

# Calling the Play

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Loveswept

New York

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# Chapter 1

Tyler Oakes walked into the most disreputable bar he could find in Birmingham. It was a place called Kitty Licks, out near the airport. He just couldn't resist it. First time he'd seen the name he'd known he was going to have to go there someday. Today was the day. As the quarterback for the Birmingham Rebels, one of the NFL's newest franchises, he had to come back to town a week ahead of the rest of the team. They wanted him in on some of the brainstorming sessions before preseason training kicked in next week and the rest of the team showed up. So he was lonely, bored, and looking for trouble. His checkered past was proof he ought to resist the urge, but he'd never been good with that sort of thing. Better to go out and choose what kind of trouble he was going to get in than let trouble find him like it usually did.

He could have called around to see if anyone else was in town already. Or he could have gone to hang out with Cass Zielinski, the Rebel's center and team captain. He and his boyfriend Beau Perez, Rebel's tight end, had moved in with their girlfriend, Marian Treadwell, the Rebel's assistant offensive coach. The three had hit the news outlets with a great big bang. It seemed to be all anyone was talking about these days, and not in a good way. Two of the most notorious players in the NFL involved in a *ménage à trois* with a coach? Hell yeah, the press was eating it up. Ty felt kind of sorry for them. They were just trying to be happy, like everyone else. But when you were in the NFL you weren't allowed to do that sort of thing. Trust Cass to just say fuck 'em and do what he wanted. Or who he wanted.

Ty had a feeling this wasn't the only time the Rebels would make the news like that. After all, most of the players were here because nobody else wanted them. Sex, drugs, behavior issues, bad attitudes—the Rebels had it all on the roster. Ty was here because he had two strikes against him: he was openly bisexual and had been since college, and he'd been busted for drugs the year after he'd been drafted. Which was so stupid he was still kicking himself. He didn't even do drugs, unless you counted alcohol. Back in the day, that had been his vice, and the reason he'd been stupid enough to agree to 'hold' someone's stash for them. It had taken three years in the Canadian Football League, and a Grey Cup, to get him back in the NFL's good graces.

When he walked into the bar and looked around, his thoughts went back to Cass, Beau, and Marian. They would have welcomed him over and fed him and laughed with him. But when you already had three, four was definitely a crowd. Months ago, Ty had gotten up close and personal with Marian and the guys, but that had been a one-time deal and there was still a little awkwardness. Probably mostly on his part, since he was jealous as hell of what the three had together. But he was used to being used, he supposed. Ty always seemed to be an expendable commodity.

And damn, he needed to get laid. When he got the poor-me's he knew he needed some pussy or some dick, ASAP. Which was why he was here. It was Friday night and he figured a place named Kitty Licks had to have some clientele who were looking for the same thing. If not, well, Birmingham had lots of bars. But from the looks of it Ty was going to have to do some fast maneuvering just to get out of there without getting fucked up, and not in a good way. This might not have been his brightest idea. *Note to Ty*, he thought, *do some research next time you go looking for trouble.*

Several pairs of eyes were trained on him as he tried to nonchalantly sidle up to the bar. The place seemed to be divided down the middle. On the left were several tables full of Hispanic tough guys. Neck tats, slicked-back hair, and not so hidden bulges that were clearly guns in their pockets, because they did not look that happy to see him. The other side of the bar was redneck hell. Tom Kelly, a young running-back rookie and one of his best friends on the team, had told him that, in the South, a cracker meant a wannabe, those dudes who wore their ball caps sideways and their pants so damn low they had to hold them up over their ass. His knee-jerk reaction was to tell the whole right side of the bar to pull their pants up.

The bar itself didn't live up to the name. It was dank and dark, and stank of spilled beer, vomit, and sweat. The carpet looked like it had seen at least twenty years of bodily fluids. Thank God the lighting sucked and the disco ball spinning over the dance floor wasn't bright enough for him to see it better. Ty cracked his neck and grew a pair and walked up to the bar with a swagger he wasn't feeling. "Give me a beer. In a bottle. I don't care what kind, as long as it's cold," he told the bartender. The bartender's eyes shifted to the right as if looking for permission, and then he leaned down and pulled a Budweiser out of the cooler. He popped the top off and handed it to Ty.

"Thanks." Ty turned and surveyed the crowd.

After his initial entrance it looked like most of the people there had gone back to business. The dance floor was almost empty, just a few girls dancing, no guys. No surprise there. None of the male patrons looked like the dancing type. The music was some pop shit from the nineties. Even he didn't want to dance to that.

The girls weren't too promising, either. Redneck girlfriends for the rednecks. There were no Hispanic girls anywhere. He surmised the bar belonged to the crackers, then. As he stood there sipping his beer—which was at least cold—he got even more depressed.

Somehow this shit bar was a metaphor for his life. Yet another bad choice. Had the Rebels been a bad choice? He hadn't thought so at the time. He'd been here for two years. The team still sucked. He wasn't happy with his performance at all. And he'd become a monk. Seriously. There was a time he could get laid seven days a week by seven different people, men and women alike. But that just wasn't his thing anymore. He was getting old. *Shit*. That was it. He couldn't fuck and he couldn't play football because he was old. Twenty-nine in the NFL was old.

Suddenly one of the redneck girls peeled herself away from a guy in a back booth and stood up. She had to shimmy a little to get her tight, little short skirt down enough to cover her ass. Ty nearly choked on his beer. How had he missed her? She wasn't tall, just average height, but she had killer curves packed into a little corset top and that wicked skirt. Her legs were as curvy as the rest of her and ended in dangerously high heels. She walked across the dance floor, through the middle of the bar, exchanging some sharp words with one of the girls shaking her ass out there. The conversation ended with the curvy one flashing the finger at the other girl as she kept on walking. Straight at Ty.

As she got closer, Ty could see she wasn't classically pretty, at least not the way most people thought of it. But there was something about her that caught his eye. She looked to be mixed race, with light-caramel skin, freckles all over her face, and generous, kissable lips. She had wildly curling, shoulder-length hair. Little, copper, spiral curls framed her face perfectly. For some reason, that hair sealed the deal. Ty had to have her.

"Give me a Wallbanger, Harvey," she told the bartender. She cracked up laughing as the bartender slammed a Bud down in front of her. She winked at Ty. "That joke never gets old," she said.

"My name isn't Harvey," the bartender told her.

“I know,” she said. “But ‘Give me a Wallbanger, Mike,’ just doesn’t sound the same.”  
She turned to Ty. “Right?”

“No ma’am,” he said with a grin. “Just not as funny.”

She tilted her head to the side and looked him up and down with a slight frown between her eyebrows as she took a sip of beer. She had soft-brown eyes, like melted chocolate. “Okay,” she said after she lowered the bottle. “I give. What the hell are you doing here? You looking for some smoke?”

“No,” Ty said. “I was looking to get laid.”

She laughed out loud again. It was a big, boisterous laugh, the kind confident girls made; the ones who knew who they were and didn’t give a fuck what you thought. The kind of girl he liked, but didn’t meet very often. Those curves, that laugh, her sexy Southern accent. All he could think was, *Damn*. “Another time, another place,” she said. “Let me give you some advice. Go. This is not the place for you. Don’t even finish that beer.”

“I can’t,” Ty said, taking another sip.

She looked at her bottle, identical to Ty’s. “I know the beer isn’t that good,” she said. “So why not?”

“I can’t leave without you,” he told her.

“I am not the lay you’re looking for,” she said, as if she were Obi-Wan Kenobi. She pointed with her bottle at the booth in the back. “See that guy there? Tonight I’m his. And he doesn’t take kindly to guys hitting on me.”

“Then why’d you come over here?” Ty asked. He wondered what she meant by “Tonight I’m his.” Was she a hooker? She didn’t act like one.

“To save your sorry ass,” she said smartly. “I’m starting to think I’m wasting my time.”

“Now,” one of the Hispanic guys said, standing up and looking at his watch. Suddenly half the bar got up and moved toward the back. His drinking companion put her beer down on the bar. Ty noticed it looked like she hadn’t had any even though he’d watched her sipping it.

“Got to go, honey,” she said to him with a wink. “When we go out the back, you go out the front.”

“Why?” Ty asked. He was confused as hell by this girl. She didn’t seem at all what she ought to be.

“Because I said so,” she told him, suddenly serious. “I really am trying to save your ass, okay?”

“Sissy,” the guy in the back called out. He was average height, white, wannabe clothes. Kind of reminded Ty of Vanilla Ice back in the day. He was waving the girl over. “Git your ass over here. And bring your new boyfriend.”

“Shit,” she said under her breath. She glared at Ty. “You’re in it, now, boy,” she said. “You stick close to me and follow my lead, you hear me?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said. His stomach had kind of bottomed out when he’d been singled out by her date for the night, and her crazy intense attitude wasn’t helping. When it came down to it, Ty was a lover, not a fighter. But he might bust his knuckles up over her if he had to. Which surprised the hell out of him. He hadn’t given two shits about a woman in ages.

“Comin’, honey,” she called out. She grabbed Ty’s arm and dragged him after her. “I am not gonna let you ruin two long months of work,” she muttered under her breath. Ty didn’t think she knew he could hear her. He had to have good hearing when he did his job in stadiums full of fifty thousand screaming fans.

They mingled with the crowd and Ty got some curious stares, as well as some scary blank ones. In about two seconds he was flanked by a couple of crackers with those blank stares. He’d watched enough bad TV and movies to recognize gang muscle when he saw it. They ended up out back in the parking lot, the two groups still separated, by mutual agreement, it seemed. Sissy had maneuvered them up to the front, next to her boyfriend. She let go of Ty and latched on to the cracker’s arm just as a big box truck pulled into the lot.

“What ya got for me, baby?” she said in a sexy little voice.

“Not for you, bitch,” he replied absently. “This is all for me.” He turned and gave her a cold smile. “Then Daddy’ll give you what you’re asking for.”

Well, Ty did not like the sound of that. He was about to say something when she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and stomped on his foot. Her look clearly said “Shut up.” He frowned at her but kept his mouth shut.

The truck stopped and two guys jumped out of the cab. They looked like clones of the Hispanic dudes from the bar. Sissy and her boyfriend walked toward the truck, along with the muscle that had been flanking Ty, and several of the Hispanic bar patrons. Ty had an itch between his shoulder blades that usually indicated he was about to get sacked. That didn’t bode well.

The back doors of the truck opened and one of the cracker muscleheads jumped inside. There were some low murmurs around him, and Ty was pretty sure he heard the

word *heroin*. *Holy fucking shit*. He'd walked into a drug deal. That officially made his visit to Kitty Licks one of the worst decisions of his life. The urge to grab Sissy and run for it was almost too much to resist.

Before long, the guy in the truck came to the open door and crouched down to talk to Sissy's boyfriend. As soon as he did, Sissy let go of the guy's arm and backed off. No one else seemed to notice as one of the Hispanic guys came over to talk to the guy she was with. Suddenly a big duffel bag appeared out of nowhere and was passed from the cracker to the Hispanic dude.

Ty was torn. He didn't want to leave the girl he'd met in the middle of this shit. But there was no way he could get caught here. He was barely clinging to the edge of the NFL with his fingernails as it was. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*, he thought, looking around. He could see his car from where he was, parked in the glow of one of the only working parking-lot lights, first row. He inched his way closer, keeping his eyes on Sissy, who was walking a little too casually back toward the crowd.

"Party on, now," one of the guys behind him said. "Tater always throws a kick-ass party after a good deal."

"I'm a gonna have me that girl of his," another one said. "Shit, if she ain't the hottest thing he's fucked in ages."

"I think he's giving her to the SUR," the first guy said, as if it was no big deal to give a living, breathing human being as a gift to some gangbanger.

"Well, I don't want none of that shit after," the second said with disgust. Ty nearly turned around and punched him.

Just then her eyes found Ty in the crowd. With a subtle move of her head she indicated the parking lot. Ty slid through the crowd as she veered, walking toward the cars. As if on cue, sirens cut through the night and there were suddenly cop cars spilling into the parking lot behind the box truck.

“This is the police. Drop your weapons,” a disembodied voice blared over a loudspeaker.

Pandemonium broke out as everyone began running for cars or the surrounding dark. Ty joined the melee, running for his car with a sinking feeling. There was no way he was going to get out of this clean. He yanked out his remote and unlocked the car. Just as he was pulling open the driver-side door, Sissy came running up, out of breath. “Give me the keys,” she demanded.

“Like hell,” Ty shouted. “Get in.”

“I’m a cop, genius,” she barked at him. “Give me the fucking keys. Two months of undercover work is about to escape in that fucking red Mustang over there, and there is no way in hell I’m going to let you get in the way. So move it, or I shoot it.”

Ty looked over and saw the guy she’d been with jump into a Mustang that barely slowed as it passed him. The car was headed out the opposite side of the parking lot from all the cops. “Why isn’t anyone else chasing him?” he asked incredulously.

“Because nobody listens to me,” she said in disgust. She ripped the keys out of his hand and climbed into his car. She took the time to pull off her heels and toss them out into the parking lot. Ty took advantage of her distraction to throw himself over the hood of his black Porsche and climb into the passenger seat. “Get the fuck out,” she yelled at him.

“No,” he said, trying to sound calm, even though his heart was about to pound out of his chest. “My car. And you need backup.”

At that she barked out a laugh and threw the car into gear. “And that’s you?” she asked, peeling out of the parking space after her quarry.

“Yes, ma’am,” he shouted over the squeal of tires. “Usually I call the play, but tonight I’m going to follow your lead.”

# Chapter 2

Randi McInish tried to ignore the guy in the passenger seat, but it was hard. He was about six feet two inches of hard muscles in a tight, black T-shirt and blue jeans, with blond hair, dimples, and a great ass. An ass she was going to kick when she finally nailed Tater Sullivan, the drug-dealing piece of shit she'd had to let grope her all night.

"Name?" she hollered at him as she took a corner with a squeal of tires.

"Ty," he shouted back. "Sissy?"

"Randi," she said, fighting the steering wheel. The damn thing was tight. She'd thought a Porsche would handle better. She wished she had her Mustang. She'd already be on top of Tater with her own wheels.

"I like it better," Ty said.

She snorted. As if she gave a shit what he liked or didn't like. Okay, he was hot and chances were she was going to do him later, but whether or not he liked her name mattered as much as what he wanted for breakfast. She had no intention of staying long enough to find out.

Her phone rang. She leaned forward, keeping Tater's Mustang in her sights. "Get my phone," she told Ty.

"Okay," he said. "Where is it?"

"In my back pocket." She didn't really want to talk to anyone right now, especially her brother. It was his ringtone. He was going to flip his fucking lid over tonight. Probably

already was. He was the lead detective on the case, after all. Without hesitation, Ty shoved his hand under her ass and pulled the phone out, jostling Randi and making the car nearly run off the road.

“Fuck me,” she yelled. “Ever heard of being gentle?”

“You don’t strike me as the gentle type,” he said. “Hello?” She realized then he’d answered the phone.

“What the fuck?” she said. “Who told you to answer it?”

“You,” he said. “You said, ‘Get my phone.’”

“I meant get it out of my pocket,” she explained. Gunfire rang out and she ducked and swerved. Ty yelled next to her and then she heard her brother’s voice.

“Goddamn it, Randi,” he shouted. Ty must have put it on speaker. “Give off the chase, now,” he ordered. “We’ve got him. I’m holding a warrant in my hand. He’s got nowhere to run.”

“That’s bullshit and you and I know it,” she yelled in Ty’s general vicinity, knowing the phone would pick it up. “If we don’t pull him in tonight, his daddy’s money and the lawyers will keep him out of jail.”

“So what?” her brother yelled. “We’ve got the leader of the SUR 13 in custody, half of Tater’s known associates, and your tape and testimony. And enough heroin to embarrass the Feds because this was our bust and not theirs. Did you know the deal involved that much? And who the fuck is in that car with you?”

“Some big-ass guy named Ty,” she yelled. “I told him to get out, he didn’t, so he’s along for the ride.”

"It's my Porsche," Ty said reasonably.

"Who the fuck are you?" Johnny asked again.

"Ty Oakes," her passenger said. The name rang a bell, but just then shots cut through the night again. To her shock, Ty laughed like crazy when she swerved and threw him against the passenger door. "You throw a mean party," he told Randi. She just grinned, but didn't take her eyes off the Mustang.

"*The* Ty Oakes?" Johnny asked, sounding sort of sick. Randi wasn't sure what that meant.

"Yep," Ty answered. "Sorry."

"Where are you?" Johnny asked. "I'm sending backup."

"We just passed the intersection of Oporto Madrid and Fifth," Ty told him. "I think he's heading for Fifty-Nine."

"Do not get the quarterback killed," Johnny told her, speaking very slowly. "Do you understand? Pull over right now. Uniforms can take over. Do not get on the highway." He spoke away from the phone. It sounded like he was asking where the nearest uniforms were.

"What are you talking about?" Randi asked, confused. "Who's going to get killed?"

"You, when I see you," Johnny told her. "A high-speed chase through Birmingham is bad press. You've got no blue lights, no identification on that car. And a civilian passenger."

"Somehow you make that sound like a bad thing," Randi told him.

“Don’t listen to him,” Ty told her. “We can catch this asshole. I don’t like how he treated you.”

“Do not listen to the quarterback!” Johnny yelled into the phone.

Randi could hear the sound of approaching sirens. “I hear the backup,” she told Johnny, hoping to shut him up.

“When they get on scene, you back off and let them take over the chase. You hear me, Randi?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, as sassy as she could.

Suddenly the Mustang hung a U-turn and raced back at them. They must have seen the backup, too. This time the shots hit the Porsche and Randi spun it around full throttle, her side of the car facing the oncoming Mustang and the flying bullets. Johnny was right, she couldn’t get Ty killed. He might be stupid, but he was fun and really cute.

The window next to her shattered and she felt a stinging pain in her upper arm. “Shit!” she yelled. The car stopped spinning and came to a shuddering halt on the shoulder of the road as the Mustang flew past them, followed by two cop cars in full pursuit, lights flashing.

“Is Oakes dead?” Johnny yelled over the phone, his voice distraught.

“Nice,” she said. “You don’t even ask about your sister?”

“I don’t give a shit, since your life expectancy is going to be pretty damn short once I get my hands on you,” Johnny said.

“You know, I think it’s unfair that even though you’re my brother, because you’re my superior officer I can’t respond to that accordingly.” Randi huffed in annoyance.

“Boo-hoo,” Johnny said. “I meant it. And if you fucking got the Rebels’ quarterback killed, I will never forgive you even if you’re dead. I think they have a shot at the play-offs this year.”

“Hey, thanks, man,” Ty said into the phone, humble and sincere. “But I think your sister just got shot, so you should send an ambulance.”

Randi just shook her head. This was possibly the most bizarre bust she’d ever made.

“Shouldn’t you be in the hospital or something?” Ty asked her several hours later.

They were standing outside the police station drinking some coffee. His bullet-riddled Porsche was parked on the side street to their left. The police were impounding it as evidence—Johnny’s idea of teaching Ty not to jump into cars with cops on high-speed chases. She’d dragged Ty out here after about five off-duty cops who looked like they’d just rolled out of bed showed up and asked him for autographs. It was embarrassing. Assholes had no pride in the badge. Ty hadn’t seemed to mind, signing shit for them and posing for selfies. *Fucking selfies*. She snorted in disgust.

It was three a.m. and Ty still looked gorgeous. He reminded her of that actor in the *Fast & Furious* movies, the blond one. She figured she looked like hell. Hadn’t stopped her from getting some action in the past, though. Guys were funny that way. Fuck anything, but only feed the skinny, pretty girls.

Randi looked down at her bandaged arm. “Naw. It was just a graze. If I make a big deal out of it they’ll laugh at me.”

"I'm not laughing," Ty said with a solemn expression. "I know you got shot for me."

"You're too cute to get killed," she admitted. "Anyway, I think the broken glass did more damage than the bullet. I can feel some of it in my hair, still."

She had changed clothes and was wearing her usual T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. Ty peered at the top of her head. "Yep. I can see it shining in the light." He looked back down and met her stare. "I can help you wash that out."

"You got a thing for washing hair?" she asked with a laugh. "I've sure got enough of it."

"I've got a thing for you," he said straight-faced.

"All right, player," she joked. She couldn't believe he was the actual quarterback for the Rebels. An NFL star. Standing here next to her and offering to wash her hair. She was struck again by how bizarre it was. There was no other word for it. She could tell he was a smooth talker used to getting his share of pussy, that was for sure.

"Nope," he said, shaking his head. "I'm not a player. At least, not like that."

She stole a quick, startled look at him. Damn if he hadn't read her mind. "Not what I hear," she said, vaguely recalling some stories about his wild life off the field.

"I cannot deny that I am very good in bed," he admitted ruefully, "and have had lots of practice at it. But I've grown a little bit more discerning about who gets to find that out live and in person."

"You had me at very good in bed," she told him.

“Oh, sweet thing, I am definitely going to have you very good,” he told her softly. His stare was hot as fuck, and Randi was wet just looking at him. He was like some surfer wet dream with that sun-bleached-blond, curly hair and those blue, blue eyes. And a body to die for. Truth be told, she didn’t care if he was a player. She didn’t do more than one or two nights with a guy, anyway. The money, the fame, the whole football life, whatever. She just wanted to suck his dick and fuck him until she couldn’t walk. Her needs were simple.

“Let’s go,” she said, reaching out a hand for him.

“Ty?”

Randi turned toward the guy who’d spoken, stepping in front of Ty to shield him. The man facing them on the front walkway was short, maybe a little taller than her, but not by much. Sort of nondescript, with short, brown hair and a pleasant face. His nose was long and thin, making his eyes look big and wide and pretty. She immediately readjusted her initial impression of a pleasant face to an arresting one. He was muscular in his white T-shirt and dark shorts, but not like Ty. Like an average Joe who hit the gym regularly. His voice was hesitant, not like he didn’t know Ty, but as if he didn’t know if Ty knew him. Randi’s cop training told her all that in the blink of an eye. Ty’s reaction told her more.

“Brian?” Ty sounded like he’d been punched in the gut. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m the new quarterback coach,” Brian said. “The cops called the front office and the front office called me.”

“No you are fucking not,” Ty said, suddenly angry. He straightened from where he’d been leaning against the wall. “No one told me.”

“So I gathered,” Brian said. He looked at the Porsche and Randi could see how pale his face was. His lips were thin and colorless. “Yours?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Ty said belligerently.

“Jesus, Ty,” Brian said, leaning his back against the wall as if he were suddenly incapable of standing on his own, while he continued to stare at the car. “I thought you’d changed.”

“I have,” Ty said. He grabbed Randi’s hand. “I don’t need you anymore.” He glanced at her. “Let’s go.” Without looking at Brian, he pulled her down the sidewalk. “You can tell the front office I’m fine,” he said to Brian as they walked past him.

“My place?” Randi asked, not really caring to find out the story between these two. Tonight Ty was hers. She needed a good fuck to work off the adrenaline and to forget Tater Sullivan’s hands all over her. She guessed they both had baggage. Tomorrow she’d deal with the fallout from tonight’s events, but for now she was all about forgetting everything in Ty’s arms.

“I wasn’t expecting a house,” Ty said, standing on her front porch while she unlocked the door. There were no streetlights, and in the dark he couldn’t tell much, but he got the impression of a little house with a cottage look to it. He wasn’t familiar with this part of Birmingham. She lived in Crestwood North, an older part of the city with mostly families and stuff. He was out of his element and feeling awkward as hell about that scene with Brian. He was still reeling from the shock of it. The one that got away suddenly showing up out of the blue and throwing your past in your face sort of did that to a guy, so he tried to cut himself some slack.

“What’d you expect? A cave?” Randi asked sarcastically. “Ooga-ooga,” she said, sounding like a Southern cavewoman. “Come into my cave and fuck Randi.” She accompanied her demand by grabbing a fistful of his shirt and yanking him in the door. She sort of threw him against the wall and pressed herself to him, from her tits to her knees. His brain got a little foggy at that point. “Unless you’re not into it anymore?” she asked seriously. “Then you can get the fuck out. I’m tired.”

“You say fuck a lot,” he answered, peeling her hand off his shirt. “Fuck this, fuck that, fuck me.”

“Well?” she said impatiently. “Yes or no?”

“I have a choice?” he asked, as if considering it.

“Not anymore,” she answered flatly, pulling away from him and opening the door wide. “See ya around, player.”

Ty laughed and pushed the door closed. “Lighten up, cop. I’ve been dying to fuck you since you sashayed across the dance floor toward me in that crappy bar.”

“Yeah, man, what the fuck were you doing at Kitty Licks in the first place?” She snorted in disgust. “You need a keeper.”

“Come on,” he defended himself. “Kitty Licks? Who could resist that?”

“It used to be a high-class titty bar. But that was years ago, before my time. They just never changed the name.” She shrugged as if she didn’t care much.

“I thought I was going to get laid,” Ty admitted ruefully. “It sounds like the kind of bar where a fuck is guaranteed.” He never thought he’d say something like that to a woman, but Randi just took it in stride.

“You are,” she said pragmatically. “All’s well that ends well.”

She reached for him again, but he grabbed her wrist. “Oh, no,” he said with a little laugh. He walked around her and she spun to keep her eyes on him, her captured hand in a fist. She wasn’t really trying to get away, but she was wary.

“I could take you,” she said, pulling lightly on the arm he held.

“Probably,” he agreed, not doubting it for a minute. She was soft and curvy, but tough as nails. The dichotomy appealed to him. “But I think you’re the kind of woman who likes to be taken instead.” Without warning he gave a hard yank on her arm. She ended up with her front pressed against the wall, Ty pressed against her back. She squirmed, but she wasn’t trying to get away. She was trying to push her ass into his dick. He’d read her right.

“You think you’re man enough to take me?” she challenged him in a sexy, rough voice.

“And man enough to make you love it,” he promised. “I know shit that will make your eyes roll back in your head while you scream my name.”

“What if I forget and scream someone else’s?” she teased.

Ty huffed a laugh into those wild curls. “Then we’ll have to start over until you learn my name.”

“I’m a slow learner,” she warned. “Very slow.”