

LEIGH ELLWOOD



How many licks does it take...

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Sorry, babe, looks like you drew the short Popsicle stick again.

Josie shook the echo of phlegm-choked laughter from her mind. Always, she was stuck with this route. Always, the other drivers managed to arrange it so that only she made deliveries along what had been coined the Highway to Hell. Sierra Glade, while hardly reeking of the stench of brimstone, gave Josie the creeps. There was something peculiar, something so *Munsters* about the town that she could not quite discern, though the place looked like any other hamlet on her route. Her stomach roiled at the mere thought of going there again and again. She couldn't believe one tiny shop sold so much ice cream that she had to come so often.

Thankfully, this week's load was lighter than usual, and if Sweet Surprise had sufficient help in collecting their order, she could be out of town and on her way to the next stop within the hour.

She sighed with defeat as the truck rumbled past the patchwork sign welcoming her to Sierra Glade. Most hamlets on her delivery route had similar signs, bearing badges for the Knights of Columbus, the local Moose Lodge, and the Masons. Sierra Glade didn't seem fit to advertise any such civic organizations, taking care instead to inform newcomers that the town headquartered the International Elizabeth Montgomery Fan Club, the Sisters of Salem Local #420, and another club whose coat of arms depicted a sabre-toothed wolf devouring a bug-eyed weasel, or something. Josie never bothered to slow down to confirm; this time, as she always did, she focused on the road, and her job.

The sooner she got to Sweet Surprise, the sooner she could have their standing order of fifty vats of ice cream delivered. The sooner this light on the intersection of Bates and Transylvania changed—Josie snorted at the eerie appropriateness of the town's street names—the closer she would get to the store, to

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unload the ice cream, to hand the creepy lady owner her invoice, and get out of town.

Rather, though, than see any of that happening in the next thirty seconds, Josie was forced to idle the truck on the white line as a menagerie of Sierra Glade folk paraded across the street. They looked harmless and inconspicuous enough in jeans and T-shirts, blouses and long skirts, but something about the townsfolk bothered Josie. It wasn't something she could see or name outright; it seemed to her every native she encountered, every smile aimed in her direction, gave off an underlining, mischievous aura. It seemed as if the entire town was in on one grand in-joke, and she was the butt. A great big, J-Lo butt.

Josie felt silly enough in the uniform she had to wear—the pink blouse with Peter Pan collar, the pointed cap with the jingle bell on the end which flopped about her head like a deflated, tinkling breast. She didn't need the added anxiety this town contributed to her growing paranoia.

And she definitely didn't need this bozo in the puffy Jerry Seinfeld shirt and tight black pants planted in the middle of the road, facing the idled truck with a scowl and an exaggerated pirate's stance.

“What the...?”

The light turned green. He didn't budge. Josie scowled and tapped the horn. Clearly, he was a deaf bozo, too.

“Move, guy,” she muttered.

She squinted past the glare cast through the windshield and got a good look at the tall blond, but the next curse died in her throat as her lips parted.

He was a *gorgeous* bozo. Josie took in the man's shoulder-length blond hair, lined with a few braided strands, sculpted cheeks and chin, and ocean blue eyes that seemed to pierce her soul.

They were doing something else to her, too. Josie squirmed in her seat as a growing want warmed her pussy and soaked her panties. Never before had a man prompted such a lustful reaction that quickly. Made sense, considering the sweaty, toothless drivers with whom she worked were the only men she saw on a daily basis.

Josie rolled down the driver's side window just as he rounded the steaming front grill, his fists still pinned to his hips. Was this how Yul Brynner used to walk, so formidable and masculine? Her fingers trembled as she gripped the door, and she immediately felt silly for her fear. What could this man possibly do to her, aside from causing her clit to explode with desire? He was well on the way to doing that, yet the serious look on his face told Josie that the man was not out for a pleasure stroll.

Despite the rush of desire she felt, she knew she was protected in the cab of the truck. Logically, since he was out of the way, she knew she should be pushing past the green light to make her delivery. Why did she remain idle?

Maybe she wanted another look, so he could finish the job, and she could orgasm? Then she could deliver the shipment, meet the creepy lady owner, yada-yada-yada. But, please, let the orgasm come first. It had been so long since Josie had experienced one that hadn't involved something made in Taiwan that required AA batteries.

She coughed as an exhaust cloud wafted upward. The stench of burning fuel nauseated her, but the pirate pedestrian appeared unaffected.

"You are to cease immediate the delivery of Dixie Belle Ice Cream," he demanded.

"What?" Who was this guy? Why did all the good-looking ones have to be nuttier than the vat of butter pecan cooling in the refrigerated truck?

He arched an eyebrow, and his lips twitched. Josie gunned the motor in protest. As annoyed as she was with this man, she was more annoyed with herself for imagining those same lips pursed around her clit and pulling it deep into his mouth. She was going to have to spend some quality time sitting on a vat of cherry vanilla to cool down her pussy when this confrontation ended.

"This is a Dixie Belle delivery truck, is it not?" His deep voice sent a ripple down Josie's back that circled her waist and shot upward, prickling her nipples. Surely now, she looked even more ridiculous in her uniform.

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Josie straightened in her seat and steeled herself not to produce any more lustful thoughts. *Do your job*, she told herself, and put the truck into gear. She had ice cream to deliver.

When she turned back to the road, however, she found a line of Sierra Glade folk—Sierra Gladettes, whatever they called themselves—blocking the crosswalk and crowded on both street corners, watching the exchange. The stoplight had cycled through a second time, yet no car horns sounded in protest. Everybody was watching the show, and Josie was the inadvertent star. She wouldn't be leaving Sierra Glade anytime soon.

Shit.

“Is this not,” the man repeated slowly, as if addressing a child, “a Dixie Belle truck?”

“What's it to you?” Josie barked. So what if he was gorgeous, and so what if all Josie could think about was this puffy shirt guy pressing her against the cold truck panel and pounding his cock into her aching core, he was obviously a troublemaker...and *blind*. How could anyone with eyesight not see the gigantic Dixie Belle logo on the side of the truck? How could anyone not miss the image of the waif-like brunette pixie in gold short shorts and halter top, seductively licking a triple scoop cone of red, white, and blue creams? *Dixie Belle feeds America well* read the glittery red slogan underneath the company's soft-core mascot. Josie thought the image demeaning, and had to question the ethics behind using such a mascot to advertise to children, yet her opinion was in the minority. If she hated the logo so much, why not quit and drive for somebody else, she had been asked time and again.

Josie sighed and looked balefully at her captor. Why indeed? For all her grumbling about Dixie Belle, they were a good company, the leading brand of dairy dessert products in the region. The benefits and pay were too good to pass.

“You will cease delivery of this product immediately,” the puffy shirt said.

It would appear that I already have. Josie rolled her eyes. He was gorgeous, but his demeanor was fast overlapping his more attractive qualities. Did he represent a competing brand? Dixie Belle had more than its share of detractors—the big player on the block usually did.

She smirked. “Are you Ben or Jerry?” She was pleased that she was able to disguise her lust with the sarcasm.

The blond stretched his lips into a smile that could have melted Sweet Surprise’ entire standing order. “I am Lur,” he said. Josie’s own core melted as well. She could feel her pussy lips swell and throb with anticipation.

“Lur.” She tested the word on her tongue. It was harsh and rough, likely as rough as the large hands now steeped at Lur’s broad chest. Coupled with the devilish glint in his eyes, he struck a comical, movie villain pose.

Lur. Josie had not heard of such a brand name for dairy desserts. Regardless of who he was, and how prominent the bulge in his pants appeared, Josie could not let this charade continue. “Well, *Lur*,” she tested the harsh syllable that was his name, “I’m sorry, but I answer only to the Dixie Belle Corporation. Unless you have some kind of affidavit, or cease and desist order...” Or whatever it was that was needed to stop operations...Josie didn’t know. She didn’t care. She had her fun ogling the cute, crazy guy, but she had a job to do. She’d be nuttier than a prepackaged Dixie Belle Nutty Sundae Delight cone to want to hook up with anybody from here, anyway, even for a quickie.

Forget it, no point in bothering to keep talking. She reached for the gear shift, and grunted with growing exertion as she discovered it wouldn’t budge. The stick protruding from the steering column felt as if it had been plunged into quick-dry cement. Josie pulled with all her strength, certain she would break it off.

“Come on,” she cursed, hearing the stick crack.

Then the engine died on her. Josie cranked the key but wasn’t even greeted with the requisite hum of a wheezing engine.

A loud *click* caught her attention and her head snapped back to the door. It had unlocked on its own. The truck didn’t have power locks.

Lur remained still, but his hands were raised now, poised over his head, conducting the chaos to come. Josie didn’t like the look on his face. The actual face, yes...

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Ugh. It had been way too long since she had a good deep-dicking. She was supposed to be mad at this guy for stalling her, though she felt angrier that he wasn't stalling her in a more pleasurable way.

The door opened by itself, and as Josie attempted to reach for the handle she discovered she, too, couldn't budge.

"What the...?" She was frozen, able only to turn her head and witness her fate. This man, this...Lur, had put some kind of spell on her. What else could explain this? What else could explain the mild indifference of the gathering crowd of onlookers, all of whom had clearly chosen to watch instead of help?

Come on, Josie silently willed the bystanders. *I'm the ice cream lady, I'm the good guy.* She knew there was something about this town, these people. They were all indifferent to strangers, or so bored with their lives that they felt they had to be apathetic in order to be entertained. Or, maybe this was some kind of protest against big corporations edging into little towns. That explained the lack of Starbucks and Panera Bread.

She gasped as Lur eyed her with delicious mischief, the way a dieter off the wagon might eye a triple fudge parfait. Josie could feel her own blood sugar skyrocket into her brain; she was floating inside her skin, wanting an anchor, wanting to be boarded by this pirate.

Arrrr!

It appeared she would soon get that wish. Lur's hands lowered and his fingers splayed in her direction, well-timed with a rumbling sensation that started in her abdomen and spread through her limbs and buttocks. The overall effect was frightening, but the vibrations caused her pussy to melt, and that feeling was too delightful to protest. She tried to scream, but her protest spilled forth instead into a pleased moan.

The seatbelt came free, and the strap disentangled itself from her body. The hat slipped from her head and tinkled sadly to the floor. Pink pearl buttons popped free from her blouse, revealing lacy white cups concealing ample, creamy breasts. Slowly her body moved, pushed by an invisible force across the bench seat to the other side of the spacious cab. Josie was

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pressed against the cold steel of the opposite door as Lur leaped forward into the cab and waved his hands once again.

The door slammed shut behind him, the locks engaged, the dome light extinguished. Josie's gaze panned the cab windows. All eyes were upon them, faces without emotion, watching and waiting...

Lur produced a cell phone from an unseen pocket and dialed three numbers.

"I am Lur," he announced in that sexy, sundae-melting voice. "I've taken a hostage."

* * * *

"Say what?"

Lur smiled. "What," he said.

Josie shook her head. It was the only thing she could still do, as Lur's magical hold had yet to loosen. "It's an expression," she sighed. "It means say it again."

"It again." Lur leaned back against the driver door and propped a booted foot on the bench. The opposite knee wavered lazily back forth under the steering column. Every now and again Josie could catch a glimpse of an impressive bulge tenting the crotch of Lur's pants.

She blew away a strand of hair brushing across her nose, making it itch. As soon as she was free of this unseen bondage, she would knee this bozo in the groin. Never mind that she wouldn't have minded fondling it first. "Who were you calling just now?"

"Why, the media," Lur said innocently. "Standard procedure when taking a hostage."

The media had one central number? Josie wasn't buying it. "Of course, and what was that about taking me as a hostage again?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"Ah, yes." Lur chuckled and tapped idly at the wheel. "That is correct. You are to remain my hostage until the Dixie Belle Corporation agrees to my demands. I apologize it must come to this, but your employers have not been very cooperative. Yes," he stretched and gave Josie a marvelous view of fabric stretched

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over taut arm and chest muscles, “once Dixie Belle agrees to cease use of the name and logo you will be free.”

Oh, please. “Look, buddy, it didn’t work with Disney and it’s not going to work with some small time operator like you.” Josie knew her bravado might have had more impact were she not directing this statement at Lur’s crotch, which was anything but small time. She silently cursed her raging hormones and glanced out the window. Why wasn’t anybody helping? Why were people positioning lawn chairs among the now still traffic?

Why wasn’t Lur making a move?

“What’s your beef with Dixie Belle, anyway?”

“Their improper and unauthorized use of my sister’s name and likeness,” Lur said evenly. He appeared to be sizing the interior of the cab, planning something.

“Your sister?”

“Dixie Belle. My sister, a faerie.”

Josie’s eyes widened. Nuttier than a slice of Dixie Belle Carrot Cake Surprise Ice Cream Torte, this man was. “Your sister is a fairy,” she said, incredulous.

“And she’s also lactose tolerant.” Lur pinched the bridge of his nose. “Nor does she dress like a two-bit whore, as your company implies in its advertising. That’s what makes this whole thing all the more frustrating.”

“A real fairy? Wings, the tinkling bells, the fairy dust and all that?”

“No.” Lur rolled his eyes. “*Faerie*. She is fay, from Faerie,” he said, and spelled it out for Josie. “We are a race of beings more gifted and culturally enhanced than you humans.”

“Excuse me?” Josie raised an eyebrow, but she still couldn’t move her hands. “You can’t just make a blanket statement like that. I mean, humans are gifted and culturally enhanced, too.” Was she really having this conversation? “Look at all our technological advancements. We have the Internet, we cure diseases...look at this truck! Two hundred years ago I couldn’t ferry ice cream in an ox cart and get it to people still frozen. Let the faeries top that!”

“You also have reality shows and spoiled, attention-getting heiresses.” Lur rolled his eyes. “I’d say two steps back for every leap forward.”

Josie had no response to that; Lur did have a point.

All of a sudden, however, another issue crossed her mind. “Uh,” she tried to shift and was still unnerved to be frozen, “okay, you ‘called the media’ and all, but how does loosening my blouse fit into your plan?” She willed the blouse to refasten itself, and cursed her body for succumbing to her urges. Josie tried to remain defiant, but it seemed difficult to have much credibility when her nipples threatened to poke through her bra.

Lur chuckled. “You challenge the fay folk to top your progress of refrigerated delivery trucks and spam e-mail, I say fair enough.” He waved a hand in circular motion. Josie watched in awe as the back panel of the cab rippled, as if turned into liquid, then gasped as Lur stuck his hand through the truck. Seconds later he plucked a pint of ice cream meant for another delivery and studied the label.

“Did you just put your hand through the truck?” Josie cried.

Lur ignored the question. “Cherry Delight, my favorite,” he said with a tinge of sarcasm, and tore off the lid. “One thing your company manages to do well.”

“What the...” Josie looked at the back panel. It was solid again. She looked back at Lur. “How did you...? How?”

“It would appear the fay folk spent the centuries perfecting our own advances instead of developing television shows that feature people eating bugs for cash prizes. One thing we do well,” he held up the pint, “is magic.”

“Really? What else?” Josie looked around the cab. The windows were fogging.

And before she realized it, another wave of Lur’s hand sent her clothes to the floor with her hat. She was naked, and still, and completely aroused. Every nerve ending stood to attention, ready to comply to this Faerie’s command.

“The other thing we do well,” Lur supplied with a wicked grin, “is lovemaking.”

* * * *

Yes!

What, no!

Well...

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By no will of her own, Josie's wrists came together, as if bound by invisible cuffs, and were raised above her head so that they were pinned against the roof of the cab. Her breasts bobbed slightly, her nipples tightened with anticipation. She watched Lur trace the rim of the opened ice cream carton. Was he planning to slather her nude body with Dixie Belle Cherry Delight and lick away every last, milky drop? Was he thinking instead he would turn his cock into an ice cream pop and urge her to quit her diet?

Whatever he intended, why was he taking so damn long doing it?

The temperature in the cab had dropped, as indicated by a myriad of goose pimples covering her body. Lur, however, looked comfortable in his pseudo-pirate costume, as much as he did eyeing Josie's body with approval.

"Why are you doing this?" Josie wanted to know, her voice a whimper.

Lur plunged a finger into the cream and scooped a dollop, studying it before sucking it off his finger. "A Faerie's got to be entertained somehow while waiting for his demands to be met," he said finally. "If, as you say, Dixie Belle is inflexible in negotiations, I plan to be here a while, as should you. And I don't see a television anywhere in here to watch, not that I'd care to see who gets voted off an elevator, or whatnot."

"No, I meant why are you doing this, *making me wait*? Why aren't you fucking me?"

Josie wanted to shrink back into the bench seat and disappear, fade away into a puff of cold air. She couldn't believe she had said that out loud, to a stranger, while bound naked in her own delivery truck. Truth be told, however, the cold hardly affected her pussy, which felt on fire for this man. It amazed her how much she wanted this man, her captor, a man she should be cursing with every breath. She wanted to sheath this man, this Faerie, in her hungry, throbbing core, and feel him pulse into her until the truck's shocks exploded. She wanted to block out the cold air, the controversy of infringed copyright, the whirr of helicopters overhead...

Helicopters?

She squinted past the veneer of fog covering the windshield. Great, the media had arrived. Josie couldn't discern any call

letters, but it was a sure bet WSGL Action News was hovering overhead, panning close for a glimpse of her pink-tipped breasts and shaved pussy. Kidnapped ice cream delivery driver gets a double scoop surprise, film at eleven.

Right. She hadn't been offered a tiny sample spoon yet.

A tingling sensation coursed through her veins, and Josie felt her body give. Save for the pinned wrists, she could move again. She writhed in place and spread her legs to get the blood circulating again. That was her excuse, anyway. She really wanted to show this gorgeous Faerie what he was missing by stalling. She wanted him to see her swollen labia, her glistening slit, and tempt him away from the ice cream for a taste of Josie Delight.

Lur flashed her another wicked smile. "Comfortable?"

Josie's answer was to nudge Lur's thigh with a brightly-painted, pointed toe. She stroked upward until she hit cock, then stroked some more.

"I will say this," Lur said, "you're a very cooperative hostage." He scooped another bite of ice cream and topped each toe, then cupped Josie's heel in hand and sucked each digit clean. "A delicious one as well."

"Always willing to take one for the team," Josie murmured, so long as the team wasn't comprised of her chucklehead co-workers. "So you know, some parts taste better than others."

"We'll see about that." Out came the chirping cell phone and Lur spoke in a clipped tone. "Any word yet?" he barked into the receiver, then smiled. "Good. I'll wait."

Josie blinked, surprised to see that the phone had suddenly turned into a can of maraschino cherries. How did that happen? "Like magic," she whispered.

"Like?" Lur tut-tutted, shaking his head. "My dear, you have a lot to learn about being a hostage. This *is* magic. As is this." A snap of the fingers popped an aerosol can of whipped cream into his other hand.

Yummy. Josie thanked the stars she had no dairy allergies.

Lur crawled closer to Julie, shaking the whipped cream can. The loud sucking sound absorbed the sound of their heavy breathing as Lur covered each of Josie's breasts with the cream,

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creating two spiraled pyramids. He topped each mound with a cherry, then leaned back to admire his handiwork.

Good enough to eat. Yet Josie wondered why Lur wasn't indulging. "Don't tell me you're lactose intolerant, too."

"No, just think I'd like to start with something sweeter." Lur set the pint between Josie's legs and barely brushed the carton against her parted pussy lips. The chilled sensation was delightful, but did nothing to suppress her desire. When Lur tipped the carton toward her and let a stream of melted ice cream drip down her pussy, she wanted to cry. Pure torture this was, no way to treat a prisoner. Amnesty International would hear about this, to say nothing of the dairy board.

Finally Lur set the pint on the dashboard and dipped his head low. One broad stroke of the tongue lapped up most of the cream, and Lur licked his lips. "Yes," he growled, "very sweet."

He bent down again and, parting Josie's cleft with two cold fingertips, suckled her pussy. Josie writhed in his oral hold, moaning with every touch of his tongue to her labia. When his lips pursed around her clit and pulled slightly she thought she would go mad. To think this morning she had been angry to draw the short Popsicle stick...if the guys in dispatch only knew. The stick she saw bulging in Lur's pants was anything but.

"Yes," Lur kissed into her pussy, "you're being very cooperative. I think negotiations are going to go very well."

"Yes," Josie sighed, then gasped as Lur's tongue swirled around her clit in rapid circles. A slow burn smoldered in her core, building as the pressure to her clit increased, until finally Josie sensed an eruption was imminent.

As the first orgasm hit Josie bucked her hips forward, but Lur stayed with her. He dipped lower to lap up her pussy juice and teased her slit with a few broad licks. Never before had Josie felt such a sugar rush.

Lur then kissed a trail up Josie's quivering abdomen. "You will cease delivery of Dixie Belle Ice Cream to Sierra Glade."

"Yes."

His mouth took possession of one breast, but not before he sucked in the cherry. The sensation tickled her, delighted her, made Josie wish Lur had drawn whipped cream trails over other

parts of her body and created an edible road map to devour. She'd have no qualms about taking that kind of trip.

His tongue teased that cream-covered nipple, bit lightly and sucked it in deep before releasing it with a light *pop*. "Your company will cease the use of the Dixie Belle name and logo bearing any likeness to the real Dixie Belle."

"Yes," Josie moaned. She had no idea how she could make that happen, but if Lur kept going she'd find a way. She'd infiltrate the unions, rally the workers to a slowdown, chain herself to the CEO's desk in protest...so long as Lur. Did. Not. Stop.

He feasted on the other breast. "Your company will issue a written apology to Dixie Belle for sullyng her image."

"Yes." Sullyng was bad. Soooo bad.

Josie looked down the length of Lur's body. Somewhere in the course of Lur's dessert his puffy shirt and pants had disappeared, granting her full view of rippled muscles taut under smooth, tanned skin. Smoother than a butterscotch malt, leaner than a low-carb fruit pop. Infinitely more delicious.

The tip of his bulging cock bobbed right at the entrance to her channel, teasing her pussy lips and raising her desire. She felt ready to melt into a puddle.

Lur cuffed his cock in one hand and tweaked her nipple with the other. He guided his cock closer to her, and traced the edge of her slippery core. "You will comply with all of my demands," he ordered softly.

"I will."

He braced one knee against the bench seat and eased slowly insider her. Josie delighted in the new sensation, the way his engorged cock filled her. She watched as he slowly disappeared inside her, and marveled at the realization of it. Let Dixie Belle hem and haw in their corporate offices, she could wait.

Lur pumped in and out of her pussy, two short thrusts followed by one longer one. "And, after your superiors have finally seen reason and surrendered what is rightfully ours..."

He pivoted his hips. Josie felt the change in thrust clear to her toes. *Yes...*

"...you will get rid of that ridiculous, stereotypical fairy uniform..." A kiss on the breastbone, then a series of lighter

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brushes across her jaw. Another orgasm bubbled deep within her.

Yes...

“...and come work for me.” Lur punctuated this final order with one long, hard thrust, so deep Josie thought Lur might tear through her. Instead she shuddered as the next orgasm crashed over her, timed with a bellowing roar from her partner, and she thrashed back into the passenger side window, not feeling a thing.

“Yes!” she cried. *Yes! Yes! Yes...*

What?

“What?” she echoed on the trip back to Earth. The cab was spinning. Condensation streaked the windows around them, creating long, crooked fingers through which Josie spied many cheering faces and applauding hands. Good night, had they just received a standing ovation? The sound of choppers returned in full force now as Josie realized where she was, and what she had been doing.

She had just fucked a stranger in her truck...in the middle of town...a stranger who now ostensibly was her boss.

She felt a tingling in her hands, and discovered the invisible bond was gone. Josie rubbed her wrists and tried to focus on the panting, naked man now reclining against the opposite window. “You want me to what now?” she gasped, dizzy.

Lur held up a finger as a familiar chime vibrated in the air. His cell phone materialized in hand. “Yes,” he answered curtly, and smiled. “Excellent,” he drawled, “we’ll see you in Faerie anon.

“Your former employers have acquiesced,” he informed Josie as he righted himself on the bench. Turning the key that had given her problems, Lur easily turned over the engine and set the truck to idle. “We have regained control of my sister’s name and image, and you,” he winked, “have a new job.”

“I do?” So much for giving Dixie Belle, or whatever they would be called now, two weeks notice. “Doing what?”

Lur put the truck in drive and eased through the parting crowd. Amazing how nobody had protested the traffic jam, and how quickly the lawn chairs and news vans and choppers had disappeared. Life in Sierra Glade had returned to its normal,

creepy self. “Supervising the delivery of our frozen desserts, of course,” he said. “Overseeing trucks to outlets all over Faerie and beyond and making sure stores receive their shipments of Dixie Belle.”

“Dixie Belle? So this was all about regaining your sister’s name to sell your own ice cream? I thought she was lactose intolerant.”

“It’s all soy-based.” Lur waggled his eyebrows. “Less fat, better for you.”

Josie noticed they had turned a corner, and she buckled up quickly. She felt weird being naked in a moving truck, but at least a Sierra Glade cop could cite her for a seatbelt violation. “Yeah, but you can still gain weight with non-dairy desserts.”

“Not in Faerie,” Lur smiled. “We have ways of burning calories.”

And Josie’s skin prickled again, though the cab was much warmer. “I see,” she said, “and will we be burning many calories together in the future.”

In the distance a large, swirling portal on the intersection of Transylvania and Mockingbird opened to reveal the road to what Josie figured had to be Faerie. Lur aimed in the truck in that direction as his hand came off the gear shift to caress her thigh.

“But of course,” he said. “One of the many fringe benefits of working for Dixie Belle.”

Josie smiled. Unlimited sixty-nine in lieu of a 401K suited her just fine.

About the Author

Leigh Ellwood writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for Phaze and other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit LeighEllwood.com for more information on Leigh's books, and to follow Leigh's writing adventures via her blog at leighwantsfood.blogspot.com or through her Twitter at [Twitter.com/LeighEllwood](https://twitter.com/LeighEllwood).