



RUNAWAY TRAIN

...Delia speared her fingers into his dark hair and held on, listening to the wet lapping sounds as his busy mouth tasted and tormented her. The mind-blowing pleasure of his long tongue as it began to dive into her opening, fucking her like a cock, nearly pushed her over the edge again.

That's when she spotted the man watching them through the window of the door right in front of them. Her heart nearly stopped before panic sent her into frantic motion.

"Tony!"

"Is it an employee?" he asked, his voice muffled against her pussy.

What kind of question was that? Delia fought him, but desire and his strong hands kept her right where she was with her thighs spread and his head between them.

The man peering into the window wasn't wearing a uniform. His eyes met with hers and again a wave of panic washed over her.

"Tony—"

"Is it an employee? Man or woman?"

"No... Man..."

Tony continued to tongue-fuck her and the man in the window continued to watch him do it. Delia could have reclined in the seat so she couldn't see the voyeur, but realized that it excited her he was watching. It pushed her even closer to another orgasm that was promising to be more powerful than the first...

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RUNAWAY TRAIN

BY

ISABELLA JORDAN

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RUNAWAY TRAIN

AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

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For Jim...

*Now leaving on Track 13—
passengers going somewhere, anywhere,
away from what was.
A journey that will change their lives,
their dreams, their passions.
Who knows what awaits at the end of the line among
strangers, lovers, and travelers.
Dangerous missions, secret rendezvous
of delicious temptation.
Next stop? Seduction.*

CHAPTER 1

“Enjoy your trip.” The female attendant smiled at Delia Strand as she made her way down the narrow hallway, searching for her sleeping car room. She nodded to the lady as she walked by.

She’d enjoy the trip all right. The faster she got away from New York, the better.

The private compartment she’d reserved was filled with welcomed quiet and solitude. Delia put up her bags in the overhead space and sank down on the seat without removing her coat. All she wanted to do was get away and get her head on straight. She’d taken two weeks off from her job as an investment broker with the explanation she was visiting family. And that wasn’t a lie. She *was* going to be spending time with her cousin Liv.

Yet she was doing more than visiting. Delia was contemplating a move. She was seriously thinking about a fresh start in a new place away from New York and everything that had been familiar to her for

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the last five years.

And all of this was because of the miserable state of her personal life.

Delia was just tired of the whole fucking relationship game. A long string of bad choices left her heart cold, her body colder. If she found someone she was attracted to instantly and slept with him early on, they'd usually have nothing in common and he'd end up being an insensitive prick who wanted her to be his fuck-buddy. If she found someone who appealed to her heart and mind, the chemistry wasn't always there.

Even when there *was* chemistry, there were issues. God, so many issues. The guy would be a control freak in every single aspect of her life, which Delia couldn't deal with, or he'd reveal a nasty little secret or two. Like he'd had three former wives, all looking for child support, or he had a gambling addiction. Or, worse, he was into alcohol or drugs.

Screw it. She'd visit Liv and take a look at life in Baton Rouge. Visiting Louisiana had always been a treat for her, and Liv had often said she'd thought Delia would like living down there. The pay might not be as good as New York, but the cost of living wasn't likely to be as high either. Delia wanted to explore the possibility anyway.

Besides, she'd always wanted to travel by train and here was her chance. She'd watch the scenery and chill out, spend a week at her cousin's, and come back.

Finally she removed her coat and decided to look for the dining car and maybe the lounge car. Some food and a drink might be just the thing for a restful night. Delia hadn't had many of those in the last five years. There was always some drama. Anger because the latest guy she was dating had stood her up, or called at two in the morning because he was too drunk to drive.

There were the breakups, too, but those and the times alone in

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between weren't always so bad. Delia could be alone. That had never been a problem. Someone always came along like clockwork to walk into her life and turn it upside down.

Her problem was saying no. *No, I don't want you sitting here. No, I don't want to give you my phone number or IM. No, I don't want to go out with you. No, I don't want to get out of here and go somewhere to fuck.*

Yes, Delia knew how to be alone. She could be alone. Damn it, she just needed to commit to it for a while.

Making sure she had her key card, she headed out to find that food and alcohol.

And she didn't care if the hottest celebrity hunk was sitting in the lounge car and hanging on every word she said. He wouldn't get anywhere with her. Dating and worrying about dating had gotten her into this whole mind fuck. She'd remember that.

She would *not* hook up with anyone on this train.

* * *

"Anyone sitting here?"

Had it even been an hour since she'd made up her mind back in her sleeping car about not hooking up with anyone for a while? Delia shook her head at the predictability of her life. She didn't even immediately look up to see who the male speaker was.

"May I join you?" he asked when she didn't answer him the first time.

"No." *So move along, loser.*

The man slid into the seat across from her anyway. *Great.* He was a tenacious loser.

When she finally looked up from her salad and gin, Delia met the gaze of one of the most striking men she'd ever seen. His dark eyes sparkled at her. The ebony locks of his hair hung in loose waves to frame a handsome face. His features were hard, his mouth sensual. He

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had a lower lip she'd like to chew on for a while and a black shirt unbuttoned to show enough tanned, muscled chest to make her mouth water.

Down girl. Remember your new resolution.

"What part of *no* did you not get?" Delia was deliberately rude.

A corner of his mouth turned up. His gaze was steady and so intense she almost looked away. Damn him.

"There's nowhere else to sit."

Shit. A quick glance around the lounge car proved him right. He wasn't interested in her, and she'd just made a giant ass of herself.

"Sorry." Now she did look away, taking a quick bite of her salad.

"You're right to be so confident." His voice was deep and smooth like good whiskey. "If every other table had been empty, I'd still be sitting here."

So her first impression had been correct. Arrogant ass.

"Oh yeah?" Delia asked. "Why is that?"

His dark eyes searched her face. The expression he wore was one of amusement mixed with something underlying it, something wicked. The sheer magnetism of him captured her attention despite her best efforts to resist him.

"Because I haven't seen anyone as intriguing as you in a very long time."

Delia couldn't deny the shot of pure excitement that raced through her at his words. It was just the *way* he said it, like he really meant it. The fact that someone who looked like him had said that to *her* sent pulses of heat racing over her skin. Damn, he looked ready to come across the table and pounce on her.

She'd be damned if she'd let on she felt anything at all about it, but it did pull a rare reaction from her.

"There's a line I've never heard before. Does that usually work?"

His handsome face split into a grin.

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“Does what usually work?”

“You know.” Delia set her fork next to her plate and met his gaze squarely, trying to give as good as she got in the mind game arena. Something about this man made her feel like she was on the defensive, and she wasn’t sure she had a chance of winning. “You spot a woman and you drop that line on her about being the most intriguing thing you’ve seen in a while. Do the ones you pick out just melt usually? Do they play the game for a while? I mean, what happens?”

He shook his head, his grin fading only a little.

“I didn’t say *thing*. You’re not a thing. You’re a woman with thoughts, feelings, needs...”

She’d been feeling all proud of herself for the questions she’d posed and he ruined it for her so easily. In fact, he was smoothly steering the conversation in a direction she wasn’t sure she wanted to go.

Well, she could fix that.

“Yeah, well, you don’t know anything about my thoughts, feelings, or needs. So let’s leave it at that, okay?”

“You’re missing the point.” Idly he stirred his drink with the tiny red plastic sword that floated with the ice in his glass, but his attention never left her. “I can already tell so much about you from just watching you.”

“Great. You’re a stalker?”

“No more than anyone else.”

“I don’t like to be watched,” Delia warned him.

“I’d be willing to bet most of the people you watch don’t either,” he pointed out. “Does that stop you from doing it?”

“I try not to stare at people or watch them, thank you very much. I’m a private person and I try to respect the privacy of other people. A foreign concept to you, apparently, but that’s how I play.”

Again, that grin. It really worked on her insides. Damn it all, intrusive he may be, but he sure was a handsome bastard.

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“Like you respected the privacy of the couple that’s getting ready to leave?” he asked.

As if you could respect their privacy. Delia had been treated to quite a show by the couple just a few feet away from her just before this man had invited himself to her table and started this discussion. The young man and woman had giggled and laughed, clearly fondling each other beneath their table.

“I, ah, don’t think they were really worried about anyone watching them,” she told him.

“How do you know what they thought, felt, or needed?”

Damn him. It hadn’t even taken him five minutes to throw that back in her face.

“I just meant that they were so...preoccupied...that even if I had watched them, and I *didn’t*, they wouldn’t have noticed a thing.”

That devilish grin of his widened.

“Yeah, you watched.”

Delia laughed, but there was no humor in it.

“It was hard not to.”

“Why?”

“If you noticed me watching them, you know good and damned well why I was. I’m not going to sit here and recount it so you can get your jollies. Know what I mean?”

“Do you think it would excite me if you told me how you watched his hands slide up her thighs? Would it excite you to tell me what you saw?”

Delia felt her cheeks warm at the outrageous questions he asked of a total stranger. Her face wasn’t the only thing that warmed. Heat already pooled low in her belly. It had begun earlier as she sat watching the very play between the young couple he spoke of. The young man’s hands had moved all over the body of the woman next to him. Finally they’d slid into the young woman’s panties and her legs were opened

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just enough to give Delia a clear view. It wasn't hard to imagine from the subtle movement beneath the blue silk thong she wore beneath her mini skirt and the pure rapture on her face what she was feeling.

"What did you see?" The voice of the man at her table broke into her thoughts. "Tell me."

Delia almost answered his question, but caught herself at the last moment.

"No."

"I hate not knowing how a story ends."

To her horror he rose from the table.

"What are you doing?" she had to know.

"If you won't tell me, I'll ask them before they leave."

Delia had known this man all of ten minutes. Yet something about the determined set of his face as he stood by her chair left her with no doubt that he'd do just what he said.

She could always make a mad dash to the cash register to pay and then get the hell out of there. She could claim she had no idea who he was, and that really wasn't a lie. They'd all still be on the train for whatever period of time and that was a problem...

All she said was, "Don't."

He cocked a brow at her but stopped.

"Don't?"

"I'll tell you what I saw," she offered. And, oh, would she edit it.

In no particular hurry, he eased back into his seat and lifted his glass, draining it until only ice and the red sword were left.

"I'm waiting."

Nonchalantly, Delia shrugged.

"I saw them sitting together, groping each other. They seemed quite happy. That's what I saw."

If he were pissed off or surprised at the non-explicit recap she gave him, it didn't show. In fact, his expression never changed and the

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intensity of his stare didn't lessen.

"Isn't it amazing how we can take in so little with our eyes?" He leaned closer from his seat on the other side of the table and she couldn't help but stare at his sexy mouth again.

"What do you mean?"

"You saw them groping and fondling each other under the table. That's all your eyes tried to take in. That's all the part of your mind that's programmed to be decent and moral lets you take in. But you know, you can feel with your body and your other senses that so much more is going on."

Delia sure as shit had felt something when she watched them.

"Couldn't you almost feel a man's hands sliding into that neat, buttoned up blouse you're wearing? Could you almost feel fingers in your panties, making your clit ache until you couldn't sit still?"

What are you? A fucking psychic?

"I don't know you well enough to answer that," Delia pointed out, surprised she found her voice to speak. "I'm not sure I know anyone well enough to answer that to be honest."

"You don't have to. The color in your face and the gleam in your eyes tell me everything."

"The only thing you could see in my face is embarrassment because this is a really inappropriate conversation to be having with someone you don't know. I don't even know your name."

"It's inappropriate in your world, not mine." He held out a hand to her. "I'm Tony."

"Delia." She took his hand and shook it though it seemed an odd thing to do considering she should slap his face, return to her sleeping room car, and not leave it until she reached Baton Rouge and Liv.

"Why are you afraid of telling me what you really saw?" he asked her, releasing her hand. "What you really felt?"

"I'm not afraid," she could say honestly. "I just don't have to."

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“You’re afraid.”

Okay, that pissed her off. There wasn’t a lot aside from death and being trapped in a bathroom stall that scared Delia. She knew he just wanted to challenge her into saying what he wanted. Hell, maybe part of her wanted to tell him what she saw and what she thought of it.

A slow fire had been building in her body from the moment he sat down. Delia was definitely in lust at first sight. Yet she wouldn’t allow herself to act on it. It would defeat the entire purpose of her trip to Louisiana, right?

“I’m not afraid. I—”

“Prove it. Watch *with* me this time. Tell me what you see, what are feeling in that moment.”

Here was the part where she *should* make her exit. The guy could be a serial killer for all she knew. Delia had no business hooking up with someone on a train anyway. Best case scenario, they would live within a thousand miles of each other. She should just tell him it was fun, that she was really tired. *Have a safe trip.*

What was he proposing anyway? Did he want to see if they could watch other people make out, fuck even? Did he mean something totally innocent?

No. There wasn’t an ounce of innocence in the man. Everything from his rugged features to the way he carried himself screamed confidence, worldliness...

Sex.

If she went with him, she was asking for trouble.

“What do you say, Delia?”

The sound of his voice stirred the excited energy coursing through her limbs, spreading heat and sensitivity through her body like fever. The invitation in his eyes was pure sin and that pushed the wave of her lust higher.

Delia nodded before she could talk herself out of it.

“Okay.”

CHAPTER 2

Tony never tried to touch her as he led her through a set of doors to another car on the train. He never took her hand or even guided her with a touch at the small of her back. He kept a respectful distance and it really surprised her. Delia found that made her crave his touch, any touch.

The sign next to the door of the car he'd brought her to said "Quiet Car". Tony put a finger to his lips before opening the door without a sound and walking in. He didn't pull her behind him or even motion for her to follow. She could have walked away. Somehow she didn't think he would try to stop her.

All at once she made up her mind to see what he was about. Curiosity and sensual excitement she hadn't felt since her teenage years wouldn't let her do anything else.

Delia followed him inside, surprised to find the car so sparsely populated even though it was getting late. A couple of businessmen

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quietly pecked at laptop computers near the front while another pudgy man sat slumped in a booth near the middle, lightly snoring.

In the very back of the car sat the same young couple from the lounge car. Delia recognized the woman's short blonde hair and the red jacket she wore. They both stopped moving the moment they sensed someone's presence behind them.

Geez, did they have nowhere else to go to get it on?

She went to glance back at Tony and found herself standing alone. He was walking toward the front of the seated area and she dashed after him, nearly tripping on the cord of one man's laptop on her way. Tony took a seat in the very front booth before she could reach him, looking more handsome than any man had a right to. Patting the seat next to him in invitation, he grinned at her.

What on earth did he want her to watch in the front of the "quiet" car with everyone else behind them?

Rather than stand there like an idiot, she sat next to him, looking to him for an explanation. Only he was looking elsewhere. Tony was glancing up into a small round mirror mounted in the corner at the top of the walls. You could see everything going on in the car from where they were sitting, including the same couple from the lounge car she'd watched earlier.

"You were serious, huh?" she asked him.

"Shhh. It's the quiet car."

"Why the quiet car?" Delia whispered close to his ear. Of course he smelled good, like light musk and dark, dangerous man. "Wouldn't they want to go somewhere and make some noise?"

Already the playful pair were back at it. In the mirror, Delia could see them kissing, locked in a passionate embrace. She didn't hear a sound.

Tony's hands were folded on his lap, his gaze locked with hers.

"No, this all part of the excitement, Delia." His voice was a deep

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purr that she could feel against her cheek. It sent a thrill of sensation down her spine. “They’re taking it to the next level. They’ve already played out in the open where anyone can see them. Now they’ve added another dimension. You have to be quiet here. Imagine being in the throes of the most intense sexual pleasure you’ve ever experienced and you couldn’t make a sound.”

Delia’s thighs clenched together at his words, the silky lining of her slacks making the warm wetness seeping from her panties more pronounced.

“You’re not watching, Delia,” he whispered.

Glancing back up into the mirror, she watched in silent fascination as the young man’s mouth trailed down the slim column of the woman’s neck to her chest. He parted her jacket in the front and pulled down the front of her camisole to reveal the white mound of her breast. His lips fastened over the tip and the woman’s head fell back as her fingers clutched in his hair. Without seeming to care that anyone else in the car might notice, he took his time suckling her and then teasing the nipple with open flicks of his long tongue.

The walls of Delia’s pussy quivered as she watched. She could feel Tony’s gaze on her, but she didn’t look at him. She just kept staring up at the mirror because she was unable to do anything else.

It was unbelievable to her that they would do what they were doing in a public place on a train. More unbelievable that she had accepted Tony’s challenge to be a voyeur.

Her own nipples tightened into hard, painful points as she watched the man reveal his lover’s other breast, giving it the same sensual treatment with his mouth and hands as he had the first. Delia’s breath came faster, the heat in her cunt spreading furiously throughout her body.

“Now what do you see Delia?”

He didn’t honestly expect her to speak now, did he?

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Delia continued to watch as the woman hauled up the thin camisole to uncover her breasts while her lover pulled one of her legs over the back of the seat in their booth.

Oh, he can't mean to do that!

"What do you see Delia?" Tony asked again.

When the man kneeled before the woman, whose legs were spread wide, and pulled the crotch of her thong back, Delia nearly came out of her seat. She could make out the smooth pink lips of the woman's pussy in the mirror when her lover lifted her hips in his hands. Delia could feel the same breathless desire that she read on that woman's face.

"Delia?"

"What?" she could barely talk.

"What is he doing?"

"Oh, shit." Delia's clit began to throb as she watched the man's head lower, his mouth covering the flesh he'd revealed. The subtle movements of his jaw led her to know his tongue was busy teasing the woman's pussy and it had to be so sensitive that she wanted to scream. The woman bit her full lower lip, probably to keep from doing just that. Her hands covered her own breasts, her thumbs flicking back and forth over the hard little points that were obvious beneath the thin fabric covering them.

"Still afraid to tell me what you see?"

"No, damn you!" her voice was a hiss that was just a little too loud. The lovers froze but just for a moment when she said nothing more. When they continued their play, she released the breath she'd been holding. In a lower voice, she whispered, "I just..."

"Does it excite you, Delia?"

Did he have to ask?

"Yes."

"What do you feel?"

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"I feel like someone watching a porn flick." Delia didn't know how else to explain it. "Watching it makes you want it."

"No, what do you feel with your body?" Tony's whisper was so low she could barely make out his words.

His expression was one of amusement, calm. He hadn't moved otherwise. His hands were still, his body relaxed. She was coming apart inside watching the woman receiving oral sex from her partner, and Tony was just sitting there, unflappable.

"Do you do this a lot?" Delia wanted to know. "Pull other people into your peep shows?"

"Not lately." He leaned a little closer. "Now I want to know what you're feeling. Can you feel hands on your breasts, Delia? Does it make you want to feel someone's mouth on your nipples? Would you like someone to eat *you* out?"

"You're volunteering, right?" The thought that he'd put her in this situation as a means to seduction pricked at her anger.

"No."

That got her attention. If he wasn't trying to hook up with her, what was all this about?

"So you're just playing a game with me? You think this is funny?"

"I'm not playing a game."

"You don't want me. You're not playing a game. So what *is* this?" She was a little loud, but it didn't stop the lovers this time, and she didn't really give a damn at this point who she disturbed.

"I didn't say I didn't want you, Delia."

Delia rose from her seat, fighting what his words were doing to her insides. She glanced up at the mirror to see the couple were ceasing their activities and were straightening themselves up. She needed to pull herself together, too. In private. Her panties were soaked and she was furious with herself for allowing this man to pull her into his kinky little game.

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“Goodnight, Tony.”

His face was a mask of implacable calm as she marched past him and out of the quiet car. Delia wasn't surprised by his reaction, but it still pissed her off. Was he used to fucking with people like this? Was that his kink?

Well, it didn't matter. It was all a big fat reminder that she needed to do some heavy self analysis and get out of the game for a while. She'd return to her sleeping car to do just that.

And just as she suspected, Tony didn't follow or make a move to stop her.

CHAPTER 3

Delia couldn't sleep. She'd taken a lukewarm shower in the indecently tiny shower stall that had her car's toilet inside it, put on her silk pajamas, and tried to go to sleep. But it was a long time coming with Tony and his wicked game on her mind. When she did drift off, her dreams were filled with sex. Watching the couple in the quiet car and then sex with Tony...

At three in the morning, she gave up. *Damn him.*

Clearly things were getting worse. She'd slipped her very first day out of New York, just talking to a man she met on a train. Within hours, her life was again upended.

No relationship here, however. There were no emotions. Yet her body was on fire. It was quite an epiphany to realize that all the drama before had been her head messing with her or some guy playing mind games with her.

No man had ever been able to evoke such raw sexuality within her

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body, even those she'd had relationships with for periods of time. Tony had managed to make her burn so hot she couldn't sleep and she couldn't get free of it.

The truly remarkable thing was that he'd never tried to touch her. He hadn't gotten anywhere close to making a move physically.

She could masturbate, but how satisfying would that be in the state she was in? Damn it all! Delia found her purse in the overhead compartment, praying she had something with an antihistamine in it that would knock her out. Normally, she would since she was given to occasional allergy problems. This time, however, she had nothing.

The tiny car made her feel boxed in, but she didn't have anywhere else to go at this early hour. The public cars would probably be closed. Now what the hell did she do?

Well, she could still go for a walk down the corridor outside her car. It might clear her head, make her sleepy. She didn't feel like getting dressed, and in the end she decided to just put her coat on over her pajamas. Considering the way the rest of her trip had gone so far, she certainly didn't care if she was seen like that.

As she'd hoped, just getting out of her private car after all her tossing and turning made her feel better. She could breathe now, and her nerves settled a little. The muted sound of the moving train kept it from being too quiet as she made her way down the narrow corridor.

Delia had planned to just go as far as she could and walk back. Eventually she reached the public cars, the quiet car.

Unable to resist, she peered through the windows into the quiet car and her heart lurched in her chest when she spotted Tony sitting just where she'd left him hours ago. *What the fuck?* Had he been there the entire time? Had he found someone else to watch with? What was up?

Walk on. Keep going. All she had to do was walk away. She didn't need a man like Tony coming into her life now to shake things up for her when she was feeling so weary. No, she wasn't going to do it. She

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didn't need this. She didn't want anything to do with him.

Tony was alone in the car and, as if he sensed her presence, he glanced over his shoulder and spotted her before she could dash away. *Well, shit. Now what?* She didn't have to go talk to him, right? Delia knew she sure as hell *shouldn't* go talk to him.

Despite what she knew she should do, Delia found herself walking back into the quiet car. Slowly she made her way to the front where Tony sat. He didn't look back at her.

"Have you been here since I left?"

"Did you miss me?" he asked.

"No."

"I stepped out a couple of times to have a smoke."

"Did you bring someone else back to *watch* with you?"

"Just you."

"Why?"

"I've already told you why."

"Because I'm so intriguing?" Delia didn't try to mask the sarcasm in her voice.

"Sit down."

Did she dare obey his quiet command? Sit alone with him in this car at three in the morning? Especially when all of that nervous, excited energy hummed through her body like electrical currents.

"I can't stay," she told him.

"Where else do you have to be, Delia?"

Damn him.

"I don't *have* to be anywhere. I can choose where I want to be though."

He glanced up at her then and Delia was all but lost in the raw desire she read in his dark eyes as they locked with hers. Lust hit her like a punch to the gut as she stood there trembling, wondering what her next move should be.

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Tony decided for her.

“Sit down.”

Without another thought, Delia took the seat beside him that she'd occupied earlier. She perched on the edge of it, ready for action whatever happened.

“Are these your pajamas?”

“No, they're what I wear shopping,” she retorted. “Of course they're my pajamas. Do you always ask so many questions?”

A corner of his mouth curved up into a sinful half-smile.

“No, I don't usually have to. Most women talk because they're nervous and you know their entire life history in the first twenty minutes.”

Delia nodded. That was true enough. Many of her friends were that way.

“You on the other hand are different. I'm not used to women being so defensive with me. I don't understand that because I haven't done anything to make you feel that way.”

There was absolutely no genuine hurt in his face or voice when he said that.

“You haven't, huh?”

Tony lifted a sable brow at that.

“You completely threw me off balance on this trip. You turned me into a voyeur. You—”

“I didn't make you do anything,” Tony pointed out. “Did I?”

“You're slick.” Delia pointed a finger at him. “You're so damned slick. You've played me like a guitar and I've danced the entire time to your tune, whether I liked it or not. You make me feel like a chicken shit or some sort of prude if I don't rise to your challenge. And I'm not. Then, when I stopped to get my head on straight, which by the way was the purpose of this fucking trip for me, I realized what I was doing while I was trying to prove to you I'm not a coward.”

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“And what were you doing?”

“Letting you pull me apart until I didn’t care about the what or why any more. That’s dangerous, Tony.”

“I wouldn’t put you in any danger, Delia.” Tony leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees, the heat of him seeping into the thick woolen coat she wore. Or was that her imagination? “I just wanted you to feel.”

Well, she sure as shit had *felt*. All damned night. She hadn’t been able to sleep. The walls of her cunt had been pulsing from the moment she’d sat down and his close proximity was driving her wild. It was crazy. This man was a stranger, worse, a kinky stranger, and she couldn’t manage to do anything but sit here and play along while she lusted after him like a bitch in heat.

“And you did feel, didn’t you, Delia?”

She glared at him. “What do you think?”

“I think you did.” Tony sat watching her, the intensity of his gaze made her feel lightheaded. “I think that’s what you need. Why do you believe you need this trip to get your head on straight? Someone fuck you over?”

She snorted at that. “Try lots of someones.”

“What happened?”

“That’s my business.”

Tony grinned at that, but it didn’t back him off at all.

“How did you feel when you were with them?”

“What does it matter?” she wanted to know. “Some I had a lot in common with, but I couldn’t stand the thought of them touching me. It left my body cold. Others I wanted to hop in the sack with right off the bat, and a couple of times I did. But I just ended up being a casual fuck buddy to some sleazy guy. That hurts my heart. So if you know so goddamn much, Tony, what’s the answer? What good does it do to *feel* when something is always missing?”

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His expression stilled and grew serious. No wonder. She had no idea in the world why she'd blurted all of that out. But it was done now.

"You think too much, Delia."

"That's exactly what I need to do right now. Feeling hasn't gotten me anywhere except stuck on this train with you. And you don't know any more than I do or you wouldn't be as alone as I am telling my ass what to do."

"It's the thinking you claim you need to do that has you on this train. You decided you needed to get your head on straight? Who says it isn't already? Have you ever stopped to think that maybe you just made bad choices but the end result wasn't solely *your* fault? What about all of those someones?"

"That's what I'd like to think. But that's self-indulgent."

"What's wrong with that?"

Part of her agreed with him.

"It's just not me."

"I think it is. I think you're just afraid to be you."

Delia shook her head. "You're hung up on this fear thing with me, aren't you?"

"No, you are."

Tony leaned the slightest bit closer to her, and the thought that he might actually touch her had her nerve endings on red alert. She hung onto the edge of her seat like a nervous cat.

"When you see things aren't working out, do you cut your losses or do you try to make it work because you think it's the right thing to do? What do you think you owe them, Delia? You don't owe anyone anything."

He'd struck a nerve. Why *had* she always felt obligated to try so hard to make her relationships work? She could always tell where it was going. Yet the same movie played again and again and the guy

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turned out to be a loser. It never worked.

“Did you ever stop and pay attention to your instincts? You say feelings, but you’re dealing in emotion and love. I say feeling and I mean something else. The most basic part of you that usually knows from the beginning when you’ve got something that isn’t doable or you’ve got something you can’t leave behind. Do you ignore that voice? Maybe that’s why your choices don’t turn out so well.”

Sweat beaded on her forehead now. She was hot in the coat. From the warm temperature of the room or from the sorry state she was in, she didn’t know. She wanted to shrug out of it, but she knew he’d take it as an invitation. If he took her up on it, she knew she wouldn’t be able to stop. If he didn’t and rejected her, she’d be shattered. She was that raw at the moment.

His logic pierced the fog of lust that enveloped her and it was hard to counter. He was stripping her bare on a mental level and he didn’t even know her.

“What can any of us do when we meet people for the first time, Tony? How can any of us really know what we’re getting into?”

“You can.” He shrugged. “Use everything you’ve got. What does it tell you?”

“Bullshit.” No, she wouldn’t make it so easy for him.

“Put it to the test then.” His dark eyes were pools of black lit with unholy desire. “What do your instincts tell you about me?”

Delia cocked her head at him like *come on*. The devil’s grin only widened.

“Don’t tell me what you think I want to hear. If you want me to fuck off, I will. If you want me, say it.”

A drop of perspiration rolled down between her breasts now, and her nipples tightened into hard points. He *had* to know how turned on she was. After all, he thought he knew everything else.

“Stop thinking. What do you feel?”

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“What do you think, Tony? Why would I have come back down here? I couldn’t sleep. I—”

“Do you want me?”

Don’t say it. Don’t even think about saying it. No good can come from this.

“Yes.”

“Then what is there to analyze?”

“The fact that there’s no future in this.”

“What does that matter?”

“That’s the biggest thing that matters.”

“What if that very idea is what’s sabotaging your decisions?”

“So I just fuck whoever comes along and not worry about the future? In this day and age?”

“If your instincts take you in that direction.”

“That’s appropriate in your world, not mine,” she threw back at him. “What happens if I don’t consider the future?”

“Then just maybe you don’t prevent the possibility of the future you seek. Anything’s possible, Delia.”

Delia’s entire body shook and she knew he could see it. He’d stripped away all of her defenses now. He’d made her admit her desire for him. What was left?

“Tell me one thing, Tony, before anything happens.”

“Sure.”

“What do your instincts tell you about me?”

“That’s why I’m here, Delia. You’re something I can’t possibly leave behind.”

In the next instant, Tony slid his fingers into her hair and covered her mouth with his. The level of her excitement was so excruciatingly high she thought she’d have an orgasm from this, his first touch.

CHAPTER 4

Tony's tongue intimately stroked Delia's, and he evoked responses in her that took her breath away. She inhaled his earthy scent and her mouth watered as she wrapped her arms around his neck, her hands sliding into the silky locks of his hair. Her mind spun with the realization of what was happening here while her body screamed for relief, craving his hands as they slid down her body and into her coat. Her panties were wetter by the moment from the juices she couldn't control.

"I love your hair, Delia," he whispered against her ear. "I love the deep shade of red."

His tongue traced the sensitive shell as he filled one of his hands with her breast. The tight peak straining against his palm was almost painful, and the warm shot of his breath in her ear had her gasping for air.

"You're so soft." His teasing lips trailed down to her neck while all

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Delia could do was hang on to him. His fingers were making quick work of the buttons at the front of her pajama top, and she cried out in the silence of the car when his hands slid over the bare aching mounds of her breasts.

“Shhh, it’s the quiet car,” he whispered, flicking his thumbs back and forth slowly over the hard points of her nipples.

Was he serious? How could she be quiet when she felt as if her body would explode? Her thighs squeezed together against the heat and craving that had built in her pussy. Her clit throbbed as it never had before, and her entire body strained toward his.

When his lips burned a path down her chest toward her breast, her breath stopped. He brushed the softest of kisses against her nipple, and the walls of her cunt clenched hard in need. Shit, she’d never survive this!

Tony glanced up at her, a hint of his sexy grin playing around his mouth.

Don’t stop!

“Think about where you are, Delia.”

She could barely draw enough breath to respond.

“You want me to *think* now? Fuck you.”

His grin was back full force.

“We’re getting there. Just consider where we are.”

They were in the quiet car and it was God-only-knew what time of the morning now. Still, even in the grip of the most powerful lust she’d ever experienced or imagined, it wasn’t lost on her that they were getting it on in a public area where anyone could come along and catch them. On some level, Delia was horrified.

Yet her body won the battle, demanded that she surrender to him here and now. Damn the consequences. This was what she wanted, needed. She could insist that they take it somewhere else, but her need for relief was so great she was sure she’d fall over dead before they

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ever made it back to her car.

His warm mouth closed around her nipple now, drawing it in firmly between his lips. She felt that pull throughout her body and bit her lip to keep from making any noise. His tongue was a wicked torment as it laved her and teased her with quick, wet lashes that smashed her sanity.

Delia clutched her fingers in his hair as he pulled back, afraid he'd stop. Only now he teased her nipple with open flicks of his long tongue, reminding her of what the young man they'd watch had done to his lover earlier. Was he doing it on purpose? Did he intend to remind her of what she'd seen in order to heighten her pleasure?

Hell, that wasn't even possible. As she fought for breath when his greedy mouth moved to suckle her other breast, she knew she couldn't possibly be more aroused than she was in this moment. The sensations he pulled forth with his mouth and the hand that slid inside the waistband of her pajama bottoms were beyond anything she'd ever felt before.

Delia cradled his head to her chest, and he took his time lavaging her, teasing her other nipple with nipping bites before soothing it with slow flicks of his tongue. Just as slowly, his hand slid inside the damp heat of her panties and her hips shot out of the seat. She was so ready to come as his fingers searched through the curls at the top of her thighs, delving into the wet folds there until he found the center of her pleasure. Delia pushed her pussy farther into his hand as he began to gently tease the throbbing nub of her clit. He built the unrelenting throb there like he was stoking a roaring fire, and she knew that soon the flames of her desire would consume her. Her hips undulated with the rhythm of his fingers and release was coming. She was ready...

"No."

Delia was beyond words when he stopped. He pulled his hand free of her pajamas, his mouth leaving her breast. What was this? He wasn't just playing with her, was he?

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With his fingers, he smeared her own juices across her lips. Her own private scent filled her awareness.

“How sweet do you taste, Delia?”

She didn’t have time to answer. His mouth claimed hers again and he groaned low in his throat as he licked at her lips, stroking his mouth over hers.

“I want more,” he whispered into her mouth.

Without warning, he moved off the seat, turning her so that he was kneeling before her. With his hands, he pulled her pajama bottoms and panties off in a single swift motion that caused her bedroom slippers to fall lightly to the floor. The leather of his jacket felt cool against the back of her thighs, her calves, as he hooked her legs over his shoulders.

Oh, yes. She wanted his mouth.

Tony leaned forward and nuzzled against the dark red curls covering her mound. When he touched the tip of his tongue to her clit, her orgasm claimed her with blistering intensity. Her high cry rose from her lips before she could prevent it as the climax made her body pulse and shake. Her hands gripped the table before her and the back of the seat until her knuckles were white as she rode out the furious storm of sensation. All the while Tony kept his tongue on her clit, barely moving, but just enough to push her release to an impossible fever pitch. With his strong hands he held her thighs apart, leaving her vulnerable to whatever he wanted.

When the spasms finally began to ease and slow, he stopped to smile at her seductively.

“Can I get started now?” he whispered.

Oh yeah. She was going to die from sheer pleasure.

With his tongue, he began to stroke along the soft folds of pussy. Now his face was buried between her legs doing wicked and wonderful things to her. Her relief was short-lived as he slowly began to build the powerful sensations within her again, only now it made her want more.

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She wanted his cock now, wanted him to fill her. Delia wanted him to fuck her for hours, until she thought she'd never be free of him.

Instead he was slowly torturing her. Delia speared her fingers into his dark hair and held on, listening to the wet lapping sounds as his busy mouth tasted and tormented her. The mind-blowing pleasure of his long tongue as it began to dive into her opening, fucking her like a cock, nearly pushed her over the edge again.

That's when she spotted the man watching them through the window of the door right in front of them. Her heart nearly stopped before panic sent her into frantic motion.

"Tony!"

"Is it an employee?" he asked, his voice muffled against her pussy.

What kind of question was that? Delia fought him, but desire and his strong hands kept her right where she was with her thighs spread and his head between them.

The man peering into the window wasn't wearing a uniform. His eyes met with hers and again a wave of panic washed over her.

"Tony—"

"Is it an employee? Man or woman?"

"No... Man..."

Tony continued to tongue-fuck her and the man in the window continued to watch him do it. Delia could have reclined in the seat so she couldn't see the voyeur, but realized that it excited her he was watching. It pushed her even closer to another orgasm that was promising to be more powerful than the first.

Tony's mouth moved back up to her clit. The walls of her cunt clenched as he began to tease the throbbing little button with open flicks of his tongue.

"Does it excite you that he's watching us?" he stopped long enough to ask.

Delia was watching the man. She was ready to come again.

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“If you don’t answer me, I’ll stop.”

“Yes!”

Lifting her hips high in his hands, Tony began to plunge his tongue in and out of her needy channel again with stiff, quick thrusts until climax shook her once more. Delia writhed and cried out, the voyeur forgotten as she clutched at Tony’s hair, his shoulders while wave after wave of the most incredible pleasure rushed through her body like a river in flood.

After several long moments of listening to the labored sound of her own breathing in the silence of the car, Delia slowly sat up and Tony helped her. Pulling her into his arms, he brushed a kiss into her hair.

“He’s gone now.”

“Did you see him?” she asked as he retrieved her panties and pajama bottoms from the floor.

Tony nodded, a wicked gleam in his eye. “Want to hold round two here in case he comes back, or would you like to go somewhere private?”

“Private,” she barely managed to say.

He watched intently as she got dressed and then he helped her to stand on unsteady legs.

“Let’s go,” he said. “Your car.”

CHAPTER 5

Delia barely remembered the trip back to her car. She trembled and struggled to walk, grateful for Tony's tall, strong frame for support. Somehow she managed to lead him back to her train car.

Once the door closed behind them, Tony hauled her against him and took her mouth with a fiery kiss that had her panting and hanging on to him. They stripped off her coat and his jacket in a heated rush, their lips never parting. He smelled so damn good, like man and sex, and it made Delia lightheaded as she kissed him back with everything she had.

Her mind spun with sensation as Tony stroked his lips over hers. He held her tight against his body, rocking the hard ridge of his cock against her. Her inner walls quivered in anticipation. Her panties were soaked and her pajama bottoms were a wet nuisance that she was eager to be rid of.

"I love how you smell, Delia." A shiver raced through her as he breathed in her scent. His lips pressed hot kisses into her hair, moving

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down to her ear. He brushed a kiss on her sensitive ear before his tongue darted out and traced the shell. "I love your taste. My mouth is full of your taste. I want more."

Delia sucked in her breath as he cupped one of her breasts. She nudged into his hand, her body straining against his. His body was taut with tension, his muscles hard beneath the snug fitting black shirt he wore.

The storm of lust that raged in her body made her a slave to his will. The aching need he'd created in her demanded satisfaction, and only he could give her that. It was beyond her how she'd let this man casually walk into her life and turn her into such a wanton creature in a matter of hours, but it couldn't be undone now. Not with him looking at her with such possessive hunger in his dark eyes. His movements were slow and skillful. She wasn't sure she wanted the slow part.

"I want these gone," he told her, already unbuttoning her pajama top and pulling it off her. "I want to see you."

Okay, Delia was a little self-conscious now. He had to work a little to get off her bottoms this time. If she'd been a skinny little miss like the woman in the quiet car, he could have just romantically slid them down. Delia, however, hadn't been what anyone could call skinny since she was twelve. She had ways of making herself look really good in certain clothes.

Being naked had always been just a little awkward for her.

"Damn," Tony whispered, his gaze raking down her body. "You're beautiful woman."

"Just fuck me." Delia told him what she wanted. She couldn't believe she had, but then everything that had taken place the last twelve hours had been so far out of her experience that it didn't seem to matter.

"Oh, I will. I'm going to fuck you until you don't know where you end and I begin, Delia."

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Tony pulled her close again, the barrier of his clothing reminding her that she was nude. She liked the vulnerability that made her feel. She panted against his chest, wanting to rip his clothes off as his hands slid down her body toward the wet, aching flesh at the apex of her thighs. With his fingers delving into the sensitive folds of her pussy, Delia's control was rapidly slipping away.

"Please," she whispered.

Gently, he lowered her to the narrow bench seat. Delia watched as he easily pulled off the shirt he wore to reveal a muscular upper body that belonged on a stud firefighter calendar, not in her sleeping car. *Damn.*

He unfastened his jeans roughly with impatient hands. He wasn't wearing any underwear and that didn't surprise her in the least. He shoved down the denim and she spread her thighs for him as he approached her. His cock was thick and long, proudly jutting out from a nest of black.

The heat between them intensified, his flesh burning her like flame as he lowered himself onto her. Tony entered her without preamble, thrusting inside her to the hilt. His balls were tight and hard against her eager flesh as her body worked to accommodate him. His cock more than filled her, stretching her as she'd never been stretched before. The penetration felt so fucking good and she nearly came when he slowly began to move within her. Delia wrapped her arms around him, her fingers digging into his flesh as his hips began an intoxicating rhythm.

"Is this good, Delia?" His voice was rough.

"Do you ever stop talking?" she asked in between gasping breaths. Pleasure and pain blurred. His cock was hitting so deep inside her that she felt ready to split in two. His hands roamed freely over her body, finding all the places that drove her wild. His mouth and teeth pushed her lust higher as their bodies slapped together and their moans filled the quiet space.

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“Still worried about the future?” he demanded in a harsh whisper.

Delia couldn't even answer. It terrified her to realize how much she craved him and she barely knew him. Release was coming up fast, and her pussy clenched around him like a fist. Tony responded by pounding into her furiously, making her scream as her body trembled and pulsed. The orgasm exploded in her with an intensity that eclipsed anything she'd ever experienced. Struggling to breathe, she felt like she was going to pass out.

Her new lover wasn't finished with her yet. Pulling himself abruptly free of her, he climbed onto the floor and pulled her legs around to bury his mouth in her pussy. He licked and sucked her until she couldn't help but scream again, knowing she shouldn't because of the cars on either side of hers. When he started tongue-fucking her as he had in the quiet car, she came again. The blast waves of her release shook her until she thought she'd lose her mind.

Delia's thighs quivered as Tony eased her off the hard bench and pulled her down to straddle him. Again his magnificent cock filled her, butting against her womb as he began to drive up into her.

“Fuck me, Delia,” he commanded.

And she was all too happy to comply. His hands guided her as she rode him with abandon, undulating her hips so that his erection hit all the places that gave her intense pleasure. His dark eyes were triumphant as her body milked his cock, flashing at her with an intensity that took her breath away. He moaned beneath her, bucking under her ass to deepen the thrusts. His fingers dug into the flesh of her hips.

Delia was about to come again when his body went taut beneath hers. She climaxed only seconds before he threw his head back and jerked violently within her, flooding her pussy with his sperm. He thrashed and groaned, holding onto her with a grip that was nearly painful until he was spent.

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Delia collapsed on top of him, too exhausted to prevent it.

Tony's arms wrapped around her like he'd been her lover for years. She snuggled against his chest, the thundering of his heart filling her ear.

"Watching is fun. This is better," she told him.

His chest shook beneath her and the deep rumble of his laugh washed over her like a warm bath.

"I suspect just about anything with you is good, Delia." His fingers began to trace lazy circles across her back and the slow movement relaxed her even more, if that were possible. "Still, you have to admit that what happened earlier this evening enhanced your pleasure."

"Sure it did." She couldn't deny it. "But I don't need it to be excited."

"Of course not. That's the key, Delia. True desire is open to many things between a man and a woman. It drove me crazy to watch that other couple getting it on and having such a desirable woman there by my side, watching, growing ready for me. But as exciting as that was, I can't wait to see what an evening is like with you on an old-fashioned date."

Delia pulled up to look into his face, grinning.

"An old-fashioned date?"

"Yes, you know. We dress up, I take you out to dinner. I open the door, push in your chair. Pick up the check. We hold hands down the hallway, make love in the moonlight."

She was glad to hear him say that. It sounded like a wonderful evening.

"You like the sound of that, huh?"

Delia nodded.

"Are you free tomorrow night?" he asked.

"I am. But what if our friends show up?"

The devilish grin that formed on his sexy lips had her heart racing.

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“I suppose we should do the moral and right thing and try to ignore them.” One of his fingers began to wind a lock of her hair around it. “What do you think?”

“I try not to think around you.”

“That’s my girl.”

Tony pulled her down to him and treated her to the sort of slow, gentle kiss that made her toes curl.

CHAPTER 6

“Okay, Delia, what’s up? How was your trip?”

Delia could feel her cousin’s gaze on her repeatedly as she drove them down the highway. *Here we go.* She so didn’t want to talk about this. What was she going to say? *Great trip. I spent all four days fucking this guy I met.*

Tony had been gone this morning when she awoke. The cynic in her had almost expected it, though she’d wanted to believe otherwise. Would it have hurt for him to stick around and least pretend they’d see each other again? Write down phone numbers? Something?

It bothered her more that she missed his smile, the feel of his strong arms wrapped around her as she awoke. She probably couldn’t have survived another day of marathon sex with him, honestly. Her body was sore in places she couldn’t name and her eyes ached from exhaustion.

She wanted to visit with Liv, but what she really needed was to

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sleep for a day or two.

"The trip was fine. How've you been?" Delia thought a subject change would be good there.

Liv's eyes were on the road, in the rearview mirror.

"I've been fine. I just got a promotion and there is a lot more bullshit I have to deal with, but otherwise it's good."

"Are you still seeing Hunter?" Delia asked, happy that the conversation steered away from her.

Liv grinned and nodded. "Oh, yeah. Things are good there."

"Think he'll pop the question?"

"I hope so." Her cousin's happy tone was short lived as she looked in the rearview mirror.

"Someone tailgating you?" Delia turned in her seat to see who was behind them and spotted a sporty black car. The windows were tinted so she couldn't see who was driving.

"No, but they've been behind me for a while now." Liv's gaze flicked nervously to her and back as she pulled off the highway. "You know I'm paranoid since I got mugged last summer."

That had been in New York when Liv had come to visit her and she'd felt terrible about that happening to her cousin. Her purse had been stolen, all her credit cards and cash. It had ruined the last two days of their visit.

Well, it wasn't the only visit to be ruined. Delia really wouldn't enjoy her time with Liv on this trip. No, she'd spend it being depressed about Tony, missing him. It made no sense after all. What had she expected? She'd hooked up with a guy on the train. He could live thousands of miles away, be married, anything. He'd done what he had to, to get what he'd wanted from her. And she'd given it to him.

Now he was gone. End of story.

Delia recognized the street her cousin lived on when she turned on to it. She wasn't able to continue admonishing herself for the last four

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days because of her cousin's panic.

"Shit, Delia. That car is still behind us."

Delia glanced back over her shoulder and, sure enough, it was still there, pulling over as Liv paused at her driveway.

"Shit, what should we do? Should I drive on?"

"You paused. I think you just gave it away that you're stopping here. Don't pull in the driveway. Pull up on the edge of the yard. Looks like you're visiting."

"Okay." Liv did just that, stopping the car at the edge of her own front yard but leaving the engine running.

The black car pulled up behind them and Delia's heart began to pound hard. She reached into the floorboard and easily snatched up her purse, digging in it for her cell phone. She'd call for help if she had to.

"He's getting out," Liv's voice was low.

Delia glanced back again and her heart nearly stopped when she spotted him, approaching their car.

Tony.

Delia fumbled for the door handle and jumped out in an instant, leaving her confused cousin behind.

He wore dark sunglasses even though it was overcast. He looked damned good in the skin tight shirt he wore, revealing the muscular upper body she was so familiar with now. His jeans showed off the rest of his long body to advantage.

"What are you doing here?" was all she could think of to say.

"I think it's kind of obvious, Delia."

He stopped a couple of feet away, pulling off his glasses. His dark eyes were filled with hunger and it set her heart hammering in her chest. "Why did you just run out on me like that?"

Something new had crept into his tone. The confidence he'd exuded since she met him was still there, but it was shadowed by something else. Was that anger in his voice? Frustration?

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Had she been able to draw that response from him? He who had all the answers?

"You were gone this morning," she pointed out. "My cousin was there to pick me up. I had to go."

"I had to pack, Delia." No smile. His expression was a study in intensity. "As you know I didn't have time before this morning to do that."

Okay, she'd give him that. "You're upset with me?"

Tony's took a step closer. The hard set of his jaw answered her question.

"I know what you were thinking back there. You wrote me off the moment I *wasn't* there. You labeled me just another loser. Were you just waiting for the right moment to do that?"

This man could call forth her emotions so easily. She stared at him with her mouth hanging open for a moment before getting a hold of herself.

"I wasn't trying to write you off, Tony." That was the truth. "I just thought what anyone would think."

"And we're back to thinking." He crossed his muscular arms across the wide expanse of his chest. "What is it that you and anyone else would think? Clue me in because I don't get it."

"Think about it for a moment. We met on a train from New York. You could live in Alaska or New Zealand for all I know. Thousands of miles away. What good would it be to continue what we've started if that were the case?"

"What if I did live on the other side of the world? That's just geography. Anything's possible, Delia."

"Sure it is. It's possible that if you do live on the other side of the world, you could come here to be with me or I could move to be with you. But in my mind, what is most likely to happen now is that we'll keep things going by phone or computer and, little by little, it will fade

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and we'll grow apart. It's possible that I'll end up worse off than I was when I started this trip. I'll wind up feeling like a big pile of dirt no one wants."

Out of the corner of her eye, Delia saw Liv emerge from the car. What her cousin thought of the entire scene, she couldn't imagine. She made her way to the house, leaving Delia to talk with Tony in private and she was grateful for that.

Tony approached her until his body was only inches away and she was forced to look up to meet his gaze. She waited to see what he would say to her, but instead he lowered his mouth and claimed hers in a searing kiss. His arms closed around her tightly and he pulled her against the hard length of his body. The pulsing heat of his erection was a brand against her tummy, his heat seeping through his clothing and hers to evoke the incredible sexual craving he'd cultivated in her over the last four days.

When he pulled back, she struggled to breathe, hanging on to him for support.

He took advantage of her moment of weakness.

"Delia, do you think so little of yourself? I wish you could see yourself through my eyes. Even with the negativity that you can't seem to shake, you're an amazing woman. You're beautiful and intelligent. You're filled with the sort of passion that men would kill for. It's hard for me to believe that you would doubt yourself. Even for a minute."

"But, Tony—"

He pressed a finger to her lips to halt her words.

"My turn," he told. "I don't want to hear a bunch of bullshit about geography or compatibility. I don't give a rat's ass about any of that. All I know is how I feel, and I want you, Delia. No matter what. You want me. Let's stop wasting time and make it happen already."

Her heart soared at his assertive words. Her mind balked. It was an easy thing to say. A nice thought. But the odds of it really working out?

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“Stop it,” he commanded.

“Stop what?”

“Analyzing everything.”

“I will if you tell me one thing. Where *do* you live, Tony?”

“An hour from here.”

So he wasn't far away from Baton Rouge, huh? And she'd been thinking of moving here...

“You're not from here,” she threw in. His accent suggested he was from the Midwest.

“Neither are you.”

Delia snickered at that.

“Strange isn't it, that as close as we've been the last few days we never bothered to talk about anything other than...”

“Sex?” He chuckled and tipped his head toward Liv's house. “Who lives here?”

“My cousin. I've come to visit for a week.”

“To get your head on straight?”

Delia grinned at that. She'd wait to tell him she'd thought about moving here. She wasn't about to give him reason to be more aggressive.

And she liked that aggressiveness he used with her.

“Something like that.”

“You live in New York?”

“Currently.”

Tony grinned now.

“Work takes me to New York several times a year. I'm an engineer for a wireless company. If you have friends and family in other places, I'd be willing to bet I'm there, too, now and again.”

Delia wrapped her arms around his waist.

“Meaning?”

“Meaning you'll have to use something besides geography to get rid

RUNAWAY TRAIN

of me,” he explained.

“I’m not trying to get rid of you.” Delia meant it.

“That’s hard to believe.” Not caring that he still held her tightly against his body, he nipped at her mouth with a teasing kiss. “It will take a lot to prove to me that you mean it.”

Feel, damn it. This is real. Feel.

“What are you thinking, Delia?”

She pulled him against her.

“I’m trying not to think, but to feel.”

Tony’s grin widened, took on that devilish quality she loved. His dark eyes gleamed.

“That’s my girl.”

Delia stretched up to press her mouth to his and was rewarded with another searing kiss. His lips stroked over hers in a slow, sensual glide that promised great pleasure as soon as they could manage to be alone together.

Tony was real. His sexy mouth on hers was real.

Delia wanted so much for it all to be real and it was. For the first time, she felt the start of something as solid as the man who held her. She’d never been one to rely on gut feelings or trust any feelings for that matter. Damn it all, she wanted to trust this.

And out there on her cousin’s street in Baton Rouge, Delia kissed Tony with all of the hope and feeling she could muster.

ISABELLA JORDAN

Isabella Jordan is a lucky lady who spends her days with her family, doing volunteer work and writing. She loves creating new stories of all kinds and chatting with readers and friends. Visit her online at <http://isabellajordan.com>.

* * *

***Don't miss Sache's Consort, by Isabella Jordan,
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