Crooked Triangle Lexxie Couper

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Chapter 1

Buck naked, the chilly night air kissing his hot flesh, Brad Tellerman dropped his clothes into the stagnant creek. Won't be needing those any more, he thought, rubbing his hands together. A soft breeze blew across the lake, stirring the fine hairs on his legs, chest and balls. A tingle of excitement rippled through him as he ran his hands over his newly exposed body. He loved being naked, but it wasn't a state he'd enjoyed over the last fifteen years.

A wry chuckle rumbled his chest. There wasn't much of anything about the last fifteen years he'd enjoyed. Except escaping.

With one last look at his discarded uniform -- the eye-hurting, orange one-piece overalls were covered in filth but still too easily recognised to leave them on -- Brad turned and began threading his way through the matted scrub. There was a house with a light on in the distance. And he was hungry.

* * *

Goddamn, his wife's ass was hot.

Sam watched intently as she bent over before him, sheer black-stockinged legs straight, stiletto-clad feet spread wide. Burnished copper-tipped fingers wrapped slowly around her ankles as she folded her body further over, her glorious mane of midnight-black hair brushing the floor as she gazed up through the V of her legs. Deep sapphire eyes flirted with him from behind lowered lids. "I've been a bad girl," she said in a honeyed voice. "I need to be spanked."

Bam! Just like that, his cock was a throbbing steel shaft of hot-to-trot hunger.

His straining erection rubbed the material of his boxers, tenting the front of his work trousers. His balls felt heavy and swollen, as if they'd been pumped full of liquid metal. Stepping forward, he pulled at his belt buckle, the snick of the fine leather

whipping through the loops of his trousers sending a shiver through him. Dominating his wife was the biggest turn-on he could imagine. Dominating her with leather was like lust incarnate. Wicked and intoxicating. And wow, what a power rush! What a fucking shame she only let him do it once in a blue moon.

His eyes roamed over her perfect, jutting ass, following the black line of her leather, crotch-less thong as it disappeared between the crease of her cheeks, down the seam of those black stockings, to her smouldering eyes. "Please," she mouthed with glossed, full lips.

With a fluid arc, he raised his folded-over belt and brought it down. Right on that firm, smooth and oh-so-perfect butt.

Her squeal of pain sent molten heat straight to his balls and cock. If he'd thought he was hard before, he was out of his mind. He stared at the new red welt marring Nicky's flesh. Holy fuck! I think I'm going to shoot my load here and now!

With another swift down-stroke, his belt slapped flesh. Harder.

With another squeal, Nicky squirmed, rolling her hips so her ass wiggled. "Yes, Sam! Spank me harder!"

It was too much. With a growl, Sam lunged, hooking Nicky around the waist and throwing her onto their bed.

She landed on her back, legs splayed, glistening cunt exposed. Breasts that were more than perfect jiggled as the bed shook, the dusky peaks of her nipples tight and puckered already.

Before she could move, he was upon her, straddling her hips and pinning her to the bed. He stared down into her luminous, sapphire eyes, grinding his burning, rigid cock against her mons. "Tell me what I'm going to do to you," he ordered, pressing her wrists to the bed beside her head. "Tell me how I'm going to make you scream and come until you can't move or think anymore."

A whimper slipped past his wife's parted lips. Sam couldn't tell if it was from excitement or trepidation, and didn't care either way. His cock was too damn hard, his balls too damn swollen. Rising onto his knees, he reached down between their bodies

with one hand, plunging his middle finger deep into her pussy, wiggling its tip against the highly sensitive spot he knew would make her arch, squirm and beg for more.

"Oh, God," Nicky moaned, throwing her head back as he buried another seeking finger, and another, into her clenching, creamy channel. "Sam!"

He withdrew his hand -- a little -- pinching at the tiny pink nub of flesh hidden between the folds of her sex. "Tell me!" he ordered again, dipping back into her wet core, taunting and teasing with what he knew she wanted. With what only *he* could give.

Scalding blood rushed into his cock, pumping him harder than ever.

"You're going to fuck me," Nicky gasped, rolling her head from side to side.

"You're going to stick your big, hard cock in my cunt and my ass."

"More," he demanded, driving again into her sodden slit. The sound of her juices slurping around his fingers was aural ambrosia. *He* had made her that wet. *Him*! "Tell me what else I'm going to do."

Another soft cry fell from Nicky's lips and she turned her head to the side, eyes closed. "You're going to fuck my mouth as I suck you off." Her chest heaved, round heavy breasts rising and falling as she gasped and panted in rhythm with his plundering fingers. "You're going to pump your load into my mouth and I'm going to swallow it."

Sam's balls grew tighter and his cock strained even more against his boxers, seeking, *needing*, the damp heat of her sex. Goddamn, he was so fucking horny! He stared down into Nicky's face, noting the sheen of perspiration that slicked her cheeks and forehead, noticing the way her tongue touched her lower lip every time his fingers prodded the walls of her cunt. Ribbons of molten lust coursed through his veins.

"Fuck me, Sam!" Nicky cried. "Please, Sam, please!"

Her pleas were like fire on his flesh. Fevered, he dropped his head to her breasts, drawing one pink tip into his mouth in a greedy suck as he sank his fingers back into her pussy. Her juices slicked his hand, and her musky scent filled his nose.

She arched her back, pushing her hips higher, her cunt harder against his hand.

"Please, oh God, Sam. Please!" Her hands tangled in his hair, pulling on the strands, gripping in painful tugs that sent hot pleasure straight to his cock. "Give me more, Sam. More!"

He lifted his head, his breath short. "Oh, I'll give you more," he growled. Without withdrawing his fingers from her sodden, pulsing pussy, Sam reached for the bedside drawer, fumbling in its depths even as his other hand twisted and wiggled in his wife's depths. *Ah, there it is*!

A grin stretched his lips as he pulled out what he sought from the drawer. *Oh, yes.* He ran his grasp up and down the long, thick glass dildo, its chilly surface blisteringly cold against the fevered flesh of his palm. "You want more, wife?" He held the dildo before her face, watching as her eyes focussed on its shiny, transparent shape. "Here's more." He dragged its cold tip down over her ribcage and before she could even gasp, replaced his fingers with it's cold, hard length, burying it up to the hilt in her cunt.

"Oohhh, God!" Nicky screamed, writhing beneath him on the bed.

Sam slid the dildo in and out of her wet pussy, its smooth surface now damp with her milky cream. Sam watched Nicky's face as she clamped down on its solid length, his blood roaring in his ears. With his free hand, he rubbed at her clit, smearing her flawless flesh with the slick product of her pleasure. "Oh, Sam," she moaned, reaching for his hand with hers. She wrapped her fingers around both his wrists, holding him in a vice-like grip, helping him fuck her with his fingers and the dildo. *Christ*!

"I'm going to remove my clothes," he told her, his throat dry. "You are *not* going to stop fucking yourself."

"I'm not going to stop."

"When I'm naked, you're going to suck my cock while you continue to fuck the dildo."

She whimpered, her fingers digging into the soft underside of his wrists. "Oh, Sam, please..."

Scrambling backward, unable to tear his eyes from the sight of his wife stabbing her cunt with the long, thick rod of glass, Sam stripped his body of its clothes. Trousers, boxers, tie, shirt, socks...

Nicky watched him. Watched him, watching her.

Now naked, cock straining for the heavens, a glistening drip of pre-cum oozing from the tip, he climbed back onto the bed. He moved slowly, knees on either side of his wife's body. Past her hips, her waist. Past her ribs until the swell of her breasts brushed against the sides of his thighs. His cock jutted from the dense mat of hair at the juncture of his thighs. Eager. Waiting for her mouth. "Open up, honey," he almost snarled. "I'm home."

Chapter 2

Tellerman scaled the fallen carcass of an old eucalypt, his sights set on the faint light in the distance. The spring moon sat low in the sky, thin and pale, throwing very little illumination on the land around him. He didn't know how far he'd come since crawling out of the wreck, but it wasn't far enough. The accident would have been reported by now which meant "they" would be out looking for him. The body of the transport driver would be found first, twisted and broken, his keys missing. And his gun.

He needed to get out of the open.

A breeze -- soft and smelling of fresh earth and wet grass -- played over his naked body. It felt like a million kisses on his flesh, and, despite the situation, his cock began to pump full of blood.

A groan rumbled low in his throat.

The desire to stop moving, to lean against the trunk of the fallen tree and take his own much needed release into his hands, was overwhelming. A quick pull and he could be off again.

And leave a spurt of cum in the dirt for the sniffer dogs to find? His hands curled into painful fists. Think, Tellerman, think! Two years of planning and sixty minutes of freedom down the drain because you couldn't control your fucking dick? He trained his eyes on the beckoning beam of light on the horizon, ignoring the throbbing ache between his legs. He didn't have the time. Besides, there were other things he could sink his cock into. Warmer things. Wetter things.

A slow grin curled the sides of his lips as he picked up the pace, sprinting across the dark paddock. Someone was about to get an unexpected visitor. And some unexpected fun.

* * *

Pulses of hot, hot tension rolled through her. Over her. She pulled on her bottom lip with her teeth, biting back a cry of pleasure. Sam would only enjoy the torture more if he knew how turned on she was. Would taunt her mercilessly with his power over her body.

God, she hated him.

Almost as much as she hated herself.

But she couldn't stop. She couldn't resist.

She might well be the youngest female vice president of Ion-Tec Banking and she might bust the balls of her lesser male colleagues on a daily basis, but when it came to being dominated by her husband, she turned into a whimpering whore.

Another stab of wet heat pierced her being, a reaction to the humiliating but intoxicating pressure of the glass dildo pumping away in her cunt, the dildo, by Sam's orders, *she* controlled. Heavy balls slapped against her chin and lips as she sucked at his thrusting cock, the turgid length filling her mouth utterly. Fisted hands rested on his hips as burning grey eyes bore down at her.

She craved this submission. This need to be beaten, controlled. Craved it every night, but refused and hated it at the same time. When that craving became too much, when the aching hunger to be humiliated and dominated became all-consuming, became obsessive, she would call Sam at work, tell him to meet her at the "Cottage" -- their country weekender -- leave work early, dress in her black, seamed stockings and crotch-less thong and wait.

Like a pathetic, weak female.

And, as she waited, her pussy would pulse and flutter and grow damp with that deep, dark crave for release.

The head of Sam's cock pressed against the back of her throat. He was long and thick, her husband, his balls large and round. She loved the feel of them on her flesh, the feel of his solid length in her mouth. "Suck me harder," he commanded, shoving his hips into her face. She did as she was told, taking his cock deeper, deeper, into her

mouth. A long, low groan told her Sam liked it.

A lot.

There was a squirm of something intense and profound in her chest. A shift. A desire. A rebellion. The ball-busting vice president was screaming from within.

It was time to change the balance of power. It was time to --

Sam's hands buried themselves in her hair and pulled on the strands sharply, yanking her head up. "It's time," he whispered, voice low and rough. His piercing grey eyes drilled into hers. "Get on your knees."

Her cunt clenched with hot anticipation, gripping at the dildo she still pumped into that wet, tight sheath. *Oh, Nicky...*

With a shove, Sam threw her over onto her stomach. The dildo slipped from her grip, flinging across the room and shattering against the floorboards. As if the sound had acted as a signal, Sam grabbed at her hips and jerked her ass up into the air. His fingers plunged into her pussy as his tongue drilled at her tight ass hole, licking and circling.

Nicky's heart hammered against her breastbone and she smothered a groan of pleasure into the duvet. *Oh, God, yes*! Growing more savage, Sam moved his mouth to the pink folds of her sex, replacing his fingers with his tongue, flicking at her swollen clit before sucking it past his teeth and biting. "Oh, my fucking God!" she screamed, as shots of exquisite pain lashed through her.

"I didn't tell you to speak," Sam growled. The bed shook as he straightened to his knees. His hand came down. Hard. On the right cheek of her ass.

Burning agony ripped across her flesh. Spears of pleasure stabbed at her. She whimpered again, wanting to cry out, wanting to be punished more. But the game wasn't over yet, and Sam was in control. Of her, and of her body.

His fingers curled into her flesh, short blunt nails cutting into the skin in tiny crescents of slicing pain as he yanked her pussy back to his mouth. His tongue lapped and drove at her cunt and ass. Hot tension wormed and wiggled in the pit of her stomach. Her nipples pinched and ached; her breath grew short. *Oh, God, please, Sam...*

Lexxie Couper Crooked Triangle -11 -

Just as Nicky felt she was about to fall over the edge, spiral into the abyss, Sam pulled back. Cold air rushed at her, chilling the hot, wet flesh of her sex. A shiver rippled over her and her nipples pinched even tighter, the pain in their puckered tips almost palatable. "No! Sam, please --"

The cry of protest was past her lips before she could stop it.

And Sam's laugh of delight was low and smug.

He had her exactly where he wanted her. "I'll do what I want. You'll do what I want."

Nicky dropped her head, stifling a sob of despair. Excited despair. Hate rolled over her again, sopping her cunt with fresh cream.

"Oh, look what I've done!" Sam's tongue slid slowly from her slit to her ass. "I've made you all wet." Strong fingers followed the same path, circling and teasing. "Wet and hungry. Good. All the more easy to do this..."

There was a slight shift in her husband's body weight, a moment where Nicky could feel him change the balance of his position, and then his cock twisted into her wet, eager cunt.

Oh, God! "Oh, Sam!"

She bucked, the bulging girth of his rigid length sending charges of pure sensation -- raw and utterly carnal -- to every sense of her being. She sucked in a sharp breath, desperate to keep some semblance of control. The strong and musky scent of their sex sizzled her sinuses -- she could smell her own juices mingling with Sam's sweat. Just as she was about to scream, to tell her husband she could take no more, to please, please just finish, Sam's thumb pressed against her ass and dipped, slowly, past the resistant circle of puckered flesh.

"Tell me you want more," his voice murmured in her ear as his hot, damp body pressed against her ass and hips. "Tell me not to stop."

"Don't stop!" she wept. "Please, Sam, don't stop."

His chuckle was low and dirty, filling her with vile ecstasy. She knew what he was going to do the moment the sound fell on her ears. And he did.

With another sharp slap to her ass, he stepped off the bed, his cock pulling from her cunt, his thumb sliding from her ass with soft slurps of suction. "I'll do what *I* want," he said, walking around to the side of the bed, stopping level with her head.

She stared at his thighs from the corner of her eye. She was on fire, wanting so much for him to finish what he'd started. Every inch of her being quivered with the need to come, the need to erupt in a gush of burning, guilty, hateful pleasure. All it would take was one more touch of her clit, one more brush of her nipples and she would be there -- a screaming, moaning creature of pleasure.

But he didn't touch her. Instead, he looked at her. "Don't," he said, knowing what she wanted. Knowing how much she wanted to ram her fingers into her own throbbing sex.

She lay on the bed, her ass stuck up in the air, her pussy clenching and twitching, her thighs slicked with her own cream and Sam's sweat.

Balancing on the edge of insanity.

Hating herself and wanting more.

So much more.

Chapter 3

The grass, damp from the late spring night, tickled the bare soles of his feet as he studied the house. The ground floor sat in darkness, the windows and doors all closed. But on the second floor...

Tellerman crouched behind a blue gum, the last big tree on the perimeter where wild bush ended and manicured lawn began, eyes fixed on that lone, muted light.

He didn't have a watch. It was currently sitting in a box back at the pen, marked *Tellerman, Brad. Personal Effects*. By his guess, it was somewhere in the vicinity of two a.m. Whoever was home wouldn't be expecting visitors.

A grin that almost looked like a snarl pulled at his mouth.

This was one "drop-in" he was going to enjoy.

* * *

Sam stared down at his wife. "Get on your back."

She complied, rolling over, her beautiful face still, her eyes burning blue fire.

God, she was beautiful. And fierce. The strength that made her such a powerful force in the banking industry coursed through her even now. Even as she lay submissive and obedient to his every whim.

His cock twitched. It was time.

Climbing back onto the bed, he straddled her hips, letting his swollen, heavy balls rest on the smooth curve of her mons. "Spread your legs."

The friction of her thighs moving under his ass was like hot electricity. Holding his breath, struggling to control the tension threatening to overwhelm him, he slid back, his cock nudging the soft, pink lips of her pussy. Her musky juice glistened on his flesh, filled his breath. God, he wanted her like never before.

Reaching between them, his fingers found the little nub of flesh that was her clit.

A soft moan sounded low in Nicky's throat as he rubbed the pad of his thumb over that sensitive little button. His chest tight and his balls tighter, he slid his fingers between those damp satiny lips, opening her sex. "Tell me what I want to hear," he commanded, flicking his eyes from the glistening slit his fingers had revealed to the blazing gaze of his wife.

Nicky moaned again, pushing harder against his fingers.

"Tell me!"

"I am at your mercy." The declaration was low. Husky. "You are my controller. I am yours in every sense of the word."

It was what he was waiting for. With a savage thrust of his hips, he buried his cock deep into his wife's tight cunt.

Scalding pleasure ripped through his body as her creamy channel engulfed him so completely. Her hips rose and her thighs spread wider. His steel-hard rod penetrated her deeper, sliding into her pussy until his balls slammed against her ass. "Oh, Sam!" she cried out. Her nails sank into his shoulders, and her legs hooked around his hips.

He dropped his head, capturing her mouth with his, catching her cries and punishing her for her outburst with his teeth and tongue. Nicky writhed beneath him, fighting him, submitting to him. It was the horniest thing Sam could imagine, his powerful, successful, ball-busting wife reduced to a creature of base, carnal response.

Liquid heat licked through him, gathering, gathering. Like a ball of explosive energy centred in the very core of his being. He was on the edge, dangling over sweet oblivion. His balls throbbed, his cock ached, became harder... harder... harder, until... Nicky's cunt constricted, sucking at his cock. "Sam, please..."

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ!" Spasms of exquisite release rocked through him. He bucked and thrashed, driving his cock faster. Deeper. "Christ all-fucking mighty!"

"Please, Sam," she begged, gripping him with her legs, her hands. "Please don't stop!"

Even her insubordination couldn't stop the orgasm seizing him. Consuming him. His heart hammered. His blood roared in his ears.

Cum erupted from him. Drained him.

Nicky's nails clawed at his back, his shoulders, as she desperately tried to reach the peak with him. "Sam..."

*Holy -- "*Fuck!" he shouted with one final and violent thrust.

Body slicked with sweat, he slumped forward, flattening Nicky back against the bed. "Christ, hon," he groaned into the mattress, his chin pressing into Nicky's shoulder. "That was --"

There was a loud and totally unexpected bang downstairs. And then the sound of glass shattering.

Sam shoved himself up onto his elbows, his cock still buried in her pussy. "Shit!" he spat. "Shit, did you hear that?"

"Sam?" Nicky whispered. The ferocious sexual craving that burned in her eyes was still there, but now it fought with a new emotion. One Sam had *never* seen in his wife's eyes. Fear.

"Shhhh!"

Ears pricked, breath held, Sam waited.

Nothing.

He turned back to Nicky. "Maybe it was a --"

A low squeak stopped him. The stairs. Someone was coming up the stairs!

Nicky tensed underneath him. "What the --"

Before Sam could move, the bedroom door burst open and a naked man roughly the size of a Mack truck sauntered in, a handgun almost disappearing in his large grip. "Evening."

A lot of things happened at once. None of them good.

Sam rolled off his wife and stumbled to his feet, stunned. Nicky sat up and screamed, her glorious, naked breasts jiggling.

Their new guest barged across the room, grabbed Sam in a vicious one-armed headlock and rammed him against the wall. "Nice of you to invite me in."

Dull pain radiated across Sam's back and down his spine. With sudden and

abrupt ease, his knees gave out. Stomach a fluttering mess, he slid to the floor, staring up at the newcomer.

His eyes flicked over the large naked body, past the biggest cock he'd ever seen, past the gut that rippled with hard flesh and muscle, past the chest that looked capable of pressing a locomotive. Up to the face. He knew that face. Fifteen years ago, that face had been plastered across the media every day for almost twelve months. Sam's stomach rolled. "You're Brad Tellerman," he croaked.

"That I am," their naked guest replied, a snide grin twisting his lips. "Glad to see I'm still famous."

Nicky froze. "Brad Tellerman? The guy that kidnapped the mayor's wife? But you're in --"

"Prison?" A dark laugh filled the bedroom. "Not anymore." Still towering over Sam, he gave the room a quick scan. "I've cut the phone lines and smashed both your cells. Very considerate of you both to leave them downstairs." He turned his gaze on Nicky before grinning down at Sam. "Looks like I've arrived right on time for some fun." The gun leveled on Sam's face. "Don't even think about moving from that spot, boyo." The barrel touched his flesh and Sam whimpered.

"Don't hurt me," he snivelled. "Take what you want. I won't try and stop you." He looked quickly at Nicky and then back to Tellerman, hoping to God his wordless message was clear.

A smirk curled Tellerman's lips. "What a generous offer. You don't want to spoil our fun, do you?"

"N-no, sir." Sam shook his head rapidly, trying to make himself as small as possible. His balls were already trying to shrink back into his body and his bladder felt just about ready to let go.

"I'm so glad." Tellerman's grin stretched. He gave Sam a very long look. Up and down. Slow and thorough and encompassing. "You think I deserve to have some *fun*, doncha?"

Mouth dry, heart racing and bowels getting looser by the second, Sam nodded.

"Yes, sir," he squeaked.

"Then let's get to it!" Tellerman beamed. Turning from Sam, he crossed the room to the bed. Standing there for a moment, his dark gaze flicked from Nicky to Sam and back to Nicky. Very slowly, yet very purposefully, he climbed onto the bed. Large hands planted on either side of Nicky. Tellerman leant toward her.

Sam clenched his fists, watching helplessly as Tellerman's sheer proximity pushed Nicky back flat onto the mattress. Dark eyes flicked to Sam again -- don't be a hero, buddy -- they said, just before Tellerman dropped his head down to Nicky's, pressing his lips against her smooth neck.

Hot gratitude flooded Sam. And something far more malicious. Hope. Tellerman's attention was on Nicky. Maybe he was going to get out of this alive, after all.

He watched as the escaped criminal loomed over his naked wife, stared as the man nuzzled at her neck, her ear. Watched her lips move with inaudible words. Was she begging for mercy? For her life? Perhaps, if he played his cards right...

In a fluid and frighteningly quick leap, Tellerman was off the bed. Those burning eyes turned on Sam one more time, pinning him to his spot on the floor. Sam swallowed, unable to look away.

Silent, with that twisted little grin still playing on his mouth, Tellerman crossed the bedroom and disappeared into the en suite.

OK, Sam, this is your chance...

He looked at Nicky, prone on the bed. "Nicky," he hissed, petrified of Tellerman hearing what he was going to say. "Nicky."

His wife rose up onto her elbows, staring at him with unreadable eyes.

"You know who that is." Sam hurried on, not wasting time with reassuring words. "He's been in prison for fifteen years. He obviously likes you. I saw how he kissed your neck. I don't want to die tonight, Nicky. Just let him do whatever he wants to you. Whatever. Don't resist. Don't complain. This is not the time for ball-busting. If you please him, we might make it out of this alive." He flicked his eyes toward the en

suite door. "Just be strong, honey, and remember I love you."

There was a still moment when Nicky didn't move. Didn't react at all. For a split second, Sam wondered if she'd heard him. Perhaps she was so petrified she was in shock?

He was about to call her name when a slow and thoroughly satisfied smile curled the sides of her mouth. "He was not kissing my neck, Sam. He was whispering in my ear." Her grin stretched wider. "He told me he's gay and he thinks you're cute. He asked me if we keep any Vaseline in the en suite." Her smile turned into a cold grin. "Be strong, honey. I love you too."

The End

Lexxie Couper

Lexxie Couper couldn't exist without her husband's *Playboy* collection, her Sci-fi DVD collection, her Stephen King library, and her dog. If it's raunchy and set in space, she's either there, or on her way! After she takes the dog for a run along her private beach in New South Wales, Australia, that is. Feel like joining Lexxie on one of her sizzling, out-of-this-world adventures? Catch the next flight at www.lexxiecouper.com.