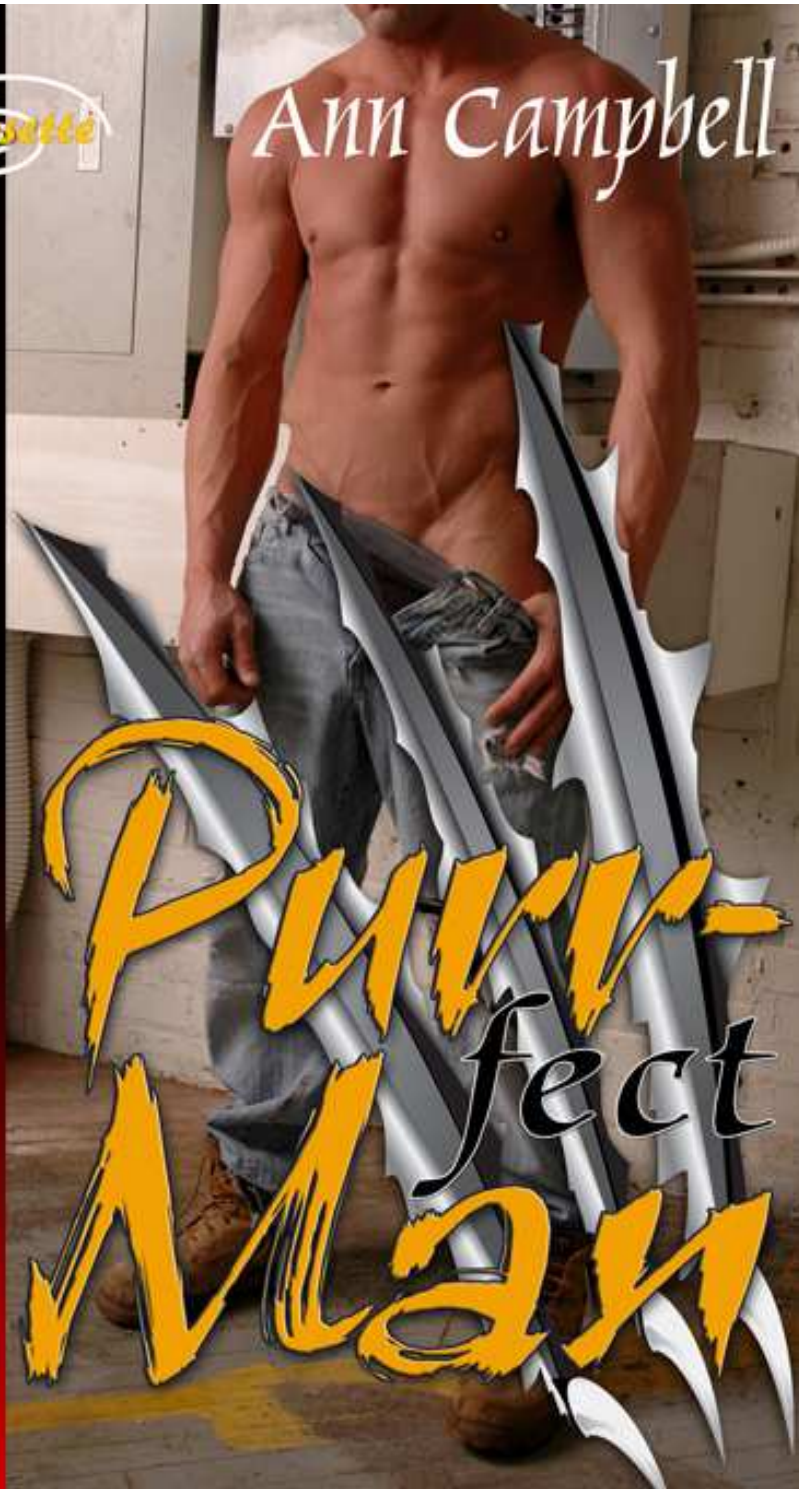




Ann Campbell

Scarlet Rose

Per- fect Man



Purr-fect Man

by

Ann Campbell

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Purr-fect Man

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Cover Art by *Angela Anderson*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 708
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at www.thewilderroses.com

Publishing History
First Scarlet Rose Edition, March 2010

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

To Lucious: You are the type of person I strive to be like, the perfect mother, wife and the greatest damned friend in the world. You make me want to be the best I can possibly be. My life is blessed because of you. Thank you.

PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

Ann Campbell

LIGHTS OUT

“OK, what can I say about this book? “Holy hotness Batman!” I love a novella that can catch me, give me all I need, and not leave me hanging and Ms. Campbell has succeeded in doing this for me. The book was well written with a steam level that almost had me going to the ER! I can’t wait to read more books from this author to keep my engine running smoothly!”

~Tami, You Gotta Read Reviews

Purr-fect Man

Kate Spencer followed the lit path around the steel enclosure, eyeing the two-hundred pound mountain lion and most recent guest at her Colorado wildlife rehab facility. She shook her head—the third cat in three months. The damn poachers left him to die and she had to deal with the mess.

He'd come in a couple hours earlier. At first, she'd thought he was dead like the last one. This time, the poor soul had just been wiped out, probably from his struggles with the poachers.

A low growl rolled from the beast. "I know you want out of there, baby. Soon, I hope." Amber and black, the lion's penetrating gaze caused a flurry of uncertainty within her. Normally, she knew exactly how to care for an animal. Eight years' experience told her something was different with this lion. His behavior confused her. One moment, he seemed injured and the next he prowled as if ready to break from the cage. His instincts would make him cautious, but this was something more.

Like a magnetic pull, Kate couldn't leave his cage. Perhaps it was his penetrating stare. He watched her with intelligent eyes. The sensation both unnerved and beckoned her at the same time. God, he was fascinating.

Two park rangers had found him on the side of the road and brought him to the center. X-rays looked good—no breaks and no previous injuries that she could detect. He'd obviously survived in the wild, but poachers had nearly taken him out. A pulled muscle in one of his hind legs accounted for the majority of his pain.

With rest and confinement, he would heal. Her facility could provide an extended stay, but if he didn't eat soon, she'd have to take drastic measures. The raw meat she'd thrown in during dinner rounds lay untouched on the cage floor.

"Come on, baby." She moved closer to the steel partition. "You have to eat." His intense feline eyes tracked her movements as she knelt by the entrance to the enclosure. "One way or another, I am going to treat you. So eat the meat because I'd hate to sedate you."

He bared inch-long teeth as he yawned. He was a perfect specimen of predatory power and tawny beauty. A pink tongue curled over his upper lip and slid back across his whiskers. Tingles chased down Kate's spine and the hairs at the nape of her neck prickled with awareness.

"Don't growl at me or lick your chops. I'm not on the menu." She sighed and rested her chin in her palm. "I can't help you if you won't help me," she murmured through the bars. His gaze never wavered. "Not impossible, mind you, just harder."

"Kate?"

Kate glanced at her watch and smiled. It was time for evening shift change. She stood and focused on the cat. "I'll be back to check on you later." He moaned low in his throat as she turned from his cage and walked to wash at the sink on the back wall. She checked her reflection in the mirror—no mascara smudges or crazy hair. "Sorry, sweetie, but I wouldn't miss my chance to see Quinton Tocho, not even for you." With a nudge, she pushed through the door next to the sink and entered the front office.

Men filled the small room. Kate waded through a sea of uniforms and testosterone in search of one specific body—a tall, sexy Navajo body.

"Are you still watching over the cat?" Russell Cox stopped in front of her and crossed his arms

over his chest.

“Just trying to get him to eat.” Kate eyed her co-worker. They’d gone out to dinner a few times when they’d both worked late. It wasn’t that he wasn’t good company, but they were strictly friends.

He wasn’t a bad-looking man. Trim, in his early thirties, with blond hair and bright blue eyes, most would consider him attractive. But he wasn’t her type. Nowadays her taste ran toward sexy, dark-haired Native Americans, at least one in particular.

“How is he doing otherwise?”

“It’s too soon to tell. Between the tranquilizer you gave him this morning for transport and the anesthetic I needed to give him for the exam, he was under for most of the morning.” She scanned the room again. “I was hoping Quinton would be here. I wanted him to take a look at the lion and tell me what he thinks. I gave him some pain meds after the exam, so he should be feeling better.” *Where the hell is he?*

“I haven’t seen him since before lunch.” Russell reached out and squeezed her shoulder. “I’m sure the cat will be fine. He’s got the best medical care this side of the Mississippi.”

“If I can’t get him to eat, I’ll put him under and try a feeding tube. I won’t lose him.” The vehemence in her tone shocked even her. She hadn’t realized how personal the situation had become. “They won’t win this time.” She didn’t have to explain who *they* were. Poachers were on everyone’s minds. Like rabid animals, they’d become aggressive and dangerous, seemingly unafraid of being caught.

Over the past several months, their activity had increased and they had started taking bigger animals—wolves, bear, and several cats. A few had been found dead, but most had just disappeared. The targeted animals were usually fresh out of her rehab. They were the easiest to target; they all had

tracking collars on when they left. Anyone with the proper equipment could locate and track the signal.

“He’ll eat. I promise. You’ll fix him up and send him on his way. Then he just has to watch his step and make sure he doesn’t get into any more trouble.” Gripping her shoulders, he moved them closer to the wall, out of the way of the rangers making the shift change. “Speaking of eating, when was the last time you did?”

“I grabbed a sandwich around noon.” His concern tugged at her heart. In her life, only two people cared about her enough to ask questions—her mother and her grandfather. Now, they were both gone.

He smiled. “Why don’t I take you to dinner? We could drive to Bo’s and grab a burger.”

“I appreciate the offer,” she said, glancing at her watch, “but I think I am going to hang out here for awhile. I need to see if I can get him to eat tonight. If not, then in the morning I’ll tranq him again and feed him with the IV.”

“You already spend way too much time up here, Kate.”

She blew out a deep breath. He was right—the rehab consumed her life. The only things waiting for her at home were a week’s worth of newspapers and a shriveled houseplant that had once upon a time resembled ivy. There was nothing to make her rush home after work.

“I know, but I love the job.” She cocked her head to the side. “And besides, you’re not one to talk about how much time *I* spend at work. You have been putting in a lot of extra hours since the trouble with the poachers started.”

He released her shoulders and sighed. “Need to stay on top of the situation if we’re ever going to catch them.”

“Do you have any leads?”

"A few, but they keep turning into dead ends." Russell shook his head. "It's just going to take time."

"And more animals disappear in the meantime."

He narrowed his eyes slightly. "We're doing the best we can with the information we have."

Kate closed her eyes and pressed her fingertips to her temples. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be snippy." She opened her eyes and let her hands drop to her sides. The office was starting to clear out and still no sign of the man she was looking for. Shift change was typically the time for info exchange and gossip before the guys rushed home or started their shift. "It's been a long day." She started making her way to the door leading to the back room.

"Kate?"

She was surprised to find Russell behind her when she reached the door.

"I know I'm not Quinton, but I could take a look at the cat if you want."

"Sure." They entered the back room of the rehab and walked side by side along the large cage housing the mountain lion.

A low rumble came from the cage. The lion flattened his ears against his head and hissed. Kate smiled slowly.

Russell chuckled. "Looks like he's feeling better."

"Maybe, but I have some paperwork to finish up before I can even think about going home." Kate looped her arm through his and they turned toward the door leading back to her office.

A menacing growl erupted behind them. She whipped around. With dilated pupils and his ears laid flat against his head, the cat crouched on the platform.

More confusing behavior. Before Russell had arrived, he'd been agitated, but not ferocious. "I don't understand this one. He's..." she shook off the uneasy feeling. "I don't know, but there is something

special about this cat. I can't leave him."

"So you'll be staying in the clinic tonight."

"I don't know. If I can't get him to settle down," she released an exasperated sigh and continued toward her office, "or to eat, I don't see how I can leave him."

As the door to her office closed, the lion roared and hissed. Metallic clanging echoed through the near empty building. Rising onto her toes, Kate peeked back at the cage through the small window in the door. The lion paced inside his enclosure, spitting and swatting at the bars.

"He's going to reinjure his hip." She crossed her arms over her waist. Animals often showed signs of stress when they arrived at the rehab. Most of the animals that came through the clinic were in need of some medical aide, although not all were seriously injured. Being caged most certainly justified unease, but when coupled with strange smells and sights, it could sometimes prove overwhelming.

"Do you want company? I can stick around."

"Nah, I'll be fine. No need for us both to be stuck here."

Russell laughed, twisted the knob, and pulled the door open. "Have a good night, Doc. I'll swing by in the morning and check on his progress."

"Sounds good." Kate barely heard him slam the door of his truck and leave the parking lot over the deafening sounds coming from the back room.

She pushed the door open and walked into recovery. The cat stopped pacing and leapt onto the metal platform. "What's wrong, baby? Are you afraid to be alone?" She folded her arms across her chest. "I can't really blame you. With all the poaching activity going on here lately, even I get the creeps when I have to hang out here after dark." No matter how she felt about remaining in the park after sundown, she had a job to do.

"You're a tough kitty." She smiled. "At least you will be once you eat." Kate glanced into the cage. "Looks like we'll be sleeping together tonight." She moved around the room, putting away supplies and cleaning up for the day. "You'll keep me company, won't you?"

Golden eyes stared back at her, unblinking, as he remained on his perch.

She swept the tile floor, wiped down the exam table with antibacterial cleaner, and restocked supplies. All the while, her mind ran over what she knew about the poachers, which wasn't much. There were rumblings about it being an inside job, maybe even someone who worked for the state park. Kate found the possibility ridiculous. She couldn't think of a single person who would have a reason to break the laws they all fought so hard to maintain.

Once she was done cleaning, she stretched. She braced her hands on her lower back and thrust her chest forward to ease the tension tightening her muscles.

The cat purred.

"I'm tired, too. But if you don't eat, I don't sleep, so please, baby, work with me." No, the cougar was too stubborn to do as he was told. He had strength and determination, and she could see the defensiveness in his posture. The last thing she wanted to do was sedate him again. He just didn't understand she only wanted what was best for him.

Three steps toward the office door and a thud sounded from the corner. Kate whirled around and faced the enclosure. The mountain lion had jumped to the ground, his tail swishing as he tentatively tore a strip of meat from the bone.

Kate breathed a sigh of relief. "It's about time." He wasn't going after the meat with gusto, but he was eating and for that she was grateful. "Looks like we'll both sleep well tonight."

The cougar lifted his head, a chunk of raw meat hanging from the side of his mouth. With a savage bite, he chewed then swallowed. His gaze locked on her. Kate laughed and retrieved some blankets and a pillow from the supply closet.

A few minutes later, she had arranged the blankets on the floor about four feet from the cage bars, close enough but not too close to put her in any danger.

After she flipped off the main lights, she sat on the pallet facing the cage. With her legs bent, she wrapped her arms around her shins and rested her chin on her knees. He truly was a beautiful animal—strong lines and defined musculature. His piercing eyes reflected the dim illumination from the exterior lighting coming through the window. Her breath caught. How would it feel to curl into his thick fur? Safe, protected? She could imagine the enveloping warmth surrounding her. Her eyes slid closed and her tummy fluttered.

Her eyes snapped open. Hell, she was turned on! Who ever heard of a woman getting flutters from an animal? “I need a life,” she groaned as she toed off her shoes. “Maybe a vacation.”

She stood and unsnapped her jeans. The cat’s sharp gaze followed each movement as the denim slid down her legs and puddled around her feet. Kate kicked them to the side of her makeshift bed and eased between the blankets.

Long shadows cast across the room. An occasional drip from the utility sink added to the lullaby of the crickets outside. Weariness took hold and her lids drooped and finally closed.

A low vibration came from the enclosure beside her. Kate rolled her head on the pillow, her eyes drifting open. The metal clanged as he moved closer to the barrier between them. Breath gushed from the cat as he positioned himself scant inches from

the bars. Her vision had adjusted to the dimness of the room, making it easy to track his movements. The cougar's gaze locked with hers, then his heavy-lidded eyes closed. Even breaths raised his lean torso. Moments passed and he appeared at ease. A steady vibration rolled from his chest and into her body. Hell, he was purring.

The soft rumble lulled her into a tranquil fog. She closed her eyes and let lecherous images of Quinton flash in her mind—a naked Quinton. True, she had nothing to compare her fantasies to, but in her mind's eye he was perfect. Tall and muscular. All sinewy and sex appeal. A bronzed god. Straight onyx hair with tawny highlights hung down the middle of his back. The color shimmered like a raven's wing in sparkling sunlight. Flat nipples perched on well-defined pectorals above washboard abs. Muscles carved a deep V to his groin, where his erection jutted proudly from a nest of dark curls. The idea of seven inches of thick-veined cock made her mouth water.

She closed her eyes tighter, holding the images of her dream man. Too bad they worked together and he'd never be her real man. To make matters worse, she'd been fucking him in her sleep for months. Not so bad for her, but when Quinton came into the rehab, she found it difficult to rein in her imagination and maintain eye contact without blushing. If he had any idea of the thoughts rushing through her mind, he might be inclined to blush, too.

Heat flooded her pussy and Kate clamped her legs together. "I need to get laid," she mumbled and bent her right arm over her eyes.

She took several deep breaths and found herself matching the rhythm of the cat's breathing. The purr grew louder in the dark, quiet room. Tonight, she should feel alone and tired, but she didn't—right now she was aroused.

Beneath the thin material of her bra, her nipples ached for a man's touch. But not just any man would do. She wanted the wildness of Quinton. Perhaps lying next to the cat, with colors similar to the man invading her fantasies, had her need burning hotter.

A thin sheen of sweat trickled between her breasts. Slipping a hand beneath her T-shirt, she trailed fingertips over her quivering belly, higher until she reached the front clasp of her bra. The snap clicked as her unbound breasts swelled and her nipples tightened. She drew one arm through a strap and tugged the bra off through the left armhole.

Kate reached both hands beneath her shirt and cupped the full globes. She brushed her thumbs across her nipples in a delicate caress, sucking in a sharp breath as they tightened even further. She needed release.

Ripping the cotton T-shirt off over her head, she flung it to the side and tugged at the aching buds. Chills raced across her body as the cool air washed over her heated flesh.

She moaned and imagined Quinton pleasuring her as she had so many nights alone in her bed. In her dreams, he took her as a dominant, alpha male. On the floor, against the wall, on the kitchen table, it really didn't matter where as long as he was in control.

In every aspect of his job, Quinton maintained tight control. His attention to detail staggered most people. Kate felt certain he would apply the same dedication to his lovemaking.

There would be no rush for completion. He was the type of man who would make damned sure his partner experienced pleasure before he took his own, and he'd be the one to give it to her. A strategically placed flick of his finger, a long delicious swipe of his tongue across her clit—he would leave no erogenous

zone unexplored.

Her fingers trailed down her stomach and pushed her panties over her hips and down her legs. With no barriers between them, she slipped a finger between the folds of her sex, and rubbed the sensitive nub. She could almost feel his body pressing against hers, pleasuring her, making her his in every form of the word. Maybe he was the kind of man who would growl and nip the skin on the inside of her thigh. The thought made her pussy clench.

Kate had always wanted a man to take charge when it came to sex. Nothing overpowering, but she wanted a man who could give her a good fucking. A little spanking, some dirty words. Spasms rolled through her body at the thought.

Two fingers sank deep into her throbbing pussy. Her hips bucked against the delicious sensations as she stroked her g-spot. Quinton would fuck her good. His long, thick cock would fill her to the point of bursting. Pinpoints of light danced across her vision as she convulsed around her pistoning fingers. She could almost feel him thrust into her and hear him moan her name as he came.

When the delicious spasms finally receded, she withdrew her fingers from her quivering pussy and smiled. The fantasies got better every time.

With a deep sigh, she snuggled deeper into her pillow. Her lids drifted closed and she let her mind wander back to her dream man. He was always more receptive in her dreams. Oh, if only he would act that way in real life. Talk about a dream come true.

A smile played at Kate's lips as she sank into the darkness, into his waiting arms.

Her even breathing echoed in Quinton's ears. The faint musky scent of her arousal teased him with every breath he drew. A prickling started in his

paws and spread through his body. It was a risk to shift so near to anyone, but he had no choice. He needed to get out of this damn cage. No way in hell could he risk getting tranq'd again and possibly shift in front of people who didn't know his secret. Then where would he be? In deep shit, that's where. Shipped off to a lab somewhere, subjected to tests and experiments. To hell with that!

The only thing that had kept him calm and focused on remaining in his animal form lay asleep on the floor by his cage. The lithe, auburn-haired beauty—Kate.

Cage.

They'd put him in a damned cage.

Memories of how he ended up here were fuzzy. He'd been following some men through the park, trying to get a better idea of what they were doing. Being in animal form was the best way to shadow them undetected. His next clear memories were of being carted into the rehab, his head pounding viciously and catching the intoxicating scent of a delicious female. A female whose scent he would know anywhere.

Tingles raced across his body. His legs and spine lengthened and the sharp twist of bones realigning signaled that the shift was well under way. Paws became hands and feet. Fur disappeared and only bronzed skin remained. A curtain of black hair cascaded around his shoulders and across his face, obscuring his view of his surroundings. He didn't need his sight to know what surrounded him; he'd seen it many times over the last year.

The steel bars of the enclosure stretched twelve feet off the floor and extended across the top of the cage. There was a small medical clinic area in one corner of the room. Empty cages of various sizes lined one wall. The rangers must be having a slow weekend. Quinton rolled his eyes and flipped his

hair behind his shoulders with a toss of his head.

His predatory gaze adjusted easily to the dimness. Kate still rested just out of reach on the other side of the bars. Kate. A perfect woman. Standing about five foot six, her shoulder-length auburn hair shimmered like fire in the sun. Her body was trim and toned from all the hours she spent lifting and working at the center helping injured and orphaned animals.

After being introduced last year when he took the position of Wildlife Biologist in the park, he sensed her attraction to him immediately. Her pheromones saturated the air around her much like they were now—heady and teasing—tempting him to give her what she wanted.

He crept closer to the bars as Kate whimpered softly and arched her back. His eyes narrowed as he inhaled her scent—a delicious combination of arousal and vanilla. His cock throbbed and swelled, bobbing and twitching against his stomach.

No doubt, he wanted her just as much as she wanted him, but it could never be. His secret was too important. No one could know what he really was, what he could do...Better to live a life of solitude than risk getting close to Kate and seeing the revulsion on her face when she discovered the truth. He cared too much for her.

Rising to his full height, he cast a final look at the luscious woman he coveted and walked to the cage door. He needed to get out of here. The security bolt on the outside of the door sat at an odd angle, making it difficult for him to access it from between the bars. He rotated his hand and tried again. The breath caught in his throat when his fingers made contact with the cold steel and the latch shifted up. All he needed to do was slide it back and the door would open. He would be free.

With a gentle nudge, he applied pressure and

felt the bolt slide. The screech of metal on metal echoed through the room. Quinton froze. A sigh of relief escaped his lips when Kate shifted but did not wake. He pushed at the bolt again, sliding it open.

He eased the door out, the hinges protesting slightly. Just a few more inches and he could escape the confines of the enclosure and slip away unnoticed. Raising one bare foot, he stepped across the threshold and froze.

A breathy moan sounded from the pallet to his left.

Quinton turned and found Kate twisting restlessly, clutching a blanket to her chest. Her hair, mussed from sleep, tumbled across the pillow and her face flushed. She looked beautiful. It would be so easy to just stand there all night and watch her sleep, but Quinton needed to get out of the rehab and back to his truck.

Preferably without being seen. Coming up with a believable excuse for being naked in the park, well after the gates were locked, was not something he wanted to do. Fortunately, his truck was parked close with a change of clothes behind the seat. The only thing standing between him and freedom was a beautiful redhead and about a hundred yards of tree-lined roadway. So long as he could get out of the rehab unnoticed, the rest of the journey would be a breeze.

Of course, it would be a lot easier to get out of the building if Kate wasn't sleeping in the same room. Easier still, if the animal in him wasn't screaming to give her what she obviously wanted. Hell, what he wanted.

Countless times he'd imagined settling between her thighs, his cock dipping into her moist slit and gliding against the tempting, heated flesh. The thought of her long legs wrapped around his waist as he slammed his cock deep into her silken pussy,

plagued him night after night. Would she whimper sweetly or would she be a wild woman? Her nonsense approach to life would surely carry over into the bedroom.

A faint smile tugged at his lips. She'd be a tiger in bed, he was certain, and one he would love to tame. The only problem was who would tame whom? There was no way Quinton would ever be satisfied with just a quick tumble. If he ever tasted her passion, he'd never want to let her go and that just couldn't happen.

The pain in his left leg was almost gone. Rapid healing was one of the benefits that came with his gift. He slipped silently out of the enclosure and walked to the office door. He quickly pulled on a pair of overalls that hung on the wall rack. The thick material had barely passed over his hips when the skin on the back of his neck began to prickle.

"Quinton?"

He turned and found Kate staring wide-eyed at him, clutching a blanket to her chest. Her hair was mussed from sleep and her cheeks flushed. She looked wonderful.

Her gaze roamed his body, lingering on his exposed chest. "Quinton, what's going on?"

Now, dumbass, would be a great time to say something witty and charming. Quinton fixed his gaze on hers, unable to do anything but stare. *Don't let her look at the cage. Get her mind on something else!*

She raised her gaze to meet his. Her head cocked to the side and he saw something spark in her eyes. Desire. "What are you doing here?" The words came out a low whisper, barely audible even in the silence.

Oh, shit! What in the hell was he going to do? If she started putting two and two together, he was screwed. How would she react?

One long, tanned leg peeked out from beneath the blankets of her pallet. The little whimpers she'd made as she pleased herself still rang in his ears. His cock jumped. No, he wasn't screwed yet, but he could be. They both could be.

A spark flashed in her eyes. She took in a deep, deliberate breath and slowly pushed the blankets down her body, leaving her exposed to him. Need clawed through his gut, demanding to be released. There was no fear in her eyes when he looked at her, only desire burning hot and fast.

Her hand slid down her body and dipped between her thighs. A silky drop wept from the tip of his tool at the sight. The musky scent of her arousal was driving him crazy.

Three steps brought him to the edge of her pallet. The need to taste her musky arousal and bury his cock deep in her slick heat welled within him. His mind screamed to claim her body as his own. To save them both from this torture. If only for a moment.

Clearly by the size of the erection tenting the front of Quinton's overalls, he wasn't as unaffected as Kate had always assumed. The talk from the rangers was that he didn't date and didn't flirt. They had a running joke about his sexual preference, but clearly it was unfounded. The man before her stared at her like he was ready to pounce and ravage her in a way she had only ever dreamed about.

Kate let her legs shift apart to give him a better view as she caressed her clit. If she hadn't woken up with him damn near naked and just a few feet away, she never would have had the courage to be so open about her desires. Judging by his reaction to her show, he wasn't put off.

Quinton pushed the overalls off his hips and let them slide to the floor. His hand gripped the base of

his cock and squeezed. "You really shouldn't do that."

"Why not?" She stopped the circular motion on her clit and brought her fingers to her mouth. Her tongue flicked across the tip of her middle finger. The tangy flavor exploded on her taste buds. "Does it make you uncomfortable?" She ran the moistened finger down her body and resumed her exploration.

The muscles in Quinton's chest flexed as he slid his hand up the length of his cock. "Not the way you think."

Kate plucked her nipple with her left hand and rolled her hips. Moisture soaked the fingers of her right hand as she traced the entrance to her hot channel. With a low moan, she dipped them just inside her pussy, withdrew, and rubbed her cream across her throbbing clit.

Quinton kept his gaze on her hands as he stroked his cock from tip to base and back. A pearl of moisture leaked from the thick, plum-shaped head. Kate's mouth watered.

"You don't know anything about me." He cupped his heavy sac with his left hand and increased the rhythm of his strokes with his right.

Bending her knees, she drew her feet back toward her ass and let her legs fall wide. "I know enough, and I think I can figure the rest out pretty quick."

"I'm not the kind of man you need." He stepped out of the material at his feet and onto the blankets.

"But you are the kind of man I want. The needing can come later." She slid her hands across the silken skin on the inside of her thighs.

Desire flashed in his eyes. With a low growl, he dropped to his hands and knees and came toward her. He crawled over her body and stopped, an arm on either side of her ribs. "I'm not a gentle man."

Her fingers traced the bulging muscles in his

arms. "I never thought you would be."

He kept his gaze fixed on hers as he braced his weight on one arm, his left hand scorched a path down her knee to her pussy. Quinton delved between her folds, caressing, heightening her arousal. He traced a finger around her aching opening. "Does it make you hot to think of me fucking you?"

Tension coiled deep in her core. The whiskey-rough words skimmed over her, igniting her passion, releasing her fantasies. "It makes me very hot."

He plunged two fingers inside her. "Do you think of me taking you?"

Kate closed her eyes and savored the delicious sensation of him finally being inside her. No longer a fantasy, this was real, he was real. "Yes," she moaned. He spoke like he knew what she wanted, what she needed, and he was just the man to give it to her.

Quinton dropped to his right elbow, his warm breath caressed her neck as he whispered, "Do you think of me when you fuck yourself?"

"Every time." She gasped as his fingers curled inside of her pussy. Shit, it was almost as if he knew her body as well as she did. Angling upward, he stroked her g-spot and sent electric sparks coursing through her body. His lips closed over her earlobe, sucking and nipping as he dove deeper into her channel.

"Do you dream about me fucking you?" Teeth scraped across her shoulder and nipped the tender flesh. Chill bumps exploded across her entire body.

"Mmm, yes, every night." The silken strands of his hair drifted across her neck like an inky curtain as he moved from her shoulder to her breast. His chest rumbled as he nuzzled her globe and then took the erect tip into his mouth. The rasp of his tongue across her nipple caused her pussy to clench. He sucked the bud deep into his mouth and swirled it

wickedly with his tongue. Her fingers sank into the satin length of his hair, clutching him tighter.

“You have no idea how bad I want to take you.” His fingers scissored deep inside her as his thumb grazed her clit. “Of the nights I lie alone in my bed rock hard with the need to fuck you.”

Ragged breaths whispered over her stomach as he moved down her body, rubbing his face against her skin as he went. The soft nips he delivered along his trek south only added to the arousal quaking her body.

“I have the same needs. The same wants.” Every muscle tensed as he moved closer to her pussy, teasing and licking along the way. The anticipation was killing her. “To be fucked.” Breath stilled in her lungs as he nuzzled the sensitive flesh of the outer lips of her sex. He pushed his fingers deeper into her channel and heat rushed across her body. She didn’t know how much more of his teasing she could take before she exploded.

All air disappeared from her body as his tongue speared between her folds and struck the sensitive nub. She gasped and raised her hips off the blankets, begging for more.

The roughness of his tongue across her clit sent shards of pleasure ripping through her from toes to fingertips. Lights danced around Kate as he sucked and nibbled. Combined with the thrusts of his long, talented fingers, the pleasure was almost more than she could stand. Her pussy quivered under his assault with the urgent need for release.

As if sensing how close she was, Quinton gave her a final lick and pulled back completely. She groaned at the immediate emptiness. Strong hands gripped her hips and rolled her to her stomach. The weight of his body against her back was heaven, but the nudge of his cock between the cheeks of her ass was hell. She was so close. Another few teasing

strokes and she would burst.

“Please,” she whispered.

He pulled her up on her hands and knees and grazed her clit with the head of his cock. “Is this what you want?”

She moaned and rocked back against him, shivering at the slide of his dick across her heated pussy.

“You didn’t answer me.”

Kate yelped at the sting of his bite on her left ass cheek, but the rasp of his tongue across the same spot brought a deep sigh from her lips. “Yes.”

“I seem to have left my condoms in my other suit.” His tongue scorched a moist trail up her spine.

“I haven’t been with anyone since my checkup almost a year ago.”

“Sounds like we’ve both gone too long without. You’re clean, I’m clean. What about pregnancy?”

“I’m on the pill.”

Needing no further confirmation, his cock thrust deep into her waiting pussy. Her internal walls stretched to accommodate his size as he filled her completely. He eased back until just the head of his tool remained inside before he thrust forward again, tightening the grip on her hips.

“Is this what you needed?” There was an edge to his voice that dared her to deny his question.

She gasped as a hand came down sharply across her right cheek. The mild sting only drove her pleasure higher, sending waves pulsing through her core.

“Mmm, I think somebody likes it a little rough,” he growled. Another sharp slap was followed by a caress to ease the sting.

Her hips rocked back to meet his deep thrusts. He strummed her clit with skilled fingers, drawing a ragged cry from her lips. His hips pistoned, driving his cock deeper, harder, fucking her thoroughly.

Hitting spots no man had ever come close to before.

His nimble fingers abandoned her clit and fisted in her hair, tugging her head back and exposing her throat. His heated flesh scorched her back as he pressed his chest against her and growled against her neck. "Your pussy is so tight."

Her pussy clenched as the waves of her orgasm crashed over her. Quinton sank his teeth into her shoulder and slammed his cock into her channel with animal force. His feral groan echoed in the silence as he released streams of hot cum deep inside her.

Quinton slowly withdrew from her quivering sheath. Unable to hold herself up, Kate dropped to her stomach on the blankets and watched as he sprawled out on his back beside her. Sweat soaked their sated bodies. The only sound in the dim room was their ragged breaths.

When his breathing slowed, he turned his head and met her gaze. A slow smile spread across his lips. Without words, he pulled her to him and wrapped his muscular arms around her.

Kate breathed a contented sigh as he pressed a tender kiss to her brow. She could stay snuggled with him like this forever. Nestled against his shoulder, she let her lids close and dropped into a euphoric sleep.

Kate woke slowly. The dull ache between her legs brought an instant smile to her lips. Oh, yeah. The morning after being thoroughly loved was a great way to greet the day. She reached for Quinton, but her hand found only an empty space where he had been.

Kate's eyes popped opened. Glancing around the room, she saw no trace of the man who had fucked her wildly and then held her gently as she drifted off to sleep.

Her gaze locked on the open cage door. The lion was gone. Kate threw back the blankets and scrambled into her clothes. She raced through the office door and slammed into a solid chest. Strong hands gripped her shoulders and steadied her.

“Russell, what are you doing here?”

He raised an eyebrow. “I told you I would come by this morning and check on the cat.”

Kate shook her head and took a deep breath. He must have come in while she was still sleeping and loaded the cat. “Sorry, I forgot.” She walked toward her desk. “So, I guess you want to transport him out this morning?”

“You clear him and I’ll have him out of your hair faster than you can blink.” He dropped into the chair in front of her desk.

Kate smiled. “I have to check him before I can clear him.” She sank into her chair and pulled out a folder containing the cat’s records.

Russell nodded. “So, let’s go get that bad boy cleared.”

“In the back?” Kate looked up from the forms and gazed at Russell. “Is that where your truck is?”

“No. My truck’s out front.”

“You don’t have the cat in your truck for transport?” A bead of sweat slithered down her spine.

Russell leaned forward in his chair and studied her intently. “Kate, where’s the cat?”

Nausea rolled in her stomach as the situation sank in. If the cat was gone and Russell didn’t have him, that only left one other person. Quinton.

“Kate.” The sharp tone in Russell’s voice rang in the small room. “Did anyone else come by here last night after I left?”

She shook her head. “There’s no way he could have done something like this.” The very thought that Quinton could have used her in such a vicious

way caused her body to quake.

“Who?”

Kate closed her eyes. “He wouldn’t.”

“Who the hell came by?” Anger vibrated from each clipped word.

“Quinton,” she whispered.

Russell jumped from the chair so fast it toppled over backward, clattering against the tile floor. “That bastard. He must be working with the poachers. It’s no wonder we’ve had so much trouble finding them.”

“You can’t really believe he would do something like that, can you?” Even as she spoke the words, Kate realized there just weren’t any other options. Everything pointed to Quinton. The cat had been in the cage before he came, but was gone this morning after he’d left. As painful as it was to think he could be part of such a terrible crime, all the evidence pointed to him.

Russell stormed around the desk, grabbed her shoulders, and hauled her out of her chair. “Of course I can. It fits! And if you weren’t so damned blind, you’d see it too.” He shook her roughly. “You need a reality check, Kate. Not everything is all ice cream and puppies. Just because you want something to be a certain way, doesn’t make it so.”

“You’re hurting me.” Kate tried to remain calm, but the look on his face was terrifying. His lips pulled back to show his teeth and a vein in his temple pulsed.

He released her shoulders and grabbed the back of her neck. “Call your boyfriend and tell him to get his ass back here with that cat.” He shoved her against her desk and pushed the phone toward her.

Kate’s mind raced. Why would Russell want Quinton to bring the cat back? Why not just call the cops? “Maybe he just took the cat back out and released it.”

His fingers tightened on her neck painfully. "Get him back here," he growled. "Don't make me ask you again, Kate."

"What is this, Russell?" Her voice sounded shaky even to her own ears.

"I need that cat back. If I don't get it, there are going to be some very angry people. I don't want to hurt you, but I may not have much of a choice."

Nothing he was saying made sense. Why would Tucker, the head park ranger, be pissed at Russell for a missing mountain lion he had nothing to do with? "I am sure Tucker will be madder at me than you."

Her blood froze when he started to laugh. "I don't give a shit about Tucker."

"Then, who?" She glanced over her shoulder at the man she had considered a friend. The ghostly smile on his lips made her gasp. "You? You've been selling the animals you were supposed to relocate?" He released his grip on her neck and stepped back. "Why?"

"For the money." Russell lifted one shoulder in a slight shrug.

"You have to turn yourself in." Kate reached for the phone.

He grabbed her arm and twisted it painfully behind her back. "I'm not going to jail."

"Let her go, Russell." Quinton filled the doorway leading into the backroom.

Russell pulled Kate back against his chest, wrapped an arm around her waist, and whirled around to face the owner of the voice. "We'll trade. Kate for the cat you took."

Quinton clenched his fists at his side. "This isn't a movie, jackass. Do you really think that if you were to get your hands on that cat, you could just walk away?" Russell was running out of options and he bloody well knew it. The only question now was

what was he going to do about it?

Russell's hand started to sweat, loosening his hold on her wrist. He tightened his hold on her waist, jerking her close as he edged his way toward the front door. Blood pounded in her ears as she tried to tamp down the fear clawing in her stomach. There was no way of knowing what Russell was capable of when pushed up against a wall.

"You know if you walk out that door with Kate, the list of charges is just going to get longer, don't you?" Quinton narrowed his eyes and took a step toward them. "It won't just be poaching and smuggling anymore. You'll add kidnapping and maybe assault." Another step closer.

"I'd never hurt Kate." His breath was warm against her cheek. Her captor pulled her back another step and pressed his back against the wall by the door.

Quinton held his hands up, palms out. "I don't think you'd hurt her intentionally, but I don't know if the cops outside will really care."

Russell stiffened behind her. He turned his head to look out the window. Before Kate realized what was happening, Quinton was whipping her out of Russell's grasp. Russell bellowed in surprise a split second before Quinton's fist connected with his jaw. The ranger sank to the floor, unconscious.

She launched herself into Quinton's arm and buried her face in his chest. Her body trembled and her knees shook.

He stroked her hair. "It's over." He put space between them. "Are you hurt?"

She shook her head—just ashamed because of what she'd thought about this man. "I'm fine now." He wasn't a poacher, but she didn't know if that changed anything between them. "I think I just need to sit down for a minute."

Quinton squeezed her shoulders. "Why don't you

go splash some water on your face and I'll make the coffee."

Kate nodded silently and walked to the small bathroom. Voices filled the outer office. Quinton must have let the police in to handle Russell.

She twisted the knob on the sink, cupped her hands under the cool stream, and splashed the icy wetness across her heated face. Quinton might not have had anything to do with the poaching, but the cat was still missing and he was the only person who could have been responsible for that.

Feeling less shaken, Kate turned off the water and went back into the office. Law enforcement officers from half a dozen different agencies crowded the confined space. Quinton pressed a Styrofoam cup into her hands and led her to a chair.

The rest of the day was filled with police, rangers, and a string of questions that never seemed to end. Quinton hadn't spoken more than a handful of words to her. As it turned out, he'd been working with the local game warden on the case.

A sinking feeling settled in her chest. He'd just been doing his job. Coming into the rehab, sneaking the cat out, sleeping with her. Bile rolled in her stomach. How could she have ever thought he'd finally noticed her?

"Miss Spencer, you're free to leave whenever you like."

Kate glanced at the deputy sheriff and nodded. She rose from her chair, grabbed her purse, and headed for her truck. The urge to run was overpowering as embarrassment swamped her. How would she ever be able to look at Quinton again and not replay everything they had done last night? How could she trust him? Shit, how could she trust anyone? He and Russell had both used her in their own ways.

She shook her head and started the drive home.

Quinton's deception stung more than Russell's. She'd opened herself up for the possibility of more with a man she'd harbored feelings for, just to find out that she'd been nothing more than a means to an end. Being used sucked, but being used by someone she thought she knew, someone she cared about? Well, that was heart wrenching.

If she never saw Quinton Tocho again, it might be too soon.

Quinton turned off his truck and glanced at the house through the windshield. When he'd finished talking to the officers at the rehab, he'd gone searching for Kate, only to discover she'd already left. The need to make sure she was safe overpowered him.

The moment he'd stepped through the back door of the office and saw Russell gripping her arm behind her back, he'd wanted to beat the man within an inch of his life. Anger swelled in his chest at the memory. It had taken all his strength to remain calm.

Now that the situation was resolved, the only thing he cared about was ensuring Kate was safe. Last night had been something he'd longed for since shortly after meeting the fiery woman. A brief taste of heaven. Now all he wanted was a chance to keep it in his grasp. The very thought of pretending that last night hadn't happened left an unfamiliar ache in his chest.

Quinton stepped out of his truck and climbed the front porch steps. Drawing in a deep breath, he raised his hand and knocked. Seconds ticked by as he waited. The door slowly swung open.

Heat rushed to his cock with just a glimpse of the woman before him. It didn't help that she wore only a short, silky robe, her hair damp, looking sexy as hell. Well, sexy except for the pissed-off look on

her beautiful face.

“What do you want, Quinton?” She crossed her arms under her breasts, causing the material to part and giving him an enticing glimpse of her tanned skin.

“I wanted to come by and check on you. To make sure you were okay after everything that happened today.” If the look on her face didn’t give enough of a clue to her mood, the finger tapping rapidly against her left arm was a good indicator.

Sparks flashed in her blue eyes. “Yeah, well, as you can see, I’m fine. So, if you’ll excuse me.” She moved to close the door.

Quinton threw his hand out and stopped the oak door just before it closed. “What’s wrong?” Her tone confused him. Was she pissed that they’d had sex or was it simply discovering someone she worked with was responsible for so many of the missing animals?

“What’s wrong?” Kate jerked the door open and pinned him with a frosty glare. “Let’s start with the most recent issue and work our way back, shall we?” She didn’t wait for his reply. “I was questioned by police and game wardens for hours. I just found out a fellow co-worker has been poaching animals from the park and selling them for profit. I can’t account for a mountain lion that was in my possession last night and I don’t have a good reason for what might have happened to him. At least not a good reason that will keep someone from getting fired, because as best I can tell, you must have taken him.”

“Me?” Quinton swallowed.

She nodded. “He was locked up when I went to sleep, but when I got up this morning he was gone. I figure when you got there last night, you were shocked as hell to see me sleeping in the back and the only way you could think of to distract me so you could get him out, was to fuck me.”

“I didn’t sleep with you to distract you. There is

no way I would ever do anything to hurt you. I slept with you because I wanted you, needed you.”

Anger rolled off her in waves. “Just the icing on the cake, right?” Kate balled her fists and planted them on her hips. “Where is he?”

How was he going to explain this one? “I can’t tell you.” Her furious huff echoed in his ears. “But he’s fine. I can tell you that.”

She shook her head. “I don’t believe you. After everything that has happened in the last twenty-four hours, I want to see him with my own eyes.”

Fear gnawed in his belly. Kate was a determined woman. If she had it in her mind to see the cat, nothing else would satisfy her. But it was impossible. He’d never shifted in front of anyone.

“I don’t think that’s possible.” No one knew his secret and, as much as he wanted to be a part of Kate’s life, he just wasn’t sure how she would react to the truth.

She cocked her head and glared at him. “Really? Well, let me just say that if you don’t produce that lion, I’m calling the cops and telling them you had something to do with his disappearance.”

God, this woman was hard headed. Not that he could really blame her. If someone spouted this line of shit to him, he’d be hard pressed to swallow it without a fight, too. “Can’t you just trust me on this?”

“I can’t trust anyone at this point. I feel like I haven’t gotten a straight answer since I started working here.”

Pain clenched his heart. His actions had made her wary of him and his intentions toward her. Quinton knew there was only one way she would understand. Understand who he was and put right all the doubts she harbored. “It means a lot to you, doesn’t it? To make sure he’s okay?”

A silent nod was her only response.

With no other option, he drew in a deep breath. "Can I come in?"

Without a word, she stepped aside and gave him room to come through the open doorway. He eased past her and turned as she closed the door. This was it. He knew what he needed to do to earn back at least some of her trust. He jerked the worn cotton T-shirt over his head and tossed it to the floor. No sense ruining his clothes to set her mind at ease.

He had his first boot off by the time she turned around to face him.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" She jammed her fists onto her hips and stared at him, her eyes wide.

Quinton pulled off the second boot and let it fall to the floor with its mate. "Giving you what you want." Next came the socks.

"You think I want sex? Now?" She shook her head and rolled her eyes. "Just like a man to think the only reason a woman lets him into her home is for a quick fuck."

"You already know there's nothing quick about sex with me." His fingers released the button on his jeans.

"Hardly the point and not the topic of this conversation, either. I want to know about the mountain lion." Her eyes followed the slide of the zipper as he lowered it. Crimson fused her cheeks, from anger, from lust—he wasn't sure which had put the lovely glow there, but hopefully what he was about to do would appease both emotions.

Her delicate gasp echoed through the room as he pushed the soft denim over his hips and down his legs. The air around them became saturated with the musky scent of her arousal. She might be pissed, but her body still reacted to him on a primal level. That little bit of knowledge gave him hope that once all the cards were on the table, there would still be a

chance for them.

Quinton focused his mind on the task at hand. An electric tingle raced down his spine and out his limbs. Bones snapped and shifted, realigning to accommodate his feline form as he dropped onto all fours. Heat prickled his skin as fur sprouted, covering his body. Sharp twinges stabbed his jaws as his fangs elongated and filled his mouth.

Kate jumped back against the door, shock filling her gaze as she stared at him in his animal form. Her scent filled his nostrils—a heady mixture of fear and woman. Not wanting to frighten her, Quinton remained motionless and watched her slide down the door. Her legs curled beneath her as she made contact with the floor.

“I think I get the picture.” She stared hard. “Either you just turned into a cougar in my living room, or I’ve gone off my rocker.”

To keep from appearing threatening, Quinton eased to his belly on top of his discarded clothes. She needed to accept the truth if she was ever going to accept the part of him that was feline. As if sensing that he was waiting for something, she shakily rose to her feet and paced in front of the door.

“This can’t be happening. If I hadn’t just seen it with my own eyes, I’d swear I was taking a bad trip, but I’ve never dropped acid so I know that can’t be the reason I’m seeing this.” She stopped pacing and pinched her arm. “Nope, I’m not dreaming.”

She cast him a quick glance and resumed pacing. “Okay, so let’s try to be rational. You came into my house as Quinton and now you’re a cat. There has to be a logical explanation for this. But what if there isn’t? What if it’s magic?” Kate looked at him. “But magic is just for the movies, right?”

Quinton rolled onto his side and started purring.

Kate threw her hands up. “Now you’re purring. Well, it could be worse, you could be talking. Then

I'd really need to be medicated. You don't talk as a cat, right?"

Her eyes widened. "Oh, my God! If you're the cougar that was at the clinic, then that means you were there last night. You saw what I did." An accusing finger jabbed in his direction. "Hell, being a guy, you probably enjoyed having a front row seat to me getting myself off. Perv."

He blinked his eyes and continued the low rumbling.

The pacing began again. "You're not going to start clawing the curtains or marking the furniture are you? 'Cause let me make one thing perfectly clear. Any of that nonsense and out you go, mister." She stopped suddenly and jammed her fists on her hips. "Look, I have questions and you need to answer them. So, if you can't talk as a cat, you need to change back so we can talk."

With only a thought, Quinton felt his body return to his nude human form. He rose from his crouched position and gazed down at the woman who had worked her way into his heart. "I'm sorry."

She tilted her head to the side. "Sorry for what, exactly?"

"For not telling you."

"I can't say as I blame you for keeping something like this a secret." She chuckled. "I should be the one apologizing. I forced you to tell me."

"How do you feel now that you know?"

"Are there others out there like you?"

"There are some. Not all of them are mountain lions. Some are bears, wolves. I've heard of a few who are more like domestic dogs or cats, but not many."

"I sure hope I never neutered any of them, thinking they were strays."

"I doubt it." Quinton smiled at her. "Do you think you'll be able to get used to my secret?"

Kate raked her gaze over his nude form. The sight of her moistening her lips with the tip of her pink tongue made his cock jerk. "I think I could get used to the fact that you're naked when you shift back."

"Like that, do you?" He brushed a damp strand of hair from her check and tucked it behind her ear. Pheromones rolled off her in waves. The musky scent of her arousal surrounded him.

She lifted a shoulder. "It could have certain advantages."

"Ah, but therein lies the problem. It leaves me naked while you're still fully clothed." His finger trailed down her cheek and brushed the edge of her robe.

Desire flared in the depths of her green eyes. "That is a problem." She lifted her hands and slid them along the plane of his chest. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I'm sure we can find a solution that works for us both." Quinton leaned toward her, his mouth hovering above hers. Not wanting to push, he waited for Kate to make the next move.

She didn't make him wait long. Dropping one hand, she tugged the sash on her robe and let the silky material drift open. Soft lighting bathed her as she eased around him and walked into the kitchen, dropping the robe as she went.

Quinton followed her with his eyes. Heat throbbed in his cock as he watched her turn and back up to the table. With her palms flat on the tabletop, she raised herself up and settled her luscious ass on the wood surface. She leaned back, propping herself up on her elbows, and let her legs drift apart giving him an enticing view of her neatly trimmed pussy.

"This was always one of my favorite fantasies. You. Me. This table."

Swallowing hard, Quinton tried to rid himself of the cotton filling his mouth. Deliberate steps carried him from the entry to the inviting cradle between her thighs. A delicate flush crept across her creamy breasts and her nipples pebbled. "You're blushing," he murmured.

Her eyes grew dark with lust. "Am I?" She arched her back, thrusting her breasts toward him. "It must be the heat."

The pupils of Quinton's eyes dilated, obscuring all but a thin ring of amber. His heavily muscled chest rose and fell rapidly. She shifted her weight to one elbow and reached out with her other hand, stopping just short of his tempting abs. His muscles rippled. Moisture wept from the slit in the head of his cock.

She licked her lips and ran a fingertip through the moisture. "Are you hot?" He moaned as she slicked her fingers around the head. "Or is it just me?" Gathering more of the silky precum, she brought her finger to her mouth and licked it clean.

The salty taste of him exploded across her palette. The need to sip on his essence overwhelmed her. With a quick move, she pushed him back from the table and dropped to her knees in front of him. His delicious cock stood out proudly just inches from her mouth.

Not in the mood to waste time, Kate wrapped her hand around the base and sank her mouth over his length. It seemed like a lifetime of waiting since she'd first imagined taking Quinton this way. And now that she had him right where she wanted him, she planned to do all the naughty things she'd dreamt of doing.

The swirl of her tongue across the head of his dick brought a low groan from his mouth. His fingers threaded through her damp hair and fisted in the

length. Emotions threatened to overtake her. That one simple, intimate act could bring him such pleasure made her ache. Nothing had ever felt as wonderful as the knowledge that she was pleasuring the man she loved.

Loved? She cupped his balls and slid her mouth down his hard length again. He moaned her name. Yes, she loved this man. Had loved him for almost as long as she'd known him. The fact that he'd trusted her with his deepest secret only hammered in the last few nails on her emotions, making them solid and not just a dream anymore. It showed his feelings ran just as deep as hers.

Quinton released his hold on her hair, grabbed both shoulders, and pulled her to her feet. "I've got plans that don't end with me coming just yet."

Her hands eased along his chest and across his shoulders. "Really?" Ebony locks teased her fingertips. "And just what kind of plans did you have in mind?"

Without breaking eye contact, he reached around her and moved two kitchen chairs so the seats faced each other just in front of the table. "I want you to kneel on those chairs and lay across the table."

"I love a man who takes charge." She turned, placed a knee on each cushioned chair seat and her forearms on the table. Casting a saucy glance over her shoulder she asked, "Are you going to spank me?"

"Do you need it?" His fingers gripped her hips, biting the tender skin gently as his cock rubbed against her from behind.

"Everyone needs a good spanking once in awhile."

Quinton rubbed his hands across her ass. The erotic scratch of calluses made her stomach clench. The sting of the first slap brought a rush of cream

from her pussy. She sucked her lower lip into her mouth and clamped it between her teeth to keep from telling him to just fuck her.

She squeezed her eyes closed and waited for the next pleasure/pain strike. He didn't disappoint. Two more slaps followed by gentle caressing. She gasped as his fingers dipped into her pussy, gathering cream and sliding it up her ass. He probed the rim of her rosette.

Tingles raced down her spine and out her limbs. His cock slid against her clit as he continued his explorations, dipping a finger just inside past the first ring of muscle and withdrawing. Teasing, taunting, and giving her just enough to want more. More of something, *anything*, that would ease the tense aching deep inside her.

"You're a tease," she gasped, barely able to keep from thrusting against his exploring finger.

"Oh, honey, now that's where you're wrong." His finger slipped into her ass as his cock pushed deep into her pussy. "I always deliver."

Full was not an adjective that accurately described the sensations coursing through her from head to toe. Every nerve ending in her body screamed in pulsing ecstasy. In a rhythmic motion, he withdrew his finger and surged deeper with his cock. As he pulled back with his shaft, his finger slipped back into her ass so she was never left empty.

Tension coiled deep in her core and radiated outward, leaving her body quivering for release. Reaching for what she knew would be mind blowing, like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

She cried out as his alternating thrusts became deeper. Tiny pinpoints of light danced across her vision and an earth-shattering climax racked her body. His finger pulled from her sphincter and firm hands gripped her hips as he bucked against her

with a feral growl announcing his release.

They collapsed onto the table, both drawing in ragged breaths. Their sweat-soaked bodies quivered from exertion.

“Holy shit.” Kate threw her arms above her head and felt muscles protest in a dozen spots on her body.

Quinton chuckled. “Me, too.” He rose from the table, dampened a cloth at the sink, and came back to her. Soft, gentle strokes cleansed their lovemaking from her body. When he finished he scooped her up and carried her to the living room couch. He sat and cradled her in his lap.

“So, does this mean we’re going to be seeing each other outside of work?” She held her breath and waited for his reaction.

He tweaked her nipple. “I think it’s safe to assume we’ll be spending a lot of time together. We may never leave the bedroom, but hey, what a way to live.”

Relief washed over her at his response. She rubbed her hand across his arm and snuggled against him. “I could get used to that.” She pulled the blanket off the back of the couch and covered them.

“Good.” Quinton sighed into her hair.

“I do have one question for you, though.” He stiffened under her. “Are you house broken or do I need to get a bigger litter box?”

His deep laughter rumbled through the darkened room. He tightened his arm around her waist and kissed her neck. “I even put the seat down when I’m done.”

She twisted in his arms and traced his lips with her tongue. “Well, aren’t you the perfect man.”

About the Author

I live in central Texas with my husband, two great children and more animals than any person really needs. My mother, the English teacher, got me started reading romance novels in my early teens as a way to get me interested in reading. It worked. I love books. After leaving my corporate job to stay home with my children, I decided I wanted to try writing and fell in love with the ability to create a story from scratch.

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