

three erotic stories from the author of
the Ivy Morris Mystery series

Reignited

and it feels soooooo good



Misty
Simon



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Misty Simon

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Dedication

As always to Daniel and Noelle, who help and support me
through it all.

To Vicki Smith, who read one last time for me.
And to Rida, who gives me these chances to share my stories
with everyone.

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♥♥ Tunnel Of ♥♥ Love

Chapter One



“5683,” the call came through the pavilion stuffed with Heather Winston’s relatives. Aunts and uncles, cousins and grandparents, crowded the long picnic table benches. All six branches of family hung out in different areas throughout the private amusement park. Their large numbers necessitated renting the entire park to host them.

This one part of the family was huge all on its own. Heather’s mom was one of fourteen kids. All those fourteen kids had procreated like it was going out of style, producing roughly forty offspring who in turn had married and started the next generation. And there were still quite a few golden oldies from before Heather’s mom’s time, too. Heather smiled and prepared to razz the raffle winner. It was tradition. God, she’d missed this and Central Pennsylvania.

Apparently she was missing something else, too. Her cousin, Marilyn, kept nudging her in the arm. “What?”

Marilyn grinned. “It must be your lucky day, you just won the quilt Aunt Bertha made.”

Oh no, Aunt Bertha’s quilt. That meant...

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“So, who’s the lucky guy?”

Everyone at the table – uncles, aunts, cousins, and cousins many times removed – all laughed. Heather looked around, groaning inwardly. How was she going to get out of this? Thank God she hadn’t brought a date to the reunion or this would have been unbearable.

“I haven’t met the lucky guy, yet, people. And you know that’s all superstition anyway. Not everyone who’s won the prize has ended up married within the year.” Please let that be true, she silently prayed.

“Yes, they have,” the whole table said at the same time.

Uncle Erv spoke up. “I won a quilt in 1962 and Betsy married me the next spring.”

“I won in 1992 and we married in ’93,” cousin Clare said, patting her husband’s hand.

“I won in 2001 and we got married in 2003.”

Heather latched onto those last words from Jake, who Heather knew she was related to but not how. “See, not everyone married within a year.”

Jake’s wife, Sarah, elbowed him in the ribs. “We were married in 2001, you dork.”

Jake got a sheepish look on his face and swallowed hard. Heather knew he was going to be in for some serious trouble when he said, “Oh.”

The stories kept rolling in until Heather couldn’t stand it anymore. “I need some air,” she muttered, getting up from the table. She handed her ticket to Uncle Arnold who gave her a wink and the beautifully handmade Dutch quilt.

The thread work and craftsmanship of the piece were outstanding for a woman who was closing in on her ninetieth birthday. It was amazing how she managed to make a new one every year. Heather would treasure it forever and not worry if she ended up being the exception to the rule.

She had goals now that she was back home. She had her new promotion to Product Presenter with the home shopping network, Total Shopping Now. She wouldn’t mess up this huge chance given her. She’d worked too hard in the years she’d been away from home to get where she was professionally. She didn’t have

time for marriage or a relationship that consumed her time. She'd left one of those two years ago. It had torn her apart.

Besides, there were no prospects on the horizon, and she wasn't going out looking just yet. At twenty-six she had plenty of time. Her needy, two-years celibate, body would simply have to suffice with the handy dandy Vibralux 4000.

There was only so much of her – even if it did fit into a size eighteen dress. That wasn't enough to go around with keeping a man happy, finding an apartment, excelling at her job, and getting back into her old life. Men would have to wait, not that they were lined up or anything.

And she definitely didn't have to worry about that today. Today was only family. Any unmarried male was either related to her, or a boyfriend of someone related to her. She had a no-poaching rule on the boyfriend from. Married men didn't even bear discussing.

Grabbing a can of soda from the huge cooler on the edge of the pavilion's concrete floor, Heather went in search of some cousins she hadn't seen in a while, preferably ones who didn't know about the quilt and its predictions.

“I'm going for a walk, Eric. I can't keep sitting here or I'm going to fall asleep. I have to stretch my legs.” Kevin Jessup got up from the metal folding chair next to the Lash Dash control panel. Bending at the waist, he stretched his fingers toward his toes to work out some of the kinks in his thighs from being completely inactive for two hours. Damn uncomfortable chair. He could have been home, in his boxers, sipping a beer on the couch and watching TV. That he could have done for two hours with no problem whatsoever.

“Are you sure you don't want a wrist band? You could ride some of the rides while you're here. No sense in letting the thing go to waste.” Eric held out the blue rubber wristband expectantly.

Oh, what the hell, Kevin thought, mentally throwing up his hands. It wouldn't hurt to have the band if some wild urge hit him to get on a roller coaster or take a dip on the log flume. The sun was climbing higher in the sky, the temperature rising with it.

“Don't forget to pick up a honey or two while you're out and about.” Eric punched Kevin in the shoulder.

“I told you I’m not looking for some grope fest on the Ghost Ride.” Kevin rubbed his arm, rolling his eyes at his friend’s high school behavior. They were in their thirties now for God’s sake.

But Eric wasn’t listening. “You could have your pick here today, man. Everyone is related to everyone else so it’s not like they’re hooking up with each other.” The sly wink was the last thing Kevin wanted to see.

“I get it, Eric. But I don’t want it. Okay?” Kevin walked away, shoving his hands in the pockets of his shorts.

No one seemed to understand anymore. Jesus. It wasn’t as if he didn’t want to get laid, far from it. But he was tired of meaningless bump and grinds. Since his father’s death four months ago, relationships and what Kevin wanted out of them, had become more serious. Not that he was in a serious anything right now, but he’d know the woman who mattered when he met her. And that wasn’t going to happen at a family reunion at a private amusement park filled with laughing, thrill seeking people.

Now if Heather showed up... But, no, that was ludicrous to even think. She’d up and moved to Outer Mongolia or some other state halfway across the country two years ago.

He wouldn’t normally allow himself to think of her, but he could have sworn he’d seen someone who looked vaguely like her get on the Lash Dash earlier. And all of the sudden the six months they had been together flew through his mind in Technicolor. Heather’s luscious, full ass presented to him so he could kiss and lick her before entering her from behind. Heather’s sweet pussy inches from his face where he could breath in the incredible scent that was all her. The curve of her neck. How he used to like to stand behind her and nuzzle just there. He’d bury his nose in the fragrance she always wore at her pulse points while he cupped her magnificent breasts and played with her nipples.

Maybe he would go to the log flume. For sure, his dick was hard and made walking difficult even in his loose shorts. Stopping behind a trashcan, he tried to get his boner to subside by thinking about the latest video game he was playing at home, Blood Bath 3000. When all that gore didn’t work, he resorted to baseball stats. He almost had his poor deprived cock deflated when he caught a whiff of something in the air that hit him like a two by four in the

gut. No one wore that scent quite like Heather had, and it perked poor Mr. Gloomy right up. Shit! Now he'd have to start all over again.

