



Lust Bites
WICKED WOMAN
Aurora Rose Lynn

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Wicked Woman

ISBN #978-0-85715-122-3

©Copyright Aurora Rose Lynn 2010

Cover Art by Natalie Winters ©Copyright April 2010

Edited by Michele Paulin

Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-E-Bound Publishing.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-E-Bound Publishing. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution.

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork.

Published in 2010 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

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

Sex in Sessions

WICKED WOMAN

Aurora Rose Lynn

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmark mentioned in this work of fiction:

Toyota: TOYOTA JIDOSHA KABUSHIKI KAISHA TA Toyota Motor Corporation

Chapter One

Ana Grange's heart leapt into her throat. How could Luke Desemond, a hunted felon, boldly walk into the courtroom as if he hadn't a care in the world? She'd heard the radio broadcast earlier on her way to work. The cops were searching for him, as a 'person of interest', which in the law's eyes translated to 'wanted felon', in a murder and robbery at a local bank.

His step was jaunty, and he looked neither right nor left, but straight at her with those tortured blue eyes that sent shivers down her spine. His hand-tailored, black suit fit his tall frame to perfection.

Heat curled in the pit of her stomach and lower. The last time she'd seen him was in law school, and she hadn't known how to handle him then. The sexual attraction she'd felt for him had been explosive. He was the son of a rich man, and she the daughter of farmers from Minnesota, and although they had been studying law in the same class, Luke had a masculine virility about him that frazzled her nerve endings. He'd asked for her help several times, which she'd given him, their heads bent over books while their eyes had sent hot daggers of lust at each other.

Ana had recognised the pitfalls of sex with him, known she'd fallen impetuously in love with him—or had that been infatuation? After all, she'd come from a small rural community, and he appeared so urbane and savvy.

As the years had gone on, she'd thought about him often enough. When she made love in her dreams, it was always to a man who had Luke's handsome face and gorgeous body. What would have happened if they'd made love to each other?

Now he was here. Her heart pounded erratically. She 'still' wanted him, but this time she wouldn't run if the opportunity for sex arose. Which it shouldn't. Luke wasn't here for her. Why was he here?

Thankfully, he took a seat in gallery at the back of the courtroom. He raked his fingers through his short blond hair and blew out a breath. Judge Alera Saunders presided over a murder case, and Ana had been asked to defend a man she believed was guiltier than Jack

the Ripper. The senior partner in her law firm had told her if she wanted to continue her career, she'd have to prove herself, even if the man she defended leered at her.

Promptly at four-thirty p.m., the judge pounded her gavel on her desk and adjourned the case until the next morning. Ana sat at the defendant's table and aimlessly shuffled her legal documents and notes, sending short prayers upward, that Luke would leave with everyone else.

"Ana?" came from behind her in his deep and husky voice, a sound that could easily drive a woman wild in his bed. She shuddered. Her panties were already wet.

Drumming up every ounce of courage she had, Ana glanced over her shoulder. "Luke," she said under her breath. She still wanted him, his tousled blond hair, those liquid blue eyes that seemed to see right into the depths of her soul, his narrow hips and—

She moistened her parched lower lip. Luke had a big package, the largest she'd ever seen.

"I need your help." He sat down beside her and easily took up the chair's width.

Her nerves tingled with awareness at his nearness. When they'd been in law school together, how many times had she fought the urge to reach out and touch his cock, to watch it get hard? But back then, they'd been from two different social strata. She'd been poor, forced to work three jobs to get herself through law school, and he'd had a wealthy dad who'd not only paid for his education but had sent him money when he'd requested some.

Luke hadn't been her type.

"Why? Can't your daddy help you?" She hadn't meant to be so blunt, but her words were out, and she couldn't easily retract them.

"We parted ways." Luke rested his hand on her forearm. The muscles worked in his jaw before he made a visible attempt to control them.

"I've got a lot of work to do. I have to go." She started to rise, but his hand clamped down harder and stilled her. Ana gnawed on her lip.

"You wouldn't have stayed behind if you weren't at least a little interested about why I'm here."

Running a hand through her hair, she gave him an angry glare. He'd seen right through her. Uneasiness worked its way down her spine and heat rose into her cheeks.

"What do you want?" she asked tersely, slamming back into her seat.

"I need your expertise in finding a bank robber and a murderer." He spoke softly, as if careful not to be overheard, though the large room was empty.

"Does this have something to do with the news on the radio this morning?" The news flash kept replaying in her head. The report had clearly stated that Luke was wanted for a cold-blooded murder and robbery.

He nodded, and swallowed hard. "I didn't do it, Ana. It was someone else who looked like me."

Ana drew a long breath. He'd never been in trouble with the law before. Should she trust him that he was telling the truth? "I'm a lawyer. What you need is a private investigator." *And what I need is sex, hot and heavy.*

"Why don't I explain this over dinner?" Luke said, his voice so low she had to strain to hear him. His hand tightened on her wrist.

"You can't be seen in a public place," she reminded him carefully. "And besides, I can't. I have to prepare for tomorrow." She didn't dare to meet his gaze. He'd know she was lying. Her heart pounded in her chest.

Oh Lord, but she couldn't go to dinner, not with Luke Desemond. She'd probably throw herself at him and beg him to have sex with her, the kind of mind-boggling sex she had with him in her dreams. Their bodies were damp with sweat, and his large cock was sheathed in her pussy. There, in her dreams, they spent the night in each other's arms making love until the dawn lit up the sky.

Beside her, Luke stared off into the distance. "You're afraid of me, aren't you?" He turned to her, his expression unreadable. "I've changed, Ana. You have to believe me."

"No, you haven't." *You're still larger than life, haunting my dreams, and oh God, but I wish you hadn't shown up. You can't possibly know the anguish and torture you present.*

His shoulders slumped in dejection. "I'm not the spoiled, rich man's son anymore," he whispered. "You have to believe me. My life depends on you."

"Your life is your own, Luke. It can't possibly depend on me."

He was muddling her thoughts.

"I don't need a private investigator. I need *you* because you believe in justice, because you'll fight for it."

I'm tired of his stories, but I'm so aroused by his sitting next to me. I've got to leave before I throw myself at him. Despite the pressure on her wrist, Ana got to her feet. "Luke, I'm leaving. I don't want to see you again."

Luke rose so quickly she didn't have time to blink. "You still want me, don't you?" he whispered, his eyes flashing dangerously. "You want me to strip that fancy suit off your body and to fuck you, don't you?"

Ana quivered from head to toe. "No, I don't. Leave me alone."

"You're not fooling anyone but yourself, Ana," he continued, his tone insufferably arrogant.

She lashed out at him. "You haven't changed a bit, have you?" Scooping legal documents and personal notes into her briefcase, she bit her lip. Why couldn't he go away rather than telling her how much he needed her?

He spun her around to face him. Papers floated out of her hand and onto the polished marble floor. He jerked her forward into a tight embrace, their bodies meeting from chest to thigh. Ana moaned and sank against him, the feeling in every nerve heightened to a level beyond sensuality. Too many years of longing had erased the boundary between shame and burning need.

He cupped her chin and tilted back her head back. Smouldering heat burned behind his blue eyes. He kissed her, gently at first, then with raging ferocity. Powerless to resist, she parted her lips against the onslaught. His hot tongue delved into her mouth, and against her teeth, taking with such abandon, she almost fainted.

Luke backed her up against the table and edged her thighs apart with one knee. Her mind protested that there must be a better, more private place for sex, but Luke was moving too fast. Her jacket's buttons were unfastened. Her nipples puckered against the thin silk camisole. She ground her hips against his bulging erection and sucked in a helpless breath. Since when had she become so brazen? And with a wanted felon? She could lose everything she'd fought for so hard if she was seen with him, if she didn't turn him to the authorities despite his protestations that he was innocent.

"Ana," he breathed. The sound of her name on his lips drove her beyond the point of reasoning.

"Luke," she whispered, unable to comprehend how she could so quickly fall into his arms. They were about to have sex on this table, and anyone could walk in on them.

"You're sexier than I remember." His gaze flicked from her stocking-covered thighs to her face.

I could tell you a thing about what I remember. Your cock bulging against the seam of your trousers and driving all the girls crazy with lust. The rakish blond hair and the baby blue eyes are sexier than I recall.

Unceremoniously and swiftly, the stockings and her panties were gone, torn and discarded on the floor. Luke stood between her thighs. Her gaze was fixed on his throbbing cock. The size! The pleasure!

Instead of unfastening his belt and freeing his penis, he sank to his knees and spread her thighs wider. She heard herself whimper as his tongue darted out and licked her moist crevice.

"No," she cried, realising he was about to give her oral sex. "No! I want you inside me."

He chuckled, but his eyes remained sad and too focused. "Do you have a condom?"

Regret swirled through her. She shook her head. Her breasts were sensitive against the camisole rubbing them.

"I won't make love to you unless I'm wearing one."

Ana heard no sorrow in his voice. Bitterness quickly replaced the regret. She shoved him aside and hopped the short distance to the floor. "Then you won't make love to me at all."

Ana was devastatingly sexy without her stockings and underwear. She bent over to scoop them off the floor, the short skirt hiked up to reveal a hint of her butt and Luke just about lost it right there. His forehead broke out in a sweat. The condom was to protect her, not that he had any disease, but what if she got pregnant? He wouldn't be able to care for the baby, either physically or emotionally, from prison where he was certain he was headed.

He grabbed her upper arm and forced her to face him. "This wasn't a good idea. My second head was talking louder than my first, but Ana, I still need your help."

He'd made her angry. Her eyes, normally a smoky grey, were a thunderous charcoal.

"Why should I help you?" she threw back at him. "For all I know, you committed both the robbery and the murder," she accused. Her lips trembled, and her chest heaved up and down.

"Ana, you don't really believe that, do you? Otherwise, you wouldn't have waited for me after everyone left." His throat was thick with a sudden fear that gripped him. "The cops came to the house to arrest me. Luckily, only mother was there and she had no idea where I was, or who it was the cops were searching for." His gaze saddened. "I don't have an alibi so now I look guilty as hell. You've got to help me."

"So you want me to be your alibi?" Her voice rose, and she tugged on her arm ineffectually.

"I would never ask you to put your career in jeopardy for me by lying for me." God help him, but if it saved his skin, he might. No, he couldn't. She was too sweet, too kind and had worked harder than most lawyers to get where she was.

She closed the distance between them and gazed into his eyes. She was petite, but she could stand up to anyone. He'd seen it. "You simply being here puts me in jeopardy," she said, enunciating each word carefully.

Luke had thought about that, too. "I need you to prove that I wasn't in the bank and that I didn't murder that man," he said simply, his heart thumping with dread. "I cannot, *will not*, go to prison for a crime I didn't commit."

She sucked in a reedy breath. "Look. You have to leave me alone. I've already been put on notice that my firm doesn't believe in me. I'm already working a murder case, defending an asshole who, as sure as the sun sets, committed the crime. I don't need your kind of trouble." She hunkered down to pick up the papers from the floor.

Luke bent to help her. The sheets of paper rustled and whispered. "You know how it is, Ana. You're judged guilty before a fair trial, and you know there's nothing fair about them. Help me."

She straightened and gazed into his eyes. He saw the beginnings of the capitulation, before she blinked as if to clear away the confusion. If only he could reach out and clasp her hands to give her strength. Yet how could a doomed man help the one woman who could assist him in proving he was innocent?

"Why don't you turn yourself in, let the law see you're innocent?"

He clenched his fists into tight balls of helpless angst. "You don't honestly believe what you're saying, do you? If I do that, I'm as good as imprisoned for the rest of my life. The law turns out to be twelve jurors who often can't agree about the simplest thing, and I'm going to put my life in their hands?" His voice had risen sharply. "Why can't you see I'm innocent?"

Abruptly, he straightened, holding several sheets of paper. Blindly, he stared at them. He'd thought Ana would understand. She'd always championed the underdog, had seen through the crass display of hypocrisy and invested heavily in the truth.

She turned her back on him and her shapely ass caught his attention. Two tight half moons swayed with the soft fabric of her skirt. And she was totally bare underneath. He'd seen and tasted her. He groaned. He could take her now, unzip his pants, bend her over the table and plunge into the dark wetness of her pussy, although that wouldn't help his cause.

Reeling, he steadied himself, placing his hands on the edge of the table. Ana slammed her briefcase shut. She was about to walk away, leaving him alone and, he grudgingly admitted, afraid of the future. Trial by jury or trial by judge and jury weren't options.

Luke had to have her, to show her how much he'd loved her, and continued to love her. That was one thing he could hold onto, about which there was absolutely no misunderstanding.

He shoved her against the table, watched as her raven black hair tumbled out of its barrette and down her back in a cascade of silk strands against the muted tan of her jacket. She bent over with her palms resting on the table, even more beautiful than she'd been four years ago, and she had an additional sexy, spark that intrigued him. He hadn't been able to get her out of his mind in all that time, although he'd tried. Nothing had worked. He hiked up her skirt and heard not the faintest sound of complaint. He silently reproached himself, as he pressed her cock against her ass cheek. She was so lovely. He'd become an animal, desiring a woman from the first time he'd seen her, and now here he was penetrating her.

He sank into her, her pussy velvet smooth and wet with what he liked to think was frustrated arousal. Luke had known from the moment he'd strolled into the courtroom that she wanted him. It was written in her smoky bedroom eyes, in the determined set of her mouth. She wanted nothing to do with him, but then she wanted what he had to offer her. Plunging into her channel as far as he could go, he paused, his heart pounding and his ears ringing. Four years could turn yearning into a brutal demand for satisfaction. His pent-up

energy coiled into a tight knot, and he thrust harder and furiously, driven by his need. Under him, Ana moaned and curled her spine towards him. She whimpered, and he felt her tingling. He came with such an explosion, it immediately drained him. His breathing was ragged and he gripped her waist, wondering what in the hell he'd just done.

Chapter Two

Wow, that was quick but sensational. She wiggled her ass and absorbed the feeling of his hard shaft inside her pussy. Heaven, wasn't this heaven with a man she'd initially not known how to deal with? Breathe, Ana, breathe. You got what you wished for, didn't you? And then some. Quick and easy, no regrets later on.

Luke's shaft was still inside her, and somehow, she didn't feel used. Her pulse quickened. "Luke?" she whispered. She heard him clear his throat, but he didn't move to dislodge himself.

The courtroom door opened, there was a sharp gasp, then the muttered, "Oh for Christ's sake! Get a room!" before the door closed.

For a brief second, Ana wondered who it had been. She burst out laughing. She'd been caught in the most incongruous position possible—with her skirt pushed up around her waist and a criminal between her thighs.

Luke withdrew his penis, tugged her skirt down over her bare bottom and asked, "What's so funny?"

She turned around. "First, I'm glad I'm on birth control."

He breathed an audible sigh of relief.

"And second, I never imagined sex with you would be over within two minutes flat."

His gaze was shuttered, and his lips turned down in a grimace. "I didn't want our first time to be like that." When he blinked and opened his eyes, tears glimmered in them.

Ana snorted. "You've always taken what you wanted, haven't you?" Maybe the bank robbery had been the same way. Luke hadn't received what he wanted and had thrown a big-boy tantrum, but she doubted it.

He lifted his head and spread his palms outward in front of his waist in a helpless motion. Large hands that could do things to her, like caress her fevered skin, tweak her nipples, or edge into her sheath. She shuddered, once again aroused.

"I'm not going to say that making love to you was a mistake, but what I've done is reprehensible." He pressed his lips together in a tight line, before he relaxed marginally. "Especially when I need your help."

Her pulse picked up. She shouldn't ask. Her natural kindness had gotten her into trouble before. "I don't understand. Why am I the only one able to help you?"

"Because of all the people in this big, wide world, you're the only one I absolutely trust." At her questioning look, he added, "My mother can't help me. She's got Alzheimer's."

Ana sucked in a breath. "That's why you quit school, isn't it? To take care of your mother." That had to be it, although she'd speculated his father had cut off his monetary resources.

Luke nodded, and his eyes sparkled with hope. "You understand me."

Ana recalled he'd said the police had been to his house searching for him and his mother had denied he'd been there. "Who's taking care of her now?"

"Early this morning, I had to call in a favour from a guy at work who I trust to put her in a home." His voice was thick with sadness. "I didn't want to, but with the bank robbery thing, I couldn't leave her by herself. Most of the time, she doesn't even know who she is."

"And your dad? Where is he?"

He shrugged, and his expression hardened. "When he discovered mother had Alzheimer's, he left us. I haven't seen him in over two years."

So that was what he'd meant by a 'parting of the ways'. "How did the police know where to find you?"

He gnawed his lower lip before he replied slowly, "I've been framed, Ana, by someone who hates me."

The courtroom air-conditioners whirled on, breaking the hushed silence. "You sound like you know who it is."

He inclined his head. "My own father."

Ana didn't dare believe him. "Why?" she asked outraged. "How can your own dad do this to you?" She scowled and rested her palm on his forearm sympathetically. Maybe Luke was feeding her a pack of lies, so the blame would rest elsewhere. She couldn't imagine her own father framing her, but in her reading of hundreds of cases, she understood that some fathers got pissed off easily and could hurt their offspring without a second thought. She'd

thought she'd seen most everything people could dish out to hurt others, but she'd been wrong.

"Because he found out I'm not his biological son."

She began to understand. "Now he wants to hurt both you and your mother."

He nodded half-heartedly.

"You're not lying to me, are you?" She gave him an earnest appraisal. So often she thought she knew when someone was lying, but people could veil their dishonesty and believe it so much that even a polygraph test couldn't detect the falsehood.

"By all that's sacred, I swear I'm not lying to you."

"How do you think your father framed you?" She shivered against the sudden chill travelling down her spine.

"Are you cold?" Luke shrugged out of his jacket and gallantly placed it around her shoulders. The heat from his body had permeated the fine material, and gratefully, she huddled into it. Her teeth began to chatter.

"Let me take you home, Ana. I'll get you into bed –" Abruptly, he stopped, crestfallen. "I didn't mean for that to come out the way it did."

"I'm sure you didn't. Let's just go instead of wasting time talking."

His rigid stance relaxed. He hefted her briefcase in one hand and placed his other on the small of her back. Oddly, she felt comforted by the small gesture. She wondered who was supposed to be taking care of whom.

* * * *

They left the courthouse through a back door. Ana's nervousness was evident in her darting eyes and her jumpy behaviour. She continually glanced over her shoulder, and he wondered too if this was when the cops would leap out and arrest him. No one noticed them.

Ana was so chilled by his news, he offered to drive to her home. She didn't disagree. Her car, an older Toyota, coughed and belched as they wound their way down the hill and up another incline, but it had got them to her apartment a few blocks away. Luke liked her apartment. It was small, tastefully decorated and didn't have too many windows.

Out of curiosity, he asked, "Do you have many student loans?"

"One, but it's huge. I'll be paying it off until I'm seventy-five."

"Not if I can help it."

She gave him an odd look, one which silently questioned him in disbelief. Ana continued to huddle in his jacket as if she'd freeze soon.

He wanted to take her in his arms and hold her forever, take away the bad things in her life, but he had to worry about being imprisoned first then Ana's debts—recently graduated lawyers didn't make a great deal of money.

In her apartment, he took charge in an attempt to ease her chill and to keep himself busy. "What can I get you so you warm up?"

She was shivering something awful. Her teeth were still chattering. He could have heard them rattling a mile away.

"I'm going to soak in the tub. That will help."

He gave her a commiserating glance. The warm water would heat her body, when he should have been curled around her, heating her cool skin.

She instantly read his mind. "Alone, Luke. I don't need any company."

Sure, she didn't. It wasn't as if she weren't half nude already, and two in the bath was always better than one. "I could at least run it for you as you get undressed."

She marched up to him and glared. "I don't need your help, Luke, and don't think, because you're here, I want never-ending sex."

"Okay."

"You couldn't keep your word to save your life, could you?"

He grinned. "Not when it comes to you and making love." His body was responding to her again. His balls were so tight they hurt, and his cock wasn't do so great either.

"I'm having a bath, and I'm locking the bathroom door."

"As if that will be an effective deterrent," he managed, trying to keep from smiling like a Cheshire cat.

"Oh pooh!" She stripped out of his jacket and the remainder of her clothes in front of him. "How does that feel, Mr. Desemond? Looking but not touching?"

"You're a wicked woman," he chortled.

She poked an index finger at his chest. "Look. You invited yourself over here. Guests should be considerate of their hostess. Do you understand that?"

"No." He seized her wrist, hauled her to the bathroom then started the hot water into the tub. At her raised eyebrows, he said, "I'm being considerate now, aren't I?"

Ana sputtered, probably unable to find a good retort. She smacked his head instead then jumped into the tub.

A few drops of water landed on his tie and white shirt.

"Ana!" he reproached her. "Look what you've done! You should be considerate of your guests, too, and not wet them! Now I have to have a bath, too." He grinned at her open-mouthed chagrin. Ripping open his shirt and unbuckling his belt, he prepared to get totally wet.

"You won't dare," she threw back, lowering herself into the water and complacently adding bubble bath. The room smelled like a bouquet of roses mingled with lavender.

Within a few seconds, her lower body was immersed in a plethora of bubbles. Tiny drops of moisture clung to her flushed cheeks and her breasts. Her cinnamon-coloured nipples were puckered into tiny buds. Luke wanted to slowly lick every exquisite single drop away.

He was completely nude now, his cock bobbing towards Ana as if it had a devilish mind of its own. He jumped into the tub with such a huge splash, he drowned the tiles and the blue bath mat in a cascade of water.

The water settled in the tub. "So much for lecturing guests on good manners," Ana told Luke. They were like two grown kids without worries although a big, threatening axe loomed large over them, but she laid that aside for the moment. She had Luke where she wanted him, although she would have preferred her bed.

He splashed her with both hands, and a little disgruntled, she splashed back. "Too bad we don't have a rubber duck," he said, laughing and more at ease than she'd seen him since he'd arrived in the courtroom.

"It's not rubber, but you have something I can squeeze," she told him lightly, relieved they could have some fun. The day had been hectic, and the murder trial was going worse than anyone had expected.

He chuckled. "Yeah, it's quite a bit bigger than a rubber duck, too." He scrambled onto his hands and knees and lowered his head into the soapy water. His palms edged her slippery thighs apart before his tongue darted at her hot clit.

Ana groaned and arched her back slightly to push her pelvis forward. His square ass, matted with tiny, fine blond hairs, stuck out from the water. Playfully, he wiggled it at her. His tongue swirled around her clit, and she held onto the edges of the tub as her muscles contracted and her body tensed, rocked with emotions swirling through her. She'd fantasised about Luke, but the real person was so much hotter. She widened her thighs, wanting more of him, more of her dreams coming to fruition.

He surfaced, took a deep breath and met her eyes. "I'm not done yet," he murmured, then went under again.

Why hadn't she gotten to know him sooner? He had a humorous streak, a fun side she never knew existed. The bathroom was utterly quiet. All she heard was her shaky breathing. She cried out in exquisite agony as an orgasm blasted through her with such power, her fingers slipped from the tub and into the water. Flabbergasted, she sank lower. Luke nibbled on her clit harder and her whole body tensed. He was about to blow her apart again, to shatter the last few fantasies she'd hung onto for so long.

Luke resurfaced and heaved in a deep breath. His whole face dripped with sudsy water. The overhead light caught one of the bubbles at just the right angle and created a glistening rainbow on his forehead between his eyes.

"You look funny," she commented wryly, enjoying the sight. Rainbows meant there was a light at the end of the tunnel.

His smile disappeared for a fraction of a second. "At least, I'm not in prison."

Ana wondered if she'd heard him right. Why would he be thinking about prison now? Wasn't he content in the moment?

Soberly, he added, "Yet."

"Luke?"

His heated gaze flashed in response.

"Maybe now's not the time to be exploring 'us'." Making the suggestion broke her heart, but Luke needed help. He shouldn't be cavorting with her in a tub filled with soap bubbles.

"I need you more than ever," he replied hoarsely, frankly meeting her gaze. "Is your birth control still effective?"

"You mean since the last time you made lightning quick love to me?" How could she have initially missed his sense of humour? Gently, she smiled at him in encouragement.

She should have kept her mouth shut. His countenance went grim, and for the first time, she saw the dark lines etched under his eyes. Momentarily, she forgot about the hunger rampaging through her. Ana reached out and touched his cheek, wondering how a man could frame another man he'd lived with for years and loved as his own son. "Are you sure about your father? I mean that he set you up?"

Pursing his lips and looking away, Luke nodded.

"Why would he do such a thing? I mean there was such a bond between you."

He was so handsome, yet she sensed the fragility within him. Luke gave a half-hearted shrug. "I think he'd found out much earlier, and this was his way of making certain I got what he thought I deserved, which was life in prison."

"Because he couldn't get back at your mother?"

Luke turned his gaze back to her. A world of hurt glimmered in his eyes. "Her Alzheimer's is so far advanced, she wouldn't have understood, but I certainly can."

Compassion welled up in Ana, and tentatively, she reached out and caressed his cheek. A shadow of a beard rasped at her tender fingers. How were they going to solve this? "How did the robbery actually go down?"

His blue eyes dulled to a lacklustre grey. "I've only heard what you probably did on the radio, and I caught a news bulletin." He shook his head, perhaps trying to shake himself free of the memory. "The blond robber looked identical to the image I see in the mirror when I'm shaving." He shuddered.

"That's truly disturbing." Ana couldn't imagine being mistaken for someone else.

Luke leant forward and tenderly kissed her lips. "I have faith that we'll figure this out."

Ana wasn't so sure. She was placing her whole life on the line for this man, and after this all ended, she'd finish in prison or be alone again with her career.

"What are you thinking?" Luke asked nervously. "You're not backing out, are you?"

She pulled herself together. "No, I'm wondering if what I've worked for so hard has really been worth it."

Luke patted her hand. "Don't give up, Ana, not because of me." A worried line creased his brow.

Resting her forehead on the side of her right hand, she told him, "But where's the justice when an innocent man goes to jail but the guilty get away scot free? Where is the justice in that, Luke?"

Chapter Three

Luke had no idea where justice had gone, if it ever had been. "Let's get you out of here," he said, rising. Cold water sluiced down his body. Ana's black hair hung in tight tendrils down to her shoulders. She was remarkably beautiful. He shouldn't have involved her in this mess, but he'd had nowhere else to turn. Despite the heavy-duty discussion, he still wanted Ana with a ferocity that couldn't be denied.

Gingerly, she took his hand, and he helped her out of the tub. She was shivering again. Her nipples beaded tightly.

"What do you have to warm you up? Tea, coffee, what?"

She tilted back her head. Her lips trembled. "I need only you," she murmured.

"Seems to me like you need something warm and fuzzy." He chuckled, scooped her up in his arms and took her to her bedroom, which was decorated in a muted pink and white lace. The bed was queen-size with a wooden headboard and footboard. A very feminine room. He laid Ana on the bed gently, tugged the comforter out from under her bottom, lay down beside her and tucked them both in.

"What are you doing?" she mumbled, huddling into the comforter, her pretty eyes wide. "Is it what I think?" she asked, giving him a blatant wink.

He snorted playfully, then replied nonchalantly, "Tucking you in." They were both naked, and he liked the idea of occupying the same space with her skin pressed against his.

"No, you're not. You're taking advantage of me." She finger combed through her hair while she kept her gaze on him.

"Okay, so I'm taking advantage of you. I've wanted to do that for a long time, since the first time I met you."

Her eyes widened even more. She sighed. "Since then?"

"Yeah, you walked into the class late, and everyone stared at you with their mouths open." Unable to resist, he pulled her to him and rested her head against his chest.

"This feels good," she murmured, settling her hands on his bare chest.

"Yeah, it does," Luke agreed. Now if only he could stay out of prison long enough to enjoy her company.

Ana didn't fall asleep, although she sensed Luke had dozed off. She focused on how she could help him. Once, she would have said the best solution was for him to turn himself in and let the law find him innocent, but she no longer believed that. Her idealism that the law worked unfailingly to prove guilt or innocence seemed to be slipping away.

So that option was out, but he couldn't run forever either.

As soon as he used a credit card or walked into a place where someone recognised him, he'd be arrested. Neither turning himself in nor running were options. Luke was a free man, caring, and intelligent, and he would rot away in jail for a crime he'd been accused of, yet was innocent of, committing. How could she have thought of him as spoiled, cosseted from the misfortunes of life? She'd pegged him wrong.

"What is your active mind working on now?" Luke asked, his mouth beside her ear.

"That I used to think you were a rich brat because of all the money your father used to send you." She stopped herself from saying more before she gave away how jealous she'd been.

"He wasn't always wealthy. He came into an inheritance then he splurged on everything. Only the finest was good for him. The finest house, wine, education, everything. He made Mom wear expensive jewellery and silks and satins, all of which she hated, because she's a simple person at heart. Sometimes, I thought he was jealous because she seemed to love me more than she did him." He swallowed hard.

"Now you know that's true," she whispered softly.

"Yeah, but one thing that struck me odd as I was growing up was that I was a few months younger than their anniversary. No one mentioned that, on their fifteenth wedding anniversary, I was also nearing my fifteenth birthday."

She shrugged. "Lots of kids are born out of wedlock. I was, too."

"But for you, it wasn't a precursor of trouble to come," he reminded her. "Are your parents still alive?"

"I see them when I can and call them once a week. They live on a small farm in Minnesota. Depending on whether the harvest was good or not, they made ends meet better

in some years than others. I send them money when I can or make payments on their electric bills." She couldn't let herself dwell on the fact that she wasn't helping them as much as she could.

"As I said, you're a sweet, caring person."

Her attention was diverted to the comforter, which was tenting where Luke's thighs rested. He wanted her again, which sent a thrill through her. Her nipples budded and her thighs quivered in anticipation. Warmed and aroused, she said, "You've got one helluva a boner there, fella. Wanna put it to use?"

Luke snorted with laughter. "You have such an elegant way of saying you want to make love."

"Well, you've got a big one waving around under there. It's not exactly as if you can hide it."

"Nope, and I wouldn't want to hide it when it comes to you."

Ana threw off the comforter. The heavy material whooshed upward and ended up covering their ankles.

"Since you seem a little reluctant," she jested, "I'll start off." She straddled his thighs, amazed at his hard chest, his perfect biceps and the powerful virility emanating from him. Hunkering down, she placed the heels of her palms on his nipples and gave him a seductive look.

His eyes were ablaze with hunger.

"Did I ever tell you I love your eyes?" she asked, tweaking his nipples. They hardened, and an intoxicating thrill shot through her. She tipped her pelvis to meet his cock, and rubbed her clit against him, feeling like a sinuous cat.

"It's not my eyes you're really interested in, is it?" He rested his hands on the curve of her waist.

She and Luke smelled of roses, lavender and musky arousal. "Nope, but isn't it true that they're mirrors of the soul? Yours glisten, and I can read your thoughts."

He widened them into small saucers. "If you can read my innermost soul, what am I thinking now?"

She shrugged. "How much fun sex will be with me."

Smirking, he said, "How much fun it's been with you already, you mean?"

Ana bent her head. Her drying hair fell forward and covered the sides of his face. "That too." She kissed him, nibbling on each of his lips as if they were made of sugar. At the same time, she sat on his cock and since she was so wet with her own juices, she easily took the full length of his erection into her sheath.

Against his lips, she groaned. He was so large, and he fit inside her so perfectly. Luke's hands travelled up to her breasts and he tweaked them into tighter nubs. His hands, she noticed for the first time, were rough and callused.

She levelled her gaze at him. Her spine slid against the sheet with his thrusting. "What kind of work are you doing now?"

He groaned, as if it were taking effort to focus on his words. "If I tell you, will it make you love me less?"

He paused in his plunging deep inside her, leaving her holding onto him and wondering when he would continue. For the first time since he'd asked for her help, she witnessed the terrified child come out in the grown man. Emphatically, she shook her head. He was talking about a thing called love, which wasn't part of her vocabulary. She'd help him, but she didn't love him.

"I promised to help you, Luke. Until then, I'm not going anywhere," she said soothingly in an attempt to ease his fears. Her heart quailed in her chest. She'd always been so independent, able to find her way through a maze of choices, but here he was with only two from which to choose, and neither of them appeared viable.

"Good enough. I own a construction company, Desemond Construction. We build single-family homes mostly, with a few apartments thrown in."

To her relief, he began moving inside her again in long, careful thrusts. "You work alongside your people, don't you?" Which explained the calluses. She admired him for that, not sticking his nose in the air and pushing a pencil around while others laboured for him.

"I never was the type who could stand by and watch or, as some like to call it, supervise." His lips curved in a small smile.

An idea hit. What if she was able to find his father? It was unlikely he'd admit his guilt, but the cops could question him, which would let the pressure off Luke. Excitement shot through her, and she began to ride him hard. He was hers at the moment, and she'd hold onto that, without the love part, which was for fools. He plucked at her nipples, and she

lowered her head to kiss him again. She wanted to purr like a contented cat, but restrained herself. Sex with Luke was good not only to put her wet dreams to sleep, but for her body, and her soul. She arched her back, and incredibly, he slid deeper into her pussy. Every inch of him was sheathed within her. They were highly compatible, and that was enough for her.

His eyes shuttered again, and the muscles in his neck distended. He gave a low, drawn out moan before his whole body trembled with such force, she had to hold onto his shoulders to steady herself. Ana cried out as her orgasm blasted through her, shredding any further thought to bits and pieces. Oddly enough, she wasn't sated. Ana wanted more of Luke Desemond.

Ana lay in Luke's arms, his shoulder acting as a pillow for her head. "Can we do that again?" she whispered.

He loved the way they fit together, both during sex and now as they rested. He stroked her head with slow, languorous caresses.

"I fell in love with you when you were late that first day in class," he murmured again. He smiled at the memory. "Professor Ardin chewed you out, and you came right back at him. No timid Ana Grange gnawing on her fingernails and saying, 'Yes, sir, no sir.' Not for you."

"It wasn't a good way to start my life in law school, but I wasn't going to tolerate him chewing me out. He didn't know I'd had car trouble and all the tricks I had to pull just to get there. How could I miss the first lecture?"

"You said something smart to him. As I recall, it was along the lines of, 'I've travelled halfway across the country to be here, which is roughly fifteen hundred miles and you've got the nerve to chew me out for being three minutes late?'"

"Yeah, I thought I was a real winner, but he always asked me the tough questions first after that, as if he were getting back at me. He pretty much terrorised me from thereon."

Luke squeezed her tightly. "But look at you. You graduated with honours and were one of the first students to receive a job offer. Did I ever tell you how proud I was of you?"

"Luke," she scolded. "You'd vanished off the face of the earth so how could you tell me anything?"

"Not by choice. I dreamed of being a private investigator, and I still might go ahead before I turn seventy."

"It's a pretty boring job, you know. You sit in the car and wait and watch, take pictures, perform unwanted tasks for conceited lawyers. You're not the type to enjoy doing a job like that," Ana murmured. "And if there *is* any excitement, you're too fat and lazy to enjoy it." She gave a little laugh.

"Fat and lazy, huh? From drinking all those beers in the car as I wait for whoever I'm surveillancing."

Her eyes met his. He felt warm and light-hearted although he had every reason not to be.

Ana tapped his chest. "Is that a word? Surveillancing?"

"Probably not, but I love the way you look at me, your eyes sparkling and your cheeks on fire."

As if amazed, she shook her head. "My eyes are not sparkling, and I'm blushing. My cheeks can't possibly be on fire." Her palm travelled from one nipple to the other in a lazy line.

He quivered. Her touch was sultry and left a trail of liquid fire behind. Luke could spend the rest of his life in her arms. "I'd make a lousy writer, too. Is that what you're saying?"

She snorted. "There you go, twisting my words inside out when you can't express yourself the way you want."

Her palm traced across his stomach, to his navel and dipped to his hardening cock. "Stop teasing me," he said lightly.

"Teasing you?" she mocked him playfully. "Why would I do that?"

"You're a wicked, wicked woman. In fact, you're so wicked, I want you again." He rolled her over and lay on top of her. Her thighs pressed together. "If you spread your thighs apart, I'll make love to you the likes you'll never forget."

She burst out laughing at his pirate imitation. "The likes I've never seen before?" Her fingers raked a hot trail down his back.

"Scratch that," Luke told her devilishly. "You'd probably take the pirate down a peg or two like you did the professor."

They chortled together. Ana seemed so right, so perfect for him. If he didn't land in jail, he just might ask her to marry him. He slid down her body, adoring every satin inch of her, and when he reached her toes, he flicked his tongue out over her big toe.

"What are you doing, Luke?" she asked, her voice dreamy.

"I'm kissing my way up every luscious inch of you, starting here," he replied breezily.

"That's nice, but can you fuck me first?"

"When I get to that portion of your gorgeous body, then I will." He licked each one of her toes reverently. She tasted delicious, of roses and sweet herbs, and her red nails turned him on even more. He licked his way up the inside of her ankle, up her silky smooth skin to her knee and took his time at her kneecap. Ana moaned with pleasure and squirmed. Then he continued along her upper thigh, spread her thighs apart with both hands, and licked his way up the inside of her thigh to her pussy.

"Isn't this where I left off earlier when you were in lawyer mode?"

"Lawyer mode?" she asked blithely.

"When I walked into the courtroom, you pretended not to know me, but I knew better. You could hardly wait until I pulled off your underwear."

"Hmm..."

His tongue darted against her hot, wet clit. She shivered and groaned again. Her back arched, and she bucked her hips once before she cried out as she grabbed his shoulders. He took a deep breath, wondering what it would be like to spend his life with her—or was he just a boy toy in trouble for her now? The thought disheartened him. He hoped he was more to her than a one-night stand.

Angered by his assumption, he knelt between her thighs and slid easily into her cunt, hard muscle nestled in warm wetness. They fit together so perfectly, like the pieces of a puzzle. He breathed deeply, heard her moan again. Her eyes were closed, and her cheeks bright pink. Luke suddenly wanted her to love him, but he didn't have the heart to prod her. She'd have to come to that conclusion herself, to tell him without his prompting her.

He drove inside her as her muscles clenched and unclenched around his erection, driving him higher along the path of bliss. He pumped furiously, every nerve rigid and tense. This woman was wildfire to his body and his soul. When he came quickly, she splintered along with him, her cries lost against his roar of ecstatic delight.

For several minutes, they nestled against each other as Luke's ragged breathing evened out. That had been one spectacular orgasm, Ana told herself, and she'd love to have another, but she had to ask him a serious question first.

"Isn't there anyone at the construction site who saw you, who could be your alibi that you weren't in the bank?"

He shook his head. "I wasn't on site. I was at a coffee shop getting some coffee and a doughnut." Luke wouldn't meet her eyes.

Ana jumped at the chance. "Did anyone see you? Do you have a receipt? Did you pay in cash or with a credit card?"

"It was early afternoon after the lunch hour rush, and the place was empty. No receipt, and I paid cash. That's it."

Her heart sank. "There goes that." If only he'd had a receipt or paid with plastic, there would be tangible proof that he hadn't been in the bank.

He puffed a heavy breath but remained silent.

She lightly drummed her fingers on his chest. His response led her to think he was being evasive or was she being far too sensitive? As a lawyer, she sensed when someone wasn't telling the truth, and that sixth sense was kicking in big time now.

"Luke, this is jail we're talking about," she began with chagrin. "For a long, long time. What are you hiding?" She paused, her body joined with his, her breath suddenly racing with anxiety.

As he swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. Was he about to lie? Why? The blood roared in her ears. Was he a robber and a murderer? He couldn't possibly be.

"Luke," she warned him. "I want the truth, or else I can't help you."

"After my dad left, I didn't know where to turn," he began in a soft whisper. "I was broke, mom was getting sicker, and I had no one to help me out. I had a friend who agreed to loan me some money to start the company. I was grateful." He stopped and grimaced.

Ana's heart went out to him. Obviously, he was having a great deal of difficulty telling her his story. "Go on," she prompted.

"I was happy until I found out I'd practically sold my soul to the devil." He blinked several times, and Ana sensed he was holding back tears with effort. "There are men who loan money at exorbitant interest rates. When I didn't make my first payment on time, they came looking for me carrying steel pipes. They threatened to hold my mom hostage the next time I didn't pay on time."

Ana couldn't believe her ears. "What did you do?"

"By the time the second payment came due, I had built enough homes and sold them, so I could pay off the debt in full."

She sighed with relief.

"Once in a while they come around and give me some flack, but I'm okay. I don't need them anymore."

"Are you sure they're not behind this bank robbery?"

Luke shook his head from side to side. "That was my dad's favourite way to scare me when I was young. He promised he'd set me up as a bank robber and send me to jail if I didn't behave myself." He shuddered and closed his eyes. His lashes fluttered against his unshaven cheeks.

"What a novel way to scare a child," she murmured, aghast at his story. "I was out helping on the farm close to the middle of nowhere at an early age, but my parents would never have threatened me like that."

"I think even back then he suspected I wasn't his and simply enjoyed terrorising me."

"What kind of man was he?" Ana asked rhetorically. How could any man mistreat his children? She rolled off the bed, threw on a housecoat and walked into the kitchen. The floor was cold against the bottom of her feet.

Naked, Luke followed her. "I'm still at square one. I don't know how to protest my innocence. If the cops catch up with me, I'll be in jail faster than you can say jail."

"When your father, I mean the man you believed was your father, used to scare you, did he have any implements, masks, anything like that?"

Luke's mouth gaped open, and he looked as if he'd been hit in the head. "You know, I think he did."

"What did your father do before he inherited money?" Ana asked gently, as she reached into a cupboard for a box of chamomile tea. The herbal tea didn't keep her awake all night like coffee did.

"He was an actor with a small drama company," he replied thoughtfully. "At least, that's what Mom told me."

Excited, Ana placed a kettle of water on the stove and turned the burner on. "Do you think he knew how to use makeup and to make masks?"

"We did that all the time when I was child." Luke began to share in her excitement. "I'd make myself up with his paints and once or twice, he showed me how to make a mask. It was scary how lifelike they looked."

Ana sat at the kitchen table, admiring the view of Luke's naked body, his muscled biceps, his magnificently flat chest, and his long, lean legs. But a troubling realisation dawned on her.

"Luke," she whispered, "this is only making you look more guilty."

Chapter Four

Luke sensed Ana's uneasiness even before she told him that he appeared guilty. His heart thudded against his chest wall, and dizzily, he sank into the chair beside her.

"None of this makes sense," he told her, his voice anguished. "I'm damned no matter which way I look."

Weary, her eyes glassed over, she pinned her gaze on him. "When was the last time you saw your father?"

He had to think about the answer, having tried for so long to put the man who had raised him and rejected him out of his mind. "I mentioned seeing him about two years ago. Before mom's memory got so bad."

"Do you know where he works or anything else about him that might help us locate him?"

"No."

The kettle started to whistle. "Do you want coffee or herbal tea?"

Luke made a face at the question about tea. "Coffee."

Ana opened the cupboard and indicated the utensils drawer. "Help yourself. I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?" Luke called out after her retreating back.

"Make a few phone calls," she threw over her shoulder and disappeared around the corner.

Luke just hoped she wasn't turning him into the cops. He made himself a coffee, black, no sugar, and tiptoed softly into the bedroom, with the mug in hand. Setting the vividly patterned cup on the nightstand, he pulled on his briefs, thinking better to be prepared than to be caught off guard.

He heard Ana talking quietly but couldn't make out the words. His natural inclination was to stroll over and check out what she was talking about and with whom. Probably work, he thought, disgusted at his snoopiness. He'd rather envision Ana's long hair flowing over her naked breasts and enticing him into making love to her, slowly and thoroughly. He

glanced at his wristwatch and saw to his chagrin, that it was almost midnight. It was too late to make calls to his secretary about how the day had turned out. If she asked him how his had gone, he would only have been able to reply that he'd stayed out of prison.

So far.

* * * *

Ana had made two calls, one to her firm's private investigator, and the other to her parents in Minnesota, who had both been asleep but nevertheless had been glad to hear from her. Now all she could do was wait patiently.

Following the strong smell of coffee, she strolled into the bedroom and found Luke in his underwear. She couldn't help admiring his size.

"You're so big everywhere," she mumbled appreciatively.

"You didn't call the cops, did you?"

Her eyebrows shot up. "Is that what you're thinking I did?" She was trying to help him, and here he was accusing her of something she wouldn't even have considered.

He gnawed on his lower lip and emotions danced across his face. Regret, fear, bravado, and finally, resignation. "I thought about it, but I don't think you can turn me in, not after what we shared."

Furious, Ana wrapped the belt around her housecoat tighter and tugged on the flimsy fabric. "What makes you think I'd turn you in if I haven't so far?"

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. It's been way too long a day." He hung his head.

Seating herself in the armchair by the window, she set her tea on the small, antique table she'd refinished herself and crossed her legs.

"I was up before four a.m.," she told him, her tone hinting at a reprimand. "My mother is very sick, but I can't go to see her until this trial is over."

"Because you're defending a guy who's guilty," Luke murmured. "I feel like a heel."

"Don't, just recognise it's been a long day for both of us. The good news is I have a private investigator looking into your father's whereabouts. We should know something soon, maybe by morning."

He jumped up, ran across the room, hurled himself at her feet, hugging her waist, and pressed his forehead to her middle. "I knew I could trust you," he exclaimed.

"Don't, Luke." She felt uncomfortable with his almost hero-worshipping her. "We might have news."

He was awfully handsome though, even if he was more expressive than she cared for, but she reminded herself, he was going to prison if she didn't help him. She supposed in his shoes, she'd have been grateful, too. Prison wasn't fit for the innocent and could, in fact, scar them in an unhealthy way.

"I'll do whatever I want to thank you," he responded to her reprimand.

He was acting like a kid. Ana shrugged. "If you want to do something for me, then make love to me again."

Straightening, he pointed at his rigid shaft. "I've just been waiting for you to say the word."

"Funny, but I was thinking the same thing."

They assessed each other. "What are you wearing under the housecoat?"

"Why don't you come and see for yourself?" She got to her feet, and with a flourish, untied the belt. The flimsy material immediately gaped open.

Luke eyed her appreciatively.

"You're naked, waiting for me to ravish you."

"I wouldn't quite put it that way, but I want you again." She paused, and admired the whole length of his body, from his gorgeous face, to his broad chest, his trim waist, to the tip of his cock extending beyond the elastic of his briefs. Today, he was all hers. She tingled all over at the thought. He aroused her like no other man had. Passion and fire flared through her. Happy ever after was for other people, not for her, but she could dream, couldn't she?

Luke strode up to her, lifted her in his arms and raced to the bedroom. "Unless you want me to fuck you in an unusual place, like the kitchen, or the bathroom."

"Or the courtroom," Ana murmured on a sigh.

Luke paused in mid-stride, his face thoughtful. "Come to think of it, the cops could have walked in on us and arrested us."

Ana decided to play with him and canted her head to one side coquettishly. "You mean they'd haul me off to jail naked?" She dragged in a breath. Naked with anyone but Luke was out of the question.

"They could have, but they didn't. No one knew I was in the courthouse." He marched to the bed. "You're as light as a feather. What am I doing carrying you around when I want you under me?"

She shrugged as he gently laid her on the bed, rumpled sheets and all. "I want that long, hard cock in my cunt, sweetheart," she said, mimicking John Wayne's western accent for fun.

"I love it when you talk like that," he responded, pulling her arms from the housecoat. "I love it, too, when you're gloriously naked. Your nipples are so tight, and I bet your pussy is wet for me."

"Guilty as charged." Ana gazed up at him and saw the affection in his eyes. "What took us so long?" she mused.

As delicate as lace, he kissed the curve of her neck, down her shoulder and across one breast to another. She shuddered and wrapped her legs around his waist. "Take me, take me," she whispered urgently. His penis was hard against her wet opening.

"I must kiss my way down your body first," he murmured with a slight chuckle.

"Can you do that while you're fucking me?" She knew that was an impossibility, but who cared? His kisses left her breathless. Her heart was pounding like a bongo drum against her chest. She pressed her ankles harder against his waist.

"You're a vixen," he told her, relenting to her pressure.

"Just fuck me."

He tipped his cock against her entrance and that was all it took for her world to explode in a violent, but pleasurable orgasm. Even as she rode the high wave of ecstasy, he entered her channel in one long stroke. He bent over her head, and their lips tangled in a mind-blowing kiss, then their tongues mated voraciously as if they couldn't get enough of each other. They never would, Ana thought. Even if they spent the rest of their lives together, she wouldn't get enough of Luke's attention and his ministrations to her body. He knew exactly how to pleasure her.

"I love it when you're kissing me," she said softly, struggling to regain her breath as Luke plunged into her with sure, even strokes. She settled her heels over his waist and felt him tense. "Luke?" she whispered in concern, unable to fathom his reason for freezing.

He shook himself.

"I'm okay, Ana," he said, gazing into her eyes with an intensity that defied description. Was it with affection bordering on obsession, or was it something else? She couldn't decide, but did it really matter? Her heart did flip-flops. After he made love to her, and they figured out how to deal with the mess they were in, he'd leave. Wouldn't he?

Tenderly, he began thrusting into her again. She squeezed her heels gently against his waist, and he increased his speed. She lifted her hips in time with his tempo, and time ended then. There was nothing outside of the pleasure of his body inside her pussy, of his ragged breathing, and her whimpering moans.

He must have sensed she was ready for an earth-shattering orgasm. He closed his eyes, kissed the tip of her nose and gave a drawn out groan. Her world spun around into a kaleidoscopic medley of colour, patterns and pleasure as they sheered apart together.

As dawn came, Ana fell into an exhausted sleep. They'd waited all night for the phone to ring but there'd only been silence except for their heavy breathing.

* * * *

The phone startled Ana awake when it finally rang. She blinked her eyes open. Sunlight fell on the carpet. The alarm clock told her it was nearly six-thirty a.m. She'd have to be in court in an hour. Groaning, she hurried to the phone in her study with the uneasy feeling that Luke wasn't in the apartment. Where had he gone?

The private investigator was returning her call. He'd found out where Luke's father was. Thanking him, she went in search of Luke, knowing he'd be unhappy with her revelation.

"Luke?" she called out. There was no answer. In the bedroom, his jacket was folded carefully across the chair's arm, so he probably hadn't left.

The bathroom door was closed, when she normally left it ajar. She rapped on the door. "Luke?"

No reply. Ana decided to walk in, praying no misfortune had occurred. Opening the door, she walked in. The lights over the vanity were on, casting murky shadows into the corners. The tub was filled with bubble bath, which smelled of vanilla and lemon. And Luke's ass stuck in the air as it had last night when he'd made love to her. He was practically submersed under the water.

"Luke! What are you doing?" she asked, not knowing whether to be outraged or amused. His butt was very cute.

Soapy water splashed out of the tub and onto the floor and mat as he jerked up. He gave her a sheepish grin. "What did you say?"

She placed her fists on her hips and demanded, "What are you doing?" She'd never seen this playful side to him before yesterday. Perhaps the threat of going to jail had brought out the boy in him, which endeared him to her.

"I was looking for you," he explained with a wicked grin.

Ana had to laugh. "But you know perfectly well where I am." She'd been in bed sleeping.

He shrugged nonchalantly. "What can I say? I wanted to make you laugh."

Her smile vanished as she considered not telling him what the private investigator had said, but she had no other choice.

Luke read her openly again. "Ana?" he whispered, grabbing a towel from the rack. "What's going on?" All playfulness was gone, and he was deadly serious again. And deadly handsome.

"Nathan called." At his blank expression, she elaborated, "The private investigator."

He nodded in comprehension and wrapped the towel around his torso.

This would be difficult to explain, but Luke needed to hear the truth. "Your father is in jail. He murdered your mother last night at the assisted care living facility."

Luke covered his eyes. His shoulders shook. Ana closed the distance between them and touched his upper arm sympathetically. "Your father confessed to committing the bank robbery and several others. He laid all the blame on himself. He wore masks to commit the robbery. He claimed it would be fun to see your face on the nightly news as one of them."

"Fun?" Luke asked, uncomprehendingly. His eyes were glassed over with tears, and his mouth was set in a hard, grim line.

"That's all Nathan would tell me. Is there somewhere you need to go, something you have to do before I leave for court?"

He shook his head. "My mother is dead. I can't do anything for her," he said in a choked voice. "My father is as good as dead and gone, too. I can't help him. I didn't know." He covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

Ana took him into her arms as she would have a child. His arms came around her waist and held her tightly. The police were no longer looking for him, he was free to return to his construction company, but all she could hear were the sobs wracking the length of his body. She quickly ran through a hundred things she could tell him about his loss but opted to remain silent, embraced him and let him weep against her shoulder.

"I thought Mom was safe there," he muttered against her ear.

"She was, sweetheart." Ana's heart bled for him. He'd lost his mother and father in one evening, though he'd started to lose his father years before when the old man had turned on him.

"I should have listened. He threatened to kill her. Those were almost his last words to me. 'If it's the last thing I do, but I'll get even with her'." He sobbed harder.

Ana continued to comfort him, sorry for his loss and sensing precious time was ticking away, time she needed to get ready and drive to the courthouse. She led him to the bedroom, seated him on the bed and told him, "I've got one more phone call to make."

He grabbed her hand as she spun around. "You've worked so hard, Ana. Why are you defending a scumbag?" Tears sparkled on his cheeks.

"Just what I was wondering myself. Let me make that phone call." In her study, she made one of the hardest, yet one of the easiest, calls she'd ever make.

"Barb," she said to the law firm's receptionist, "I'm unable to come in today. In fact, I'm quitting so don't expect me any time soon." She hit the disconnect button and stared at the phone for several seconds before she replaced it in its cradle.

"I'm sorry you had to do that," Luke said from behind her.

She whirled around. He'd come in so quietly, she hadn't heard him.

"Don't be," she murmured, her heart pounding in her throat. She'd just ended all she'd worked so hard for in the last eight years.

"You could always come work for me at the construction company." The tiniest of smiles flickered along his lips. "But somehow I don't think you'd care for it that much."

She hugged him, breathing in his scent. "You know time heals. I'm sure I'll find something else I'm good at."

"There's business law," he suggested, kissing the top of her head.

"Yeah, but I've had a hankering to put on the same kind of hat Sherlock Holmes had, get a big smoking pipe and become a real private investigator. Do some 'surveillancing'." She turned her face up to his and watched his smile widen.

"Funny, you should say that, but I was thinking as a couple of investigators would open their own investigative agency and make a success of it."

Ana chuckled. "What about your construction company?"

Luke sighed. "I've met my challenge there, to create a business, make viable, and now I can sell it and move on. I need the change."

She nodded. "I guess I need change, too. I have connections in and out of the courtroom, so the agency could work."

He breathed in a small breath before he exhaled. "Why don't we drive out and see your parents in Minnesota first, tell them the good news."

Confused, Ana asked, "What good news?" There hadn't seemed to be much of it in the last twenty-four hours.

"That we're about to open an investigative agency. We'll be together, and we can decide where we want to go from there."

"What about your mother and your father?"

"I'll make the arrangements for Mom's funeral before we leave. I'll work through this, and one thing I can be thankful for is that she isn't suffering anymore. It was hard for both of us. For her, because she didn't remember, and for me, because I could remember the good times." His eyes took on a far away look. "I wish I could have helped her more, but she didn't recognise me anymore. She hadn't for several years." Tears ran down his cheek. "Your mother is alive, and maybe we can do something for her. We'll be back for the funeral. And my father, well, he's made his own bed, let him lie in it." He sighed. "There isn't much we can do for the dead, but we can certainly try for the living, and if I'm not mistaken, you haven't seen your folks in a while."

“Right. We’ll be back in plenty of time.” Encouraged that Luke was dealing as well as could be expected with this tragedy, and that she was at his side, Ana stood on tiptoe, and kissed his forehead. “Two heads are always better than one.”

Luke burst out laughing. “You wicked, wicked woman.” Then he wrapped his arms tighter around her. She had never felt so wanted than she did at that moment, and she hoped the feeling would last forever.

Epilogue

Eight months later

"Time has flown by," Ana told her husband, the ever-handsome and sexy Luke.

"Yes, Mrs. Desemond. Look around you, though. It's been worth it."

Ana loved the way his eyes sparkled. The office of Desemond Investigative Agency was about to open first thing in the morning, but there was one last thing she wanted to do before the area became public. "Make love to me on that desk," she asked.

Luke's eyebrows arched upward. "I remember our first time in the courtroom."

She waved a hand in dismissal. "That's old news. Let's make something new."

He stepped up close to her, reached an arm around her waist and gently patted her stomach. "What will our baby think of his horny parents?"

Ana laughed softly. "He hasn't arrived yet, and later, when he's older, we'll have to explain how he got here, won't we?" She admired Luke. He'd sold his construction business for a handsome profit and had set up the investigative agency. He still grieved over his mother but time dulled the pain. Her own parents had sold the farm in Minnesota and moved to Pine Woods to be close to their grandchild.

"You want it fast like the first time?" Luke asked, settling her hand on his heart.

She didn't know how, but she could feel the love there, for both herself and their baby. "Fast is good."

He stripped her of her skirt and panties while she laughed with pleasure then backed her up against the desk in the front office. She unbuckled his belt and slid down the zipper of his jeans. It rasped in the quiet, and his erection sprang free of the brief's elastic waistband.

"Turn around, Mrs. Desemond, or else I'll have to arrest you."

She frowned playfully. "On what charge?"

"Failure to comply with a husband wanting sex in a bad way with his wife."

Enjoying each precious second with her man, she whipped around, spread her legs apart, and planted her elbows on the desk. "Like this?"

“You got it.”

His cock slid into her pussy, and he rode her hard until she was panting and weak-limbed.

“Are you ready for earth-shattering?” he whispered in her ear.

“If you don’t come in a hurry, the earth will shatter,” she whispered back urgently.

And when their orgasm hit, it took them to new heights of pleasure...and happily ever after.

About the Author

Aurora Rose Lynn, a bestselling erotica author, lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband and conure. She enjoys writing romance with a sensual twist but first and foremost, her stories must be about love. When she isn't writing romance, she writes young adult and fantasy stories under a pen name.

Email: auroraroselynn@yahoo.com

Aurora loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

Also by Aurora Rose Lynn

Blue Dragon Challenge
Lust or Go Bust
Vampire's Captive
Shotgun Bride
Wanted
Brits in Time: To Conquer a Lady
Fantasies
Wild Ride
Call Number
Lonely Hearts
Silent Witness
Wrong Side of the Law
Chocolate Temptation
Mistress of the Damned

Total-E-Bound Publishing



www.total-e-bound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™
erotic romance titles and discover pure quality
at Total-E-Bound.