

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



**DRIVEN**  
COUGAR CHALLENGE

JAYNE RYLON

## **Driven**

Jayne Rylon

*A standalone title in the Cougar Challenge series.*

Lynn Madison transformed from repressed corporate drone to bold seductress overnight when her online friends at *Tempt the Cougar* encouraged her to take charge of her destiny. Their advice haunts her as she drools over the hottest Italian stallion on the planet while stranded in an airport.

Sebastian Fiori is a master of speed. A rally car driver, he's used to winning on and off the track. He sees no need to put on the brakes when a sexy sophisticate revs his engine. After spotting Lynn's decadent ménage novel, he decides to take her for the ride of a lifetime — with his navigator Mark.

Storm delays would be far more upsetting if Lynn's young stud wasn't offering a first-class ticket to indulge her fantasy. Neither of them expects their rendezvous to last beyond their transatlantic flight on his private jet. But sometimes there's no escaping the forces of nature.

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Driven

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# ***DRIVEN***

**Jayne Rylon**

### *Dedication*

This book is double dedicated to Valerie Tibbs, graphic artist extraordinaire, who is crazy enough to have bought multiple copies of my stories in the name of friendship. Thank you for supporting me in so many ways. I hope you enjoy Lynn's story. This ménage is for you!

I'd also like to give a shout out to the girls I met in the bathroom of the Harrisburg, PA, airport when our flight was diverted from NYC. Thanks for offering to split a limo with me so we could all get to Broadway on time. The front row seats were worth it!

### *Author Note*

You'll find the women of Cougar Challenge and the Tempt the Cougar blog at [www.temptthecougar.blogspot.com/](http://www.temptthecougar.blogspot.com/)

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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

Blackberry: Research in Motion Limited

Camry: Toyota Motor Corporation

Google: Google, Inc.

Hertz: The Hertz Corporation

Jetway: Jetway, LLC

McDonalds: McDonalds Corporation

Peugeot: Peugeot Societe Anonyme

Sharpie: Sanford, L.P.

Superman: DC Comics

Wii: Nintendo of America, Inc.

Yankees: New York Yankees Partnership

## Chapter One

"Ladies and gentleman, this is your captain speaking."

Lynn Madison strained to hear the distorted announcement despite the shitty airplane speakers and the baby who'd been screaming since they'd taken off over an hour ago. She didn't blame the munchkin. She would bawl too if she didn't get that the gray clouds causing the turbulence, which bounced their regional jet across the sky, weren't as ominous as they appeared.

"We've been in a holding pattern, circling New York for the past fifteen minutes. Air traffic control just radioed. They're closing the airport until this cell blows over. No one's allowed in or out. We'll be diverting to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania but the delay shouldn't cost us more than an hour."

Groans of disappointment and frustration drowned out the sporadic whispers of concern proliferated by less-seasoned fliers. Lynn jumped straight to rearranging her tight schedule in her mind as the pilot droned on.

"We'll grab some fuel then wait for an update. If the situation changes, we'll let you know. We should be on the ground in about twenty minutes. Thank you for your patience. Be sure to keep your seat belt fastened; the air will be bumpy during our descent. Flight attendants, please prepare for landing."

Before the beady-eyed flight attendant could scold Lynn about stowing her netbook, she clicked to her browser window then hopped on the *Tempt the Cougar* blog she shared with a circle of friends. Her college roommate Rachel had introduced her to the group of erotic romance enthusiasts after Lynn had bitched about her bland sex life. The ladies had recommended several novels that had her eyebrows climbing and her fantasies growing spicier by the minute.

They'd quickly become very close, welcoming her into the fold and encouraging her to follow their lead in prowling for a younger man to seduce. She had to admit, the stories she'd heard since hanging around them had inspired some wicked fantasies.

Lynn envied the women who'd found love along with their wild adventures. But their proactive attitude in snatching the reins of their lives had resonated with her more than their steamy affairs. Enough to spur her to some serious introspection on what she wanted to do with the rest of her time on earth.

She'd set up a get-together with the members who lived in the tristate region while she killed time during her layover. She hadn't wanted to wait until next year's RomantiCon to meet them in person.

Thank God she'd splurged on the in-flight Wi-Fi.

LynnLuvs2Travel: Only have a few seconds, ladies. Flight is being diverted due to weather. Looks like I might have to bail on dinner. Was so looking forward to it! Sorry ☹ Expecting an update when we land. Fingers crossed I don't miss my connection to Europe!!!

Lynn sighed as she snapped the lid closed then tucked the netbook into her seatback pocket. Figured this would happen on the first day of her new life. The monumental changes she'd implemented had almost seemed too easy so far. Like blowing out the single candle that had topped the cake Rachel had baked for Lynn's fortieth birthday.

In the instant before she'd snuffed the flame, she'd wished her destiny were her own. No more wasted years, working on someone else's clock. Figuring out what she'd rather do, since retiring early would mean living in a cardboard box for twenty years or so until her investments kicked in, had taken a bit longer. But not much.



Three months later, she'd quit her job as a sourcing agent for a high-end retailer. Instant lightness had pervaded her soul when she turned in her resignation, reaffirming her decision.

After a dozen years of dreadful stays in spartan hotels, eating meat-and-potato meals or hauling ass through sketchy parts of foreign cities—all on the recommendation of her male counterparts—she knew better than most that a series of travel guides aimed at professional women going solo constituted an undiscovered niche in the market. It wasn't that the guys had deliberately sabotaged her, but her priorities ran more to a clean room, a spa and healthy meals than the number of strip clubs in a half-mile radius or a smoky bar with nonstop sports playing on a bazillion flat screen TVs.

Preoccupied with reliving the whirlwind of the past couple weeks, she was surprised at the squeak of the wheels meeting the runway.

As soon as she peered through the fogged plastic porthole to the tarmac, she abandoned hope. No fewer than a dozen jets kept their stranded plane company. Even if the sun shone bright at JFK in the next half-hour, the snafu had induced a logistics nightmare.

Sure enough, the pilot emerged from the cockpit to address the cabin face-to-face. "I'm sorry, folks, but things look worse than we originally thought. Traffic is being rerouted along the entire East Coast. We're going to let you head into the terminal until we receive a better estimate on our revised departure time."

Lynn's heart raced in her chest. She had lived well within her means despite her hefty corporate paycheck. The nest egg she'd accumulated had supplied her a shot at pursuing her dream but, in this economy, she'd had a hell of a time securing outside investors to back a no-name upstart. If the delay caused her and several hundred other people to camp out and compete for the limited vacant spots on cramped international flights, her itinerary could be ruined.

Everything hinged on making it to her starting point as scheduled. Train passes, local guides, connections, sold-out hotels...

The idea of all the lost work, not to mention cash for the original reservations and the last-minute bookings, had tears stinging her eyes. Would her old job consider rehiring her if this venture flopped? Probably not.

She gathered her belongings then filed down the stairs onto the tarmac for the march into the dinky terminal. On top of everything else, they had to be stranded at a two-gate airport with rudimentary facilities and limited options for connections.

*Note to self... Include a chapter on travelers' insurance and the appropriate amount of time to leave between flights.* Not that the six hours she'd allotted would help much in this situation. The insurance policy she'd selected would cover her flight arrangements if necessary but nothing could recoup the lost time. She'd have to drop chapters of her book.

As the herd of disgruntled passengers trundled up the ramp into the steel and glass building, which seemed out of place in the surrounding fields, they merged with the unfortunate occupants of the other impacted flights. A red-faced man doused in cheap cologne yelled into his Blackberry. He cut her off in his dash to hit up the airline representatives waiting inside. He rammed into her shoulder, knocking her oversized purse containing her netbook onto her elbow. The shifting weight threw her off balance on the slick surface.

Lynn skidded several feet toward the railing before a warm, muscled arm wrapped around her waist and a grumpy mumble washed over her earlobe. "Asshole."

She flinched, attempting to shy away. "What is wrong with people? I tripped."

One touch from an unknown man and she just about swallowed her tongue despite his rude treatment. *Lame!*

A carefree laugh replaced the foul temper she'd attempted to deflect. "Sorry, gorgeous. Not you. I meant that asshole who shoved you. He's lucky I don't kick his inconsiderate ass."

Her imagination ran wild at his tone—confident, worldly, bold, gallant but not too stuffy. The midnight voice colored by subtle hints of a Mediterranean accent inspired a

million dirty thoughts that had her squirming. The broad hand on her ribs flexed so close to her breast she sucked in a gasp, willing her nipples to stop hardening beneath her thin, silk blouse.

"Damn, are you hurt?" He spun her into the shelter of his arms, his palms bracing her shoulders.

*So young!* Heat blossomed in her cheeks. Here she was, lusting after a man at least a decade younger than her who probably thought himself a good Samaritan for helping his elder. As quick as she chastised herself, a naughty whisper invaded her embarrassment. *The Cougar ladies had scored men like this. Those lucky bitches!*

Hell, some of them had even managed to bag *two* virile studs.

"Let me help you inside."

Did he think her deaf and dumb on top of clumsy after that giant space out?

"I'm fine. Really." She shrugged from his hold, instantly regretting the loss of his touch. Her skin tingled where his fingers had rested. "Thank you."

"Any time."

She picked up the pace to avoid an awkward silence as he shuffled along next to her through the crowd, but he somehow managed to dodge a harried mom pushing a double stroller, a gentleman wrestling with a cello and a couple holding hands to keep even with her.

In her peripheral vision, she admired the agile maneuvers of his lean but built body. His black duffle, peppered with logos, rode against a trim hip covered in the dark navy denim favored by recent trends. The lighter creases around his upper thighs led her straight to dangerous territory. She jerked her gaze upward but had to cant her head pretty far to glimpse his unruly brown waves beneath a red baseball cap with something embroidered on the front.

His scruffy jaw couldn't obscure his sculpted cheekbones. The shadowed skin highlighted the contrast of his bright blue eyes. The impact of his stunning looks almost

had her tripping again. It'd been fifteen years since she'd gotten her hands on prime beef like that.

*Lynn Marie, how crass!* Maybe the Cougars really were rubbing off on her.

"So, where were you headed?" No hint of exertion roughened his tone. Funny, her heart beat as hard as if she'd run a marathon.

"JFK."

"Me too." A grimace tugged his stunning mouth into a scowl.

They emerged from the Jetway into a tiny holding area crammed beyond capacity. Instead of wasting time at the airline's inundated desk, she headed for the departure board. Mr. Young-'n'-Sexy followed two steps behind. She adjusted her bag to cover her ass then tugged the hem of her skirt lower on her thighs when she sensed his stare on them. No use in advertising her sag.

Damn it, she couldn't remember the last time she'd fallen victim to an attraction so sudden and fierce. Of course, she had to waste it on someone out of her league whom she'd never see again after these five minutes fate had thrust them together passed.

The red status lights painting the departure and arrival board into a facsimile of something out of Amsterdam's infamous district had her heart plummeting. Every flight originating east of the Mississippi had been cancelled.

For three seconds, she forgot all about the hunk.

"Looks like we're going nowhere fast." The guy shoved his hat from his head, scrubbing his fingers through the thick mass of his luscious hair.

"I have five hours until my connection, maybe it'll clear up by then."

He scrunched his nose and gave his head a tiny shake but stopped short of contradicting her. Probably because he saw her fingernails gouging her palm around the strap of her bag.

"Maybe."

Lynn peered at the churning mass of people—all talking at once, calling loved ones or scrambling to make alternate arrangements—while she searched for a place to sit. Maybe if she could get online she would find some updated info. When two men in business suits abandoned a bench nearby, she plopped onto it. Electric sparks shot along her leg when the hottie perched beside her, their knees touching.

“I’m Sebastian, by the way.” He tossed her a dazzling grin as he dug in his pocket for his neon green smartphone. When he leaned to the side for better access, he invaded her personal space in ways that had a riot of butterflies taking flight in her stomach. His chest, covered in snug gray t-shirt with faded charcoal designs, pressed close.

If she turned a teensy bit she could imagine herself in his arms. If she lifted her face an inch or two he would have easy access to claim her lips. Not that he’d want to. A man like him must have women falling all over him. Younger, more beautiful women. Women who’d have some clue of what to do with a sex god. Women who weren’t afraid to go after what they wanted.

She cleared her throat then fished out her netbook. “I’m Lynn.”

“Pretty. It fits.”

Did she imagine the flare of desire in his amazing eyes? She could have stared into them all day if his phone hadn’t chosen then to buzz as whoever he’d whipped off a text message to must have responded. Probably his girlfriend *du jour* or a booty call he’d stand up in New York.

The website for her airline had crashed by the time she remembered what she’d been doing. No doubt due to the thousands of people in situations as urgent as hers within a six-state radius. She clicked refresh then sighed as the browser’s progress icon spun and spun. No hope for it.

While she waited, she tried to ignore the growling of her stomach drowning out the click of Sebastian typing fast and furious with his thumbs. In anticipation of her rich dinner at the swank Manhattan restaurant, she’d skipped breakfast.

“Will you hold my spot for a minute?” He patted the bench as he rose, leaving his bag behind.

Lynn couldn’t resist teasing him. “Well, you don’t look like a terrorist but I’m not sure I can vouch for the contents of your unattended bag.”

“Gorgeous, you’re welcome to peek at my underwear if you like but I won’t stay away from the most beautiful woman in Harrisburg more than two minutes. Tops. You can time me.” She had no doubt he intended the racy implications of his smoky tone when he paired it with a wink that melted her insides.

Her tongue almost dragged the floor as she watched his tight ass flex in time to his strut until he faded into the crowd.

Screw the airline’s site, she needed reinforcements. Fast.

LynnLuvs2Travel: OMG! Still stuck in the airport, no hope for making dinner. Hottest guy ever rescued me from splattering on the runway. Now sitting next to me since he’s heading to JFK too. You all are a bad influence! I can’t stop thinking about what he’d be like in bed. Blue, blue eyes. Body to die for. Sexy accent. Killer smile. God, he even smells good. I think I might have had a mini orgasm just looking at him. Too bad he’s probably not even thirty yet.

She’d barely hit the send button when a flashing box with Rachel’s name appeared on her screen like magic.

Rachel: Make lemonade!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Yeah, I’m thinking of heading to Hertz to rent a car. Pulled up driving directions. I think I can make it if I go right now. Checking the budget first but...that’s what credit cards are for, right?

Rachel: LYNN!!!! I meant your stud! This is exactly what you need. Someone to help you shake things up. Match your love life to your new career.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: What? Are you kidding? I have so much riding on this trip. I can't risk it on a guy who's not going to give me the time of day.

Rachel: You know I respect the hard decisions you've made lately, sweetie. But really, you're not going to be happy until you go for broke. It's not only your job that stifled you. It was those boring men you dated. You have to stop settling for safe.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Maybe, but not now.

Rachel: Then when? I haven't heard you talk about a man like that in...well...ever!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: It's crazy. From the first moment he touched me, my system went haywire.

Rachel: I know exactly what you mean. It's like that for me with Ethan. Please don't throw that away. Please. Go rent your car. But...ask him if he wants a ride! I bet you a triple chocolate sundae he says yes so fast your head will spin.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Drive four hours with a complete stranger? Have you lost your mind?

Rachel: It's possible. Trust your instincts. You always have been a good judge of character.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: You're corrupting me. I can't believe I actually considered that for two seconds. No way, Rach. Sorry, I have to go. Have to get this mess straightened out before all my plans are ruined.

Rachel: Okay, sweetie. I hope it works out! And if you miss your flight, then I hope he has a twin brother and you let both guys sweep you off your feet to live out your wildest and craziest ménage fantasies. Come to the dark side. Go Team Cougar!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: LOL Love you, crazycakes.

Rachel: Love you too. Let me know how it goes.

## Chapter Two

“Either you found out our flights are on track again or your boyfriend sent you one hell of an email.” Sebastian cursed the unfamiliar jealousy streaking through him over the naughty grin decorating the sinful lips of the woman he’d just met. “Since I didn’t hear any cheering from the rest of these folks, I’m betting on the boyfriend.”

Damn though, she’d drawn him to her like the strongest magnet on earth. Something about her sang to him, irresistible and potent. Sure, she was smoking hot. Fine. Her ash blonde hair framed her elegant face in soft curtains and her mile-high heels accentuated her long legs, but that alone couldn’t account for the hard-on straining against his designer jeans. Freaking sponsorships. He hated wearing the uncomfortable style but it paid his most extravagant bills.

Granted, he seemed tame compared to some of the celebrity bad-boy drivers, but he knew how to have a good time when the mood struck. He’d had flashier girls than Lynn throw themselves in his direction, but something special had happened when he spotted her. Older than him, sophisticated, classy and so different from the women he fucked around with—he couldn’t stop imagining what she’d look like laid out on his king-sized mattress, wearing only that smirk.

Best of all, she didn’t seem to recognize him. The chemistry between them had nothing to do with his money, his racing or the ridiculous hype his marketing department cooked up. Unbelievable. He wasn’t about to let her get away unless she’d already been spoken for. He didn’t cheat and he’d never sleep with someone else’s woman, no matter how bad he wanted to.

Well, without the guy’s permission anyway. There had been a few times... His mind conjured a vivid image of Lynn sandwiched between him and his navigator Mark as they ravished her bold curves.



He had to shake his head to clear the ringing in his ears when he realized she'd answered him but he'd missed her response. A woman like her would never be into the nasty games he'd played with the groupies who'd made for an easy feast in his younger years.

"I mean, I've been in relationships of course." He grinned when a blush stained her cheeks. She grimaced then sputtered, "Just not at the moment."

"Nice. Then I don't have to worry about someone hunting me down for buying you dinner." He adjusted his cock as discreetly as he could when he sat, but the confining jeans wouldn't hide his obvious arousal if she so much as glanced at his crotch again.

She groaned. "Don't tease. There's nothing open in this hellhole, is there?"

"Nope. The lone McDonald's is on the other side of the security checkpoint. They're not letting anyone through. But your stomach's growling loud enough I thought I was on a safari. So, I brought you a three-course vending machine banquet." Sebastian hoped she wasn't too prissy to pig out on junk food with him. He hadn't needed to worry.

"Please tell me you scored some of those tiny powdered donuts."

"You'll have to wait and see. First up, the amuse-bouche." He handed her a bottle of water before he presented a bite-sized caramel with a flourish.

"I think I love you," she sighed.

When she reached to take the morsel from his hand, he withdrew. "Uh-uh. This is a fixed menu for two."

He unwrapped the candy then held it between his fingertips a few inches in front of her mouth. Lynn rolled her eyes then accepted his silent dare instead of telling him to fuck off. She leaned forward until her exposed cleavage had his mouth watering then wrapped her lips around the treat and bit it in half. A thin line of caramel stretched. It broke, leaving a sweet trail at the corner of her mouth.

Sebastian would have given the entire payout of his next race to lick it off but he'd pushed his luck enough already. He swiped the gooey mess from her lips then brought his thumb to his tongue along with the other half of the caramel. The flavor of her skin surpassed the sweetness of the candy.

"Mmm, delicious."

Her regal neck flexed as she swallowed, making it far too easy to imagine her throat working around him instead. He groaned.

"Looks like I'm not the only one with a sweet tooth."

"You have no idea." The rough tone of his voice surprised him. He shook himself, trying to find some restraint. He couldn't bear to frighten her off.

"Next up, the main course. He slid the bundled beef jerky and cheddar cheese from his pocket then offered it to her. When he ripped open the packaging, a loud gurgle drowned out the crinkle of plastic. "Damn, no screwing around. You're really hungry. It sucks that they've cut all the snacks out of your domestic flights."

She didn't argue, accepting the meager offering with a murmured, "Thanks."

After she chewed and swallowed a hunk of dried meat, she asked, "Is there still a land of free munchies? Where are you from?"

"A tiny village on the Amalfi Coast."

"Which one?" She popped another nugget into her mouth. Such contrasts. An all-business skirt and blouse in dove gray and pink matched her perfect French manicure but couldn't detract from the hints of wicked mischief flashing in her eyes or her ability to enjoy the simple pleasures he'd brought her.

"Oh, nowhere you'd know."

"Try me." Her arched eyebrow made him sorry to squash her rebelliousness when he proved her wrong.

"Erichie."

"Ah, yes. Often overlooked. Closer to Salerno than Sorrento. It's actually one of the stops on my itinerary."

"You're kidding! What are you planning to do there?"

"Write travel guides. For women. Alone." She blushed then studied the tiles as though embarrassed for not having a companion. "At least I hope to. I quit my job to give it a go."

"No shit. You'll have to stay at my mother's bed and breakfast. The rooms are small but cozy and she cooks the best pasta in all of Italy. She'd make any *ragazza* feel right at home as long as they don't mind her talking their ears off or going into town to gossip with her friends."

"That sounds perfect." Her smile lit up the gloomy terminal. "But I'm sure she'll be booked solid this time of year."

"You can have my old room. She refuses to rent it out in case I'm able to make it home in between events. Like I'd mind crashing on the couch for a night or two. But she won't hear of it." He chuckled as he thought of the horror on his mother's face when he'd proposed the idea last.

Truth was, though he'd spent his youth ticking off the days until he could escape his lazy village to someplace urban and fast-paced, lately he longed for the peace he'd known while lounging on the beach, swimming in the jewel blue waters of the Mediterranean or fishing with his father before he'd lost his battle with cancer. "Depending on the timing, maybe I could meet you there."

The thought of this woman in his boyhood bed had his molars throbbing as he ground them to dust. It only got worse when she licked salt from her fingertips, one by one.

"I couldn't ask you to do that." She chuckled.

As though it would be any kind of imposition.

"What events were you talking about? What do *you* do?"

"Ah. I drive." He relished the dilation of her pupils when he revealed the pack of donuts he'd stashed behind his back, feeling only a little guilty for distracting her. He didn't want to ruin their casual exchange. People always got weird when they found out. "Dessert?"

"Oh yeah. I never pass it up. If you couldn't tell." She nibbled one side of the cake ring he shared, paying no mind to the powdered sugar snowing onto her clothes.

"Me either."

Her gaze snapped to his, searing him with her green laser stare for several moments before she steered the conversation to her original goal. "So...you drive. A taxi?"

"Not exactly."

"Then what, exactly?" She refused to surrender. He loved that.

"Rally cars." He shrugged, hoping to play it off. It didn't mean as much in the States where the sport had never grown popular.

"Wow! A racecar driver."

Sebastian tamped down the pride attempting to flair at the approval in her voice.

"That can't be an easy thing to pursue. I mean, doesn't every boy dream of speed? I wish I'd refused to give in to reality when I was your age."

He laughed out loud. "My age! *Dio*, you make it sound like you're a hundred years old. Bust out the 'whippersnapper' or maybe 'kids today', why don't you?"

"Come on, you're what...twenty-five?"

"Twenty-eight."

"I turned forty this year!"

"Though some things get finer with age, it's still just a number, Lynn." He studied the pinched corner of her lips. She frowned as she swallowed the final crumbs of the donut. "You're free now and going after what you want. That's all that matters."

He cursed under his breath when he reminded her of their situation. In an instant, she morphed into a bundle of tension.

"What am I doing? I have to get out of here. I need to make it to New York." She glanced at her watch then checked the board once more as though expecting a miracle. "There's no way I'll make it if I wait for the flight. Will you watch my things for a minute?"

"Can I peek at *your* underwear?"

"Hell no!" A chuckle broke from her as she pressed a palm to her cheek. She began to turn then came closer instead. "I don't wear any."

Her scandalous whisper reverberated through his chest straight to his straining erection as he watched her float away. Her unpracticed flirting turned him on more than the skilled seduction he'd enjoyed from women in the past. He couldn't take his eyes off her as she sashayed toward the counter where the line had died down some.

Sebastian didn't notice the hyper child running past until it was too late. The kid skipped from black tile to black tile, lassoing his ankle in Lynn's purse strap. Tangled, the child and the bag crashed to the floor. Sebastian reached out to make sure the boy hadn't hurt himself but the child's mortified mother beat him to it. When she'd assured herself the kid was fine, she started a lecture on public behavior with, "Tommy John Andrews..."

Ouch! He'd always hated it when he earned a full-name reprimand.

With a wink at the boy, he gathered the scattered contents of Lynn's carry-on. He set her netbook on the bench then reached for the books that had tumbled free. The graphic covers had him doing a double take.

Holy shit! That couldn't be what it looked like.

Yet, sure enough, when he scooted the first one closer for a thorough inspection, he confirmed the *two* men depicted both had their hands beneath the skirt of the women between them.

His pulse spiked, maybe even skipped a beat here and there. The thick paper swished as he thumbed through the novel, picking out juicy scenes to browse. Lynn moved up from gorgeous, sweet and funny to his dream woman in a matter of seconds.

Passionate possibilities flooded his mind. Had she ever tried ménage? Bondage? Or even the raw, primal sex for two filling the pages in his hands? He doubted it. Hell, the woman had nearly choked on a tiny tease over going commando.

He would love to show her all she had missed.

When her netbook dinged from near his ear as he crouched on the floor, he jerked hard enough to bang his knee under the seat. "Sorry," he mumbled to the grouchy man he'd jarred from a nap.

*Guilty much, Fiori?*

The flashing icon in the system tray caught his attention. His finger moved toward the touchpad despite his attempt to restrain himself. Shit, that'd never been his strong suit.

The new email contained a link to comments on a blog. He clicked before his conscience could catch up with his caveman instincts.

*Tempt The Cougar.* He didn't realize he'd started grinning like a madman until his cheeks ached. His gorgeous crush hid more than she let on. So she thought he was sexy? Good to know.

Sebastian scanned the posts. He must have done something really, really good—like saving the planet good—in a previous life. Lynn and her friends were into younger men. How about that?

Sam: Do it, Lynn! Or, should I say, do him?

Autumn: Ohhh, does he have any cute friends?

Stevie: Sneak us a pic with your phone!

Larissa: Back off, Cougars. You all have studs of your own. I understand being cautious, Lynn, but there's a difference between that and isolation. If you can, see where it goes. It's okay to have fun every once in a while. Rawrrrr!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Hey, ladies. Lynn stepped away for a minute. I promise I'm not a serial killer. Your friend is beautiful. The attraction is not one-sided. You can check me

out. My name is Sebastian Fiori. I'm a rally car driver for Driven Wild. Go ahead, Google me. I can give you references... 'cause I'm telling you now, I'm interested in fulfilling her fantasies. Maybe you could put in a good word for me?

Darci: Holy crap! She wasn't joking. You're HOT!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Uh, thanks.

Rachel: If you hurt her, we will hunt you down. My fiancé is a cop.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: She's safe with me. I swear it. She'll call you when we get to NY.  
Give me four hours before you release the hounds.

Rachel: How are you going to get there?

LynnLuvs2Trvl: I have a plan, don't worry.

## Chapter Three

"Excuse me. I realize you're swamped right now but I have a flight to Europe to catch in less than five hours. Can you give me any estimate at all of how long it might be before we're en route?"

"Sorry, ma'am." The freckle-faced kid made her feel ancient. "I'm not supposed to say."

No use in hassling the guy. She'd worked her share of shit jobs in her college years. "I understand. Thanks, anyway."

Just as she turned, the kid whispered, "But...if I were you, I'd go for a rental car. With this mess, you'll be lucky to snag one. If you can though, the drive's only four hours or so. If traffic's not bad, you'll make your flight. That's more than I can promise if you hang around here."

Lynn nodded. "That's what I thought."

"Let me call for you. I have the number on speed dial." He tapped the monstrous phone on his desk then waited a beat before asking, "Hey, Russell, can I make a reservation for a passenger? I'm going to send her right over to you."

She held her breath as the kid listened. Then sighed when he cursed under his breath.

"Nothing at all? Not even to carpool up to JFK?" Another pause. "Yeah, trust me, you should see things in here. It's a zoo today. I don't get paid enough for this. Not your fault, man. Thanks."

He didn't meet her gaze as he replaced the handset in the cradle as though he expected her to rant and rave.



"It's okay. I appreciate you trying." Lynn couldn't prevent her disappointment from shading her tone.

"Want me to see what's available for standby, maybe we can reroute you?"

"There's not enough time..."

Lynn jumped when someone cupped her elbow. Without looking, she recognized Sebastian's scent and the gentle yet firm way he ensnared her. She leaned into his hold as her knees turned to jelly.

"That won't be necessary. I've made other arrangements for us."

"You did what?" Her hackles rose. She hadn't fought to break every single confining influence in her life only to let some stranger start making her decisions.

He ignored her outrage. "Could you please have our luggage forwarded to our final destination?"

Sebastian passed a torn corner of paper with an address scribbled on it over her head. She concentrated on closing her gaping mouth and relaxing her contorted face in case it stuck like that. As if she needed more wrinkles!

"Yes of course, Mr. Fiori."

She whipped around to face the attendant. Obviously rally car racing meant more than she'd realized. Her young coconspirator stared at Sebastian as she imagined he would Superman or maybe one of the Yankees.

"How do you know where I'm headed?" The squeak came out an octave above her usual tone.

"Your friends told me you're starting your trip in Paris. I'm on my way to France for a rally. By the way, Rachel says to have a good time." He had the balls to wink at her.

She sputtered, trying to find the anger she knew should raise her blood pressure over his violation of her privacy. Still, none seemed to materialize. Had he opened the

door to her fantasies? Could it be so horrible to accept his offer if it was what she would have chosen anyway?

At least she didn't have to face humiliation. When he'd discovered the blog, he could have left—could have walked away without looking over his shoulder. But he hadn't. He'd come to claim her.

"I'd love to get to know you better." His knuckles skimmed her cheekbone, sending a rush of anticipation through her. "Besides, it's the only way you're going to make it on time. I promise not to bite. Unless you ask nice."

Before self-doubt sabotaged her instincts, she nuzzled his fingers then turned her face to nip one. "Let's go then. Don't want to miss our flight."

She'd forgotten about their audience until the young man cleared his throat. "Could I get your autograph?"

"Sure. What's your name?" Sebastian worked a silver Sharpie and a glossy collector card from his back pocket.

"Jim."

Holy crap. He'd come prepared. She gawked at the image of him posing in a full-body racing suit. It shouldn't be possible for one man to look that sexy.

Sebastian jotted a quick note then signed the thick stock. "Nice to meet you, Jim. Thanks for taking care of the luggage."

"No problem. This rocks!" The two guys bumped fists, a trend she would never understand. Still, she didn't linger on the generational difference between her and Sebastian. How could she when he made it effortless to stay near him?

They waved as they left the counter. She attempted to unburden Sebastian by reclaiming her carry-on but he refused to let her shoulder it, instead, stacking it on top of his own duffle. When she drifted near the rental car kiosks, he draped an arm around her waist then steered her toward the terminal exit instead.

"You got a car already?"

"I didn't have any luck with the rentals either." He frowned. "We're going to have to let someone else drive."

"What do you mean?" Her eyes narrowed a moment before they made their way outside. "Sebastian! You can't hire a limo for a four-hour drive. It's going to cost a fortune!"

"You want to make our flight, gorgeous?"

She sighed. "Let me pay for half."

"No need." When she would have objected, he silenced her by pressing his lips to hers, catching her off guard. Any possible argument evaporated from her brain as she soaked in the heat of his embrace. Her palms landed on his sculpted chest. His long fingers supported her neck while his lips sampled each of hers then traced the seam between them. She gasped at the sensation, parting for his gentle exploration. Instead of pressing his advantage though, he retreated.

Dazed, she didn't understand him at first when he murmured, "This one's on Driven Wild. They need me there for the time trials. Ride up to New York with me. I want to get to know you better."

She wondered exactly what he had in mind when his palms skimmed over her shoulder then along the length of her back until he stopped a fraction of an inch short of her ass. The old Lynn would have waited to see what developed. The new Lynn didn't have that kind of patience.

*No more wasted time, remember?* "Does getting to know each other involve talking or making out?"

She bit her lip as she hoped he understood she couldn't quite go for broke yet. What she really wanted to ask was, "Are we going to get it on in the limo?"

What would she do if he expected them to mess around? Would she run toward the waiting car or away from it? She couldn't say for certain, but she knew which option her soaked pussy voted for.

"I'm yours for the ride, gorgeous. Whatever you like, I'm here to please. No pressure either way. No judgment and no hard feelings."

The chauffeur rounded the car then held the gleaming door open as they hashed out the details of their arrangement. Sebastian inched forward, nudging her toward the waiting vehicle. She'd never faced temptation so strong before. Not one reason to refuse him came to mind.

Lynn surrendered. Her forehead rested on his chest as she agreed, "Let's go."

"You won't regret it."

Lynn smiled across the intimate space at Sebastian as he described growing up in one of the most beautiful places on earth. Eyes closed, he tipped his head into the rest. His legs splayed on the supple leather bench seat. An empty flute held the remnants of the champagne they'd split. Though it hadn't yet been an hour since they'd left Harrisburg, the steady clip of miles rolling by felt like sand pouring through an hourglass.

Their legs pressed together from knees to feet. They'd both kicked off their shoes once they'd settled into the plush limo. His socked toes rubbed against hers then up to her ankle idly as they talked, hopping from subject to subject.

Considering their age differences, they had an amazing amount in common.

"What's your favorite food?"

She blinked while her mind caught up to what he'd asked. "I love spaghetti."

"Me too," he grinned. "It's sort of required by my birthright."

"White wine or red?" she countered.

"Red all the way."

"I agree." She smiled.

A horn blast jolted her from their exchange. Sebastian cursed then peered out the window as streams of traffic passed them on the left. The knuckles of his hand turned white where they rested on his knee.

"It really does bother you not to drive, doesn't it?" Lynn covered his fingers with her own, loosening their grip. God, his hands were huge compared to hers. So strong.

"Stupid, right?" He shook his head in chagrin.

"No, not when you're so highly trained. I can understand how it would make you anxious." She massaged his ultra-tense thigh muscle until he relaxed a smidge.

"If I were up there, I could get us to New York in two hours flat."

"But then we'd have less time for...this."

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees until she couldn't evade his piercing gaze. "Distract me?"

"How?" Lynn gulped.

"Come sit here while we talk." He patted the seat beside his hip.

Tired of tiptoeing around the chemistry threatening to blow them both to smithereens, she did one better. She crawled onto his lap. He smiled as he reached for her. The bulk of his shoulders filled her arms when she wrapped them around him before letting him tug her the rest of the way over him. Soft fabric teased her thighs as her skirt rode higher. She settled, kneeling with one leg on either side of his trim hips.

Sebastian shifted forward to give her room to explore the broad expanse of his back with her greedy hands. His abdomen fit tight against her. The pressure of his hard-on imprinting on her belly had her sucking in a breath. The expansion of her chest melded her hard nipples to his solid pecs. She squirmed beneath the weight of her arousal, hoping to get it under control.

No such luck. She moaned aloud.

"You're so responsive. That's such a turn-on." He stroked her hair, making her glad she'd taken the extra time to blow-dry and curl it with her fat, round brush before

packing the last of her toiletries this morning. Somehow it had felt like a special occasion. "And so gorgeous."

"And almost twice your age. Do you go for older women often?"

"Never before you. You're everything I was looking for but didn't know I wanted. It's not a pick-up line or something. You're so damn refined compared to the women I've dated. But not stuck-up or snobby. More like...graceful, elegant, mature and reserved."

His genuine awe erased her self-consciousness.

No answer came to mind when his full lips mesmerized her. She swore the flavor of him from the airport lingered, mingling with the champagne they'd drunk. Delicious. She craved another taste.

The greenish-blue of his eyes reminded her of the Mediterranean waters he'd described with heartfelt sentiment, rivaling the greatest poetry she'd ever read. With the addition of the heat in them, she half expected them to steam up.

Unable to resist a moment longer, she buried her fingers in the unruly locks of his thick brown hair then captured his mouth. This kiss held no hint of the gentle coercion they'd shared earlier. No, this time she pillaged, taking what she wanted while he gave as good in return.

Euphoria washed over her, urging her to ride the wave. For the first time in her life, she understood what the word "lust" really meant. When she ground her pelvis into his, he met the motion with a thrust of his own, stroking her aching core with his denim-encased hard-on.

That's when she heard the *whhhhp* of something ripping.

"Oh my God. Did I hurt you?" She would have scrambled off him but he still had one arm wrapped around her.

Instead of shrieking in pain, he laughed. And laughed. And laughed.

"What's so funny?"

When he collapsed against the seat, leaving a wedge of space between their torsos, she saw it too. Lynn slid to the floor between his knees to get a better look at the split seam in the crotch of his jeans.

"Fucking sponsors. These damn things were about to castrate me."

Afraid her eyes might bulge out of her skull, she couldn't help herself. She traced the frayed edge of the hole—where his olive flesh peeked from beneath the confining packaging—with the tip of her index finger.

"You're not wearing underwear either," she whispered.

"Never do," he growled behind clenched teeth. "I'm getting rid of these before the button gives way and puts your eye out. Safety first, gorgeous."

"Let me." She brushed his hands away from her target. When their fingers skimmed his erection, he hissed.

"Hurry."

Lynn shoved his gray t-shirt up his six-pack abs to expose the waistband of his jeans. She wrestled the button at the top of his fly. It gave way, tearing the zipper open as well.

"Ahhh." Sebastian groaned as she relieved the pressure on his straining cock.

He had her previous lovers beat by a solid three inches. Her mouth watered at the sight.

Together they peeled his jeans from his hips. He lifted to help her strip them off then sat, unashamed and primed, before her. She peeked up at his face from her place on the floor, her lashes lowered.

"Whatever you want," he murmured.

"I want you."

## **Chapter Four**

Lynn licked a trail from Sebastian's knee along his thigh. She nipped the ridge of muscle in his quad. While she slaked the urges drowning out every practical facet of her nature, she watched him shuck his shirt in her peripheral vision.

The man was in his prime, no doubt about that.

She reached up to trace the contours of his abdomen as it flexed in time with his uneven respiration. Still, he didn't goad her or make any move to take control.

The freedom to explore, to do as she pleased, had her heart racing almost as much as the attraction rushing through her veins. A wicked impulse prodded her to tease him further before rewarding his patience.

Scant inches from his erection, she turned her head to let her breath wash over his balls. Then she rocked onto her haunches. Sebastian's hands fisted on the seat beside his thighs. True to his word though, he didn't pressure her to continue.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Disappointment dulled the hunger in his eyes though he tried to hide it with a half-hearted smile. When she spun around, coming to her feet with her hands braced on the opposite seat, his stare blazed once more. Tapping a reservoir of brazen sensuality she hadn't known she possessed, she rocked from side to side, causing her skirt to flash glimpses of her bare ass and pussy, if the cool breeze was any indication.

Even the chilly air didn't stand a chance at tempering her arousal. The moisture coating her thighs probably glistened in the fancy halogen lighting of the cabin. Hopefully it didn't highlight her flaws as well. If it did, Sebastian didn't seem to mind. He groaned when she tucked her fingers into her stretchy waistband then shimmied until the fabric pooled around her bare toes.

"Gorgeous."



She snuck a glance over her shoulder. His hand had migrated to his crotch where he alternated cupping his balls and stroking his magnificent erection, which seemed to have swollen to greater proportions. She licked her lips when she caught sight of the defined ridges of his veins. They'd feel amazing tunneling inside her.

The low, rock beat filling the car set the perfect rhythm for her striptease.

She spun around then sat, mirroring him on the opposite seat. Her spread legs presented him with her bare pussy.

"You shave," he panted.

"Wax."

He scrunched his eyes closed for a moment as his hand hesitated in its circuit along his hard-on. A feline grin tugged one corner of her mouth upward. Power had her head spinning double-time. Her heavy breasts demanded to be freed from the confines of her bra.

Lynn flicked her fingers over the bottom button on her blouse, releasing it. Then she did the same for the top closure. She worked her way toward the middle, running her hands over her flaming skin to soothe some of her restless energy but only ended up escalating the frenzy of desire burning within her.

She continued until one single point held her shirt closed over her chest.

"You're killing me."

"Me too," she rasped as she approached him once more. She bent over so his face nestled in her cleavage. The coarse stubble of his sparse shadow rasped the soft mounds of her breasts.

"Undo it," she demanded. When his hands wandered up her sides toward his goal, she covered them with her own, squeezing gently. "No, with your teeth."

Sebastian complied. He latched on then yanked the panel until the button flew off. Then he licked and bit her breast as he rooted around the edge of the lace cups, working her nipple free.

Wet heat surrounded the hardened tip as he drew on it with lazy pulls of his lips. His tongue flicked over the flushed peak, causing her toes to curl in the carpet. He devoured her with honest yearning so intense it stole her breath.

Lynn shrugged out of the blouse then reached behind her back. She unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor. The hand she braced on his shoulder steadied her while she indulged his appetite, allowing him to feast on her breasts until she saw stars. Her thighs rubbed each other as she attempted to relieve some of the pressure building between her legs.

She needed more. Had to have him touching her.

A slick pop marked the exit of her nipple from his mouth when she retreated to the seat behind her. She propped her legs up, exposing herself completely to the young, virile man before her. Her heels sank into the cushion.

He didn't need her to spell out her wishes. Goose bumps rose on her arms when he made a predatory lunge toward her. Agile, fit and determined, he stole her breath.

The span of his long fingers cupped her thighs as he pushed them higher and farther apart to make room for his broad shoulders. Without a moment's hesitation, he buried his face in her soaked pussy.

*"Dio, you're so hot. Molto dolce, bella."* She didn't speak Italian but she understood the language of his touch, the urgency in his tone as he mumbled against her swollen flesh. The vibration of his praise added to the ecstasy of his manipulation.

His tongue traced the rim of her opening as his lips sipped the dew from her labia, working steadily upward toward her clit. Her fingers clenched on his shoulders and back, urging him closer. Desperation drove her to rake her nails over him, forcing him to take more, but he didn't seem to mind. Instead, he redoubled his efforts, losing the hint of playfulness he'd had before.

A moan escaped her chest when his teeth skimmed her sensitive skin. He positioned one of her thighs on his shoulder as his hand journeyed inward toward her throbbing pussy.

“Yes! Sink your fingers in me. I want to be filled.” The stark honesty of her expressed desires startled her. Sex had never been this good—this raw or this powerful—for her. He allowed her to fulfill the sensual potential she’d given up on reaching.

The tip of one finger swirled through the juices streaming from her as he concentrated the flicks of his tongue on the area surrounding her clit. The indirect stimulation eased her into the full-on pressure of his lips.

Fireworks exploded in brilliant shades of red and gold behind her clamped eyelids. She forced herself to open them so she didn’t miss a moment of Sebastian’s expert seduction.

He worked his digit inside her by degrees until the knuckles of his other fingers settled into the valley of her ass. Pleasure tightened every muscle of her body, causing her to hug his embedded hand. The ripple of her channel around him elicited a moan from each of them.

Shocks of bliss fizzled up her spine as he moved within her. Each wiggle of his tongue on her clit pushed her higher. She couldn’t stand to toe the edge of orgasm much longer. The surfeit of rapture would drive her insane.

Lynn gripped his hair in her fist, aligning him with the one spot sure to set her off in seconds. “Make me come, Bastian. Now.”

He growled as he delved deeper, his finger rotating to press her G-spot against her pelvic bone. Then his lips surrounded her clit, his mouth doing something magical to her pussy. She fucked his face without restraint. He followed the arc of her hips with enthusiastic laps of his tongue.

The flex of her pussy around him forced more lubrication onto his hand. He groaned when it eased his way, allowing him to sink a little deeper. The echo of his praise for her uninhibited display shattered her. Spasm after spasm threatened to rip her apart.

When she thought the climax couldn't get any stronger, he rubbed the rough patch inside her, renewing her orgasm. She screamed his name as he continued to eat her, wringing every last drop of passion from her.

He read the slowing of her contractions, bringing her down easy from dizzying heights. No man had ever been so in tune with her body. Boneless, she sagged in his supporting grasp, attempting to catch her breath.

"Gorgeous," he whispered in between butterfly kisses on her thigh, mons and stomach.

She couldn't summon the energy to move, though kneeling on the floor had to be uncomfortable for him. "Hold me?"

Lynn didn't have to ask twice. Sebastian scooped her into his arms then twisted so he rolled onto the seat on his side. She curled into his chest, their legs scissored. The glimmer of her pleasure on his lips enticed her to lick it off. She sampled the arousal he'd inspired when she fused their mouths together. One part him, one part her—the recipe made for a scrumptious result.

Despite the hard-on branding her hip, he attempted gentleness. He caressed her jaw while he nibbled her lips. But sexual tension radiated from him. If she didn't plan to restrain her desires, why should he have to?

Months of abstinence ensured her lust couldn't be wiped away by the initial relief her monumental orgasm had provided. Not with the promise of more arcing between them.

"Do you have any condoms with you?" she whispered, nearly begging.

"There's a whole box in my bag."

"Get them."

While he rummaged through the duffle on the floor beside his head with one hand, he asked, "What's your favorite position, *tesoro*?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"Want me to find out some other way?" The fingers of his free hand splayed across the small of her back, his thumb tucked under her hipbone. "I could investigate."

"I'm more interested in you. What do you like?"

"Anything. Everything. It depends on the moment, the woman and my mood. Right now, I'd love for you to ride me. I want to watch your tits bounce while you fuck me. The liberation shining in your eyes is addictive. Sexy."

Lynn grabbed the condom he proffered. She moved to the edge of the seat so he could flip to his back. The foil wrapper tore easily when she held one corner between her teeth. Before covering his shaft, she bent to sample the pearly liquid beading in the slit on the head of his penis. She would have taken him in her mouth, savored his heat and musk, but Sebastian edged away.

"Not this time. I won't last." He wrapped his fingers around her wrist then guided the condom closer. "Cover me."

She did as he asked. The thin latex rolled over his cock with some effort. Her hands stroked his length, marveling at the solid mass of his erection. She could play with him all day. But when she caught sight of his agonized face, she realized how much she'd tortured him already.

The bunched muscles of his thigh flexed against the inside of hers when she swung her other leg over his waist. Tipping forward, she plastered them together, chest to chest and pelvis to pelvis. They both gasped at the full-body contact.

Sebastian's arms came around her, his hands wandering to her ass. He grabbed the cheeks, his fingers sinking in as he spread them. She slid her hips forward then back, stroking his length with the wet lips of her pussy. The head of his erection nudged her clit when it jerked beneath her in time to his pounding heart.

She planted her hands on his chest as she humped him shamelessly, lowering her lips to his for a scorching kiss. On each pass, she increased the swing of her hips until the tip of his cock lodged inside the mouth of her pussy, on the cusp of entering.

The pressure had her sighing, anticipating the moment when his penetration would burn her as he stretched her wide.

"Take me inside you," he growled.

They moved at the same time, she rocked her hips up and back while he thrust from below. The head of his cock parted her slick flesh, joining them for the first time. The universe seemed to stop as their eyes met and held.

Sebastian smiled. Then he wrapped his hands over her shoulders and tugged her toward him. Lynn moved in tandem, fitting them together, inch by inch. When he'd made it about halfway, she kissed the exposed sinew of his throat before lifting her torso upright. Her ass rested on her heels as her hands fell back, one on each of his tense thighs. She locked her elbows, using gravity to shove him into her the rest of the way.

When he packed her full, she paused, staring into the depths of his eyes, trying to catch her breath while bands of desire constricted her chest. Had anything ever felt this good?

"Gorgeous, *tesoro*." His hands cupped her presented breasts, thrust forward by her position. "You fit me perfectly."

His cock felt so hot inside her, setting off mini explosions in her abdomen. She bucked, trying to soothe the arousal but only amplified it instead. He impaled her, every nerve ending in her pussy aware of his presence. The contours formed by the ridge of the head and his veined shaft rippled over the spongy walls.

Every rock of her hips dragged her clit across the pad of muscle above his cock.

"That's it. Fuck me." He pinched her nipples, rolling them between his thumb and forefingers. "Ride me hard."

He made it so easy to take what she wanted. Lynn found herself bobbing on him, pounding his length inside her as deep as he could reach. She leaned farther back until the head of his cock nudged her just right every time she forced it through the constricting rings of muscle at her entrance.

Close now, she fucked with less accuracy and more passion. Their bodies expanded and contracted to keep him lodged inside her. Every time the head of his cock locked with the mouth of her pussy, she moaned then relished the long glide of him coming home.

Each muscle in his body tensed, quivering. His sweat-slicked chest, his amazing abs, even the thighs she clenched in her death grip, gathered. Knowing she affected him—that she could stretch him on a rack of desire as inescapable as the one she found herself bound to—was more than she could bear.

The knot of her clit tapped him as she buried him deep then rocked in quick, shallow arcs.

“Lynn. Damn it.” Sebastian fought the pleasure she gave him, but when she added a circular grind of her hips to every stroke, he lost. “Going to come.”

His hard-on flared inside her as the first hints of her orgasm bubbled in the depths of her abdomen. Every ounce of pleasure she gifted him returned to her double. She reached behind her back to cup his tight sac, holding his balls in her palm.

He roared with satisfaction at the same time the base of his cock jerked against her fingertips. Imagining the rush of his cum filling the condom he wore—combined with the pressure on her clit and the equipment overflowing her pussy—triggered her orgasm.

Her pussy milked him with rhythmic pulses. The relief she experienced went deeper, felt more substantial, with him inside her. Joining her. The grunts he made and the flex of his cock extended her pleasure until she collapsed, limp, on his chest.

Even then, the occasional aftershock vibrated through them, making them both sigh and moan. Though she couldn’t imagine moving a muscle, Sebastian seemed rejuvenated. Unable to lie still, he petted her back, stroked her ass, kissed her cheek and played with her hair.

When his half-hard cock slipped from her, he shifted her to the side to take care of the condom. She didn't realize what he intended until the blast of fresh air pebbled her nipples.

She laughed. "Did you throw that out the window?"

"What else was I supposed to do with it?" He shrugged then grinned. "Hope the people behind us were following at a safe distance."

A cotton undershirt dangled from his fist when he knelt by her side once more. She blushed when he spread her legs to dry her before plucking her skirt off the running board.

"Now you're turning shy on me?" He helped her dress before rummaging in his duffle for a change of clothes.

"It's not every day I meet a young stud then assault him in a limousine."

He had no answer for that. She supposed it might not be so far out of the realm of ordinary for him.

"I wish we had more time to lounge naked together. I would love to hold you. But that might be hard to explain if we were in an accident. My mother would not approve." He winked, some of his earlier lighthearted nature emerging from the haze of sensuality that had obscured it.

Once their appearances had been returned to order, he rejoined her on the seat, snuggling close. Still, she found she couldn't let that nagging thought go. She refused to smother her curiosity a moment longer.

"Have you ever done something like this before?"

"Like what?"

"Fooled around with someone you just met?"

"Yes."

She nodded. "I figured."



"But it was never like this, Lynn. Those times were about scratching an itch with girls who sought a notch on their bedpost—wanted to say they fucked Sebastian Fiori. Not me, my name."

He couldn't obscure the bitterness underlying his resignation.

"If it makes you feel better, you're a no-name to me." She smiled. "Or at least you were. I'll never forget you now."

"Same here, gorgeous." His fingertip traced her brow. "I kind of got the feeling this is some kind of experiment for you. I'm glad I was in the right place at the right time. Luckiest day of my life."

"You think I'd have done this with any hot guy I met?" She started to sit up but he tucked her closer. "Bastian, that's not true. Believe me, I have lots of fantasies. Yes, one of them was to take a younger lover, but I've never wanted to make one come true as much as when I met you."

"Tell me about the books in your purse. Are they about things you want to try? Or simply something to dream about?"

Ridiculous, considering what they'd done, she blushed again. "I guess they're a hot fantasy. Not something I ever expected to experience but something to wonder about. Sort of like winning the lotto. Part of the fun of buying a ticket is imagining what you'd do with the winnings because that's as close as you'll ever get, you know?"

"I suppose." He nuzzled her neck. "I've never bought a lotto ticket. If I want something, I try to figure out how I can get it myself."

Admiration for her lover flared in her chest.

"Someday, I hope I can say the same."

"What if I know a way you can? At least with these..."

"Mr. Fiori, we're nearing JFK. Which gate do you require?" The chauffeur buzzed through the tinted glass partition on the intercom.

Lynn's heart bottomed out. Her time with this incredible man had expired. Sure, they'd be on the same plane, but now she had no doubt he'd be flying first class with flight attendants hanging on every request while she suffered through the nine-hour journey squashed in coach. If she got really lucky, she'd be seated between an armrest hogger and someone intent on talking her ear off when all she wanted to do was relive these past four hours, over and over.

"Terminal three, gate eleven," she supplied. At the same time he said, "Terminal four, gate nine."

*Oh no!* They weren't on the same flight after all. She'd have less than five minutes to say goodbye as the first airport signs zipped past the window.

"Terminal four, please," he repeated for the driver then clicked the channel closed and cleared his throat. "Lynn, I told the airline to release your seat, that you'd made other plans. The flight was oversold even before the weather jacked stuff up. They were looking for any reason to generate free spots."

This time he couldn't hold her when she shoved away from his betraying warmth. "Who the fuck do you think you are? I gave up everything I know for this opportunity. You think you can make decisions for me after knowing me for less than five minutes?"

"Listen, please." He held his hand out, palms facing her when she contemplated chucking her shoe at him. "It's not as bad as you think. I wasn't sure if we were going to make it here on time with the traffic. Look, it's already six forty-five."

She hauled her cell from her purse then dropped her head in her hands. Hormones had distracted her when she could least afford it. He was right. Even if she'd run or found a trolley to drive her, she would have had a hard time making it to her gate before they released her seat for the international flight.

"So why'd you bother with all this nonsense?" She waved at the decadent car. "You were that sure you'd get in my skirt?"

"Not at all."

She crossed her arms over her chest, trying to ignore the husky note to his voice. Like she gave a crap if she'd hurt his pride.

"I made other arrangements for us. I'm sorry, I should have asked but I didn't think you'd accept. Not until you knew me better. I didn't plan for this to happen, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't hope." A ghost of his previous smile returned. "I still think you're gorgeous."

Anger at his ability to melt her insides, even now, had her snapping at him. "Cut that out. Tell me how I'm getting to Europe."

"On the team's private jet."

Had she heard him right? "Private jet?"

"Uh, yeah. I came to the States with my navigator Mark. We checked out a few brake suppliers we're considering changing to. After that, he went to visit some family while I did a little sightseeing. I was meeting him here for the flight to France."

"You're making a transatlantic flight on a private jet." She couldn't stop herself from repeating herself even though she knew she sounded ridiculous.

"Yep." He grinned. "Are you impressed yet? I'm kind of banking on that, you know?"

"Holy crap." She shook her head. "And you're sure it's okay for me to come along?"

"I cleared it with our owner. And Mark." His lids grew heavy as he stared at her, the embers of their lust glowing a little brighter for a moment. "He's looking forward to meeting you."

"What did you tell him about me?" Suspicion had her pulse picking up speed with every beat of her heart.

"Enough." Sebastian scrubbed his hand through his hair before settling her onto his lap once more. Shock numbed her too much to fight. Besides, his touch calmed even when it should have repulsed. "If you just need a lift, we're more than glad to help. If

you want to check out the private cabin with me, that's even better. And if you want to reach for your fantasies, win the lotto...well, you're holding the ticket. All you have to do is cash it."

She couldn't deny the pressure of his cock, hard once more, against her thigh.

"You'd be okay with that? Sharing me with your friend?" Part of her became horny as hell as she considered the possibility, but part of her cried that he didn't want to keep her for himself. Stupid, considering they'd met mere hours ago. How could she think their affair could be more than a simple fuck?

"I'm not going to lie, *tesoro*. I've done it before. But..." He shook his head. "It's fine. If that's what you want, it's fine. More than fine." His fingers clenched on her hip and knee.

"How much time do we have before take off? When do I have to decide?"

"It's not an ultimatum. Fly with me. See what develops, okay?"

They pulled up to the curb as he pressed a gentle kiss to her lips. She nodded but she already suspected their voyage could have only one destination. It wasn't every day someone held a golden ticket.

What a waste it would be not to use it.

## Chapter Five

The driver opened the door then handed her out. Was it too much to hope for an internet connection in the terminal?

"We have to be on board in twenty minutes. I'm going to check on our luggage. Why don't you call Rachel and let her know you're okay? I'm a little afraid of your friends." He joked but she caught the serious kernel in his eyes.

He'd lobbed her a perfect excuse to get some advice and she would grab it.

"Thank you." She hugged him tight. Maybe he'd gone about things all wrong, but she could admit to herself that she'd have been royally screwed—and not the fun kind—if he hadn't done it. "I'll meet you at the gate in fifteen minutes."

Lynn found a bench in a quiet corner. This terminal had a much classier feel than the cramped, utilitarian commercial wings. Her finger tapped the icon for Rachel in her contact list. Unsure if the thing had even rung, her best friend's shriek almost destroyed her eardrum.

"Tell me everything! Are you okay? What's going on?" In the background she thought she heard Ethan trying to calm his fiancée.

"I'm good. Everything's good. Great really." She hesitated.

"Are you sure?" Rachel pressed.

"Yes." The aura of her sexual conquest had been tainted by her doubts. "It's just...well, Sebastian has a bad habit of acting before asking. He's done it twice in the nanosecond I've known him."

"Did he hurt you?" The *shwing* of her friend's claws coming out rang through the line.

"No, that's not it. But he trampled my pathetic attempt at being in charge of my destiny."

"That's the price you pay for having a hotheaded, younger man in your life. You just met. He doesn't understand what you've been through yet. But there are definite bennies too. Speaking of...did you fuck him?"

"Rach!" Ethan's outrage traveled over the line.

"Uh..."

"You did! I knew it! God, he's smoking. And really good at his job. I researched him for you. He's won the title in his class the last three years in a row."

Why should Lynn feel any measure of pride over that? It wasn't as if she'd had a hand in it. Still, something inside her glowed for him.

"I only have a few minutes, Rach. I'm flying to France with him on his team's private jet."

"Holy shit! He's hot, successful, good in bed *and* he has access to a private jet? You bitch!"

Ethan mumbled in the background. Something about the *Kama Sutra*.

Lynn really didn't want to know.

"I never said he was good in bed." She'd burn in hell for implying he wasn't.

"Whatever! I can hear it in your voice. Okay, okay, I'm under control now. What the heck do you need me for? Sounds like you've got things well in hand."

"He..." She had to stop and clear her throat before starting again. "He found my books. There's going to be another guy with us. His navigator. Sebastian implied they're into *ménage*."

Nothing came across the line.

"Hello?" She peered at the display on her cell, which claimed to still be connected. Not now! She banged the thing against the heel of her palm. "Rachel? Can you hear me?"

"Sorry. Still here. Just... Whoa."

In all the years they'd known each other, Rachel had never been at a loss for words before.

"Is that a good 'whoa'? Or a bad 'whoa'?" Panic started to breed self-doubt.

"It's a just-wait-until-I-post-this-on-the-blog whoa. I know you, Lynn. If you didn't feel it you would have kicked him to the curb already. The fact you're considering means you really have something going. To be honest, I'm more concerned about that. What are you going to do after tonight? Are you going to be able to walk without getting hurt?"

"I—I don't know. It might be too late for that already." She wished she could put the world on hold to think things through. Then again, hadn't that always gotten her in trouble? Maybe it was time to let go and trust her instincts. "I think I'm going to do it, Rach. If there's a spark between us, I'm going to go for it. I'll figure the rest out later."

"Good for you. Enjoy yourself. Email me when you can so I know you're all right."

"I will. Thanks." She closed her phone with a snap. The digital clock on the front reminded her no more than five minutes of her reprieve remained. No way in hell would she meet Sebastian's friend looking like a something that'd been strapped to the hood of their racecar for a dozen rough miles.

She hustled to the restroom to freshen up.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dude. Quit pacing, you're driving me nuts."

Sebastian glared at Mark, the ungrateful bastard. Didn't he realize how much they stood to lose? Letting Lynn out of his sight had been a gamble, but he'd nearly pushed her too far by rearranging her schedule. Maybe she'd tell them to fuck off. "What if she doesn't show?"

"She'll come. You said this trip is important to her, right? There's no other choice today. I came through the main hall from my connecting flight. It's wall-to-wall in there."

He didn't dare tell his friend how bad he hoped Lynn returned because of him – the hell with the lack of alternates. He'd never live that down. At least not until the man had met her. Sebastian found it hard to believe anyone could resist Lynn. How she'd made it this long without some guy claiming her boggled his mind. Unless she didn't want to be tied down.

"Hot damn, is *that* your lady?" Mark looked like a kid in a candy store as he watched Lynn approach.

"Uh-huh." She had gotten even more gorgeous in the past half-hour. He'd swear to it.

"Good eye, Fiori."

"It's more than that, asshole." He regretted the fire in the rebuke when his friend turned to face him, eyebrows raised. Maybe this hadn't been one of his best ideas.

Too late to rescind his offer – not that he'd deny Lynn a chance to explore her fantasy – he reached out to buss her cheeks before making introductions.

He ignored the urge to snatch her away as she hugged Mark in greeting. When her luscious breasts pressed against his friend, she might as well have waved a red flag at the poor sucker. No way could the man resist her stacked frame if given half a chance.

Mark had been his second-in-command since their junior racing days a decade ago. His best friend understood what Sebastian wanted when he lingered instead of clambering onto the plane.

"Very nice to meet you, Lynn. I'll see you two on board. Gotta make a call before we take off." He wore a shit-eating grin as he practically skipped into the Jetway.

"I was afraid you'd run." No use in beating around the bush.



"Me too." She patted his chest then fixed some imaginary wrinkle in his collar before she whispered, "But I couldn't. I would regret it the rest of my life. Not knowing what might have been. I have to say this though. No more stealing my thunder. Only *I* say what goes with me."

"There are no expectations, *tesoro*."

"I'm hardly your treasure." She smiled despite her protest. When she'd translated the term on her phone, his sweetness had caused a warm glow to spread through her.

"Let me be the judge." His thumbs brushed her cheekbones as he bent to kiss her. Long, lingering glides of their lips lulled his anxiety. Everything would be fine as long as she went with him. "Whatever happens..."

He stopped short of promises he didn't think she'd welcome. This should have been a one-night stand. If a fancy one. So why did it feel like the start of a relationship to him instead?

Before he could crack a tooth on his size-eleven sneakers, the flight attendant hailed them from the open door. "Excuse me, Mr. Fiori. The captain is calling for you to board at this time."

"Thanks, Marcy." He nodded to the woman before returning his focus to Lynn. "You ready?"

She grabbed his hand then matched her stride to his as they crossed the threshold in synch. The door locked behind them. There could be no turning back now.

Lynn gasped when confronted with the opulence of the private jet. If the limo had been a giant step up from her Camry, the sleek lounge and dining areas of the aircraft were light years ahead of the standard commuters she'd flown in. Afraid to stain the pure white carpet, she toed off her heels near the entrance.

"Talk about leg room!" A giggle escaped before she could squash it. Unbecoming of a forty-year-old woman, she thought. "I could do cartwheels in here."

"In that skirt, I don't recommend it." Sebastian winked at her.

"Aw, come on. Don't ruin all my fun, *amico*."

She grinned at the easygoing man who'd introduced himself as Mark. A few inches shorter than Sebastian, he had muscles galore. His sandy hair complemented chocolate eyes and olive skin, giving him an appearance that could have come off as boring but definitely did not. His sense of humor sparkled, adding charm to everything he did.

For a situation with a high awkwardness potential, he made her feel right at home.

"But if naked gymnastics are out of the equation there is dinner to look forward to. As soon as we reach cruising altitude. Don't know about you kids but I'm starving. Let's strap in so we can get this show on the road."

The unorthodox seating arrangements threw her. Where exactly did one sit for takeoff? Not in the dining room chairs bolted to the floor, right?

"Join us over here." Sebastian led her to a double lounge, similar to a loveseat. Puffy cushions camouflaged standard airplane seat belts tucked in the seams. They settled onto the chair as Mark claimed the single version, facing them.

The safety spiel played on the huge flat screen at the top of the bulkhead, but all of them had traveled enough to recite it by heart if they chose. Sebastian reached across her waist to grab hold of the buckle then snapped her in. The heat of his touch set her on fire.

For too long, she'd sacrificed her personal life for her career. After two years of clinical orgasms, thanks to her purple, bead-filled, rabbit vibrator, their bout of wild sex had affected her like an alcoholic falling off the wagon. And she was ready to binge.

Lynn didn't realize she and Sebastian had locked gazes until the flight attendant fractured their shared intensity. "All set here?"

"Yes, thanks." Mark answered for them when Sebastian cleared his throat.

"I'll be serving dinner as soon as the captain allows, as you requested. Will you need service before then?" Half Lynn's age, the leggy bombshell made delicious eye candy, but neither Sebastian nor Mark paid the woman much attention.

"If something comes up, we'll ring. Otherwise, go relax up front." Sebastian dismissed the young beauty without looking away from Lynn.

The power of the men's interest had her head swelling by the second.

The engines roared as soon as the woman disappeared behind the curtain separating their space from the galley and crew.

"We've got trivia, movies, some books on the shelf over there and even video games. Seb plays a mean Wii tennis." Mark diffused the tension radiating between them as they inched toward the top of the runway.

"I'm more into the yoga in Fit myself."

"You can actually pull that shit off? Seb and I tried it once but we called it quits when he busted his ass in a lame excuse for the tree pose. Funniest damn thing I've seen." He paused to give his jaw an exaggerated stroke. "Though it might have had something to do with the case of beer we drank before that."

He laughed, the infectious delight drawing a mirroring grin from her.

"Dio, you swore you'd never use your powers for evil." Sebastian squeezed her thigh as he gave Mark shit. Unable to resist touching him, she laced their fingers then tipped her head, content to rest against his shoulder, which rocked a bit with his chuckles.

"Tired, *tesoro*?"

"It's been one heck of a day." The engines revved as the captain announced their position as first for departure.

"Damn straight," Sebastian muttered before nudging her chin toward his for a taste of her lips. What seemed like an innocent gesture at first morphed into something

serious when neither of them could stop at a tiny peck. They leaned toward each other, angling their faces for better access.

Lynn couldn't say for sure if the concentrated lust of his kiss or the g-force of the jet accelerating down the runway caused her stomach to do more summersaults, but thirty seconds later she soared. She savored the cinnamon flavor of the candy he must have eaten and allowed herself to relax. Despite the short time she'd known him, she realized she trusted him. If she didn't, she never would have gotten on board the plane, or with his plans.

He coaxed her to take his tongue farther into her mouth as he seduced her with broad sweeps of his lips. The perfection of the moment flowed over her, making her dizzy. Her equilibrium shifted as they circled higher and higher above the receding earth. Could she reach for the stars? From here she felt closer than ever before.

She opened her eyes. Sebastian watched her, absorbing every nuance of her reaction. In the limo, she'd acted with pure, desperate need. She'd taken what she wanted. Now she craved something different. Something riskier.

While staring straight into the depths of his stare, as blue and endless as the ocean, she let go of her doubts and fears. She melted into his open arms, allowing him to cradle her exactly as he liked. He might have made fewer revolutions around the sun than she, but he had a hell of a lot more experience than her zilch when it came to no-strings affairs. He could make her burn.

A growl rumbled from his throat. His fingers tensed where they massaged her scalp, mussing her hair.

"So sexy." Mark's smoky timbre startled her. She'd forgotten he existed. Tingles magnified when she thought about the show they put on for him in his front-row seat. "That's right, *cara*. Let Seb take care of you. He will. *We* will, if you let us."

A soft moan betrayed her.

"Watching you make out is getting me hard."

Sebastian couldn't remain unaffected in the wake of Mark's taunting. He nipped her lip then sucked away the sting. Their chests rose and fell with uneven gasps, melding the side of her breast to his forearm in sporadic bursts. She arched, seeking more contact.

"*Seni, Seb.*" Mark's foreign direction soothed her universal dilemma when her lover responded, shifting his hand to cup her breast.

His thumb brushed her nipple, coaxing it to tighten beneath his strumming. Grateful for the relief, she snuck a glance in Mark's direction. His dilated pupils fixed on the intersection of Sebastian's skilled fingers and her satin blouse, which covered the heavy globes of her chest. The long, dark lashes surrounding his eyes swept his cheeks with each of his languorous blinks.

One of his hands gripped the armrest hard enough she feared he might bend it. The other cupped the bulge in his pants. His lips parted when he blew out a breath between clenched teeth.

Sebastian relinquished control of her mouth to allow her greater flexibility. She basked in Mark's approval until bursts of ecstasy wrenched her attention to the man feasting on her neck and collarbones. When she reached for her seat belt to free herself, he gripped her wrist.

"Let him play, *cara*." Mark took the devious bastard's side then upped the ante. "Put your hands inside the belt."

When she could force her brain to process his command, she hesitated less than half a second before complying. Sebastian grabbed the free end of the canvas strap and yanked. She squirmed but didn't get far. Her thighs fell open, begging for relief from the pressure he amplified with every touch.

"*Grazioso*. So pretty." Mark groaned when Sebastian worked her skirt up to her waist.

"Let me see *you*, Mark." She froze when the breathy request slipped past her guard. Would it upset Sebastian? She had no idea what to expect. What were the rules here? So

unlike anything she'd done before, she hadn't bothered to ask before diving in headfirst, praying Sebastian would be there to catch her.

"I can't," Mark rasped.

She shouldn't have worried. Sebastian paused to grin at her. "You hear that? You're driving him insane, gorgeous. If he puts his hand in his pants right now, he'll come so fast and hard we'll go supersonic."

"He's not the only one." Her head bounced against the rest, her hips rising toward the devious fingertips drawing circles on the inside of her thigh. So close...

"Challenge him, gorgeous. I want to see which of you can hold out longest."

"What's the prize?" The wicked streak she'd embraced grew wider by the moment.

"Winner gets to decide what's for dessert tonight." Sebastian's rough whisper made it clear he had something more decadent than triple-layer chocolate cake in mind.

"Anything they want?" Endless visions of what she'd request—the two men focused on her, both kneeling between her legs, lapping at her soaked pussy, taking turns fucking her into oblivion—overrode her reservations.

"Anything."

"Take your cock out, Mark."

"I love it when you turn bossy." Sebastian nuzzled her jaw.

She smiled. "Me too. Who would have guessed?"

The rustle of Mark shifting for better access drew her attention to him once more. He shoved his t-shirt high on his chest then slid the zipper carefully over the tent in his pants. A rock of his hips accompanied an agile swipe of his hands, which thrust his jeans and boxer briefs to the tops of his thighs. Just low enough to allow his erection to grow upward along his abdomen.

"Impressive." She licked her lips.

"They don't call us Italian stallions for nothing." He winked then grimaced. "But I've got nothing on Seb."

"Mmm." Lynn sighed as she remembered how he'd stretched her. The memory put her in jeopardy of losing their bet before it'd begun. "No fair. That was a low blow."

"Anything goes."

"In that case...wrap your hand around your hard-on. Show me how you jerk yourself off. Long, full strokes from the base to the tip. No skimping."

"Fuck, yes," Mark muttered as he obeyed.

She relished the thrill even as it drove her closer to the end of their match. Arousal bubbled within her, making it hard to catch her breath. Sebastian didn't help any when he walked his fingertips up her thigh to pet her swollen pussy. She gasped.

"Oh yeah, take that." Mark's strained chuckle didn't last long.

"Use your other hand. Play with your balls."

Sebastian looked between them with a grin. "You two aren't screwing around. Good thing, probably twenty minutes or less until Marcy brings dinner. If no one wins before then, *I'm* taking the prize."

"Get your fingers inside her, Fiori. I'll share the reward with you," Mark promised. When Sebastian didn't move quick enough to suit him, he snapped, "Hurry up."

Lynn cried out when her lover's long fingers glided through the ample lubrication dripping from her slit. Three thick digits invaded her clenched rings of muscle until the pad of his palm pressed her clit. "Bastian!"

She attempted to sit still, to keep from writhing on him, but the temptation overpowered her logic. Her hands fisted on either side of her spread thighs, trapped by the strap. Thank God, or she might have yanked Sebastian closer and come on the spot.

"She's so tight. Wait 'til you feel her pussy on your cock. Amazing."

Mark groaned, "Whose side are you on, dude?"

The navigator's hand sped up, making a wet, slapping noise each time he passed over the slick head of his cock.

Instead of answering, Sebastian scissored his fingers inside her, stroking the walls of her pussy until he hit a particularly sensitive spot. She shrieked then trembled, her thighs tensing to try to align his touch once more.

"Oh yeah. Come for him, *cara*." Mark panted. "I can smell your sweetness from here."

"So close." She could surrender now if she wanted. Why didn't she want to again? The promise of a brilliant orgasm weakened her resolve. Rhythmic pulses began to squeeze her around Sebastian, making him work to maintain his pattern of invasion and retreat.

"Me. Too." Mark grimaced. His hand added a twist near the top of his stroke now, rubbing the underside of his cock with the pads of his fingers. His muscles strained, making him look every bit a Roman god straight out of legend. Soon she could have him. Have them both, fucking her together.

Positive she'd lose their challenge in the next moment, Sebastian shocked her by removing his hand from her clit, though he continued to pump his fingers inside her. She cried out as she receded a tiny step from the ledge of ecstasy. With Bastian's hand blocking the view, Mark couldn't tell. Not that he could see well through the slits his eyes had become anyway.

The younger man's hand flew over the straining flesh of his cock for two more seconds before his entire body went stock-still.

"Oh. Fuck," he grunted then his abdomen rippled in a wave of lithe muscle before stream after stream of milky cum poured from the purple tip, glazing his hand, his six-pack and his balls.

The erotic sight had her trembling. Sebastian's fingers slid the fraction of an inch over to the perfect spot he'd abandoned then flexed as he shifted her pleasure into high gear. She bucked against him, rubbing herself shamelessly on his hand. He couldn't deny her now.



The ragged moans echoing from Mark as he wrung satisfaction from every pulse of his orgasm sealed her fate. She exploded, clamping her legs shut to keep Sebastian right where she needed him. Her spine arched, exposing her mouth to him. He didn't waste any time claiming her. The sensual kiss guided her through the tumultuous passion battering her senses until she sagged against the seat, huffing as though she'd run a marathon.

He rubbed their noses together then separated them to bring his drenched digits to his mouth, humming with approval at her taste. When he'd cleaned every last drop of honey from them, he leaned close to whisper in her ear. She hardly heard him over the ringing in them.

"I'm always on your side."

Unsure of how to respond, she stared into the pools of desire in his eyes as he arranged her clothes and released her wrists. The flight attendant saved her from answering when she announced from the doorway, "The captain says you can move freely about the cabin now. I'll have your spaghetti ready in five minutes."

Mark flung aside the pillow he'd used to shield his lap from the woman's view, though she'd have to be a moron to have missed the flush bronzing his skin. He crossed the gap between them then kissed Lynn's cheek. "I gotta get cleaned up first. I'm starving. But don't worry, I'm saving plenty of room for dessert. Nice game."

When he ambled into the restroom near the rear of the plane, she turned to Sebastian with wide eyes.

*"Buon appetito, tesoro."*

## Chapter Six

"That was delicious." Lynn folded her hands over the linen napkin in her lap. "I still can't believe you arranged my favorite meal on such short notice."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." Sebastian smiled as he sipped the last of his wine. They'd finished eating over half an hour ago but none of them had budged from the frosted glass table where they shared great conversation and lots of laughs.

Mark had regaled her with stories of their adventures over the past ten years on the circuit. Though he'd probably edited out the worst of the tales, she couldn't believe some of the things the two of them had been through together. It made her realize how much she'd lost out on while dedicating herself to climbing the corporate ladder.

"What's that look all about?" Sebastian nudged the base of her chair so the seat swiveled in his direction from her position between the two men.

"Nothing." She shrugged. "I guess I'm a little jealous, that's all."

"Because you always wanted to be an international racing sensation?" Mark teased from behind her.

"Not exactly," she chuckled. "More like I've always wished for the freedom to go where I wanted when I wanted, to see the world and do what I love."

"You're on your way now, right?" Bastian scooped her from the molded bucket chair onto his lap.

"Yeah, I guess I am." She snuggled against his chest as she recounted all the changes she'd made in the past months then wondered why the thought of striking out on her own didn't thrill her quite as much right then.

"You're going to do great, gorgeous." His hands glided across her back, rubbing the tension from her. The combination of the wine flowing through her and his gentle care

had her relaxed in no time. She didn't even flinch when the flight attendant came to clear their dishes.

"Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"We're good, thanks." Sebastian's chest rumbled beneath her cheek with his dismissal. "We won't be needing service until breakfast. Say, an hour before we land?"

"Enjoy the rest of the flight then."

"Oh, we will." Mark uttered the remark under his breath. For their ears only.

Desire flared in her gut. Would they really give her what she yearned for most—the room to stretch her wings and explore without judgment or recrimination?

Yes, they would. The certainty blossomed in her.

Anxious to repay their generosity, she peeked up from her perch. "No more games, no messing around. I want you."

She trailed her fingers over Sebastian's cheek then turned to include Mark. "And you. Right now."

"Who am I to keep a lady waiting?" The navigator rose from his chair across the table then whipped his shirt over his head. The flex of his ridiculous muscles entranced her until he popped the button on his jeans.

Lynn hopped off Sebastian then grasped the hem of his cotton shirt. She tugged it up then over his raised arms. She stood there a moment, memorizing every curve and the play of the soft light on his tan skin.

"What will you do with us, *tesoro*?" Calm, collected and ready for anything, he challenged her to shock him with that curious stare.

Instead of answering, she swayed from side to side as she peeled her blouse from her shoulders then shimmied out of her skirt. Lynn rolled the stockings down her legs, loving the hunger in Sebastian's gaze.

A hiss escaped from between his clenched teeth.

The sound had her smiling when she turned to slip her underwear off, granting him a clear view of her naked ass and back. In the distance, she heard Mark rummaging through the duffle he'd stowed behind their take-off seats.

"Stand up, Bastian." When he did as she commanded, she knelt before him. She'd never had such an overpowering urge to give someone pleasure as she did right now, with this man. After all, he'd taken care of her earlier while seeking nothing in return. She had no doubt he'd do it again now if she were selfish enough to let him.

His hands toyed with the strands of her hair but didn't grab hold, didn't force her in any direction. He waited, with supreme patience, while she counted to ten to keep from begging him to fuck her on the floor. Two minutes of ecstasy wouldn't satisfy her this time.

She eased snug denim from his trim hips, staring as his half-hard cock bobbed along his thigh. Her hands rose, bracing her weight above his knees. Then she dipped her head to take him into her mouth.

"Dio! Yes." Light draws of her lips on his lengthening shaft had his breath rushing out in great gasps. She smiled around him as she watched his reaction from beneath her lashes. Working him gently, she eased his length to the back of her mouth, relishing every taste. While she encompassed him with wet heat, she reached out her tongue to lick the raised seam of his sac.

"Damn, sweetheart." Mark's palms landed on her shoulders when he zoomed in for a closer look at her handiwork. "I bet that feels fucking great."

"Does." Sebastian's groan sent a thrill along her spine. She'd learned a thing or two in her sexual encounters she would bet the young hussies they'd been with hadn't bothered to pay attention to yet. Not every man wanted a woman to eat him alive.

Her palms glided up his ripped legs to squeeze his ass. Then she nudged him toward the table. When he caught on, he turned as she came to her feet, keeping his cock buried to the hilt as he reclined. It slid against her tongue. She moaned, causing him to jerk harder in a vicious cycle of arousal.

Bent at the waist, she remained in the perfect position to continue lavaging him. Sebastian sprawled on his back on the table with his gorgeous ass resting on the edge. She settled between his splayed thighs. He propped each foot on the seat of a chair on either side of her to provide her with easy access. She spread her legs then arched her spine to present herself to Mark.

"You want me to fuck you, *cara*?"

She moaned around Sebastian's shaft, now rock-hard and heavy between her lips.

"Good thing I grabbed these." The crinkle of a wrapper tearing couldn't distract her from her mission.

Lynn relaxed her throat, easing Sebastian farther in until her lips rested on the trunk of his body.

"So good." His hands latched on to the edge of the table beside his tense thighs, allowing her to take her time in torturing him. "You're killing me."

She giggled around him. But not for long.

"Help me out, Mark." His strained plea shot straight to her pussy then up to her heavy breasts, dangling beneath her. "Distract her. I don't want to come like this. Not yet."

He might not want to crash into orgasm, but she sure as hell did. Two young studs would be able to keep up with her all night long if she wished. She didn't have to stifle her reaction as she sometimes did with men her own age.

The head of Mark's cock nudged her slippery vulva, seeking entrance. Each glancing press of his latex-encased shaft had her rocking back to greet it. He teased her, rimming the mouth of her pussy with the blunt head until she thought she might scream in frustration.

Then he notched the tip against her. She clamped down, kissing it with her steamy flesh.

He groaned, blanketing her spine as he reached for her shoulders. When he had her pinned where he liked, he lunged, impaling her on his beefy erection in one fluid thrust.

Stars exploded in her vision. Her eyes flew open, locked with Sebastian's, letting him witness her overwhelming pleasure. A rush of adrenaline left her soaring as one man fucked her while the other watched. She'd expected the experience to be phenomenal, but nothing could have prepared her for this high.

"Yes, gorgeous." Sebastian groaned. "Surrender to it. Let him take you all the way."

Mark's arms came around her—one below her breasts and the other above her hips—when her legs trembled, threatening to collapse. The fingers of his lower hand splayed over her mound, teasing her clit.

A miniature shockwave emanated from the site of his impact. Instincts had her lips curling over her teeth to protect Bastian from her desire. She sucked him harder, her tongue swirling over the ridge on the underside of his cock. Nothing could compare to his pre-cum busting over her taste buds while his friend tunneled deep and slow but steady inside her.

"*Tesoro*, stop." He panted. "Give me a minute."

She shook her head in disagreement, his hard-on slapping the inside of each of her cheeks in the process. Another spurt of his musk splattered on the roof of her mouth.

Mark ground into her harder when he realized what she intended. "Oh yeah. Make him come for you. Swallow him. He won't be able to resist."

Lynn gave Bastian one last lick then glided to the root. His bulging head opened her throat and she gulped around him. Thank God she didn't have a gag reflex.

Mark increased the pace of his fucking, pairing each stroke with a tap from his finger. Her entire body gathered, suffocating his implanted cock.

When Sebastian's heels drummed on the plastic chairs, his head thrashed from side to side. Then his glorious body arched off the table, accompanied by a shout. His contracted balls bobbed against her lips as they pumped his semen down her throat.

The elation at conquering his resistance pulled her with him into the maelstrom of passion and surrender.

She came so hard on Mark's cock, she didn't know how the other man kept moving within her. For each pulse of her muscles, she swallowed another draught of Sebastian's seed. After what could have been seconds, or minutes, she purred around his semi-erect flesh.

"You two alive over there?" Mark continued to tunnel inside her throbbing channel.

"Mmm."

Bastian shivered when she moaned, his cock twitching in her loose hold. He levered onto his elbow for a better view then petted her hair as he caught his breath. "That...was the *best* blowjob I've ever had. *Dio*, how can I want more?"

Lynn smirked when his penis began to inflate beneath the gentle laps of her tongue. She let him slide from her mouth for a moment, nuzzling his balls instead.

"That's so hot, *cara*." Mark withdrew his cock then used it to tap her clit until the ultrasensitivity transformed into renewed desire. Once it had, she ground herself on him again. Satisfied, he slid home, screwing her with short, fast jabs that stoked the embers of her climax. "You're not afraid to take what you want."

"Be gentler with her, Mark." Sebastian would have squirmed away from her if she hadn't increased the suction on his testicle.

"No." Her garbled response was clear enough. "Harder."

"You're sure?" Mark stalled, waiting for confirmation both from her and his best friend.

"Now!"

"Sorry, gorgeous. You're the boss." Sebastian grimaced then nodded at the other man. "Give her what she wants."

"You better get back in the game. Need to tag you soon. Not gonna last." In fact, Mark's breathing had already become erratic and his hands moved to grope her breasts. The pressure on her hard nipples felt divine.

"You love driving us wild, don't you?" Bastian traced her mouth around the edge of his balls.

"Mmm." She gasped as Mark's blunt dick hit a sweet spot.

"Right there, *amico*."

The guys' coordinated efforts had her entire body compressing again. She'd never been so turned-on in all her life. Their expert lovemaking blew her mind. Mark bent lower then bit her shoulder. His abs slapped her ass faster and faster, but the stud ground his cock against her G-spot each time until she couldn't resist a moment longer.

She abandoned Sebastian's rejuvenated hard-on to scream out her pleasure. Mark slammed inside her one final time then poured his release into the condom he wore, all the while muttering things she couldn't understand but didn't need to.

All that mattered was the fire raging in Sebastian's eyes when she glanced up at him.

"Come here." He tugged her onto the table with him, her knees straddling his trim hips, to claim her mouth. And no matter how his best friend had pleased her, something about kissing this man held more significance. The attraction flowed between them, instant and powerful.

"One more," she whispered against his lips, feeling greedy.

"As many as you like."

"One more," she repeated. "With you."

She let her forehead rest on his while she caught her breath for a minute. When Mark groaned from behind her, she turned to check on him. A wry grin twisted his lush mouth as he hunched with hands on thighs, looking as wobbly as a newborn deer.

"My new favorite dessert." He sank to his knees, sparking a wicked thought.



Lynn rolled in Sebastian's arms, coming to rest with her back nestled to his front. She wiggled until she sat up and could plant one foot on each of his thighs. He caught on quick, this man of hers. Before she could ask, he cupped her hips, supporting her, lifting her as she reached for his erection.

A whimper escaped when his longer, thicker hard-on stretched her engorged tissue. She'd always enjoyed the reverse cowgirl position, but this time somehow surpassed all others.

"Okay?" At least he didn't try to stop her this time.

"Perfect," she sighed when her ass met his abdomen, embedding him in her completely. His hands curled around her sides to wander up her belly to her chest, pinching her nipples then rubbing out the sting. His fingers roamed over her entire body, everywhere he could reach, waking up nerves she thought deadened by her prior orgasms.

Mark absorbed every touch with his rekindled stare from his spot in front of her.

She started fucking Sebastian with slow pumps of her hips, building the pleasure one final time. It might be another two years until she had sex again after this night. Her movements turned urgent when she considered her simple affair had only hours to go before it burned out. She would take what the men offered – drown herself in ecstasy so she never forgot what it had been like to shine in their arms.

She performed for Mark. He definitely got off on watching. From a foot away, he could see the minute details of her and Sebastian's joining. The flex of her pussy around her lover's cock, the flush of their skin as blood raced to their loins, the gradual scrunching of his best friend's scrotum as she picked up steam.

"Lick my clit, Mark." The man drifted closer to where she and Sebastian were joined at the edge of the table but stopped, in the double vee of their thighs, an inch short of her pussy and his best friend's cock. The heat of his breath washing over her as his chest bellowed drove her to beg, "Please."

He groaned then closed the gap, enfolding her tight bundle of nerves between his lips. After their intense fucking, she appreciated his gentle manipulation. Her eyes rolled in her skull when Sebastian countered with long, liquid glides of his hips that filled her with his cock.

Suddenly, the tender loving took her higher than all the rough fucking in the world. Between the fluttering swipes of Mark's tongue and the easy pressure of Sebastian's erection, she curled her toes in delight on Bastian's knees.

"Mark." She whimpered as she tried to hold on. She wasn't finished yet. Not without Sebastian and he needed something more than this delicate sway to get off.

The man between her legs angled his head until their gazes met and his attention focused on her.

"Put one of your fingers in his ass."

Sebastian went stiff beneath her. "What? I'm not gay, Lynn. Not bi either."

She lifted off him until the bare tip of his cock remained embedded then sank onto him bit by bit. "I'm not asking you to let him fuck you. You said I could have anything I wanted. You'll like this. Trust me as I've trusted you."

The urge to lead him somewhere he'd never gone before raged inside her. It was only fair after what he'd done to her — destroyed her for other men.

His hands tightened on her hips until she guaranteed she'd have bruises to show for it but the pressure ratcheted her arousal higher. He didn't object further. Mark stared at her in wonder but no hint of disgust dimmed the appetite she saw in his chocolate eyes.

"Go ahead, you know you want to," she dared him.

All three of them groaned together when Mark's finger slid beside the length of Sebastian's cock inside her, gathering her wetness. Then he retreated. The sight of his long finger poised to penetrate Sebastian had the beginnings of another orgasm looming near.

"Seb?" He hesitated.

"Fuck." The cock buried in her pussy swelled to epic proportions a second before her lover groaned, "Do it."

More of her lubrication trickled around Sebastian, onto his balls. She observed Mark's thick digit disappearing beneath them.

An extensive string of Italian poured from the man she rode as his best friend plundered his virgin ass. She laughed out loud when his cock bulged inside her. "I told you so."

"Yes!"

"Now finish what you started." She balanced on one hand, planted on Sebastian's chest behind her, and reached for Mark's hair with the other, but he came forward on his own. He turned sideways to make room for his mouth to latch on to her pussy while he continued to ream Sebastian in counterpoint to her escalating thrusts.

She ground against them both—Mark on each forward motion and Sebastian on the reverse. Her torso slithered like a snake as she maximized the contact with the pleasure-inducing bookends.

Her head tipped back, inviting Sebastian to strain upward to kiss her. Their tongues tangled. She stared into his eyes, hoping he could detect even a fraction of the joy he had gifted her. He smiled near her mouth then nipped her lip as he picked up the pace.

A tsunami of passion barreled down on her, so tall and strong she feared it might annihilate her. She tried to escape, but running from Mark's mouth impaled her on Sebastian, and going the other way wasn't any better. She couldn't avoid the impending destruction.

Lynn gasped, prepared to warn the men servicing her.

"What the..." Sebastian froze beneath her for a heartbeat then hammered her. The hitch in his stride shoved her closer to Mark's talented mouth, which now vibrated with his ragged moans. "He's coming. On my leg."

The idea of Mark's hot ejaculate splashing over Sebastian's furred shin sent her into orbit. Sebastian couldn't remain unaffected in the wake of their orgasms. His cock plumped inside her, the ridges of his veins amplifying the best climax of her life until she thought she might pass out.

She screamed, "Bastian!"

His arms banded around her, sheltering her while every muscle in her body seized and jerked. She crashed through dozens of spasms. The answering shouts, groans and grunts of the two men echoed around her until, at last, they melted into a tangle of arms, legs and shattered inhibitions.

They didn't stay that way long. She needed to see Sebastian instead of staring at the curved ceiling. Neither the table nor the floor ranked high on the most comfortable places to lie either.

Sebastian sat up, helping her to her feet. She whimpered when his soft cock slipped from her juicy pussy. Instead of slinking away from Mark, he extended his hand to help his friend up then grinned.

Thank God.

"Next time your chin comes anywhere near my balls, you're gonna have to shave first. Like fucking sandpaper, dude." Both Lynn and Mark laughed when Sebastian winced then rearranged his package.

"Didn't hear you complaining when her pussy practically squeezed your dick in half. Besides, it serves you right for cheating in our game, you bastard."

She stared at Mark, her jaw hanging open. "You knew? Then why...?"

"It's what I wanted too." He placed a sweet kiss on the corner of her mouth. "You were amazing tonight. The best."

Sebastian shuddered then took her hand. "Let's go. Shower time."

"Thank you," she whispered over her shoulder as Bastian led her toward the private cabin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soaking in a garden tub on a jet speeding through the sky didn't seem as odd as allowing Sebastian—a man she'd just met, a younger man, a man she cared too much about—to tend to the aches dotting her body. Still, she enjoyed the intimacy of the act. She'd watched him rinse his best friend's cum from his calf before drawing the steamy water for them to soak in.

Now she lounged between his legs, nestled against his slick chest as he dragged a soapy cloth over her torso. When his hand plunged below the water to wash her pussy, he swallowed so hard she heard it.

"It's okay, Bastian," she whispered. "I'm clean. And I've been on the Pill since I was twenty. I don't know if I could even have children anymore."

"I've never forgotten to wear a condom before."

She turned to face him. His heart pounded beneath her palm. "I've never failed to insist on it. So I guess we're even."

"Do you think I'm a poor excuse for a man because I don't want children? I hear other guys talk about passing on their legacy..." He shrugged.

The serious concern in his tone coupled with lines of strain she didn't like seeing at the corner of his luscious mouth. "If it does, then I'm in the same boat. Don't get me wrong, I like kids. But I can't see myself having them. I guess that's one of the reasons I never got married."

"I'm not stable enough. I travel all the time. No kid should have to have an absentee parent or be dragged across creation, away from all their friends. I don't see myself wanting to leave what I do. I love racing. Even when I can't drive anymore, I want to be a chief. Or maybe an owner someday."

"I respect you for knowing what you want, refusing to compromise and taking responsibility to ensure you don't impact anyone else. You're a good man, Sebastian. Never doubt that."

The kiss he shared with her overflowed with gratitude and relief.

Disaster averted, they soaked together while talking about nothing important in hushed whispers until the water had gone cold and their skin wrinkled.

Lynn yawned as he carried her to the thick mattress then deposited her on a pile of pillows covered in bedding as fluffy as a cloud. She burrowed into them then held out her arms, welcoming him beside her.

"I can't tell you how many times I'd have traded a year's worth of Belgian chocolate for a bed while trying to sleep sitting up on a flight across the Atlantic. Now I'd give anything to stay awake a little while longer." She fought the tears stinging her eyes. If she closed her lids, she knew she wouldn't be able to open them again. And, all too soon, they'd be going their separate ways.

"Isn't that the truth." Sebastian tucked her close then sighed. "We'll dream together, *tesoro*."

"Promise?"

"I do."

"Goodnight, Bastian."

"Night, gorgeous."

## Chapter Seven

Lynn woke to unfiltered sunlight glinting from the cracks in the fancy shades covering the porthole-style windows. She rolled over, searching for Bastian with one hand. She found the warm depression where he'd rested but no man shared her bed.

So that was that.

She swung her legs over the side of the mattress, dragging the sheet with her like a toga. If he couldn't stand to wake up with her, she didn't want to flash her middle-aged imperfections in the harsh light of day for him to scrutinize.

*Come on, what did you expect after a one-night stand?* Just because she'd never done it before didn't mean she had no idea of the way people played the game.

A glance at her watch confirmed they had less than thirty minutes until they landed. He hadn't woken her for breakfast. Less awkward conversation that way, she supposed. She wrangled the spare set of clothes she'd stashed in her carry-on from the bag then consulted the bathroom mirror. It'd been a long while since she looked this alive. She'd take that.

Still, she had to plaster a fake smile across her face when she slipped into the main cabin. Mark occupied the same chair he had during takeoff, flipping through a motorsport magazine. Sebastian had gone missing.

"Good morning, *cara*. I was about to wake you. We need to strap in for landing."

"And Sebastian..." She hated that she'd asked but she had to know.

"Uh...he's taking care of some business in the crew quarters."

"I see." She dropped into the seat opposite him then feigned interest in the clouds coming closer with the passing miles. Not even the gorgeous formations could interest her this morning.

"Breakfast is on the table if you'd like a bagel, some eggs...yogurt?"

"I'm not hungry, thanks."

"At least let me get you some coffee—"

"Mark, stop." She winced at the bitterness in her command then whispered, "Please."

Lynn couldn't stand for the man to feel obligated to clean up his partner's mess. She had to keep it together long enough to make the world's longest walk of shame through the jet bridge and out of the airport.

"I'm here if you need anything, *cara*."

"Thank you."

And with that, he left her in peace for the remainder of the flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

After landing, Mark helped her with her luggage then kept her company as they disembarked. What kind of fool did it make her that she still hoped Sebastian would show at the last moment? He'd checked every box on her wish list and then some in their oh-so-brief Cougar affair. She hoped they could part on favorable terms to keep the memories bright, untarnished.

Mark turned to her as they neared the exit to the cab lanes. People streamed by in all directions across Paris' congested airport. She planned to take the metro to her favorite hotel in the Etoile district, so she slowed to say goodbye when he peeled off.

"Are you going to recommend private jets in your guides?"

"Best in-flight service, hands down."

Mark threw back his head as he laughed. "Thank you, *cara*. For me too."

Lynn attempted a smile then angled her head so he wouldn't notice her snuffle.

"Ah, damn." He wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "I have no idea what *il bastardo* is thinking this morning..."



"Don't make excuses. He doesn't owe me anything." She accepted Mark's comforting hug. A few more seconds then she'd buck up and start off on her own.

"He's never pulled something like this before. You really got to him. Still, this is no way to treat a lady. I swear I'll kick his ass for you, okay?"

"How about a knee to the balls?"

"Deal." He kissed her cheek. "I don't suppose there's any chance you'd call *me* if I gave you my number, is there?"

Why couldn't exhilaration make her heart dance at the idea of a relationship with Mark the way it had for Sebastian? Sure, they'd had steaming-hot sex, but she'd conned herself into believing there'd been a spark, something greater than the physical, between her and the young driver.

"Oh *affunculo* no." Sebastian stepped between her and Mark, knocking the card from the navigator's fingers in the process.

"Look who decided to show up," Mark snarled, prepared to battle for her, but Sebastian ignored him.

"Shit. I'm sorry, *tesoro*." The endearment caused her to cringe. How could he mean it now? Had the whole thing been an act? "I was on the phone. Didn't realize they'd opened the doors. Thank God I caught you. We need to talk."

Lynn would rather wait in the absurd line outside the Louvre with all the suckers who didn't purchase advance tickets online on a Wednesday morning in July than listen to what Bastian had to say at that moment. Why couldn't he let her go with her dignity intact?

She'd already planned to stop by her favorite patisserie for a decadent fruit tart then wallow in her hotel for a few hours before burying the disappointment and savoring the wicked aches he'd inspired. But he refused to let her brush him off.

"Grab a taxi, Mark? I'll be out in a minute."

The other man looked to her for confirmation before nodding. "Safe travels, *cara*."

He left with a wave.

Sebastian meshed their fingers together as though nothing odd had happened. "I have to head out. We're taking the TGV to Toulouse. But I have a surprise for you."

"You do?" *Why?* She racked her brain for some parting gift to give him in return. Like maybe her middle finger jammed into his gut.

"Yeah. I called my mom this morning and arranged for you to stay with her when you get to Erchie. It took some juggling to shift your reservation from Caprietto's but we worked it out. I can't wait for her to meet you. Then I figured you could swing by the circuit when we pass through Rome. I didn't plan for it to take so long but it's a bitch scheduling stuff this time of year. Tourists everywhere. But...all the tickets are here." He shoved an envelope at her. "You can write a whole book about Rome, right?"

She stared at him for a solid five seconds, trying to convince herself he was joking.

"You did *what?*" She scrubbed her hand over her cheeks. This couldn't be happening. "You didn't even stay this morning and now you're telling me you intended for there to be more?"

"Wait, you thought I was making a clean break?" He cursed under his breath in Italian. "It killed me to leave you sleeping like an angel when all I wanted was to hold you. Or maybe slip in some morning loving. But I thought it more important to make sure we see each other again than to get my rocks off in another meaningless encounter."

"Last night was *meaningless* to you?" She sucked in a breath through her shattered chest. "Great. Maybe we better go our separate ways before this gets any worse. It's been...fun, Sebastian."

She spun, but his hand gripped her shoulder.

"No. Shit, Lynn, this is all coming out wrong."

"Why didn't you talk to me? Why didn't you let us decide together how things would go?" His manipulation betrayed her. "You know how I feel. I thought you understood how important it is for me to be independent...to decide my own fate."

"I do. But... There wasn't time. I didn't think. Don't you know how many girls have asked me for this privilege? I've never invited a woman to tour with me."

She recoiled as though he'd slapped her. "I'm supposed to be grateful for your interference? You arrogant —"

Mark leaned in the sliding door with an apologetic shrug before she could really pour on the steam. "Seb, we have to get a move on or we'll miss the train."

"One minute!"

The frustration radiating from him erased some of yesterday's bliss. She couldn't bear to have him obscure all the glory of the night before with this disastrous parting. "I can't do this, Sebastian. Please. Go. Good luck."

She reached up to kiss his cheek, frozen in shock, then gathered her luggage before spinning on her heel and darting between a baggage trolley and a tour group. By the time she'd crossed the busy lobby and turned, Sebastian had vanished.

\* \* \* \* \*

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Younger men suck. Immature, cocky, bullheaded...

Rachel: You're starting to sound like my crotchety Aunt Imelda.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Oh God. I am, aren't I? But it's been two weeks! Why the hell can't I forget about him?

Rachel: Maybe because he's emailed you every day, desperate for another chance?

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Thanks for giving him my address, by the way. I never would have thought you'd do that!

Rachel: He begged on the blog. He sounded so sincere. Despite what you think right now, there's something here, Lynn. I think you should answer him.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: I'd have to read his messages to answer them. I've deleted every one without opening it. For all we know, he's making sure he didn't knock me up.

Rachel: Lynn! You didn't!

LynnLuvs2Trvl: I did. I refuse to be tied to anyone. Especially not a controlling, infantile— Argh! You get the point. But now I'm screwed. I'm not with him and I can't stop thinking about him. I even went to the Rally Racing Museum today, like that's a top-five destination for a solo woman's travel guide. His picture was freaking everywhere. Do you have any idea how cute a man in a jumpsuit is?

Rachel: Holy crap, Lynn. This is getting out of hand. If you miss him this much, why not call him? Email, whatever.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: After what happened? No way. I can't stay with a man who wants to control me.

Rachel: If he's still dogging you, he's probably open to discussing your boundaries. You barely know each other. The way I figure, it'd have been easy for you both to write the night off but neither of you have.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Worse, I leave for Erchie tonight. I tried everything. Including a bribe. But I couldn't get my original hotel back. There's no way he told his mom about us, right?

Rachel: That he fucked you in a limo an hour after meeting you then shared you with his best friend for a wild night that I am super envious of? Probably not. But I'm betting he raved about the gorgeous woman he met. You know, enough to make it uncomfortable.

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Damn it. That's what I thought too.

Rachel: Sorry, Lynn.

Lynn paused before exiting the deserted station to stretch her knotted muscles with a whimper. Nothing like hours on the regional train interspersed with mad dashes through terminals—traversing flights of stairs to platforms that never seemed close

together with even the lightest luggage when attempting a quick connection—to tire a girl out.

On top of that, she'd gotten burned by notes she'd found online that cited the town's reliable tram system but had failed to mention it wouldn't be completed for another five years at least. If the dusty donation jar she'd spotted gave any indication, Erchie might never go high-tech. And that was part of its appeal.

She probably could have caught a straggling cab if she hadn't stopped to use the restroom. By the time she brushed her hair and popped a mint, in case Mrs. Fiori sized her up, the skeleton crew had departed. No one remained to listen to the buzz of the florescent lights but her.

These were exactly the hints she could capitalize on for her book. Though it didn't do *her* much good. She had a hard time imagining anything sinister lurking in the peaceful town when the *swoosh* of the ocean sang in the background. Still, survival instincts she'd honed over years of traveling alone had her dreading the walk through twilit streets to her accommodations.

Grabbing the last train into town had been a mistake.

Thank God she could cross the distance to the bed and breakfast in fifteen minutes at a brisk pace. She hauled her bag along the ramp, surprised to see a car running with its lights on at the curb.

Lynn had taken two giant strides along the sidewalk when the car inched forward. The window began to roll down. *Great.*

She picked up her pace, the wheels of her suitcase squeaking in protest.

*"Buona sera, signorina."*

Lynn debated ignoring the older gentleman but opted for a tiny wave as she continued along her way. Still, he persisted, the Peugeot creeping along to stay even with her.

*"Scusami."* The white-haired man flailed his hands in her peripheral vision.

Then he said two magical words. The only two that could have claimed her attention. "Sebastian Fiori."

She tripped over a crack in the sidewalk. At least she tried to convince herself something other than the instant rush of anticipation and longing caused her stumble.

Her stare whipped in the man's direction. Now that she really looked, she found countless similarities to the perfection she had memorized two weeks ago. The sappy part of her had feared she'd forget his face after such a short time together but the opposite had been true. Every night, visions of him had filled her imagination.

Almost as though they still dreamed together.

When she shook her head to clear the ridiculous thoughts, the man's eyebrow arched.

"Mrs. Fiori...hotel...ride..."

The man struggled with English but she understood. Sebastian came by his tendency to grab the reins naturally it seemed. She bit her lip as she considered accepting. To be honest, refusing the kind gesture would make her stupid *and* rude in this case.

She smiled. "*Grazie.*"

Before she could lug her bag to the vehicle, the man had hopped out. He shooed her away while he took care of hoisting it into the hatchback. Then he turned to her, planting a double-cheeked air kiss on her. When they parted, he slapped his chest. "*Eduardo. Zio.*"

Ah, Sebastian's uncle. No wonder.

"Lynn."

The man nodded. Since they couldn't converse, Eduardo cranked up the zesty Italian folk music bouncing through the car's tinny speakers. She laughed in delight when he belted out the harmonies, encouraging her to clap along. His charisma was impossible to resist. Another trait that ran in the family, she supposed.

Just as Eduardo delivered the rousing finale, they swung into a narrow stone driveway.

The charming terracotta-tile-roofed villa nestled in a field of wild flowers and citrus trees. Perched on a low outcropping, it overlooked the warm waters of the Mediterranean, cerulean even at dusk. The hue of the waves washing the shore reminded her of Sebastian's eyes.

But before regret could overwhelm her, Eduardo cupped her elbow. He guided her toward the rear of the structure with a knowing smile. The crowd of laughing, drinking, joking locals gathered around an outdoor fire pit and a TV—plugged in via an enormous extension cord from the main house—surprised her.

Bright red and blue pennants adorned with Driven Wild and Sebastian's team logo strung across the lush yard, creating a ceiling over the gathered tables piled with pastries and wine. Eduardo whisked her suitcase inside before she could stop him. When she followed, a woman carrying a checked hand towel greeted her with a smile.

"You are Lynn Madison?"

"Mrs. Fiori?"

"*Si, Maria.*" The woman welcomed her with open arms. In two seconds flat, she'd been smothered in a giant squeeze hug against Sebastian's mother's ample cleavage without so much as a hint of the appraising stare she'd dreaded. "Welcome to Erchie and to our home. You are just in time!"

"Thank you. Truly." Lynn tried to focus on Mrs. Fiori's easy acceptance despite the whispers spreading through the gathering like wildfire. More than one young woman shot her a glare sharp enough to sting across the patio. "Am I interrupting? I can go for a walk until your event is finished. Unless there's something I help with?"

"Not at all! You'll sit. Watch the race? Sebastian starts in five minutes." A hint of unease crept into the gracious host's eyes, which reminded her so much of the man who'd rocked her world.

"Tonight? I didn't realize..." God, flying along ridiculous courses in the dark! Why hadn't she considered the dangers inherent in his job? She reached out without thinking to pat Maria's hand where it wrung her apron. "I would like that very much."

They sank to a rustic bench together. Someone thrust a glass into her hand, the maroon wine sloshing onto her fingers as they passed by. What must it be like to have so many people rooting for you, supporting you? Sebastian had innumerable ties here yet still he seemed free to do as he pleased.

Could there be a difference between a bond and a restraint?

She took a slug of the cheap wine, savoring the burn as it slid through her system. The commentators finished their run-through of tonight's stage, the final section of this event. Lynn cringed when she studied the insane wiggles in the gravel course. Unease skittered along her spine, inciting a shiver.

"These are the worst for me to watch." Maria polished off her own drink then snagged a replacement. "He's leading by almost two minutes. He could play safe. But my son does not know how."

In the background, a flashy graphic plotted Sebastian's current time versus the world record. At this point, he edged out in front by several seconds. Never mind that he held the top five ranks, she knew he'd do his best to shatter his previous mark.

"How long will it last?" Her ignorance rankled. Why hadn't she paid closer attention to the facts at the museum instead of staring at his tight ass in all the pictures?

"This stage...twenty-seven kilometers." Maria nodded as she considered, "I bet he will finish in no more than ten minutes."

Some quick mental math had her eyebrows rising. "In these conditions?"

Maria didn't answer. Instead she made the sign of the cross then focused in on the television. People stood and cheered as three electronic beeps heralded the launch. Then, in a cloud of dust, Sebastian's car rocketed from the starting line. She could see two shadows inside the cabin of the car but couldn't make out either Sebastian or Mark's features behind the thick helmets they wore.



The cheers of the Fiori's friends, neighbors and relatives brought the night alive. Lynn couldn't believe how fast the bright car flew through twists and turns. The slides over treacherous lines left razor-thin margins of error. Each time Sebastian nailed a section, the gathering grew more rowdy until catcalls, whistles and yells drowned out the sound from the television not two feet in front of her.

Lynn took her focus from the screen for a millisecond to observe the outpouring of pure excitement for a man who had obviously touched many people in his lifetime. She didn't need to see the screen to know something had gone horribly wrong when the crowd hushed mid-cheer. A glass shattered in the background as it hit the pavers.

Her head whipped around to see Sebastian's car crash through the underbrush and clip the corner of a stone wall. It jolted to a stop, nose down in a ditch. The pain in her chest as her heart skipped a few beats alarmed her in the far recesses of her mind. She couldn't say who'd moved first but Maria clenched her hand so tight she thought her knuckles might crack, and Lynn returned the favor.

Though it seemed an eternity of uncertain terror passed, seconds later, a communal sigh of relief washed over her when the lights on Sebastian's car flicked three times in rapid succession.

"His sign to me." Maria explained between whispered prayers of thanks.

Lynn watched, numb, as Mark and Sebastian erupted from the vehicle then pushed it out of the rut, onto the course. Her eyes nearly bugged out of her skull when the crazy bastards piled into the deathtrap and took off along the route.

As though the world hadn't ground to a stop, cheers blanketed her again. But nothing could chase the chill from her bones. Both because she feared for Sebastian's safety in the remainder of the race and because she could no longer deny how deep he'd embedded himself in her heart during their *meaningless* night together.

She stayed long enough to watch him clamber onto the roof of his dented vehicle with Mark. The roar of the hometown crowd—not to mention the shower of champagne dousing them—making it clear they'd won yet another race.

Then she staggered to her feet. Maria rose with her, throwing an arm around Lynn's waist. She understood Lynn's sudden desire for solitude, guiding her through the cheerful citrus colored décor to Sebastian's room.

"I wish I could say the wrecks get easier but I can't." When Lynn didn't answer Maria's soothing rambling, the woman continued. "You've had a long day. I think some sleep would do you well."

The older woman flipped on the bare overhead light, casting the cozy space in a warm glow. Every inch of plaster had been covered by framed articles on her son's success. One corner held a rustic bookshelf buried in trophies. The bed had been turned down with fresh sheets, flowers spread over the pillow.

The idea of sleeping here, surrounded by the man she would never forget—but had already lost—had her aching and on edge. "Why are you doing this? Why let me stay here? I am nothing to him. To you."

"I've always wished one thing for my son. They say I spoil him but I want him to have everything he desires, no matter how big the dream. Sebastian says you're special to him."

"How can he know? We're almost strangers. And I'm so much older than him! Doesn't that bother you?"

"Hearts know nothing of time—not age or length of acquaintance. They know only what they need. The moment I met my husband, I knew. Here." Maria collected Lynn's hand, clasped it in her own as she touched it to the place over her heart. "My son has never said this to me before, please understand. You two are destined."

Lynn concentrated on preventing her eyes from rolling. A couple of wild fucks between strangers couldn't be written off as cosmic intervention. More like irrational, reckless and decadent decision making.

"You do not believe."

"In fate? No, I'm sorry."

“Then think of how you miss him. Call it whatever you like. I can see the truth in your eyes. Your fear for him is as deep as mine. I believe you are special and I would not have you hurt. That would cause my son pain.”

Maria hugged her then turned to go. “Sleep well, Lynn. Sebastian says he dreams with you still.”

Lynn sagged onto the comforting flannel sheets. She sighed as she burrowed into Sebastian’s bed, deluding herself into thinking she caught the scent of him on the pillow.

That must have been why visions of him surrounded her all night long.

## Chapter Eight

Lynn tipped her chin to catch rays of the mid-afternoon sun on her face. With her eyes closed, she savored the breeze fluffing her hair, making her gauzy sarong dance around her legs. She curled her toes in the damp sand, at peace for the first time in many months.

She'd decided.

Today she would read Sebastian's emails – she hadn't yet emptied her recycle bin – with an open mind before sending him a note in return. Maybe she'd get his number from Maria so she could hear his voice again. Just for a minute.

She could admit to herself that she'd overreacted now. Yes, he'd gone too far but she'd worried so much about her precious freedom that she'd overlooked the difference between a leash and an invitation.

Regret had her sighing as she considered the time she'd wasted. Unwilling to exacerbate her mistake, she pivoted, heading for the netbook she'd stowed in her room. Sebastian's room.

Her foot froze mid-step when she caught sight of the man ambling toward her.

He hesitated, as though unsure of his welcome, but she couldn't deny the thrill that raced through her at the sight of him. His unbuttoned shirt rippled in the gentle wind, revealing the perfection of his sculpted torso above low-slung cargo shorts. Olive skin shone, making her fingers tingle with the need to explore.

But his piercing blue eyes, shadowed with uncertainty, had her bolting across the distance between them until she molded to his solid chest.

He wrapped her in a bear hug then whispered in her hair, "*Come, mi sei mancata!*"

"Did you just call me pasta?" She separated the scant inch necessary to peek up at him.

"Definitely not," he laughed. "Though you look good enough to eat. *Dio*, I missed you."

"Same here," she sighed. Before she could think better of it, her fingertips traced the gash on his bold cheekbone. "You scared me half to death last night."

"Sorry 'bout that, *tesoro*." His head dipped, his lips nearing hers. "But I'm glad to hear you still care. I thought I might have ruined everything. Ruined this..."

Lynn's breath caught in her lungs when Sebastian kissed her. Their lips brushed then melded as they both took and received in turn. The sparks she'd thought she'd amplified in her memory flared between them, setting her on fire.

Sebastian scooped her into his arms, her ass resting in his broad palms as she wrapped her legs around his trim waist. She practically climbed him in her desperation to get closer. He walked them to the water's edge, slipping behind an outcropping of rock, shielding them from anyone who might be watching from inside.

He laid her in the soft sand, following her down. "Lynn, wait—"

"Talk later." She yanked the hem of his shirt over his head, stripping the well-worn fabric off his shoulders. "Please, Bastian, show me you still feel it too. Nothing else matters."

For long minutes they lost themselves in the simple pleasure of kissing—tasting, nipping and licking—until the bliss overwhelmed reason. She had to have him again, had to fuse them until separation became impossible.

"Wait, *tesoro*." Sebastian groaned as he lifted off her. "I need you to know this is not meaningless to me. Far from it."

"Shh." Lynn gathered him close once more, peppering his face, neck and shoulders with kisses. "Not for me either."

"Thank God." Waves lapped at their toes where their legs tangled on the beach. He bracketed her face with gentle hands then sipped from her lips as he nudged her thighs apart to make room for his frame in the cradle of her hips.

His hard cock branded her through the khaki shorts separating their heat. She plunged her hands beneath the waistband then grabbed his bare ass under the fabric.

"Ever make love on the beach before, Bastian?"

"I've never had sex like this. Not in the daylight, out of the water, where anyone could see if they walk by or pass in a boat." He tossed a glance over his shoulder to be sure no one lurked in the background. His sudden modesty amused her, tempting her to push him until he murmured, "And I've never made love to a woman in my life. But I'd like to try it with you."

"Same here." She rolled, tucking him beneath her as she straddled his hips. While he licked his lips, she reached behind her to loosen the tie on her bikini top.

Bastian's hands glided over the sides and back of her thighs, allowing her to reveal herself to his hungry stare. When she'd tugged the laces free from their bow, she dropped her hands to her waist and allowed the fabric to flutter from her breasts.

"So gorgeous," he growled as he gripped her shoulder then tipped her forward until he could surround the tip of one mound with his lips. He flicked his tongue across the puckered surface of her nipple, causing a moan to escape from her parted mouth.

While he drove her insane with his sensual assault, she loosened the strings at her hips then peeled the scrap of her bathing suit from between her legs. The crotch of the fabric glistened in the sunlight, drenched with her arousal.

"You smell delicious." He shimmied lower, his hands bracing her waist until she hovered over his face. "Come to me. Let me taste you."

Her spine arched—hands bracing behind her on his raised knees—when his talented tongue traced the furrows of her pussy. He sipped the slick honey from her with aching delicateness that had her heart blossoming in her chest.

Tender swipes of his lips on her clit primed her for something deeper, stronger. She squirmed in his hold, dragging the soaked folds of her pussy over his chin when her instincts took control. Her hands fisted in the material of his shorts in a weak attempt at divesting him of the damn things before she came without him.

A frustrated whimper clued him in to her plight. He rolled, tugging her to the sand next to him. In two seconds flat, he'd lifted his hips and slid the shorts off, kicking them to the side. He cuddled her into his arms so they lay on their right sides, her back plastered to his chest.

The thick length of his hard-on pressed between her legs, stroking her soaked slit. Sebastian buried one arm in the sand beneath her then draped the other over her waist, giving him complete access to touch her breasts, her belly and her clit. She tilted her head to the left, meeting his seeking lips for another scorching kiss.

He rocked into her in time to his tongue, thrusting against the palate of her mouth. The plump head of his cock stroked her pussy, nudging her closer and closer to ecstasy.

"I want you inside me." She gasped when he angled his hips, probing a bit deeper on the next pass. "Please, Bastian."

He reached around her hip, using two fingers on the underside of his cock to feed it into her waiting clutches. The initial penetration left her trembling. The sweet pressure of him working inside her drove her mad with desire.

When he wedged in the swollen depths of her channel, he slid his hand from his cock to the inside of her knee. He lifted her leg, spreading her until she feared she might split open from the decadent force of his invasion.

"So tight," he groaned near her ear. "*Molto dolce.*"

The flex and release of his toned abdomen stroked his shaft over her sensitive flesh. Slow, deep and controlled, he massaged her from within. Curls of flame licked her abdomen, making it difficult to breathe without calling out her satisfaction. When the fingers of his spread hand strayed from her belly to circle her clit, she cried his name over and over.

The dual sensations primed her body while his affectionate ministrations had her heart clenching in her chest. As they strained together, his cock flared inside her. The defined ridges of his veins teased her inflamed nerve endings. She panted, trying to smother the urge to shatter. She didn't want their passion to end so soon.

But resistance didn't get her far. The harder she fought, the more he focused. He tapped the bump of her clit in time to his thrusts. She stiffened, her pussy clamping on his shaft. She screamed as she came apart in his arms, trusting him to drive her orgasm.

Through the hurricane of desire, he maintained his pace, gritting his teeth above her. When she could process thought beyond the overwhelming ecstasy drowning her, she sighed. He hadn't come with her. Without his pleasure, hers seemed pale and incomplete.

Lynn rolled to her stomach, offering herself for his use. She wanted nothing more than to provide him the means for satisfaction, for half the joy he'd gifted her. She spread her legs then raised her hips, her face pillowed in the sand.

Sebastian couldn't refuse her offer. He pumped into her from behind, driving her into the warm earth. She absorbed his powerful thrusts. His fingers laced with hers as he pinned one wrist to either side of her head.

All vestiges of his gentleness vanished as he staked his claim. She welcomed him, rocking back to meet his thrusts. His chin landed on her shoulder when he dropped lower, covering her back. Without thinking, she angled her head, exposing her neck. He shouted something in Italian then fit deeper within her.

A sense of power washed over her. She could give this to her man and, in doing so, set them both free. The knowledge fanned the embers of her passion, renewing the spasms of her pussy around him in an endless orgasm.

Bastian attacked the vulnerable skin without hesitation. His teeth sank into the crook of her neck and shoulder as he pummeled her. A roar of primal completion echoed around them as he claimed her. The hot splash of his cum pouring deep inside her followed.



Instead of panic, a sense of rightness descended over Lynn. She allowed herself simply to react to the magic their coupling generated. The rush of her climax peaked as the last of Sebastian's seed jetted inside her womb.

Together they collapsed onto the beach, too exhausted to sort through what had happened. She closed her eyes as she snuggled into his chest, content to drift off for a few minutes before dealing with reality.

When Lynn jostled awake, she found herself cradled in Sebastian's lap in the shade of the rock outcropping. He'd gathered her sarong and used it to cover most of her skin.

"Sorry, *tesoro*." He beamed down at her. "I was afraid you'd burn. You're so...white."

She laughed. "I know. I can't tan at all. I go from pink to red."

"You're gorgeous the way you are."

Their gazes met and held for a solid thirty seconds. Then they both spoke at once. "Where—"

"What—"

Sebastian gestured for her to finish but she shook her head. "No, go ahead. What were you going to say?"

He took a deep breath then nodded before asking, "Where will you be next Monday? My races end on Sunday. I have a two-week hiatus after that."

"Florence, I think. It depends...on how my research goes. I could try—"

He cut her off with a finger on her lips before she could offer a compromise she might come to regret. "Do what you have to do. I'll always find you. Wherever you are is where I want to go...if I'm welcome there."

Tears blurred his perfect, if sand-covered, features. Could it be possible?

"And if someday you decide you want to come with me—see the world and do your research from my circuit stops, I'd be honored."

"Can we take things one step at a time?" If she thought that far ahead, she'd get too scared of losing everything and she'd screw it all up.

"Absolutely. Let me begin the journey with you and it'll all work out, *amore mio*."

"Promise?"

"I do."

"Then we'd better go tell your mother the good news." Lynn tied her bikini before waiting for him to tug on his shorts. His grin lit up his entire face as he scrambled to his feet.

She tore up the beach toward the sanctuary of his house, Sebastian two steps behind. Not a shred of doubt remained that he'd follow. When they reached the wooden stairs, her sole caught a jagged edge. Without checking over her shoulder, she flung herself backward before it could splinter her foot. Arms open, she let Bastian catch her in his strong embrace.

"Careful, *tesoro*." He whirled her around in the fresh sea breeze before setting her on her own once he made sure she could stand steady.

Tears filled her eyes as she stared into his determined expression. Though it seemed ridiculous, she knew he'd be there to catch her if she needed him but would always set her free when she craved her independence.

She swore to do the same for him, supporting his career and their relationship in whatever shape it took on. The forces of nature that had driven them together would permit nothing less.

## **Epilogue**

*Six months later*

LynnLuvs2Trvl: Hello, ladies! I have some great news. Sebastian won his fourth world championship! Yes, that's right, we're off to celebrate with a three-month trip to Asia. Bali, here we come. I'm not sure how great the internet connection will be at the beach but don't worry, Bastian will be taking good care of me. ☺

I think this will be a great chance for us to see how things would work out if I decide to accept his proposal. I miss him so much when we're apart. I'm starting to forget why I thought it was a good idea in the first place.

So, anyone feel like visiting me in Europe next year? I think I'm going to need someone to hold my hand during the circuit events. Watching them live is scarier than on TV.

Besides... I know another hot young guy who could use a sexy Cougar.

Okay, Bastian's giving me that look. Yeah, you know the one. Gotta run, I'll write when I can!

## About the Author

Jayne Rylon's stories usually begin as a daydream in an endless business meeting. Her writing acts as a creative counterpoint to her straight-laced corporate existence. She lives in Ohio with two cats and her husband, who both inspires her fantasies and supports her careers. When she can escape her office, she loves to travel the world, avoid speeding tickets in her beloved Sky and, of course, read.

Jayne is a member of the Romance Writers of America (RWA), the Central Ohio Fiction Writers (COFW), International Heat and Passionate Ink.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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