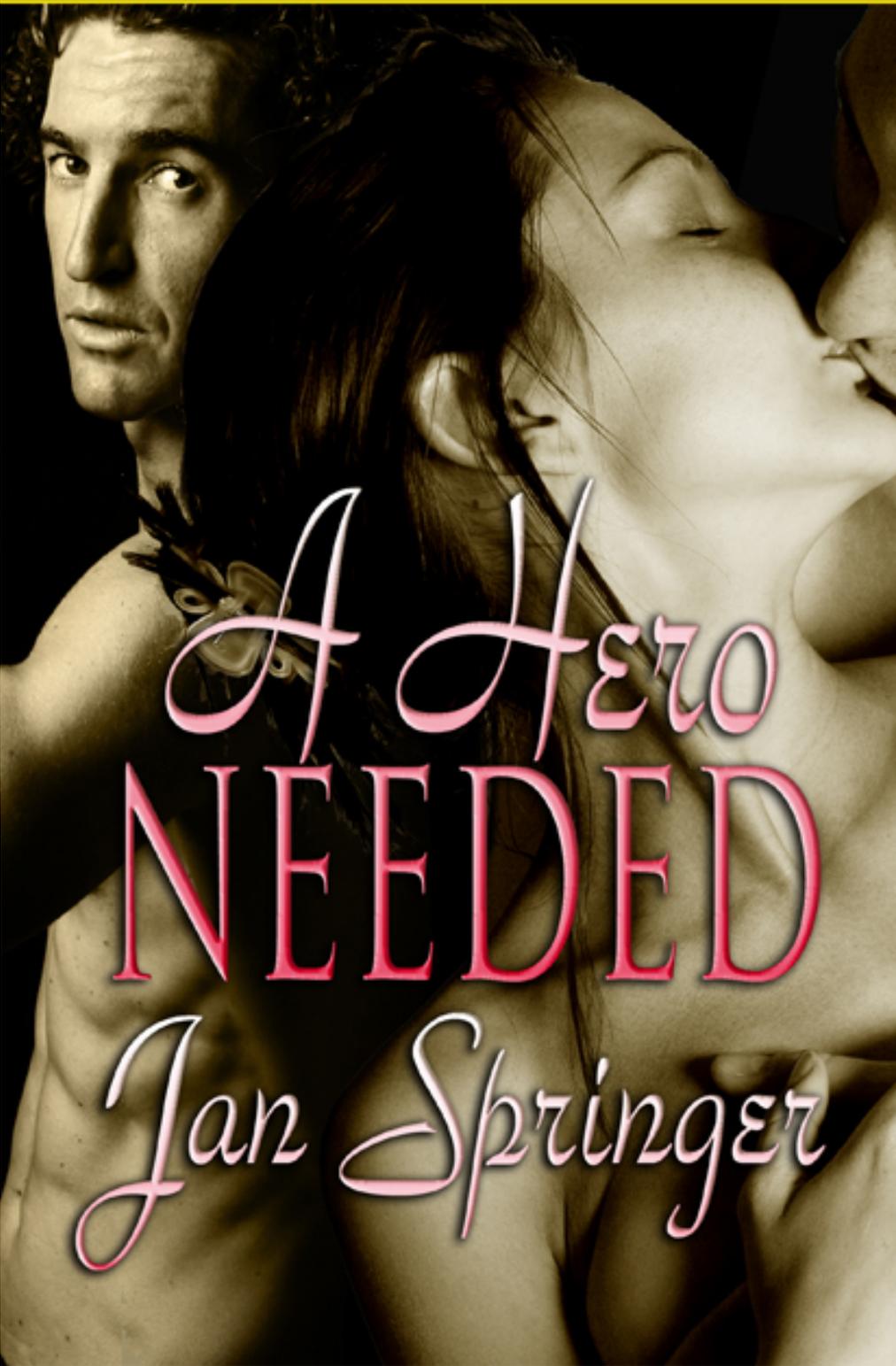


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



A Hero
NEEDED
Jan Springer

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

A Hero Needed

ISBN # 1-4199-0388-8

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Edited by Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: November 2005

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HEROES AT HEART:

A HERO NEEDED

Jan Springer

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Chapter One

*Hideaway, Maine USA
In the not too distant future...*

Jenna MacLean couldn't help but shudder in aroused excitement as she watched her ex-boyfriend Sully Hero saunter toward where she sat on the satiny sheets of her lace-canopied, four-poster bed. His six-foot, naked, muscular body looked gorgeously tense, his huge cock fully engorged, eager to impale her.

Behind him she spotted another man silhouetted against the rose-patterned wallpaper watching her, his features blurry, his identity not yet recognizable, but she knew the other would be just as well-hung, just as eager to please her.

Oh, yes! Come to me!

Reaching between her legs, she found her ultra-sensitive clit and massaged it, allowing both men to watch.

Sexy sparks of need flashed through Sully's green gaze and his cock blushed a deep shade of purple—his smooth, mushroom-shaped cock head looked angry and just as purple as it thrust itself from its sheath.

She could smell him. An erotic masculine scent that always played havoc with her senses. Always made her crave the wicked pleasures he gave so willingly.

Heavy, tortured breaths shot through the air as he stood over her bed, his hand stroking the massive eight-inch length of his silk-encased cock.

Stroking. Touching. Preparing.

Oh, God! She'd craved to have Sully back in her life for so long.

Her breathing quickened, met his in the same wickedly quick tempo. His erection seemed so unbelievably long. Longer than she remembered. Thick. Swollen. Ready to pleasure her.

Her finger moved more frantically over her slippery, achy clit, the erotic pleasure spiraled around her, making her whimper and squirm as both men watched.

Desperate hunger blazed across Sully's handsome face. The sight made her cry out her own need.

"I let you get away from me too many times, Jenna," he growled. "It won't happen again. Once you've been initiated into the Ménage Club you'll never leave me." The passion searing his voice made her believe he would stay with her forever. Never leave her again.

His mention of the notorious Ménage Club made shivers of delight shoot through her. The club specialized in bringing couples back together, couples who would otherwise never do so on their own. Couples like Sully and her.

Both men moved closer. Moved toward her like wild predators surrounding their mate. Each ready to take her.

Muscles in their broad chests rippled, lovely tanned muscles in their arms bulged as they both continued to stroke their engorged cocks.

She felt the mattress shift beneath her as the two men came upon her bed.

Oh, God! She'd waited so long for this. Waited too long!

"Okay, what else should I put down in the want ad?"

Jenna MacLean blinked herself out of the wickedly delicious fantasy to find her best friend, twenty-five-year-old Meemie Caldwell, staring at her with blue-gray eyes that glittered with such contagious excitement Jenna had to force herself to steady her breath as she focused her attention back to what they'd been doing.

"What have we got so far?"

Meemie grimaced. Her wine-colored lips dipped into a frown and her straight golden-colored blonde hair swung over her shoulders as she looked down at the napkin she'd been using to write Jenna's want ad.

“‘A Hero Needed. White picket fence gal needs a man who loves to walk in the rain.’ What else?”

“Okay... I want him to have a nice sense of humor. Must be gentle and caring. Also white picket fence material.”

Meemee rolled her eyes, opened her mouth, pretended to stick her finger down her throat and made a gagging sound. “Oh, come on. If you want humor, gentle and caring, and a fenced yard, get yourself a Saint Bernard dog.”

Jenna giggled. “Don’t take it so seriously, Meems. We’re only pretending.”

“Me? Serious? Oh, please. Never. You know me better than that. I am the last person on this earth who’d take anything serious. I’m just curious about what kind of guy would rip your soul apart. What kind of man makes your heart pound? Your legs weaken? Makes your pussy scream for his cock. Oh, shit, I forgot to write down he has to be well-hung. He has to have the tool to do the job, am I right?”

Definitely well-hung. Jenna nodded in agreement as Meemee began writing again.

“And make his cock at least eight inches long, two inches thick.”

“Now you’re talking, Jen. Give me more. Give me your heart.”

Meemee looked at her with such sweet desperation flooding her heart-shaped face that it made Jenna a bit uneasy. Meems was definitely looking at this too seriously. But what the heck did it matter? No one would see it. It was just something to pass the time, something to giggle over on their weekly girls’ night out.

“So? What do you want in a man, Jen? Spill it.”

“I want...” Gosh, what did she want? She found her gaze straying around the cozy western-themed room. It was decorated with several large wagon wheels on the ceiling, rough-hewn, pine-planked walls and tiny, flickering oil lamps set in the middle of white and red checkered cloth-covered square tables.

A rustic red-bricked fireplace complete with a black cauldron hung over it, flickering blue-yellow flames. Nestled in a corner, totally out of its element sat a Fifties-style jukebox, blasting out the latest Shania Twain tune.

Her mouth watered at the tantalizing scents of frying burgers and baking pepperoni pizza. She focused her attention to the two sexy bartenders pouring drinks behind the nearby mahogany bar—in particular to the tall, muscular, brown-haired hunk.

A familiar yearning started deep down in her lower belly.

She wanted him.

She wanted Sully Well-Hung Hero. But he was off-limits. He'd made his decision about them when he'd walked out on their relationship over four years ago. Despite that fact though, she just couldn't seem to stop herself from coming to his damn bar and getting her eye-candy fix of him every week since he'd come back to town.

God, did she have a problem with torturing herself or what?

"Green eyes," she found herself mumbling as she kept an eye on Sully.

The son of a bitch appeared to be flirting with some perfectly thin, leggy, blonde bitch as he poured her a drink from behind the bar. The blonde laughed at something he said and her irritating voice grated along Jenna's nerves, making that familiar, awful jealousy she hated so much spring through her like a heated torch.

He'd been back in town for a month now and hadn't so much as taken the time to say anything more than a formal hello whenever she and Meems came into his newly purchased bar on their weekly jaunt. Not that she expected him to say much to her. Especially after the way they'd left things in the past.

"And he should be clean-cut, have dark brown, short hair...a homebody...maybe a guy who looks like Orlando Bloom." Or Sully. "But he has to be a guy who wants to settle down."

Somebody totally the opposite of Sully.

Maybe she should find a guy not as good-looking as him. A guy who didn't capture every red-blooded woman's attention whenever he passed them on the street. The attention he got from gorgeously sexy women made her feel as if she were too fat for him simply because he was physically fit and she wasn't.

Her pulse couldn't help but quicken at the sight of Sully's shoulder muscles rippling beneath the tight, black, muscle T-shirt that said in bold, white lettering across his wide chest *Sully's Bar & Grill*.

She could still remember how hard those tanned muscles felt beneath her exploring fingertips when they'd made love. How his groans of arousal had made her feel so powerful. Had made her blush as her insecurities about being too overweight to attract such a gorgeous hunk always seemed to blossom whenever she'd been naked with him.

"Okay, so I gather you're stuck about what to put down. How about sexually? Do you want sex gentle or untamed with your man?"

"Depends on our mood. One thing for sure is I want him sexually adventurous so he can teach me to be the same way," Jenna replied, ripping her gaze from Sully and back to her friend.

"Sexually adventurous trainer wanted." Her friend nodded her approval as she wrote it down on the napkin.

Oh, why couldn't she look more like Meems? Meemie was curvy, svelte, blonde and so very pretty with her big blue eyes and a gorgeous body that attracted delicious-looking hunks who seemed to flutter around her like butterflies. Hunks she used to satisfy herself with sexually and then tossed aside.

Although Meemie had never told her, Jenna suspected her friend had the hots for Tony, their lifelong friend and Sully's part-time bartender and best friend.

Tony's sharp angular features, short, feathery black hair and bronzed skin didn't betray his Greek heritage. He was also the man who had created and owned the Ménage Club. It wasn't just a swinger's club where men and women ventured to for

sex. It was a relationship club. A place where couples could face their worst fears, and she definitely had some issues she wouldn't mind working on.

God! They were both so pathetic in drooling over men they couldn't have. Try as they might not to venture into Sully's bar, one or the other always mentioned it after they'd seen their weekly movie or after a shopping spree. "And he has to be romantic. Sex toys would be nice too. He's got to like sex toys."

"Sex toys. Now you're talking, woman," she giggled, and kept writing, leaving Jenna to remember the first time Sully had mentioned they should try toys to allow them to enjoy sex in a different, exciting way. Back then, though, she'd been unable to accept them as a natural part of their relationship. She'd been so inexperienced. Insecure and no confidence in herself as a woman. She still couldn't understand how Sully had even been attracted to her with her size eighteen, sometimes twenty, sometimes sixteen-sized body.

She had big breasts, a wide waist and a big butt. Yet he'd pursued her. She'd been twenty and he'd been twenty-one. Sully had been her first lover and after their breakup, he hadn't been her last. She'd slept with two more guys. Guys she'd cared about. They just hadn't been as passionate in bed or as tender as Sully.

Jenna sighed.

Saying no to sex toys with Sully had been a big mistake. It had been an even bigger mistake letting him go so easily. But back then she'd adopted her grandmother's frame of mind that a couple in love didn't need arousal by artificial stimulation. That their bodies should have been enough to keep each other satisfied. On top of that, his mention of sex toys had made her feel insecure about her sexuality. Made her think if she was truly satisfying him in bed, he wouldn't be thinking of other ways to get aroused.

As she'd grown older, her craving to have Sully back had changed her tastes and beliefs. She'd begun to realize she'd taken on her grandmother's excess baggage, had stifled her own natural need to explore her sexuality.

Now that her grandparents were dead and she was finally out from under their overly strict rules and living on her own, Jenna felt more open to new ideas about sex. Okay, so she was a lot more open to sex and what it stood for in a loving relationship.

“And he’s got to be into anal play,” Jenna found herself whispering, trying out the new territory on her friend. To her surprise, Meemie held a straight face as she kept pen to napkin.

“And he has to be interested in light bondage.”

“Meaning he has to like it on himself? Or on you?”

“Both of us.”

Meemie nodded. “Nice. Very nice. Hero has to be into mutual light bondage.”

“Definitely ménages...to keep the sex life spicy,” Jenna continued as her thoughts flew back to the exclusive Ménage Club. Indiscreet research through friends had revealed the secret club consisted of a group of men and women who swore they could help troubled couples get together again with the help of a third.

“Ménages are welcome,” Meemie said as she wrote quickly. “What else?”

Jenna sighed and tried to put Sully out of her mind. It didn’t work. They’d fought much too often during their relationship. Broken up more times than she could count and now, years later, she was more than willing to join the Club, to watch the enjoyment flash across his face, to watch his cock harden while another man pleased her. To try and use the Club to patch things between them. Unfortunately, now that her interest in sex had finally broken free, it looked as if he’d lost interest in her.

“That’s about it. But at the top of the list he definitely has to be a white picket fence kind of guy.”

Meaning a man who wouldn’t run out on her no matter how badly they fought. A man who wouldn’t walk away no matter how many times he said he loved her.

Jenna sighed wearily. Again, he needed to be a man totally opposite of Sully.

“He sounds absolutely delicious,” Meemee cooed. “Not many of those types around these days.”

“Can I get you two ladies anything else?”

Sully Hero’s deep voice sailed through the air and gripped Jenna’s veins, heating her pussy so wickedly she almost moaned aloud. God help her, she always reacted so deliciously toward his masculine voice, even after all this time apart.

“I’d like another beer, Sully.” Meemee grinned. “And please don’t call us ladies. There are no ladies in this booth.”

Sully’s intense green gaze zeroed in on Jenna. “You sure about that?”

Jenna got his meaning loud and clear. As far as he was concerned, she was a pure lady, no wildcat in her. “So, Sully,” Meems said quickly. “Take a look at this ad Jen and I are working on. Give us a man’s opinion. If you saw it in the newspaper, would you answer it?”

Horrified, Jenna helplessly watched as Meemee, with a sly grin plastered across her face, handed Sully the napkin with the ad on it.

Meems had set her up! Bitch!

“A Hero Needed,” Sully read, and cocked an eyebrow at Jenna.

“Jenna came up with that one.”

“She did, did she?” His hot look rammed into her and practically ripped her breath away.

“Actually, the ad is hers,” Meemee admitted, and winked at Jenna.

Satisfied pleasure zipped through her as his eyes widened. Obviously he was shocked at what Meemee had written for her, proving yet again his opinion about her being straightlaced hadn’t changed.

“The ad is private. If you wouldn’t mind...” She held out her hand, expecting him to give the napkin back, but he ignored her and kept reading.

“White picket fence-type, old-fashioned gal needs a man who loves to walk in the rain...” He continued on in silence then cleared his throat, and said in a somewhat strangled voice, “Must be well-hung. Eight inches at least.”

Oh, heavens! Was this embarrassing or what? Was he remembering the one time she’d mustered up the courage to measure Sully’s cock just for fun? He’d been exactly eight glorious inches long and two inches thick.

She threw Meemie a hateful glance. A look that promised her best friend she was in big trouble. Meemie, however, seemed unfazed and smiled wickedly.

Damn her!

“Sex toys, huh?” Interest tinged Sully’s voice.

Heat sparked her cheeks and curled like wildfire through her from tip to toes.

Oh, boy, it was getting too hot in here. She needed another beer. An ice-cold one. A frozen one would be even better. Then she could roll the frosty bottle over her suddenly too-tight breasts and aching nipples. Not to mention sliding it against her suddenly feverish pussy.

But until that could happen, she’d settle for grabbing her ice water glass and resting it against her flaming cheeks. She eyed the glass on the table and the delicious-looking, half-melted ice cubes floating around at the top, resisting the urge to dip her finger inside, grab a cube and run it between her hot pussy lips.

“Someone to teach you to be sexually adventurous?”

There was that tinge of surprise in his voice again. A sudden inhalation of his breath as he continued. “Romance, light bondage, anal...”

He stopped – obviously he was reading the “ménages are welcome” part.

Would he think she was being too promiscuous by mentioning all those things? Or would he take the hint that she was now interested in being with him and willing to join the Ménage Club to fix their nonexistent relationship?

She felt her face heat even harder.

“So? What do you think, Sully?” Meemee asked, thankfully coming to her rescue. The tone of her voice sounded so sweetly innocent, as if she hadn’t set the whole thing up.

“I’m sure there would be lots of guys answering this type of ad,” Sully replied, and placed the napkin in front of Jenna. She didn’t hesitate to snap it up and crunch it in her hand, hiding it from his smoldering gaze.

“You sound like every guy’s wet-dream girl...but can you deliver if someone answers the ad?”

His bold question made her stiffen in her seat. The son of a bitch had just insulted her by insinuating she wouldn’t deliver.

She forced herself to relax. Sully had no intention of answering her ad—he was too busy flirting with his big-boobed, leggy, blonde bitch clients at the bar.

“Oh, I’m sure whoever answers my ad will be quite satisfied,” Jenna purred, enjoying the wild spark flaring in his eyes. “It’s just too bad my hero hasn’t come along yet. He’s missing out on a lot.”

“Perhaps,” Meemee broke in softly as she thoughtfully fingered the mouth of her almost empty beer bottle, “her hero is standing right beneath her nose and she doesn’t even know it yet?”

Good one, Meems. She threw Meemee another hateful glance. The last complication she needed in her life was sexy Sully Hero. He would have her in his bed twenty-four/seven just as he’d tried to do years ago. Not that she would necessarily mind this time around. This time she didn’t have her overly protective grandparents waiting for her to come home. They’d always asked her where she’d been and what she’d been doing. Their relationship hadn’t been an open one about sex, so she’d always lied and said she’d been out with Meemee. Although she’d been twenty at the time when she’d met Sully, she’d still been living with her grandparents and feeling it was her duty to help her grandmother take care of her grandfather after he’d suffered a devastating stroke several years prior.

Now as he stood beside the table, she found herself eagerly awaiting his answer. None came as a pretty, long-legged blonde waitress suddenly interrupted them.

God! What was it with Sully and all these blonde women?

“Boss, the cook is threatening to quit again.”

Sully looked as if he might say something to Jenna and she found herself holding her breath, anxiously waiting like a pathetic dog for him to give her a glimmer of hope that they just might have another chance. Instead, he simply nodded and left with the waitress.

“Shit, Jenna. He is so fucking hot! Why you let him go is beyond me.”

“Meems, please, I already told you why we split up.”

“Yeah, I know you said it was all those fights you two had. For instance, *your* hang-up about your weight—*your* insane jealousy about other women who looked at him—*your* inability to enjoy sex without feeling a tad guilty whenever he wanted to try anything but the missionary position. But Sully came back *here*, Jenna, after saying he’d never come back. And he even bought the bar. Maybe he came back for you?”

“You’re dreaming, Meems. He didn’t come back for me.”

If he had, he would have approached her by now. Wouldn’t he?

“Then why would he come back here of all places? Why return to the one place he swore he’d never come back to when you two broke up?”

She’d been thinking about that herself. “I’m sure his reasons are personal.”

“Meaning?”

“I mean it is none of our business why he came back here, understand?”

“Loud and clear.” Meemie grinned wickedly. She sucked back the last of her beer, leaving Jenna with the idea her friend had something else up her sleeve. Something she wasn’t going to like.

* * * * *

A Hero Needed

White picket fence-type, old-fashioned gal needs a man who loves to walk in the rain. Must be well-hung. At least eight inches long. Two inches thick. Sharp green eyes. Clean-cut. Dark brown, short hair...a homebody, white picket fence type of guy.

Sexual requirements – gentle yet untamed lover. Sexually adventurous who will train to be same.

Must be romantic, enjoy sex toys, into anal play, interested in mutual light bondage, ménages are welcome.

Sully lifted the crinkled napkin off the night table from where he'd left it before taking his cold shower and pressed it against his nostrils, inhaling Jenna's sweet, seductive scent. He found his heart picking up speed and his shaft hardened with exquisite need.

Christ! Her feminine aroma always did that to him. Always made his mind whirl out of control, made him want to tangle his fingers through her luscious, tangled reddish-brown hair, made him want to stare into her bright blue, sparkling eyes that reminded him of storm clouds every time they'd fought – and they'd fought a lot.

Nonetheless he'd never gotten enough of staring into her eyes, never got tired of stroking his hands along her voluptuous, silky, plus-size curves and sinking his fingers into her fleshy hips when he thrust his cock into her tight pussy.

Her sexy, feminine scent always sent his senses spiraling into alert mode. She made him want to explore her every curvy crevice. Taste every part of her. Tonight at the bar he'd watched her perfectly shaped eyebrows arch with irritation as he'd read her Hero Needed ad. He'd wanted to grab her, tug her upstairs, throw her on his bed and lose himself inside her tight pussy. Just as he'd been able to do in the past.

Being away from her had been hell. He'd found that fact out shortly after he'd left her.

Even with NASA inventing spaceships that could use small amounts of hydrogen to fuel rockets into exploring space, allowing him to travel extensively throughout the

galaxy and do what he'd always dreamed of doing, he'd missed her. The new, safe rockets as well as the invention of hyperspace travel had made it easy for NASA to put out the call for men and women who were interested in space exploration to join the NASA team of astronauts. Training was minimal, training pay fantastic and the computers took care of everything on the spaceships. All he had to do was make sure the cameras recorded everywhere he went on the planets.

Although training was exciting and the subsequent contract of space exploration had been intriguing, he hadn't been able to get sexy, shy Jenna MacLean out of his mind. He'd barely gotten through the past four years without wanting to pick up the phone every day and talk to her but, of course, that had been out of the question. They'd broken up and the last things they'd said to each other hadn't been pretty.

Recently, when a plum, top secret NASA assignment to explore the newly discovered planet named Paradise using a highly specialized warp speed, hydrogen spaceship was dropped in his and his cousins' laps, he'd found himself backing out at the last minute—backing out and coming back to Hideaway to plunge his entire life savings into this bar and securing the help of Tony and his Ménage Club to help him get Jenna back.

He blew out a frustrated breath as he drew the scented napkin away from his face and once again read the scribbled words.

The physical description on the ad was definitely him, but what about the rest of it? Had the two women simply been goofing around? Or had Jenna left it on the booth table for him to find on purpose? Or maybe she'd simply forgotten to take it along with her after the girls had left?

Jenna wanted a white picket fence kind of guy. By purchasing this bar and preparing the apartment upstairs, would she consider him white picket fence material? Would she ever trust him not to leave her again? He'd seen the pain, the hurt in her eyes every time she looked at him.

The mistrust made his gut twist in agony. So much so, he couldn't even bring himself to apologize to her.

Could he trust himself not to impulsively take off again if things didn't work out between them? Jenna had a jealousy streak that had made them fight like cats and dogs. He knew it stemmed from her insecurity of being overweight and the fact that he had tons of women who were his friends. But that's all they were—friends.

She hadn't been able to get used to the idea that he wanted *her*. Only her. No matter how many times he'd told her he'd always been physically attracted to plus-size women, the green-eyed monster of jealousy had just sat between them.

He'd watched Jenna tonight. Snuck peeks at her as one of the women from the Club had flirted with him. He'd seen the way Jenna's blue eyes had sparked with that familiar anger when she'd looked his way. Obviously her jealous tendencies still hadn't changed. If they got back together, it would only be a matter of time before they were fighting again. It would just be the same old song and dance. Fights just weren't his cup of tea.

One thing he knew for sure though, he wanted Jenna with his very heart and soul.

One thing he didn't know for sure was had he done the right thing in asking for help from the Ménage Club without asking her first?

He eyed the phone and resisted the impulse to pick up the receiver, call her and ask if she was still as interested in him as he was in her.

Maybe he should just throw the want ad napkin away? Maybe he should just sell the bar and get the hell out of town?

Maybe he should just go and take another cold shower.

* * * * *

"Dammit! Where is that napkin!" Jenna hissed as she rummaged through her bag after she'd plopped it onto the bathroom counter. She was sure she'd dumped the

napkin into a side pocket of her purse right after Sully had left the booth. But now it wasn't there.

Shit!

Unfortunately, the remnants of his heated looks were still playing tease with her body. Her nipples ached to be touched and her clit needed to be soothed desperately – all because of Sully Hero.

Why in the world had he come back here and not gone off to God knew where with his astronaut cousins? And why did she insist on going to Sully's bar every Friday night and submitting herself to this torturous, sexual hell every time she came home without him?

That son of a bitch! He was probably screwing the blonde bombshell who'd been flirting with him. Just the thought of him being in another woman's arms made that familiar roar of red-hot anger grip her.

Oh! She hated feeling this way. Hated the idea that Sully might prefer a skinny chick over her. Hated the idea that she still cared about him at all.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she slipped off her blouse, unlatched the front clasps on her bra and watched her generous 36D-sized breasts fall free. Her globes looked heavy and swollen, her large, pink, lollipop-sized nipples appeared taut beneath the glare of her bathroom lights.

Damn Sully Hero for making her react this way every time he was merely in the same room as her.

Glancing lower, she noticed her thick waistline bulging slightly over her size sixteen skirt.

She frowned. Okay so she was still as overweight as ever. It wasn't as if she hadn't tried to lose the freaking flab. She ate relatively well, exercised almost every day with brisk, early morning walks and yet she never lost weight.

Her grandmother said it was in their genes. MacLean women were good farm stock material. Always on the big side. Big-boned, big-boobed and big-assed.

Even her grandmother had been overweight all her life, and pictures of her late mom showed her being overweight too.

When Jenna had been younger, she'd tried to defy her heritage, gone the diet route, laxatives, played a little with the bulimia stuff and tried to shed her pounds that way, but all it had gotten her in the end was sick as a dog.

She'd finally accepted herself as being a plus-size woman. Destined to be a size eighteen, sometimes size twenty, sometimes size sixteen, bouncing between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and ninety pounds for the rest of her life. She'd thought she'd gotten used to the idea, thought she'd finally felt comfortable in her own skin, that is...until sexy, well-hung Sully had sauntered back into town and conjured up all her insecurities again. Stupid, immature insecurities that whispered to her he was just too good-looking for big, tubby her.

Frig!

Why should she even care that he talked to other women more than he did to her? Their relationship was in the past, but those intense sexual sensations she got whenever she was around him or smelled him wasn't history. Those feelings were alive and eating her up—making her feel like a firecracker about to explode.

Frowning, she reached into a nearby drawer and pulled out the weighted nipple clamps she'd ordered through her favorite sex toy Internet site. According to the site, these clamps were made for beginners, the tension being adjustable and the grips rubber-tipped. She'd worked her way up to wearing them at tighter and longer tension levels until she now craved a harder grip. But these would do until she could get online and search for new ones.

She inhaled softly as each clamp bit into her tender, aroused nipples and she allowed the foot-long chain with the crystal stone weight to dangle between her breasts. The sight of her breasts being decorated in this way turned her on, adding to the