He watches me as I follow his hand wherever it goes. And then a wicked smile crosses his face. It's a smile I am all too familiar with. He's up to no good, but oh, am I going to enjoy his no good.

He brushes the pad of his fingers over my aching clit before holding his hand up once again. This time though, instead of bringing them to his mouth, he holds them up to my lips. "Open up, baby. Open up and let me share with you how good you taste when you're giving me what I need."

I whimper and open my mouth just a little, but it's enough. He slips his fingers in.

"Taste how good that little pussy is, Tinsley." His voice growling in my ear, his breath skating across my skin, makes

me shiver with anticipation. The tip of his cock is nestled at my entrance. He slowly slides it in as he spreads me wide again.

His cock feels bigger than before. How the hell did I ever take all of him inside of me? How am I going to do it again? His hand, the one lying under me, cups my breast and starts gently twirling and rubbing my nipple until I lose focus and find myself sucking his fingers in my mouth and rocking back and forth on the head of his cock.

It pops inside and both of us let out a moan at the sensation. And then he's filling me up. Pushing slowly and steadily until he's all the way in.

"Oh my God! It feels like you're so...oh God, Gray, it feels like you're all the way in my stomach."

He takes my breath as he pulls out and pushes back in slowly. I sink my nails into the arm wrapped around me.

"I know, baby, I know. I can feel it too." He pushes in and swivels his hips, causing me to gasp. "Feels like your cervix is kissing the head of my dick. And fuck, does it feel good." He rolls us so he's on top of me and I'm on my stomach. He raises my cuffed hands up over my head again as he takes my hips and lifts them off the bed so he can pump in me even faster.

He leans over so our bodies are sealed together, and he is surrounding me, encompassing my whole world. I start chanting his name over and over because it's the only thing other than the pleasure I can think about. He builds both of us up so high until I can't take anymore. I start to convulse, the muscles that are hugging up around him contract and flutter like I'm trying to coax the seed out of him. And he doesn't make me wait.

Heat floods me as he groans out my name beside me. Everything gets just a little wetter and my pussy -the silly thing - has a mind of its own and leads us into another release just knowing he is filling me up. When both of us catch our breath afterward, it's to find a dark, quiet room.

I have no idea what time it is, no idea what is going on with my mom or Cami and Rayne. Hell, I still have the bridesmaids' dress bunched up around my waist. The things I am sure of are enough to keep me awake. I am sure I'm more than likely pregnant. I know I let Gray come inside of me again. I know he's lying beside me tracing little designs on my bare hip.

"I want to introduce you to my sister." It's said into the room with a hint of uncertainty.

"Why do you sound unsure about that?"

"I don't know. I guess I don't want to bring anything from my past that could affect our future together."

I push up so I can look at him. "Do you think she won't like me?"

"No. God, no. She's going to love you. It's not that at all."

"Then what is it?"

"I just, you know, my biological mom didn't want anything to do with me and I realize I have freakin' baggage and it's not like I can give our kid the kind of family you have."

I put my finger to his lip to shush him. “Do you plan to leave me and any child we might make?”

His brows draw down and a look of extreme anger crosses his face like the very thought of leaving might piss him off, “Hell no!”

“Exactly,” I crawl into his lap and take his face in between my hands, “I know what kind of person you are, Grayson Hart. I know that you are going to love with your whole heart when you love and anybody you give that love to, is a lucky person.”

I nip at his lips before going on, “As long as it’s only me you’re giving it to, we’ll be just fine.”

“Only you, my love. Only ever you.”

I allow myself to show him how big my grin is at his words, “You are going to give this baby - and me - everything we could ever need because you’re going to love us and take care of us and be with us. Who could ask for more?”

I lean forward to take his lips with mine as we fall back on the bed. “I love you, Tinsley Dresden. I think I’ve loved you from the moment I first saw you, when you were way too young for me.”

“You mean when Rayne first brought you over to the house.” I think back to that first Thanksgiving and how nervous I was when Rayne said he was bringing a friend over to eat with us.

He laughs and rearranges me on top of him, “No, I mean the first time I ever saw you. You had on little blue jean shorts and a tank top in the brightest pink I have ever seen in my life. You had your hair up in a loose bun and had a streak of flour on your cheek. You were so bright and so vivid. I’d never seen anything so perfect.”

That wasn’t what I was wearing when he came over.

“You brought an apple pie and cupcakes that you made all by yourself.”

My face quickly softens as I remember the time he is talking about. It was at the firehouse.

“And the first thing you ever said was to ask who wanted pie. I think I lost my heart that day.”

“I...I didn’t see you.”

“I hung back and watched you from the side while everyone else bum-rushed you for the sweets. I knew then that the only sweet thing I wanted on my tongue...was you.”

My smile grows even bigger at his words. “You have me. Forever if that’s what you want.” I laugh because I can’t help but tease him, “From now on, only you will ever get my pie.”

“Damn straight.”

“Damn straight.” I agree with him before I move my hands over his head to show him my cuffed hands. “But this time... let’s try the cuffs on you.”

“Oh hell yeah!”

Epilogue I

Tinsley

Two Weeks Later

We broke the news of the upcoming baby to my mom and dad on Christmas. And I got Gray to wait before we said our 'I do's so Cami and Rayne would be back from their honeymoon. Not that anybody was surprised by the fact I was knocked up and Gray was rushing me down the aisle as fast as possible since he wouldn't let me leave him after he carried me away from the reception.

One of the reasons he agreed to wait two whole weeks was so he could bundle me into the new house before Christmas. He wanted us to wake up in our home on Christmas morning before we left to go over to my mom and dad's. And who can argue with that?

So here I am, sitting in my wedding gown looking like a princess - because Gray would have it no other way - and waiting for my dad to come and walk me down the aisle. Thank God the makeup is water-resistant, or I would look like a Picasso painting right now. By the end of the day - which also happens to be the end of the year - I will have a new name, a new husband, and a new life.

“Are you ready?”

I look up at Gray’s sister. The whole family has kind of adopted her. Turns out she was working at the bar to save money to go to college. Gray asked if it was alright with me if we helped her and, of course, I said yes. We’ve grown quite close to each other over the past couple of weeks. So, when school starts back in the fall, I will have two best friends going with me. If me and Cami can stop having babies, that is.

Not that I think that is going to slow any of us down, what with all the help and support we have around one another. I have a lot to be thankful for and one of the biggest things is the people around me who love me so much that they go out of their way to help me flourish.

“I think so.” I stand up and she comes in for a hug. Right behind her is Cami, who is glowing as usual. And then it’s my mom’s turn to make me cry and give me a huge hug. I don’t know why I’m getting so emotional - I’m blaming the baby. It’s not like we haven’t been together living as man and wife since he proclaimed his love for me.

I let my mind drift back to the first time I met Gray. It was cold but not cold enough for snow. The sun was out and me and mom had been cooking for two days straight so we could get Thanksgiving dinner on the table. I was hot and sweaty and thought my hair was a mess and in steps Rayne’s friend. Tall, dark, handsome, and quiet, he was everything I could ever have dreamed of. I fell head over heels and haven’t stopped falling every day since, not really. Even when I thought he was a player, I still hoped that one day he might come to his senses and realize what he really wanted was standing right in front of him the entire time...offering him her pie.

I blush as I think about what we did with pie the night before. My handsome firefighter has one hell of a sweet tooth and loves to paint my body with all kinds of pie filling. And I love letting him.

And then my father's here and we are at the beginning of the rest of my life. And at the end of the aisle is the man I love more than life itself, looking handsome as the devil in a black tux. His bedroom eyes rove over me when he sees me coming towards him and I know, I know this is right. This is where I am supposed to be, and who I am supposed to be with. Grayson Hart is my forever.

I place my hand in his and get the same fresh kick that always comes when our skin touches. The preacher starts talking but all I can see is the love shining out from Gray's eyes. When I was fourteen I could never have dreamed this so perfectly. The sun is actually shining and it's not cold and dreary like it normally would be on a winter's day. It's like even nature is smiling down on us and offering her blessings.

As soon as the preacher says Gray can kiss me, he pulls me into his arms and leans me back. Our first official kiss as husband and wife is not a PG 13 one. Gray doesn't hold back just because our families are in the audience or the fact that his best man is my brother. Instead, he kisses me with every beat of his heart, every ounce of love he can show at one time, with everything both of us have been holding back and hiding from one another from the days we first saw one another. And I wouldn't have it any other way!

Epilogue II

Gray

Five Years Later

I check in on my baby playing with Rayne and Cami's daughter. We just had the twins four months ago, but I want to make sure Ariel never feels left out. Not that she ever could with Lynda doing so much with her and Annabelle. They've even got a movie club going on. Sure, it consists of the two girls going over to Lynda's house watching different Disney movies, and then listening as Grandma reads them the story from one of the big books she bought them, but it makes them feel like they are big grown-up girls and I love to hear about it after they come home the next day.

And I love the fact that Movie Club nights mean I have the whole night alone with my Tinsley. Or it used to until the twins made their debut. Thankfully, Cami and Rayne help with that, and I still get some grown-up time with my woman. Which is why I am standing here waiting for Rayne to swing by and pick them up right now while Tinsley is upstairs taking a nice relaxing bath.

My sister also helps out when she can. She's got a lot on her plate now though since she's moved in with her girlfriend and is about to graduate at the top of her class. Arissa wasn't

something I thought I would ever have. But I'm awfully glad we found one another and I get to experience all the ups and downs of being someone's big brother.

"Hey Brother, sorry I'm late."

I shoot him a look that clearly tells him it is not a problem. "Really, man. Like you ever have to worry about that."

I slap him on the back.

"You want a cold drink, man." I open the fridge, "I've got milk, water, and...some kind of juice that looks like it would glow under a black light. Either that or it's a urine sample from one of the kids."

Rayne bursts out laughing. "Hard pass on that one but thanks."

We laugh with one another but the sound has drawn the attention of the girls who come running. "Uncle Rayne!!!"
"Daddy!!!"

Both of them jump up into his arms and Taylor walks in after the fact carrying my phone in his hands. Since he's a little bigger, I let him play a game on it while we waited for his dad.

"Mom already pick up the twins?"

I nod. "She came about ten minutes ago."

"Then I will get out of your hair and let you start enjoying your free night, brother."

We clap each other on the back again. Rayne doesn't understand, but when he calls me brother I still get a little misty - not that I would ever tell the bastard. He'd just ride my ass for years for it. I make sure the door is shut and the alarm is on before I head upstairs to find my prize.

She's still soaking, her hair piled on top of her head, her eyes closed. And she's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Her eyes pop open when I come further into the room. "Hi." Her smile is....everything.

"Hi, Sexy."

"Kids gone?"

"Oh yeah! Twins are with your mom and Ariel is with Uncle Rayne and Aunt Cam." She laughs when I wiggle my eyebrows at her. "So what do you think you might want to do tonight?"

She gets to her knees, water slushing off her curves that have only gotten yummier since she's had our babies. The tips of her breasts call to me, and the little triangle between her thighs has my mouth watering. But it's her eyes that draw me in. The heat I still see in them when she looks at me with that gleam in her eyes just makes my heart sing.

I give her a half-cocked smile before I give her my answer, "I want to eat pie."

The End!

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Spreading Joy

Holiday Series: Book Nine

By:

Jisa Dean

Spreading Joy

Holiday Series: Book Nine

Joy Phoenix has a lot to be thankful for this holiday season. Her family, her friends, her health, her good life that her parents have spent years making for her...the hot partner her brother talks about all the time. But then trouble touches Joy's life - her brother gets shot in the line of duty, her house gets shot up, and she finds herself living with the hot partner she's only heard about. But the more time she spends with this growly, protective beast the more she starts to realize he's not the grinch at all but could be just the Christmas Miracle she needs to get her life back.

Quill Solace meets Joy on the worst day of his life but the little angel gives him a glimpse of a life he never thought he could have. She comes to him in his deepest time of need and teases him to rise above all the dirt and grim he's spent his life fighting against. So when her life is threatened the only place for her is in his house, in his bed, under his tree, under him. For the first time ever Quill will know the Christmas season is all about...Spreading Joy.

Sit back, flip that freakin' elf off, and settle in for a Christmas story that will leave you reaching for that cool sip

of eggnog or pulling the throw blanket up higher - whichever is better for you. I won't tell Santa how naughty you've been. This is the ninth book in the Holiday Series and one that's sure to deliver on those naughty Christmas dreams full of hot cops, spicy virgins, and just the right amount of Happy Ever After.

Chapter One

Quill

“You’re so stupid. Clearly, that’s a good song.”

I shake my head at my partner, who is the real stupid one. “That song is one of the most annoying songs on the airwaves today.”

He belts out a laugh that could shake the walls if we were in a room and not a car. “Airwaves? Airwaves? What century are you living in, man? No one says ‘airwaves’ anymore. Now it’s all downloads and social media sharing and shit.”

We both laugh at that. He might be ten years younger than me, but he’s just as uncool as I am. Being a cop means not a lot of time for things like social media and everyday bullshit most people take for granted. Still, we’re not really like most cops either, since we spent the last two years working undercover. So we’re set apart from even the people that we would normally hang out with since not a lot of our co-workers understand what going deep like that does to a person.

Most of them live in a black-and-white world full of rules and regulations. We’re well aware of what it’s like to have to break those rules and bend the regulations so you can live another day. That’s the world me and Heath live in.

“At least that’s what my little sister says.” Heath talks about his baby sister all the time. Considering the guy is just past thirty, I figure the kids got to be what...twenty-five, twenty-seven? And he still calls her his little sister.

What kind of family would that be like to live with? What would it be like to have a brother to look up to, to run to for advice and comfort? Hell, for that matter, what would it be like to be that brother? I wouldn’t know because I grew up alone. I’ve been alone all my life. An orphan.

Heath is the closest thing I have to family. Through him, I’m able to live vicariously and hear about his mom wanting to set him up with one of her students and what it’s like to save a kid sister from a flat. All normal things that families do for one another but that I have never had. Otherwise, I would just be one of those guys who’s been undercover for too long.

“Christmas time is coming. Why don’t you come home with me and meet everyone?”

His invitation has me all mixed up. A part of me wants to come be a part of the world he’s spent so much time describing to me. But another part is terrified. I’m afraid I’ll show up and find out I don’t - and never will - fit into that life. That maybe that life isn’t for me. If I don’t go, I can still hold on to the dream of it being a world I might have one day.

“I...don’t think that’s such a good idea, man.”

“Come on, Quill. You don’t have anywhere to go, no one to stay with and that’s not a good way to spend the holidays, brother. They’re going to find you eating a bullet if you aren’t careful.”

He's not wrong. I'm aware of the statistics just as well as he does. Doesn't matter if we're cops or not, Christmas can be lonely for anybody who is by themselves. In fact, being cops might make it worse somehow. Christmas really isn't that is the problem. We don't have a lot of spikes at Christmas. It's right after and Heath knows that is the time that's going to be the worst for me... for us.

We're being reassigned. This is one of the last nights of our current case if we're lucky. I don't think Heath will do more undercover work and I'm not sure if I can do anything but that.

“Here he is, here he is, here he is. Fat Boy.”

“Fuck, who's he got with him?” the hair on the back of my neck goes up when I see another man step out of the back of a car that's being driven by our confidential informant.

“I don't know but that wasn't part of the deal.”

I realize how fucked we are when the man pulls a woman with her hands tied out of the car. Both of us get out of the car and go around to stand in front of it. Neither of us look like cops. I have a sleeve of tattoos that start at my shoulder and wrap all the way down to my wrist and Heath has a beard and tats on both arms.

“H...hey guys, h...how are you all?”

“What the fuck, Fat Boy? Who's this?”

We both give the man the side eye like any dirtbag would do to a new person.

“Th...this is my friend...uh...,” Yeah, Fat Boy isn’t inspiring much confidence. He looks like a cat in a room full of rocking chairs. “Mr. Swan.”

“Mr. Swan? We didn’t come here to see Mr. Swan, Fat Boy. We want the drugs.”

“And you’ll get them...as soon as you do something for me.” The man speaks with an accent and acts like he doesn’t have a care in the world. I don’t like it.

“Fuck this, man. I don’t know you. I don’t know if you are trying to set me up. How the hell can we be sure you’re not a cop?”

Heath comes off a little more hot-headed than I do because that’s how we are in real life. The less you have to lie, the better. So we both take on other aspects of our personalities.

The man starts laughing. “Gentlemen. I can assure you I am not a cop. In fact, I am wondering if one of you are guilty of what you accuse me of.”

A chill goes down my spine as I realize this is not going to go the way we thought it would. We only needed to get the drugs from our CI so we could follow the path back to the supplier. Easy peasy. We were going to lead the guy that normally comes with Fat Boy into a trap where we all get pinched and then work our way back after we ‘got out’. Now we’re standing on a deserted street with a small team of cops waiting for the sign to go, staring down a man a lot higher up in the game, and having to come up with a plan on the fly that will hopefully get us out of this alive.

“If you’re not cops, kill him and keep the girl.”

“What the fuck?”

“Kill Fat Boy,” when he says our CI’s name, his lip curls, “and take the girl as a parting gift. Or die yourselves.”

“Hey, you didn’t say that was why you wanted to come. What do you mean kill me and take the girl?” Fat Boy looks just as trapped as I’m sure we look.

“Kill him. The organization has ferreted out a deceiver, a rat if you will. And I have narrowed it down to the three of you, gentlemen. So if you aren’t with law enforcement...kill him.”

My eyebrow arches at the command. He knows which one of us is the rat. He knows Fat Boy’s been informing and he’s going through all his contacts to find out just who he’s been talking to that’s been slowing his supply chain down. I look over at Heath.

“Fuck it!”

“Fuck it!”

We’ve been together long enough to understand exactly what the other means with just a glance and a few quick words. I give the command to the men standing by and wait, and then all hell breaks loose. No, we definitely aren’t getting out of here like we thought we would. But neither are they.

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