

Utdrag fra “Fiery 10-16”

Runo Wiggins opened the heavy steel door to the sidewalk and squinted from the bright daylight. “Yes?”

The young woman standing outside the firehouse was a tall and strikingly beautiful brunette whose long curls danced with each breath, generous tits with perky brown nipples pressing against her tight, white tank top. She didn’t wear a bra, so those breasts—those nipples—were definitely an eye-catcher.

A hand on the door, Runo swallowed and stepped back, allowing his gaze to wander farther down to curvaceous hips in tiny blue jean shorts and thin legs that stretched a mile. He noted her feminine, self-confident stance as she stood with her hands on her hips. She posed, flashing those too-visible tits and pinning him with big, brown doe eyes that seemed to have seen a few things.

Loving and admiring the opposite sex, he couldn’t help letting this hot piece of female ass get to him. But he was at work, a first-responder, and besides, she wasn’t his type. He liked blondes with pink lips and sparkly blue eyes, fair skin the texture of a peach, not tanned and rough like this brunette. Maybe he preferred blondes because he was dark himself, his father’s African genes giving him a flat nose, thick lips, and black eyes. Or maybe it was because Mom had been a blonde and they’d had an exceptionally tight relationship until she died. Freud would have a field day analyzing that bit.

To be honest, whether Gorgeous on the sidewalk was his type didn’t matter. He would do any chick, any size, any color, any religion, any position, as long as no bonds were tied. He’d do the romantic candlelight-dinner thing, the slightly-drunk-sensuous dancing thing, and the bring-her-home-and-fuck-her-till-she-screamed-his-name thing, but he wouldn’t do a relationship. The next morning, he expected the girls to leave, and if they didn’t of their own free will, he asked them to.

Not because he was mean. On the contrary, he was an esteemed member of the town fire corps, and word of mouth had it the population of Smokey Glen, a place in the Rockies, Colorado, deemed him *the* town hero and would award him a bravery medal before the end of the year.

No, the reason why he kicked the girls out of his home was no one should stay with a person as mentally dark as he, burned and scarred and damaged in his head and living in the past. He was empty inside, a shadow of what he could and should be, and it suited him fine.

The beauty pointed her index finger at him, a small smile curving one side of her luscious mouth. “You’re doing an awful lot of thinking in there.”

Her low, sexy voice did something to him, too, awaking a need in the pit of his stomach.

The words pierced through his daze. He chuckled. “Yeah, sorry. What can I do to help you?”