

TALKING DIRTY



Beautiful Trouble Publishing

DREA RILEY & NIKKI WINTER

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Drea Riley and Nikki Winter



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Dréa Riley and Nikki Winter

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To Jayha Leigh, for issuing the “You can’t say that here” speech, then promptly turning it into a challenge. To 3J for the endearing and stomach-curling, insistent chanting of “MEAT CURTAINS,” please stop stealing my DNA. To the ladies and gents of BTP, “BRING IT.” And to the real “Jason Thigpen”—your name gives me so much pleasure. Thanks for being such a damn good sport and for agreeing to be my “big” little brother without me having to break any of your limbs.

And P.S. We didn’t have to do any enhancing of you to make Maxxon alpha. He is in your image. To my mini, I love you, Boo-boo. Always remember, you are the second coming of no one. You are well and truly a giant and an original. And to all the writers who use the “no no” terms. Please, just stop. Crotch Grab and I’m out! —Dréa

Well Jay, all I’m saying is, “I blame you and enjoy said blame.”

Ladies and Gentlemen of BTP, you heard Drea and she said, “BRING IT!” Jason I don’t know you, but dude, your name makes me giggle, so thanks for that. To THE Jeanie, (sigh) your catch phrases are the best. And to Bigger Me, I may not be a second coming but people still blame you and THE Jeanie for my existence, so I’d advise you to keep your DNA away from her and her evil genius. That’s all I have to say, folks. Now I shall very slowly moon-walk my way back to my corner to “Billy Jean.” Cue the Music D! —Nikki

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CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

Sometimes a “Hell No” isn’t enough

“TAKE THIS PUSSY DADDY—”

Lyza closed her eyes and counted to five, then read the line again. And again. It was somewhere around the tenth time she’d whispered the words, her heart rate increasing each time, that she was convinced the sentences hadn’t changed. The rage she felt building to a boil in her blood was unstoppable. She even took a moment to try and laugh it off. *If I just laugh, I’ll calm down and I won’t commit any crimes.* Lyza forced a laugh past her lips—it came out more like a strangled cry. She leaned forward until her forehead touched the cool glass of her desk and held her breath.

Was this seriously the opening line? Did the author truly believe this was acceptable? It wasn’t unheard of to open a book with a shock statement. It wasn’t unheard of to open a book with an amazing sex scene. BUT THIS...this was a work of pure ludicrous-ness. And it wasn’t just the opening line that had her eye twitching. It was the fact that Maxxon had to have seen it before dumping this manuscript on her desk. He had to have known there was no way she’d consent to read this submission.

It had to be a fucking joke, and thus, her killing him by stabbing him in the neck with the heel of her Jimmy Choos would be even more justified. Planting both hands firmly on the polished glass of her desk she rose with purpose. She stretched and tensed the muscles in her shoulders as she prepared herself. She started counting quickly down from a thousand, and got to nine hundred and ninety nine before muttering, “Fuck it, I’m going to kill him,” while snatching the manuscript off her desk and storming from her office.

Vapor trails followed her wake as she made her way down the hall past the cubicles of the many secretaries and file clerks, on her way to the elevator. As if it sensed her foul mood and knew it shouldn’t test her, the smooth doors opened before she could reach out

and stab the buttons.

Lyza stepped inside and turned to see various employees standing, mouths agape and eyes wide as the doors closed on her scowling face.

“So, anyone want to discuss the submissions that have come in lately?” Maxxon spoke over his steeped fingers. He kept his eyes closed as he waited on the barrage of complaints that were sure to follow.

“I don’t want to discuss shit,” his little brother replied. “I just want you to say what you’ve got to say so I can get the fuck outta here before Lyza—” The rest of the reply was cut off as the door to the conference room was kicked open and then slammed shut.

Ten editors, as one, pushed away from the conference table and tried to plaster themselves to the wall.

Jebidiah finished his previous comment, “...gets here and tears you a new asshole.”

Jeb stood, gathered his folder, walked around the table and looked at Lyza’s twin, Arriana. “Before we all die I just want you to know how smoking hot I think you are. If we live through this, I am going to read you love poems and sonnets both before and after I make you scream my name.”

He winked at Arriana and then did the most amazing magic trick ever—flattened his body so tightly against the wall that he was able to squeeze out the door and past a raging Lyza before he ran down the hall zigging and zagging like a cartoon character, shouting, “Run... run for you lives!”

Maxxon smiled and reclined further back in his seat, then brought his legs up to cross them at the ankles and admire the tips of his polished shoes. “Ah Lyza, so glad you could join us. We were just about to—”

Lyza cut him off, her hazel eyes flashing before she closed them

as if to stem the laser beam's ray. "I'm gonna say this once and once only—if your name is not Maxxon Thigpen, get the fuck outta the room. Like now." She stepped aside and everyone took off. No one doubted this moment had been long coming. They'd all watched their breath as Maxxon shamelessly poked, prodded and outright baited the shyest of the two sisters. Everyone knew the old adage about still waters running deep. AND everyone had long been expecting Lyza to finally reach her boiling point.

Arriana looked at him and said "It was nice to know you" before she strolled out.

Lyza, in a low voice asked, "What the fuck in all fucking fucks is this shit that was on my desk?"

Maxxon arched an eyebrow as Lyza tossed the stack of crumpled papers that had been assigned to her department on the conference table and advanced on him. The big bastard had the nerve to sit there like he was completely unaffected by her anger. Just because he was unnaturally large—six feet seven inches of jackass—didn't mean she couldn't beat the living shit out of him. His gunmetal grey eyes danced with pure amusement as he stared at her and, if possible, it pissed her off even more.

"I've had it with you and your ridiculous bullshit. I've endured silky meat curtains, and sopping wet holes. I've calmly suffered slobbery vaginas and pulsating fuck sticks."

She kicked off her shoes before continuing to stalk him. "I've even developed the ability to stomach velvet glides and octogenarian swingers clubs, BUT THIS IS IT!"

Maxxon did a mock shiver and grinned. "All those dirty words, Lyza. Is it getting hot in here?"

Did he actually have the nerve to hum the song under his breath? Oh yes, yes this motherfucker did. Maybe she'd have them play some *Nelly* at his funeral. Hot in here indeed.

She took off one of her earrings. "No, hotter than hell is gonna be when your ass lands there."

He tsked. “Somebody didn’t get their fiber this morning. They have pills for that kinda thing, Lyza.”

She stopped and tilted her head to the side and stared at him. As a slow smirk made one side of her lush mouth tip up, his smile faded and he sat back. He knew that look. It was her “I’m about to do my best to piss you the hell off look.”

Maxxon knew he was right when she said, “That was really funny, *Max*.”

His temple started to throb before the searing pain spread to the bridge of his nose. He stood slowly. When he spoke, it was through clenched teeth. “How many times do I have to tell you my name is Maxxon, pronounced *Ma-son*?”

She shrugged. “Whatever you say, *Max*.”

Maxxon closed his eyes. “*Ma-son*.”

Her lips poked out as she blinked at him. “If it’s *Ma-son* then why is there a fucking x in it?” She shrugged. “Sorry but that sounds like *Max* to me.”

What the fuck? Wasn’t this supposed to be his chance to piss *her* off? Wasn’t that the whole point of this meeting? Why in the hell did he suddenly feel the need to end her? Summoning as much calm as he could, Maxxon answered, “Its Maxxon Thigpen, and you very well know that its spelled with TWO X’s We’ve been over this a million times. I’m so not letting you get under my skin.” He shrugged. “I know my name.”

She smiled sweetly, then snapped her fingers. “*Right*, it’s *Max*

Pigpen.” Nodding, her whole frame seemed to relax as soon as his tensed. “That makes perfect sense.”

“What...did you just call me?”

The smile spread, and kept spreading. “I called you your name. *Max Pigpen.*”

He couldn't explain what had him stalking her around the table or what had him growling, but within minutes he had Lyza pinned under him with her back on the table with him comfortably fitted between her thighs. Of course his cock decided that was the perfect time to spring up and say, “How do yah do?”

More surprising, Lyza simply raised one brow. “Well, that's new.”

He stared down into her face. “Say my name, Lyza.”

“*Max...* Oh shit.”

The very slow grind he did against her stopped the words from leaving her mouth. “I said, say *my* name, Lyza.”

“I don't have to...have to...”

Maxxon pinned her hands over her head and settled himself a little tighter between her thighs. The black skirt she'd been wearing had abandoned its efforts to stay over the curve of her ass and her thighs so he could clearly see the scrap of lace covering her from his view. Did his dick extend another two inches? Indeed it did.

He was supposed to be staying in control but she was rapidly making him forget that fact. If he didn't get it together he'd have a

full-on erection and she'd be pregnant before they could have their first kiss. After a deep breath, he centered himself against her crotch and leaned further into her. "Say it, Lyza."

"I have no idea why I haven't killed you yet." She panted, her deep peanut butter skin was flushed, her hazel eyes wide as they stared up at him.

He grinned and leaned into her. "Because not only are you extremely wet right now, but we both know you want to scream my name." His hips moved against her; the low moan that left her mouth made him shudder. "I bet you'll remember it when I'm balls-deep, won't you?"

"Fuck..."

"Exactly. What is it that you're gonna scream when I take you over and over again?"

Right before she gave him the answer he craved, the doors to the conference room burst open. Maxxon cringed as his brother and Arriana simultaneously shouted, "Take this, pussy Daddy!"

The Art of Sulking

If the phone rang again she would rip it out of the damned wall. Lyza waited a few seconds, staring at the device, almost daring it to ring.

“One...two...three...” And just like that it rang and rang and rang some more. Of course it would’ve kept ringing if she hadn’t got up from the couch and snatched the damn thing so hard that the cord ripped out and took the phone jack with it. Satisfied with her handiwork, she dropped the now-useless piece of communication onto the floor and climbed back onto her sectional, knowing exactly what would happen next.

It wasn’t but a few seconds before her cell started buzzing all around on the coffee table. It didn’t matter how many times the damn thing rang, or how many texts or messages came in, she was *not* answering that phone.

Nope. It wasn’t happening. What she *was* going to do was sit on her couch and sulk, because that was a better plan than thinking about Maxxon, his ability to make her lose control, and his obviously healthy-sized dick. Lyza totally and completely ignored the way her thighs clenched at that. She told her body to shut the fuck up when it screamed about wanting some of what Maxxon had to offer—because she was *so* not going there. The bastard had embarrassed her, made her forget where she was, had pissed her off and... and...made her want to ride him until he whimpered for a pacifier and curled into the fetal position.

Lyza groaned her frustration. When that didn’t work she grabbed a pillow and slammed it over her face. Then she screamed it until she

felt better.

“What the hell is wrong with me?” she asked out loud, and got no answer in return. *You want Maxxon. That’s what’s wrong*, her mind taunted. Closing her eyes, she lay back on the couch and said, “Shut the fuck up.”

Oh great, now she was talking to herself. Wasn’t that like the first sign of insanity? Maybe it was the second or third. She’d seriously started contemplating that when she heard the jingle of keys right before her front door opened and she was faced with...well, herself.

“Did you just open my door? And walk in like you pay bills here?” Lyza asked.

Arriana rolled her eyes and made herself quite comfortable in Lyza’s La-Z-Boy. “Yes, I did. I came to see why someone who has the audacity to share my chromosomes is holed up like a hermit.”

Sighing, Lyza looked at her twin. “When you say things like that, it makes me wanna slap the identical off you.”

Arriana snorted. “You won’t stop hiding from Maxxon like some punk ass. What the hell are you gonna do to me?”

“Would you like a demonstration?”

“I didn’t come over here to whoop your ass today, Lyza. I came to say that just because you *have* an ass, which by the way I think is getting bigger every single day, it doesn’t mean you have to *act* like one.”

“Firstly, you couldn’t whoop my ass if I was in a coma. Second, you have a lot of nerve referring to how big my ass is when, as

disgusting as the thought is, I could set a drink on yours and watch it not move—kinda like one of those mattress commercials. Third, I'm not acting like anything, I'm simply taking a few days of relaxation, thank you very much."

Her sister shot her a droll look. "Do you not understand that as your twin I have a meter that rates bullshit, and right now it's screaming louder than you would if you just gave in and called Maxxon."

"I see. You *want* me to kill you." Lyza nodded. "That can be arranged. I mean there are two of us, which means the world can live with just one and be satisfied."

"Threaten to kill me all you want, which I'm telling Mama about, but it won't change the fact that Maxxon's a panty scorcher, and you're chicken shit because you hate losing control around him."

Why oh why did God curse her with this sister-person? This person that knew entirely too damned much about her. "That's bullshit," Lyza said. Yeah, that was a real nice snappy comeback. *Not*.

"No, what's bullshit is you holding up my getting nieces and nephews. I'm starting to take offense to that, and we know what happens when I take offense."

"You do something stupid and I have to explain to the authorities about your mental condition."

Arriana flipped her the bird. "No, I take matters into my own hands and then...well, then things go south."

At her sister's raised brow, Lyza finally noticed that her phone was no longer on the coffee table. No, the bitch had it in her hand and

was whistling like they were on a Sunday morning stroll in the Hamptons. “Arriana, I swear by all that is good in this world, that if you do what I know you’re thinking about doing, I will *end* you.”

Arriana’s slow grin put her on edge. “And yet we both know I’m about to do it anyway.”

Lyza leaped off the couch and launched herself at her twin. Sadly, she forgot to account for the coffee table and ended up sprawled over it as her sister danced merrily out of reach. Righting herself, she skirted the table only to end up chasing Arriana down the hall in time to have the bathroom door slammed and locked in her face.

“Arri, whatever you are doing, don’t. Isn’t it bad enough that the flesh of my ass is intimately acquainted with the grain of wood on the conference room table? Please, just let this go.”

“Oh, okay Lyz, just let me leave this quick message and I’ll be right out... Hello, I’d like to speak with Maxxon Thigpen please. Oh yes I’ll hold...”

Lyza could not believe the way her sister dropped her voice to sound even more like herself. She’d thought at most Arri would fire off a text message. She had no clue the crazy bird would actually call Maxxon and pretend to be her. Storming away from the door, she made her way to the kitchen where she dove under the sink for her toolbox.

After rifling through it for a moment she grabbed the small hammer and screwdriver, and marched down the hall, intent on removing her own bathroom door.

“Mamma and Daddy aren’t the only ones who can take off doors,” she muttered as she set to work, keeping her ears trained to the

sound of Arri humming softly along with the hold music.

“Lyza, you realize that by the time you get that door off, I’ll have made my escape out the window, right?”

Lyza just worked faster...

“Yes, oh Maxxon’s at lunch? Well could you just leave him a message to call Lyza please, then patch me through to Jeb?”

Almost there... Almost there...

“Hey Jeb, its Arriana... Yeah yeah yeah, we’ll talk about that later. Since when does your brother go OUT for lunch?”

Lyza listened while Arri spoke animatedly to Maxxon’s younger brother. “Well I was gonna call and pretend to be Lyza and invite Maxxon to come ravish me, but oh yeah, I did hear you say... Wow, really? Well, I mean I should be free for lunch today.”

Lyza couldn’t believe this. She pulled the final bolt free and moved the door just in time to see Arriana diving head first, from her bathroom window. She lunged for the window just in time to have her sister’s feet slide outside.

She heard a small thump as Arri landed on what appeared to be a pile of pillows. “YOU *planned* to go out my bathroom window?!”

“What was that, Jeb? I’m sorry, Lyza is yelling in the bathroom. I think she is in the shower dreaming about Maxxon.”

“When I get my hands on you...” Lyza snarled.

“Hey, let me call you back when I get on the road, okay?” Arri

shut the phone, then turned to look up at her sister. “Yes, I planned on going out the window. Why else would I borrow the cushions from your neighbor’s lawn furniture? Here crybaby, take your phone. I’m gonna meet Jeb and plot your engagement party.”

“You might as well plan your own wedding, because I am calling Daddy and telling him that Jeb had you talking in tongues while he was speaking in clit.”

“Yeah, well you do that. At least one of us will be satisfied,” Arri taunted before tossing Lyza’s phone toward the window. “And for God’s sake, when that man calls you back, think about me and my need for minions and your obvious need to get dicked down.”

“Some days I can’t stand you.”

“What’s that you say? You want to know about my meat curtains?”

Lyza gave up as her sister hopped the neighbor’s fence and made her way across the yard to yet another fence, all the while humming the theme to Mission Impossible.

What the Hell? Why the Hell?

Life was truly taking a turn for the worse if a man couldn't sit and enjoy some good barbecue and a sweet iced tea without thinking about how much of a fuck-up he was. No, there was truly no sauce good enough or baby backs tender enough to take Maxxon's mind off of his ability to go from calm to acting like a puppy who'd just discovered it could lick its own balls. He almost laughed at the analogy...almost.

Sadly, there was really nothing to smile about at the moment. As a matter of fact there had been nothing to smile at for the past few days. It all started when he realized Lyza wasn't in the office, and her absence snowballed—one day turned into two, and then two into three.

Maxxon sighed as he headed for his office. While feeling her up had been a much-appreciated experience, the last thing he wanted was make her feel that uncomfortable. But no matter how many times he tried to apologize, she wouldn't answer his calls or texts. Yep, he was a fuck-up. He hadn't finished mentally kicking his own ass when his brother's office door swung open. Giggles poured out before Lyza...no not Lyza, he realized—*Arriana* stumbled out of Jeb's door with his brother's hands reaching after her.

She slapped them away. "Cut it out. Lunch break is over and I have work to do."

"I'm not done *working* you." Though Jeb had spoken softly, Maxxon heard the comment loud and clear, and was disgusted. He cleared his throat and they both jerked, wide-eyed, in his direction.

Jeb gave him his best innocent look. "Well, hello there, big

brother. Arri and I were just finishing lunch. Right Arri?” Jeb nudged his partner in sexual crimes.

She nodded. “Yup. Lunch. We had it and it was good.”

Maxxon’s brow rose ever so slightly before he said, “Arri...Jeb’s tie is still dangling from one wrist.”

Sighing, she took it off said wrist and handed it over her shoulder to Jeb.

“Jeb your shirt is inside out. Also, Arri you’re missing an earring and—”

“We get the point!” Jeb snapped.

“Don’t get pissy because you two suck at sneaking around,” Maxxon said.

His little brother snorted. “I’m not pissy. As a matter of fact I’m in the *best* of moods.”

“You smell like Arri.”

“This is precisely why I’m in the best of moods.” Jeb grinned full and wide.

Maxxon rolled his eyes. “You’re an idiot.”

“Says you.”

“Okay then,” Arri said. “Watching you two talk has been interesting and something I think I should document and send to National Geographic, but uh...I gotta go.”

She reached around Jeb. Maxxon thought it was to close the office door but from the way his brother jumped and she winked, he was sure she'd just pinched Jeb's ass.

His lip curled. "Eeuw."

Arri rolled her eyes. "Hater." She bumped shoulders with him as she passed and he was left to stare at Jeb.

"You two are gross."

"You're upset because I'm doing exactly what you *wish* you were doing."

"And that would be what exactly?" Maxxon found himself actually interested in the answer.

Jeb grinned again, his eyes bright. "Actually *living* my wet dream." With that his brother trekked back into his office and closed the door, but not before he had the displeasure of listening to him let out a satisfied sigh. "Eeuw."

With a shake of his head and a prayer to keep his lunch down, Maxxon made his way to his own office where he proceeded to close the door and pout. The weekend was nearing and Lyza still hadn't returned to the office. He'd received her notice that she was taking a few days off, which if he were honest, he should have expected. What he hadn't expected was the notice on his desk stating that Lyza had called and she would be working from home for the next week as well.

While it was a perk offered to all senior editors, it was one that very few opted to take unless some major life event was going on.

That Lyza, who'd never even taken so much as half a day off prior to their little interlude, would do so now rankled. There was no doubt she was avoiding him. Sighing, Maxxon dropped his head back on his chair and spun in a quick circle to clear his head. God, he couldn't believe he'd fucked up like that. Sure the sexual tension between him and Lyza had been strong for a while. But in truth, despite their titles and job descriptions being the same, he was her boss. He'd just put them in the most amazing predicament. If his plan didn't work out and Lyza ended up hating him, she could easily file on him for sexual harassment. *And I haven't even begun to "sexually harass" her.*

He was in the midst of setting off another swift chair-spin when his door opened. Stopping with his back to the door, Maxxon kept his eyes closed and willed himself into a more professional and grown-up demeanor.

The smooth velvet of the voice that washed over him caused his pulse to quicken and his cock to thicken.

"Don't be sitting over there with your back to me thinking about how good I sound and how much you want me."

Maxxon shook his head, a slight smile playing at the corners of his sad mouth. His cock relaxed. "What do you want, Arri?"

"You know you thought it was Lyza."

"Nope, I still smell my brother all over you."

"What? I just sprayed two whole cans of air freshener."

Maxxon laughed and spun his chair to face the little sister he'd always wanted.

“You know you and Jeb are perfect for each other. I can’t wait till you guys get married and go on your honeymoon.”

“Why? Are you excited about all the nieces and nephews I’m gonna get him pregnant with?”

“Actually no, I am terrified by the thought of the spawn the two of you will produce, but I *am* excited about the rest and relaxation I’ll get with both of you gone for a month or two.”

“Whatever. Listen we need to talk. This means I need to talk, you need to listen, take notes, and then take action.”

Maxxon sat forward and steepled his fingers to indicate he was ready.

“Dude, my sister has the hots for you. You have the hots for my sister. I need minions, so you need to get busy. Now, here is what we’re gonna do: you’re going home and you’re gonna resign and she’ll be so upset that you felt bad enough to quit that she’s gonna find you and cuss you out. You shut her up by kissing her and then you drag her to your lair.”

At this point in her little speech Arriana raised her hand. “Spare me the details. I don’t want to know about how many ways y’all turn each other out but take her like Grant took Richmond and then she can take you like Obama took the presidency. Bada-bing bada-boom, she’ll be Mrs. Lyza Buchannan, hyphen, your name, and I can get my first minion in like, what month is it now—September? Maybe right in time for some summer fun.”

Maxxon quirked an eyebrow. “Arri, the last time I listened to you I got cussed out before getting so close to Valhalla I honestly thought

I'd died. Now, not only am I worried about a lawsuit, I can't even talk to her. Before your plan she at least acknowledged me. We had conversations. We argued over books. NOW she won't even come into the office."

"Okay, okay, so my first plan didn't exactly completely work, but DUDE we got her, she was wiggling under you like...like... like—okay, I can't think about it or I'll puke but she waaaaanted you. I heard her talking to herself! SHE WANTS YOU. C'MON MAXXON, don't be a punk. THIS IS WAR."

Maxxon sighed knowing he would go along with whatever hare-brained ass idea his brother's girlfriend had cooked up, and knowing also that he was going to, at some point, wish he had locked his office door.

"Does my brother know you're in here, and where is he now?"

"Dude, we talked about this at lunch and I left him in his office with a goofy grin on his face."

"One more request."

Arriana sighed heavily and rolled her eyes. "What?"

"Two phases. One, you tell your sister it's you funneling all those shit stories to her department, and two, stop talking about me when you're having sex with my brother."

"Firstly, why would I tell the truth and set myself up for an ass-whooping? Not that she can whoop my ass. Second, we don't talk about you WHILE we are having sex. I keep your brother's mouth occupied." She winked at him before laying out her latest plan to get him and her sister well and truly TOGETHER.

Sometimes a Good Cuss-out is Needed

I want to part your silky meat curtains with my pulsing fuckstick.
—Maxxon

Today was the day. Today she would kill Maxxon Thigpen. Her conscience and her rage had just finished a deep discussion about it, deciding they were both entitled to the way they felt. Her rage was in rare form—a storm so powerful it could make a twister seem like light rain was brewing just beneath the surface.

Her conscience was the shocker though. The damn thing had simply nodded, shrugged, and said, “Go forth and kill.” So she would. She would take his heart out through his face, get it bronzed and keep it as a trophy because yes, it was completely necessary and no, she was *not* being irrational. This time Maxxon had gone too far. She’d received his little gift and now he would receive her—a grade A-one hundred percent-no holds barred-takes no prisoners-I’m about to kill everybody in the vicinity-slobber knocking-ass whooping because clearly he didn’t understand who she was.

Since he didn’t understand who she was, Lyza would have to show him by breaking his trachea in three places, and using his balls as a new hood ornament. “Yeah, motherfucker, it’s on now,” she muttered, kicking in the door to his office, all prepared to take a superhuman leap and start in on the ass whooping when she noticed it was empty. So empty in fact that she could swear she saw a tumbleweed blow through. The only things left were bare shelves, an empty desk and chair. Well those things and a piece of paper sitting on said desk. Because she was nosy, she picked it up and the more she read the more that storm brewing rage grew until she felt

almost...calm. No, not calm. She felt *resigned* to Maxxon's fate.

The knocking didn't surprise him. It was the pure undiluted rage rolling off her in waves that did. Having stopped in his work out to answer her knocks which sounded like the police, Maxxon stood and watched Lyza as she paced and raged. Then she paced and raged some more.

"You resigned? Like you had a right to resign? And to add insult to injury you sent me this?!" Stomping back to him she slapped her hand into his chest, leaving behind a small note.

With his curiosity piqued, he looked at the note and then slowly blinked back up at her. "Lyza, I..."

"Shut up! Don't even think about saying anything after *that* bullshit! You wanna part my *meat curtains* with your *fuckstick*? What's next Maxxon? Sloppy wet fuckhole or juicy—"

He was across the room so fast, and had her in his grasp so quick, that all she could do was let out a small squeak before his mouth was on hers. The kiss was every bit as angry as she had been when she stormed into the office. Her hands slapped against his shoulders—trying to push him away, he guessed. In the next instant they were pulling him closer, running through his hair as his tongue pushed against hers.

Nothing on Earth compared to the way her body melted into his at that moment, or the way she raked her nails ever so lightly over his scalp. Damn, did she just make his leg shake like when you scratch a puppy's happy spot? Yep, that was exactly what just happened.

Pulling back he stared down at her and said one word, “Quiet.”

To his surprise Lyza just stared back, her eyes wide and whispered, “Okay.”

Well, that was new. What was he supposed to do now? Something suddenly occurred to him. He had Lyza, outside of work, staring at him like he was sex on a plate, and apparently awaiting his next move. What the fuck was he waiting for? Ever so slowly, he grabbed the collar of her T-shirt and pulled her until they were chest to chest before saying in a low voice, “Do you have any idea what I’m about to do to you?”

She bit her lip and shook her head, staring at his mouth. Maxxon pressed his lips directly to her ear. “I’m going to fuck you until you’re walking bowlegged and pigeon-toed at the same time. Then I’m going to fuck you some more. When you get up tomorrow, your voice will be hoarse from screaming *my* name—the *right* name—and when I finally do decide to let you off your back, sides, stomach, or up from my lap, every time you even think about today, you won’t have a choice but to call me to take care of the ache that is going to build.”

Her eyes focused on him again before she laughed. “Bowlegged *and* pigeon-toed? That’s a tall order, Thigpen. How do I know you aren’t going to come two seconds after I get naked?”

He growled and stalked her as she walked backwards, taunting him. “You’re testing me, Lyza.”

“Am I? I didn’t realize it.” Her grin told him otherwise and in the next second he had her pinned against the wall, her legs around his waist. He nipped her neck, trying not to smile when she yelped.

“Oh, I think you know *exactly* what you’re doing, and despite the

fact that I shouldn't, I'm gonna skip over the spanking I planned for you—for now," he warned then started walking toward the stairs.

"Where're we going?"

"I need a shower and someone to scrub my back. You have the privilege of being appointed that task." He nuzzled her as he continued.

His lips found her earlobe and sucked as his hands palmed both halves of her luscious ass, kneading the soft flesh. "Oh baby, you feel so good."

"That's great. I'm glad you think so. Now please shut up and take us to the shower so you can fuck me," Lyza growled gripping his hair and pulling his head back so she could kiss him again.

"Okay, okay," Maxxon panted, stumbling slightly. He did his best to walk straight but she was grinding against him, making those needy little moans as her fingers ran through his hair and her mouth finding a spot on his neck that made his knees buckle. Finally making it into his bathroom, he got the lights on and the shower going, and their clothes off in between sticking his tongue half way down her throat.

She tasted, felt, and smelled so good it drove him insane. "Shit... Lyza you gotta get your hand off those or...or...oh fuck." The brat had one hand between them, her hand gently gripping his balls as he managed to get them both inside the shower stall and close the glass doors.

Her back hit the wall as he grabbed a bottle of body-wash and got some on his hands so he could soap her up, all the while slipping his tongue into her mouth and trying to find some control. Palming her breasts, Maxxon rolled her tight nipples between his forefingers and thumbs, tugging until her mouth opened on a gasp, and her hips arched. His hands worked their way down her body, delighting in her curves until he finally reached her heat. The moisture he felt there

caused the thread of common sense he had to snap. “Oh, baby...wet, so very wet.” He groaned into Lyza’s ear. “Is all this for me?”

“Yes.” Her whisper could barely be heard over the dull roar of the water but it was enough. Pulling his hips back, Maxxon lined his cock up with her entrance.

“Mine.” He growled before slamming home, not wincing when her nails dug into his shoulders as her legs tightened about his waist and she cried out.

Pulling back he slammed in again. “Mine.”

“Shit...ah Maxxon...please.”

Another thrust, then, “Mine.”

Her hands slapped at his shoulders as her hips thrust downward. “Yes yours, just please, please go faster.”

He picked up his pace, making sure to grind into her on every stroke as he sucked one nipple so hard it hit the roof of his mouth. Her moans in his ear just made his hips work that much harder. “Ah...ah. Ah...oh Maxxon. Oohhhh.”

Gripping the backs of her thighs, he brought her down on him faster, his balls tightening, the need to come so great he had to bite the inside of his cheek just so he’d make sure she got there first. When Lyza’s head went back, a wail tearing from her throat right as her canal gripped him so hard he shouted, Maxxon knew he’d done his job.

Bowlegged Threats Ain't No Joke

Lyza lay sprawled against the tangled sheets of Maxxon's bed, her thighs splayed wide and her wrists still above her head, even though they were no longer tied. Sighing deeply, she tensed to give her body a slight stretch before releasing a breath and relaxing. Bringing her hands down, she let her fingers dance lightly over Maxxon's neck and shoulders before falling away and lying limply on the bed.

The light growl emanating from his throat tickled her flesh where his lips lay next to her nipple. It would only take one deep inhalation for him to suck the tight bud back into his mouth. As tired as she was the idea thrilled her. Three days of making love and she still hadn't had nearly enough of this giant goofball of a man.

“Lyza, baby, I'm going to spank you for moving your arms.”

She giggled huskily, Maxxon had threatened to spank her so many times since that first day that she'd lost count. Deep inside she knew someday he'd make good on those promises, but she couldn't help but tease him.

“Spank schmank, the only spanking you're gonna be doing is on your own monkey when I am gone and all you have is the memory of how good my sappy wet fuck hole is.”

The laughter rippling through both their bodies caused them to groan as little sore muscles protested the effort.

“I see you still like talking dirty.” Maxxon growled softly as he slid up her body and refit himself lazily between her thighs.

“I love talking dirty with you, baby.” She smiled softly before kissing his lips.

“Mmmm, okay I’m going to let you up ’cause it’s bath time.”

Lyza couldn’t help but laugh as Maxxon rolled off the bed and stretched before he scooped her into his arms and walked gingerly to the big bathroom where he sat her on the cold marble countertop.

“Is that your way of delicately saying I stink?”

“No, you smell like me but if you have a complaint about my plan to have my dirty way with you in the shower…” When she didn’t reply Maxxon winked before rinsing his mouth quickly with mouthwash and handing her the bottle.

She took a little swing and swished it around in her mouth while he started the bath water in the giant soaking tub.

“Does that thing have jets in it?” she inquired, realizing this was the first time she’d actually paid attention to the massive tub.

“Yup, sure does.”

“Mmm, I bet you let them shoot you in the butt,” she mumbled as she leaned to one side to make sure she spit her second mouthful of rinse down the sink drain.

When she straightened, she realized Maxxon was staring at her in a way she’d recognized after years of catching him doing so. It was the stare that said he was plotting something she was going to love. “Nuh-uhh dude, stop thinking whatever it is you’re thinking. I’m tired and sore, and my hair is a mess. My stomach thinks my throat’s been cut and we have to do more than just pillow talk at some point today.”

Maxxon squinted and concentrated on her a moment longer before grabbing some bath salts and adding them to the water. Then he shut off the tap and settled them both in the tub.

With Lyza facing him, her legs draped loosely over his and around his waist they were both able to lean back and relax. He'd have preferred to hold her close but he knew they were about to get into the mechanics of things and felt she might be more comfortable if he didn't crowd her.

Slowly, he lifted her leg and marveled at the curve of it before gently massaging his way to her foot and kneading the instep.

"So..." He let the word hang in the air while watching the effect of his ministrations dance over her face.

"Hmmm?" Her soft moan was the only reply.

"You do know I love you, right?"

"Wow, you're on it with the four letter words," she whispered. Some emotion flashed quickly on her face but was hidden behind her closed eyes.

"I've loved you for a long time; been in love with you for a long time. I just ran out of ways to get you to notice me, so when your sister started working for us a year after you, I asked her how to get your attention."

Lyza's eyes snapped open and she pierced him with a glare so stern it almost made him worry.

"Exactly how long have you and my sister been plotting against

me?”

“Umm well, see what had happened was...”

Maxxon ducked his head to hide his smile as Lyza playfully splashed water in his face.

“For a while. I tried everything to get you to notice me. I made sure you got all the heavy intellectual manuscripts; I made sure you were with me on every board meeting; I set you up in swanky hotels when you had to go out of town to conventions. You are so...”

“I’m so what, why didn’t you just ask me out or say ‘hey, I like you’?”

“I did. I asked you to dinner and you spent the whole time talking about some author I’d already rejected. The way you talked about his talent and potential, I called him that night, rescinded our rejection and gave him a contract.”

“You did not.” Lyza sighed and relaxed against the tub.

“Garrett Hendrix.”

“Wow, really?”

“I hate him.”

“Why?”

“Because he so easily had your devotion. All I wanted was to make you smile like that.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah, wow.”

“Dude, I applied to work for you because I had a crush on you. You’re damn near seven feet of hunky walking yumminess and probably one of the funniest guys I know. Every time we worked together on a project I’d be all thumbs. I felt like a babbling teenager and you’d be all flirty...but you flirted with everyone. You had a million different girlfriends. You never had time to notice me.”

“Your birthday is December 5th, 1980 even though you say it’s the sixth. Your sister’s is the sixth by a few minutes. You love mint juleps and vintage clothing. Your favorite cartoon is ‘Gigantor’ and you have an un-realistic collection of kids’ cereal hidden in that armoire in your office. You love Lucky Charms but you hate the marshmallows, which I find really disturbing. You sing off-key and you have a habit of writing with your left hand, even though you’re right-handed. There is a Dave Matthews CD in a Dru Hill case on your desk and your iPod is predominately loaded with jazz and an ungodly amount of Stevie Ray Vaughn. You love Letterman, hate Leno, and want to dropkick Dr. Phil. You have a tendency to pop your gum and you like blue ink pens better than black. You have this thing for blue jeans and I can never tell if you’re wearing panties or not, but you do have this amazing little dimple on your right side just above where your ass curves and your waistband gaps. You’re an inch taller than Arri and your eyes are darker than hers. Your voice is deeper and your fingernails shorter. You smell like jasmine and peppermint, and you have a fetish for bacon. I notice you, Lyza. I’ve been noticing you. I just...I wanted you to notice me so I let your sister goad me into acting like a third grader. The more outlandish the crap I did, or said, the more you paid attention to me. Negative attention is still attention, babe.” He waited for a response. Maxxon knew Lyza but she still managed to surprise him at times.

To his infinite relief one side of her mouth kicked up before she said, “I think we should get out of the tub.”

“Oh yeah? Why?”

“Because I’m about to pay you *a lot of positive* attention.”

Well...damn.

It Sucks Admitting Your Twin Was Right

Lyza groaned and then groaned again. She made sure that second one was particularly loud but apparently it hadn't gotten her point across, so she sighed and then sighed some more before kicking Maxxon in the shin. "I know you hear me!"

He grinned but didn't open his eyes, and turned his head away. "I don't hear anything."

"Maxxon, I'm hungry!" She kicked her legs. "You've kept me in this bed for days with nothing but take-out food. I want a real meal, now...or I'm gonna get cranky!"

"Seems like you're already there, sweetheart."

"Food! Now!" she bellowed, purposely shaking the bed.

"All right! All right! What do you want?" He finally rolled out of bed and stretched.

Lyza went down the list of what she wanted for breakfast, and after muttering something about her "unholy appetite" Maxxon went to do her bidding.

Smiling softly, she stretched out on the bed and grabbed his pillow, burying her face in it; she took a deep inhale enjoying the way his scent still clung to it. She was in such a good mood—until her phone rang. It was her signature ringtone of The Chipmunk's singing "I'm about to whoop somebody's ass" so, she knew it was Arri.

"What?" Lyza answered.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in a *good* mood after spending the last six days with Maxxon boring into you like he was looking for diamonds? And what the hell is wrong with your voice?” Arri asked.

Lyza’s face heated. “Nothing. Shut up.”

“Uh-huh. You owe me, so very much.”

“Yes, I owe you a foot in your ass for plotting against me with the enemy.”

Arri laughed. “Where’s the enemy now, oh dear sister?”

“Making me breakfast because as Queen I demanded it so.”

“Yup, you owe me. So I want my first niece named after me. Please and thank you.”

Lyza snorted. “Like I would curse a world with two of you.”

“You’re being mean to me. I don’t appreciate it.”

“And I don’t appreciate you going around telling people to fuck me seven ways to Sunday.”

“Once again I don’t see the problem.”

“Yeah, and when I get my hands on you, you won’t be seeing anything through eyes that aren’t swollen shut.”

Arri sighed. “You hurt me. You hurt me so much, Lyza.”

“Precisely.”

“I’m telling Mama.”

“And I’ll tell Daddy you got some boy sitting in your room two seconds away from making you speak Swahili.”

“Firstly, Jeb is not a boy...he’s all man. Secondly, he can make me do a lot more than speak Swahili.”

“Okay, now I’m hanging up because...yeah bye. I’ll whoop your ass later.”

“Love you too!” Arri shouted right before Lyza hung up.

She rolled her eyes and sat up. Her sister was a nut and sadly right. Lyza did owe her. She was thinking of all the nice and not so nice stuff she could do to her sibling when the smell of cinnamon rolls had her up and bounding down the stairs because really, the niceties could wait till later.

There Are Times When Talking Dirty Just Isn't A Good Idea

“Maxxon!” Lyza hissed, interrupting her husband’s conversation with one of his former college roommates. “Watch your bleeping potty-mouth.”

Maxxon jumped and turned guiltily toward her. “For Pete sake, woman, don’t use that tone with me. I thought the Catholic school nuns where behind me.”

Lyza pierced him and his friend with a look that spoke volumes.

“What? What did I say?”

“You know what you were saying, and when your son repeats it I’m gonna nail your as...hind parts to the wall.”

Maxxon grinned. “If your son says anything else bad in church it’s all your fault. You’re the one with the mouth that makes sailors blush in more ways than one, honey.” He smarted and grinned at her toothily.

“WHY I never...”

“YOU LIE!”

Lyza marched over to him and deposited their wiggling four-year-old son into his arms. “Here, take your son and go find your brother and my sister before the whole neighborhood hears something they shouldn’t. I don’t need them exposing our friends to their shenanigans.”

Maxxon leaned forward and kissed his wife on her upturned lips

before making his way through the throng of people milling around his backyard for baby Jaxxon's fourth birthday party.

"Okay buddy, let's go find your aunt and uncle before they make a mess of your party."

"PAWTY!" Jaxxon clapped his chubby little hands, a light that stole any onlooker's breath gleaming in his happy little face.

"That's right buddy! PARTY TIME!"

"His name is *Jaxxon* not *Jason*. It's pronounced *Jackson*."

"No, it's not, it's *Jayson*. The double xx sounds like an s."

"You have a degree in English not black people names—its pronounced *Jackson*, two x-es sound like a k."

"Woman, my brother's son is named after him its pronounced *Jayson* and what do you mean black people names? My mom named me Jebidiah Marquavis Thigpen."

Arriana just blinked at him. She never heard his whole name before, and truly, it wasn't what one would expect of an Irish American man.

She tried not to laugh, she really did. Just in that moment baby Jaxxon was deposited in her arms as his father bodily separated her and Jeb. "Jeb, my son's name is Jaxxon as in *Jackson*, please don't upset his mother by mispronouncing his name and causing her to start mispronouncing mine."

“What’s up with your mom giving y’all black names? I met your whole family at the wedding and I didn’t see any evidence of even a remotely mulatto back ground.”

It seemed that more than one guest at the party was really interested in the answer. Arriana would swear later that it was like someone had bumped the record player at a house party. Even the crickets stopped chirping.

Jeb and Maxxon looked at each other before grins split their faces. “You didn’t meet my grandmother, though. The lady was one pistol of a woman who didn’t tolerate anything. Some called her eccentric but Agatha just believed that one should challenge the world and its views. You know all those studies about how a person’s name can make people judge them before meeting them? Make them assume certain things? Well Agatha is probably at the heart of those studies. She said when she named each of us she was giving us the ability to change the world’s perception. People would assume that our Afro-centric names would define us. We would have the ability to prove them wrong about ourselves and about others. She also named our godbrothers.” Jeb pointed at two tall, handsome African American men and their wives.

“Oh my God, your grandma named them Tanner and Toliver?” Arri asked.

“Yes. She said she wanted them to be afforded the same sort of opportunities we had before people had a chance to look at them and decide they weren’t good enough.” Maxxon answered.

At that point Maxxon’s mother sneaked up and wrenched on Jeb’s ear. “Boy, you stop all that fibbing, Grandma Agatha didn’t have a real reason behind your names other than she and her best

friend thought it would be funny as shit.”

Maxxon couldn't help it, he laughed and he laughed hard. “Mom, Jeb's been spinning that story since junior high, and it's worked for all four of us.”

“You used that line to pick up girls,” their mother interrupted.

“We all did. It worked better for Tanner and Toliver though. You wouldn't believe how the girls fell for it,” Jeb retorted.

“Wait 'til I tell your father.”

“Who do you think helped us come up with it?” Maxxon chuckled.

Arri just stood staring before clearing her throat. “You willingly let your mother give your kids outlandish names?” she asked of Miriam

“Oh, I wouldn't say it was willingly. See, I named Tanner and Toliver as their mom was my very best friend. And Agatha thought I'd robbed them of their Afro-centric birthright by giving them such staid Anglo names so when these two yahoos came along...well, she insisted she balance the scales.”

Arri didn't know what to believe. Three identical smiles were twitching at her. “You're kidding again, right?”

Miriam couldn't stop the laugh that sputtered off her lips. “No really okay, okay. There is no story behind the names. I just happened to like them and so that's what they got named. Could be my best friend was black, could be I had an ulterior motive but really they popped in my head and that was that. But I'll admit Jeb's li'l pick-up

speech has some weight to it.”

Jeb opened his mouth to reply but in that moment baby Jaxxon chose to showcase the most predominant trait he’d inherited from his parents—his potty mouth.

“Mamma said Unca Jeb likes your meat curtains!” he said seriously, both his hands on either side of Arriana’s face as he stared studiously into her eyes with his own hazel ones. He bobbed his head up and down to emphasize his statement, causing his unruly little curls to bounce to and fro.

Whatever anyone had been expecting, that wasn’t it. The whole backyard stood still while Jeb and Maxxon turned twelve different shades of red.

“Do you like meat curtains, Daddy? What are meat curtains? I don’t have meat curtains; my curtains are made wif choo choo twains,” Jaxxon continued.

Arriana couldn’t help it, she sank to the ground in laughter as Lyza rushed forward and snatched her son away, shooting death rays at every snickering face.

Maxxon began to whistle and Jeb became suddenly interested in one of the helium balloons that had broken free and was floating toward the bright blue sky.

Maxxon looked at his wife’s retreating back and said, “See? I told you about all that talking dirty in front of him!”

The crowd could only laugh as Lyza turned around and mouthed a hearty “EFF YOU” over Jaxxon’s head.

Maxxon only smiled wider and tucked his hand into the pockets of his jeans as he rocked back on his heels and laughed. “Yup, as soon as everyone goes home.”

**** Drea & Nikki****

About the Authors

Dréa Riley can always be found one of two favorite places; the kitchen or the computer. A relaxing time for her would be concocting a delicious dish while connecting with her coterie online. Whenever something off the wall happens, Dréa will most likely be found in the middle of it, trying to look innocent and usually failing. With a heart bigger than the Grand Canyon and a mouth more lethal than an injection, this diva might save the world and cuss it out at the same time. This steak-loving sister always finds a way to juggle work, reading, and sleep. She channels the support from her family, friends, and fans into her sitcom lifestyle and stories.

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When Nikki wrote her first story in the tenth grade, she knew without a doubt she was destined for greatness. Now if she could just convince everyone else...

Buckling down, she's taken the time to polish what she refers to as her "writing superiority." She hopes that the tales she has created grab the readers' attention, and make them devoted ~~slaves to her will~~ fans. If you want to let her know just how absolutely, positively awesome she is, you can always e-mail her at nikiwinter19@gmail.com, friend her on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/people/NikkiWinter/100002445230428>, or follow her on Twitter as @NikkiWinter19.

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