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THE MIGHTY FLYNN

Sierra Dafoe

The Mighty Flynn
by Sierra Dafoe

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The Mighty Flynn

Is Geena just getting cold feet, or is she about to make the biggest mistake of her life? Her fiancé, Russ, is everything a girl could ask for: handsome, caring, and financially secure. In bed, though, he's so gently considerate that Geena's about to go mad with sexual frustration. How can she tell Russ that she fantasizes about being tied up and made love to, hard—and preferably by two men at once?

She can't. Not, at least, until Flynn Davies shows up. With his haughty, dominating manner and darkly dangerous good looks, Russ's best man ignites a fire in Geena that she can't ignore.

But why is he so hostile toward her? Convinced that he's trying to derail their marriage, Geena masquerades as a stripper at Russ's stag party to uncover the truth about Flynn's designs. When she's caught, who knows what delectable punishments Flynn will devise?

Sensuality Rating: SCORCHING

Genre/Theme: Erotic Contemporary Romance, BDSM, Menage a Trois (F/M/M and M/M oral play)

Length: Novella (15,500 words)

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EROTIC ROMANCE

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Chapter One

Crash!

"Gee? You okay in there?"

"I'm fine!" Geena shouted in reply as she stared down at the wreckage, feeling the first incipient sting of tears. The vase was shattered irreparably. Shards were scattered across the floor, a deep, gleaming blue on one side, the dusty orange of fired clay on the other. "Just fucking fine," she muttered, and bit back a sob.

This was stupid! It was a *vase*, for God's sake. And not a very good one, either, she had to admit. It was just the way she'd felt while she was making it: the clay whirling under her fingers, the acrid scent of the glaze as she'd pounded and mixed until she'd gotten the exact shade she wanted. She'd felt vibrant, passionate, *alive*.

And now...

Geena wiped angrily at her tears as she reached for the broom. Her life was great. *Great*. Better than it had ever been. In two days, she was marrying the best man in the world. So why was she standing here crying?

Emptying the dustpan into the trash, she dumped another armful of clothes into the cardboard box on her bed and carried it to the living room. More boxes were already piled there, waiting for the movers.

On the far side of the heap, Michelle, her roommate, was sprawled on the couch painting her toenails. Staring at the box in Geena's arms, she asked, "How the hell did you cram that much stuff into one room?"

Geena looked at the disarray. "I have no idea. Did you start looking for a new roommate yet?"

"Nah." Michelle stretched, lithe as a cat, her formidable bosom heaving as she did. "And you're not getting your security deposit back unless you scrub that ring out of the tub before you leave."

"Yeah, okay." Geena flopped to a seat, sighing. After a moment she asked, "Chell? Do you think I'm doing the right thing?"

"Hell if I know. How's the sex?"

"Fireworks every night." Geena smiled gamely, brushing her hair back from her sweating forehead.

"Yeah, that's why you waited till the wedding to move in together." Michelle snorted. "Couldn't keep your hands off each other."

Geena glared. "C'mon, Chell! You show me the perfect man, and I'll make you a fur coat out of the Easter Bunny."

"Deal." Michelle reached for another bottle of nail polish, and started painting elaborate gold swirls over the flame-red on her toes. "So what's the problem?"

"I don't know. I mean, Russ is gorgeous, he kisses like a dream, he..."

"He's employed, healthy, he's got all his teeth. I know the litany. Now spill."

Geena shifted uncomfortably. "He's just ... He's a little tame, you know? A little reserved."

"Some women would call that considerate."

"Would you?" Geena shot a look at her friend. Even after three years of sharing an apartment, Michelle was a mystery to her. A history major in college who looked like a Playboy bunny, sounded like Rosie O'Donnell, and earned her living running a strip club where she performed right along with her 'girls', Chell seemed to make her life up as she went, an attitude that both attracted and appalled Geena.

Michelle grinned at her. "Me? I'd call it boring. But I'm not the one marrying him."

Geena grimaced. "Once Russ asked me what my favorite sex fantasy was. I told him it was doing it on a park bench."

"Lame!" Michelle made a noise that sounded like a fourth-quarter hockey buzzer. "So, what's it really?"

"What's yours?" Geena shot back, dodging the question.

Michelle shrugged. "Butt-fucking my ex with a ten-inch strap-on. Gets me off every time."

"Chell!"

"Yeah, well, he's a big enough asshole to take it. So give."

Geena winced. "Okay, honestly? Getting tied up."

"Tied up is good." Michelle nodded sagely.

"And, uh, tag-teamed."

"Hey, the more, the merrier."

"And, um, spanked."

Michelle raised an eyebrow. "Why? Have you been bad?"

"No." Geena sighed. "That's the problem. I swear to God, Chell, I have never once in my life been seriously bad."

"Maybe you should come down to the club sometime. Wednesday's our amateur night. Have you told any of this to Russ?"

"I can't." Geena closed the top of the box she'd carried in, and reached for the strapping tape. The hoarse rip of the tape seemed to underscore her frustration. "I'm scared I'd shock him. He's just so nice, Chell."

"The kiss of death." Michelle brought her leg up at an angle that would've given Geena a charley horse, and started blowing on her toenails.

"No, I *like* nice," Geena replied. "I *want* nice, dammit."

"Yeah, everywhere except in the bedroom. So whaddya gonna do? Bring handcuffs on your honeymoon?"

Geena stared moodily at the box as if the right answer might be conveniently written on the side. "I was thinking about it."

She could feel Michelle studying her, but by the time she looked up, Michelle had turned her attention to her inch-long fingernails.

"You know what I always wanted?" Michelle opened the polish remover and started stripping off the neon-orange polish she was currently sporting. "I always wanted to watch two guys going at it."

"Ew!" Geena stared at her. "Why?"

"I dunno. I just think it'd be interesting. See how the other half lives. You know, Gee, you really ought to straighten this stuff out *before* the wedding."

"I know. I just—" Geena broke off and sat silent a moment. Outside, the rumble of traffic on Bloomfield Avenue carried through the soft June air. Her voice was almost a whisper as she added, "I really do love him, Chell."

"I know you do, sweetie."

Geena looked up, surprised to find Michelle standing by her. She hadn't heard her move. She was even more surprised when the buxom stripper bent and kissed her cheek.

"You should really do something about your hair, too. Get it highlighted or something."

Geena smoothed it back self-consciously. Not that there was anything *wrong* with her hair. It was just long, straight, brown ... and boring. "Maybe I will."

"Yeah, well, no rush. You've got a whole forty-six hours."

"Shit!" Geena glanced at the wall clock. "Oh shit! I'm supposed to be meeting Russ at the airport. His best man's flying in."

"Finally, the mysterious Mr. Flynn."

Michelle drawled the words, and Geena gave her an annoyed glance as she hunted frantically for her car keys.

"He's not mysterious. He just lives in Chicago."

"Which is why you haven't met him on his last two visits."

Geena finally unearthed her keys, which had gotten buried under two boxes and a garment bag. "Maybe he was busy."

Michelle shrugged. "Maybe he's a hunchback and hates meeting new people." At Geena's glare she added, "Hey, *you're* the one that was bitching because Russ didn't invite you to meet him the last time he was in town."

"And I'm not going to meet him this time if I don't hurry." Grabbing her purse, Geena sprinted for the door.

"Hey!" Michelle yelled down the stairway after her. "Hey! If they need strippers for the bachelor party, you know who to call!"

* * * *

She was flustered and panting by the time she spotted Russ, striding through the terminal toward her. As always, the mere sight of his broad, handsome face eased the knot of tension in Geena's midriff. He had the sort of easygoing good looks that she associated with blue jeans and rolled up shirtsleeves, despite the fact that he was currently wearing a business suit. His thick honey-brown hair was neatly trimmed, and his warm hazel eyes gleamed with a private smile that was all for her, even though she was twenty minutes late.

He bent to give her a quick peck and before she could even stammer out an apology, said, "Don't worry. We holed up in the coffee shop."

Sliding an arm about her waist, Russ steered her toward the cafe. Geena relaxed into his grip. She loved the feel of his hands on her, sturdy and strong, with a fine dusting of hair across the back. Workman's hands. He was good with tools, and had hung the new cabinets in her apartment last winter,

although by trade he was an investment manager for a mutual fund.

Solid, dependable, and *definitely* sexy. She just wished sometimes his grip wasn't so gentle, so considerate.

God, you're fussy, Geena!

It was true. She was being silly. This gorgeous guy adored her, and here she was, picking at miniscule flaws.

Fleetingly, she wished her mother were still alive. She'd have liked to be able to ask her if this was simply cold feet, the usual pre-wedding jitters. She'd have liked, for that matter, to have her Dad there to give her away. But both her parents had died in a car crash four years earlier, a loss that still stung whenever she thought about it too much.

It was one more reason they'd opted for a small, private ceremony. Russ's family was huge, and he'd known exactly how it would make her feel to have all those in-laws there and no family of her own.

And *that* was one more reason why she loved him.

Impulsively, she stretched up on tiptoe and kissed his cheek, just outside the cafe. "Hey, Russ."

"What?"

"I love you."

He smiled down at her. "Good thing, too, since I'm marrying you on Sunday. C'mon, I want you to meet Flynn."

He tugged her eagerly into the cafe, and Geena found herself grinning at his excitement. At least until she caught sight of the mysterious Flynn Davies.

Jesus! Geena's grin froze, feeling suddenly as if it was made out of cement. No, he wasn't a hunchback. Not even close. It would have been easier to handle if he were.

There was no need for Russ to point him out. Flynn's ice-green eyes bored unerringly into hers the second she walked into the cafe. Geena swallowed quickly, trying to ignore the sudden heat between her thighs.

Flynn was sitting in a booth, sprawled back with one muscular arm draped along the top of the bench, looking her over with a lazy gaze that bordered on insolent. His hair was so black it was glossy, falling thick and straight around a face that was both masculine and predatory: strong cheekbones, a jaw that seemed carved from marble, and heavy eyebrows above those piercing green eyes. His lips held a promise of sensual softness—they were full, and finely shaped—but right now they were compressed into a thin, almost mocking smile. He didn't move to rise as Russ introduced them.

Blushing, suddenly nervous, Geena extended a hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Flynn. Russ has told me so much about you."

"Has he?" Flynn's gaze flicked to Russ, one black eyebrow arching. *Irish. He has to be Irish*, Geena thought. Black Irish, her mother had called them, with a little tremble in her voice as she'd said it. Now Geena understood that tremulous breath. He was the kind of man you looked at, and all you could think of was sex.

Stop it, Geena! You're getting married in less than two days!

And his predatory grin told her, even more clearly than the trickle of alarm in the pit of her stomach, that Flynn Davies was dangerous. Dangerous for *her*, at least. She had a sneaking suspicion he'd eat her alive.

The thought made her pulse race faster. Her smile slipped a notch even as Flynn's widened, as if he'd scored some initial point and was satisfied with his success. "But forgive me," he said, finally rising and taking her proffered hand. "I'm keeping you standing. Please."

He gestured to the booth, and Geena sank gratefully to the bench—her traitorous knees were about to buckle. He was tall, taller even than Russ by an inch or so, and his shoulders were as hard and chiseled under his white linen dress-shirt as everything else about him.

Doubly embarrassed by the flush she could feel heating her cheeks, Geena snuck a look at Russ. Had he noticed her reaction? What would he think of her? But he just grinned, his broad, tanned face a comforting anodyne to Flynn's saturnine features. Winking reassuringly, Russ slid in beside her, placing a comforting hand on her thigh. Flynn sat across from them, his smile like a knife, keen and sharp.

"So, Tina," he started.

"Geena," she corrected him, and glanced uncertainly at Russ. "It's Geena."

"I'm sorry," Flynn replied easily. He didn't sound sorry at all. "Geena. So what do you do, Geena?"

"I'm an administrative assistant."

"Oh? And what sort of administration do you assist in?"

"In a bank. I work in the loan department."

"Sounds fascinating." Flynn sipped his espresso.

Of course it would be espresso, Geena thought. No fluffy lattes for this one, no sirree. "It's not, actually. It's pretty routine."

"Ah." Flynn nodded. "So, you'll be leaving your job, then? After you're married?" He looked inquisitively at Russ, whose excited smile had dimmed somewhat.

"No, I ... I hadn't thought about it much. I mean, when we have children, I guess so, but..." She hadn't felt this flustered meeting Russ's parents, for God's sake! "How about you? What do you do?"

"Whatever I like." He grinned, giving her a quick flash of strong white teeth. *The better to eat you with, my dear.* Geena gulped, and looked to Russ.

"Don't let him snow you, Gee. He's a securities analyst. One of the best. He got me started in stock broking, way back when."

"Is that how you met?" Geena cocked her head at Russ.

It was Flynn who answered her, though, his green eyes glinting with malicious humor. "I thought he'd told you so much about me."

Geena stared at him, nonplussed. Jesus! It was just a politeness, the sort of thing you said when you met someone. And actually, come to think of it, what *had* Russ told her about Flynn?

Not much, she realized. Not much at all.

Russ came to her rescue, with a rather sharp glance at his friend. "Flynn and I were roomies in college. I hated the

dorms and he had an off-campus apartment, so I rented a room from him."

"Oh." She looked back at Flynn. She could see a sprinkling of black hair where his shirt, casually unbuttoned, revealed the top of his chest. There was a delicious dip where the powerful cords of his neck met his collarbones, just above the firm swell of his pecs. Geena felt a telltale slick of moisture between her thighs, and yanked her gaze up.

Flynn's smile widened, as if he was fully aware of the pulsing warmth in her crotch. "So. Four months," he said. "That hardly qualifies as a long engagement, does it? How long were you two dating before that?"

"You know perfectly well," Russ replied. "I told you. Six months." His voice sounded strained.

Geena was puzzled. What was going on here? Russ had absolutely insisted on Flynn as his best man, even calling to check Flynn's schedule before they set a wedding date. But ... well, Flynn was right, after all. It *had* been quick. Maybe too quick.

Russ's hand tightened on her thigh. He shook his head warningly, as if telling her to ignore Flynn's doubts. But...

"I suppose you two lovebirds just couldn't wait any longer," Flynn drawled, draining his espresso.

"That's right," Russ answered. Geena could see the muscles bunching in his jaw.

"*Matrimonium in festinaio, paenito procul otium*," Flynn murmured, looking down into his empty cup.

What was that, Latin? Confused, Geena looked at Russ—but Russ was staring at Flynn, his broad, easygoing face

suddenly clenched in fury. He stood abruptly, jostling the table, and pulled Geena up with him.

"My car's in the D section. You can drive yourself to my place." Reaching into his pants pocket, Russ threw his keys onto the table. "I'm taking Geena home."

Flynn didn't seem in the least perturbed by Russ's anger. He waved a negligent hand at them, and Geena couldn't help noticing the length of his strong, graceful fingers, the neatly manicured tips, and the dark hairs that dusted the back of his hand.

"You kids go on ahead. I've got a bachelor party to plan."

"I don't *want* a bachelor party, Flynn." Russ's voice was tight with anger. "We discussed this."

Flynn grinned, looking more wolfish than ever. "Russ, you can't expect me to fly all the way here and then forego the pleasure of surrounding you with strippers." He gave Geena a slow, insolent smile.

Geena felt her temper flare, even as his smirk and the lazy heat in his eyes increased her own inexplicable arousal. *Bastard*. "Just don't bring him home with any STDs."

An amused light sparkled suddenly in Flynn's green eyes. "So you do have some fire after all," he said. "I was starting to wonder."

Wrapping an arm about her, Russ glared down at him. "There was no call for this, Flynn. None at all."

Geena could feel his body trembling with suppressed fury as he led her through the airport and into the parking lot. Which was good, actually. It meant he was too distracted to notice her rapid breathing or the trembling in her own limbs.

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When they reached her car, she was more than happy to hand him her keys.

Russ pulled her into a hug. "I'm sorry, honey. I didn't know he was going to be like that." She laid her cheek against the warm expanse of his chest, and felt him kiss the top of her head. "Flynn can be a real bastard sometimes."

"So I noticed." Geena's tone was drier than she'd meant it to be, but Russ let out a bark of laughter and hugged her tighter.

Then he tilted her head back, his warm hazel eyes gazing intently down into hers. "Don't let him make you doubt what we have, Gee. Don't let him do that. He's a manipulative prick when he wants to be."

Lowering his mouth to hers, he kissed her as they stood in the parking lot of the airport with jet-planes roaring overhead. Geena opened her lips, kissing him back warmly, knowing even as she did that there was no way on earth she could ever tell him about her own doubts now.

Chapter Two

Russ was silent all the way back to her apartment, steering her Volvo smoothly through the afternoon traffic, his jaw still tight with anger.

As he parked the car, Geena thought it best to try and ease his ruffled feathers. "Russ, he's your friend. I'm sure he only wants what's best for you."

"*You're* what's best for me, Geena. Even if Flynn's too damn stubborn to see it." He sighed, shoving his hands into his pockets. "Look, if it's not too much of an imposition, can I stay the night?"

"Are you sure?"

Russ nodded grimly. "I don't trust my temper at the moment."

He'd never actually spent the night at her place before. They always went to his place—among other things, his bed was twice the size of hers. Not that they ever used the half of it, she thought wryly. "Of course," she replied, wondering what Chell would think.

Michelle, as it turned out, had already left for the club. The apartment seemed echoingly empty without her presence, despite the mass of boxes piled in the living room.

Russ eyed them in surprise. "Where the hell did you keep all that?"

"Why does everyone keep asking me that?" She spoke more tartly than she'd meant to, and saw Russ grin.

"Sorry. Hit a nerve there, did I?"

"No. Yes. It's just moving, and the wedding, and everything."

"I know." Gently, he looped his arms around her waist, and Geena laid her cheek against the broad expanse of his chest. She could hear his heart beating, warm and steady, under his shirt. "I know, Gee. But by Sunday, all of this will be over, I promise you."

"You make it sound like a threat."

He chuckled at that, his voice rumbling, low and warm, through his chest, and tipped her chin back to lower his mouth to hers. She loved his mouth, both firm and mobile, and the taste of his tongue probing between her lips.

If only he'd probe a little harder! She pressed against him, willing him to drag her against him, and seize her lips in a hard, searing kiss. But he merely murmured, his lips whispering gently against the skin of her neck, "Tell me you didn't pack the bed."

She rolled her eyes. "It came with the room."

"Good."

His arms closed around her, a little tighter, but she pulled back against his embrace. "Shouldn't you at least call Flynn?"

"He'll be fine. He's a big boy ... Yeah, I suppose you're right." Reluctantly, he released her, and while Russ borrowed her cell phone, Geena dug a spare pair of sheets out of Chell's closet. He joined her in time to help tuck in the top sheet.

"So what's the manipulative prick up to?"

Russ grimaced. "I don't know, and I don't care. But he knows where the remote is, and there's stroganoff in the freezer. He'll be fine." Reaching for her, he pulled her onto

the bed and tugged off his shirt, then lay back with Geena in his arms, her head pillowed on his shoulder.

"How about you?" she asked. He glanced down at her, surprised. "I've just never seen you that angry before."

"That's because I've never had *you* to be angry about."

Oh, she liked the sound of that. She snuggled closer, and Russ closed his arms around her, turning his head to nuzzle her hair as his hands caressed her back. She rolled slightly, and he slid one hand to her breast, kneading it through her blouse and bra. "Maybe we should take this off."

Don't ask! she wanted to scream. *Don't ask, just do it!*

Instead, she sat up and unbuttoned it as he watched, his eyes studying her appreciatively. He reached up, cupping her breasts through her bra, and gliding his thumbs over her hardening nipples.

"Nice," he murmured.

Geena lifted her ribcage, pressing her breasts into his palms, and moaned as he squeezed them more firmly.

Sitting up, he reached back, unhooked her bra, and lowered his mouth to one aching nipple. Geena bit her lip, wishing he would suck harder, maybe even use his teeth a little. But he didn't. Instead, he lowered her to the bed, deftly removing her jeans as he kicked off his own. Then he was above her, entering her carefully, moving inside her with his usual considerate gentleness.

The room was so bare around them, like an already-abandoned shell, and Geena closed her eyes as she wrapped her arms around Russ's broad, muscular back, trying to will herself to orgasm as Russ's breathing quickened. *It's too late,*

she thought in some desolate corner of her mind. *Too late now to go back.*

Is it? The voice, cool and amused, whispered in her imagination. She could picture Flynn so clearly, his ice-green eyes gleaming with their cold, arrogant humor. *Is it really, Geena?*

It was easy, far too easy, to imagine Flynn standing there in the doorway, watching as Russ made love to her so gently, so...

Tamely, her traitorous brain whispered.

His strokes were controlled, undemanding. He never plunged into her, never simply *took* her the way she dreamed about. The way, she knew instinctively, Flynn Davies would. That saturnine smile, those long, powerful fingers ... She could almost feel them, grabbing her roughly, pinioning her on her back with her thighs forced wide, spread below him, at his mercy as he thrust down into her, *hard*, harder still. Distantly, she heard the small moans of pleasure spilling from her throat, felt the heat in her crotch spike upward as she imagined Flynn's eyes, glowing in that chiseled face, watching her intently as he pounded into her.

With a cry, her orgasm lanced through her in a hard, burning burst of ecstasy that left her shuddering and limp. Quivering, she clung to Russ as he groaned in her ear, his body going rigid as his semen flooded her cunt.

"Oh, Gee," he murmured when his spasms eased. Brushing her long, straight-as-a-board hair back from her face, he kissed her gently. "Sounded like you liked that."

"Mmm," she murmured, unwilling to lie, and drew him down against her so she wouldn't have to look at his warm, honest face.

Oh, this is not good, Gee. This is so not good.

* * * *

Michelle yawned hugely as she shuffled into the kitchen, watching through sleep-puffed eyes as Geena distractedly opened cabinets and closed them again.

"Hey, was that Russ I saw leaving? Did he spend the night?" Michelle pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Damn it, Chell, where's my coffee mug?"

"Uh, you packed it. So, I take it you two talked."

"Shit!" Geena slammed the cabinet shut and leaned against the counter.

"You *didn't* talk?" Michelle stared at her. "Geena!"

Grimly, Geena opened the cabinet again and pulled out one of Michelle's mugs. Lifting the coffeepot, she cursed as her hand trembled violently.

"You sure you even want that coffee?"

Geena slammed the mug down, sloshing brown liquid onto the counter. "I don't know. I don't know *what* I want, any more."

The movers had arrived promptly at eighty-thirty, and Russ had supervised them while she hid in the bedroom, unable to make herself watch as her things were carried out. It felt too much like the final safety-cord being cut.

Then he'd kissed her, lightly, standing by the open apartment door, gazing at her with those steady hazel eyes. "Gee."

His soft, intent tone had made her acutely aware that the next time she'd see him would be at their wedding. Swallowing rapidly, she'd looked up at him. "Gee, I want this. Don't ever doubt that. I want a life with you. I want my *whole* life with you."

He was so good to her. So sweet, so loving. He was perfect. Any woman would be a fool not to want him.

Geena's breath hitched in her chest as she stared down at the spreading puddle. Uncurling herself from her chair, Michelle deftly wiped up the spilled coffee, steered her to a seat, refilled the mug and added a judicious dollop of milk, and placed it in Geena's hands. "So are you gonna talk to me, or do I have to resort to brute force?"

"I don't ... There's nothing to tell."

"I've got rope around here someplace. Don't make me use it."

Geena glared.

Michelle shrugged. "Hey, it's your fantasy, not mine."

"Yeah." Geena's voice crackled with bitterness. "And a fantasy is all it's ever going to be."

"Oh, I don't know. Give him a few months of the same old same old, he might be amenable. You could always do a Kathy Bates and greet him at the door in Saran Wrap."

"That's not funny, Chell."

"Are you kidding? It'd be a riot. You can take Polaroids for your grandkids."

Geena's mouth twisted as tears welled up and threatened to overflow. Her shoulders quivered as she took a quick, shuddering breath.

"Hey. Hey." Michelle sat down beside her, lifted the coffee mug from her trembling fingers, and tilted Geena's chin up. "Maybe I'm getting the signals wrong, here, but Gee, I really think you should talk to the man."

"Yeah. Which one?" Geena turned away quickly from Chell's puzzled look. "I gotta get going. I've got stuff to do."

* * * *

She didn't, really—which was, Geena thought as she tugged off her jeans, one more advantage of a small wedding. No muss, no fuss, no months and months of stress. Here it was, the afternoon before her wedding day, and she wasn't panicking over details. In fact, everything had pretty much already been done.

Maybe that was why she felt so at a loss. Maybe that was why her unruly mind kept returning, over and over, to the image of Flynn, sprawled back in the coffee shop booth as he watched her from out of those keen, predatory eyes.

Oh, stop it, Geena!

In the small, carpeted dressing room of Victoria's Secret, she unfastened her bra and stood in just her panties, examining herself critically. Decent boobs. Well-shaped calves. Her ass had always been on the big side, but it didn't seem to bother Russ any. Voluptuous, he called it.

Unhooking the filmy white nightgown she'd selected for her wedding night from the hanger, Geena pulled it down over her head and turned back to the mirror.

It made her look like some fairy-tale princess, sweet and innocent. *Just the way I always look*, Geena thought grimly. But it *was* pretty. Her hair floated about her exposed shoulders, crackling with static. The stretchy bodice cupped her breasts which, while nowhere near as big as Michelle's, were firm and full and nicely shaped. The white lace dragged against her nipples, teasing them to erectness.

Turning sideways, Geena trailed her hands over her breasts, enjoying the way they swelled above the seductively low neckline and wishing that once, just once, the fairy tale fantasy would come true. Not the prince in shining armor fantasy—hell, she already *had* that. But the other one, the darker one. The one in which innocent little Red Riding Hood meets the Big Bad Wolf.

And she knew exactly who the Big Bad Wolf would be. It was far too easy to imagine eyes watching her. Green eyes. Green, *hungry* eyes under raven-black hair.

Her fingers grazed her nipples, and she shivered at the tingle of pleasure that shot down into her crotch, making her almost painfully aware of the damp heat lurking between her thighs. Running her hands down over her belly, she pictured Flynn coming toward her, that cool, mocking half-smile curving his lips.

Well, hello princess.

She could almost see the way he'd look down at her bosom, which would heave, of course, as she pressed herself

back against the wall, her eyes wide in terror as she stared up at the dark beast towering over her. He'd reach out impatiently, grabbing her wrist roughly as he ripped the filmy concoction of lace and silk from her body, leaving her standing naked, trembling, and exposed to his every whim and desire...

What was she doing? With a jerk, Geena straightened, realizing she'd been leaning against the wall of the dressing room, her fingers pressing her throbbing clit through the silky fabric of the nightgown, caressing it. Blood rushed to her face. Shit! Had she been moaning? Murmuring aloud in the tiny, cramped dressing room?

Yanking the nightgown off, she dressed hurriedly and took it to the register. Blushing furiously, she surreptitiously studied the cashier, but the girl seemed utterly disinterested, swiping her credit card without so much as a second glance at her. Clutching her shopping bags, Geena hurried out into the crowded mall, and then found her feet lagging as she wandered aimlessly through the press of Saturday shoppers.

Was she doing the right thing? Oh, there was no doubt in her mind that she loved Russ, and that he loved her. But it seemed like everywhere she went today, a pair of mocking green eyes followed her, igniting a fire of arousal and annoyance deep inside her.

She'd picked up her wedding dress from the drycleaners—and had found herself wondering what Flynn would think of it. Her bridal bouquet had already been delivered, and was sitting now in the refrigerator back at her apartment. Daisies

and miniature white roses—she could almost see Flynn's disdainful smirk.

What did it say, that she was thinking about Flynn? Flynn's opinions, Flynn's reactions? Why should she give a damn what Flynn thought of her? She should be thinking of Russ, *Russ*, not Flynn with his haughty attitude, his dark, dangerous looks, and his long artist's hands.

And she wasn't interested in Mr. Oh-So-Arrogant Flynn! Not in the least!

I want nice, dammit!

Yeah, Michelle's voice whispered back in her memory.
Everywhere but in the bedroom.

And Flynn, Geena knew instinctively, was anything but nice in the bedroom.

Her clit throbbed beneath her jeans as she imagined him again, looming over her, tearing the nightgown from her body as he pinned her hands behind her.

Jesus! Stop it, Gee!

This was stupid. Sure, she might wish Russ was a little more dominant, a little more forceful. But that didn't mean she wanted Flynn Davies! Marching straight across the mall to a beauty salon, she yanked open the door. Michelle had told her to do something about her hair, and God damn it, she would.

It wasn't until she was actually sitting in the chair, her wet hair draped around her and the stylist inquiring what exactly she wanted done, that panic hit her.

God, what am I doing?

The Mighty Flynn
by Sierra Dafoe

Then she remembered the flash of amused approval in Flynn's green eyes. *So you do have some fire after all.*

"Cut it off," Geena ordered. "Cut it off and perm it."
Then she shut her eyes tightly.

Chapter Three

"Oh my *Gawd!*" Michelle stared at her, her eyes shifting from confusion to surprise as Geena walked into their kitchen. "Gee, I didn't even recognize you! Girl, that is fantastic!"

Geena grinned and shook her hair, still startled at how light it felt. Instead of her long, thick, straight-as-a-board brown locks, she now sported a mop-top of gleaming curls, traced with golden highlights, that fell to just below her chin. "So, you like it?"

"Like it? I *love* it. You should've done that years ago." With a grin, Michelle glued another sequin onto the cat mask she was decorating.

Geena poured herself a cup of coffee and joined Michelle at the kitchen table, nodding at the mask. "What's that for?"

"Guess who booked the club for a private party tonight?" Michelle gave her a sly smile.

Geena stared disbelievingly. "He didn't."

Michelle nodded. "Your friend, Flynn. He called the club this afternoon."

"He's no friend of mine."

Michelle's eyebrows shot up at her curt tone. "Well, he sure is one of Russ's. Last minute booking, and he wants me to close the whole place on a Saturday night? In June?"

"Jesus. How much did you charge him?"

Michelle's grin was pure evil. "Twelve thousand dollars."

"*What?*"

"Hey, he wanted the liquor included." She lifted the cat mask and held it over her face. "Whaddya think?"

Geena just glared. "I cannot *believe* you are stripping for my fiancé's stag party."

Michelle's eyes gleamed at her through the slits in the mask. "You'd rather have some complete stranger who won't keep her girls off the merchandise? Besides, I wasn't gonna dance tonight, anyway."

"Thanks." Geena gave her a quick smile. Then she pounded the tabletop with her fist. "That son of a bitch! Can you believe the *nerve* of that man?"

"Oh, c'mon, I'm sure it's just coincidence."

"No, it's not." Geena glowered. "He did this on purpose."

Michelle stared at her. "Gee, that's paranoid."

"Yeah." Geena snorted. "You didn't see him yesterday. He was such an asshole."

"C'mon, what would be the point? Just to embarrass you?"

"I wouldn't put it past him."

Shrugging, Michelle dropped the mask to the table. "Maybe he's got a thing for Russ."

"No."

Michelle raised a skeptical eyebrow at her flat denial.

"Twelve thousand bucks. That's a lot of dough, Gee."

"No." Geena shook her head, remembering that predatory gaze and her own instinctive reaction. "No way is that man gay."

As she mused, she picked up the mask and turned it over. Michelle shrugged again. "Well, I'll keep an eye on him tonight, and try to figure out what his deal is."

"Yeah, that might—" Geena broke off, staring at the mask in her hands. A slow, scheming smile curved her lips. "No. *I* will."

"Gee, I don't think that's a good—"

"C'mon, Chell! You said yourself you didn't recognize me!" Not to mention that the idea of taking her clothes off in front of Flynn Davies was doing interesting things to her blood pressure. But Chell didn't need to know that. Hell, she didn't even want to admit it to herself.

Michelle sat back, staring at her. Geena raised the cat mask to her face, and gave her friend her most winning smile.

Michelle shook her head warningly. "You're gonna regret this."

"Chell, you're the best!" Geena clapped her hands together like an overexcited kid.

Michelle laughed. "Spying on your fiancé, sneaking into his stag party ... What can I say? You appealed to the romantic in me. C'mon."

She stood briskly, and Geena glanced up at her. "Come on where?"

"You really think you're going to fit into one of *my* costumes?"

* * * *

Not that the costume Chell borrowed for her was all that much better a fit, Geena thought nervously as she tugged at the bra strap. If she so much as bent over, she was going to tumble right out of the damned thing.

Michelle stood back, looking at her critically. "You know, a little more on top and I bet you could make double what you do at the bank as a stripper."

Geena snorted. "Forget it. I am *not* buying myself bigger boobs."

"Suit yourself." Michelle grinned wickedly. "All I know is, every time my cup size goes up, so does my tax bracket."

Geena rolled her eyes, trying to hide the tension she felt, and followed Michelle out of her office. Down the hall she could see the other strippers in their cat masks filing into the short, shadowed corridor that led to the stage.

The Kit Kat Club, unabashedly named after the club in *Cabaret*, supposedly belonged to a corporation and Michelle simply managed it. More gentleman's club than strip joint, it turned a strong profit in business lunches as well as the nighttime bar crowd. The Club's grilled swordfish sandwich with hot pepper chutney was legendary.

Geena had long suspected that the corporation was Chell, but she'd never inquired. Michelle certainly ran it like it was her own, at least. The place was spotless. A five-foot wide runway stretched half the length of the room, surrounded by tables with real linen tablecloths. The stage proper was draped in maroon velvet curtains, except for the back wall which was lined with floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Both the mirrors and the brass rail along the runway were polished to a gleaming brilliance.

Crowded into the stage wing with the strippers, Geena peered anxiously out through a gap in the curtains. She could see Russ, looking distinctly uncomfortable, sitting with Flynn

at the very edge of the runway while some two dozen friends and coworkers whooped and hollered behind them.

Michelle came up behind her and snuck a peek over her shoulder. Geena felt her stiffen. "Oh my God. Is that *him*?"

Geena didn't have to ask who she meant. Flynn was dressed tonight in jeans and a button-down shirt. The sleeves were rolled up, and Geena could see the ripple of muscles in his forearms and shoulders as he turned, grinning at a comment from a drunken man behind him. Embarrassed, Russ tried to rise, but Flynn tugged him firmly back to his seat.

Chell leaned close against her shoulder, her eyes glittering. "Jesus, Gee. You forgot to mention he's totally edible."

Geena shifted uncomfortably. "He's not *that* gorgeous."

"Right." Michelle shot her a look. "And I'm not that busty." She peered back out through the curtain. "Christ, I'd let him fuck *me* with a ten-inch dildo. Not that he needs one, I bet."

"Chell!"

Michelle grinned and jerked her head as the music changed to a Def Leppard tune. "Come on, girls, you're on." Sliding Geena's mask into place, she whispered quickly, "Relax. You'll be fine."

Kissing her cheek for luck, Michelle strode back out toward the bar, and Geena swallowed, cursing herself soundly as the first of the strippers slid through the curtains and onto the stage. The men's hollers immediately redoubled at the sight of her enormous breasts, jiggling beneath the flimsy fabric of her camisole.

What sort of dumb-ass idea was this? What the *hell* was she doing, crashing Russ's bachelor party? Geena stood, paralyzed by indecision, watching as masked girl after masked girl moved past her and paraded out onto the stage, their long legs gleaming in the colored lights. Russ was going to recognize her the second she stepped out between those curtains, and he would never forgive her. He'd dump her, despise her, hate her forever...

Then Flynn leaned close to him, grinning as he whispered something in his ear. Russ frowned. That did it. Geena stepped onto the stage, strutted to the center, and froze.

The lights glared down, casting everything beyond them into shadow. She could feel unseen eyes staring at her, hungrily studying her nearly-naked flesh. The women around her immediately went into gyrations, swinging their hips, thrusting their sequin-covered breasts out at the whistling men, and taking turns parading down the runway. But Geena could only stand there, sure that the moment Russ looked at her, he'd recognize her.

Panicked, she turned to bolt off the stage, and found herself confronted by her reflection in the mirrored back wall.

She stared in amazement. Beneath the blank face of her half-mask, her body shimmered in an iridescent green corset. Gleaming sequins traced the upward thrust of her breasts. Feathers tufted her shoulder-straps and the top of the false corset—Michelle had showed her the velcro up the back, allowing her to rip it off with one swift tug.

At the time, Geena had wondered nervously if she'd have the courage to do it. Now, though, drinking in the sight of her

own reflection, she felt a growing heat unfold in her belly. She was staring at a stranger, an exotic and utterly erotic fantasy woman. Behind the sequined cat-face she was a cipher, all curved gleaming flesh, her personality erased by the expressionless mask.

She had never imagined she could look like this. She trailed her hands up her sides, acutely aware of her body in a way she'd never been before. Not her, Geena, not her thoughts or dreams or inhibitions. Just the warm, wanton, half-naked flesh, with its own dreams, its own desires...

No one would recognize her. She barely recognized herself.

Entranced with her image, she moved closer to the mirror. Slowly, wonderingly, she ran her hands over her body, caressing the dip of her waist, the rise of her ribcage, the full, rounded curves of her breasts. Her nipples tingled beneath the scratchy fabric, and Geena rubbed them lightly, feeling her body loosen and her movements becoming slower, smoother, and incredibly seductive. Placing her hands on the mirror, she arched her back, displaying her ass to the men behind her.

There was an erotic intensity in those watching eyes. The sensation carried with it a strange and wholly unexpected sense of power. She could *feel* them, all of them, sitting there beyond the lights, their gazes fixed on her. It was as if she were alone on the stage, the center of all that enrapt attention.

And she could do whatever she liked. She could tease them, taunt them, torment them as she wished. She could make them ache for her, make their cocks pulse torturously,

make their heads spin and their balls swell painfully with unspent come.

Behind her mask, Geena smiled.

Turning, she strutted to the edge of the stage and stepped onto the runway. The sensation was even stronger here, with men surrounding her on all sides, their eyes glittering avidly in the semi-darkness, their gazes tracing her neck, her breasts, and the generous curves of her voluptuous ass.

As her eyes adjusted to the lights, Geena realized Russ wasn't even looking at her. He was sitting at the very end of the runway, scowling as he watched a long-legged blond writhe before him. The stripper turned, placing both hands on her ass and cupping her cheeks as she gyrated less than a yard from his face, and Geena felt a sudden, hot spurt of jealousy.

You're gonna regret this.

No, she wouldn't. She *wouldn't*. Determinedly, she suppressed the emotion, and strutted on her four-inch fuck-me heels to the pound and blare of the music. The hungry, approving gazes of the watching men brought with them an unaccustomed sense of sexual self-confidence, and she lengthened her strides. Let little Miss Long Legs gyrate as she chose. *She*, Geena, was queen of the runway tonight.

The blond must have heard her approach, because she blew Russ a kiss and moved aside, making room. Geena looked down, meaning to catch Russ's gaze, but instead found herself staring into the piercing emerald eyes of Flynn Davies.

They pinned her, gleaming, flicking down to her chest and over her half-naked body before rising again to her masked face. Under their scalding scrutiny, she felt utterly exposed, unable to breathe, trapped in a moment that seemed to stretch out forever.

God! What would it be like to be at this man's mercy? Her nipples tightened further at the mere thought, poking out against the thin, scratchy fabric covering them, and she felt a rush of liquid heat beneath the tiny strap of her g-string. Uncomfortably aware that she was simply standing there gawking, Geena jerked her hips in an awkward figure eight.

The music pounded in her veins. Her pulse thundered in her ears. What the hell was he, this man who was her fiancé's oldest friend? This man who could practically make her come just by looking at her?

Danger. That's what he was. Danger, and trouble.

Well, she wasn't about to let him win this encounter. Slowly, Geena softened her motions, rocking her hips in a lazy, alluring sway. Why, after all, was she letting him intimidate her? He didn't even know it *was* her and, safe in that anonymity, she let a seductive smile curve her lips. Holding Flynn's gaze, she reached behind her back, grabbed the velcroed sides of the corset, and pulled.

Flynn's eyes widened appreciatively as her creamy-smooth breasts tumbled out. Chucking the corset into the audience (to the delighted whoops and wolf-whistles of the men), she slid her spread fingers up the curve of her belly, then around her outthrust breasts to the hard points. Licking her lips enticingly, she stared into Flynn's dangerous green eyes as

she squeezed her nipples lightly, and saw his lips part in arousal.

Covering her breasts with her hands, she spun away as if in disdain. Then, looking back over her shoulder with a flirtatious pout, she gave him a saucy wink behind her cat mask and tilted her ass invitingly as he dropped his gaze to her crotch.

Flynn's eyes glowed with enjoyment as she bent further, thrusting her ass toward him. She was deliciously aware of the thin strip of fabric between her thighs, covering her swollen nether lips, just a scant few millimeters of cloth between his gaze and her cunt.

She barely saw Russ as he shifted uncomfortably. All her attention was fixed on those green, hungry eyes, watching her like she was a snack about to be devoured.

You'd like that, wouldn't you, Mr. Flynn Davies? You'd like to have me spread out before you, open, helpless, vulnerable.

Yes. And *she* wanted that too, wanted it with a fiery abandon that both frightened her and inflamed her senses.

Straightening, she turned back toward Flynn and stroked her fingers teasingly over the sequin-covered mound of her mons. At the jolt of fire that shot through her clit, she tossed her head back and ran her hands up her torso. Standing in nothing but her g-string and four-inch heels, Geena felt like a goddess, electric with sensual power, practically glowing with the heat of her arousal.

Never in her life had she felt so completely exposed. It was intoxicating. Exhilarating. Lifting her ribcage, she thrust her

breasts forward, enjoying the way Flynn's nostrils flared in response.

His whole body was rigid with sexual tension as his eyes devoured her, following every move of her hands as she cupped her breasts, then massaged them, not four feet from his face. Sliding her fingers around their lush curves, Geena enjoyed their firm weight, then flicked her thumbs over her erect nipples and let herself gasp at the sensation.

Two spots of color burned high on Flynn's alabaster cheekbones. Smiling in triumph, Geena pinched her nipples between her thumb and forefinger, and heard his quick, harsh intake of breath.

She could see the bulge in his jeans, and felt her own lust flare like a beacon in response. Straining forward, she drew her shoulders back, displaying her tits right in front of him as she tugged at her nipples, tormenting them, twisting them...

Russ stood in disgust, and his sudden motion yanked Geena back into self-consciousness. Flushing, she dropped her hands, but Russ didn't even glance at her. He glared down at Flynn. "I hope this amuses you. I'm going home."

As he turned away and strode for the door, Geena froze in horror. God, what was she *doing*? Here it was, mere hours before her wedding, and here *she* was, fondling her tits before a complete stranger!

She was grateful for the mask that hid her mortified blush, and even more grateful that Flynn hadn't noticed her sudden distraction. He'd risen immediately, following Russ. A few of the men looked after them, their brows wrinkled in consternation.

She could see the two of them, just inside the door. Flynn was speaking earnestly, his hands making small, calming motions, but at the moment Geena really couldn't care less what he might be saying. All she wanted was to get out of there.

Disgusted with herself, she straightened and strode back up the runway, making room for another girl to take the limelight. When this one, a particularly curvaceous redhead, captured the men's attention by lying flat on the runway and spreading her thighs, Geena gratefully ducked through the curtains and stood trembling in the wing, her heart hammering in her chest.

"Quite the show you put on, there."

Geena shrieked. Too late, she clapped her hands to her mouth to contain the sound as Michelle slid out of the shadows and favored her with a smirk. "I had no idea you were such an exhibitionist. Any time you need a job..."

"Ha ha ha." Geena pulled off the mask, feeling her breath hitch painfully as her throat tightened with tears. Shudders of reaction shook her as she slumped back against the wall. She felt like she was going to be sick.

"You were right, Chell," she said shakily, "this was a *really* bad idea."

"Hey. Hey, it's okay." Grasping Geena's chin lightly, Michelle peered into her brimming eyes. "Nobody recognized you. The girls don't even know who you are. And they wouldn't care, anyway. No harm done, kid. Right?"

"Yeah. Right." But Geena's voice cracked, and even as she said it, she knew it was a lie.

The Mighty Flynn
by Sierra Dafoe

There was a fire inside her, a sharp, private heat that still throbbed in her crotch, unabated. And it wasn't Russ who had started that fire, was it?

No, it wasn't.

How could she move in with him, how could she *marry* him, knowing that each time they made love she'd be imagining Flynn's emerald-green eyes watching her ravenously? Knowing that their dark hunger was matched by a hunger of her own, by a craving inside her for Flynn's dangerous touch?

Chapter Four

"Well, you were right about one thing," Michelle said, taking a quick peek through the stage curtains. "Whatever's up with your Mr. Davies, one thing he *definitely* isn't is uninterested in women. I thought I was gonna have to peel his tongue off the runway rail. Him and every other guy in the joint. Jesus, Gee!" She chuckled ruefully.

"Yeah, if only it worked on Russ."

Michelle watched her, her eyes dark with compassion as Geena angrily fought back her tears. "Honey, has it ever occurred to you to wonder whether..." She stopped short. "Never mind."

"What? Whether he's gay?"

Michelle shook her head briskly. "No, look, you're just overtired, that's all. Why don't you go ahead and go on home, get some sleep. Things'll look better in the morning." As she moved away, she glanced back over her shoulder with a wicked smile. "And I'll keep an eye on Flynn for you. Scout's honor. A very, very close eye."

Geena stuck out her tongue by way of response. Michelle grinned and left.

Ducking out of the stage wing, Geena walked quickly down the service hall that led to the stripper's dressing rooms and the kitchen beyond, mulling over what Michelle had—or rather, *hadn't*—said.

Of course it had occurred to her. She wasn't totally naive. But it wasn't that Russ was unenthusiastic in bed. He was just

diffident, almost cautious, as if he was scared he might break her. The first few times, it had made her feel absolutely cherished, as if she was as fragile as a dream.

But being a dream could get old pretty quick.

Damn it! Slipping into the deserted dressing room, Geena closed the door harder than she'd meant to, almost slamming it as the tears she'd been suppressing for the last two days coursed down her cheeks. Angrily, she yanked the mask off.

No, Russ wasn't gay. She'd stake her life on it. His responses to her, however hesitant, however subdued, were absolutely real. She'd felt his chest tighten and his cock grow hard just from kissing her far too many times to doubt that.

And he loved her. He was *in* love with her. It showed all over him; in his smile, in his voice, in the way he lit up whenever he saw her. But was she in love with him?

That's the real question, isn't it, Gee? This isn't about Russ at all. It's about you. Sure, you care about him, sure he's wonderful. But is it fair to marry a man who thinks you're perfect, when you think he's a bore in the sack?

Ouch.

Geena winced, but that tart inner voice didn't care about her feelings. It cared about the truth. And the truth was...

The truth was she didn't think it was fair to Russ at all.

He deserved better than that. He deserved a woman who loved everything about him. Including the way he made love. And she simply wasn't that woman.

Oh God, she thought, wiping futilely at her tears. *How could I have made such a complete mess of things?*

She was unaware that she was moaning until she heard footsteps outside in the hall. Geena clapped a hand over her mouth, and then scrubbed hurriedly at her face with a towel. The last thing she wanted was to have to try and explain to Chell, or anyone else, what was wrong.

But it wasn't Michelle. As the footsteps approached, she recognized Flynn's deep, authoritative tones.

"...not fair *not* to tell her, Russ. What kind of love is that? If you care about the girl at all, you'll tell her. Now."

What the hell was he talking about? Holding her breath, Geena listened, unsure which shocked her more, the idea that sweet, straightforward Russ had a secret, or hearing Flynn plead her theoretical side of the argument.

Unless it was just another trick.

He's a manipulative prick when he wants to be.

But why would Flynn want to be, anyway? She still wasn't any closer to figuring that out. She pressed her ear to the door, straining to hear, but they'd moved out of range, sounding like they were heading back toward the kitchen.

Intrigued, she grabbed a sheer wraparound robe one of the girls had left on a chair and pulled it on over her g-string. She reached for the doorknob, paused, then picked up her discarded cat mask and slipped it back down over her face before sliding noiselessly out of the dressing room.

Her heels clicked lightly on the tiled floor, and she stopped to pull her stilettos off, carrying them in one hand as she padded softly down the darkened hall. Stopping outside the kitchen, she could hear Flynn's voice again from within, but not his words.

Stretching on tiptoe, Geena peered through the circular windows set in the swinging double doors. The kitchen was nearly dark, lit only by the cold glow of the reach-in. She could just see Russ in the shadows, leaning back against a prep table, his broad frame half-obsured by the bakery racks near the doors. She couldn't see Flynn at all. Maybe, if she was *very* careful...

Dropping to all fours, Geena nudged open one of the doors, praying it wouldn't squeak and betray her. If it did, she fully intended to jump up and run.

It swung soundlessly on its hinges, and she crawled hurriedly through the narrow opening. Her heart seemed to be lodged in her throat, and in the shadowy darkness of the kitchen it sounded as loud as a bass drum. She paused, listening furtively, but the men apparently hadn't noticed her entrance.

She rose and peered cautiously between the bakery racks. Russ's back was to her, his arms crossed on his broad chest. Geena could see the tense, unhappy set of his wide shoulders. Flynn stood near the grill, the thin, cold light from the reach-in illuminating his chiseled profile. "So you're really trying to tell me you can go the rest of your life—"

"Yes."

Flynn gave a disgusted snort. "I don't believe you."

"I don't care if you do." Russ's familiar voice sounded almost foreign to Geena, his tone harsh and determined, but with a certain dull resignation in it too. "I love her. Why is that so hard for you to understand?"

There was a silence. Then Flynn said, "You once told me you couldn't fall in love."

"I was wrong."

"And you're wrong now, too. I *know* you, Russ. You can't just—"

"I asked her once," Russ interrupted, cutting Flynn off. "I asked her what her favorite fantasy was. Do you know what she said?" He raised his head, looking at Flynn. Even in the dimness, Geena could see his eyes glittering. With outrage? Or tears? "Doing it in the park."

"In the daylight?"

Russ's mouth curved in a bitter smile. "At night. I asked."

He had, too. Geena remembered that. She remembered how she'd stared at him, pretending to be shocked that he'd even ask such a thing. But wasn't that what he'd *wanted* her to say?

Suddenly, she wondered.

Flynn threw his head back in a sour laugh. His hair slid, black and heavy, between his fingers as he ran a hand through it. "God, Russ. And you really think this is going to *work*?"

He straightened abruptly and moved toward Russ, seeming to tower over him as he tilted his head, pinning Russ with those intense green eyes. "Believe it or not, Russ, I want you to be happy."

Geena swallowed, remembering how that gaze had pierced her to her core, turning her knees to water and sending shockwaves through her cunt.

If that was me he was leaning over, she thought wildly, I'd be coming by now. Just from him trapping me there and staring down at me.

Russ merely glared at him. The air between them vibrated with tension.

"Are you really going to tell me," Flynn murmured, his voice a low rumble, deep in his throat, "that you can be happy living without this forever?" And with that, he raised his hands to Russ's face, grabbed his jaw, and pulled him into a hard, searing kiss.

Geena's heart seemed to shatter as irreparably as the vase she'd dropped, cracking into a thousand sharp fragments even as Flynn's mouth worked over Russ's, ravaging it fiercely. She stared, feeling her world tumble into chaos.

Russ was gay. Of course. It explained everything.

How could she have been so blind?

For a moment, Russ stood rigidly under Flynn's passionate assault. Then some wall inside him appeared to crumble, and with a groan he slid his hands into Flynn's thick ebony hair, clenching it between his fingers as he kissed Flynn back.

Their bodies arched against each other, battling for supremacy as their mouths raked together. Geena watched, tears pouring down her face even as a white-hot lust flared in her groin. There was nothing tender, nothing hesitant about *this*. Russ kissed Flynn with a ruthlessness that was almost violent, jabbing his tongue into Flynn's mouth with a hunger he'd never shown her.

She could see Russ's biceps flexing as he grabbed Flynn around the waist, dragging Flynn against him in an embrace

that was furious in its intensity. They were almost of a height, the two of them. Flynn was a smidge taller, but Russ's shoulders were broader, his build heavier. Locked together like gladiators, they strained against each other, hands grabbing hair, stroking backs, caressing smooth, hard muscle, hips grinding together as their tongues lashed and danced in each other's mouths.

Geena's breath grew shallow as she watched, and her g-string, she realized, was as wet as her cheeks. *Jesus!* It was like watching two thunderstorms collide. If thunderstorms could fuck, that was. The air was electric with lust, almost explosive in its intensity.

I just think it'd be interesting. See how the other half lives.

Chell's words rang in her mind, and Geena smiled bitterly even through her tears. "Interesting" didn't *begin* to describe it. The two men clung to each other, panting. She could hear their groans, the small, wet sounds of their lips as they kissed with a hunger that mesmerized her. She felt like she was being torn in two, slowly, excruciatingly, but she couldn't stop watching, couldn't tear her eyes away.

Then Russ shoved Flynn back roughly, his chest heaving as he spat out one harsh, icy word. "Yes."

Geena clapped her hands over her mouth to trap the sob that tried to burst out.

God, he really *did* love her. He loved her enough to be willing to give up the desire that even now shook his broad, sturdy frame. The realization rocked her, both exhilarating and humbling.

How could he possibly love her so much? And why did things have to be so fucking complicated? How could he be happy with her, *content* with her in the face of that naked desire?

"You can live without it." The disbelief in Flynn's voice was obvious, and Geena shared it. Even if he could, *she* couldn't. She wanted a man who would look at her like that, kiss *her* like that, so hard, so demandingly.

"Yes."

"For the rest of your life." Flynn's low, almost menacing tone sent icy shivers up Geena's spine.

"If I have to."

"Even if I do this?"

Capturing Russ's gaze with those piercing green eyes, Flynn sank to his knees. He reached for Russ's belt buckle, and Russ dropped his head back with an agonized moan. Geena, unable to move, clung to the bakery rack as Flynn unzipped Russ's pants, revealing his beautiful, thick, rock-hard erection. The light from the reach-in gleamed over the smooth, engorged curve of its tip.

Russ's voice was a ragged whisper as he replied, "Yes."

"And this?"

Leaning forward, Flynn ran his long, agile tongue over Russ's swollen cockhead.

Russ's hips jerked, and he hissed between his teeth. "Yes."

"And this." With that, Flynn plunged his mouth down around Russ's shaft.

Panting, Geena watched as he worked his mouth over the throbbing skin, his tongue darting out to circle the head as he

drew back. Then he thrust his head forward again, taking Russ's cock in almost to the hilt.

Russ groaned, and clamped his hands in Flynn's hair. "You bastard," he whispered. "Oh, you fucking bastard."

Fiercely, punishingly, he thrust his hips forward, driving his cock deep into Flynn's mouth. Flynn sucked at it greedily, egging him on, and Russ slammed in again, harder. Geena could see his jaw clenching, his face flushed with arousal as Flynn's strong, agile fingers played over his swollen balls, stroking them, teasing them.

Crash!

Geena sprang back, horrified, as the rack she'd been clinging to toppled to the floor. She whirled, but Flynn had already sprung to his feet, and before she could run, he'd seized her arm, spinning her around to face him.

Her sheer robe fell open, revealing her breasts. Flynn glanced down at them, his green eyes widening appreciatively at the sight of her taut, erect nipples.

"Well, hello, kitty-cat. I remember you. Come to join the fun?"

Behind him, Russ loomed against the darkness, his face flushed with heat. Geena's gaze dropped to his erection jutting from his open jeans, still slick with Flynn's spit. Looking at it, she couldn't help herself—she licked her lips.

Flynn smiled. Russ's eyes glittered avidly. Geena felt her breath hitch in her throat. Then Flynn reached up and slid off her mask. His eyes narrowed in surprise. And anger.

"You."

Chapter Five

Russ's eyes widened, and the color drained from his face. Hoarsely, he whispered, "Geena. Oh, Jesus."

Geena stared at him, panting, every nerve in her body jangling with alarm. She opened her mouth, feeling her throat painfully dry, but no sound came out. God, what must he think of her? What would he say when it finally sank in that it had been her gyrating before Flynn, her fingers eagerly playing with her nipples?

Russ looked away, and Geena felt her stomach sink down into her feet. She watched him zip his pants over his fading erection, his belt buckle dangling as he did. Noticing the direction of her glance, Russ flushed a deep crimson.

"Oh Christ, Geena, I'm sorry. I never meant for you to ... Ah, shit."

His embarrassment gave her back a shred of courage. If her behavior hadn't been exactly appropriate, his sure as hell hadn't been, either. And he looked so lost, so mortified, standing there with his shoulders hunched as if expecting a blow. It wasn't his fault, after all. Gently, she said, "You could have told me you were gay, Russ."

Surprise flickered in his hazel eyes, and Flynn let out a bark of laughter. "Gay? Is that what you think?"

"But isn't he?" Confused, Geena looked from Flynn to Russ who opened his mouth, but said nothing.

Flynn shot him a disgusted glance. "What the fuck are you looking so guilty for, Russ? Don't you get it? She was spying

on you. Sneaking around behind your back, dressing up as a stripper..."

Geena tugged feebly against Flynn's hard grip. "Let me go!"

"Oh, no, I don't think so, Geena. There are penalties for spying."

At the note of menace in his words, a thrill of arousal pulsed through her body, setting her traitorous nerves to tingling. Blood rushed to her crotch, thickening the furred outer lips, and she could feel her g-string tugging against her sodden folds.

"You heard her, Flynn. Let her go. Now." Russ strode forward, bristling, and Geena's heart thumped in her chest. God, how could he love her so much? He was her champion, her white knight, rushing to save her from Flynn's evil clutches—only, if she were honest with herself, she'd admit that some treacherous part of her didn't *want* to be rescued.

Flynn chuckled. "I believe you underestimate your sweet, innocent Geena, Russ. Or don't you remember your little vanilla fiancée, shoving her tits in my face not twenty minutes ago?" He smiled down at Geena, his eyes gleaming with feral amusement. "Believe me, *I* do."

"Flynn," Russ growled warningly.

Flynn spun her around roughly, dragging her against him so that she was facing Russ, her back against Flynn's iron-hard abs. He held her with her arm twisted up behind her, her breasts heaving as she writhed in his grip.

"Flynn, stop it!" Russ's face was black with fury.

With his free hand, Flynn seized Geena's chin and forced her head up. "Look at her! Look at her blush! Look at the way she's panting, Russ, and the way she can't meet your eyes. Can she?"

No, she couldn't. Her whole body was trembling. Not with fear, or not *just* with fear, but with a tremulous anticipation that coiled like a live wire in her belly. God, the way he'd grabbed her, the way he was holding her now...

She was helpless before him. And utterly aroused.
What would Russ think of her?

"Look at her, Russ." Flynn bent close and spoke, hot and low, in her ear. "She can hardly *wait* to be punished."

At his words, Geena let out a moan. Desire, so fierce it made her feel faint, swept through her, flooding her veins, hardening her nipples. She whimpered in combined longing and humiliation as Flynn grabbed her hair and yanked her head back. From beneath her lowered lashes she saw Russ staring at the dark, erect tips of her breasts.

Playfully, Flynn reached around and pinched one aching nub, hard. Geena moaned again. She couldn't help it.

Flynn chuckled again. "I'm afraid, Russ, your Geena's been a *very* bad girl."

Flushing in mortification, Geena bit her lip and forced herself to look at Russ. The shock in his eyes made her wince with shame.

She dropped her gaze, whispering, "Oh, Russ, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Flynn answered her, blocking out any reply Russ might have made. "What are you sorry for?" His voice was

low, insinuating, laced with amusement. "Russ isn't gay, my pretty little Geena. He just likes it kinky. Just like you."

Geena's eyes flew wide as her head jerked back up. She stared at Russ, seeing the darkness in his eyes anew. It wasn't shock. It wasn't disgust. It was *hunger*. And, looking down, Geena realized his erection was back. Not only back—it was straining at his pants.

With a quick, practiced motion, Flynn yanked her back against his hard frame. She could feel his rigid shaft straining against her ass as he pinched her nipples mercilessly, making her writhe and gasp.

"Flynn, stop." Russ's words were hoarse with desperation—and desire. Hearing it, Geena found she couldn't breathe at all for a moment, and the room around her seemed to whirl as her body went limp with agonized need.

"Do *you* want me to stop, Geena?" Flynn whispered in her ear. "Just say the word, and I'll let you go."

She swallowed convulsively, her eyes fixed on Russ's.

The silence spun out. Then Flynn's breath stirred her hair as he murmured over her shoulder, triumphant amusement coloring his voice, "It appears, Russ, that I've got the perfect wedding gift for you."

She could feel him moving behind her, but he held her firmly and she couldn't turn to see what he was doing. Her gaze was still locked on Russ's, and he stared back at her, as frozen as she. So many assumptions both of them had made! And they could so easily have gone their entire lives, never knowing the truth.

Geena wondered fleetingly what would have happened if she hadn't overheard Flynn, hadn't snuck into the kitchen. Then Flynn yanked the silk robe off her, and before she could react, she felt something tighten around her wrists—and realized she was about to find out what was going to happen because she *had*.

There are penalties for spying.

"Don't move," Flynn whispered.

He let her go, and she stood still as a post as he walked away. He returned with her discarded shoes and, lifting her feet one at a time, slid the four-inch stilettos back on her feet. Then he circled her, looking her up and down.

As his gaze raked over her, Geena felt herself growing even wetter with anticipation.

"No, wait," Flynn said. "One thing more." Scooping up her dropped cat mask, he lowered it back over her face and regarded the results with a satisfied smile. "Yes. Yes, *that's* the little kitty who wanted to play."

Snagging a chair from beneath a nearby counter, he drew it toward her and sat down, his knees spread. "Now, little kitty cat, bring me those tits."

Nervously, Geena glanced at Russ.

Flynn barked impatiently, "Now, kitty! Or no cream for supper."

Blushing furiously, Geena shuffled forward, feeling doubly awkward with her hands tied behind her. As she moved, she felt the soft thwap of leather against her thighs, and realized Flynn had used his belt to bind her wrists. The buckle was pressed against the back of her right wrist, and the extra

leather hung down, slapping her legs softly with every step. The sensation made her acutely aware of her body, naked but for the skimpy g-string, her pink, tender flesh exposed to the two watching men.

She stopped in front of Flynn, her chin tilted downward, aware of nothing but the excitement thrumming through her nerves and pulsing in her clit. She didn't dare raise her head. Flynn would see her arousal in her eyes, she knew it.

"Very good," he murmured. "But you were so eager before. I thought you were going to push your tits right into my face. You wanted to, didn't you, Geena?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Louder."

"Yes, I wanted to."

"Show me them now."

Geena lifted her ribcage, thrusting her breasts forward. Her skin tingled, and her nipples were so taut they burned.

"Closer, Geena."

Placing herself between Flynn's long, hard thighs, Geena arched her back like a cat, pulling her shoulders back and forcing her breasts as far forward as they'd go. She panted, aching for his touch, but Flynn didn't touch her. She was so close to him she could feel his breath on her skin, tickling her nipples. The nearness was intoxicating, maddening.

"Please," she whimpered. "Oh God, *please!*"

From under her lowered lashes, she saw Flynn glance at Russ. Amusement and triumph flickered in his eyes as he said, "Oh, Russ, you caught a live one." Then Flynn looked at

her, and Geena gasped as those green eyes seemed to flay her very soul.

His smile mocked her as he raised his hands, trailing one finger over each of her breasts. She quivered under that light, teasing touch, biting her lip as fire seared through her body. Slowly, his fingers circled her breasts, drawing closer and closer to the hard, furrowed points of her nipples.

Trembling, Geena fought to hold herself still, terrified he'd stop if she so much as moved. His smile widened, and he spread his hands over her breasts, squeezing them firmly. "Lovely," he whispered, and lowered his mouth to one nipple.

Lust thudded in her crotch as his lips closed around it, and the room seemed to spin around her. Every tug of his mouth sent a bolt of sensation straight to her clit, and Geena moaned as he sucked, first one breast, then the other. Arching her back further, she pressed her breasts forward, wanting him to suck harder.

He jerked his head back and glared up at her. "You're being overeager again. That's a fault. One we'll have to correct, won't we?"

"I'm sorry," she whispered urgently. "I'm sorry!"

"I'm sure you are. But bad kitties have to be punished, don't they, Geena?" And with a hard grin, he grabbed her arm, tumbling her effortlessly over his lap.

She sprawled across him, her butt in the air, bare but for the tiny strip of fabric between her ass cheeks. Her hands still bound behind her, Geena couldn't even move as Flynn shifted her slightly, bringing her ass up higher. She could feel his

erection against her hip, pulsing beneath the soft denim of his jeans.

Her ass tingled, tilted vulnerably up toward Flynn, utterly exposed to whatever punishment he chose to mete out. Her torso hung down, her face pressed against the side of Flynn's calf. Through the slits in her mask she could see Russ's feet on the far side of the chair as he moved around to get a better view.

Then Flynn's hand came down, hard, and she bucked and cried out. Another stinging slap, across both cheeks this time. Geena moaned against Flynn's leg, and spread her legs slightly. Responding to her silent plea, he tugged her g-string down, sliding it off. Finding her clit, he flicked it once, and she groaned. He traced a finger through her sodden folds, spreading her juices up the cleft of her ass and smearing them over her tight, puckered hole.

From the far side of the chair, Geena heard Russ's hoarse, ragged intake of breath.

That tickling, teasing finger withdrew, and Flynn smacked her so hard she jerked on his lap.

"Again?"

Geena bit her lip—was Flynn talking to her? Then she heard Russ answer, his voice thick with lust. "Yes."

Flynn's hand came down again sharply. She shrieked, quivering, and heard Russ groan. She imagined his gaze, glued to her upturned bottom, seeing the moisture trickling between her furred lips, and she whimpered with longing.

Answering her need, Flynn spanked her again, settling into a steady rhythm. Geena panted, feeling the slowly-increasing

burn of his slaps spread through her limbs till she was shaking like a leaf. Her cunt was on fire, her lips so swollen they were begging to be pierced. Each solid spank made her writhe on his lap, and she was acutely aware that her motions were rubbing his cock, making it strain even harder against her.

"Do you see what happens when you're bad, Geena?" Flynn growled.

"Yes," she breathed, entranced by the smoky lust curling through his voice.

"Do you see why you need to be punished?"

She nodded, unable to speak. Never in her life had she been so conscious of her ass as she was now. Every inch of it was stinging, and she knew the twin curves of her cheeks were pink from the paddling he was giving her. She could *feel* Russ behind her, watching avidly, and she thrust her hips higher, spreading her thighs to his view.

"Oh, Geena," Flynn whispered. "Such an eager kitten you are." Caressing her upturned cheeks, he cupped them in his hands, spreading them apart. She could feel the cool air on her exposed rectum, and a strange, nervous yearning thrilled through her.

She was almost disappointed when Flynn let go of her ass and commanded, "Now get on your knees."

Awkwardly, she wriggled off his lap and onto the floor. "Knees together," he ordered, and she knelt between his thighs, her back straight, and her chin down. Flynn unbuttoned his jeans, and the hard, purple head of his cock

jutted out. Geena moaned in longing as she saw the pearl of pre-come gleaming on its tip.

Cutting her eyes toward Russ, she saw his shirt was unbuttoned, revealing his gorgeous abs. His pants were open too, and excitement thrilled through her as she realized his strong workman's hands were clamped around his cock. He tugged the thick, swollen shaft in one fist while his other—oh, *God!*—was massaging his balls. His gaze was fixed hungrily on her kneeling body, drinking it in.

Could this possibly be Russ? Her tender, considerate lover, always so gentle, so undemanding? The look in his eyes now was voracious. It made her knees quiver even as Flynn leaned forward and she turned her attention back toward him.

"Now, kitty, where were we? Ah, yes." Smiling, Flynn seized her nipples, pinching them painfully. The flare of sensation almost tilted her over the brink, right there. She hung, quivering, on the very edge as he toyed with her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers, then cupping their full weight and squeezing. Geena watched, transfixed, as Flynn's cock flexed, and the bead of pearly fluid slid from its gaping slit and trickled down the curve of his glans.

"Oh, look, she's hungry, Russ. Should we feed her?"

Geena felt her head tilted up roughly. Then Russ closed his hands in her hair, turning her masked face toward him. His thick, heavy cock nudged at her lips and she opened them, gazing up at him as Flynn tormented her breasts, kneading them like a cat, then gripping the nipples and twisting them till she moaned with the intensity of the sensation.

Russ's eyelids closed, his face suffusing with a look of ecstasy at the vibration of her voice against his shaft. Eagerly, she pushed her mouth down around it, glorying in the way his fingers tightened in her hair, forcing her to take him deeper.

Lashing her tongue over the bulging veins, she groaned as Flynn pinched her nipples mercilessly. Just when she was sure she couldn't take any more, that she was going to come just from him torturing her breasts, Flynn released them and unzipped his jeans fully.

Geena whimpered as Russ pulled out of her mouth. Then he moved behind her and sank to his knees, even as Flynn bared his cock before her. It was as hard and finely shaped as everything else about him: the shaft long and rigid, the head flaring out in a smooth, tempting curve.

She licked her lips, and Flynn smiled lazily, exchanging a look with Russ over her back. "Come and get it then, kitty. Come get your cream."

Eagerly, she bent forward—and then her arms were yanked back as Russ pulled on the belt strap, restraining her. Lust whirled in her mind as she realized she was pinioned between them, helpless, strung like a quivering wire between the lure of Flynn's erection and the firmness of Russ's cock, pressed tight against her still-tingling ass. She felt Russ shift slightly, and his cock nudged against her sodden folds, not penetrating, just teasing her opening.

Writhing, she moved between them, craning her neck forward, thrusting her ass back, wanting those beautiful cocks buried inside her. With consummate skill, Russ loosened his

hold on the strap, letting her get so close to Flynn's cock she could smell the musky, salty scent of him, but never quite taste it before Russ tugged her back. Thrusting her tongue forward, she stretched it to its limit, and heard Flynn chuckle delightedly as he watched her struggles.

"Oh, she really *is* an eager thing, Russ. Wherever did you discover her?"

"I didn't—until tonight." Russ's voice was a rueful blend of chagrin and lust.

At his tone, Geena craned her neck around, trying to see him. "Russ..."

Russ reached out and slid the mask back from her face, then tilted his head, letting her see his smile. The warmth in his eyes reassured her.

Then, with no preamble, no warning whatsoever, he grabbed her hips with one hand and slammed his cock home.

She cried out in delight as his shaft pounded into her, bruisingly hard. His thrust rocked her forward, with only his swift jerk on the belt strap keeping her upright, and Geena found her mouth suddenly full of Flynn's hot, pulsing shaft.

Eagerly, she sucked it, drawing back for a moment to lap at the tip. Darting her tongue into the small, gaping slit, she licked hungrily, catching each salty-sweet drop of Flynn's juices as they leaked out. With a groan, Flynn thrust his hands into her curls and shoved her head downward.

Geena moaned, loving the feeling of being trapped between them. Russ's hands clamped down hard on her still-stinging ass, pinning her beneath him as he rammed his cock into her. Flynn's fingers worked through her hair, then closed

into fists and forced her head downward till her chin brushed his balls.

Groaning, he whispered hoarsely, "I take it back, Russ. I take it all back. I most definitely, absolutely, completely approve."

Russ chuckled breathlessly, even as Geena felt his thrusts deepen. "I told you, I love her. This is just the icing on the cake."

"Speaking of icing..." Flynn growled between clenched teeth. Geena felt his balls tighten. Then, with a rush, he was coming in her mouth, groaning harshly as he pumped his cock deep into her throat, shoving her head down hard on his pulsing shaft.

His climax exploded outward, drenching her throat in wave after wave of hot, salty cream. Geena swallowed enthusiastically, milking every last drop from his throbbing shaft even as she felt Russ yank her hips higher. He squeezed her ass with one hand as he slid the other down between her thighs, and then—oh, *glory!* He was rubbing her clit, working his strong fingers over her hard, engorged nub.

His breath grew ragged as he jabbed into her, fucking her with a frenzy she'd despaired of ever inspiring in him. Releasing Flynn's cock, Geena bent forward till her breasts were pressed against the floor, her ass thrust up toward her soon-to-be-husband, wide open and ready for whatever he wanted.

She heard him swallow as he froze, fighting for control, and *knew* he was looking down at her, mesmerized by the

sight of that pink, upturned ass. "Oh, *Geena*," he whispered, his voice harsh with need.

She could feel his cock throbbing, thickening further with his approaching climax. Eagerly, she nudged back against it, egging him on, but he clamped his hand on her hip, forcing her still.

She waited, fighting her own impatience as he withdrew his hand. Then, a second later, she felt his finger, slick with saliva, glide down the crack of her ass and nudge against her tight hole.

Geena whimpered, holding herself rigid as his finger slowly eased into her, then drew back and trailed down to where their bodies joined together, gathering more moisture. Returning again to that unexplored opening, he prodded it lightly, teasingly. Gradually, his finger invaded her, spreading her open, stroking smoothly against the tender tissues as he pressed deeper.

The sensation was both uncomfortable and incredibly arousing. His cock swelled inside her, stretching her cunt, and she felt so completely *filled*, impaled utterly on his finger and his rock-hard shaft. Her pulse thundered in her ears, and slowly, she began rocking back against him, working both those firm, penetrating members in and out, in and out, until Russ took over and pushed into her ass, rolling his hips forward at the same time. Like a cat in heat, Geena shoved her hips higher, and yowled in satisfaction as he thrust, hard and fast, his cock splitting her open, his finger plunging...

Drawing back, he slammed in again, sinking into her so deep his balls dragged against her mons. His free hand found

her clit again, drawing hot, searing sparks from it as he rammed himself into her, fucking her cunt, fucking her ass, riding her with a ferocity she'd only dreamed of. Her insides were melting. A roaring filled her ears. Liquid heat pulsed through her, shaking her frame. Dimly, she heard Russ groan in anticipation as her cunt spasmed and clamped down, gripping him tighter.

And then she was peaking, only distantly aware of her own wanton cries, feeling nothing but the fire searing through her as Russ hammered home, pumping stream after stream of come into the wet velvet grip of her passage. He groaned in ecstasy, and she pressed back against him as her inner muscles quivered and clenched, loving the sound of his voice, loving his roughness, loving *him*.

Russ.

Her own, perfect, forever Russ.

It seemed hours later when he finally withdrew, leaving her limp and shuddering where she knelt on the floor. Tenderly, he slipped Flynn's belt from around her wrists, and Geena, suddenly remembering Flynn was there, glanced up uncertainly to see him smiling down at her as he casually stroked his renewed erection. Not sneering or smirking, but grinning like a kid who'd just made the winning run. It was amazing how different he looked with all that cold charm gone, his smile suddenly warm and welcoming.

My God, Geena thought, he could have any girl he wanted. One smile like that and a nun would be in love.

If she wasn't already, that was. And for all that those gleaming green eyes could spin her internal thermostat skyward, it wasn't Flynn Geena was in love with.

And it wasn't Flynn who was in love with her.

Gently, Russ helped her to her feet. Her knees shook as he kissed her, long and tenderly. Gazing down into her eyes, he whispered, "Geena, I know I asked this before, but..." He swallowed and gestured nervously, as if to encompass everything that had just happened, everything he hadn't told her.

Behind them, Flynn groaned. "Dear God. Where's the insulin?" But when Geena glanced over, he was still smiling broadly.

Russ gave him as ferocious a glare as he could muster, considering he was grinning from ear to ear. "You know, someday, Flynn you're going to meet a woman who can put *you* on your knees—"

"Never happen." Flynn snorted.

"—and I hope I'm there to see it."

"Yeah. May you live so long. Get it over with already."

Turning his gaze back to Geena, Russ took her hands in his own, and sank gracefully to one knee. "Geena. For now and for always, from this day till the day that I die, will you be my wife?"

"Gee? Geena?"

Geena froze as Michelle called outside in the hallway. Pushing open the kitchen door, Michelle reached for the lights, and stopped short at the sight of them—Russ on his knees, Geena tottering unsteadily on her stilettos, and Flynn

sprawled in the chair with his shirt-tails flopping and his pants hanging open.

Michelle's face seemed to be at war with itself. One eyebrow arched up almost to her hairline while the other tried to give Geena a stern scowl. Gesturing at Russ, she said, "So I take it you two—uh—talked."

Geena burst into helpless laughter. Michelle rounded on Flynn, glaring. "The mighty Flynn. What are you, the marriage counselor all of a sudden?"

Flynn rose to his feet, his green eyes narrowing with menace. "What are *you*? The big mama kitty?"

"That's right," Chell replied, propping her hands on her hips and staring back at him flatly. "The hottest pussy in the joint, and don't you forget it." He bristled, and Michelle, cool as a cucumber, trailed her gaze down his chest to his still-open pants, letting her lips curve in a slow, speculative smile as she studied his erection.

To Geena's amazement, Flynn actually flushed, and zipped his jeans carefully over his engorged cock.

With a satisfied smirk, Michelle turned to Russ. "And now everybody lives happily ever after?"

Clearing his throat, Russ climbed to his feet, his hazel eyes gleaming as he looked down at Geena. "I'm not sure yet. I hope so. She hasn't answered my question."

Giggling, swaying dangerously on her stilettos as her knees threatened to buckle, Geena threw her arms around Russ's neck and covered his broad, handsome face with eager kisses.

"So, that's a yes then, I take it." He grinned at her.

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by Sierra Dafoe

Geena grinned back. "Yes," she answered, and kissed him again. "Yes, and yes, and absolutely yes."

Epilogue

The limo was kind of silly, considering they were only taking it back to Russ's apartment after the ceremony. But Flynn had insisted. It really *was* kind of sweet of him, Geena thought as Russ handed her into it and slid in beside her. She settled the voluminous white skirt of her wedding dress around her, and waved to Chell as they pulled away. Then she turned to Russ, who had found a box on the floor and opened it. He was looking down into it with the oddest expression.

"Russ? What is it?"

He glanced up at her, his eyes both gleaming and oddly bashful. He opened his mouth, and then looked out the window, surprised. Unrolling the privacy barrier, he spoke to the chauffeur. "Uh, we're going east."

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied smartly. "Mr. Davies' orders, sir." Touching his cap politely, he re-rolled the barrier. For the first time, Geena noticed it was totally opaque.

She glanced at Russ, puzzled. He grinned, nodding at a box on the floor at her feet. "Open it."

She did, and lifted out a cat mask. "Flynn, you presumptuous bastard." Torn between amusement and outrage, she looked at Russ, who tilted his box toward her. Inside, curled neatly, was a worn leather belt.

Geena swallowed as she gazed up into Russ's intent hazel eyes. Taking the cat mask from her suddenly-nerveless fingers, he slid it carefully over her features and whispered

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into her ear, his voice both warm with affection and hoarse with lust.

"Tell me, pretty kitty. Have you ever done it in the back of a limo?"

THE MIGHTY FLYNN

THE END

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