

A purple-tinted photograph of a person's torso, showing the chest and upper abdomen. The image is soft and artistic, with the person's skin appearing in various shades of purple and magenta. The lighting is gentle, highlighting the contours of the body.

# *Therapy*

*Adrianna Dane*

## THERAPY

...Finally, she came back to Earth and looked around her as he slid from inside her slick channel. It wasn't some dream, she was really here, in the team locker room, having just been made love to by her hockey player lover. She moved to sit up and he helped her to right herself. Her pussy still throbbed from their lovemaking.

"I can't believe we just did that. Right here."

He leaned down to kiss her, his hand rose to cup her full breast. "It's not the most romantic place in the world, but I don't want you to keep hating this place. Maybe if I pleased you well enough, you'll come back again." He grinned down at her.

She pushed him back onto the bench and straddled his legs, her labia lips open and pressed around his flesh. "Think so?" Her fingers feathered through the dark hairs on his solid chest. "Maybe we should try it again, just to be sure. Nothing like repetition to bring a thing home."

She felt his cock thicken against her wet lips. Raising her hips, she came down over him, his steely length easily slipping inside her. Her fingers curled into his short, thick hair. "This memory is for you." She lifted and dropped down, undulating her hips. She leaned forward and sealed her lips to his, thrusting her tongue deep inside, rocking her body against his...

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# THERAPY

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BY

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THERAPY  
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*For Hockey Moms and Hockey Dads,  
and enthusiasts of the game everywhere.*

## CHAPTER 1

Her shift at the hospital was almost over. A few more notes on the chart and she was out of there. Chris breathed a sigh of relief as she completed the last notation and returned the chart to the stack. She shifted up in the seat and rolled her shoulders. It was Sunday, and although the floor had remained fairly quiet, she was ready to go home. She was off for the next few days and planned to make good use of the time.

“Chris, did you hear what happened?”

She glanced up as her friend, Alice, also a nurse, hurried toward her, obviously flustered.

“What?” Chris jumped up from her chair, concerned something had happened to one of the patients.

“The hockey game. Did you see any of it?” Her words tumbled out as she slid to a halt before the nurse’s station on the sixth floor.

Chris’s heart slowed and she dropped back into the chair.

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Obviously, while Alice was on break she had been watching the game on television. “No. I needed to get these charts done. Why?”

“Well, your boyfriend got creamed.”

Chris shot up from her chair once again. “What do you mean? Was he hurt?” She hadn’t watched the hockey game for good reason. It was the same reason she never went to the games, and never saw Rick after he’d had a disappointing game. It was something in her history she never spoke about.

“I don’t know what happened except that one of the guys on the other team went after him but good. Caught him against the corner boards and just hammered him. It took four guys to get him off.”

Chris felt her stomach muscles clench. Her mind rejected the idea that Rick was badly hurt. He was tough and he knew how to play the game. She had often seen him with scrapes and contusions—even offered a little extra professional therapy on an evening or two, but nothing that would cause him serious damage. In her mind he was indestructible.

She bit her lip. What if he wasn’t quite the rock she imagined him to be? “Did it look like he was hurt very badly?”

Alice shook her head. “I couldn’t tell. I saw his helmet fly off and it looked like he went down hard, but they broke away real quick to the announcers and away from the action. I didn’t wait around to hear more because I thought you’d want to know right away.”

Chris turned to her desk and quickly put everything in order. “How long ago was it?”

“Just a few minutes, I came out right away. When they cut back, both Rick and the other guy were out.”

“Who instigated it?” She didn’t want to believe Rick would do anything like that. She prayed he wouldn’t. But after her last fiasco of a relationship, it wasn’t that easy to trust in her instincts. They had failed her miserably with her last lover.

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“Rick didn’t start it. Looked to me like he was caught off guard. He wasn’t on the guy who went after him. One of his team had just shot him the puck. He flew with it—swept it behind the net and had just come into the turn when this guy jammed up behind him, hooked his legs with his stick and brought him down. It happened so fast. He was all over Rick. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Chris crammed things into her purse, then raced over to the closet to grab her coat, Alice trailing behind her. As she slipped into the wool coat and began buttoning it, she turned back to her. “Who did it? Did they say?”

“It wasn’t clear. I couldn’t see the number on his jersey. I caught the name Craig, but I didn’t catch a last name.”

*Craig.*

It couldn’t be. It just wasn’t possible. “You’re sure?” A fist gripped her throat. Yet she’d wondered when she saw him at the shopping mall up in Vancouver two weeks ago what he was doing on this side of the country. She and Rick had been there to look for a gift for a special friend of his who was getting married.

Alice nodded. “Yes, I’m pretty sure that was his name. He’s new to the Cougars as far as I can tell. Just traded in last month—I think I read something about it in the sports section of the newspaper yesterday.”

It figured. She’d thought she’d seen the last of him when she left Minnesota and moved here to Seattle. But it seemed bad luck just followed her. It was her he should have come after if he wanted a confrontation, not Rick. The bastard was a brute and didn’t like to play fair by anyone’s rules. He was one of those players who spent more time in the penalty box than on the ice.

“I have to go, Alice. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Let me know how he is,” she called after her.

Craig Aspen should have stayed in Minnesota. He didn’t belong anywhere near here. So why had he come? Of all the hockey teams in

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the country, why did he choose one where he'd end up playing against Rick's team?

She had been shocked when she saw him at the mall. For a moment the old fear had grabbed hold of her. The narrowed, intent look when he spotted and recognized her, lips tightened to a thin line, jaw set. She'd seen that look all too often. Up close and way too personal. But he hadn't approached them, and she breathed a sigh of relief, pivoting the opposite way, directing Rick to another boutique. She should have known better. And she should have told Rick about him.

She jabbed the button on the elevator panel, wanting to hurry the snail-paced progress of the car to the parking garage. This is what Craig had waited for. If he couldn't get to her, he'd do the next best thing and try to hurt Rick.

She'd never meant to get involved with another hockey player ever again. It was a fluke that she'd met Rick Ballantine in the least likely way. And it hadn't been until a couple of dates later, after she'd really come to like him, when she was still in the afterglow of making love, that he'd finally told her what he did for a living. By then it was too late.

She knew when the season started she was going to have to face her fears head-on. Now she was going to pay the price for attempting to avoid it all these months. She and Rick had been seeing each other for almost six months and she was already head over heels in love with him. But there was still that little bit of doubt, that fear that one day she would wake up and he'd exhibit the same temper that she'd suffered through with Craig. It was something she couldn't contend with again. Wouldn't.

When the doors of the elevator finally slid open, she raced through them and ran toward her car as she dragged her keys from inside her purse. According to Alice, this incident hadn't been Rick's fault in the least bit. Dammit, she should have told him about Craig, somehow

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warned him about his temper. The man was crazy.

Rick had always been gentle and teasing with her, never really lost his temper—not in the way Craig had done. But Craig had trained her well. Not taking any chances, she'd never even told him when she found a job in Seattle, fearing what his reaction would be. He'd been at an out-of-town hockey game and she'd just packed her stuff and walked out. She did leave him a note, and most of her furniture, and then she was gone.

It wasn't until she'd reached Montana that she felt some of the bands of fear begin to ease up. She hated the way she kept looking over her shoulder, expecting Craig to be hot on her trail. She'd already been in Seattle for a year when she first met Rick. It should have been long enough to be over what Craig had done. But the minute she found out Rick was a hockey player as well, she knew it was far from over and all the old fears reared up once again.

Now that Rick was into the season and she still couldn't even think of attending a hockey game without knots forming in her stomach, she wondered if she would ever forget, ever be able to give Rick the support he deserved. It was the memories of Craig's reaction after losing a game, or if things simply didn't go right for him that kept her from giving Rick the support he had a right to expect. Those were the times Craig took his frustration and rage out on her. Fast as a viper he'd strike out at her, the smile never leaving his face.

At first, she'd tried to be understanding. Hockey was everything to him and the disappointments were hard on him. She tried to tell herself she should be more patient and attentive, then he wouldn't strike out at her the way he did. She was the one who caused it. That's what she tried to convince herself of back then. If she supported him more, he wouldn't hurt her the way he did. Yet the attacks didn't lessen, they became worse.

There came a point when she couldn't cover the marks he left on

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her and finally she went to a counselor. At her wit's end, she knew she needed help. Joining a group and not telling Craig about it helped to give her strength to make plans to leave him. And it was a good thing she'd started to prepare, because when he found out she was attending the group, he went after her hard. She'd never forget that night—it was the one attack that sent her to her own ER with a broken jaw. It was the final straw. Craig had been sorry, treated her with kid gloves while she healed, but this time she knew what would happen and she wasn't waiting around for the cycle to begin again. As soon as he went out of town, she was gone. And she'd never looked back.

The past always had a way of catching up if you tried to hide from it. She'd never told Rick, never warned him. He didn't know about Craig or her history with him back in Minnesota. That woman was a victim and she didn't want Rick to think of her in that way. She always steered the conversation in some other direction. It wasn't fair to him, because now look what had happened. If she had told him, he might have been able to take measures to protect himself on the ice.

She yanked open the door of the car, climbed inside and started the engine. Would he ever be able to forgive her for not revealing her past? She hated the thought of seeing that teasing light leave his eyes. He would be disappointed. But would he call it quits when he found out her whole story? Would he pity her, look at her differently because of her relationship with Craig?

She pulled out of the parking garage and turned left, heading for the ice rink. It was a home game for Rick, so it wouldn't take her long to reach the arena. Would he still be there? Or had Craig done such a job on him that he'd been taken to the nearest hospital on the other side of the city. Would anyone be left at the rink to point her in the right direction?

Stopped at a light, she inhaled deeply. Panic was not going to help her right now, she needed to get control. If she got in a car wreck, it

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certainly wasn't going to help Rick, or her for that matter. It was soon enough after the altercation that she should be able to find someone at the rink who could help her.

## CHAPTER 2

She'd met Rick Ballantine at a charity function. They'd both been on the same bowling team and had done quite well for their cause. He was tall, athletically built with sandy brown hair and twinkling hazel eyes. He had a way of grinning that was infectious. One couldn't call what he did smiling, it was always a grin with a flash of even white teeth. His nose was just a hair crooked, but it added to his engaging charm.

He apparently liked to tease and had chosen her as his target for the afternoon. When they were finished, he'd invited her for pizza and talked about the volunteer work he did and the time he spent with one of the orphaned boys he'd taken on to mentor. As a matter of fact, he was taking him ice skating the following day and had asked her to join them.

She couldn't refuse. She should have known something was up when she saw how well he skated. But her attention was more on his

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interaction with the boy. He was so good with him. Then they'd gone for ice cream afterward. When he touched her hand, she'd felt the oddest sense of recognition that she'd never felt before.

It wasn't just his rugged, good looks that made her wet for him. It was everything about him. She knew about the early effects of dating—the so-called honeymoon stage where everything seemed perfect. It's why she'd tried to control her responses to him. But by the third date, she knew it wasn't any use.

She wanted him to make love to her, and no matter how much she tried to rationalize, there was simply nothing she could do to halt the explosive intimacy that erupted on their third date.

They'd gone to a movie. He'd let her pick it out and she'd tried to be fair. When she told him which one she wanted to see, his stoic expression was so cute she giggled. Then suddenly the expression in his eyes changed to something more solemn, deeper. When his lips met hers, she melted right there on the spot, unable to stop herself. The blazing inferno that his touch lit was something that could be quenched by only one thing, and that was going back to her apartment and having him deep inside her.

They'd never made it to the movie. He'd whisked her away and back to her place. The minute the door closed, they'd begun stripping each other, their lips never really separating as they peeled the clothes from their bodies.

He was so beautiful, even with the scattering of scars over his thighs and arms. He was hot and hard, sexy and sweet, all at the same time. He took the time to grab a condom from his pants pocket and sheathed himself before lifting her, bracing her against the door, and pressing himself inside her, right there in her living room. Oh, God, he'd felt so good. And she had been so wet he'd had no problem entering her quickly.

They had both been of one mind—neither wanting or needing

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foreplay at just that moment. They both needed it hot and hard and fast and deep. Yet it hadn't been rough sex, just very intense and passionate. He was big and his cock spread her, pleased her, filled her. He brought her to climax before deepening his strokes and coming himself. Even in the frenzy, he was gentle, making her come at least once more before allowing her to float back to the ground. He seemed to care about her pleasure and not just his own.

He'd apologized, but she'd refused to let him. She'd wanted it as much as he had, maybe more so. And she'd wanted him again.

They'd retreated into the bedroom and then their movements had altered to slow and sensual. He'd stretched her out on the bed, separating her thighs, and licked every inch of her body. Then she had done the same to him. Hours later they were curled up and it was then he'd told her what he did for a living.

She'd almost come apart when blindsided with that knowledge. But by then she'd already fallen in love with him and she knew she had to give their relationship a chance. He made her feel things she'd never felt before and she didn't want it to end because of her knee-jerk reaction to his profession as a hockey player.

She'd kept a part of herself separate, never attending any of the practices, none of the scrimmages, or any of the games. At every turn she dreaded the day he would confront her about her resistance, yet for some reason he never did. She had to wonder why. Maybe he didn't love her; he'd never actually said he did. But did she love him enough to face revealing her past to him? She hadn't questioned it before this. Craig and what he did to her represented such a solid wall between her past with him and a future with Rick.

Rick was so different in a vast number of ways. She should have realized how different the two men were when she discovered Rick played the violin in a small orchestra ensemble in his spare time. Nothing could have shocked her more. Craig would have laughed

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himself silly at the idea of attending a classical performance let alone playing an instrument like the violin.

Arriving at the arena, she veered into the almost empty parking lot. There was at least one fond memory she had of that violin and Rick's nimble fingers. She couldn't help smiling as she remembered the time they made love at his apartment and he walked back in naked, playing her a love song on his violin. God, it had been so beautiful that tears had come to her eyes. And then they'd made slow, passionate love again. Even now, remembering, tears slid down her cheeks as she pulled into the parking space and switched off the engine.

He was a contradiction, but such a wonderful one. He was a superb hockey player, wonderful with children, a sensitive lover, and a talented musician. What was she waiting for? Why did she still hesitate from committing herself to him? Why couldn't she tell him she loved him? Was it too late? How badly hurt was he?

Locking the car, she hurried across the parking lot toward the side door of the arena. It was all her fault. She should have told him. Why hadn't she trusted him enough to confide her past?

He knew her family lived in Minnesota. She'd told him her father was a dentist and her mother assisted him in his practice, and that she had one sister who lived in New York. She'd shared everything about herself. Except the part about Craig. She just couldn't bring herself to admit what she had allowed him to do to her. Rick cared enough that he was trying to work out his play schedule so that he could accompany her back to Minnesota around Thanksgiving.

He was everything she could have wanted in a man. She knew in her heart he would never hurt her. He simply wasn't that kind of person. She'd tried and tried to convince herself that not all athletes utilized their strength to control the people in their lives with brute force. She wanted to believe it. And every moment she was with Rick she did believe it.

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It was the times they were apart that she would begin to doubt herself and her responses to him. She would try to examine and dissect every little reaction and word. Maybe she needed to return to therapy. She hoped the memories would die away when she left Minnesota, but apparently not. Obviously they still affected her relationships.

She yanked open the door and raced inside, hoping she hadn't come to the realization too late. Would Rick give her a chance to explain? Would he understand why she hadn't confided in him? She could only pray he would give her another chance. She loved him and wanted their relationship to work—she wanted him in her life more than as a convenient bed companion.

The air was chill inside the rink, and she pulled her coat closer. Was it strictly the air in the arena or was it the fear that held her in its grip?

She saw a man picking up litter around the bleachers and she hurried toward him. "Which is the locker room for the Panthers?"

He straightened up and turned, surveying her with watery blue eyes. "Game's done, ma'am. You can't go in there."

"Please, I need to see Rick Ballantine." From the corner of her eye she saw several men walk around the corner carrying small bags. One of them she recognized as a friend and teammate of Rick's. She'd met him and his wife at a social gathering Rick had taken her to. She hurried over to him.

"Brad, where's Rick? Was he injured badly?"

Brad stopped, a surprised look in his eyes until he recognized her. "Hi, Chris. Don't worry, he'll live. He's been hammered down worse than this and skated away." He slung a friendly arm over her shoulder and guided her back around to one of the locker rooms. "He'll be okay. It's just taking him time to get changed. I don't think there's anyone else in there, so go on in. Ever been in a locker room before?" he asked with a grin on his face.

She had been. Once. And had sworn she'd never do it again.

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Lockers hurt damn bad when you were thrown up against them and taken as forcefully as she'd been. She'd had bruises for days. "Yes, I have."

"Okay. He's in there. He could probably use some TLC right now." He studied her for a long moment, and Chris saw the questions in his eyes, although he didn't confront her with any of them. Like why she'd never been to any of the games. He just nodded and gave her a light push toward the door. "He'll be glad to see you, Chris."

"Thanks, Brad." She pulled open the door and stepped inside.

## CHAPTER 3

Her gaze searched the vacant room. “Rick?” she called out.

There was no answer. Clearing her throat, she called out louder. “Rick!”

From the end of the room, she saw someone enter through another doorway, a white towel riding low on his hips. He stopped and looked at her, surprise evident in his expression.

“Rick,” she breathed as she rushed past the bank of lockers, needing to touch him, to know he was okay.

He moved toward her and she noticed he had a slight limp. Right now she wanted to strangle Craig Aspen. How dare he try to hurt the man she loved.

They came together at the center of the room. She saw the angry welts on his face, one eye was just beginning to swell. She reached up to touch the evidence of the altercation.

He clasped her hand. “It’s okay, Chris. How’d you know?”

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"I'm so sorry. Alice was watching some of the game on her break. She told me. I came as soon as I found out."

His fingers stroked over hers, as though trying to soothe her when she should be the one trying to help him. "I know how much you hate the game. I was trying to get cleaned up before I came to see you. I didn't want to make it any worse for you."

"Is that what you think? That I hate it?"

He shrugged and turned to sit on the bench, drawing her beside him. "There are lots of people who hate sports. I didn't write up a list for the woman I love that says you have to love what I do for a living. I'm trying to work around it. Maybe someday—"

She reached up to lightly cup his damaged face. "Oh, Rick, there's so much I haven't told you, so much you don't understand. And it's all my fault."

She saw a wary look come into his eyes. "What do you mean?"

God, how did she tell him? He was certainly going to hate her. "I don't hate hockey. In fact, I love it. I used to play back in high school on the girls' hockey team in Minnesota."

He drew back to stare down at her in shocked disbelief. "Then I don't understand. All this time I thought you hated the idea of what I do and I didn't want to push you. I couldn't stand the thought of driving you away from me for good."

She dropped her hands to grip his tightly, afraid to lose the connection with him. "It was never that."

"Then what the hell is it? Is it me? I love you, Chris, and I thought you might feel the same way. But if I was wrong about the sport, maybe I'm wrong about that as well."

"No, oh, God, no. I love you, too. But it's so much more."

He pulled his hands from beneath hers and reached up to cup her face, forcing her to meet his gaze. "You have to tell me what the problem is. I can't fix it unless I know. I can't help you."

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"I understand that." She paused for a moment. Where did she begin? "Who caused the fight today?"

"What has that got to do with anything? These things happen. Although this guy was way off the wall. Craig Aspen was his name. Why?"

She let out a deep sigh. "That's who I thought it was." She looked up at him. "I know him. I lived with him for two years back in Minnesota. I'm the reason he went after you." Tears pooled in her eyes and slowly began to drift down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry, Rick. I should have told you everything so long ago. This is all my fault."

His fingers brushed at her tears. "Hey, it's not your fault what some asshole tries to pull on the ice."

She sniffled. "But he went after you because of me. He wanted to get back at me."

"Babe, did he hurt you? Did he beat you? Is that why you're so—I don't know—sometimes it feels like you're scared of me. Is that what this is all about?"

She got up from the bench and walked to the other bank of lockers. Her voice wouldn't work and she nodded, unable to meet his gaze any longer, ashamed for being such a coward and not confiding in him to begin with.

"Goddammit! The sonofabitch!" He jumped up from the bench and stalked the length of the locker room. "I should have cleaned the ice with his ass." He whirled around to pin her with a ferocious look. "The bastard hurt you." He stalked back toward her and she cringed away from the anger she saw.

He halted abruptly, his gaze widening. "Are you afraid of me? Do you think I'd do something like that? Can you honestly believe I would ever hurt you? Dammit, I love you, Chris, I would never hurt you, or anyone else for that matter. Don't you know me by now?"

She burst out sobbing and raised her hands to cover her eyes. "Yes,

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I do. Oh, God, of course, I know. But there's just something inside that won't let me forget." She felt his arms embrace her, drawing her close to his naked chest. She felt the heat, the strength beating beneath her cheek.

"God, Chris. I love you. I want to help you. Tell me what to do."

She sniffled and looked up at him. "On the way here I decided I need to go back into therapy to help me get over this. I thought by just getting out of the situation, it would all go away. But it hasn't. I love you, Rick, and I want this to work. I hate that I can't come to a hockey game without being afraid and remembering the nightmares. He's ruined it for me. Ruined it for us."

He cupped her face. "I want us to be together. I want to marry you. If you go into therapy, I'm there with you, all the way. You got that?"

She nodded against his chest. "What will happen to Craig?"

"From what I hear he's been suspended for an indefinite period of time. This isn't the first time he's played rougher than he should. It was an unprovoked attack. That's why he was traded off by his last team in the first place. They got sick of it."

"You won't have to deal with him again? On the ice, I mean?"

"It's doubtful. He's headed before a disciplinary committee hearing. He's pushed the line one too many times from what I hear." He shook his head and his arms tightened. "I wish I'd known."

"I really never thought he'd try something like this. Not against you. It just didn't occur to me. He has such a temper. I thought he would have learned to control it. But I guess not."

His hands stroked along her back. "Nah. He was nudging me all through the first two quarters, but I didn't think anything of it. He never mentioned your name. It wasn't until I was moving into position to take the shot with five seconds to go that he came at me. Then all hell broke loose. The refs aren't likely to forget any part of it. After they got him off me, he went after one of the refs. He was like a crazy man."

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Chris shuddered as she remembered very well how Craig could get when he really got angry. “I let what happened with him come between us. I shouldn’t have.” She pulled away to look up at him. “It wasn’t fair to you. I should have told you.”

“From this point on no more secrets. I want to know if something is bothering you. Do you really like hockey?”

She bit her lip. “I used to. A lot. I used to skate all the time, but he hated he couldn’t best me on the ice. He liked to go long and I pushed fast and quick. He had a hard time catching me.” She hesitated, remembering how she paid when she pushed him on the ice. “I stopped skating after a while. The price became too painful.”

“The bastard.”

She looked up at him. “It still doesn’t excuse how I’ve treated you.”

“Don’t do that, Chris. You had no way of knowing I wouldn’t turn out like him. But I wish you had confided in me and we could have worked it out together. God, I’m surprised you didn’t boot me out the door when I told you what I do for a living.”

“It was too late. I already felt too much for you by then, but the memories wouldn’t go away. I don’t know if I can get past them—if I can really enjoy the game again. Especially after what he tried to do today.”

She looked up at him and caught her breath when she saw that devilish twinkle in his hazel eyes. And then he grinned. “How about I give you some new memories to replace them?”

Her eyes widened. “What are you suggesting?”

“I think maybe a little therapy might be in line—beginning now.”

Understanding the look in his eyes, she gasped. “You can’t be serious. Anyone could walk in.”

He tugged her closer. “Nope. Not this afternoon. We’ve pretty much got the place to ourselves. And I really think you and I need a little therapy session.” He leaned closer and his lips hovered near hers.

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“In fact, I insist upon it. Unless this ugly face of mine has you scared.”

She reached up to stroke his bruised jaw. “You could never be ugly to me. But it must hurt.”

“Not nearly as much as it would to lose you if we can’t find a way past this. You understand me?”

She nodded. “You don’t hate me for putting you into this kind of position?”

He shook his head. “You have a lot to learn about me, babe. We’re not all cut from the same cloth as Craig Aspen. Not nearly. And I think maybe a little session right now might be just the thing.”

She studied his face, all the bruising that was just beginning to surface. “I think I’d like to try, Rick.”

He feathered kisses along her jaw and up over the curve of her cheek. “Tell me the last time you were in a locker room.”

She stiffened and he pulled her close. “I don’t want to remember. It was with Craig and he...well, he forced me.”

He released her and stepped back against the bed of lockers. As she watched, he reached down and unfastened the towel, letting it drop to the floor. Then he looked at her. “I want you to have your way with me. Right here, on my turf. Make me yours, sweetheart, because the next time you walk into this locker room, I want what we do here this afternoon to be the only thing you remember, do you hear me?”

She shrugged off her coat and draped it across the bench. “Therapy?”

“Well,” he tapped his cheek, “maybe for me, too. Like a little kiss, or two, or three or a hundred to make it feel better.”

Even with the bruises he looked so cute and sexy standing there with a sad tilt to his lips. She quickly glanced toward the door and then back at him. “I think a little therapy all around might just be what the doctor ordered.”

Unbuttoning the front of her work tunic, she started walking toward him.

## CHAPTER 4

He waited for her patiently. At least by the expression on his face, but his cock jutted out, beckoning her forward.

“Therapy, huh?”

The corner of his mouth curled up. “Yeah. You offer the best TLC this side of heaven.”

She felt herself color and her face grew warm. “You’re a man with a lot of patience and I should have realized it a whole lot sooner.” She dropped her shirt to the bench, then toed off her shoes, and pushed her pants down over her hips. She stood there looking at him, and he held out his arms.

She felt no hesitation in going to him. When his strength enveloped her, it made her feel finally she was in the right place, with no hesitation.

“You’re the woman who has my heart wrapped right around her little pinky.”

## *THErapy*

Reaching up she touched his lips, then on tiptoes claimed his mouth with hers. Her hands dropped to tease his puckered nipples, then feathered down across his broad chest, to narrow, lean hips, and circled around to cup his tight buttocks.

Breaking the kiss, she glanced up at him, hoping everything she felt was there for him to see. He raised his hands to cup her face, gazing at her as though memorizing the look, and then he smiled. "It's not there."

"What?"

"The shield I always see. It's gone and I can see that light I was certain you had hidden inside. Right now it's so bright it could damn well challenge the winning numbers on a scoreboard."

In her estimation that was saying something. "I love you, Rick."

This time his smile was gentle. "I know, sweetheart. But you were always keeping something from me and I couldn't figure out what it was." He leaned down to feather kisses over her forehead and along her jaw. "I'm glad you finally confided in me. I was afraid it wasn't going to work—that what I did for a living would eventually pull us apart. If you hated hockey so much, I knew, deep down, we weren't going to be able to make a go of it."

Tears again pooled in her eyes as she gripped him tighter. "I wanted to ignore it—pretend it would eventually go away. But it never did." She scattered kisses all over his chest and up along the column of his throat. "I love everything about you. I've just been afraid that if I came here, saw you play, saw even a glimmer of the anger that was inside Craig, I wouldn't be able to stay. I was so torn."

He lifted her against him. "What happens on the ice, stays on the ice. I would never take anything like that home to you. I might get a tad moody, break a hockey stick or two, but I'd never hurt you, Chris. I swear it."

She leaned down. "Make love to me. Please."

The wooden benches were wide. Reaching around her, he quickly

## *THErapy*

spread her coat out with the satin lining exposed. He lay her on the coat, spread her out and then proceeded to remove her panties with his teeth, dragging them down over her legs, along her calves and dropped them to the floor. Starting at her toes, he kissed and licked his way up her body.

Tenderly, he spread her legs wider and her feet dropped to the cool floor, but she was so hot it actually felt good. She was burning for him to fuck her, to make love to her, to be inside her. Her pussy was wet and ready, sensitive and needy.

His hands smoothed along her thighs. "I love touching you. Your skin is so silky and fine. After a day here, pushing myself to the limits on the ice or in the exercise room, do you have any idea how good it feels to lie next to you in bed? Or to share a quiet dinner and just touch you? I don't think I can put into words what you do to me." He leaned forward and she felt his breath at her entrance. When his tongue flicked her clit, she arched with the sensation.

"Oh, Rick, yes."

His tongue traced over her outer lips. His warm, hard hands at her abdomen stroked and kneaded her skin, sending her higher, like skimming over the ice on a winter day. Her body vibrated with life, needing more of him.

And then his tongue dipped inside her, tasting her. She convulsed as desire arced through her. They were light touches, worshipping her body, stroking her gently, hands gliding across her skin with purpose and expertise.

He pulled her passion from her, in ways she hadn't thought possible, in a place where she'd only ever had nightmares. Yet here and now, nowhere could be more perfect, no man, no touch more important than at this moment.

Her emotions began to spiral inside her as his tongue pressed deeper, coaxing and pulling from her. She arched her hips, wanting

## *THErapy*

more of him. As he sucked at her, he stroked her clitoris with his fingers. She felt her climax building, knew she was about to shatter, pushed against him, forcing his tongue deeper still.

His hands and tongue grew more insistent, demanding her orgasm. And then she burst free, crying out with her climax, convulsing with the sensations as he continued to tongue her, driving her onward, until at last he allowed her to collapse onto the bench.

He stretched out over her and began to suckle at her breasts, teasing the erect, sensitive nipples, pulling more from her body. Suddenly, every nerve was alive and open to his attentions and she wanted them connected in every way possible.

“Fuck me, Rick. Now. I need you inside me.”

He looked up at her. “I don’t have any condoms with me. I didn’t expect—”

She cupped his head, drawing him upward. “I’m protected and I trust you, Rick. I really do. I want to feel you inside me. Please.”

They had never made love before without the protection of a condom. He had always been very careful about that.

“Are you sure? God, I want you so badly. I want to feel your hot pussy wrapped around my cock. You have no idea how often I’ve fantasized about making love to you right here. How much I’ve wanted you.”

“Then fuck me. I need to be a part of you here, in your world. Just as you want to give me good memories, I want to give them right back. Fuck me.”

He wasted no more time. She felt him center the tip of his thick erection at her entrance and thrust; her vagina expanded to accommodate him easily. Oh, yes, he felt so good. It was so right—like a right of passage long overdue.

His sex touched the heart of her and nothing had ever felt this right, this perfect. The walls had crumbled and she felt him in every crevice

## *THErapy*

of her body. And then he began to move and she was lifted into the sky. She clung to him, matched his thrusts, beat for beat, welcomed his heat, his drive, his passion. Met him, pressed herself close, dug her nails into his buttocks, driving him harder and harder.

The sky splintered into shards of white ice as her climax shattered over her. She felt him press deep and shudder with his own. The happiness and love she felt at this moment could not possibly be matched.

Finally, she came back to Earth and looked around her as he slid from inside her slick channel. It wasn't some dream, she was really here, in the team locker room, having just been made love to by her hockey player lover. She moved to sit up and he helped her to right herself. Her pussy still throbbed from their lovemaking.

"I can't believe we just did that. Right here."

He leaned down to kiss her, his hand rose to cup her full breast. "It's not the most romantic place in the world, but I don't want you to keep hating this place. Maybe if I pleased you well enough, you'll come back again." He grinned down at her.

She pushed him back onto the bench and straddled his legs, her labia lips open and pressed around his flesh. "Think so?" Her fingers feathered through the dark hairs on his solid chest. "Maybe we should try it again, just to be sure. Nothing like repetition to bring a thing home."

She felt his cock thicken against her wet lips. Raising her hips, she came down over him, his steely length easily slipping inside her. Her fingers curled into his short, thick hair. "This memory is for you." She lifted and dropped down, undulating her hips. She leaned forward and sealed her lips to his, thrusting her tongue deep inside, rocking her body against his.

It was like a raging inferno had taken over her body and she pistoned herself down over his sweating frame. Faster, harder, more

## *THErapy*

demanding. She arched her back and again she climaxed hard and he wasn't far behind her.

He gripped her tightly, his head buried between her breasts, and she allowed the heady vibrations to echo through her. It didn't matter where they were, it was him she wanted, who she needed. And who she loved with all her heart.

They stayed locked in the intimate embrace for long moments with him buried inside her.

She smiled against his hair. "I think I like your brand of therapy."

He lifted his head. "You do? I have to admit I'm not feeling too much pain myself right now. You're not so bad at the therapy stuff yourself." He lifted her and slipped from inside her. "I think a quick shower and then we're out of here. I'm a starving hockey player—I need food."

She laughed and followed him to the other end of the room. As she did, she looked around at the scarred lockers and wooden benches, the discarded uniforms, and for once she didn't feel the slightest twinge of fear.

## CHAPTER 5

She lay on the bed in Rick's apartment staring at the ceiling, a milk-chocolate colored sheet draped over her hips. Their relationship had changed over the last couple of weeks. Before the attack on Rick, she'd never spent a full night in his apartment. A couple hours here and there, but that was it. This was his territory and off her own turf, so to speak. She'd always shied away from it before because it somehow gave him control and seemed to take it from her. She realized it all stemmed from her past relationship with Craig.

Rick kept hinting at them moving in together and she always turned the conversation away from the idea. She stalled, indicating her hours at the hospital were too erratic and would interfere with his schedule and his sleep. Of course, the real reason was because she was afraid.

When two people lived together, that was when you really found out how they ticked. And she was afraid if she discovered something beneath Rick's veneer, she would have to walk away. Make that run—

## *THErapy*

as fast and as far as she could. And what she had thought she felt for Craig didn't even come close to the depth of her feelings for Rick. It would devastate her to have to end the relationship, even if it was for her own good.

Rick had come up with a sort of temporary solution to the problem. More therapy, is what he termed it. She grinned at the thought. He'd started using that term a lot lately. The word was usually interchangeable with making love.

He'd told her that he was willing to compromise. He wouldn't move in with her—she would move in with him—at least temporarily. She'd keep her apartment until she felt totally comfortable, and safe, with him. If she ever felt suffocated or afraid, she would still have her own apartment to retreat to.

She felt bad that she needed that kind of crutch. But the fact that he understood her concerns and didn't fault her for it said a great deal. She stretched and arched, feeling absolutely invigorated. She liked waking up in bed next to him, all warm and cuddly. She looked over the side at her discarded nightgown and grinned. He had become very adept at divesting her of her clothing.

It was Saturday and she'd managed to get the weekend off. Rick had a game this evening and she was going to be there. It was a major breakthrough for her. But after making love with him in the locker room, it really wasn't quite as much of a leap as it might have been. Now *that* had been a major leap and the catalyst that had finally broken the barriers holding her back from committing to him and their budding relationship.

He'd left the bed a little while ago to make them breakfast and told her to stay put. She had to wonder how long this coddling of his would last. It was nice to be pampered, but she had the feeling he was still treading lightly around her, afraid he might spook her. Now it was her turn to try to figure out how to break through the protective barrier he

## *THErapy*

seemed to have built because he was afraid of losing her with some small thing he might do.

She wasn't quite sure how to approach him about that or even if she was really ready to do that. These past two weeks she had, for all intents and purposes, lived here with him. Yes, she still maintained her own apartment—her safety net so to speak, but she'd had no urge to retreat to it during that time. It was still early yet, they were taking it slow, but she felt hopeful—and happy.

Word had come that Craig had been heavily fined for his actions and he was suspended. Gossip said the Cougars planned to cut him loose. There'd been a small article in the newspaper last week that indicated he had left for Europe, probably in search of another team, as no one in the States at this point would touch him. She couldn't be sorry he was gone.

Rick's face was healing nicely and there were only faint marks left to remind both of them of the incident. He told her that he'd go through it again if it meant she could finally trust him and it led to where they were now. She wished it hadn't taken something so drastic to break through the walls she had built around her heart.

At this moment she was so happy, as though a rain cloud had finally lifted and the sun shone brightly. She'd never thought she could be this content and this much in love. Even her friends at work commented on the difference in her attitude. Sometimes it just took something drastic to bring about change.

Tilting her head, she listened. There was a sound coming from the other room, but it didn't sound like the clatter of dishes. Curious, she reached over and snapped up her robe, threw back the covers, and rose from the bed. The more she listened, the more it sounded like music.

She padded through the living room and toward the kitchen. At the door she stopped and gaped. The table was all set out for a cozy breakfast with omelets, muffins, bacon, and orange juice. The plates

## THErapy

were garnished with strawberries and parsley. It couldn't have looked nicer if they had gone out to a restaurant. But that wasn't what caused her shocked pleasure.

It was the naked man at the center of the room with the violin beneath his chin. Well, almost naked. Except for the black bowtie at his neck and black cuffs enclosing his wrists. She wanted to cry and laugh all at the same time. He was so funny, and cute, and sexy, and sweet. Damn him.

They stared at each other for long moments. His eyes were deep, sensual pools as he serenaded her with his beautiful music. She drank in the sight of him. The athletic build, all lean muscle exposed to her view. The dark pelt of hair covering his chest and running down over his abdomen, to the hard cock jutting from a thick thatch of ebony, curling hair. Her man. *Hers*. She felt her juices pooling between her thighs.

Still playing, he walked over to a chair and sat down. Untying her robe, she then let it drop to the floor. She sauntered over to him and she saw his gaze rove over her body, her breasts prominently displayed, a sultry movement of intent.

Her gaze turned to his fingers playing over the strings, back to his face. He shifted on the chair and spread his legs—an invitation she couldn't resist. The music threaded through the air, sensual and beautiful, as she knelt in front of him. She clasped his hot flesh with her hands, stroked along its length, licking her lips.

There was a hint of moisture at the slit, pre-cum glistening over the tightly stretched head. A deep blush to the flesh hinted at how ready and aroused he was, waiting for her. Pulling her hair back, she lowered her head, scenting his heady passion. Her fingers feathered through the nest of dark hair, petting and absorbing the hot feel of him. Her hands roved along his muscular thighs, circling inward, over sensitive skin, and she felt his muscles tighten.

## *THErapy*

She glanced up quickly. His head was cocked to the side, his eyes closed as he continued to play, but the music had altered to a slow and pulsing rhythm, a sure indication of his arousal. She turned her attention back to his bulging erection. Licking across the tip, tasting him, swirling her tongue over and beneath the engorged head. Even above the music, she heard his ragged breaths, just before she engulfed his sex in her mouth.

He was so hot, so silky, so hard. She savored the taste of him, the feel of him, the essence of her lover. She worked her mouth over his glistening cock, letting him know with her mouth how much she trusted and worshiped his body. She felt the orgasm build. He would not be alone. Reaching down with one of her hands, she fingered her stiffened clit, pushing them both toward climax.

The fire built and raged inside her, and she sensed it within him, in his music as he played on and it crescendoed over them, filling the room with their passion. At the same moment as she orgasmed, he spurted his seed into her mouth and she gulped greedily at the essence of this man she loved with her whole heart.

The violin music ended, but the music still swirled through her, filling her—every crevice touched by the joy of being with her lover.

Allowing his softening cock to slip from her mouth, she licked her lips and glanced up at him. He had laid aside his violin and now reached down to lift her onto his lap, his cock nestled against her sensitive, wet pussy.

“That was beautiful, Rick. So beautiful.” She lay her head against his chest and sighed with contentment. She inhaled the scents of the passion mingled with the savory breakfast he had prepared. “You are a man of many talents.”

And self-control. Was there a message in this someplace? He had continued playing almost up until the last moment as his seed spilled into her mouth. He seemed to never forget who or where he was. He

## *THErapy*

had wanted her to know pleasure, that he would always consider her first. Could she do any less for him? He tried in every way possible to show her that she could trust him. No matter where they were or what they were doing.

“Time for breakfast. I’m a growing hockey player—between you and the ice, I’m going to need my strength.”

She giggled and would have moved from his lap, but his hands anchored her firmly in place. “I said I need to eat, I didn’t say you had to go anywhere. Stay right where you are.” He lifted a fork with a piece of the omelet and held it in front of her mouth. “Open wide.”

When she did, he placed the piece of omelet in her mouth and then brought his lips to hers. His tongue swiped inside to lift the piece from her mouth into his, his lips devouring her as he swallowed. He lifted away and grinned. “Now that was perfect.” He brought a piece of omelet to his own mouth. “Your turn,” he said just before he popped it into his mouth and waited.

“You have an interesting way of consuming breakfast,” she responded as she leaned forward to secure her own piece of omelet. What a sexy way to enjoy breakfast.

It was a long time before they finished. In the end, they were both smeared with strawberry jelly. Then he lay her on the cool tiles of the floor and sank his cock into her greedy pussy. He moved in long, sensual strokes, undulating and pressing against her clit as he lapped away at the jelly covering her breasts. Her orgasm was fast and hard, pulsing deep inside.

When it was over, she lay beneath him, unable to move, sated from lovemaking and breakfast.

She saw him glance at the clock and then pull away. “I’m afraid we’ve got to go. I don’t want to get fined for being late.” He pulled her to her feet.

“I’ll clean up here while you get ready.”

## *THErapy*

“You don’t have to do that. I made the mess, I’ll take care of it later.”

She raised a finger to swipe at a fleck of jelly at the corner of his lips and then sucked it from her finger as he watched. “This is a partnership we’re developing here. You made breakfast—and served it delightfully. Provided the beautiful music. I think the least I can do for my part is clean up.” She pushed him toward the doorway. “Go.”

He stopped and turned to look at her and she saw uncertainty in his eyes. “This is a partnership, right? In everything. I know it’s too soon, but you know I want it to be permanent some day. When you’re ready.”

She leaned up to kiss him. “I know,” she whispered. “But you can stop tiptoeing around. I believe you. I believe *in* you. Your *therapy* is working.”

The uncertainty disappeared and the boyish grin was back in its place. “Good.” Her eyes were riveted to his cute, tight, bare ass as he jogged toward the bedroom. He stopped at the doorway and wiggled his butt. “Stop ogling my ass and get those dishes done.”

She laughed out loud as she turned, picked up her robe, and saw to the task of setting the kitchen to rights. God, she loved him.

## CHAPTER 6

Rick had a friend who owned a small ice rink in a little town on the other side of Seattle. Rick had convinced him to rent it to him for a couple of hours. He gave Rick the keys and now they were on their way over to the rink. The official hockey season was over, so Rick's schedule had eased up.

Chris was both nervous and excited about the opportunity to scrimmage with Rick. It had been a long time since she'd been on a pair of hockey skates, even for recreational purposes. Ever since Craig she had stayed completely away from the ice.

She and Rick had eased into a committed relationship over the last few months and just last week she had taken the plunge and given up her own apartment. Rick took her out to celebrate and surprised her with a gift. It was a silver charm bracelet with two charms—a hockey skate, and one that said "I love you." He said he planned to add to it, but this was a start. He had really meant it when he said he'd go slow

## *THErapy*

and not rush her.

She wore the bracelet now. She had a habit of touching it often when he wasn't around, to remind her of his presence—to remind her that he was real and not just a figment of her imagination. How had she ever gotten so lucky as to find him? She still marveled at the thought.

They'd gone to the skate shop together to have her fitted for a new pair of hockey skates. It had been a long time since she'd been inside a skate shop and it brought back fond memories of her youth as part of the girls' hockey team. The more time she spent with Rick, the less the impact of Craig's machinations lingered.

Rick had encouraged her to find a therapist and she had. The sessions had helped to some extent, but it was Rick and his patience and perseverance that had really been the therapy she needed.

Another turning point had been attending one of Rick's hockey games. At every turn she'd expected the fear and the dread to return to color her enjoyment of watching Rick on the ice. Was it because of the fact that she still glowed from their lovemaking that morning? Or maybe it was because of the time they made love in the locker room? Or was it the rose he had delivered to her between the second and third periods? Maybe it was all of it. Because her mind was focused on nothing but Rick out there on the ice. And he had been in top form.

One thing it had done was make her yearn to be back on the ice herself, to feel herself gliding across the slick surface and the bite of wind at her face. Already she could feel the adrenalin rising inside in anticipation of being back on the ice.

"I'm going to be rusty."

She saw a glimmer of a grin. "I'm counting on it. I'm not sure if I'm up to being bested by a girl just yet."

"Oh, you think I can't take you, mister? We'll just see about that."

"Want to make a bet?"

She crossed her arms over her chest and jutted her chin. "That sure

## *THErapy*

of yourself, are you?"

"Well, I am a pro, you know."

"What's the bet?"

He turned to survey her for a moment. "Let me think on it for just a bit. I'll let you know." He steered the car into the parking lot, which was lit by one lone light.

They hadn't brought a lot of gear with them since it was just the two of them. Rick wore blue jeans and a black sweatshirt, and she wore navy blue leggings and a bulky white sweatshirt. It was just supposed to be fun.

Rick opened the back of the SUV and pulled out the bag with the skates, pucks, and hockey sticks. He unlocked the door and they went inside. Flipping on some lights near the entrance, the rink lit up.

"Do you come here a lot?"

"I used to come here quite a bit when I was younger. Not so much any more."

They donned their gear and then stepped onto the ice. She couldn't believe how good it felt to be back on the ice. They took their time and skated around the rink several times, getting used to the feel of the ice and limbering up. There was little she had forgotten and before long she was winging over the surface like she'd never left. She knew that tomorrow she'd be sore as hell, but tonight she felt empowered like she never had before.

She saw Rick skate over to the side and grab up the hockey sticks and puck.

"Ready?" he called over to her, his voice echoing around the empty rink.

She skated over to him and halted in front of him, reaching for one of the sticks with her gloved hands. Her grip tightened as she remembered the feel of it. She tested it against the ice, swinging with an experienced stroke. Rusty, but still in good working order. She

## *THERAPY*

turned back to him, a grin on her face. “As ready as I’ll ever be. Sure you’re up to it?”

He snorted, shaking his head. “Feisty one, aren’t you? I bet you’re a terror on the ice.”

“You’re about to find out, aren’t you?”

She followed him as he skated toward the center. She crouched in position on one side, her stick ready, and he mirrored the action on the other side. Their gazes locked. She felt the adrenaline pump through her veins. Oh, this was going to be fun. She nodded and he dropped the puck.

She grabbed for it, but he was quicker and got control of it, pushing for his end of the ice in long, powerful strides. But she was something he wouldn’t be ready for. She was lighter and quicker.

She teased him by skating circles around him, fast and low. Finally, after several circles, she jabbed out with a quick hook, took him by surprise, and gained control of the puck. Skating low and swift, zigzagging down the ice, she headed toward her end of the rink.

He chased her down the ice and just before she got to the net, he swung in front of her. She veered to the right wing, swept around the net, and shot the puck home.

“Yes!” Her triumph echoed back at her, just before he crashed into her sending them both careening to the ice. Her stick dropped away, Rick’s arms were around her and he twisted just before they went down, cushioning the impact for her.

She landed on top of him, splayed across his body, her skates tangled with his. They weren’t going anywhere very quickly. Both of them were out of breath, chests heaving from their exertions. She leaned up over him.

“What was that for? I won.”

He laughed and leaned back against the ice, looking up at her. “You’re perfect, you know that? So damned perfect, I want to fuck you

## *THErapy*

right now. Do you have any idea how beautiful you look?"

She blew a lock of hair away from her face. "You're crazy, you know that?"

He reached up to plant a kiss on her nose. "Yeah, crazy about you."

She couldn't help it, she undulated her hips against him until his erection pressed against her center. She reached up to wrap her arms around his neck. "Well, I'm crazy about you, too. But I won."

He nuzzled her lips with his. "Yes, you did. I'm proud of you. But you're going to be damn sore tomorrow."

She laughed. "Yeah, I know, but it feels great."

"Don't worry, I'll be happy to help with the aches and pains. A long soak in a hot tub will ease out some of that soreness."

"You're a very helpful kind of guy, aren't you."

He rubbed against her. "You have no idea."

Suddenly she felt a cool hand reach beneath her leggings and inside her panties. "Rick!"

"Damn, you're hot. So hot and wet."

She gasped as she felt one of his fingers sink inside her. "Th-This isn't exactly the best place for this. Oh, God—" She pressed against his questing hand, unable to stop herself.

"What better place than this? We belong together, Chrissy. You have to know that. I wasn't sure at first, but now... God, woman, you're my other half. You make me complete. And I'll wait until hell freezes over if that's what it will take to make you see it, too. Really see it."

His finger thrust inside her, retreated, circled her clit, and without warning, the climax exploded inside her. She gasped and clutched at his sweatshirt as the waves shimmered. His hand retreated and his lips fastened to hers, claiming all of her passion.

She was no longer afraid. He had done that for her. And he was right. This was the place to consummate that realization. He had given

### ***THERAPY***

her back her life. In ways she couldn't have imagined. She was with the man she loved more than anything on this earth. He had given her back her zest for life, taken away the fear, and loved her with a passion that was unequalled.

Had therapy ever felt this sweet? Or this good? And it would go on and on.

## ADRIANNA DANE

Theresa Gallup uses the pen names of Tess Maynard and Adrianna Dane. Theresa has been writing since the age of 10. A legal secretary for 30 years, she is currently working on another erotic romance, as well as a full-length romantic mystery/suspense. She has been married for 30 years and has three grown children (a daughter and twin sons), and is a new grandmother.

Writing as Tess Maynard, her first published short story appeared in the ezine, *The Whispering Forest*, in January of 2004. Writing as Adrianna Dane, where adding sensual heat to romance is her motto, *Esmerelda's Secret* was her first foray into the erotic romance genre.

Having traveled and lived from the East Coast to the West Coast, Theresa receives inspiration for her stories from a variety of sources, including music and poetry, and her tastes are eclectic.

For more information about current projects, visit Theresa's websites at [www.tessmaynard.com](http://www.tessmaynard.com) or [www.adriannadane.com](http://www.adriannadane.com).

\* \* \*

***Don't miss No Choice, by Adrianna Dane,  
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