



Bliss

Malone Brothers Series

Madison Scott

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Blurb

Ethan Malone has had his fair share of women. Life is short and he damn sure plans to enjoy it. When Lindy Bliss starts work at Malone Constructions, he never expected to want her. She's nothing like the women he usually brings to his bed. Immediately he's drawn by her quality work on the job, and her sharp, sarcastic tongue. Of course, the way *his* name hugs Lindy's breasts in her work shirt has a whole hell of a lot to do with it too.

He needs to get the tomboy, with the stripper name out of her faded jeans and tool belt, so he can play with the feminine curves beneath.

Before he loses a finger or two because he's distracted by his perpetual hard on, Ethan propositions Lindy for a no-holds-barred weekend of sexual pleasure. Once he has her under his roof and in his bed, he isn't sure he wants to let her out again. Having Lindy beneath him is exactly what he thought it would be...pure Bliss.

Chapter One

Being a woman, a petite one at that, life around Malone Construction was pretty much hell for Lindy. The standard issue hard hat continued to slide down over her hazel eyes, making her have to stop in the middle of whatever she was doing to push it back up again, ignoring all the snide remarks from the guys. Most of them didn't mean any harm. They just liked to give her shit but still, being the butt of all their, 'I-am-man-hear-me-roar' jokes got old after a while. Her name didn't help her situation very much.

Luckily, she didn't follow the porn star path one would expect of a female with a name like *Lindy Bliss*. That didn't stop the guys from teasing her though. How many times had they tried to get her to do a little dance on a wood beam like the damn thing was a stripper pole? She thought, after a while, it would get old for them, but it didn't. Not with the crew at Malone Construction—Ethan Malone was the worst of all. Of course, fate stepped in—because he was such an ass, he had to be drop dead gorgeous and make her nipples pucker with a simple glance.

She loved her job. The guys she worked with ... not so much.

All her life she'd been a rough and tumble kind of girl. Her mom tried to put her in dresses; she still climbed the trees faster than any of the boys. She was good at what she did. Her five foot one inch frame made things tough for her sometimes but if something wasn't tough, there wasn't really a purpose as far as she was concerned. Ty Malone, Ethan's older brother, took a chance on her when he hired her to work with all these knuckleheads and she wouldn't let him down. *If only his brother didn't make me soak my panties every time I lay eyes on the guy.*

"Hey Bliss, can you grab that slab of wood and follow me for a second?" Speak of the devil. Ethan walked past her, his arms full with heavy supplies.

"Hey, smartass, my name is Lindy." She bent and lifted the load, which immediately made her arms ache.

"I like Bliss better. I could give you that, you know? Bliss. What do you say?"

She didn't have to see his face to know he had a cocky smile plastered there. The man was never serious. He flirted with every woman in Last Chance, Oregon, and probably had most of them too. "I say, why you don't go find one of your blond bimbos."

"You're blond."

"And you're an ass."

He chuckled. "Yeah but you like me."

Lindy tripped, almost losing the load in her arms. Ugh! She did like him. Why she didn't know. Her life would be much easier if she didn't.

"Need any help back there?" Ethan asked, turning to face her while he walked backwards with ease.

Damn evil man! "Quit yakking' and get a move on. The boss wants us to finish this today and we can't do that while you're screwing around."

"You're forgetting I am the boss."

Her muscles ached but she kept going. "No, Ty is the boss."

"That's my name on your shirt too, Bliss. Looks damn good stretched across your pert—" She dropped the load in her arms.

“Ethan. Hurry the hell up.”

Lindy looked up to see the third and youngest Malone brother, Shane, signaling them over. Thank God for small favors. He was just about to make a comment about her breasts and she had a feeling that if he did, she wouldn't have been able to keep her nipples from showing him just how much she liked his attention there.

He winked at her. “Saved by the bell.” Ethan bent down, grabbed her load and heaved it onto the opposite shoulder as what he already carried. Good God, the man was hot. He made “The Rock” look more like a pebble.

Quit thinking about this man like that! “I don't need your help, Malone.”

“I hate to see a lady sweat. Well, unless I'm the one giving her a workout.”

“You wish.”

“Yeah, I do.”

Ethan turned and left her standing there, shocked. Her pussy tingled. Her breasts ached. She'd wanted him since the first moment she laid eyes on him. Even though he teased her incessantly, he never gave her the slightest clue he might feel the same way. Stuff like that just didn't happen to Lindy Bliss. She was the porn star named, tomboy of Last Chance, and now one of the town's most eligible bachelors just told her he wanted her.

Lindy shook her head. He had to be tricking her in some way. She jogged to catch up with him. They had a job to do.

* * * *

A bead of sweat dripped into Ethan's eye. Ignoring the slight sting, he used the back of his hand to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Ethan stood up from his crouched position and caught sight of a petite blonde, holding up a wood beam that was at least two times her height. Lindy Bliss. His cock stirred at just the sight of her. She wasn't like the women he usually went for. When he took a woman to bed he liked curves he could hold on to—heavy, size D tits, surgically enhanced or natural—he didn't discriminate. He liked painted nails, perfume, and fast women who liked to have a good time.

Sexy ass name or not, Lindy Bliss was none of that. But he'd never wanted to fuck a woman in his life as badly as he wanted her. Everything about her got him. Her pert, little breasts that he wanted nothing more than to tease and taste, her tight ass, slender firm legs, and especially her feisty attitude. No woman ever gave him hell like she did and surprising as it was, that turned him on.

Truth be told, no matter how hard a time he gave her as well, he respected the hell out of her too. She worked twice as hard as most of the assholes out here. No matter how hot it got, how tough the job, Lindy was here working her ass off like no other woman he'd ever seen. Watching her feminine little body on the job site was a hell of an aphrodisiac.

He wanted her.

It was only a matter of time before he had her.

* * * *

Lindy walked into Smokey's Tavern around seven PM for a cold longneck beer before heading home for the night. Still in her tattered work jeans and faded work shirt,

the only primping she allowed herself to do consisted of washing her hands, and running a comb through her hair.

Flakes of dirt dropped from her work boots onto Smokey's floor as she made her way to the bar. She pulled out a seat and waited for Smokey to get to her. Smokey's, one of the few places she felt at home, had become her nightly routine. After dealing with conceited Neanderthals all day, she always needed a drink.

Country music flowed through the bar from an old fashioned jukebox in the rear of the bar. Cracked peanuts littered the ground on a regular basis, part of the reason why she didn't bother to clean up the small amount of dirt she tracked in. The bar had multiple round, cracked, faded, wooden tables, two pool tables that had seen better days, a small dance floor, and the bar. Yeah, Smokey's was just her kind of place.

"How's it going kiddo," Smokey said as he approached her at the bar. He always called her kiddo. Somehow he took a liking to her right off the bat. He always treated her like a daughter; hell, he treated her better than her own father did. Smokey was a sweet, old man in his early sixties, his bar was his life and he meant the world to Lindy.

"I'm okay, Smokey. How are you doing tonight?"

"Oh, I'm survivin'. The young kid I hired to help me clean up at night quit without notice so that's been on my mind. Damn kids these days."

She didn't like the idea of Smokey cleaning the place up at night by himself. He had a waitress but she always had to leave directly after work to pick up her two kids at the babysitter's. Being a single mom, Smokey helped her out with the job and made it so her kids wouldn't have to be out any later than need be.

"Who is gonna help you tonight, Smoke?" She waited for a reply and listened to the soft wheeze in his breathing from years of Camels.

"I can do it myself, kiddo. A couple nights won't hurt anything.

Not after all he'd done for her. "I don't think so. I'll help you out until you find someone else."

"Hogwash." He shook his head. "I'm not helpless. I can handle a night or two. Plus, you don't need to stay here all night after working all day."

"I have no place to be, Smokey. I'll hang around. If I get tired, I'll go home and come back."

His face softened. "I appreciate the help. You always were a good kid."

Lindy ordered her usual Coors Light and added an order of cheesy fries. Her stomach grumbled in anticipation for the grease and beer fest she had planned.

A few minutes later her meal arrived. She wasted no time diving in to savor the fries and cheese on her plate. Behind her, the rickety door creaked open. Loud footsteps crunched across broken peanut shells in her direction. Stuffing another gooey, clump of fries in her mouth she chewed like she hadn't eaten in days when a familiar scent of freshly cut trees, and the musky smell of a hard-working man swirled around her.

"Been a while since someone fed ya, has it?" Ethan pulled out the barstool next to her and sat down.

Great. Just my luck.

Lindy finished her bite. "Well, I've been so busy picking up the slack for all the meat-heads I work with I hardly have time to do something as trivial as eat. Not used to a woman eating in front of you? I may be thin but I'm not a dry salad kind of girl, like the ones you're used to, I'm sure." She pushed another bite in her mouth. This one not as big

as the last though.

Rich, hearty laughter erupted from Ethan's perfect mouth snaked around her, causing goose bumps to pebble up her arms.

"I have to give it to you for your comebacks, Bliss. That one was pretty good. A crock of shit, but funny."

Lindy downed the rest of her beer in one gulp. "Isn't it bad enough I have to see you all day at work? Why are you coming into Smokey's now too?" Ethan and his younger brother Shane did come in from time to time, but they spent most of their time at The Last Chance. Smokey's was pretty far out of town. Not that Last Chance was all that big to begin with, but she figured the guys liked to hang out closer to town since that's where they lived.

"Free country."

He gave her a wink and smile. His smile made all the women in town melt like warm butter. It pissed the hell out of her that it worked on her too. Not that she'd let him know it. Before she could think of something smart to say, Smokey walked up.

"I'll have a bottle of Coors." Ethan tilted his head toward her. "Bring another light beer out for the lady, too."

"I can order for myself, Malone."

"Oh, come on, Bliss. Aren't ladies supposed to like it when a man orders a drink for them?" The right side of his mouth rose as if he tried to hide his smile.

The man took pleasure in grating on her nerves. She could see it in the light in his sparkling blue eyes. "Only a woman without a brain—like the ones you usually date."

"Usually, huh? Does that mean we're on a date now?"

Oh yeah. He was enjoying this. Ethan Malone was the devil himself. He didn't even try to hide his smile this time.

"I guess I'll leave you two alone." Smokey looked at her and winked. She hadn't even realized he was still there. And what the heck was the wink about? She'd known Smokey since she was ten years old and the man never winked at her.

"Please, you know we aren't on a date as much as I do. First of all, I don't date jerks and second, I'm so not your type."

Ethan took a swig of the beer. "What makes you think you're not my type?"

"I have eyes." He licked his lips and watched her. She kind of wished she was his type, which surprised the hell out of her. Honestly, even though Ethan was the hottest thing in a pair of faded jeans and a tool belt, he wasn't really her type either. It wasn't too often that Lindy dated, but when she did, the men sure weren't womanizers. Or alphas, and Ethan was both of those.

"The women I date have eyes, Bliss."

Lindy tried to hide her smile. "Good one, Malone. You know what I meant. I'm not stacked, flirtatious, and I don't put out to any man with a six-pack."

Ethan set his bottle on the bar. "So you've noticed my six-pack, huh?"

This time she couldn't help but laugh. Part of her knew he was serious. The man really did know how hot he was, but that wasn't his only quality, he had a good sense of humor. Ethan joked around more than anyone she knew.

"You're incorrigible."

"You like me." He leaned toward her. "Admit it, Bliss. You want me just as much as I want you. You might not be my usual type, but you're damn sexy and I have to tell you,

I'm tired of pretending I think otherwise."

Lindy knew she stared at him open-mouthed, but there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it. Never in a million years did she expect to hear Ethan Malone come on to her. Hell, they didn't even get along all that well. But he was right. She wanted him, but was it in her best interest to have him? Being the only woman on the site, she already had to fight for all the guys' respect. If they found out she was sleeping with Ethan, one of the owners, she'd never live it down. "Listen, Malone."

Ethan reached up and put a finger to her mouth. "Shh. Don't even say it. I want you, Lindy Bliss, and when I want something, you can be damn sure I'm not going to give up until I have it."

Chapter Two

Ethan took a swig of his beer, watching Lindy's doe brown eyes drink him in. He finally got the last word with her. The wheels were turning in her head. He could see it. She wanted to think of a comeback but she couldn't because she knew his words were true. She wanted him, he wanted her, and like he told her, he was damn determined and he would get what he wanted.

Her pink tongue snuck from her mouth and traced her lips, her eyes never veering from him as he took the last drink of his beer. "You're staring." Ethan lowered the bottle from his lips.

"No, I'm not. I don't stare, especially not at you."

"You can say whatever you want, Bliss, but you're eating me alive with those eyes of yours."

Her mouth gapped open before she snapped it closed. "You are a conceited pig."

"I'm not conceited. I'm honest. You should try it some time. There's nothing to be ashamed about. It's good old fashioned attraction."

Finally, she found her tongue. "Don't fool yourself, Malone. You may be good looking, but you're not *that* good looking. Attraction or not, you keep that little dream of yours about having me because I'm telling you right now, it's never going to happen." Lindy pushed to her feet. "I'll be back around two to help you clean up, Smoke."

Ethan watched her stalk toward the door, her cute little ass swaying as she went. Damn, she was such a firecracker. He couldn't wait to feel all the heat and fire while he fucked her. One way or another, he would have her. There was something about her he couldn't shake, part of him didn't want to shake it. He wasn't sure what that was about, but the only way to know, would be to have her.

Ethan threw a twenty on the counter, not caring two beers didn't cost half that, and went straight for the door. They'd been fighting this attraction between them for too damn long. Ethan hit the wood door with the palm of his hand. It swung open swiftly. Luckily, he didn't have to go too far. Lindy stood with her back against the building not ten feet from where he stood. He reached her in a couple long strides. Her dainty, work-stained hands pulled away from her face when he approached her.

"Ethan..."

She was breathless. Her small breasts heaved up and down with each heavy breath she took. The chocolate brown irises of her eyes disappeared behind her closing eyelids. She was giving in, accepting what he said was true. Ethan pulled her into his arms and took possession of her mouth. He didn't go easy on her but pushed his tongue inside the wet heat of her mouth to tangle with hers.

With an easy lift, he had her in his arms. Her short, slender legs wrapped round his waist. He could smell her arousal—feel the heat of her pussy through the layers of denim that separated them. God damn, he couldn't wait. Ethan wanted that heat, wanted her juices soaking his fingers, not her panties. He staggered, dizzy from lust, around the dark corner of the building, thanking God Smokey never had any lights installed over here.

They'd have privacy. No cars parked over here and the darkness from the night, the thick trees only a hundred feet behind them, they would be out of sight from anyone. Not

that he gave a shit but he knew Lindy would. Ethan used the building and his body to hold her up while he palmed both of her tits. He nuzzled her neck, nipping at her tender flesh as he went. "You're on fire, Lindy." He inhaled a deep breath. "I can smell your need for me. You smell damn good, Bliss, but I need more than that."

Ethan slid one hand down her slender waist and flicked open the button on her jeans. Her zipper slid down as he pushed his hand beneath the fabric of her jeans and panties. *Christ*. She was so damn wet and hot. He almost came in his pants right then and there. Ethan bit at her neck and let his fingers slide between the lips of her cunt. "I want to feel you cream all over my hand, Bliss. I'm going to fuck you with my finger until you can't take it anymore. That okay with you?"

Her body shook in what he hoped to be anticipation. "Yes. Do it. Please, Ethan."

She panted as she spoke, her breath tickling his ear, but he felt it all the way to his dick. "Hell, yeah." Ethan didn't ease in, but pushed two fingers into what he knew would be soaking, wet pussy. "Fuck." She was so damn tight, hugging his fingers like shrink-wrap. Lindy bucked toward him. "You need more, Bliss?"

"Yes ... fuck me, Ethan." He pulled his fingers out and pumped them in again. "Oh, God."

He snickered against her neck before nipping his way back up to her mouth. He let his tongue swim in her mouth, tasting the fiery woman who lived inside Lindy. Ethan rubbed his rock-hard cock against her while he finger-fucked her. Part of him couldn't believe it was Lindy's silky pussy wrapped around his fingers so tightly. He'd wanted her for months, watched and waited until he couldn't take in anymore and now here she was writhing against him.

"You have a tight, little pussy, Bliss." He sucked her earlobe into his mouth. "Do you know how long I've wanted to fuck you? I watch you everyday—your sexy little body working out there on the site is such a fucking temptation to me. It's amazing I can get any work done with you around."

Her head dropped against the building as she rode his hand like a damn stallion. Her arms wrapped around him, threading through his hair as she bucked and hissed out her pleasure, her channel getting slicker ... tighter with each pump of his fingers. Damn, he couldn't wait to sink his cock into her, to feel her clamp around his dick like she did his fingers.

"Ethan!"

The walls of her pussy constricted, milking his fingers as her hands fisted his t-shirt. "Come, Lindy. Let me feel your sweet cream drip down my fingers."

Her whole body tightened and flexed. Ethan covered her mouth with his and swallowed her scream as she came.

*

Lindy had never been so thoroughly sated in her life. The orgasm practically killed her and it had only been from his fingers. Good God, if the man was that talented with his hand, she couldn't imagine how competent he would be with his cock. And she wanted to find out. Her body hummed to life again when he squeezed her nipples between the fingers of one hand. The other, the one that had been inside her, dipped into his mouth as he sucked her juices off him.

Her pussy spasmed.

"Fucking delicious. I don't know whether I want to fuck you or eat your pussy, Bliss."

You are so fucking hot.”

Lindy let her eyes roll back, her body thrumming with anticipation for what he would do next. She shouldn't be doing this at all. Not with Ethan at least. He was practically her boss. Though Malone Construction was really Ty's baby, Ethan and Shane both owned pieces of the pie as well. Her own spicy scent filled her nostrils when his thumb brushed over her bottom lip.

“We'll play later. You taste damn good, Lindy, but I've been dying to sink my cock into you for months now. I can hardly concentrate at work for wanting you so badly.” His smooth as honey voice wrapped around her like ribbons of satin. Ethan's hands went to his belt, opening it. “You're a tease, do you know that? Walking around the jobsite, sexy as hell, my name stretched across your tits.”

Lindy froze. Good God, how could she have been stupid enough to put herself in this position? The guys at work didn't take her seriously as is. Things at Malone would end up just the way they did at Stevens Builders if she slept with Ethan. The only difference is, at her last job she never actually slept with anyone. Ted Stevens had wanted her and when she turned him down, the rumor started to spread about how the only woman on the jobsite liked to tease, and flaunt herself in front of the other guys, then shoot them down.

Lindy pushed at Ethan's muscular chest. “Stop. No, we can't do this, Ethan.”

He looked at her, little lines of worry about his blue eyes. He stepped away. “Bliss? What is it?”

Lindy shook with anger, not at him but at herself. How could she have let this happen? “Nothing, Ethan. I'm fine. We just can't do this. It isn't right.” With her fingers shaking so badly it was hard to button and zip her jeans but she managed in record time.

“It felt pretty damn right to me.”

He stepped toward her again. His hand came out to touch her shoulder as if concerned. Lindy stepped to the side, toward the parking lot. “Anything with breasts feels right to you. We work together, hell we don't even get along with each other well. This was a mistake.” Guilt ate a hole through her belly. Sure, Ethan had a few notches in his bedpost but she'd been just as willing as he'd been just seconds before. She shouldn't be taking this out on him but she couldn't help it.

Before he could reply, Lindy turned and started running to her truck before Ethan could try to stop her.

*

Ethan's cock bulged against the fly of his jeans. He hadn't been this hard in ... hell, he probably hadn't ever been this hard. The way her tight, little pussy hugged his fingers, he could imagine how she would pump and squeeze his dick. “Shit.” He kicked the dirt like a kid who had their favorite toy taken away and walked to his truck. *What the hell had happened back there?* Everything had been going just fine. He wanted her, she wanted him—they were finally indulging in the mutual need both of them tried to ignore for much too long.

Ethan shoved the key in the ignition and pulled away. He'd never been so damn horny in his life. He could always find a way to try and sate himself, but no other woman would do but Lindy. Hell, if he was being honest he would admit no woman in a very long time had satisfied him. And he'd tried. Something about Lindy, about the way she went toe to toe with him, turned him on.

Unlike his two knuckleheaded brothers, Ethan didn't shy away from something that

felt good. Well, Ty didn't do that anymore. Not since he finally gave in and opened himself up to his fiancée, Maggie. But Ethan had never been that way. He never held back. If he wanted something, or someone, he went for it. What the hell point was there in life if you didn't enjoy yourself? Lindy would be damn enjoyable. He wanted her, and one way or another he would have her.

Chapter Three

Sweat beaded and raced down Ethan's forehead. He wiped it away with his sore hand. Lindy worked with his brother, Shane, on the far end of the library they were building. He'd been so distracted with her the whole damn day he whacked his thumb with a hammer, giving him a purple and black tip to his finger. She hadn't said but two words to him today. Every time he tried to talk to her, she found an excuse to slip away. *Damn, stubborn woman.* She fought the good fight today but he would find a way to get to her. Working with a rock-hard dick was the only other option and no way could he continue to do that.

Next time it would be more than a sore finger he had to deal with if he did.

The afternoon continued to wind down until they were all heading for their vehicles to call it a day. Lindy, instead of walking to her truck, headed into the onsite trailer. *Fuck yeah.* Ethan jogged over before anyone had the chance to sidetrack him. "What'cha doing, Bliss?" He shut the door behind him and pushed the lock.

"None of your business, Malone."

She didn't even turn around when she spoke. Damn, he loved her feistiness. "Tsk. Tsk. Ornerly, aren't you?" Ethan came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her slender figure. "Why did you bail last night? I wasn't done with you yet." He dropped his face down to nuzzle her neck and rubbed his swollen cock in the crease of her ass. Damn, he wanted to take her here. If this weekend went as planned, he'd be able to.

She dropped her work boot onto his toe. "Ouch."

"Back up or next time it will be worse. This is sexual harassment, you know."

Ethan stopped cold and backed up. Christ, had he misread her? No, that couldn't be right. Last night she came apart when he'd pumped his fingers inside her soaking-wet cunt. You couldn't fake the kind of orgasm she had when he was done with her. "What's going on, Lindy? You know I'm not the kind of guy who would push myself on a woman who didn't want me." He watched her shoulders slump as she dropped her face in her hands.

"Shit, I know that, Malone. I just ... we just can't do this."

"I think we can. I think we did last night."

She spun around to face him. "Do you know how hard it is for me out there on the construction site every day? I have to work twice as hard for a quarter of the respect you guys get. To everyone out there I'm just a woman, pushing myself into a man's world where I don't belong. If we sleep together and the guys find out, I'll never live it down. It will make things twice as hard for me than they already are."

Ethan stepped toward her. "Fuck them. If anyone gives you a hard time I'll fire their ass."

"I'm not asking for special treatment. That will just make things worse."

This time Ethan didn't stop himself. He took the one last step that separated them, hooked his finger beneath her chin and tilted her head back so she looked at him. "Do you want me?"

"Ethan—I—we don't even get along with—"

"Just answer the question. Do you want me?" For the first time since he was twelve,

he felt nervous about a girl. Did she want him? Would she shoot him down? Ethan had never felt as green behind the ears as he did at this moment.

Just like she always did, Lindy squared her shoulders, completely confident and said, “Yes,” letting him out of his misery.

“Spend the weekend with me. No one will know. We’ll fuck each other until we can’t take it anymore. The mystery will be gone, we’ll have whatever this is out of our systems, and we part ways, forget it ever happened. No harm done, no one will know, and we’ll both feel a whole lot better after we sate this desire we have for each other.”

Lindy stepped away from him. For a brief second he thought he lost her but then her breath quickened and her nipples pebbled against her shirt. She took a deep breath and muttered a word he’d never been happier to hear. “Yes.”

*

Lindy’s breath heaved. Did she really just agree to spend the weekend with Ethan? The wetness soaking her panties and the confident smirk on his face told her she did. As much as she should, she didn’t regret it. Her pussy throbbed with need and it would continue to do so until they did exactly what he said—fuck each other to sate the strange attraction between them then move on their merry way.

Ethan grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the door. “Come on. You can follow me to my house.”

Lindy stopped herself by grabbing the wall so he couldn’t pull her out the door. “Hold on there, buddy. I’d like to go to my house first. I’m going to need some clothes, you know?”

Ethan winked at her. “Actually, I highly doubt you’ll find a use for clothes this weekend, Bliss.”

Leave it to Ethan not take this seriously. “Listen, I need a few minutes to myself. I *am* going to need clothes at some point this weekend, and I just might have the need for a toothbrush as well,” she said sarcastically. “I’ll be to your place in a couple hours.”

He backed her against the wall and pushed his cock against her belly. “I can’t wait a couple hours to have you.”

Lindy tried to ignore the flutter in her belly, the anticipation pulsing between her thighs. “Well you’re going to have to.” She pushed against his chest with her palm.

“Nope, not going to work. I’ll follow you to your place and you can ride home with me.”

“How is that going to help you get in my pants any sooner?”

His thick thigh pushed between her legs. Without trying to, Lindy automatically rubbed her aching pussy on his leg. “Maybe you’ll let me play for a while at your place.” He palmed her breast. “If not, I’ll just have to part your legs and fuck you with my fingers while we’re driving. Either way, I will be inside you before a couple hours.”

Lindy had no doubt he was right. Ethan had a way of getting things when he wanted them and even if she wanted to, she couldn’t deny him. Not now. Not with the tingling in her nipples and the heavy ache in her pussy. “Fine, if you have nothing better to do on a Friday night, go for it. I couldn’t care less. Just be sure you keep your hands at ten and two, buddy. I’m not getting in a car wreck because you’re horny.”

“Yeah, like I’m the only one here who is horny? You want me to keep my hands to myself in the car—you better give me a little something to tide me over until we get home.”

The man was incorrigible. Damn her hormones for being so attracted to him. Hopefully he'd keep his mouth shut while he fucked her brains out this weekend. "Do women actually like you?"

He laughed, letting her comment roll off his shoulders like he did with everything. The man took nothing seriously.

"You like me, Bliss. You just don't want to admit it." He continued to her breasts, rubbing his fingers over her nipples. With each pinch and pull, her nipples became noticeably harder. They needed to get out of here before she did something stupid like screw him right in the Malone Construction trailer.

"I don't like you, I'm just horny. You're the perfect person to sate my hunger because I don't have to worry about any messy attachments." As much as her breasts hated her for it, she scooted around him so he had to let her go. "Let's go, Malone, before I come to my senses and change my mind." *Yeah right, no luck in that happening, but he didn't need to know that.*

Ethan snickered and followed along behind her.

* * * *

"You're house is disgusting, Bliss. You don't know how to clean, or what?" Ethan flipped closed an old pizza box sitting on her coffee table. "Damn, woman, your house looks like a group of college guys live here." He wasn't the best housekeeper in the world but he didn't leave plates and cups all over the coffee table, stacks of papers piled three feet high on the computer desk. A bra hung over the living room chair and another on her couch. He picked one up. "What, you don't keep these in your panty drawer like most women?"

Lindy rolled her eyes at him. "I hate wearing a bra. The first thing I do when I walk in the door is take mine off. You have a problem with that?"

Hell no. Actually he'd like to sit back and enjoy the show. Ethan waved a hand at her, "By all means, strip. That will save me a little time, later."

She shot him a dirty look that told him she was having none of that. "Please. Like I'm taking my bra off in front of you. You'll be humping my leg within seconds."

Damn, he liked her fire. "That was a low blow, Bliss. I'll ignore the dog reference but I thought that's what I was here for, to fuck you. Why don't we get started on that right now?" Ethan walked over to her. Unfortunately she held up her hand to stop him. "I need a shower first. I told you to go home but you insisted on coming with me. Let me get cleaned up, then we'll go to your place." She looked around, like she was eager to get him out of her house. And don't touch anything while I'm in there. It may look a mess to you but I know where everything is and I like it that way."

Ethan let her go, knowing he'd be joining her shortly. Yeah, like he could sit out there knowing she was naked and wet in the next room. It was a damn waste of a shower as far as he was concerned. He could give her at least two orgasms before they got to his house for the main event.

Once she had the door closed, Ethan ran out to his truck and grabbed the bag of clean clothes he kept in there. A guy never knew when he might not go home one night and he always liked to be prepared. There were three condoms in the bottom of the bag too, just in case they couldn't wait for that part. He had the bag and was back in her house in ten seconds flat. His dick was already hard, begging and pleading for him to relieve the

pressure. *Soon, big guy.* Fuck, now he was talking to his cock. This woman had him all screwed up in the head.

He walked to her bathroom, hoping and praying the door would be unlocked. If it wasn't, he could pick the thing no problem, but he wouldn't. In his book that would be her telling him she didn't want it, not now at least, and as much as he pushed her, whatever they did would be what she wanted. If it was unlocked, well she knew him, knew what he wanted—an unlocked door would be an open invitation. Lindy was a strong, smart woman. She would lock that damn door if she didn't want him in there.

Ethan listened, hearing the sounds of water running. He slowly, quietly, twisted the knob. *Jack-fucking-pot.* The knob turned. Not trying to be quiet, Ethan pushed the door open. The room was hot, steamy. His dick throbbed. "Bliss. I want you."

She pulled back a corner of the shower curtain. Her wet, blond hair lay flat against the sides of her face. Water dripped down her body. One breast showed, she probably didn't even know it, and damned if he didn't want to lick the drop water off her nipple. "Tell me to come in." She breathed heavily. Her hooded eyes swam with lust, yet she didn't answer him. "You agreed to spend the weekend with me. Tell me to come in," he pleaded again.

She took a couple more deep breaths, before she conceded. "Come in."

Chapter Four

Ethan pulled his shirt over his head as he walked in the door. He had his belt unbuckled, his pants unbuttoned and unzipped one step later, and dropped them to the floor. Fuck, his cock hurt. He wanted her so damn bad he could explode at any minute. His whole body burned, sizzled and cracked with the need to possess what had eluded him for far too long. With a swipe of his hand, he had the shower curtain pulled back and stepped inside. Ethan didn't give her the chance to change her mind. His lips crushed hers.

Obviously just as eager as he, Lindy opened her mouth, letting him in. Ethan took full advantage, his tongue swimming the depths of her mouth. His hands traveled the smooth, expanse of her skin. He touched her everywhere—her back, her neck, her hair, her ass—just taking in the indescribable feeling of a hungry woman in his arms. He lifted one thigh, hitching her slender leg around his hip. "I've got you, Bliss. I won't let you fall," Ethan told her when her body suddenly tensed.

He pushed himself against her so his body held her tightly against the wall of the shower. He cupped the cheek of her ass, kneading the small globes, and holding her up at the same time. Ethan took her mouth again, eating Lindy's sexy, little moan. Since he had such easy fucking access, Ethan pushed his hand between her legs from behind and plunged two fingers in her tight pussy. Lindy ripped her mouth away from his, moaning and writhing against the wall.

"Mm, you like that, Bliss? Do you like the feel of my fingers buried deep in your cunt?" She didn't answer but he didn't really need her to. "I like it too. You're so fucking tight. So wet, and silky. I can't wait to fuck you." Ethan pumped his fingers and buried his face in her neck, licking her succulent skin. Her white skin had a pink tinge due to her time in the sun. It was fucking hot.

He inhaled, taking in her sweet, honey scent. How the hell someone smelled like honey, he didn't know but she did, and he wanted nothing more than to eat her up. Ethan bit her. Not hard, but squeezed the skin of her neck between his teeth, enticing another moan of pleasure from her. She was so gorgeous and didn't even know it. He pushed in another finger. He needed her to come, like now, before he couldn't wait anymore to take her. Ethan had a two orgasm rule. He never let a woman leave his bed, or shower, or wherever, without at least two orgasms. He'd give her the first with her fingers, the second with his dick. That should tide them over until they got back to his place.

He brushed his thumb over her clit. First lightly, then with more pressure. Already, her channel began to tighten, constricting with the early signs of her release. Ethan flicked the swollen bud, pushed his fingers deeper into her pussy.

"Ethan. Shit..."

"That's it, Bliss. I want you to come. I want that slick juice of yours running down my fingers." Ethan pushed again, putting pressure on her clit with his thumb, and scraped the skin of her neck again with his teeth. Lindy bucked against him, her tight little pussy milking his fingers.

*

Lindy couldn't even find it in her to regret giving in to Ethan so easily. Not with the

way he made her feel. Her whole body was sensitive, on edge, and wave after wave of orgasm washed over her. Thankfully, she had a seat in the side of her tub and she fell against it, panting and gasping while Ethan, well shit, why the hell was he getting out of the shower?

Within a second he was back in, ripping open a condom package with his teeth. Water poured over his golden toned, muscled body. For the first time, she realized he was naked, actually naked in front of her, and she could see every inch of the gorgeous, cocky man who filled her fantasies for months.

Lindy wasn't the touchy, feely type but she couldn't stop herself from standing up and touching Ethan's chest. She traced the hard planes of his sculpted stomach, ran her fingers up his shoulders then leaned forward to place her lips on his chest. She wanted him so badly she didn't have it in her to feel self conscious standing in front of him, nude. She didn't like her body, never really had. Where most women had curves she didn't. Her breasts were small and her ass flat, but right now, none of that mattered because Ethan Malone was in front of her with a hard-on and she wanted that cock inside her.

Later—she'd remember she didn't like him later.

"Are you going to fuck me or not, Malone? I don't have all day."

"Yes you do. We have the whole fucking weekend but yes, I'm going to fuck you, Bliss." He pushed the condom in her hand. "Put it on me."

She hated orders but the need to touch him, to feel that big, pulsing cock in her hands was too strong to ignore. The big jerk. How could one man make her want him so damn much? Lindy grabbed his cock and stroked it in a tight fist. Ethan hissed and tensed. *Hell yeah*. She liked knowing she was driving him crazy, knowing she could have an effect on Ethan Malone. Lindy stroked him again. When she reached the tip she ran her fingers over the purplish head.

Ethan grabbed her wrist. "You can play later. I need to fuck you, Bliss."

"And who put you in charge?" Her inner feminist lashed out.

"We're both in charge. You want me to fuck you just as badly as I do. I'm doing this for both of us." Ethan grinned at her. This was the Ethan she was used to, but the really crappy part was she couldn't argue with him. She did want him to fuck her.

"Whatever." With hurried hands, Lindy pulled the condom from the already opened wrapper and rolled it down his cock. Ethan was a big man. Not that she was surprised. The jerk was good at everything he did—sex would be no exception.

As soon as she had him fully sheathed, Ethan picked her up. Lindy wrapped her legs around his waist and he plunged inside her hungry pussy.

"Jesus Christ!" Ethan gritted.

At the same time, Lindy whispered, "Oh, God."

Then he thrust. Hard and fast—just like he promised. He fucked her against the wall of her shower, his hands on her ass cheeks, lifting her up and down as he went. Her breasts bounced as he pounded into her, filling her oh, so damn right. Lindy gripped his shoulders, digging her short fingernails into his back. That seemed to spur him more. Ethan thrust hard, fast, deeper. "Hell yeah, Bliss. Jesus, you're so damn hot."

Her release already started to bloom in her body. She could hardly catch her breath as Ethan slammed into her.

"Come on, baby, move your hips with me. You're almost there."

Lindy put a little more bounce into it, wanting to be everything he expected her to

be. *Shit. Don't think that way, Lindy. Not already.* A slap shocked her out of her internal musings as her ass stung. He spanked her. Holy hell, she'd never been spanked before.

Ethan did it again, cupping her cheek again after his hand came down on her. And she came. Really hard. Her whole body felt like it turned inside out, as she exploded in pleasure. Right behind her, Ethan's jaw clenched, his body tensing as he held her up.

He'd fucked her.

He'd spanked her.

And damn it, she liked it even more than she thought she would.

* * * *

"Told ya we both needed a little warm up before we got to my house." Ethan held her against the wall, partly because he wanted to keep his hands on her, and partly because he'd come so damn hard he wasn't sure he could move yet without dropping her.

Lindy sighed against him. "Do you have to ruin this by ... by being you?"

He chuckled, finally trusting his legs enough to set her down and step away. "You like me and you know it. Stop trying to pretend you don't. You're not fooling either one of us." Her face turned red with anger but she couldn't deny what he said. She liked him, she wanted him, otherwise she wouldn't be naked in her shower with him right now with pert little nipples.

Lindy shook her head at him and tried to step out of the shower but he stopped her. Ethan rubbed his thumb over the nipples he was just admiring. "Come on, Bliss. Don't get all grumpy on me, otherwise I'll have to cheer you up again and we'll never get out of here." He bent over close to her ear. "Do you need another orgasm to remind you just how much you like me?" She swatted his arm. "Ouch. I didn't know you liked it rough. I'm cool with that too." Ethan fought the smile tugging at his lips. Damn, she was fun to razz. Easy too.

"Can you talk about anything without it leading back to sex in some way?" Her eyes fluttered closed as he rolled her raspberry nipples.

"Now why would I want to go and do a thing like that? Especially when there's a naked woman standing in front of me."

Her eyes popped open. She wasn't giving in right now. He knew that. He'd won the shower round but now she'd build up that tough girl wall around herself again.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Malone." She moved his hands from her breasts and covered herself.

"A little late for that, don't you think?"

Lindy ignored his question and stepped out of the shower. Ethan watched her pink-tinged ass as she walked away. "If we're doing this, let's get going. If we stay here much longer, I'm likely to change my mind."

Ethan doubted she'd actually go through with changing her mind but he also didn't want to take any chances either. He turned off the water and followed her out of the shower. Neither spoke while they dried off and dressed. He literally had to fight himself not to pull her in his arms and take her again, right against the wall of her bathroom. He liked to take chances, but with Lindy, she just might be the one woman who would make him come out on the losing end. Wasn't going to happen. He needed her too badly. No, it was more than want, like a physical need that simmered deep inside him.

He watched as she finger-combed her hair before throwing it into a messy ponytail

on the back of her head. Damn the woman was refreshing. With any other woman he went out with, she'd be sitting in this damn bathroom getting ready for the next two hours, doing her hair and putting on makeup—just to go home with him and sweat it all off again. Not Lindy.

She hadn't looked at him once since they left the shower. Once she had her clothes on, and her hair semi-combed she turned to him. "Um, where did the fresh clothes come from?"

She looked him up and down, he assumed, taking in the clean pair of blue jeans he wore and the black t-shirt. "I keep an overnight bag in my truck."

"You what?" Lindy held up her hand. "No, don't even tell me."

"Hey, nothing wrong with being prepared, is there? That bag has saved me a time or two." Ethan threw in a wink just because he knew it would get under her skin. She may not like to admit it but she liked this little back and forth game they played and he liked playing anything with her so he might as well keep it going. "In fact, if it hadn't been for the bag, I wouldn't have had a condom, and you wouldn't have been screaming my name while I made you come."

"And what makes you think I don't have a stash of my own? You think you're the first guy *I've* ever come with in my shower? Please, Malone. Deflate the head a bit. You weren't my first and you won't be my last." She winked at him, turned and walked out of the bathroom. Ethan's smile dropped. She wasn't supposed to pull one over on him. And she damn sure wasn't supposed to be screwing any guys other than him. He looked at himself in the mirror. For the first time in his life he was jealous.

* * * *

When they pulled into Ethan's driveway, Lindy's nerves started to get the best of her. Sure she could play the tough, 'I don't give a shit' attitude quite well but the truth was, she did care. Didn't want to, but that didn't change the fact she did. She wasn't a virgin by any means, but she also didn't get down and dirty in her shower on a regular basis like she let it sound to him earlier. The fact was she knew she was out of her league when it came to Ethan Malone. He would have been the head football player, and she wouldn't have stepped onto the cheerleading field if someone paid her. In fact, she would have been in the auto shop, kicking all the guys asses at rebuilding a carburetor.

That had always been fine with her. Hell, it was still was fine with her. That's what she wanted but when it came to Ethan, she kind of forgot that she didn't want to be that ditsy cheerleader chick who went down on the football players under the bleachers. She wanted to be what he expected, what he wanted and the fact was, she just wasn't. *Why do you even care?* That part she couldn't figure out. She enjoyed her life. Enjoyed what she did. Yeah, she had to work harder than everyone else she knew for the same respect but then, she liked hard work. She liked proving people wrong when they doubted she could do something.

Was that what this fascination with Ethan was? He gave her a hard time more than any other guy on the job site. Was this whole attraction to him, her whole agreement to spend the weekend with him, about proving herself? A way to show herself she could be both the hardworking woman on the jobsite and be a desirable, feminine woman? *Hmm, never really thought about it that way before but it all makes sense.* So it wasn't about Ethan as much as it was about her.

“You going in, Bliss, or you into a little exhibitionism? I mean, I have no problems going a round in the truck, but I’m not sure you’re into the kind of thing.”

Wetness soaked her panties. Lindy looked over at him with his tousled brown hair, penetrating eyes, and gorgeous smile. *Shit, there went that hypothesis.* The fact was, Ethan was gorgeous, good at what he did, and as much as it ate at her to admit it, she liked him. And she wanted him. *Oh, boy.* She was in way over her head and the weekend had just begun. “No thanks. Not really into giving your neighbors an eyeful.” Lindy opened his truck door and climbed down. Sometimes she hated being short.

Ethan slammed the door and she followed him up to his house. He pushed open the unlocked door. Lindy looked around his small home. It was masculine, that’s for sure—with black leather furniture, a big screen television mounted on the wall, and both air hockey and foosball tables in the dining room instead of a table and chairs. The second thing she noticed was it was immaculate. Like obsessively clean. She didn’t see a thing out of place, not a speck of dust anywhere, or even a damn magazine on the counter. She looked at him. “You’re a clean freak! I can’t believe it.”

Ethan slammed the door behind them. “No, I’m not a slob.”

“Hey! I’m not a slob, either!”

“I didn’t say you were. I just said I wasn’t one.” He laughed, kicked off his shoes and tossed them in the hall closet. “Can you take off your shoes? I don’t wear them in the house.”

Lindy tried to hold in her laugh, why, she didn’t know. It’s not as if he would have had a problem laughing at her. Regardless, she didn’t win the fight. She laughed loudly, holding her stomach. “You *are* a clean freak. I mean, not as if there’s anything wrong with that but I didn’t expect it of you. What about my socks? Those clean enough to walk on your floor?” she teased him.

“Funny, Bliss. Take off your damn shoes before I make you take off a lot more than just those.” His eyes brightened. “Actually, I think that’s a pretty damn good idea. I haven’t had the chance strip to that sexy little body of yours myself, and I’m thinking it’s just about time we change that.”

Gulp!

Chapter Five

White hot need burned in his body. His cock was already stiff and getting harder by the second as Lindy stood there licking her lips. He thought she might put up a fight but looking at her right now, he doubted it. Maybe she was finally ready to admit she liked him. Maybe she was just done fighting this attraction, and his need to explore it over and over again. Whatever the reason, he didn't care. All he knew was he had a sexy, willing woman in his house and he was damn sure going to enjoy her. Ethan dropped to the floor to unlace her tennis shoes. "Don't get used to this."

He pulled one of her shoes off and started to work the next one. "Don't worry. In case you didn't notice, I'm not the kind of woman who needs a man to take care of me."

Ethan pulled off her other shoe. Needing to touch her, even through her clothes, he ran his hands up her legs until he reached the apex of her thighs. Ethan rubbed her pussy through the denim of her jeans. "You need me to take care of you here."

"Not ... not true," she gasped.

"You can do it on your own but it's not quite the same, is it?" He rubbed her harder. "My fingers are thicker, rougher. My mouth, my tongue—there are some many ways I can get you off, Bliss, but none of them—" he flipped open the button on her jeans "—none of them can pleasure you like my cock. I can do things with my dick you just can't get with battery-operated."

Lindy dropped her head backwards. Ethan could hardly hear her through her shallow, breaths. "I don't know ... I'm pretty fond of my Rabbit."

Ethan tugged her zipper down and thrust his hand inside. He went straight for her clit, teasing and pinching the swollen nub. "Then I must not have fucked you hard enough today, Bliss. I promise you, by the time this weekend is over it's going to be my cock you're craving."

*

Little did he know, it always was his cock she craved. It was his cock she thought about while playing with her Rabbit night. *Damn evil man!* He had some kind of sexual hold on her and she didn't like it one bit.

He pushed a finger inside her.

Okay she liked it more than a bit but he'd never get her to admit that. "I thought you were stripping me?" She managed to ask while he pumped his fingers inside her.

"You excited for me, Bliss? Well, I'm never one to disappoint."

Ethan's fingers slipped out of her. In a swift movement, he had her pants halfway down. Just as quickly he was on his feet and had her shirt pulled over her head. Lindy stood in his front doorway in nothing but her socks and a smile and her pants halfway down. Okay, this felt really weird, and she didn't want to make it so easy on him but her body ached for him. Her pussy pulsed with need. Her nipples begged for his mouth. She craved release. Ethan didn't do anything but stand there and watch her.

His eyes traced her body up and down, leaving goose bumps as if he'd caressed her. She hated this, hated the insecurities that fought the need inside her body. She was petite, even for a woman—no hips, small breasts—not the first qualities that came to mind when she thought about an attractive woman. Lindy shoved those feelings deep inside her. This

was her weekend to get this stuff out of her system and she planned to take advantage of it. “What? You’re acting like you’ve never seen a naked woman before, Malone. Weren’t we in the middle of something?”

She reached for the buttons on his pants but he stopped her. “I’m looking my fill. Nothing wrong with that.” Ethan palmed her breasts, slid his hand down her belly then walked around her, giving her back and ass the same gentle treatment. “In the shower I got a quick look, but not nearly as long as I wanted.”

Lindy shivered. Damn, this man did all sorts of funny things to her body. He had a power over her she didn’t want to hand to anyone. “Hmm, I was looking forward to the hard fucking you promised me earlier.” Her body shook. She wasn’t used to saying words like these to guys but with Ethan, for some reason, she needed to. It kept things in perspective for her. It reminded her all this was about was fucking, and she didn’t want anything more.

“Shit,” he hissed. “I know what you’re doing, Bliss. How am I supposed to turn down a request like that?”

“Ah! Put me down,” she screamed when he swept her into his arms.

“What, you’re not into the whole knight in shining armor crap? Why am I not surprised?” Ethan laughed and carried her over to the chair in his living room. “Tit for tat, Bliss. Let me see those delicate, little fingers of yours undress me.”

Yes I can. She hoped. Lindy went for his shirt first. Nothing did it for her like a man’s sexy chest and Ethan, pig-headed as he was, had a great one. Her poor thumbs had been hit with a hammer too many times to count when she got a glimpse of it at work. It was made for hard working conditions. She grabbed the bottom hem of his shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing ripped, golden muscles as she went. The man had a damn fine body, and for this weekend, it was hers. *This weekend, and this weekend alone, then I’ll have to go back to pretending he doesn’t exist.*

“See something you like, Bliss? Aren’t you the one who was in such a hurry a few seconds ago?”

Lindy rolled her eyes but got back to business. He was right; she was damn impatient and the longer she stood around thinking about what she was doing, the more she’d realize what a huge mistake this probably was. She could lose her job. She could lose her respect, the little respect she actually had, on the job site. *Not now!* She tossed his shirt to the floor. With shaky fingers, she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. The front of his boxer-briefs tented in the front.

Lindy cupped his crotch, holding his thick erection in her hands for the first time. She rubbed. Ethan hissed and grabbed her hand.

“Not now. Jesus, now I’m the one who can’t fucking wait.” Ethan took over for her, kicking out of his clothes. Somehow, he had a condom wrapper in his hands. “Do me.” He handed the wrapper to her and sat down on the chair.

Lindy took a deep breath and tried not to hold it in. Dropping down next to him she ripped open the package and went for his cock.

“No playing. I’m on a hair trigger here.” His voice was so husky, so masculine.

Yeah, she was too. Wetness ran down her legs. Lindy rolled the condom down his cock. He was massive, it shocked her he’d fit in her earlier.

Ethan pulled her down so she straddled his lap. Lindy sat up and sank down onto his cock. They both moaned in unison.

“Fuck, Bliss. You’re so God damn tight.”

He pushed his hips forward, reminding her to start moving. Lindy sat up, then pushed back down, rotating her hips. Damn, he felt so good, so thick inside her. Ethan’s hands gripped her waist, helping her find her rhythm while she worked him

“That’s it. Fuck, yeah. I knew you’d be hot, darlin.’”

Lindy stopped moving. Realizing what she’d done, she picked up the pace again before he caught on. He called her darlin’. Sure it was a simple term of endearment, something he probably said to women all the time but he’d never said it to *her* before. She was almost always Bliss. Once in a while she was Lindy, but she was never darlin’.

All thoughts of names or endearments evaporated when his warm, wet mouth enclosed around one of her nipples. “Mm, yes. Just like that, Ethan.” The words slipped out of her mouth before she could stop them. Hell, the way she was feeling right now, she probably wouldn’t have even tried.

His tongue flicked her nipples, one then the other before he drew the first into his mouth again. With each tug of his mouth, she moved against him harder, faster. She needed everything he could give her. Lindy wrapped her arms around his back hugging him tighter against her needy nipples.

Ethan gave her what she wanted.

He switched breasts, adding his teeth into the action with gentle nips and pulls. With each rotation of her hips, Ethan thrust into her, fucking her just the way he vowed. She felt like a live wire, thrust and flipping around hot with the need Ethan sparked inside her. She needed to come again. Needed to feel Ethan come and know she was the woman who gave it to him. Hell, she’d never needed that before, but with him everything felt different.

Lindy bounced. Ethan ripped his mouth away from her breasts and replaced them with his hands. He eased her backwards, his penetration hitting her at a completely different angle. He thrust hard and Lindy came undone. Her body exploded as she came. Ethan kept going, fucking her deep. His teeth dug into his bottom lip as he pounded into her.

“Damn your pussy is hungry for me, isn’t it, darlin’? I’m hungry for you too. Fucking starving.”

Lindy started to explode again. “Ethan! Please.”

“Yeah, me too. Fuck yeah.” Ethan thrust in her again and finally tensed, gritting out his own orgasm. Lindy was so drained, so thoroughly fucked she went limp. He pulled her against him, pushing deeply into her one more time before he too, stilled beneath her.

Their deep breaths mingled together for a good five minutes. Ethan had already pulled out of her but she still lay over him, not quite sure if she had it in her to move yet. But she needed to. Lindy sat up. Before she could rise, Ethan stopped her.

“Bliss, you are just fucking that. Pure, fucking bliss.” He winked at her. “Come on, it’s late. Let me feed you.”

So they were back to Bliss. Somehow, the way he said it, she didn’t mind.

* * * *

They played an almost silent game of pool while waiting for the pizza to arrive. Ethan had wanted to grill but she made up the excuse that she was tired and wanted to get to bed early tonight. Truthfully, she just needed a little space. This whole thing felt a little

surreal to her. She never expected to be in Ethan Malone's house, having sex with him in his La-Z Boy. She never expected to have sex with him at all, and she definitely didn't expect to feel that typical female giddiness that she had when he told her she felt like bliss.

She just wasn't *that* girl. She never had been. Lindy had never felt particularly feminine despite her small, delicate bone structure. She always kind of felt like one of the guys in a way. Beer was her alcoholic drink of choice, not that frou-frou stuff a lot of the women she saw drank. She never dieted, couldn't give a crap what she ate, and would spend a day out in the yard working over shopping any day of the week.

Yet that quick ride on the La-Z Boy made her feel utterly feminine. She was *that* girl she never wanted to be. It felt good to drive Ethan out of his mind with lust. She liked it when he took control, when he told her how good it felt to be with her. Those damn butterflies fluttered around in her belly and she'd had to hold in the smile that begged to stretch over her face.

And she wanted to puke.

It had been only hours, *hours*, since she agreed to do this and she was already turning into a sappy, Ethan-Malone-is-god blonde, like half the women in this town. *Smooth move, Lindy*. "Eight ball corner pocket," she pointed her destination with her pool stick.

Her body stiffened when Ethan pushed in closely behind her, his mouth a mere inch from her ear. "Don't miss, Bliss." He nipped the lobe of her ear.

A shiver raced the length of her body. Lindy ignored it, elbowed him so he backed off and shot. "Damn it!" Of course, she had to go and miss the shot.

Ethan laughed. "Eight in the side." He sauntered over, aimed, and easily shot the ball in the whole. "I win."

"You cheat."

"So?" He shrugged.

Lindy almost laughed. Luckily, the doorbell rang so he didn't win twice in a row by making her laugh. Ethan paid the pizza man and closed the door. "Want to take this into the living room and I'll grab us a couple plates?"

"Sure." She carried the box away and set it on the coffee table. A minute later Ethan came back in with paper plates, napkins and a couple beers. Lindy took in the scene while he pulled out two coasters and set both their beers on them. They didn't talk much as they shared the pizza. Three slices later for her, and God knew how many for Ethan, he stood up and carried their mess away, came back and wiped the table off, then smiled down at her, that mischievous, 'I have something up my sleeve' look in his eyes.

Lindy faked a yawn. "I'm beat, Malone."

"Let's go to bed."

Lindy stood up. "Got a blanket or something? I'll crash out here." Her heart thumped because she knew damn well she'd be in for a fight with this one. She promised him the weekend of sex, but that didn't have to include sleeping together in bed. In her mind, they were two different things.

"No you won't." His eyes held hers firm and steady.

"Listen, Mr. Macho, you don't tell me what to do."

"Chill out, Bliss, I'm not trying to, you promised me this weekend."

Her eyes drifted closed. He was going to make this hard on her. Not that she'd expected anything less. Not from Ethan. Didn't most men love the idea of a woman who

wasn't clingy? She didn't usually do the whole sleepover thing, and she felt a little out of her league with it. Hell, who was she kidding, she always felt out of her league with Ethan. "Malone, I'm not trying to be a bitch but I'm not here for the whole cuddle through the night thing. In your words, this weekend is about fucking each other's brains out to get it out of our system. That's it."

He shook his head at her like she'd somehow disappointed him. "You don't have to be so damn hard all the time, you know that?" He ran a hand through his hair. "Come on. I'll show you the spare bedroom."

Ethan turned and walked away from her. She suddenly felt very, very alone.

* * * *

Lindy fought sleep and wrestled with walking out a hundred times. She hadn't even spent twelve hours with him yet and so far all the weekend had done is make her want him more. That *so* wasn't the plan when it came to Ethan Malone. He was a cocky, conceited, smartass ... and her friend. He always had been, she just never admitted it to herself.

She enjoyed their back and forth banter. She liked busting his balls and waiting to hear what he'd say back.

She liked the way he made her feel.

Why shouldn't she take advantage of what he wanted to give her? Women did it all the time. *Men* did it all the time. She deserved it after taking shit from everyone her whole life because of who she was and what she liked. Ethan may be a lot of things, but he wasn't Ted. He'd never spread the word about whatever went down between them this weekend. If it stayed between them, she'd have nothing to worry about. He was a good guy, despite everything she said about him. Lindy deserved a little good. She wanted it and she was going to have it. He'd offered her a no-holds-barred weekend of, for lack of a better word, complete Bliss and she was done fighting it.

Chapter Six

Ethan pounded a nail into the extension on his back deck with one hit. He'd had a shitty night of sleep, woke up early, and came right outside to get to work. For all he knew, Lindy could have left in the middle of the night. He hadn't checked on her. Part of him was probably scared to look and the other was too stubborn. She'd never acted like she liked him much and it never really bothered him before. Last night, he was bothered. Fuck that, he was pissed. No matter how much shit he gave her, he liked her. Probably more than liked her. There was something about her that stuck ... fuck ... he didn't know. She did something to him and it pissed him off that she would share his body with her yet obviously didn't give a shit about him at all.

She only repeated what you told her, Malone.

Ethan grabbed another nail and hammered it in. Hell, maybe she was right. Maybe they should make this weekend as easy as they could, that way when it was over they'd have a clean break. He'd go back to giving her a hard time, pretending she didn't do a thing for him, and she could continue being a hard ass, never letting anyone get close to her.

Except, Ethan wasn't one to run. He wasn't the type to deny himself something he wanted. Why start now? The fact was, he didn't want this weekend to be easy—just some typical fuck, then it was over. He wasn't saying he wanted anything serious; he just wasn't one to put rules on himself either. He liked fun, liked not knowing what would happen. That's what life was about.

“Hey.”

Ethan shielded his eyes and looked up at her. “Hey.” She had on a pair of jeans, a tank top and tennis shoes. Her hair was in another messy ponytail. She looked sexy. Rumpled, just out of bed sexy and he wanted to go all Neanderthal on her, throw her over his shoulder and bring her right back to bed. This time she wouldn't be kicking him out.

She picked up one of the pieces of wood he'd cut this morning and laid it in place on top of the frame. Ethan handed her the hammer. She looked like she needed to hit something. If she was anything like him, which he had a feeling she was, she could figure out whatever she had going through her head if she was working. Lindy took it, grabbed a nail and hit it in. “I'm sorry.”

Ethan fought the pull of his head to snap to the side to look at her in shock. “Good.” He heard a soft, feminine chuckle and risked looking over at her. Her pink lips raised in a half smile. He winked at her.

“I was up half the night last night and you're right. I do try—yeah, I am hard most of the time but I have to be. But, I'm ... I'm going to try and let that go for this weekend.”

He knew she wouldn't be able to do this if she weren't hammering away at another nail. Her eyes didn't veer to him while she worked. He, on the other hand, couldn't keep his eyes off her.

“I don't let those barriers down a lot, Ethan, but, I want to try while we're here. Until I leave here tomorrow night, I'm just going to let go. Let loose, I guess? Hell, I don't know what I mean.”

Ethan stopped her hand before she pulverized the wood of his deck. The nail was

already hammered all the way in. "I know what you mean. You're giving me your body, might as well let all your inhibitions go. You don't have to be scared with me, you know? Let me see you, Lindy, not the girl who has to fight so damn hard all the time." He hooked his finger under her chin and turned her head so that she faced him. When she didn't fight him, Ethan dropped his lips to hers and teased them open. He swept her mouth, teasing and tasting gently before pulling away. "You in? We're going to do this right?"

She didn't turn away, didn't hesitate when she whispered, "Yes."

"Good. I like you, Bliss, stubborn and feisty as you are. I like *you*. Just thought I'd get that out there before we went any further."

Now the fear flashed in her eyes. "I can give you the weekend."

"And maybe that will be enough but I'm telling you right now that I don't think it will be anymore. Not sure I can get you out of my system that quickly, or if I even want to."

He had a lot of shit to work through. When he accosted her in the trailer at work he'd been sure a weekend would be enough. He'd been sure that's all he wanted. Hell, maybe it would be, but he didn't know anymore. Ethan wasn't letting her walk away until he knew.

* * * *

They worked on his deck together for hours. Just like at work, she had a hard time getting anything done, especially when he went and took off his shirt showing her all those tanned muscles, but she managed. They worked well together, laughing and talking as they finished almost the whole deck. She liked this, having someone to work with on the weekends. She did odd projects around her own house, which she loved, but having someone by her side felt different ... better.

Ethan respected her just like one of the guys. There were no wisecracks, no instructing her like she didn't know what she was doing. He asked her opinion several times throughout the day and she helped him decide a different way that would actually make the work easier. She did a lot of the cutting with his saw, and Ethan a lot of the building. Things were surprisingly easy between them. Sure, they worked together five days a week but that was different. This wasn't work. It was almost intimate if that made any sense. *Yeah, sure, Lindy. Doesn't everyone consider using power tools intimate?*

Lindy laughed at herself. She sat down, wiped her forehead and leaned back on her palms. "I'm beat."

Ethan set down his tools, walked over and sat down next to her. "Yeah, me too. We got a lot done."

"Yeah we did. You're almost done." He was looking at her with that dark, sinful edge in his eyes. Lindy tried not to shiver. Only Ethan Malone could make her shiver on a hot day like today. Speaking of a hot day, she needed a shower, badly. Ethan watched her, lust rolling off him in waves. He jumped down from the deck, a look of desire in his eyes, and stood between her legs. Ah, oh. She knew that look. He wanted her again. "Oh, no. I don't think so. I'm hot and sweaty, Malone."

He smiled before he pulled her tank top over her head and threw it to the ground. "Me too." He looked down at her bra. "Front clasp? This is too damn easy." With a flick of his fingers, he popped open her bra. To her surprise, Lindy didn't try to stop him, she

just watched her small breasts spill free, anticipation surging inside her.

This *so* shouldn't be sexy to her, but it was. She was dirty, tired and wet with perspiration. Ethan was just the same. Beads pebbled on the taut skin of his bare chest. Sawdust peppered his hair, a smudge of dirt streaked across his forehead. And damn it, her pussy drenched with wetness. He was so gorgeous, so masculine he took her breath away. She on the other hand, she wasn't so sure that a hard day's work look did well on a woman.

"Ethan, let me get cleaned up," she told him, yet she still didn't move, and neither did he. Instead, he leaned forward and kissed her. He didn't have to fight for entrance. Lindy immediately opened her mouth and let him inside. She wanted to taste him on her tongue, that unique flavor she'd become used to. His large hands splayed over her back reminding her just how small she was in comparison to him. Her already overheated skin sizzled beneath this touch.

All too soon, he pulled away. Excitement replaced the frustration inside her when she saw he was unbuttoning and unzipping his pants.

"Jesus, I swore the next time I took you we'd be in a bed but I'm so fucking hungry for you I can't wait. I've had a hard on all damn day because of you, darlin'."

He kicked out of his jeans, standing gorgeously naked in front of her. She wanted to reach out and grab a hold of his thick erection but before she could, his hands were at the button and zipper of her pants. He was right, they should go inside, but right now she didn't care. The tall, wooden fence around his yard would afford them the privacy they needed. "Condom!" Ethan chuckled but still bent to retrieve a condom out of his wallet. While he sheathed himself, she pulled her own jeans down and kicked them, as well as her shoes to the ground.

Ethan looked at her, pure, raw lust inflaming his eyes with such intensity that he scorched her. "I swear the next time I'm between your thighs I'll fuck you right, darlin'." He picked her up. Lindy wrapped her legs around his waist and he thrust inside her. The muscles in his arms tensed and flexed as he fucked her, standing in the middle of his yard. Right next to them was the deck they'd just built together but he didn't lay her down on the rough wood. He didn't use a wall to hold her up, just Ethan and his strong arms rocked her as he fucked her.

They were both sweaty, even more so than when they started. He smelled of hard work and man as he pumped his hips.

"Ethan ... this is right. Damn, this is right." As far as she was concerned, he'd fucked her right each and every time he filled her with his cock. She wrapped her arms around his tighter, reveling in the pleasure of Ethan's cock sliding in and out of her as she rode him.

"Fuck, your pussy is so damn tight. So velvety wet all hugged around my cock. I can't get enough of you."

She dug her heels into his ass, bouncing up and down with everything she had inside her. She wanted to give this to him, wanted to give him ... well bliss, just like he gave her. Ethan bucked, thrusting inside her as deep as he could, fusing their bodies together. Her whole body came apart, splintering into a million shards as she came.

"Fuck yeah, darlin'. Me too."

Ethan continued to thrust, giving her more as she continued to orgasm. He slammed into her as he came too and to her surprise, he gritted out her name as he came.

“Lindy...”

* * * *

It was damn hard to shower by himself when he knew Lindy was a room over taking a shower of her own. He should have dragged her in the room with him so they could wash each other but he figured after the afternoon they shared, she might need a little space, and he didn't want to push her. He'd do enough of that later because throughout the day he'd made a decision—he didn't want this to end with the weekend. He enjoyed himself with Lindy on a level he'd never experienced with any other woman.

She wasn't the type who couldn't take care of herself. She was strong. They worked well together, he could share things with her, like a day outside working with his hands that another woman might scoff at. When he gave her a hard time, she didn't let it get to her. Hell, she gave it to him just as hard as he liked to dish it out.

Why did they have to let this thing end anyway? He was part owner of Malone Construction. They could find a way to make it work. The guys wouldn't give her such a hard time if they knew they'd have him to deal with. If there was one thing Ethan did it was protect his women.

In a short time, Lindy had become just that. *His* woman.

Chapter Seven

Lindy sat on his deck, sipping a longneck beer while Ethan grilled steak and potatoes on his barbeque—a fancy one that used charcoal or propane—with actual burners for cooking something in a pot or pan, and a cup holder for his beer. After their shower she'd sliced potatoes, onions and green peppers, wrapped them in aluminum foil and added a little oil while he'd tenderized and seasoned the steaks with 'The Malone family special seasoning' which he kept a secret from her.

Her stomach growled. "Almost done over there, Malone, or what? I'm starving."

He turned to look at her, blocking the setting sun from his eyes and cocked a smile. Lindy's breath hitched. He was so incredibly gorgeous. Apparently, the man never wore a shirt. All that covered him was a pair of low slung jeans. That defined "V" of muscles disappeared below his faded pants. How in the hell she ended up here with him, she didn't know. Ethan could, and sometimes did, have almost any woman in town but for some reason, he wanted to be here, with her. Well, for another twenty-four hours, at least.

"It's almost done, little Ms. Impatient. You can't rush perfection. Malones know how to grill a steak."

His attention went back to his perfect steaks and Lindy's to his perfect body. *Get it together, Lindy. Stop drooling over the man.* She jumped down and walked around his yard, which was obviously a work in progress. "You know, it might look good with a fountain over here," she cocked her head toward the corner of his yard.

"Yeah, that's what I planned, actually. I'm thinking a fountain and a little pond with some Koi. I'm putting a hot tub in the deck extension I'm building. Maggie wants to come out and plant a garden for me. She's already got plans to fix up Ty's yard so it won't be until she's done there though."

"Sounds like it will be nice. I've done a few ponds on the side. If you need any help, just let me know." As soon as the words left her mouth, she immediately regretted them. First, she didn't want to commit herself to anything other than this weekend with him. Sadly, she wasn't sure she would be able to be alone with him at all after this without jumping his bones again. Second, Ethan Malone could do everything. It's not as if he needed her help making a damn pond.

He pulled the steaks off the grill and put them on a platter. Next the foil wrapped potatoes were pulled off. "I'd like that, Bliss."

Lindy fought to ignore the heat in her cheeks. Was she blushing? Freakin' blushing, just because Ethan wanted her to come over and help him work in his yard? Shit, she was in trouble, and she wasn't even sure when it had happened, but then, when it came to Ethan, she was always in deep, she just never wanted to admit it.

* * * *

Ethan tossed their paper plates in the trashcan on his deck. He opened the mini-fridge and grabbed two more beers, handing one over to Lindy.

"You are such a bachelor, do you know that? I can't believe you keep a fridge stocked with beer on your deck."

He sat back down at the outdoor, glass table. "Hey, it's summer. It gets hot working out there. A guy always has to be prepared." He opened his bottle and took a swig. "So tell me, Lindy Bliss, did you always want to be a construction worker when you grew up?" He really was curious about her. What they did wasn't usually on a guy's 'what I want to be when I grow up list', much less a woman's.

"I guess. I mean, it's not as if I really *knew* I'd work construction, but I knew some desk kind of job wasn't for me, either. I just wasn't into the stuff most girls were. I *hated* when my mom would buy me a Barbie. I wanted to climb trees, make mud pies, that kind of thing."

"Nothin' wrong with that."

Lindy scoffed, pain washing over her. "Not if you grew up in the Bliss family. It drove my mom crazy."

Ethan kicked his feet up on a spare chair and took another drink. He really wanted this insight into Lindy. She always kept to herself. Hell, they'd lived in the same town their whole lives, except a few years that she moved away, and he didn't know much about her at all. Still, if he showed too much interest she'd retreat. That much he knew, so he feigned nonchalance when he said, "Must have been hard on ya."

She didn't answer him right away. "Yeah, sucks always knowing you're a disappointment to the only parent you have. Don't ask me why. Not like I was out there getting into trouble. I just wasn't the little princess my mom always wanted."

Ethan winked at her. "Oh, come on, you know you've always had princess dreams. Admit it, Bliss. You're a closet purse freak, I just know it." She smiled and he took it in, studying it. She had a gorgeous smile she didn't show too often. He liked it, wanted to see it more, especially when it was directed at him.

"I'm more of a shoe girl, myself."

She gave him that smile again and he instantly became rock-hard. Fuck, he wanted her again. Hell, he always wanted her. Ethan ignored his erection because he liked talking to her, and for the first time, Lindy was really talking to him. "Seriously, you are who you are. Nothing wrong with that, Bliss. You know that, right?"

She looked at him, her forehead creased like he shocked her. "Yeah, I do."

"So what's up with Smokey? I know you guys are pretty close."

"We are. He was always like a father to me, ya know? I'd sneak off from my mom, and he'd take me fishing, let me help him in his workshop. That kind of thing. I'd have gone crazy without him."

"He's a good man. Always liked Smokey."

Lindy took another drink of her beer. "Enough about me. Tell me something about you."

He thought for a minute about what to tell her. It all felt a little superficial to him, considering how she'd just opened up to him. He'd grown up in a house full of guys, just himself, his two brothers and his dad since he was four. His whole life was spent building stuff, knowing one day that was what he would do, yada, fucking, yada. "Um, not sure what to say. I'm an open book. You pretty much know everything there is about me. Got two brothers, a dad, own a construction company. I like fishing, and working with my hands." Ethan laughed. "Jesus, I feel like I'm writing one of those 'single man looking for woman' ads."

She smiled but it didn't quite ring true. For a moment she watched him, the wheels

turning in her brain.

So she wanted to know about his mom. Not a big deal to him. Happened a long time ago. He knew there were stories around town but no one really knew the truth about what happened back then. Not because it was so terribly bad either, people went through shit a lot worse, but because he just didn't like talking about it. Ty carried it around with him his whole life until Maggie came along. His dad, still after all these years, held out the hope that she might come back. At least, Ethan thought he did. Him, he was indifferent. She didn't love them enough to stick around? He wouldn't shed a tear for her. Life was too short.

"My mom never wanted the small town life. I think she always thought she'd get out but then she got pregnant with Ty right out of high school. Dad loved her, married her, and tried to give her what she needed. He would have done anything for her. She wasn't happy, of course. Ended up in a small house, with a good 'ole boy for a husband, and three wild sons. She found someone else."

He shrugged. "We were just kids. Shane, he was a cranky little shit as a baby, and he was crying and crying. Finally she got him to sleep. Ty tried to help by washing dishes and overflowed the dishwasher." Ethan laughed. He'd had a blast in those damn bubbles. Fuck, they were bubbles. He was a kid. He was supposed to make a mess in them, wasn't he?

"So yeah, bubbles everywhere, and Ty and I decided to play. She freaked out, swatted Ty and locked herself in the room all day. Ty took over, shouldering the responsibility like he always did. When Dad came home, they fought. We woke up the next morning and she was gone. Haven't seen her since."

Ethan downed the rest of his beer and grabbed another before he finished. "It was hardest on Ty. You know how he is. He tries to carry the whole world on his shoulders. Guess he saw her leave, knew she was going but didn't stop her. Of course he blamed himself but I would have done the same damn thing he did. Why the hell would I want her there if she didn't want to be there?"

"Wow ... I'm so sorry, Ethan."

"Yeah, me too, but what can ya do? She made her choice and that's that. We had our dad, and each other. That's really all that mattered. I'm not the type to dwell on stuff. I mean, what's the point? Can't change the past." He'd come to peace with it years ago. He let things roll off his shoulders, didn't take things too seriously. He'd always been that way. Life was too damn short and there was too much fun to be had to stress on stuff like that. She didn't want them so he didn't want her. End of story.

Lindy took another drink of her beer. He'd never wanted to be a bottle so damn bad in his life. Her sexy lips wrapped around the bottle and his cock jumped. He wanted her mouth on him instead. Ethan watched, holding her with his eyes while she drank the rest of her beer. He didn't let her eyes veer from her, telling her this night was too damn short, and he was ready to have her again.

Obviously playing the game, she licked the rim of the bottle before it went in her mouth again.

"Jesus, Bliss. You're driving me fucking crazy over here. My cock is so fucking hard for you."

His whole body caught fire when she set the bottle down, stood up and walked over to him. He'd never wanted a blowjob so bad in his life. The thought of having Lindy's

lips sucking him deep almost made him come in his jeans. “What’cha waiting for, darlin’?” He cocked his head up to look at her and smiled.

Jack-fucking-pot. She dropped to her knees in front of him and went for his zipper.

*

Lindy’s mouth watered for him. She wasn’t the type to bow down in front of a guy and give him head just to please him, but with Ethan she wanted to. She wanted to pleasure him the way he had for her each time he made love to her. *Wow! Made love? Get it together, Bliss.* Jesus, now she was starting to think like him too. Bliss? Since when did she call herself Bliss? *Since Ethan.* He made her like the sound of her name, made her think of all the things he did to her when she said it.

Lindy popped his button free, and pulled down his zipper. Always willing to oblige, Ethan sat up and she pulled down his pants and underwear so his engorged cock sprang free. She wrapped her hand around him and stroked. Ethan growled out his pleasure and she did it again. This was the first time she had her hands on him and she wanted to savor it, not only for her sake, but for Ethan’s. He’d opened himself up to her in a way she couldn’t do, but this ... she could give him this. And she wanted to.

“Wrap that hot mouth of yours around my cock, darlin’. I’ve wanted to fuck those sweet lips for so damn long.”

She almost pulled back at his order but she didn’t. She wanted this too, and damned shocking as it was, she liked it when Ethan told her what he wanted. From him, she liked anything. Still, that feisty side in her rose. She leaned forward but instead of sucking him into her throat, she licked him, base to tip, first.

“Aw, fuck,” Ethan gritted out.

Eager to hear it again, Lindy licked him. When she reached the purplish head of his cock, she slipped him in her mouth and sucked him deep.

“That’s it, Lindy, darlin’. That’s so fucking good.”

She did it again, sucking him to the back of her throat before easing to his head. He filled her, stretched her lips deliciously. Lindy cupped his balls and milked him. He was so big, so masculine, so damn good that she pumped her mouth faster, ready to taste him completely.

Ethan’s hand palmed the back of her head. With each pull of her mouth, he guided her head up and down his cock. Every few strokes of her mouth, she pulled him out completely and licked circles around the head. She loved this, loved driving him crazy for her, for what she was doing to him. It wasn’t as if she had never gone out with a guy, but she never, ever felt like she drove a man crazy with lust. With Ethan she did. And she liked it.

“I’m so fucking close to coming, darlin’.”

Lindy sucked him deeper, harder, using her teeth to skim him. Finally Ethan thrust all the way to the back of her throat and came. His hot semen jetted into her mouth. She took all he had to give her.

*

He’d never come so hard in his life. Seeing, Lindy, his Lindy, on her knees in front of him did something to Ethan he’d never experienced before. This weird little flutter of something ... hell ... he didn’t know but he knew it was her. What she did to him. And he needed to taste her. Ethan pulled his cock out of her mouth and lifted her. With a sweep of his free hand he knocked everything off the table to the floor of his deck and

laid her on it. "My turn. I'm going to eat your pussy until you scream my name."

Lindy didn't fight him. Her pants were unbuttoned and unzipped in a flash. Just as quickly he pulled them down her legs and dropped them to the deck. Her pussy glistened in the dim light of the moon, sparkling wet with her essence. Ethan used one finger to slide up and down her slit. "Damn, darlin'. You're so fucking wet for me." He pushed two fingers inside and she cried out in response. He pumped his fingers, then pulled out. The swollen lips of her cunt begged for his mouth but he couldn't take his eyes off her. "Mm, you have such a pretty pussy." He stroked her.

"Malone ... I'm dying here. I want your mouth on me."

Ethan snickered, dropping to his knees. "My fucking pleasure." He grabbed her hips, pulled her to the edge of the table and buried his face between her thighs. His tongue followed the same path his fingers made just moments before, licking her slit. She tasted so fucking good, he couldn't hold back. Ethan opened the lips of her pussy with one hand and had dessert. His tongue teased her hole and lashed her clit. Lindy's hips flexed toward him, hungry for more.

Ethan gave it to her. He pushed his tongue inside her, tasting all her sweet cream. She thrashed on the table as he fucked her with his tongue. Soon, he pushed his fingers inside her instead, using his mouth to suck her swollen little nub.

He pushed another finger inside her tight channel. He used his tongue to flick and play with her clit, reveling not only on her taste but the mewling sounds of pleasure she made. Ethan sucked hard. He wanted to give her an orgasm just as potent as the one she'd given him. Briefly, he let up and then sucked again, pushing another finger inside her.

Lindy came apart. Her pussy tightened in waves of orgasm and just as he promised, she came screaming his name. He'd never enjoyed giving a woman an orgasm as much as he did right now. *Pure, fucking Bliss.*

Chapter Eight

Ethan carried her, which he seemed to do a whole hell of a lot, into his room and laid her down on the bed. Her pussy was completely bare to him. She still had her tank top on but she had a feeling that wouldn't last long. He stood gloriously naked in front of her. Her heartbeat sped, thumped wildly against her ribcage. She didn't want this to end. Ethan made her feel things she hadn't felt in... Well, things she hadn't ever felt. Things she hadn't thought she would ever feel. *Fuck! You weren't supposed to feel anything for him. This is Malone!*

She didn't have a chance to think about it any longer. Ethan climbed toward her on the bed. "Stop it, darlin'. I can see those wheels turning. Not now. All I want you to think about is your pleasure and me. There isn't room for anything else in this bed." He kissed her, slowly and deeply. Not an urgent, hungry kiss but a passionate mating of tongues. He took his time, tasting her, giving her a chance to taste him as well.

Lindy leaned backward, his weight covering her from head to toe. He felt so damn right on top of her.

"Damn, it feels good to finally have you beneath me, Lindy. So ... right."

Her heart stopped. Did he mean it? Did he feel this ... *pull* she felt between them? If he did, what the hell would she do about it? She'd have to quit her job. She'd lose everything she fought so hard to have, and this thing between them probably wouldn't last anyway. Ethan wasn't the type for anything long term, and she wasn't sure she was, either.

When his mouth covered her breast and sucked her through her top, none of it mattered. The only thing that did was here and now, and right now, she wanted nothing more than to feel Ethan inside her again. "I want you, Ethan."

"Mm, I want you too, Lindy. I've never wanted to make love to anyone as much as I want to make love to you right now." Her shirt came over her head. Lindy opened her legs and pulled him toward her. With one thrust of his hips, Ethan filled her aching pussy. He pumped slowly, stretching her. "I can't get enough of you." He flicked her nipple with his tongue. "Damn, your pussy hugs me like a glove. I meant to get you out of my system but I just want you more. Every time I have you, I want you more."

Lindy closed her eyes, trying to block herself off from his words. She wanted him too, so much more than she had just the day before. It was like he crawled inside her and made a home there, and she wasn't sure he'd ever leave. Hell, she wasn't sure she wanted him to.

She wrapped her legs around him. "Harder, Ethan." She wanted him as deep as he could go, so deep they became one. He gave her just what she asked for. He slammed into her. "Yes. Oh, yes."

"That's what I like to hear, darlin'. You're so fucking beautiful. Do you know that?"

Then all talking ceased. The only sounds were their heavy breaths, their moans, as he fucked her. Ethan sucked her tits—first one, then the other. Spasms rocked her body as the first waves of orgasm washed over her. He kept going fucking and sucking until waves turned into tsunamis that pummeled her. "Ethan!" She panted as she went limp beneath him.

“Fuck, Lindy. Me too,” he gritted out. Ethan came inside her, his come coming out in spurts before he collapsed on top of her.

Minutes later, after their breathing slowed, Ethan rolled off her. Lindy relaxed as he pulled her into his arms. “I’m on the pill.”

Ethan kissed the tip of her nose, then her lips. “Yeah, I know. I saw you take it earlier today. Still, sorry about that. I’m not usually the type to lose control like that. I’m clean though. Haven’t gone without a rubber since I was dumb kid.”

“Yeah, me too. Clean I mean. I haven’t ... I mean, I’ve never had sex with a guy without one.” When he kissed her, Lindy melted like an *M&M* left out in the sun.

“I don’t want this to end, darlin’. You’re nowhere near out of my system, and I don’t think I want you to be.”

Lindy shivered. Her heart raced. She didn’t want this to end, either. She should. It would be stupid to risk it. Unlike him, she’d lose her job, which was her life. Still, the words tumbled from her mouth anyway. “I don’t want it to end, either.” *Stupid, stupid, stupid!* Except right now she couldn’t find it in her to care.

“Good. Glad you’re not going to fight me on this one because I’m telling you right now, you wouldn’t win.” Ethan’s hand smoothed down her ass, then around to her pussy. She opened up for him, needing to feel him again. He stroked her slit, stopping only to pinch her clit then pushed his fingers inside her.

“So damn wet already. You’re amazing, Bliss.” He pumped his fingers before he said, “Do you trust me?”

The word, “Yes,” slipped out of her mouth before she could stop it.

His other hand caressed the cheeks of her ass, then traced the line of her crack. “I want to take you here, darlin’. Will you let me?”

Her breath hitched, “I’ve never ... I’ve never done that before.” Her voice came out a breathy whisper.

“I’ll make it good for you. You can trust me.”

She shouldn’t, but lying here with him, she did. “Yes...”

*

Fuck yeah. Ethan kissed her with fervor, sweeping his tongue through the depths of her mouth. Lindy molded against him just right, all soft, feminine, turned on, and his. He rolled over on top of her, never breaking their connection. She tasted so damn good he lost himself to her. Kiss, touch, stroke, over and over he played with her, relaxing her for what would come.

Ethan pulled away from her and sat up. “Turn over, darlin’.” She hesitated for a moment. He stroked her cheek with his fingers and kissed her again. “Let me give you pleasure. I promise you, you’ll come so damn hard once I’m buried inside that sexy ass of yours.” He back away, giving her the power to make her decision. She turned, showing him the sexy arch of her back, the beautiful dip at the base of her spine, and then her cute, tight ass.

He knew this took a lot for her, to trust him in a way she’d never trusted another man. Male pride erupted inside him. He cared about this woman, possibly loved her and having her hand that trust over to him gave him an indescribable high.

Ethan kissed the back of her neck, her shoulder blade, the center of her back. “Spread your legs.” She did and he put one of his legs between hers. He leaned over the back of her, kissing her tender flesh, letting his hand skate down her body until it landed

between her legs. He pushed two fingers side her. Her pussy clutched him while he played, pumping his fingers in her cunt. She was soaked wet, his fingers coated, dripping with her essence.

Lindy cried out when he pulled his fingers free, but sighed in relief when he used those fingers to tease the tiny fissure of her ass. "Get up on your hands and knees, darlin'." He backed up so she had room. Lindy immediately scrambled into position. "Hell, yeah," he coated his finger with more of her cream before he went back to the tiny hole of her ass. He slowly started to push inside.

"Oooh. Shit. Ethan..."

"I know." He pulled out, pushed further inside, his other hand playing with her sweet pussy. Ethan swirled his finger around her clit. She arched her ass toward him. Just the sign he needed, he pumped his other finger in her ass. "Fucking amazing, Bliss. I can't wait to feel this tight, little hole wrapped around my cock."

"Me either. I want you inside me, Ethan."

"I will be. Let me get your ready first." He pulled his hand away and used his dick to tease the lips of her pussy. Ethan thrust forward and pulled back, running his cock up and down her slit. She was so damn wet, so damn needy for him. "You want my cock? Fuck, I want to give it to you so damn bad."

She didn't reply. Her breathing increased and she pushed her sexy little ass closer to him. That was all he needed. Ethan pulled his finger free. The head of his cock teased the fissure of her ass. His dick glistened with her juices. Ethan pushed, slowly working his way in her hole. He leaned over her, circling one hand around so he could play with her pussy while he fucked her in the ass.

He pushed further in.

"Oh, God..."

"Can I keep going, darlin'?" Fuck, he hoped she said yes.

"Please ... yes!"

With gentle thrusts he pushed until his cock was buried all the way in her ass. His balls immediately tightened, ready and fucking willing to fuck her until they both came. In and out, he increased his speed as he fucked her ass. There was something damn sexy about watching his cock slide inside her, so fucking amazing knowing it was Lindy taking him there.

Her pussy got wetter and wetter by the second. Jesus, if she didn't come soon he'd embarrass himself. Ethan pushed two fingers inside her cunt, fucking her there while his cock pumped in and out of her ass. "You're so amazing, Bliss. So perfect. Do you like having me fill you in two holes at once?"

"Harder, Ethan. I'm so close."

He did as she said, fucking her deep, hard until her pussy tightened around his fingers.

"I'm coming. Oh, yes, Ethan. I'm coming!"

That wasn't even a strong enough word. Ethan erupted, his orgasm spreading through him like wildfire.

* * * *

Ethan ran into the house to grab a towel for Lindy when he heard a knock at the door. They'd worked together in the yard most of the morning. It felt damn good

spending time together with her, like they fit. It was comfortable—*they* were comfortable together—like they'd shared many weekends this way. Hopefully they'd spend many more weekends together. He pulled the door open to find his brother, Shane and a couple guys from work. "Hey. What's up?"

"Bored. Figured you might need some help in the back so we came over."

Shane stepped inside without an invitation. Ethan's first thought was to try and get rid of them. Their original agreement had been to share one weekend together, without anyone knowing. Getting rid of his brother wouldn't be easy though. Plus, they'd talked and decided they didn't want *this* ... whatever it was, to end with this weekend. If they were a couple now, it wouldn't matter if people knew. Hell, people would know. Last Chance was a small town and they'd run into someone they knew everywhere they went. "Sure, I've been out there all morning. Wouldn't hurt to have a few more hands."

The guys walked through his house and out back, Ethan bringing up the rear. When he was almost to the door, everyone in front of him stopped, nearly making him run into Tommy.

"Bliss? What the hell are you doing here?" Shane asked.

Ethan pushed through the crowd of four guys. "She's working with me. Got a problem with it?" He didn't like the way his brother said her name.

Shane smiled. "Simmer, down, buddy. You know I don't have a problem with it. I'm just surprised."

Ethan realized he had his chest puffed out and relaxed. He looked like an idiot but he didn't care. "Anyone else?"

They all shook their heads and stepped outside. Ethan went straight for Lindy. He bent down to whisper in her ear. "Sorry, darlin'. Didn't know they'd show up today. You don't mind, do you?" She shook her head but her body tensed. "Hey, I'll tell them to get out of here if you don't want them here."

"No, Malone. It's your brother, you don't need to make anyone leave." He kissed her, not a tongue kiss but a little peck.

"So, umm, when did this happen?" Shane asked.

"None of your business, nosey ass. You come over here to work or gossip?"

Shane laughed and winked at him. "You're awful defensive today. Kind of like you have something to hide."

"Whatever."

Shane grabbed a few beers from the fridge and handed them to Tommy, Martin, and Paul, then grabbed one for himself. "Come on, guys, let's get to work."

Ethan nodded at his brother, giving him a silent thanks.

Chapter Nine

Lindy couldn't get anything done. She felt Tommy, Martin, and Paul's eyes on her the whole damn time they'd been there. She tried to ignore it, tried to work and forget they were all sitting there wondering how long she'd been seeing Ethan. Probably wondering if she screwed her way into Malone Construction. This was exactly what she didn't want. She felt uncomfortable, struggled to focus on what she was doing—and this was only a couple guys working at Ethan's house. She couldn't imagine what it would be like at work the next day. *Maybe it will ease up. Give it some time and things will blow over.*

Because the fact was, she liked Ethan, hell, she more than liked him and she didn't want to things to end.

"Need this hammer?" Tommy asked her.

"Thanks." She reached out her hand to grab it from him. When she did his finger tickled her hand. What the hell? *You're imagining things, Lindy. This guy is not trying to hit on you.* She looked at him and he winked. Okay, so he was trying to hit on her. She turned away. "I have a little headache," she told Ethan. "You have any Aspirin?" It wasn't a lie but she also hoped it would afford her a few minutes away from Tommy.

"Yeah, in the bathroom. You okay? Want me to get them for you?"

"No. I'm good." He stood up but she walked away before he had the chance to talk to her again. Lindy jogged to the bathroom and closed the door. She found his Aspirin, opened the bottle and shook two into her hand when she heard a knock at the door. Thinking it would be Ethan she pulled it open. Tommy stood on the other side.

"Lindy Bliss, if I'd have known you put out, I would have had you a long time ago."

Her skin crawled. *Not, again. Please not again.* "Fuck off, Tommy. I wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole."

He stepped closer to you. "Aw, come on, Lindy. I'll do you right. I'll even wait 'til Malone's done with you if you want. I can wait my turn."

"Fuck you." Lindy kneed him in the balls and ran for the front door. Luckily she had her house keys in her pocket because she wasn't taking the time to grab anything else. It would all happen again! She'd be a tease. The little bit of respect she had started to gain would all but disappear as she either dealt with snide remarks from the guys, or catcalls. She'd lose her job. *I'll lose Ethan. I'm already going to lose Ethan!*

How quickly she'd become used to the idea of them together, as a couple. She should have known it was too good to be true. Lindy jogged down the street, hoping she could get home, or get somewhere before Ethan came to find her.

* * * *

Three fucking days. Ethan had been back to work for three fucking days and still no word for Lindy. She'd 'no called no showed' since she walked out on him Sunday. She'd played him for a fool. He'd worked around the backyard waiting for her to come back out. He'd given her time, thinking her headache laid her down for the count until Tommy finally told him she'd left. He'd caught her sneaking out of his house and hadn't had the

balls to say anything right away.

He played it off to the guys like it didn't matter, hell, he played it off to himself like it didn't matter but it did. With each day that went by, it mattered more. Why would she take off on him like that? After the weekend they'd shared, he really thought they had something. Hell, he fucking loved her. Probably always had, but like he'd told her about his mom, he wasn't going to chase after someone who didn't want to be captured. If she didn't want to be with him, then nothing he could do or say would change that.

"Jesus, you're worse than Ty." Shane shook his head.

"What the hell are you blubbering about?"

"Lindy and you. Ty and Maggie. I swear, I never would have thought my two older brothers would be such pussies."

Ethan wiped his forehead and leaned against a beam. "What are you, Dr. Fucking Ruth now, or what?"

"No, I'm just the only Malone brother with any damn sense. You love Lindy. You might have just figured it out, but the rest of us have known it for months. You made me lose in the pool we had going about when you guys would get together because you've been so damn slow."

Now Ethan was pissed. He crossed his arms over his chest. "You bet on my love life?" Shit, sounded like something Shane would do. The guy had no limits whatsoever.

"Yep. So you admit it's your love life and not some weekend lay we're talking about, huh?"

"Yeah, so? I'm not a pussy. I have no problem admitting I love her. She walked out on me though. End of story."

Shane ran a hand through his hair. "I take that back. You're not a pussy, you're stupid. She's not Mom. Maybe she had a good reason to do what she did. If you really loved her, maybe you would take the time to figure out what that reason may be." He kicked at a rock on the ground and walked away.

"Fuck!" Ethan swung a fist through the air. Shane was right. He was being stupid. He loved this woman and he was going to walk away at the first sign of trouble. Maybe Lindy could do that but he couldn't. Ethan jogged toward the trailer. He made it halfway there when he noticed Lindy's truck out front. She stood off to the side of the building with Tommy. He had her cornered in, his arms on either side of her, his palms flat against the building.

Ethan ran. He didn't give Tommy a chance to explain before he grabbed him and socked him in the face. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Tommy held his nose. "Jesus, Malone. What the hell are you doing? The little tramp tried to hit on me and I told her to back off."

Rage rolled off him. Ethan punched him in the stomach. "Call her a tramp again and I'll cut off your balls and feed them to you. Get the hell out of here and don't come back." Like a scared puppy dog, Tommy ran away with his tail between his legs. He looked over at Lindy. Her eyes were red, puffy. Streaks ran down her face. She'd been crying. The prick made her cry. He better hope like hell Ethan never saw him again.

Ethan grabbed her and pulled her against him. "Are you okay, darlin'? Did he hurt you?"

She sniffed against his chest. "No. I already kicked him in the balls once. I could do it again."

Ethan stopped his hand from rubbing her back. She'd already kicked him once? Something happened before. Something she didn't tell him about and that's why she took off on him. He pulled her away and looked her in the eyes. "Talk. Now."

*

"Listen ... I can't do this ... I have to go." Lindy tried to walk away from him but he stopped her. The feel of his rough hands on her skin gave her shivers of pleasure. She'd missed him. In just the few days since they started ... whatever this was they were doing, she already became used to him. These past few days had been the worst of her life, and not like when she had to leave her last job. This had nothing to do with the job but Ethan...she missed him. "Why are you here?"

She shook her head. "I came to officially quit. It's the best way."

"Don't run away from me again, Lindy. I'm not letting you go so easily this time. Tell me what happened with Tommy."

She took in a breath and told him the story of what went down in his bathroom. His hands fisted while she talked to him. His eyes narrowed. He was pissed. More pissed than she'd ever seen him.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"What's the point? If it's not Tommy, it will just be some other guy! Your brother took a chance hiring me, and this is just going to prove him right! I went through the same shit before, Malone." She tried to distance herself by using his last name. "Last time I wasn't even fucking the guy, yet he spread the word about the easy lay, and no one took me seriously. All the guys wanted a piece and I ended up losing my job. I can't do this again."

Ethan pulled her to him. "I'm sorry that happened to you. I really am, but can you let that one instance screw this up?"

"One instance? Did you hear what I just told you about Tommy? What, are you going to kick every guy's ass that says a word to me, because if that's your plan, you'll be doing a whole hell of a lot of fighting. Men don't like a little, ole' woman where she doesn't belong and they tell me every chance they get. This," she waved her hand back and forth between the two of them, "will make things worse."

"Then they'll be gone. I'll fire them, Ty will fire them, Shane, no one is going to let anyone give you a hard time, Lindy."

Her heart melted a little for him. God she loved this man. *Shit! Love him. What did you do?* "You can't protect me from everyone, Ethan, nor do I want you to. I'm not that kind of woman."

"I know what kind of woman you are, Lindy. You're strong, beautiful, funny, strong-willed, and one of the best damn construction workers we have. I know you can take care of yourself but I can help. Don't run from us. It's not like you."

The tears flowed freely now. She didn't have it in her to hold them back. "Yes, it is, Ethan. Don't you see? I'll be the one who has to quit my job. I'll be the one no one takes seriously."

"Fine, I'll quit."

"You can't quit, you own the place."

She tried to turn away but Ethan's hands cupped her face so she had no choice but to look at him. "I don't give a shit if I own the company or not. I'll start a new one, work for someone else, I don't care about that. I care about you. I love you."

Her knees went weak. He loved her? Ethan Malone loved *her*?

“Remember what I told you the other night, about my mom? That if she didn’t care about us, I didn’t care about her? That I would have done the same thing as Ty and let her walk out? I can’t do that with you, Lindy. I thought I could but I can’t. I won’t let you walk away from me. Not again. Hell, who will I have to talk shit to if you’re not around?” He winked at her, trying to lighten the mood. “Seriously, darlin’. The past is the past, don’t let it affect your future.”

He loved her? She still couldn’t wrap her head around it. “You love me?”

“Fuck yeah. You’re different, Lindy. You match me in a way no one ever has. The question is, do you love me? No, not even that. I know you do, even if you won’t admit it. The question is, do you love me enough to fight with me? Or are you going to walk away?”

Her heart thudded. Another wave of tears streaked down her face. “Can we really do this? Will it really work? You have no idea what it’s like, Ethan, being the only woman in a man’s world. It might come down on you, too. Screwing the town tomboy.”

“I don’t give a shit what anyone says about me. I only care about you. We’ll find a way. I’ll leave if I have to. We can start our own business. All that shit will fall into place as long as we take it on together.”

He bent and kissed her. Her whole body came alive, buzzing. He was right. They could face this together and Ethan was more important than any job. They were a dime a dozen, he was one of a kind. “I would never ask you to leave Malone Construction. But ... are you sure your brothers won’t care? I mean, if they want me to leave, I will.”

He kissed her again. “That depends.”

“On what?” she saw the laugh in his eyes.

“You haven’t told me you love me yet.”

Lindy wrapped her arms around him. “I love you, Ethan Malone. I love every cocky, conceited inch of you.”

“Then yeah, I’m sure. You’re family, and Malones stick together.”

Ethan picked her up and backed her so she was wedged between his hard body and the wall. His mouth crushed hers in a soul-deep kiss. That feeling that always accompanied Ethan’s kisses washed over her. He pulled away and said exactly what was on her mind, “Pure, fucking, Bliss.”

The End

About the Author:

Madison Scott is a wife, mother and lover of romance. She’s been a writer since she could hold a pencil. It wasn’t until her mid twenties that she discovered the world of erotic romance. Her life hasn’t been the same since. She believes erotic romance is empowering and enjoys writing and exploring all the facets of falling in love from first sight, to the first kiss, to falling in love and all the erotic touches in between.

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