



Lust Bites

LACEY'S SEDUCTION

Crissy Smith

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Lacey's Seduction

ISBN # 978-1-907280-30-6

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Edited by Jess Bimberg

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spredlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

LACEY'S SEDUCTION

Crissy Smith

Dedication

To my #1 fan (he knows who he is) for the daily encouragement and the constant support.
Soon we will be reading your books!

Chapter One

Five years, she'd waited.

Five years, she'd wanted him.

Tonight, after months of planning, she would have him.

Lacey Palmer stood in front of Brent Wilson baring her soul. The black lace camisole parted seductively, giving a full view of her soft, round breasts. The matching thong would come off with just the slightest tug. The black stockings hugged her legs, stopping at her tanned thighs, and the stiletto heels that finished the outfit would put her mouth at just the right height.

She motioned him into the plush hotel room with a crook of her finger and toss of her hair.

He stepped inside, looking like every woman's fantasy man. Dark hair and eyes matched his tanned face. As he approached she watched the muscles of his thighs strain against the material of his slacks. She could tell he was already hard. But she wanted more from him.

His face showed his surprise when he'd seen her open the door half dressed. She'd sent him an email that said she would be coming to town to attend a conference. It was just a small lie. But one she hoped would result in spending the entire weekend wrapped around him. She hoped she could turn their friendship into something much more intimate.

Lacey closed the remaining distance and ran the tip of her tongue over his jaw and across his lips. When he opened his mouth to allow her access, she moved down.

She didn't kiss him yet. If she did, she might lose control and her seduction would go to waste. Brent was an alpha male, and she wanted to give him a night of pleasure. Give herself to him so he might feel more for her.

She was encouraged that he hadn't questioned her yet. He hadn't backed away and told her to stop. She swallowed the fear of rejection and continued to try to entice him to her bed.

He looked elegant in his dark pleated pants and white button down shirt. He was tall, over six feet of pure American beef.

With shaky fingers, she undid each button of his shirt. Once she reached the waistband of his pants, she pulled the shirt out and let it fall to the floor.

Running her hands first over his shoulders then his chest, she bent her head to place feather light kisses. He lifted a hand and buried it in her hair, and as she moved lower, it tightened. When she reached the clasp of his pants, he grabbed her hand.

"Be sure," is all he said, his voice soft and quiet.

She shivered in anticipation.

Oh, she was sure. She was absolutely positive that this night with him would be even more spectacular than her fantasies. She brushed his hand away and slowly undid the clasp and zipper. Letting them fall to the ground, she moaned in approval as his erection sprang out. He didn't wear any underwear, and for some reason, that turned her on even more.

She gently wrapped her hand around him and ran her thumb over the tip, collecting the small drop of pre-cum. Her mouth watered at the thought of tasting him.

The hand in her hair tightened even more. Looking up at him under her lashes, she stroked up and down. His eyes gave away the pleasure he was feeling from her touch. She continued to stroke him until he was thrusting in her hand. Then, slowly rubbing her body against his, she dropped to her knees.

First, she teased with just small, light licks. When she finally took him in her mouth, he moaned. Looking up, she found him watching her. He was so handsome. His brown eyes were dark, almost black with obvious lust. She let the length of him slide from her mouth, then took him back in, going deep. His body trembled for her. She continued at a torturous pace and grew more aroused as he thrust into her mouth. She wanted him desperate for her.

When he yanked her up by her hair, she went willingly. He walked her backwards from the living area into the bedroom until the back of her knees hit the bed.

There he held her, staring into her eyes before slowly lowering his mouth to hers. The kiss was hot, brutal, and demanding. She moaned in the back of her throat. He trailed his hands down her body and cupped her breasts. She arched her back, pushing them into his palms. He teased her nipples through the lace, then he pulled and ripped the camisole down the middle.

He broke from the kiss and held her breasts in his hands. He smiled as he met her eyes for an instant before lowering his head to engulf one plump nipple in his mouth. The wet

heat felt so good on her that she grabbed his arms to hold her up. Her knees were going weak. When he released one nipple, he took the other one. Still cupping one breast, he teased his fingers over the lace that separated him from her hot wet core.

Lacey moved into his touch. She had been right when she'd thought one small tug would break the thong. In seconds, she was pressed up against him, wearing nothing but the stockings and high heels. As she dropped her hands to his lower back to press him more intimately into her, he laughed softly.

He turned her around so quickly she almost lost her balance. But he was there to position her the way he wanted. He bent her over the bed with her hands out in front of her. He moved close behind her, and she could feel his hard cock pressing into her ass. She wiggled to get relief from the fire that threatened to consume her.

With strong hands, he yanked her head back, exposing the long, slender column of her neck. Warm lips kissed and nipped at her throat as he sank his cock into her. It felt so good to have him inside her body, her muscles clenching around him.

She arched her back so she could take him deeper. Her moans came out fast and loud while his grunts were low. One of his hands remained at her waist holding her in position for his assault, while the other cupped her breast and pinched the nipple. This, this was everything she had wanted.

She felt the building climax. Letting go of everything, she threw her head back against his shoulder and enjoyed the ride. As she flew over the edge of pleasure, her body bucked and jerked. She screamed as the world seemed to slip away as one orgasm turned into another. He tightened his grip, on her hips now as he thrust harder and faster. She barely felt his final thrust or heard his hoarse cry from his own orgasm as she floated with pleasure.

Lacey collapsed on the bed, her breaths coming out in short bursts. Brent's body still covered hers as he also tried to control his breathing. The mating, the coming together, had been absolutely amazing. It had been everything she had hoped for.

When Brent withdrew from her body, it was all she could do not to groan at the loss of his heat. He rolled beside her, lying on his back, and turned his head to her.

Lacey was at a loss of what to say. She had carefully planned the seduction so shouldn't he take charge now? But as they stared in each other's eyes, she wondered what to do next.

"Did you get what you wanted from me?" he asked quietly.

She frowned as he sat up. What did that mean? He couldn't say he didn't enjoy their coupling as much as she did. She could tell he did. She was shocked when he rolled off the bed.

"Wait. You're leaving?" She rose to her knees. Sure there was another reason for the sudden stiffness of his body and coldness in his eyes.

"Was there something else?"

Lacey just stared at him. Was there? She wasn't sure. She had come with the sole purpose of seducing him and she had. Now shouldn't he take her in his arms and hold her? That was what she'd expected, wanted.

"I...I thought..."

Brent laughed. "You thought what?"

She shrugged, unsure of how to act, what to say. She blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "I'll be here all weekend."

"Well, I guess it didn't take as long as you figured to get me in your bed. You can run along home now. I know you're not attending a conference this weekend. I checked."

Heat crept up her cheeks. "Yeah, well...I..."

Brent looked down as he towered over her. "Don't be shy now. Your actions tonight prove you are far from sweet and innocent as I once believed."

Her mouth dropped open. He was insulting her? Making what they had shared a quick roll in the hay. A one-night stand.

But then she realised that's what it was to him. While she had prepared herself for the rejection that he might not want her, she never entertained the thought that he would only want her for one night. She cared for him as more than a friend and had stupidly thought he might too. Tears burned behind eyes. She was humiliated and heart-broken. Instead of showing him how much he hurt her, she let her anger take over.

"You knew I'd lied, and you came anyway," she challenged.

His smile was cocky, but it still made her insides melt and liquefy. "I was curious of what you had planned. It seemed you went through a lot of trouble. The least I could do was show up."

Lacey had heard enough. She wasn't going to let him stand there and tell her that he hadn't wanted her. That he had just shown up. It was more than insulting to her. It was...well, she couldn't think of a word that was bad enough. "You're a bastard."

He nodded his agreement. "Yes. Yes, I am." He turned and headed out of the bedroom into the living area where his clothes had been dropped to the floor.

Lacey followed him, steaming mad. How dare he? She watched as he pulled his slacks back on. "You didn't have to fuck me."

He laughed again. "I told you to be sure. I did what any reasonable man in my position would have."

Lacey could feel a new wave of tears forming. She wouldn't cry in front of him. "Just leave. Get out of my room," she said as calmly as she could before turning and locking herself in the bathroom.

Inside, she turned the cold water on in the sink and splashed it on her face. She'd just been played the biggest fool. And the worst thing was that she deserved it. She had felt an instant attraction for Brent from the beginning. She enjoyed their email bantering back and forth.

But, despite their bantering back and forth, she didn't really know the man she'd just slept with. And truthfully that had been part of the fantasy.

Brent watched Lacey walk away and out of his sight. Damn, he could have handled that better. He had known she was up to something when she'd sent him an email telling him she would be coming to town for three days and wanted to see him.

He'd always enjoyed talking to her. She was much more than just a pretty face. She was smart, funny, and sweet. He knew he would love spending time alone with her. The conventions they both attended always had crammed schedules and left him exhausted. This had been a chance to see her out of that environment.

When he had found out there weren't any conventions or conferences over the weekend at any of the hotels, his curiosity had been piqued. He'd had the vague thought she was there just to see him, but had pushed it aside. Lacey wasn't an affair kind of woman. She'd never given him any reason for him to think she was interested in more than being a friend. They had met years ago when she had attended a writers' convention he had been at. She had been

there as a fan, plus she owned her own bookstore. They had struck up a friendship and started to email back and forth immediately once they'd returned home.

Lacey was different from his other fans. He could carry on a conversation with her about everything and anything. She wasn't like the scores of women who would sneak into his hotel room in lingerie and throw themselves at him. He'd considered her a friend.

He had been shocked when she'd opened the door in that outfit. It left nothing to the imagination and made it perfectly clear what she wanted. When she had gone about taking the lead and seducing him, he had been so turned on he thought he might explode.

She had looked incredible. Her blonde hair falling over her shoulders, her blue eyes clear and bright. She was slender with curves in all the right places. She was a pleasure to look at with clothes, but without... my God, she had taken his breath away.

Brent had given a lot of thought about what it would be like to have Lacey's body under his, the way she would moan and cry as his body pushed into hers. He'd had more than one dream of her on her knees taking him in her mouth. Brent felt his body harden at his thoughts.

Yes, he should have handled that better. The look of devastation on her face had been enough to twist his heart painfully. But he'd had to be cruel, he told himself. It was the only way to make sure what happened tonight wasn't repeated.

If she thought they could just have a fun weekend together then go back to the way things had been, she was kidding herself. He felt too much for her to fall in with the categories of his youth, when he would take a woman just to have her. He wanted more and had since he first saw Lacey, but he now knew what she thought of him. To her, he was just a nice face, with a good athletic body, and a creative mind. She didn't want the same thing he did.

He would have to stay far away from her now. He wouldn't let himself settle for less than he deserved. A loving wife and family, and over the last few years, Lacey had been the woman in those fantasies.

Now that he had tasted her, he knew one taste would never be enough. He ached to take her body in every imaginable position there was then make up a few more of their own. She had been hot and spicy, smooth and silky – she had been great.

As his erection strained against the material of his slacks, Brent shook his head. The damn woman should have known better. He headed for the door and made sure he slammed it behind him as he walked away from her.

Chapter Two

Lacey waited as the cab driver took her suitcase out of the trunk. Her stomach was jumping, and her hands were sweating. The hot July sun glared down at her. It had to be over a hundred and ten degrees here. Why would anyone want to live somewhere it was so damn hot?

The heat had nothing to do with her bad mood though. She was nervous about being here. For three months, she had avoided author conventions, and Brent, by sending her assistant Paige in her place.

Paige had refused to come this time. Her new live-in boyfriend had complained about her leaving one weekend a month and had made romantic plans at the lake for them. So Lacey was stuck attending. And she would have rather been anywhere but in the same city with Brent—the man who, she admitted to herself, had broken her heart.

Walking into the hotel, she was hit with a blast of cold air. She stood and let it sink in to her body. The sounds of the casino rang out as people dropped coins in machines, cheered when they won, and booed when they lost. The fabulous Las Vegas. Well, she was feeling anything but fabulous.

Lacey managed to check into her room without snapping at anyone. Paige had been after her for months, trying to find out what had happened that weekend with Brent. Lacey hadn't told a soul. She would keep the secret of her stupidity with her until she died.

Her room was beautiful and should have been able to cheer her up. It was only a bedroom with a large king-sized bed, small bathroom, and balcony, but Lacey was determined to enjoy herself.

She had a ticket to the main conference with the meet and greet with authors. Plus a ticket to the evening parties and dinners. The parties had always been her favourite part of attending, and she wasn't going to let Brent take that away from her.

Tonight's black tie party was not something she was looking forward to, though. Brent would be there, looking amazing in black like he always did. He'd probably brought a date with him, she thought, even though he never had in the past.

It was already past five by the time she had unpacked. She needed to start to get ready if she wanted to make the dinner. She had purposely taken the latest flight she could so she wouldn't have much time to wander around. She didn't want to accidentally bump into Brent in a casino or restaurant.

Sighing, she grabbed her bathroom supply bag and headed in to take a shower. She might as well look her best. She didn't want Brent to think she had been pining away for him the last three months. Three months with no word from him. No email apologising or explaining. Nothing.

Brent pulled at the collar of his shirt. He hated these formal dinners. He didn't like to dress up, and he hated to dance even more. He frowned at the three young women who walked by him giggling and whispering to each other.

"Buddy, you need to relax," his friend, Matt Adams, told him, handing him a glass half full with dark liquid.

Brent just frowned at him. "How long is acceptable to stay before we can take off and find a bar?" He took a swig of his drink and felt it burn down to his intestines.

"Hey, free booze, chicks, and music. What else could you ask for?"

"Not being drooled over like a piece of meat."

His old friend laughed at him again. "Man, you must be getting old."

Brent turned his head to tell Matt where to stick it when he saw her. She had just entered the room with another woman. She laughed at something the woman said, and he could feel his muscles tighten.

"Lacey," he whispered.

"What?" Matt asked, looking around.

"Nothing. I'll be right back."

"Hey! Where are you going?" Matt called after him, but Brent ignored him, picking up his pace to where Lacey had disappeared into the crowd.

He found her in a small circle of six women. She was wearing a short backless dress and had her hair pulled up on top of her head, revealing her slender neck and enticing back.

Lacey was teasing him, he thought bitterly. She'd stopped coming for a couple months then showed up in a dress that should have been consider illegal. Maybe not illegal, he

corrected himself. It didn't show half of what the other dresses in the room did, but it was sexy. Too damn sexy to wear around all these men.

Brent took a step forward but halted when Sam Hamilton stepped behind Lacey and placed a hand on her bare back. His entire body flared with jealousy. How dare he put his hands on her? She was his.

Before Brent could do anything stupid, like pound Sam into the ground in front of everyone and throw Lacey over his shoulder, a strong hand clamped his shoulder.

"Ah, and there's our girl," Matt said in a very low tone.

Brent tried to shake Matt's hand off of him, but his friend only tightened it and pulled him in the other direction.

One desperate night when he couldn't get Lacey out of his head, he had gone down to the bar he played pool at. Brent had managed to get himself wasted, and the bartender had called Matt to come pick him up. His friend had been relentless, demanding to know what had put him in this funk for the last month. Brent had spilled the entire story to his best friend.

"You can let go of me," he protested.

"Nope, not until I get you as far away as possible."

Reaching the bar on the other side of the room, Brent planted himself against a stool and turned his head towards Lacey. She was making her way around the room, probably trying to find her table. She would smile and wave, or give hugs, even kisses on cheeks. His entire body tightened as he watched her.

Matt placed another drink in his hand. "Don't do anything stupid, man."

Brent grunted at him without taking his eyes off Lacey.

"Hey, you were already a complete ass once. She'd really think something of you if you pounded every guy in the room."

That statement got Brent's attention. "I was not a complete ass," he grumbled.

"Yeah, man, you were."

So far so good Lacey thought as she made her way to her assigned table. There hadn't been a sign of Brent, and she was beginning to feel more relaxed. She even had a moment of anger that she had stopped coming to the conventions because of the man.

As she reached her table, she was relieved to find the others already seated were friends she'd made throughout the years. Cara Livley was the first to greet her with a big hug.

"It's been forever," the other woman said as Lacey hugged her back.

"I know." Lacey laughed and greeted everyone else.

Cara pulled her into the seat next to her. "Well, I have to say I am glad to see you."

Lacey leaned back in her chair and smiled, feeling the huge weight that had been threatening to crush her chest lift around the other woman. She had always enjoyed Cara and was glad she was seated next to her.

It wasn't until Cara mentioned her husband that she remembered how she became such good friends with Cara. Cara's husband and Brent had been in the military together. Brent had been the one to first introduce the two women.

And if Cara was seated at the table that meant...

Lacey didn't finish the thought before Brent stood on the other side of the table, looking down at her.

Lacey shivered, but it wasn't from cold as her eyes met his. The heated look in his couldn't be missed—even Cara stopped talking. He raised his glass to Lacey before drinking down the dark liquid and taking a seat directly in front of her.

"Look who I found," Cara told Brent and her husband.

Matt reached over and took Cara's hand, placing a kiss on it before taking the seat on the other side of Cara and next to Brent. The two women between Lacey and Brent continued to talk in low voices and didn't pay them any attention.

"I'm surprised to see you here." Brent's low voice caressed her body even as she tried to steel her resolve against him. "It's been, what...three months since you've attended a convention?"

He knew how long it had been and why, but Lacey kept her voice casual so no one else at the table would know there was something else going on. "I've been very busy," Lacey lied.

"I just bet you have," he commented back.

Anger started to beat out her pride as she fumed at his implication and how her presence there didn't seem to mean a thing to him. Determined to ignore him, she shifted her chair and gave her attention to Cara.

"So tell me what's new with you. Matt hasn't been keeping you too busy to write, has he?"

Just like she hoped, Cara blushed but laughed.

"Actually I do have news," Cara told her, then scooted closer. "I'm pregnant."

Lacey could see the happiness shining in her friend's eyes. She threw her arms around Cara. "Congratulations! That's great!" Then she peeked around to Matt. "Good job!"

"Thanks. I'm still getting used to it." Matt smiled widely and slapped Brent on the back. "Brent had to stop me from hyperventilating when she told me."

Lacey couldn't help but look at Brent then. He continued to stare at her with dark, brooding eyes. Lacey looked away quickly and picked up her wineglass.

Food started to arrive at the table, and she gladly concentrated on her plate. She could feel Brent as he watched her every move.

Once the dinner was over and the live band started up, Lacey started to say her good-byes to everyone, claiming to be tired from the trip. She made plans to meet with Cara for breakfast before practically running from the table, never looking at the man across from her.

She was halfway through the room when she felt a hand grab her arm. She knew without turning around it was Brent.

The way his hand felt on her, the way her stomach jumped, and liquid pooled inside her panties, she knew he was the one who'd stopped her. Leaning into her, he whispered against her ear.

"Dance with me."

They'd shared dances at previous conventions. She could still remember the feeling of his strong arms around her, the strength in which he held her, as he confidently led her around the floor.

Lacey wanted to refuse, tell him to go to hell, but as his arm wrapped around her waist, she let him pull her onto the dance floor.

She didn't look up at him as he held her but gently placed her hands on his shoulders, hoping to be able to keep distance between them. Brent was having none of that and pulled her body closer until they were pressed close together.

Lacey gasped as she felt the hard sign of his arousal against her stomach but he didn't seem to mind as he began to move to the music.

Fighting herself, Lacey stayed rigid in his arms and tried not to show that his movements, the feel of him, even his smell was turning her on. As they moved and his legs rubbed against hers, her knees weakened. Straightening her spine, she refused to give in to the feelings.

"Look at me, Lacey." His voice next to her ear sent shivers down her body.

Steeling herself, she looked up and tried to look indifferent.

But it wasn't possible with those soulful eyes looking back at her. When he cupped her back of her head, she had a sudden, frightening thought that he might kiss her in front of all these people. And even scarier, she wanted him to.

His mouth began to lower to hers, and she felt her eyes began to close. Luckily his words from their last meeting flashed through her head.

She pushed at his chest able to break out of his arms. "I'm sorry, Brent, but this isn't going to happen." His eyes narrowed. "I've had you once, and I won't make that mistake again."

With those final words, she turned on her heel and hurried towards the exit.

Lacey walked away quickly without looking back. She didn't breathe in relief until she stood in front of the elevators. Then the air around her shifted, and she knew he was once again behind her.

Brent grabbed her arm and spun her around to face him. She gasped in surprise as he yanked her body against his.

"That was a nice shot at me back there, but I'm not finished with you yet," he told her as he punched the elevator button.

Lacey trembled, and it wasn't in fear, but she wouldn't let him know that. She stubbornly lifted her chin. "Well, I don't really care whether you are finished with me or not—"

He cut her off by pushing her into the empty elevator when the door opened. He hit another button once inside before crowding her back against the far wall of the moving machine.

Lacey put her hands on his chest in defence, but he only covered them with his own before pressing up against her. Her mouth opened in protest, and he cut her off once again, this time with his lips on hers.

The immediate taste of him made her want to swoon. He moved his hands from hers to hold her face and change the angle of the kiss, taking it deeper.

She moaned as their tongues danced in the most basic mating ritual, and her hands went around his shoulders.

He didn't look behind him as the elevator doors opened, just pulled her out and started down the hall.

"I don't think..." Lacey tried to get out.

Brent silenced her with a kiss and nip of her bottom lip. "That's right—you won't think." he told her, opening the door to his suite and gently pushing her inside.

Chapter Three

Lacey didn't have time to look around his large suite before Brent once again had her in his arms, pressed body to body.

"You had your turn, and now, it's mine," he told her right before he took possession of her mouth. And possess it he did. The kiss was hard, hot, and brutal, telling her everything he couldn't get out in words.

Her fingers dug into his shoulders as he let his hands wander over her bare back. With her soft flesh quivering to his every touch, he knew she wanted him, but he would hear her say it.

When his fingers ran over the catch of her dress, he paused and pulled his mouth from hers.

Tilting her head back, he made her look him in the eye.

"Tell me you want me or tell me to stop. This is your only chance," he warned her.

Lacey's eyes widened. Her soft tongue flicked out and licked her dry lips. Brent thought he might go insane with how much he wanted her.

"Tell me!" he demanded. "Do you want me?"

Lacey nodded and leaned back towards him.

Firmly, but gently, he grabbed and held her chin. "Then tell me."

Lacey's pretty face flushed. She once again licked her lips, and her mouth opened twice before any sound came out. When she spoke, it was in a whisper, but it was all he needed to hear. "I want you, Brent."

Once the words were out of Lacey's mouth, Brent took complete control. Picking her up, he carried her into the bedroom. Placing her on her feet next to the bed, he leaned down and traced her neck, jaw, and ear with the tip of his tongue.

Lacey let her head drop back to enjoy the sensations he was causing. When he pulled the clip out of her hair, causing it to cascade over her shoulders and back, she shook it out letting it brush her sensitive and heated skin.

Lacey heard him groan as he grabbed her hair and held her head in place. Then, once again, his mouth was roaming her. Her dress fell, but she didn't care when his mouth covered one of her hardened nipples. Holding the back of his head to her breast, she relished the pull on her bud and the scrape of his teeth.

Her legs went out from under her when he bit down. As if he anticipated it, Brent easily caught her before laying her on the bed. Her dress was left abandoned on the floor, leaving her in heels and panties. Brent removed the heels one at a time, kissing her ankles as the shoes dropped to the floor. His hands went between her legs and moved up slowly, drawing a low moan from her.

Lacey's legs fell apart as he moved up her body. She was open to him like she'd never been before, but she didn't care. She was past reason and wanted him desperately.

Brent teased her with light brushes of his fingertips over her weeping sex. She moaned in frustration, but he only chuckled and continued his torture. When his mouth hovered over her, she thought she might go crazy before she felt the first long, wet lick between her folds.

Lacey's hips bucked, but he wasn't one to be rushed. Using one long finger, he separated her most private part and licked her up like cream. She was moaning under him, begging for more, but he only teased.

As Lacey moved her hips to the rhythm, he kissed, licked, and rubbed, taking her closer to release. Stabbing his tongue inside her pussy, he added first one finger then a second as she rode his face.

Small, soft cries escaped her mouth as she was lost in the pleasure he gave her. One handed, he was able to pull his clothes off.

Pushing her legs farther apart with his free hand, he moved his mouth and sucked on her clit while adding a third finger. Lacey exploded around him. Her cream rushed over his mouth, and he greedily lapped it up. Her muscles contracted around his fingers, and her body shook from the pressure of her orgasm.

Not giving her a moment of rest, he climbed up her body, leaving a wet trail of kisses, until he covered her. He shared her taste with her as he kissed her passionately. She restlessly kneaded his back and wrapped her slender legs around his waist. Demanding he take her like he wanted.

"Open your eyes," he ordered, his voice husky with need.

Lacey was powerless to deny him.

"Watch me as I take you."

"Yessss," she hissed as he entered her. He pushed in slowly inch by inch as her body clamped around him.

Lacey gladly accepted him inside, arching her back to take him deep. He rested his forehead against hers as he paused to catch his breath.

Brent pulled out quickly before slamming back in. Lacey's breath caught, and she couldn't get it back before he repeated the movement over and over. She lifted her hips so she met each stroke, giving as good as she was getting.

"Oh baby...you feel so good. So right," Brent murmured as he plunged in and out of her.

Lacey didn't think he was aware of speaking or what he was saying, but she heard every word.

"That's it...take me...take all of me..."

Lacey slid her legs up to try to take him in deeper. When he pulled them over his shoulders, changing the angle and indeed going deeper, she broke apart again. Closing her eyes, once again she found her release.

Brent groaned as her muscles milked him. His hips began to piston even faster as his thrusts became shorter and more desperate.

Opening her eyes, Lacey looked into his face. She wanted to see him reach completion. Squeezing her inner muscles, she reached up and ran her nails over his back, marking him.

Brent yelled out his release, slamming inside, and releasing his seed deep into her.

Lacey lay on the bed with Brent's weight covering her, spent and exhausted. When he rolled over and off her, she was too tired to complain. One arm came around her, and he pulled her closer.

She closed her eyes as she concentrated on the pace of his heartbeat. Her own was hammering. She was confused about what happened. If he was only getting back at her for her seduction, the words he'd spoken didn't make sense.

She drifted off to sleep before she could put too much thought into what had just happened.

* * * *

Lacey wasn't sure what woke her, but she found herself in bed alone. Sitting up, she strained to hear inside the large hotel suite. She could hear the water running in the shower and knew Brent was in there.

Looking at the bedside clock, she noted it was only a little past midnight. She pulled the covers off and sat on the side of the bed. She wasn't sure what to do. Could Brent have changed his mind about what was going on between them or was this only revenge?

Lacey knew her feelings went deeper than just sleeping with him. She'd fallen for him long before that first time in the hotel. It had broken her heart when he had so carelessly thrown it and her away. She didn't know if she could face that again.

She stood and looked at herself in the mirror above the dresser. No, she wouldn't be able to go through it again. As much as it hurt, she would have to leave him before he left her.

She pulled her dress back on silently. She couldn't find her panties so she decided not to worry about them. Carrying her shoes in her arms, she took one last look at the bathroom door and quietly left the bedroom and suite.

Tears fell from her eyes as she made it to the elevator, but she didn't care. Luckily, she was by herself in the elevator and there was no one in the hallway to her own room. She made it inside the room before she broke. Sobbing she went to her bathroom and turned on the shower. The dress she'd worn was discarded onto the floor as she stepped under the burning water. The heat felt good as she sat on the edge and cried.

Brent was humming under his breath when he opened the bathroom door. He stopped cold when he saw the empty bed. Lacey was gone? He listened to see if he could hear her in another part of the suite. Only silence. Surely she wouldn't have left. Looking around, he noticed her dress and shoes gone.

He fisted his hands at his sides. She was gone. He wasn't sure whether to laugh or yell. Once again she had surprised him. Instead of waiting in bed, so they could talk about what had happened, Lacey had run away. Going to the closet, he yanked down a pair of jeans and

put them on. He didn't bother with a shirt or shoes, only grabbed his room key as he slammed out.

Luckily, he had been paying attention earlier when Lacey and Cara had exchanged room numbers so they could meet later in the day. As he headed to the fifth floor, his blood was boiled, and it was all he could do not to pound on the door when he reached it.

He knocked twice before he realised she wasn't going to respond. "Damn it, Lacey! Open this door."

She opened it then with the chain attached. He stuck his foot into the opening, blocking her from being able to close it.

"Let me in."

She shook her head. He could see her in a hotel robe, and her hair was wet.

"Lacey, let me in. Do you think I can't snap this chain off?"

She must have realised he could, because she sighed and pushed the door in slightly to release the chain off.

Brent pushed past her and slammed the door. The only light in her room was the one on the bedside table. He walked to the bed and pointed. "Sit down."

She moved slowly but sat where he had pointed. "Brent..."

He held up a hand and shook his head. "I have something to say, and you're going to listen."

She nodded and folded her hands in her lap.

He paced for a few minutes, trying to get his temper under control and find the right words. "I owe you an apology."

Lacey's head snapped up at that.

"I owe you an apology for the first time we were together, another one for the past three months, and finally for what happened earlier."

Insulted, Lacey clenched her hands. "You're going to apologise for what happened earlier?"

Brent watched the emotions clearly written on her face. "Not for what happened, no. But for not talking to you first." Dropping to his knees in front of her, he cupped her face. "I should have explained how I felt before taking you to bed again."

Lacey nodded and tried to pull out of his hold, but he easily held her in place.

"After my second book was released and became a best seller, I had all kinds of women come on to me. I'm not proud of it, but I took them all, a different woman in a different city. I drank too much, gambled, and basically didn't care about myself or anyone else."

Lacey opened her mouth to respond but he shook his head.

"No, let me finish. I never had to seduce the women, they did it all. After my father died a couple years ago, I went home and my sister read me the riot act. She was tired of my behaviour and pointed out I was acting like a prick. Along with Matt and a couple buddies, I realised I was trying to keep my past bottled up."

He took a deep breath before he continued. He was about to share with her more than he did with most people.

"You know Matt and I were in the military. That's what I use as background for my books."

She nodded.

"What you don't know is that sometimes I still have nightmares. After I wrote my first book, they got worse. I used the alcohol and women so I wouldn't have to think about what happened while we were overseas."

He ran a hand through his hair, trying to figure out how to best explain.

"On my next book tour, I did things different. I no longer let myself be seduced...well, until you," he told her as he rested his hands on her knees. He just had to hold her, to connect in that small way to remain calm.

"I..."

"It doesn't matter, Lacey. I said things to you before to hurt you, and I know I did. I'm sorry."

Lacey nodded, but he continued before she could speak.

"It hurt to find out that you were like all the rest." he told her, still holding onto her.

Lacey only stared at Brent after he made the last statement. It took her several minutes to find her voice. "I'm like the rest of them?" she managed to croak out.

He nodded and smiled. "It gave me a bad moment, and I acted horrible. Please forgive me?"

Lacey couldn't believe her ears. "I...you..." She jumped up, knocking him back from her. "You arrogant asshole!"

Clearly confused, Brent stood and raised his hands. "What? Wait!"

"No, you wait!" She was almost screaming. "I may have set out to seduce you, but I wasn't just another woman. I was under the impression we were friends. Obviously I was wrong, and let me tell you, I deeply regret it." That wasn't completely true, but he didn't need to know that. This was worse than using her for sex, this was...telling her she was no better than any other bimbo he had been with.

Brent just stared at Lacey as she stood arms crossed over her chest, glaring at him. "I think you misunderstood me."

"You know, Brent, I don't think that I did. I think that you are an arrogant bastard who doesn't know what he wants, and I want you to leave my room." Her voice trembled but she stood her ground. She was more than furious. She was insulted and disgusted with both herself and him.

He looked at her like she was crazy, his mouth was open and his eyes huge. It would almost be funny if she didn't feel like crying and punching him.

"Hey, this isn't my fault!" he protested

"Three months! Three months you had the opportunity to act like a man and not an asshole. Then when you see me, you take me up to your room, repeat the mistake, and then tell me I'm like every other woman you've ever had."

"I didn't mean it like that!"

"I really don't care how you meant it!" She continued to rant at him. "Just get out and leave me alone." He had to get out. Now. Lacey wasn't sure how much longer she could hold back her tears. Once again, she pledged to herself that he wouldn't see her cry. She really was stupid – she didn't know Brent at all.

He stood for several minutes just staring at her before he turned and left her room. He didn't see her drop to the bed, crying as the door closed, cursing both of them as fools.

Chapter Four

Making a quick stop in his room, Brent changed clothes before heading downstairs to the hotel's gym. He had so much frustration and anger in him, he needed some way to work it out or he'd head back up and throttle Lacey.

Going straight to the weights, he positioned himself on the bench and emptied his mind, ready to let the burn and sweat take him away. He worked for ten minutes, punishing his body so he didn't have to think about Lacey and what she had said.

He heard a long, low whistle and looked up, his eyes travelling to the other figure in the gym.

He shouldn't have been surprised to see Matt leaning against a wall, his arms crossed over his chest watching Brent with what could only be considered amusement.

"What?" he snapped at his friend.

Matt pushed away from the wall and grabbed a towel from a shelf before crossing the room. He tossed the towel at Brent and shook his head.

"So how'd it go?" Matt asked with a knowing smile.

"Great. Wonderful," he answered sarcastically, annoyed at the interruption of his work out. He didn't want to see anyone right then. He wanted to lose himself in the pain of exercise so he didn't have to think about Lacey.

Matt nodded. "I can see that."

Brent growled and his friend held his hands up.

"Hey, man, I was just passing by. Saw you in here intent on punishing yourself and thought you might want to talk."

"Talk?" Brent laughed bitterly. "Why would I want to talk? I tried to talk to Lacey, and all that got me was her yelling and telling me to get out of her room," he replied, saying more than he wanted. But Matt had always been able to break through Brent's defences. He was the most compassionate man Brent had ever met.

Matt frowned and scratched the stubble growing out on his chin. "Huh? Well, let's see where you went wrong."

"I didn't go wrong. She's impossible. I explained to her about the drinking and gambling and other women and she yelled at me." Brent shook his head.

"What exactly did she say?"

"I don't know! She just started yelling about not being like the other women."

"Well, she's not like the others."

"I know that!" Brent's voice rose.

"Did you tell her that?" Matt kept his voice calm.

"Of course..." He paused. Had he told her that? He had tried, but she wouldn't listen.

"Doesn't matter," Brent stated before he stomped over to the treadmill.

"It does matter if you're down here instead of upstairs with the woman you care about," Brent told him as he sat at one of the empty benches.

Brent started the treadmill, hoping it would wear him out and allow him to sleep. He wasn't sure where he had gone wrong with Lacey. He'd been honest with her, and that hadn't worked.

What else could he do?

"So, now what?" His friend's voice broke into his thoughts.

"I finish the convention then go see the progress on my house," Brent informed him and thought that sounded like a decent plan.

A friend of theirs and fellow special forces team member, Adam Butler, had taken the position of sheriff of a small town that did most of their business in the summer with rental houses and tourists. Another friend and old team member, Jake Summers, had already moved there and was now building houses for the rest of the team. Matt and Cara's house had just been completed, and now Brent's house was in the works. It was something he was looking forward to.

"Seems a shame to have that big house built and have no one to share it with," Matt said.

Brent laughed but continued to run on the machine. "That was rough."

Matt only grinned at his friend. "Still true. You know Lacey is perfect for you."

Brent slammed his hand down and turned off the machine. "I tried. It's over."

Stepping off the treadmill, he grabbed the towel Matt had thrown at him earlier. He wiped the sweat off his face then looked up. "I don't plan on opening myself up again, to anyone."

Matt frowned at him, but Brent didn't elaborate. He couldn't tell his oldest friend that he knew Lacey belonged with him. That, for the first time in his life, he was in love. He had screwed up, and no matter how he tried to fix it, he didn't see the dream of Lacey in his life coming true.

* * * *

Lacey sat in the hotel restaurant the next morning with Cara, trying to focus on what her friend was saying.

Cara was telling her, very loudly and animated, about how Sam Hamilton had drunk too much and hit on Beverly Hill, one of their favourite romance authors. Beverly was also a very strong modern woman who wouldn't put up with that behaviour and had indeed put him in his place.

Lacey smiled but couldn't get the enjoyment she usually would have from the story. Her thoughts were still on Brent, on the look in his eyes as he had tried to explain the reasons he acted like he did.

It was just an excuse he used. She knew he told himself he had a right to act that way, but she had to disagree. No matter what he'd done in the past to shame himself, he had no reason to treat others like he did.

"You have it that bad, huh?" Cara's words broke until her thoughts.

"What?" Lacey's head snapped up, and she rested her gaze on her friend.

Cara smiled and laughed. "I saw Brent follow you out after your dance. And I can tell you've been crying." There was obvious sympathy in the other woman's eyes.

"I...I don't..." Lacey trailed off. "Yeah, well, it didn't work out."

Cara laughed again but didn't say anything as the waitress refilled their coffees. After she walked away, Cara reached over and laid her hand over Lacey's. "Want to talk about it?"

Lacey shrugged, not sure that she could keep the tears she'd been holding in.

"Oh my! You're in love with him," Cara said softly.

Lacey gave a shaky laugh. "Afraid so."

"Oh, honey." Her friend patted her hand. "We'll fix it. Whatever happened, we will fix it."

Lacey shook her head. "Not this time," she said sadly.

Cara sat back and crossed her arms over her chest. "So you're just going to give up on him?"

Lacey took a drink of her coffee, feeling the hot liquid burn her tongue. The pain made her feel a little better. At the moment, she was almost numb.

"When I first met Brent, I knew he wasn't like any of the other authors. There was just something so real about him."

Cara nodded for her to continue.

"We talked online, through emails, and short phone calls for months and I thought I really knew him." Lacey went on to explain. "I dreamt about him every night, fantasised really what it would be like for him to hold me."

Realising what she was sharing, Lacey snapped her mouth shut and looked over at Cara. Cara was only smiling at her.

"It's okay, I understand. I'll have to tell you how I was seduced by the neighbour at one time."

Lacey tried to smile back, but she couldn't. She needed to get the story out. Without looking at Cara, she told her about the seduction three months ago and what happened the night before.

Cara was shaking her head when Lacey finished talking. "Oh, I am so going to call Amber," she mumbled.

Lacey frowned at the mention of another woman. Did Brent have a girlfriend? The thought made her nauseated. "Who's Amber?" she forced herself to ask.

Cara looked up at her and then clamped her hand over her mouth. "Oh god! It's not a girlfriend! I'm sorry!"

Lacey blew out a breath.

"Amber is Brent's sister. You'd like her. She also owns a bookstore, although she enjoys the café part more than the books. She and Brent have always been close."

Lacey remembered Brent saying something about a sister.

"I think I might have a plan. Come on!" Cara scooted out of the booth, pulling Lacey's hand while she went. "Let's go to your room. I have a phone call to make."

* * * *

Lacey looked around the hotel suite and shook her head. She couldn't believe she was going along with Cara and Amber's plan.

Cara had her switched to a different room and helped set up candles on every surface of the room. Then the two of them had gone shopping, and at the moment, Lacey was wearing a very revealing black lace dress.

Brent's sister Amber had sighed into the phone when Cara had called her and explained what was going on. After a few minutes of drilling Lacey with very personal questions, Amber had giggled and told them exactly how to get her brother.

Cara had gone into action, which was why instead of being downstairs in one of the conference rooms, Lacey was up in a suite, waiting on Matt to deliver Brent.

She was back where she started. Trying to seduce Brent. Putting her heart once again on her sleeve and offering him everything.

She glanced at the clock. Four minutes until seven. Brent would be there anytime now.

The knock on the door had Lacey jumping, even though she had been expecting it.

Lacey rubbed her hands together and tried to calm herself before reaching for the doorknob. She pulled the door open and met Brent's wide surprised eyes.

He looked her over, licking his lips, and she knew he at least appreciated the way she was dressed. Then he looked to his side at Matt.

"What's going on?" he asked quietly.

Matt shrugged and took a step back. "Hey, man, I'm only the delivery person." Then he turned and hurried down the hall.

Brent looked back at her, and she offered him a smile. "Would you please come in?"

He nodded and Lacey opened the door wider. She let him pass before closing and locking the door.

"What is this, Lacey?" Brent asked, still facing away from her.

"I want to talk to you. I want to settle this between us before this weekend is over," she told him, wishing he would turn around and look at her.

"Dressed like that?" Brent's voice remained low.

"I figured it would get your attention" she answered honestly.

"It did." He did turn towards her then, and the noticeable bulge against the fly of his jeans told her that he still was interested in her, her body at least.

"Would you sit please?" She needed to talk to him first. Before she offered him what she planned, she had to get a few things off her chest. To make him understand that she wanted more than just a roll in the bed.

He nodded and sat on the edge of the bed.

Lacey paced a few times before stopping in front of him. "I fell in love with you months ago."

Brent stared at the beautiful woman in front of him and tried to give her his full attention. She took a deep breath, which raised her breasts, and his cock jumped.

"I feel in love with you months ago," she told him.

Brent looked up at her eyes and saw the sincerity in them. His breath caught. Could she love him like he loved her? "Lacey...I..."

She held up a hand and he stopped. "Please let me get this out."

Brent didn't want to let her talk. He wanted to take her into his arms. She was in love with him. He was almost afraid to believe it.

"I knew that you could have any woman you wanted, and I could never beat them in the looks department," she continued.

Brent opened his mouth to argue with her, but she shook her head. "Please, Brent. I thought my only chance to make you see me as more than a friend would be to seduce you."

Brent couldn't believe what she was telling him. He had acted like a complete ass, and it sounded like *she* was apologising.

"I'm sorry about the way that I went about it. Instead of just being honest with you, I..."

Brent couldn't listen anymore and stood, causing Lacey to take a step back.

"Stop," he ordered. He wasn't going to listen to her blame herself.

Lacey looked away, but not before he saw tears filling her eyes. Brent walked closer until she was backed into the dresser. Once she was trapped between him and the furniture, he cupped her face with his hands.

"I was the one in the wrong. My own personal problems got in the way of how wonderful you were. I screwed things up between us, and I can't tell you how sorry I am." Brent watched as her face relaxed.

"If I could go back to that night, I would. I would savour our time together. Show you my gentle side. Hold you close to me and never let you go." Brent ran his thumb over Lacey's chin and felt her shiver. "I was scared by my feelings for you and used what I could to push you away and hurt you. I will forever be sorry for that."

A smile broke out on her face as he opened his heart. "I don't want you to be sorry. I just want you to love me," she told him softly.

Brent smiled back and placed a gentle kiss on her lips. "I already love you."

"Really?" Her eyes held such hope that Brent had to laugh.

"Yes, I do," he told her before slowly moving his mouth to cover hers.

She opened for him, and Brent plunged his tongue inside her mouth. Her taste rushed through him, and Brent grabbed her hips and pulled her closer.

Lacey moaned and wrapped her arms around his neck.

As he moved his lips down to her neck, he kissed and bit her soft flesh. She held him close and rubbed against him. Brent felt like his cock would explode before he would be able to get inside her. And he really needed to be inside her sweet pussy with her wrapped around and milking him.

"I need you. I need to show you." He panted against her mouth.

"Show me," Lacey practically purred.

Brent lifted her up and into his arms. Her lips brushed against his ear lobe before nipping. His hissed and tossed her on the bed. She bounced, laughing, and scooted up the bed.

Brent pulled his shirt over his head and watched as her eyes followed the movement. He paused with his hand on the button of his jeans until she licked her lips. Smiling, caught in her gaze, he slowly lowered his pants.

Lacey sat up on her knees and motioned him closer. Kicking off his shoes and removing his pants, Brent went to her.

Lacey welcomed him into her arms and rolled them until she straddled his legs with his back pressed into the bed. The first hesitant caress of her fingers across his chest caused his skin to tingle. She traced over the muscles of his touch moving down to his ribs and over his belly button. Her movements grew bolder when she reached his hard shaft.

She grasped his cock in one hand and stroked up and down.

Brent couldn't hold back a moan at the sensations she caused. When she bent down and ran the tip of her tongue over the head of his cock, he gripped her hair and thrust up.

She hummed before swallowing his cock and taking him deep in her throat. Her head bobbed as she sucked him, and Brent watched her every move. What a beautiful sight she made. Feeling close to losing control, he pulled on her hair before slipping out of her mouth.

Her smile was radiant as she looked up at him. The love she felt for him shined brightly in her eyes. He pulled her down so he could kiss her and show her that he loved her just as much.

Brent licked at her mouth until she opened then kissed her as slowly and passionately as he could.

The sexy dress she wore brushed against his chest, and he grabbed a hold of the bottom. Yanking it up and off, he groaned when he found nothing under it.

She laughed wickedly and rubbed her wet pussy on him as she moved up to his waist. Brent's cock swelled even more. Dropping his head back on the pillow, he begged for the first time in his life.

"Please, baby. Please."

Lacey fisted his manhood again before running it between her pussy lips. "Is this what you want?" she teased.

Brent thrust up, letting his actions answer for him. Lacey positioned herself again then slowly lowered herself.

Brent groaned as he gripped her hips. Lacey moved up and down on his shaft before she slammed down and impaled herself fully. He could feel her muscles clench around him as her body adjusted to his size. No more than a few seconds went by before she moved,

sliding and rocking her body, stealing his breath as she rode him. He moved his hands from her hips to her breasts, giving her full control of the rhythm.

Lacey rode him hard, her head thrown back and breath coming out in pants. Her body shook and she cried out as she reached her orgasm. Finally able to let go, Brent flipped her onto her back. He pounded into her, watching as she tossed her head from side to side.

Slamming onto her, he reached between them and pinched her swollen clit.

She screamed and exploded around him, causing his own release to rock his body.

Epilogue

Brent stood in front of the land where his house was being built. It was more than halfway done now, and he was proud to share it with Lacey.

"It's so beautiful here!" she exclaimed as her hand went to her heart.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her close to his side. "I was hoping you would like it."

She tilted her head up and met his eyes. "I love it."

Brent kissed her, unable to resist such a pretty picture she made. When the kiss broke, she continued to take in the area around the half-finished house.

He watched her in her short sundress as she circled before settling to stare out at the water.

He hadn't left her side in the three months since they had left Las Vegas together. They stayed at her apartment most of the time, and she'd even made him an area where he could work. But this place was going to theirs.

"You're sure you don't mind moving here?" he asked for the hundredth time, worried that he was pushing her.

She turned back to him, and her smile showed she didn't mind. "Are you kidding me? This is a dream house, in a dream place, with my dream man."

Brent opened his arms, and she stepped into him. "I promise to make all your dreams come true," he told her.

She brushed her lips over his. "You already have."

About the Author

Crissy Smith lives in Texas with her husband, daughter, and three Labrador retrievers. When not writing or reading, she enjoys hunting, camping and shooting. But she has a girly side too and is addicted to pedicures and coffee.

She has been writing since she was a teenager and still loves everything to do with the paranormal. Her stories and characters all have a place in her heart. She loves the alpha male, the dominant werewolf, or the Master vampire which find their way in most of her books.

Crissy is currently working on her first series for Total-E-Bound called Were Chronicles. She will introduce her readers to a hidden world of wolf shifters and their unpredictable mates. The first book Pack Alpha will be released in May 2009.

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