

Laura Ahee



27
Chapters

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27 Chapters

by

Laura Ahee

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Chapter One

“He gyrates his pelvis inside her, his erection hitting every part of her walls. Her body builds into rapture as she digs her fingernails into his back. She climaxes until a burst of ecstasy encases her. She groans in exhaustion, but her pussy aches for more of his cock. He ceases his moment, moving faster and harder inside her, yearning for release. He watches her convulse under his arms. Her pelvis locks as she opens for him like a flower. After a few more gyrations, he stops, groans and pours himself inside her.

He looks down at her, watching her succumb to him. He pulls from inside her and collapses by her side. Naked and hot, they cradle each other and fall fast asleep.

The next morning he wakes up and sees Louisa, head against his chest and nestled asleep.”

This is becoming so cheesy. Anyway...

“He slowly moves from under her and grasps his shirt and underwear from the floor. He stands up from the bed and begins to dress, not knowing she has opened her eyes and is watching his silhouette dress before her very eyes.”

Okay, I’m out of ideas on this sex scene. The goal is to make it sexy... never mind, let’s get to the middle.

“He confesses to her that he is an ex-convict, escaped from prison to prove his innocence. The only thing that stands in his way is her. He has no choice but to take her prisoner so she doesn’t report him to the authorities. He grabs her in his arms. She bites his hand. Ignoring the searing pain, he throws her in his truck and he speeds away on the dirt road.

And that, dear readers, is how my career just fell into the shitter.”

I peck the final letters on my keyboard and remove my reading glasses. I throw them beside my laptop, burying my forehead in my hands.

This is the worst erotic romance novel I have ever had the idea for! I only wrote five chapters and it already fucking

sucks!

I put my glasses back on and press the delete button. I continue to peck at it, like a jackhammer, watching the words disappear in front of my eyes. This is taking way too long. I finally press the red button and decide not to save my draft. I stand up from my desk and pace around my room.

This is ridiculous! I had writer's block before, but this is fucking mind rattling.

I turn to look at my clock and it's already eight in the morning. I have been up for the past 12 hours and all I could come up with is shit. I stare at the wall and view a blown up poster of my last book, "Crimson Seduction" by Elona Ericson.

Not a bad pseudonym considering the fact that I've used that name for the past five novels.

That was my very last erotic romance novel I have had the pleasure of being published.

Shit, that reminds me, I have to finish up my article!

I load up my article on the laptop and type the last few sentences.

You see, I have two separate lives. I'm Leona Matthews, the youngest writer for the health and beauty section of the "Detroit Free Press." I am also a substitute writer for the entertainment section. That means when the lead writer gets sick, I'm usually stuck taking her place. I have a smart mouth when warranted. I'm bubbly but also clumsy at the same time (at least that's what my co-workers say). I'm more of a listener which is why people vent their issues to me. This is also what makes me a damn good journalist.

There's also a side of my life I still have the most trouble with. I'm also 'Elona Ericson,' an erotic romance novelist trying to make it big in the literary world. Readers don't know what I look like or how old I am. People I pass by, who read my stories, think I'm at least in my thirties or have experience with men... which is not the case.

For someone who knows nothing about sex, I should pat myself on the back for doing my research.

They don't know I'm a brown-haired, brown-eyed woman fresh out of college who only started writing romance novels to pay off student loans. I faked my name only for the purpose of protecting my reputation. When it became a big success and the money continued to pour in, it became a double life.

I follow one rule and that's to keep to myself and follow my own creative instincts. As long as people stay out of my business and don't ask about my work, I don't meddle in other people's lives. I like to call it the "Writer's Code of Silence."

I doubt there is such a thing, but it gives me a sense of security.

In fact, the only people who know about this part of my life are my publisher and my brother Patrick, who's a priest

Yes, I see the irony.

That reminds me, I was going to visit him at the church this week. I look down at my watch.

Ugh, I'm late!

Chapter Two

I turn on my radio to a Motown song. As I bob my head to the beat, I head to the bathroom, rip my pajamas off and take a shower. Afterward, I wrap my towel around my body and walk out of the bathroom. I head to my dresser and put on a fresh pair of panties and a bra. I rifle my closet and put on my favorite black skinny jeans and black quarter-sleeved top. After I brush my hair and grab my sunglasses from the dresser, I turn off my radio. I pack my laptop in my computer case and walk out of the bedroom. I head down the hall to the kitchen. I pour myself a thermos of coffee and grab my purse from the counter. I walk out of the door and lock it behind me.

This morning routine is becoming second nature, especially considering I'm still awake by the time I need to get ready for work in the morning.

I walk down the driveway and unlock my truck. Not only did those erotic romance novels help to finance my first house, in Warren, but it also helped pay for my new blue Colorado.

I pull into the parking lot, turn off my truck and jump out. I lock it behind me and run as fast as I can to the "Detroit Free Press" building.

I should have never worn high heels, they are killing me! Damn elevators are taking too long. I'll just take the stairs.

I head through the fire exit and up the stairs. I barge through the door and hear a thumping sound. I open the door and see Carmen, the lead writer of the fashion section. I startle and step away from the door, seeing her grasp her nose.

"Oh shit Carmen, I'm so sorry," I cover my mouth with my hand, my eyes widening, "oh my God, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she replies grasping her nose, "I always wanted to have a nose like Joan Rivers." She snorts trying to laugh, "Ouch."

"You late for the meeting, too?" I ask as she removes her hand from her nose.

Carmen and I pace towards the conference room, "Yep," she replies, "I don't get it, we already had a meeting last week."

"How's your deadline going?"

"I finally got those pictures from New York that I can publish," Carmen replies, "I have until next week, so I ain't worried. You?"

"Just finished this morning."

"You're deadline is in an hour."

I nod, "I know."

"How is it you leave things up to the last minute?"

Sorry, you try writing sex books and news articles at the same time and see how you like it!

I shrug, "A lot on my plate."

We walk into the conference room and scan the room filled with reporters. Half are standing around, drinking coffee and rifling the donuts and bagels that someone brought in.

"See a seat?" I ask Carmen.

"There," she points to the two empty seats in front of us.

I see two men walking towards them.

I point to the chairs and quickly say, "Go, go, go."

We scurry past them, cut them off and sit in the seats.

"Oogh," I hear behind me.

I turn around and see one of the men bend forward, grasping his dick in his hands.

Carmen and I watch as he bends over and waddles to the corner of the room.

"Nice shot, Leo," I hear a man say as he sits beside me.

It's Rick, one of the sports writers, also known to the office as "The Mouth."

I shrug, "What did I do?"

"While you were sitting, your case hit Brandon's balls."

I bite my lower lip and slowly turn my head to see Brandon, breathing deeply, his face red as he attempts to stand up straight.

"Oops," I say under my breath, "my bad."

Rick ignores Brandon and places his arm around my shoulder, "You look ravishing this morning," he looks down at my top, "is that a new shirt? It really accentuates your figure."

Carmen joins the conversation, "Rick, she hasn't bought new clothes since Obama was president."

I turn my head to her, "Just because you're a fashion writer, doesn't permit you to be a fucking smartass." I turn my head back to Rick. I lower one eyebrow and sit back in my seat, "Okay, what's the gossip?"

He throws his hand up, "Why is it every time I give you a compliment, you think I am only out to spread a rumor?"

I glare at him, pursing my lips together.

"Okay," he finally admits.

He scans behind his shoulders and peers over me to grab Carmen's attention.

Carmen and I lean closer to him.

He begins to talk in hush tones, "This came from a reliable source. Jenny from accounting told Barb from marketing, who got the information from Bonnie, Mr. Jones' secretary, who overheard it this morning in Mr. Jones' office..."

His web of gossip gives me whiplash. Sometimes, he acts like a woman.

Carmen holds up her hand, "Rick, please skip the grapevine and give us the dirt."

"Well..."

Before he says anything else, Mr. Jones, our boss, comes into the room with his secretary trailing behind him.

"Morning, everyone!" Mr. Jones says, walking to the head of the table.

The room grows silent as people begin to sit in open seats or stand against the wall in the back. I sit back in my seat and tap my fingernails against the arm of my chair.

"I guess you all are wondering why I called this emergency meeting," he says.

"As if the doughnuts and bagels didn't tip us off, Jack," one of the reporters replies.

"Yeah," I remark, "what's the jam?"

"No big thing," Mr. Jones replies, "I wanted to announce that our entertainment reporter, Joyce Richards, had a baby girl this morning."

Applause encircles the room.

"I didn't know she was pregnant," Carmen says in my ear.

"Of course not," I reply, "she's on the fourth floor."

"Did you know she had a bun in the oven?"

I raise my eyebrow at her, "Are you kidding?" I ask disappointed, "I've been dreading this day."

"Why?"

"Carmen, what happens when we're down a writer?"

She sighs, "Maybe her sub will stand for her."

I shake my head, "I'm her sub, Carmen."

"Well, maybe something else can happen."

"Bull shit," I reply, "nothing's that easy."

She tilts her head and nods, "That's true, forget I said that," she clears her throat, "you're basically fucked."

"Now," Mr. Jones breaks the applause, "with Joyce gone for the next few weeks, there's going to be some temporary changes."

"Here we go," I say in hush tones, "fasten your seatbelts."

"Get comfy," Rick mutters.

Mr. Jones continues, "Joyce was supposed to go on assignment to Vancouver next week."

He motions to his secretary as she hands him a blue folder.

“So that leads us shorthanded,” he says placing the folder on the table, “Leo...”

I look around as a bunch of eyes are focused on me, “Yes, sir?”

I sit up straight.

“I’m sending you to Vancouver, Carmen will take over your slot for next week.”

I shake my head and raise my hand from the table, “Sir, I don’t understand. I went to Traverse City the last time she was on leave.”

“You’re not willing to go to Vancouver?” Mr. Jones remarks.

“I just don’t understand why I can’t continue my article in the health section? It’s kind of like bouncing from one beat to another.”

“That was taken into consideration, Leona. This is to be a front-page article for the entertainment section. We need a pro. With Joyce gone, you’re the best candidate to handle this assignment. Lucky for you, you don’t have much to do.”

He slides the file across the table and when it slides towards me, “Everything you need to know is there. Anything else, Leona?”

I slide the file towards me, “When do I shove off?” I ask. I need time to prepare for leaving since I’m officially drafted.

“You’ll take a train to Vancouver on Monday,” he replies.

That’s in two days!

Jack continues, “Okay, that’s it for that subject. With this change in assignments for the next week, we all need to stand on our toes. Rick, I’m sending you with the Red Wings to go to Chicago for their next away game. You’ll be in the locker room. We need three sources.”

Why can’t I go to Chicago for a night? I would pay big money to see hot, muscular men in beards with towels wrapped around their waists and barebacked... Oh, God! I’m writing already! Someone, take this down!

While Mr. Jones continues doling out assignments, I pull out my notepad and pen from my laptop case and begin to jot down some notes.

A very shy sports reporter, judged based on her sex, finds solace in a muscular, playboy hockey player, and while showing her how big his hockey stick is, thus embracing her talents in writing...

"What are you writing?" Carmen asks in hush tones, "I know you're not noting the crap the boss is saying."

"No." I whisper, "My to-do list."

"Okay, that's it." Mr. Jones says, "Thank you for your patience. Now, let's get back to writing."

I roll my eyes. Easy for him to say.

Chapter Three

I stare over my cubicle and view Detroit's skyline. It's so quiet and peaceful up here, but so busy and catastrophic down there.

It's catastrophic in here, too.

Now that I have to shift reigns to Carmen for a week, while I cover another assignment. I just got back a month ago from Chicago from my own assignment, and I'm still paying for it. I glance at my desk and see the blue folder the boss gave me. I didn't want to read it in front of everybody because it's none of their damn business. I walk in front of my desk, lean over the folder and open it. When Jack said I didn't have to do any work, he meant it. Joyce has a list of all the questions for her interview. I sit on my chair and scan through the papers she left for me.

She was supposed to interview a television actor... Grant Thomson... Never heard of him. She's even got a profile on this guy. I pull out a piece of paper from the internet that she printed off.

Wow... he's young... he's my age. Brown hair, hazel green eyes and single.

If Carmen found out about him, she'd stow away in my luggage.

Where do I meet him?

I scan through more papers and see an address of a studio set that he is working on right now... A television show. That's impressive. For a 25-year-old man, he's certainly become one of the most successful rising stars in the industry.

Nevertheless, I have too much on my plate, already. My publisher is pressuring me for a new book by the end of the summer and I have a severe case of writer's block. I don't think there is anything in this pile of papers that can force me to go.

I stop scanning through the papers and my eyes widen.
All expenses paid!

Joyce was supposed to go on an Amtrak train from Detroit to Windsor and hop on another train for Vancouver. She was supposed to stay in a hotel with other actors from the show.

Just then, my cell phone rings. I reach for it and see my publisher's name plastered on my screen. "Shit," I mutter knowing she would call one of these days. I press the green button and hold the phone to my ears, "H-i!" I say in a high pitched tone.

"I have been calling you for the past week!" I hear Denise shout.

"Funny you don't sound like my mother."

She calms down, "How's the book coming?"

"I had to scrap it, Denise." I run my hand across my forehead, "I can't decide on what to write on."

"Sex is where the money is."

I pout, "I think we've established that."

"Stick with the stories about man and woman being 'enemies then lovers.' Those are the greatest."

"I'm just going through a dry spell."

I hear her scoff, "Cuh... Obviously."

I lean my elbow on my desk, "How does my high school friend end up being my publisher?"

"Not my fault," she replies, "I wouldn't have thought about publishing your erotica in the first place."

"A pseudonym was the best way to protect me in college."

"That led to publishing five books in five years."

"You still signed me on."

"I didn't know it was you until we met at that coffee shop."

"Moving on," I change the subject, "I'm going to need an extension."

"You said that last month."

"Yeah, but this time I have a legitimate excuse. I've been called on assignment to Vancouver."

"Canada? The last time you said it was Miami."

"No, that's Chicago."

"Oh, so you did lie the last time!"

"Will you cut it out?" I squeal, my voice breaking.

I look up and see a group of people peering into my cubicle.

My face freezes as I stand from my seat, "Will you cut out sending my shirts to the cleaners? I hate it when they shrink them!" I sigh when the people go about their business.

Denise says very slowly, "What the hell was that?"

"I'm not lying. I am going to Vancouver to interview this actor." I pace to my desk and scramble through the sheets of paper, "Have you ever heard of Grant Thomson?"

"Excuse me?"

"Grant Thomson?" I pull out his profile, "He stars in some superhero television show."

"You never heard of Grant Thomson?"

"Why, have you?"

"He's my niece's television crush. She has posters of him all over her room."

"How old's your niece?"

"12."

I shake my head, "That does it, I'm staying home! The minute that Joyce fucked her husband to have his baby, she should've given me forewarning so I could tell her to get fucked. It's too late because her husband obviously took care of that, but I'll be damned if I'm going to interview a fame-hungry pipsqueak who lusts after young flesh."

She's silent for a good minute. Then, "Oh my God, you're not lying."

"Now, I have no choice. My boss assigned it to me. The only good thing I get out of this is everything is already paid for."

"Bon voyage."

I raise my eyebrow, "Say what?"

"You should go have fun. When was the last time you've been out of the country?"

"U-verse television," I reply, "I was watching some documentary on Australia, a few days ago. I love seeing those kangaroos."

"I'm serious, Leo. Besides, you might be inspired."

"Inspired by a two-faced, money-grubbing, spoiled brat?"

"How do you possibly know that? You don't even know him."

"He's an actor. Look at Justin Bieber."

"He's not an actor."

"Doesn't matter. Nine times out of ten, he's bound to be a rotten prick."

"What's the other tenth?" she asks in a sarcastic tone.

I shift my mouth to one side, "Shut up."

"Once you get a spark of inspiration, let me know. Your procrastination is giving me cramps."

"It's not procrastination, it's writer's block."

"Yeah right, and Al Pacino made all his money selling pasta."

"Denise, how would you like me to give you a spontaneous nose job?"

She laughs, "You know I love you."

"Love you, too. I'll call you when I get my first few chapters done."

"What are you going to do in the meantime?"

"In the meantime?" I reply, "I'm going to see my brother."

Chapter Four

The blue folder is on the passenger seat as I drive down the expressway to the church where my brother preaches at. It's four o'clock and he usually handles confessions at this time. I smile as I conjure up the perfect intro into seeing him. I try to stay as close to my older brother as I can, even though I drive him nuts with my jokes. I pull into a parking space, take off my sunglasses and toss them on the passenger seats. I step outside the truck, shut my door and walk up the sidewalk. I walk inside and head through another set of doors into the church.

There is illumination from the candles and the light shining from the stained-glass windows. I make the sign of the cross with some holy water and walk down the aisle. I head to the back of the church, where the confessional is. I see an older woman walk out of one of the confessionals and walk beside me. I say hello to her, look behind me and walk through the curtains of the confessional. There is only one candle attached to the wall and a chair in front of the mesh. I sit and set my purse on the floor. I peer through the mesh and see the light brown haired priest sitting on the other side.

"I bless you," I hear my brother say, "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

I lean against the mesh and say, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been about a week since my last confession."

"What sin have you committed?"

"I have been having impure thoughts."

"In what regards?"

This'll be good.

"I keep having these recurring dreams of my brother."

"Incest?" he remarks.

I purse my lips together, trying not to laugh, "No thanks, I have enough sage." I clear my throat and lick my bottom lip, "Actually it's more like a nightmare. I keep imagining him

having sex in the back of my truck with a prostitute. Then, they ask me to join them."

He shakes his head and rubs his forehead, "That's not funny, Leo."

I begin to laugh, "Are you kidding, Patrick? It's a riot."

He leans towards the mesh and points at me, "You are going to get me into so much trouble."

"With who, God? Say five rosaries and you'll be fine."

"With the other priests."

"Can I help it if you're so easy?"

"You are not going to cut me any slack, are you?"

"Not since you graduated from the seminary."

"What do you want, Leo?"

"I just wanted to see how you were doing."

"You could have phoned."

I shrug, "What would have been the fun in that?"

"How's work going?" he asks.

Another reason I don't tell anyone my secret is because my brother has the reputation as a devoted priest. I don't want to be the one to screw that up for him. Plus, he already has a past of his own he's trying to put behind him. Besides, as long as I'm still a virgin he has nothing else to worry about.

"That's why I'm here, Patrick." I tell him, "I wanted to tell you that I'm going away on assignment."

He looks at me through the mesh and moves closer, "Where?"

"Vancouver."

"What for?"

"I'm filling in for a writer for the entertainment section."

"How long will you be gone?"

I shake my head, "A month, I think. Maybe longer..."

"What about money?"

"It's paid for by the paper."

"So, what's the problem?"

"Patrick it's not my forte. I have experience in the medical field."

"Your degree is in veterinary technology, Leona."

He still tries to force me into regretting that.

"Not the point, I got my degree and I have the experience. Now, I'm stuck doing deadbeat stories."

"You still have your side job. How's your book coming?"

I sigh and shake my head, "I had to scrap it."

"Oh, darn. I'm sorry."

"My publisher has been pressing for another story for weeks. I have no idea what to do."

"Are you still writing erotica?" he asks.

I nod, "Patrick, that's where the money is."

"I know. Father O'Donaghue just bought one of your books."

I raise my eyebrows, "Priests read that stuff?"

"Trust me, they're like secret critics."

I shrug, "Not judging, at all." After a minute of silence, I say, "So, what does he think?"

"Not like 'Fifty Shades of Grey,' I'll tell you that."

Yes, my brother read "Fifty Shades of Grey." During seminary school, he didn't wear clergy clothes when he went to see the movie with another priest. He almost hooked up with someone at the theater.

It still doesn't answer my question, "Too clean?"

"It was perfect. It even raised Father O'Donaghue's imagination, if you know what I mean."

I nod, chuckling, "I'm trying not to picture that, otherwise this will become an official confession."

"Don't worry, you'll find something to write about."

"Your lips to God's ears." I chuckle.

There's a knock outside the confessional, "Just a moment," I say, "it's occupied."

Patrick whispers, "Are you sure you'll be okay? You know how I feel about you going out of the state."

"Patrick, I'm 23. You can stop raising me."

“Do you, at least, want a blessing for your trip?”

I nod.

He makes the sign of the cross and places his hand on the mesh. I place my hand against him as he says, “Jesus Christ, please shower your angels and shields over my sister, Leona. Guard her on a safe journey to Vancouver and let all of her desires come true. Bring her home with fame in her pocket and a heart of joy. In your name, we pray. Amen.”

We both make the sign of the cross. I whisper, “Thank you, Patrick.”

“My pleasure, Sis.”

The knock on the door resumes.

“I’ll be out in a minute,” I reply back. I whisper to Patrick, “Geez, there’s no time limit on these things. I don’t know why people complain. You’re not going anywhere.”

He laughs, “I better let you go. Will you be here on Sunday?”

“I’ll try my best. Can I still hug my brother?”

“Is that a trick question?” Patrick steps away from the mesh. I then hear him walk out of the confessional. Light shines through the confessional as I see my brother push the curtain aside. I stand from my chair, grab my purse and step outside, wrapping my arms around him. He returns his grasp, burying his head in my neck, “I’ll see you soon, Leo. Be careful.”

“Later, Patrick,” I kiss his cheek and walk away from him and the old lady who was knocking on the confessional.

I overhear her say to my brother, “Father, do you know that lady?”

“Sure do,” my brother replies. “that’s my baby sister, Leona.”

I call, “Not a baby, anymore, Patrick!”

“Could’ve fooled me!” he shouts back.

For being a holy priest, as my brother, he can be a holy pain in my ass.

Chapter Five

I lean my head against the window and watch Detroit blast by me in a fell swoop. My laptop case and luggage sit beside me in the cart. I prop my feet on the seat across from me and continue to stare out the window, thinking. I close my eyes and take a few breaths.

My brother has nothing to worry about. I'm a grown up and I can take care of myself. My only lot in life is that going on this trip is the last thing I wanted to do. I want to do at least some soul searching, without work in my mind.

I open my eyes wide. I pull my head away from the window and scramble in my laptop case. I pull out my laptop, turn on my screen and begin to write.

"Chapter 1:

'I'm not going on this stupid fucking trip. This is absolutely ridiculous.'

Scarlet refused to go on this business trip. She was just recovering from a messy breakup with her long-term boyfriend. All she wanted to do was some soul-searching. If it wasn't for Scarlett's friends and family persuading her to go on this trip, she would've never considered it. With courage in one pocket and a bottle of heart in another, she hopped on the train and headed to her destination of Windsor, Canada."

I continue to type as I journey to Canada. When the train stops in Windsor, I pack my belongings and sit inside the station. All the while I continue to type.

"Chapter 5:

Scarlett finally reaches her destination. Before she settles into her new temporary home, she takes a tour of the city. There, in the city, she finds a little bar. Inside she finds a young brown-haired man, sensually kissing his date in front of the window. She grows mesmerized by the man as he forces his tongue into his girlfriend's mouth. Scarlett can't help but imagine that she is in that position and the man wrestles inside her mouth, instead.

He rips Scarlett's shirt open, revealing her sweaty breasts. He leans forward and begins to bite down on her nipple, assaulting her under his possession. He kisses her between her breasts, trailing his tongue to her navel and dipping his tongue inside. He moves lower towards the hem of her skirt. In one fell swoop, he rips it apart to expose her lace panties. It seems as though nobody in the restaurant is watching as he tugs the elastic of her panties below her backside, yanking them off her legs. He grasps her knees and pulls them apart, exposing her pubis to him. He glares as he leans forward and grazes his tongue against her clitoris. He grasps it and begins to suck, grazing it with his teeth. She throws her head back in ecstasy and grasps her lover's hair, massaging his scalp.

He inserts his tongue inside, licking the walls of her dampened pussy. She yelps, the overwhelming feeling arousing her. Her hair stands on end, sweat pours down her face..."

"Passenger ride to Toronto and Vancouver now boarding." I hear the voice of the P.A. system interrupting my thought.

"Shit," I growl as I lose my thought.

I slam the laptop cover down, shove my computer in the case, grab my suitcase and run to the nearest train. I jump inside, race to my drawing room and slam the door. I pull out my laptop and shove my bags on the seat. I prop my feet up and continue to type.

"She arches her pelvis as the intensity builds between her thighs. Scarlett releases his hair and grasps the tablecloth, squeezing it until her knuckles grow numb. She screams out in orgasm, raising her knees and resting them on his shoulders. She convulses under his grasp and cums on his tongue. He presses his thumbs deep into her thighs as he raises her and begins licking the cum from inside her.

Scarlett shakes her head. She wipes the beads of sweat off her face and looks around. She is still outside on the sidewalk, and the man inside the window still kisses his

girlfriend. Scarlett lets out a deep sigh and continues to walk down the street. In deep thought, she wonders if her imagination will ever become a reality. She broke off her relationship with Alexander, her two-timing boyfriend, who gave her nothing but heartache and a dull libido."

I close the laptop and take a deep breath. It's not much, but it's a start.

I look up and see an unfamiliar setting outside my window. It almost resembles Detroit, only it's more modern and there is a very large sphere-shaped structure that refracts sunlight into the water. This must be Vancouver, I must've made it. I look down at my laptop and see that it's two o'clock in the afternoon. In the past couple of hours, I wrote five chapters. That's a hell of an accomplishment.

The train pulls into a lavish train station and comes to a halt by the platform. I pack my laptop in the case and grab my luggage from the seat across from me. I stand up, slide the car door open and walk behind a group of people down the hallway. I hop off the train and scan the inside of the station. I motion past people that are trying to board the train. I look around me, trying to find the customer service desk and see if anyone is waiting for me.

Oh, how could I forget? I open my case and rifle through it to pull out the blue folder. I open it and scan the first sheet. It said that there's a person from the studio that is supposed to pick me up in a black car outside the station. I shove the folder back in my case and walk to the front doors. I walk outside and see rows of taxi cars in front of me. A few feet away, there's a black Cadillac. In front of it is a tall Latino gentleman wearing a black buttoned-down shirt and dark jeans. He is holding a sign that says, "L. Matthews."

I sigh in relief as I pace to the person, "Hi," I say to the man.

He smiles at me, "Hello." He places the sign under his arm and extends his hand, "You must be his assistant."

I don't return a handshake. I tilt my head to one side and my smile disappears, "I beg your pardon?" I ask.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Where are my manners?" he says, still smiling, "I'm Cesaré, Mr. Thomson's assistant."

I slowly take his hand and shake it, "Hi."

"You must be Mr. Matthews' assistant."

I look to either side of me, "Who's Mr. Matthews?" I ask.

He looks strangely at me and releases my hand, "I'm sorry, I must be looking for the wrong person." His smile returns as he peers over my shoulder, "You see, I'm looking for a Leo Matthews."

I point to myself, "Guilty."

He begins to chuckle, "Excuse me?"

"You're looking at her."

His smile turns into a straight face. Confused, he says, "Wait a minute," he rifles through the pocket of his jeans, "you can't be."

"I am," I reply in a confused tone. I raise my eyebrow, not understanding what the hell is wrong with this man.

Why does he confuse me as an assistant?

Cesaré unravels the crinkled piece of paper from his pocket. He reads the paper, "It says here that I'm supposed to pick up a Leo Matthews... Mr. Leo Matthews."

My eyes narrow, "No," I correct, "I'm Ms. Leona Matthews."

"From the Detroit?"

"Yes, the one and only."

"You can't be," the man insists on contradicting what I say, "they just faxed this to our studio yesterday."

I extend my hand, "May I see?"

He reluctantly gives me the paper as I set my suitcase on the ground.

I scan through it with my eyes, "This is a confirmation notice informing you that our reporter will be arriving in Vancouver Tuesday afternoon." My eyes widen when I see, "Name: Leo Matthews..."

That fucking bimbo of a secretary! If she didn't spend so much of her time fucking the boss and sucking his cock in his office, she would have noticed that she gave the studio my nickname! Christ, now they think I'm a man!

Chapter Six

Is this some kind of fucking joke?

I fold the paper and give it back to the man.

"They made a mistake." I reply, trying to be as polite as I can without blowing my top, "My name is Leona, but the people in the office call me, 'Leo.' Their secretary gave you the wrong name."

He places the paper cautiously in his pocket, "So, you're the reporter they sent?"

I reply, "Unfortunately."

"You're a woman," he concludes.

I point to my breasts, "These are real. I can't take them out and put them back in as I please. Not unless I was one of the Kardashians."

He shakes his head, his mouth open, "This isn't good. The writers and the others at the studio, they all think you're a man."

I nod, "Well, this ought to be interesting."

He snaps back into reality, "I'm so sorry for the confusion Ms. Matthews. May I take your bag?"

He bends down and grabs my suitcase from off the ground. He carries it to the back door of the car and opens it. He places the case inside and holds the door open. I stand still, watching him look at me as if waiting for something.

"Is something wrong?" Cesaré asks.

I shake my head, "No," I reply, walking towards the car, "I don't have to sit in the back."

He raises his eyebrow, "Huh?"

"I don't know how they told you to behave around the reporter who's supposed to be here. I'm not as prim and proper as some of my colleagues. I wish to be treated as everyone else."

I move towards the door and close it for Cesaré, "Besides, you get the best seat in the house," I open the