



Museum Rendezvous

Lia Sebastian

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Lia Sebastian © 2006

Cover by Lia Sebastian

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Museum Rendezvous includes explicit language and content intended for adults only.

Dedication

For Mary Elizabeth, who loves museums as much as I do.

Museum Rendezvous

“Olivia, that is one fine man.”

“Uh huh,” I said, without looking up. Stacy meant well, but since this was the tenth time she’d made the comment tonight, I could be forgiven for not turning to see who she liked now. I liked my neck just fine—without the whiplash.

“You aren’t even a little curious?” She nudged me and sighed. “I’ve overdone it, haven’t I? It’s just...you’re so secretive. You could be seeing someone for all I know. I don’t know why I bother.”

“You haven’t overdone it.” I glanced at the rugged-looking man who held her attention. “But I’m not interested. Why don’t you try your luck with him?”

“Hmm.” Her gaze slid up and down, and I fought back a smile. “Maybe I will. Catch you later?” She blew me a kiss and rushed off.

Now I did smile. The guy didn’t stand a chance against Stacy when she turned on the charm. I almost wished I could watch, but I had something else in mind tonight. After one last look at Stacy, who had already begun talking to Mr. Tall, Dark, and Rugged, I made my way to the 19th century painting wing of the museum.

I knew I shouldn’t get my hopes up about finding the man. Half an hour ago, I’d noticed him here, staring at a painting of a nude, lush-figured woman. Surprised, I’d watched while he gazed at the portrait for several minutes. It came as no shock that a guy would enjoy a picture of a naked woman, but his choice surprised me. What had he been thinking as he looked at the woman whose ample body was so different from today’s conventional view of beauty? I’d wanted to ask but hadn’t mustered the courage. Then, Stacy had dragged me away to look at yet another “fine man.”

A quick scan of the rooms revealed no sign of him. He'd left already, and I felt a sharp stab of disappointment. *Why should I be upset?* I asked myself. *Stupid.* The museum was closing in half an hour anyway, so I'd just go home. I turned to leave...

...and found myself staring into his eyes. God, they were beautiful—a deep blue I'd rarely seen. He stood a few feet away, and I felt the intensity of his gaze throughout my body. He was alone, as he'd been earlier. Another puzzle. A man with his classic features and muscled build could have any woman he wanted. So why was he wandering alone through a museum when he could be at a bar or nightclub?

We looked at each other a long time before he turned and walked into another room.

I followed, being careful to stay just out of sight.

He stopped in front of a sculpture, a topless woman in a reclining position. He reached out a hand, as if he wanted to stroke the smooth surface of the marble. I held my breath as his fingers moved closer. Only an inch away from touching the sculpture, he made a fist and lowered his hand. Then he turned his back to me and looked at a framed photo of an embracing couple.

"Do you like this picture?" His deep voice reverberated in the room.

I jumped. How long had he known I was there? Hopefully he hadn't realized I was following him. I stepped closer, turning my attention to the photo. In it, a man and woman wore formal wear, and he held her in a light embrace. "It's nice," I said. "A sweet pose. He's holding her as if she were the most precious person in the world to him."

He nodded solemnly and gestured to the left. "How about this one?"

I shifted my gaze to the photo. *God.* It featured the same couple, but the contrast between the sweet pose and this sensual one made my breath catch. In this

picture, the man's formal shirt was unbuttoned and the woman's dress was unzipped and sliding off her shoulders. Her hand rested on his bare chest.

"Which do you prefer?"

I turned to face him and found my gaze snared in his again. I couldn't look away, didn't want to look away. "This one." I nodded toward the second photo. "Which one do you like?"

"The same." He glanced from the photo to me as if imagining how I would look in that dress.

I closed my eyes, envisioning myself undoing the buttons on his shirt. When I opened them, he stood in front of a small painting that looked like an explosion of red, yellow, and violet. "Um, this is colorful."

The sides of his mouth lifted until he was almost smiling. "Right." Pause. "What do you think it's supposed to be?"

"I'm not sure, but I wouldn't call it compelling."

"Compelling is in the eye of the beholder."

He was right. But I didn't want to look at paintings any longer. I'd already found the most compelling thing in the museum—him. And I didn't want to keep imagining what it would be like to touch him. I wanted to do it. "I know what you mean."

He raised an eyebrow.

"I've often thought that this museum's architecture is compelling, for instance."

"Really?"

"Particularly from the outside."

Our eyes locked for a long moment before he cleared his throat. "I'll have to check it out sometime."

I waited a few seconds before I spoke again. "Yes, you should." Turning away, I began to walk toward the museum's entrance.

* * * * *

Darkness had fallen. Only the moon's light guided my path. I knew he was behind me, though I couldn't hear his footsteps. I walked to the back of the museum through a small archway partially obscured by the ivy. As I stepped inside, I felt his hand slide up my forearm until our fingers linked. He pressed his body against my back and I gripped his hand tighter.

I wanted to feel his hands on me.

"Do you bring men here often?" The words were a low whisper in my ear.

"Does it matter?" I turned to face him, but the darkness of the small alcove hid his expression.

"No," he said, and kissed me.

There was nothing tentative in his kiss. His lips were demanding, saying without words that he had been starving for a taste of me.

I was hungry, too. I opened my mouth, inviting him to deepen the kiss. His tongue plunged inside, and I tasted mint, a hint of coffee, and something else that was uniquely him. As our tongues tangled, I pressed a hand against his chest as I remembered the woman doing in the photo. Might as well get started on the buttons, I decided, as his kiss lengthened. In moments I had unbuttoned his shirt and leaned forward to slide it down his arms.

He took advantage of my position by kissing my neck. My breath hitched as he lifted my blouse up and off. I stood, dressed only in my bra, skirt, and shoes. Judging by the way his eyes widened, there was enough light in the alcove for him to see me, even though we were encircled by shadows.

He reached toward me and unclasped the front hook of my bra. My nipples pebbled under his rapt gaze. “Hell,” he said, before kneeling to take one nipple in his mouth.

“Yeah,” I breathed. His oath seemed appropriate, as I’d never experienced anything that felt this bad...and good.

He lapped at my breast for only a few seconds before he raised his head.

“Don’t stop.”

He didn’t. He simply shifted to suck on my other nipple until my knees nearly buckled. Then, his hands slid up my skirt. He groaned when he felt bare skin where my panties should have been. “Is this for me?” He slid a finger between my thighs, feeling the dampness of my arousal.

“Yes, I—” I gasped at the touch of his fingers as he slid them into me. My hips began moving in counterpoint with his stroking hand. “More.”

“Not yet.” But his fingers moved deeper, sending ripples of sensation shivering through me.

“Please.”

“Tell me what you want.” He almost growled the words against my ear.

“You.”

“I’m right here.” He withdrew his fingers until they barely whispered against my clit.

He was going to make me say it. “Pants off. Condom on. You inside me.”

He laughed, a low husky laugh. “I like a woman who knows what she wants.”

“I like a man who knows when to give me what I want.”

“I’ll give it to you. Hold this,” he said, pressing the fabric of my skirt into my hands as he pulled away. He pushed his jeans down in brisk, impatient movements.

I stared at the tent of his boxers. “I think something wants to come out and play.”

He growled. “Don’t tease.”

“Who’s teasing?” Releasing my skirt, I yanked his boxers down until his erection sprang free. *Sweet heaven*. If only I could see him better... Then again, who needed light? I gripped his cock, making a circle with my fingers and sliding them up and down his shaft.

“Fuck.”

I smiled. “We’ll get there.” I slid my thumb over the crown of his cock and felt a hint of moisture there.

“*Fuck*.”

“Only if you have a condom.”

He pulled away so quickly I almost fell against him as he bent to his jeans.

“You’re killing me.”

“Can you wait on that? At least until we’ve gotten to the good part.”

His answering laugh was a short bark. “It’ll be good, all right.” He rolled on a condom, then tugged me into his arms. “Wrap your legs around me.”

I obeyed, and soon my back was pressed against the alcove wall. Its texture felt cool and hard against my back. Then, I felt the head of his cock at my entrance. I shifted, trying to push myself onto him.

“Not yet.”

I moaned against his throat. “Tease.”

“I just want to make sure—”

“Make sure later. Make love now.”

He lifted his head enough to look into my eyes. I knew he was startled by my choice of words, but I didn't want to take them back. *Making love* might not be the term most people would use for two people having sex against a museum wall, but that didn't change the fact that we were about to make love.

Our eyes stayed locked for so long I wondered what he was thinking. Then he pushed his cock inside me, and I bit back a shout.

His arms wrapped more tightly around me as he began to thrust. "God, you feel good."

"You too," was all I managed. "Yes."

His reply was an incoherent groan as he increased the pace.

I reveled in the feel of him, hot and hard and strong within me. When I leaned in to kiss him, my body tightened around him, mere seconds before his own release.

* * * * *

We'd barely put our clothes back in place when he pulled me into his arms. The embrace was more tender than passionate, and I leaned against him to listen to his heartbeat. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I brought a man to this alcove before. You, one year ago. Only you."

He leaned down, touching his forehead to mine. "I love you."

I smiled. "You're only saying that because you liked my idea of reenacting our first rendezvous."

"I did like it. But I like our bed, too. And sleeping next to you. Speaking of sleep, are you ready to go home?"

"Yes," I said, although I didn't pull away. I loved being in his arms now, just as I had the first day we met at this museum, exactly one year ago. "You?"

“Yes.”

I gently bit his neck. “I want to do this one again.”

“You liked it?” The white of his teeth flashed in the dark.

“I *loved* it.”

“Me too,” he said, taking my hand and squeezing it. “Happy anniversary.”

The End

About the Author

After years of working as a writer, editor, and proofreader, Lia Sebastian picked up her laptop and began writing fiction. Since she loves writing about relationships—and happy endings—romance was a natural choice. Lia enjoys the discovery process of each new story.

Available Now:

Office Relations
ISBN 1-60088-008-8

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What does a man do when he's in a conference room with Sabrina Moore, the woman of his dreams? If the man is Peter Merrill, he's got three choices: (1) Fantasize about her; (2) Notice how sweet she is; or (3) Find out what she's wearing under her suit jacket . . .

* * * * *

When several seconds passed with no response from Sabrina, Peter wondered if his words had somehow affected her vocal chords. She stood staring at him with her mouth opening and closing, as if trying to decide what to say.

It was kind of cute.

He hadn't meant to hurt her—hell, he hadn't known he could. He'd obviously given her the wrong impression, but he was more than happy to enlighten her. Her reaction should be interesting—once she got her voice back. Any second now.

"You do?"

"Yes." He strode toward her. "But you had a few other questions. I sit across the room while we work so I don't smell your perfume."

"I thought you liked my perfume."

"I do. But smelling it for too long makes me want to toss you on the table and see if I can find all the places you wear it by licking your entire body."

"Oh." Her mouth stayed open in surprise.

"I hurry out of here at the end of the day to hide my hard-on from you," Peter finished. "Any other questions?"

She smiled. “Only one. Do you have any condoms?”

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Between Floors

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When Chloe Wilson enters her apartment building, she doesn't expect to see ex-lover Sean Harris, the man who left her six months before. Sean didn't plan for the elevator to break down, but he's not going to waste time wondering what happened. He'll take advantage of it, because his return is no coincidence. He wants Chloe back and will do whatever it takes to convince her to let him back in her life.

* * * * *

Sean couldn't take his eyes off her.

Chloe.

God, he'd missed her, even more than he realized. Just seeing her made his heart feel as if it might pound out of his chest. She was beautiful and amazing.

She also didn't want to talk to him.

He struggled not to show his disappointment. Her response was worse than he'd anticipated. On the way to her apartment building, he had convinced himself that he was prepared for her reaction. He knew she wouldn't leap into his arms and welcome him back into her life. At the very least, she'd expect him to grovel.

She'd surprised him, much like she had the first time he'd seen her. He'd walked into a conference room at her office and been struck speechless by her smile and her laugh. He hadn't been able to do anything but shake her hand. Only after the first charged moment, when he'd touched her hand and felt an instant connection, was he finally able to talk to her and make conversation.

Now he felt speechless again. He had underestimated Chloe. She didn't expect him to grovel. In fact, the cold expression on her face and her clipped responses made

it clear she didn't want anything from him. Groveling would be several steps *up* the list of things she wanted him to do.

He had known their reunion wouldn't be easy. He hadn't known seeing her turn her back on him would be like watching the collapse of his dreams.

Coming Soon:

The Seventh Sense

When Erin Andrews buys an antique ring, her comfortable and practical world is turned upside-down. First she hears disembodied voices and receives threatening notes. Then, she meets researcher Luke Hunter, a man who believes in the mystical...and may be the only one she can trust.

* * * * *

“Can you teach me to do it?”

He looked confused. “Do what?”

“Fight. You teach karate, right?”

“Karate isn’t about fighting.”

“I want to learn,” I persisted.

“I’ll teach you. But we’ll start with something else and work up to karate.” He stood up, turning off the TV with the remote before pulling me down the hallway. He led me to a makeshift gym with standard equipment, weights, and a wide area I guessed was where he practiced karate. Blue mats covered the floor. “Let’s get started.”

Something else turned out to be instruction in balance and lessons in escaping from different holds.

I wiggled against him. “I...want to...do karate.”

“You just can’t remember how to get out of this hold,” he said near my ear.

He was right. I couldn’t remember, and the proximity of our bodies wasn’t helping matters. I stood in front of him, arms at my side, while his arms wrapped around me and rested directly under my breasts. My struggling wasn’t getting me out

of his arms—it was only pushing my breasts against his forearms and making me feel out of breath.

“You’re wrong. I do remember.” I didn’t, but I didn’t want him to know it.

“So?” I felt his chest move as if he were trying not to laugh. “What’s your next move?”

Hell. I wasn’t sure what the move was supposed to be, but I wanted to turn around and push him against the wall. With only a few short tugs, I could get his pants off and my pants off and then I’d wrap my legs around him and sink onto his cock...

His arms tightened a fraction. “You sure you know what to do?”

Oh, yeah. I knew what to do, and the dampness of my panties signaled how ready I was to do it.

“Are you hoping I’ll get bored and let you go?”

No, not even close. “Yes, it’s part of my plan to distract you from whatever you’re planning to do.”

“It’s not working,” he muttered, and I felt his dick swell against me.

Maybe I could use this. He had my upper body immobilized. Now I’d see what I could do with the rest. I wiggled again, this time doing my best to press against him.

“Nice try.” He tightened his arms again.

Okay, that hadn’t worked. I tried to ease my arms out of reach and realized it was hopeless. *Use your head.* But I was so distracted by Luke that I couldn’t have located my head if I had a map and directions.

“Think about it, Erin. If my arms are around you, what does that mean?”

I was pretty sure I knew what it meant. That was the problem.