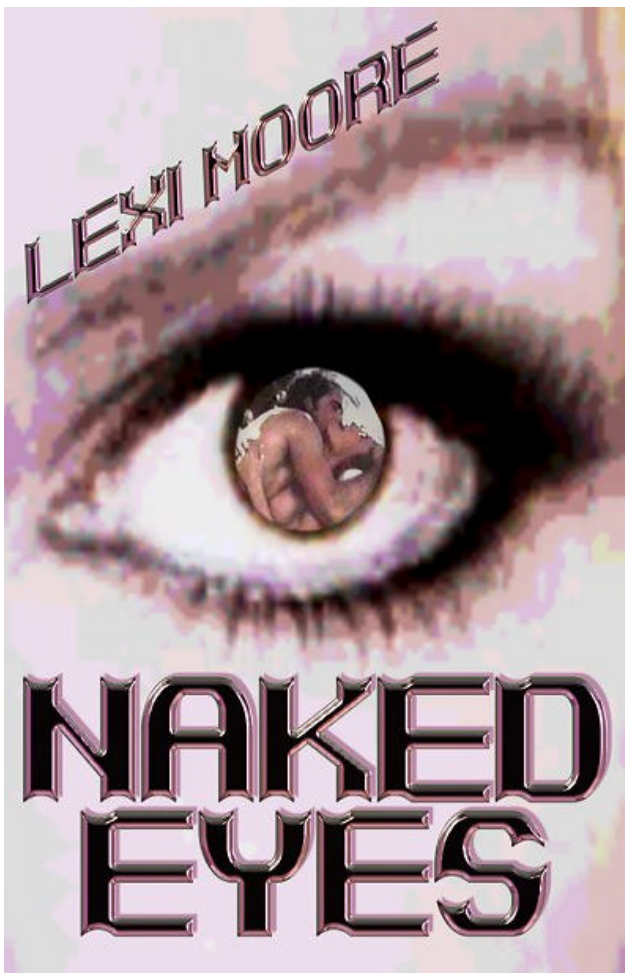


LEXI MOORE



NAKED
EYES

NAKED EYES

“I’m supposed to stay with you 24/7,” said Lindsay. “Got a spare room?”

“I’d rather you stay in my room.” Joe reached out for her hand. “I have to confess I didn’t even think about protection this afternoon. And I don’t have any condoms for tonight. But, Lindsay, I haven’t been with anyone since you.”

Lindsay’s palm cupped the side of his face. Her soft touch triggered a heated response deep in his belly that rippled outward. He felt himself start to harden again.

“I haven’t either, Joe. No one was you.”

Her simple words drove straight to his heart and he smiled. “But we do have to worry about birth control, even if STDs aren’t a factor,” he offered.

“No, we don’t. The accident did more than cause external scar tissue. We don’t have to worry about protection at all.”

The sadness in her voice ripped through him and he hugged her to him. “It’s okay, Lindsay. It’s all okay, now we’ve found each other again.”

Her lips pressed against his and Joe felt her tongue seeking entrance. He welcomed it, and the erotic dance began once more.

Skin on skin, Joe and Lindsay explored the contours, the planes, the folds and the peaks of their bodies, sharing the passion until exhaustion captured them naked in its embrace. They slept, arms and legs entangled in the subconscious desire to be linked...

PRAISE FOR NAKED EYES

“Lexi Moore shifts her talented pen to a contemporary setting for her newest romantica release, *Naked Eyes*. Reunited police partners and former lovers Lindsay and Joe must face down not only a vengeful stalker, but also their own personal scars from an accident two years ago. As the danger increases, so does the heat between the pair, and the steamy sensuality of their reawakened love will keep you turning pages with fan in hand. A great combination of suspense and spicy romance!”

—M. L. Rhodes
Author of *The Bodyguard*
and *The Bounty Hunter*

“Author Lexi Moore brings a new dimension to love scenes in *Naked Eyes* as the reader experiences lust and love through Joe’s blind eyes. Every touch, scent, sound, exudes rich detail in this remarkable erotic short story. Smooth writing, hot sex, and riveting suspense captured this reader and had me begging for more from a talented author. Bravo, Lexi!”

—Delphyne DeRouge
Author of *The Women of Maison d’Estelle* series

ALSO BY LEXI MOORE

Without Reserve

NAKED EYES

BY

LEXI MOORE

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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NAKED EYES
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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To the only man who has my passion...forever.

NAKED EYES

He heard the dull thud of fists pounding into a body from just ahead. He heard the low moans of pain. Something definitely unpleasant was happening in the alley he knew intersected the sidewalk a few dozen feet away. He heard the scuffle of feet and the muttered curses just before he heard the thump of a body dropping to the pavement.

Never before had he felt so helpless.

All his cop instincts kicking in, Joe hurried as quickly as he could, white cane tapping an exploratory trail until it encountered a soft, motionless mass. He knelt and groped his way over the abdomen, tracing a path upward to the jugular. There was a pulse, faint but he could feel it still fluttering. He slid his cell phone off its belt clip and dialed 9-1-1.

* * *

Two days later, Joe had just poured himself his second cup of morning coffee when there was a knock at the front door. Not needing

NAKED EYES

his cane to make his way, Joe swung open the door.

"Thanks for interfering. Don't make it a habit," rasped a voice from his distant past.

Joe didn't feel himself hit the floor.

* * *

When he awoke, it took him a few moments to realize he couldn't move. His arms were totally restrained by straps across his chest and waist.

"What's going on?" he asked, trying to keep the dread under control. What was happening? Was he still at home?

Whatever he was strapped to began moving. They were about to take him somewhere else. He struggled against his bonds.

Suddenly the sharp aroma of disinfectant pierced his near panic as a hand covered in latex brushed his cheek. He felt his eyelid being lifted.

"Hold up a second, Tim. He's conscious," said a woman's voice. "Let's do a quick neuro-check."

Paramedics...good!

"Go for it, Helen."

"Wait a second, guys," he said. "What's going on? Where are we?"

"Some neighbors saw your front door open, sir, and found you unconscious on the floor. They called for us," the kind female voice explained. "Sir, do you know your name?"

"Of course...it's Joe Smith."

"Tim, he can't remember his name."

"No, Helen, my name is Joe Smith."

"What day is it, sir?"

"That depends on how long I was out."

"Doesn't know the day either, Tim."

"Sir," said a male voice from down by his feet. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

Joe took an educated guess. "Two?"

"Vision problems, too, Helen. We'd better get him to the trauma

NAKED EYES

room ASAP.”

“Hold up. My name *is* Joe Smith. Check any piece of mail on that table behind the door.”

He heard the squeak of running shoes on the ceramic tile of the foyer, then the rustle of paper as the paramedic shuffled through the stack of mail. “Whaddaya know? His name *is* Joe Smith.”

“Yeah, it is. And today is Tuesday, May 12th.”

“Well, he’s got the date right, too, but I’m worried about his vision,” said Helen. “He could have a concussion.”

“Well, I could,” Joe agreed. “But I’d bet the reason I failed the how-many-fingers test is I’m blind.”

* * *

After the neurologist released him, Joe figured he’d just call a cab to get home. His head was still aching a bit and he wanted to think about exactly what had happened to him in the peace and quiet of his own living room. The voice just before his world exploded had been familiar, but he still hadn’t placed it. And it was bugging him big time.

Since he didn’t have his cane with him, Joe felt his way along the hospital corridor until he came to the corner. They’d told him to make two rights and a left and he’d be in the main lobby. The receptionist there would gladly call a cab for him. They just couldn’t spare the staff to walk him to the lobby since an ambulance had just arrived with several trauma patients from a car accident. Joe didn’t mind making his own way. He was much more independent than he’d been in the first few months after his car had hit the telephone pole when the front tires were blown out as they closed in on a drug bust. The safety glass had failed and his eyes had been filled with splinters that had blinded him. He’d spent weeks in the hospital and months in physiotherapy. But he was self-sufficient now. Even though he wasn’t quite ready to return to modified duty with the force, he was thinking like a cop again...rather than a patient in a hospital.

“Hey, Joe,” a woman’s voice called out from behind him.

NAKED EYES

Her voice. He hadn't heard it in two years, but just the sound of her saying his name stroked memories of passion even after all this time.

He turned in her direction. "Lindsay?"

"In the flesh."

"Still working vice?" he couldn't help asking. Their camaraderie had always been an easy one. But he hadn't seen her since the night of his accident.

"Only when I have to," she answered with a note in her voice Joe didn't recognize. "Hey, you ready to get out of here?"

"I sure am. I was just about to call a cab."

"Well, I'm your ride today. After your escapade in that alley a couple of days ago, and the unannounced visitor to your front door this morning, the captain thought you could use a bit of protection until we figure out who you pissed off. So I've got your back for the time being. Kind of like when we were partners."

"What's going on, Lindsay?"

"What do you mean?"

"I haven't heard from you since the night we were taking down that dealer on Fourth Street." He couldn't keep the suspicion he felt from coming through in his voice. "You never even came to see me in the hospital."

"I was hurt, too. And when I recovered, they sent me to Quantico for special training."

"In what?" He decided to accept her explanation at face value.

"Anti-terrorism task force. You know how important that is today. I just got back."

"Two years? You've been away training for two years?"

"Pretty much." He heard irregular footsteps just before she touched his arm. "Let's get you home."

His arm twitched under her fingers and he tensed his muscles to prevent it from happening again. He couldn't let Lindsay know how running into her again affected him.

NAKED EYES

Once they arrived at his house, Joe made a pot of coffee as Lindsay sat at the round kitchen table. It was a routine that had played out many times in their past when they'd gone to Joe's to unwind after a shift.

What he was trying really hard not to remember was the lovemaking those evenings after a shift together had often led to. She hadn't been an experienced lover when they met, but she'd always been openly passionate and adventurous. They'd been great together and there wasn't anything Lindsay wouldn't try in bed with him.

He couldn't help the direction his thoughts were taking him this night with Lindsay in his kitchen again. He closed his eyes as he recalled she'd learned how to give a blow-job on him...and just thinking about the expertise she'd acquired at that particular talent made his cock twitch. He turned quickly to the fridge to pull out half-and-half for their coffee.

"Do you want sugar?" he asked more to fill the silence than anything else.

"Not any more. Gotta watch my figure."

Joe's body stirred again as he thought of that gorgeous body of hers under his. The first time they'd been together, they'd both been on an adrenaline rush after a huge sting operation had resulted in the arrest of the head of a prostitution ring. They'd crashed at his place, popped a couple of beers and had every intention of ordering pizza.

"Do you mind if I take a shower?" Lindsay had asked. "I can hardly wait to get this hooker makeup off."

"Sure. I'll show you where everything is."

Joe led the way down the hall and through his bedroom to the bathroom with its large shower stall.

"Wow! This sure beats my old tub with a plastic shower curtain." Lindsay laughed.

"It was one of the selling features on this condo, and I've never regretted it." Joe pointed to a cupboard. "You'll find towels in there and there's shampoo and stuff in the shower."

NAKED EYES

“Thanks.”

Joe meant to leave his bedroom once he exited the bathroom. He really did. But, for some reason, he stopped. He was going to tell her there was a robe behind the door in case she didn't want to get back into her ultra-short mini skirt and cropped halter top. As he turned, Lindsay was pulling the shirt over her head.

He froze, mesmerized by her rosy-tipped breasts coming into view. They were a more generous size than he'd assumed and the two tanned globes jiggled slightly as Lindsay pulled the shirt over her head. As the cloth cleared her head, she looked directly at him. Then she dropped the bit of fabric on the floor beside her and reached behind her waist.

Joe heard the metallic swish as she released the zipper on the skirt and let it drop to the floor. Her fishnet stockings were held up with a lacy black garter belt, under which she wore an ivory g-string. He could see a shadow at the center of the panties. With her long ash-blond hair curled and teased into an urban hooker's version of high fashion, and the fishnet stockings clinging to her long, athletic legs that disappeared into the garter belt and tiny g-string, Joe couldn't take his eyes off her.

“I thought if I dressed the part, I'd feel the part from the skin out,” she offered, standing across the room from him.

“You look...” Words trailed off as he stared at her body.

Lindsay returned his gaze, never dropping her eyes or looking embarrassed in the least. “I sure feel sexy.”

“You look more than sexy. You are incredible.”

“But not exactly what you'd take home to Mother, I don't think.” She laughed as she gestured at her hair. “I think I'll climb into that shower.”

When Joe just stood there, still staring at his partner, she offered, “Care to wash my back?”

“You betcha.”

“Then get your clothes off and get over here.”

“What about the department?”

NAKED EYES

“What about it? We’re off duty, Joe.”

“That we are.” Joe’s fingers raced down the buttons of his shirt, even as he kicked off his loafers.

“Mmmm, nice,” Lindsay murmured as his shirt hit the floor. “Now the pants.”

Joe could feel his erection straining against the jeans and wondered how he’d get the zipper down over his bulge. But he did...with just the slightest of contortions. And they joined his shirt on the floor. He stepped on the toes of his socks and they were off in an instant. All that remained were his boxers, stretched to their limit by the throbbing flesh behind.

“Let me,” Lindsay offered and swayed across the room to him on the four-inch heels that were *de rigeur* for any undercover hooker ensemble. Her fingers were tipped with inch-long false nails, and when they brushed his skin as she reached for his shorts, Joe groaned and felt moisture coat the tip of his cock. She tickled the skin at his waistband and then suddenly turned and took one step away.

Looking back over her shoulder, she asked, “Could you get the hook on this garter belt for me, please?” And then she bent over to unbuckle the shoes at her ankles.

Joe literally dropped to his knees at the sight of the thong disappearing between the muscled cheeks of her buttocks. He sucked in a breath as he clambered back to his feet.

“Are you trying to kill me before you have your way with me?” he ground out.

Lindsay stretched a little farther to reach the other shoe, wiggling her bum at him. “Well, I do need to get naked, don’t I? Undo me, Joe.”

His erection bumped against her and she sighed appreciatively as his hands unsnapped the garters. He ran his hands down her legs as he pushed the stockings to her ankles. Lindsay stepped out of the shoes and Joe ran his hands back up the length of her legs until he cupped her cheeks in his palms. He massaged gently and was rewarded by her

NAKED EYES

gyrating movements under his hands. He smiled as he followed the path of the thong until he reached the hooks on the back of the garter belt. The moment he undid it, Lindsay spun under his caress.

“Think you’re taking the upper hand, do you?” Her eyes sparkled at him as she tiptoed the long nails down his chest and to the elastic at the top of the boxers. “What do we have here?” She ran her hand over his erection and smiled as she watched Joe’s cock jump at her touch. “Ohhh, he likes that I see.”

She slid down the boxers several inches until his pubic hair appeared. She tangled her fingers in it, and Joe’s eyes closed in his efforts to keep from picking her up and tossing her on the bed. She played in the furry patch, reaching farther in and closer to him with each pass. He felt her fingers tickle across the root of his cock and he couldn’t stop himself.

“Lindsay, please, touch me. I want your hands on me.”

“I intend to have very much more than my hands on you, Joe,” she promised even as she pushed the boxers down and over his erection. It dipped quickly and almost painfully toward his knees before it sprung free and bounced back up to her stroking hands. “Joe, you exceed my imagination,” she whispered.

His cock was longer than her two hands circling its length. The smooth-skinned, cleft tip peeped out, glistening with his passion and he could feel the pulsations of desire all the way deep down in his balls. She stroked both hands up and down him a few times, pumping gently, then captured the shimmering liquid on the tips of her index fingers. Tilting her head back, she massaged the fluid into her nipples.

Joe felt his need explode. He reached for the bit of silk that separated them and slid his fingers inside the g-string. Lindsay was soaking wet to his touch and he could feel her clitoris hard and engorged. He slid the panties away from her womanhood and stepped back to admire the woman before him as they dropped to the floor and she stepped free of the last vestige of clothing.

NAKED EYES

"I said do you have any cheese and crackers?" With a start, Joe jerked back to the present. He could still feel the tingling in his crotch as he answered. "Sure...still like cheddar?"

"Yeah, but anything will do right now."

"Anything?" He couldn't help the desire in his voice, no matter how hard he tried.

"You keep thinking about us, too?"

"I thought about you for months after the accident. Can't say I've spent a lot of time on us lately." He weakly told the lie as he stepped to the table carrying the cheese and crackers.

Her fingers brushed over his still half-erect penis and he dropped the snack plate onto the table with a clatter. He grabbed her hand.

"What're you doing, Lindsay?" His voice was harsh with his barely-controlled need.

"What I've been wanting to do for two years. But I was afraid to contact you, Joe."

"Why? Why didn't you come to me?"

Lindsay lifted their joined hands to her chest and pressed his hands against one of her breasts. He heard the rustle of buttons while he strained to keep his hand from wandering. Her warm hand returned to his and pushed it under the soft fabric of her shirt. He forced his hand to stay in place.

"Well?" she asked, her voice a tortured whisper.

"Well, what?"

"Feel, Joe..."

Joe's hand explored the flesh under his hand, feeling ridges of scar tissue and thickened flesh. His fingers bumped against the silk of her bra, and unable to stop their exploration, they dipped under the material, encountering more damaged flesh. Relentless, his fingers crept to her nipple and touched it, then waited, feeling it pucker at his caress. He captured it between thumb and forefinger and gently rolled the nub as it responded to him.

NAKED EYES

“You feel fabulous, Lindsay,” he moaned.

“Can’t you feel the scars?”

“Yes, but that doesn’t change anything. You’re responding to me just like before, and you can see what you’re doing to me. Are the scars why you’ve avoided me?”

“I couldn’t bear for you to know I’m scarred.”

“Lindsay, I see you with my heart.”

There was a scuffle of feet before Lindsay launched herself out of her chair and into his arms.

“Are you sure, Joe? Really sure?” Her lips brushed the words against his lips.

“Yes,” he said as his lips closed over hers.

Joe soaked in the longed-for, soft, warm moisture of her mouth as she opened her lips under his. And then her tongue teased at his in a dance the two renewed as if they had never been parted. Her tongue found the sensitive spot on the inside of his upper lip, as his tongue darted under hers to taste her.

His hands pushed the blouse off her completely and his fingers quickly undid the clasp of her bra, freeing her breasts to his pleasure. She moaned and tugged at the buttons on his shirt.

In moments their skin connected again in time-learned patterns of teasing and touching. Her peaked nipples pressed into him as she arched her back in pleasure at the attention of his hands.

“Joe, I want you.”

“I want you,” he murmured as he fumbled at the zipper on her jeans.

He was rewarded when the pants slipped open under his questing fingers and he shoved them, together with her panties, to her knees. Lindsay wiggled away from him momentarily as she stepped free of the last of her clothing.

She leaned her naked body against him and Joe felt his erection push hard against her belly. He needed to feel the whole length of her

NAKED EYES

body, skin on skin, against him. His cock twitched as he felt her hands at his fly, freeing him to her touch. And then there was no clothing between them.

And her mouth was everywhere.

He groaned when her tongue traced a path down his torso as she sank to her knees. When she took him in her mouth, he moaned her name. "Let's take this to the bedroom."

"I can't wait to have you. What's wrong with the couch?"

"Nothing."

Barely separating, they made their way to the living room and onto the couch. Lindsay stretched back onto the soft fabric, and Joe explored his way up her legs, spread open to him. When he reached the hot, wet core of her, he allowed himself time to play in her slick heat for a few minutes before sliding his length into her with the sensation of coming home.

The rocking motion was so familiar to both that they could still read one another's rhythms. Joe felt Lindsay arch against him, pushing her clit into his pubis, and he obliged, sliding a hand between them to add to her pleasure. Swirling his fingers over her, he felt his body preparing. Faster and faster he thrust, Lindsay meeting him stroke for stroke. He felt her hands clutching against his back, just as her vagina tightened around him, pulling him into her.

He let himself go, surrendering to the feeling pouring back into his heart as he jetted thick seed into her. He and Lindsay were together again, and he intended they stay together this time.

"Joe, I've missed you." Her voice was slurred with the residue of her climax.

"I wouldn't have cared you were hurt, Lindsay. I really wouldn't."

"I know that now. And I regret the time—"

"No regrets between us, ever." Joe covered her mouth with his. "Come on, let's take a shower."

By the time they'd showered, and relieved their passion once more

NAKED EYES

in the tub, they were both ready for more than a snack.

“Hungry?” Joe asked.

“You better believe it.”

He could hear the smile in her voice.

At the same moment, they said, “Pizza?”

They broke into the laughter shared by couples joined in years of familiarity.

* * *

Later, munching on double mushroom and ham pizza, Joe couldn’t believe the bubble of joy that had spread through him. The past two years seemed to disappear in its presence.

The sound of pounding at the front door brought them both to alert.

“Expecting anyone?” Lindsay asked, all business.

“No one.”

“I’ll check it out.”

Joe heard her click the safety off her police-issue revolver.

In moments, she was back and there was the rough crackle of paper as she smoothed out something on the tabletop.

“What is it?”

“It would seem to be a message someone tacked to your front door with a filleting knife. You sure stepped in it when you went for your walk a couple of days ago. “What does it say?”

“You had to interfere. Good-bye,” she read aloud. “Of course, it’s not signed.”

“Those things never are.”

“We’ve got to take this down to the station and get it checked out.” The worry was evident in Lindsay’s voice.

“There won’t be any prints. We both know that. Whoever this is, he’s too smart for that.” Joe paused. “The guy’s voice right before he hit me was so familiar, but I can’t place it.” “He drummed his fingers on the table. “He said, ‘Thanks for interfering. Don’t make it a habit.’ Then everything went black.”

NAKED EYES

“Can you remember if he had an accent?”

“No accent. And no discernible speech pattern either. His voice was rough, like a smoker’s, but I didn’t know who it was. I just had a feeling I knew the voice from somewhere.”

They kicked around ideas of who had attacked Joe and what the motivation was for a while, but it came time to call it a night.

“I’m supposed to stay with you 24/7,” said Lindsay. “Got a spare room?”

“I’d rather you stay in my room.” Joe reached out for her hand. “I have to confess I didn’t even think about protection this afternoon. And I don’t have any condoms for tonight. But, Lindsay, I haven’t been with anyone since you.”

Lindsay’s palm cupped the side of his face. Her soft touch triggered a heated response deep in his belly that rippled outward. He felt himself start to harden again.

“I haven’t either, Joe. No one was you.”

Her simple words drove straight to his heart and he smiled. “But we do have to worry about birth control, even if STDs aren’t a factor,” he offered.

“No, we don’t. The accident did more than cause external scar tissue. We don’t have to worry about protection at all.”

The sadness in her voice ripped through him and he hugged her to him. “It’s okay, Lindsay. It’s all okay, now we’ve found each other again.”

Her lips pressed against his and Joe felt her tongue seeking entrance. He welcomed it, and the erotic dance began once more.

Skin on skin, Joe and Lindsay explored the contours, the planes, the folds and the peaks of their bodies, sharing the passion until exhaustion captured them naked in its embrace. They slept, arms and legs entangled in the subconscious desire to be linked.

* * *

The next morning, they headed to the police station with the

NAKED EYES

threatening note and knife in hand. They didn't expect to get anything from it, but it needed to be examined by the forensics people. They weren't disappointed by the results.

"Whoever left this didn't want you to get any prints off it," said Garry Danato, the forensics lab technician. "It's also a very common brand of knife. You'll find it in pretty much any sporting goods store in town."

Joe slapped his fist against his palm. "Damn. Who is this? And what do they think I can do to them? I'm frigging blind, so I can't identify who was beating up that guy in the alley."

"Joe, the department only announced you were injured," said Lindsay. "Whoever this is might not know you're blind. They might think you're back on the job."

"Come on. Do you really think that's possible?"

"Hold up, Joe," said Garry. "This might not mean much, but we've found a few low-level drug dealers stabbed with knives like this one in the last six months. I think someone is using them as a calling card. And maybe they think they need to include you."

"Pretty scary card," snorted Lindsay.

"You better believe it. But it's a fish-filleting knife, and most of the guys stabbed have been little fishes in the drug game."

"It can't be..."

"What, Joe? Can't be what?" asked Lindsay.

"Garry, can you pull up the info on Lanny Martin?"

"We put him in jail nearly five years ago," said Lindsay. "He's not even eligible for parole for another three years."

"I know, but when Garry said 'drug game,' it reminded me. It's that phrase. Martin always called it 'the drug game.' And that voice. Remember Lanny's voice?"

"Yeah. It sounded like bourbon poured over sandpaper."

"That was the voice. That's who spoke to me right before the lights went out."

NAKED EYES

“Wow! You’d think they’d have let us know he was free after all the threats he made when we arrested him.”

“I can tell you why they didn’t let you know,” said Garry. “I’ve just pulled up his info on the computer. Your friend with the filleting knife had some pretty good information. He traded what he knew for early release into a witness protection program. Martin must’ve had the goods on somebody worse than him or he’d still be in jail.”

“Oh, shit.” Joe slapped his open hand against the desk. “You got that right. If he’s looking for you, you two better do some fast scrambling to get out of his way. This guy looks like nasty business...and he obviously knows how to cover his tracks.”

“Thanks for all your help, Garry. Please don’t say anything to anyone until we decide how we’re going to handle this.”

“You got it.”

As they left the room Lindsay brushed against Joe, just the tips of her breasts teasing his bicep. The moment they left the forensics lab, he asked her if anyone was in the hall.

“No. Why?”

“This is why.” He spun and captured her body between his and the wall. Pressing his erection against her, he slid his hands under her shirt. His breath whistled between his teeth as he discovered she’d worn no bra.

“Just a little surprise, Joe,” Lindsay whispered into his ear as she rubbed her pelvis against him.

His fingers explored her breasts, molding the soft flesh in his palms. He felt her nipples poke against the cups of his palms. His heart rate increased as he pulled his fingers up the mounds and teased at the hardening tips, rubbing them between thumb and middle finger. He let his hands knead at her again before once more plucking at the pebbles of desire.

“I have another surprise,” she murmured against his lips, her mouth teasing him with its hot, wet promise. “Give me one of your hands.”

NAKED EYES

Joe obliged and she slid it into the waistband of her jeans. He could find no evidence of underwear anywhere his fingers strayed...and they wandered freely across the scarred plane of her abdomen, down to her furry mound and around to the smooth perfection of her buttocks.

His cock pressed against her belly and he felt it stretch to the limit allowed by his jeans. "Lindsay..."

"Come on. Follow me." Joe grabbed her hand and trailed her down the hall and around the corner. He bumped into her when she stopped suddenly. A key scraped in a lock and a door's hinges creaked. He followed her. Lindsay let go of his hand. There was the snick of a door closing and the thunk of a lock engaging, followed by the grate of a chair being dragged across the room.

"Just a little safety precaution," she said.

Joe heard the sound of a zipper releasing and the whisper of cloth over skin. A mere moment later, Lindsay took his hands and pulled them to her naked breasts. Immediately her nipples crested as he stroked, and his senses delighted in her response to his touch. His fingers wandering over her body, he discovered she'd shed all her clothes in the seconds after putting the chair under the door handle.

"Lindsay, you're incorrigible." A smile curved his lips at her daring. "Where are we?"

"The gym. I've spent so much time here since I got back from Quantico they gave me a key. But somehow I think today's workout is going to be the best ever."

She pushed him gently backwards and he felt the foot of the massage table against his butt.

Joe didn't let go of her breasts and tugged her along with him, until suddenly she slipped sideways out of his grasp. "Hey! No fair," he complained. "Bring them back here."

"In a moment."

Joe felt her hands flutter to his waistband and tug his T-shirt free. Zealous hands slid it upwards and over his head. His breath came

NAKED EYES

quicker at the light pinches to his nipples, followed by the wetness of her mouth as she soothed the plucked skin, circling his round nubs until they rose, seeking her tongue's teasing.

Her mouth followed her hands to his belly, and her tongue danced in his navel as her hands undid his fly and slid down the zipper.

Joe's body throbbed in response as Lindsay pushed his jeans and boxers to his knees. He was effectively hobbled. She shoved him backward and he tipped onto the massage table, his erection bouncing up against his belly as he fell back, his knees still hanging over the edge.

He felt a droplet of moisture from the swollen tip spray his belly as his shaft hit against his abdomen. He was so hard and so long, he didn't know how he wouldn't come the moment Lindsay touched him. Warm air from her breath dusted over his cock and it twitched instantly in response, his balls tightening with his rising excitement.

"Like that, do you?"

"Hhmmmm...." He reached for himself and began jerking himself.

"Let me do that."

Joe felt Lindsay climb up onto the table, positioning a knee on each side of his head. He moaned as her musky scent reached him almost instantly. Then a hot, wet suction closed over the head of his penis, and his erection was sucked into its center. Her lips pressed against his hand, which still stroked at the root of his dick. He followed her rhythm, eyes closed in ecstasy as her mouth brought him closer to climax with each long, slow slide down his shaft.

He let go of himself and reached to toy with her breasts. How he loved the feel of her on him and around him...the freedom she offered him to play with her body at his whim overwhelmed him. His fingers roamed over her breasts, slid over her clit and played with her sensitive labia. She moaned and wriggled, encouraging his forays into her most intimate areas.

The tickle of her pubic hair against his forehead surprised him for a

NAKED EYES

moment before he tipped his head back, his nose and mouth brushing over her. In a spasm of enjoyment, she sucked him hard, holding him deep in her mouth as Joe explored her swollen clitoris with just the tip of his tongue. He flicked it with abandon, swirling and circling it, and gently running his teeth across it.

Lindsay's teeth softly took the place of her mouth, sliding up and down his length and he pushed himself upward. He wanted to be deeper within her, harder within her, longer within her. And he was. Her fingers let go of the base of his cock and cupped his balls, tenderly squeezing them as he approached the edge of the cliff.

Joe lifted his head and rubbed his face into her folds and lips, relishing the wash of her fluids as she approached her own climax. He loved her response to him. Lindsay had always allowed him full access to do whatever he wanted, and today, this is what he wanted, more than anything. Faster and faster his tongue flickered, teasing and driving her on. Her body rocked in the age-old rhythm as she moaned and rode his cock with her mouth.

Just as he could hold himself back no longer, Lindsay groaned and lowered herself, legs spreading even wider and giving him total access to her. Joe took advantage, enjoying her pleasure in the moment. He felt his climax beginning deep within him. His balls tightened and drew up, and he came.

It was as if the night before had never happened, he climaxed with such force and power. He felt her hands on his testicles, massaging every drop he had available to give, even as she tightened around his tongue and came with him.

It took several moments for Joe to return to himself. He tugged Lindsay around until she lay on top of him, their drying sweat cooling their overheated bodies.

"I do love you, Lindsay. That never changed."

"It never changed for me, either. I just couldn't see beyond my own scars at the time. I love you, too, Joe."

NAKED EYES

They held each other close for a few minutes until it occurred to them they were still at the police station, and all that stood between them and a large group of people they knew was a chair and a locked door. Quickly they dressed and were soon ready to head home. They clasped each other tightly in a hug, just as a knock on the door sounded.

“Anyone in there? Lindsay, you working out?”

“Yeah, be right there.” Turning to Joe, she whispered, “About three steps to your right is a set of weights. Grab some hand weights, will you? We don’t need everyone in the precinct knowing you’ve been banging me in the gym.”

He could hear the smile and the pride in her voice. He turned and stepped over to the weight rack and grabbed the first pair he found. “I guess this’ll help explain the sweat.”

She giggled, then he heard her quietly pull the chair out from under the door handle and turn the lock. “Hey, Lindsay—” The male voice broke off. “Joe! I haven’t seen you in... Oh, shit, I didn’t mean that.”

“Andy—” Joe turned in the direction of the voice and held out his hand. He was used to the shock of others when they used any reference to sight. “—I haven’t seen you in ages.”

“How you doing, man?” Andy shook his hand briskly.

“Great. Lindsay thought I should get a workout, so she brought me in here. Wish we’d had this here five years ago.” He set the weights back onto the rack.

“Me, too. Sure beats having to hit the gym across town after work.”

Joe felt Lindsay offer him her arm, and he slid his hand into her crooked elbow. As they passed Andy, Joe clapped him on the shoulder. “It was great to see you again, Andy. Give me a call next week and we’ll go for a beer.”

“You got it, buddy.”

When they were out of the station and in the car, Joe began to laugh. Lindsay joined in almost immediately.

“Well, it was a great workout, I’ll admit.” He reached for her hand.

NAKED EYES

“Best I’ve ever had there.”

Lindsay turned on the ignition and they headed for Joe’s house.

* * *

After they’d parked in the garage, Joe led the way to the door. He slid his fingers over the metal like he always did, locating the lock easily. What he found caused him to spin to Lindsay, fingers to his lips.

“Sshh. Someone has forced the lock,” he whispered. “They’ll have heard the car pull into the garage, so there’s no way they don’t know we’re here.”

“Let’s go in a different door. Maybe get the jump on them that way.”

The soft slip of metal on leather told Joe that Lindsay had unholstered her gun. She was ready, but was he? This was the first time he’d faced a police response situation since losing his sight.

“First, I’m going to call and get the cops on their way,” Joe said. “We may not be looking at just Lanny. I’m sure he’d bring help with him.”

“You’re right. But we don’t have much time. You call and I’ll head to the front door. Give me the key.”

He handed the key chain to her. “It’s got a large, round, bumpy marker on it,” he explained. “Be careful.”

“You, too.”

Joe pulled his cell phone off his belt and dialed the precinct, advising them of the situation and that the two of them were going to be in the house. Help was promised within minutes.

He knew by now Lindsay would be at the front door, and he slid open the door into the mud room. Without a sound, he slipped inside, leaving the door open. He paused, listening intently. *Nothing*. That didn’t seem right.

He reached for the cane that hung on the key hook beside the door, knowing he could make his way quickly through his own house without it—unless anything had been moved.

NAKED EYES

Moving things would be just the kind of the thing Lanny Martin would find amusing, he thought, just as his cane encountered an obstacle. He reached out. The dryer had been pulled out from the wall. Joe snorted, and moved quickly around the appliance.

The sound of stealthy steps alerted him, and he swung out of the way just as something heavy crashed against the door jamb beside him. He slashed with his cane, connecting with someone's knees and drawing a howl of pain. He estimated where the face was and slammed upward with an open palm, the heel of his hand connecting with a chin. There was the thump of a body dropping to the floor in front of him.

Running feet pounded down the hall from the front door. "You okay, Joe?"

"Yep. Just be sure this guy was alone."

"You got it." Lindsay's footfalls faded as she searched the main floor, calling out when a room was clear.

The sound of police sirens cut through the air, just as a gunshot roared and echoed.

"Lindsay?" Joe screamed, shoving and pushing his way past the body on the floor. "Are you okay? Where are you? Lindsay?" His cane beat a frantic tattoo as he dashed across the kitchen, staggering and almost falling as he hit the chairs scattered around the room.

"Joe? Stay where you are." Lindsay's voice was an order and he stopped in place.

Did Lanny have her in his grasp? Was she injured?

"I'm fine, Joe. I'm in the living room, but you've got to be careful, okay? They've spread furniture out everywhere, and there's broken glass."

Her voice cut through his panic and he made his way through the house. He was just at the living room door when he heard running feet on the front walkway. The front door slammed back against the wall.

"Police. Freeze."

Joe stopped and raised his hands. "Guys, I'm Joe Smith and I'm a

NAKED EYES

police officer. This is my house. Officer Lindsay Rushton is in the living room and she's armed."

"Thanks, Joe. It's Andy, and my partner, Lou, is with me."

"Great! Thanks for getting here so fast, guys. We think it's a drug dealer we took down a few years ago, back for a bit of revenge...and because he thinks I witnessed a beating the other night."

"Lindsay," Andy called. "You okay?"

"Just fine. But I do have a perp down," she answered coolly.

"And there's a guy at the door between the kitchen and the mud room," said Joe. "He was out cold a couple of minutes ago, but he does need a set of handcuffs on him."

"You got it," said Andy. "Lou, if you get the bad guy in the kitchen, I'll give Lindsay a hand in the living room."

Joe led the way past a couch and chair he found in the middle of the room. The furniture was normally against a wall. And the coffee table was also carefully placed to trip him up, but he found it with the cane and easily avoided it.

"Someone sure has a twisted sense of cruelty, eh?" asked Andy.

"He knew it would slow me down and make it hard for me to escape."

"I don't think he expected Joe to have company. I think Lanny planned to torment him for a while," offered Lindsay, and Joe targeted in on her voice.

He wrapped his arms around her and felt one arm snug him closer. The other hung at her side, the gun still in her fist. "You're not hurt, are you?" he whispered and felt her head shake.

"Andy, I've shot and killed this guy," she said, too evenly. "You'll need to take my gun for ballistics testing."

"You got it."

There was the sound of a body being turned over. "Holy shit, Lindsay. This guy has a street sweeper." Andy used the slang term for an automatic shotgun. "The two of you are damned lucky to be alive."

NAKED EYES

"And the guy at the back door has a Glock and a modified M-16. These two meant business, I'd say," said Lou from the door. "I've got the bad guy handcuffed to the freezer, so I don't think he's going anywhere. I've got a shooting team and the meat wagon on the way."

"Thanks," said Joe, not letting go of Lindsay.

* * *

It took several days of interviews with the shooting team, the staff psychiatrist, upper brass and check-ups by doctors before Lindsay and Joe had much time to themselves.

"I don't feel like going back to your house just yet, do you?" asked Lindsay as they returned to her apartment.

"Nope. But this doesn't feel like home either," he answered.

"No?"

"No. This is your place. My house was my place. I want us to have 'our' place."

"Our place?"

"Yep, ours. As in Joe and Lindsay Smith's house. As in our friends saying 'Let's go to Joe and Lindsay's?' Or 'How do you like the Smiths' new house?'"

"Sounds perfect to me...but just for tonight, do you think you could be comfortable here?" The leer in her voice was perfectly clear. "Well, I think I can manage."

"Good, because I intend to make you very, very comfortable," she said, sliding her hands into the waistband of his jeans.

She unzipped the fly and released him, fully engorged and definitely ready for a night of comfort.

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