



# A WICKED, WILD THREE DAY AFFAIR NADIA AUDAN

SUMMERSEDUCTIONS

#### Total-e-bound

www.total-e-bound.com

#### Copyright ©2009 by Nadia Aidan

First published in 2009

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.

#### **CONTENTS**

**Summer Seductions** 

**Trademarks Acknowledgement** 

**Chapter One** 

**Chapter Two** 

**Chapter Three** 

**Chapter Four** 

**Epilogue** 

About the Author

Total-E-Bound Publishing

\* \* \* \*

#### A Total-E-Bound Publication

\* \* \* \*



www.total-e-bound.com

\* \* \* \*

A Wicked, Wild Three Day Affair
ISBN #978-1-907010-55-2
(C)Copyright Nadia Aidan 2009
Cover Art by Natalie Winters (C)Copyright July 2009
Edited by Christine Riley
Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused

with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

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

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

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

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

\* \* \* \*

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

#### **Summer Seductions**

\* \* \* \*



A WICKED, WILD

THREE DAY AFFAIR

\* \* \* \*

Nadia Aidan

\* \* \* \*

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Trademarks Acknowledgement**

\* \* \* \*

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

Stetson: John B. Stetson Company

Playboy: Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.

Mandalay Bay Resort: MANDALAY RESORT GROUP

CORPORATION NEVADA

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Chapter One**

\* \* \* \*

"There he is!"

Monica Peterson peered over the shoulder of her best friend, straining to catch her first glimpse of Soledad's soonto-be husband, Drake. "Where? I don't see anyone."

"Right there," Soledad exclaimed, and Monica followed her lithe frame with curious eyes as she raced through the crowded airport to fling herself into the arms of an extremely handsome man.

Her eyebrows knitted together as she raked her gaze over Drake Bradshaw, who was the much talked about and welllauded love of her friend's life.

"Well, she told me he was white," she muttered under her breath, navigating her way through the bustling, baggage-claim area towards them. But she hadn't quite been expecting the Stetson wearing, blond-blue eyed hunk who looked more like he'd stumbled off the last rodeo circuit and less like he was the CEO of a midsized computer software firm.

"They're definitely making computer geeks in prettier packages these days."

As she drew closer to the couple, she realised Drake hadn't come alone. Her gaze slid over the tall, distinguished man, his large frame encased in a custom-tailored, charcoal grey suit that fit him perfectly. He stood off to the side, his handsome face twisted into a dark frown as he stared straight at her

with piercing green eyes that bore into her so deeply she almost swore he could see straight to her soul.

Her steps faltered, and she cursed her four-inch, spikedheeled sandals, but she knew her shoes had nothing to do with her stumble. It was the way he looked at her, that probing, searching stare of his that caused a curious stirring in her belly.

Whoa. What the hell? He was certainly good looking. Okay, very good looking but she tamped down her body's instant and completely unexpected attraction to him. He didn't like her. She could tell by the way he openly glared at her, and when his arrogant gaze roamed over her before abruptly glancing away, she knew she wasn't going to like him, either.

She shook with barely controlled anger. He'd just dismissed her. The jerk. He didn't even know her, yet he'd already written her off, which left her to ponder the identity of this mysterious and bad-mannered man.

"Monica, this is Drake," Soledad gushed with a bright smile, dragging Monica's attention to the beaming couple.

Shaking her head, she bit back a tiny grin. She'd never seen Soledad like this, but she was happy for her best friend. She certainly deserved a good man, and it seemed as if she'd found one in Drake.

"Hello, Drake. It is certainly a pleasure to finally meet you." She stuck out her hand, but he ignored it as he tugged her into his arms for a burly hug.

She was so taken aback by his friendliness that for a moment she just stood there frozen with shock.

"Soledad talks about you all the time," Drake said. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, too."

"Honey, you're suffocating her."

"Oh, sorry," Drake said, his arms relaxing around her.

"It's fine." She smiled as she patted his back, grateful she could breathe again when he released her. END EXCERPT

The three of them exchanged smiles as soft chuckles helped ease them through their first introduction, while *Mister Stone-face* remained aloof. Monica glanced at him, wondering again who he was and why the hell he was even there when it was so obvious that he didn't want to be.

As if reading her thoughts, he stepped forward. "Hi, I'm Grant Reed, Drake's best friend and his best man," he said coolly as he extended his hand.

For a second, she considered not taking it, but she knew her rude behaviour would only serve to embarrass Soledad. She grasped his hand firmly, her eyes widening when a sharp tingle raced up her arm, to fan out across her entire body. The searing jolt hardened her nipples and ignited a deep throbbing ache between her thighs. What the hell? She instantly snatched her hand away, sliding her still tingling palm up and down the side of her leg, desperately trying to ignore the wetness that stained her panties.

"Hi," she mumbled stiffly, meeting his gaze, which was now clouded. He'd felt it, too, and from the hard planes of his face, he didn't like it either.

*Great.* In three days her best friend was getting married to a wonderful man , whose best friend happened to be a world class jerk and dangerously attractive. She already knew

sparks were going to fly, but she wasn't sure what type just yet. With his bad attitude, she just hoped she could keep her temper in check long enough for the happy couple to say 'I do'.

\* \* \* \*

Attorney Grant Reed knew his mother would be appalled by his bad behaviour, but he couldn't help it. His best friend was making a mistake. Soledad seemed nice enough, and he couldn't deny Drake definitely was happy, but his friend had only met the woman a month ago while vacationing in Greece. And now, Grant was forced to suffer through and witness this farce of a wedding, in Las Vegas no less. Nothing said superficial like Vegas.

At that thought, a vivid image popped into his head, and he glanced over at the woman seated at the dinner table beside him.

When he'd first seen her, he'd been struck by how beautiful she was, but it was hard to appreciate her exquisite features with everything else she had going on. Her dress was too tight, moulding to every curve like it was her second skin. Her neckline was far too low, as her full breasts—which were probably implants—spilled over the top of the black minidress that showed off the smooth brown skin of her long shapely legs. But her heels were the worst of all. They were obscenely high fuck-me pumps. He didn't know how she could walk anywhere in them, which was probably why she'd almost tripped earlier.

Everything about her screamed *excess*. Her chestnut hair hung in soft waves to the middle of her back, which was far too long for a woman, who if she was the same age as Soledad, was in her mid-thirties. He studied her more closely. She didn't wear a lot of makeup, just a dab of lipstick and some mascara, which was surprising since with everything else, she was over the top, including her perfume which he was convinced she'd drowned herself in.

He knew Soledad was a family law attorney, but Drake hadn't told him much about Monica, probably because he knew very little about her himself. Well, if Grant were to hazard a guess, she was either a former exotic dancer or a showgirl.

This was a nightmare. His best friend was marrying a woman he didn't even know, and for three days, he would be forced to suffer the company of a woman who oozed of sex, reminding him for the hundredth time that he hadn't gotten laid in almost six months.

He reached for his glass of wine, downing the red liquid in three gulps. He nearly choked when Monica's thigh brushed against his beneath the table. He swallowed the last of the liquid down, as heat crawled inside his gut, inflaming his skin before dipping dangerously lower to harden his dick. His entire body pulsed with an insatiable heat as his cock fought against the confines of his pants, forcing a hushed curse from his lips, which drew her attention.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to—"

"It's fine," he bit out. He kept his eyes glued straight ahead, not trusting himself to look her way. He was sure if he

did his gaze would immediately land on her full, pouty mouth, making him wish he could put aside his aversion to her long enough to take a quick tumble in the sheets with her.

He felt the burning hostility of her stare as anger poured off of her like hot lava. Good. She was angry, too. She definitely wouldn't let him touch her if she couldn't stand him, either. He needed her to hate him, or he was liable to forget that his type of woman wasn't some Lolita who looked like she'd stepped out of the pages of Playboy.

\* \* \* \*

"You can't leave me with him," Monica rasped under her breath, her fingers digging into Soledad's jean jacket.

Her friend gently pried her fingers from her coat, one by one, a tight smile spreading across her lovely face. "Monica, stop being dramatic. Grant seems like a nice guy. He's probably just tired.

She snorted, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. Tired? No! But maybe his dick hadn't thawed out yet, after all he was from Boston. She started to tell Soledad her joke but held her tongue when the two men returned to their table.

Soledad stood pointedly ignoring her pleading gaze. Monica was going to hurt her friend later.

"Well, we're headed off to bed. With the rest of the wedding party arriving tomorrow, I'm sure you have details you need to sort out so we'll say good night. We really appreciate all your help with pulling this off. We never would have been able to do this without the both of you," Soledad said with a warm smile.

Monica mumbled a quick goodbye and exchanged hugs with Drake and Soledad but not before whispering bloody retribution in her friend's ear. Soledad owed her big time now. Helping with the wedding was one thing, but leaving her with Grant?

She stared after them like a child saying goodbye to her parents on the first day of school, wondering how the hell she and Grant were going to plan a thing together when they could hardly stand each other? They'd barely made it through dinner and the strained silences that permeated their conversation the entire time. When Grant talked to Soledad and Drake he was fine, charming and funny even, but she saw none of that because never once had he spoken directly to her. Well just once but that didn't count. He'd practically bitten off her head with two words.

She spun around and took her seat, her back rigid as she reached for her wineglass and took a tiny sip.

They sat across from each other, neither one making eye contact as an awkward silence stretched between them until finally Monica couldn't stand it anymore.

"Oh, this is ridiculous." She leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table, and her chin atop her clasped hands. "What is your problem with me, Mr. Reed? Maybe if we address it now, we can get through this weekend without tearing out each other's throats."

```
"Grant."
```

<sup>&</sup>quot;What?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Call me Grant."

Her lips dipped into a frown. "I don't want to call you Grant."

A single brow lifted as a tiny smirk spread across his lips. "Don't you think that's a bit childish of you?"

She glared at him, fighting desperately not to unleash the full flurry of her temper on him at his insult. "No more childish than you've been all day from the moment you met me."

His grin was smug as he lifted his wine glass to his lips. She wanted to wipe it from his face but knew if she did that she'd probably ruin Soledad's wedding.

"My apologies for my rude behaviour, but I guess you just took me by surprise?"

"Really? In what way?"

He leaned forward, and the air in her lungs froze at the steely expression on his face. She'd seen that look before. It was the look of a man who'd taken one glance at her and quickly decided she was an easy woman with loose morals, who was not deserving of respect and was only good for one thing.

"Since we're both adults, let's be honest here."

"Yes, let's," she bit out. This was going to be interesting.

"I wasn't happy to learn my best friend was engaged to a woman he'd met just a month ago. Then when I get here I see you. I'm not trying to be rude—"

Bullshit. "Of course, you're not."

"—but the moment I saw you, all I could think was Vegas showgirl and that alone further convinces me that Drake is making a mistake. This wedding...it's too hasty and it's here in Vegas, and then there's—"

"Me. The tacky maid of honour—"
"I didn't say that."

Her entire body shook as she shot to her feet, anger pumping furiously through her veins.

"For the record, *Grant*. Drake is not a child who needs you to protect him. And despite what you think, my best friend is probably the best damned thing that's ever happened to him, because I can tell you he's definitely the best thing that's ever happened to her. But I can see you don't care that they're happy because you're a jealous snob who is determined to see Drake miserable just because it's obvious no woman in her right mind would ever feel that way about you."

Unable to stand the sight of him any longer, she whirled away from him. She was done giving him a piece of her mind anyway. She pushed her way through the tourists and staff who milled about inside the hotel's restaurant and rushed past the twinkling lights of the casino floor until she reached the elevator. She stood there trembling like a leaf as she stabbed at the button.

The nerve of him to judge her. He knew nothing about her, but in less than ten seconds, he'd called her a cheap tramp, but that wasn't what had set her off. He'd insulted Soledad—in a backhanded way, and probably unintentionally, but he'd basically said Drake was too good for Soledad. She just wasn't about to stand for him saying stuff like that.

The bell chimed, and the metal doors to the elevator slid open seconds later. She stepped inside, the crush of people boxing her in, but even with the dozens of guests who got on with her, she still had no trouble noticing him. He stood a

head taller above everyone else inside the car, but it was his eyes that drew her gaze as they burned a hole through her with the intensity of his stare.

She ignored him, folding her arms across her chest, to scoot deeper into the corner. They were staying on the same floor, so he would have to follow her off, but she didn't care either way because she had nothing left to say to him. He could be angry with her and her fiery put down all he wanted, but it was only what he deserved, since he'd been the one to start all of this in the first place. He'd shown up with a chip on his shoulder, and now all she wanted was for him to go to hell and stay out of her way for the rest of the weekend.

\* \* \* \*

By the time they made it to their floor in the towers of the Mandalay Bay Resort, there were only two other guests, besides him and Monica on the elevator, so he had no trouble following her out as she stomped angrily down the hallway.

Grant stalked behind her, visually tracing the full swell of her ass and her long shapely legs that teased him as she marched away from him. His cock twitched inside his pants, taunting him with the knowledge that he wanted a woman who he wasn't ever going to get to even touch. Not after what he'd said.

She dragged her key-card out of her purse as she walked, quickly swiping it through the lock when she made it to her door. She knew he was right behind her, but she still tried to slam the door in his face. She wasn't fast enough. He stuck

out his foot and pushed his way inside, shutting the door behind him in a single motion.

She whipped around to face him, her brown eyes hurling angry daggers. "I know you didn't just force yourself into my room without permission."

"I would like to talk to you."

"Oh, I've heard quite enough from you to last me a lifetime so you can leave if all you want to do is talk," she said with a bitter chuckle, folding her arms across her chest.

He arched a single eyebrow as he crossed the small space that separated them. Mere inches stood between them, but she didn't back down, she didn't move as she thrust out her chin, her folded arms a shield between them.

"Interesting choice of words. So I can stay, but only if I want to do something else besides talk?" He grinned, but the anger that leapt into her wide-eyed gaze told him she didn't think his joke was funny at all.

"You come into my room to insult me again."

"It was never my intention to insult you this time or before, so I apologise for that, but I won't take back my words. You know what men think when they see you."

Her nostrils flared, and he knew he was pushing it, but he hadn't been raised to lie to people or tell them what they wanted to hear. He believed in telling the truth.

"That's the sorriest apology I've ever heard. And your insults just keep getting worse and worse. It's men like you who put wrenches in the wheel of progress. I should be free to dress however I want, and my attire should have no bearing on whether or not I'm deserving of your respect."

His brow furrowed as he frowned. "I'm sure you would disagree with some of my old-fashioned ways, but I never disrespected you. Rude, bad-mannered, ill-tempered, I apologise for, but never disrespect."

Her eyes rounded. "You don't think it's disrespectful to judge me by the clothes I wear?"

"How is that disrespectful? You dress like that to make men want you, and believe me, they do." His last words came out as little more than a hoarse groan, as desire pumped through him, making it nearly impossible for him to concentrate on forming words. He knew all too well that men wanted her, because he was one of them. Her mahogany eyes darkened, and he knew she saw the lust that burned in his gaze. How could she not? But even if she hadn't, the bulge in his pants was obvious if she dared to glance down.

"Is that what you think? That I dress the way I do to make men want me?" she asked softly.

He stepped closer to her, his eyes following the slow slide of her tongue across her full, rosy lips. He stifled a groan at the image of her lush lips wrapped around his cock, sucking him to climax.

"Oh, you have no idea what I think," he said roughly, and they both knew he was no longer talking about her choice of dress.

"Then tell me. Tell me what it is you're thinking," she whispered, her soft voice wrapping around him like a warm blanket, coaxing him to reveal his innermost thoughts. He heard the subtle challenge in her voice and recognised she was taunting him, goading him so he could put his foot in his

mouth once again. But her challenge lacked weight as her body trembled before him.

"Monica," he warned. "I should lea-"

"No, tell me."

Did he dare? Did he dare tell her what he was thinking? What he wanted to do to her? He prided himself on his honesty, so he refused to back down now.

"You want to know?" He closed the distance between them, the only thing keeping him from touching her lush body was the barrier of her still crossed arms.

"I asked, didn't I?" There was a bravado in her voice that didn't match her shaking body and wary gaze, but she'd asked, no demanded, leaving him no choice but to tell her the truth.

"I'm thinking that I want to fuck you. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

She gasped, but he didn't stop there as he advanced on her, backing her into the wall, forcing her arms to her sides so that he could press his body against hers.

"You asked, Monica, so I'm telling you. When I look at you, I think about laying you on this bed, wrapping your gorgeous legs around my neck and sliding into your warm pussy until we come so many times neither of us can walk. To tell you the truth, that's all I've been able to think about from the moment I saw you standing there in the airport."

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Chapter Two**

\* \* \* \*

Monica shivered against Grant, the muscled planes of his body brushing against her, tempting her to arousal. Warmth gathered between her thighs, his hand slowly tracing the curve of her lips as he stared down into her face.

He was waiting for her to say something, a response to his heated words, which conjured a host of vivid images of him driving into her, their naked bodies gleaming with sweat as they writhed together, twisted in the hotel's satin sheets. Her cheeks burned, making her want to fan herself. What on earth could she possibly say to that?

No man had ever been so candid with her, so openly honest. The men she dealt with were easily intimidated, always using flattery that she had to sift through in order to discover their true intentions. But Grant didn't need pretty words to entice her. So there were no syrupy compliments or empty promises. He wanted to fuck her, plain and simple, and she could either accept his offer or kick him out.

"I'm going to count to five, and if you don't want me to kiss you, then say something before I'm done and I'll say good night and walk out of here with no hard feelings."

This wasn't going to stop with a kiss, and they both knew it. Could she sleep with a man who thought so little of her, who'd made judgments about her from her appearance alone?

Who didn't even know what she did for a living but thought she was a showgirl?

She stared up at him, his green eyes as dark as jade as he held her gaze like his life depended on her next words. He looked wild and untamed, his gaze hungrily devouring her with one glance, and she knew then that nothing else between them mattered. Not in that moment at least. In that moment, they were simply a man and woman, with an intense burning desire for each other—and that was all that was important.

"Monica."

A shudder raced through her at the sound of her name on his lips. The sexy, husky quality of it made her ache to hear him say it again, but this time, as a hoarse groan when he reached his climax inside her body.

His countdown was over, and he waited, giving her one last chance to change her mind, but she wasn't about to, didn't think her body would even let her no matter what her mind decided.

With one hand, she reached up to cup the back of his head, dragging his face down to press her mouth against his in a soft, languorous kiss. With their lips fused together, she slipped her tongue inside his mouth and deepened the kiss, enjoying the taste of him on her lips.

He instantly took control, his mouth urgent, demanding, branding her with the hot press of his lips.

Her other hand skimmed up the length of his arm to tangle in his soft hair, joining the other one to drag him deeper into her embrace. She clung tightly to him as their kiss became

more urgent, and a slight gasp escaped her lips when he pressed the weight of his large erection into her belly.

She tore her lips from his mouth and stared into his wild eyes. She saw the fire that raged inside of him was burning quickly out of control. She understood the frenzied look because she felt the same burning need. Her body ached she wanted him so badly.

Damn. She thought as she panted deeply. She'd never felt like this before. This wild, out of control need threatened to consume her. Her body throbbed with desire, the heat of Grant's body seeping through her clothes to inflame her skin. That's when they both seemed to realise their bodies were still too far apart, and they tore at each other's clothing, sending tattered garments flying to the floor before they hurriedly tumbled onto the bed.

As eager as they both were, she expected he would fuck her fast. A rough quickie to slake their lusts until the next time, when they would gingerly explore every inch of each other's bodies.

But he held himself still above her, hesitating, the muscles in his corded torso straining as he trembled.

"God, you're beautiful," he murmured, his eyes blazing with sexual hunger as they stared straight at her, not once leaving her face. There was something in the way he looked at her, the intensity of his gaze that shook her, moved her like nothing else ever had.

She'd been told she was beautiful many times before, but whether truth or lie, the expression had always been insincere to her ears. Beauty was superficial and would eventually fade,

and it was the way he stared at her that made her believe he saw beyond that. That despite his earlier words, he knew there was something deeper, much deeper, and she was convinced he saw it there in the depths of her eyes.

She reached for him then, suddenly overwhelmed by the onslaught of emotions he stirred within her, and he settled into her embrace, recognising her need to just be held.

"Are you sure?" he asked, his eyes full of concern, as if wanting to be certain she wouldn't regret this later.

She smiled, thinking maybe he wasn't such a jerk after all. "Yes."

And with that simple word, he didn't hesitate, as he gave himself over to the hands of desire, taking her with him.

With a feral growl, his mouth came down hard in a bruising kiss, all gentleness forgotten. Heat coursed through her body, as she arched into him, craving his dominance.

He drew away from her just long enough to slide down her body and cup her breasts, pushing them close together. Teasing her nipples between his long fingers, he brought them to stiffened peaks.

She let out a soft gasp when he greedily sucked on one nipple before moving to the other. Back and forth, he sucked, licked and stroked her nipples, making popping noises as he released one to shower the other with the same attention.

"Grant," she panted, her fingers tangling in his hair.

His only response to her desperate plea was to release her glistening nipples and press tender kisses against the gentle swell of her stomach. He leisurely moved down her body,

slowly raining tiny kisses along her thighs, her legs, all the way to her toes then back up again.

Instinctively, she spread her legs wide, as heat flooded her passage, eagerly awaiting the first stroke of his hard length into her long-neglected body

He slid between her legs, his eyes trained on her as he palmed her thighs, opening her wider, before stroking his tongue through the creamy folds of her wet sex.

She let out a sharp hiss, her back arching off the bed as she held Grant tighter, her body trembling around him.

He drove her wild with need, as he gently flicked her clit back and forth with his tongue, before pushing it deep inside her to taste her cream. He teased her, taunted her, drove her insane until she begged for release.

"Please, Grant," she pleaded on a tortured sob.

But he ignored her and continued to hurl her to the brink of orgasm over and over transforming her into a wild, writhing mass of uncontrollable desire until she thought she couldn't take any more.

He shifted up her body, his large frame hovering above her, as he held his weight steady on his powerful arms.

"Are you ready?" he murmured huskily, hooking his arms behind her knees, spreading her wide.

She clenched her eyes shut, as she fought back a hoarse moan. He'd propelled her to climax so many times before, without letting her come, that she was mindless with desire. All she could think about was getting him inside her.

"Look at me, Monica," he demanded, and she opened her eyes as he guided the head of his large cock towards her wet opening and gently pressed forward.

She gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders.

Muscles tense, he stiffened as he entered her, his breath coming in short pants while the veins in his neck popped out.

"God, Monica, you're so tight," he rasped out and leaned forward to press gentle kisses against her neck.

"Open for me, baby," he murmured as he once again surged forward, this time harder, his body more demanding. She moaned at the insistent press of him inside her, the walls of her cunt stretching to take the girth and length of him.

She felt so full of him, and her body gushed with sticky warmth to ease his entry. He pushed his cock deeper into her channel, his hips pumping slowly, as he fed her shallow strokes, lightly moving in and out of her, letting her juices fully coat his dick.

And when her body was finally ready to accept him, he plunged his full length inside of her, his muscles bulging with the effort it took not to hurt her.

"Grant," she moaned, as she lifted her hips to meet his powerful thrust, welcoming the invasion of his cock. It was a tight fit, but the feel of him inside her was indescribable and she tightened her inner muscles, slowly rocking her hips against him in her own rhythm.

"Monica," he growled, his palms pressing her legs farther apart as he began to plunge in and out of her with furious strokes.

Dragging her nails down his back, she threw her hips at him as he fucked her, their bodies slapping together, as the sound of their groans echoed in the suite, the sweaty musk of sex permeating the cool air

His strokes quickened, and he called out her name on a strangled moan, slamming into her tight sheath with furious, pounding thrusts.

He was so close to peaking, she could feel it, and she was close too. Her nails dug deeper into his back as hoarse screams poured from her lips every time he rammed his cock deeper inside her.

They were both out of control, their sweat drenched bodies slipping and sliding against each other, both straining for release. Their wild lovemaking forced the headboard of the bed to ricochet loudly off the wall.

Her body was on fire, every single inch of her burned for this man. When he ploughed deeper into her, brushing harder against her clit she couldn't stave off her climax any longer, and she exploded.

She stiffened beneath him, her hips pumping wildly, meeting Grant thrust for merciless thrust as she rode out the wave off her orgasm, her body splintering apart all around him.

The shattering explosion of her climax triggered his, and he shoved his cock into her with one final thrust before violent convulsions shook his powerful frame.

"Shit, Monica," he hissed, his cock twitching inside her before it completely erupted, spurting hot cum deep inside her waiting pussy.

She clenched the muscles of her channel around him, milking his cock as she whispered, "That's it. Come for me, Grant."

He let out a lewd curse against her neck, as the last drops of his seed were wrung from his dick by the tight fist of her pussy and he collapsed on top of her.

Stroking his back, she slowly curled her legs around his waist as she pressed gentle kisses along the hairline of his damp forehead. Several moments passed while they laid there in silence, until he disentangled himself from her limbs and collapsed beside her, pulling her against him.

Neither of them said a word, afraid that speaking would break whatever spell had been woven over that night. So, instead of ruining the moment with words, they closed their eyes, eventually floating off to sleep.

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Chapter Three**

\* \* \* \*

Monica sashayed through the dining room, her full hips swaying back and forth, drawing the attention of every man she passed—including his, as she skated around him barely acknowledging him with just the briefest of nods.

Irritation fuelled his steps, and he moved towards her, stalking her silently. She was purposely ignoring him, ducking away when he came near, deliberately avoiding his eyes as he stared at her from across the room.

He was many things, but he was not one to be ignored, not by a woman who less than two hours ago screamed his name as she shattered in his arms, her wet heat drenching his cock.

He drew closer to her, pining her with his glare. From her wide eyed glance around, he knew she was looking for an escape route, but with the guests from the rehearsal party filing out on the opposite side of the room, she had no one to conveniently latch onto. She was trapped, and they both knew it.

"We need to talk," he ground out, his fingers clamping tight around her arm.

"I can't right now. I need to talk to the chef about the reception and—"

"I did that already." That was a lie, but then again hers was too.

Her brown eyes narrowed, searching his face as she pressed her lips into a tight frown. "Well, I need—"

"Everything is squared away for the wedding tomorrow, and you know it so stop trying to get out of this. We're going to talk—now."

"You always want to talk," she muttered under her breath.

He desperately wanted to tell her it was because she was always running off, but he remained silent, instead ushering her outside onto the terrace of the banquet room. Closing the door behind them, he released her, catching a quick glimpse from over her shoulder at the crush of taxis and people crowding The Strip below them.

Waves of heat assaulted him, as the scorching desert sun beat down on them, causing tiny beads of sweat to dot his forehead. With his hand nestled in the small of her back, he ushered her beneath the awning, where they could find some relief from the hot, summer rays.

"Why are you avoiding me?" he asked once they were in the shadows, his body backing her closer to the wall.

Her lashes fluttered as her eyes darted about, and before she even parted her lips, he knew she was going to bullshit him.

"Don't lie to me, Monica. I know you have far too much pride for that."

She raised a single brow. Now that was a challenge if ever she'd heard one, but what could she tell him? That every time she looked at him she had to forcibly pry her gaze away before she went up in flames and everyone around her read the truth on her face.

She'd barely made it through the rehearsal luncheon with all of her senses intact. Every time she looked up to find his hungry eyes on her, she would slip back into her memories of the night before and that morning, where there was only them, and he was above her, beneath her, inside her, dragging the most primal moans from her lips as he wrenched orgasm after sweet orgasm from her limp body.

What answer did he want exactly? That she was avoiding him because, if she didn't, she couldn't trust herself not to rip his clothes off and drag him to the floor right there in the middle of the reception with every guest watching.

"I...I-"

"The truth, Monica," he said softly, his body inching closer, as he lightly stroked the roughened pads of his fingertips across her cheek.

He'd told her the truth last night—in shockingly vivid detail. Did she even dare?

"You want to know why I keep avoiding you?"

"*I asked, didn't I*?" he said with a grin, repeating her words from the night before.

She wasn't as bold as he was, but the way he looked at her, touched her, gave her a courage she'd never had before. In his arms, she was wanton, and daring—a confident woman, completely comfortable with her body and her sexuality. He made her feel sexy, cherished, worshipped.

She clutched the front of his shirt, tugging him closer, and a wicked grin curled her lips at the look of surprise on his face.

"I was avoiding you because, every time I looked at you, I wanted to fuck you. I wanted to drag you to the floor, in the very spot where you stood, strip you out of this designer suit and ride you until we both came so hard we could barely breathe."

His eyes darkened, as a teasing grin spread across his face, and he stepped forward, trapping her body between his and the hard wall at her back. Twisting her arms behind his neck, she groaned low in her throat as his fingers crept up her bare thighs, searching out her wet core that pulsed with liquid heat.

His mouth came down hard, his tongue sweeping between her lips, invading her mouth as it duelled with her own for dominance. She didn't put up much resistance as she surrendered to his kiss, her body melting into his

"Open your legs," he commanded against her lips, before reclaiming her mouth.

She moaned into him, her arms tightening behind his neck as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

He abruptly tore his lips from hers, and she let out a soft mewl of protest, her lips eagerly searching for his.

"You're insatiable, you know that?" he murmured on a low chuckle between the tiny kisses he planted along her cheek, down the long column of her throat. She gasped when he stroked his wet tongue against that sensitive spot at the base of her neck, her nipples tingling as they pebbled against his chest, a fresh wave of cream flooding her pussy.

With a quick flick of the wrist, he ripped her tiny lace thong from her body, casting it aside as he held her imprisoned

against the wall, one hand bracing their weight against it while the other gripped the curve of her hip. She shivered, her body vibrating with anticipation at the hiss of his zipper.

Their eyes met, and just like the night before, and even that morning, something passed between them, an intimate exchange that simmered with a depth of emotion buried just beneath the surface. But neither of them acknowledged it, instead pushing it aside, as the demands of their bodies raged at them.

He crushed his lips against hers at the same time his hips jerked forward, his hard cock ploughing through the folds of her slick pussy. In one fluid thrust, he drove into her moist heat, burying his length to the hilt.

She hissed, her back arching off the wall, as she stretched around him, her channel flooding with juice.

She wriggled against the wall, causing her dress to bunch up at her hips, and the muggy air from the desert rose up around her, heating her flesh until she dripped with sweat.

Their sweat-drenched bodies rocked together. She tightened her thighs around Grant's waist, throwing her hips into each thrust as he surged into her with deep, stabbing strokes.

His hips bucked furiously as he plunged in and out of her. The heavy sacs between his legs slapping against her flesh, echoing all round her.

Beads of perspiration slid down Grant's face as he rode her hard, his hands tightening around her hips, to still her frenzied movements as he pinned her against the wall, drilling her tight pussy hard.

"Monica," he groaned against her neck, his warm breath feathering across her dewy skin, as he slammed into her again and again, her pussy making tiny suctioning noises, struggling to hold on to his retreating cock.

The wave of pleasure crested inside her, as the walls of her cunt began to shudder around him. She clutched her arms tightly around his shoulders, burying her face into his neck in an effort to muffle her cries against his wet skin.

Her clit jumped as the first wave hit, her pulsing sheath caving in, as it bore down on his thrusting length, her climax roaring through her body.

"Grant," she cried out, clinging desperately to him, her body shuddering with her orgasm as her cream poured from her hot core, coating his dick.

Grant took her harder, faster, deeper, his hips surging forward wildly, riding her body through the violent storm of her orgasm. Over and over, he pounded his cock deep and hard into her pussy until he was powerless against his building climax.

"I'm coming," he rasped out, his body jerking, as he sank his cock inside her, his dick hammering against the mouth of her womb. His thrusts were out of control, and he pressed her harder against the wall, his hips bucking furiously as he strained towards his climax.

"Monica," he roared against her neck, as he came, a gush of hot semen flooding her cunt.

He continued to pump his hips slowly, setting a lazy rhythm as her pussy quivered around his cock, milking him of every last drop of his cum.

Breathless, they clung to each other, the sweltering heat inflaming their skin until they were completely soaked with sweat. But neither of them cared as they held each other until their breathing grew even and their heart beats settled back into a steady rhythm.

She slowly untangled her legs from around Grant, who gingerly stepped back, pulling his weight off her, and they both struggled to right their wrinkled and sweat-stained clothing.

"Have lunch with me," he said as soon as they were passably presentable, his hand gently caressing her cheek.

She smiled up at him, wondering again if this was the same man from yesterday at the airport. He touched her so tenderly, in such a familiar way as if he did it every day, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"We just ate," she said, jerking her head in the direction of the dining room where the rehearsal luncheon for Drake and Soledad had just ended.

"Then dinner."

"Okay, what time?"

"Now." He smiled, his eyes twinkling with laughter.

Shaking her head, she grinned up at him, and again she felt a tiny bolt of heat pass through her heart at the intimate familiarity they already shared. It had never been this easy with a man, so effortless. It was as if they'd known each other for years, and not just hours. She wondered if that's how Soledad and Drake felt, if that's why they hadn't hesitated to commit themselves to each other so soon.

She stilled at that thought. Whoa. What was she thinking? For all his gentleness and tender ways, Grant still knew little about her, and she about him, and that was for a very good reason. They were having an affair—a wicked, wild, three-day vacation affair, nothing more. He didn't want to get to know her because he didn't think there was any more he needed to know.

She drew away from his touch, reminding herself that she would be a fool to let herself grow attached to Grant. He hadn't made any empty promises or mentioned more than what they had now. He was only with her for one thing, and she would do well to remember that.

"Why don't we meet at the pool in an hour?"

She knew he was taken aback by her suggestion given the puzzled expression on his face. "The pool?"

"Yes. It's hot so let's go swimming."

"Okay," he said slowly, still seemingly puzzled and clearly not happy with the location she'd chosen.

But she'd chosen it for a reason. She didn't need intimate dinners and hushed conversation. She needed a noisy public space where there was no chance she could fall under Grant's spell like she'd done just moments ago. Yes, the pool was a perfect choice.

\* \* \* \*

A swimming pool? That was the absolute last place he wanted to be with Monica right now, he thought as he strolled outside, his eyes searching for the mocha-hued beauty on the crowded deck. He knew what she was doing, but it wouldn't

work. The pool was the last place they could have privacy, she might as well have suggested the casino.

She was determined to keep him at arm's length, and he couldn't say he blamed her. He hadn't given her a very good reason to want to get to know him, but that didn't mean he didn't want to get to know her. Maybe at first, he hadn't been all that interested, at least not beyond knowing each other in the biblical sense. But she intrigued him.

She was such a study of contrasts. From her lush figure to her tempting mouth, she'd been made for sex, made to pleasure a man, and when he was with her, inside her, there was a passionate wildness about her that was so raw, so instinctive. He'd slept with women who looked like her, using sex as a weapon, a tool of manipulation, but she wasn't one of them. She wasn't a practised seductress. When they were together she was simply herself, and he knew that without even knowing much about her. A woman's body held a wealth of secrets, and hers had told him that it had been a long time since she'd felt the weight of a man against her, pressing his cock deep within her.

With his first thrust inside her, he'd known from the tight fist of her pussy gripping him, that it had been a while since her last lover. But even if it hadn't, even if her body had welcomed him eagerly, there was something that lurked in her eyes that told him, there were many layers to her. He hadn't even scratched the surface.

He'd misjudged her. From the moment he'd met her, he'd made a sweeping generalisation about her, but he'd been wrong. Still she wasn't about to forgive and forget as quickly

as he wanted her to. That's why she didn't want to be alone with him, at least not outside of bed. She didn't want to get to know him because, if she did, she would have to face the reality that when they were together there was an explosiveness about their passions that defied all reason. He knew as well as she did that they shared something very special, very unique. Although he wasn't quite ready to voice it, he could at least admit that there was an intimacy between them he'd never experienced before, and he knew it was the same for her. Just as he knew she was determined not to acknowledge that what they shared went far beyond heated attraction and instant chemistry.

"Damn! You see that chick over there?"

Grant stopped in his tracks, every muscle in his body tensing as he listened to two teenage boys leaning against the bar, with their mouths hanging open, as they stared across the pool.

"Where man?"

"The hot one. In the tiny bikini."

Grant knew before he even turned his head who he would find at the other end of the pool.

He groaned low in his throat, his body and mind waging a vicious war within him. Monica strolled casually towards him, her dark skin glistening against the tiny white bikini that moulded to her lush curves. He wanted to scoop her up, drag her away and hide her from the lascivious gazes of the horny men who openly stared at her, including himself, since he was certainly one of them.

The low whistle from over his shoulder propelled him forward. It was either go after her or turn around and teach those boys some manners, but he settled on the former, which would keep him out of a Vegas jail.

"Hey, Grant—"

He didn't say a word as he seized her arm, ushering her off the deck into the private area that housed the bathrooms where they could talk alone.

She stared up at him, but if she was angry or puzzled she didn't voice it as she tripped along beside him, her high heels clicking noisily against the marbled floor.

As soon as they were inside, he released her, pinning her with a hard glare.

"Couldn't you have covered up just a bit?"

She glanced down at herself, before dragging her gaze back to his face, her lips pursed into a tight frown. "It's a bikini, and we're at a pool. I think this is quite appropriate."

"Appropriate? Two strips of fabric? That's appropriate?"

She folded her arms across her breasts, her stance defiant.

"Of course. It's a swimming pool, Grant. What else should I

wear?"

He raked his gaze over her curvaceous figure, thinking a potato sack would be his choice, and despite his best effort not to react, his body leapt to life, his cock tenting his white linen pants.

"Anything besides that. Your entire body is on display in that poor excuse of a swimsuit, and every man in there noticed."

"So what? Who cares if they're looking when that's all they're doing?"

Who cared? He cared. Anger whipped through his body at her flippant response. Didn't she understand what men thought? What they said when they looked at her?

"You like the attention, don't you? You purposely put yourself on display to draw men's attention."

She drew back, her brown eyes wide, as fury simmered in their depths. "I *appreciate* the attention, but I don't wear *anything* for a man. I wear my clothes for me."

"Bullshit." He knew the moment the words fell from his lips they were in for a fight. He shouldn't have said it, but he couldn't take it back now.

"You know what, Grant? Just because you're a shallow, narrow-minded chauvinist doesn't mean everyone else is. I imagine every man doesn't live in the gutter like you."

"The gutter?" Oh, that was harsh. "I can tell you, Monica, my thoughts are no different from those of most men, which is why, if you were my woman, I would never let you come out looking like that."

She snorted rudely. "Well, let's be glad I'm not. For the record, I don't date twelfth-generation Puritans. Where did they land again? Massachusetts? Isn't that where you're from?"

"Actually, I'm from Maine. I live in—"

"Right."

He frowned as she rolled her eyes, hating the turn their conversation had taken. He didn't want to fight with her, but no matter what they did, they always wound up arguing.

Come to think of it, the only time they didn't fight was when they were fucking each other's brains out.

He opened his mouth to apologise, realising he needed to if they were ever going to talk without exchanging angry words, but never got the chance when she shook her head, her hand lifting to gesture for him to stop.

"Grant, any man in my life has to be secure enough to know he has me, that I'm not going anywhere and that what I wear is an extension of who I am, but doesn't *make* me who I am. I think you believe the clothes make the woman whereas I know if I strip you of your designer suits you're still just a man underneath, just like any other man." Her eyes were sad as she backed away from him, and he knew he'd blown it, but he still wasn't quite ready to give up.

"I know I'm old fashioned in many ways, but I can't help it. I was raised with certain beliefs and values, and while some may be wrong, it's hard to change them overnight. I never even thought I needed to, until I met you."

She smiled weakly, but she didn't move to close the distance between them. Even if she had, the emotional wall she'd erected between them was so tangible he swore he could touch it. She'd closed herself off from him, her eyes as empty as a blank canvas.

"I know you're old fashioned, Grant, and I don't fault you for that. You are who you are, just as I am who I am. We're just two very different people, but that doesn't make either of us wrong."

"And?"

"There is no and. That's pretty much all I have to say." She sighed as she held his steady gaze, her stare unflinching. "I think it would be best if for the rest of the weekend, we remain platonic acquaintances and try to get through this wedding for the sake of Soledad and Drake. Agreed?"

No. It wasn't agreed, but he understood where she was coming from. He'd behaved like a judgmental asshole, and she was simply tired of dealing with him. He couldn't blame her. He hated it, but still he respected her decision. "If that's what you want."

"It is," she said quietly, stepping around him towards the door. "I'll see you tomorrow morning."

He nodded curtly, a strained smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He didn't say a word as she quietly slipped from the room, leaving him standing there alone cursing himself for being such a fool.

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Chapter Four**

\* \* \* \*

He rarely drank hard liquor, but right now, he wanted to hit the bottle. He glared at Monica from across the crowded dining room, his gaze never once leaving her as she stood near the open bar, chatting with the bridesmaids.

Although they all wore nearly the exact same red satin dress, she stood out among the other women, her dress wearing the invisible stamp of her daring nature, because hers just had to be a little shorter, a little tighter, and unlike the rest, it was strapless, just barely covering the swell of her full breasts. She was lovely, simply exquisite, and the fact that he'd noticed angered him even more.

He hadn't slept all night, and it was all her fault. Images of her had floated behind his closed eyes, taunting him, mocking him, daring him to succumb to sleep where she would only find him in his dreams. He'd just met her, damn it. She shouldn't have had the power to consume his thoughts the way she had. Every waking moment, he thought of her, until he was sure he'd go insane.

She laughed then, her husky voice floating around him, as she threw back her head, her silky hair brushing against the small of her back. It wasn't fair that she could so easily ignore him, as she openly enjoyed herself, while he was miserable.

"Hey, best man. You still owe me a dance."

He wiped his face of his dark scowl just as he turned to face Soledad. She was a vision of loveliness before him, her smooth skin glowing with happiness as her eyes twinkled. She was a radiant, beautiful bride who sparkled like a rare gem.

He couldn't help but be infected by her joy, and he smiled down at her as he held out his arm.

"You're right. I do, and I would never think of denying a blushing bride on her wedding day."

She chuckled softly as she took his arm, and he led them out on the dance floor. Taking her in his arms, he held her firmly as the band began a slow waltz. They twirled around the dance floor in silence, simply enjoying the buzz of excitement that drifted around the room.

He glanced down at Soledad, drinking in her glowing cheeks and bright eyes. She was in love. Everything about her screamed of it, and he knew if he glanced over at Drake he would find the same expression on his face.

He thought back to the day Drake had made his announcement, and the dismay he'd felt upon hearing it, but all of that seemed a distant memory now. It was obvious these two had been made for each other.

"I owe you an apology."

She smiled up at him. "For what?"

"For trying to talk Drake out of marrying you. I thought you both were making a mistake by moving so fast, but I now see that I was wrong. You make him happy. Happier than I've ever seen him. And I can tell you love him very much."

"I do," she whispered, and tears shimmered in her beautiful brown eyes as love poured out from them. "Thank

you for that. I know it must have been difficult to sit back and watch given your reservations. But I promise you I love Drake with all my heart and only want to make him as happy as he's made me."

He returned her smile, his arms tightening around her as he whirled her across the dance floor. Again, they returned to a companionable silence as they moved in time to the music until she spoke again.

"So, I see you and Monica are getting pretty close."

His steps faltered, and he almost tripped over her before quickly gathering himself to take over the lead of the dance once again. He narrowed his gaze, his eyes searching her face for the motive behind her words. Had Monica put her up to this?

As if reading his mind, she said with a slight grin, "Now before you go jumping to conclusions, I will tell you that Monica hasn't said a word to me. It's just that in my line of work, I see a lot of couples so I would like to think I'm good at picking up on these things. I didn't mean to pry. I just figured since we were being honest..."

Oh, she was clever. Drake no doubt had told her he was a straight shooter, valuing honesty and integrity over anything else. There was no way he could back down from the challenge she'd just issued, besides what did he have to lose? Monica wasn't talking to him anyway.

"Were. Past tense. Monica and I were getting closer, but I pissed her off."

She chuckled softly, her head shaking. "I can only imagine. What did you say to her?"

He shrugged. "It wasn't really one thing per se. She felt as if I judged her harshly because of her taste in clothing."

"And did you?"

He let out a long, ragged breath. He didn't want to rehash this again, certainly not with Monica's best friend, but he didn't have much choice. He just hoped he didn't piss her off, too.

"I'm not proud of myself for it, but to be honest, I did."

Her eyes were warm as she smiled up at him, her expression full of empathy. "Don't beat yourself up because you certainly aren't the first. Many people judge her harshly, at first. But if you get to know her, you come to realise how wonderful she is."

He glanced up, his gaze searching out the very woman at the centre of his thoughts, and their eyes met, for the briefest of moments before she quickly turned away, but not before he caught the flash of longing in her eyes.

"I know," he said softly, thinking Soledad didn't have to tell him how wonderful Monica was because he already knew. He returned his gaze to Soledad, whose eyes twinkled with laughter.

"What?" he asked when she simply stared at him.

"Oh, nothing." But he didn't believe her for one second, not with that smug grin on her face.

She sobered then, her expression taking on a serious edge as she held his gaze. "I've known Monica for thirty years. We met in kindergarten as two precocious five year olds, and we've been inseparable ever since," she said with a wistful smile. "So it's unfortunate that so many people automatically

stereotype her without even knowing her because I know how hard it's been for her to finally become comfortable in her skin."

He swallowed the lump in his throat, feeling like an even bigger ass. He wanted to end the dance and go after Monica at that very moment, to beg her forgiveness, but Soledad was far from done.

"For years boys, and then men, taunted her. She was smart as a whip and always extremely kind and giving, but no one cared about all of that because she was the typical geek, and they couldn't see beyond the exterior. All they could see was that she was tall and gangly, with bad acne and horrible braces which she wore until she went off to college. I'll never forget the day I held my best friend as she cried in my arms when she found out she needed glasses. We were sophomores in high school, and she was so upset because she felt they would make her look even worse. Monica was always awkward, she wasn't popular, and she never got asked out on dates or to school dances."

Grant stiffened as he glanced over at the woman who was the very definition of sensuality, trying hard to imagine the girl Soledad spoke of. Even though he couldn't see that girl now, his heart still ached for her.

"You can't tell now. The Monica you see now grew into her figure when we were juniors in college, but believe me, it wasn't a welcome change. Men who'd never looked at her before couldn't seem to *stop*, and for a girl used to slinking into the shadows, it was overwhelming. But eventually she got used to it and learned to sift through the superficial jerks

who only saw one thing when they looked at her. I think it's kind of good that in her own way she now taunts men, given how they taunted her all her life."

He curled his lips into a tight frown. He didn't quite agree with her there, especially since he'd nearly given himself hypothermia with all the cold showers he'd been forced to take before he could even put on his tux that morning.

"Okay, I've tried to be patient, but this is your third song. I'm coming to take my wife back before you get any ideas."

A deep chuckle rumbled low in Grant's throat, and he stepped aside to allow his best friend to drag his bride into his arms.

"Didn't mean to monopolise her time. She's all yours." He nodded at Soledad, his eyes conveying a silent message, he knew she understood. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Grant. Oh, and good luck." She grinned, her eyes dancing with laughter, and he shook his head, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips, but she didn't see it, as she was swept away, completely oblivious to all but Drake.

"Can I have this dance?"

Monica had known he was there long before he came up behind her, the hard unyielding strength of his body, pressing against her, so she couldn't help but notice the insistent nudge of his cock against the curve of her ass. *The nerve of him.* She spun around, her expression hard as she stared up at him, her anger rising with the grin he wore on his handsome face.

"No," she said shortly, hoping he would simply go away if she didn't encourage him, but no such luck.

"Then can we talk?"
She snorted. "Absolutely not."
"Then can you listen?"
"Nope."

"Well, then, can I buy you a drink?"

He momentarily stumped her, before she quickly recovered. "It's an open bar. The drinks are free."

His grin spread across his face. "Well, at least, you didn't say no."

She frowned, her eyes flashing with annoyance. She wasn't angry with him per se, more herself, because it was hard to be around him and still keep the promise she'd made to herself not to touch him. Her hands itched to stroke the hard lines of his stubbled jaw, before dipping lower to run through the rough hairs of his muscled chest, until they settled on the hard, thick bulge of his cock.

She stifled a sharp moan. Damn, she still wanted him, it was impossible not to. Her entire body ached, taunting her with the need for one last taste of him. She could give in and succumb to a night of bliss in his arms, but she would only feel worse in the morning, because she realised now that she wanted more from Grant, *expected* more. But she wasn't getting more, and she refused to settle for anything less.

"What do you want, Grant?'

"To apologise. I've been nothing but a jerk to you, and I'm sorry. You were right yesterday. Who you are as a person has nothing to do with what you wear or what you do for a living. I judged you before I ever knew you, and that was wrong."

She read the sincerity of his declaration right there in his open and honest gaze, and it touched her. She knew it had taken a lot of courage for him to admit that he'd been wrong, and in many ways she was proud of him.

"Thank you, Grant. I really appreciate that."

He stood there, studying her face, and she wondered if he wanted to say more.

"Was that all?"

"Actually, no." He blew out a long breath, his hands shaking slightly, which made her nervous. His entire body was coiled with tension, and she dreaded what he would say next given that it already had him so on edge.

"I know we got off to a rocky start, but I would like to see you a—"

"Is there a doctor in here?"

The panicked voice of a young woman sliced through the room like a knife, plunging it into silence.

"Monica's a doctor! Monica!"

She rushed towards Soledad, whose eyes were frantic.

"What is it? What happened?"

She scanned the room quickly, her gaze landing on an elderly woman slumped over in her chair at the same time Soledad said, "It's Drake's grandmother. I think she's ill."

Monica raced towards the woman, oblivious to everything around her as the entire room erupted into chaos.

\* \* \* \*

The cab ride from the hospital was tense with silence as Grant sat at the other end of the seat staring out the window.

When the car rolled to a stop outside their hotel, she allowed the valet to help her out while Grant paid the driver.

She waited on the kerb until he stood beside her, then she turned to walk inside, feeling completely drained as she started forward. She nearly stumbled when Grant took her hand in his. The intimate gesture was so unexpected, but she welcomed it, grateful for his soothing touch as he poured his strength into her weary body.

She glanced up at him, but he continued to stare straight ahead as they made their way to the elevator. Like the ride to the hotel, the trip up to her room was made in silence. Gently prying her key from her hands that shook from exhaustion, he swiped it through the lock, pushing open the door so that she could enter first.

She thought he would say good night then, so she was surprised when he closed the door behind him and shrugged out of his jacket and tie, tossing them aside. He made his way to her wet bar and fixed himself a drink.

"You were amazing tonight. Mrs. Winthrope was lucky that you were there," he said, after taking a sip.

She watched him with wary eyes, trying to discern if he was angry or not. He hadn't spoken to her since Mrs. Winthrope had fallen ill, but she knew he had much to say.

"I didn't do much. With the extreme heat, she was simply suffering from dehydration and fainted. At first, I feared she'd gone into cardiac arrest. I'm just glad she's all right."

"Thanks to you. But your colleagues swear you're the best geriatric cardiologist in the west, so we were all told she was in good hands. Didn't even know that was a medical field," he

said with a wry chuckle, swirling the drink in his hand, the ice clinking against the side of the glass. That and the steady hum of the air conditioning were the only sounds that could be heard in room.

She let out a long breath and crossed the room to stand before him, the silence between them unbearable. "Are you angry?"

He set his drink aside and shot out his hand to stroke his cool palm against the flushed skin of her cheek. Her entire body shivered with tiny tingles as goose bumps dotted her skin.

"I was at first, but then I realised I had nothing to be upset about. You never lied to me, and I never asked. Like I said at the reception, I judged you before I even *tried* to get to know you, so whose fault was it that I ended up looking like a fool?"

"That wasn't my intention, and I didn't mean to deceive you. I just thought..."

His hand stilled against her cheek. "What?"

She dragged her tongue across her lips in a nervous gesture as she forced herself to be completely honest with him.

"I thought it would be best if I told you as little about me as possible because I knew this was only about sex. To delve into personal details would have made this into something that it wasn't."

His thumb stroked across her bottom lip, his emerald eyes burning a hole into her as he held her gaze. "And is that how

you feel now? Do you want us to both walk away and leave it at that, just a weekend of great sex?"

An invisible knot tightened in her belly as a tremor raced through her. He was offering her the chance to tell him what she really wanted, but did she dare take that risk? It was a huge gamble to tell him she wanted more, when she didn't know if he felt the same way. She swallowed the lump in her throat. She had so much to lose if she told him the truth, but she would lose so much more if she denied what she felt inside her heart.

"No. I want more," she said softly, her words barely above a whisper, but he had no trouble hearing them. A smile spread across his face.

"I do believe this is the first time we've agreed on something."

Grant's heart skipped a beat at her words. He wanted to talk to her, tell her exactly what he was feeling, but last night, she'd denied him the gift of her sweet body, and he couldn't silence the demands of his own long enough to make it through the conversation they needed to have. So for the moment, he set those thoughts aside to be revisited later after they both were completely satiated.

Tilting her chin back further, he lowered his head to meet her waiting mouth. Her eyes fluttered shut at the first brush of his lips against hers.

He moaned against her mouth. Her fingers slowly inched down his chest to unbutton his shirt, teasing his heated flesh. With steady hands, she peeled the garment from his body, flinging it aside.

Her brown eyes burned with molten fire as her fingertips lightly skimmed over his chest, gently raking her nails across his nipples. He stiffened as chills raced down his spine, a low hiss slipping past his lips as his cock twitched inside his trousers.

Her lips curled into a wicked grin as she dipped her head to place soothing kisses where her nails had marked his flesh. His body shuddered, and his breath came out as choppy pants as the wet warmth of her tongue stroked his sensitive nipples. She flicked her tongue inside his navel before travelling back up to slide over the ridges of his stomach, leaving his skin tingling as she carved a wet trail across his torso.

She held his gaze as she dropped to her knees, not once breaking eye contact as she unfastened the button of his trousers and slowly lowered his zipper. With the utmost gentleness she reached inside, releasing his now painfully hard cock then pushed his pants over his hips and down his legs..

She smiled. "How lovely, and it's all for me," she whispered as one hand stroked the length of his cock, while the other cradled the heavy weight of his balls, massaging him gently, within the palm of her soft hand.

He sucked in a jagged breath as his hands gripped the back of her head, to steady his shaking body.

Squeezing gently, she pumped her hand up and down his cock, and he instinctively thrust his hips forward, propelling his hard length inside her tightly clenched fist. She pumped faster until a bead of pre-cum seeped out through the head of

his dick and she lunged forward, her tongue lapping at the slit as more fluid of his arousal trickled from him, sending bolts of electricity skating from the head of his dick to sizzle across his entire body.

She stroked her tongue back and forth until he pressed his fingers deeper into her scalp, nudging her forward.

In a single motion, she descended on his cock, taking him so deeply within her that the tip of cock grazed against the back of her throat.

He quivered as he tightened his hands around her head. "That's it, Monica. Suck it. Suck my cock," he whispered hoarsely.

His body jerked as her lips tightened around him, sucking him harder, her head bobbing up and down with each stroke.

"Mmm," she moaned against his flesh, and he shivered as the vibrations slid over his cock.

His balls drew up tighter to his body, his hips pistoning as he tangled his hands in her hair, holding her firmly against his cock.

"I'm coming," he rasped out seconds before his dick erupted in her mouth shooting stream after stream of hot semen down her throat as his body shuddered violently.

Heat spread across his body, and his lids grew heavy as he stared transfixed by the beautiful sight of her, her throat working furiously until she swallowed every last drop.

Monica continued to suck his cock until he grew soft in her mouth, finally leaning back on her heels to stare up at him.

"Stand up," he demanded and reached out his hand to help her. "Now undress for me, slowly."

With shaky hands, she tugged down the zipper on the side of her dress until it fell apart, and she let it float to the ground. He sucked in a deep breath, reaching out to caress her breasts with both hands through the lacy fabric of her black, strapless bra.

"Now your bra and panties."

She reached behind her back to unclasp her bra, letting it shimmy down her body before kicking it aside. She then hooked her fingers in the thin band at her waist, slowly dragging the matching thong down her long legs, before stepping out of it.

He moved forward, cupping her breasts within his hands, kneading the soft pillows of flesh as he rolled her nipples between his fingertips.

She stiffened against him, her head falling back when he fastened his mouth around one hardened nipple while his hand continued to massage her other plump breast.

He nipped gently at the beaded flesh, flicking the hardened peaks with his tongue. When she began to wobble against him on shaky legs, he swept her up in his arms, to gently settle her on the bed.

He crawled onto the bed after her, spreading her thighs wide to dip his head between her legs and devour her honeyed pussy. With sure strokes he slid his tongue through the slit at the mouth of her womb, stabbing at her opening before pushing his way deep inside the walls of her sheath.

She gasped, her body twisting against the bed, her fingers digging into his scalp.

He feasted on her cunt as he moved to suck on her clit, letting one, then two, and finally three fingers plunge into the sticky, wet warmth of her pussy, as he thrust his fingers deep, sucking hard on her tiny bud.

She moaned loudly, her hips jerking up on frenzied thrusts as she wrapped her thighs around his head, holding him firmly against her pussy.

"I'm coming, Grant!" she cried out as hot, juice flooded her pussy, and he drank from her creamy well until she collapsed back against the bed, her body shuddering with tiny convulsions.

Her fingers lovingly tousled his hair as he moved up the length of her body, and she smiled, arching off the bed to receive his kiss.

He slowly dragged his lips from hers, and grasped her hips, flipping her over so that her thighs straddled his waist.

"I want to watch you fuck me." He smiled at the startled look on her face.

She returned his smile, her hands roaming over his chest until they settled on his cock to grasp its fullness in her hand.

"Ride him," he rasped out, his eyes narrowing in lust.

With achingly slow movements, she shifted up, crying out when she pressed down on him, seating him fully inside her pussy.

"Yes," he whispered, as her hot, tight, wetness surrounded his engorged length.

He gritted his teeth together, straining against the powerful wave of lust that poured through him, tempting him

to release his seed deep within her channel before he was ready.

Reaching up to palm her breasts that hung low over his face, he massaged them gently, tweaking and stroking her nipples, as she pumped her hips up and down, slowly riding his shaft.

The soft waves of her hair cascaded around her shoulders, to slide through the hairs of his chest, tickling his skin, heightening his arousal.

"Fuck me. Hard," he groaned as sweat broke out across his forehead, his fingers digging into the soft skin of her hips.

Sharp cries echoed from her lips as she leaned forward, bracing herself against the quivering headboard of the bed, her sheath pumping him harder and faster as she sank her pussy onto his cock over and over again.

He groaned when her sheath tightened around him, his hands sliding from her hips to grip the fleshy globes of her ass. Her climax was close. He clenched his teeth, fighting to hold his own back.

A guttural scream erupted from her lips, and he slammed his dick up into her pussy with hard frenzied strokes, matching her pace, until her inner muscles gripped him so tightly he could barely plough his cock through her sheath as he watched her face flush red and her body jerk wildly.

She screamed out his name, her orgasm ripping through her as she convulsed around him, bathing his cock in her hot juices.

She crumpled atop him, her breathing laboured. For several long moments, he stroked her sweat-slicked back

until her heartbeat settled into an even rhythm. He whispered, "You're not done."

Gently, he flipped her over on to her stomach, grasping her hips to raise her ass high in the air.

In one fluid motion, he parted the folds of her pussy and lunged forward, tunnelling through her clenching muscles to seat himself deep within her creamy, wet sheath.

She gasped as a low growl fell from his lips. He caressed her back with his fingertips, slowly running his hands over the smooth brown flesh of her full round ass, lovingly worshipping the softness of her skin.

He parted her cheeks wider and pressed his middle finger against the pucker of her anus, stopping when she tensed.

He stroked her back gently. "Not tonight, sweetheart." He smiled when she let out a shaky breath. "You're not ready—but soon," he whispered.

His cock jumped in response to his charged words, warning him that he was close to spurting. Grasping her hips, he pushed her fully off his dick before roughly pulling her back, propelling his hips forward, to ram his cock hard into her tight cunt.

His eyes fixated on her lush ass as it jiggled with each thrust. Over and over, he did it, each stroke deeper and harder than the last as he rapidly pumped his hips, tunnelling his hard length deep inside her dripping-wet hole as her cheeks bounced wildly, slapping together.

"Wider. Open your legs wider. I need to get deeper," he grunted, his balls slapping hard against her pussy as he drilled her.

With his hands on either side of her head, he leaned forward, his hips rotating side to side and back and forth while he pounded her sheath. Sweat trickled down his forehead, and he clenched his jaw tight. The muscles in his arms bunched together, his body straining for release.

A strangled moan ripped past his lips when Monica shattered around him, the walls of her pussy collapsing on him as she came again on a sharp cry. Her orgasm flooded her channel with her sticky juice.

Her pussy gripped him so tightly that he was powerless against the wave of pleasure that assaulted him. Lowering his head into the crook of her neck, he groaned into her flesh, as his dick jerked violently before shooting his warm semen inside her, coating the firm walls of her pussy.

He stayed glued in that position for a long time, their bodies locked together until he pulled out of her slowly. He collapsed back against the bed, dragging her on top of him so that she lay sprawled across his body. He held her close, wrapping her in his arms listening to the even sound of her breathing.

When she traced a single finger across his chest, he realised she wasn't yet asleep. Lifting his head, he propped it against a pillow to meet her gaze.

"Since I have a seemingly captivated audience, do you think we can talk now?"

"You always want to talk," she quipped, her lips lifting into a tiny grin.

He chuckled softly, one hand combing through her curtain of hair as it fell across her bare shoulder to tickle his chest

before he sobered. "How would you feel if I extended my vacation and stayed for a few more weeks?"

Her fingers, which had been tracing lazy patterns across his chest, froze, and he knew she was mulling over his words. When she curled her lips into a smile, he released a low breath and began to relax.

"I would like that a lot," she said softly. "But I must be fair and warn you that just because I like you and want to see you again doesn't mean I'm going to start changing how I look for you. When I'm at work, I'm completely professional, but when I'm off, it's the exact opposite, and I don't plan to change my style anytime—"

He clamped his fingers around her mouth. Well, thank God, she didn't go to work like that. She'd kill all her patients.

"I know," he said before she could continue her tirade. "I won't lie and say that I wouldn't prefer if my woman was covered from head to toe, but what you wear is not worth a daily fight. Although, I should warn you too that some of your outfits will never make it out of the house, at least not *on* you."

He tightened his arms around her, holding her body closer as he gently ran his hands across the smooth skin of her bare back. "I expect I won't approve of some—most," he corrected, thinking of everything he'd seen her in that weekend, "of your outfits, but I imagine we can compromise on that."

"Your woman, huh?"

He groaned low in his throat, wondering if she'd heard anything else besides that. "From the moment we met, was

there ever any doubt?" he asked with a joking smile, knowing there'd been *plenty* of doubts.

She snorted. "Uh, maybe just a few."

"A few?" In one smooth motion, he flipped her over onto her back, covering her with the weight of his body.

"I said *maybe* just a few." She giggled softly, her eyes twinkling with the glow of laughter.

"Well, I guess I have my work cut out for me then because I want there to be *no* doubt that you are mine," he said on a low growl before dipping his head to capture her lips. For the rest of the night and well past dawn, he let his body convey to her just how serious he was about that.

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Epilogue**

\* \* \* \*

"Damn it! They won't...come...off," she muttered under her breath, tugging at her finger.

"Babe? What are you doing?"

Monica jumped in her seat, her head nearly bumping against the roof of her car when Grant stuck his head through the passenger-side window.

"I'm trying to get my rings off."

His brows knitted together as he dipped his lips into a frown. "Why?"

She huffed out a breath, throwing her hands up in the air, finally giving up when neither one of them budged past her knuckle.

"Because if Soledad sees them, she's never going to let this go."

Shaking his head, he let out a long sigh. "Babe, we talked about this. They'll probably be shocked, and I'm sure they'll tease us a bit, but we have to tell them sometime."

"No, we don't."

"Monica!"

"I'm telling you, as soon as she sees this, she's going to be all over me." She emphasised by flashing him her ring finger that sparkled with her wedding band and diamond engagement ring, as if she was giving him the bird.

He rolled his eyes with a small grin before glancing over his shoulder at the travellers as they streamed out of the Las Vegas McCarron Airport.

She blew out a short breath as she fidgeted in her seat, waiting for the newlyweds to arrive back from their honeymoon. Soledad was going to tease her mercilessly for marrying Grant while she and Drake were away on their three-week honeymoon. Especially since she and Grant had been the main ones protesting their rushed nuptials. Grant didn't understand just how bad Soledad's ribbing could be, but he would.

"You're not even supposed to be here," she complained. "I told you to let me pick them up and then I could break the news to them gently about you relocating your law firm and us getting married, but no, you had to just spring it on them—"

He stuck his head through the open window, crushing his lips against hers, silencing her effortlessly with a heated kiss until she was as pliable as a soft lump of dough.

"Relax," he said gently. "Everything will be fine,"

Oh, she knew everything would be fine, eventually, but not before Soledad enjoyed a round of laughs at her expense.

"I think I see them."

"Great," she muttered under her breath when Grant disappeared from the window.

While he went off to greet their friends, she went back to tugging at her rings, bemusedly wondering for what had to be the thousandth time how a three-day vacation affair had turned into her finding a love to last a lifetime.

#### [Back to Table of Contents]

#### **About the Author**

\* \* \* \*

Nadia Aidan lives, works and writes on the West Coast in the United States. Under her real name, Nadia holds a PhD in Political Science and Public Policy and by day she works as an Assistant Professor. She is the self-proclaimed NEW FACE OF INTERRACIAL AND MULTICULTURAL EROTIC ROMANCE and writes across all genres, from historical, to fantasy/sci-fi to contemporary.

In addition to writing erotic romances Nadia enjoys reading other authors, playing flag football, studying muay thai, working out, listening to music, scuba diving, and target shooting. Her other interests include collecting Top Cow comics, especially Witchblade and Tomb Raider. She loves professional football and soccer. Her favourite teams are the Washington Redskins and Manchester United, respectively.

Nadia loves watching, reading about, and writing about strong, assertive heroines which is why she is an enduring fan of Fight Girls, Xena, Buffy, American Gladiators—New and Old, and La Femme Nikita! Nadia also loves interacting with people so feel free to visit her at nadiaaidan.com/ for more information about her, her new releases, and how to contact her!

Email: contactme@nadiaaidan.com

\* \* \* \*

Nadia loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at www.total-e-bound.com

\* \* \* \*

Also by Nadia Aidan

On a Dare

Sleeping with the Enemy's Daughter

**Every Desire** 

Mating Season

Sex Therapy

\* \* \* \*

[Back to Table of Contents]

#### **Total-E-Bound Publishing**

\* \* \* \*



www.total-e-bound.com

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

\* \* \* \*