

ADULT CONTENT WARNING!

This story is rated ADULT and contains material that is not suitable for younger readers. Reader discretion advised.

FOILED AGAIN

By AmandaK

Makeover? Remy frowned. What did Tawny mean, she had given Ann a makeover? Ann didn't *need* a makeover; she was perfect the way she was. Then the tall blonde stepped out of his way and he could make out a dim shape in the darkness of the backroom.

"Ann?"

"Don't laugh," she said, a quiver in her voice. Remy wouldn't dare.

Forgotten was the tall transvestite, the empty Blue Spot, bartender Debria. Without a conscious thought from their owner, Remy's his feet began to lead him to the back room. He held his breath as the shadows receded and Ann was revealed to him.

Remy swallowed. She was absolutely gorgeous. A vision! Ann was incredibly attractive in the bright light of day, when she was dressed in her no-nonsense business suit. But now... His heart thudded in his chest and his throat constricted. It was a struggle not to let the emotional turmoil show on his face and Remy knew he was fighting a losing battle.

Her blond hair was piled high, a few strands hanging loose semi-nonchalantly. Remy had enough expertise with women to realize that it was purposefully coifed to look that way. Her lips shone with a dark red gloss and her eyes, so blue, looked uncertainly at him through black lashes, their length accentuated by carefully applied mascara. She was dressed in a black matching top and skirt, both barely visible through the thin gossamer dress that covered her from head to toe like a veil.

Hard as it was to believe, Remy McSwain, never at a loss for a comeback, found himself speechless. His eyes traveled down her body, taking in every soft curve. By their own volition his hands reached out, wanting to touch her, to confirm that she was real and not another one of those dreams.

He hesitated, not sure how she would respond if he touched her.

Apprehensive, she approached him, placing her fingers against the lapels of his jacket. The gossamer veil brushed against his skin and elicited a shiver. Remy swallowed again.

"I haven't called Geoffrey yet," Ann said in a whisper.

"Oh, dawlin', it's far too late for that now," he repeated the words he said the night before, when they were so roughly interrupted by the phone and the report of another murder.

"That's what I'm afraid of," she mumbled. Their eyes met and Remy could no longer control himself. He placed his hands upon her shoulders, feeling her warmth through the thin cloth, and drew her closer. His lips brushed against her mouth, eager for more but holding back still. Ann's lips parted in invitation and again he found her mouth.

He could taste the bittersweet gloss on her lips. His teeth gently nipped the soft flesh of her lower lip, pulling back a little. Ann moaned deep in her throat. A wave of fire raced down his spine at the soft sound and there was a stirring in his loins. Remy was careful not to draw Ann so close that she could feel what effect she was having on him. He had waited too long for this moment, lived with the tension too long to destroy it now by being overeager. However, it was difficult to think. Instinct was screaming to take over.

Ann rescued him. "Let's get out of here," she murmured against his lips, her fingers tightly tangled in his dark curls. "Please, Remy."

"Okay," he gasped before drawing back. Thank God he lived just around the corner from the club. He didn't think he would have made it very far if he had had to drive in this condition. He was drunk on desire. And judging by the glazed look in Ann's eyes, so was she.

Debria and Tawny were not in sight; the bar was deserted, and Remy fumbled with the lock of the front door with one hand, the other entwined in Ann's hair while he lowered his head for another kiss.

Finally he managed to open the door and they stumbled drunkenly through the streets, across the courtyard and up to Remy's apartment. Afterwards, he would be unable to tell how they made the stairs in one piece. But in no time they were inside. He kicked the door close behind him with his foot and his mouth covered those red lips again.

The last vestiges of self-control were slipping away from his grasp but he hung on with all his might, intent to savor every second and not rush it. His hands pulled the dress upward and slipped beneath the silky cloth. His fingers caressed her naked skin until she growled. Ann raised her arms and he drew the thin veil over her head, dropping it carelessly onto the kitchen floor. He urged her backward until they reached the bedroom. At last here they were again. And this time Ann's passion wasn't propelled by a couple of hurricanes downed too quickly. This time it was real.

Remy distantly thought that he was glad nothing had happened on that first night. It would be so much better now, after weeks of longing, of furtive glances and meaningful looks. At last Ann was giving in to her feelings.

Slow down, McSwain, he kept telling himself, resisting the urge to just throw her on the bed, tear the top and short skirt off of her body and ravish her. Slow down.

His breathing was quick and shallow as his fingers drew a path along her arms, over her shoulders and down her back. Their lips met again and this time it was Ann who urged her tongue against his teeth, searching, exploring. Remy groaned. She pressed herself against him. He could feel her give a little start and a chuckle when she noticed how aroused he was. "I want you, Ann," he growled into her ear, nibbling at the lobe.

She hmm'ed in confirmation. "Then take me, Remy," she breathed against his neck.

He grinned while his tongue drew a wet path along her jaw from her ear back to her red lips. "Easy, cherie. Why d'you think they call N'Awlins the big easy?"

"Remy?" she asked, her tone confused.

He drew back and straightened, looking down upon her lovely face. The uncertain look was back. Remy grinned again. "Don't worry, dawlin'. I'm not about to let you go unsatisfied."

"Oh!"

He grabbed her wrist, as she was about to jab him in mock anger, and grinned wolfishly. He took her other hand; holding both wrists in one hand, he raised her arms over her head. He held her gaze while his right hand gently stroked from her wrist down along her arm, nails grazing across the soft skin of her upper arm until she shivered. "Allow me," he offered, letting her arms drop over his shoulders.

One by one he undid the tiny clasps on her back that held the top closed. Her breathing quickened. Finally he had the last one undone. He stepped away from her and let the top fall, revealing her breasts to his hungry eyes. "So beautiful," he whispered. They were perfect. Round and firm, slightly teardrop-shaped with a hardened nipple surrounded by a darker patch of skin. The light blush his gaze caused to form on her skin only enhanced her beauty.

Remy lowered his head to take an enticing nipple between his teeth and sucked gently. A sharp intake of breath and a soft moan escaping Ann's throat was his immediate reward. He marked a trail of featherlight kisses down from her breast, along her stomach, so smooth, until he came upon the edge of the skirt. It was made of a knitted stretch material and clung to her skin without any

aid of fastenings. He easily slipped his hand inside the waistbands of her skirt and panties and with a quick movement drew both garments down along her legs.

Soft, golden hair covered the conjunction between her legs. Tiny droplets glistened in the light, evidence of her arousal. A feral smile flitted across Remy's face when he noticed it. She could deny it all she liked, she had wanted him as much as he wanted her, from the moment they had met.

He gently pushed her backward to the bed until she sat down obediently. Another light push and she lay back. He crawled up beside her, rested on hands and knees and stared down at her body, now fully unveiled to him.

"God, Mizz Osborne," Remy groaned and lowered his head between her legs. Ann gave a surprised gasp and her fingers closed on his hair, holding his head while he--

Beepbeepbeep.... beepbeepbeep....

They both froze.

"Shit," Ann cursed. The sound, muted but insistent, came from her handbag. "Sorry. That's mine. I better take that." She grabbed for the bag and rummaged around in it

Remy let himself fall back onto the pillows with a groan.

"Geoffrey!" Ann said, her voice faking cheerfulness. "No, you didn't wake me... No, I wasn't doing anything in particular."

Remy raised an eyebrow at that.

"Sure. Love you too," Ann finished the conversation. She flipped back the phone's mouthpiece, stuffed it into her handbag and reached for her panties and top. "Remy... I'm sorry," she muttered, not looking back at him.

"That's okay, dawlin'," he assured her, careful to keep the disappointment from his voice. "I understand. Maybe some other time, eh?" The moment the phone had rung, he knew that tonight wasn't going to be *the* night after all.

"Yeah... maybe..." Ann murmured before slipping out of the door.

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