



SHELLI STEVENS

Trust AND *Dara*

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Shelli Stevens

Dedication

Thank you to Laurie M. Rauch for being a fabulous editor and friend, to Loribelle Hunt for being my source for military info, and to all my friends and family who continue to support me.

Chapter 1

The bastard deserved it.

Abby Cook glanced around the dark parking lot of the apartment complex, and tightened her grip on the bottle of brake fluid.

Her cousin Kelly was too sweet—more than content to drown her heartbreak in twelve boxes of tissue. But Abby had a different definition of healing, and the lousy piece of shit was going to get what was coming to him.

Hot fury spread through her blood. *Poor Kelly.* What kind of man lied about being married while screwing around with a nineteen-year-old girl?

The kind who's going to wake up to a nasty little surprise.

The whole situation was just another reason why she refused to date military men. She hadn't been much older than Kelly when she'd gotten her own heart stomped on by one. Abby intended to make sure that this military man didn't get off easy—nobody messed with her little cousin that badly and walked away.

Crouching low, she ran through the parking lot until she found his black Ford truck. She glanced at the street lamps and then the side of the apartment building. Hopefully there weren't any security cameras.

She knelt beside the truck, trying in vain to pull her skirt back down over her thighs. Damn, she should've gone home and changed first. *Brilliant idea, Abby. Go trash someone's truck right after you get back from a night of dancing with the girls.*

She pulled a towel from the pocket of her skirt and opened the bottle of brake fluid. After rolling the towel into a cylinder, she saturated the tip with the fluid from the bottle and then turned back to the truck.

“Revenge is a bitch, buddy. And so am I.”

Bringing the towel to the shiny paint on the obviously new vehicle, Abby started to write her message. After she finished, she stood and moved to the other side, dipping the towel again.

“What the *hell* are you doing?”

Abby’s head jerked up and she saw a man built like a linebacker running towards her. *Oh crap!*

She jumped to her feet, kicking over the bottle of brake fluid in the process. *No time to grab the evidence, just get the hell out of here!*

She ran hard, but her high heels and the thirty pounds she was trying to lose slowed her down. Her breath clogged tight in her throat and her pulse raced with fear.

She glanced back over her shoulder. Shit! He was following her. Who was he? He definitely wasn’t Kelly’s ex.

She veered to the left, crossing the street to a large empty field.

“Oh, shit,” she wheezed. “I shouldn’t have stopped doing those Tae Bo videos.”

Was he still behind her? She looked over her shoulder again. Damn! He was like six feet away! There was no way she could outrun him.

She dug her heels into the ground and spun around. “Stop! I’ve got pepper spra—
ooph!”

He tackled her full out, throwing his arms around her and sending both of them flying to the grass. Lights flashed behind her closed eyes as she tried to get her breath back. He grabbed her wrists and forced them above her head as his muscular thighs straddled her ribcage.

She struggled to free herself, but he had a grip like steel. Finally, she opened her eyes and met the furious chocolate gaze of the man holding her down.

Oh, no. Not him! Her blood raced faster through her veins, but not because of the overexertion. Because of *who* was straddling her.

He looked just as sexy now as he had every night she’d seen him at The Lounge. Each time he’d asked her out, and each time it had just about killed her to turn him down.

And the way he was looking at her now... Heat spread throughout her body, tightening her nipples and pooling moisture into her panties.

Please don't let him recognize me. What would happen if he realized who she was? She wet her lips and swallowed hard.

He blinked and lowered his head closer to hers. His brows drew together. "Oh my God, it's you."

Shit!

Chapter 2

Mason Tyler shook his head at the woman beneath him. Christ, it was *her*. He drank her in—from her blonde hair fanned out on the grass, to the panicked brown eyes that were staring up at him with recognition and...something else. There was a heat in her gaze. A heat he wasn't even sure he should be trying to analyze. Her body was pale, full and lush under him. The same voluptuous body he'd been wanting for over a month now.

He'd seen her at The Jazz Lounge almost every Friday night for the past five weeks. Had watched her from afar, thinking she was the sexiest woman he'd ever laid eyes on. But he'd been hesitant to approach her, thought he didn't stand a chance with such a sexy, confident-looking woman.

When he'd finally convinced himself to give it a shot, she'd turned him down flat, even as he'd read the obvious interest in her gaze. Confused and challenged by her response, he'd continued to ask. Week after week. And each time she'd said no, with that tiny smile on her pert lips.

And now here she was, lying on the grass underneath him. He'd finally caught her—under bizarre circumstances—and had her right where he wanted her. What had she been doing in that parking lot?

He shifted, all too aware that his dick was pressed up against her large breasts. Breasts with round, hard nipples showing through her thin, blue tank top.

"Look," she squirmed underneath him, avoiding his gaze. "Can you get off me, please?"

"Now why would I do that?" He smiled, starting to enjoy their positions. "I've been waiting a long time to get you on your back, baby."

Her mouth opened on a gasp. "Listen, buddy—"

"I'm not your buddy," he murmured. "You wouldn't even give me your name, remember? And right about now, you're lucky if I don't call the police on your ass."

That last part had been a bluff, but it was a good way to keep her with him for a few minutes longer.

“Oh! There’s no need for that. Look, I’m not sure what you think you saw.” She ran her tongue over her lips and the small gesture had him biting back a groan and his jeans fitting tighter. “But, umm, it’s not what it looked like. So, would you mind letting me up?”

He shifted, trying to ease the discomfort of his throbbing dick pressed tight inside his jeans. “And what did it look like?”

She struggled to free herself again, gave up, and then sighed. “I don’t know, what do *you* think it looked like?”

He frowned. Good question. What had he seen? Whatever it was, it hadn’t looked legal. “It looked like you were dumping something from a bottle onto a towel and rubbing it on my truck.”

“Oh. Well, then it *is* what it looked like. But it was no less than he—” Her eyes opened even wider. “Wait, did you just say *your* truck?”

“Yeah, I did.” He cocked his head, his gut clenching. “What was on the towel?”

Her head shook back and forth. “No. *No*. It can’t be your truck. Kelly said there’s only one black Ford truck at this complex.”

“My truck’s dark blue.” So a case of mistaken truck identity. But what had she been doing to it?

“Dark blue...? Oh, no. It’s night out and I must have mistaken...” She went limp underneath him, her head falling back onto the ground. “So that was your truck? Oh, God.”

“What was on the towel, baby?” The tingling on the back of his neck warned him he wouldn’t like the answer.

“Brake fluid.” Her voice was a little squeak, and about half the volume it had been a minute ago.

His vision went red, his desire for her diminished slightly to make room for the sudden anger that ripped through him. Brake fluid? Did she realize what that did to the

car? Stripped the paint and corroded the metal frame? *Of course she realizes. That's why she did it, dumb shit.*

He kept his voice deliberately calm as he asked, "You put brake fluid on my truck?"

She nodded and bit her lip. "I didn't think it was your truck when I was doing it."

"Yeah, I got that part. What did you do? Take the towel and wipe it over the door?"

The door could be replaced. She'd pay for it, and God knows how long it'd take, but a door was fixable.

"Umm, not exactly." She took a deep breath and mumbled something about crabs.

"What?"

"I said that I wrote *I have crabs* on the side of your truck!" She lowered her gaze.

"You caught me before I could finish the other side."

His mouth opened but no words came out. There was a rushing in his ears. The truck was two months old. And she'd just destroyed it. Destroyed it by writing the words *I have crabs* on the side.

"I promise I can have it fixed, um...what's your name?"

"Now you want to know my name? Right after you defiled my damn truck?"

She squirmed again, pulling her leg up and twisting their bodies until he slid down her body a little. Was she trying to flee again? Get away without being held accountable for her actions? No way was she leaving without him getting her number. But this time he wasn't so much interested in a date, as making sure she fixed his truck.

He adjusted his body so he could slide a knee between her legs, pushing her thighs apart as he transferred both her wrists to one hand. Her eyes widened.

"There's no reason we can't handle this like friends, right?"

"Friends? How can we be friends? You've never even given me your name and now you've trashed my truck." He laughed, but not because he was amused. "Right now I can't decide whether to convince you to come home with me, or have you arrested."

"*Arrested?* No. Don't do that. *Please* don't do that." She squirmed under him, causing his knee to slide higher up between her legs and connect with her silky panties.

She inhaled sharply, froze, and closed her eyes. His blood pounded harder at the feel of moisture against his knee. He went rock hard and the breath hissed out from between his teeth. *She wanted him.* She could play the *not interested* card all she wanted at The Lounge, but when it came down to it, she wanted him.

How many times had she refused to even give him her name? Had she stared hard at him across the jazz club while surrounded by her posse of friends?

How many times had he gone to bed with some other woman while it was her face he saw behind closed eyes?

“Were you serious about wanting me to go home with you?” Her words were husky.

“Was I serious?” What was she getting at? He eased some of the weight off his arms, dipping his body closer to let her feel the evidence of his erection against her stomach. “What do you think?”

Her mouth parted into an “O” and her eyes became hazy with desire. “I think...I think you would take me in this field if I let you.”

His cock pressed hard against his jeans and the imagery of her words ran through his head. “You’re right, I would.”

She closed her eyes, her breasts rising and falling with each of her trembling breaths. What was going on in that head of hers?

“What if I said I’d spend a weekend with you? Let us get this—whatever it is between us—out of our system. Would you agree to keep this between us? This whole truck incident?”

Time seemed to slow down as her words echoed in his head. Did she realize what she was offering? He was so close, so close to having her. To finally being able to touch her, taste her.

He took a deep breath, inhaling her floral perfume while running his gaze over her body. She was dressed in a short skirt, tank top, and fuck-me-every-which-way heels. She’d obviously been dressed to go out.

“You’d spend the weekend with me?” He moved his hand down towards the curve of her breast, holding her gaze to see if she’d freak out. She didn’t protest, but gave a soft moan and arched her back to push her breast fully into his hand.

“Mmm...maybe.” Her eyes drifted shut.

Her breast was soft and full under his palm, and he squeezed the flesh, enjoying her surprised gasp. She was finally willing to explore what he’d always known was there, and he couldn’t let her turn back now.

Mason slid his fingers down to catch one hard nipple through her tank top and she moaned. “Okay. You spend one weekend with me, play by my rules, and I’ll keep this truck-trashing incident between us.”

The whole idea of it loaded him down with guilt. Shouldn’t he be feeling sleazy? Although she’d been the one to bring it up in the first place, the same thoughts had been running through his head. But would she agree to the terms he’d added? Playing by his rules meant giving over all control.

She opened her eyes, meeting his gaze through lowered lashes as her tongue swept over pert lips again. He bit back another groan.

“But I don’t date military men.”

His smile was slow. She hadn’t said no, she’d come up with a flimsy excuse. One he was more than willing to shoot down.

“I’m not asking you to date me. I’m asking you to go to bed with me.”

He held his breath, waiting for her to respond. *Please say yes. Give me this chance.* The silence stretched for what seemed like minutes.

“Okay.” She nodded and then locked her gaze on his again. “For the rest of the weekend, I’m all yours.”

Chapter 3

She'd surprised him. Even in the darkness Abby could sense it. Had it been so wrong to have brought up the idea? She hadn't brought it up because he'd threatened to call the police—somehow she had the feeling he wouldn't have. She'd suggested the option because, for over a month now, she'd been fantasizing about what it would be like to get to know this man, both in and out of the bedroom.

The bedroom fantasy part had gone wild. Imagining what it would be like to have his large, muscular body pinning hers to the bed. To have his cock pounding into her while she kissed his full, sensual lips. And now she could almost justify getting to know him by making this deal. She could tell herself she really didn't have a choice.

Because she couldn't get serious about him. Not really. It was against one of the rigid rules she'd created for herself years ago—no dating military men. There was too much pain there, too much history. And, up until last month, she'd never been tempted by any of them. But *he'd* changed all that.

Until a few minutes ago, she hadn't realized one important thing. Although she couldn't get involved with him, she could go to bed with him. Have a casual little fling. Maybe she just needed to do that and get him out of her system.

"So, about taking you in the field..." He climbed off her.

Her eyes widened. He was taking her up on that part?

"Oh, I didn't literally mean..."

Her voice trailed off as he pulled off his shirt, exposing broad shoulders, defined muscles, and his gorgeous brown skin. She bit back a sigh as the muscles in her sex clenched, already prepared for his cock to fill her.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing."

“Good.” He gave a husky laugh and lay down, covering her body slightly while bracing himself above her with his arms. His biceps were huge, bulging next to her head, and she moaned. *Lord, this man was hot.*

“I don’t suppose you’re on birth control?” His breath was hot on her neck—the smell of his spicy cologne invaded her senses.

She nodded, her body trembling as his rough hands found the bare flesh of her thighs. He moved his hands upward, pushing the fabric of her khaki skirt up around her waist.

“Oh, you just made my day. Look, I know I’m clean. Have you been tes—”

“I’m clean as well. Just completed my physical last month.” She couldn’t resist wrapping her fingers around his biceps and testing their firmness. They were like rocks—they didn’t give in the slightest.

“Take off your panties.”

She hesitated for a moment. Was she absolutely sure about this? They were in public. Sure there weren’t any lights nearby, but if someone came strolling through the field...

“My rules, baby. You agreed.”

She swallowed hard and lifted her ass off the ground, reaching for the strings on each side of her hips. Her efforts must not have been fast enough, because he pushed her hands away and tore the silk panties off her body.

The cool night air tickled her exposed flesh, made her more aware of how wet and aroused she was.

His hand cupped her swollen pussy. “Nice. You like to shave?”

“Yes,” she whispered, her heart beating frantically in her chest.

“Soft and smooth, just how I imagined you. You have no idea how long I’ve wanted this.”

Had he? His palm squeezed her flesh almost possessively, and she trembled at the contact. Pleasure coursed through her body and made her weak.

Her mind brought up another image. The image of him at The Lounge, watching her, mentally removing her clothes. His gaze had been full of promises. Promises she'd never taken him up on. Until now.

He slid one long finger inside her and the breath locked in her throat and her inner muscles tightened in response. *God, that felt good.*

"You're all slick and wet for me. And hot. So damn hot." He added a second finger. "Why don't you tell me your name, baby."

She closed her eyes. Names complicated things. Anonymity would be so much better, wouldn't it? "My name? Maybe we shouldn't—"

He flicked his thumb over her clit, making her body jerk in response. Wetness flooded between her legs as her body warmed with pleasure.

"Baby, I've been asking for your name for a month now. I don't want to wait any longer." He stroked her clit again and she gasped.

"*Abby.* My name's Abby."

"Good girl, Abby." His thumb moved slowly against the swollen bud of nerves.

"Oh...ah...aren't you going to tell me yours?"

"I don't think so. I'm asking the questions right now, Abby."

She frowned, irritation pricking through the pleasure. Why shouldn't he tell her? She'd just given him hers.

"Well, I'm..." Oooh, that felt so good. "Not sure that's really fair—" He pressed on her clit again, and her thoughts scattered as an orgasm blindsided her.

She cried out as her body trembled and her nipples tightened. Riding the waves of pleasure as he pulled his fingers out of her and then thrust them back in. He lowered his head, sucking her nipple through her shirt and bra while he fucked her with his fingers.

Her hips lifted and fell in rhythm to his hand, and the warm tingling started to build again.

"Please." She grabbed his wrist.

"What do you want? This?" He covered her mouth with his full lips, slipping his tongue inside for a hard kiss.

She opened her mouth, giving him total access and meeting his tongue with her own, tasting the faintest hint of coffee.

Her tongue sparred with his as he rolled her nipple between his finger and thumb.

He lifted his mouth just a fraction. "Or maybe you want this?" She heard his zipper slide down and her heart beat so loudly she was sure he could hear it. He grabbed her hand and placed it inside his jeans.

She curled her fingers around the thick length of his cock straining against his briefs. "Tell me what you want, Abby."

His thick erection pulsed under her fingers, and suddenly it was all she could think about. Him inside her.

"This. I want this." She slipped her hand under his briefs until she could wrap her hand around his cock. She stroked her thumb over the head and her eyes widened. The tip was huge, the rest of him felt thick, hot, and hard. "I want *you*."

"Enough." He drew in a ragged breath and pulled away. He pushed his jeans down to his knees and then his briefs followed.

When he returned, he grabbed her knees and urged them up towards her hips, holding them there as he settled his body between her thighs.

"An entire month, Abby." She could feel the thick head of his cock probing into the folds of her pussy. "I can't remember the last time I didn't give up on a woman after a month of rejection. You have a lot to make up for."

He flexed his hips, thrusting his cock inside her.

"Oh!" She pushed at his shoulders as her body struggled to accept him. *God, he was big.*

His eyes closed and a visible shudder ran down his body. She moaned as he sank deeper into her.

"Christ, you're tight." He slowed his movements, giving her a moment to adjust. He lowered one of her legs and reached between them to rub her clit.

She gasped and closed her eyes. "Oh..."

He kept rubbing her until her muscles began to relax around his cock.

“There you go, baby.”

Abby let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding. Her body no longer fought him, but stretched and accepted his thick length. The discomfort faded, and tingles of pleasure swept through her body.

“Better?”

“Oh yes.” She nodded and ran a hand over her breast, flicking over the already hardened nipple. “Please, continue.”

He laughed—a low, sexy growl that made her even wetter. He pushed her other knee up to her chest again, and withdrew his cock just a bit before plunging back inside her.

“Shit, you feel good.” He started moving faster, the sound of his sac hitting her ass drowned out the crickets in the field around them. “You like me fucking your sweet pussy, Abby?”

“Yes,” she cried, lifting her hips to meet his thrusts.

She loved it. The dirty, raunchy talk no man had ever dared to use with her. Being fucked fully dressed with just her skirt up around her waist, in a field where anyone could stumble upon them. It was exciting, it was spontaneous, it was hot as all hell.

“This pretty pink pussy is mine for the weekend.” He thrust into her harder, faster. “Whose pussy is it, Abby?”

“*Mmm...*” The amazing sensations began to spiral upward. Her muscles tightened around him as the tension built again.

“Answer me.” He slammed into her harder. “Whose is it?”

“Yours, it's *yours*.” She gripped handfuls of grass, ripping it from the ground as her body jerked from his thrusts.

His hips slammed between her thighs, his cock wedging against her cervix. “I'm gonna come, baby.”

He came warm and thick inside her and she gasped, falling over the edge again. Lights flashed behind her closed eyelids as her muscles clenched around his cock, milking him of every last drop.

He released her legs and fell forward on top of her. He bit her nipple hard through her shirt, and then sucked it to ease the sting of pleasure.

Her heart pounded, and all her senses came into focus again. The lights in the distance, the delicious weight of his body on hers, the soft grass beneath her thighs.

What had just happened? That was the equivalent to getting hit by a truck in the sex department.

“Abby...” He groaned and nuzzled his face between her breasts.

She closed her eyes and sighed as her body tingled. Had he felt it, too? Was she the only one who’d experienced the insanely great sex?

“Was I...” She attempted a steadying breath, needing to know if they were on the same level. “Was I worth the wait?”

He laughed, sending vibrations through her breast.

“Hell, yeah, you were.” He rolled off her and stood, reaching a hand down towards her. “Mason.”

She blinked and placed her hand into his. “What?”

“That’s my name. Come on, we’re going back to my place.”

Her hand felt tiny in his, Mason noticed as he tugged her along behind him. She followed without speaking, and her fingers curled around his.

The sex in the field had unnerved him. That was, hands down, the most intense sex he’d ever had. It went beyond what he’d originally thought would be a casual fuck. He wanted to find out what made her tick, inside and outside the bedroom. There was so much more he wanted to know, besides just her name. *Abby*.

“Is Abby short for Abigail?”

“Yes, but I prefer Abby.”

One more thing he knew about her. His lips curled into a slight smile. And by the end of the weekend he’d know a hell of a lot more about the voluptuous blonde. The idea that he finally had her, would be able to learn everything that made her tick, sent pleasure throughout his body. An entire month of her saying no. And now she was here because

she'd screwed up a prank. Although, he sensed they both knew she'd wanted to, with or without the bargain.

They crossed back into the parking lot of the apartment complex and he led them to his truck.

"Wait, I thought we were going to your place?"

"We are." He unlocked her door. "I don't live here. I was just bringing in the mail for a friend who's on TDY."

"TDY?"

"He's on temporary duty in Germany."

"Oh." Her mouth parted before she dragged her lip between her teeth. "So, how far away do you live?"

Damn she was beautiful. Even though he'd just taken her in the grass, his body stirred to life again. He smiled and backed her up against the side of the truck until her curves were pressed between him and the door.

"Not too far." He dropped a hard kiss on her mouth, and then jerked open her door. "Still think you can handle an entire weekend with me?"

Her shoulders relaxed and she laughed, her eyelashes lowering. "I can handle you."

Could she? She had no idea all the ideas running through his head. His smile widened in amusement. "Let's see if you still say that come Sunday, Abby."

"Ooo, I do love a challenge." She climbed into the truck, her bare ass peeking out from beneath her skirt for a second.

He reached up to give it a firm slap and was rewarded with her yelp of surprise.

Oh, yeah, he was going to make up for all those times she'd turned him down. And she was going to love every minute of it.

She was quiet on the drive to his house, and he had to glance over to make sure she wasn't asleep. Her hands were folded in her lap as she stared out the window.

"You regretting this?"

She glanced over at him and shook her head. "Not at all. I just feel really bad about your truck."

He blinked. Hell, the whole truck thing had slipped his mind after that time together in the field. “Yeah, I forgot about that part.”

“I didn’t, and I really am sorry, Mason.”

“Mmm. We should probably figure out some kind of...arrangement.” The kinky side of his brain was already imagining the ways she could repay him.

“Oh, that won’t be a problem. My twin owns an auto shop. I’ll have him do the work and he’ll cut me a deal.”

The vision of a lifetime supply of blowjobs disappeared into a jolt of reality. *Shit. A guy could dream.* And she had a twin? Interesting.

“So, you learn the brake fluid on the paint trick from him?”

“Sure did. I never had the nerve to try it before, though. Boy, did I choose the wrong time to start.”

“I don’t know. Worked out good for me,” he teased.

She giggled and nudged him in the side.

He grinned, feeling like a kid on a first date while he pulled into his driveway. He jumped down from the truck, going around the vehicle to open her door and help her down.

“Thanks.”

His nerves kicked in a bit, and he wiped his hands on his jeans. She was actually here with him, about to walk into his house. What would she think of it?

He nudged her in front of him. “Let’s go inside, baby.”

She walked towards the front door, the clicking of her heels on the pavement combined with the swinging of her ass made his cock hard again. *Shit*, at this rate she’d be lucky if they made it inside the house.

He shoved his key into the lock and opened the door. She stepped in first, glancing around.

“Do you live here alone?” She walked around the living room, looking at everything on his shelves and then glancing in the kitchen. “You have a nice house. I love the way you’ve decorated it.”

A smile curved his mouth, pleasure warming him at her compliment. Although, he had no idea why he should care what she thought when this was only supposed to be a weekend thing.

It had to be a weekend thing. If it went beyond that he'd be more at risk of falling for her, and the last thing he wanted was to get into another relationship. He was done with that. Some women thought it was sexy to be dating a big tough man in the Army, but couldn't handle it for shit when that same man got sent away for months on end.

Relax, she said she doesn't date military men anyway.

"Yeah, I live here by myself." Setting his keys on the table, he walked past her into the kitchen. "Can I get you anything? A beer? Wine? Are you hungry?"

Chapter 4

Abby blinked in surprise. He was offering her refreshments? Not demanding that she get naked and meet him in the bedroom? It was as if he was just pleased she was here with him, sex or no sex. After that scene in the field, it kind of shocked her.

The memory of what had happened not even an hour ago had her heart thudding faster and heat moving throughout her body again. *Food, Abby, he's asking if you want food.*

"I am a little hungry," she admitted. "Before I...did the prank, I was out with some friends."

He opened the fridge. "Ah, what were you girls up to? Clubbing?"

She gave a slight smile. "There's a place we like to go dancing every now and then. But I actually prefer a night at The Lounge, watching a good jazz act. Grinding on the dance floor with some sweaty guy who's trying to get into my pants has never really appealed to me."

"I hear ya."

"What," Abby laughed and glanced at him through her lashes. "You're not into grinding with men on the dance floor?"

His laughter mixed with hers. "Can't say that I've tried it. But I'm not big on the whole club scene either. There was a time when it was all I did—that'd be my first four years in the service."

The reminder that he was in the military sent a slow tension coiling through her body. "How long...have you been in?"

"Ten years. I joined after I finished college."

Her eyebrows rose. "I'm impressed. Most people join to get help *with* college. You joined after?"

He nodded, pulling a brick of cheese from the fridge and then a bottle of wine. “Three generations of the men in my family have all joined. I grew up knowing I’d join up someday. I just decided to put college first—I got a full ride on a football scholarship.”

Now why didn’t that surprise her? Abby ran her gaze over his shoulders again and bit her lip to keep from sighing.

“So you’re career military?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Her stomach sank a little. *What, were you hoping he’d only be in for a short stint so you could justify getting serious with him? Dream on, Abby. You know what you’re getting into this weekend. Don’t get attached.*

Mason held up the bottle of wine. “Do you like cheese? And is red wine okay?”

She smiled, forcing away the cloud of reality that threatened their intimate moment. “I’m addicted to cheese, and you score points on the red wine. Actually, I finish each day with a glass of red wine and a square of dark chocolate.”

“Nice. I can do the wine, but I don’t keep any chocolate in the house.” He winked and began to slice the cheese.

Abby watched his hands, big with long thick fingers, slicing the cheese with quick strokes. When he’d laid out a good amount of slices, he reached into the cupboard and pulled out a loaf of bread. He made quick time cutting chunks of the dark rye and then arranging them next to the cheese.

“Man, you’re kind of good at that,” she murmured.

“That’s another thing about my family. We like to cook.” He set the plate on the counter that separated the kitchen from the living room. “Dig in. I’ll pour you some wine.”

“Thank you.” She snagged a piece of cheese and took a bite just as her stomach growled. Wincing, she looked up to see if he’d heard, but he was busy filling her glass of wine. She really should’ve grabbed a snack after the club.

“Is it good?” He handed her a glass of wine.

“It’s really good.” She took a sip of wine, closing her eyes as the liquid warmed her body. “Mmm. Thank you, Mason.”

The man had a certain class that she hadn’t expected. Then again, she’d never given him the chance to find out otherwise.

“You’re welcome, Abby.”

Her name on his lips was sweet and sensual. He walked around the counter and stood next to her. Abby’s fingers trembled and she dropped the cheese onto the plate.

He lifted his own wine glass and tapped hers. “Here’s to a weekend that should have happened a month ago.”

He held her gaze while they both took a sip of wine, and her knees went weak at the intent in his eyes. She lowered her gaze and picked up another piece of cheese.

Mason walked across the room and turned on the stereo, filling the room with the smooth notes of Miles Davis.

“So, tell me, Abby,” he murmured, moving slowly back towards her. “What happened in the field tonight—was it too much for you?”

“Too much?” Her voice sounded hoarse to her own ears. “What do you mean?”

He lifted a piece of bread to her mouth and she parted her lips, closing her teeth over it. While she ate it, he tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

“I mean was I too aggressive for you?”

Did he mean the whole dominating thing? Her nipples tightened and she forced the bread down her throat. Too aggressive? Hardly. An unknown, untapped fantasy was more like it. And maybe that’s what this weekend should be about. Having fun and exploring her every desire.

“No, you weren’t too aggressive, Mason.” She met his gaze. “I liked it. I liked it a lot.”

Mason caught his breath. God, she was so damn sexy. He wanted her again. Maybe he was acting like a kid given a shopping spree in a candy store, but he planned on taking full advantage of the deal they’d made. Especially now, after her bold confession.

“Good.” He took the glass of wine out of her hand and set it down on the counter next to his own.

“Take off your shirt, Abby.”

Her eyes widened and she licked her lips. “Now?”

She’d given him the go ahead, let’s see how far she’d let him take it. “Well, you did agree to play by my rules. You’re not going to break that little bargain of ours just yet, are you? I might have to spank that sweet ass of yours.”

Her lips curled upward and her tongue darted across her mouth. “Oh, well now...that might be kind of fun.”

Hmm. Another thing he’d have to remember. She liked the idea of being spanked. He took a step forward and she giggled, throwing her hands up in front of her.

“Okay, okay!” Reaching down, she grabbed the hem of her tank top and jerked it over her head.

The blood in his veins pulsed faster at the sight of her lace-covered breasts. “Now your bra.”

She took a deep breath and reached behind her, unhooking her bra and sliding the straps off each shoulder. She pulled the purple scrap of lace off her breasts and let the bra drop to the floor. Oh, sweet God. He wanted to step forward and touch her, but that would screw up the entire striptease.

“The skirt.” His voice came out hoarse.

Her fingers were shaking as she unzipped the skirt and wiggled her hips so it fell down at her feet. She stepped away from it and reached down for the buckle on her heels.

“Did I tell you to take off your heels, Abby?”

She straightened up. “I just assumed—”

“Don’t assume. Leave the shoes on.” She looked so damn sexy, and the shoes just made the fantasy level go up.

“Okay.” She nodded and started to cross her arms across her breasts.

He closed the distance between them, grabbed her wrists, and gently tugged her arms away from her body.

Now that they were inside and under the lights, he could see every curve and swell of her body. Her breasts were large and crowned by fat, raspberry-colored tips. Her stomach and hips were full and pale, with smooth pink pussy lips peeking out between her soft thighs.

“Don’t cover yourself, Abby. You’re a sexy woman, and I wanna look at you.” He needed to ease her surprising moment of shyness. He lowered his head and brushed his mouth across hers.

She made the sweetest little sighing noise and pressed her body against his, opening her mouth under his lips. He slipped his tongue inside, tasting her sweetness and sucking on her tongue.

The kiss deepened, growing more urgent. He finally jerked away, their ragged breathing just audible over the music. He reached his hands between them to cup her breasts, running his thumbs over the firm tips.

“Mason...” She moaned and covered his wrists with her fingers.

He stepped back, letting her go as he went to the couch and sat down. Crooking his finger towards her, he murmured, “Come here, baby.”

She smiled and walked towards him, her hips swinging as her high-heeled feet moved across the carpet.

When she was standing in front of him, he opened his legs so she could stand between them. Putting his hands on her shoulders, he gently urged her to her knees in front of him. Had he gone too far? His worries were eased when he watched her eyes—sure enough, there was a shimmer of excitement in them.

Without even having to ask her, she seemed to know what he wanted. Her pretty manicured fingernails went to work unbuttoning his fly, and then pulling down the zipper. His blood pounded through his veins and his cock grew harder than it already was.

Lifting his hips, Mason shoved his pants and briefs down to his knees. His erection sprang free and her soft hand immediately wrapped around it. The air hissed from between his compressed lips and he closed his eyes.

“I like your penis, Mason.” Her silky fingers trailed over his length before wrapping around it. “It’s soft, smooth, and so pretty.”

His gaze snapped back open, his body shaking with silent laughter. “Did you just call my dick pretty?”

“Well, it is.” She giggled and dipped her head. A second later her tongue laved a wet swipe over his head. “And yummy.”

“Abby.” He groaned and weaved his fingers into her hair, encouraging her head down to his cock again. He wanted to feel her mouth on him. Now.

She gave a husky laugh and traced her tongue over the head of his penis, alternately licking and sucking at him, while her hands slipped between his thighs to cup his sac.

Her mouth opened wider around him and she moved her lips down on his erection, bringing a good amount of his dick into her hot, satiny mouth. The head of his cock touched the back of her throat, but she didn’t gag. Just gave a tiny moan of pleasure, sending vibrations down his shaft.

“Oh God, Abby.” He threw his head back against the couch, pumping his hips against her mouth as she sucked him.

Her head bobbed up and down as his cock slammed into her throat. His sac tightened and every part of his body tingled—he knew he was going to lose it.

Mason wrapped his hands around her ribcage and pulled her up onto the couch so she was straddling his lap. He lifted her breasts into his hand, pinching the pink nipples with his fingers.

She made the sweetest sigh as her nails bit into his shoulders. Dipping his head, he drew one pink tip into his mouth and sucked. He could smell the flowery perfume between her breasts as he licked and bit at her sweet nipples.

Drawing hard on one peak, he twisted the other nipple between his fingers.

“Mason!” she whimpered and squirmed against him. “Please!”

He released her nipple from his mouth with a popping sound. “Please what, baby?”

“Take me again.” She wiggled so her pussy lips rubbed against his dick.

His breath caught, and he slid his hand down her belly and into the thick folds of her pussy. Hot, silky cream coated his fingers. He was tempted to take her this way again. But the urge to try something different came on stronger.

“Mason...” She sighed, all the teasing gone from her gaze.

His sac tightened and he choked out, “Get on the floor on your hands and knees.”

He stood and went to his bedroom, heading straight to his dresser. He scavenged through the drawer until he found what he needed. His pulse pounded as he pried the object from the plastic container. He fumbled in the drawer for batteries and put them in the toy, then headed back to the living room.

The desire that ran through his blood softened a little when he saw her on the ground as he’d instructed. She was so eager to please, to obey. A confusing wave of tenderness swept through him.

He gave a slight smile and his gaze rested on the pale globes of her round ass. What would it feel like to fuck that sweet asshole? *Easy. You just got her into bed. One thing at a time.*

She turned to look over her shoulder at him and her eyes brightened.

“Oh. I have one of those toys at home.” She giggled. “You know what, Mason? I like the way you think.”

Chapter 5

Kicking aside his briefs and pants, he came to kneel behind her.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Abby?” he asked curiously.

He watched the rosebud between her cheeks pucker and tighten, as if the thought worried her. He ran a hand down her back, loving the smoothness of her skin.

She was silent for a moment. “Occasionally with my last boyfriend, but he wasn’t nearly as big as you.”

Mason tried to think about the roundabout compliment, instead of the image of her with another man. The idea of her and some other guy...his jaw clenched and he had to literally shake his head to kick out the vision.

“Did you want to try...now?”

The worry in her voice made him laugh softly.

“No, we don’t have to try it right now, baby.” He moved his hand down her ass and between her legs to rub her swollen clit.

“Oh, thank God. I’m still a bit sore from having you up front.” She gasped and moved against his hand. “*Mason.*”

He laughed. *She was so damn cute.* “You really know how to feed a guy’s ego. Here, let’s get this on you.”

Mason helped her step into the toy, securing the strap around her waist and centering the butterfly over her clit. This was going to be fun. Paulette had never let him use it on her—he’d never even taken it out of the package before today. God, that relationship hadn’t ended soon enough.

He turned the switch on and the toy buzzed to life.

“That feels really good.” Abby’s husky comment snapped him out of his thoughts about his ex-fiancée.

Abby. Now she was a girl a guy could fall for. Sexy, funny, real. As if needing to reiterate how real she was, and that she was actually here, he touched her again. Rubbing his fingers over the slit of her pussy, feeling the vibrations against his fingers. “You like that, baby?”

“Oh God, yeah.”

“How about this?” He pushed two fingers inside her wet cunt. The slippery, hot walls clenched around him and he growled.

“Mmm. Yeah.”

He moved his fingers in and out, stroking the hot satin walls of her vagina. Her breathing grew heavier and more cream coated his fingers. She started to moan as the vibrating toy strapped to her clit buzzed steadily.

“Mason...” She moaned.

“Do you like this?”

“Mmm...” She pushed down onto his hand. “You drive me wild.”

“I hope so.” He upped the speed on the toy and then brought his free hand back to stroke the curve of her ass.

“I think...oh God...I think I’m going to come.”

“Do it. Come for me, Abby.” He plunged his fingers faster into her cunt. Harder.

She gasped and the slick walls clenched around his fingers. Her body shuddered as she orgasmed, her ass rose and fell as her thighs shook. Her knees seemed to give out and she started to fall forward.

Mason slipped his arm around her waist and held her upright, so she remained on all fours.

“Where are you going, baby?” He leaned over her, his cock sliding between her thighs but not entering her. “We’re just getting to the fun part.”

He pulled back and grabbed his cock, lining it up with the swollen folds of her pussy. With a flex of his hips, he embedded himself to the hilt.

“Oh.” Her cry was guttural as she clenched around him again.

Christ. He closed his eyes and savored the feeling of being inside her. Being inside her felt so damn right. So damn good.

He pulled back out a bit, and then slid back in. Her body stretched around him, accommodating him.

“Ah...” She took a deep breath. “Harder, Mason.”

He clenched his jaw and thrust harder into her, kissing her womb. Abby gave a long moan, and her thighs trembled.

“You like it hard, baby?”

“Yes,” she hissed. “Fuck me, Mason. Fuck me like you want to. Hard and fast.”

Her words set him on fire, and he moved both his hands to grip her hips. He pulled out an inch and then thrust hard back into her.

“Do you like my big cock inside you?” he asked, and lightly slapped the side of her ass cheek. “Do you like me fucking your tight little pussy?”

She gasped, sounding more excited after the slap on her ass. He delivered another slap, increasing his pace into her hot cunt. His body thrummed, loving her response and wanting more.

“Tell me, Abby.”

“Oh, *God*. Yes! I like it.”

He slapped her ass again. “You like it or love it?”

“I *love* it.”

The next spanking was even harder.

“Mason.” She gasped, her muscles clenching around him as she climaxed. Her body shuddered, her thighs shaking.

He thrust in fast, hard, until the spasms inside her body transferred to his cock and he went over the edge. His sac tightened right before he came inside her, spilling his cum into her cunt.

“Abby!” he choked out, thrusting deep, staying there until he was spent.

His heart was still pounding as he moved his hands in a gentle caress over her ass.

She was amazing. Would two days of having Abby in his house purge him of his desire for her? Not fucking likely. That scared the hell out of him. He didn't want anything more than short term. Paulette had wrecked that for him and good.

Abby was the first woman he'd brought back to the house since he split with his ex-fiancée. He hadn't wanted to let a woman get that close, it was just too much trouble when he got sent away. But with Abby, it was different. Not only did he want her in his house, the thought of her leaving had his gut clenching.

But how the hell could he ever trust another woman? Any time he went TDY he'd be a mess, wondering whether his woman was out fucking some other guy. No. He needed to keep this a weekend thing with Abby.

Easier said than done.

She was still trembling when he pulled out of her and stood. He slipped his hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet, then turned her around.

"Thank you, Abby." Tilting a thumb under her chin, he forced her head up and then crushed his mouth down on hers.

Her body seemed to waver and she wrapped her arms around his neck as she kissed him back, dueling her tongue with his and pressing her lush body against him.

Mason lifted his lips from her mouth and laid his forehead against hers.

"Did you like it?"

She nodded, her cheeks turning pink. "Umm, yes. Especially that part where you...spanked me. I've never had that done before."

His smile was slow and pleasure spread through his blood. "Yeah?" He gave her ass a light smack again. "I'll remember that. Are you hot?"

She giggled and lowered her eyelashes. "I'm covered in sweat, what do you think?"

"I think you just got thoroughly fucked. But you could be hot, too."

She slapped his chest playfully. "I can barely stand up. My legs are still shaking."

"I can see that." He caught her hand. "Let's grab a shower."

Chapter 6

They took their time washing each other clean and sneaking a couple of long kisses. Abby nuzzled his chest and wrapped her arms around his waist, letting the warm water slick down over them.

The intimate, sensual moment had her purring with content. *Easy girl, just because he gave you the best orgasm of your life doesn't mean it's love. And don't forget, he's a military man, born and raised.*

Standing that close to his naked body, Abby couldn't resist kissing his chest a couple of times. But before she could initiate a full-out seduction, he turned off the water and grabbed a towel to dry them off.

"Now, we swim."

Swim? Did he have a pool? Abby followed him as they walked naked through the house, admiring the way it was decorated again. The framed prints on the wall were all black and white shots of various jazz musicians in performance. She recognized a Miles Davis photo—she had the same poster framed at home. Obviously this man was a huge jazz fan. Not that it was a surprise. She *had* first seen him at *The Lounge*.

The rest of the house seemed to be mostly furnished in black, from the leather couches to the coffee and dining room tables.

They passed through the kitchen before he opened a sliding glass door. After flipping on a switch, he tugged on her hand, leading her outside.

The switch he'd hit must've been for the pool. The yard was dark, save for the light in the water that illuminated the medium-size pool.

"Oh, that looks amazing." She practically drooled as she crossed the patio towards the water.

Mason's arms wrapped around her and suddenly her feet were off the ground. She yelped, and as he tossed her into the pool, one thought took over her mind: *he picked me up. No guy ever tries to pick me up.*

She came to the surface sputtering and gave him a mock glare. He looked so hot, standing on the edge of the pool with his hands on his hips watching her.

"That wasn't very nice," she chided, but secretly loved the fact that he'd done it—the fun playfulness of it and the familiarity they were already creating together.

The little voice of reason in her head tried to butt in. How many women did he bring back to his house? How many did he seduce and make love to all weekend, only to send them packing by Monday morning? Was she just one of many?

Does it matter, Abby? Don't get attached to him. He's military. You can't go down that road again. You swore you never would.

Mason dove into the pool, and then emerged beside her. Droplets of water trickled over the muscles in his shoulders.

"Ah, and what are you going to do about it?" He grinned and closed the distance between them, grabbing her ankle.

Abby gave a surprised laugh and then choked on the water as she went under. She managed to kick herself free and swam to the opposite side of the pool.

She leaned her back against the side, laying her arms on the edge while she let her lower body float. The cool water felt amazing on her heated skin.

Mason's gaze was mischievous, determined, and just plain sexy as he began a lazy butterfly stroke towards her.

Her heart did a little flip-flop for reasons that went beyond sexual attraction, and it made her nervous. She couldn't make this about more than sex. It wasn't possible.

He came to a stop right in front of her and stood. He was taller, and, unlike her, could still reach the bottom.

"So, what kind of work do you do, Abby?"

She pushed a wet strand of hair out of her eyes and grinned. "I'm a high school English teacher."

“I can’t believe it. You seem way too crazy to be a teacher.” He laughed and tweaked her hair. “But then you just never know what kind of freak the teacher is outside of the classroom, do you?”

“Ah, so now I’m a freak?” She giggled and splashed water at him.

“Nah, it’s a good thing.” He caught her wrist and pulled her away from the edge and close to him, a slow smile spreading across his face. “A freak in the bedroom.”

“Nice.”

“Yeah, it is.” He lowered his head, brushing his sensual mouth across hers. Pulling away, he made a sound of approval. “A freak I’m growing addicted to.”

Her heart skipped at his words. “I kinda like being an addiction.”

“Mmm. I bet you do.” He traced a finger over her collarbone. “So, if you’re an English teacher...”

She tried not to think about the warm shivers that followed his finger. “Yes? If I’m an English teacher...” What was he going to ask? Who her favorite author was? Poet?

“What’s a conjunctive pronoun?”

Abby burst into laughter and gave him a light punch on the shoulder. “And here I thought you were just getting deep on me.”

His smile turned sly. “I’d rather get deep *in* you.”

Her pulse raced and she glanced at him from under her lashes. “Now why doesn’t that surprise me?”

“Hmm. But now that you said it, I do like the idea of getting to know you on a deeper level.” He traced his fingers between her breasts. “Like what motivated you to ruin my truck.”

He wanted the personal stuff? She hesitated. “I wasn’t trying to ruin your—”

“I know. Okay, some other poor bastard’s truck.”

“Take away the poor part, and you’re right on. He’s a bastard.” She swam back so she could lean her head back against the edge of the pool, kicking her legs in the water.

“What happened?”

What could it hurt telling him? “He was sleeping with my cousin. She’s only nineteen and he’s twenty-nine. Which isn’t so bad in some people’s eyes, but he’s also married and neglected to mention that to her.”

“I see.” His gruff tone gentled. “Is he Army?”

“Yeah.” She looked away. They always were. At some point in their lives, all the women in her family had gotten their hearts broken by an Army man.

“What’s his name?”

“Does it matter?”

“Possibly.”

“Jonathan Wilbanks.”

“Wilbanks?” He gave a harsh laugh. “He’s one of my soldiers. I’ll take care of it for you.”

Abby lifted her head and blinked at him in disbelief. “He’s one of your soldiers? What does that mean? And you’ll take care of it? How so?”

“I’m a squad leader and he’s one of the soldiers I’m responsible for.” He stepped between her legs. “Adultery is frowned upon in the military. He can get in deep shit, and I intend to make sure he doesn’t get off easily.”

“You’d do that for me?” Pleasure spread slowly through her body, and she had the urge to swoon like the heroine in a bad melodrama—which was crazy. Because of who he was, he could never be her hero. Yet somehow he seemed different. She wanted to believe he was different, but the thought of giving him that chance terrified her.

“I don’t like fuckheads,” he murmured. “And I’m sorry about your cousin, baby. Nobody deserves to go through something like that.”

She smiled. “Kelly will be all right. She’s heading off to college in the fall, so I’m sure she’ll find a new guy to crush on. She’s young, not even twenty yet. She’ll bounce back.”

“How long was your cousin dating Wilbanks?”

Abby shrugged. “I don’t know. Six months? Maybe eight?”

He cocked his head and gave her a quizzical glance. “And she never saw any clues that he might be married?”

Blinking in surprise, Abby pulled back slightly. “What are you suggesting? That Kelly knew he was married and just ignored the fact?”

Mason rolled his shoulders. “I’m not saying anything. I’m just trying to point out that eight months is a long time to not notice any of the usual signs.”

“You know what? Screw you.” Abby turned around and braced her arms on the pool’s edge, trying to pull herself out.

“Abby—”

“No.” She grunted, managing to get one leg out. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Just as she lifted herself out of the pool, she was pulled backwards again into the water. The jerk had pulled her back down!

Abby came up sputtering again, but wasn’t at all amused this time.

“I’m sorry, baby.” He pulled her resisting body against him.

“I don’t want your apology. I want you to let me go.” She pushed again at his chest, but he didn’t budge. “You suck.”

“So do you, and you proved it very well earlier tonight.” He grinned and then touched his nose to hers. “I’m sorry, Abby. I didn’t think before I said it.”

“No, you didn’t,” she grumbled.

“I’ve met a lot of women out there who don’t care if the guy’s married or not. I don’t know Kelly, but I trust you. And if you say she didn’t know, then I believe you.”

She wanted to stay mad, to climb right back out of the pool and run away from every emotion he was evoking in her heart and body. But she couldn’t. The tension drained from her body and she went limp in his arms.

“Okay.”

“You forgive me?”

She gave a small sigh. “Yes. I’m sorry, I probably overreacted too. It’s just that Kelly’s so young and naïve.”

“Is that why you don’t date military? Because of what happened to Kelly?” He pushed her legs farther apart and moved in closer.

No, Kelly was just the icing on the cake. Talking about her reasons wasn’t something that was easy for her. Not even with her closest friends. She jerked her gaze away, her throat tight. “No, it’s more complex...”

“I understand.” He must have realized she didn’t want to expand on the issue. His fingers glided over the folds of her pussy, and then slowly sank inside. Relief and pleasure at his unconventional way of changing the subject hit at the same time.

“Oooh.” She took in a deep, unsteady breath and reached behind her to grip the edge of the pool. “That feels really good.”

“Yeah? I know something else that feels good.”

He crouched down in the water and lifted her legs onto his shoulders. His breath was hot on her sex, and she stretched her arms out along the pool’s edge.

“I love this pretty pink pussy. I’ll bet you’d like a good tongue fuck.” He nuzzled his face between her legs, planting kisses on the inside of her thighs.

Heat spread throughout her body, tightening her nipples and making her sex heavy. She should be embarrassed by his words, shocked or something. But the way he talked to her was so exciting—such a turn on. “Mmm...you’d win that bet.”

Abby could feel the moisture gathering between her legs and squirmed against his hot breath.

He dragged his tongue over her slit before pushing it deep inside her.

“Mason!” She gasped and bucked against him, closing her eyes against the intimate invasion of his mouth.

He rubbed her clit with his thumb, while his tongue continued to thrust in and out of her. Her hips rose and fell in the water as she ground her pussy against his mouth.

He ate her deeper, licking and sucking on her folds and penetrating her with his tongue. His mouth moved up to replace his finger, circling her clit before he lightly bit it.

“Ooooh!” Her groan was guttural and her ass clenched.

He gave a husky laugh. He drew the sensitive flesh into his mouth and sucked it, while he thrust two fingers deep inside her.

The delicious tension increased inside her until every muscle in her body was tight, her entire being focused on his mouth and the havoc it was creating between her legs.

When he added a third finger, she came. Lights danced behind her eyelids and her thighs tightened around his head, holding him to her.

He kept licking her and thrusting his fingers into her cunt, until she was limp and her arms slid off the edge of the pool.

Mason caught her before she went underwater, lifting her legs off his shoulders and then lowering and impaling her onto his thick cock.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and locked her ankles around his waist. She moved slowly on him at first, then began riding him so hard she was almost bouncing on him in the water.

“Kiss me,” he demanded, slowly moving his cock in and out of her.

Abby lifted her head up to his, and he crushed her lips with his own. His tongue thrust into her mouth again and again, mimicking the motions of their hips.

He slowed the kiss and rotated his hips, moving at different angles and depths inside her.

The kiss turned from desperate and hard to something sweet and sensual. Abby’s insides melted in an entirely different way. *There it was again. That connection.* And it would all end Sunday. Her stomach clenched, a wave of intense disappointment sweeping through her. Did some part of her want to belong to him for more than just a weekend? And if so, did he feel the same?

“Abby,” he muttered and lifted his head. His cock embedded deep, he didn’t move for a moment. “What are you doing to me?”

What was *she* doing to *him*? Before she could answer—not that he expected one—his mouth was back on hers, and he was thrusting again.

Abby’s head fell back, the pleasure was so intense. He supported her with one arm, and lowered his mouth to her neck, sucking on the pulse that beat wildly.

His free hand moved between her legs, touching her clit right above where they were joined.

“Oh!” The pleasure spilt over again into another intense orgasm.

He thrust harder, deeper, and faster until he gasped and she felt his spurting warmth inside her.

“All of it, Mason, I want it all.” She squeezed her muscles around him, milking everything from him.

He groaned, his hips jerking against her. And then his grip eased and his lips closed over one of her hard nipples.

“Abby...” He tongued the tip. “I don’t think I’m gonna make it through this weekend. You’re killing me.”

“Liar. You’re doing great so far.” Her heart thudded heavily under the breast he was sucking on. She ran a hand through his hair and closed her eyes, sighing when he tightened the arm that was wrapped around her waist. The intimacy of the movement had her stomach doing little flips.

“You know it’s probably after three in the morning. I haven’t stayed up this late since I was an E3.” He sighed. “I hate to say it, but I think we need some sleep.”

“What are you talking about? I could go all night long.” She screwed up the teasing lie when a yawn popped her jaw. “Okay, you got me. I’m tired.”

“All right. Come on, baby. We’ve got all day tomorrow to play.”

“After we sleep in, of course. I should warn you that I’m not a morning person.”

“No?” He glanced over his shoulder while climbing out of the pool.

“Nope.” She climbed out of the pool after him and followed him inside the house to his bedroom.

“Well, we’ll have to work on that, because I am.” He left for a moment and came back with two fluffy towels, handing her one. “You can just dry off and climb into bed naked.”

Work on that? That sounded almost long term. Her heart sped up again, and she had that fluttery feeling in her stomach again. *Stop, don’t even go there right now.*

She glanced over at the queen-size bed and quickly dried her body. The evening was catching up with her, and sleep suddenly sounded like a luxury instead of just a necessity. Would he want to cuddle? Or just roll over to the other side of the bed and forget she existed?

Tossing down the towel, she walked to the bed and slipped beneath the covers onto the cool cotton sheets.

She watched Mason rub down his muscular chest with his towel, and bit back a sigh. He was a good guy. And she would never have even given him a chance had it not been for the little mix up in the parking lot. Maybe he was different from all the bad experiences she'd had.

Her thoughts momentarily paralyzed her. Was she admitting it? That she wanted to give him a chance beyond just the weekend? She'd sworn never again, but with him, everything was different. She wanted to trust him.

Mason dropped the towel, hit the light, and a second later the bed dipped as he climbed in beside her.

"Come here." His breath was warm against her ear as he wrapped his hands around her waist.

Her eyes widened. Surely he wasn't turned on again so soon? He tucked her into the curve of his body and laid his chin on top of her head.

"Night, Abby."

Oh...how sweet. Her heart slowed from a fast beat to a slow, drowsy thump thump. She smiled and closed her eyes. "Good night, Mason."

Chapter 7

Mason woke from one of the deepest sleeps he could remember. He lay still, memories of Abby and from yesterday flickering through his head. What if she'd left him in the middle of the night? He stiffened, his eyes snapping open.

Abby was still very much here, her lush body curved right up against his. The tension eased from his shoulders, and an unfamiliar wave of tenderness ran through him. With a small smile, he tucked a strand of her hair back from her face.

How was it that he could go from wanting to keep things simple, to not wanting her to leave tomorrow? He shouldn't want to trust another woman. It went against everything he told himself he'd never do again. Yet here he was, wanting more than just sex with this woman.

Abby sighed in her sleep, shifting a bit. His pulse sped up. Although, sex at the moment was starting to sound pretty damn tempting. The pink tips of her breasts brushed his arm and she kicked one leg over his calf, leaving her pussy ready and open.

Unable to resist, he reached down and rubbed his palm between her legs. She stirred again, and he applied more pressure.

Her breathing shifted from the steady pace of someone asleep to someone who was awake and aroused. Moisture gathered on his palm and he smiled.

He lifted his gaze to her, and found her watching him. That aroused, sleepy look in her eyes spurred him on. Made him want to please her, cherish her. They only had one more night together, and then the bargain would be done. Could he convince her to keep seeing him? Would she want to?

"Morning, baby." He slid a finger into her creamy pussy.

"Ahh..." She closed her eyes. "Mmm...morning, Mason."

"Okay?"

"Oooh...yeah."

“Good.” He pushed gently on her shoulder, rolling her over onto her back. “Let me work on making you a morning person.”

He sat up and straddled her, leaning down to kiss her breasts, taking a tip into his mouth and sucking on it. She squirmed beneath him and sighed.

Working his way down her body, he kissed her belly button. Then, damn near drunk on the musky smell of her arousal, he moved down her body to taste her again.

He loved her pussy. All pink, with wet, full lips. Just begging to be touched, licked, and fucked.

Pushing her knees apart so he could get better access, he buried his face into her cunt, sliding his tongue inside her folds to lap up her sweet juices.

She gripped his head, her fingers buried in his hair as she held his face against her.

He licked her slowly, steadily, and felt her stomach start to shake. Her hips lifted off the bed, and he pushed his tongue inside her just as she came.

“Oh, *Mason*.”

Her desire for him was sharp on his tongue, and he lapped her up, moving up to suck her clit as her body trembled through the orgasm.

When she was limp on the bed, he nuzzled her stomach and placed a kiss in her belly button.

“There. Now that was your proper *good morning*.”

“Thank you.” She gave a sleepy laugh, her cheeks still pink with pleasure. “I’m officially converted to being a morning person. As long as you wake me up that way on a regular basis.”

His blood rushed through his veins. Was she thinking beyond tomorrow, too? They needed to talk, clear the air. He wanted to know. But not now, she wasn’t even fully awake yet.

He stood. “I’m gonna make us some food. Are you hungry?”

She stretched and made a purring sound. “Mmm. Yeah, I’m a little hungry. But you don’t have to make anything, we could always—”

“I like to cook. It’s my thing. Now go back to sleep while I make breakfast.”

Abby watched him leave and shook her head in amazement. He was fantastic in bed, thought she was gorgeous, and liked to cook?

She drew her lip between her teeth. Maybe it was time to re-evaluate that whole not dating military thing. Maybe her experiences had been circumstantial. Maybe Mason was different. Her stomach twisted at the thought. Oh, but that was a lot of trust. And they were only just getting to know each other.

She lay in bed for a while longer, inhaling the yummy smell of bacon cooking.

Finally, she glanced at the clock. Damn! They'd slept until noon! She grabbed the phone that was on the bedside table and called her brother's shop.

He answered on the second ring. "Daniel's Auto. What can I do for you?"

"Danny, it's Abby." She sighed.

"Hey, sis. What's up?" She could hear the sounds of the shop in the background, and he paused to yell something to one of his employees.

"Umm. Well, I screwed up kind of bad."

"Not liking the tone of your voice. How bad? What'd you do this time?"

"I did that brake fluid thing you told me about on this truck—"

"*What?* Tell me you didn't."

"I did, sorry. And it gets worse. When I did it, it was nighttime. And I, well, I accidentally did it to the wrong truck."

"Oh God. Abby! You can't be serious? Is he pressing charges?"

"Well, no... We actually worked out an arrangement." Her cheeks warmed. Hopefully she didn't sound as obvious as she felt. "Will you cut me a deal so I can get it fixed?"

"Shit, Abby. You get in more trouble than your high school students." He sighed. "Yeah, bring it by today and I'll see what we can do."

She glanced up as Mason came back into the room with two plates in his hands. He paused in the doorway, watching her closely.

"Look, I'll call you later, Danny. You're the best. Love you." She hung up the phone and smiled. "Hey."

“Hey. Who were you on the phone with?” He crossed the room and set the plates of food on the nightstand. Then he sat down on the bed and ran his thumb over her mouth.

The gesture sent a tremble through her body. “M-my brother. I was arranging to have your truck fixed.”

He was silent a moment, but cupped the back of her neck in a hard grasp, dragging her head close.

“Ah. For a minute, I thought you might have had another guy.” He stared at her. “And I didn’t like the way it made me feel.”

“There’s no one else,” she whispered, her pulse raced at the intensity in his gaze. Was he jealous? And would it be wrong of her to like it if he was?

“Good.” His mouth brushed over hers and she melted, wrapping her arms around his neck. She opened her mouth, thrilled by the way his tongue slid possessively inside. His hand moved down to cup her breast, his thumb stroking over her rigid nipple.

“Abby. I have a confession. I don’t want this to just be a weekend thing.” His voice was husky when he raised his head.

A warm fuzzy feeling spread through her. So he was getting the *more than just sex* vibe too? She teased her fingers into the short hair at the back of his head, a smile curving her mouth.

“Why don’t you date military men?”

Date military. The panic kicked in and she emotionally backpedaled.

“Don’t shut yourself down, baby. I see you closing those doors in your head.” His thumb rubbed over her lips and she trembled. “Please, Abby. I just wanna understand why.”

Her throat felt dry. “Mason...”

“Baby, please, I wanna understand. I need to.”

She swallowed hard. “There are...many reasons. The biggest one—my dad was in the military. He was dating my mom and left her for another woman...when she was pregnant with Danny and me.”

“Ah, baby, I’m sorry.” He wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her tight against his chest. “I know that kind of shit happens too much. But we’re not all like that. And I’m nothing like that.”

“Mason,” she hesitated. “There’s more. I lost my virginity to an Army guy way back in the day. He promised to call, never did... I’ve watched friends go through the same kind of heartbreak—my cousin just *yesterday*.”

“Listen. There are some assholes in the military who are only out for sex and a good time. But I’ll say it again, we are not all like that. *I* am not like that.”

“I don’t know...”

“Listen to me. I want you to understand. My parents have been married for thirty years, Abby, and I want what they have.” He dropped a kiss on her mouth again. “When I get serious with a woman, there’ll be no stupid flings on the side. Just my woman.”

The words sparked hope. Made her see him in a whole new light—good husband material and a possible family man. *Exactly, he’s telling you what you want to hear.* But even still, that wall of resistance she’d had for so long crumbled a little.

“I just don’t know...”

“Do you want this to end tomorrow, Abby?” He shook his head. “Can you walk away from this, from us, and not look back? I can’t.”

No! I don’t want to walk away from you. The response locked in her throat.

His body tensed and disappointment filled his eyes as he let her go. “Food’s getting cold.”

Standing, he grabbed one of the plates and sat it down in front of her.

She stared down at the toast and omelet, then finally picked up her fork and went through the process of eating. Her stomach was in knots, she felt sick with what had just transpired. The way she’d let the conversation die. Why hadn’t she responded to him? She knew the answer to his question, she’d just been too afraid to say anything.

Abby glanced up at Mason, but he was stoically eating his breakfast and made no attempt to look at her.

“Okay.” She took a deep breath and an even bigger risk. “You’re right, Mason. I don’t want this to end tomorrow. We’ve barely had time to start.”

His fork paused in midair, his fingers tightening around it.

She went on, her nerves strung tight. “And I hate that it took some kind of truck-trashing incident for me to even agree to give you a chance. Because you are such a great guy.”

He turned to look at her, a smile played along his lips. “Does this mean we can have more than just a weekend together?”

Her pulse skipped and she gave a slow nod. “Way more, I hope. If you still want it.”

“You know I do. And I’ll tell you something, Abby. This is scary as hell for me, too.” He held her gaze. “But you can trust me, Abby. I would never intentionally hurt you.”

The depth of the sincerity in his gaze had warmth spreading through her body. “Well, you did spank me.”

“Yeah, I did,” he murmured and dropped a kiss on her bare shoulder. “And you liked it.”

She giggled as her stomach did the fluttery thing. *She did trust him.* It hit her. Whether she’d intended to or not, she trusted Mason—after such a short time.

“We can drop off your truck at my brother’s shop today. He said he’d look at it.”

“Ah yeah, the truck.” He shook his head. “It’s a good thing I’m into you. Otherwise your ass would be sitting in a jail cell right about now.”

Her pulse hit double time. To hear the words “good thing I’m into you” sent waves of pleasure and excitement through her.

“So your parents are happily married, huh?” she asked.

He gave her a sideways glance and smiled. “Yeah, so is my little sister, she’s pregnant again. I have a three-year-old nephew back in Chicago. He’s a riot.”

“You’re an uncle?”

“Yeah.” He went back to eating, but the widening grin on his face, the happiness in his eyes, made her suspect he wanted kids someday.

The image fit. Mason being a daddy, having a little toddler riding around on his shoulders. She swallowed the sudden lump in her throat and shook her head. *Okay, they'd agreed to go beyond the weekend, not pick out wedding invitations. Calm down, girl.*

Mason ate the last bite of his breakfast and stood. "We'll go over there after you're done eating. I'm gonna go check my email."

"Okay." She nodded. "Thank you, by the way. You're an amazing cook."

Dropping a kiss on her lips, he murmured, "Glad you like it."

Chapter 8

An hour later, they'd picked up Abby's car, dropped off his truck at her brother's garage, and were watching a rented movie back at his place.

Mason's mouth curved as he thought about Abby's brother. He'd been cool. Polite, but guarded—obviously protective of his sister.

Rightfully so. Abby was a woman worth protecting.

She snuggled closer to him, laying her head against his chest with a sigh. Abby didn't seem to be watching the movie any more than he was. It was just an excuse to stay in bed and cozy up together.

"So, does your brother have any kids?" he asked, playing with a strand of her soft, pale hair.

"No. He's engaged though. I'm sure they've got plans to start reproducing when the honeymoon's over. Daniel adores kids."

Engaged. He hadn't yet mentioned to Abby that he'd been engaged not too long ago. *You should tell her.* He opened his mouth, ready to mention it, and then hesitated. No. What was happening right now was just too special, too right. He didn't want to risk introducing the dark waters of his past just yet.

He looked down at her again. How had it happened so fast? How had she hooked him?

It wasn't fast. You knew she was special the first time you saw her at The Jazz Lounge.

It didn't matter anyway, he intended to make sure it lasted. Now that he finally had her, he had no intention of letting her go.

"So, Abby, what are you doing next Saturday?"

"Hmm. I hadn't thought that far in advance." She looked over at him and smiled. "What have you got in mind?"

“I have two tickets to see Branford Marsalis at The Lounge. Wanna go?”

Her mouth flapped open. “Oh my God. Those tickets sold out months ago. Are you sure you want to use the ticket on me?”

“Baby.” He settled his hand on her thigh. “I bought the extra ticket a few weeks ago planning to bribe you with it to go out with me.”

She bit her lip as her eyes widened a bit. “I’m flattered. And I definitely want that ticket. In fact, we should make it a night. I want you to come to my place next weekend and I’ll make you dinner before we go.”

“That sounds good.” He trailed his fingers towards the crotch of the sweatpants he’d lent her. A visible tremble ran down through her body. “Why don’t you take these off, baby?”

She raised an eyebrow, but shoved the sweats down her legs. He reached for the T-shirt he’d also lent her and tugged it over her head.

He sat up and looked down at her. This was how he wanted to make love to her. Not in a field, not on the floor, or in a pool, but in a bed. With her blonde hair spread out on his pillow, and her lush body on the sheets. Where they would be comfortable and could take their time. He could go slowly in his attempt to lick every curve and crevice on her body.

“You’re so beautiful, Abby.” He leaned down and lifted one heavy breast towards his mouth. He blew on the nipple, loving the way it tightened into a hard dusky tip. “I love the way you taste. Everywhere.”

He drew the crest into his mouth and ran his tongue around the textured tip. She moaned and pushed her fingers into his hair, holding him to her breast.

Biting down lightly on the nipple, he waited until she cried out before soothing it with his tongue. He used his free hand to lift her other breast and pinch the stiff peak.

She lifted her hips off the bed and started to squirm, delicious little moans coming from her mouth.

Mason switched his mouth to the other breast and started sucking. Hard. Then he bit it, and dragged his tongue over the nipple, before sucking it again.

“Mason!” She pushed him away and pressed on his shoulders. “*Please.*”

Her excitement had him harder than he could ever remember being. He wanted to push open her legs and plunge into her hot center, but the urge to pleasure her was stronger.

He slid down her body, trailing kisses down her ribs, to her belly, until he was at the swell of her smooth mound. Using his thumbs, he parted her pussy lips.

She was shiny with cream, her clit swollen and pink. He lowered his head and ran his tongue over it, before drawing it into his mouth and suckling.

She gasped, her hips rising off the bed. He forced them back down and pushed two fingers inside her. He circled her clit with his tongue again, and then suckled, alternating the two as he pumped his fingers in and out of her.

“Oh!” she screamed as she reached her orgasm, and her cream gushed onto his fingers.

Mason rose to cover her body with his and thrust deep inside her. Riding the aftershocks of her orgasm, he loved the way her inner muscles clamped and pulsed around his cock. Her eyes fluttered open and she gave a soft little sigh.

Their gazes locked, and he could see that she finally trusted him. There was no hesitation, no flicker of uncertainty, just pure, unfiltered trust. She was giving way more than just her body to him.

“Abby.” He lowered his head to kiss her, and began a slow steady thrust in and out of her body.

Then faster when she started to lift her hips to meet his thrusts. The sound of his sac hitting her ass, and the wet noises of their bodies, was loud in the room.

Her nails dragged down his back and her legs wrapped around his waist as he kept thrusting. Deeper. Harder. Until he was about to come. He reached between them and rubbed her clit as his own sac tightened.

Her scream tumbled him over the edge and he came inside her as she clenched around his cock again.

“Abby.” He groaned, making small thrusts as he emptied himself inside her. “Oh, baby. Sweet Abby.”

He fell on top of her and wrapped her in his arms. She snuggled against him and kissed his chest.

“I don’t want this to come across like a bad line, but you do something to me, Mason. I can’t explain it. But it’s never been like this for me.”

His blood pulsed faster at her words. “It’s not a bad line, because I feel the same.”

She looked up. “Really? You wouldn’t just say that...?”

“Really.” He touched her cheek, knowing he was telling her the truth. “We’ve got something, Abby.”

“Yeah, we do.” Abby could feel her cheeks turning pink at the admission.

“Want to take a bath with me?”

She giggled as he nipped at her shoulder. “Do I ever. Can we swim in the pool afterwards?”

“You know it.” He hopped off the bed and grabbed her hand, tugging her up after him.

The phone next to his bed started to ring, and he hesitated. The interruption sent a small stab of disappointment through her, but she nudged it aside.

“Go answer that and I’ll start the water and get started. You can join me in a few.”

“All right. But don’t start soaping up.” He gave a slow sexy smile. “That pleasure belongs to me.”

“Mmm. I can’t wait, and don’t keep me waiting too long.” She stood on her toes and dropped a kiss on his lips. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

She turned on the taps and started filling the tub with warm water. Looking around the bathroom, she drew her lip between her teeth. What she wouldn’t give to have some bubbles. But what were the chances that a man like Mason had bubble bath?

Opening the cupboard under the sink, she pushed aside the cleaning supplies and towels, hoping to find something that might work. Her brows drew together, and she reached towards the back and pulled out a pink bottle.

She tilted it in her hands, reading the label. Rose-scented luxury bath bubbles? Hmm. Maybe they'd been a gift. She twisted off the cap and shrugged, dumping some of the bottle under the running water and watching it foam up.

Mason would get a good teasing once he joined her. That is if he joined her—the bubbles might turn him off.

She stepped into the tub, easing her body into the water. Closing her eyes, she leaned back against the edge. Mmm. How wonderful.

This whole weekend had been amazing. Mason had somehow tapped into many of her fantasies. The whole “play by my rules” bargain she'd agreed to had been something she'd always wanted to try. It had been a brief taste of being dominated. The whole experience had been exciting, fun, and hot enough to keep her panties wet. That is if she'd had any on. Silly boy had torn them off.

Her face scrunched up into a ridiculously big smile. *Mason had been so hot for me—me, not some skinny clubhopper—that he tore my underwear off!* How cool was that?

He was a good guy, in and out of the bedroom. Loved his family, cooked, was concerned about her cousin...

She sighed. Oh Lord. It was official. She'd fallen for him. Hard. The idea that he was *the one* had been toying with her all weekend. It was a gut instinct. At least, they'd both admitted there was more there. And that they'd go beyond the weekend. That concert next week would be fabulous.

She mentally planned a dinner menu in her head while shampooing her hair. Would he like chicken? Or was he a steak and potatoes guy? Dunking her head under water, she rinsed and then reached for the bottle of conditioner. Her hand stilled. Where was he anyway? He should've been in by now. What if that phone call had been a bad one?

Stepping out of the bath, she grabbed his robe off the bathroom door and slipped into it. After opening the door and not finding him in the bedroom, she stepped into the hallway and walked towards the living room.

A high-pitched laugh rang out from the living room and Abby's stomach knotted. A woman? There was a woman here?

Don't freak out. It could be his sister...or a neighbor. Just stop thinking the worst and go say hi for God's sake.

Taking a deep breath, she rounded the corner with a friendly smile on her face.

Her lips went numb and the room seemed to tilt as the blood rushed in her head. *Not his sister.*

Mason had his back to her, the woman's arms were wrapped around his neck as they kissed.

Abby reached out her hand, finding the table as a means to keep her knees from giving out. She knocked her purse over and her keys hit the wood table with loud jangle.

Mason jerked away from the woman and spun around. Her gaze connected with his and she saw the shock and guilt in his eyes.

Oh, God. Humiliation and pain clawed at her, and she felt suddenly nauseous. After wrapping her fingers around her keys, she slid her wrist through the strap of her purse.

Get out of here, Abby. Just get out. She forced her feet to move and lurched towards the door.

"Abby, wait!" He started after her.

Her fingers fumbled with the door handle and then she was running down the driveway, barefoot in a bathrobe. She reached her car and jabbed the key into the lock.

She got in and slammed the door, locking it just as Mason grabbed the handle and attempted to open her door.

"Abby!" He slapped the window. "Stop, it isn't what it looks like."

"Get away from my car!" She turned on her stereo, blasting Ella Fitzgerald to drown out his excuses.

She started the engine and pushed the gear into reverse, hitting the gas. Her little Honda shot backwards and Mason jumped away.

She floored it away from his house. *Don't look in the rearview mirror. Don't.* Her gaze lifted despite her own orders and she watched him slow down from running after her.

Tears flooded her eyes and she slapped the steering wheel.

“Stupid. I’m so freaking stupid! Yeah, that bubble bath should’ve been a big freaking clue!” The ache in her stomach intensified until she finally had to pull her car over to the side of the road.

The tears fell thick and fast. She lifted the sleeve of her bathrobe—Mason’s robe—to dry them. *How? How was it possible to hurt this badly? After only two days?*

She gave up trying to figure it out and started the car again.

Chapter 9

“You bitch.” Mason slammed the door to the house and descended upon his ex-fiancée. “You just fucked up my life with that little kiss.”

“Oh, come off it, Mace.” Paulette folded her freakishly thin arms across her small chest and shrugged. “You would actually prefer some fat white chick over me?”

Red blurred his vision. “You’d better watch your mouth, girl. That’s my future wife you’re talking about.” He went to the closet and grabbed the box full of her crap out of it, thrusting it towards her. “This is what you said you wanted when you called. I should have just had it mailed to you months ago. Now get the fuck out.”

“Mason, you can’t be serious.” Her eyes widened. “We were engaged before you went on TDY—”

“You slept with another man, Paulette. We were done the moment you cheated on me.”

“I explained how that—”

“Look, it never was going to work anyway. I don’t love you, Paulette.” He rubbed his head and sighed. “I never did.”

Her mouth tightened and she adjusted the box in her grip. “But you love her? That Gabby girl?”

“Abby.” His gut twisted. “And yes, I think I do.”

“Where the hell did she come from? It’s only been three months since I last saw you.”

He shook his head. “Look. You need to just leave. *Now*. I gotta figure out how I’m going to get her back.”

Paulette shrugged and stepped past him towards the door. “Well, good luck with that.”

After the door clicked shut behind her, Mason pulled out his wallet and dug around for the business card he'd gotten earlier. Then he dialed Danny's auto shop.

* * *

Abby sat on a chair in her brother's back office, chewing on the top of a pen. Using her foot, she pushed off the desk, spinning the chair around in a half-circle for the zillionth time.

She looked through the glass window to the garage. The men had all filtered out to go home, the shop closing down now that it was almost six. Her brother was on the phone, had been for the past ten minutes.

He was probably grateful for the interruption. For the last couple of hours he'd had to listen to her anger and doubts about what she'd seen with Mason.

It's not what it looks like. His words had meant nothing when she'd been flooring her way out of his driveway. But now that she'd calmed down, had time to think about it rationally...what if there was a logical explanation?

They were kissing. How can that be rationalized? She groaned and tossed the pen on the desk. It should've been the nail in the coffin, she shouldn't even be questioning the situation.

But she was. It went back to that earlier realization that she trusted him. Damn it all. This just sucked.

She watched Danny hang up the phone in the garage and come back into his office.

"Hey Ab, someone's coming by to drop off some papers in a few minutes, but I need to be somewhere at six-thirty. Can you stick around and handle it?"

"Oh. Sure."

She'd assumed they'd grab dinner or something, and he'd listen to her bitch and cry some more. But he was probably tuckered out. Poor guy had put up with enough today.

"Thanks, Ab." Danny grabbed his keys off the desk and kissed her cheek. "It'll be okay. Trust me." He headed out the door and yelled, "Lock up when you leave."

And then he was gone.

She stood and stretched, walking to the mini-fridge to grab a soda.

A few minutes later, the front door buzzed. Setting down her drink, she went to answer it.

She left the office and headed towards the door. After she unlocked it, she glanced up and froze.

Mason pushed open the door and stepped inside, shutting it behind him. Her throat tightened with emotion and she had to restrain herself from throwing her arms around him.

“Abby.” He looked both confused and relieved. “I thought I was meeting with your brother.”

“My brother?” Realization kicked in. “That was you on the phone.”

“Yeah.” He hesitated. “I just wanted to convince him to give me your number. He said I should come down and we could talk about it.”

“Right.” Her brother had set them up. Why was she even surprised? It was totally something he would do.

Mason stepped forward and pulled her hands into his big ones. “Abby, baby, why didn’t you let me explain?”

“I...I couldn’t. Not after watching you kiss—”

“She kissed me.” He sighed and settled his hands on her waist, pulling her body snug against his. “I screwed up by not telling you about my past, Abby.”

Push him away, he’s a jerk. But her heart disagreed with her head. She sighed, and she lifted her arms to his hard shoulders.

“Tell me now.”

The relief in his eyes was evident. “The woman you saw was my ex-fiancée. We broke it off a few months ago and she came over today to pick up some things. She got it in her head we should try again, and you walked in right as she kissed me.”

“Ah...” Her own relief kicked in and all the anger and doubt slowly faded. The warm fuzzy feelings spread through her body.

“But it’s over, Abby. I swear to you that it’s over, and has been for months now.”

“I believe you.” She laid her head against his chest, inhaling the familiar scent of him. It felt so good, being held against his strong, hard body. Having his arms wrapped around her like he never wanted to let her go. “Mason, I *trust* you.”

“Do you?” He lifted her chin and rubbed his thumb over her lips.

“Yeah, I do.” She gave a soft laugh. “And I’m sorry I ran away in your bathrobe without giving you the chance to explain.”

“Baby, I’m so sorry.” He lowered his head and covered her mouth with his full lips. His tongue ran aggressively along the seam of her mouth, before plunging inside.

She slid her arms up around his neck and opened her mouth wider to his kiss. This was where she belonged. It felt natural, it felt right to trust him with her entire being.

With a moan, she tightened her arms around him and stroked her tongue against his.

He lifted his head. “Abby. God, Abby I was so afraid I lost you.”

“No. I just panicked. I freaked out.” She kissed him again. “I’m sorry, Mason.”

“I’m sorry you had to see that.” He backed her up, his hand sliding inside her shorts and delving into her panties.

She leaned against the wall and moaned as he pulled one of her legs around his waist. With her body open to him, he palmed her pussy, before pushing two fingers inside her.

“*Mason.*” She gripped his shoulders, her inner muscles squeezing around his thrusting fingers. “I want you inside me.”

He released her and fumbled with his zipper. She pulled down her shorts, and kicked them and her panties off.

When he’d freed his erection, Mason lifted her and pinned her against the wall. Abby wrapped her legs around his waist, crying out as he buried his cock deep inside her. She shuddered and wound her arms around his neck, burying her head against his shoulder.

“Promise you’ll always trust me.” He made slow, steady thrusts into her.

“I will. I do.” She gasped as he slammed up inside her harder. “*Mason.*”

“You’re mine.” His hips moved faster, his thrust going deeper.

“Yes.” Her heart swelled with emotion and she sobbed, closing her eyes and giving over to the pleasure. “Yes.”

He thrust deep, pressing against the mouth of her womb. His mouth came down on hers, catching her cry as her body tightened around him as he spilled himself inside her. She could feel his heart beating rapidly, almost in pace with hers. Their breathing was ragged.

When he lifted his head, his gaze was tender. “And I’m yours, Abby. There’s nobody else for me.” He rubbed his lips across hers. “I’m yours.”

The warmth in her stomach spread throughout her body. She smiled and laid her head on his shoulder. “I know you are, Mason.”

About the Author

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Look for these titles by Shelli Stevens

Coming Soon:

Dangerous Grounds
Tempting Adam

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

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What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Skin to Skin:

Leilani dropped her arms to her sides and Ollie almost fell out of his chair. The handcuffs slid out of his hands, landing on the grass. *So much for keeping my cool.*

Her breasts were just as he imagined them. Round, perky and tipped with dark brown nipples that looked like Hershey's Kisses. He couldn't wait to touch them, to suckle and nibble on those nipples. His mouth watered at the thought. His eyes followed the natural line of her body, her exposed belly, the tapered waist and the generous flare of her hips. Her bottom was covered by a white scrap of cloth that was barely holding on for dear life.

Reaching down, he felt around the grass for his handcuffs and was thankful when he found them quickly enough. He wrapped his fingers around the cool metal just as Leilani got to the edge of the pool and began to gracefully pull herself out on the rungs. He could have gotten up to help her, but at that moment, his thigh had begun to throb and frankly, the way his cock was threatening to poke a hole through his shorts told him standing up probably wouldn't be a good idea.

He surreptitiously snuck a hand down to his inner thigh to rub the area around his wound. It wasn't hurting yet, but the throbbing was definitely a warning. *Not now*, he prayed silently. *Please not now*.

Leilani stood before him, confident in her near-nudity, one arm hanging loosely by her side and the other propped on her hip. Her dark eyes belied her curiosity, but her lips were pursed in a sensual smile. Her curly mane was scraped back in a ponytail, serving to emphasize her long neck and the delicate bones in her face. Beads of water dotted her lips and neck as well as the valley between her breasts and he couldn't decide which part he wanted to lick first.

"Take down your hair," he ordered hoarsely.

Leilani raised one eyebrow, but reached up to pull off the scrunchie holding her ponytail, sending a cascade of black curls over her shoulders and back. One errant curl teased her nipple. With her hair loose, he decided she looked more like a Polynesian princess.

For a brief moment, he had a vision of himself lying in a hammock on a desert island somewhere sipping on a piña colada while Leilani danced in front of him in nothing but a grass skirt and her hair draped over her breasts.

"Will you give me back my top?" She nodded at the tiny piece of white fabric clenched in his fist. "Or are we going to do this naked?"

He looked down at the bikini top tangled with his fingers. "No, you're not going to get this back." Raising his head to look at her, he reared his arm back and flung the bikini top into the pool. "You don't need to be wearing anything for what I'm going to do to you."

"Well, I guess that means I have to take this off too." She hooked her thumbs into her bikini bottoms and did a little shimmy, but didn't take them off. As she studied him from beneath the veil of her lashes, the tip of her pink tongue peeked out and touched the corner of her lips. "What *are* you going to do to me, Detective?"

Staring at the expanse of brown flesh before him, at the enticing dip in her navel, and those long, slender legs that could easily wrap around his hips, a hint of insecurity began to nibble at him. What if his leg cramped up in the middle of their lovemaking and they

had to stop? He juggled the handcuffs uncertainly in his hand. He felt kind of stupid for bringing them out now. What the hell did he think he was actually going to do with them?

He looked up at Leilani's face and could see she was struggling to keep her flirtatious expression. She arranged her hair so it covered her breasts more adequately, and placed both hands on her hips for a moment before dropping them again so they hung at her sides. The teasing glint that was just in her chocolate eyes faded until she stood before him shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

"Um...I should go." She jerked a thumb over her shoulder. "I'm just going to grab my stuff and get out of here. I'm sorry for trespassing."

Damn, he'd lost her. He resisted the urge to slam his palm into his forehead and call himself an idiot. He took a deep breath and slowly released it in an effort to regain his composure. "Your top is underwater in the middle of my pool. Are you seriously going to go home dressed only in those skimpy bottoms?"

A tiny knot appeared between her brows. "No, I brought my sarong with— Oh, fuck it, Oliver. You want nothing to do with me. I get it. I'll stop bothering you, okay?" She ran a hand over her hair, inadvertently flashing him her tits again, but realized what she was doing and blushed, crossing her arms securely over her chest. "I...I'm just gonna go while I still have some dignity left, thanks."

"Sit down, Leilani."

She raised her eyebrows in surprise, then shook her head. "No. I'm going home. You're probably not going to see me for a while. For the next few years, I'll be very busy trying to avoid you."

"I wasn't asking, Leilani."

"I..." Looking adorably flustered, she sat on the lounge next to him, her bare thigh only inches from his.

He stopped thinking. Stopped worrying. And for once just went with the flow. He cupped her face between his hands and brushed his lips against hers. She stilled against him, then placed her hands around his wrists to tug them away from her head.

"This isn't going to work, Oliver. I'm just gonna..."

“Shut up.” He buried his hands in her silky-soft hair and used his grip on her to pull her close. “You’re so fucking beautiful, you know that?” Without waiting for her response, he lowered his head and covered her mouth with his own.

*What does a girl do when she catches her fiancé in her bed with a hooker? Start over—
this time with her eyes wide open.*

Lady Lillian's Guide to Amazing Sex

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Lisa Simpkins is newly single. Catching your fiancé being sodomized by a hooker can do that to a relationship. Unfortunately for Lisa, this mess put a huge kink in her carefully orchestrated life plan.

Good thing her best friend, Gina, can talk Lisa into anything, including a makeover complete with sex toys and a collection of highly erotic DVDs. Gina's determined to bring out Lisa's inner wild woman. Even if that wild woman comes along kicking and screaming.

Imagine Gina's glee when they run into Matt Richards, the oh-so-hot junior partner who stars in Lisa's torrid fantasies. The mission is clear. Get Matt to teach Lisa all about sex. Lisa's not sure about Gina's plan, but the man is gorgeous, smart and funny. Will Matt conquer Lisa's fear of falling in love again or will their tryst end when Matt teaches Lisa everything he knows?

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Lady Lillian's Guide to Amazing Sex*:

"Three and this is the last rule. Our relationship is a limited-time engagement. You show me what you think I need to know and it's over. Agreed?"

Again that heart-stopping hesitation. "What if we don't want it to end?" His voice was soft and honey-thick. He turned, his gaze pinned her in place, the intense longing in his eyes transfixed her.

"We can negotiate that part later." Confused by the mixed feelings that coursed through her, she walked to the window. She stared at the view beyond, tried to find courage in the twinkling lights of the city below to say what came next. "When do we start?"

He stood behind her, silent. His mouth came to rest mere inches from her right ear. Hot breath tickled her neck. His fingers slipped over her shoulders reassuringly. One hand traveled over her collarbone, shifted lower, coming to rest at the top of her right breast. "Tonight? Or would you rather wait?" Seduction filled his voice and mixed with the raw need she heard there.

"Matt, I want to, but I don't have protection."

She saw his smile reflected in the glass. "We don't need to go from point A to point Z tonight, do we? There are other things..."

She laughed. "I guess you're right. I just thought...I see where you're coming from now."

"I want to pleasure you, Lisa."

She sucked a deep breath into her lungs. "You know, I've never—" She stopped, her cheeks heated. "I guess what I'm trying to say is, I want to please you."

She heard the sharp hiss of his indrawn breath.

"I'd like that. If it's what you want to do." His deep voice rasped in her ear, sending chills down to her wet pussy.

Suddenly her courage left her, blew right out of her lungs. "Matt."

He kissed her collarbone. "Mmm?"

"I'm pretty scared," she admitted weakly.

He gently pressed her shoulders, turning her to face him. His eyes were kind and sincere. "I'll never hurt you. I want you to trust me, but to be honest, I like you a little off balance. It's appealing. You're normally so in control."

"Me?" she squeaked with a half-laugh. "I think you have the wrong idea about me, Matt Richards. I'm scared to death most of the time."

He smiled. "You hide it well, Lisa."

Boldly, she ran her hand down his shirt, feeling the muscles below the soft cotton. She stopped when she reached his very erect cock and giggled. "I'm sort of at a loss as to what to do next here. I think you might have to show me." His teeth flashed white against the background of his tan skin. "I think I can manage that." He took her hand and placed it over his cock. She could feel it through his trousers, thick and long. While it wasn't the

huge monster she'd been afraid it would be when she'd glimpsed his erection under the table, it was larger than the few she'd felt before.

Tentatively, she stroked him through the fabric. His warm breath brushed across her neck, becoming heavier and shorter. Fascinating, the reaction merely touching him produced. This could be quite an interesting experiment. His tongue began to lazily trace her neck and the shell of her ear. He moaned softly as she nervously squeezed her hand around him a bit, then her grip grew harder, more bold. With his free arm, he pulled her tightly against him.

Her gaze was drawn to their reflected images in the glass of the mirror over the dresser. She wanted to hide, to not see what was clearly replicated in her countenance—the hot need for him. She looked like one of the women in the DVDs she had watched so closely the night before and it frightened her, but underneath the fear, excitement bubbled through her veins, driving her on. “Should we draw the curtains and go to the bed?”

She saw his slow, sexy smile mirrored in the glass. “No, stay here.” The whisper so quiet she almost missed it, yet too erotic to ignore.

“Undress me, Lisa,” he urged. She reached for the buckle on his pants. Carefully, she pulled them from around his hips, exposing the soft skin over the hard steel of his erection. It was thick, thicker than she was used to, but definitely not a monster.

She gazed with fascination at his hard penis and reached out her hand to touch the tip. It moved in her hand as she gently stroked it. She smiled up into Matt's glittering eyes. God, she wanted this, wanted to touch him, taste him, smell the heat and maleness of him as she licked every incredible inch of him.

He lightly rested his hands on her shoulders and lowered his mouth to hers. He invaded her, his tongue stroking over her mouth. At first she let him, too stunned to give back the pleasure she received. This kiss was a warm welcome to a world she'd only imagined. She'd thought she understood passion, sex and all that came with it, but this incredibly hot mating of her mouth with his was an abrupt and glorious awakening. She began to give as well as take. Her tongue reached for his, her teeth sharp yet gentle on his lips. He gasped, parodying the act of sex in her mouth with his tongue. She pulled away from him, she had to. She couldn't think, her breath came in panting gasps. Their gazes

met once more. Raw sexual need filled the brown depths of Matt's eyes, almost alarmingly so, but it made her feel powerful. She knew she'd placed it there. No one had ever reacted this way to her. The feel of the heat between them stunned her.

She knew what he wanted, felt it in his touch, saw it in his eyes. She shuddered and knelt before him. She listened to his ragged breathing. Probably the result of anticipation. His gorgeous thick cock bobbed at the level of her mouth. She took his hardness into her hands. Her strokes becoming bolder, more purposeful. He moaned above her. His hips moved forward to match her touch.

She focused on his powerful, muscular legs as they bore his weight. Her gaze drifted up. He still wore his shirt, the black fabric tightly covering his chest, up further until her eyes collided with the deep brown hungry depths of his. His assessing observation made her want to make this man shake with orgasm, pleasure him beyond his wildest dreams. Without taking her gaze from his, she darted her tongue out to lick the mushroom-shaped tip of his cock.

He shivered in pleasure and she licked again. This time she swirled her tongue over the head. She loved the feel and taste of him, the musky male scent of his most private areas now available to her lips, teeth and tongue. Her eyes closed in delight at the feel of him in her mouth. She almost laughed in glee. This moment far outshone every fantasy she'd had of Matt Richards.

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