



Laying

LOW

Caitlyn Willows

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...The sound of voices drifted their way over the roar of the falls.

“Looks like we’ve got company,” he said.

“Suppose they’ll suspect what we’re doing under the water?”

“Let’s remove any doubt.”

One hand gripped her ass while the other wedged between them straight to her clit. He moved into shallower water, thrusting deeper into her cunt with each step. Allie gasped as his cock head nudged her womb. His thumb against her clit demanded she come. Once on more sure footing, he pounded into her like an engine on overdrive. She clutched his shoulders, holding on, biting her lower lip to keep from screaming out at the pleasure as the voices got nearer and nearer. Her thighs quivered around his waist.

He walked them closer to the shore, out of the water. The air dusted a chill over her skin, stealing her focus away from her impending climax.

Allie buried her face in his neck. “I can’t, Matt. Come without me.”

“You can.” Clutching her to him, he knelt on a patch of grass behind the boulder where they’d placed their daypacks. “You will.” He yanked down her bottoms as far as they could go, and whacked the bare flesh. The sound of the waterfall absorbed the noise.

She gasped as warmth pooled to her crotch. He smacked the other cheek. She jerked her hips forward, then back for more. Matt obliged, quickly spanking one side of her ass and then the other. Her clit swelled against his thumb. She ground against it, screwing his rock-hard dick as deep as it could go...

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# LAYING LOW

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LAING LOW  
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

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# CHAPTER 1

The soft sound of waves rushing to the sandy shore pulled Allie Quinn from a half-sleep. This was one of the downsides of traveling to Hawaii from New York—her internal time clock was still a little screwy. Two in the morning and she was raring to go. Of course it had also meant early nights...until yesterday. She'd thought the bone-quaking sex would have been enough to make her sleep through until dawn. But here she was, stirred awake by the ocean and the absence of the hard male body she'd fallen asleep beside.

Allie combed her long hair away from her face as she sat up. Matt Oliver stood on the lanai, forearms braced on the metal railing as he stared at the Pacific Ocean. His Greek-god-like body was bathed in the silvery glow of the almost full moon. Sparse body hair made his skin smooth to the touch, and Allie liked to touch it a lot. It was hard to believe they'd only met each other less than a week ago during an undercover assignment. Harder still to believe he'd followed her all the

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way to Hawaii on vacation, for the sole purpose of them getting to know each other better. He could have chosen anyplace much closer to home base in which to lay low while the man he'd investigated was processed through the legal system. But Matt had come here, to her.

Actually, he'd gone into full alpha male mode and essentially wormed the information on who she was and where she'd gone from her boss. Nothing was hotter than being pursued by a man she craved.

She'd wanted him from the second he'd strode toward her as Matteo Lombardi, even before she realized he was an undercover agent, too. He'd claimed her just as surely as putting a brand on her, wrapping his long fingers around her ankles, massaging her aching feet with slow precision, wandering up her leg, while Allie had melted into her club chair and slipped her crotch closer and closer to the relief those fingers had promised.

Minutes later, when he'd fucked her up against the wall in front of a dozen men, she knew she'd finally found her perfect match—an agent willing to do whatever it took to get the job done. That, when combined with his skillful hands and killer body, made him impossible to resist. Apparently, he felt the same way about her or he wouldn't have gone to all those lengths to find her.

In the short time they'd known each other, they'd had rough sex with an audience, hot reunion sex from the whole five days they'd been apart, sex in the shower, and then tonight's sweet, slow sex tangled in the sheets that put them to sleep in each other's arms. It was all outstanding as far as Allie was concerned. She couldn't wait to see what the next twelve days in this tropical paradise would bring. She'd would do her best to not think any further than that. This could be nothing more than hot sex after a dangerous assignment. They were celebrating life and burning off adrenaline. Right?

*Yeah...right.*

She was already in lust with him and completely in awe of the fact

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his work ethic as a federal agent mirrored hers to perfection. Allie was smart enough to recognize that love wasn't sneaking up on her—it was barreling her way with the force of a comet. And there wasn't a damn thing she could do about the impact...nor did she wish to. She'd take it as it came and deal with it then.

*Just enjoy the next twelve days.*

They were in the perfect spot to do that. The Hideaway Resort on the north shore of Oahu catered to those in their profession, and the chances of running into someone they knew at the bureau were pretty good, but at least they'd be able to relax and not have to worry about looking over their shoulders for bad guys.

Allie smiled. They'd also have to be a little more careful about where they made love. The enclosed cabana on the beach might have seemed private, but she and Matt had been much too caught up in the moment to remember it wasn't. If they didn't exercise some discretion, they could both be out of a job...or tucked in a basement somewhere blowing dust off files. The agency took a dim view of their agents having sex in public. Still...it was damn hot sex, made hotter by the prospect of getting caught.

No telling what their bosses would say when they saw the surveillance tape of her and Matt in that hallway. Thank goodness they'd never see what had happened behind the closed doors of Brian Sumner's private railcar. If pressed, she and Matt would remind them it was part of the job and there'd been little choice, which was one hundred percent correct. Public sex was definitely preferable to being killed.

She hugged her knees to her chest and continued to enjoy the view of the gorgeous man standing on the lanai. Shadow from moon glow defined every sculpted muscle, begging her fingers to come explore. Then he turned to face her, elbows parked behind him on the railing, and with more than just a smile to show for himself.



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Allie swung her feet to the floor and sauntered his way. A thick carpet of light beige padded every step. “Thinking of me?”

Matt chuckled and drew her against him before her toes could touch the cool cement. “Constantly, from the second we met.”

He cupped her butt and tugged her close. Allie rubbed her stomach over his erection as she draped her arms around his neck. The moon even lit up the smile in his brown eyes.

“This is the most relaxed I’ve been in two years,” he said.

That was a long time to have been undercover, having to measure every word and action while gathering evidence, protecting the mission, and trying to stay alive. And when the arrest was finally made, Matt had still managed to get out with his cover intact. Allie had gotten a taste of what Matt’s life must have been like with Brian Sumner when she’d gone to retrieve the flash drive from her contact. If it hadn’t been for Matt, it could have been a far worse experience for her, perhaps she’d have even ended up dead. Instead, she’d found a kindred spirit—one she wanted to get to know better.

She rested her cheek against his hard chest, loving the scent of him that surrounded her, his strength, the rapid thud of his heart. They’d agreed to not talk about work, to have a good time enjoying every single second they could. Learning everything about each other, having crazy rabbit sex all over the whole island.

Matt combed his fingers up her neck, deep into her hair. He drew her top lip between his, tracing it slowly with his tongue before he did the same to her bottom lip. Eyes closed, she gave herself over to him, sighing as he kissed and licked the edges of her mouth, then loosing a small moan when he slipped his tongue around hers.

She loved the heat, the pressure of his mouth on hers. He was the only man she’d ever known who could make a kiss feel as intimate and encompassing as sex itself. And when he kissed her and fucked her at the same time...

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Allie pulled away on a gasp for breath as her body tightened with the thought.

Matt dragged his lips to the curve of her neck. “How daring do you feel right now?”

After what they’d been through he had to ask? But that was work related and this was their downtime. The concept of any type of adventure with him was intriguing. “What did you have in mind?”

The cock wedged between them throbbed its response. “So many things I can’t put them all into words. Let’s just start with one.” He draped his arm around her shoulders, yet still held her against him as he pointed toward the beach. “That little stretch of sand has our names all over it. I want to take you down there, lay you out on a beach mat, and watch you come with the moon lighting your face and the waves accompanying every sound you make.”

Standing behind her now, he cupped her breast, brushing his thumb over the hard nipple as his lips followed the sensitive curve of her neck. She gasped at the feel of his whiskers against her skin.

“Yes...just like that,” he whispered.

He ran his other hand down the flat expanse of her stomach, never once pausing as he delved lower and parted her labia. Her clit was hard and wet, more than ready for the finger he traced around it.

“I want to memorize every centimeter of your pussy. Did I mention how much I like it smooth like this?” He tunneled his fingers through the valleys of her labia.

“I had to make sure I was beach-ready,” she said with a sigh.

“Maybe next time I’ll help, even though it’ll be impossible to resist tasting this when I do.” He squeezed her clit between his fingers.

Allie arched into his hand, letting free a deep moan.

“I want to put my dick deep inside you and fuck you hard and long.” He circled his fingers at her cunt opening. “I love how your muscles clutch at me here, begging for more and more. Or in that tight

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little ass of yours where one plunge has me coming harder than a fire hose on full blast.” He rolled her nipple between his fingers as he pinched her clitoris again.

“God, Matt...” she gasped out.

“I know, baby. It feels good. But we’re wasting moonlight. And that cool sand is craving your hot body on it.” He dragged his hand from her crotch, spreading her juices over her belly, into her navel, and around her nipple before slipping his fingers through hers and tugging her into the room. Once inside, he draped the plush terrycloth robe—compliments of the Hideaway Resort—around her shoulders.

“Your skin looks golden against the white cloth,” he said softly.

Dazed with want, Allie slid her arms into the sleeves. Matt knotted the belt around her waist.

“How do you expect to sneak outside the hotel with this?” She curled her fingers around his massive erection and indulged him with a stroke.

He closed his close on a sharp intake of breath. “Keep doing that and there’ll be nothing left to sneak, peek, or poke.”

“Now...I find that incredibly difficult to believe.” Lips parted, she started to crouch down to give him a lick.

Matt gently moved her away. “Moon’s waiting, hot stuff.”

“So it is.”

Smiling, she retrieved their straw beach mats and towels, while he wrapped another towel tightly around his waist and then slipped into his robe. Still, the telltale bulge let the world know he sported a healthy erection.

Matt shrugged. “At two in the morning, who could we possibly run in to? And if we do, I’ll expect you to guard my assets.”

Allie grinned. “My pleasure.”

He matched her smile with one of his own as he tucked the keycard into the robe pocket. That smile was nearly as potent as his kiss on her

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senses.

Matt made each step they took toward their destination foreplay all its own.

He stood in her space, the warmth from his body surrounding her—protective, heady, male. The touch of his hand to her back, her butt cheeks, her elbow, coupled with his smoldering gaze and seductive smile, made her blood boil, her body melt. It coalesced in a throbbing puddle at her crotch. The pulse and pull of the ocean had nothing compared to the ache growing in her pussy.

They passed more people than either of them had anticipated seeing—other couples absorbed in the wonder of each other and a smattering of resort personnel. Allie turned her attention to the splash of turquoise and tan in the hotel's obligatory tropical décor when others came into range. Polite nods and muttered greetings were exchanged. So different from daytime when everyone embraced the island spirit, wanting to share everything they'd done or seen since arriving. The night, the full moon, was clearly a time for lovers.

Most couples headed to their rooms. A few wandered toward the hotel beach exit. She and Matt would definitely have company tonight. Hopefully the others would keep their distance. If not...

Allie smiled. So much for her attempt to be discreet. But then, all the other couples were headed to the beach for the same reason, so it hardly mattered. Still, the idea that someone else would hear or see her and Matt making love doubled the thrill.

"Is that smile for me?" His breath brushed over her ear.

She slipped her fingers inside the folds of his robe, caressing his smooth chest. "It's all for you." She sought out his nipple, widening her smile when it beaded beneath her touch.

Matt curled his hand around hers and brought it to his lips. He twirled his tongue into the center of her palm, then planted a kiss there, before swinging open the glass door and ushering her outside.

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Gentle island tradewinds welcomed them. The easy *swoosh-swoosh* of the ocean called them forward. Cool, white sand padded their walk. Matt wasted no time claiming a spot for them. A flick of his wrist snapped each straw mat over the sand. He stripped off his robe and placed it on top. Only his towel kept him from being nude—his nicely tented towel. When Allie reached for it, he stopped her.

“This is my fantasy. You can have yours later.”

A sweep of his arm motioned her to the makeshift bed. Allie peeled off her robe and lay down.

Her body quivered as she watched him watch her. Hard breaths lifted his broad shoulders. His cock lengthened as if searching for a way out of the towel.

“Touch yourself for me.”

Gaze locked onto the playground of his chest, Allie cupped her breasts and flicked her thumbs over the nipples. Matt licked his lips.

“You want to suck them, don’t you?” she whispered. “And this, too.” She dipped her hand to her moist pussy.

He answered with a ragged, “Yes...and I’m going to soon.”

She parted her thighs, giving him a better view. One hand toyed with her nipple, tweaking, elongating it, while the other wandered around her clitoris.

“You like that, don’t you?” he asked. “To have men watch and want. You like the power, especially when they know they can’t have you.”

“There’s something about the possibility of being caught,” she admitted. “The naughtiness of it. You like it, too...knowing they’re watching me.”

Matt smiled. “Yet another thing we have in common.”

“There are so many.”

“Yes”—he knelt between her legs—“there are.”

He brushed the backs of his fingers up her inner thighs, over her

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stomach, and then to her breasts. Her hard nipples nudged into his palms, begging for attention as he stretched out on top of her.

Allie wrapped her calves over his thighs and tilted her pelvis against his. The soft towel kissed her swollen clit. Matt pressed deeper, grunting when she rubbed against him. A low growl followed as he rolled one nipple in his teeth. She furrowed her fingers through his soft hair, cradling his head as he worshipped the prize he'd captured. Soft licks and gentle bites morphed into a deep suckle that shot pleasure down to her pussy. She tightened her hold on him, moaning deeply when he shifted attention to her other breast.

He took his time between the two, loving them until Allie thought she'd burst into flames. Her lips formed the word "please," but no intelligent sounds could pass through her throat. She closed her eyes against the moonlight and listened to the waves mimic the thrust and pull of sex. She rocked into him, anxious for climax.

"Uh-huh, not yet." He shifted lower.

Allie's whimpered protest died as he twirled his tongue into the well of her navel. Knees splayed to the sides, she arched into him. Matt draped first one calf and then the other over his shoulders and dragged his mouth down to her pussy. He traced his tongue through the U-shaped valley, dodging her clit with every pass, swelling it to unbelievable proportions, until she was certain one touch would send her sky-rocketing.

She clenched her thighs around his head, trying desperately to keep his wandering mouth in one place. A tickle against her anus was her only warning before he tunneled two fingers beyond the tight muscle. Allie cried out and dug her heels into his back. Matt's thumb found her cunt, pushing high into her G-spot and then low to massage the thin wall separating his thumb and fingers.

"Oh...please, Matt!"

He groaned a response and sucked her clit between his lips. Orgasm

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scored through her in a flash she swore rivaled the moonlight. As the sensation subsided, he shifted. She heard the snap of his towel as he whipped it off. Saw the glint of lust in his brown eyes. He didn't bother to pull her calves from his shoulders. Allie was too mesmerized to try. Seizing her lips in a tongue-tangling kiss, he slammed his cock deep into her pussy.

It was raw. It was feral. It was the fucking of her life—deep, hard, fast, long. And not once did his mouth leave hers. She held on for the ride, wanting, needing to come with him. Matt shifted again, ensuring now that each thrust he beat into her took her clit with it. Her muscles tensed with the impending climax. Her lips froze with his as the moment took them together, absorbing the moans from each other. His cock felt like stone within her. Of their own volition, her cunt muscles squeezed. Their bodies quaked in unison as they came.

Matt jerked his head up, bowing his body into the release...once, twice. The beauty of his silhouette against the full moon took Allie's breath away, and her heart with it. She closed her eyes, imprinting the memory forever in her mind. Feelings like this didn't happen often, or last long in their profession. She'd savor it while she could.

## CHAPTER 2

Matt watched small waves break from the clear blue ocean and kiss the white sand. The morning breeze wrapped around him, washing away the grit from years of undercover work. It was a picture-perfect day—one of those a person would swear didn't truly exist if they'd seen it on a postcard. He didn't realize how tired and tense the investigation of Brian Sumner had made him until five days ago, right before Sumner and a good portion of his men were arrested. The hell of it was Matt knew he'd have to go back in soon.

Sumner would expect those men not arrested with him to lay low, but he'd want to bring them back under his wing as soon as he could. The agency was counting on Sumner's trust of Matt to garner them even more evidence. Once Sumner was extradited back to New York, he'd be out on bail shortly thereafter. Then he'd want to circle his remaining wagons in order to protect himself from further prosecution.

It all hinged on what Matt had managed to accomplish with the man



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over the course of their association—trust or suspicion. Trust meant there was an excellent chance he'd contact Matt to help him tie up loose ends. Suspicion meant Matt was a loose end that had to be tied up. All Matt and the agency could do was wait. While he laid low, the cell phone assigned to him as Matteo Lombardi would be closely monitored. When—if—Sumner called, Matt would be notified immediately and on his way back to New York within twenty-four hours. Matt prayed the man didn't call any time soon. Hell, one part of him hoped he never called so he could get back to his real life.

There was no place better to play the waiting game than this place. No better person to do it with than Allie Quinn. They may have only met five days ago—when she walked into the lounge of the train in her guise as call girl Samantha Shaw, but it felt like they'd known each other forever. From that first instant, there was a connection. Whether in work or play, each knew how to respond to the other and the situation. They couldn't have meshed better if they'd choreographed everything beforehand. Meeting her undercover was just a teaser.

The second Matt was clear, he'd known he had to find her. Finally, her boss had relented, giving him not only her identity, but also her whereabouts. Matt didn't waste time. Now, here they were in a tropical paradise, setting all thought and mention of work aside as they got acquainted as civilians, rather than FBI agents.

Matt glanced at the beautiful woman sitting on the lanai with him. Did she realize how tangled in knots she had him, that he was at her beck and call? He'd never been more in synch with another person. Each second he spent with her made him crave another. It was going to be a long time before he would be ready to say good-bye to Allie. Somehow they were going to have to find a way to continue whatever it was they had between them once this vacation was over. She was permanently under his skin and in his blood.

They'd fallen asleep on the beach last night and woke up as dawn

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was lighting the sky. After returning to the suite they'd manage to get in exchange for the two rooms they originally had, a quick shower wound up being anything but. Now they spoiled themselves with breakfast on the lanai—strong kona coffee, waffles, bacon, and fresh pineapple. Other than the last sip of coffee left in their cups, there wasn't a morsel remaining.

"Up for a little snorkeling?" He brushed his leg against hers.

Allie's bright laughter wiggled through him, bringing to life parts of him that should be exhausted. He hadn't had this much sex in years...and was enjoying very bit of it.

"Would you believe I've never been able to master snorkeling? Why don't you go and I'll keep our spot on the beach guarded."

He tilted his head to one side and let a slow gaze sweep over her face. "You don't mind?" Most women he'd known insisted they had to spend every waking minute with each other. Though it was annoying, he'd been willing to go that extra mile for her.

"Hell, no. Go. Have a good time. I'll have a good time. We'll both be happy." She danced her toes up his leg. "And I'll definitely see you later."

"I'm thinking you just might be a keeper." The words spewed out before he realized they'd formed.

For a millisecond, her smile faltered. If he'd blinked, he would have missed it. Matt cursed himself a thousand times over, but couldn't think of one thing to help him cover his misstep. He refused to pass off the statement as a joke. It wasn't. The more he learned about Allie, the more he wanted to be with her. She was one hell of a woman.

"Be careful what you wish for," she finally said, giving him that heated glance he loved so well.

"I'll keep that in mind." Pushing to his feet, he leaned over the table and gave her a quick kiss. "I'll see you on the beach later."

"I'll be waiting."

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He hoped so. The last thing he wanted was to have such a promising relationship go down the tubes because his mouth had run away with him.

What had she thought? Did she feel cornered? Disgusted? Intrigued?

And what right did he have to demand what was in her head? Talk about a deal breaker. It's not like he'd proposed. He simply made an innocent statement, and the only one making a big deal out of it was his conscience.

Matt tried to shove the nagging voice out of his mind and focus on snorkeling. He loved the peace of being undersea, checking out the life hidden from those above. No sounds. No worries, except general cautions. Beauty and colors like nothing else on the planet. The water was calm today. Small waves lapped to shore. No surfers today either. It looked they'd gone in search of something more challenging.

Invigorated by the promise of a great dive, Matt let long strides take him to the gear booth just outside the hotel on the beach. A native gentleman who looked like he'd been around since Kamehameha greeted him with a robust "Aloha," which Matt returned.

His nametag identified him as Kui but, as with all traditions in the islands, he called himself "Cousin Kui." As Matt signed the rental of fins, mask, and snorkel to the room, the man filled him in on choice dive spots to check out and drifted into sharing information on out of the way places a couple could visit on the island. Matt repaid him with a generous tip, also signed to the room. Cousin Kui's, "Mahalo," and unwavering smile sent him on his way.

In minutes, Matt slipped beneath the warm water, but not before searching the beach to see if Allie had come down. Not yet. He tried to tell himself it'd only been a few minutes, but couldn't help wondering if she was throwing her things into the suitcase while she phoned down to registration to get her own room. The fact that he cared was a good

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clue he was getting in deep.

Matt would have laughed if the snorkel in his mouth had allowed it. He was in deep from the second they'd crossed paths. Not only had he hunted down her boss to find out her identity, he'd also followed her from New York to Hawaii. Until Allie, there hadn't been a woman alive worth that kind of effort and expense.

He poked his head above water again. Relief eased the tension in his shoulders when he saw her pick her way across the sand, arms filled with a bulging, hot pink tote bag, straw mats, beach chairs, and umbrella. All the private cabana tents were rented for the duration of their visit—which was probably a good thing considering how uninhibited he and she had been together in one the afternoon before.

Allie dumped everything in a pile once she reached her destination and started to set up. Now he could relax.

It looked like he had the ocean to himself, people-wise. Matt glided through the water, taking in all the wonders of the undersea world. Multi-colored fish that covered all spectrums of the rainbow darted among formations of coral equally as diverse. Fields of sea urchins in purple, deep blues, and green hugged the sand. A tiny crab snapped its claws defensively over its head as an eel slithered by, then ducked under the cover of an old cowry shell.

Here he could almost forget the job ahead, the anxiety he'd left behind, yet still had to face. He'd been undercover too long this time. Some agents caved under that kind of pressure or gave in to the lure of money prevalent in the criminal world. Matt lived in fear that one day the temptation would be too much for him and was constantly on guard against that. He also measured every word, every action, afraid the wrong thing would give him away and get him killed. It was a hell of a way to live. He'd managed to see his family twice in the last two years, both times for the holidays and only because Sumner was big on respecting family and holiday tradition. Still, Matt had managed both

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trips after a great deal of juggling identities to hide his whereabouts. Rather like he'd done to get to Allie.

She'd been the catalyst to help bring the beginning of the end to this investigation of Sumner. Her retrieval of the flash drive of information had provided him the means to have Sumner and his crew arrested...and to get away without compromising his identity. Now he waited. The prospect of going back in held no appeal.

What else could he do? He had a job to complete. They'd laid the groundwork too carefully to screw it up now. Still, he hated the idea that he was going in alone once more, with no one to trust but his own wits. Sure, they hadn't failed him before, but there was always a chance of a slip-up, especially when a guy was as burned out as he felt.

He swam farther out, where the reef met the deeper waters of the Pacific, soaking in the serenity around him. A shark trolling for food cut slowly across his path. Matt pulled back into shallower water. But it was spying the sea turtles starting to come in to feed that sent him toward the shore. These were adults, more than half his size. The last thing he wanted to do was disturb them. He picked his way back, covering new territory, until he found a patch of clear sand on which to stand.

Matt pulled the snorkel from his mouth and pushed back the mask. A breeze lifted chill bumps on his upper body while his gaze sought out Allie, finding her instantly among the growing crowd of sun worshippers. She looked like a golden goddess there, all comfy in her beach chair, nose deep in a book, bottle of water by her side. She had his chair ready, too, with water and towel waiting.

A deep stretch pulled her head up. Even with the sunglasses perched on her nose, he knew her gaze had settled on him. A smile lifted one corner of her mouth. She set the paperback aside and dug a tube of sunscreen from her cavernous tote bag. After squirting lotion into her cupped palm, she took her sweet time rubbing it over her chest,

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her arms, her belly, then her legs.

“Little tease.”

He blessed the waist-high water that hid his erection, yet still ducked lower. Every male eye on the beach was riveted to her; a few female ones as well. She knew it, too. Matt shoved his hand into his swim trunks. There was no way he'd be able to go ashore like this. He wrapped his fist around his aching cock and pumped it, while she toyed with her audience. Seemingly casual, Allie traced her fingers up and down her inner thighs, while one bent knee rocked slowly back and forth. His balls tightened and he crouched deeper into the water.

Matt would love to have her here right now, legs wrapped around him, balls-deep into her hot cunt. It'd be slow and easy, the rise and fall of the ocean thrusting them together and back. He pressed his lips tight to stifle a groan. She arched into another of those nonchalant stretches as she picked up her book. Still, she rocked that knee, playing peek-a-boo with him...and anyone else watching. She loved the power it gave her, thrilled at the risk. Not that he faulted her for either. Right now nothing made him harder than knowing others wanted her, but only he could have her.

He stroked himself faster, trying his best to make his wrist work and not his arm. The last thing he needed was to be caught beating off. Yet, like Allie, the rush of the forbidden was too much to resist. He locked his gaze on her, on that knee and the hint of a crotch-shot it promised. In seconds, orgasm pulsed from him, jerking his hips forward despite his efforts to contain them. His vision glazed over. He waited until the buzz faded, then swam to shore.

\* \* \*

Allie tried her best to keep her breathing steady as she watched Matt step from the water. The man was more addicting than chocolate or fine wine. Drops of water clung to his body as if begging for one more second to be a part of him. She knew that feeling well. It'd be a

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cold day in hell before she ever got enough of him. They had less than two weeks.

He'd taken her by surprise with his earlier comment. She warned herself against reading too much into it. People often said things like that off the top of their head. It didn't mean anything. It was just talk, fun. The last thing she was going to do was work herself into knots over what he did or didn't mean by it. That was a sure way of screwing up what precious time they had left together.

She held out his towel to him, fighting the urge to lick her lips. Her hands itched to mold themselves over his muscles. If he knew how he devastated her senses...

Allie smiled. He knew.

"Enjoy yourself?" she asked.

Matt dropped his gear behind his chair, then took the towel she offered and blotted his skin dry. She envied the terrycloth.

"Very much. It's peaceful and beautiful."

"No pictures?"

He shook his head. "Maybe one day. Right now I get too wrapped up in it all. I don't want anything to distract from that."

"I couldn't help but notice that you were standing out there a while before coming in." She passed a leisurely gaze down his body. "Problem?"

Low laughter rumbled from his chest. "Let's just say I picked up a stray anchor and had to lose it before I could face the world again."

"Anchor?" Allie smiled. "Oh, my...someone does think highly of himself, doesn't he?"

"You know what they say...if you don't toot your horn, no one else will."

She doubled over with laughter. "That I'd like to see you do. What an image."

Matt swung into the chair behind her, straddling her body. "Not

## LAYING LOW

nearly as appealing as what I saw on the beach waiting for me.”

Allie lay against him, her warmth soaking up his coolness. “Oh? I didn’t realize you saw me.”

“Like hell. And, sweetheart, every man on the beach saw you.” He snapped his towel over her, covering them both from prying eyes. “And I guarantee they all wanted you.”

One hand tugged down her bikini top and wrapped around her breast while the other dove into the bottom, straight to her damp crotch. Allie’s breath caught.

“Careful,” he whispered. “You wouldn’t want anyone to hear, would you? We’d get kicked out of the hotel for sure. That’d be a hell of a thing to get back to our bosses, wouldn’t it?” He tweaked her nipple between thumb and forefinger.

She clutched his thigh to keep from crying out.

“Good girl,” he said. “But not so good a few minutes ago, were you?” He pinched her clit this time.

Allie grabbed his other thigh and felt his cock harden against her spine.

“I don’t know whether to make you come right here in front of everyone...or to take you upstairs and warm your cute little ass with my belt.”

“Oh, Matt, please...” A gush of wetness dampened her pussy.

He knew the threat alone turned her on. And the act itself... *Oh, God!*

His fingers slipped down the slit and deep inside. “I love those moans you make when you’re getting paddled. It makes me want to fuck you and spank you at the same time. You get so wet...so horny.” His thumb toyed with her clit, flicking the hard button back and forth.

Allie pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and dropped her head back to his shoulder.

“Not a sound, hot stuff. Someone will hear.” His breath tickled her



## LAYING LOW

ear. “Open your eyes.”

She did as he ordered and was rewarded with another thrust of his fingers. She clutched her thighs tight, trying to get his thumb back where she needed it. A hard pinch to her nipple pulled them apart once more.

“Be still,” he said softly. “They’ll see. Or maybe that’s what you want—everyone to see, to hear you come. You like to make their dicks hard, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she said on a ragged gasp.

“I like it, too.” He caught her ear lobe between his lips and suckled it. “I like them wanting you and knowing I’m the only one who can have you.”

“Maybe...maybe someone should spank you,” she somehow managed to say.

“Now that has possibilities, sweetheart. Are you up for the job? Just thinking about having my ass at your mercy makes me”—he rubbed his cock against her back—“extra hard. Imagine us back on this beach tomorrow, both of us with sore bottoms.”

He rubbed the heel of his palm hard against her clit as he shoved three fingers into her. She gouged her nails into his thighs as orgasm burst from her. Matt dotted kisses to the curve of her neck and slowly dragged his hand free.

“Damn, you’re...everything.”

Emotion choked Allie. She rolled over until she could wrap her arms around him. “I hate time. Make it stop.”

He cupped her bottom and hugged her tight. “I know, honey. I know.” He drew back a little. “Up for another adventure?”

Allie lifted her head and smiled. “With you? Always.”

## CHAPTER 3

Allie followed Matt along the narrow trail that threaded through the rainforest. Birdsong accompanied them. Every so often the gurgle of a stream within the heavy foliage let them know they were on the right track. They were headed to what Cousin Kui claimed was a place only for lovers. A secret spot he only told certain people about.

She and Matt weren't sure how true that was, but it was a beautiful walk. The hike back to the presumably hidden waterfall wasn't more than a mile, yet the wooded trail and switchbacks made it feel longer. The slow pace uphill gave them time to appreciate that a place so isolated would exist on an island swarming with tourists.

"I like this," she said, adjusting the small daypack on her shoulders. They'd come prepared with bottles of water, towels, sunscreen, bug ointment, trail snacks, and light jackets. Nothing left to chance. She liked that, too. Matt wasn't foolhardy or too macho to take precautions.

"I do, too." Glancing up, he smiled and then pointed to a cluster of

## LAYING LOW

orange flowers poised in one tree. “Feels good to get out and really stretch the muscles.”

“How do you manage to stay in shape when you’re under?” Yes, it was a small lapse of their no-work-talk decision, but she really wanted to know.

Matt shrugged a shoulder, apparently not noticing the breach, or at least not caring. “I still get my early morning five-mile run in. I’ve been able to keep hitting the gym three times a week, too. Of course, it’s easy in this particular assignment. Sumner likes his men fit.” He glanced over his shoulder as they resumed walking, him taking the lead. “It can’t be easy for you, though. How do you do it?”

“So far I haven’t had to live on the premises of the target. I’ve been set up in a separate apartment. I have a treadmill and I do yoga.”

“I’ll tell you, living like this got old fast. Everything I own is in storage. I had to sublet my apartment and gave my brother power of attorney to handle my affairs in my absence. If anyone asks, he’s supposed to tell them I got called up for Reserve duty and am in Iraq. Contact with family has been tricky and rare. Friends? I doubt I have any left. I’d done short assignments before, so I thought I’d be good to go. No one told me how isolated and lonely I’d feel.”

Allie’s heart went out to him. She’d never had to live like that. Hearing him talk, knowing the risk he faced twenty-fours a day, she never wanted to either. “What’ll you do once this is over?”

“I have no idea how much work is involved. Everything hinges on whether Sumner trusts me enough to contact me once he’s out on bail. One part of me prays he doesn’t and I can move on. The other part”—he flashed her a smile—“the pride in a job well done part, wants to nail this guy to the wall, to uncover all his nasty secrets and cohorts.”

“I hear you...on both counts.”

“I know I won’t take any more assignments like this. Hell, I most probably won’t be able to anyway. At some point my face will be

## *LAYING LOW*

associated with Sumner's and likely all over the news. Right now I'm praying I won't have to go into witness protection until Sumner's trial. Years without any contact whatsoever with my family. Starting a new false life. Living more lies. I honestly don't know if I could stand it. I think I'd go insane."

Emotion yanked Allie to a stop. A rush of tears swooped in. She knew the chances of seeing Matt again after this vacation were slim. She knew he still had work to do. Yet this new reality hit her hard. She couldn't bear to think of him all alone for years more, still having to watch everything he said and did, never having a life that was truly his.

"You okay?" Matt had stopped ahead and turned to face her. Worry knit his eyebrows closer.

"Yeah." She rubbed a finger over her eyes, clearing away the unshed tears. "I just got something in my eyes. Must have drifted down from the trees."

"Must have," he replied softly. She knew he didn't believe her for a second, but at least he didn't call her on it.

"Come on." He waved his arm. "I think we're almost there. I can hear the falls."

Ten more steps and the gentle roar reached Allie, too.

As they rounded a curve in the trail, the canopy of trees overhead thinned out. A shaft of sunlight lit the clearing before a cloud skidded over it. Four pools of blue water stair-stepped to a white ribbon of water cascading from the cleft of the towering dark gray cliff above it. Each pool was linked by smaller falls that spilled from one to the other before meandering into the streambed.

"Breath-taking." The joy on Matt's face underscored his statement.

"I can't believe we have it all to ourselves." There wasn't a soul around but them.

They picked their way over the tumble of rocks. As they neared the base of the falls, they saw a dark niche behind it—a tall, shallow cave.

## LAYING LOW

Here, too, the pool of water was largest, deep and wide, seeming to beg for someone to swim in it.

By unspoken command, they set their packs on a sun-warmed rock near the edge and stripped down to their swimsuits. Matt sliced into the water in a shallow dive that barely skimmed the surface. He came up in the center, slinging his hair back and gasping for breath. Water lapped at his nipples, which meant it would be nearly over her head.

“Man, that’s cold.”

“Aw, geez, don’t tell me that.” She dared a toe touch and jerked back. “I think my nipples just went looking for my ribs and my crotch welded itself shut.”

Matt’s laughter echoed around them. “At least we’re in this together. My dick and balls are somewhere behind my belly-button.”

“My entrance won’t be as pretty as yours, but here goes.” Crouching low, Allie held her breath and pushed into the water. “Holy cow! Doesn’t Cousin Kui know any hot springs?”

“Swim with me. It’ll chase the chill away.”

They fell into an easy glide together, smooth strokes taking them back and forth across the water. Allie had to admit it was refreshing after the hike in. Here it felt like they were the only two people in the world—their own private oasis. Most guys she’d known would have felt the need to show off their swimming skills or, worse yet, decide they had to race one another. Allie hated both of those attention-getters, nothing was more of a turn-off.

But, as with everything else they’d done together, Matt made this fun, relaxing...bonding, if she dared think that word. He was confident enough in himself that he didn’t need to posture. He was a gentleman, yet didn’t smother her. She’d loved how they could do their own thing this morning. He wasn’t trying to imprint his identity on her. He was pretty much the perfect guy.

They stopped in the center of the pool. Matt found his footing and

## LAYING LOW

then wrapped his arms around her waist to keep her head above water.

Allie anchored her legs around his waist, her arms over his shoulders. “Are you real? You’re like a dream come true.”

Matt brushed a drop of water away from her forehead before it could fall in her eye. His cock hardened between them. “If it’s a dream, I don’t want to wake up.”

She could appreciate that feeling—personally and professionally. They kissed each other on a deep sigh, tongues mating. Matt fished his erection from his swim trunks, then nudged aside the crotch of her bikini bottoms and made them one. They stayed that way, kissing, caressing, content to be locked together. No rush. No worries. Just each other. Until the sound of voices drifted their way over the roar of the falls.

“Looks like we’ve got company,” he said.

“Suppose they’ll suspect what we’re doing under the water?”

“Let’s remove any doubt.”

One hand gripped her ass while the other wedged between them straight to her clit. He moved into shallower water, thrusting deeper into her cunt with each step. Allie gasped as his cock head nudged her womb. His thumb against her clit demanded she come. Once on more sure footing, he pounded into her like an engine on overdrive. She clutched his shoulders, holding on, biting her lower lip to keep from screaming out at the pleasure as the voices got nearer and nearer. Her thighs quivered around his waist.

He walked them closer to the shore, out of the water. The air dusted a chill over her skin, stealing her focus away from her impending climax.

Allie buried her face in his neck. “I can’t, Matt. Come without me.”

“You can.” Clutching her to him, he knelt on a patch of grass behind the boulder where they’d placed their daypacks. “You will.” He yanked down her bottoms as far as they could go, and whacked the bare

## LAYING LOW

flesh. The sound of the waterfall absorbed the noise.

She gasped as warmth pooled to her crotch. He smacked the other cheek. She jerked her hips forward, then back for more. Matt obliged, quickly spanking one side of her ass and then the other. Her clit swelled against his thumb. She ground against it, screwing his rock-hard dick as deep as it could go.

His grunt signaled her he was close. Allie whimpered a response. Faster smacks made her soar. She welded her body into his as the orgasm overtook her. Matt dug his fingers into her ass. Seconds later, the heat from his jism coated her pussy.

Laughter reached them through the after-buzz. There was a splash and a squeal as someone hit the water. Reluctantly, they pulled apart, adjusted their swimsuits, and reached for their packs as they moved more into the open. The new arrivals—three couples—lifted waves and smiles their way. If they suspected what she and Matt had been doing, they gave no indication. The waterfall covered most sound, except for shouts or close up conversation.

After tugging their shorts and T-shirts back on, she and Matt spread their towels onto the grass and enjoyed an impromptu picnic as they stretched out to let the sun warm them. He tossed a handful of trail mix into his mouth. She opted for the honey nut yogurt energy bar.

“How does your family feel about your job?” he asked in mid-bite.

“Mom didn’t get it at first,” she said with a small laugh. “She thought I was going to work in administration. When she first realized the full extent of my involvement, it got real quiet in the room. Dad finally just told me to be watchful, keep my training at the forefront. My brothers told me not to be proud, to do whatever it took to stay alive. That’s when Mom left the room. I found her fighting tears in the kitchen. We just hugged. I told her I would be all right. She just nodded and said, ‘Let’s make some brownies.’”

“Were they good?”

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Allie laughed. “The best ever—chocolate fudge served with French vanilla ice cream and drizzled with caramel.”

“Mmmm.” He winked and tossed another handful of mix into his mouth. “How are they since? Your family, not the brownies.”

“Dad and my brothers ask how it’s going from time to time. I don’t get too specific...a lot of times I can’t, of course. One time Mom muttered some comment about how she thought she’d raised a daughter, not a third son. Dad told her to let it go, so she’s more or less accepted it. She’ll listen with the others, but says little.”

Matt watched the three couples cavort in the water, splashing each other, racing from one edge of the pool to the other. “It’s taboo in my family. ‘That Of Which We Will Not Speak.’” He drew quotation marks in the air. “They know what I do. They know I can’t share information, especially in this last case. Mom shakes her head a lot. Since I’ve only been able to see them at Christmas these last two years, everyone’s there so it saves awkward silences. I get wrapped up playing with the nieces and nephews, watching football with Dad and my brothers. Time is so short, we don’t even bring it up. So I guess I’m lucky that way. But I miss them something awful.”

He gave a light laugh. “Actually, it’s more the fact I know I can’t see them that makes it so bad. If it were a normal case, I’d probably see them just as much as I do now. Knowing I can’t...” He shrugged.

“And that they can’t call you or you them.” She found herself nodding. “With luck, it won’t be much longer.”

“That’s what I’m hoping.” He chugged his water bottle, then laced his hands behind his head and watched the clouds roll by. “All tied up with a neat little bow.”

Allie stretched out beside him. *If only it were that simple.*

\* \* \*

Matt inhaled the scent of woman in his arms. Allie had fallen asleep tucked against him, the sun their only blanket. He was feeling pretty



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relaxed himself, happy to lay there and watch the sky or the other couples playing in the water. A place like this wouldn't be that much of a secret. He was just glad for the private time he and Allie had had...and the not-quite private time, too. He curled his body around hers and continued to savor the memory, while conjuring up new ones.

A scream from one of the other women snapped him upright. Allie shot up, too. They saw the curtain of rain sweep their way a second later. The three couples dashed for the shelter of the cave behind the waterfall. He and Allie scrambled to gather their gear and follow. They were drenched before they got ten feet. By the time they reached the cave, the squall was over.

Allie sagged against the rock wall, laughing. Matt couldn't remember when he'd seen a more beautiful woman. She truly was everything. The knowledge and the acceptance that went with it nearly crushed his heart with emotion.

"At least the walk back to the car will give us time to dry out a little," one of the men said.

"Oh, hell, we were wet anyway," another replied.

That brought smiles and nods.

Matt and Allie waited until they'd all started down the trail before following—occupational hazard, not wanting anyone behind them. The sound of rushing water diminished once they turned on the first hairpin bend. In its place was another noise, one that dropped a lump of dread to the pit of his stomach and stole the joy from Allie's face—the *bzzt* of his cell phone.

He let the other group put some distance between them before pulling the device from the inside pocket of the daypack. One glance confirmed what he already suspected.

"Is it..." Allie didn't ask any more.

"Yeah." He flicked it shut and shoved it into his shorts pocket. "It's them." He looked at the thick rainforest that surrounded them. "I'll call

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from the car where I have a clearer view.” And the chances of being overheard were nil.

“Maybe it’s nothing,” she said as they started walking once more.

“That’d be great.” *More than great.* He wasn’t ready to face the isolation again. Didn’t want to be shoved back into that world. And he sure as hell wasn’t ready to say good-bye to Allie. It’d barely been twenty-four hours since he got here.

Matt allowed himself a small smile. It could be twenty-four centuries and he still wouldn’t be ready to leave her.

They finished the hike out in dead silence, both wrapped up in their own thoughts. By the time they reached the dirt parking area, their rental was the only vehicle remaining. After dumping the daypacks in the trunk, he opened the passenger door for Allie—at least undercover work hadn’t taken away all his manners—and then trotted to the driver’s side. He had the phone out and dialing before he shut the door.

Bob James answered on the first ring.

“Please, tell me this is all done with and I can move on,” Matt asked.

“Sorry, buddy,” the tone in his boss’s voice verified that statement. “Sumner was extradited to New York and made bail, at which point he retreated to his home upstate.”

“And the men arrested with them?”

“Bail was also posted for them and they all went to their respective homes, not with Sumner. Everyone seems to be keeping a low profile.”

“Makes sense since they’re being watched.”

“Sumner started making calls this morning, apparently rounding up those men not arrested with him. He’s called your Matteo Lombardi cell several times and finally left a voice message for you to contact him.”

“Sounds like he’s frantic to rebuild his cadre.” Things were moving faster than they’d anticipated. Sumner should have kept a low profile

## LAYING LOW

for a couple of weeks, possibly even months. The fact he was rushing forward had to mean something else was going down. Matt prayed it wasn't him.

"We're ready to do a secure patch through so you can contact him," Bob said. "We'll be monitoring the call. It'll look like you're calling from Matteo's cell. Are you in a good place to do this?"

"Physically, yes. Emotionally"—he snorted—"never."

"If you're not at the top of your game—"

"It was a joke, Bob," Matt snapped back. "Let's just get this over with."

"Okay, hang on. I'll set up the call."

Matt pulled in a sigh and blotted a rush of sweat from his upper lip. Allie hadn't moved since they got in the car. She sat there like a statue, staring out the windshield, not doing a single thing to give his location away. He started to reach for her hand, seeking that bond only she seemed able to give him to let him know he really wasn't alone in the world. The ring on the other end of the line stopped him. Sumner picked up on the third ring.

"Teo...how pleasant to hear from you," he said in that cultured voice that belied his true nature.

"Laying low, boss. Just like you taught us," Matt replied. "All's good for me. Far as I know, no one's followed me or is watching me."

"Excellent. I'll ensure your room is freshened and ready for you."

"Could take a couple days, boss. I want to be sure it's clear." Matt would have to hopscotch planes across the States to cover his whereabouts and re-assume his Matteo Lombardi identity.

"If only everyone were as safety conscious as you, my friend. However, don't be too long. I'm depending on your help to tie up a few loose ends on a project I've developed." He ended the call without another word.

Matt punched the off key. Instantly, Bob called back. "We'll start

## LAYING LOW

working the itinerary for departure tomorrow.” And that call ended as well.

He stared out the window.

“When?” Allie quietly asked.

“Tomorrow,” he replied.

She pulled in a shaky breath. “Then let’s continue to make this a day we won’t forget. If you have to go, I’d much rather it be with smiles on our faces than sadness. Tomorrow’s coming and there’s not much to stop it. I’m not going to spend the time moping about it.”

Matt smiled. “Good God, you *are* perfect. I just might let you have your way with me.”

Allie leaned over the console between them. “Now that’s an offer I won’t refuse. But remember...be careful what you wish for.”

He tapped his finger on her nose. “You might want to keep in mind that I can give as good as I get.”

A deliciously sensual smile lifted her lips. “I’m counting on it.”

## CHAPTER 4

For all their bold talk, Matt and Allie had spent the afternoon quietly in each other's company. A visit to the Byodo-In Temple wrapped them in peace. They wandered the grounds of the Buddhist temple, holding hands, feeding the fish in the koi pond, and soaking in the solitude.

Dinner was grilled mahi-mahi at a small restaurant they'd discovered right off the main road. It was a simple place, with booths padded in sand-colored vinyl, smooth wooden planks for the floor, and an open lanai that let the tradewinds and ocean sounds drift through. The dress code was lower than casual, welcoming those who walked in from the beach with nothing more than a swimsuit on as equally as the floral-decked tourists who drove by.

Over glasses of pineapple wine—too sweet, but still an adventure—they watched the sunset. And in the peace of that moment when the blue ocean swallowed the ball of fire, one answer became all too simple

## LAYING LOW

and clear. It was the perfect solution. If Allie agreed. If the agency agreed.

As quickly as he thought of the idea, he shoved it aside as being selfish. It was bad enough he had to go in, why would he want to do that to her? His reasons had nothing to do with getting the job done and everything to do with missing her. *And yet...*

Resting his forearms on the lacquered table between them, Matt locked his gaze onto hers. “Come with me.”

Allie smiled and mirrored his position. “Where to?”

“Come...back...with...me.”

Her eyes widened with understanding, yet she never broke their hold on him.

Matt took her fingers in his. “I don’t want to be alone, isolated. I need to know someone I trust has my back. That someone is you. We...fit. We—”

“Balance each other and easily work off that,” she finished for him.

“Yes.” He nodded with the word.

Allie laced her fingers through his. “When we met, you said I was a distraction.”

“I’d be more distracted without you there. Wondering where you are, how much longer I’ll have to be under, when I’d ever see you again, *if* I’d ever see you again. You have a cover ID in place already with the guy. We can easily slip into those roles.”

The arrival of the check pulled them apart. He fished a couple of twenties from his wallet, tossed them on the table, then stood to get Allie’s chair. Hand against the small of her back, they walked to the parking lot. Neon light from the “Restaurant” sign bathed the area in a red glow.

He swung open the car door and she slipped into the seat, but didn’t say a word until he was in the vehicle, too.

“Despite the time we’ve spent together, you need to know I’ll

## LAYING LOW

continue to do whatever it takes to stay alive and get the job done.”

Matt started the engine. “Sweetheart, I’m counting on that. You wouldn’t be you otherwise.”

She gave a small smile. “I see...part of my charm.”

“One part of many.”

\* \* \*

Allie stared at nothing in particular as Matt drove them back to their hotel. She’d tried to shut out the inevitable since that phone call earlier in the day. While she might have succeeded on the surface, the fact Matt would be gone again by this time tomorrow still managed to stab at her gut. She’d intended to squeeze as much as she could out of these last hours, envisioning him with her in the shower steam, tied to the bed and at her mercy...or vice versa, them locked in passion so tight there was no way to determine where one person’s body ended and the other’s began. Now...this.

She’d be lying if she said the idea didn’t appeal to her. The prospect of working with an agent as dedicated as she was too tempting to pass up. But he was so much more than just another agent now. They were lovers. As new as that relationship was, Allie had feelings for the man. Could they seamlessly combine both aspects of their lives?

*How can you not go?* her conscience demanded to know.

Allie turned her gaze out the window to the darkened landscape whipping by. It didn’t matter that Matt was a seasoned agent. She’d tasted a snippet of the hell living with Sumner was like. For her own peace of mind, she had to go with Matt. They’d worked in perfect synchronicity from the second they met. No one could back him better than she could.

She looked at him then, watching his face reflected in the lights from passing vehicles. He could be pressuring her for a decision now and yet he kept quiet, seemingly content to allow her to choose. Of course, once her boss found out she was willing to forego her longed-

## *LAYING LOW*

for vacation to go under with another agent, she'd be lucky to ever be blessed with time off again.

Well, there were worse things—like never seeing Matt again, like having Matt killed because she'd said no when he needed her help the most.

Allie laughed to herself. This was definitely going to make or break their relationship. They'd either wind up close as hell or to the point where they couldn't stand each other. There sure wouldn't be any secrets between them once this was over.

Matt's cell phone intruded on her rambling thoughts.

"That'll be your boss," she said.

"Yep, he's probably got my itinerary all locked on."

She shifted around as far as her seatbelt allowed. "Then you'd better tell him to get with Herb Baker and arrange mine as well. And when we get back to our room?"

"Yeah..."

"Show me again why it is I suddenly can't seem to breathe without you near me."

"Now that would indeed be my pleasure." With a smile as big as what he carried in his pants, Matt pulled off the road to make the final arrangements.

Allie ticked off a few of her own plans for the rest of the night—hot shower, tied to the bed, locked in passion...

"Done." Matt snapped his cell phone closed. "More or less," he added with a smile as he pulled onto the road. "He's going to call back after he talks to your boss and arranges an itinerary for both of us. But he doesn't foresee any problems."

She didn't expect he would since doing so would not only provide protection for Matt but also for the mission. Should anything happen to him, she could take the ball and run with it.

"Here's a rundown to date on the investigation," he said.



## LAYING LOW

In minutes, Allie's head was ready to explode. He spewed dates, people, and facts at her, talking in great detail and nonstop. A briefing was imperative. She couldn't go in not knowing as much as possible. But now? With one day left to privately indulge in whatever was going on between them? Still, she let him talk, storing away the information, while she continued with her plans to bring Hot Guy Matt back and make the Agent Oliver part of him sit on the sidelines until tomorrow.

Silence descended once more when he pulled into the resort parking lot. But Allie knew better than to think he was finished briefing her. He'd only given her the tip of the Sumner iceberg. A wealth of information remained, and Matt was locked into full work mode. Sure enough, the instant they stepped into their suite, he started up again. Allie tried not to laugh. She'd learned long ago that most men weren't multi-taskers—they focused on one thing at a time. That was certainly true right now. And, while she appreciated his diligence as an agent, her goal now was to make sure that one thing he was concentrating on was her. They had at least twelve hours of air travel to dissect the Sumner case.

"I'm going to take a shower," she said, when he took a breath.

"Kay," and the download of data went on.

Smiling to herself, Allie stripped off her clothes, leaving a trail behind her as she walked to the bathroom. As she hoped, he followed, talking all the way. Then he closed the lid on the toilet and sat down when she stepped into the bathtub. Behind the shower curtain, Allie cranked on the water and gave in to silent laughter.

*Time for Plan B.*

"Care to join me?" she asked.

The curtain whipped open. Matt stood there naked, with a big smile and an even bigger erection. "I thought you'd never ask."

Allie gave his shoulder a playful nudge as he stepped in. "And here I was beginning to think you were suddenly immune to my charms."

## *LAYING LOW*

“I’d have to be dead for that to happen. I just wanted to see how long you’d let me ramble on.” Grabbing the bar of soap, he lathered his hands.

“I definitely had plans...I still do.” The last word died on a contented sigh as he cupped her breasts.

“I can hardly wait. I have a plan of my own right now.” He skidded his soapy hands down her stomach.

He washed her slowly, worshipping every centimeter of her body. No curve, divot, valley or crevice was left forgotten. Long fingers delved into her belly button, down the crack of her butt and lower, down her thighs and then to her pussy to the cleft on top. He lavished her shoulders and back with deep strokes before kneeling before her feet and devoting attention to her toes.

She stood before him, one hand clutched around the towel bar, legs parted, silently begging for his lips to wander upward. When they did, when he slowly traced his tongue around her aching clit, Allie’s knees shook. He probed inside her cunt, then burrowed a finger into her ass. She tensed, ready to orgasm, only to have him pull away and stand.

Allie reached for the soap, intent on bathing him as thoroughly as he had her. He lightly clasped her wrists and shook his head.

“If your fingers wrap around my cock, I’m never going to want them to leave. That’s not how I intend to come right now. I want your ass, sweetheart. Slow and deep. Right here. Right now. I want to feel you squeeze the life out of my dick when you come.”

Eyes locked on his smoldering gaze, she lifted the bottle of bath oil, took his hand, and squirted a generous portion into his palm before she knelt on all fours before him.

Matt wrapped one arm around her waist and, using his other hand, smeared her hole with oil, inside and out. One finger, then two stretched her, while the shower sprayed her back. Her clit throbbed, her pussy clenched. She couldn’t wait to have him this way.

## LAYING LOW

“God, you’re beautiful,” he said in an awestruck whisper. “If we hadn’t been interrupted at the waterfall, this is what I would have done.”

Clutching her to him, Matt switched positions. Now he was in the tub, his front to her back. He cradled her in his arms. Water beat at her crotch, teasing her clitoris with a promised orgasm.

“Close your eyes, sweetheart,” he whispered against her ear. “Imagine us there with nothing but nature around us. The water pounding at your crotch, at my balls.”

His cock head nudged at her anal passage. Legs draped over his, Allie pushed back, engulfing him. A moan quivered through him. Together they found a slow, deep rhythm, riding the pulse of water. Each thrust tugged her higher and higher. Orgasm rippled through Allie, followed rapidly on the heels by another that pulled him with her. And still they lay entwined until the shower started to turn from hot to warm.

Tender kisses pulled them to their feet. Matt didn’t protest this time when she reached for the soap. She lathered him all over, marveling at the sculpted strength beneath her fingers. She’d never seen a more gorgeous man...and for now he was all hers.

After twisting off the shower, Allie handed him a towel. “I want you on the bed...now.”

Matt smiled. “Yes, ma’am.”

As he passed by, she indulged herself with a smack to his ass. His cock leaped to attention. His eyes gleamed with his smirk. Allie watched from the doorway as he crawled onto the bed, cock jutting up, arms and legs splayed eagle.

“This good enough?” he asked.

“It’s a start.” She scuffed the towel over her body and hair and stalked toward him. Snagging the belt from her robe, she slithered up him until she reached his wrists—already crossed over his head in

*LAYING LOW*

anticipation.

“What about my legs?”

She dodged his attempt to suck her nipple between his lips. “You seem awfully willing. You don’t have any idea what I intend to do with you. Aren’t you the least bit...concerned?”

“I trust you.”

Three little words that said it all. Allie smiled. “Good...then let me worry about your legs.”

\* \* \*

Matt didn’t bother to control his breathing as Allie tied his wrists to the flimsy headboard. One jerk and he could break free, but being loose was the last thing he wanted right now. He wanted to be completely at her mercy, to give her full control. Never in his life had he ever had a woman tie him up. He never wanted anything like that until Allie. When he said he trusted her, he meant it.

He—they—needed this before crawling back into the underbelly of Sumner’s world. He could tell Allie how he felt until he was blue, but nothing would mean as much as showing her they were equals. Just like in the shower he’d wanted her anally, but not in a subservient position. Now he offered himself to her, trying to show her he could take as well as give. In all that was to come, all the play-acting and lies and deception, they could continue to hold onto that knowledge.

She tickled the ends of her damp hair over his face, dancing her breasts just out of reach as she rubbed her belly over his cock. The woman could set fire to him with a quirk of her eyebrow, a twitch of her lips. Matt prayed time would never dim that.

Leaning forward, she traced her tongue around his lips, avoiding his every attempt to deepen the kiss, even chuckling deep in her throat when he tried. He thrust his dick against her, desperately needing the friction. Another soft laugh left him wanting. His grunt of frustration morphed into a gasp when she flicked her tongue over his flat nipple

## *LAYING LOW*

and then caught the beaded flesh between her teeth. A deep suckle scent shockwaves to his groin.

Matt lifted his hips, not so silently begging for her mouth around his cock. Allie worked her way down, lashing her tongue over his quivering stomach muscles. Hot breath scored his penis before the little tease darted downward.

A whimpered protest tore from his throat. Light nips along his inner thighs nudged them further apart. She nuzzled her face against his balls.

“Damn!” he shouted when that nimble tongue of hers looped around them.

She sucked at one, then the other, while her fingers feathered up and down his erection, touching but not touching. Her other hand wandered lower, massaging that sensitive area below his hard sac, wandering...wandering...

Matt’s butt arched off the bed as she slid her finger inside his ass. No woman had ever tried—much less done—that before. She raked her mouth up his cock, around the crown, and pulled it deep inside her mouth. He wrapped his fingers around his bindings to keep from yanking free and holding her head in place as it started a too-slow bob. She dared a second finger with the first, turned both and kneaded his prostrate on a deep suck. Cum blasted from his cock in spastic jets he swore would never end. And she took every drop until he collapsed, sated, onto the mattress.

Slowly she released him, dropping kisses to his flaccid penis before working her way back up his body until she straddled his face. Matt dove into her pussy, capturing the red-ripe fruit at the top. He rolled her clit between his teeth, licked his tongue around it, and then sucked deep. Allie thrashed against his grasp, her groans rivaling those he’d made minutes before. Her warm juices soaked his face, forever imprinting her scent on him. He felt her thighs clench, heard the catch in her breath a half-second before orgasm rattled through her. She rode

## *LAYING LOW*

his face hard, then sagged onto him. Matt lapped up her sweetness as she floated down to earth.

A blast from his cell phone shattered the moment. Leaving him bound, Allie answered.

“He’s a little tied up right now,” she told Bob, with a delicious gleam in her eyes. “Just a second.”

Straddling him, she held the phone to his ear. Matt slipped the knot, freed his hands, and grabbed it. Holding it to his chest, he kissed her quickly. “Remember where we left off.”

She stretched out on the bed. “How could I possibly forget?”

That’s what he was counting on.

## CAITLYN WILLOWS

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the erotica genre. Readers will find the same quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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\* \* \*

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