

Dark Eden Press Presents



Something Blue



B.J. McCall

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Chapter One

Cassie Grace checked her wristwatch again and continued pacing the room. Late for a necessary refitting, the maid-of-honor wasn't answering her phone. Nor, for that matter, was the bride. With only a few hours left until the wedding march began, Cassie had let out the bodice seams, but she needed the body.

She dialed Amy, the maid-of-honor's, room. *Pick up, pick up!*

The moment the hotel's automatic message center began Cassie disconnected. She'd already left two messages.

The bride's frantic call two days ago concerning an emergency appendectomy for one of the bridesmaids had forced Cassie to reschedule appointments and spend an entire day altering a dress to fit an eleventh hour replacement.

Then Amy had arrived and given Cassie another set back.

The model had made a grand entrance at last night's rehearsal dinner and wowed the bridal party with her recently enhanced bosom. While everyone had admired the major development, Cassie had scrambled to move her Saturday appointments into next week. The model's brand new double D's hadn't a snowball's chance in hell of fitting into the bodice of her gown.

Cassie dialed Amy's room again with no result. She should have insisted on a fitting last night before the entire wedding party went out on the town.

She called the bride's room. Finally, Heather answered the phone.

"Amy didn't show for her fitting."

"What time is it?"

"Ten."

"Ten! I need coffee."

"I need a maid-of-honor. Amy's not answering her phone."

"She sleeps like a log. Bang on her door."

Cassie rubbed her forehead to ward away the pain signaling a stress generated headache. "I did. She's not answering that either."

"Uhh. Oh yeah. Try Jason's room."

"Jason. The best man?"

“Yeah. Tall. Dark hair. Blue eyes.”

The moment Cassie had laid eyes on the best man she'd understood the breathy exchange she'd overheard between the bridesmaids. The Seattle architect was tall, lean, movie star handsome with broad shoulders, a Southern California tan and a smile that promised passion.

“What's his room number?”

“The guys are in the north wing of the fourteenth floor. Bang on doors at the end of the corridor, you'll find him.”

Last night Cassie had hoped for an introduction, but an urgent call from another bride-to-be had demanded her attention. She'd finally get to meet Jason only to roust him out of bed with the maid-of-honor. “Thanks.”

Cassie hung up the phone, shouldered her large leather bag and rushed to the elevator. Standing before the groom's suite she chose a door and knocked. A blond man dressed in a pair of knit boxers opened the door. He peered at her between his fingers.

One of the ushers she'd met last night was blond. “Which room is Jason's?”

He pointed to a door across the hall.

Cassie knocked on Jason's door. When no one responded she fisted her hand and pounded until it hurt. At wit's end she spotted a maid's cart at the far end of the hall.

Fabricating a story about leaving her key she convinced the maid to open the best man's door. Once inside Cassie tiptoed to the bed.

“Jason.”

Naked and lying face down on a blanket the best man was stretched out on the floor. Sprawled on her back with her double D's at attention and snoring Amy slept in the bed.

Cassie's gaze slid along Jason's naked length. Fit to the point of zero fat his wide shoulders tapered to narrow hips and a tight tush several shades lighter than his back and legs.

Remembering her mission Cassie stepped over the best man and nudged Amy's shoulder. The maid-of-honor snorted and resumed snoring. Cassie poked her again.

“Amy!”

In one shocking move, the best man awoke and jumped to his feet. Fierce arctic blue eyes confronted her as a CD player flew out of his hand and bounced on the carpet.

Earphones dangled down his heaving chest. Gaze drifting south, Cassie's mouth went dry.

"What the hell?"

Cassie started to apologize, but began to garble her words at the sight of his morning erection. He snatched the blanket off the floor and wrapped it around his waist.

Looking her up and down, he yanked out the earphones, "Do I know you?"

She blinked, forcing the image of his impressive erection out of her mind and met his penetrating gaze. "Uhhhh no."

Muscles bunched as he lifted his arm and shoved his fingers through his dark hair.

"Did Heather put you up to this?"

Cassie shook her head. "Amy's late for her fitting."

"Her fitting? You could have knocked."

"I did. I'm sorry to wake you but I have to get those," Cassie pointed at Amy's breasts. "Into a dress designed for a C cup."

The best man glanced at the sleeping maid-of-honor then he gave her a movie star smile. His teeth were perfect. Either he was blessed or his parents had bought his orthodontist a yacht.

"You're Cassie, the designer?"

"Yes. I apologize for disturbing you, but Amy wasn't in her room and..."

The blanket slid down one hip as he bent and scooped the portable CD player off the floor. "And?"

"And I've been waiting for her since nine." Lifting her gaze Cassie caught the slow curl of his lips.

He placed the CD player on the bedside table and hitched up the blanket. "I'm Jason. Jason Land."

"Jason, I need your help. I've only a few hours and I've got to alter her gown."

He glanced at the maid-of-honor. "She's dead to the world."

Things weren't looking good. The young woman hadn't moved a muscle.

"I could try to measure her as she is."

"This I gotta see." He made a circle with his index finger. "Turn around."

Cassie spun on her heel. The blanket landed on the bed. Turning her head, she started to peek.

“Order coffee for three while I shower.”

She snapped her head forward and the bathroom door slammed shut. Taking that as her cue to turn around, Cassie hooked her bag over the back of a chair and called room service. After giving Amy another couple of pokes she gave up and covered the model with the blanket. The woman moaned and rolled into the fetal position.

A few minutes later Jason walked out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. He'd combed his hair but hadn't shaved; still he managed to look sexy as sin.

Cassie caught the clean scent of man as Jason crossed the room and opened the closet. Her gaze was dancing over the muscled vee of his back when he made a circle with his index finger.

“I can wait outside,” Cassie said as she turned away.

Clothes rustled. “No need.”

Dressed in a pair of button-fly jeans and a black t-shirt Jason perched on the edge of the bed next to Amy.

“Get a wet washcloth.”

Wondering how much experience he had with gorgeous, dead-to-the-world women in his bed, Cassie did as he asked.

Jason touched the wet cloth to Amy's forehead and cheeks.

“Wake up. It's Heather's wedding day.”

Amy moved her head then moaned. “Tired, Jas.”

“She's exhausted.”

Given the size of his erection Cassie would love to feel that kind of exhaustion. “Am I supposed to be impressed?”

Jason's blue gaze locked with hers and his lips curved into a sexy grin. She imagined his mouth on her breast, sliding down her belly to her...Ohhh my.

As if he were reading her mind, his eyes narrowed.

Okay the guy was gorgeous but fantasizing about him while the maid-of-honor was barely conscious wasn't playing by the rules. Damn rules.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence but I was referring to her modeling schedule. She was on a swimsuit shoot on the French Riviera. That’s why she barely made the dinner last night.”

He tickled Amy’s bare foot.

Amy kicked his hand, mumbled an obscenity and drifted off.

“She hates being tickled. And on any other day doing that would earn me a solid punch. Sorry, she’s in no condition to put on a dress.”

At the knock on the door Jason rose. The hotel employee glanced at the sleeping woman as he placed a tray with a coffee pot and cups onto the small table. The man thanked Jason for a generous tip and left.

“Join me.” Jason pulled out a chair and poured Cassie a cup of coffee. “We’ll let her sleep awhile before I try to get a little coffee down her.”

She added cream and asked Jason how long he’d known Art and Heather.

“All of us, the whole group in the wedding, met at college” He sipped his coffee. “Art was my roommate during our freshman year. He met Heather during the first semester. The night of their first date he told me she was the one. They’ve been together ever since. They’re the glue that holds the group together.”

“They do seem well matched.”

“They are.”

“Are you and Amy—I’m sorry that’s none of my business.”

“We’re friends, we’re not—we were back in college. She went to New York and I went to Seattle.” He glanced at the maid-of-honor. “I know how it looks, but she passed out and my room was closer.”

Another fantasy featuring Jason played in her head as he poured each of them another cup of coffee.

“Do you live in San Francisco?”

Cassie nodded. She told him about the industrial space she’d converted into a design studio and an apartment. He told her about his job. Cassie was pleased he too had an intense commitment his career, and like her he worked long hours to ensure success.

“Sometimes I envy my friends who have eight-to-five jobs, but I love having my own business.”

“Are wedding gowns your specialty?”

“My passion. I love meeting the bride and designing a gown just for her, but I also have a walk-in studio. Every bride deserves a beautiful gown but not everyone can afford a one of a kind.”

“How long have you been in business?”

“About five years. I started it while I was in design school.”

“How many gowns have you designed? Anyone famous?”

“Not yet.” Cassie set down her empty cup. “You’re really not that interested in wedding gowns, are you?”

“No, but I know how I feel when I design a building.”

“It feels good.”

Amy groaned and tried to set up. The blanket slid down to her hips as she leaned on one elbow. She blinked several times. “Jas, I gotta pee.”

Jumping to his feet, Jason helped the naked maid-of-honor to her feet and walked her toward the bathroom. Amy looked at Cassie and smiled. “She’s pretty. Did we have a threesome?”

“No.” Jason cheeks pinked. “That’s Cassie. She has to find a way to get your new rack in your bridesmaid dress.”

Amy giggled. “Oh yeah. I got new boobs.”

“How about a shower?”

“Okay, but I gotta pee.”

Now it was Cassie’s turn to giggle. Jason glared at her. “How about a little help?”

Setting down her coffee cup, Cassie rose and gave him her sweetest smile. “I thought you were doing fine.”

“Well, I’m not.” Jason settled Amy onto the toilet. “Cassie’s going to help you.”

“Right.”

While Cassie held Amy steady Jason removed his shirt and turned on the shower. Although lean Jason’s back and arms were strong, he lifted Amy as if she weighted nothing.

Beneath the spray Amy sputtered and swore.

After a few minutes Jason turned off the water. “Grab a towel.”

He held Amy upright while Cassie wrapped her torso in a soft towel. Water dripped from her long blonde hair. Cassie grabbed another towel and covered her head.

Jason carried Amy out of the bathroom and planted her onto her feet. “You need to measure her boobs, right?”

“I got new boobs,” Amy said. “Jas likes my new boobs. Do you like them, Cassie?”

Jason rolled his eyes.

Cassie dug her tape measure out of her leather bag. “I like them so much I’d like to measure them.”

Amy lifted her arms.

“Is she always so easy going?”

“She let her hair down last night, but don’t be fooled. When she’s working she’s all business. I’ll keep her steady.”

Cassie measured while Jason looked over Amy’s shoulder. His eyebrow shot up when he saw the number where the tape met.

Amy rocked on her heels. “My head hurts.”

“As soon as Cassie’s done, you’re going to drink a pot of coffee.”

“Give her water,” Cassie said. “Between the transatlantic flight and the liquor, she’s dehydrated.”

Cassie made the necessary measurements. “I’ll work on her dress. As soon as she’s mobile send her to my room.”

“You’re staying in the hotel.”

“After the last minute replacement for Karin and an accidental tear in the bridal veil, Heather’s mother rented a room for me on the eighteenth floor. Saves time and cab fare.”

She gave him the room number and paused at the door to wave goodbye to Amy. The maid-of-honor waved back and said to Jason. “I like her.”

“So do I,” Jason replied before the door closed.

A delicious fantasy starring the best man played in Cassie’s head as she rode the elevator to her floor.

Chapter Two

Seizing the opportunity to spend time with the long-legged designer, Jason escorted Amy to Cassie's room and knocked on the door.

The sexy brunette in the black skirt and white blouse had caught his eye the previous evening then Amy had arrived and wowed the group with her new boobs. Unfortunately, Cassie had left before Jason was able to wrangle an introduction.

Being surprised in the all together with a morning erection wasn't exactly what he'd the best first impression. When he told Amy about it, she'd laughed so hard she'd snorted coffee up her nose. Once she'd stopped giggling they'd checked out the Cassie Grace website on his laptop.

"I thought I'd assist," he said when Cassie opened the door. Although Amy was the quintessential swimsuit model Cassie's classic look of white sweater, pearls and gray skirt intrigued him.

"Right on time."

The designer's gaze met his briefly. Her big brown eyes and dark hair accentuated her creamy skin. She turned her attention to Amy.

"How are you feeling?"

"I've been better." Amy walked into the center of the room and removed the white, hotel robe she'd snagged from his bathroom. "Let's get this done."

Cassie assisted Amy into a dark blue dress and zipped up the back. While Amy stood as still as a mannequin the designer tucked and pinned.

After Amy completed a slow turn, Jason watched as Cassie made another adjustment. She assisted Amy out of the dress and laid it across the bed.

"I'll bring the gown to your room as soon as I'm done."

Jason held out the robe for Amy. The model tied the sash and winked at him before leaving. When Amy had suggested they approach Cassie about a threesome Jason had refused. Although he'd had many memorable weekends during his college days with Amy and her friends, his wild days were over. He wanted more than a few hours of fun and games. Immersed in his career and working toward the goal of owning his own firm, Jason thought more about the future and no longer lived for the moment.

Cassie intrigued him. She'd given him a glimpse into her world and he wanted to know more about her than how she looked naked. Then the designer bent down to check the hem of Amy's dress. The gray skirt she wore rode up exposing several inches of thigh and outlined -- the sweet curve of her backside. Right now he'd love nothing more than to see her naked. An image of Cassie with her head thrown back while he drove into her filled his imagination.

The sharp, delicious bite of sexual desire slid through him.

She straightened and turned toward him. When their gazes locked Jason felt a familiar heat deep in his groin. Her lips parted and he caught her soft gasp as the undeniable moment of attraction passed between them. Seizing the moment he reached out and cupped her face in his hands. With slow deliberation, giving her time to refuse, he lowered his mouth to hers.

Her lips were impossibly soft and pliant. She accepted the gentle probe of his tongue and moved closer as he slid his hand down her back.

The crush of her breasts against his chest sent a message straight to his cock. It answered with a quick jerk. Pressed together the exchange of heat between them sent his heart rate sky high. His blood pounded in his ears.

Holding her tight against him he deepened the kiss.

She pulled her mouth free. "Jason."

The tone of her voice told him the kissing was done, but the fire in his body had just started to burn. He buried his face in the crook of her neck, felt her throbbing pulse beneath his lips.

"You're due at the church in less than two hours."

Had he imagined what just happened?

"I have a gown to finish."

He lifted his head and released her. "Did I make a mistake here? Have I read this all wrong?"

"You haven't, but I have work to do and so do you."

His cell phone vibrated in his pocket. Cassie was right. Time was short and Art had expected him an hour ago. "I'll see you at the reception?"

Cassie walked him to the door. "I'll be there."

He placed the pad of his finger beneath her chin. "One kiss?"

A sweet smile curved her lush lips. "One."

Jason touched his lips to hers and gave her a gentle reminder of the fire they'd just shared. At least he hoped he'd reminded her.

"Save me a dance at the reception?"

Again their gazes locked, held, heated. "My pleasure."

* * * * *

The alterations completed Cassie delivered the gown to Amy. Curious about Jason she had a few questions to ask the maid-of-honor.

Dressed in nothing but a silk robe and heels, Amy invited Cassie into her room. Almost sheer the delicate, cream-colored garment clung to the model's generous curves. The braided cord along the lapel and sleeves and the single pearl clasp at the waist drew Cassie's eye.

Hair styled and makeup applied, the stunning maid of honor performed a perfect runway turn. "Do you like it?"

"It's exquisite. I love Anaica's work."

"You know your designers. She gave this to me after her last show. Underwear creases my skin. I live in Anaica's robes."

The model swept into the bedroom. Cassie followed.

Amy removed the robe and tossed it onto the king-size bed and waited for Cassie to dress her. Cassie often fitted women in a various states of nudity, but never a model with a centerfold body.

After zipping Amy into the gown, Cassie stepped back and allowed Amy to view herself in a full-length mirror. Seeing her creation on a professional model sent a shot of pride straight to Cassie's heart.

"Most bridesmaids' dresses are horrific, but this is elegant."

Cassie's grinned from ear-to-ear. "Thanks."

The model turned around and Cassie unzipped the gown.

"You're very talented. Heather's gown is stunning. You should be in New York."

New York. Joy burned in Cassie's middle as she hung the gown in the closet. Referrals from Amy would give her name identification. "I'm flattered. New York is every designer's dream."

Amy slipped on the robe. "Join me for coffee. Room service delivered right before you arrived."

The model glided back into the sitting room and Cassie joined her on the white sofa. Unlike Jason's, Amy's room was spacious.

"What's keeping you in San Francisco?" Amy poured two cups. "A lover? A husband?"

"I'm single." Cassie sipped her coffee. "New York is a big step."

"I'll be in New York for the next two weeks. Visit me, I'll introduce you to all the right people."

Butterflies took wing in Cassie's stomach but why would Amy want to help her career? "That's a generous offer."

"Hooking up with me could change your life."

Cassie set her cup on the coffee table. "I don't know what to say."

"We'll talk later. Meet me here after the happy couple leaves for the airport."

Cassie glanced at her watch. "I'd better get going."

"Jason likes you."

"He's a very attractive man."

"He's a hunk." The model reached out and slid her fingertips along Cassie's cheek. Amy's voice softened to a husky murmur. "I like you too."

Cassie recalled the model's remark about a threesome, but Jason had told her he and Amy weren't involved.

"You have a natural fire. Men like Jason they sense it, want it." Amy slid a fingertip along Cassie's jaw. "He and I have similar tastes."

Whoa! "Uhhh." Cassie swallowed. "I'm flattered but I really like men."

Amy sighed. "Jason said you were into guys."

"The two of you discussed me?"

"You appeal to both of us." Amy's gaze slid over her. "I can help you. I have connections. The right people would see your work."

“New York would tempt any designer but—“

Disappointed flicked across the model’s face. “You want Jason?”

Despite Amy’s offer the answer came easy. She wanted Jason, a deep and aching want unlike any she’d felt before. “Yes.”

“Then go for it.”

Chapter Three

Jason scanned the ballroom until his gaze fell upon Cassie. She wore her hair up in a sleek twist and the elegant off-the-shoulder red dress displayed her glorious curves. Black heels accentuated her long legs and a tiny beaded black bag hung from one bare shoulder. Surrounded by a bevy of matronly females the designer stood out like an exotic bird amid a flock of sparrows.

Winding his way around the dance floor Jason approached her from behind. Just as he reached Cassie the group broke up and the band slid into a slow romantic number.

“I think this is my dance.”

Diamonds sparkled on her ears and throat as she turned and smiled at him. He swept her into his arms and held her close. The delicate scent of jasmine clung to her skin and vee of her dress revealed an enticing hint of cleavage.

“Diamonds and velvet. I liked the pearls and cashmere, too.”

“I’m flattered you noticed.”

He noticed everything about her. The upswept hairstyle and her conservative style of clothes said she was all business, but the fire in her eyes and the kiss they’d briefly shared denied that proper exterior. Jason longed to pull the pins out of her hair, strip off her dress and test the heat.

“Red is a great color for you.”

“It’s burgundy.”

Was her underwear as conventional as her style of dress? “Burgundy is a great color for you.”

“Thank you.”

Her breasts brushed against his chest as they danced. “If I told you how beautiful you look would you think I’m trying to seduce you?”

“Yes.”

“Good, because you’re are and I am.”

“No small talk before I’m ravished?”

She had a smile that would light a thousand candles. “Ravish. I like that word.”

As they danced he maneuvered her closer to a side door of the hotel ballroom. He'd planned a romantic walk along the terrace, a hot kiss to drive away the cold and champagne in his new room. The last minute upgrade to a honeymoon suite had cost him a fortune but the images of a naked hung-over Amy were too fresh to entertain Cassie in his old room. The fireplace also added a romantic touch. If all went well he'd share breakfast with the sexy designer.

The song ended. "It's stuffy in here. How about a walk on the terrace?"

"Isn't it a little cold?"

"Cold and clear but the sky is filled with stars."

"You've checked out the sky?"

He opened the door. "I took a quick walk right after the newlyweds cut the cake."

During one of his earlier searches for Cassie he'd stumbled onto the long narrow terrace and except for a couple of smokers no one had braved the crisp night air. Large tree planters dotted the terrace and offered a choice of private places. Before he took her upstairs, he wanted confirmation of both their intentions. Jason knew what he wanted, hours of fucking in every position possible, but what did she want?

If she wanted romance, he'd provide it. If she wanted kissing, get-to-know you small talk and maybe we'll get together on your next trip to San Francisco he'd end up sleeping alone. But he'd come back to San Francisco.

He removed his jacket and placed it over Cassie's shoulders. They strolled along the empty terrace well beyond the light spilling from the ballroom. At the far end he guided her between two large planters.

A quarter moon provided just enough light. Standing beside her he wrapped an arm around her trim waist. She looked up at sky awash with stars.

"It's beautiful."

"You're beautiful." He drew her close and brushed his lips to hers. "I like you Cassie."

"So Amy said."

Her face was shadowed and he couldn't read her expression but her voice had changed. This wasn't good.

“Are you and Amy playing me? An intimate threesome then off to New York for more fun and games.”

“This has nothing to do with Amy.”

“So the two of you aren’t trying to seduce me?”

“Not together.”

“She offered to introduce me to the right people.”

Splaying his fingers along base of Cassie’s neck he stroked the line of her jaw with his thumbs. “I don’t know a soul in the world of design. I don’t have the connections Amy has. I only have myself to offer.”

A shiver slid through her body. “You’re freezing. I guess a moonlight stroll wasn’t the best idea I’ve ever had.”

“I’m not cold.”

“I like you, Cassie.” His heart thumped so hard in his chest he wondered at the reaction she wrought. He couldn’t recall having such intense desire. “I like you a lot.”

Aching to feel her softness he slid his hand beneath the lapel of his jacket and ran his fingertips along the gentle slope of her shoulder.

“You don’t know anything about me.”

Not entirely true but he wasn’t about to admit he’d been quizzing Heather at every opportunity and researching Cassie on the internet. “Isn’t the mystery part of the fun?”

Leaning closer, he kissed her. Her lips parted beneath his, soft and yielding then hot and demanding. She fisted his shirt and drew him tight. A flood of heat washed through him and his blood thundered in his ears.

The fire he’d banked earlier in the day burst into flames.

Sliding his tongue between her soft lips, he deepened the kiss. His whole body burned.

Gathering her to him, he slipped an arm around her waist and held her tight. Emitting a soft moan she suckled his tongue and pushed his heart rate sky high. He cupped her breast through the soft velvet of her dress. She arched her back granting permission. Beneath his palm her heart pounded as wildly as his own.

When she pressed her groin to his, cradling his straining cock tight to her heat Jason got the message. They’d sparked a fire so hot the cold only kept the intense heat in check.

The desire to strip off her clothes, suckle her breasts and fuck her till dawn rolled through him hard and fast. He needed to feel her heat, taste her sweetest. Slowly he unzipped her dress and half expected her to stop him before he reached the base of her spine. Instead she pushed his jacket off her shoulders. It dropped to the tiled floor but Jason didn't give it a second thought.

In the moonlight her breasts were pale globes tipped with dark inviting points. Lifting her toward him he fastened his lips on her soft flesh and circled the taut nipple with his tongue. He suckled deep until she moaned sweet and throaty and his cock stretched to the point of delicious pain.

Heart pumping fast, hot blood roared in his ears and swelled his cock. He wanted her to burn, to feel the same delicious fire, and sear his flesh inside her heat.

Releasing her breast he grasped a handful of velvet and pulled the material up her thighs. Fire licked his balls as he touched bare flesh. His finger caught in the loop of a bow and he traced the narrow cord to a triangle of silk so delicate he felt her heat, her dampness through the thin material. His fingertip slid over a patch of beads shaped like a tiny heart resting over her clit.

Back-and-forth he stroked the beads, caressing her hot sex until sweet friction burned his cold fingers. With each sweet stroke her breathing hitched and her fingernails dug deeper into his arms. She shuddered and heat poured from her sex. Lord, he wanted to fuck her.

Burying his face in the crook of her neck he inhaled her scent and the cold night air. His lungs burned.

"Let's go upstairs."

When he started to remove his hand from between her legs, she grasped his cock through the material of his pants.

"Let's stay."

Her fingers curled around his cock letting him know she wanted him here and now. Christ! He'd died and gone to heaven. Holding him tight her fingers slid along his length. She cupped his balls.

I gotta be dreaming.

His collar felt tight, his clothes confining.

Slipping his hand beneath the thin material of her thong panties he sought the soft folds of her pussy. Gently pumping his hand, he probed her heat. She clamped down on his finger and moaned as he withdrew and pushed deeper, faster into her hot welcoming flesh.

She moaned again and pressed a thigh high against his hip. He eased another finger inside her and pushed deep. With each thrust she got wetter and his cock harder. Pumping fast and furious, he pummeled her slick flesh. An anguished gasp tore from her throat and her quivering pussy grabbed at his finger.

A sharp sweet throb pulsed his balls. Jason took in a deep breath of cold air and withdrew his hand. He ached to be inside her but the elevator trip to his room seemed insurmountable as Everest.

The sound of his zipper came as a shock but the touch of her hand to his flesh had him breathless.

The caress became a grasping tug and all thoughts of going upstairs vanished. Balls humming, his cock strained. "I'm gonna lose it. I don't have a condom."

She opened her tiny purse. The tear of foil caught his attention but the feel of latex being rolled onto his cock had him reeling. She'd come prepared. He wondered who had done the seducing. Did it matter?

He lifted Cassie onto the waist-high terrace wall. "Hold onto me."

She anchored one arm around his neck and a leg around his waist. Securing her with one arm he fumbled with the delicate material of her thong, found the bow on her hip, and pulled. It gave.

Fisting his cock, he aimed for her hot wet center. He plunged into her delicious heat and shuddered as she welcomed him into her softness. She tightened around him and her sweet gasps greeted each thrust.

The sheer eroticism of fucking her while the reception proceeded just yards away added to the intensity. He quickened his strokes, thrusting hard, going deep. Faster and faster he drove into her wetness. Nothing else existed but this woman. Nothing mattered except this raw, unbridled moment.

Slick and wet she held her own, taking his cock, fucking him, feeding the fire. Her fingers dug into his back, her thighs held him fast and her pussy clenched him so tight the

climax he'd held in check burst from his balls. He whispered her name as his release consumed him.

Jason wanted nothing more than to hold her and catch his breath, but as soon his body began to cool reason returned and distant voices reminded him of where they were.

"We've got company," he managed between gulps of cold air.

Instead of pushing him away, she grabbed his shirtfront, pulled him close and kissed him. She'd seduced him, given him an amazing private fuck in a public place, and refused to let him go. He couldn't wait to get her upstairs.

Cigar smoke drifted toward them. He lifted her off the wall and broke the kiss.

"They're not going away. Turn around."

He zipped up her dress and picked up his jacket from the terrace floor. Using his handkerchief from the pocket he'd disposed of the used condom and zipped up his pants while Cassie had made her own adjustments.

Zipped and presentable once again, he gave her a quick, lush kiss. Just the thought of being inside her again revved his engine. One of the smokers, a frat brother, checked out Cassie as they approached and gave Jason a silent approving nod of the head as they passed.

* * * * *

Several guests called out to Jason as they hurried through the ballroom. Holding her hand tight he acknowledged them but kept moving toward the open double doors. Finally, they escaped and made a waiting elevator.

Alone once again Jason locked her hands in his and pushed her against the wall. The weight of his muscled body and the strength in his hands left her powerless to move. Cassie melted the moment his lips touched hers.

Tie me up and kiss me all over.

The thought rocked her. Never had she desired restraints but then she'd never had sex on a hotel terrace either. Jason had tapped into her dark side and the image of herself, naked and restrained, completely at his mercy while he went down on her left her as breathless as his lusty kiss.

The elevator bell brought them apart. He released her hands as the doors slid open. Wrapping an arm around her waist he propelled her down the hallway.

He glanced over his shoulder. "If anyone spots us, run."

"Who is anyone?"

"Heather's parents and Art's mother are on this floor. I love the folks but right now I'd rather we were alone."

They made it to his room without incident. Floor-to-ceiling windows offered a spectacular view of the city lights. Electric candles decorated the mantle and firelight danced over the walls and ceiling. The room was as seducing as the man pulling her into his arms.

"Nice room."

He brushed his lips to hers. "What were you thinking about on the elevator?"

"I was kissing you."

A smile curved his lips. "You gasped, and then you moaned. Your heart was racing. Tell me."

"You want to know my fantasies?"

"I want to know every one of them, in detail."

He guided her to a comfortable leather sofa facing the fireplace with a matching love seat to its right. Warmed by the fire, the leather felt good against her cold skin.

The coffee table was set off to one side leaving an open space before the fireplace. On a table was a bottle of champagne in a silver bucket with two glasses. Beside the bucket was a metal box. A plush white faux fur rug was spread before the fire.

He'd set the stage for seduction. She must have thrown him a curve on the terrace.

He removed his jacket and lifted the champagne out of the half-melted ice cubes.

"It's still cold." After discarding the foil cap and wire he popped the cork and poured two glasses. "About your fantasies. We'll start with the one you were thinking about on the elevator."

Handing her a glass, he sat on the floor at her feet. "Tell me."

She watched him over the rim of her glass. "Only if you'll tell me one of yours. That is if you've had any fantasies about me."

His gaze never wavered as his fingers encircled her ankle and slid up her calf. "I've had many."

Cassie sipped the champagne. "You first."

“You’re naked before the fire. You’re head is flung back and you’re hair is loose.” His voice was low and husky. Hypnotic. His words measured. “I’m taking you from behind.”

Her heart thundered.

Taking her hand he drew her to the floor beside him. Sliding his fingers through her hair he removed the pins as he spoke. “Your eyes are closed and your lips are parted. The small of your back is beaded with perspiration.”

Oh God!

“I’m deep inside you.” Her hair fell, brushing against her bare shoulders. “You’re slick and tight. So tight and hot I want to come.”

When his mouth covered hers and his tongue slid into her mouth Cassie realized she’d become so caught up in his fantasy her eyes had closed, her lips had parted and her pussy had clenched.

Deepening the kiss he suckled her tongue. His chest heaved but his kiss was slow and easy. Then he whispered, “You’re turn.”

She opened her eyes. He sipped his champagne. Cassie gulped hers. She’d never revealed her fantasies before. Never put them into words or shared them with a friend or a lover.

He leaned close and prompted her. “We were in the elevator.”

Cassie gripped the stem of her glass. “You were holding me. My hands were locked in yours. I couldn’t move or resist. You kissed me, demanded I submit. It made me hot.”

“Visualize your feelings.”

She closed her eyes. “I’m naked. My hands are tied and my legs are spread. My ankles restrained.”

“Go on.”

“You’re going down on me. I can’t move. You’re ruling my senses, bringing me to the edge of climax again and again. I’m at your mercy. I want you to inside me, but you won’t give into my pleas.”

“Describe what I’m doing to you.”

Oh God! Her breath caught in her lungs and she felt hot all the way to her toes.

He leaned toward her and slid the tip of his tongue along the curve of her ear. "Tell me so I'll know how to please you."

"Your tongue is sliding over me, inside me, exploring every fold and curve. I've never felt so wet, never ached so badly. You're squeezing my breasts, teasing my nipples. I'm so hot I hurt. Your lips encircle my clit, sucking gently, then deeply. You bring me to climax with your mouth then you fill me with your fingers and demand I come again."

She swallowed and opened her eyes. "No lover had ever made come that way."

"Cas, you're making me hard."

His tented pants reminded her of how she'd taken control on the terrace. How exhilarated she'd felt when he'd let her express her desires and act on her needs and wants. How powerful she'd felt when she'd held him, stroked him and sheathed his hard length. She wanted that feeling again. "I want you to make me come then I want to suck you dry."

The words tumbled out, fresh and honest. Cheeks pinking she looked at him. Eyes burning with new intensity his gaze dropped to her mouth.

"We've had the same fantasy."

Taking their empty glasses Jason rose to his knees and placed them on the table.

"Enough small talk?"

Cassie nodded. *Ravish me.*

He flipped open the metal box revealing a generous supply of condoms. Cassie's gasped. "We can't possibly use them all."

"We can try."

When she'd awaken this morning all Cassie had wanted to do was alter the maid-of-honor's gown, go home, and climb into bed and sleep. Now she wanted climb onto the sexy best man and fuck his brains out till dawn.

He removed his tie with calculated languor and dangled the black ribbon of material from his long fingers.

"I knew these were good for something."

A hot ache rolled through Cassie and centered between her legs.

Kneeling before her he reached behind her and unzipped her. As her bodice drooped he nuzzled her exposed flesh and licked the hard points of her nipples. The sensation of

his tongue laving her sensitive flesh sent a ripple of fire straight to her core. Wanting him to suckle she arched her back.

Unhurried he complied while slowly peeling her dress down to her waist. He lifted his head and gazed at her breasts.

“You must have been very good in a past life.”

She dropped her gaze to his obvious erection. “Then you must have been a saint.”

He laughed softly and met her gaze. Then his gleaming eyes narrowed. He reminded her of a wolf eyeing his prey. Her pulse leaped.

Capturing her wrists as he’d done in the elevator he lowered her to the rug and covered her body with his. Groin pressed to hers, the hard ridge of his cock dug into her belly. His weight held her down as he drew her arms over her head and around the leg of the coffee table.

Her fantasy became reality as he loosely bound her wrists with his tie.

If she’d wanted to escape all she had to do was lift the coffee table but Cassie was so caught up in the fantasy her heart thundered and her breath came in ragged puffs as the rapid rise and fall of her chest drew her Jason’s attention.

Hot and wet his tongue flicked her already rigid nipples. He nipped and suckled until she ached and a river of heat flowed to her pussy. Between the soft fur rug and his amazing tongue her skin tingled.

The silk lining of her dress slid sensually against her bare skin as he pulled it over her hips and down her thighs. His gaze settled on the sheer triangle of material covering her sex. He reached out and touched the heart of tiny pearls resting on her clit.

“Baby blue. They felt so sheer and delicate I imagined they were black.”

“I make each bride a pair to wear beneath her wedding gown. Every bride’s supposed to have something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.”

“And these are her something blue. Does the heart come with instructions?”

“That’s for the groom to figure out.”

“So that’s why brides are so agitated. You’re an imaginative woman Cassie Grace.”

Her dress removed she wore only the thong and high heels. Grasping an ankle in each hand and his gaze fixed on the tiny heart he slowly spread her legs. The lustful look on his face made her cream.

“Shouldn’t I be on my knees?”

He unfastened the cummerbund of his tux and wrapped it around her ankle.

“Eventually.”

After tying her right ankle to one leg of the love seat he removed his belt and secured the left ankle to the other.

He stood and admired his handiwork. “Now that’s a fantasy.”

She had everything she’d imagined. Almost. “In my fantasy, you’re naked.”

Shirt studs and cuff links went flying as he removed his shirt. He kicked off his shoes. Socks and pants followed. Thick and hard his cock jutted from its nest of dark curls. The broad head beckoning her to suckle, Cassie licked her lips.

“One fantasy at a time, vixen.”

Dropping to his knees he leaned down and blew gently on the sheer material shielding her quivering pussy. He’d barely touched her and she was creamy wet with anticipation.

Please be good. Suck me. Please me. Make me scream.

His fingertips touched her where his breath had caressed. Moaning she lifted her hips and pushed against his fingers. Stretching out between her thighs he settled his lips over the tiny heart and suckled her through the thin material. Her eyes closed as his hands encircled her breasts. Slow and easy he caressed her flesh and gently rolled her nipples between his thumb and fingers. She ached with pleasure so sweet it bordered on pain.

Bucking and moaning she pulled on her restraints as he tugged harder on her swollen nipples and drew deeply on her burning clit. She brought herself to climax with the aid of the beaded heart, but nothing compared with Jason’s agile lips and tongue. Quivering from the heat and the friction her universe centered. Nothing existed except pleasure.

She came in a rush. Thrashing and moaning she begged him to fuck her.

Instead he untied her thong and peeled away the wet material. Then he plunged his hand into the bucket of ice water and palmed her. Cold met heat. It felt so good she nearly screamed.

Again, he plunged his hand in the ice water but this time he stroked his cock.

His gaze on her pussy he used his thumbs and spread her labia. “You’re my pleasure toy, mine to control.”

Breathless, Cassie waited and wondered what he would do.

Leaning down he gave her a lush lick and her fantasy became reality. Wet and warm his tongue slid over her clit and dipped inside her pussy. Mind and body she succumbed to the intense pleasure.

He laved her, teasing, stroking making her tremble. The tip his tongue flicked over her needy bud until she whimpered.

Suck me.

Then he fastened his lips on her aching flesh, drawly deeply.

Had she vocalized her needs? The query dissolved as two long cold fingers slid inside her throbbing folds. The muscles in her legs tightened and heat poured from her skin. Seeking more pleasure she lifted her hips. He filled her, again and again, fucking her slow and easy. Then fast and hard.

A wave radiated from her center and rushed through tissue and bone. Before she'd stopped trembling he untied her ankles and positioned her onto her knees.

Instead of untying her hands he plunged his tongue into her still quivering pussy from behind keeping her dripping wet and readying her for his thick cock. A wild anticipation built as sheathed his erection and pressed the broad tip to her entrance.

Aching for him to fill her, Cassie swayed her hips.

She gasped as he plunged deep. Grabbing a hand full of hair he held her immobile and subservient to his demands while he drove into her again and again. His open palm connected lightly with her ass once, twice making her cream.

Sweat slicked skin slapped as the tempo increased, faster and faster, taking them to the edge. The moment he smacked her ass again she came. Clenching and releasing she milked his cock. A groan tore from his throat and she felt him shudder and still.

He released her hair and her head fell forward onto her arms. After several deep breaths, he withdrew and excused himself to dispose of the condom.

Too exhausted and satisfied to bother untying her wrists Cassie rolled onto her back and relaxed. When Jason stretched out between her legs she smiled.

“My fantasy man.”

“You’re wonderful.” He laid his head on her belly. “I think I’ll keep you.”

Chapter Four

Jason awoke and took a deep, satisfied breath. The scent of woman, sex and jasmine brought a smile to his lips and the feel of soft female skin sliding against his cheek caused a subtle jerk to his cock. He loved waking up with a woman, making slow love in the quiet before the noise and rhythm of the city sucked one into its grind.

He lifted his head and opened his eyes. Light spilled through the vast wall of glass illuminating the hotel room and fell gently upon a pair of lush, creamy breasts tipped with dark rose nipples.

Cassie.

During the night he and Cassie had rolled onto their sides. She'd hooked a shapely thigh around his torso and he'd pillowed his head against her soft breasts. His hand rested between her legs. Even in sleep they clung to the passion fueled by last night's lovemaking.

He touched the tip of his tongue to one nipple and waited for her response. She stretched like a satisfied cat and curled closer to his body without waking. The black tie dangling from her slender wrist evoked sensual images he'd never forget. The heart-stopping memory of entering her for the first time, the ecstasy of restraining her to satisfy her fantasy and fulfilling his own as he took her from behind washed over him and made him hard as stone.

Cassie was soft and round in all the right places, sensual and sexy and blessed with a sense of adventure. She was the kind of woman that kept you hard and coming back for more.

Taking care to awaken her gently he settled his lips over her taut nipple and suckled. With tender strokes he caressed her sex, circling her entrance with the pad of a finger until she moistened. Moaning she snuggled close, pressing her supple breast against his mouth, arching her hips.

Cassie, honey, you feel so damn good.

He would have told her if his mouth wasn't full of lush breast.

"Love the wakeup."

Releasing her nipple, he looked up. Her eyes were half-closed and her smile sexy. She did things to him, heart-pounding things he'd never felt before. He wanted to stay right here, with her for another day, another night.

Tell me you love morning sex.

He nudged her belly with his erection. "Comes with the romance and erotic weekend package."

She rocked her hips against the ridge of his cock. "I'd love a shower and that inside me."

Beautiful, sensual and open to a morning fuck, Cassie had it all.

He stroked her damp center. "In that order?"

"Let's get sweaty first."

Pushing a finger inside her he stroked her flesh until she creamed, hot and ready and his cock strained and his balls ached.

Needing to be inside her delicious heat, he rose to his knees and grabbed the box of condoms off the coffee table.

Slow and sensual she rolled onto her back, stretched and bent her knees. The invitation was beautifully blatant. He tore open a foil packet and sheathed his length while she watched.

She smiled as he climbed between her soft thighs and gasped when he probed her lush entrance.

Instead of closing her eyes she locked gazes with him and wrapped her arms around his neck. His chest settled on the soft cushion of her breasts and his cock sank into her warmth. She clamped around him, tight and hot.

Deep, slow strokes heightened his senses making him aware of every clench, squeeze and flutter. Restraining his desire to take her fast and hard, Jason controlled his pace, letting the intensity and the heat build with each unhurried stroke.

Perspiration beaded across his forehead and dampened his chest and groin, her breasts and belly. Skin slid skin, hot and slick. Legs twined and hands explored.

Every curve and hollow intrigued him. Each whimper and gasp told him he pleased and pleased.

Lord, he wanted to fuck her hard. Balls humming and heart pounding he refused to give in to the sheer physical need to climax. He wanted Cassie to join him and share the ecstasy. All he had to do was hold on. Sucking in a deep breath, Jason reached between their bodies and slid his fingers through her wet curls.

Touching the pad of his finger lightly to her clit he teased the tight bud. Back arching, she gasped and clenched him so tight he lost his slender hold. Too powerful to contain the climax rolled through him.

Her fingernails dug into his shoulder and back as she bucked her hips, squeezing and tugging on his cock until his balls were drained and his muscles trembled. Exhausted he balanced his weight on his elbows and dropped his forehead onto her shoulder.

After sucking in several deep breaths he lifted his head and he searched her beautiful face. A soft satisfied smile greeted him.

“That was intense.”

She ran her fingers through his damp hair. “You’re very good.”

Her compliment touched him. “You inspire me.”

“Does a shower and coffee sound as good to you as it does to me?”

“In that order?”

While Cassie washed her hair, Jason ordered coffee from room service. Time allowed only one quick cup before he caught the airport shuttle. He removed the towel wrapped around his waist and dressed. The coffee arrived and by the time Cassie walked out of the bathroom he’d packed and set his luggage by the door.

Seeing her wrapped in nothing but a towel with her damp hair brushing her shoulders and skin gleaming, Cassie’s natural beauty took his breath away. He’d dated a lot of women, but not one had affected him in quite the same way. He didn’t know how to explain it. He didn’t understand it and wasn’t sure how to handle it.

They lived a few hundred miles apart and he worked seven days a week. Right now his career consumed him and it wasn’t the time for all consuming passion. And with Cassie he knew a few stolen hours would never be enough.

“I’ll pour the coffee while you dress.”

They walked into living room and he poured two cups of coffee while Cassie plucked her dress off the carpet, shook it out and draped it over the back of the sofa.

Jason waited for the towel to drop.

Supple and creamy, her flawless skin gleamed in the morning light. Her back tapered to a slender waist and two dimples graced the base of her spine. A firm rounded backside held his attention as she bent and stepped into her dress.

The vision of a naked Cassie on her knees was locked in his memory and Jason knew come tomorrow morning he'd awaken with a raging hard-on. And he'd be alone. "You look great in velvet."

"Thanks."

She straightened and presented her bare back. He zipped her up then offered her a cup of coffee.

"You're a beautiful woman, Cassie."

Taking the cup out of his left hand she searched his face. "It was an amazing night. Thanks."

"I've got to catch the airport shuttle in fifteen minutes."

"We could grab a cab."

He shook his head. His feelings for Cassie were too intense and the timing sucked. "By boarding time I'd be looking for private corner to lift your skirt and take advantage of the fact you're not wearing panties."

The smile on her face was completely incorrigible as she set her cup aside and ran the tip of her tongue across her lower lip.

"Don't tempt me, Cassie. I've got several hours of work tonight and a presentation tomorrow morning."

All the fire left her eyes. "You're busy, I understand."

The last thing he'd wanted to do was hurt her feelings. He placed his cup next to hers and drew her into his arms and squeezed her tight. "I'm crazy about you."

The truth of those words filled his heart shaking him to the core. He didn't want to leave her. He didn't want to climb into an empty bed tonight and wake up tomorrow alone.

She brushed her fingers through his hair. "Kiss me goodbye."

Her lips were pliant beneath his, her mouth hot and sweet. Just as he began to deepen the kiss, Cassie pulled away.

“Hurry or you’ll miss your flight.”

He gave her another swift but heartfelt kiss. Just outside the door he turned and patted his luggage. “Don’t bother looking for your underwear.”

She rolled her eyes and closed the door.

Cassie took a slow breath. She’d finally experienced a night of passion and multiple orgasms. Never again would she settle for anything less.

She crossed the room in search of her heels. She stepped on something small and sharp. Fearing she’d lost a diamond earring she checked to confirm both were in place. She dropped to her knees, ran her hand through the plush rug and picked up a black stud.

Within minutes she’d palmed several shirt studs and a pair of cufflinks. The memory of Jason tearing off his shirt while she lay naked and tied came in an erotic rush. She hadn’t had many lovers, but the best man had definitely raised the bar.

As Cassie left his room she realized Jason hadn’t asked for her number or made any promises about getting together again. Last night she’d told herself odds were she and Jason were a chance meeting, an erotic passing of two strangers.

She wouldn’t change what had happened but that didn’t make the separation any less painful.

Chapter Five

Satisfied with the rough sketches for a new gown Cassie stood, stretched and walked out of her spacious workshop into her personal living space. It wasn't unusual for her to work well into the evening even on Fridays, but tonight she'd needed to keep her mind occupied. Despite the knowledge that Jason was a one-night wonder, a true fantasy man, she couldn't banish him from her thoughts or her dreams. The thoughts she brushed aside with logic and reason, but the dreams came like erotic fingers stroking, caressing, until she'd awakened aching and on fire.

She poured a glass of white wine and turned on the CD player. The melancholy love song matched her mood. Standing before her living room window she sipped the chardonnay while watching the rain pound the city street below. Traffic moved slower when it rained. Cassie wondered if it was raining in Seattle.

Turning away from the window she walked into the bathroom. After such a busy week she'd treat herself to a bubble bath and another glass of wine. While the tub filled she removed her clothes and laid out a nightgown. The short gown of sheer silk wasn't the most practical nightwear on a winter night but it was part of her Something Blue line of bridal lingerie and wearing it made her feel feminine and sexy. Gathering her hair on top of her head Cassie clipped it in place and stepped into the bath.

Leaning back she closed her eyes. An image of Jason came to mind, making her wonder how long he'd haunt her thoughts and dreams. No matter how much she'd tried to deny it, she'd fallen for him.

The wedding march startled her out of her musings. Given the late hour she doubted the call was business related but stressed out brides had no sense of time. She rose from the tub and grabbed a towel off the rack. She padded into the bedroom and dug the ringing phone out of her purse.

"Cassie Grace Designs."

"Cassie, its Jason."

Her pulse leaped. She said hello.

"I've missed you."

His words grabbed her heart. "I've missed you, too."

"Are you alone? I don't want to interrupt." His voice softened. "We have to talk."

Since she hadn't given him her personal number he'd called her business line.

"You're not interrupting. I'm alone."

He released an audible breath. "I'm glad you're alone."

Cassie felt her smile spread all the way to her toes. "I'm glad you called."

"Yeah. I can't wait to see you."

"When are you coming to San Francisco again?"

"I'm in San Francisco."

Cassie's breath caught and her pulse leaped. "You're in town?"

"Can you unlock the damn gate? I'm drowning out here."

Gate?

Surprised, she ran to the window. A man wearing a dark jacket and baseball cap with a backpack slung over one shoulder stood before her security gate. "I'll buzz you in. Take the door to your left."

Heart pounding she raced across the room and pushed the button to unlock the gate then another to unlock the downstairs door. She slid the deadbolt and opened the door to the stairwell. The cool air rushed over her wet skin.

"Cassie."

Rain dripping from his cap and jacket he closed the door and dropped his bag on the mat. His jeans were soaked below the knee.

"I thought Seattle was wet!"

Removing his cap he looked up at her. His gaze slid over her. "You look so good."

He removed his jacket and hung it on one of the wall hooks lining the entryway. His hair was plastered to his head and a light beard shadowed his jaw but he looked rugged and sexy.

Her heart slipped a beat. "So do you."

His gaze slid over her. "Did I tell you how good you look?"

"You did, but come upstairs and tell me again. You must be cold."

He picked up his backpack then shook his head and dropped it.

"No. Not until I've said what I came to say." He exhaled.

Cassie arched an eyebrow.

“I know the timing sucks. I’m working on a project that promises a seventy-hour week at best. You’ve got a business to run. We live six hundred and seventy-eight air miles apart.”

“That many?”

A slight smile curved his lips. “I’m dog tired; I haven’t slept in a couple of days. I’ve picked up the phone a hundred times. I wanted to hear your voice, but I kept telling myself it wasn’t fair to you, it couldn’t work. I’ve missed you so much. And what I have to say can’t be said on a phone.”

He shoved his fingers through his hair. “I have to catch a plane back in less than eight hours. I don’t know how this is gonna work...”

Cassie’s breath caught.

Say it!

“Cassie, you’re the one.”

Close enough!

She ran down the stairs and threw herself into his arms. His cold lips clung to hers, heating as they kissed, burning from five long days of pent up desire. With a gentle tug of his hand, the towel dropped.

Wrapping his arms around her, he crushed her breasts to his chest. His fingers were icy against her skin but Cassie didn’t care.

He lifted his head. Stepping back, he kneeled and dug into his backpack.

“I bought these right after I returned to Seattle.”

He pulled out a pair of handcuffs covered in blue faux fur. Her pulse leaped.

“Something blue.”

Rising, he snapped a cuff around her wrist. The fur was soft against her skin.

“All I could think of was you wearing these. It nearly drove me mad.”

He yanked his sweater and tee shirt off in one fluid motion.

Cupping her face, he asked, “The question is am I the one?”

She snapped the empty cuff around his wrist. “Yes, Jason, you’re the one.”

His fingers gripped hers. “I love you, Cassie. Together, we’ll find a way to make it work.”

“Ever done it in a stairwell?”

Laughing, he shook his head. “Not while cuffed.”