

# **KISSING STONE**

**Tielle St. Clare**

## Chapter 1

"Jess. Kit. It was fun, as always. I've got to get to class."

Kit, in mid-bite of her peanut butter and jelly sandwich, nodded as Jackson Knight, Jax to his friends, grabbed his shoulder bag and stepped away from the table.

"What time are you getting out of here?" he asked Kit.

She swallowed quickly, peanut butter clogging her throat. "I've got some kids coming in at six. I should be done by seven."

"I'll be in my office until then. Stop by on your way out. It's Wednesday. McGill's is calling my name."

Again she nodded. In the six months that they'd known each other, it had become tradition. Wednesday nights. Beer and corned beef at McGill's. Jax and Kit. It was like a bad buddy movie.

"See ya later. See ya, Jessie."

Jax turned and walked away—his pale khaki pants highlighting the exquisite male butt and long strong legs.

Kit tried to pull her eyes away, but like almost every other woman in the room, she had to look. Had to watch that deliciously curved tush walk away and think about giving it a light pat, a gentle squeeze. Still, the man was her best friend. She shouldn't be lusting after him. She took a deep breath and once more dragged her thoughts away from sex.

As he turned left out of the dining room, Kit heard Jessie whimper softly beside her.

"I know you said you two are just friends and there's nothing romantic between you—" Jessie spun in her chair and nailed Kit with her eyes. "But sometimes, don't you just want to grab him, throw him on the floor and bounce on him for hours?"

The man was as near to physical perfection as Kit ever expected to see. Tall, with sandy blond hair, a muscular chest, well-ripped arms and a tight ass. And damn it, he was a nice guy.

"Almost constantly," Kit moaned before collapsing onto the table.

"What?!"

Jessie's shriek of laughter drew the room's attention, forcing Kit to straighten and shield her eyes. Though most of the students ate at the other dining hall during lunch and the room was half-empty, Kit hated to be the center of attention.

"Keep it down," she hissed.

"I'm sorry," Jessie said between giggles. "I just wasn't expecting that. You've always professed an undying, platonic relationship. But you're secretly lusting after

him. This is so great. It renews my faith in single women.” Jessie, married for fifteen years, liked to believe that Kit lived a wild and crazy life – filled with wild and crazy sex. Until now, Kit had been a major disappointment.

“Very funny.” Kit sipped her soda and tried to think of a way to steer Jessie off this conversation. “Are you ready? I’ve got some students coming in soon.” In reality, no one was scheduled for an hour but Jessie didn’t know that. Kit stood up. Jessie followed suit.

“So, why don’t you go for it?”

“Go for what?”

“Jax. Mister Tall, Dark and Gorgeous. Not to mention Mister Rich, Nice and He Likes You.”

Kit let her book bag fall to the floor. “Jessie, Jax and I are friends. I want to keep it that way. Even if I could persuade him to –” *fuck me silly* “ – uh, be interested in me, it wouldn’t last. I’ve seen the kind of women he dates and they don’t look like me.” She made a casual wave toward her less than voluptuous body. “And I don’t want to risk our friendship for a few nights of –” *Really, really hot sex.* “ – Uh, you know, romance.”

“Who cares about romance? Go for the sex,” Jessie said, practically reading Kit’s mind.

The tinny ring of a cell phone interrupted Kit’s strangled groan. She silently sent a “thank you” to the heavens when she realized it was hers.

She flipped the phone open and waved goodbye to Jessie all in the same motion. She didn’t care who was on the phone. It got her out of the conversation about Jax and sex.

“Hello?”

“Kit? So glad I got a hold of you.”

It took only seconds for her to run through her memory and attach a face to the feminine voice on the other end. Alison Doyle, the publicist hired to promote the book Kit had written with one of the other professors.

“Listen, we’ve run into a snag with the America Today Show.”

Kit ignored the panic in Alison’s voice. Alison surrounded herself with drama and made a production out of everything. But Kit knew that she would work through it. She usually needed a few hours to rant and rave before the perfect solution presented itself. No reason to get her own blood pressure up.

“What’s wrong?” Kit asked patiently as she headed out the door and into the beautiful spring air. She took a deep breath as Alison once again reminded Kit how important it was to be on the national morning talk show, how it would provide much needed publicity for the book she and Tim Tyler had written.

“So, they’ve scheduled the interview for Friday. And Tim’s in Greece.”

Kit’s co-author for “Living Myths and Legends” spent his free time traveling the world supposedly researching local myths. But since Kit had done most of the research

for this book, she wasn't sure what Tim did during his travels. Not that it mattered. Tim was a great co-author. His writing style matched hers. He was clever and, best of all, Tim loved the press and the public. If it involved a crowd, Tim wanted to be in front of it.

Kit froze up in a group larger than three people.

They worked well together.

"Don't worry," Kit soothed the ruffled promoter. "Tim's scheduled to be back tomorrow morning. Plenty of time to get ready for Friday."

"No. It seems Timmy T. decided to bring home a few souvenirs that the Grecian government views as national antiquities. He's in a jail cell until they figure this out."

Kit sighed. Tim had a knack for getting himself into situations like this. He also had a knack for getting out of them. She didn't doubt he would be back in a few weeks.

"Reschedule." She shrugged even though Alison couldn't see her.

"You don't understand. We can't reschedule. No one reschedules for America Today. It's just not done."

Kit felt her own heart start to pound. This wasn't good. The panic underlying Alison's voice was coming to the forefront. And sounding decidedly real.

"So, what do we do?"

"We have to send someone else."

The silence between them was ominous. Dread the likes she hadn't felt in years crept into her stomach.

"Who?" she asked though she could predict the answer.

"Kit..."

"No, you can't be serious. You can't mean it."

"It has to be you. They want one of the authors. That's you or Tim and it's unlikely they'll give Tim a weekend pass out of a Greek dungeon." Alison's voice was starting to squeak.

"But...you don't understand."

"I do understand. I do." The sympathy in Alison's voice did nothing to calm the churning in Kit's stomach or the rapid increase in her heartbeat. "But it has to be you. There isn't anyone else. Listen, hon, I've got another call. You'll be great. We'll talk soon. Plan on being in the city at six AM on Friday. Ciao."

The connection ended before Kit had a chance to protest. Or to beg Alison to call 911 because she was going to have a heart attack. She stared at the ground a full minute – listening to her heart pound.

Her chest began to bellow. She had to hide, run, escape. Still clutching her phone, she looped her book bag over her shoulder and took off in a full-length stride. Gut-wrenching, skin-peeling fear chased her across campus. The rapid pace seemed to draw

off the excess oxygen her body was consuming and her breath calmed to a normal rhythm.

She couldn't do it. Flat out. There was no way she could talk on national television. No matter how much she loved her book, this hadn't been part of the agreement. She couldn't even speak in front of a class of students. That's why she'd ended up tutoring instead of teaching. The thought of twenty-five faces staring up at her ignited panic attacks that no medicine could quell.

Turn those twenty-five students into twenty-five million viewers...

She couldn't even think about it. She concentrated on walking—putting one foot in front of the other. Distance disappeared. She was vaguely aware of leaving the campus and heading toward the business district. She found herself walking down a street, lined with gunmetal gray warehouses. The scenery was easy to ignore and her mind did so, dragging her back again and again to the reality she was trying to avoid.

*It has to be you.* Alison's voice haunted her, increasing her speed.

A clap of thunder stalled her turbulent thoughts, scattering them as she looked up. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. No predictions of rain. The thunder rumbled again.

And rain started to fall. First in light layers, then with growing strength. Drops splattered onto her cheeks and spilt into her eyes, stinging her skin.

Blinking the water from her lashes, she searched for shelter and spotted a little shop crammed between two warehouses. The sign swaying in a nonexistent breeze declared it The McMac Shop—Fine Irish Goods.

Kit didn't care how fine the goods were. She just needed a place to escape the rain.

The storm was at her back, almost as if the rain was driving her in that direction. She ran across the street. Water dripped from her hair, soaked through her shirt, and shivered down her back by the time she opened the door and lunged inside.

"Whoa. That was weird," she said to the empty room. Or it appeared empty until a little Irish man popped up from behind the counter. That he was Irish there was no doubt. He looked like a leprechaun. Complete with pipe, beard and mischievous eyes. Bigger than she would have expected a leprechaun to be, but still, there was no mistaking the image. *Well, the costume fits the store, that's for sure.*

"Good afternoon, lass. Welcome to the McMac Shop."

"Hi." She whipped her hair back. The chin length strands clung to her face like slimy claws.

"How can I help you today?"

"Oh, I really don't need anything." She looked around at the sweaters and silver that decorated the store. *And there's probably nothing I can afford.* "I just ducked in to escape the rain," she said, a bit sheepishly.

"Well, that's fine then, but I'm thinkin' I can interest you in something that might change your life."

That seemed like a mighty big goal for an Irish knick-knack shop but Kit smiled.

"Come in and tell Murphy what brought you here today."

"Uh, nothing. I mean I was just out walking and..." She let her voice trail away as she wandered toward the counter and the little man behind it. She tried to smile but it was a half-hearted attempt.

"Now, lass, you look like a woman with troubles. You can share them with ol' Murphy here."

Even knowing he couldn't possibly care about her troubles or that ranting about the situation wouldn't help, she found herself telling him all that had happened.

"So, what does your young man say about all of this?"

"My what?" She shook her head in confusion. "Oh, a boyfriend. I don't have a boyfriend, or anything."

Murphy stepped back and stroked his chin as he observed her. "That's odd because you have the aura of someone in love. Or on the verge of love."

Kit choked on the thought. "On the verge of love? I just want to be on the verge of not making a fool of myself on national television."

He stared at her for another long, penetrating moment.

"I think I have the perfect thing for you."

He ducked down behind the counter. Soft crashes and thuds reached her from the other side. She looked at the door. The rain had stopped. She could make a run for it before he stood up. But he had been kind enough to listen to her ramble.

"Here it is. I was afraid I'd lost it and then I'd be in a world of hurt now, wouldn't I?" He straightened. Dust covered his hat and the tip of his nose. "This will be fixin' all your troubles."

*This* turned out to be a piece of...rock. Green rock, appropriate for an Irish store, but still, it was just a piece of rock.

"Uh, thanks, but you know, I don't need any rocks right now."

"This is no ordinary rock." He leaned forward and his voice dropped to a whisper. Kit found herself leaning in to hear him. "This is a piece of the Blarney Stone. The real Blarney Stone, not that one tourists smooch all the time." He leveled that strangely observant gaze at her. "Do you know the legend of the Blarney Stone?"

She smiled. "I do, actually. I deal with legends every day. I believe the tale goes that a man—" She waved her hand vaguely in the air. "I can't remember his name, kissed the stone and was able to keep the queen from taking his castle."

"Not just that. He was able to *persuade her*, convince her. That's what this stone does." He held up the green rock. "You kiss it and you're given the gift of gab, persuasive eloquence." He kissed the rock and placed it on the counter. A strange glow surrounded it for a moment but when Kit blinked, the light was gone.

Great, now I'm hallucinating.

"Now, as you can imagine, I wouldn't sell this to just anyone."

Kit had to stop herself from rolling her eyes. The man was really getting into this sales pitch. Well, she wasn't having it. She didn't need any more knick-knacks cluttering up her house.

"Believe me. It's a special prize for a special person. Someone who will use it wisely. It's a powerful stone but used properly, you can find the most powerful gift."

As she listened, she couldn't help but stare at the stone. His words settled into her head. The stone was pretty and it wouldn't hurt to have it around the house. She could use it as a talisman—to give her confidence when she needed it. Like that feather they gave the elephant to convince him he could fly.

"I think it's made for you, lass. The stone itself is calling you."

She could almost feel it. Something deep inside her wanted that stone. Kit nodded. "I'll take it."

Murphy's smile contained a whiff of triumph but Kit ignored it.

"How much?" As she said the words, a soft voice reminded her that she wasn't going to buy this stone. Somehow that didn't seem to matter now.

"Fifty dollars."

*For a chunk of rock he probably picked up in the street?* She ignored the logical sentiment and opened her purse. Mentally slapping herself for being silly, she wrote a check for the amount and collected the stone.

"It will bring you what you most desire." He looked around, his head snapping side to side as if he was sure he was missing something but didn't know what. He clicked his fingers and disappeared behind the counter again. He popped up almost immediately and slapped his hand on the counter. "And you'd better take those."

Kit looked at the four cellophane wrappers.

"What? You give out free condoms with every purchase?" That was taking promoting "safe sex" a little too far.

"Not every purchase but this is special." He reached beneath the counter. "Take these as well." Two more condoms joined the pile.

Six condoms? Why would he think she needed one, let alone six? "Uh, I haven't used six condoms total in the past two years."

He winked at her. "I have a feelin' that'll be changin'."

Not sure what else to do, she gathered the condoms and slipped them into her purse along with the rock. Her *fifty-dollar* rock. "Well, thanks." She walked to the store window. The rain was gone. The sun dominated the sky again. *Weird storm, weird man, weird day.*

She replayed the encounter as she walked back to campus. And each time she came to the same conclusion.

"He scammed me." She grimaced as she entered the tutoring lab and took her place behind the desk.

She had four hours to go. As she opened the lab, students began to wander in searching for help on every subject from English (her specialty) to math (not her specialty). She did her best to help and logged the questions that required answers. It was a busy afternoon with midterms only a week away. Every time she had a break, her thoughts went back to Alison's phone call and the terror of potentially being on television. Kit looked at her watch. Another hour and she was done. Then she could meet up with Jax. He would know how to get her out of this.

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"I don't think you can get out of it." Jax shrugged and took a sip of his beer. "Your publicist is right. It's a major deal to get on America Today."

He would know. He'd spent years working for promoters and public affairs groups around the country. He'd taken the job teaching Communications at the University because he was ready to leave the fast lane but he knew the ins and outs of publicity.

"I know it's a major deal, but there has to be a way that someone else, anyone else, could do it."

"Kit, it's you or Tim and it doesn't sound like Tim's going to make it back in time."

"And I'm going to kill him when he does."

Jax chuckled and picked up his corned beef sandwich. "I'll call him and tell him he's safer in a Grecian jail."

"Do that." She picked up her own sandwich and munched down. "It's just that—don't they realize this won't help? Having *me* on that show won't make people rush out and buy the book. In fact, it will make the people who have bought it, return it."

"Kit, you're going to be fine."

"Are you nuts? In a crowd of more than two people, I lose all ability to speak."

"Kit, you've got a secret weapon."

She put down her sandwich and waited for him to finish.

"Me. You've got me."

Kit casually scanned the room then leaned closer to Jax. "How is that going to help?"

"This is what I do. What I've done for years. I train people to talk to the media," he explained. He reached across the small circular table and covered her hand with his. "I can help you."

It was difficult to tell which was stronger. The comforting thought that Jax would help her. Or the lust that spun through her stomach as he touched her. She stared at their hands for a long moment and decided to ignore the lust. As she had done many, many times before.



"Don't worry, Kit. I've handled much more difficult cases than you."

Kit raised her eyebrows in mock surprise.

"Okay, well, that might be a bit of an exaggeration, but I think we can do it. I see it as a personal challenge." He lifted his beer.

Resigned, Kit raised hers and tapped his glass. In unison, they tilted their heads back and drained what was left of their pints.

"Kit, Stone, you want another round?" McGill called from behind the bar.

Kit shook her head. Jax did the same.

Kit set her glass on the table. "Why does he call you Stone?" she asked. She'd been curious about that for a while. The hint of a blush on Jax's cheeks made her even more curious.

"It's a stupid high school nickname."

Kit could only think of one reason to call a kid "Stone" — if he was always hard. The idea made her insides all hot and gooey.

"Uh, what brought it on?" she asked, hoping her voice didn't shake with unrequited lust.

"Oh, you know kids. My name was Jackson. We studied Stonewall Jackson and people started calling me that. Eventually, it got shortened to Stone. I told you it was a stupid nickname."

Kit stared for a moment then nodded in agreement. She liked her explanation better—that he was always hard.

"I'm going to run to the ladies room," she announced, standing quickly. "You going to wait?"

"Have I ever let you walk home alone?"

"Uh, no."

Jax smiled and waved his hands toward the bathroom.

Kit grabbed her bag and left the table. She finished in the stall and stepped into the open area, facing the mirror. Her plain brown hair stood out at odd angles, highlighting the sharp, spiky ends. *I look like the wicked witch. Great.*

She opened her purse, there had to be a comb somewhere in her bag. Now that she knew what she looked like, she couldn't go back outside looking like this. What would Jax think?

She stared in the mirror. Her plain face—sprinkled with pale freckles and dominated by large green eyes—reflected back. Why would Jax care?

He was her friend. Tall, gorgeous and sweet. But still her friend. Even if he wasn't her friend, there was little chance he would look at her at all.

Still, vanity prevailed and she dug to the bottom of her purse. Her hand closed around the rock she'd purchased. Pulling it out, she held it in her palm. The stone

warmed her skin and for a moment she thought she saw the eerie green glow she'd seen in the store.

"Fifty dollars for a rock. I'd better have my head examined." She was about to drop it in her bag when Murphy's voice came back to her.

It will bring you what you most desire.

Jax.

Yeah, right. Kissing this rock would make Jax drag her off to bed.

She tossed the stone in her hand but didn't put it away. She looked in the mirror once more. Was it possible to feel any sillier? It had to be the beer but it didn't matter. She was going to do it. She held the stone to her lips and planted a kiss on the smooth surface.

The rock turned hot. Like a lightning strike, her lips began to tingle. The shiver skittered from her lips through her body, stopping to make her nipples rock-hard and speeding down into her sex. The tiny tingle exploded into a sharp ache. Kit slapped her hand low on her stomach, trying to contain the shock. She stared into the mirror, watching her cheeks redden and her chest expand in a long, deep breath.

She held the rock up to the light. This is supposed to give me the gift of gab, not make me orgasm in the bathroom.

With a dazed shake of her head, she dropped the stone back into her purse and fluffed her hair. The boring brown color seemed to capture some of the light giving it a hint of gold. And the ends didn't look scary now—they looked wild but sexy. As if a man's hands had been running through her hair. During sex. Tousled.

I've got sex on the brain, she decided as she left the bathroom.

Jax waited for her at the front door. He smiled as she approached and Kit felt another tingle deep in her sex. She felt empty inside. Empty and waiting to be filled.

She couldn't shake free of the sensation. Where normally she was able to push the desire aside, it lingered, building with each step. She stopped inches in front of him. The pulsing between her legs made it difficult to concentrate.

"Ready?" Jax asked with the same friendly smile he always gave her.

"Oh yes." The simple response came out of her mouth soft and breathy. And alluring. She blinked and stared at Jax to see if he'd noticed. His eyes widened for a moment, then the corner of his mouth kicked up in a half-smile. Good. He thought she was teasing. She could still get out of this without embarrassing herself. "I have an early session." Almost as if it was beyond her control, she took a step closer, until she was inches away from Jax's body. Suddenly, those inches were too much distance. She wanted to be right up against him, rubbing her breasts against his chest. She leaned even closer and stared at his mouth. "I think it's time for us to go to bed, don't you?" The strange, husky, "come fuck me" voice was something she hadn't known she possessed.

Jax's eyes narrowed. "Kit, are you okay?"

"I'm great," she sighed, breathing deeply and inhaling his masculine scent. The smell settled into her chest. The words landed on her tongue, screaming for release. "Mmmm. You smell so good. Like wild sex and warm breakfast muffins." She couldn't believe those words were coming out of her mouth but she also couldn't stop them. "Like hot bodies on cool clean sheets."

What are you saying?

The mental reprimand and the surprised look on Jax's face were enough to stifle her suddenly loose tongue.

She stepped away.

"We should probably go," she mumbled as she reached for the door, and stalked outside, silently cursing herself. What was she thinking? She'd just plastered herself against one of her best friends and practically begged him to take her to bed.

It wasn't like her. She didn't behave like this. She was saying things that...well, to be honest, she'd thought about for a long time but never expected to say aloud. Seducing Jax was not on her agenda. Not that she had to worry. He hadn't exactly grabbed her and thrown her to the ground when the invitation had tumbled out of her mouth.

Jax shook his head and followed Kit more slowly out the door. Was his imagination fucking with him? What was going on with her? Comfortable, quiet Kit was exuding some strange pheromones that made him want to throw her onto the grass and mount her like a bull in rut. She'd come back from the bathroom looking wild and sexy, her nipples pressing hard against her shirt as if she'd been pinching them. He licked his lips. He could spend days worshiping her nipples, loving them, biting them. Sucking them deep into his mouth.

He pressed his lips together and concealed a groan. Too bad the hard-on he was rapidly developing wasn't as easily hidden.

The sensation wasn't new. He'd had similar thoughts about Kit for months. Almost since they'd met. But Kit had made it clear she wasn't interested in anything more than friendship and he could accept those boundaries.

Until she started lowering her voice and standing close to him. Practically rubbing her nipples against his chest. This wasn't the Kit he knew so well.

He wouldn't mind knowing this version of Kit better. He'd always suspected there was fire buried beneath the sweet, shy English tutor. The way she ate gave it away. She ate with passion, savoring each bite like it was the first exquisite taste. It made him hard every time he watched her. But tonight was different. Tonight, when she'd returned, the fire hadn't been hidden. It had been humming across the surface of her skin.

He sighed. It didn't make sense. If she had been bent on seducing him – why the hell did she run away just as it got interesting? He'd probably imagined it all – the sexy whisper, the full lower lip pushed slightly forward, just begging for his teeth. All the late night fantasy sessions were causing him to be sleep deprived. That, along with

being sex-deprived, was probably making her voice sound deeper and her eyes hotter than reality.

"Kit, wait up. This isn't a race." He hurried along the street.

She slowed her steps. "Sorry. I just needed some air."

Though it was dark outside, he knew she blushed. He could hear it in her voice.

"I know the feeling." He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with cooling, calming oxygen.

Kit did the same. Unable to stop himself, his gaze dropped to her chest, watching those still tight peaks rise and fall. It wasn't cold outside but it looked like she'd been rubbing her nipples with ice cubes.

Damn, when had her nipples become so fascinating to him? He'd thought about them before, but never like this.

"Let's walk," he said, spinning her around and setting off at a rapid pace. The walk would do them both good. It would get his mind off fucking Kit and get her mind off...well, whatever, whoever she was thinking about.

"So, what's your schedule for tomorrow?" he asked focusing on her upcoming interview. It would get his mind off sex.

"Huh?"

"What's your schedule? We need some time to work before Friday. That only leaves tomorrow."

"Jax, I really appreciate it." Her tired chuckle was so familiar, so Kit, that his erection—while it didn't begin to fade—maintained a consistent level. Now he just needed it to go down before she noticed it. "But there is no way you can train me, in just under thirty-six hours to be coherent, much less interesting on national television. I'm a researcher. I spend my days reading old legends and hiding in library stacks. That's what I'm good at and that's what I like." They turned down the street where they both lived. Kit's house two from the corner. Jax's three beyond that. "It's not that I'm not thrilled with your offer but it won't make a difference."

"You don't seem to understand who you're dealing with, Kit. I'm a master at media training. I've trained politicians and CEO's of major corporations. I've trained people who were incredibly bright but couldn't put a decent sentence together if they were given a dictionary."

"Yeah, but—"

"I've trained oil company execs to the point that they've been standing on an oiled beach and the press still declared them heroes. I can help you."

They turned up Kit's stone walkway. It was tradition, like their Wednesday night dinner—he waited at the end of the sidewalk until she was safely inside. He turned and took her hands in his, holding them gently but firmly. Kit looked at their connected hands and then slowly raised her eyes to his.

An unfamiliar heat glowed in the green depths – unfamiliar but similar to the one he felt burning in his own chest. The fire was back, bright within her.

“You’re pretty persuasive.” She reached up and brushed the tip of her middle finger across his lower lip. “Can you do anything else with that silver tongue?”

## Chapter 2

As the words left her mouth, she blinked, looking almost as surprised as he was. But the seductive taunting was already creating images in his mind – of sliding his tongue into her mouth, her cunt. Tasting her. Licking her. And he knew he had to do it.

Before she had a chance to retract it, to decide this wasn't a good idea, Jax took the opportunity presented to him. Praying to God he didn't screw up their friendship, he placed his hands on her waist and pulled her the final step to him. And kissed her.

The first touch of their lips exploded in a ball of sensation and fire that landed in his gut. Kit gasped and Jax captured that sound. He wanted it all. This was no light, hesitant first kiss. He took her mouth, and she accepted him. He drove his tongue deep inside the hot moist cavern, absorbing her flavor and locking it into his senses.

Her body slammed against his as she wrapped her arms around his neck. One thought kept spinning through his mind. She wasn't running, she wasn't resisting, she was, oh God, sucking on his tongue like she wanted to swallow him whole. He slid his hands down her hips until his palms rested on the upper curve of her ass. She didn't need any more encouragement. She pressed forward, stretching up and cuddling his erection between her legs. He moaned as the warmth from her pussy flowed through their clothes and into his cock. She shifted against him and he could feel her opening, relaxing and preparing for his penetration. His cock hardened – readying itself to slide into her body.

Kit was desperate for a breath but she didn't want to pull her mouth away. She couldn't believe this was happening. It was Jax and her. And they were practically having sex in her front yard. Surprisingly, that thought didn't freak her out the way she knew it should. Instead, she rubbed against him, massaging his thickening cock between her legs, loving the groans he fed into her mouth along with the hot, mind-melting kisses. A car with a bad exhaust system backfired as it chugged by – jerking her back to reality. They were standing on the sidewalk in front of her house – necking. Kit searched for the strength to pull back. It was difficult, almost impossible. Jax's cock was hard and pressed up against the peak of her thighs, his hands warm on her butt. It was so tempting to hike up her skirt and let him plunge inside. And his mouth...her pussy wept with the need to feel his lips and tongue.

She suppressed a groan and did what she knew she had to do.

It was hard – and God, so was he – but she had to do it. She had to pull back so they could discuss this in a logical fashion. Determined to do the right thing, she peeled her lips away from his and almost whimpered at the loss. With one part of her body disconnected, she forced her hands to his shoulders, easing her breasts from his hard

chest muscles. She could practically hear her nipples cry in protest. One more section left. She had to convince her pussy to release the promise of his cock.

"Listen, I think we should..." *Slow down. Back away. Think this through.* All good sentiments. She stared into his eyes and they flew from her head like bats at dusk. "We should go into my house and fuck like wild bunny rabbits."

His cock pulsed against her crotch. She choked, unable to believe those words had come from her mouth.

"I mean..." She tried to make her mind function normally but it was as if she wasn't controlling her own speech. "I want to feel your mouth on my skin." She stroked his cheek, drawing a line to the edge of his lips. "I want you to go down on me and let me feel that sweet, silver tongue deep inside my pussy." She heard herself speaking. Her voice—and she was sure it was hers because it was saying things she'd thought a million times in the past—sounded nothing like her. It was deep and husky. Mellow. A complete opposite to the fire spiraling through her body.

"I want to feel you lick and kiss my cunt until I come and then I want your cock—hot and hard inside me, driving so deep I can feel you in my throat. So hard I feel like you'll drill through me."

She backed toward her door. The protesting voice in her head was silent as she stepped up onto the porch. Jax didn't say anything. He opened his mouth against her neck, nipping her skin with stinging bites that tightened the delicious pressure in her sex.

"You have such a great mouth," she whispered. "Do you like to eat pussy?"

She couldn't believe she'd asked that question but here, now, it seemed appropriate.

And his answer was perfect.

"I would love to eat your pussy." His deep voice rumbled in her ear. There had to be a connection between her ear and her cunt because she swore she almost climaxed at his sexy growl.

"Good. Because my dreams are filled with your mouth on my skin—" She dragged the words out, feeling their sensuous tone flow through her sex. "Feeling you lick me, taste me."

He opened the collar of her shirt and kissed her collarbone.

"And your cock. I want to feel it inside me, hard and deep. I want you on top of me. I want to watch you come."

"Yes," he hissed against her skin.

Her uncoordinated fingers fumbled behind her back trying to find the knob. The door finally swung open and they stumbled through. Kit kept herself upright by holding onto Jax, opening her legs and letting his thigh settle between them.

He kicked the front door shut and pulled her against him, shifting her hips until her clit rubbed against his growing cock. She groaned and grabbed his head, dragging his

mouth back to hers. A desperate internal hunger billowed up from her sex. She needed him. Needed to feel him inside her.

"Thank God you live alone," he muttered as he trailed kisses along her jaw and he sucked her earlobe between his lips.

"Why?"

"Because no one's going to scream if I fuck you right here in the entryway."

She tossed her head back, pulling slightly away so she could stare at his lips. "No one but me," she purred. "And I definitely want to scream."

She wrapped her arms around his neck feeling triumphant at the hunger reflected in his eyes. She licked his upper lip, teasing him, tempting him to come into her mouth. Jax wound his hand into her hair, holding her in place as he took her up on her offer of temptation. He seized control of the kiss. And Kit let him. He conquered her mouth, plunging his tongue inside. The power with which he entered her mouth was a promising sign to his entering her cunt with equal force and strength. The thought made her shiver and press harder against him. Her nipples rubbed against his chest, heating the already blazing need low in her stomach.

She captured his groan and wrapped her tongue around his, wanting more of the delicious sound and fury.

Deep in the farthest corner of her mind she heard a voice saying that this wasn't right—that it was strange that Jax would be so willing to fuck her in her living room. But despite the nagging voice, there was no way she was stopping this. It felt too good. She might regret it tomorrow but she was going to enjoy the sin before the repentance.

Needing more, needing him closer, she tried to lift her left leg and wrap it around his waist, but the tight line of her skirt restricted the movement. She growled in frustration.

"Jax, please." The breathless sound of her own voice sent flutters through her sex. Jax lifted his gaze to hers. "I want your mouth on me. I want your mouth on my pussy."

Jax would have sworn he couldn't get any harder, but the fierce glint in Kit's eyes and soft whisper of her request made his cock ready to burst. But first, he would give her what she asked for.

He nudged her back against the door and sank to his knees. His fantasies had always remained decidedly vanilla where Kit was concerned—simple, hot sex. But now with Kit begging for his mouth and his cock, a whole world of wild fucks came to his mind. Shy, quiet Kit was a sex goddess.

She looked down at him and he felt like a suppliant kneeling at the foot of that goddess, prepared to worship. He sat back on his ankles, waiting to see where she would take this. Her fingers gripped the soft material of her skirt. He took a shallow breath anticipating the sight. She hesitated and he knew it was to tempt him. He raised his eyes and nearly groaned. Kit had never stared at him with such power. The confidence radiating from her body was unbearably sexy. She was in control and, damn it, she knew it. And she would use him as she saw fit.



After long drawn out seconds, she continued pulling her skirt up, baring inch by tantalizing inch of soft, rounded thigh. Jax watched her slow teasing. The urge to pull her down and drive his cock into her almost overwhelmed him. But this was her show. And there was time for that later. For now, at her request, he had a pussy to eat. He licked his lips.

The skirt slid up. He placed his hands just above her knees, keeping his touch light, making brief forays higher as more skin appeared. She'd asked for his mouth. He would give it to her, in his own way. He leaned forward and licked the inside of her thigh, flashing his tongue across her flesh and feeling her quiver.

"Jax," Kit said with a throaty warning. "You're supposed to save your appetite for my cunt."

The teasing reprimand slammed into his gut, fueling the fire that was keeping his cock hard and ready.

"Just having a little appetizer," he said against her skin. "But it's made me hungry for more." He kissed her thigh, licked again. "Starving."

Again, she laughed. It was a sound he'd never heard come from Kit's throat—sexy and taunting. Tempting him to be man enough to turn that chuckle into a sigh, a scream.

"Well then." She drew her skirt above her hips. "I wouldn't want to keep a starving man waiting."

A vibrant blue strip covered her pussy. The shiny material glowed against her pale skin.

She placed her hand along his cheek, tilting his face until he looked into her eyes.

"I want you to remove my panties." It wasn't a direct command but Jax knew better than to disobey. "With your teeth."

Kit was no longer surprised at the words coming from her mouth. Wherever she'd found them, they were working. She'd just ordered Jackson Knight to remove her underwear with his teeth. And from the light in his eyes—he liked the idea.

Jax's lips pressed against her hip. His teeth scraped against her skin as he bit down on the thin material of her panties. A steady tug pulled the leg of her underwear to the side, teasing her clit. As if he knew what the pressure was doing to her, he tugged again. She grabbed her lower lip with her teeth, trying to hold back the whimper. Sharp tendrils of heat spiraled from her clit, making her cunt even wetter. She let her head fall back against the door and savored the slow slide as he dragged her panties to the ground.

She forced oxygen into tight lungs. Thoughts flew through her head, barely stopping before evaporating in the lusty haze Jax was creating.

He lifted her foot—freeing her from her underwear. She looked down. Jax sat on his heels. It could have been a submissive pose but the light in his eyes told her he was anything but. He looked at her sex, his large hands resting at the top of her thighs.

"Spread your legs for me." His hot breath teased her skin. She took a step, widening her stance. But Jax didn't let her stop there. He slipped his hand behind her knee and lifted her leg over his shoulder.

Cool air kissed her wet pussy. Then fire took its place. Jax pushed up on his knees and placed the softest kiss just above her clit. It teased and tempted but did nothing to satisfy. She tensed for a moment as he traced his tongue down the inside folds of her sex—slow, gentle licks—as if he wanted to learn her flesh. The heat from his mouth melted her, extracting the strength from her legs. The lazy exploration started a slow build of urgency in her sex. She rolled her hips, trying to guide his mouth to the center where she needed his touch.

He ignored her silent direction and licked down, away from her clit, slipping the tip of his tongue into her cunt. He wiggled the end, flicking it against her sensitive walls. A shallow squeal burst from her throat and filled the silent room. She didn't move. Couldn't move. He kept on, licking and tasting—avoiding her clit but coming viciously close until Kit thought she would scream.

More moisture flowed down her sex, drenching her thigh. Jax lapped at the cream. Then, with long, luxurious strokes of his tongue, he moved until he hovered over her clit. Kit waited, panting, holding back the pleas. Just when she thought she'd go insane, his lips closed over the tight bundle of nerves and he began to suck. Kit yelped and dug her heel into his back.

"Oh my God, Jax!"

He pulled back. "Too much?" He followed the question up with a lick along her slit.

"No! It's perfect. Perfect." The sexy, confident demands were gone, replaced by breathless sighs that couldn't form real words. She could only moan as he continued to lick and suck her cunt. Each stroke of his tongue sent her up, until she was at high altitudes and couldn't get enough oxygen. She leaned against the door and let the wild, wet sensations flow through her body. It had been so long since anyone had licked her pussy and Jax was so damn good at it, with a few more deep tongue kisses, she was close to coming. She sighed—relieved when he returned to her clit, his touch alternately light and hard. The rhythm was perfect and she cried out as the orgasm slammed into her pussy and shattered her control. Her right leg weakened and she sagged against the door, grabbing the handle with one hand and Jax's head with the other.

"Don't worry, baby, I'm not going anywhere."

Before she could find the breath to speak, he began again, licking and sucking, re-igniting the fire he'd created. He tilted her hips even farther forward and once again slipped the tip of his tongue between her sensitive lips. The light flutter teased her flesh and sent another ripple of pleasure.

"Damn, Jax, please. I need you."

"You've got me, baby. I'm here."

She shook her head, feeling her hair fall down around her face. "No, I need you inside me. Please."

"Soon."

"Now!"

He ignored her command. Up to this point, he'd let her have control—now he was going to enjoy her as he saw fit. He opened his mouth against her clit. Knowing she had to be sensitive, he kept his touch light, tasting her, feeling her squirm against him. He held her ass firmly in one hand and used the other to spread her sex open. Displayed before him, he let his lips and tongue wander across her wet flesh, exploring her, lapping up her flavor. And absorbing the groans and pleas as she continued to grip his head.

He pushed her, driving toward another orgasm, loving the taste of her, the feel as she moved against him. She was so responsive. And verbal.

She curled her hips forward. He slowly pushed two fingers into her. The hot, wet walls closed around him. He heard his own groan this time. She would be so tight around his cock. He pumped his fingers into her pussy, while he continued licking her clit. Her cries filled his ears and drove him on, desperate to please her, make her scream for him.

The high-pitched squeak was close enough, as if she couldn't believe what was happening to her body.

He lifted his head, pulling back from between her legs. Her thighs were quivering. Jax couldn't stop his smile. He'd made her knees weak. It was a powerful thing for a man.

Kit rolled her head slowly to the side until it fell forward. Her hair hung down around her face, wild and free.

Finally, she opened her eyes. Blatant desire poured from her gaze as she stared down. The sensual confidence remained as well.

"I was right." She rubbed her tongue across the edge of her teeth. "You have an incredible mouth—it's made for eating pussy." She glanced down to his crotch. His cock pressed against his pants as if it was rising to the call of her eyes. "Are you as equally talented with your cock? Because after a really..." She released a sound that was a blend of a groan and a chuckle, and it wrapped around his dick like a fist. "...*really* good session of having my pussy eaten, there's nothing I like better than hot, hard fu—"

He didn't let her finish. He lunged upward, plastering her to the door. His mouth covered, conquered and commanded hers as he plunged his tongue between her lips. He dominated the kiss, wrapping his tongue around hers, biting not-so-gently on her lower lip. She tasted the musky flavor of her own sex. And the hot masculine flavor of Jax.

Exultation flooded her already sated body. Another need came upon her, another desire. She wanted to shatter his control the way he'd taken hers.

He bent down and jerked her blouse open, giving little consideration to the buttons. Kit didn't care. She'd never been with a man so hungry for her that he'd ripped buttons

off to get to her. Jax peeled away her bra. Hot hands encompassed her breasts. There was no time to worry that she was too small, not curvaceous enough. His pleased groan eliminated her insecurities.

He massaged her breasts—lingering on her tight nipples. She leaned against the door, putting inches between their bodies. She felt wild and decadent—topless and fucking in her living room. Jax followed her, leaning down and capturing one nipple between his lips. He began to suck, circling his tongue around the tight peak. His teeth bit down, gently with just a touch of sting. Kit relished the hard touch and groaned her approval. He kissed and licked his way across the valley of her breasts and gave the same attention to her other nipple.

Kit reached between their bodies and gently squeezed his erection. He groaned and pushed into her palm but didn't release her mouth. Her head was spinning but she knew she wanted to touch him—wanted to feel her hands wrapped around his shaft. She opened the button and slipped her hand inside. The warm brush of his soft briefs made her stop and linger, rubbing her hand up and down his shaft.

"I'm going to come if you keep doing that." He gave the warning and then kissed her again. His lips wandered, trailing kisses along her jaw, her neck.

It was tempting to let him control the action but she wanted him—wanted to feel him inside her.

The long downward slide of his zipper was a sensuous experience for her—the quiet buzz as the teeth released, the soft sigh from Jax as she pushed his pants and briefs aside. His shaft bounced free, pushing against her stomach. She wrapped her hand around his cock. It was Kit's turn to groan. Her fingers didn't quite reach around. She'd never had a man this thick before, but oh, she wanted to try.

"Ooh, you're so thick and long." The deep seductive voice returned. She took him in both hands and stroked him. Tension vibrated through him as if his nerves were shuddering with joy. Her words and her hands were getting to him. "You'll feel so good inside me."

"We need to fuck. Now."

As if to prove his point, he pushed his hand between her legs, sliding two fingers back into her pussy. Kit released his cock and grabbed his shoulders as he finger-fucked her. Her knees, already failing her, sagged again and she had to use Jax as support.

"Damn, you're so tight." He growled the words softly, almost to himself but Kit felt them in her pussy. His desperation became hers and she needed him inside her.

She wrapped her leg up and around his back, opening herself to him. The blunt head of his cock pressed against her opening. She tilted her hips forward, preparing for the heavy penetration.

"Damn."

The soft curse shook Kit. More than the curse, the fact that he stopped and even pulled back sent panic through her core. He couldn't stop now. He couldn't. She gripped his hips, refusing to release him without protest. "What's wrong?"

"Condom?"

"Damn."

She hesitated for a second. She hadn't needed condoms for a while. And wasn't there an expiration date on those things? The little man in the store...

"Wait. My purse." Without releasing her hold on Jax, she scanned the room and found her purse hanging on the doorknob. She pulled out one of the packets and ripped it open. Jax reached for it but Kit pulled it out of his grasp. "Mine." Jax placed his hands on the wall next to her shoulders, giving them inches between their bodies. And revealing his cock to her for the first time. It was beautiful. Long and thick and hard. Very hard. She couldn't resist running her palm down its length.

"Kit." The warning in his voice told her she didn't have long to play. She placed the condom over the head and began to roll it down, sliding her hands along his hard flesh, caressing him as she inched downward. She looked up and saw Jax—teeth clenched, eyes closed, struggling for control.

In her wildest fantasies, she'd never imagined that she could push him this close to the edge.

With the condom securely in place, she reached around and gave his ass a caress and a squeeze. She wrapped her leg around his waist.

"Fuck me, Jax."

He opened his eyes. The heat and desire was incredible. His gaze held hers while he cupped her thigh, holding her steady as he guided his cock between her legs. Pressure built as he pushed the full head into her sex. The soft sexy words that had flowed off her tongue disappeared. She couldn't think of anything but the long lovely slide of his cock into her body. Bracing herself against the door, she canted her hips forward and felt each delicious inch slide into her, savoring this first time. He moved slowly, giving her time to adjust, but he kept on, gently rocking forward, going a little deeper until there was so much of him inside her, she couldn't hide the feminine whimper.

She was stuffed, full, she was sure. Jax held himself still, then took a deep breath. She knew from the taut line of his arms as he braced himself against the wall, he was holding back. She deliberately relaxed around him, shifting her hips and drawing him deeper.

"Just a little bit more," he promised. "You're so tight. Can you take more?" He followed the soft request with a kiss below her ear and another shallow thrust.

"Yes." Another fraction of an inch slid into her pussy. With one more gentle push, he was in, pressed deep against her mound, rock solid inside her.

He brushed the hair away from her face. Tenderness and concern hovered behind the lust in his gaze. And she could see his silent question—he wanted her permission to continue. She checked her body. Though his cock stretched her, the slight pain was a pleasurable thing. She nodded and slowly he pulled back.

With methodical, steady motions, he began long thrusts into her body. It was strange after the urgency to get inside her, he seemed to be moving so carefully, almost delicately, as if he was afraid she'd break.

"Please, Jax, you can go slow next time. I need you harder. Harder."

Her husky plea snapped his thin control and he plunged inside her. The fear that he might hurt her—she was so tight and tiny—was eased when she groaned, "Oh yes. Just like that."

So he gave her more—driving deep, loving the tight grip of her cunt as he pulled almost free. Her body clung to his, begging for his return and he pushed back in, penetrating her again and again, sliding easily into her wet passage.

He held her ass in his hand, holding her for his heavy thrusts. She pressed her shoulders against the door, giving her more leverage, and pushed against him. She definitely craved a hard fuck.

Damn, she was sexy. He could feel his climax rising and wanted her with him, wanted to feel her come around his cock. Her gasps became pleas and then cries as he pounded into her. She was close. He reached between their bodies, finding her clit with his finger and teasing it lightly.

She shivered in his arms. "Jax!" He couldn't hold back, not after the sweet seduction of her orgasm. Her cunt contracted around his cock and he thrust into her one final time.

He leaned into her, his weight pinning her against the door as they both struggled for breath. He didn't know how long they stood there before Kit lifted her head and smiled at him.

"Wow. A talented mouth and a talented cock. You are one hell of a package."

The lazy, satiated drawl of her voice made his cock, still buried inside her, twitch, like it was thinking about hardening but hadn't quite decided. She must have felt it too because her eyes widened for just a moment.

"Hmmm. That makes me think there's more." She opened her mouth against his in a long, hungry kiss.

"There's definitely more." He eased his hips back, sliding out of her sex. The sweet grip as he pulled free of her body combined with her hot whisper, making his cock harden. He straightened his clothes, closing the waistband of his pants but not zipping them. "I want you naked this time." He backed away and took her hand, ready to lead her down the hall to her bedroom.

"Wait." She tugged on his hand and for a moment he thought she was going to send him home. "My purse. I have more condoms in my purse." She slipped her hand into the open fly of his pants. "And we're going to need more."

He grabbed the handbag and walked down the hall, holding Kit in one hand and her purse in the other.

### Chapter 3

Kit's hands trembled as she attempted to froth the milk for her homemade latte'. It was a treat usually saved for the weekend but this morning she needed the extra hit of caffeine, needed it to deal with the realization that she'd had sex with Jackson Knight.

No, to be accurate, she'd fucked Jackson Knight. And he'd returned the favor. A number of times. She stared up at the cabinets. Just how many orgasms had she had last night? It had to be a personal record. In fact, she knew it was, because one and a half had been her previous standard. They'd beaten that before they'd gotten naked. And then...there had been the time in bed, then another in the shower and...

She jammed her hands onto the kitchen counter to keep herself upright as the memories shot into her sex and drained the strength from her knees. Damn, just the thought of the man made her horny. It always had. Now she had reality to contend with as well as fantasy.

But she'd managed for six months to keep the raging hormones controlled. Until last night.

Something happened – something changed. Dramatically.

Her milk gurgled and sloshed dangerously close to the edge. Moving by rote, she pulled the pitcher away and poured it into her cup. She took a sip, remembering as it burnt her tongue that she hadn't added the coffee yet. She dumped the coffee in and stared blindly at her cup.

Her mind, blurry from sex and no caffeine, struggled to pinpoint the moment when last night had gone from a typical dinner with Jax to door-banging sex.

All had been normal until she'd come out of the bathroom and then she'd started saying things. Unbelievable things.

Nothing special had happened in the bathroom. She'd peed, washed, fluffed...and kissed that stone.

Her chest tightened. She'd kissed that stone and suddenly she was the slut goddess from hell fucking her best friend.

It couldn't be that. Could it?

The old man had said it was a piece of the Blarney Stone.

And he'd given her condoms – which had been put to good use – almost as if he'd known what would happen. But that was impossible, ridiculous.

Kit gulped hot coffee and hurried to her office. It was really a second bedroom but she'd set it up as an office-slash-library. Reference books lined the walls. She moved directly to the shelf she needed and grabbed a book of Celtic fairy tales and legends.

It took her only seconds to find the page and the legend of the Blarney Stone. Queen Elizabeth I demanded Cormac MacDermot MacCarthy, Lord of Blarney, take the tenure of his lands from the Crown. Cormac set out to plead to the Queen for his traditional rights. Because he was not well spoken, he despaired of furthering his cause. Along the way, he met an old woman who asked why he was so downhearted. He told her his woeful tale and she replied, "Beneath Castle Blarney there is a stone, which, if you can kiss it, will give you the power of persuasive eloquence." He returned to his castle, kissed the stone and went to visit the Queen where he was able to persuade her to allow him to keep his rights to his lands. Since then, many have traveled to Blarney Castle to kiss the stone and receive the gift of gab.

Several other versions of the legend were scattered about the pages but they all ended with one thing. The power of persuasion. Persuasive Eloquence.

*Oh my God. I persuaded Jax to sleep with me.* Suddenly, the band for her bra seemed too tight. All the sexy, explicit words she'd said—as if she'd known precisely what to say to seduce him. But if that were true, then the rock she'd bought for fifty dollars really *was* a piece of the Blarney Stone. It was impossible. She walked through the kitchen, gulped more scalding coffee, and went into her bedroom to find her purse. It lay dumped out beside the bed. Three empty condom wrappers were scattered around it. She ignored them and the rumpled bed sheets and grabbed the purse and the stone.

She turned the rock over in her hand as she walked back to the kitchen. Maybe there was something on the stone, something that made her hallucinate. Made her horny.

Okay, it didn't take a rock to do that. Just Jax.

She examined the green rock by the kitchen window. In the morning light, it was a deep green. No supernatural glow. No strange heat. Maybe there *was* something on the stone. She turned on the faucet, stuck the rock under the hot water and scrubbed it with dish soap. After five minutes of washing, she held the wet stone up. If there had been anything weird on the stone, it was gone now.

She put it on the counter and sipped her coffee. The smartest thing to do would be to get rid of it. There was no reason to keep it.

Except, what if it was true? What if it truly was the Blarney Stone?

Even telling herself it was silly, she picked it up and put it back in her purse. She needed to test it with something that didn't involve sex. She had to meet with the dean about the tutoring center budget. That was about as far from sexually interesting as she could get. She would kiss it before the meeting. She paused. Maybe that wasn't a good idea. What if the rock was focused on sex and she asked the dean to go down on her. Like she had Jax.

And he'd done it. And done it again. An ache blossomed in her sex, a sharp stab of pleasure in response to the memory of his mouth between her legs. God, that man had a mouth made to eat pussy.



She released a long, pent up breath, and willed away the sensation. Brushing back her hair, she straightened and mentally prepared herself. Just because she'd finally had incredible sex with her best friend, she wouldn't let it mess up her day. It was a day just like any other.

By noon she realized how wrong she was. Her body didn't want to let go of the memories of Jax, the feel of him inside her, pumping deep into her sex, his hot mouth on her skin, sucking on her nipples. Kit fanned her hand in front of her face. The slightest reference to Jax or sex or pretty much anything, made her almost double over with need.

When she was able to divert her thoughts from him, her mind turned to the upcoming television show.

A strange mix of lust and terror battled for control of her body and mind.

A call from her agent confirmed Alison's command and Kit's appearance on America Today. None of her pleading, begging, and – she hated to admit – whining, did any good. She'd agreed to participate in promoting the book when they'd signed the contract. And she was expected to follow through. Kit didn't reply that *she'd* expected promotion to be uncomfortable book signings and hanging posters around town. Not embarrassing herself on national television.

But there appeared to be no way out of it. That left Jax. He'd said he could help. She would have to take him up on it.

If she could keep her hands off him.

She'd managed for six months. Surely she could do it again. For one night.

She fingered the stone, which she'd taken out of her purse and shoved into her pants pocket. There was something comforting about the smooth sides and rounded edges. She rolled it over in her hand, using it as a talisman against the nerves that rumbled in her stomach. Squeezing the stone, she wished for calm and strength. She opened her hand and saw the indentation of the rock in her palm, but felt no calmer.

Kiss the stone.

Yeah, she thought, then maybe I can persuade *myself* that I didn't screw up a perfectly good friendship by seducing Jax.

She skipped lunch. She couldn't face Jax. She had to figure out what she was going to say – how she was going to explain jumping him in her front yard last night.

Besides, her hormones were on the very thin edge of controlled. If she had any hope of making it through the afternoon, she couldn't take another injection of desire. Instead, she called his office and left a message asking for a time for tonight. And then decided to be a true coward and turned off her phone before he could call back.

She spent her lunch going over her presentation for Dean Greerson. She hated these meetings. The dean was always threatening to close the tutoring lab, saying that the money could be used in other areas. Kit had been diligent in keeping her budget steady for the past three years but now she needed new computer terminals and she needed

help. More and more students were coming to the lab for assistance and she wasn't able to help them all.

By one o'clock, she was impatiently pacing outside the dean's office.

"Kit, Dean Greerson will see you now."

Kit nodded at the assistant's announcement. The stone was cool in her hand. What could it hurt? It was doubtful that she would start spouting sexual innuendoes to the Dean of Liberal Arts. Deciding to test the stone and the little old man who'd sold it to her, she surreptitiously raised the rock to her lips and kissed it.

The rock didn't warm. No shocking spark went off in her clit. Her nipples didn't tighten the way they had last night. She shook her head. She was standing outside the dean's office, making him wait—while she kissed a rock.

She would get rid of it. As soon as the meeting was done.

Pasting on her best professional smile, Kit pushed her shoulders back and walked inside.

"Dean Greerson, it's good to see you."

Thirty-minutes later, Kit, not bothering to hide the stunned look on her face, left the office.

"Oh my God, are you all right?"

She looked up. Jessie waited outside the dean's office.

"He didn't eliminate the lab completely, did he?"

Kit shook her head—not really sure what just happened.

"Did he totally axe your budget? Do you still have a job? I'll protest if they try to get rid of you. You've done so much for the students here. We—" Jessie finally stopped.

"Kit, what's wrong?"

"I got it all."

"Got what all?"

"All that I asked for." She looked up in a daze, still amazed at the result.

The Dean had begun with his usual, "Kit, we just don't have the money to keep the lab open..." And when it came time for her to speak—for once she'd found the words. She'd pled her arguments, eloquently, she thought, and at the end of the discussion, the dean was nodding when she did and promising to sign the requisition forms later today. "I asked for four new workstations, a part-time assistant and extending the lab's hours, and he agreed." Her voice resonated with wonder and amazement. She still couldn't believe he'd agreed to everything. She rubbed the stone and shook her head. It couldn't be the stone. That defied all reason, all logic. Every sensible thought she'd ever had rejected it. But still...

"And why is this a bad thing? You don't sound pleased."

"It's just weird."

"It's been a day for it."

Something in Jessie's tone slowed Kit's racing thoughts. "What happened? And don't you have a class?" Kit looked at her watch.

"The professor can be late by ten minutes, right?" She grabbed Kit's elbow and pulled her down the hall toward her classroom. "So, what's going on?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you didn't come to lunch."

"That's no big deal. I was busy and I have missed lunch before. I mean there's no reason to read anything into it." She realized she was rambling. "Or anything."

"Right." Jessie's lips squeezed tight together in disbelief. "You skip lunch and Jax is edgy and snapping and asking me if I've seen you and are you okay and why would he think you weren't okay?" Jessie stopped walking. "Are you okay?"

Kit shrugged. I might have a magic stone that convinced Jax to have sex with me but besides that... "I'm fine."

"So what's wrong with Jax?"

"He's fine. Or he was..." She stared at Jessie for a long moment. She had to tell someone. Had to get advice from somewhere. And Jessie at least wouldn't think she was too crazy. "He was when he left my house at five this morning."

It was a slow realization that moved across Jessie's expressive face, widening her eyes and dropping her mouth open. "Oh my God, you did it. You slept with Jax!"

The squealed whisper echoed down the almost empty hall.

"Jessie, hush."

"What happened? Yesterday you were buddies for life and now you're doing the nasty? When did all this occur?"

"Last night. At McGill's and it's kind of hard to explain. You have class." Kit couldn't decide if she was pleased or not about that. She could use a sympathetic ear and a voice of logic. Jessie could at least provide the former.

"It's okay. It's Intro to British Lit." Jessie opened the classroom door and stepped inside. "How many of you finished the book?" Though Kit couldn't see the students, she didn't hear much movement. "Just as I thought. Class is cancelled. I suggest you take the time to finish *Pride and Prejudice* because there will be a test on Tuesday." She held open the door and waited as twenty confused freshmen cycled out. Kit gripped her book bag and hesitated, briefly contemplating walking away with the class.

If she stayed, she would have to explain it all to Jessie. And she couldn't even explain it to herself.

Jessie must have read her thoughts and grabbed her hand, pulling her into the room after the class filed out. With the door closed, Jessie swung her butt up on to the teacher's desk and clapped her hands eagerly, like a five-year-old waiting for a bedtime story.

"I'm not really sure what happened. Or how it happened," Kit began.

"But you had sex with Jax?"

"Yes."

"Good sex?"

"Oh yes."

"So, tell me everything. I need to live vicariously."

"You have a great sex life."

Jessie giggled. "I know, but I want to hear details anyway. In case I can learn anything new. So, you went to McGill's and what? They had love potions on sale?"

"Not exactly. It was more of a magic rock."

"What?"

"I bought this rock." She pulled it out of her pocket and held it out to Jessie. "From this little Irish shop down on twentieth, near those warehouses."

Jessie tilted her head and stared at the rock and then up at Kit. Her eyes tightened and she scrunched up one side of her mouth. "I don't think there is a shop on twentieth."

"It must be new because I've never seen it before either, but I bought this rock and the guy told me it was a piece of the Blarney Stone." She kept talking, not wanting to give Jessie a chance to interrupt. "And last night, at McGill's I kissed it and then next thing you know, I'm seducing Jax. Persuading him to have sex with me."

"I bet he didn't need that much persuading."

Kit ignored Jessie's muttering and kept on. "I don't know what happened. One minute everything was normal and the next, I was saying these things that never come out of my mouth."

"And you think it's because of this rock." Jessie held out her hand and Kit placed the stone in her palm. Jessie fingered it, much the same way Kit had been doing.

"Does it feel warm to you?"

Jessie shook her head. "No, it feels like a rock. I know you do a lot of research into legends, but this is just a pretty green rock."

"You don't understand. I felt something when I kissed it. Something happened."

Jessie inspected the rock. Though Kit knew her friend didn't believe her, Jessie was at least humoring her while she explained.

"Maybe you should go back to that shop and see if they know anything more about it," Jessie suggested.

"Good idea." Kit snatched the stone from Jessie's hand and grabbed her bag. "I've got enough time before my next group comes in." She ran out the door before Jessie could stop her.

Speed walking helped burn off some of the energy she'd been suppressing all morning. It also helped stretch out the tired and worn muscles unused to the rigorous activity from the night before.

She strode down the street until she reached the area where the storm had struck yesterday. Her steps slowed. An empty space stood between the two buildings. She looked up and down the street. This was the right road. The right location. She remembered the clothing warehouse on the right side.

But the McMac Shop was gone.

The entire building was gone. Still not believing that the whole building could have disappeared, she ran across the street and stood between the two warehouses.

Nothing.

Kit hiked up and down the street, even popping over to the next road, to see if she had missed the location but there was nothing resembling the little store. Or the shopkeeper who'd sold her the rock.

Finally, she turned around and walked back to campus. The next group of students came into the lab and she was able, for a few hours to lose herself in instructing. When memories of the night before tried to weasel their way into her thoughts, she abruptly pushed them aside. She did the same with the panic about the book appearance and her questions about the green rock in her pocket.

By the time she got home, there were two things she could no longer avoid. Jax and the TV show. She needed Jax's expertise. She'd resigned herself to appearing on *America Today*. Now, she needed some help so she didn't look like an idiot in front of millions of TV viewers. She didn't bother to hope for looking good. She just didn't want to be mortified.

He'd left a message on her cell phone, in response to her message, telling her to come by at six and they'd get to work.

Jax had also recommended she wear the outfit she was planning for the show to his house to get used to sitting in it.

Kit went to her closet and pulled out a long, loose skirt. She wanted to be comfortable when she made a fool of herself. The material swirled around her legs, brushing lightly against her calves. The neat, long-sleeved blouse she wore matched the skirt and made her look—she stared into the mirror—classic and conservative.

Deciding she liked the outfit, Kit fiddled with her makeup then made herself more coffee, watching the time pass. It was just past six. She should be at his house but was stalling. What if the rock had cast some sort of spell? It might very well have worn off. What would she do if he stared at her with an "oh-my-God-how-could-I-have-slept-with-her" look on his face?

There was no way to know until she actually stood before him and looked into his eyes. Those warm brown eyes that had stared into hers that first time, when he'd slid so deep inside her.

The phone rang startling her out of her thoughts. She recognized Jax's number on the caller ID box.

She picked up the handset. "Hi, Jax."

"Kit, you comin'?"

She felt the question deep inside her sex, tightening her cunt. If he'd asked the same question last night, she would have responded with a seductive, sexy answer. Now, any words she might have said died in her throat.

"Kit?" he prompted.

"Uh, I'll be right there."

The walk to his house was over too quickly. When he opened the door and her own false smile dimmed. There was something different in the way he looked at her—as if he was cautious and careful not to get too close. Damn, he probably thought she was going to jump him again.

"Hi." He greeted her with a short nod but didn't smile.

"Uh, hi."

"Missed you at lunch." There was a silent prompt in his statement. And maybe a touch of hurt.

"I was avoiding you," she answered honestly. "I didn't know what to say, you know, about last night."

Though she'd had plenty to say last night. It had been her mouth that had gotten them into this situation. But that same persuasive tongue was missing tonight. She thought about the stone, once again in her purse. She could kiss it and see if it would help explain to Jax why they'd ended up naked and horizontal in her entryway.

Actually, her mind corrected, it had been clothed and vertical in her entryway. Naked and horizontal had been in the bedroom.

"What about now?" Jax asked.

Kit grimaced. "I'm hoping we can not talk about it until later, you know, after I've embarrassed myself on national TV."

Jax leaned against the doorframe as he considered the idea. "I never thought you'd be the kind of woman who would avoid these sorts of discussions."

She winced like he'd poked her with a stick. Jax watched in amazement. It was fascinating—the change from last night.

She looked cute standing on his porch, sucking the corner of her lower lip into her mouth, unsure of herself—very much like the Kit he'd connected with over beer and corned beef. Last night, she'd been bold and aggressive and sexy. The words she'd said had cranked him up higher and harder than anyone before. And then when he'd finally gotten inside her—it had been incredible. The tight grip of her cunt around his erection had kept him hard last night and the memory of it had put him on the verge all day today.

Here she was, looking cute and nervous, and he wanted to pull her into his arms and make love to her, slide back into that delicious, wet passage that had held him so close. His cock hardened. He wondered how Kit would respond if he started to repeat

back the words she'd said to him last night—the sexy, risqué words that had freed the desire inside him. The pale blush on her cheeks warned him she wasn't ready for that.

And tempted though he was, he knew she needed to rehearse for her interview. Work before sex.

Damn.

He nodded and stepped back. "Okay, come on in."

He led her to his studio downstairs. He'd set it up for the consulting side of his business. Using ancient TV cameras and tape machines, he was able to simulate most television situations and tape the results. He'd moved the furnishings into a typical morning show set—anchor chair and couch. He waved to Kit toward the set and followed behind her. She slipped her purse off her shoulder and set it on the ground next to the couch.

He reached out to touch her, to guide her forward, but he stopped himself. They had work to do and he wasn't entirely sure if he touched her now, they wouldn't end up naked. Work before sex, he thought again.

"Okay, it will look something like this." He began to run through the studio set up. For people like Kit, it helped to have an idea as to what the studio would look like. Feel like. She didn't like surprises. Knowing the layout ahead of time would give her some confidence.

He led her through the process of sitting down, making sure her clothes were properly straightened, and how to clip on the lapel microphone.

"When you sit down, look directly at the interviewer. You don't have to talk to anyone else. Just think of it as a conversation with one person."

"But there will be millions of people watching." The panic rose again in her voice.

"You don't have to worry about them. Just focus on him."

She bit her lip and nodded. The slight nervous shine in her eyes was flashing like a beacon.

"You're going to be fine," he assured her.

Kit gave an imitation of a smile.

Jax left her alone for a few minutes while he went to the back room to start the tape machines rolling.

He returned and sat down in the anchor chair, giving her a charming smile. She didn't return it.

Kit—intelligent, beautiful and sexy as all hell—was terrified.

"Let's get started. We'll do a quick run through just to see how you do and then we'll know where we need to work."

## Chapter 4

Two hours later, Jax stood up. "I'm going to go change tapes. I'll be right back," he said, his smile strained but still supportive. Kit sagged back into the deep couch cushions and watched him leave. She was going to screw this up. She was going to go on this show and look like an idiot. And worse, she would fail Jax. She knew he would feel as bad about this as she did.

She puffed up her cheeks and then blew the air out in a heavy sigh. No, she told herself. She wouldn't let him down. She would do this. She could do this. Using the last bits of energy lingering in her body, she grabbed the arm of the couch and dragged herself to sitting. She just had to focus. Remember everything he'd taught her. *Concentrate on your message. Give full answers but don't ramble. Don't fidget.* There was so much to think about.

She closed her eyes and tried to run down the list of instructions. She rolled her hips trying to make herself more comfortable. Her foot bumped her purse.

She reached down to move it out of the way. And stopped. The stone was in her purse.

The meeting with the dean came back to her in a flash. She'd said all the right things. She hated to fail Jax. He was trying so hard. It wasn't his fault she was a hopeless case.

Still, it didn't seem right. If this was the Blarney Stone—and she hadn't quite convinced herself of that—should she really use it for something like a TV interview? Shouldn't she be persuading world leaders to give peace a chance? Still the little man in the store had told her it would bring her what she most desired.

She thought about Jax, naked in her bed, fucking her against her front door. Those items had been at the top of her wish list.

And right now her greatest desire—besides a repeat of last night—was to make it through this interview.

She would do it. Once more. Just to get the confidence that she could succeed.

Hoping Jax didn't return before she finished, she dug the rock out of the bottom of her purse, held it to her lips, and placed a single, simple kiss against it.

Heat once again jumped into her mouth and zinged through her body. Like last night, her nipples popped out and her sex began to relax. She didn't have time to enjoy the sensation because Jax walked back into the room.

"Ready to try it again?"



"Oh, definitely," she answered, remembering several things from last night she wanted to try again. And again. Then they could explore some new options. Then mix and match.

Jax stepped in front of her to get to his chair. She gripped her hands together to keep from reaching out and patting his butt as he walked by. He sat down. Though she was vaguely aware of him rolling his shoulders back, she was focused a little farther down his body.

The chairs were close enough together that she wouldn't have to stretch far to put her hand on his cock. Slide her fingers around his thick shaft. Her pussy melted, preparing and urging her to action. He'd felt so good last night—thick and hard. And strong. He'd ridden her deep and long—not stopping until she'd begged to come.

She squeezed her legs together to try to contain the sensations. It only made the slight pulses worse. Damn, it was happening again. Something about that rock and Jax made her think of nothing but sex. Okay, well, Jax did that on his own but as soon as she kissed the rock, the fantasies became sharp clear images in her mind. And the words began to circle in her brain. *Fuck me, Jax. Let me feel your mouth on my skin.*

Kit gulped.

"Ready? Let's go again and remember you know this information. Just focus on talking to me." Jax's tone was all business. Kit slowly raised her eyes up from his crotch. Jax tilted his head in silent question.

She offered a half-smile while trying to drag her own thoughts back to what she needed to do.

"I'm ready whenever you are," she said. And then some. She rolled her hips settling herself comfortably on the couch, and felt a soft flutter in her sex. *Careful.* She sent the mental warning to her mind and body since neither seemed ready to listen to common sense. *Just answer his questions before you end up stripping off your clothes and dragging him down on top of you.*

And that's a bad idea, why?

Kit was saved from answering her own question when Jax cleared his throat, sat up in the chair and looked intently into her eyes.

"Katherine, tell me about why legends and myths are so important to our world today?"

There was nothing sexual about his question but his voice flowed from his mouth like melted chocolate. Kit leaned forward wanting to get closer to those lips that spoke so sweetly. With a furtive gesture, she undid the top button of her blouse, letting the neck gape just a little.

"Well, Jax, our legends and myths are part of our culture." Her low voice took on an exotic rhythm—one designed to catch the listener's attention. "They connect us to the past. And they help us frame the future."

Jax blinked in surprise and gave a shallow nod as if acknowledging that she'd done it right. He asked the next question and the next. And each time the answers flowed out of mouth with precision and clarity.

"Give me an example of some myths that impact our daily life."

She felt her lips curl into a seductive smile. And she could see Jax's reaction to it. His eyes heated and he shifted in his seat. Knowing she had his attention skimmed her tongue along the edge of her upper lip before answering.

"Well, there is the persistent myth that size *does* matter with a man's erection."

She could tell she'd shocked him but after a momentary hesitation, he cleared his throat. "And you're saying size doesn't matter?" There was a twinkle in his eye and a teasing flip to his question.

Kit slid one leg up and draped it over the opposite knee. It didn't reveal any skin but the motion was slow and sensual and she watched Jax's eyes widen for a moment. "I wouldn't say it was size that was of interest. More the intensity. Because sometimes..." Her voice naturally dropped and her head tipped to the side. It was easy to remember how inventive Jax was. He had it all—creativity and a big cock. "Sometimes a woman just wants to be stuffed full with her man's cock." Jax shifted again in his chair but didn't otherwise react. "A thick...hard...shaft driving into her. You see, what a woman really wants is to feel desired. As if her lover needs her desperately. As if he needs to come inside *her* more than anything else. That her pussy is the one, and the only one, he wants to fuck. That's what a woman wants. She wants to be spread beneath her lover."

Though surprised by the words she spoke, she didn't attempt to stop them. Her pussy was practically begging to be filled and Jax was definitely responding to her verbal seduction. She spread her legs apart—the loose skirt gave her plenty of room—and slid her hand down her stomach between her thighs. Knowing he watched her hand, she rubbed her palm lightly over her mound. "To lie beneath him and feel him inside her. Feel that hard shaft over and over again." She couldn't stop the groan that slipped from her throat. She continued the slow steady massage, imagining it was Jax's hand touching her.

"Just thinking about it makes me wet," she whispered as she looked at him. His eyes flared—the same wild heat from last night. She moved without thinking, letting her words guide her actions. "I get like this whenever I think about your cock inside me." She leaned back, keeping one hand touching her sex and reaching the other up to release the clip that held her hair. The soft brown strands fell down around her face and she smiled, letting the memories from the night before fill her words. "You fit inside me so perfectly—filling me—stretching me."

She could feel Jax watching her, his hot gaze following her hands.

"You were so hard inside my pussy. It made me wonder what you'd feel like in my mouth, with my tongue licking up and down. Hmmm." She allowed a moan to escape

and twisted on the soft cushions. Her words were having the correct impact—but on her, not on Jax. Damn, she wanted him.

She opened her eyes. He sat on the edge of his chair, his hands propped forcefully on his knees as if he were holding himself back. She rolled to her side and slid off the couch, slowly crawling toward him until she knelt between his legs. He adjusted to give her room. She placed her hands on his strong thighs then smoothed them upward until her fingertips touched the hard line of his erection. The soft denim teased her palms as she touched him, but the jeans would have to go. She wanted him in her hands.

She kept every movement leisurely, knowing it would torment him and she wanted this to last.

She placed both thumbs on his cock. With gentle pressure, she ran her thumbs up his erection and then back down. She continued the dreamy massage as she looked up into his eyes. “You’ve spent the last two hours teaching me to...use my mouth effectively.” She released a sultry chuckle. “I think I should show you what I’ve learned. Show you just how well my mouth works. How it feels with your cock sliding in and out.”

His fingers dug into his knees. “God, Kit, you’re killing me.”

She clicked her tongue. “We can’t have that.” She pulled herself up high on her knees until she could reach his mouth with a light kiss. She moved back when he tried to deepen it. Her hands skimmed across his thighs. “I need you very much alive. I have plans for you. Plans that involve your delicious cock and your very talented mouth.”

She reached up and opened the top button of his jeans. The button fly gave her a sensual feast. Her fingers lingered on each button, stroking him through the sturdy denim and then through his briefs. Silently she worked, pulling his jeans open and down a little. Kit sighed with pleasure as his cock popped out, as if thrilled to be free from constraints.

“Hmmm. Is that all for me?” She wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft and squeezed gently. She didn’t give him a chance to answer before bending down and licking the flat of her tongue up the underside of his cock. His thighs trembled. She sucked the head into her mouth. She heard his groan and let the sound guide her.

He stared down at her—watching his cock slide between her lips. She pulled back and began to taste him—long heavy licks interspersed with delicate flickers of her tongue. Jax thought his brain was going to explode. He knew his balls were about to. He’d thought every fantasy had been fulfilled last night but here she was, creating new ones. And satisfying them.

He slid his hands into her hair, needing to hold her while she moved her mouth against his shaft. She kept the pace dangerously slow, lavishing attention on the sensitive underside and adding pressure, just enough.

“Kit, please, honey.”

She straightened and Jax almost snarled as she pulled back.

"Please what?" Her pink tongue appeared at the edge of her lip. "Please let you come in my mouth?" The smile on her lips warned him she knew precisely what she was saying and how powerful the effect would be. "I'd like that."

Her words drove a shaft of fire into his cock. Damn, where had she learned sex talk like this? He didn't care. It was hot. He was hot.

"Yes."

"Hmm. Soon." She leaned down and swirled her tongue quickly around the crest of his cock. Jax pumped his hips up, aching for her to take him back inside. Instead, his temptress pulled away. "It's a little warm in here, don't you think? Maybe I should take this off." She fingered the buttons on her prim white blouse. She didn't wait for his agreement, just began to undo the buttons and slip the garment over her shoulders. A white lace bra cupped her small, firm breasts. "And this." She reached between her breasts and undid the front clasp. Jax followed the movement of her hands. The slow revealing of her breast, the hint of skin before it was bared made his mouth water. She pulled the cups back. Her nipples were small and tight. And delicious. Her hands floated across her skin, brushing across her breasts down to her waist, until she reached the waistband of her skirt. She hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband and pulled her skirt and panties down in one swift movement.

She tossed the skirt away and pushed up high on her knees. The dark brown hair that protected her pussy teased him—creating tempting shadows he wanted to explore with his tongue. He licked his lips remembering how she'd responded to his mouth.

It would be so easy to pull her down, spread her legs and taste her cunt once again. He considered the idea but she seemed to have other plans in mind. She held her hands away from her body, inched her knees apart so she was open before him, and presented herself to him—as if waiting for his command to continue.

She raised her eyes to his and blinked. A hint of innocence sparkled in her gaze but he knew that was part of her act. The Sex Goddess had returned.

"Do I meet with your approval?" she asked in the same, husky tone that curled around his cock like warm tendrils of fire.

"You're amazing." He'd always thought of Kit as cute and sweet but kneeling before him—she was exotic and sexy.

She dropped her gaze as if shyness took over. Then she looked up. It wasn't shyness or modesty in her eyes. It was fire and lust.

"I'm glad you like what you see." She reached out and put her hands on his knees, using him for balance as she crawled forward. "Do I have your permission to continue?" She trailed two fingertips up the underside of his cock.

He wanted to speak but couldn't say a simple yes, so he nodded.

"Now, where was I? Oh yes. I was licking this tasty cock." She sucked the head into her mouth, and then pulled back. "Do you like the feel of my tongue on you?" As she spoke, her breath teased his sensitive flesh. The light brush pushed him closer than he

wanted to be. He wanted to extend the experience. But her words and her actions weren't going to let him.

"Take me inside your mouth."

"Soon," she promised again and Jax knew he was in for a long torment before she let him come.

She bent down and repeated the caress—running the flat of her tongue up the full length of his cock. Then she returned along the side, licking and flicking her tongue, hot wet strokes along his shaft. He grabbed the arms of the chair, holding onto it and resisting the temptation to grab the back of her head and push his cock inside her mouth. The urge was hard to fight. She looked so seductive, teasing him with hot licks of her tongue, easing her hand between his legs and cupping his balls. She used her other hand on his shaft, massaging its length.

Finally, she sucked the end of his cock into her mouth. He struggled not to thrust, letting her move on him. With each pull back, she turned her head slightly, twisting like a corkscrew. The motion massaged his cock, covering every inch in sensation. He felt his eyes roll to the back of his head. He wasn't going to last much longer—not with the delicious motion of her mouth. She picked up speed. Not quite fucking speed but a steady sink and withdrawal. She sucked in her cheeks as she pulled out. Jax groaned and ground his teeth together. He was so close. Just a little more...

Her jaw was beginning to ache but she kept on. If his groans were any indication, he liked what she was doing. And she loved doing it to him. She felt already tight muscles bunch even more and knew he was close to coming.

"Please, baby, I'm about to come."

She didn't know if that was a plea to stop, pull back or keep going. She decided to keep going. She wanted his release—wanted to feel him lose control inside her. She widened her mouth just a little as she sank back down on him, accepting as much of his length as possible. He hit against the back of her throat. She sucked as she pulled back. His fingertips tightened on her head and he exploded in her mouth.

She swallowed him all, letting him come deeply down her throat. She licked her tongue across the crown one final time then pulled back. Jax fell back into the chair, his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling, his chest rising and falling in long, heavy breaths. He looked wasted—completely blown away. Kit couldn't hold back her smile. Well, he had been.

He groaned and pulled his gaze back to her. The lust in his eyes hadn't faded. If anything, he looked even more hungry than before.

She pushed back on her heels and stood up. Without breaking eye contact with him, she returned to the couch behind her and sat down. And spread her legs. She leaned into the cushions, naked, bare and open to him. Knowing he watched, she placed her hand daintily over her pussy and sighed.

"I thought I was wet before," she whispered. "I guess sucking you off excited me just a little." Two fingers disappeared, sinking into her cunt. He watched as she used

her own fingers, moving them slowly in and out. She wasn't fucking herself hard – enough to pleasure but not to come.

Her other hand reached up and pinched her nipples, moving from one tight peak to the other.

"I lay in my bed at night, and I think about you...and I touch myself. I imagine it's your fingers inside my cunt, your mouth on my breasts. And then I long for your cock – thick and hard. Now –" She groaned. "I know what it feels like. It's better than my dreams."

Though he'd just come, he was returning to the state she described – thick and hard. She had the ability to do that. With a few words. A look.

He stood, kicked his jeans aside and with one step was kneeling between her thighs, one knee on the couch, the other foot on the floor. She looked incredible, open before him. He watched for a moment, unable to pull his gaze away from her seductive movements, the way her body twisted as she let fantasy take her. Her fingers still pumped inside her pussy. That was where he wanted to be. He let her continue as he opened the buttons of his shirt.

Kit watched as he stripped his shirt off. She loved his chest – tight and muscular. And those defined abs and well-cut arms. She drove her fingers deeper, needing a little more. Jax dropped his shirt and stood before her naked.

"I think this is my pussy to fuck tonight," he said pulling her hand away from her cunt. He lifted her fingers to his mouth and sucked them inside, licking her juices from her skin.

His mouth skimmed across her flesh collecting the cream. Kit shivered, feeling each lick between her legs. He closed his eyes for one brief moment as if he was savoring her taste.

"You're delicious and I might get around to licking your tight cunt but for now – I want to fuck." A gentle kiss on her palm was the complete opposite to the rough sound of his voice. He scraped his teeth across the heel of her hand, biting lightly before releasing her. "Turn over. I want your ass in the air."

Kit felt her eyes widen. She'd never heard such a commanding tone to Jax's voice. It sent a flood of moisture to her pussy and inspired a touch of defiance. Not that she planned to disobey.

She lifted her chin and stared into his eyes. The blatant dare she saw there forced her to move. She curled her leg up, baring more of her cunt and her ass before swinging her leg between them. She kept her movements deliberate and as sexual as she could, rolling over until she was kneeling on the couch.

"Were you looking for something like this?" she asked in a deep husky voice.

She knelt there, blind for long moments, waiting. He didn't move, didn't touch her – but she knew he watched. Just being in this position made her pussy flutter with anticipation. Finally, his warm hands slid down her hips to her butt. He cupped her rounded cheeks giving them a gentle squeeze.

"You've got a very nice ass." One finger ran up the back of her leg, up the sensitive crack of her backside. "Probably from all that walking around campus." He seduced her with his words and the light stroke of his fingers across her skin. "Now, whenever I see you walk across campus, I'm going to think about how sexy you look kneeling on my couch."

"Jax," Kit moaned. She wanted him inside her. "Please."

"Spread your legs for me, honey."

She did, subconsciously arching her back and pushing her backside out. He signaled his approval by sliding his hand forward and tickling her lower lips. He took her moisture and seemed to spread it around.

"Very nice. Now, be a good girl and tell me you brought condoms with you." He pushed two fingers into her sex.

Kit squeezed her lips together to smother her groan. He felt so much better than her own fingers, thicker, stronger, and with the promise of his cock. "My-my purse."

She felt him move but the stroking inside her pussy continued. He pushed deep, then curled his fingers, as if tickling the inside of her cunt. Shivers exploded from inside her. She arched her back and he repeated the motion.

"Oh, damn, Jax, fuck me."

Her mind was rapidly losing the ability to think, much less form words. It was like the previous night. Once he was close to entering her, her sexy words disappeared.

She heard the soft tear of cellophane as he ripped the package open. His hands left her for a moment but the memory of his touch remained. Her pussy still felt the luscious slide of his fingers. And a second later she felt the thick nudge of his cock at her entrance. He slipped the tip inside but gave her no more, pumping shallow thrusts just into the very edge of her cunt.

Kit dug her fingernails into the couch and squeezed her eyes shut. The pressure was incredible. The slow steady pulsing sent waves of heat into her pussy. She groaned and dropped her head down, pushing her ass farther up in the air. It was wonderful but not enough for her to come. He wasn't giving her enough.

"Please, Jax. Put it inside me. I want to feel you." The final words came out as a moan.

"Soon, baby, soon. Hmmm. You're going to feel so tight when I enter you." He smoothed his hands down her hips, her legs, rubbing her everywhere like he would pet a cat—and she purred beneath his touch. She rolled into each caress, instinctively seeking his warmth.

"That's it. Now, you're ready for me, aren't you?"

"Yes, Jax, oh please." She didn't know how she would survive if he didn't come into her soon. Her body was tight, on the edge of coming but his touch only increased the devilish anticipation.

His hands tightened on her hips. Kit grabbed the cushion beneath her hand and held on. She knew, this wouldn't be a gentle fuck.

He started to push in. At first he moved slowly, then with more pressure, and with one strong thrust, he slammed into her. Kit gasped at the sudden shock of feeling his thick length inside her. It was incredible. Her body opened to welcome him, clinging to him. He hesitated and held himself still. But she needed him to move. She needed him hard and deep, pounding into her.

She pressed back on her knees, shoving him farther into her.

"More. Oh, Jax, you're so thick, give me more."

Her cry must have worked. He began long hard strokes into her slick passage. There was nothing teasing or tempting. He was fucking her. Hard.

Just as she'd described in the final interview. Filling her with his cock, letting her know hers was the pussy he wanted to fuck. She dropped down to her elbows and braced herself, pushing back against each thrust. He growled, a sound so animal-like she thought he might howl next. The tiny sting of his teeth against her neck only increased her pleasure.

"Give me your hand," he said, his command barely audible beneath his ragged breath.

His hand collected hers and guided it down to the wet, hot flesh of her sex. He pressed her fingers against her slit. She could feel him moving inside her. "Can you feel that? I love being inside you." He threaded his fingers through hers and touched her clit. "I love riding this tight little cunt." His words added fire. She was close, close to coming. She couldn't stop herself. She had to come.

She spread her fingers to the sides of her clit and began to rub.

"That's it, baby, show me how you do it." His hand left hers and he gripped her hips, pushing harder and deeper into her. "Touch yourself, Kit, come for me, baby, while I fuck your sweet pussy."

She did – rubbing hard, until she couldn't stand it any more and the pleasure was on her. She screamed, burying her face in the couch, her mind gone – lost somewhere in a completely sensual place. Vaguely aware, she felt Jax pound into her three more times. His groan followed quickly on the heels of hers as he tensed, holding himself inside her for a long moment.

They collapsed on to the couch, their bodies bound together.

Kit opened her eyes and saw nothing but burgundy upholstery. She'd done it again. Moments after kissing that stone, she'd seduced Jax. She didn't know if she should feel guilty about it—she was sure the guilt would find her later—but now, she was too exhausted, too worn out to worry about it.

Jax moved, his cock sliding out of her passage. She tried to hide the soft hiss but it escaped. She was going to be sore tomorrow, but she couldn't seem to let go of Jax. She sensed him walk away and heard him go into the bathroom. She turned over and



looked up when he returned. His cock was soft and hanging long between his legs. She'd worn him out. For now.

She looked at it and then made her way up to his face. "You are one delicious fuck," she said in a sultry voice. She followed the comment with a visible shiver. "It makes me want more."

She dared him with her eyes. He just smiled in return.

"And that's what you're going to get."

## Chapter 5

Kit squirmed beneath the blankets, readjusting until she rediscovered that precise position where she could drift back into her dreamless sleep. The bed moved with her, fitting to her form until it was perfect. She smiled as she snuggled deeper. Her bed was warm and toasty this morning. And furry.

Furry?

Her eyes popped open and stared at the soft hair covering Jax's chest.

It came back to her in an instant. Sex with Jax for the second time in two days. And sex with Jax had led to sleeping practically on top of Jax.

She pushed herself up, trying to ease her body away from his without waking him. She'd successfully avoided their "relationship" discussion last night. She wasn't prepared to start that conversation at—she peeked at the clock—five in the morning.

She had a lot going on this morning and didn't have time for—*five o'clock?!*

"Oh shit!" She launched herself off Jax's chest and leapt from the bed. She took off in a dead run. Her clothes. She needed her clothes. She'd been wearing them when she'd arrived last night but had no idea where they ended up. The circumstances under which they'd been removed were clear in her memory. And that when Jax had carried her to bed both of them had been naked.

"Kit, honey? What's going on?" Jax's bed-warmed voice slowed her steps for a moment and the sexy way he called her honey was almost enough to draw her back to the bedroom. "Oh shit!" Jax shouted. He'd obviously seen the time. "We've got to leave in fifteen minutes."

Kit skidded to a stop in the living room. She looked at the unfamiliar furniture for a moment. She remembered deep burgundy upholstery. She'd had to dig it out from underneath her fingernails at one point. The forest green that covered this sofa didn't fit the one in her memory.

*Wait, we weren't on this couch. We were downstairs. With my clothes.* She raced down the steps to the studio. The room looked like it had last night when she'd entered. Except for her blouse and Jax's pants thrown haphazardly across the floor. A deep heated flush reminded her of those moments when she'd opened those same trousers and the delicious licking she'd given Jax. Unconsciously, she licked her lips. The tactile sensation sent off residual shocks to her pussy.

Trying to block the images from her head, she found her skirt and dragged the wrinkled mess over her hips. She was stuffing her arms into her shirtsleeves when Jax came down the stairs. His hair stood on end, and the dark shadow of his beard gave him a dangerous appearance she wasn't prepared for. He looked rugged and

tough...and weird “mountain man rescuing innocent virgin” fantasies sprung full grown from her head.

The lust and desire had been bad before she’d slept with him, now it was ten, twenty times worse.

“Okay, run home,” he said, his mind obviously not in the sexual gutter that hers was. “Shower, change. You’ve twenty minutes.”

“I can’t be ready in twenty minutes.” She protested walking up the stairs.

“You can do your makeup in the car while I’m driving.”

She stopped at the front door. “You’re coming with me?”

The tender light in his eyes soothed the lust in her chest and started a different, much more complicated kind of emotion. “You didn’t think I’d let you face the wolves alone, did you?” He turned her toward the door and patted her butt. “Now go. I’ll be right behind you.”

“Thanks.” She opened the door and was ready to step outside but stopped. Something just felt wrong. She was forgetting something. Besides her panties and bra. It took a moment to figure out what it was. She couldn’t leave like this. She turned around and kissed him.

It wasn’t a passionate, tongue-locking kiss like those from the past two nights, but a “good-bye, have a good day” kind of kiss. One that lovers gave when they expected to see each other soon.

He was smiling when she backed away.

“Go, honey. I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

Her stomach ached with the sweetness in his voice. She ran across the three lawns separating their houses, raced inside and straight to the shower. Her thoughts were jumbled together as she stood beneath the hot water. The speed with which she had to get ready didn’t allow her time to focus either on the fact that she’d spent a second night having sex with Jax or that in less than two hours she was going on national television. There was only room in her brain for the actual process of dressing, drying her hair and pulling on clothes. She chose a slim blue skirt and a crisp, high-necked blouse that closed at the top with a matching rose at the collar. She pulled her hair back into an efficient clip in the back of her head.

Taking a bracing breath, she stared into the mirror. Amazing. After being rushed, she looked prim and precise. Controlled. Considering the turmoil inside her body, mind and spirit—it was a pretty good illusion. A knock on the door was followed almost immediately by Jax’s call.

“Kit, you ready?”

Smoothing her shirt one final time, she shoved her makeup into a bag, and ran to the living room. A pair of pumps sat by her front door and she slipped into them, pushing her bag into Jax’s hands and locking the door.

“How do I look?” she asked breathlessly.

He scanned down her with cool observation. She looked fantastic but that had more to do with the lingering sex in her eyes and the breathless glow in her cheeks.

"You look great. Let's go." Truthfully, she looked a little conservative in the outfit. That was fine with him. He was thrilled that he was the only person who knew she was pure temptation under those clothes.

He glanced at her as they drove off. *You would never know to look at her.* She kept her fire concealed, but when it burned it was scorching. He could still remember the feel of her mouth on his skin. And the seductive groans erupting from her throat. As if she'd loved feeling his cock moving in her mouth.

Kit pulled down the mirror in front of her seat and began applying her makeup. Knowing she had enough to focus on, trying to put on makeup and think about the interview ahead, he kept quiet. They needed to talk about their future. If they had a future. Two nights of great sex did not a relationship make. He knew that. He'd had enough good sex to know that it didn't necessarily lead to anything more meaningful. But with Kit it was different.

For one thing the sex wasn't just good – it was great. Phenomenal. And he liked her. Really liked her. They'd been friends for six months, now they'd just taken it to another level. But where did they go from here? A few months of fucking? Or was it something long-term?

He watched Kit line her lips. Now was probably not a good time to ask that question.

She hadn't wanted to talk last night and he'd been willing to go along with that. They'd had serious work to do. And now, she had to concentrate on getting ready. Running late wasn't going to help her maintain her composure at all. Of course, it wouldn't give her time to get stressed out either.

He drove silently, speeding twenty miles above the limit to get them into the city on time. Kit didn't seem to notice. She applied and then adjusted her makeup. The way she kept fussing, Jax decided she was avoiding him.

He would let it go for now, but soon, they were going to have a conversation.

He pulled into the parking garage and slid into a spot. Kit dragged her makeup bag over her shoulder and joined Jax in running across the parking garage to the studio entrance.

"Things like this don't happen to me," she said as they hit the door.

"You'll be fine."

They signed in and got a visual reprimand from the assistant who met them. With tightly pursed lips, the woman directed them down the hall to the last door on the right. Jax watched Kit closely, checking for any signs of true panic. That final time last night, she'd been relaxed and comfortable in front of the camera. And damn sexy. He hoped she could find that same attitude today – toning down the sex just a little bit.

Her hand quivered as she smoothed her hair. She was starting to think and that would lead to worry. He considered offering soothing words but knew Kit wouldn't want to hear platitudes at this point. He would get her alone for a few minutes before the interview and go through the points one final time, help her focus on what she knew. She would get it. She would be fine.

"Stone! Oh my gosh, what are you doing here?"

He stopped and turned at the feminine cry and was immediately wrapped in a close embrace. The platinum blonde hair bouncing against his cheek revealed the identity faster than her face, which was currently hidden against his neck.

"Jennifer, how are you?" he asked, disengaging himself from her grip. A quick glance at the cool glare in Kit's eyes warned he hadn't pulled back soon enough.

"I'm so good. Are you back in the business? Who are you working for?"

He shook his head and smiled. "I'm still at the university. Still teaching. Jennifer, this is Katharine Bauman. Kit, this is Jennifer Thompson."

Kit tensed, expecting a distinct chill when the woman looked her way. After the way she'd hugged him—more of a full body wrap than a hug—they had to have been more than friends. Instead, Jennifer smiled and offered her hand.

"Of course, you're the author. Nice to have you here." Before Kit could do more than nod, Jennifer rattled off the obviously rehearsed instructions. Kit listened closely, focusing on the mechanics of what to expect so she could ignore the fact that she'd forgotten absolutely everything Jax had taught her last night.

With a perky smile to Kit and a seductive wink to Jax, Jennifer turned away and led them down a short hall to a tiny room. One wall was a huge mirror surrounded in light bulbs. A shallow counter stuck out from the wall.

"Just have a seat," she waved to two cushion chairs in the corner. "And I'll come get you in about—" Jennifer looked at her watch. "Seven minutes." With that she pulled the door shut, isolating them from the busy hallway.

Kit was too wound up to sit so she began to pace. The room was only five feet wide and part of that was counter. It didn't leave her much room before she ran into Jax. She stopped seconds before bumping into him. She couldn't bear to face him. She'd done it again—she'd kissed the stone and ended up dragging Jax off to bed. He was going to ask her about it. She could see that in his eyes.

And within moments, her worse fears were going to be realized. She was going to go into the interview, embarrass herself, and Jax would feel horrible because he hadn't been able to help. It was too much to deal with.

When she bumped into him the second time, she found the courage to look at him.

"Kit, you're going to be fine," he assured her. "Better than fine. You'll be great."

She nodded absently. He had to say those things. He was her friend, her teacher, and her lover. All three relationships required that he be supportive even when they both knew she was going to make a fool of herself in front of millions of people.

Kit smoothed her skirt for the forty-seventh time, then dug her fingers into her thighs, crushing the material in her palms. Her stomach began the flip-flops she knew so well. The panic started to build. Knowing she couldn't let it control her, she reached for her purse. She would kiss the stone. It would give her that boost of confidence she needed. Logic told her there was no way that kissing a rock would allow her to speak better, but logic didn't matter in situations like this.

She dealt with legends and superstitions every day. She knew how they impacted daily life. None of it mattered as she stood there, with minutes to go before she made a fool of herself.

She needed that damn rock. She looked around.

"Where's my purse?"

Jax shrugged. "I don't think you brought it. You didn't have anything with you except your makeup bag when you got in the car."

"What?" The tiny flutters of panic burst forth into waves. "But I have to have my purse."

"Don't worry. I've got money if you need anything."

"No." She grabbed Jax by the collars and pulled him to her face. "I need my purse."

He placed his hands over hers and squeezed gently. "Kit, what is it?"

She opened her mouth to answer, then looked into his clear, intelligent eyes. She couldn't tell him. How did she confess what she'd done? That she'd seduced him by kissing a piece of rock. "Uh—I...I just..."

Jax looked at the door, as if to insure it was closed, then he turned back. There was concern in his eyes.

"Kit, what's wrong?" The serious undertone of his voice wrenched something deep inside her.

She couldn't lie to him.

"You'll think I'm crazy, but I have a piece of rock in my purse. And I need it."

"What? To hold?"

"Uh, no. To kiss." The deep, long blink of his eyes told her Jax was trying to comprehend her statement.

"Huh?"

"You really will think I'm crazy but the other day..." She proceeded to tell him about the little store and the salesman and the piece of rock.

"And you believe this rock is a piece of the Blarney Stone?"

She dropped her hands and spun away. "I told you it was crazy but it worked."

"What worked?"

"The stone. I kissed it and I convinced the dean to increase the budget in the tutoring lab. And last night I kissed it before that last time and you have to admit I did better."

"Kit, you had practiced all evening, that's why you improved, and I'm sure you were well prepared for your meeting with the dean. Neither of those is proof that this rock is a piece of the Blarney Stone."

"There's you." Her voice was soft and sad.

"What?"

"You."

"Now you've lost me."

She sighed and leaned her hip against the makeup counter. "You. Me. Sex. It's all because of that stone. I kissed the rock, Wednesday night. At McGill's. Didn't you notice anything different? I came out of the bathroom and suddenly I'm a...a...I don't know what I was."

"A sex goddess. That's kind of how I pictured you," he said with a teasing smile. Kit wasn't laughing. Her stomach rolled over and she rushed on with her confession.

"See, you did notice it. I kissed that stone and suddenly, I'm saying all these things and dragging you off to bed. Don't you see? That wasn't me. It wasn't you. I seduced you. That's what the Blarney Stone does. It gives you the power to persuade people and I persuaded you to have sex with me."

"Wait." Jax held up his hands and shook his head. "You think that by kissing this stone you were able to convince me to go to bed with you."

"Jax, you never showed any interest in anything more than friendship with me until I kissed that stone. Then, within minutes, you're going down on me in my living room and fucking me against my front door." Her voice naturally dropped to a frantic whisper. "Don't you find a little suspicious? It was the same thing last night. I kissed the stone and suddenly, we're having sex again." She felt her shoulders droop. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to do it. Not really."

"Kit..."

"Well, I mean I did," she corrected, "because I wanted to do all those things but—"

His lips pulled up in an openly reluctant smile.

"Kit," he said again, taking her shoulders in his hands and forcing her to look up at him. "Listen. You didn't seduce me. All those things you said the other night, and last night, yes, they turned me on, but they weren't what persuaded me to sleep with you." She tried to look away but he leaned down until her eyes met his. "To be absolutely honest, if you wanted to fuck me, all you had to do was grunt and crook your finger. I'd have come running."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"But...you never..."

"I've been trying to figure out how to get you into bed for six months, but you seemed so determined to keep us 'just friends', I didn't think I had a chance."

"I didn't seduce you?" A strange combination of disappointment and relief filled her chest.

"No, you seduced me, but it was you. Not some stone you kissed."

She leaned forward, her head falling against his shoulder. His arms wrapped comfortably around her back.

"I guess that's good."

"Very good."

"But I'm just not sure if I can do this without that rock. It really seemed to help me."

Jax stepped away, forcing her to straighten or fall on her face. She blinked in confusion as she looked up.

"I'll be your Blarney Stone."

That was sweet. She kissed him lightly on the lips. It was nice and for one brief moment it settled the fighting butterflies in her stomach. Then they were back—battling and raging until she was sure she would be sick.

"Thanks." She tried to smile but it didn't work.

"No. We can do this." He placed his hands on the sides of her head. "Close your eyes." His voice was so soothing, she complied and let her eyelids droop down. Without his command, she took a deep breath and felt some of the tension slip from her shoulders. "That's good." He was closer to her. Then she felt the first brush of his mouth against hers. It was light and then more, harder. His hands cupped her hips, pulling her forward until she could almost feel him, sense him just out of reach.

He teased her lips with his tongue and she opened to him. She would take this moment and enjoy it before she went out there and made a fool of herself. With the mental reminder, she pulled back. Jax didn't let her go far.

"No, stay with me. Kiss me." It was the same bedroom voice she'd discovered after hours in his bed. A voice that could lead her into destruction—and she'd be smiling as she went.

She opened her mouth at his silent request and accepted his tongue. Then let herself fall into his kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck and holding on. His hands sank into her hair and the strong massage of his fingers soothed more of her tension. She leaned into him, loving his strength and the hard press of his muscles against her breasts. She ached to feel his mouth on her skin, sucking and licking her nipples the way he'd done the past two nights.

Their hips connected—his growing erection positioned against the apex of her thighs. He rubbed against her, as if searching for the perfect connection. Sexual instincts that had been so well satisfied over the past two days urged her to respond—to ignore the fact that someone could walk in on them—and bring him inside her. She shimmied until he pressed against her clit.

"That's it, baby. Think about how it feels to have my cock inside you."

And she was. Imagining it, dreaming it, almost feeling it.

He leaned farther down, placing hot kisses along her neck, underneath her ear. She turned her head, giving him more access. She forgot where they were or even why they



were there. There was no way she could think beyond his kisses. They were too important, too vital. His mouth was hot against her skin, burning her from the inside out. He kissed and licked his way down her throat, his touch light and seductive, drawing her deeper into his spell.

She rolled her head back and let him trail his mouth along her collarbone. His hand gently squeezed her breast. The peaked nipple tingled as it brushed against his palm. If his goal was distracting her, it was definitely working. It was also draining the strength from her legs. In fact, she couldn't quite remember why she'd been so tense in the first place. All that mattered was Jax and his mouth. And those wicked hands.

His kisses wandered across her skin, dipping down deep into her cleavage and licking the warm valley between her breasts. She rubbed against him, wanting a harder touch—on her breast and between her legs. One hand captured her backside and pulled her forward, giving her the pressure she needed.

He straightened and pressed his lips against her ear as he began a slow steady pulse of his cock against her clit.

"When you walk out there...you'll be the confident, sexy woman I know you are." His deep melodious voice sank into her bones, into her flesh. She could almost feel it move through her body. "There is no room in your head for worry. All you'll think about is me. Every time you say the word 'legend'—" he pumped against her, sending a quick tightening into her pussy. "You'll think about my mouth on your cunt, licking you, sucking on your tight little clit. Because when I get you alone, I'm going to lick your cunt, sip all that luscious juice. You're wet, aren't you? Already wet for me."

And she was. She opened her mouth and tried to breathe but it was as if there wasn't enough oxygen.

"You're so delicious." He continued the erotic whisper. "I want more. I'll spend hours with my mouth between your legs, loving you, tasting you, slipping my tongue into your pretty little cunt." She groaned, feeling his words like a million tiny fingers tickling her pussy. "Every time you say the word legend, you'll think of me and what I can do to you. You'll remember how it feels to come against my mouth."

The memory struck her right between the legs.

But his words didn't stop, his voice didn't change. The hypnotic rhythm lulled her. "You'll know that as soon as you're done, I'll take you somewhere and fuck you hard, sliding my cock deep inside you. Hard—just like you like it. You like a deep hard fuck, don't you?" She nodded, trying to gasp out her agreement but unable to find the breath. "After I make you scream, coming around my cock, I'll have you slowly. Riding you deep and long. But we won't stop there. I'll spend hours loving you until you can't scream—you can barely breathe."

The steady rubbing from Jax's erection against her clit increased the pressure until she thought she'd explode.

"Jax, please." *Fuck me.* She didn't speak the words but she knew Jax heard her. Knew he understood her silent plea.

The seductive whisper continued as if she'd never spoken. "Whenever you say the word 'legend', you'll think of me licking your pussy, tongue fucking you, and then fucking you with my cock. You'll feel me deep inside you for days, you'll always remember what it feels like to have my cock inside you." He strung his words together until she couldn't tell where they stopped and started.

He reached between their bodies and placed his fingertip right against her clit.

She gripped his shoulders and held on as every bit of pleasure that had gathered slowly between her legs, exploded and spread through her body.

The door snapped open. "Katherine? Are you ready to go?" Jennifer, the overly friendly stage manager, smiled.

Kit blinked. What was the woman talking about?

She felt Jax's hand on her lower back, gently pushing her toward the door. Unable to focus on anything but the orgasm that released a little more pleasure with each step, she went where he led her.

The bright lights momentarily blinded her as she reached the edge of the set. She stopped and stared blankly at the scene before her. What was she doing here? She wanted to go back inside that room—back to fucking Jax.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back against him. The hard press of his erection rubbed against her ass. He held her for a moment as if wanting to insure she felt all of him.

"You'll do great. And remember what I said," he whispered. He gave her hip a gentle squeeze. "Legend."

Kit gasped. Everything Jax had promised came back to her in a flash.

"Let's go," Jennifer said with another smile.

Kit stumbled behind her, following Jennifer's feet across the floor. Halfway across the room, Kit looked up and caught a glimpse of herself in the TV.

Air left her body in a rush. She looked nothing like herself. The confident, professional image she'd left her house with was gone and a sexual creature had taken her place.

Her hair was wild and loose. Three buttons on her blouse were undone and the rose decoration was long gone, lost under Jax's skillful hands. But the material changes were nothing to the blush in her cheeks and the sensual glow in her eyes. Jax had done this to her.

Following blindly, she sat down on the couch as directed. The set reminded her of Jax's living room, and that quickly led to the memory of what had happened on his couch. Her hands shook as she clipped the lapel microphone to her collar and smiled at Nick Bradley, the male anchor for the show. Rampaging nerves exploded in her stomach as Nick looked at her, glanced at the pictures on the book jacket and then back at her. Confusion and curiosity marked his face before he shrugged and flashed her a million wattage smile.

"Stand by," an invisible voice called. "We're back in five, four, three..."

Nick smiled toward a camera in the middle of the room.

"We're here today talking with Katherine Bauman, Co-Author of Living Myths and Legends..."

The word "legend" drove a spike of need into her sex. She placed her hand against her stomach, trying to soothe the ache.

"So, Katherine, how are legends impacting our lives today?"

Legends. I'm going to lick your cunt, sip all that luscious juice.

Her cheeks warmed and she cleared her throat. She wouldn't think about Jax's comments. She quickly processed Nick's question. "Well, we operate so much of our lives out of..." She couldn't say legends. She'd orgasm right there. "Uh, myths. Some of them are common superstitions and some are folk tales but we pass them along whether we know it or not..."

The words she'd practiced last night with Jax seemed to flow from her tongue. *Focus on the message. Make your point. Stop talking.*

Nick nodded with what appeared to be real interest.

"So what sort of legends do we see in our day to day lives? Give me an example of a legend we might run into."

Damn. There was that word again.

I'll take you somewhere and fuck you hard, sliding my cock deep inside you. Hard—just like you like it. You like a deep hard fuck, don't you?

"Yes," she sighed then she laughed. Nick's bright white smile flashed in response. "Well, for instance, getting worms from cookie dough. It's a myth passed down from my mother. When you think about it, there isn't anything in raw cookie dough to give you worms."

"So, it's just a tale to stop kids from eating raw cookie dough before it gets baked?"

Kit chuckled. The sound was raw and husky. "Not necessarily. It has a purpose. Raw eggs can be dangerous, so yes, you can get sick. That's one of the basic legends..." *I'll spend hours with my mouth between your legs, loving you, tasting you, slipping my tongue into your pretty little pussy.* She swallowed and tried to continue her sentence. "...that infiltrates our daily life but probably had some basis in necessity."

"Tell me about some urban legends. Those seem to be the ones that terrify us."

"Yes, we see a lot of those particularly in the days of the Internet."

Kit let the words flow out of her mouth. She knew she was speaking and was pleased to hear she sounded like she was making sense. But it seemed so distant to what was happening in her body—in her thoughts. Everything Jax had described appeared in her head.

Jax, moving inside her. Long deep thrusts. His mouth sucking on her nipples and licking her sex. The warm caress of his voice across her skin. She needed him. Soon.

"Well, Katherine, we're out of time but I want to thank you for coming here today. The book is called "Living Myths and Legends" and if the book is half as entertaining as its author, it should be a very interesting read indeed. We'll be back right after this."

The room froze for one moment in time. Then the voice cried, "Clear!" from the corner. "Three minutes in break."

Nick leaned forward. "Katherine, that was a delightful interview." His eyes flickered downward to her breasts and Kit knew her nipples were pressing against her shirt. "It was a *pleasure* to meet you." It was supposed to be a seductive tease but Kit just nodded. She had to find Jax.

Jennifer returned to collect her and led her back across the set. Jax stood just off to the side. When Kit saw him there she didn't know whether to deck him—or jump him. He took the decision from her when he pulled her into his arms.

"You were great." He hugged her close, giving her a quick, friendly squeeze before stepping back. "Excellent."

"Katherine, you did very well." Jennifer waved as she walked by. "Stone, it was great to see you again. Just follow the blue hallway and you'll find your way out."

Energy pumped through her veins as she followed Jax out of the building. Success built on the lust that Jax had inspired until Kit felt incandescent with all the power flowing through her. They walked into the parking garage and Kit decided she couldn't stand it any more. She stepped in front of Jax, wrapped her arms around his neck and slammed her mouth into his.

His energy seemed to match hers. He grabbed her and pulled her body to his, positioning himself hard against the apex of her thighs. They stood, locked in long, hot kisses. Finally, Kit dragged her head back.

"How fast can you get us home?" she asked.

Jax laughed and grabbed her hand pulling her the rest of the way to the car.

While he'd gone twenty miles over the speed limit to get there, he went almost thirty on the return. The trip was silent. Kit couldn't find the words. She was almost afraid to speak. She didn't have the stone so she didn't have the sexy words and despite what he'd said, she knew that played a huge part in their getting together.

He pulled into his driveway and they both scrambled out. The drive back hadn't killed her ardor. It had only increased.

Jax held the door open and indicated she should enter first. She expected him to drag her upstairs. Instead, they stopped inside the entryway and Jax took her hands in his and held them between their bodies. He seemed so serious that Kit started to worry.

"Jax, what is it?"

He hesitated then finally spoke. "You said you kissed that stone both nights before we made love."

She nodded.

"So, do you think the stone made you want to make love with me?"

"You don't believe in the stone," she said, shaking her head.

"No, but you do. Do you think this stone is some kind of magic rock that makes you want to sleep with me?"

"What? How could you think that?"

"The same reasons you thought you'd seduced me. You've never indicated any interest in sleeping with me or changing our relationship from just friends, and then you kiss this rock, and the next thing I know, you're all over me. So, did that rock somehow make you horny?"

Her mouth fell open as she looked at him. "Jax, I didn't think you'd have any interest in sleeping with me." Her upper lip curled upward. "I'm still not really sure why you are." He started to speak and she held up a hand to stop him. "No, let me say this. I've been attracted to you, *lusting* after you, since day one. I think kissing the stone just gave me confidence to say and do all the things I've wanted to before."

She waited, not sure what his reaction would be.

Finally, he nodded. "Well, I just want to make sure you're not going to need to pull out that rock every time we want to have sex."

Her smile turned into a grin and then a laugh. "Oh, don't worry. I don't need any inspiration besides you."

His lips squeezed together like he was pondering that concept. If she hadn't seen a hint of laughter in his eyes, she would have worried. But he seemed resolved with the stone issue. Now, he was just messing with her. Finally he nodded. "I see. Well, why don't we test it?"

"Test what?"

"Test whether you need that stone to want me." He opened his arms wide. "I'm here." The taunting glint in his eyes made her step forward. "Show me you'll seduce me without that stone."

There was a dare in his eyes and no way was she going to let him get away with that. Jax had said the stone hadn't seduced him—now was her chance to prove it. For both of them.

With a confidence she hadn't expected to find in herself, she grabbed the edges of her blouse and gave it a quick tug. The buttons snapped off and flung far and wide, clicking as they struck the walls.

"Remember what you said to me before I went on the air?" She took a step forward, reaching for the placket of his shirt. She gave it a sharp tug and snapped the buttons off as well. Jax just smiled, daring her to continue. "It worked. Every time I said the word 'legend' I thought about you. Fucking me. Loving me." She reached up and cupped her breasts, thinly protected by her lace bra. "I thought about your mouth on my skin, licking me." She placed her hands on his chest and skimmed them downward, not stopping until she cupped his growing cock in her palms. "I thought about how thick you feel inside me and that slow, steady thrust." She massaged his cock and watched

the pleasure reflected in his eyes. Her pussy contracted in response. She was wet and aching, hungry for this man. "The deep, hard penetration." She groaned at the memory and reached up, slipping one hand inside her open blouse to caress her nipple. She needed him. It had been hours since she'd held him inside her and it was way too long.

She pushed him up against the wall and placed her mouth on his. He instantly took control of the kiss. Kit allowed it for a few seconds before she pulled back and stepped away, her blouse fluttering around her arms.

"Do you want me?"

Jax nodded. She took one step up the stairs.

"You want to fuck me?"

Again, he nodded and this time he followed as she moved up one more stair.

"How badly?" she teased, taking another step away. "How badly do you want to be inside my pussy?" She lured him up the stairs and into the bedroom, almost making it to the bed before his control broke and he dragged her to the floor, stripped off the remainder of her clothes, and drove his cock into her.

After the verbal foreplay and mental seduction of the morning, Kit was ready to explode. She came almost immediately. Jax followed with a groan moments later.

Kit loved the feel of his heavy weight on top of her and she hated to disturb him but reality and hope for their future forced her to move.

"We have to go downstairs."

Jax raised his head and squinted at her like she'd gone insane. "Now?" Though he asked it with a disgruntled tone, he was already rolling off her.

"Yes, now."

He stalled a few seconds to clean up and pull on some clothes before Kit could convince him to come with her.

"Come on, I want to show you this rock. See what you think of it."

"Kit, it's not important."

"I want you to see how this stone works."

She practically dragged him down the stairs to his mock set. Her bra and panties still lay on the floor. She ignored them and picked up her purse. After long moments of digging in the bag, she growled in frustration.

"It's gone."

"The rock?"

"Yes. It was here in my bag. Last night. And now it's gone."

"Kit, don't worry." He spun her around until she looked into his eyes. "You don't need that piece of rock. Trust me, if you want hot sex..." He waited for a beat, then smiled. "You've just got to keep kissing Stone."

### **About the author:**

Tielle (pronounced “teal”) St. Clare has had life-long love of romance novels. She began reading romances in the 7th grade when she discovered Victoria Holt novels and began writing romances at the age of 16 (during Trigonometry, if the truth be told). During her senior year in high school, the class dressed up as what they would be in twenty years – Tielle dressed as a romance writer.

When not writing romances, Tielle has worked in public relations and video production for the past 20 years. She moved to Alaska when she was seven years old in 1972 when her father was transferred with the military. Tielle believes romances should be hot and sexy with a great story and fun characters.

Tielle welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora’s Cave Publishing at P.O. Box 787, Hudson, Ohio 44236-0787.

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