



Lacey
Savage



Revenge^{of}the EX



REVENGE OF THE EX

...When she sucked his fingertip into her mouth, Ty couldn't stifle the groan that fell unbidden from his lips. This would have all been so much easier if she'd acted like the good girl she'd always been. Watching her wiggle those sexy hips in that tiny dress had taken more self-control than he'd thought he'd had. And tasting her, licking her sweet cream as her pussy clenched and shuddered with release was the most erotic thing he'd ever experienced in his entire life.

Ironically, tongue-fucking Caitlyn in the service hallway of a major casino was also the most adventurous thing he'd ever done. Sky diving, bungee jumping, camping in a location known for repeated bear attacks—all that had been child's play. Having his tongue buried in Caitlyn's delicious cunt trumped any other experience.

His left hand was still fastened to her waist, keeping her ass pressed against his groin. Ty tightened his grip, holding her firmly to him. Damn it, he didn't want to let her go again. Not tonight.

Not ever.

Giving him no warning, Caitlyn wiggled her hips. Her ass rubbed against his rod in excruciatingly slow, sensual circles. His cock turned to solid stone, swelling to impossible hardness. It stretched the confines of his briefs, the sensitive head brushing against the textured cotton, sending a jolt of sensation to burrow into his sac.

If he didn't fuck her soon, he'd explode. Literally.

"Okay, that's it," Ty growled. His frustration knew no bounds. "Who are you and what have you done with my girlfriend?"

Caitlyn's entire body stiffened, and Ty instantly regretted his words...

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Oceanbound
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REVENGE OF THE EX

BY

LACEY SAVAGE

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REVENGE OF THE EX
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

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*For Catherine Snodgrass,
who came up with the overall theme for this book,
and for the rest of the Servants of the Muse,
and who (virtually) held my hand while I wrote.*

Acme Escort Agency

Allow us to make you feel like the world revolves around you, yet completely safe and relaxed. Professional, young, good-looking males and females providing intelligent, witty, and romantic company for any occasion. We're also trained in alternative therapies and massage, so when you call, ask about our special services and rates. Discretion is our middle name. At Acme, we're at your service—day or night!

CHAPTER 1

Bright autumn sunlight slid through the open window of the standard-sized college dorm room and rested on the scattered books, magazines, newspapers and rumpled clothes that littered the floor.

“I’m never going to get this paper done by tomorrow,” Jackie Cox whined, her New York accent growing thick as her voice rose. “I don’t even have an article picked out yet.”

Caitlyn York grabbed a neatly folded newspaper from the top of a teetering pile and strode to the end of the bed, where Jackie sat cross-legged and pouting.

“Relax. That’s why you called me, remember?”

Jackie pulled her mass of brown hair into a pony-tail, then stuck out her tongue at Caitlyn. “I was relaxed, but that was before you told me I’d have to write the damn thing myself. What am I payin’ you for, anyway?”

With a sigh, Caitlyn knelt at the foot of the bed and unfolded the

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newspaper on her lap. It was a two-day old edition of the *Las Vegas Review Journal*, but it would do. “You’re paying me to tutor you. Last I checked, that didn’t mean I did your work for you.”

Jackie rolled her eyes. “Now you tell me.”

“Hey, I can leave, you know.” She laid the paper aside and began to rise. “I have better things to do on a Sunday than listen to you moan about an assignment you’ve known about for a month.”

Okay, so that wasn’t entirely true, Caitlyn mused. If Jackie hadn’t called to plead for help, she’d be curled up on the couch with a bowl of popcorn, watching whatever black-and-white classic they showed on TV at 2:00 P.M. on weekends.

Caitlyn grimaced, a jolt of familiar anguish sliding through her veins.

You need to lighten up, Kitten. Live a little.

She gritted her teeth, determined to get Ty Jamieson’s voice out of her head once and for all. Ever since she’d sent him packing three months ago, those words continued to haunt her. Was he right? Did she fit in more with her grandmother’s knitting group than with the bar-hopping crowd of people her own age?

At twenty-eight, Caitlyn hadn’t considered herself all that different. At least, not until three months ago when those nine little words had turned her life upside down. At the time, she’d been livid, convinced he was wrong. Now, she wasn’t so sure.

Jackie’s hand shot out and grabbed Caitlyn’s wrist. Her fingernails dug into Caitlyn’s flesh, the momentary pain snapping her out of her reverie.

“I’m sorry, okay? It’s just that journalism is so hard!” The girl drew out the “o” in “so”, stretching the word into another endless whine.

Caitlyn fought to hide the smirk that tugged at her lips. Being a decade older than Jackie and having earned two degrees from the University of Nevada herself, she could sympathize with her. She’d

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been there. Unfortunately, no one remained eighteen forever, and you could only shun responsibility for so long before adulthood inevitably caught up to you.

Well, at least that's how it worked for most people.

And then there was the rare breed of men who never grew up, refused to acknowledge the existence of day jobs, bills, duties, and obligations.

Caitlyn gritted her teeth and fought to blink back the image of Ty that rose unbidden in her mind. Even in her memories, his dark eyes always sparkled with the genuine humor she'd been so enamored with when they first met. She used to think he was eternally laughing at some private joke, as though life was an endless source of amusement.

She knew better. Life was hard, and pretending otherwise only led to trouble.

She could picture the way he looked the last time she saw him, his black, tousled hair hanging over his forehead, his brows raised in a hopeful plea as he gave voice to the request that ended their relationship for good. She could even recall the way his chiseled mouth drew her gaze as he formed the words, surrounded by the scruffy five o'clock shadow she could never convince him to rid himself of permanently.

"So you'll help me?"

Caitlyn blinked, bringing Jackie's face back into focus. The girl's hazel eyes were clear and honest, her pleading gaze reminding her of Ty.

God. What didn't remind her of Ty these days?

"Of course I'll help you." She reached for the newspaper she'd tossed aside and sat on the carpet, unfolding it before her. "But, ultimately, you have to write this paper."

Jackie scrunched up her nose. "Fine. At least help me find a good article and come up with a thesis statement my professor won't laugh

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at. I think I can take it from there.”

“You can pick any article at all?”

“Yeah. Any article from a well-respected newspaper. Then I have to explain the approach the journalist took and analyze the technique in depth.”

Caitlyn tapped a fingernail on the front page. “More trouble in the Middle East. Current events are always a good, solid topic.”

“Yeah, a topic everyone else will be writing about. Nope, not for me. What else?”

Caitlyn split the paper in half and tossed Jackie the Arts, Lifestyle, Business and Sports pages. “Take a look. If you find something that catches your eye, let me know.”

They sat in silence for a while, the noise of rustling paper echoing through the dorm room. The warm afternoon sunshine beat on Caitlyn’s back, warming her skin through her cotton tee-shirt.

“Angelina Jolie is thinking of adopting again,” Jackie said. “That might be interesting to write about.”

“I thought you wanted a story your professor wouldn’t laugh at.”

“So no celebrities?”

Caitlyn shook her head. “No celebrities.”

Jackie blew out a breath. “I told you journalism was hard.”

“There’s an article about the dangers of eating unwashed produce.” Caitlyn slid out the page and handed it to Jackie, who immediately tossed it aside.

“I’m a vegetarian.”

Caitlyn quirked an eyebrow. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“I’m not writing about how bad vegetables are for you. That will only encourage people to run out and slaughter more innocent animals.”

Caitlyn opened her mouth to protest, then thought better of it. This

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was one argument she couldn't possibly win.

Silence settled around them once again, broken only by the shuffling of paper and the occasional high-pitched laugh coming from the small park beneath the open window. The steady hum of traffic reached Caitlyn's ears, offering a soothing medley of background noise.

"What's his name?" Jackie asked suddenly.

"Whose?"

"The guy you were thinking about when you threatened to leave." She held up a hand as Caitlyn began to protest. "Don't bother. I'm a college student. I've seen that look a hundred times in the past week alone."

Heat rushed into Caitlyn's cheeks and she ducked her head, returning her attention to the paper. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Bullshit. I may be younger than you, but I'm not stupid."

"I never said you were."

"Good. Then what's his name?"

Caitlyn crossed her arms in front of her chest and leaned against the wall. She never talked about Ty. Not to her mother or her sister, the two people who knew her better than anyone. So why did she feel the urge to spill her deepest, most intimate thoughts to a girl she'd only met twice before and who was still practically a stranger?

As a substitute English teacher and part-time tutor, Caitlyn often worked on referrals. A former student had recommended Caitlyn's services to Jackie, even though Caitlyn didn't have a journalism degree. They'd hit it off right away, though, and Caitlyn quickly found herself warming to the subject matter, and to the free spirit she tutored.

"Ty." She sank her teeth into her lower lip as soon as the word escaped her mouth.

"Nice name." Jackie grinned. "Bet he's cute."

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Unable to deny even that much, Caitlyn nodded. “Sexy as hell.”
“Married?”

A harsh laugh escaped Caitlyn’s throat before she could stop it. In the two years she and Ty had dated, marriage hadn’t come up once. That kind of relationship would have actually required him to make a commitment, and the man believed he’d spontaneously combust if he as much as stayed in the city for longer than a few weeks at a time.

“No. He’s not married.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

Now that really wasn’t something she was prepared to discuss with Jackie. Besides, how could she even begin to explain everything that had happened between them? She couldn’t understand most of it herself. It wasn’t as though she hadn’t known from the beginning what kind of man Ty was. When she’d tutored him, she’d attributed his carefree manner to his age. He’d been barely twenty-one when they’d met, four years younger than Caitlyn. So she figured given enough time, he’d learn responsibility wasn’t something a person could avoid forever.

How could she have been so wrong? She should have seen the myriad signs that told her he wasn’t willing to settle down and give up the wild lifestyle to which he’d grown accustomed.

Not ever. Not even for her.

Ignoring the pang in her heart, Caitlyn lifted a shoulder in a half-shrug. “We’re too different to make it work.”

At least that much was true, if infinitely simplistic. With any luck, Jackie would accept her cryptic statement and leave it at that.

“Why? Is he gay?”

Obviously, luck wasn’t something Caitlyn had in great abundance.

Another chuckle escaped her lips. She closed her eyes, and instantly regretted it. Images flickered on the inside of her eyelids, reminding her that Ty’s sexuality had never been a cause for concern. Unlike every

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other man Caitlyn had ever dated, Ty had delighted in taking his time with her body, reveling in her pleasure, ensuring she was always satisfied beyond her wildest dreams.

“No.” She was surprised to hear the throatiness in her voice. “He’s most definitely not gay.”

“So let me get this straight.” Jackie uncrossed her legs and stretched them out before her on bright-pink floral bed sheets. Moss-green leggings hugged her athletic limbs, showing off her curves to her best advantage. “He’s not gay, and he’s not married. You’re obviously crazy about him, and you haven’t given me one good reason you two aren’t together.”

Caitlyn grimaced. “He thinks I’m boring.”

There. She’d said it, and the world didn’t come to an end. So what if her ex-boyfriend thought she was about as much fun as a lump of coal? At least she had a semi-steady job that paid the bills and an apartment she could go home to without having to resort to sleeping on the couches of various acquaintances. That was more than she could say for Ty.

“I’m sure he doesn’t think that.”

“Actually, he does.” Caitlyn lowered her gaze, unable to watch the pity in Jackie’s eyes as she spoke. “The day we broke up, he came over to ask me to go somewhere with him. I turned him down.”

“Where did he want to take you? Mexico? Europe?”

“Tree planting in the great Canadian North.”

For a moment, Caitlyn had the distinct satisfaction of rendering Jackie speechless. Unfortunately, the shock wore off much too quickly.

“You’re kidding.”

“I wish. In the two years we were together, Ty was a ski instructor, a bartender, a rig mechanic...” She counted off the various jobs he’d held on her fingers. “Oh yeah, and a fly-fishing instructor. The man lives for adventure. He craves it, hungers for it until he has to have it at

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all costs.”

Jackie wiggled her eyebrows. “Sounds sexy.”

“It’s more aggravating than anything.” She trailed her fingertips across the newsprint, circling today’s weather forecast. The meteorologist had predicted rain. Judging by the slivers of sunshine dappling the paper, he’d been wrong. Caitlyn sighed. If scientists couldn’t predict the weather, what hope did she have to choose a man who wouldn’t break her heart?

“So what happened?” Jackie asked. There was no judgment in her soft, soothing voice, and Caitlyn was grateful for that.

“When I turned him down, he told me I needed to loosen up.” Tears clogged her throat and she pushed them back, determined not to let her voice quiver. “To live a little.”

“And have you?”

Caitlyn looked up, not comprehending. “Have I what?”

“Have you taken his advice? Did you go out and paint the town red after he left?” Whatever she saw in Caitlyn’s face must have served as her answer. Jackie furrowed her brows. “You’ve got to prove him wrong. To yourself, at least. Go out there and do something crazy. Go skinny dipping in a stranger’s pool at 2:00 A.M. Pick up a guy at a bar. Just do *something*.”

Caitlyn cleared her throat, determined to stop talking about this. She flipped another page. “Let’s get back to work, okay?”

Jackie sighed. “I really think you should—”

“No.” One-night stands brought complications, even expectations. Besides, Caitlyn didn’t frequent bars. She’d stand out like a showgirl in a room full of nuns, and she’d feel like a fool.

“But—”

“No, Jackie. Now let it drop.”

The girl pouted, but then reluctantly returned her attention to the paper stretched out on her thighs.. A minute later, she lifted her head,

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her eyes glittering with excitement. “I found it. I found the article I want to use.”

“Great.” Caitlyn peered over the edge of the bed, but couldn’t make out much more than a black-and-white picture of a lean, chiseled, muscular male chest. Her stomach fluttered at the tempting masculine sight, reminding her it had been too long since she’d glimpsed male flesh...well, in the flesh. “What is it?”

“Listen to this.” Jackie cleared her throat, then began to read. “Allow us to make you feel like the world revolves around you, yet completely safe and relaxed. Professional, young, good-looking males providing intelligent, witty, and romantic company for any occasion. We’re also trained in alternative therapies and massage, so when you call, ask about our special services and rates. At Acme, we’re at your service—day or night!”

Caitlyn narrowed her eyes. “You’re going to write your paper on an escort service ad?”

“No. I’m going to write a paper on the article that accompanies the ad. It’s an editorial piece describing how many women are taking advantage of the services Acme provides to indulge their sensual side in some guilt-free, no strings attached fun.”

Caitlyn ran a hand through her long, unbound tresses. “Hey, that’s not bad. It’s a unique idea, and I bet no one else in your class will be using it.”

“I know.” Jackie’s face glowed with excitement as she leapt from the bed and reached into her backpack. She turned and tossed a cell-phone in Caitlyn’s direction. “And you’re going to call them.”

Caitlyn gaped. “Why would I do that? You already have the article, and you’re not required to do any further research, right?”

Jackie waved a hand in the air. “This isn’t about the paper. Think about it. What have you got to lose? At worst, you’ll spend the evening in the company of a hot guy. At best, you’ll end up having some of the

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most mind-blowing sex of your life. Now won't that show your ex he had no idea what he was talking about when he called you unadventurous?"

Caitlyn wanted to protest, but the girl's enthusiasm was contagious. The idea began to take shape, coming to life in her mind the more she thought about it. How bad could it be, really? She'd spend a few hundred bucks for some hunky male company. And if things took a sensual turn, well, she could think of worse things to do with an entire evening than spend it tangled in bed sheets with a man whose only job was to pleasure her.

"What's the number?"

Jackie clapped her hands together. "555-2360."

Caitlyn's fingers trembled as she dialed. She sucked in a breath, determined not to lose her nerve. As she listened to the hollow ring on the line, lust and pure feminine need began to wash over her like the incoming tide. She hadn't even looked at another man since Ty left, and now here she was contemplating fucking a total stranger. Okay, a bonded, insured stranger who had his physical check-up on a regular basis, but a stranger nevertheless.

Her body thrummed with pent-up arousal. When a female voice answered, she nearly dropped the phone as relief mingled with anticipation slid down her spine.

"Thank you for calling Acme. What's your fantasy?"

"Umm..." Caitlyn licked her suddenly dry lips. "I'd like to acquire the services of one of your escorts. Please," she added hastily.

"Of course. Blond or brunette?"

Caitlyn furrowed her brows and wrapped a strand of her long hair around her index finger. "I'm blonde, but I don't see what that has to do with—"

"Not you, ma'am," the receptionist cut in. "Would you like your companion to be a sun surfer or someone with a dark-and-dangerous

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look?”

Caitlyn's pulse sped up. Heat suffused her skin, sliding over her body to moisten her panties. She actually got to choose what kind of man she wanted in her bed? This was definitely the most daring, incredible thing she'd ever done. “Brunette.” Another image of Ty popped into her mind, dark and sexy as sin. She dug her fingernails into her palm. “Wait no, scratch that. Blond. Tall, muscular, good looking. Blue eyes. Is that okay?”

“Absolutely. We have just the man for you. His usual fee is two hundred dollars an hour or a thousand dollars for the entire night.”

Caitlyn swallowed hard. A thousand dollars was a lot of money to spend on herself, for any reason. She met Jackie's gaze. The girl gave her a thumbs-up sign. “I'd like him for the night, please.”

“Great. His name is Joseph Reilly and he has an opening next Friday night. Would you like it?”

Friday? Her favorite show was on that night, but she supposed she could set it to tape. She nodded before realizing the woman couldn't see her. “I would.”

“I've got you penciled in, then. Your name please?”

“Caitlyn York.”

“Your address, Ms. York?”

Caitlyn faltered. She'd have to give her home address? Somehow, she didn't think an escort showing up on her doorstep would go unnoticed by her elderly and very nosy neighbors. “Wait, do I have to do this at home? Can't I meet him somewhere else?”

“Of course. We pride ourselves on protecting the privacy of our clients. You choose the place, and Joseph will meet you there.”

Frantic, Caitlyn allowed her gaze to wander across the room. She couldn't believe she was doing this. Three months ago, she wouldn't even have contemplated such an absurd situation, and now here she was, picking a place for an illicit rendezvous with a man she didn't

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know. Damn. If only Ty could see her now.

He'd think I've lost my mind. And he'd be right.

Her gaze fell on a full-page ad for a new hotel and casino that had recently opened on the Vegas Strip.

"SinScapes," she said before she could second-guess her sudden decision. "I'll meet him at the lobby bar, at 8:00 P.M."

The moment she hung up, her limbs began to quiver. If she hadn't already been sitting down, she definitely would have crumpled to the ground. "Oh, my God," Caitlyn murmured, cradling her head in her hands. "What have I done?"

"You've taken the first step toward regaining your independence." Jackie grabbed Caitlyn's hand and tugged her to her feet. "Come on."

"Where are we going?" Caitlyn asked, startled.

"Shopping." She pulled Caitlyn toward the door. "I'm going to venture a guess and say you don't own any silky lingerie. And you don't think you're going to show up for a night of hot sex dressed like that, do you?"

"What about your paper?" Caitlyn asked, desperately trying to focus on placing one foot in front of the other. With every step, images of naked, sweaty bodies sent jolts of arousal through her every nerve ending. And in each image, one of those bodies was hers.

"It can wait. Your sex life, however, desperately needs to make the grade."

CHAPTER 2

Ty Jamison didn't consider himself a blackjack dealer. Though he'd been working at the SinScapes Hotel and Casino for almost three months and his employee records stated his job title clearly, he knew shuffling cards and counting chips were mere repetitive tasks that kept the pit bosses happy. The cards and chips weren't, however, what he did for a living. Just what earned him a paycheck. No, he was much more than a blackjack dealer. With every card he slid in front of a casino guest, he delivered a measure of hope, a brief flicker of anticipation and the very real prospect that the card was the key to riches beyond the person's wildest dreams.

Ty reached for a fresh deck of cards and slid it into the Continuous Shuffling Machine. The cacophonous clamor of the crowd all but drowned out the whirr of the automatic shuffler. Fridays were the busiest night of the week, bringing in locals and tourists alike.

Glancing up at the mass of bodies, Ty met random gazes—an old,

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withered man with kind eyes, a middle-aged woman wearing a fake tan and a forced grin—and tried to guess which one of them would walk away a winner as they strode out the Casino's doors that night. Whose dreams could he fulfill with no more than flick of his wrist?

He smiled at the shapely woman in her thirties who climbed up on a newly vacated stool at his table. What was her story? Did she have children at home in need of new clothes and a college education? Or was she simply here to try her luck and perhaps hook herself some additional entertainment for the evening? Judging by the way she leaned forward, her full breasts nearly spilling out from her tight top, he guessed the latter.

Ty nodded curtly and returned his attention to the crowd. As long as the casino's guests were looking to win some cash, he might be able to deliver what they craved. Anything beyond that wasn't in his job description.

"Everyone ready to make some dreams come true?" he asked as he began to deal.

"I'm always ready," the woman on the end purred. The tip of her tongue slid out, and she licked her full bottom lip in invitation.

The other players greeted Ty's comment with no more than a raised eyebrow. Well, that was fine with him. He couldn't expect everyone to understand the adventure and excitement that lingered in the promise of a new game, but it was there nevertheless. The electric current of unfulfilled potential filled the air, making it crackle with promise.

Ty swallowed a sigh. If he ever shared any of this with Caitlyn, she'd call him eccentric, foolish, or worse. He wasn't any of those things, however. All he'd ever been was hungry for every drop of passion life had to offer...and absolutely ravenous for a taste of her.

He shifted his weight from one foot to another, watching the crimson sigil of the SinScapes Casino etched upon the back of a card land against the backdrop of the green felt table. What did it matter

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what Caitlyn thought of him, anyway? She'd been gone for months, and she wasn't coming back. He'd lost her, and no steady job or bi-weekly paycheck would bring her back.

After dealing the last card to himself, face-up, he paused and waited for the players to mull over their chances. As he did, he scanned the throng of people one more time. His gaze slid past the dozen or so card tables much like his own, and focused on the tall curved entryway that led to the lobby. In the fall, the red velvet lining that was SinScapes' signature décor was adorned with golden leaves and green vines leading to giant pumpkins that stood like silent sentinels on either side of the giant opening.

His glance bounced off a woman's long blond hair, remotely registering the silky tresses that flowed in bouncy waves down her back. He'd already slid his gaze past her when he wrenched it back, his heartbeat quickening to a thrumming beat.

She faced in the opposite direction and he couldn't see her features, but he'd have recognized that hair and the way she held her shoulders, straight and confident, anywhere.

Caitlyn.

His gut churned. It couldn't be. She never walked into casinos. Hell, she never even strode down the Vegas Strip if she could help it, believing the establishments to be nothing more than legal methods of robbing people of their money.

No, it couldn't be his Caitlyn. The Caitlyn he knew didn't own anything that looked even half as stunningly sexy as the dress that draped this woman's body. Made of a shiny blue material, it clung to her curves and left her back bare down to the middle of her spine. Her hair covered most of it, but he could make out the unmistakable pale flesh beneath. The narrow waist and slightly flared hips sure looked like Caitlyn's, though.

Ty's cock stirred to attention, growing hard beneath his standard-

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issue uniform pants. He was suddenly thankful for the height of the game table that hid his erection from view.

“Are we playin’ or what?”

Ty started, returning his attention to the game before him. A man with a wide-brimmed cowboy hat and a toothpick hanging from the corner of his mouth watched him with narrowed eyes.

“Of course. Sorry about that.”

He played each hand through to completion, collecting chips as he went, all the while his mind churning around the image of the woman’s back. Had it been so long since Caitlyn dumped him that he was beginning to see her in every sexy woman who crossed his path?

He’d taken this job partly because he knew there was no way he’d run into her here, and he hadn’t wanted her to see him until he could get his life in order. When he’d walked out her door, the savage blow she’d dealt his pride hadn’t let him consider that she might be right, but it didn’t take him long after he’d cooled down to figure out just that. He wasn’t the kind of man who could give Caitlyn York the lifestyle she deserved. She craved security as much as he craved adventure, and damn it, he wanted to give her everything she’d ever dreamed of and more.

So here he was, making other people’s dreams come true instead of indulging every fantasy of the only woman he’d ever loved.

He’d gotten an apartment in Paradise, three miles south of the city limits, out by the University of Nevada. But until he’d known—really *known*—whether he could stick to the responsibilities of the daily city grind, he didn’t think it was fair to fill her in on what he’d done.

Besides, he had no reason to think she’d actually want to see him again. It had been three months, and they hadn’t exactly left things on the best of terms. He knew he’d hurt her when he’d told her to loosen up, but she’d wounded more than his pride when she’d stated in no uncertain terms that the last thing she ever wanted to do was go up

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north with him. He remembered the way her blue eyes crinkled at the corners as her lips turned down in a frown of pure distaste.

He never wanted to see that look again. If getting a real job and paying bills meant he'd have a chance to give Caitlyn the future she yearned for, then he owed it to himself—to both of them—to try.

"I'm done here," the man with the cowboy hat said. He darted a venomous glance at Ty. "You're bad luck."

Ty shrugged. "I've always believed you make your own luck. All I can do is give you the opportunity to play it through to the end."

The man scoffed. He tipped his hat at the woman on the end, gathered his chips, then stormed away.

"Looks like someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning." The newcomer shot Ty another flirtatious smile and fluffed her shoulder-length hair with blood-red fingernails. "Now me...I always get up on the right side. Of course, any side is the right side when you've got company."

At the last moment, Ty was saved from having to answer by a man who slid into the newly vacated seat. At least six-foot-three, blond, blue-eyed with a square jaw and a straight nose that gave his features a male-model look, the man attracted the unmasked admiration of every woman in a twenty-foot radius. His casual swagger and easy arrogance indicated he knew the effect he had on the opposite sex, and reveled in his ability to turn heads.

Immediately, the player on the end shifted her focus from Ty to the newcomer. "Hey there," she said. "I haven't seen you here before on a Friday night."

The man flashed her a hundred-watt grin and placed a stack of chips in the betting square. "It's not often I have Friday nights off. In fact, I'm working tonight too, but I thought I'd take a few minutes before my appointment."

"Oh?" The woman turned in her seat to face him, the game all but

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forgotten. “What kind of work do you do?”

Not missing a beat, the newcomer pulled a card out of his pocket and laid it on the table between them. From his vantage point, Ty could make out the silhouette of a man’s chest and the words *Acme Escorts, Always at Your Service* beneath the name Joseph Reilly.

Ty shook his head, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. By the end of the evening, Joseph would have his hands full with another client, and the woman on the end would have found the perfect outlet for all that uninhibited sexual energy oozing from her every pore. Another match made in Sin City.

“Oh, my.” She fanned herself, her eyelashes fluttering. “I’ve never met a real live escort before. Are you really as skilled as people say?”

Joseph smirked. “You really should find out for yourself.”

The woman held out her hand and Joseph shook it. “I’m Irene. Do you have time for a private showing before your next appointment?”

Ty waited until everyone placed their bets, then began to deal, barely hiding a grin. This was the most entertaining thing he’d witnessed all week.

“I’m afraid not,” Joseph said. “My lady friend is probably waiting even now, but I encourage you to give my company a call. They’ll set something up for you.”

Irene pouted, her lower lip jutting out too far to be either sensual or enticing. “I’m sure your client can wait a while longer.”

“No can do, ma’am. She’s a very special customer. I have to make sure she gets her money’s worth. And trust me, Ms. York is paying a lot of money to have me all to herself tonight.”

If the man had stood up and suddenly punched Ty in the jaw, it couldn’t have shocked him more than hearing his ex-girlfriend’s name drop so casually from an escort’s lips. Anger flowed through his veins like blazing streams of molten heat, clenching his muscles and making every well-practiced dealing motion a jerky, forced action.

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This was not fun anymore.

“Another time, then?” Irene asked, her husky voice dropping to a low whisper. “I’ve got a few tricks of my own I can show you.”

Ty didn’t hear the man’s reply. The hand was over, and before dealing another, he pushed the button beneath his table that indicated he needed a replacement dealer to take his place right away. It was usually reserved for real emergencies, but he figured this was as close to a matter of life-and-death as it came.

He didn’t even wait for the other dealer to show up before shoving his way through the crowd. He heard the angry murmurs of the players rise up behind him, but he knew the pit bosses wouldn’t leave the table unattended for more than a few seconds.

Ducking behind a large column designed to look like solid marble but likely made out of plaster, Ty willed his pulse to slow as he waited for the escort to head his way. He knew now without a shadow of a doubt that the woman he’d seen had been Caitlyn. That she was here to fuck a complete stranger was a much more difficult fact to wrap his thoughts around.

He rehearsed the words he’d say to Joseph half a dozen times in his mind, but when the man finally walked past him, every well-planned phrase flew right out of his head to be replaced by sheer, desperate need.

His fingers closed around Joseph’s arm. He felt the well-built muscles clench as the man turned his gaze on him, his eyebrows slightly lifted in confusion.

“You have to let me see her,” Ty said before Joseph could speak. “Caitlyn York is my girlfriend. She’s doing this to get back at me and I can’t let you go through with it. Please,” he added almost as an afterthought.

In truth, he had no idea why Caitlyn was here, or what could have possessed her to set up a meeting with an escort. She was a high school

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substitute teacher and part-time university tutor, a woman who three months ago considered buying white bread instead of whole wheat a daring adventure. How had she come to call Acme and book a rendezvous with a man she didn't know?

The thought of Joseph's hands on her body, sliding over her slick flesh, teasing her to completion, sent bile rising in Ty's throat.

Joseph shook himself out of Ty's grasp. "Listen, man, I don't know what this is all about, but I'm late."

Ty gritted his teeth. "I don't think you understand. She's my girlfriend."

Ex-girlfriend, he reminded himself, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Not his job, which he'd almost certainly lose if anyone learned he'd abandoned his station for a reason other than a real medical emergency, not what this man thought of him...nothing but being with Caitlyn.

"No, I think it's you who doesn't understand." Joseph flicked an invisible speck of lint off his charcoal jacket. He wore tight-fitting black pants and a crisp white shirt with two buttons undone at the neck. Ty had the sudden urge to button them up before Caitlyn saw him. "This is my job. I get paid to meet women at the place of their choosing and then indulge their every fantasy for the remainder of the evening. Now if you'll back off, I've got a date to keep."

Frantic, Ty scrambled for something he could offer the man. "Whatever she's paying you, I'll double it."

Joseph shook his head, but Ty pushed on, not allowing him to protest. "Fine, I'll triple it." Since he'd had a steady job for months, Ty had some savings in his bank account. He couldn't think of a better way to put the money to use than finding out what Caitlyn was up to. "You can spend the rest of the night in the casino, playing on my dime. No one will ever know."

Joseph still looked skeptical. Ty's heart hammered against his

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ribcage, his pulse thundering in his ears. If the man declined, he'd have to break up this encounter another way, and he doubted Caitlyn would cooperate. Despite her logical, play-it-safe demeanor, she was as stubborn as he was. If she set her mind on something, he wouldn't be able to talk her out of it. And if she wanted a night of pure pleasure with no strings attached, well, one way or another, that's exactly what she'd get.

"Fine," Joseph said at last. "But if this comes back to bite me, it'll be on you."

Relief flooded Ty's veins. "Absolutely."

It took less than ten minutes for Ty's transformation into an Acme escort to be complete. He ditched part of his uniform in the staff room, careful to avoid anyone who might be looking for him and ducking out of view of cameras wherever possible. The pit bosses would be chasing him down as soon as they realized he hadn't run off to the bathroom or keeled over in a corner of the casino somewhere. As long as he could avoid them just long enough to find Caitlyn, he'd be fine.

After stripping off his shirt at record-speed, he pulled on the white tee-shirt he'd worn to work that afternoon, but kept his black, pressed casino-issue pants. Joseph, warming to the idea that he could have a night off and still get paid, had lent Ty his jacket.

Though it was only a little after eight o'clock, and still early evening by casino standards, the SinScapes lobby bar was packed with people. Ty elbowed his way through the throng until he stood in front of the room. He scanned the area carefully, but it didn't take him long to spot the luxurious mane of blonde hair that had caught his attention earlier. Emotions tangled in him, catching in his throat, making it hard to breathe, to think.

Caitlyn sat on a swiveling stool at the bar, stirring a martini. Like everything else that night, the drink she nursed caught Ty completely off balance. In all the time they'd been together, he couldn't remember

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Caitlyn drinking anything stronger than a Diet Coke.

Slowly, Ty walked up and paused just behind her seat. He watched her face in the floor-to-ceiling bar mirror, taking in the smooth pale skin, the large blue eyes he remembered so well, the full, slightly pouty mouth and small nose. Her teeth were embedded in her lower lip, and she nibbled on it nervously. Her gaze seemed riveted on the drink as she stirred the olive around the slightly cloudy liquid.

Ty bent his head until his mouth was only an inch away from her ear.

“Hiya, Kitten.”

CHAPTER 3

Caitlyn's heart plummeted to her knees.

That voice...

She'd know that voice anywhere. The husky timber, the rich, decadent sound that slid into her body and made swirling heat pool low in her stomach. She didn't have to look up to know the man she'd been dreaming about for months, the ex who hadn't for a moment left her thoughts as she indulged in steamy fantasies on long, lonely nights, stood right behind her.

"Ty." His name tumbled from her suddenly dry lips. She tightened her grip on the glass, needing to hold on to something solid before she turned around and threw herself into his arms.

"What a coincidence." He spoke softly, his warm breath caressing the side of her throat. "Finding you here, all alone like this. Who'd have guessed?"

The world seemed to tilt rapidly on its axis. What were the odds

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that the one time she decided to do something adventurous, something extravagant, something completely unlike her, she'd run into the man whose careless words had led her here in the first place?

She cleared her throat, finally mustering the courage to glance up. Meeting Ty's gaze in the bar mirror sent a sudden jolt of adrenaline and pure, unadulterated passion streaming through her nerve endings. Her inner muscles clenched with recognition and raw need.

She'd dreamed about this moment since the day he'd left. Her fantasies had taken all kinds of twists and turns as she'd imagined what she'd say if she ever saw him again, what she'd do, how she'd act. All the carefully rehearsed witty quips and careless banter she'd come up with melted away at the sight of his deep, dark eyes.

Her memories hadn't done him justice. She'd almost forgotten the way the corners of his eyes crinkled when he smiled, the fullness of the lower lip she used to love to nibble on when they kissed, the rough sensuality of the stubble that always lingered on his firm jaw.

"I didn't know you'd be here," she said, then cringed. That sounded stupid. Of course she hadn't known. If she'd had, she wouldn't have picked SinScapes out from hundreds of sinful Vegas locales as the meeting point for tonight's indulgence.

Panic slammed into her chest. The escort! He'd be here any moment.. If Ty saw him, she had no idea how she'd explain herself. Perhaps she wouldn't even try. It wasn't too late to grab her purse, slam down a ten dollar bill to pay for the martini and flee. Ty wouldn't follow her. He hadn't cared enough to even call once after they'd broken up. If she left now, she wouldn't have to see him again. More importantly, she wouldn't have to see the smirk on his face as he realized she'd resorted to paying for dates.

And for sex.

"Really?" Ty brushed his knuckles against her bare arm. Goosebumps broke across her sensitive flesh. Her nipples beaded, and

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she noticed the way they stood out, perky and wanton, beneath the thin material of her silk dress. “Because it looks to me like you’re waiting for someone.”

Caitlyn groaned. Lifting the drink to her lips, she took her first sip of the martini she’d ordered on a whim. The alcohol burned her throat, but did nothing to dull the electric sensation gliding through her body. Her sensitive breasts throbbed, the beaded nipples begging to be touched, squeezed, fondled. Without a bra, her arousal was apparent to anyone who cared to glance at her chest.

God, she wasn’t used to this. Jackie had picked out the revealing garment, promising Caitlyn she’d turn the head of every man in the room. It had sounded like a good idea at the time. Caitlyn had wanted a night of guilt-free hedonistic pleasure, but she’d hoped the man she was paying would enjoy himself, too. Business was one thing, but she’d hoped she’d be more than just another day at the office for him. After all, sex was always better when both people were fully swept away by potent need and erotic passion.

“I am waiting for someone,” she said, grateful when her voice didn’t shake. “He should be here any moment.”

She held her breath as Ty seemed to take in this new bit of information. If he knew she had a date, maybe he’d leave. Perhaps his male pride wouldn’t let him simply stand there and watch as his ex-girlfriend put the moves on another guy.

“He is here.”

Nervous, Caitlyn allowed her tongue to dart out between her lips. She still hadn’t turned around. Looking at Ty in the mirror was hard enough. She watched as his gaze followed the movement, focusing on her mouth.

“He is?” she asked, darting a glance behind Ty in the mirror.

People clustered around high tables, mostly couples, but the occasional single man or woman huddled alone in a corner, scanning

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the crowd. Could one of the guys be Joseph Reilly? She concentrated on the one that looked most promising. In his early thirties, he had spiky blond hair so pale it was almost white. He took a swig out of a bottle of beer, then glanced behind him as a woman walked up and wrapped her arms around his waist.

Caitlyn released a breath she hadn't known she was holding. If that man wasn't her escort for the evening, then who was?

"Look, I don't know what kind of game you're playing. The man I'm waiting for obviously hasn't yet arrived." She cleared her throat and contemplated taking another gulp of the fiery drink, then decided against it. She needed all her wits about her to deal with Ty. "It was really nice seeing you again, but if you don't mind..."

She let the sentence trail off. Ty was smart enough to figure out when he wasn't wanted. He'd had no problem slamming the door behind him after leaving her apartment, and she'd only had to tell him once that they were through. He hadn't even tried to argue with her. He'd simply stared, his dark eyes clouded and unreadable, then turned and left.

Sometimes, usually late at night when she contemplated a future that could never happen, she wondered what would have happened if he'd tried to fight the break-up. If he'd apologized for what he'd said, if he'd promised to get a real job and stay in town for longer than a few weeks at a time. As crazy as it would have sounded, Caitlyn knew she'd have believed him. How could she not? She loved him. She'd have clung to the faintest thread of hope he offered, but he hadn't bothered.

She supposed he probably knew as well as she did that they were all wrong for one another. Ty wouldn't change any more than she would. He craved adventure and excitement, she yearned for comfort and safety. How did two such different people get together in the first place?

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“Actually, Kitten, I do mind.” He placed both hands on her shoulders and spun her chair so she was forced to face him. The twirling motion took her by surprise, and she barely held on to her drink without it spilling all over her fancy dress.

“Ty,” she breathed, her mouth only inches away from his. She had no choice but to look into his eyes, to see the desire that was so clearly written there. Her body responded to the nearness of him, sending waves of electric energy rushing through her limbs. It was all she could do not to wrap her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist and pull him to her.

“I’m your date for the evening, baby. Bought and paid for.”

He didn’t even give her enough time to comprehend his words before he slammed his mouth down on hers.

His tongue prodded her lips open and slid between them. He tasted faintly of mouthwash, minty and decadent. All but one coherent thought flew from her mind.

This can’t be happening.

She repeated the phrase in her head like a mantra as her fingers curved around the lapels of his jacket. Her heart pounded. She lost herself in the kiss, deepened it, her tongue meeting his and sweeping across it, reveling in the familiar taste of him.

Her pussy lips swelled and pulsed with arousal. Cream dampened her panties. A growl escaped Ty’s throat as he dove into her mouth, his tongue mimicking the actions of his cock fucking her pussy, delving inside in smooth, sudden thrusts that sent her thoughts reeling.

Abruptly, he broke away. Caitlyn’s head throbbed, her pulse pounding in her temples. Wordlessly, he grabbed her hand and pulled her off her seat. Her knees quivered, threatening to give way beneath her. When she reached out to steady herself against the edge of the bar, a flash of silver caught her eye.

Her purse. Her head still reeling, she yanked it off the bar and

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fumbled inside. Pulling out a bill, she threw it on the wooden countertop without checking what it was. She had nothing smaller than a ten on her, so whatever she'd tossed down would cover her tab.

Ty led her through the throng of people. The dim atmosphere of the bar gave way to the bright light of the lobby, and still Ty didn't slow his stride. Caitlyn struggled to keep up to him, but the high heels she was unaccustomed to made it hard to put one foot in front of the other.

Well, there was that and the way her limbs trembled with barely contained arousal. Lust and confusion dampened her senses. The gaggle of voices she'd grown used to hearing inside the casino seemed to dim, until she could only focus on Ty's broad shoulders and the way his dark brown hair curled at the nape of his neck.

Why was he here as her date? What happened to Joseph? Worse yet, what was Ty doing working as an escort? She knew he lived for adventure, but she'd never imagined he'd find it with his cock buried to the hilt between a stranger's legs.

Intense, all-consuming fury washed through her. Damn, she'd been such an idiot. Here she was worried about what Ty would think of her paying for a date, when he was the one who should be ashamed. Letting women use him for a thousand bucks a night! Good work if you could get it, she supposed. Every man's fantasy. Sex with no strings attached.

Well, she'd be damned if she backed away now. He'd accused her of being boring. Predictable. Tonight, she was going to show him she was anything but.

Resolve settled in her chest. She lifted her chin and quickened her stride just as he veered a sharp right into a narrow corridor. If she hadn't known it was there, she would have walked right past it.

Caitlyn stumbled as he yanked her after him. He'd stopped, and she slammed against his chest, her body colliding with his. A short, slightly-rounded woman pushing a meal cart brushed past them, but not before sending them a scathing glare filled with disapproval.

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Caitlyn waited until the woman disappeared out into the lobby, then turned her attention back to Ty. The scent of spicy aftershave teased her nostrils, and she leaned into him a fraction of an inch.

“How long have you been doing this?” The question escaped her mouth before she could think better of it. She gritted her teeth, hating herself for asking.

It wasn’t any of her business. Ty didn’t owe her an explanation any more than she owed him one for being here and hiring the services of an escort in the first place.

The overhead pale blue neon light flickered, casting rapid blinking shadows across the length of the corridor and illuminating Ty’s features at random intervals. Coming from the all-encompassing noise and decadence just a few feet away, walking in here felt like stepping into another world. A private, wicked world that welcomed them with beckoning tendrils of darkness.

“Long enough.”

She might have pushed for more now that she’d gone down this path if he hadn’t dropped to his knees before her. His hands slid up her bare legs.

“God, Ty, not here.” Caitlyn’s high-pitched voice was barely recognizable to her own ears. She cast a quick glance down the hallway but could make out nothing aside from a gray steel door at the end. That must have been where the maid had come from. Was it a kitchen or a staff room? And more importantly, how many people used that entrance on a regular basis?

They were no more than three feet from the lobby, and when Caitlyn turned her head to look over her shoulder, she could see people stride carelessly past the entrance to the corridor. No one as much as glanced in their direction.

“Yes. Right here.” Ty spread his palms over the back of her legs and slid them higher, cupping her ass beneath her dress. His touch

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burned her flesh, searing her with grazing flickers of need that started wherever his fingers lingered and culminated in the apex of her thighs.

He sounded so confident, so arrogantly sure of himself. Caitlyn gritted her teeth, not knowing whether to push him away or plead with him to fuck her, right here, in view of anyone who cared to watch.

“Wh-What is this place?”

“A service corridor. It’s rarely used, and there are no cameras in this part of the building. There’s no need for them.”

He pressed a burning kiss to the inside of her thigh. Her legs quivered, and her hand shot out to steady herself against the wall. How did he know so much about the casino? Was this where all his clients opted to meet him?

She gritted her teeth and blinked back the unexpected tears that stung her eyelids. Images flashed across her mind, vivid x-rated pictures of Ty licking another woman’s pussy, having his cock in another woman’s mouth, in another woman’s cunt. How many clients had he fucked? How many of them had brought him to a shuddering, screaming orgasm like she used to do?

Caitlyn swallowed hard, determined not to let doubt intrude on what was supposed to have been a lust-filled evening. After all, she’d known this would be nothing more than a one night stand. That hadn’t changed just because her ex was the one to service her.

If anything, it provided the perfect opportunity for Caitlyn to prove to Ty just how wrong he’d been. He’d thought her unable to unleash the raw passion that lived somewhere deep inside her. When the night ended, he’d have no doubt of just how grateful she was to finally release some of that pent-up tension. She’d leave here satisfied, in more ways than one. Seeing the surprise in Ty’s eyes as she shed her inhibitions would be all the revenge she’d ever need, and much more than she’d ever hoped for.

Ty squeezed her ass and pulled her forward. He lifted his head so

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their eyes met. He was asking for consent, she knew, and yet despite every ounce of resolve that filled her brain, she couldn't voice it. Instead, she gave an almost imperceptible nod.

It was enough. Ty pressed an open-mouthed kiss to her mound through her clothes. The thin material of her silk dress and the see-through panties she'd bought at Jackie's insistence allowed her to feel the heat of his lips, his tongue. His mouth molded to her cunt, burning her with its nearness. She trembled, needing to feel him on her bare labia, invading her flesh, thrusting into her slick channel.

"Please," she whimpered, unable to stop herself. Her hands moved almost of their own accord and she tangled her fingers in his hair. It felt soft beneath her fingertips, just as she remembered. Her vision blurred and she blinked rapidly to shove back the tears that seemed determined to spill down her cheeks.

She parted her legs and squatted slightly, silently begging for him to end the torture and give her what she craved. Just when she thought she couldn't take any more teasing, he slid his hands beneath the hem of her short dress and yanked down her panties in one sudden move.

A moment later, he lifted the thin material of her flimsy garment and flicked her labia with the tip of his tongue. That one fleeting touch almost undid her. A sound echoed down the hallway, one she faintly recognized as a sob. She closed her eyes, unable to look and try to figure out where it came from. Surely, it couldn't have come from her.

Tenderly, with infinite patience, Ty licked her pussy. He'd done this to her a hundred times before, but it had never felt this deliciously wicked. Maybe it was the knowledge that there were people less than a dozen feet away from them, that anyone could peer into the hallway and see the delectably depraved act in which they were indulging that made the sensation so much more potent than it had ever been. Whatever caused it, once Ty's mouth clamped around her cunt, Caitlyn never wanted him to stop.

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His tongue delved deeper, gliding inside her already soaked slit. It drove into her, pulsing and thrusting into the entrance to her channel. She groaned and let her head fall back, grateful for the wall that offered her all the support she needed to keep her knees from giving out.

He was merciless, licking her ruthlessly the way he knew she loved to be tongue-fucked. Every mini-thrust inside her felt heavenly and wicked all at once, like he was punishing her with sheer pleasure. In a heartbeat, the tables had turned. She was no longer the one getting her revenge. With every smooth flick of his tongue, he disciplined her for turning him away, for ending what they had.

"I need this," she murmured, the words barely coherent. "I need you."

His lips moved higher. He found her clit and sucked on it gently, circling it with his tongue. She dug her teeth into her bottom lip to keep from screaming as all the pent-up frustration she'd been carrying inside her for the last three months erupted with a spasming shudder.. As the pressure released, her orgasm crashed over her like the incoming tide, waves of never-ending sensation rushing through her..

Her pussy tingled. Something wet slid down her inner thigh, but whether it was her own cream or Ty's saliva, she didn't know. She collapsed against the wall, her shoulder slamming into the hard surface. Pain jolted up her arm, but she didn't care. She wanted only to close her eyes and sleep for an eternity as the aftershocks of her release careened through her.

A sharp smack on her ass jolted her from her reverie.

"Turn around," Ty growled. "I'm nowhere near done with you yet."

CHAPTER 4

“You paid for an entire night, Kitten. I intend to make sure you get your money’s worth.”

Ty positioned his palms on either side of Caitlyn’s waist and shoved his hips forward, pressing up against her ass, letting her feel the stiff length of his erection.

Caitlyn tossed him a glance over her shoulder. In the dim overhead light, he could make out the rosy tint of her flushed cheek.

“About that, Ty... I really should tell you that—”

With a speed he hadn’t known himself capable of, Ty dislodged his hand from Caitlyn’s hip and placed it over her mouth. He leaned in until his lips were a whisper away from her ear, close enough that the feathery gold waves of her long hair tickled his nose and drenched him in the scent of strawberry shampoo.

“I really don’t need to know all the sordid details of your single life.” A muscle twitched in his jaw as images of Caitlyn’s long, supple

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legs wrapped around another man's waist threatened to break through the barrier he'd erected in his mind. The only arms he wanted to picture her in were his. The only cock he wanted her sweet pussy riding was his. Only his.

Always his.

His palm muffled her retort, but he could tell by the way her shoulders hunched in around her ears that she wasn't pleased with the sudden turn of events. Well, good. Neither was he. Learning that in his absence Caitlyn had resorted to finding her pleasure at the hands of experts wasn't exactly one of the happiest moments of his life, either. For months, he'd thought of no one but her. He'd been with no one else, contenting himself with spilling his load in his hand as he tossed and turned on his large and very empty bed. Even his fantasies had only featured her.

Caitlyn. The woman he'd have given up everything for, if she'd only asked.

She hadn't, though. Not the night she'd broken up with him, and not now. In fact, she seemed intent on demonstrating she didn't need him at all. If not for the slight trembling that made her body quiver beneath the pressure he applied against her sweet, sexy ass, he might have thought she'd be just as happy to replace him with Joseph, or anyone else from Acme Corporation.

Caitlyn writhed against him, struggling to break free of his hold. Ty sighed, pressing her up harder against the wall. "Joseph couldn't make it tonight, so the company sent me. There's no more to say."

Her tense muscles relaxed slightly, though not enough to fool him into thinking she was completely at ease. Well, at least he hadn't lied. Not entirely, anyway. Joseph Reilly did have better things to do tonight than fuck Ty's ex, even if the Caitlyn that Ty had known three months ago bore little resemblance to the vixen who now brushed the tip of her tongue against his index finger.

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When she sucked his fingertip into her mouth, Ty couldn't stifle the groan that fell unbidden from his lips. This would have all been so much easier if she'd acted like the good girl she'd always been. Watching her wiggle those sexy hips in that tiny dress had taken more self-control than he'd thought he'd had. And tasting her, licking her sweet cream as her pussy clenched and shuddered with release was the most erotic thing he'd ever experienced in his entire life.

Ironically, tongue-fucking Caitlyn in the service hallway of a major casino was also the most adventurous thing he'd ever done. Sky diving, bungee jumping, camping in a location known for repeated bear attacks—all that had been child's play. Having his tongue buried in Caitlyn's delicious cunt trumped any other experience.

His left hand was still fastened to her waist, keeping her ass pressed against his groin. Ty tightened his grip, holding her firmly to him. Damn it, he didn't want to let her go again. Not tonight.

Not ever.

Giving him no warning, Caitlyn wiggled her hips. Her ass rubbed against his rod in excruciatingly slow, sensual circles. His cock turned to solid stone, swelling to impossible hardness. It stretched the confines of his briefs, the sensitive head brushing against the textured cotton, sending a jolt of sensation to burrow into his sac.

If he didn't fuck her soon, he'd explode. Literally.

"Okay, that's it," Ty growled. His frustration knew no bounds. "Who are you and what have you done with my girlfriend?"

Caitlyn's entire body stiffened, and Ty instantly regretted his words. As long as he pretended not to care, he could keep up the escort charade. The moment Caitlyn no longer believed his crazy cover story, though, he'd have to confess everything he'd done for her, and he had no idea how she'd react.

Apparently, there were a lot of things he didn't know about sweet, innocent Caitlyn. Like the fact that she had a slight exhibitionist streak

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in her just waiting to be let out.

Ty snarled low under his breath. Who'd unleashed her wild side while he was gone, anyway? Who'd indoctrinated her into the pleasures of kinky sex?

"Ex-girlfriend," Caitlyn reminded him when he yanked his hand away and his finger slid from her mouth with a loud pop. "We're not together anymore."

The finality in her tone made his heart clench. If he'd had any doubt at all about the future of their relationship, well, she obviously didn't.

Caitlyn turned abruptly. Trapped between Ty's chest and the wall behind her, she leaned back and slid her hand down his abdomen. Her fingernails grazed the bulge in his pants. Ty gritted his teeth, determined not to moan again like a horny teenager on prom night.

But, God, she was so fucking sexy! She'd always been beautiful, but tonight she looked exquisite with her bright blue eyes framed in dark liner and what little lip gloss he hadn't kissed away still clinging to her pouty mouth.

"Right," Ty whispered, barely recognizing the husky voice filled with raw need as his own. "Ex-girlfriend."

Caitlyn lifted a slender shoulder, the gesture drawing his gaze to her pebbled nipples. He suddenly needed to see them, to clamp his mouth around one of the hard buds and suck deeply, greedily.

Following the direction of his glance, Caitlyn smirked. She brought one hand up to slide between her plump mounds. Drawing down a small zipper he hadn't noticed, she pulled aside the silky material and bared her dusky areolas to his ravenous inspection.

He lowered his head and clamped his mouth around one, kneading the flesh of the other with his fingertips. She groaned and lowered his zipper, freeing his cock, then pushed his pants down over his hips so they fell in a heap around his ankles, mirroring the position of her lacy panties.

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Ty released a deep, shuddering breath as his shaft expanded, pressing into her belly. The silk softness of her dress glided over the tiny slit of his cock, drying the bead of pre-cum that had gathered there.

He scraped his teeth over her nipple, and she rewarded him with a sharp yelp. Reluctantly, he lifted his head from her full breast, the hard, puckered skin of her stiff bud taunting him with the thought of another taste. God, he couldn't get enough of her! He had to fuck her soon, or risk losing his mind.

"I didn't give you permission to turn around." He pinched her nipple, hard, then rolled it between thumb and forefinger to soothe the hurt.

"I don't need your permission." She lifted her chin, and he saw the haughty arrogance warring with awareness and anticipation in her gaze.

That's when he knew he had her. Caitlyn York was his, whether she knew it or not.

"You sure do, Kitten. If you want my cock in that tight cunt of yours."

Hesitation and uncertainty played over her features. She nibbled at her lower lip, then finally sighed softly and did as he commanded. Facing the wall, she braced herself with her palms and shoved her ass high up in the air.

Ty lifted her dress so it rested on her waist, baring her pussy to his hungry eyes. Damn, but she was even more stunning than she'd been in his fantasies, when he'd taken his time with her body in every indulgent way he could think of. Now, he'd be thankful if he could hold off spilling himself inside her within the span of three quick strokes.

He allowed his gaze to linger on her plump, pink labia. Her cream smeared her flesh, and the flickering light bounced off her slit, making it glisten. He indulged his senses by breathing deeply and inhaling the musky scent of her arousal, then gripped his shaft in his right hand and positioned the tip of his cock against the opening to her pussy.

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In one smooth move, he buried himself inside her. Her inner muscles stretched to accommodate his girth, then quickly clamped down on him, stealing the breath from his lungs. His head reeled at the onslaught of sensation. The tight, wet heat of her channel enveloped him in pure pleasure.

Ty dug his fingers into her ass cheeks, spreading them wide as he began to pump inside her. He watched the tiny puckered bud of her anus, knowing that by the time the night was over, he'd have his cock everywhere—in her pussy, her mouth, her ass—until she screamed his name and begged him to come back to her.

The fantasies he'd had of Caitlyn had been incredible, luscious dreams of smooth limbs and tight, wet heat, but they hadn't come close to the exquisite bliss of reality. How had he been able to survive without her all this time?

She moved against him, quickly finding her own rhythm as she rode his cock, then picking up momentum. He wished he could see her face, watch her eyes glaze over with sheer, unbridled passion. Her cries were muffled, and he could tell she had her lips pressed tightly together to keep the sounds from escaping as she pushed back into him, fucking him harder.

He gave back everything he had, and then some. Gritting his teeth, gripping her ass, he plunged inside her and promptly lost himself in the delicious sensation. The gaggle of noise drifting in from the lobby wrapped around him, but instead of being intrusive, it enveloped them in a cocoon of privacy of their own making.

Caitlyn bucked against his hips, signaling her climax. Her inner walls fluttered, gripped him, milked him. Her shuddering climax felt like tiny whip-flicks lashing every nerve ending in his cock. His own build-up toward the rumble of orgasm crashed through him with the fury of a thundering storm, ripping every drop of seed from his spasming cock.

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His pulse pounded in his temples. Caitlyn leaned her forehead against the wall, her fingers clutching the surface so hard her knuckles had turned white. He collapsed against her, feeling her rapid, shuddering breathing and the quickening of her heartbeat match his own.

“Well, if it isn’t the missing man of the hour.”

The familiar voice slid through the post-orgasmic afterglow and pierced Ty’s thoughts, making him jump. His cock slid from Caitlyn’s cunt as he attempted to drop Caitlyn’s dress down so it covered her pussy and yank up his pants at all once.

Barely managing to zip up, he grimaced when he met Brent Donald’s furious gaze. Of all the pit bosses, Brent had a reputation for taking tremendous enjoyment in bringing players suspected of cheating into the back room and getting them to describe their methods, even if it took days.

Especially if it took days.

Ty swallowed hard. “I’m sorry, boss. I was...” He glanced at Caitlyn, who looked from Brent to Ty in genuine confusion. “Busy,” Ty finished lamely.

“Yeah, I saw. And despite the show, you’re still fired.” Brent narrowed his eyes. “I’ll get security to escort you to the staff room so you can pack up your stuff, and then I want you out of here. Our blackjack dealers have to be reliable, Ty, and you’re anything but.”

Ty grimaced. So much for the respectable regular job he’d planned to use to show Caitlyn he could change. If only he’d been able to prove to her he could be a man she’d be proud to be with. Proud to live with.

Proud to marry.

A rosy blush crept up Caitlyn’s neck and settled in her high cheekbones. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips a moment before her eyes widened with sudden understanding. “You’re really not him?”

“Your date for the evening?” Ty sighed. This wasn’t the way he’d

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wanted to come clean. “No. Like the man said, I’m a blackjack dealer. Table eight.”

“You have ten minutes,” Brent said. “After that, I never want to see you step foot inside SinScapes again. Understood?”

Ty grabbed Caitlyn’s hand and squeezed her slender fingers. “Come on, Kitten. Let’s get out of here.”

He moved toward the lobby, but Caitlyn refused to budge.

“It was my fault,” she said, her steady, confident voice at odds with the slight trembling that made her hand quiver against his. “I convinced Ty to do something outrageous, something neither one of us had done before.”

“And you are?”

“His girlfriend,” Caitlyn answered, darting a look at Ty beneath lowered lashes.

He denied it without a moment’s hesitation. “She’s lying. This woman is definitely not my girlfriend.”

Caitlyn’s head shot up, reeling as if she’d been slapped. The color drained from her face and she attempted to yank her hand out of his grasp, but he clutched her tightly, unwilling to let her escape his grip. Not now. Not ever again.

“She’s my fiancée.”

Caitlyn blinked, as though she couldn’t have heard right. “You really mean—”

“I want to marry you, Kitten,” Ty said, turning to her. He smoothed the wrinkled dress over her hips, feeling the warmth of her body emanating from beneath the thin material. “No more crazy jobs, I promise. I have an apartment in town, and a steady paycheck.” He grimaced. “Well, I had a steady paycheck.”

Her blue eyes danced with sparkling tears. One escaped, catching in her long eyelashes for a heartbeat before sliding down her cheek. “Yes. Oh, God, Ty, yes.”

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He pulled her into his arms, crushing her body to him. She clung on tightly, as though she never wanted to let go. He knew the feeling. If it meant pumping gas at an all night-station for the rest of his life, he'd gladly do it just to be with her.

Ty smoothed the hair away from her face and tucked a long strand behind her ear, then brushed his finger along her warm, rosy cheek. "I love you, Kitten," he whispered.

"I've always loved you, Ty. Always."

Their mouths collided in a slow, sensual kiss that seemed to stretch out across eternity. They had to make up for lost time. Starting tonight, Ty would make sure he never spent another day apart from the woman he adored.

The sudden slap on his back made him break the kiss. He glanced up, into Brent's strangely subdued gaze.

"See you tomorrow. Six o'clock sharp. Don't be late."

Ty shook his head. He gaped and struggled to make sense of what had just happened. "Six o'clock. Yes, sir."

Brent turned away. Ty watched him until he almost reached the lobby. At the last moment, the man turned. "Oh, and Ty...the next time you want to indulge in a little adult fun with your fiancée, make sure you do it somewhere where there are cameras. The boys upstairs need a little entertainment, too."

Brent winked, then disappeared around the corner.

Caitlyn sighed and buried her face in the crook of Ty's shoulder. "Tell me again that you don't work for Acme."

He laughed and scooped her off her feet. Caitlyn wrapped her legs around his waist and clung to his neck, her nose touching his.

"I don't work for Acme. I'll tell you all about it, if you promise not to say a word about how often you've used the company's services in the past. I really don't want to know."

A smile broke over Caitlyn's features, and a high-pitched, genuine

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giggle followed. "I'm a virgin, Ty."

He raised an eyebrow. "I'm sorry to tell you this, sweetheart, but you're really not."

She smacked his shoulder with the back of her hand. "Not that kind of virgin. I'm an escort virgin. I've never been with one." She bent her head and nipped at his earlobe. "Until tonight, anyway."

The relief that flooded his veins threatened to weaken his knees. A laugh caught in his throat. He swallowed it down, suddenly remembering something Joseph had said. "The escort whose place I took tonight called you a very special customer. Why would he say that if you've never been with him before?"

She watched him intently, earnestly. "I don't know. Maybe he meant I was a first-timer. He probably wanted to make sure he'd have my repeat business."

Ty released a shuddering breath. He pulled her close and strode toward the lobby, then pressed a soft kiss to her temple.

"Come on, Kitten, let's go home. You can be my very special customer for as long as we both shall live. And I promise, I won't charge you a dime."

LACEY SAVAGE

Lacey Savage began her love affair with romance at an early age. In high school, she checked out steamy romance novels from the public library and would often be found reading them in the middle of class.

Lacey still reads more than she cares to admit, and probably more than her husband would like, considering how many books she keeps bringing into the house. Her favorite genres have always been erotica, romance, fantasy, science fiction and mystery, so she tries to incorporate a little of each into her writing.

She initially majored in Marketing, then went back to school to major in English Literature. After earning her degrees, she decided to turn her efforts to her true passion: writing. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships.

She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat.

You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her web site at www.laceysavage.com and can reach her at laceysavage@rogers.com.

* * *

***Don't miss Eat Me, by Lacey Savage,
available at AmberHeat.com!***

For her thirtieth birthday, pastry chef Michelle Simpson is determined to give herself the gift she's always wanted but could never have: a

night of mind-blowing sex with her best friend. Unfortunately, despite myriad (of often desperate) attempts at making Tom realize she's a desirable, sensual woman, he still can't see her as anything more than a friend. Well, she's had it with lusting after him from afar. This year, their mutual birthday celebration will be one neither of them will ever forget.

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