



Authors note:

Dear Reader: I hope you enjoy my six book MADNESS series, SUMMER NIGHT MADNESS is book three. This is my debut into the publishing world and I am so happy it's received some very positive reviews from all of you. I do hope you enjoy Alex and Sabrina's story.

They simply had to have a story of their own . . .

SUMMER NIGHT MADNESS

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SUMMER NIGHT MADNESS

Eve Powers

“Really, Alex, how could you?” Jane said as she stood at the foot of the hospital bed before him, hands planted firmly on her waist, shaking her head in disappointment. “You can have any girl you want, why would you want to sleep with a married woman almost ten years older than you are?”

Alex was not in the mood for this. If he was, he’d have called his mother. He didn’t answer but his blue eyes swept across the room and shot daggers at not only Jane, but at the rest of his friends as well which included Gary who was minding his own business futilely trying to smell the fake red rose arrangement Jane and William had just brought to cheer him up.

“She was hot, Jane, can’t you understand that?” Patty said in irritation.

“And she didn’t tell him she was married,” Natalie added with certainty, and then she frowned and turned to Alex in confusion. “Did she say she was married, Alex?”

He shrugged mid-way and winced when his ribs protested in pain. “I guess she *was* wearing a rock.”

They were all silent, and Alex felt highly uncomfortable having six pairs of eyes on him all at the same time.

“Leave him alone, he’s beat up already as it is,” Gary said, walking towards Alex’s motionless figure only to peer down at his bandaged face in worry. “I can’t believe it’s actually you underneath all this.”

“Where’s Steven?” one of them asked.

“Busy fucking Mel’s brains off,” Patty said tersely. Everyone gave Patty a dry look, and her eyes widened. “Well it’s true! He just came in a few hours to offer support and said he needed to go because Mel was waiting for him.”

Everyone nodded at that.

“I’m fine, guys, just go and let me sleep, I don’t even want to talk about this,” Alex said gruffly. He could barely speak since his lips were swollen and cracked.

“We don’t want you to be alone, Alex. The least we could do is take turns,” Jane said in determination. Everyone followed with an eager nod.

“Really, guys, go back home, I’ll see you all later. I’m not going anywhere, I’ll be right here when you come back.”

The nurse poked her white-capped head into the room momentarily. Alex’s blue eyes lit in appreciation at the sight of her young, beautiful face.

“Need anything Mr. Fontana?”

“Nothing but you, baby,” he said stiffly.

She giggled before she disappeared into the hallway. His friends glowered at him.

“Look at you, man,” Frank chided, pointing at the cast on his leg, his bandaged ribs, and his swollen, partly bandaged red and purple face. “I mean you can’t even talk and you won’t let up the ladies even for a second.”

Alex was tense as he spoke. “I can’t help it, she’s hot,” he said through his swollen lips. “Besides did you see the look she gave me?”

“It was a look filled with pity, Alex, because you look like a poor little monster,” Patty told him.

He couldn’t glower since his face was stiff and bruised, but his eyes widened in horror at her words. Alex’s job was to look good—and this meant *real* good—and the mere possibility of ending up scarred for life because of some sorry son of a bitch scared the shit out of him. “I’m not a monster. Steven made sure I got the best doctor to look at me.”

“You’ll probably be fine, but you need to relax, Alex, recuperate, and maybe tone it down with all those girls for a while,” Frank insisted.

“Frank, man, I can’t believe you’re saying this to me. You of all people,” Alex strained out.

“Look, Alex, we just want to make sure you’re all right,” Frank said with a serious nod. “Your lifestyle is getting you into trouble and I really think you’d better lay off for a while. You can’t even go out anymore without being either slapped in the face, or worse.”

“Why don’t *you* lay off for a while,” Alex countered, seething inside. “You love the ladies as much as I do, Frank.”

“Yeah, well at least I fuck them one or two at a time, not five all at once.”

“Will you guys just drop it!” William burst in with a deep, loud voice. He glowered at Frank, his dark black eyes narrowed into slits, and then at Alex. “The point is, Alex, your life has no direction whatsoever and you’re throwing it away. You’re past thirty and all you do is get drunk and get laid. Don’t you think your life is worth a little more than that? Don’t you think *you* deserve better than that?”

Alex was silent at his words, and William pressed on.

“Don’t you think the women you date deserve better than that?”

“Better than a night with Alex?” Patty looked dumb-struck. She turned to Natalie. “Is that even possible?”

Alex fisted his hands on the bed. “Get out of here, all of you,” he said in the low, guttural voice of a sick person. “And thanks for coming here to show your support, you’re real pals.”

Patty took a step forward and wrapped her hands around his fist, her expression softening as she gazed into his eyes. “Alex, they’re right. Maybe you *are* selling yourself short. Maybe it’s time you took a vacation from all this.”

Everyone nodded, and Alex couldn’t stand the look of pity in their eyes.

“Alex, honey,” Gary batted his eyelashes above his rosy plump cheeks. “You know we only want what’s best for you.”

“And we hate to see you like this,” Jane added.

“You need some one on one time with Alex,” Patty declared. “A nice long vacation where you can relax and think and piece your life back together. Maybe a beach, a cold beer...”

“And an unmarried hottie,” Natalie finished with a grin.

Patty sighed in exasperation. “You’re not helping, Nats.” She turned to glare at her. “We’re trying to convince Alex to lay off the girls for a while.”

“Oh. I just thought you only meant the married girls,” Natalie retorted, giggling to herself.

Alex expelled his breath slowly and yet again felt his ribs sting inside him. “Fine, I’ll take a break soon.”

“How soon? We want you to take a vacation as soon as you recover,” Jane insisted.

“And no girls, man,” Frank continued. “And no drinking.”

Everyone turned to stare at Frank in shock. He lifted his hands up in the air.

“Okay, that was too harsh, maybe just a little drinking, but no getting drunk.”

They all nodded in unison.

“Do we have your word, Alex?” William asked in a no-nonsense tone.

“Do I even have the option? You’re practically beating me to,” Alex said in an attempt at humor. The ensuing silence confirmed that none of his friends found it funny. Maybe that was because some sick bastard had *really* beat him up a few hours ago, and the experience had not been a pleasant one, the result of the encounter being *this*: him, here, now.

At this time, Alex had to admit that their suggestion didn’t sound bad at all. Being in a beach somewhere (anywhere but in this blasted hospital room!), a beer in hand, relaxing in the sand, getting a little surfing in the morning’s maybe. He could clean out all this shit he was in, forget all those blondes, and forget that damned bastard that kicked the shit out of him in the first place.

“Yeah, you have my word,” he said at last.

It would be fun, and it would do him good for a change.

* * *

Call her crazy, call her mad, but Sabrina Darling didn’t remember having *ever* seen anything so beautiful in her entire existence. She openly gawked at the man running across the white, rocky Puerto Vallarta beach towards her. He was like a Roman god out of the pages of a novel, all lean muscles, tanned from days spent in the sun, his streaked blonde hair both wildly untamed and rebellious against the wind, his blue eyes glinting against the setting sun. Two long shell necklaces hit against his chest as he ran, and his drawstring pants hung low in his waist, making her almost drool at the sight of him. He

hadn't even seen her, and she was grateful for it, because she was so taken by his beauty that she could only gape at him as he ran forward.

She'd been doing the same thing she'd been doing for the past three days, lounging in her beach chair in the secluded stretch of beach across from her private suite, book in hand, hat placed firmly above her head, when she'd spotted him. She'd welcomed the diversion, and allowed herself to sit back and watch him in appreciation. But now he was coming closer, and she realized she had no desire to be caught staring at him in such a fashion, so she lifted her book up to her face so that her eyes would be able to discreetly follow him when he ran past her. And they did, they jerked from one side to the other as they followed his hard, lean sculptured male figure as he ran by. She noticed that he had broad shoulders, a lean tight waist, and exquisitely hard buttocks.

Sabrina was not the type of woman to oogle men. She was the sort of woman who usually appreciated a man's intellect above anything else, but this time she'd made an exception, because this man was so thoroughly, despicably gorgeous. And she *had* promised herself that she wouldn't take life too seriously, at least for this weekend. She had promised to take a break from her stressed-out, work-packed life and would have some fun for a change; drinks were definitely on the menu, and so was sex.

She hadn't counted on the fact that she hadn't met a single person to enjoy those things *with* in the whole Four Seasons Puerto Vallarta beach resort, and she was heading back home tomorrow at noon. The brochure hadn't mentioned the fact that most hotel guests were couples in their retirement age and families with children. Therefore a young, healthy, single woman in her thirties would be left with too much time on her hands. It was good she'd brought her laptop, her books, and her sun tan, otherwise she wouldn't have had anything to do all day during her four-day stay except maybe eat, but her strict diet regimen was not something she would consider violating, no matter how badly bored she might have been.

A cute little girl toddled over the sand chasing a plastic rainbow beach ball. She was giggling, her chubby little arms outstretched as she futilely tried to grab hold of it. Sabrina smiled before she turned her attention back to her book, and back to the pitiful main character's incessant monologue that was boring her to distraction. The lulling sound of the waves was soothing in its deep, slow rhythm, and Sabrina rested her head

back for a second and closed her eyes in relaxation. Until she heard a loud splash, and her eyes popped open.

Her gaze fell to the rainbow beach ball floating listlessly above the water. The little girl was nowhere to be seen. Her book fell to the sand when she rose to her feet. A tragedy had not been something she'd been looking forward to. Within seconds, she'd yanked off her pareo and hat, and ran in her two-piece white swimsuit into the crashing waves. The water was freezing, reaching past her knees as she dove her arms into the water in a futile search for the little girl. Just when she saw a chubby little hand flailing furiously from underneath the water, she reached out only to watch another pair of arms haul her up and drag her to safety.

Sabrina panted, chest heaving, as she watched the golden boy lay down the little girl on the sand, pinch her nose closed, and lower his lips to breathe air into her mouth. Sabrina ran forward, splashing water as she exited the ocean, and fell onto her knees besides them.

When the little girl sputtered awake, Sabrina felt a sigh of relief tear from her throat. "She's going to make it," she whispered, mostly to herself.

The little girl sat upright just as Sabrina heard her parents screaming words in Spanish from afar and rushing towards her. Within seconds she was in their arms, and only then did Sabrina become aware of golden boy's eyes fixed on her. She met his gaze levelly and gave him a shaky smile. Up close he had the most amazing eyes, the color of a stormy blue sky. They were clear blue, but had streaks of gray in them, and they looked intense and intimate as they studied her.

"Do I know you?" she couldn't help asking. His painfully handsome face seemed vaguely familiar.

The wary look he gave her made her instantly realize that she'd said something wrong. "I don't think so." His voice was rough on the edges, and it was sensual and deep. There was uncertainty in his tone, and in his eyes as they slowly studied her features. He seemed to be wondering if he knew her or not, as if he weren't so certain.

She shook her head to clear it. "Never mind."

"I think I would remember if we'd met," he said cautiously, suddenly his expression softening into a smile. He did have the most gorgeous, lazy smile. "I'm Alex."

He thrust out a big, lean hand. She shook it, noticed it was warm and big against hers, his grip firm.

“Sabrina, Sabrina Darling.”

“Nice to meet you.” There was an uncomfortable silence between them. His eyes were glued to her face, as if he were studying her features one by one, and it made her nervous. She put her palms on her knees and rose. He followed her, his eyes still on hers. “That was really heroic, what you did there,” he finally said, nodding towards the ocean.

“Oh, no,” she said shakily, waving a hand in dismissal. “On the contrary. If it weren’t for you I couldn’t bear to think what could have happened to the little girl. When I get back to the States I’m taking first aid courses.”

He flashed her a smile, a dazzling smile that set off his perfect white teeth and was simply breathtaking. “I’d be happy to teach you if you’d like,” he offered.

They were both wet, dribblets of water clinging to their skin, and Sabrina began to tremble. She wrapped her arms around her chest in a futile attempt to get warm (and in a futile attempt to cover her very erect, very taut nipples straining against her bikini top). “I’d better go change.” She didn’t sound convinced, but she smiled nonetheless. “Maybe some other time, Alex. Thank you.”

He nodded curtly and she could feel his eyes follow her as she gathered her hat, her pareo, and her book between her arms and crossed the sand towards her suite. Unblinking, she passed the lonely hammock hanging idle between two tall palm trees, their sweeping shaven stems looming above her and almost forming a perfect arch at the top.

As soon as she was inside her suite she thrust her belongings onto a nearby chair and cursed herself three times as she headed for the spacious walk-in closet. “Stupid, stupid, stupid,” Sabrina berated herself.

She could be at this very moment taking CPR lessons from the hottest man in this planet. She’d have probably needed to practice mouth to mouth resuscitation with *him*, but oh, no, Sabrina just had to run away like a coward, like she’d run away from all the men who openly gawked at her, like she’d run away from having a relationship – *any* sort of relationship for all her thirty years.

She brushed her long black hair, furiously yanking at it as she frowned at her image in the mirror. Inwardly, she told herself he hadn't been interested – just to convince herself that she hadn't been so foolish. Oh, but she knew he *had* been. His eyes had nearly eaten her alive, and she'd been so eager to be eaten alive that she'd felt a rush of primal, sizzling heat at his gaze.

When she was calmer, she slipped into a white linen sun dress and comfortable beach sandals. Sabrina had an old movie-star classical look about her; her long black hair, deep dark eyes, and plush lips constantly garnering the attention of men. But Sabrina didn't like to be so beautiful, so she played down her beauty by dressing simply, with clothes that wouldn't overtly show her perky, large breasts and trim waistline, since she refused to be looked at and be judged by her appearance. There was much more to Sabrina than that. Her business required that she deal mainly with men, and if she wanted to be taken seriously, she had to act the part and look serious. But contrary to what she usually wanted in her life, this weekend, Sabrina didn't want to be taken seriously. This weekend she'd been determined to have fun, and she'd been equally determined to have sex. And yet tomorrow she was heading back home, and she hadn't done any of those things, not for her lack of wanting, of course.

If only she hadn't said 'no' to golden boy . . .

If she saw him again, the least she could do was drop him a hint, just to let him know there was some strong interest on her part. When it came down to business, she knew when a strategic move had to be done, and timing in her sort of business as everything. She would look for the perfect moment and handle this in the same way she handled her job and that was in a practical, no bullshit way. Weren't men supposed to love one night stands and uncomplicated, no-strings-attached sex affairs?

She saw him again. Much sooner than she had anticipated.

He sat at a small round table at the far end of the thatched-roof hotel dining room terrace. The terrace sat high on a rocky cliff over-looking the ocean, where a person could dine in the company of the warm, gentle breeze and the soothing sounds of the ocean. It was dinner time, so naturally the dining room was crowded with guests; some sat at their tables, others lined the buffet table on the far end, but Sabrina only had eyes for the golden god lounging back in his chair, nursing a drink in his hand. He'd changed, and

was now wearing a pair of jeans and a plain white crew-neck shirt. Sabrina ignored the rush of thrill she felt in seeing him and drew a deep breath to steady her nerves before she headed towards him with renewed resolution. She could swear she'd never been this nervous, not even during those endless job interviews after she'd graduated from business school.

“Want some company?” she asked when she reached him.

He looked up at her, the beauty of his blue eyes startling her anew. She remembered their intriguing blue-gray color, but she didn't remember the potency in his gaze. It was as if he could see right through her and know her private secret longings. She was grateful (and seized the moment to compose herself, for she was a bit shaken by his stare) when his gaze dropped to her body, lingered on her breasts, only to come back to her face with notable effort. “I'd love some,” he said in a low, husky voice.

She took the seat across his and smiled. For a moment they just stared at each other across the table, smiling, like a pair of besotted teenagers out on their first date. It was hard to converse with him at first, since Sabrina felt a little awkward, but as soon as they began talking about cliché things such as the lovely weather, it was hard to stop doing so.

He was quick, smart, and genuinely interested in whatever she had to say, but whenever she asked him about himself, his expression would close and he'd instantly and briskly switch subjects. The only thing she could discover about him was that he was a photographer, had never been married, and was here on a week long vacation – alone. When he asked about her and her job, she told him she was a partner at a global investment banking firm, and he seemed impressed, but not intimidated, saying with an amused grin on his face, “That sounds important.” She shrugged, work being the last thing she wanted to talk about at this moment.

He had a lazy way about him, a careless, effortless manner in the way he spoke, in the way he leaned back in his chair with an arm draped over the back of it, in the way his fingers slowly played with a spoon, lacing it between his fingers and smoothly twisting it around. It was as if he knew he was gorgeous and wouldn't even try to be. It appealed to her, the relaxed way he sat, the way his smile was a bit crooked, higher in one side of his face more than in the other. It appealed to her organized, perfectionist self more than she

could ever have anticipated. Just to consider the possibility of being entangled in bed with him made her palms sweat. Tonight they might have hot, reckless, wild sex and if they did, Sabrina would conveniently forget about him as soon as she boarded the plane back home tomorrow.

Two hours later they were both a little drunk. He'd been hesitant to drink first, but when the server set two Corona beers on their table, he drank one in a single swag and soon ordered more. Sabrina was having so much fun that she also drank more than she should have. They were laughing on their way back to their rooms.

Instead of taking the gravel path, they walked along the beach, and she removed her sandals and allowed her little feet to sink into the sand. The night sky was clear, flickering stars notoriously abundant in it, and amicably surrounding the faint white quarter-moon. The breeze played with her hair; it tickled her jaw and her neck as it flapped in the wind. Alex curled his fingers tightly around the neck of his beer bottle, and he downed yet another gulp as he walked besides her. When they ran out of subjects to talk or laugh about (or more accurately, when the only thing that occupied their minds were the things they could *not* laugh or talk about) they fell into a tense silence and Alex began to fidget. He inspected the nearly empty beer bottle, then stared up at the sky, suddenly engrossed in it. Sabrina noticed he was nervous, as if he'd never done 'this' before. The back of their hands brushed, and he jerked his hand away as if she'd burned him. Sabrina looked down at her sand-speckled toes and hid back a smile, for she knew, at that moment, that he was definitely interested.

When they reached the terrace outside her suite, she looked at him for what seemed like an eternity. The night made his eyes look darker, but there was a shimmer in them, a hunger. His gaze roamed slowly over her face in a silent caress, until it settled on her lips. She could swear he was going to kiss her. But when he didn't after a long, breathless moment, she nervously conceded to herself that he may not have been interested after all, so the only thing she could do now was say, "Thanks, Alex, I had a lovely evening."

And then she disappeared into her luxurious, yet lonely, suite, not even waiting for his answer.

She bit her trembling lip while she closed the glass door behind her, and then turned to stare into the silent room. For almost a minute she stood there, motionless. She was such a fool. She should have at least invited him in. He'd stood there in silence as if waiting for her to do so. She drew in a deep, audible breath. Why couldn't she just let go, let loose for once in her entire, pre-thought of, planned worldly existence? With new resolve, she whirled around, pulled the glass door open and ran after him. She could see his lone, gorgeous male figure slowly making it's way down the beach, and she urged her legs to run faster as she called, "Alex!"

He didn't seem to hear, so she repeated his name. "Alex!"

He turned at her voice, and his fingers tensed on the beer bottle as he watched her running towards him. She paused a few inches away from him.

"Alex, I . . . I thought . . ." Her eyes searched his face. "Look I know you don't usually do this, and I don't either . . . but . . ." She couldn't even finish, she could barely catch her breath. Standing there, longing and desire shimmering in her eyes, it suddenly struck her how vulnerable she felt, and how utterly devastating it would be for her if he for some reason rejected her tonight.

A million emotions she couldn't discern paraded through his expression; confusion, fear, until one reigned and settled on his face, making his eyes darken and his eyelids drop as his gaze fell to her lips.

They both moved in perfect accord, like two magnets drawn to each other, unable to resist the pull; with their gazes holding, his strong arms circled her waist at the same time she wrapped her own arms around him, her fingers locking securely behind his neck. His warm, hard body engulfed her as he drew her tightly against him and pressed his lips to hers. The contact was sizzling, sending jolts of heat from her lips down to the pit of her belly. The kiss began as a playful, languishing caress, as if he knew he had all the time in the world to kiss her. He stroked her mouth slowly but surely, his tongue mating with hers in a playful lover's dance. Until a low sound tore from her chest. And then a deeper sound tore from his. And the kiss changed. Deepened.

It was a hostile takeover now, the way his tongue pillaged the welcome haven of her mouth, the way it took and ravaged . . . and she was a very willing victim, instantly surrendering to the demands of his hungry tongue. She kissed him back like a she-cat, her

nails digging into his shoulders, urging him to deepen the kiss even more so, until it turned primal, savage. His mouth seared hers, overpowered her senses, and completely robbed her of her breath and of any common sense that might have still been lingering inside her.

She yanked off her dress and flung it away before her fingers fumbled with his jeans, being inordinately clumsy in their hurry to get him naked.

“Easy, baby,” he whispered against her face as he eased out of his jeans. “I’m not going anywhere.”

She looked at him with a dazed expression, feeling faint with need and desire. “I just don’t want to change my mind,” she confessed softly.

“I won’t let you. You’re mine tonight,” he promised as he lowered her to the ground. She sank into the sand, the pebbles grazing the soft skin of her buttocks and back. He fell on top of her, his weight pinning her down. The tip of his nose rubbed against hers before his lips grazed hers, his breath fast and warm on her face. She was going mad at the feel of his breath mingling with hers, at the feel of the burning skin brushing against her own and the peak of her taut, erect nipples pressing hard against his hard male chest.

He leaned back to look at her. She gazed up at him longingly, her chest heaving. His beautiful face was framed by the black starry night, and his eyes gleamed like stars as they basked in her features, memorizing one by one. Slowly, his thumb traced the form of her lips, then he spread his palm on her cheek and dragged it lower in one long sweeping caress, across her chin, between her breasts, past her navel. She sucked in her breath when she felt his hand part her thighs open. His thumb found the nub in her clit and circled it in slow teasing motions, making her sex flood in need. At her low moan, he inserted one sleek, probing finger inside the wet, glistening folds of her arousal.

“Was this what you had in mind for us tonight?” he whispered. In answer, she arched her back, the move further opening her sex to him and urging his finger deeper inside her.

“Yes, but *now*,” she breathed. Her arms were limp at her sides in silent surrender and her eyes were wild with need as she gazed up at him.

She was a vision to him, her black hair fanning behind her and speckled with glimmering dots of sand. He'd never tasted something as forbiddingly sweet as she, and he ached to prolong this moment forever.

“I’m just getting started, baby,” he said in a gentle voice.

Just when Sabrina thought she couldn’t stand this heat and this painful need inside her any longer, he bent down to nuzzle the curls between her legs with his face, his fingers spreading the lips of her pink, swollen sex apart. Then his tongue sank inside her, penetrating her sweet wet cavern. Her agonized cry was muffled only by a nearby wave crashing against the shore.

Her fingers tunneled into his thick, silky hair and urged him to continue with his slaughter as she rocked her hips against his face, wanting more. He complied and moved his tongue to flick her clit while he thrust a finger inside her, and then another, and another. She could feel the walls of her cunt spread to fit the intrusion of his three fingers, stretch to fit them all, but still, she ached for more.

She couldn’t stand this anymore. This was torture, no matter how sweet. A tension unlike any other coiled in the pit of her belly, like a snake ready to spring. Her body was damp in sweat and burning for him. She had to seize this moment, now—*now* before something happened to sabotage her desires.

She was used to being in control. She was used to calling the shots, and this sheer passivity was driving her crazy. She rolled on top of him, straddling him with her thighs.

“Whoa,” he breathed, a soft smile playing on his lips. She settled her hips over his, seeking his hard male cock with her pelvis. His face tensed with desire when she found his erection and rubbed it slightly with the lips of her sex. She moved so that only the head of his shaft was inside her and she instinctively closed her eyes at the glorious feeling. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezed them firmly, and a slow, sure grin spread on his beautiful face. “You don’t waste any time, do you, Sabrina?” he asked in a voice filled with playful tenderness.

Oh, but she did. She’d wasted thirty years of her life and up until a few minutes ago had decided to get down to this very important, very personal business of hers. “I just can’t stand it,” she breathed as she pressed her hips lower to his and mewled in pleasure when his full length enter her—at last.

“I must . . . oh, Alex, yes,” she breathed as he grabbed her pelvis and arched his hips to meet hers, sinking his cock deep, oh, so deep inside her. Her sex clenched around his hardness, tightened around him, then stretched to welcome him completely.

“Come here and kiss me,” he whispered. He cupped the back of her neck with his hand and forced her down to meet his lips.

He kissed her softly, his tongue a lazy, savoring partner, but Sabrina was wild, desperate, and she thrust her tongue inside his mouth, furiously so, and moved her hips faster against his, faster, feeling sweaty and feverish and on the verge of a breakdown. She hadn’t had an orgasm in a long, long time, and when she did, it was an explosion unlike any she’d experienced.

Wild waves of shudders coursed through her, and she savored the feeling, enveloped it, closed her eyes and held on to it, as he continued to move inside her until he tensed, moaned, and shuddered beneath her. For a moment all she could hear was her own ragged breathing and the lulling sounds of the ocean. When she regained her composure, Alex was limp beneath her, his eyes closed, his chest rising rapidly at each of his breaths.

Within seconds, Sabrina stood and gathered her clothes. Alex lifted himself up on his elbows, watching her with a cocky grin. “Are you in a hurry to do something, Sabrina?” he asked in amusement. She eyed him in surprise as she slipped into her dress, sprinkling sand that had caught in the fabric onto the wind as she did so.

“Well, I suppose I’ve got to return to my room, finish packing . . . ”

He chuckled. It was a deep, rumbling sound that reverberated in her own insides like a small quake. “You’re not getting rid of me that easily,” he said as he rose and walked towards her with the lazy swagger of a sated man. He wrapped his arms around her, rested his chin on the top of her head. He was bigger than she was, stronger, taller, and warmer. Being here, in his arms, felt oddly comforting. She twisted her head sideways to look at him, feeling flushed and red-cheeked.

“What do you mean?”

“It means that now that I know what I’ve been missing, I’m not letting you go that easily.” He eyed her seriously. “I’m sorry, but I don’t think you’ll be getting any sleep tonight, Miss Darling.”

“Oh.” Her body felt flushed with emotions, all of them uncontrollably crazy.

“Are you being shy with me now?” He cocked a brow and absently ran a hand along her jaw in a wistful, loving caress.

He wanted her again, and at the realization her insides trembled in excitement. “No, I, yes, a little,” she said in a breath, then she stared down at her feet and at her toes, buried in the sand. She pushed his hand away and put some distance between them, then turned to him with a shaky smile. “Would it be a good idea?” she asked, meeting his gaze. He looked gorgeous, standing there, looking all sated, and sweaty, and his eyes as he looked at her were so magnificent—they were dark blue and shining in the moonlight.

“A great idea, if you ask me.” He came forward in that casual, laid-back walk of his, draped an arm around her shoulder, and guided her to her suite. “So is it your room, or mine?”

A half hour later their naked bodies were entangled and damp with sweat, Alex with one leg dangling from the hammock as they lazily swung to and fro. Sabrina’s arms and legs were coiled around his body, while her cheek rested on the taut, muscled shoulder of the arm he’d possessively wrapped around her. Alex stared up at the night sky, breathed in deeply. He kept repeating her name out loud, as if in disbelief, until she finally looked up at him with a smile.

“Stop saying that,” she said in friendly admonishment. “You’re making me nervous.”

“Why so?” he asked with a not-so-serious frown. “I just like the sound of it. Sabrina.”

“I never liked it,” she said seriously, stifling the desire to pout like when she’d been a little girl and wanted her daddy’s attention. “When I was eight I begged my daddy to change it to something more serious like Elizabeth, but Sabrina was my grandmother’s name, who my father doted after, because she *is* his mom, after all, so he blatantly refused.”

“Sabrina. It’s beautiful – almost as beautiful as you are.”

He traced her smile with his thumb, his eyes following the move.

“I imagine you must say that very often,” she baited, her eyes sparkling in mischief. “To all of your lady friends.”

His expression darkened, the muscles of his face tensed. He studied her for a moment in silence, and just the way he did made her heart beat faster.

“What if I do?”

Her smile faded as she stared down at him. “Look, we both know this is just . . . I don’t really care about that, Alex. I know you have a life waiting for you, and so do I.”

Although he was a bit of a lazy boy, she realized that he moved swiftly when he wanted to, and now he was on top of her, his body pinning hers down onto the hammock. A cocky grin spread on his face. “You sound like you mean business.”

She smiled. “I always mean business.”

He cocked one perfect arched eyebrow, pursed his lips in thought. “So this means,” he said, narrowing his eyes in thought. “That I have exactly thirteen hours and forty five minutes to have your body at my complete and utter mercy, to please myself at your disposal, do anything I want to do with you, without any words of regret, or, say, slaps on the face, or, hmm, kicks in the groin afterwards?”

His eyes danced in silent laughter, and his words triggered a warm, hot shiver down her body. “Basically, yes, that’s what I mean.”

“Then I’d better not waste any more time,” he said seriously as he bent down to nuzzle her neck, his hands threading up to her armpits only to tickle her into submission. He was ruthless and tickled her with no mercy. “Better get down to business.”

“No, stop, Alex, please” she kicked and flailed at him, her stomach tight in the effort as she laughed at his assault.

“Ouch,” he winced, covered his ribs for a moment, his face pained.

“Are you okay?”

He recovered quickly. His deep scowl was deceptive, for there was a tilt to his lips that suggested he was holding back a smile. “Now you’re really asking for it.” He tickled her with more force.

“No, really, Alex, are you all right, are you hurt?”

“I got some broken ribs a while ago.”

“And how did you go about that?” she asked incredulously.

His face and the way he sealed his lips shut told her he was not going to confess.

She gave him a seductive look, slowly ran two restless fingers up his chest. “Doing something heroic, saving another victim from drowning?”

“Yeah,” he said, smiling at the thought. “I’m everyone’s hero.” He dove his fingers into her armpits and tickled her some more, and this time she could hardly speak through her laughter.

“Alex, no, please!”

“Please what?” he said in all solemnity, his hand splaying below her armpits to the side of her breasts, his lips a hairbreadth from her hers. Smiling, she placed her hands behind his neck, at the same time that his thumbs slowly caressed the side curve of her breasts. “Please what, Sabrina?” he insisted, his eyes darkening. She turned serious, her eyes misting in desire, her sex clenching with want.

“Please,” she breathed.

“Sabrina,” he whispered as his lips slowly closed down on hers.

His kiss was lazy, but nonetheless powerful. And in that same way, with slow, languishing kisses, he made love to her on the hammock, there by the sea, and beneath the quarter moon. He wedged his hips between her legs and she wrapped her legs around him as he dove inside her. She cried out in pleasure, not once but many, many times that night.

He was a superb lover. Instead of rushing it, like she would have imagined a summer affair was like, he took his time, spending hours at a time just touching, caressing, teasing and tasting her. He discovered places in her body that she never even imagined could be so sensitive, so very sensual and awake to his touch. He was lazy and care-free in his loving, and his ‘enjoy the moment’ attitude was a bit contagious; it made her want to languish in his kisses for hours. As for his taste, his mouth, and his lips; she found them intoxicating. The more she had, the more she craved.

Sabrina willed herself to enjoy his exquisite caresses, and made an effort to ignore the pang of guilt she felt in knowing the beautiful, tender moments they were sharing were destined to be flipped away into the back of their minds tomorrow. Tonight they were lovers, and yet tomorrow, they would become to each other a distant memory of ‘that wild summer night’. That *mad* summer night.

When she awoke the next morning next to his warm, sleeping body, she did something very unexpected, something very unlike her. She should have gotten ready to leave, since her flight departed in only a few hours and Sabrina was always very punctual. But instead, her eyes settled on the very naked and very gorgeous golden angel asleep beside her, and she felt a desperate urge to touch him, feel him, inch by inch by inch, with the tip of her fingers. Her hands slowly slid over his body like satin gloves, feeling every nook, every dent, every curve. His healthy male body reacted immediately to her touch, and his penis rose to a hard erection as she rubbed her hands along the hard, molded contours of his abdomen. Her lips followed her hands and she kissed and probed him everywhere. He tasted salty, like the ocean, and she licked every pore of his warm skin like a wanton siren nurturing herself. She circled his nipple with her tongue, and repeated the motion with the other, only to afterwards trace a path of kisses all across his stomach and navel, and down to his throbbing member.

With eyes still closed, Alex shifted on the bed. His deep groan encouraged her. Emboldened, she bent down to take him in her mouth. She heard him make a low animal sound when her mouth enveloped his length and it made her own insides quiver in need, the tension build between her legs. She moved her face slightly backwards, allowing his cock to leave her mouth only for a moment so she could stroke her tongue along the folds and tip, then down the length again. Alex stirred on the bed again, a rumbling sound tearing from deep in his throat, and Sabrina was so feverish for him that she felt a hot tremor run down her spine.

She straddled him, lowered her wet, open sex onto his erection, her inner muscles stretching to accommodate him completely. When he was settled inside her, when she felt his cock stretching the walls in the heart of her womanhood until she thought she could bear no more, she slowly began to move her hips.

It was naughty, what she was doing, almost taking him against his will, while he slept, using him for her own pleasure, for her own body's delight. It thrilled her in a dark, rapturous way, to have him and his perfect warm body at her complete disposal, to fulfill her every whim and desire, to do with as she pleased.

She mounted him faster, rocked her hips against his motionless form, urging his cock deeper inside her. A moan tore from her chest, his fullness completing her, the nub

of her clit pressed and rubbing tightly against his pelvis. Her fingers moved to pinch his nipples just as she bent down and licked his lips like a cat. She purred at the feel of his lips while she followed their form with the tip of her tongue. He had the most delicious, wicked lips—those beautiful lips, resting now, but which had exercised their right to her body last night to its full potential. She wanted to come now, felt the fever rise to a crescendo, but when he lifted his warm, strong hands to her hips, she knew he must be awake, and she must wait, wait for him, to come with him. Together.

“Hey, handsome,” she breathed, smiling a sexy smile as she looked down at his foggy blue eyes. His expression was tight with desire as he looked up at her, and his hands were unyielding as he held down her hips so he could meet her thrusts. And then she, Sabrina Darling, the woman voted in high school as most likely to freeze a guy with a stare, cupped his face in her hands and kissed him, kissed him one more time, for the last time, kissed those strong, sensual lips that tasted like heaven to her, touched that gorgeous face with her finger tips, a face she would always remember. He arched his hips to meet hers and pushed inside her with superhuman strength, his face nearly contorted in ecstasy as he rammed his hips against hers, not lazily this time, but furiously so.

“Yes,” she gasped, clutching at his face and biting his lower lip.

She leaned back and rode him, her breasts bouncing slightly from her efforts as she circled and rocked her hips over his. His breathing was harsh and labored, and chords strained against his neck as he pushed and pushed and pushed inside her.

“You’re so good, baby, so tight,” he breathed as he looked up at her. He watched her when she came, the waves rocking her completely. He came with her, he came at the mere sight of her beautiful body shuddering in orgasm, and he rode the waves of passion, closing his eyes for a few seconds to savor it. She fell on top of him and buried her face in his neck, feeling drained and spent. Only a few seconds later, she dropped to his side and inched toward the edge of the bed, but he was faster, and he hauled her against his body.

“I don’t want you to go, Sabrina.”

She closed her eyes at his words, as if closing them could in some way ease the wrenching, yet inexplicable pain she felt in leaving. He’d sounded serious and just a bit forlorn when he spoke. The truth was, she didn’t want to go either. But they’d known this

was only a one night thing (whatever this strange, magnificent *thing* between them was), which made this moment all the more poignant, because they'd always known they'd say goodbye . . . only neither of them expected it would be difficult.

"I don't *want* to go," she confessed softly, slowly wiggling free from his hold and standing by the side of the bed. "But I can't loose my flight, I need to be in the office tomorrow."

His eyes looked dark blue and stormy, and his jaw was set tightly as he listened to her. When she couldn't bear to look at him anymore, she turned and got busy packing the rest of her clothes into her suitcase, then dressed as quickly as she could. While she did so, he watched her from the bed with a solemn, somber look, but she pretended not to notice.

Her eyes met with his in the reflection of the bathroom mirror while she was applying her lip gloss. He was dressed, and he looked more gorgeous, more golden, than ever. She swallowed as he walked towards her. Oh, God, she would miss his angel-face, and his intoxicating kisses, and him. All of him.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind and met her gaze in the mirror. She noticed how her dark looks were a sharp contrast to his light ones; they were like a stinging reminder that this could never be anything but a crazy summer night affair. She smiled shakily at him and he placed a soft, tender kiss on her temple before he said, "I guess I'd better go."

The knot in her throat prevented any sort of speech on her part. And just like that, he was out of her life.

* * *

Sabrina's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when she saw him on the plane on her way back to Chicago. In an underwear advertisement, no less, the picture done in tasteful black and white and his perfect, familiar body looking more beautiful than ever, his gaze serious and seductive as he looked straight into the camera lens. Her heart flipped inside her chest before she slammed the magazine shut.

Photography. That liar! He was not a photographer, he was a model! She knew she shouldn't care that he'd lied to her, but she did care, very much so. Because she'd opened up to him and shown him a part of Sabrina Darling that no one else knew, and she felt betrayed somehow, vulnerable, that what she'd seen of him had not been nearly as profound, but just a lie. That bastard. Was his name really Alex? Oh, God. He must have found her naivete so funny, a supposed 'woman of the world', partner in a global investment firm, and yet he'd fed her his lies and she'd eaten them all like a silly, ignorant . . .

She shook her head. There was no point in these negative thoughts. She had been honest and forthright after all and the 'affair' was over now so it didn't matter anyway. The affair. It had been so good, so beautiful, so tender, and well . . . so unexpected. And yet as much as she tried to shake it out of her head, the mere possibility of this beautiful weekend having been all a lie and an Oscar worthy act on *his* part made her seethe inside like she had never, *ever* seethed before.

"Hmm, nice," her secretary said when Sabrina flung the magazine over her desk as soon as she reached her office the next day.

"That's Alex Fontana," said another assistant as she walked over to study the magazine. "He slept with my sister once."

Sabrina cocked an eyebrow. "Really?"

She nodded, coffee mug in hand. "And my sister's friend, too. They had this huge cat-fight over him."

Sabrina gave her a quelling look. The woman shrugged. "He's quite the ladies-man. He's slept with a *lot* of girls. Every time I see him he's got a new one in his arms."

"You mean he lives here in Chicago?" Sabrina asked tersely. Oh, she could just die. Of all the places in the world, her summer night affair had to be a famous model from Chicago, no less.

"Sure he does," the assistant said. "In fact, he's friends with Gary." She nodded towards a man who'd been straining to hear their conversation and who was also an assistant to one of the other partners in the firm. His elbow slipped on the desk and he nearly fell. He straightened immediately with as much dignity as he could muster and nodded.

“I’m sorry,” he said, walking around his desk and heading towards them with short, bouncy steps while he clasped his hands in front of him in an angelic pose. “Excuse me, I was minding my own business, of course, but I couldn’t help but over hear you. Are you talking about *my* Alex?”

“You’re friends?” Sabrina nodded towards the magazine advertisement.

Gary nodded. “Best of friends.”

“I see.” Sabrina recovered the magazine and headed towards her office. “Thank you, I’ll see to this later.”

It was too much, knowing her handsome, drop-dead gorgeous summer night lover was so close, yet she couldn’t see him and had to somehow find a way to forget him. It was about the hardest thing she’d ever set her mind to in her whole career and life. But still, she made an effort. Weeks passed, and Sabrina could only lie in her bed at night and stare up at the ceiling of her luxurious penthouse apartment, thinking of him. She would get wet and shaky just remembering. One night she was so in need and yet so furious at him for lying to her, for invading her life so, for branding her body with his touch, that she rose, yanked off the advertisement from the magazine, tore his face and perfect body into tiny little pieces, and flung the pieces into the trash can, only to return to her big lonely king sized bed, feeling just a little better.

“Miss Darling, may I have a word with you?” Gary asked one morning as she headed towards her office. She actually liked this man very much, she’d talked to him several times recently – making sure she didn’t discuss Alex, of course – and he was a likeable, funny sorts with a very sensitive heart.

“Sure,” she said, her eyes concerned as she studied his pale face. He looked nervous.

“I have this get-together tonight, with friends,” he said, speaking the words to her ever so slowly as if she were a child. “And, well, if you don’t have any plans for tonight I was wondering if you’d like to come.”

She stared at him, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. Whatever did he mean by this? Was he implying that he was seeing Alex tonight and was asking if she’d want to go? Why would she want to see that lying, sneaky . . .

“I’m sorry, Gary, but I have work to catch up to. But thank you.” She touched his arm gently so he wouldn’t feel hurt by her rejection and when she turned to leave, her knees wouldn’t give. She gritted her teeth, thrust her chin up in determination and turned back to Gary with a cold, calculated smile.

“At what time would this be, Gary?”

Gary’s smile was about a mile wide. “Eight-thirty?”

Sabrina nodded. She had to see him. The moment Gary offered her the chance her reaction had been no way, but deep down she knew it was inevitable. She had to see him, one more time, at least to get him out of her system. And to get to see the *real* Alex this time, not the role he’d played with her. Just one more time, she inwardly promised herself. One more time.

* * *

“You’ve been in a shitty mood all month, Alex, so if you’re going to be such a bad sport then don’t play,” Patty said to him from across the living room of the apartment she and Natalie shared.

“Fine, I’ll take the damned thing off,” Alex grumbled, throwing down his poker cards on the wooden floor and yanking off his orange long-sleeved turtleneck.

It was still early afternoon, and only Alex, Patty, Natalie, and Frank were at the gathering place. Patty suggested they play strip poker before the ever-show-off Gary arrived and wanted to strip. But Alex wasn’t into it. He was in a rotten mood, and he’d been in it constantly during the past weeks.

All of a sudden he’d been swamped with thoughts that were disgustingly cliché and extremely unlike him; like what purpose he had in life and how he’d be much happier if he had someone to share it with (that someone being a dark-haired seductress whose name he didn’t even want to remember since just thinking it bugged him to no reason). He kept harboring these unusual thoughts and wondering to himself why, for some reason, the drinks, the parties and the girls had suddenly lost all of its glitz. It was all *her* fault, he’d realized lately. Every aching bone in his body seemed to cry out for her, and Alex had realized until now that the dark-haired summer angel, whom he’d once thought had been sent from Heaven just to please him, had been sent to him as a penance,

probably for having broken so many hearts when he hadn't known better. Alex couldn't be more pissed with her, with Heaven, and with his god-damned life as it was.

He rested back against the sofa and glowered at everything within his eyesight just as Patty took off her top, and minutes later Frank followed. By the time Gary got there, Patty was already in her bra and panties, Frank was in his underwear and socks, Natalie was *only* in her panties, and Alex was in his underwear – the plain white one he advertised.

And this was the way Sabrina found him when she walked into the room next to Gary.

"I'm gonna kill you guys for not waiting up for me!" Gary said in a spirited squeal.

Sabrina could only gape at the two beautiful women, the blonde one topless, no less, and the curly-haired one wearing nothing but a very sheer, very sexy red bra with matching thong panties. There was a young man in underwear, wearing long socks that reached past his knees. And Alex, in his underwear, taking her breath away just by his nearness and by the sight of him and of that gorgeous body that had once shuddered, melded with hers. He'd been smiling at Gary's words, only the smile vanished completely from his face when his eyes landed on her.

"Oh, my God, forgive my manners," Gary suddenly said. "You guys, this is Sabrina Darling, one of the hotshots where I work."

Sabrina forced a firm, cold smile on her face as everyone nodded. Alex's face was tight, his whole body rigid, and she noticed his chest rose rapidly as he struggled for breath. He didn't seem even slightly pleased to see her, but she'd be damned before she let herself care. She thrust her chin up. "It's nice to meet you all," she said as she calmly followed Gary into the living room. She sat down on one of the two pairs of identical pink sofas, finding the living room's girly decor—including cute marabou trimmed pillows—quite entertaining. The girls followed her to the living room, not even bothering to dress, and sat down on the sixties shag carpet across the round acrylic table from her. The topless blonde girl (Natalie, was it?) eyed her momentarily while Gary went to the bar to fetch a drink.

“You’d better not waste your efforts there, honey,” she told her with a serious pout. “Gary’s gay.”

“If you want a surer thing you can try him,” Patty said, nodding towards Alex as he furiously slipped into his jeans. Sabrina could feel her insides reach a boiling point. He was the closest thing to a gigolo that she could have imagined, and yet she’d been day-dreaming about him for the past month as if he were her very own ‘Mister Right’.

She hadn’t even been able to close the six-hundred million dollar sale of the tech company she had on her hands, having only two bidders stuck at the same starting bid price. She needed to pressure, needed to close, needed the offer price to rise at least ten percent otherwise her company would only take a minor cut, and yet if she managed to get more a few hundred more for the company, the firm’s commission percentage skyrocketed and her partners would be extremely pleased with the profit. But, oh, no, she’d been too busy fantasizing, day-dreaming, and thinking about him to even do what she was paid to do.

Coming here was perhaps a good thing because now, having caught him almost in the act of doing God knows what strange, sexual act he’d been about to do, she was confirming to herself what she’d suspected the instant she saw his picture in the magazine advertisement. He was a liar and a cheat and a snake and not even worth a second longer of her very limited and very precious time.

“Are those Prada?” the topless girl asked her, staring at her plain black Mary Jane high heel loafers.

“Yes,” she said with a small smile.

“If you ever want to sell some of your designer clothes, Patty and I have an ebay store,” she commented proudly.

Sabrina arched a brow in interest. “Oh, really? That sounds like fun.”

Patty glowered at her, her sleek eyebrows joining in a scowl. “It’s hard work. Sounds like fun, but most of the time it’s not. You can’t believe all the emails we need to answer every day.”

“I can’t imagine,” Sabrina said, nodding.

“Plus we post like ten pictures for each item and you get buyers that even ask for *more* pictures. In fact you can’t believe the pictures they ask us to take! Like someone

wearing it, pictures of the wash tags, pictures of the designer label, pictures of the seams. Then we of course post the article's measurements, but no matter how thorough we are, they still ask for more information, like, they don't get it! After a zillion emails they still ask us to please double-check if the posted measurements are right, and to take pictures of the sleeves with the actual tape measure besides it so they can confirm for sure that the measurements are correct . . . as if we were dumb-wits or something! So yeah, it's kinda tough," Natalie finished with a full-lipped pout.

Sabrina felt a little light-headed, but she had to admit the girls were charming in their own interesting way. They seemed to be pretty much her age, but with that attitude, you'd think they were teenagers ready for prom-night.

"Hi there, we haven't been introduced," came from the man that had also been almost naked when she'd arrived. He was dressed in leather now, but it was so tight on him she could make out all the muscles of his legs. "I'm Frank."

She smiled and shook his hand. "Hi, Sabrina."

"Has anyone ever told you you look a lot like Audrey Hepburn?"

"Yes, I get that sometimes," she said with a shy smile. He seemed awed at the resemblance and it made her feel extremely good, to be getting such attention from a man (in front of Alex's narrowed gaze), just because her pride demanded it.

"Well I'll bet no one's told *you* that she's my favorite movie star of all times? I dote on her, cherish the ground she walks on."

He was coming on to her, and instead of stopping him, like she would have under any other circumstance, she led him on, acutely aware of Alex staring across the room at her. Let him see she was not pining away for him, and could clearly gather some generous attentions elsewhere. "And you look like a movie star yourself, you remind me of . . ." She tapped her chin, thinking. "Let's see, let me think of a mean, handsome macho motorcycle man."

"I get that a lot," he said, puffing up his chest, clearly excited. "Maybe Grease, that sort of thing?"

"Are you kidding me?" She snapped her fingers. "Yes! You could be Danny's twin brother!"

"Really? And you *like* Danny?" he prodded.

She bit her smile, studying his handsome face. “Who *doesn’t* like Danny Zucko?”

Frank looked ecstatic, and he whirled around his butt and thrust his hips between Gary and herself so he could be sitting squished right next to her.

“Excuse me?” Garry said in a high-pitched, annoyed tone of voice. Since Frank was busy staring at her, Gary finally rose with the dignity of a king and crossed the room to sit somewhere else.

Frank took her hand in his. “See? I just met you and I already can tell we have so much in common,” he said. Sabrina noticed that the two girls, who hadn’t bothered to dress yet (they seemed to be extremely comfortable in their own skins, actually) were looking at him in pity.

“Frank, can you get me a soda please,” Natalie said pointedly. But he was looking at Sabrina, awe-struck.

“Want something to drink, sugar?” he asked her, his gaze falling to her lips.

“No, thank you, *Danny*,” she retorted. He smiled at her and lingered for a moment longer, as if he couldn’t bear to leave her, not even for a second to fetch Natalie’s soda.

When he left, Sabrina was so nauseous at her own actions that she briskly asked where the ladies room was. After Patty’s mumbled, unintelligible explanation through the smoke of her cigarette, Sabrina headed towards the hallway she *thought* she’d instructed. She opened the first door but found herself in a spacious dark closet. There were shelves stacked with boxes of all sizes, and a neat row of coats at the far end. She turned to leave but smacked into an expanse of hard, male chest and before she knew it she was thrust into the darkened room with a bigger, stronger body, the door closing shut behind them.

“What do you think you’re doing?” she hissed in outrage. Her eyes strained to see him in the dark, but his scent was as familiar to her as her own, and for a moment it made her feel dizzy.

“What do you think I’m doing?” he countered, taking a step towards her. An innate, natural survival instinct made her instantly take a step backwards.

“It’s nice to see you again, Alex,” she said, her tone laced with sarcasm. “At least now I get to see the *real* you.”

He was silent, slowly taking another step forward, the move urging her to take yet another one backwards. There didn't seem to be enough air in the tiny little room for both of them, but she still fought to bring air into her lungs, breath by breath.

His silence almost defeaned her, and she had the urge to fill it in, and the urge to have an outlet for the surprisingly potent rage she felt. "I'm sorry I burst into your little party. It looks like it was just getting interesting for you, with two beautiful naked ladies just for you and your friend, and here I come just to spoil your fun."

"Is that what you think of me?"

There was a long silence. "You lied to me," she accused, her voice betraying the hurt she felt. She just had to say it. It had been in her mind constantly, torturing her senseless for the past weeks.

"You lied to me, too, Sabrina," he said gruffly. His blue-gray eyes gleamed in the darkness, and the mere nearness of his body made that place between her legs sting in remembrance.

"I didn't lie to you," she countered, her voice dropping a notch.

"Yes you did. You said it didn't matter."

She paused when she felt the heavy long sleeve of a wool coat brush her shoulder. She absently pushed it aside, her eyes still lingering on his painfully handsome face. "It doesn't," she said. "But if it didn't matter, you could have at least been honest with me. . . You're not even a photographer, Alex."

"No, I'm not."

She pressed back against the wall of coats, inwardly cursing the dead-end. "You let me believe that you were."

"It's true, that was real shitty of me, I won't deny it." He was closer now, and she was having trouble breathing. "But the last thing I was looking for that weekend was another woman, Sabrina. And yet, there you were."

"Alex, please, let me pass." She tried to move but he blocked her path.

"I know what you're trying to do," he said as his chest pressed against hers, his face inching too close for comfort. "And it's working." He slowly fumbled with something around his waist.

"I'm jealous, Sabrina."

She heard the rustle of fabric, and a soft thump when something hit the floor. He was fast, for before she even realized he'd dropped his *jeans* to the floor, his hands were already pulling up her skirt and in an instant she heard something tear. She gasped, frozen in place, when she heard another tear and realized he'd just torn both her hose and panties.

"I don't like my friends drooling all over you." His hands cupped the sides of her bare buttocks and squeezed them hard, his fingers and thumbs digging into her tender flesh. "Especially when I've already staked my claim."

"Alex, don't –"

"Shhh, I'm just going to remind you, sweetheart, because it seems to me like you've already forgotten me," he said in a tone that veritably promised to punish her.

His fingers sank into her buttocks and pushed her belly against his very large, very naked cock, at the same time he lowered his lush, possessive lips to hers. There was no explanation for the way she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. No logical theory on why her tongue mated, danced with his in a dark, sensual dance. No excuse for the way she clung to his neck while his hands went to the back of her thighs to lift her up, or for the way she wrapped her legs around his waist and tightened her hold on him as he lowered her onto his deep, hard, throbbing erection.

There was no hint of the lazy, cocky summer boy she'd met one month ago. This man wanted to possess, wanted to take, wanted it now, and he instantly buried himself deep inside her to prove it. She gasped, threw her head back and moaned at the glorious feel of him deeply embedded inside her. She'd ached for him—everyday for the past month had been hell without this, without him. His lips dove to her neck and tasted every inch of skin. His tongue traced a wet, sloppy path toward her chin as he slowly pumped inside her.

"I can't stop thinking about you." His breath was hot against her neck. "I've fucked you ten thousand times in ten thousand different ways in my mind already."

"I've thought about you, too," she whimpered, her fingertips sinking into his shoulders. Her sex was tense and terse around his cock, clenching around him.

“You’re driving me crazy, Sabrina, and I don’t like it,” he gritted out just before his lips returned to hers, ground over hers in furious, uncontrolled passion. She whimpered against his lips as his thrusts become more frequent.

“Alex, oh, Alex,” she breathed as she came in a rocking, earth-shattering orgasm, kissing him as she did so. He followed, spilled himself, his eyes closed tightly shut.

For a few moments they held each other, unmoving. She was the first to lower her feet to the floor and push him away, trying her best to compose herself.

She lifted her torn panties from the floor and pursed her lips when she realized would have to wear no underwear for the rest of the night. Her hose was torn from the knees up and she would have to remove it if she hoped to look even modestly decent. She headed straight for the door but he halted her with his hand. “Sabrina.”

She yanked her arm free, not wanting to talk to him right now. There were hundreds of emotions inside her, complicated, raging feelings she hadn’t expected. All she knew now was that coming here had been her worst idea ever. But then, she had wanted this, hadn’t she? Wanted to kiss him again, touch him again, wanted to see him again?

She opened the door and headed for the bathroom, this time finding it in the second door to the left. When she finally returned to the living room, minus hose and panties, her hair more or less placated past her shoulders, she’d noticed two more couples had arrived. She was briskly introduced by Gary, and she had to admit that she immediately liked them all; Jane, William, Melissa and Steven. They were friendly and relaxed and very cordial to her.

Alex stood at the corner besides the window, a drink in hand, and his eyes followed her every move as she came to sit in the same couch where she’d previously sat on, which was the only available space in the crowded living room now.

“You were gone just five minutes and I already missed you,” said Frank, kneeling before her and taking her hand in both of his.

“Frank, you’re making a fool of yourself,” Patty said as she blew out the smoke of her cigar. “Now come here you big clown.”

“Nonesense,” Frank said, his besotted gaze on Sabrina. “This lady likes me, and I like her. Where did you say you found this treasure for me Gary?”

“At my office.”

“I thought only sharks worked there,” Steven teased.

“And fat cute goldfish like Gary,” Patty added.

Gary shrugged. “Well, she *is* a top shark, believe it or not.”

Frank’s eyes widened. “Wow, beauty and brains, could anything be better than that?”

“Why don’t you just take your hands off her, Frank?” this came from Alex, and he sounded dead serious.

Sabrina cleared her throat. “I think it’s time for me to go, it’s getting a little late.”

She tried to rise, but Frank took her shoulders and forced her to sit back down.

“Please stay a while longer, I promise I’ll behave myself.” He winked at her and sent her a charming smile. His hands settled on her knees and he began to circle his thumbs around her bare skin in slow, soothing motions. “I want to hear all about what you do.”

“I said don’t touch her, Frank!” Alex thundered.

There were some audible gasps in the room. Frank turned to glower at him.

“I saw her first, Alex,” he gritted out. “Why don’t you go find yourself a groupie or something!”

It all happened too fast. The next thing she knew Alex had thrown himself across the sofa at Frank and toppled him to the ground, spilling some refreshments over the carpet in the process. There were screams, while Sabrina watched in horror as Frank rose on his wobbly legs and punched Alex on the stomach, making him double over in pain. When he recovered only a second after, Alex landed his fist on Frank’s face, the impact sending Frank stumbling backwards. It could have gotten much worse if it weren’t for William and Steven who intervened just in time, bellowing at them to stop and holding them back with their arms, just barely so, as both Alex and Frank bucked in fury.

“What the hell is wrong with you two?” Steven thundered, his arms locking Frank’s arms behind his back.

“Can anyone please explain to me what the fuck is going on?” Patty said, thrusting her hands up in the air.

Natalie scrubbed the stains on the carpet furiously with a damp napkin. “Next time you want to kick the shit out of each other, please take it outside!”

Alex was panting like a bull, nostrils flaring, and Frank had a very swollen red eye.

“Mel, honey, can you bring me an icepack for Frank?” Steven told her. Melissa disappeared, and Sabrina felt full responsibility for this. She shouldn’t have played a game she did *not* know how to play, she shouldn’t have led Frank on, and she shouldn’t have come here looking for Alex either.

“It’s my fault,” she said, rising immediately. “I shouldn’t have come here.” She turned to an ashen-faced Gary. “I’ll get a cab.” She whirled around to leave.

“Sabrina.”

It was Alex who spoke her name, and his tone, although low, was filled with tension. She paused, momentarily uncertain if she had the strength to face him. Then she squared her shoulders and turned, acutely aware of everyone’s eyes on her.

“You’re not leaving,” Alex said as he yanked his arms free from William’s hold, his eyes stormy and dark and steady on hers. “I’ll take you home.”

“Did I miss something?” Patty mumbled to Jane, scratching her curls with a frown.

“No, thank you. I think I’ve done enough for one night,” Sabrina said sincerely, her eyes meeting every single one of the startled gazes one at a time. “It was nice to meet you all, I’m really sorry about this.”

And then she left, as briskly and silently as she could.

Patty was the first to recover. “What the hell was that about?” she said in disbelief. Natalie, Jane, and Melissa smiled.

“Alex and Frank fighting for a girl? I can’t even believe this!” Jane said with a wide smile.

Natalie stared at her watch in disbelief. “Oh, my God, is it ten already? I’ve got to go,” she said hurriedly crossing the room and disappearing into the hallway.

“What’s wrong with Nats?” Melissa asked when she returned from fetching the icepack. Frank was already lying flat on a pink sofa, mumbling under his breath as he pressed the icepack to the side of his face.

Patty shrugged. “Beats me. She’s been acting really suspicious lately.”

“Must be her period,” Jane offered, and Melissa nodded.

“Nah, I think she’s just fucking something *other* than her dildo,” Patty retorted.

“I’m going after her,” they heard Alex say under his breath, and suddenly they all watched him grab his coat from the back of a chair and storm after Miss Sabrina Darling.

He found her walking half a block away, clutching a coat to her chin as the cold night wind brutally slapped her hair and face. He grabbed her elbow to halt her. “Where do you think you’re going, Miss Darling?”

She yanked her arm free. “Home. Go away, Alex.”

He followed her with long, determined strides. “Why did you come here, Sabrina?”

She was silent, staring down at the sidewalk as she tried to walk as fast in her high-heel Mary Janes as she could.

“Are you going to answer me?”

She halted and brazenly met his gaze. She was hurt, shaken, and confused. What did he want her to say, damn him? “Your friend Gary invited me. I shouldn’t have said yes, but I did because I knew you’d be here. There, are you happy with that, is that good enough a truth for you?”

He looked relieved at her words. “Yes,” he whispered. He cupped her face with his warm hands and bent so that his face was just an inch from her own. “You *did* save me some time. I was already all over the internet looking for you.” His lips grazed over hers as he bent down to kiss her, but she pushed him away and narrowed her eyes at him, not even bothering to hide her fury.

“You didn’t seem so pleased to see me when I got there.”

“I was shocked. And I hated that you caught me with my pants down, I swear I knew what you were thinking.”

His words scraped her insides like claws, painfully reminding her of what he’d been probably about to do. “Please, let’s just forget this.” She shook her head ruefully before she turned and began to walk again. “Forget we ever met.”

He met her strides evenly and she could feel his hot, furious gaze on her profile. “I would if I could, *darling*. But as it is, you’re driving me fucking crazy and I can’t get you out of my fucking head!”

She whirled around to glare at him, her eyes blazing in fury. “I’m sorry, I’m not doing it on purpose. I want you out of my head as soon as possible, too, and you’re not making things any better!”

“Well that’s too damned bad!” he countered furiously. “At least now we’re *even*.”

“You nearly killed your poor friend on my account,” she said, her stomach clenching in remorse.

He narrowed his eyes into lethal slits. “I nearly killed him on *his* account, for being such a hot-headed prick. I told him not to touch you!” he thundered.

She lowered her voice to a low hiss. “We should stop this right now. This has disaster written all over it, Alex.”

“Why?” he demanded. “Why do you think that?” He cupped her shoulders and squeezed them hard, his eyes boring into hers. “Maybe we can work, Sabrina, you and I. Maybe it’s unexpected, and yeah, crazy, but maybe this relationship can work.”

She gritted her teeth. “The only relationship we seem to have is that you fucked me, just like you did the rest of the city, so that’s about as exclusive a group as an aol membership! Now, good night, Alex.” She whirled to leave but his voice halted her.

“Wait.”

She pursed her lips and spun on her heel to face him. “What?” she asked, planting her hands on her hips. “*What*, Alex?” she asked angrily, deep down knowing there was probably nothing he could say to make things better for her.

He stared at her for what seemed like forever.

“I’ll drive you home,” he whispered softly.

It was the longest ride of her life. They were both quiet on their way to her apartment, and perhaps it was better this way. Sabrina could tell she’d hurt him with her words, but she’d been hurting also, and lashing out had seemed much better than letting him see just how vulnerable she felt regarding her emotions towards him.

He followed her to the top floor of her penthouse, and when the elevator doors opened to her apartment and she turned to say goodnight, he surprised her by following her inside, as if he owned the place. She turned to glower at him but didn’t even have time to do so for he surprised her yet again. He cradled her face in his warm, strong hands and forced her to look up at him.

“Deep down I knew one day I would regret sleeping with all those women,” he whispered urgently and his eyes silently demanded that she understand. “And if I could do things differently now maybe I would. But I can’t undo what I’ve already done, and at that time, I could never think of a reason not to. . .”

She shook her head and lowered her gaze to the shiny cream marble floor. “You don’t need to do this, Alex, please,” she protested weakly.

“Look at me, Sabrina.”

His hands burned on her jaw and cheek, and his eyes were the darkest, stormiest sky she’d ever seen when she lifted her face to look at him. His gaze robbed her of her breath completely.

“I swear I haven’t even looked at another woman since I met you. It’s *you* I want, Sabrina.”

“You’re a player, Alex, you want me because you can’t have me, you –”

“*No*,” he said with a passion, his eyes boring into hers like knives. “I want you because I know what it *is* to have you. I want you because I know what you’re like, and I want more, more of *all* of you, not just your body . . . I want *you*.”

She felt herself melt against him, as if she’d just lost all of her strength. Her knees buckled and he caught her in his arms just as she whispered, “Oh, God, Alex, I want you so much.” And then he settled his lips firmly over hers and thrust his tongue inside her mouth while he held her limp body tightly in his arms. He laced his fingers through the hair at her nape and pressed her closer to him as his tongue caressed her mouth with sure, precise strokes. His kiss fed her, renewed her with energy, and within seconds, she felt invigorated and hungry for more. She hugged him fiercely, kissed him back like a starved woman, like a brainless, senseless woman that wanted nothing else from life than to be completely possessed by this man, right here, right now. His breath staggered through his lips in a rush of hot air when he pulled away from her.

“You’re not going to rush me this time, Miss Darling,” he said in a low menacing voice as he shoved her forward until she fell back onto a sofa, not too gently.

Her dazed black eyes settled on his figure as he slowly approached, like a golden lion about to pounce her. His hands expertly worked on his jeans and orange turtleneck, and his hungry blue eyes shone with red-hot desire. She clearly remembered wearing no

panties, so she spread her legs apart and worked on the buttons of her tight silk shirt, wanting no barriers between them. Wanting to be completely naked and completely his.

He loomed before her when he reached her, paused less than a foot away. “I’ve been starving for you.” He slipped a hand beneath her skirt and touched her there, in her wet, slick womanhood. His eyes shimmered in the dark, chords straining against his neck as his finger slowly slid inside her. “I can think of nothing else but tasting this sweet, tight, delicious pussy.”

His palms cupped her inner thighs as he forcefully spread them wider apart, making her whimper in submission. She cried out in pleasure when he bent his head and nuzzled her curls with his face, grazing them with his nose. Then his tongue delved to taste her sex and she threw her head back and moaned. She sunk her fingers into his hair, urged him closer as her hips arched in a silent, desperate plea for more of his hungry lips.

“Yes, please, more,” she breathed as he licked the glistening folds of her sex and tortured her with his tongue. She was considered an aggressive woman when it came to business, but now she was just a woman, and she was at his mercy, where all she could do was whimper in pleasure, and plead for more. “Ohhh, yes, please, *eat me*, oh . . . Alex, please *eat me*, eat me *now* . . .”

He obliged her, feeling starved for her, pillaging her insides with his tongue until she could speak no more, could barely even breathe.

He rose to his feet, bent down to give her one wet, sloppy kiss on the mouth. Then he grabbed fistfuls of her hair and forced her around, folded her body over the back of the sofa so that her arms draped over the back of it and her round behind was exposed to his invasion.

“What a beautiful ass,” he whispered as he guided his cock down the crevice between her buttocks and slowly rubbed it up and down between the mounds. She heard him groan when the tip of his cock found the entrance of her ass and slowly pressed inside. His thrusts weren’t lazy or meant to please her. They were meant to let her know he was in charge, meant to let her know he was a man she should not fool around with. And she welcomed the brutal way he took her, the way his hands cupped her breasts from behind, squeezed them in need, in possession. She welcomed his teeth as they gnawed at the tender flesh of her neck, welcomed the thick length of his cock thrusting inside her

ass, the pain mixing with the pleasure into a delicious, heady feeling that drove her mad. He made her beg for more. He made her whimper and cry out and beg him to please, please fuck her, fuck her now, fuck her hard. His fingers dove into her pussy while he kept on pounding in her ass until she came in a hot, blinding eruption and he followed.

He spent the night at her apartment, and the night after, and the one after that.

He made her loose all reason, all self-control, and all practicality, until Sabrina wanted nothing else, cherished nothing else, and knew nothing else, except Alex Fontana.

But this was not love, Sabrina would think to herself over and over again.

No, this was not love.

It couldn't be.

* * *

“Yes, Mr. Davenport, but I’ve got a higher bid and if you don’t come back with a better offer then I can’t do anything for you . . . Yes, I am well aware of that . . . Seven hundred million, is that the best you can do? This company will make you the leader in security software, the stock price is already at your initial bid price, and I need a better offer if we want the investors to agree to the sale . . . I’m not sure, but I’ll see what I can manage . . . please pardon me a moment . . .”

She stared at the four women across her office desk, and then arched her brow at her assistant, who stood behind them with a helpless look. “Didn’t I say no interruptions?” she asked dryly.

“Miss Darling, I’m sorry, they insisted in seeing you.”

She shook her head but said, “Fine, leave them, I’ll be with them in a moment,” before she turned back to the phone. “Mr. Davenport, I’m sorry, but I’ve got to see some people, and they might be interested in making an offer. Eight hundred million, okay I’ll do what I can for you. I’ll call you if I have any news. Have a good day.”

She slammed the receiver and stared up at them, blinking. “May I help you?”

“Yes, sweetie, you may,” Patty said, taking a chair across her desk with a flair. Jane took the other, and Melissa and Natalie stood behind them. The four of them stared at her in silence.

“It’s about Alex,” Jane began. “He’s been out of sorts and frankly, we’re a little worried about him.”

Sabrina could feel the blood drain from her face but she did her best to act casual. “What does this have to do with me?” she asked, kicking something beneath her office desk.

“Everything,” Patty said dryly.

“We’ve tried to reach him but no one’s been able to talk to him since that night at Patty and Nat’s apartment, and it’s been over two weeks. Have you seen him, Sabrina?” Melissa asked softly.

“Yes,” she said, not wanting to elaborate.

“You see, we think he’s fallen for you,” Melissa explained.

Sabrina whimpered and then cleared her throat. “I don’t think so,” she couldn’t help saying. “Men like Alex want only one thing from a woman, and that’s – ouch!”

She frowned at her lap, then turned to them again, a frozen smile in place.

“We just don’t want him to get hurt,” Natalie said with a fierce nod.

Sabrina pursed her lips. “I would never deliberately hurt him,” she assured them. Then, after a long silence, she added, “I care about him, too.”

“You’d better,” Patty said as she rose. “Because he’s a sweetheart and I couldn’t stand and watch him be trampled on.”

“I see.” She stared down at her lap for a moment, drops of sweat glistening in her brow, then turned to them with a plastic smile. “Well thank you all for coming, if I see him, I’ll be sure to let him know you’re looking for him.”

Jane shook her head. “Please don’t tell him that we came,” she said. “I don’t think he’d appreciate it. But we *do* want to make sure he’s all right.”

“I’m sure he’s fine, he’s a big boy,” Sabrina said with a sure smile.

They left quietly, and for a few endless second Sabrina watched them retreat until they closed the office door behind them. Sabrina pushed back her swivel chair, arranged her skirt, and glowered down at the object of their worry.

“Your friends must hate me,” she snapped. “I couldn’t even talk to them while you . . . with you . . . down there . . .”

Alex grinned as he rose, then swiftly swooped his lips down on hers for a short but heady kiss. “Now that you know I’ve got four mean mommy’s who’ll spank you if you don’t give me what I want,” he threatened. “You must submit to my wishes or else.” He slid his hand between her legs, a wide, pleased grin on his face.

“I’m not afraid of them,” she said saucily, but her eyes darkened when he slipped one finger inside her. “Alex, you should leave. I could get fired for this.”

“I’m almost done, baby,” he whispered against her face, his eyes hot. “I heard you,” he taunted cockily. “You said you cared about me.”

“I just wanted them to leave,” she lied.

“Really? So you could come in my face?” His hand cupped her breast possessively and slowly his thumb tortured her nipple through the fabric of her silk cream blouse.

“Maybe,” she breathed.

“I think you’re falling in love with me, Sabrina,” he said, clearly pleased with himself.

She could barely speak as his finger slipped in and out of her sex. “Whatever gave you that idea?”

“You’re falling hard for me,” he continued, his fingers merciless in her cunt.

She stared at him. “And if I am? Is that a problem?” she retorted, squaring her chin in fake bravado.

“Nope. Not at all. In fact, it’s quite convenient for me,” he conceded as he lowered his face, brushed his lips to hers. “Because now I have an excuse to sleep over at your house every night . . . and now I’ve got an excuse to blow you any time I want, fuck anywhere I want . . . “

“Yes, please,” she gasped as his fingers continued their assault.

“Say it, baby,” he whispered. “I know you want to. You know I feel the same.”

“No,” she said, but her body said otherwise, and she melted back against the high-backed swivel chair.

“I’m not going to let you come until you say it,” he tortured, retrieving his fingers. She groaned in protest, then looked into his deep blue eyes.

“I do, I *think* I do . . . I love you,” she whispered.

He smiled in satisfaction, slipped his finger inside her pussy again. “That’s better.”

“I don’t even know why, or how it happened, but I do, Alex . . .”

“Shhh, just show me how much you love me, baby, come for me, come for me now.”

And she did, she came for him, and he drowned her cry with a long, ardent kiss that promised her everything, everything that was in his power to give, and more.

THE END