

A woman with dark hair is lying in a bed with a white pillow and a patterned blanket. The background is a wall with ornate gold-colored headboard and patterned wallpaper. A purple logo is positioned above the title.

JAKE

Alessia Brño

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"Hurry up," Chloe urged under her breath. She willed the dark mouth of the lazily spinning baggage carousel to begin spewing her flight's luggage. *C'mon!* Half an hour had already passed since she disembarked flight 243, non-stop service from Denver to Charleston. Plenty of time! Patience was not her strong suit to begin with, but today the wait was unbearable.

Today was Valentine's Day—and today, of all days, she needed Jake. Her Jake! Since he came into her life last Christmas, not even two full months ago, she'd come to rely on him. He was amazingly dependable in addition to being the best lover she'd ever known—and she'd known quite a few. Chloe felt the flush creep up her neck and onto her cheeks. She couldn't get home fast enough.

Jake would be missing her, too! He'd been home alone for two whole days. Leaving a lover home alone was not typically a major concern, but Chloe was worried about him. He hadn't been well when they parted. In fact, she'd seriously considered bringing him along in order to keep an eye on him. At the last minute, however, she decided she was obsessing. He'd be just fine. He merely needed a good rest.

Their sex in the week leading up to her trip had been rigorous, to say the least. She'd admittedly been stocking up on him—knowing that they'd be apart for two whole days. That was about thirty-six hours longer than they'd been apart since their very fortuitous meeting. Chloe smiled as she recalled the night prior to her departure. They were at it for hours! Just when she didn't think she could come any more, Jake would again bring her off. Four times. Five! It was simply unprecedented. At times, Chloe felt she was the luckiest woman on the planet.

He was one of those total givers—wanting absolutely nothing for himself in return. She sucked him from time to time, after he'd been inside her, and he didn't object—but he really didn't need it. Chloe enjoyed the taste, though, and anything Chloe enjoyed was just fine with Jake. He never

complained, even when she screamed another's name in ecstasy.

However, she'd grown concerned that night when he suddenly stopped moving. She shook him—very gently—and he murmured a bit but did not fully rouse. They'd had one hell of a good time, and he was probably just worn out. Since he was resting comfortably between her legs, Chloe saw no reason to move him. She simply blew out the candle on the night stand and drifted off to sleep herself.

In the morning, she again tried to wake him. He purred softly and went right back to sleep, seemingly content. Chloe shrugged and moved him as gently as she could, leaving him resting comfortably in bed—right on the wet spot, which was where he commonly slept. She packed quietly, ate a light breakfast, checked her e-mail, and kissing him softly on the head, left for the airport. With every step, the ache in her thighs reminded her of Jake's wonderful attentions.

"Sleep well, dearest. I'll be back before you know it!" She spoke aloud, although Jake was unable to hear her. Sexual exhaustion, pure and simple—at least Chloe prayed that's all it was.

The first bags finally came tumbling from the carousel's maw. As the other passengers collected theirs, she cursed herself for checking the little suitcase when she could've carried it on. *Where was it? Damn!* That's all she needed: lost luggage! One by one, the bags were claimed until she was the only person left waiting. The click of the carousel's overlapping scales became monstrously loud. Chloe's heart was threatening to pound its way out of her body.

Thoughts of Jake—alone, waiting patiently—danced through her mind. *Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!* A lone bead of sweat trickled down the back of her neck and was quickly absorbed by the collar of her coat. The anticipation was more than she could handle. Jake would take her—immediately. No words. No tenderness. Just raw need carrying them away to dizzying heights. She knew it, and it was dampening the crotch of her panties. Wrapped up in her reverie, she nearly missed her

suitcase as it made its first loop. *Finally!*

Chloe grabbed the bag and sprinted—literally—toward long term parking, nearly knocking an old man down. "Excuse me!" she called over her shoulder, not even pausing. *I'm coming, Jake!*

The parking attendant took forever—well, perhaps all of thirty seconds—to calculate her fee, and twice forever in an attempt to figure her change. "Oh, just keep it!" she shouted as she peeled out, leaving the startled young man with a huge tip. Chloe zipped onto the freeway, completely ignoring the speed limit. *Soon, lover! I'll be there soon!*

Breathe! she told herself. *Slow down and breathe!* She didn't want a speeding ticket delaying their reunion, after all. Limiting herself to nine miles over the speed limit, she covered the distance in a little under fifteen minutes. The gas gauge was on "E" as she pulled into her driveway. Leaving everything but her keys in the car, she dashed into the house.

"Jake? Darling?"

Chloe found him in bed, right where she'd left him. It didn't appear as if he'd moved.

"Wake up, lover! I have something for you!"

She dug into her coat pocket and unwrapped the small package, holding it out to Jake. "Take two of these, and then we'll get blissfully reacquainted."

Jake didn't move.

"Playing hard to get, are you?" Chloe teased. "Fine. I'll do it myself."

With trembling hands and sweaty palms, Chloe removed the dead batteries and inserted the two AA replacements into Jake's compartment. "Honey," she grinned. "I'm home!"

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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Electronic publishing has gone a long way toward lessening

the layers between authors and readers. This helps to ensure more of the money readers pay for books actually reaches the authors, which is a very good thing. Still, there are middlemen nibbling—sometimes taking big bites—of the sale price: vendors and payment processors. Some even censor the content they allow to be sold. That pisses me off royally, and it should piss you off, too.

I respect the law, and I will never attempt to sell erotica that violates it. I do not, however, respect the imposition of someone else's values on my artistic endeavors. Thus, to ensure you have access to all of my available publications, I encourage you to buy my books directly from www.PurpleProsaic.com

I realize it's convenient to one-stop shop from megastores, and I realize it's a hassle to create accounts for multiple sites. However, please listen to the authors you enjoy reading and make your purchases from the sites they endorse. Not only is it a better way to support your favorite authors, but it also sends a message to those meddling middlemen that you do not condone their arbitrary censorship. Thank you.

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About the Author

1Take one part Appalachian redneck, one part aging wet dream, and one part filthy-minded wordsmith. Mix well and serve with chocolate-covered cherries. There you have the one and only Alessia Brio.

Alessia writes all colors and flavors of erotica, from heterosexual to ménage to same sex, and from twisted to humorous to deeply touching. Sometimes, usually by accident, it even qualifies as Romance (with a capital "R").

Her work has earned her critical acclaim in the form of an EPIC eBook Award for Best Erotica (*fine flickering hungers*), two EPIC eBook Awards for Best Erotica Anthology (*Coming Together: Against the Odds* and *Coming Together: Into the Light*), a Romantic Times Top Pick (*Coming Together: For the Cure*), and two Next Generation Indie Book Awards for Best Erotica (*Coming Together: For the Cure* and *Squeeze Play* with partner, Will Belegon) in addition to a plethora of glowing online reviews.

Since 2005, Alessia has also been the driving force behind the Coming Together erotica series. Each title in this series benefits a specific charity. Please check out the site at www.the-erotic-cocktail.com and support it by purchasing a title or three. You'll be doing good while being bad!

The Internet is both Alessia's office and her playground. She can be found online at various social networking sites:

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