

The background of the entire image is a photograph of a person's back and arm. The person is shirtless, showing a very muscular back with prominent shoulder blades and a thick, hairy arm. They are wearing blue denim jeans. The background behind the person is a rugged, rocky landscape, possibly a cliff face or a mountain range, with some greenery visible in the distance. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

Peggy Hunter

**WILL'S
ROCKIE
WAY**

Will's Rockie Way
by Peggy Hunter

Whiskey Creek Press

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Dedication

For Jane. You've always been so much more than a sister.

Chapter 1

"Rockie?"

Roxanne Way frowned as she cast her gaze over the sea. Never mind that she hadn't been called Rockie since college; she'd know that deep, gravelly voice anywhere.

Ignore it. Yes, that's the answer. Pretend she'd never heard the voice; pretend Will Sheridan was not on the same Florida beach she was on. After all, she'd done very well at pretending she hadn't been completely humiliated at her graduation from teacher's college six years ago.

"Rockie?" This time, the voice was closer.

Roxanne idly swept a few grains of sand off her beach towel and kept her eyes trained on the twenty-two grade ten students in her charge. She certainly lucked out when the principal suggested she travel with the kids on spring break this year. She smiled as the other two chaperones, a husband and wife team, frolicked in the waves with the teens.

Roxanne took a deep breath as the warm, salt-filled air coasted over her body. Yes, she needed the break and the kids were fabulous. Now if she could just get the all-too familiar sexy voice out of her head.

When a tall shadow cast over her and her senses filled with his rich musky scent, Roxanne knew it was going to become harder and harder to pretend he wasn't there. She slowly turned her head and shielded her eyes from the sun as she looked up at him.

"Mind if I join you?" Will Sheridan said as he slowly folded his body and sank down in the sand beside her.

"It seems you're going to join me whether I want you to or not," she said, her voice clipped and sharp.

"I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you," he said. He bent one knee up and rested his elbow on it as he gazed down at her. Rich brown eyes swept over her bikini-clad body. "You look great. Hard to believe it's been six years."

Hard to believe? Who the fuck did he think he was talking to? For the past six years, Roxanne counted the days since graduation. Each new morning took her one day further away from the jeers and laughter, the mortification she'd felt when she realized the man she'd been so crazy about all through college had set her up for a horrendous prank.

Hard to believe it had been six years? She wished it was twenty-six years. She wished he was old and wrinkled, with a pecker the size of a pea!

Unfortunately, Will Sheridan was sexy as ever. A few years had done him proud, filled him out more. Dressed only in bright red swim trunks, she could see his rippling, hair-matted chest and his long, muscled legs. God, even his toes looked sexy as hell! And his face, oh Lord! The cleft in his chin, the firm line of his jaw, the high cheek bones and those incredibly expressive coffee-colored eyes; he was as sexy and alluring as ever.

Roxanne forced a smile as she turned her gaze back to the sea. "Imagine seeing you after all this time?" she said lightly. "And so far from home, too."

"Toronto hasn't been my home since college," Will supplied. "I take it you still live there?"

"Yes," Roxanne replied.

"I got a job teaching high school in Calgary right after graduation," Will said. "I'm here with a couple other teachers chaperoning my grade eleven history class."

"I heard you'd gone out west," she said. "I'm sure you remember Blake Harden. He's here with Joanne, acting as chaperones as well."

Roxanne wasn't certain if the bright sun was getting into her eyes, or if she'd actually seen Will wince. "Pig's here, is he?" he asked, his voice low as he referred to Blake by his college nickname. Will had dubbed his roommate *Pig* for obvious reasons ... he'd been a pig to live with.

Will's gaze slid to the shore. His hand went to his chin. "Rockie, did you ever find out what happened that night?"

Roxanne's heart hammered. "I know what happened," she said. "You asked me to meet you in your bedroom and then..." Her voice shook, she couldn't go on. The humiliation was something she simply did not want to relive—not six years later, not sixty years later!

"Rockie, I understand why you were upset but there's something you didn't know and you never gave me the chance to explain..."

"Wiley Will?" Blake's booming voice split through the gentle spring breeze. "Holy shit, man! So damn good to see you!"

Thank God! Roxanne was grateful for the interruption. She rose as Blake bounded toward them. She gasped when Will grabbed her arm. "At least give me a chance to explain my side of it," he said softly.

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Roxanne rifled through her purse and pulled out a pen. She scribbled on a piece of paper and pressed it into Will's hand. "Here's my email address."

* * * *

"Good to see you, you old shithead!" Blake said as he pumped Will's hand in greeting. He followed Will's gaze as Rockie quickly walked through the sand toward the waves. "She's as hot as she was in college, eh?"

She certainly was. He knew he'd see her but hadn't expected his groin to tighten the moment he laid eyes on her again. Rockie was everything she was in college, maybe even more. The years had been kind to her. Her hips swayed as she walked away, filling Will's thoughts with unrequited need. God, how he wished he'd known her sexually in college. He'd come damn close if only it hadn't been for Blake and his stupid prank.

Those deep sapphire eyes had peered back at him with contempt as her long willowy body struggled with the awareness he knew she felt. She'd let her dark blond hair grow; gone was the pixie cut she sported in college. In its place were long tresses with sun-bleached highlights that framed her heart-shaped face.

"She doesn't know, does she?" Will asked. "No one ever told her the truth."

Blake didn't have to ask what he was talking about. "Are you fucking kidding? I'll carry that secret to my grave. Jesus, Joanne was her roommate and just as upset about it as

Rockie was. She'd have dumped me in a minute if she knew the truth."

Will turned his gaze to his college friend. "Better that Rockie continues to think I set her up."

Blake chuckled nervously. "Well, yeah, I guess so," he said. "Besides, you didn't make much of an effort to set things right with her before you left. You flew off to Calgary a couple days later."

Will had tried to reach Rockie at her parents' house a couple times. Her mother insisted she wasn't home. He supposed he could have gone to her parents' house; insist that he talk to her.

Still, when he'd tried to explain that night, she'd slapped him and run away. At the time, he was as angry with her for not listening to his explanation as she was at him for the situation she'd been tossed into.

He flew out to Calgary two days later and, as far as he was concerned, never looked back. At least, not until recently. When he reconnected with his old college roommate and discovered Rockie was teaching at the same high school, all kinds of memories, not to mention regrets, dredged to the surface.

An opportunity to make things right arose when Blake told him Rockie was going to accompany her grade ten class on spring break this year. Will quickly made plans to go with his students. He volunteered to make the arrangements and booked the trip based on the itinerary Blake sent him. If Rockie thought their encounter on the beach was by pure

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chance and by walking away she'd seen the last of him, she was about to find out otherwise.

Will glanced down at the bit of paper Rockie had pressed into his hand.

Roxanne@eatshitanddie.com

Will chuckled. The next few days were going to be very interesting.

Chapter 2

"I just about fell over backwards when Blake told me Will's here with his class from Calgary," Joanne said as she scooped potato salad onto her plate.

Roxanne peered over her shoulder and saw that all the teenagers under their charge were seated and eating. She turned her attention back to the ranch dressing she was spooning over the lettuce on her plate.

"Tell me about it," she said. "If I live to be one hundred, I'd have been quite content never to see him again."

Joanne patted her shoulder. "After what happened, I don't blame you." She popped a black olive into her mouth and chewed. "You know, I always thought Will didn't act alone, that there was at least one more person involved."

Roxanne shivered. "If you don't mind, I'd rather just let it go. I really don't want to rehash it."

"Right," Joanne said. "After all, we're on spring break. We should be enjoying ourselves." Joanne smiled wickedly as she spied the dessert table. "And, speaking of which, there's a slice of coconut cream pie with my name on it."

Roxanne chuckled. "You haven't even had dinner yet." But Joanne wasn't listening as she dashed to the desserts.

She shook her head as she turned her attention to the chickpeas and spooned a few on top of her salad.

"Aren't you going to have dessert, too?"

Roxanne's body stiffened as Will took her by surprise again. She whisked around to see him standing behind her, a

plate filled with various creamed salads in his hand. "I—" she couldn't find the words. She tried again, "What—" *Damn it!*

"I guess we're in the same hotel," Will said smoothly, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "What luck, huh?"

Roxanne's head swam deliriously. This was the last damn thing she needed! It was bad enough to see him on the beach today but finding out that he was staying in the same hotel? The next seven days would be hell!

"What luck," she said sarcastically. "And I'll get something for dessert when I'm ready."

Will's eyes glinted devilishly. "Get something with lots of whipped cream."

Roxanne felt as though the top of her head would explode. "How dare you!" she cried. "You ... you ... depraved jerk!"

Will held out a hand and took a step back. "I didn't mean it the way it sounded," he said.

"You most certainly did," Roxanne cried. "Someone like you ... someone lower than whale shit ... would look for a chance to rub it in my face!"

"Rockie..."

But she wasn't listening. Just how her salad plate left her hands was beyond her but there it was, sliding down his chest staining his white polo shirt.

"And stop calling me Rockie!" she yelled. "My name is Roxanne. I never want to hear that nickname again. Do you hear me?" As she struggled to catch her breath, she realized the entire restaurant had fallen quiet. Every patron—teens and adults alike—was staring at her.

Roxanne took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. Another humiliation at the hands of Will Sheridan. Damn him!

"If you'll excuse me," she said softly. "I believe I'll go to my room now." She turned and walked briskly out of the restaurant. When she cleared the door, she broke into a run, passed the elevator and dashed up the seven flights of stairs to her floor.

Grateful to finally get inside her room, she pressed her back against the closed door. Tears filled her eyes as she slowly slid to the floor.

"Damn you, Will Sheridan," she whispered brokenly.
"Damn you!"

* * * *

Will shook his head as he wiped the mess off his shirt with a handful of paper napkins. What the fuck was he thinking? He should have known better than to mention whipped cream. His intention was to suggest that they'd have fun with it in her room later tonight after the kids were tucked safely in their beds. Instead, he'd reminded her of the night they'd planned to be together six years ago.

Well, damn it! Rockie wasn't the only injured party here. Okay, he had to admit she'd suffered the brunt of the prank but let's not forget the fact that he'd been deprived of a blissful night spent with her in his arms. Blake 'Pig' Harden had seen to that.

"She's still quite the spitfire, isn't she?" Blake said when he suddenly appeared at Will's side.

"I should have tried harder to tell her the truth," he said in disgust. "She's lived with the humiliation for six years and she's always believed I was to blame."

"You're not thinking about telling her the truth now, are you?" Blake asked nervously.

Will pressed the soiled napkins into Blake's hand. "I don't know," he said as he eyed his friend. "But I do know one thing for certain. If you do anything to keep Rockie and I from getting together now, I'll not only tell Joanne the truth, I'll cut your fucking balls off and feed them to the seagulls. Got it?"

"Come on, Will," Blake said as he chuckled nervously. "It was a harmless joke."

Will eyed him with contempt. There'd been nothing harmless about it. "I asked if you got it."

Blake nodded quickly. "Of course, buddy. I got it."

"Good." Will said. "Now, the way I see it, you owe me. So you're going to chaperone my kids at the retro 60's dance on the beach tonight."

Blake shook his head. "No can do, my friend. I've got to be there with our kids tonight."

"I guess you'll have your work cut out for you. Because you'll be helping my two chaperones, too."

* * * *

Will quelled the sense of guilt that curled in his gut as he held the elevator door for the waiter pushing a trolley. The retro dance was hosted by the hotel on a closed beach. Since the party was for hotel guests only, guards on the perimeter

of the beach would keep both unwanted guests from getting in and teens seeking a good time beyond the bounds from getting out.

Will knew the guilt he felt had nothing to do with ducking out of the party. In fact, it had everything to do with the woman with whom he hoped to set things right. The lovely Rockie Way.

Just how to do that without putting Blake's marriage in jeopardy was something he hadn't figured out yet. But he was nothing if not innovative. It would come to him sooner or later.

As it happened, the waiter was stopping on the seventh floor, too, and Will held the door open for him to pass. The waiter nodded his thanks as he pushed the trolley out of the elevator and turned right. Will turned in the opposite direction and walked down the hall to Rockie's room.

He lifted his hand to knock on the door but held it in midair. He knew Rockie wouldn't open the door to him. He needed a plan.

Think, Sheridan, think!

Will peered down the hall when he heard the waiter knocking on a door. "Room service."

A muted voice from inside the room said to just leave it outside the room.

Will grinned and gave himself a mental pat on the back. He really was a genius.

He waited for the waiter to disappear into the elevator and vaulted down the hall. He carefully lifted various lids off dishes until he found a small chocolate cheesecake.

Bingo!

Will dug into his pocket and tossed a few bills onto the silver tray. He carried the cheesecake to Rockie's door.

Knock, knock, knock!

"Who is it?" Rockie's sweet voice sounded through the door.

Will cupped a hand over his mouth to muffle his voice. "Room service." He quickly stepped to the side of the door.

The door whisked open. "I didn't order room service."

"I know you didn't," Will said as he stepped into view. "But I couldn't come up with any other way to get you to open the door."

Rockie frowned when Will stepped forward, jamming one foot over the threshold. "Go away!" she cried as she pushed the door closed.

Will's foot kept the door from closing. Rockie opened the door slightly and slammed it with more force.

"Holy shit, Rockie!" he howled in pain as the cheesecake teetered in his hand. "I get that you don't want to talk to me but do you need to break my fucking foot?"

The door swung open wide. If she was concerned about his foot, it certainly didn't show on her face. "If your foot's broken, it's your own damn fault," she cried. "And I told you not to call me Rockie!"

When Rockie moved to slam the door again, Will quickly pushed inside. "I don't think so," he said. "We need to talk. It's time we set things straight between us."

"There's nothing to set straight," Rockie said. "What happened between us is history."

He held the cheesecake out for her to see as he grinned. "Fine, but you can't turn me away. I brought dessert."

"Do you really think dessert is going to make up for what you did to me?" she said, her chest heaving with anger.

"No," he said with honesty. "Of course I didn't. I figured the cheesecake would help get me through the door."

Ah, but he also knew she had a sweet tooth in college. And by the way she was eyeing the cheesecake, that hadn't changed over the years.

"I hope there's no whipped cream," she said. "I haven't touched the stuff since the prank you played on me."

Damn! She really *did* think the prank was his scheme! She had no idea just how deep it ran ... that he'd been kept away on purpose.

Will placed the cheesecake on a small table near the door and followed her further into the room. Clothes were strewn around haphazardly and the queen-size bed was rumpled on one side. His sweet Rockie continued to be a train wreck.

His senses were filled with her earthy scent, something flowery and musky, one he hadn't experienced for years and yet, could never forget. A scent that was hers alone. Rockie was unique, one of a kind ... a woman no man could ever forget.

She stood with her back plastered against the far wall, the queen-size bed between them. Clearly, she wanted to stay as far away from him as she could.

"So," she said as she lifted her chin in smug defiance, "state your case."

State his case? Fuck! Since when was he on trial? He resented the fact that she expected him to defend himself, to beg for her forgiveness. Who the hell did she think she was anyway?

And yet here he stood in her hotel room, hoping to have the chance to explain himself after all this time. Six fucking years and she continued to haunt him.

"Rockie," Will began. He stopped short at the frown on her face. Oh yeah, she didn't want to be called Rockie.

Okay, he could get by without calling her Rockie. "Rox, there's a lot you don't know..." She continued to frown. *Fuck!* "Can I call you Roxy?"

She shook her head. "My name is Roxanne."

Will moaned inwardly and rolled his eyes. "How about Ms. Way?"

Rockie's eyes narrowed. "Are you making fun of me?"

Will quickly splayed his hands in defense. "No," he said quickly. "Roxanne it is then." *Jesus Christ!* Talk about touchy!

"Just state your piece and get the hell out," she said through clenched teeth.

"Thanks for making this easy for me," Will said sarcastically.

The temperature in the room plummeted as Rockie glared at him. She pushed off the wall, rounded the bed and stopped a few inches away from him. "Why the hell should I make this easy for you?" she asked, her sweet face pinched in anger. "Do you have any idea what you did to me? Do you know how humiliated I was? For God's sake! You told me to cover myself in whipped cream and lay on the bed. How do you

think I felt when Pig and six of his sick friends stormed into the bedroom?"

Will felt his body harden at the very thought of finding Rockie covered in whipped cream. He swallowed hard at the thought of licking every last bit off her body, hoping she'd saved most of the sweet confection for her most intimate parts. He imagined his tongue lapping up every last bit from her sweet pussy before he drove his cock into her.

He'd been a kid then. He was a man now. Ready, willing and more able than ever to give Rockie what she needed. God help him! He needed her even more now.

"There's a lot you don't know," Will said as he looked down at her. "I wanted to explain everything but your parents wouldn't let me see you and then I had to leave."

"So tell me now."

Will saw the glint of mistrust in her eyes. It wouldn't matter what he said now, he knew she wouldn't believe him. And telling the truth might jeopardize Blake's marriage.

And God help him, Rockie's close proximity only fed his need for her. He stepped forward and pulled her into his arms before she had a chance to realize what he was up to.

"We could talk," he murmured, "Or we could make up for lost time."

* * * *

Roxanne wanted to scream. How could she have let him inside her hotel room, let alone allow him to get so close to her?

And now she was in his arms and his lips were on hers, making promises he'd hadn't kept six years ago.

Her mind told her to push him away, to spew the words of hatred she'd felt for him all these years. And yet, her body wouldn't let her. She was captivated in his arms, drinking from his mouth as though she hadn't had a sip of sweet moisture for an eternity.

While her brain felt the pain of the humiliation six years ago, her body cried out for the sweet release she'd been denied.

To hell with Blake and his cronies and the incredibly embarrassing moment she'd suffered. Her body had cried for days knowing that Will would not take her, not become a part of her. She had ached for him ... and continued to do so from that night on.

And now he had finally come to her, taken her into his arms and, oh God, pressed his swollen need against her.

She felt him back her against the bed until her knees almost buckled. At first, her instinct was to push back and then, when his strength overtook her, she felt the soft cushion of the mattress as she landed and reveled in his weight over her. Her feet flew off the floor upon impact and then she felt the mattress press against her knees and he lay over her.

"I've wanted you for so long," Will whispered into her ear as his hands settled over her breasts. "You have no idea how much I've wanted you."

God, how she'd wanted him too! She'd been cheated of his touch and now her dreams—dreams that had haunted her for six long years—were finally coming true.

Roxanne's mind whirled. She had so many reasons to push him away, to keep him at a distance. But as his mouth closed over hers again, every last bit of sense she'd ever had in her life disappeared. Instead, she felt his weight over her; his hot mouth as it drank from hers and his warm hands as they pulled her blouse open. She sighed against his mouth as his hands quickly pushed the blouse over her shoulders and tossed it aside. He gently reached beneath her to unclip her bra. Her breathing deepened as his hands kneaded her aching breasts. She gasped when he gently pinched and rolled her nipples between his fingers.

Roxanne felt a rush of cool air against her naked chest when Will suddenly pulled away from her. His eyes were dark with intense need as he slowly, methodically slid his hands from her breasts over her stomach. They stopped briefly at the band of her skirt as his gaze slid to her face. "You were cheated six years ago," he said, his voice rough with passion. "I intend to make that up to you right now."

Roxanne eyed him nervously as he slid off the bed and landed on his knees. She felt her skirt slide over her hips. "Just how do you intend to do that?"

"Let me show you," he said as his fingers hooked into her panties and pulled them over her legs.

What a picture she must have made. She was sprawled over the bed, her legs spread far apart and dangling over the

side. Roxanne wasn't sure if there'd ever been a time she felt more exposed.

She wasn't a virgin, in fact, she'd known a few men in her life, but she'd never felt so utterly enthralled by someone as she did at this moment. The fact that he was kneeling between her spread legs, his gaze washing over every inch of her under the bright overhead lights certainly had something to do with it. But it had more to do with the fact that this was Will Sheridan, the man she'd lusted after all through her college years. The man who'd promised great things the night of graduation.

She knew she should feel anxious, if not downright afraid. He had betrayed her after all. But what she felt at that moment was sheer delight in the fact that his eyes deepened with passion as his gaze roved over her naked body. The thrill of finally having Will after all this time made her body heat under his passionate inspection.

"You're beautiful," he said softly as his gaze skittered from her face down the length of her body.

Roxanne chuckled nervously and was about to say how wrong he was when she felt the tips of his fingers touch her knees and slowly slide up her thighs. All coherent thought escaped her as she reveled in his gentle, teasing touch.

When Will's fingers were replaced with his tongue, Roxanne reached forward to touch him. She blinked when Will caught her wrists. "Lay still," he ordered as he placed her arms as her sides. "Don't move a muscle."

Easy for him to say! Roxanne's fingers dug into the bedspread as his tongue slid up her thighs. He gently nuzzled

her core before moving up to her abdomen. She giggled as he curled his tongue and teased her navel before slowly gliding up to her chest.

His hands cradled her breasts as his mouth washed over one erect nipple and then moved to the other. He opened his mouth wide and sucked as his fingers kneaded her breasts in a pulsing rhythm.

Roxanne couldn't keep her hands away any longer; they dug into his hair and pulled him against her as her hips lifted off the bed to grind against his torso. The cool cotton of his trousers meeting her heated thrusts was a reminder that he had been very careful about giving himself up to her.

"Will," she cried as her head thrashed against the soft blankets. "I need you so much."

Will pulled away from her breasts. "I need you, too," he said.

"Then take your clothes off so I can feel you against me," she said, her words coming in short gasps of need.

Will shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "You aren't ready."

Roxanne wanted to laugh hysterically. He had no idea just how ready she was. How ready she'd been for six years. Her body ached and quivered with the need to be fulfilled, to finally know him intimately. "I'm ready for you," she said, gasping for breath. "And I don't want to wait."

"You will wait." Will's hot breath fanned her ear as he spoke. "And I'll decide when you're ready."

There were all kinds of things wrong with that statement. Roxanne didn't like any man making decisions for her. Darned if she could find her voice to protest as Will slowly pulled

away from her and settled between her knees again. As his hands slowly glided down her calves, she quickly decided she'd take it up with him later—much later.

Will's fingers skimmed over her ankles before he cupped the bottom of her feet. Like a rag doll with her bones feeling like cotton stuffing, Will guided her feet up to the bed and placed them wide apart on the edge. His fingers slid back up to her knees and gently pushed them apart.

Roxanne gasped when his fingers pressed against her core. When his thumb pressed against her sodden clitoris, she winced and dug her fingers into the bedspread.

"Hmmm," he mumbled as he opened her. "So wet. Maybe you are ready for me."

"I told you I was," she said through clenched teeth.

Will ran a finger over her slick core. "Maybe," he replied. "But I want to taste you first."

Roxanne moaned when Will dipped his head between her thighs. His tongue stroked her clit. "So sweet," he said before his mouth closed over her. Roxanne's head pressed against the bed as her hips arched to receive him. He didn't protest when her hands flew to his head, her fingers curling into his hair as he slowly, methodically sucked her. She cried out in sheer pleasure when his fingers pressed against her slick opening and glided inside her.

Will set an erotic rhythm. With each stroke of his tongue, his fingers pulsed inside her.

Roxanne's head thrashed from side to side. With each stroke, she came closer to the edge of oblivion. If she didn't stop him now...

"No!" she cried. She wanted to pull away from him, to stop the torrent of delightful waves before it was too late. "I want to pleasure you first," she said, her words gasping from her chest.

When Will pulled away from her, she saw need blazing in his eyes. She quickly scrambled out from under him as he stood up. Her fingers flew to his belt and quickly opened it. When she unzipped his pants, they fell in a puddle on the floor. She didn't take time to push his briefs down. She dug into the opening and pulled his rock-hard penis out. Her fingers grasped the long hot shaft as her tongue licked and tasted the tip.

Will's breath hissed from his lungs as Roxanne closed her mouth over him. His hands clasped either side of her head as he rocked his hips toward her. "God, that's good, Rockie. So damn good."

Roxanne gripped his balls through the cotton fabric of his briefs and kneaded as her mouth continued its assault. Will moaned as he leaned over her. His hands slid down her back and massaged her buttocks.

She felt his body stiffen and knew she was bringing him close. Suddenly, his hands gripped her shoulders and pulled her face away from him. She only had a brief glimpse of his face before he whirled her around and pushed her down on all fours. His hands quickly spread her legs apart and gripped her hips.

Roxanne gasped when she felt his hard need push between her thighs. His fingers dug into her hips and pulled them

against him as he slammed into her. Her body opened to him, clutching his girth with every fiber of her being.

"God, Rockie," Will said, his voice tight with passion.

"You're so fucking tight and hot."

Roxanne was unable to speak. Her mind whirled as Will's body smacked against hers, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips.

With each stroke, she felt her body give way to the pleasure of finally knowing Will, of having him pulsing inside her. She'd waited so long for this moment and she knew the wait had been worth it. Will was everything she could have imagined and so, so much more.

Roxanne's arms quickly tired and she buried her face in the mattress as they collapsed in front of her. Will's strong arms held her hips in place as he continued to thrust into her.

The feeling of release started at the tip of Roxanne's head and slowly ebbed its way to her core. She knew she couldn't hold out much longer. With each plunge, her senses heightened, her body peaked.

When Will leaned over and pressed his fingers against her clitoris, Roxanne felt as though she was hanging onto a cliff by her fingertips, struggling to hold on for just a moment longer. When Will stroked her again, she knew all was lost and she allowed herself to fall. She screamed as her body exploded into a million pieces.

"Oh yeah, Rockie," Will said. "Give it to me."

As if she'd had a choice! She cried as the orgasm rocked her body. It was then that Will stiffened and ground his hips against her one last time before the floodgates opened. He

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moaned as he collapsed over her, his body spent.

Chapter 3

There were several things Roxanne wasn't prepared for when she woke up the next morning. She wasn't prepared for being so damn sore after the night of lovemaking with Will. Every muscle in her body ached. Even her fingers ached as they curled around the covers and pushed them back. She smiled to herself; Will had shown her things last night she'd never known were possible.

She wasn't prepared for the feeling of complete and total euphoria after having known Will Sheridan so intimately.

He'd held nothing back, given her everything he had and she'd responded in kind. Their lovemaking had been awe-inspiring; the stuff dreams were made of, magical.

Roxanne chuckled softly. She suddenly understood the word 'afterglow.' Her entire body felt the warmth of having known Will so intimately.

As Roxanne got out of bed and tested her aching muscles, something else she wasn't prepared for struck her like a bolt of lightening. What she'd felt for Will was a lot more than lust.

It was love.

She felt as though her heart stopped for a moment. She'd been in love with him for six years. No wonder she'd been so hurt by his prank. To him, it may have been in fun; to her, he'd ripped her heart out.

She shook her head softly. How was it that she hadn't figured it out before? How was it that she only just now realized her love for him?

Should she tell him? What if he didn't feel the same?

Roxanne took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She was a big girl now, all grown up. If Will didn't love her the way she loved him, she'd get over it. She had to tell him. She whisked around and looked down at the bed.

And then she discovered the last thing she wasn't prepared for. Will was gone.

* * * *

"You just left?" Blake asked as he filled his breakfast plate with scrambled eggs and bacon from the buffet.

"Yeah, I just left," Will grumbled as he poured steaming black coffee into a white ceramic mug. "If I stayed long enough for pillow talk, she might have asked me to explain what happened six years ago."

Blake smacked his shoulder with his free hand. "You're a trooper, I'll give you that," he said before he shoveled several crepes onto his plate. "I've always been amazed by how you get away with it."

"Get away with what?" Will asked, annoyed that his friend seemed to take the situation so lightly.

"Well, come on," he began. "Look at you, you screwed the girl and got away unscathed. Makes me wonder how you'll handle the next few days. But hey, I'm willing to bet you'll manage to fuck her a few more times before the the end of spring break."

It took every ounce of effort on Will's part not to pummel *Pig* with his fists. The jerk continued to live up to his college nickname.

If it hadn't been for the fact that he liked Blake's wife so damn much, he'd have told Rockie the truth before he made love to her. The shithead had no idea just how much value Will put into his marriage with a nice girl like Joanne.

The fact was Will had considered telling Rockie the truth when he woke at five a.m. He'd been tempted to pull the sleeping woman into his arms and make sweet love to her again but the need to be honest with her took over.

After grappling with the fact that telling her the truth might wreck an otherwise perfect marriage, Will decided the best thing to do was leave.

He knew he'd chosen his best friend over the woman he desired. And why wouldn't he? Happy marriages were rare these days. There was no guarantee that his feelings for Roxanne would amount to anything. Why take the chance of ruining Blake's marriage on the off chance he'd have a future with Roxanne?

There was no going back now. The moment he walked out of Rockie's hotel room that morning, he'd closed the door on a possible future with her.

Will took a sip of his coffee as he watched Blake pour blueberry sauce over his crepes. His eyes narrowed as his friend picked up a can of whipped cream and sprayed it over the crepes.

Blake looked up at him and grinned. "Maybe you'll want to take a can with you tonight when you screw Rockie again."

Will groaned. "Can we change the subject please?"

* * * *

"Isn't this adorable?" Joanne exclaimed as she held a burgundy silk teddy against her chest. "Blake would just love me in this."

Roxanne offered a weak smile. "Yes, I'm sure he'd love it."

She and Joanne had opted for a continental breakfast in the lounge followed by a bit of shopping in the hotel shops.

Joanne turned back to the rack and found a black teddy. "I want to buy something to get Blake's motor running but I can't decide what color." She turned to Roxanne. "What do you think?" She held the burgandy teddy in front of her and then the black.

"Either one is fine with me," Roxanne said. God, the last thing on her mind was Joanne and Blake's love life.

Joanne shook her head as she peered into the nearby mirror. "I don't know, maybe I should go with the light green teddy. Not crazy about the color but I like that it's crotchless." She winked at Roxanne in the mirror. "No need for Blake to rip an expensive teddy to get at what he wants, know what I mean?"

Roxanne sighed and rolled her eyes. "So go with the crotchless one then," she said impatiently. She really didn't want to hear another innuendo about her best friend's sexual exploits with her husband.

Joanne replaced the teddies and looked at her. "What's stuck up your ass this morning?"

"Nothing," Roxanne said quickly. "I'm just tired of shopping and I think it's time for us to relieve the guys from duty. I'm sure they'd like a break from the crazy teenagers, too."

Joanne waved a hand in dismissal. "I'm sure Blake and the other chaperones are fine.

Roxanne frowned. "It doesn't feel right."

Joanne's eyes narrowed as she looked at her. "Forget about it," Joanne said as she waved her hand. "Tell me what happened between you and Will last night."

Roxanne turned her attention to a rack of silk bathrobes and flicked through them. "Nothing, really. We just talked."

Joanne's hand landed on Roxanne's. "Like hell you just talked," she said. "He fucked your brains out, didn't he?"

Roxanne pulled her hand away and gave Joanne a sheepish grin. She sighed. Did she really want to talk about it? "Yes," she said reluctantly. "But if you want details, you'll have to buy me a coffee."

Roxanne was hoping she'd managed to buy some time but Joanne didn't waste a minute. She quickly purchased the green teddy and led the way out of the store.

Within minutes, they were sitting in the hotel coffee shop with two steaming cups of Irish Cream flavored coffee in front of them.

Joanne placed her elbows in the table and cupped her chin in her hands. She gazed at Roxanne with bright, expectant eyes. "Okay, spill."

Roxanne felt her cheeks flush with the memory of the night before. She pressed her hands to either side of her face. "Oh my God, Joanne," she said. "Will was, by far, the best I'd ever had in my life."

Joanne listened intently as Roxanne described what had taken place. She nodded and grinned and chuckled softly all

the while. When Roxanne finished, Joanne lifted her mug of coffee to her lips. "So did he explain why he set you up the night of our graduation?"

Roxanne stared into her mug. "Uhm, no," she said sheepishly. "I asked him to explain but..." Roxanne hesitated.

Joanne frowned as she placed her mug on the table. "But what?"

"But..." Damn, was there any other way to explain other than telling the truth? She could try but Joanne knew her well enough to know when she was fibbing. Roxanne straightened in her chair and took a deep breath. "Okay," she said, "the fact is, we kind of got off the subject."

Joanne shook her head slowly. "In other words, you were too horny to care." She didn't wait for Roxanne to reply. "Fine, you wanted to have sex with Will last night. But why didn't you ask him this morning?"

Oh shit! It hadn't occurred to her until this very moment. "I couldn't," she said softly. "He was gone when I woke up."

Joanne's knowing eyes reflected what had just dawned on Roxanne. Will dodged her questions, lured her into bed and then made a run for it before she woke.

Joanne and Roxanne peered at each other. Each knew what the other was thinking.

"The rat bastard!" they said in unison.

"I need a plan," Roxanne said.

"You need a plan!" Joanne's words echoed.

"Yes, yes!" Roxanne exclaimed. Will had just gotten away with murder. "But what should I do?"

Will's Rockie Way
by Peggy Hunter

Joanne's fingers wrapped around her coffee mug as she considered Roxanne's question, her brows pinched deep in thought.

And then she smiled ... the best *how-to-get-even* smile Roxanne had ever seen. The Christmas-stealing Grinch had nothing on the woman sitting across the table from her.

"I know exactly what you should do."

Chapter 4

Will was going nuts! He'd seen neither hide nor hair of Rockie all day. After what he'd pulled on her this morning, he knew it was only a matter of time before he'd have to face her. And God help him, he so wanted to see her. Now as the sun set and the day wound down, he couldn't take it for another minute.

Joanne had shown up after the shopping excursion and while she had given him several cool glances, she never said a single word about Rockie.

The hotel's nightly theme party was a night in Barbados. As the band began playing reggae music, Will was quickly losing patience. If Rockie didn't show up soon, he was going to tear the hotel apart looking for her.

"She's not coming."

Will's eyes left the door and looked down at Joanne. "Why not?"

Joanne smiled and winked. "Because she's waiting for you in her room."

* * * *

Will found himself at her room seconds after leaving the party. His hand lifted to knock but stopped in midair. Instinct told him the door was unlocked. He turned the knob and pushed the door open.

"I've been waiting for you." The sultry voice came from inside the room. "Come inside and close the door."

The room was lit with several candles. As Will's eyes adjusted to the darkened room, he saw two cans of whipped cream on the table beside the bed.

And then he saw Rockie.

She was wore a full-length hunter green silk robe cinched tight around her waist. Will's groin tightened at the thought of the delectable body hidden beneath the folds of the robe. His eyes pierced her as he stepped further into the room.

Rockie's hand shot forward, palm up, fingers spread wide apart. "Stop right there."

Will stopped and gazed at her. His sweet Rockie wanted to play boss.

He grinned. He wasn't used to handing the reins over to any woman but it might make a refreshing change ... for once.

"Take your clothes off and get on the bed," she demanded.

"Your wish is my command," Will said lightly as he quickly stepped out of his clothes. He saved his underwear for last, watching Rockie closely as he pulled them over his hips and kicked them aside. His erect penis shot forward. Her eyes darkened as her gaze skittered over his throbbing need.

Will sat on the bed and swung his legs up. He leaned against the headboard and folded his arms behind his head. His brows rose. "So now what?"

Rockie's eyes darkened again and, judging by the color that rose in her cheeks, she was either really turned on or pissed off. Will quickly dismissed the anger and decided she was as turned on as he was.

She motioned with her hands and spoke briskly. "Lay flat on the bed and spread your arms and legs."

When Will followed her demands, she quickly moved forward. She looped a silk handkerchief around one wrist and secured it to the bedpost. Will chuckled lightly as she swiftly moved around the bed, tying his ankles and then his other wrist. She was taking the control thing to new heights.

When Will was tied securely, Rockie reached for a can of whipped cream. She smiled devilishly as she shook the can furiously. It was getting better and better.

She pulled the top off the can and poised it over Will's face. He grinned before he opened his mouth. She sprayed the whipped cream, filling his mouth. As he grappled to swallow it, Rockie turned the can to his chest and peered at him pensively. He nodded.

His cock ached as she sprayed the confection around each nipple. Her long hair fell around her face as she lowered herself to lap the topping off his chest. Will's hands fought the ties that kept him from touching her.

When she lifted her face, he saw bits of white at either side of her mouth. He imagined it being his cum and how he'd feel knowing she had milked his cock for every ounce it had. "Jesus, Rockie," he said through clenched teeth. "Untie me so I can fuck you."

Rockie smiled as she wiped the whipped cream from her lips. "But I'm not done yet," she said softly.

Will moaned when she crawled between his legs and poised the can over his hard-on. He winced when he heard the gurgle of the can and the cold whipped cream circled his

penis. He winced again when she sprayed a tiny mound on the tip of his erection.

"God, that's cold," he said as he shivered. "Suck it off my cock, Rockie. I need to feel your hot mouth on me right now."

"Like this?" She didn't wait for his reply as she bent her face over him and lapped the whipped cream off the tip of his penis. Will groaned and lifted his hips as she slowly took him into her mouth. Her teeth gently grazed over him as her tongue curled around his length. She tightened her lips over him as she slid her mouth back to the tip.

"Jesus," Will said, his teeth clenched, his body rocking in sheer pleasure. "That's so damn good, Rockie."

"Is it?" she said softly as her fingers wrapped around his cock and gently pumped.

"You know it is," he said, his breathing heavy and labored. "You know damn well what you're doing to me."

Rockie bent again and nudged his cock with her nose. Her tongue darted out and licked the remaining topping from the base. "What should I do now?" she purred.

Will's head almost exploded when she peered up at him, her blue eyes blazing in spite of the pretense of innocence.

God, if only he could get free! His arms and legs wrenched against the restraints as his breath came in short, lusty pants.

"You know damn well what to do!"

Rockie slowly rose and smiled at him. "Yes," she said softly, "I suppose I do."

Will watched helplessly as she crawled on top of him. "Take that goddamn robe off," he said through clenched teeth. "I want to see your tits when I fuck you."

Roxanne's smile widened. "I think you're a bit misguided," she said. "I'm the one about to screw you and you won't see my breasts."

Stunned, Will watched as Rockie swiftly turned her back to him. Her robe swung out behind her and cascaded over his chest as she settled her knees on either side of his hips.

He watched as she pulled the front of her robe open slightly, delved her fingers between her thighs and slowly, methodically, guided him as she lowered herself over his cock.

There was no doubt in his mind that she was turned on when he felt her sweet, hot juices drip over the sensitive head of his cock. He winced as her inner folds stretched to accept him.

Rockie cried out when he pushed his hips upward, slamming her full of his ripe need. She leaned back, her hands braced on his abs as he bucked against her.

"Oh yeah!" she cried, her voice low as she rode him. "Yeah, that's so damn good!"

Will gritted his teeth as her inner folds contracted around him. "Do you like that, Rockie? Do you want me to fuck you harder?"

Rockie moaned as her head bobbed in agreement and Will pulled out all the stops. He pushed his hips up with all his might as Rockie slammed down on him. He could hear her pussy sucking him in, her juices sluicing as he retreated.

"Touch your clit," he demanded. "Press your fingers against it as I fill you."

One hand left his abdomen as she leaned forward and brought her fingers between her thighs. Her breaths came in small gasps when she did as he said. He could feel the tips of her fingers sliding against her engorged clit with every upward thrust.

Her breathing became more labored, her shoulders hunched in concentration, her pussy contracted around him. She was coming and it was going to be a doozy!

Rockie screamed her release seconds before he felt her pussy strain against him. He felt her juices drench him as he pumped upward. Rockie's body shuddered as she gasped for air.

Will's cock jerked at almost the same time. He knew he wasn't far from exploding either. And then Rockie pulled herself off him and jumped to the side of the bed. She stood over him, her eyes bright, her passion spent.

He frowned when she reached for the second can of whipped cream. She shook it up, poised it over his nipples and covered them. The cool whipped cream was a shock to his overheated body.

"Come on, darling," he pleaded. "Stop playing with me. Let me finish what we started."

Rockie aimed the can at his cock and sprayed another heap over it. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He watched as she dumped the can on the floor and took several steps back from the bed. Her hands went to the belt of her robe. She slowly pulled at the tie and let it slide off her shoulders to the floor.

Will blinked in disbelief. She was fully dressed in a tight-fitting black dress. He caught sight of her delectable mound just as she pushed the dress down over her hips and patted it into place. She smiled as she shoved her feet into a pair of sandals.

"What the hell is going on?" he said, not sure if his eyes could be trusted with what he was seeing.

Rockie's eyes darkened and sparkled with pure definance. "What's going on? I'll tell you what's going on." Her chin jutted forward as her hand settled on the door knob. "It's payback time."

Before he could utter another word, Rockie left the room, leaving him tied to the bed and covered in whipped cream.

What the fuck?

Chapter 5

"Mind if I cut in?"

Joanne looked at Roxanne in surprise. Standing in the middle of the crowded dance floor, she beamed at her best friend. Blake looked on in confusion.

"Where's Will?" he asked. "He disappeared a couple hours ago and I haven't seen him since."

Roxanne shrugged. She had never been a good liar, so avoiding the question was the best way to go. She focused on a pair of students gyrating to the strains of the reggae music. She felt her feet move to the rhythm. There was a lot of unspent energy inside that she needed to shed.

She chanced a quick glance at Blake. "Do you mind if I dance with your wife?"

"Not at all," Blake replied as he stepped aside. "There's a club soda," he rolled his eyes, "at the table with my name on it."

When Blake left the dance floor, Joanne grabbed her hands and pulled her close. "Did everything go according to plan?"

"Oh yeah," Roxanne said. "And then some."

Joanne's eyes rounded. "Tell me everything!"

Roxanne giggled. "I will," she said. "Just as soon as we put the last bit of the plan in action."

"Right," Joanne said. "Let's do that."

She grabbed Roxanne's hand and led her off the dance floor. As they sat at the table, Blake smiled at them.

"Do you want anything to drink?" he asked Roxanne.

"As a matter of fact," Roxanne said, "I'd love to buy a round but I left my purse in the hotel room." She pulled the keycard out of her skirt pocket and held it out to him. "Would you mind going up to get it?"

Blake smiled as he took the key from her hand. "Not at all." He bowed. "Your wish is my command."

Roxanne snickered inwardly. Where had she heard that before?

When Blake left, Joanne pressed her hand to her face. Her eyes were wide as she bent over slightly, her words muffled as she spoke. "Oh my God," she said. "I can't believe you pulled it off!"

Roxanne grinned at her. "Oh, I pulled it off ... and then some." Her face flushed at the memory of just how much further she'd pushed her friend's plan.

Joanne reached across the table and grasped her hand. "Tell me everything."

"I will in a minute." Roxanne said as a waitress approached the table. "Martini times two," she said. She needed a stiff drink and, when she told Joanne what had taken place, Joanne would need one, too.

Still, they had to think of the example they were to set for the teens. "No olive." She lifted a glass half filled with club soda. "In a glass like this, please."

The waitress nodded knowingly. They'd only been there a couple days, but already the staff had learned how to mask alcoholic drinks.

Joanne tapped the table impatiently. "Tell me what happened!" she called over the loud music.

Roxanne grinned sheepishly. "I followed your instructions to the letter," she began. "And then..."

"You got horny." It wasn't a question. Joanne knew her too well.

Roxanne's face ripped into a wide grin. "Yeah, I couldn't help myself." She clapped her hands to her flushed cheeks. "God, Will is so damn hot!"

Joanne pressed her back against the chair and laughed. The waitress returned with their incognito drinks. Joanne lifted her martini to her lips and smiled. "So you fucked him." Again it wasn't a question.

Roxanne lifted her glass and gulped. She sputtered, winced and shook her head. God, she hated gin! Still, it was better than cola or club soda. "I'm not wearing underwear," she supplied. She took another sip of her drink. "And my crotch is a sticky mess." Another sip. "But yeah, I fucked the shit out of him."

"Ms. Way?"

Roxanne looked up to find one of her students standing over her. "Hi, Cory," she said, hoping he hadn't heard what she'd just said. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, uhm," the teen stammered. God bless him. All the girls in her class had a crush on the kid, yet he was so shy. "Would you like to dance?"

"As a matter of fact," Roxanne said, "I'd love to." She grinned across the table at Joanne and tipped her glass to her lips. *Dang, it was empty. How'd that happen?* As Roxanne rose from the table, she nodded to Joanne. "Order another

one of these..." *Oh fuck, what was it supposed to be? Ah yes!*
"Club sodas for me, will you?"

* * * *

To say that Will was fuming was putting it mildly. Roxanne had left him tied to the bed, and not just that, he'd been covered in whipped cream. And if the situation wasn't bad enough, Blake walked into the room and almost split his gut laughing.

He hadn't been comfortable allowing her to call the shots. But this was his sweet Rockie. Who knew she could be so fucking vengeful? The one and only time he'd allowed a woman to take charge had blown up in his face. It was a mistake he'd never make again.

When he finished with her—and he knew he would—she'd be begging to submit to his every whim. No woman, not even Rockie, would get away with making him look the fool.

And holy fuck! The look on Blake's face when he walked into the hotel room and found him tied to the bed said it all. It had taken a lot of cajoling to get Blake to untie him.

When he was finally released, Will flew from the bed and quickly showered and dressed.

They traveled to the ground floor in silence. When the chime sang and the door opened, Will turned to Blake and offered a word of warning. "We'll never speak of this night again," he said.

Blake's cheeks pinched as he attempted to keep a straight face. "Sure," Blake agreed. "You know, it could have been a

lot worse. Rockie might have sent hotel staff to her room to find you instead of me."

Will ignored the comment. "And you'll never repeat any of this to anyone."

Blake grinned. "Will Sheridan bested by Rockie Way. No one would believe me anyway."

Will's eyes narrowed, his blood boiled. "Rockie didn't best me. She trapped me."

"Of course." Blake nodded as his face reddened and his eyes gleamed. The bastard was trying not to laugh. "She trapped you. Whatever you say."

"Good," Will said as he started down the hall to the bar.

"Hey, Will," Blake said. "Considering what Rockie did to you with the whipped cream and all—"

Will cut him off in midsentence. "I don't intend to say a word about the prank to Joanne." The similarities between what she'd done to him and what she'd suffered six years ago were not lost on Will. It was as clear as a bell. But even if he'd been tempted to tell her the truth before, Rockie's stunt changed everything. He fully intended to exact his revenge and by God, it was going to be sweet!

* * * *

"You're a great dancer, Ms.Way."

"Thank you Cory. You're a good dancer, too," Roxanne replied. After their third dance, she was ready to go back to her table. She spied several girls from her class watching them from the sidelines of the dance floor.

When a new song began, Cory gave her a hopeful look. "Wanna go again?"

Roxanne smiled and shook her head. "Three's my limit," she told him. "Besides," she nodded toward the girls watching them, "I think there are a few others who would love to dance with you."

Cory looked over his shoulder. His face flushed. "Geez, they won't leave me alone," he complained.

"There's a good reason for that. You, Cory," Roxanne said, "are a hunk."

The color in Cory's cheeks deepened.

Roxanne reached up and gripped his shoulders. "Cory, just ask one of them to dance." When the kid opened his mouth to protest, she continued. "Just be yourself and you'll do just fine."

Cory nodded and turned to the table of waiting girls as Roxanne made her way back to her table. As she pushed through the crowded dance floor, she stopped dead in her tracks. *Damn!* Joanne was no longer alone; Will and Blake were sitting at the table with her.

Joanne was engrossed in a conversation with her husband as Will sat across from them with his back to her. Roxanne hadn't planned on facing Will again tonight. She hoped to tell Joanne what had happened and quickly escape the party before Will and Blake showed up.

Roxanne checked her watch. Blake had gone up to her hotel room just over half an hour ago. Will hadn't wasted a single minute getting down to the party.

All right, gather yourself and face the music!

Roxanne braced herself and started to walk toward the table. Her heart pounded in her chest. This was not going to be pretty.

Her feet halted. *Wait!* There was another option. Joanne and Blake were deep in conversation, Will's back was to the dance floor. She could slip away, run back to her room and bolt the door. There was no need for her to face Will at all.

The realization made her giddy with relief. Like a thief in the night, she pushed into the crowd around the hotel doors and made her escape. Once inside, she stopped to take a long breath and let it out slowly.

Dodged that bullet!

It wasn't until she reached the elevators that she realized she'd given Blake the keycard to her room. *Shit!* She was left with two choices, go back to the beach party or beg the hotel clerk to give her another key to her room.

That was a no-brainer. She quickly walked to the lobby.

The clerk greeted her with a smile. "Can I help you?"

"As a matter of fact, you can," Roxanne said. "I lost the key to my room."

The clerk's face fell. "We always give two keys."

"Yes," Roxanne said, "and the spare is safely tucked in my purse. And I'm afraid my purse is in my hotel room."

"Well, do you remember where you were this evening? We'll have to get the security staff to look for it."

Damn, this wasn't going to be as easy as she hoped. Best to go with a different strategy. Roxanne smiled, "God, did I say I lost it?" She ignored the clerk's frantic nod. "I meant

that I asked my friend to hold it for me and now I can't find her."

The clerk's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "So you didn't lose your key, you lost the person holding the key for you?"

"Yes," she said. "That's right."

"Do you have an I.D.?"

Roxanne's heart sank even deeper. "Well no, my purse is in my hotel room."

"I'm sorry." The bitch didn't look sorry at all. "I can't let you into any room in this hotel without proper identification." The clerk lifted the phone and pressed a single number. "How about I call security to see if they can help you out?"

Roxanne backed away from the desk. "No, that won't be necessary. I think I'll see if I can find my friend."

"Security will be happy to help you locate your," she emphasized the next word, "friend."

"That really won't be necessary," Roxanne said as she turned on her heel and walked blindly into what felt like a brick wall. She stepped back as she gazed up at the huge man, his face drawn into a killer frown. "I take it you're with security."

"This woman was trying to get into one of the hotel rooms," the clerk said from behind. "She claims to be a guest but doesn't have any identification."

The guard's frown deepened as his ham-like hand gripped Roxanne's forearm. "Come with me, ma'am."

"This is all a horrible mistake," Roxanne cried as the guard propelled her away from the front desk.

Chapter 6

"Hi, guys!"

Will was engaged in an animated conversation with one of his history students when Rockie greeted them. He did a double take when he saw the security guard standing beside her. The man looked like he could cream a very pissed off *Incredible Hulk*.

Holy shit! Exactly what had Rockie been up to after she'd left him in her hotel room?

The guard nodded at the woman whose forearm he had a firm grip on. "We caught her trying to get into a hotel room."

"Hey," Rockie said quickly, "I was at the front desk."

The guard nodded. "Asking for a key to get into a hotel room," he said.

"Well don't make it sound like I was trying to break into a room."

The guard ignored her comment. "The lady says she knows you."

It would serve the bitch right to get pitched out on her ass. Since Joanne and Blake were somewhere on the crowded dance floor, it seemed his little Rockie had only him to rely on. *How sweet was that?*

He turned to the kid at the table. "We'll take this up another time, Ben." When the kid left, Will turned his attention back to the pair standing at the table.

"Well, how 'bout it?" the guard pressed. "Do you know this woman?"

Will hesitated. *What to do? What to do?*

"Come on, Will," Rockie said impatiently. "Just tell the guy you know me."

"Roxanne!" Joanne cried as she and Blake came back to the table. "Where the hell have you been?"

Damn! So much for having fun with her situation.

The guard turned his attention to Joanne. "You know this woman?"

"Of course," she said. "She's a fellow chaperone. Is there a problem?"

The guard released his grip on Rockie. "Not anymore."

Rockie rubbed her forearm gingerly as she took a seat at the table. She pierced him with an icy glare. "Thanks for the support," she said sarcastically. "I thought that guy was going to chew me up and spit me out."

Will grinned. When he was through with her, the security guard was going to seem like an abandoned kitten on a rainy day! "Always glad to be of service," he said.

He felt a measure of gratification when Rockie's face pinched in annoyance. He wanted to rattle her, to shake her up to the point where she'd beg him for mercy. He was just getting started.

"Where did you get to?" Joanne asked as she lifted what she claimed to be a club soda to her lips. Will was willing to bet there was a little more to the drink she tipped to her mouth. "Last I saw of you, Cory asked you to dance. You were gone forever."

Will waved the waitress over to their table. "Two more of whatever she's drinking," he said. When the waitress nodded

and whisked away, he turned his attention back to the women at the table.

"I danced with Cory for ages," Rockie replied.

And then you tried to get away. Will chuckled inwardly. Even if she had managed to get into her hotel room without her key, he'd have caught up to her sooner or later. She could run, but she couldn't hide, not forever anyway.

"When we came off the dance floor, I had a terrible headache and decided to go back to my room." Her eyes skittered to Will as if she expected him to voice his opinion. Will said nothing. "When I realized I didn't have my key, I went to the front desk and asked to be let in to my room."

Joanne frowned in concern. "I'm so sorry about your headache," she said. "I hope you're feeling better now."

Oh, come on! Will wanted to retch at Rockie's innocent story.

"They wouldn't let you in?" Blake asked, clearly as snowed by Rockie's sob story as his wife was.

"No," Rockie said. "In fact, the clerk called security." She clasped her hands over her chest. "This huge man grabbed my arm and I thought my life was about to be snuffed out."

"The guy with you when we came back from the dance floor?" Joanne asked, clearly stricken by Rockie's story.

"Yes," Rockie replied. "You have no idea just how terrified I was."

Enough!

Will jumped up from the table and grasped Rockie's hand. "We're all glad you survived," he said through clenched teeth. "Let's dance."

"I'd really rather not," she said. "I'm still shaken up by the entire incident."

Yeah, right! He ignored Rockie's protest as he propelled her to the dance floor. Blue eyes glared up at him as he pulled her against him, cradled one hand in his and planted his other on her back.

"You bastard," she raged at him. "If Joanne hadn't come when she did, you'd have sent me off with that damn security guard."

Will chuckled as he looked down at her. So much for being terrified. Her cheeks glowed with anger as her eyes spit fire. "After what you pulled on me tonight, you deserved it."

"After what *I* pulled?" she spat back at him. "At least you got satisfaction before you were humiliated."

"Do you call that satisfaction? You left me tied to the bed and sent my friend up to find me."

"Count yourself lucky," she said. "You didn't have a dozen of my college buddies ogling you. Imagine how you would have felt then."

"Apples and oranges," Will said. "What happened to you was different."

"Oh really? How so?"

"You weren't tied up," Will said. "You could have gotten up and left any time you wanted. I wasn't given that choice."

Rockie's back went stiff, her hand fell away from his as she stared up at him. "Are you saying what happened that night was my fault?"

Oh for fuck's sake! "Of course not," he said. "I'm just saying you had a choice to stay or go and you chose to stay."

Rockie took a step back from him, her nostrils flared as her eyes turned ice blue. "I was waiting for you," she said.

Uh oh! He suddenly had a vision of himself digging his own grave. He imagined a shovel delving into the soil; saw his foot pushing the blade as deep as it would go. "Well, yes, of course you were," he said. "I was just saying that you weren't tied to the bed. You could have gotten up and walked out at any time." He tossed the soil over his shoulder before the shovel sank deeper into the ground.

"You son of a bitch!"

He saw her hand rise and strike out as if in slow motion. The smack on his cheek seemed to echo in the music-filled air. It took a second or two for Will to actually feel the sting and to realize that Rockie had left the dance floor.

You handled that well, Sheridan.

Will smoothed his hand over his cheek. The little firebrand packed quite a wallop! Will smiled. His Rockie was quite the spitfire.

So be it. He'd give her a little breathing room for now. But he wasn't going to wait long.

Chapter 7

"I can't believe we only have two days left. This has been such a wonderful vacation," Joanne said.

Roxanne nodded in agreement. The gentle spring breeze floated over them as the students in their charge frolicked in the ocean waves. "I must admit, the last couple days have been nice."

Joanne pulled the sunglasses off her face and looked at her. "You know, you can't avoid Will forever."

Just watch me! She'd done a pretty good job of it for the past two days. In just over forty-eight hours, they'd be winging their way home to Toronto. Will would be a distant memory—a passionate, hot, sweaty, melt-your panties-off memory, but distant all the same. "I've managed over the last couple days, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," Joanne conceded. "But I can't help feeling Will's making it easy for you. He's kept his distance, but I've seen the way he looks at you."

Roxanne shivered in spite of the warm breeze coasting over them. She'd been quite aware of Will's presence at functions over the past two days and was relieved that he'd kept his distance. She rose onto her elbows and looked at her friend. "You've seen him staring at me?"

Joanne chuckled. "Oh yeah," she said as she replaced her sunglasses and raised her chin to the sun. "He looks like a hungry wolf stalking his prey."

Roxanne sat up straight. "That's ridiculous." Surely if he'd been looking at her that way, she'd have noticed. Anytime

she saw him, he'd been engaged with the teens, their eyes had never met, not even once. Still, her body warmed to the idea that Will hungered for her.

Joanne shrugged. "Whatever," she said. "But mark my words, you aren't done with that man yet."

But she wanted to be done with him. She didn't want to face him. She wanted to spend the next two days in peace, and then leave without making contact with him again. She'd go home to take up where she left off, while he went back to Calgary. That's what she wanted.

Didn't she?

Didn't she?

Damn it! Even if she didn't, she wouldn't give in. She wouldn't be his whore! She wouldn't give him the opportunity to get anywhere near her again. She had more pride than that. She hated that she wanted him even more now than she did when she was in college.

No man was worth giving up her pride!

But oh, the thought of his touch made her melt. The memory of knowing him as he thrust inside her made her body sizzle with need. If she lived to be two hundred, she expected she'd never know another man like him.

There was only one man capable of taking her to the brink of sanity and his name was Will Sheridan.

Too bad the guy had to be the ultimate asshole. He'd learned nothing from the lesson she'd attempted to teach him. How sad was that?

Even sadder was the fact that Roxanne craved to see him, to touch him, to feel his body against her again.

* * * *

Will checked his clipboard as the students got off the bus. Twenty-five kids got on this morning to visit the wax museum and the same number got off. He slapped the clipboard into the hand of the waiting chaperone. "All accounted for. My job here is done," he said. "They're all yours."

Will stood back and watched the kids enter the hotel. They only had two nights left at the resort. Soon they'd be headed home; spring break would be over for all of them.

He'd have to make his move before too much longer. He'd wanted to give Rockie some room but as the clock ticked away, he knew he'd have to do something soon. He hadn't forgotten that he wanted to repay her for the trick she'd played on him. But he'd learned long ago that revenge was a dish best served cold. He wanted Rockie to relax, to think nothing was going to happen before he pounced on her. And, like a tiger stalking his prey, he fully intended to make his kill.

He wasn't prepared for the smack between his shoulder blades. He winced and turned to see Blake standing beside him. "That was fun," Blake said. "Who knew taking a bunch of teenagers to a wax museum would be that easy?"

"It was a breeze," Will admitted. "We've got a good bunch of kids this spring."

Blake rubbed his hands together. "Best of all is that we've fulfilled our duties as chaperones for the day. It's up to the others to watch over them now. Let's hit the bar for a few stiff belts before dinner."

Will shook his head. "Thanks, but I'll pass." He had other plans, ones that included his lovely Rockie.

As he began to walk away, Blake said, "Joanne's off this evening too. She's meeting me at the bar for a couple drinks before dinner."

"That's great," Will said over his shoulder. "Have a nice evening."

"And so is Rockie."

Will stopped in midstride. Rockie was going to be there? He turned and smiled at Blake. "In that case, lead the way."

Blake grinned as he walked into the hotel. "Figured you'd change your mind."

"Shut up," Will said as he followed Blake inside.

* * * *

Roxanne smiled at the waitress when she delivered the second round of screwdrivers. At least she didn't have to pretend she wasn't drinking this time. Since she and Joanne watched over the teens at the beach all day, they had the evening to themselves while the other chaperones attended a closed beach function, this time a barbeque.

Seeing Will at close range was inevitable, she knew. But after their last close encounter, Roxanne wished she could hide for the rest of spring break.

If only he'd said he was sorry for what happened to her in college. If only he'd shown just the slightest bit of remorse. Instead, he stood before her as defiant as ever and, worse than that, all but suggested she asked for the humiliation.

His words echoed in her mind over and over in the last two days. *You could have left.*

Yes, she could have. She could have stayed away from his apartment that night. She could have waited for him in his room without fulfilling his request to get naked and cover herself in whipped cream.

But Will had no idea just how anxious she was to please him, to have him to herself that night. He'd played her for a fool and she did not regret the stunt she pulled on him. Sure, there was a difference. Will was tied up and couldn't leave.

What he didn't know was that Roxanne was tied too ... by her heart. The pain of humiliation he'd felt when Blake found him couldn't touch what she'd gone through, especially the incredible heartache of knowing he'd seen her as an opportunity for a few laughs.

"Did you hear a word I said?" Joanne said, cutting into her thoughts.

Roxanne blinked and looked across the table at her friend. She offered a sad smile. "I'm sorry, Jo," she said sincerely. "I'm a bit distracted today. What were you saying?"

Joanne peered over her shoulder and smiled. "Never mind what I was saying," she said. "Looks like our men have just arrived."

Our men. Roxanne's heart sank just a little deeper. How she wished Joanne's statement was accurate. She wished she could be happy to see Will. Instead, her heart thundered with anxiety. She kept her eyes focused on her drink as shadows appeared over the table.

Joanne lifted her face to receive her husband's kiss. "How was your day at the wax museum?"

Roxanne heard a chair scrape the floor beside her; her body prickled; her senses filled with Will's spicy aroma. She didn't have to look to know he sat close to her, sexual energy oozed from his pores, making her body quake with need. And then she heard his liquid silver voice; it washed over her, drenched her in awareness.

Amazing, if a person stared at a screwdriver long enough, the orange could take on a bleary ginger hue.

"Earth to Rockie." The voice came from across the table.

Roxanne raised her eyes and looked at Blake. "What?"

"Will just asked how your day went."

Oh God! Did that mean she'd have to look at him? Her eyes went back to the drink in front of her. "Fine," she said. "It was fine."

When the strains of a country song filled the air, she heard Joanne exclaim how she loved the song. "Let's dance."

Please don't!

"Ah hell," Blake complained. "I just sat down."

Good answer.

"But I love this song," Joanne countered. "Please, Blake, let's dance."

Please, Blake, don't!

"Okay, just one dance."

Damn!

The air seemed to crackle over the table when Joanne and Blake left her alone with Will. No amount of staring at her

drink would erase the fact that Will sat so close to her. Her throat went dry. She lifted her glass to her parched lips.

"Stop it."

Roxanne blinked at the words. She looked straight ahead of her as she responded. "Stop what?"

"Don't be coy," Will said, his voice tight with anger. "We both know what you're trying to do."

"What I'm trying to do?" Roxanne replaced her glass on the table without taking a sip. She peered at him. "Since I have no idea what you're talking about, why not clue me in?"

Will shook his head and rolled his eyes. "You're making a feeble attempt to freeze me out; make me think you don't want me." He smiled at her, a smug smile that made her want to slap him again. "Give it up, Rockie. I know what you need."

Roxanne swallowed a huge, dry lump in her throat. "*You* know what *I* need? And what, pray tell, might that be?"

Will's eyes pierced her. She felt as though they dug into her soul, could read her like a large-print book. "You want me to fuck you again."

Roxanne snorted. "Excuse me?"

She wanted to wipe that fucking grin off his face. Her fingers wrapped around her glass and tipped it to her lips. This time, she took a long swallow of her screwdriver.

Will's gaze slid across the bar and focused on the crowd on the dance floor. He didn't make eye contact with her as he continued. "You want me to own you; to show you what it is to be possessed by your lover."

"Exactly how did you arrive at that idea?" Roxanne asked, her body humming in spite of herself. "The last time we were together, I thought I'd proved that you'd never own me."

Will's gaze landed on her. "As a matter of fact, you only proved to show me just how much you wanted to be dominated." His grin widened. "You were begging for me to discipline you and I fully intend to do just that."

Discipline? What rock had he recently crawled out from under?

Roxanne tipped her glass to her lips and drained the last of her drink. The glass slapped onto the table before she rose and stared down at him. "You son of a bitch," she said, her body quaking with anger.

"No need to bring my mother into it," Will quipped.

"Hey, we ordered another round of drinks on our way back from the dance floor." She heard Joanne's words in the distance and was vaguely aware of her return to the table.

She didn't care what her friend heard as she stared down at Will. "Save your knuckle-dragging for some bimbo who will appreciate it," she said. "As far as I'm concerned, you can drop dead!"

"Hey, calm down." Blake's words only served to anger her further. When the waitress turned up with drinks on her tray, Roxanne grabbed a glass and threw the contents in Will's face. She didn't wait to see his reaction as she turned tail and ran out of the bar.

Her heart thundered as she reached the elevators. She didn't bother to check what floor they were at before she dashed down the hall to the stairs. She pushed through the

doors and vaulted up the steps. She didn't stop until she reached the seventh floor.

She sighed with relief as she pushed through the doors on her floor and gasped for breath as she walked down the hall to her room. Since she'd heard no one pursuing her, she knew she was safe.

In her heart, she knew Will wouldn't let her get away with it. She fully expected she'd pay a price for her latest stunt, but at least for tonight, she had escaped his wrath.

She pulled her key from the pocket of her skirt as she made her way down the hall to her hotel room. *Yes!* She'd made it to the safety of her room. This time, she wasn't going to be fooled by room service either!

As Roxanne lifted the key to the lock, she felt a hand close over her shoulder and draw her away. In the moment she blinked, she felt herself propelled into the closet across from her room.

When the door slammed shut enveloping her in darkness, Roxanne felt no fear. In fact, she only felt anger.

She struggled against the strong hands that held her against the closet wall. "Let me go, you bastard!"

"Go ahead, fight me," he said. "The harder you fight, the more I want you."

Roxanne sighed when his mouth closed over hers. Will made no bones about what he wanted. His hands quickly skimmed under her skirt and pushed the crotch of her panties aside. She moaned when his fingers slid against her damp core and slipped inside her, pulsing against her sensitive flesh.

Her body closed around his fingers, gripped them as he pressed inside her, cried for more when he pulled away. Only Will could make her feel this way. Only Will could make her body sing.

He tore his mouth from hers and pressed his lips on the soft skin of her neck. "Do you like that, Rockie? Do you like my fingers inside you?"

Roxanne tossed her head back to receive his kisses on her throat. "Yes," she hissed.

Will pressed her harder against the wall. He slid his hands under her arms and pulled her up. She instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist as his hands pushed under her shirt and pushed her bra up. She gasped when his hands cupped her breasts and squeezed. She buried her fingers in his hair as he pressed kisses down her throat to her breasts.

"God, I love your breasts," he whispered. "Almost as much as I love your pussy."

"I love everything about your body," she said.

Will's chest shook softly as he chuckled. "Do you like my lips?" he asked as they closed around one erect nipple.

"Yes," she said, gasping.

"Do you like my tongue?" He slowly laved her nipple.

"Yes."

"My hands?" he said as his fingers dug into her buttocks and pulled her against his rock-hard erection.

"Yes, I love your hands," she replied.

Will's chest heaved with need. "What about my cock, Rockie? Do you love my cock?"

"Yes," she hissed. "You know I do."

"Tell me what you want me to do with my cock."

Roxanne pushed her back against the wall as she pivoted her hips closer to his throbbing need. "You know what I want."

"I want to hear you say it. Tell me what you want," he demanded.

"I-I want you inside me," she said, her fingers delving between them to his fly.

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes," she cried.

"Say it!" His voice was a harsh whisper.

Roxanne couldn't take any more. She thrashed against his body in desperation. "Fuck me, Will. Please fuck me!"

Her body sighed with relief when he released his penis from his pants. His fingers bit into the flesh of her hips as he pulled her against him.

The relief was short-lived as her body opened to accept him. As his cock slid inside her, filling her completely, tension began to build deep inside her. She moaned when he pulled back and pushed forward again in a slow, erotic rhythm.

"God, Rockie," he bit out through clenched teeth. "Fucking you is so damn good. You're so hot and tight."

"That's good to know," Roxanne said. "But I need you to fuck me harder."

Will laughed. "Your wish is my command," he said as he picked up the pace and slammed into her.

She clung to him, accepting all he had to give. The tension inside her spiraled out of control, her head whirled in sweet

Will's Rockie Way
by Peggy Hunter

ecstasy. Unable to hold on any longer, her body jolted with electricity and convulsed around him.

The moment her body gave way to the heady rush of orgasm, Will moaned and quickly exploded, filling her with his white-hot semen.

Hot tears spilled down her cheeks as she shuddered against him. Spent, Will slowly let her legs slip to the floor. He held her against him, rocking her gently as she cried into his chest.

Chapter 8

God, will I ever get enough of this woman?

It didn't seem so as he gripped her hips and drove into her from behind. God, she was so beautiful, so warm and giving. She held nothing back, gave him all that she had.

Will ran his fingers down her spine and reached around to touch her sweet breasts as they bobbed with each firm thrust. She gasped when his hands slid to where their bodies were joined and pressed against her slick clit. Her pussy tightened around him in response to his touch. Yeah, that was the reaction he wanted. For the third time that night, he filled her with his cum.

She giggled as they crawled under the covers of the bed and clung to each other. "So much for the shower we took an hour ago," she said.

Will chuckled. "Well, you should have put some clothes on afterward." He smiled as he looked at her. "You were just asking for trouble."

"Hmm," Rockie said as she buried her fingers in his chest hair. "That's the kind of trouble I like."

Will peered at the clock radio beside the bed. "It's two a.m., woman," he said. "We have chaperone duties in the morning, so shut up and go to sleep."

Rockie yawned and smiled. "Good night, Will." Before he could respond, she closed her eyes and her breathing deepened. She was already fast asleep.

God, he was tired. After their encounter in the closet across the hall, they went to her room where she'd suggested

a shower. He fucked her a second time as hot water sluiced over them. And then she refused to cover up her delectable body when they crawled into bed. She'd snuggled against him, her fingers delicately roving over his chest and down to his cock. What man could have resisted her?

Will stared up at the ceiling. *So now what?*

There wasn't much of their spring break left and what little there was, it was going to be damn hard to find time to be alone with Rockie. Both of them would be busy with the kids all day. Their last night in the Florida resort would find them celebrating with the kids in one last bash before they left for home the next morning.

Was he ready to let Rockie go? Could he let her get on the plane bound for Toronto and never see her again?

And what if he did talk her into moving to Calgary? Did he want that? Did he want her around twenty-four/seven? There was also the fact she didn't know the truth about what happened the night they were supposed to meet in his bedroom. She had the right to know if Will wanted her to be a part of his life. How would the truth affect Blake's relationship with his wife?

Damn!

Will untangled from Rockie's arms and sat on the side of the bed. The simple truth was it would be easier all around to simply walk away.

He turned and looked at the sleeping woman. God help him! He didn't want to walk away; he wasn't sure he could.

* * * *

"What the fuck do you mean?" Blake almost roared. "You said you were okay with leaving Rockie in the dark."

"Ssh! Not so damn loud." Will winced and looked around him, hoping no one had overheard. The chaperones and teens were at the buffet, filling their lunch plates with food.

He caught sight of Rockie standing near the end of the line. She was chatting with a teenaged girl. She nodded softly as she spoke. Then, as if she knew instinctively he was watching her, Rockie slowly turned her head and peered at him. Her smile broadened, her eyes sparkled. Will's heart skipped a beat. Damn, she was so lovely. She had the right to know the truth.

Will reluctantly broke the connection with Rockie and turned back to Blake. "I know what I said in the beginning," he said. "But things have changed. I think Rockie has the right to know."

Blake's face fell. "And what about me?" he said as he thumped his hand on his chest. "What about the fact that Joanne might never forgive me for being involved?"

Will shrugged. He'd thought about that but had no clear answer. "Joanne loves you. I can't believe the truth would ruin your marriage."

Blake's face reddened in anger. "Is that a chance you're willing to take? Man, I thought you were my friend."

Will frowned. "Of course I'm your friend."

"Then stop being so damn selfish," Blake countered. "Rockie's just the chick you never got to fuck six years ago. Good for you that you got to fuck her now. But that doesn't mean you have to wreck a perfectly good marriage."

Will's gut twisted with anger. He looked around to make sure no one was near before he responded. "You son of a bitch," he said through clenched teeth. "If you'd been honest with Joanne from the start, I wouldn't be in this situation."

"You had the chance to tell Rockie the truth a long time ago. You chose your job and left Toronto without talking to her. If you were so damn determined to tell her the truth, you should have done it before you left. Why should I pay for it after all this time?"

The prick had a good point. He had chosen his career over Rockie. Still, the fact she was never told the truth wasn't right either. For six years, she blamed him. Will had to admit, at the time, it didn't matter as much as it did now. His future took precedence.

"Did you hear what I said?" Blake said.

"Yeah," Will said. "I heard you. And I don't know. I need to think some more."

As Will rose from the table and began to walk away, he heard Blake say, "Don't worry, Wiley Will, tomorrow, this will all be history."

Wiley Will. He hadn't realized just how much he'd grown to hate the nickname. He turned to Blake. "I'm going to tell Rockie the truth and I don't give a sweet shit how it affects you."

Blake blanched. He followed Will out the restaurant door. "Can we talk about this a little more?"

What the fuck was left to say?

As the door closed behind them, Blake went on. "Why do you care what Rockie thinks anyway? It's not like you're in

love with her or anything. You got what you wanted—you screwed the shit out of her. Just tell her it's over, no harm done."

Will looked at him. "She needs to know the truth. I didn't use her, in fact, I think there's something more than sex between us."

"What more can there be? Are you saying you're in love with her?"

Love? Was he in love with Rockie Way?

Blake squinted. "You are in love with her."

Shit! Being in love with Rockie was the last fucking thing he needed! He shrugged. "The fact that I think she deserves to know the truth doesn't mean I'm in love with her," he said firmly. He shook his head, trying to convince himself as he went on. "Rockie's a damn good fuck and that's all there is to it."

* * * *

"Did you see that?"

Roxanne peered up from the fruit salad she'd been spooning onto her plate. "What'd I miss?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," Joanne said. "I just saw Will and Blake leave the restaurant after what seemed like a very animated conversation."

Roxanne frowned and looked at the closed restaurant door. "Animated as in arguing?"

Joanne's frown deepened. "Maybe," she said. "I'm not sure."

Why on earth would Will and Blake exchange harsh words? Curiosity took over. Roxanne shoved her half-filled plate at Joanne and made her way out of the restaurant.

As she pushed through the doors, she heard Will's voice.

"Rockie's a damn good fuck and that's all there is to it."

Roxanne's heart twisted in her chest. She listened as the conversation between the two men went on.

"So, we're good then," Blake said. "Joanne never has to know the truth."

She knew instinctively that they were talking about the night she'd waited for Will after their college graduation.

"I don't like it," Will said. "But I won't say a word to Rockie."

Blake heaved a long sigh and wiped his brow. "Thanks, Will," he said. "God, if Joanne knew that I was behind it, she'd kill me."

"What you did was rotten to the core," Will said. "But if I tell her the truth, I'd have to admit that it would have been a pity fuck. I knew she wanted me and shit, we were good friends. It was the least I could do before I left for Calgary."

Oh my God!

Roxanne backed against the restaurant door. Her heart hammered as realization slammed into her. All these years, she'd thought Will was playing her when he suggested she meet him in his room. She'd gone there, followed his demand that she cover herself in whipped cream and waited for him. The new information, the fact that Will was set up too, did little to appease her.

In fact, it made her feel even worse. Her heart ached. He'd have followed through; he'd have made love to her. Not because he wanted her as much as she did him but because, as he put it, it was the least he could do before he left.

Roxanne struggled to keep her breathing steady, fought the nauseating feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"So, we really are good then?" Blake asked again.

"Yeah, we're good."

Roxanne pushed off the door and walked toward them. She wasn't sure how she found her voice or the nerve to say what was in her heart, though she expected blinding rage had a lot to do with it. "I'm glad you reached an agreement that works for both of you." She turned her attention to Blake. "Isn't it great that you've gotten away with it all this time?"

Blake sputtered; his face went white. "Rockie! How much did you hear?"

"Enough to know that you've been lying to Joanne for a very long time."

"You don't understand, Rockie," Will said.

Roxanne looked at him. "Don't I?" she said as she fought the tears welling in her eyes. "I'm a good fuck but you don't love me." She looked up at Will with accusing eyes. "You used me," she accused.

Will took a step toward her. "Rockie," he said as he reached out to her. "It's not what you think."

"Don't touch me!" Roxanne cried as she took a step away from him. "You have no idea what I think," she said. "In fact, you never did understand me. I heard what you said about

that night. Even if Blake set me up, you didn't really want to be with me."

She was vaguely aware of Joanne pushing through the restaurant door. "What's going on out here?" she asked.

Roxanne looked at her friend through tear-filled eyes. "It seems I wasn't the only one duped six years ago," she said to her friend.

"Fuck off, Rockie," Blake said. "There's no need to bring Joanne into this."

"Isn't there?" Roxanne shot back. "All this time I ... we ... believed Will set me up." She turned to Joanne. "But it was Blake's doing all along."

"What in the hell are you talking about?" Joanne asked, a stunned look on her face as she gazed at her husband.

"Rockie," Will said, "Let's not do this right now."

"When's the right time?" Roxanne asked. "I think it's time for everyone to know the truth. You suggested I cover myself in whipped cream and wait for you on your bed. And I waited, Will; I waited over half an hour before several of your drunken buddies burst into the bedroom."

"I didn't know about it until it was too late to stop them," Will said.

"Were you one of the drunken idiots?" Joanne asked her husband.

Roxanne couldn't stand there a moment longer. She had to get away.

"Tell me the truth!" Joanne's voice echoed down the halls, drawing the attention of guests and staff alike.

As a crowd gathered around them, Roxanne saw her chance to escape. She slipped away as Joanne stood in a huddle with her husband and Will.

"Rockie!" She heard Will's voice calling after. As luck would have it, the elevator door slid open just as she got to it. She offered a nervous smile to the people getting off before she jumped in and pressed the button to close the door.

She saw a shadow as the door closed and heard Will's voice. "Hold the door!"

Roxanne sank against the back wall when the elevator door firmly closed. She sighed with relief and pressed the button to take her up. If she knew Will, he'd be scaling the stairs to the seventh floor quickly.

She anxiously watched the lights as they lit. *Five, six.* Damn, the elevator stopped on six. The doors took forever to slide open. An elderly man peered at her. "Going down?"

"No." Roxanne's hand flew to the button to close the door. It took precious moments before the elevator moved again.

Seven.

Thank God! As the doors slowly pulled open, Roxanne pushed through and ran down the hall to her room. She heard the door at the stairs creak open but didn't dare look back as she pulled her keycard out of her pocket.

She grappled with the card. It fell from her numb fingers. Her head banged against the door as she retrieved the keycard from the floor and shakily pushed it into the slot on her door.

She could hear the sound of feet hitting the carpeted floor as the lock clicked to admit her. With a sigh of relief, she

pushed the door open and stepped inside her room. She turned to push the door closed.

"Rockie!" Will said. "If you close the door, it's over between us."

She hesitated.

"Think about it, Rockie," Will said. "I'm willing to explain everything to you right now. If you close the door, you're shutting me out of your life forever."

Her hand wavered on the handle, unsure of what she should do. She loved Will; she wanted him with all her heart.

Will pressed on. "No one can make you feel the way I do," he said.

True.

"In fact, you belong to me, body and soul."

Screw you, shithead!

She pushed the door closed and quickly locked it. No one would ever own her.

Will pounded on the door. "What the fuck do you want from me!"

Tears streamed down her cheeks. "Nothing," she called. "There's nothing I want from you. Not now, not ever."

Chapter 9

"I'm hungry."

Roxanne had spent the next few hours crying. Will didn't love her. He never would.

"There's no point in ordering room service if you won't open the door to them," Joanne said on the phone.

Roxanne peered at her closed hotel room door nervously. She pressed her fingers to her aching forehead. Who knew that so much crying would cause such a horrible headache? "I know," she said. "I'm sorry I wouldn't let you in earlier. I was afraid Will would jump out of nowhere and force his way in."

"Oh," Joanne said, "I think both Blake and Will are going to keep their distance from me for awhile. I'm still grappling with the fact Blake was behind it all this time. He's convinced I'm going to dump him."

"Have you forgiven him?"

"Yes, of course I have," Joanne replied. "I love him madly. But that doesn't mean I'm not angry."

"I'm glad it won't tear your marriage apart," Roxanne said half-heartedly.

"Of course I'm upset with him over his part in what happened to you but he's a wonderful husband. I just hope he won't figure that out for awhile. I love how he's pussyfooting around me right now."

"He won't hear a word from me," Roxanne said. Hell, she never intended to talk to that shithead again. She was still stinging from the realization that Blake was behind the

humiliation. She was glad Joanne could forgive him so easily but that didn't mean she had to.

"Well, what about you? You can't hide in your room forever. We have to leave tomorrow morning."

"I know," Roxanne said. She sincerely wished she could stay hidden. In fact, she'd inquired about renting the room for one more day but the hotel was booked solid. She had no choice; she'd have to leave tomorrow morning.

"From what I can see, I don't think Will's going to bother you. He knows he screwed up big time," Joanne supplied.

Roxanne snorted. "Yeah, right. He may know he screwed up but I don't think he'll see it as a reason to stay away from me. The second I let my guard down, he'll be all over me like a dirty shirt."

"He won't if you stick with us," Joanne said. "As long as you're among the group we're chaperoning, what can he do?"

Roxanne sat on the bed. Joanne made a very good point. There was safety in numbers. As long as she stuck with the kids and other chaperones, there was nothing Will could do. Roxanne's stomach growled in agreement. At least there was one part of her willing to take a chance.

"Will you come to my room and go down with me?" she asked her friend. "I don't want to take the chance of going down to the restaurant alone."

"Of course," Joanne said. "I'll be right there."

* * * *

Will wasn't clear on anything. Since Rockie had overheard the conversation he'd had with Blake, she knew he'd had

nothing to do with the prank. Still Rockie was angry. Fuck, was she angry!

Will had long since given up trying to figure out how a woman's mind worked. His father had offered the best advice he'd ever heard in his life.

When Will complained that Rockie wouldn't see him after the prank, his father sat him down on the couch, looked over his shoulder to make sure his mother wasn't around and said, "Son, you know so little about what men know about women."

Will looked at his father with hope. "So tell me."

His father's face fell into what could only be termed as a confused frown. He shook his head and said, "Nothing. Men know absolutely nothing about women. The moment you try to sort it out in your head, you're screwed. You're young; you have your whole life ahead of you. Trust me, there will be other women. Best to move on."

And so, Will took his father's advice and left for Calgary without setting things right with Rockie. His father never told him he'd regret it, that he'd be left wondering if there was something he'd missed.

Will had no idea just how deep his regret ran until he came face to face with Rockie after six years. And then he touched her, pulled her to him and made sweet love to her. He may well know nothing about women, he expected he never would, but he knew he wasn't about to let Rockie slip out of his grasp again.

Will cast his gaze over the kids frolicking in the waves. His bare feet dug into the warm sand as he stood on the beach.

"Heads up, Mr. Sheridan!"

Will looked up in time to see the volleyball headed directly at his face. His hands shot forward and caught it. He lowered it to his chest as he peered back at the kids.

"Good catch," Blake said.

Will tossed the ball back to the kids and peered down at his friend lying on a beach towel.

"Thanks," Will replied as he sank down on the sand beside him. He glanced at Blake, who was shoveling potato chips into his mouth. "Didn't you have lunch?" Stupid question, he'd witnessed Blake attack his lunch with gusto.

"Yeah, I had lunch," Blake said before he pushed another chip into his mouth. He munched on it before he continued. "But we're midway between lunch and supper. I always get peckish this time of day."

Peckish? Was that what he called it? Will shook his head when Blake peered down at his chest, retrieved crumbs and shoved them into this mouth. The man had come by his nickname honestly. He really *was* a pig. He assumed the constant innuendos Blake made about his sex life were true. He couldn't imagine what else kept Joanne close to home.

"Have you seen Rockie yet?"

"No," Will replied. His gut wrenched. She'd made damn sure to keep as far away from him as she could.

"Joanne said she's going to bring Rockie here to the beach. Said you wouldn't pull a stunt on her as long as she was around the kids," Blake supplied.

Will was fresh out of stunts. He had no idea what to do next.

Blake continued. "Best thing you can do is ignore her."

Will kept his gaze on the students on the beach. "Thanks for the advice, buddy," he said. "I'm sure you'll understand if I don't take it."

Blake sat up straight. "I'm not kidding, Will," he said. "If you want to screw her one more time before we all go home, the best thing to do is ignore her. It'll bug the shit out of her and she'll come after you."

"Sure she will," Will said sarcastically. "Do me a favor and keep your advice to yourself."

"I'm just saying is all," Blake said. "Drives Joanne nuts when I ignore her."

As Will watched the kids on the beach, his eyes narrowed. Blake was a shithead but he might be on to something. God knew, he'd run out of ideas.

Would it hurt to try Blake's suggestion? What the fuck did he have to lose? If it didn't work by midnight, there was nothing to stop him from going with his own instincts and forcing Rockie to listen to him.

Will looked at Blake. He continued to pick bits of potato chips out of his chest hair and shove them into his mouth.

Okay. Best to set the deadline a little earlier. If Rockie didn't react by ten that evening, he'd go after her.

Chapter 10

"See?" Joanne said. "We got here unscathed."

Roxanne glanced at Joanne as they walked out to the beach. "I know you think I'm crazy," she said. "But I know Will. The second I let my guard down—"

"He'll attack," Joanne cut in. "Yeah, yeah, you're a goddess and Will can't help himself."

The sarcastic words stung. "I never said I'm a goddess," Roxanne replied. "I just don't want to be cornered."

Joanne shook her head impatiently. "If you're so damn scared he'll fuck you the second you're alone with him, all you have to do is make sure you stick with the rest of us."

Anger bubbled in Roxanne's chest. "Why are you suddenly turning on me?"

"Why?" Joanne glanced at her. "Because you're not the only one trying to figure things out. Do you see me wallowing and whimpering? No, I'm willing to forgive my husband for what he did," she said. "Will's a nice guy and you had him in the palm of your hand. He never lied to you and you know it. Yet you continue to hold out on him." She waved her hand. "Sorry, can't feel sorry for you. I think you're being a drama queen."

Joanne disappeared into the throng of people on the beach while Roxanne sputtered, trying to come up with a reply.

Drama queen? Roxanne sniffed indigently. It was clear Joanne didn't fully understand Will Sheridan. Nor what he was capable of doing.

Roxanne gazed around the crowded beach. It occurred to her that if she intended to get home tomorrow morning unscathed—well at the very least, no more scathed than she'd already been—she'd simply have to do it herself. Joanne had been her only ally. Without Joanne, Roxanne was quite alone.

"Ms. Way?"

Roxanne turned to look at Suzanne Sharp, one of her students. "Hi, Suzie," she said pleasantly.

"I've been looking for you," Suzie said.

"Well, you found me," Roxanne said with a smile she hoped looked confident. "What can I do for you?"

"We're taking on the boys in beach volleyball. Would you mind keeping score?"

This time Roxanne's smile was genuine. *Safety in numbers*. "You bet," she said. "Lead the way."

* * * *

Roxanne knew she should be relieved. For the past several hours, she'd only caught glimpses of Will and even then, never once made eye contact with him.

Sure, she'd made certain she was never alone but she expected Will would at least try to lure her away. Instead, he kept his distance. At dinner, he sat several tables away. Roxanne had to crane her neck to see him over the crowd in the dining room.

And now, as they geared up for karaoke to celebrate the final night of March break in Florida, Roxanne struggled against the disappointment seeping into her soul. Will had no intention of seeking her out.

Her heart sank deeper into despair. Perhaps he considered the past few days as payment plus interest for the pity fuck he'd been unable to provide in college.

Smarten the hell up! You should be relieved! What's wrong with you?

Roxanne sighed heavily and sipped her cola. She knew damn well what was wrong with her. She loved Will Sheridan. She had all through college and now, she loved him even more.

She had to come to terms with the fact that he'd never feel the same for her. She survived heartbreak before, she'd do it again.

"How ya doin'?" Joanne said as she plunked down beside her at the table.

Just what she needed! The former friend who'd accused her of being a drama queen. "I'm fine," Roxanne said tightly.

"Hey," Joanne said as she placed a hand over hers. "I don't blame you for being angry at me."

"Thank you," Roxanne said as she pushed her hand away.

"For what it's worth, I'm really sorry," Joanne said. "I was way out of line. You've been my best friend since college and, for as long as I've known you; you've never been a drama queen."

Roxanne's heart melted as Joanne went on.

"Heck, Roxanne, I'd only just found out that Blake was responsible for what happened to you. I couldn't help feeling Will was innocent and you were blaming him for something he had nothing to do with."

"I didn't tell you everything I'd overheard," Roxanne told her.

Joanne's face fell. "Please don't tell me Blake had anything more to say!"

Roxanne shook her head. "No, it was what Will said." She leaned in close to her friend and whispered in her ear.

Joanne blinked and covered her mouth. "Are you serious?"

Roxanne nodded. "Yes, I'm afraid so."

"He really said," Joanne looked around before she whispered, "a pity fuck?"

Roxanne nodded again.

"Shit, you should have ripped him to shreds. I know I would have."

"I was too stunned to do anything other than escape at the time."

"I wish you'd told me this before. I wish I'd known."

Roxanne smiled at her friend. "It doesn't matter now. Besides, you were right."

Joanne frowned. "About what?"

"About my being a drama queen," she supplied. "I definitely overreacted. Will hasn't made a single move all day."

"Isn't that what you wanted?" Joanne asked with a knowing smile. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you're disappointed."

"Of course I'm not disappointed!" Roxanne cried. "I'm relieved!"

Joanne laughed. "Who are you trying to convince? Me, or you?"

Roxanne's shoulders hunched in defeat. "Me, I guess," she said sullenly. "I'm angry at him. I want to rip him limb from limb and yet..."

"Yet, you're crazy about him," Joanne said, finishing where Roxanne had left off. "I understand that. Will's a great guy."

"But why do I keep wanting him?" Roxanne asked in desperation. "He doesn't want me, he never did. I should be angry. Instead, I just feel sad."

"Uh, Roxanne?" Joanne said as her gaze focused ahead of her. "If you want to be angry at Will, just look due north."

Roxanne followed her friend's gaze. She blinked and looked again. She hadn't been seeing things. Will stood near the stage, his arm around a buxom bleach blond.

"Get a load of her breasts," Joanne said in her ear. "You'd see that woman coming five minutes before she walked through the door."

The joke was lost on Roxanne as her blood began to boil.
That son of a bitch!

She wasn't sure what happened in the next few seconds, but she was suddenly standing in front of Will, rage oozing from every pore.

Will grinned when he saw her. "Hey, Rockie," he said so casually that she wanted to tear his eyes out. "Have you met my friend?"

Roxanne's eyes darted from his face to the woman beside him. "Is that what you call her?" she said, seething. "Why not call her what she is?"

"Uhm, Rockie—"

But she was on a roll and she certainly had no interest in what Will had to say. Her gaze landed on the woman. "Are you aware that you're the bimbo *du jour*?"

The blond blinked her ridiculously long lashes. "I beg your pardon?"

"Rockie, be careful," Will warned. "You're in uncharted territory."

"Am I really?" Roxanne said. "I was just going to inform *mega-tits* here—"

"Rockie!"

"—that she's about to be fucked by a rat bastard who only respects a woman for as long as it takes him to come. After that, you're no more than a used snot rag and flushed down the toilet."

Will pitched forward and grabbed her shoulders. "Stop it right now!" he ordered, his eyes cold with anger. "You have no idea what you're doing!"

Roxanne lurched back. "Don't touch me, you scum-sucking lowlife! I've only just begun to tell her about you."

"Rockie, this is Brandi Van Astra."

Roxanne stopped and gazed at the woman. The name meant something to her ... if only her muddled mind would come up with why.

"My father is on the educational board of directors in Toronto," Brandi supplied. "You're Roxanne Way, aren't you? I recognize you from a picture my father has of you receiving an award."

Boing! Yep, that was it! Stanton Van Astra, pious as all get out, folks either sucked up to him, or were buried in his

critical reviews. As a teacher, he could either make or break a person.

Roxanne suddenly saw herself in the unemployment line. She'd referred to his precious only child as *mega-tits*.

"Brandi attends university in Toronto. She's working at the hotel over the March break," Will supplied. "She was just telling me how her father says you are one of the best teachers he's ever known."

"Oh my God," Roxanne said, wishing the floor would swallow her whole. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Van Astra. You have no idea how embarrassed I am."

"That's okay." Brandi waved a dismissing hand. "You aren't the first one to say something about my breasts." She turned to Will. "I'm sure my father would appreciate hearing from you."

"I'll keep it in mind," Will said.

"I have to help with the karaoke, so I better run."

When Brandi left, Roxanne clasped her hands to her heated cheeks and looked at Will in stunned silence.

He was grinning from ear to ear. "You were jealous." It wasn't a question.

"I was not," she said, averting her gaze so he couldn't read her eyes. "I just ... well, after everything..."

"You couldn't stand to see me with another woman."

"That's not true," she said. "I thought you were going to take advantage of her the same way you did of me."

Will's brows rose. "*I* took advantage of *you*? I think we need to have this conversation elsewhere." His hand cupped her elbow and attempted to lead her away.

Roxanne wrenched free. "No," she said firmly. "I know what you'll do the second we're alone. We either talk here, or not at all."

Will's eyes bore into her. "Try to tell me making love to you would be against your wishes."

Roxanne shook her head. "I can't," she told him honestly. "But I need people around us so I won't do anything stupid."

"All right," Will said as he leaned his back against the stage. "I'm not clear on why you think making love would be stupid but I'm willing to talk here if we have to."

Roxanne stepped to his side and leaned her back against the stage as well. She peered up at him. Now was the time to tell him everything. She had to do it before she chickened out. She had to tell him she loved him...

"Will..."

Roxanne was suddenly blinded by overhead lights as the stage behind her came to life.

A familiar voice, namely Brandi's, echoed loudly over the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to Karaoke Night!"

The crowd applauded. Roxanne groaned. If timing was everything, she was a day late and a dollar short.

"I hope each and every one of you is ready to sing your heart out tonight!"

The crowd applauded again, this time with a few cheers and whistles.

"What?" Brandi cupped a hand behind her ear. "I can't hear you!"

This time the crowd went nuts. They clapped, hooted, whistled and stomped their feet.

Damn, there was no way Roxanne could talk to Will here. She'd have to risk being alone with him. She touched his arm to get his attention and motioned for them to leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for our first karaoke singers tonight! Will Sheridan and Roxanne Way!"

The crowd went ballistic as Roxanne's heart plummeted to her toes. If Will was shaken, he certainly didn't look it. He grasped Roxanne's hand and led her to the steps leading up to the stage.

With Roxanne in tow, Will walked into the blinding lights on the stage and wrapped an arm around Brandi. "What would you like us to sing for you?" he asked.

Roxanne felt numb as Brandi turned the question to the crowd. "What do you think, folks?" Several suggestions were shouted out, some funny, others obscene.

Will took the microphone from Brandi's hand and looked out over the crowd. "How about *You're The One That I Want?*"

Roxanne instantly recognized the song from *Grease*. She knew the words only too well. She and Will had sung it at a college talent show in their graduating year.

When the prompt screen set up, Will pointed at it. "No need," he called. "We know the words, just cue the music."

The first strains of the song started, the upbeat thrumming of a base guitar. Roxanne shook her head. "You can't make me do this."

Will held the mic close to his mouth. The crowd cheered when he ran a suggestive hand over the side of his head, as if

combing back greased hair. He looked at her and began on cue.

"I got chills, their multiplyin'..."

She laughed nervously and turned to walk away. Will followed her closely as he continued.

"And I'm losin' control."

Oh God! This had to be some kind of nightmare. Any moment now, she'd wake up.

"'Cause the power you're supplin'..."

Damn it, Will! Now she was getting angry! The prick just wouldn't give up.

"It's electrifyin'!"

Fine, damn it! Roxanne whirled and grabbed the microphone out of his hand. She eyed him with anger as she sang her response.

"You better shape up! 'Cause I need a man ... and my heart is set on you!" With every word, she walked toward him as Will backed away. *"You better shape up, you better understand, to my heart I must be true."*

People leapt from their tables and danced in the aisles as they joined in on the chorus. Will played the part well, walking around her, gazing at her form, pulling her close to him from behind as he sang his parts of the song. They rocked together as Will finished the last verse of the song.

"I better shape up, if I'm gonna prove..."

The last words of the song were drowned out amid the cheers of the crowd. When the lights dimmed, all Roxanne felt was Will's throbbing need against the small of her back.

Will's Rockie Way
by Peggy Hunter

Oh God! She wanted him so much! Tears streamed down her cheeks as she turned in his arms and kissed him on the lips.

At that moment, she knew one thing. There would be no forever with Will. Hell, there'd be no tomorrow for that matter. She'd have to accept the next best thing ... one last night in his arms.

Chapter 11

Will kept his patience in check as he and the other chaperones herded the teens to their hotel rooms that night.

While nothing had been said, Roxanne stuck close to him for the rest of the evening, only leaving to dance with one of her students from time to time.

Will knew she needed him as much as he did her. His cock ached in anticipation. His body simmered with a need only Rockie could fulfill.

When the last hotel room door closed on the final student, Will made a beeline for Rockie's room. He tapped softly and didn't have to wait long.

Rockie opened the door and smiled at him. "I've been waiting for you," she said as she stepped back from the door, allowing him to pass.

God, he'd been waiting for her, too. She looked absolutely beautiful in the dark green silk robe she wore. Her long blond hair was flowing around her shoulders, her eyes blazed as she looked at him. "There's something you need to know," she told him softly.

Will approached her slowly, his body itching with need. "Save it," he told her. "We can talk after."

Rockie shook her head. "I don't know if I'll be brave enough after," she told him. "I need to tell you now."

Damn! Didn't she know the last thing he wanted to do was talk? *Women!* "So tell me quickly," he said.

Rockie took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I was crazy about you when we were in college," she said. "I know

you weren't responsible for the prank. And I understand you didn't feel the same for me as I did for you back then."

Fuck! If only she hadn't overheard his conversation with Blake.

Rockie went on. "I accept the fact that you probably made love to me this week to make up for what I didn't get in college."

"Rockie..."

"No." She raised her hand to stop him. "Please don't try to tell me I'm wrong. I won't believe you."

"There's so much you don't know," Will said.

"And I don't want to know," Rockie answered. "Over the past few days, I've come to a realization. Nothing lasts forever."

Her hands went to the sash on her robe. She untied it and allowed the silk to glide off her body and fall in a puddle around her feet.

Will's gaze fell to her glorious body, her firm ripe breasts, her tiny waist and the sweet thatch of hair between her silky thighs.

"After hearing the truth, I thought I'd never want you near me again," she said softly. "But I've come to realize that making love with you, no matter your reason, is better than not having you in my life at all."

Will's heart swelled. No wonder he'd fallen in love with her. "Rockie—"

She flung herself against him. "No," she said urgently. "I don't want to hear it. We don't have a future; all we have is

tonight," she said urgently. "Tomorrow, we'll go our separate ways. It's what's best for both of us, I accept that."

He wasn't quite sure what the fuck she was talking about. With her naked body pressed against him, all he could think of was making love to her. She'd said something about no future and going their separate ways. After that, everything was a blur of white hot passion.

His hands glided up her naked back and gently kneaded her shoulders as he leaned his head down to hers. Her mouth opened to receive him, gratefully drinking from his lips as she rocked against him. His body tightened with need as he pressed her closer to him.

"God, Rockie," he said when he pulled his mouth from hers. "You have no idea just how much I want you."

"I want you, too," she whispered. She took a step away from him, her eyes colliding with his. "I need to feel your skin against mine. Take your clothes off, Will. I need to see you."

Will quickly unbuttoned his shirt and cast it aside. His hands flew to his jeans and he quickly stepped out of them. In the dim light of the hotel room, he watched Rockie's eyes rove over his body. Her eyes lit with desire when they landed on his erect cock, so ready to fill her sweet, wet portal.

"I need you so much!" she cried as she leapt at him. He caught her in his arms as she wrapped her legs around his waist and opened herself to him.

The invitation was damn hard to turn down. His cock twitched and ached to bury itself inside her. He wanted more from her—he wanted her to beg him; to profess her undying

love for him. But the second his heated cock pressed against her damp need, he knew he was lost.

Thought quickly slipped from his mind as his cock took charge. It slid against her moist core, begging to partake.

Rockie would not deny him, her thighs coaxed him closer. "Take me," she begged. "You have no idea how much I need you!"

Not nearly as much as I need you. Will's hands gripped her hips and pressed into her. He heard her long sigh as her body expanded to receive him. Her head fell back as he filled her, the center of gravity pulling to the point that he could no longer hold her in his arms.

While his cock remained in place deep inside her, his hands released his hold and splayed out on either side of her as they toppled to the bed.

She gasped, her breath whooshing from her lungs, as he landed on top of her. Will braced his hands on either side of her face and pulled himself off her chest. "Are you okay?" he asked.

Tears sprang to Rockie's eyes as she gazed up at him. "No, I'm not okay," she said. Her arms circled his neck as her legs wrapped around his waist. "I won't be okay until you're inside me." Her thighs pressed against his waist in an attempt to bring him down on her. "Fuck me, Will!"

Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. The words echoed in his mind. He wanted to give Rockie what she claimed to want. And yet, the words haunted him.

They weren't her words. His Rockie, the woman he'd grown to love over the past few days, wouldn't use such coarse words.

She wanted to please him. She wanted to give him what he craved. *Damn it all!* He wished it didn't matter, that he didn't care. But it did matter, and he did care, very much!

He slowly untangled himself, first pulling her arms from around his neck and then pushing her legs off his back.

"What are you doing?" she said, moaning in protest when he killed the connection between them.

His cock echoed her question. *Shit!* He wasn't sure himself.

"I can't do it, Rockie," he said finally. "I can't do it unless I know you belong to me, body and soul."

Rockie jumped up from the bed and grasped the robe she'd left on the floor. As she pushed her arms into it, her eyes blazed as she looked down on him on the bed. "All I wanted was one last night with you," she said angrily. "I've given you my body but my soul isn't up for grabs." She tied the sash around her waist and pulled it tight before she continued. "If that's what you want from me, you might as well leave right now."

Will pushed his hands under his head and gazed up at her. Her eyes roved over him and settled on his erect need. He knew she was longing to touch him, to be a part of him.

"Stop the melodramatics," he said. "We both know what we want." He smiled and held out his arms. "Come here," he said softly.

Rockie's face flushed with anger. "You just don't get it, do you?" she said, accenting each word with the stomp of her feet. "I don't want to be owned. I'm not a possession."

"Then tell me what you do want, Rockie."

She folded her arms and paced back and forth in front of him. "I want more than you can give me," she said. "I know you weren't into me during college. I know you're not into me now. It's just sex, plain and simple."

How wrong she was. It was never plain and simple sex with her and it certainly wouldn't have been six years ago in college. Why he felt the need to press was anyone's guess. "From what I could tell, you enjoyed the sex as much as I did. What else is there?"

Rockie stopped pacing and peered at him. Tears glistened in her eyes as her teeth worried her lower lip. "Something I don't think you're capable of."

Will sat up on the bed, bracing his arms on either side of him. "Tell me," he asked as he planted his feet on the carpeted floor. "What more do you need?"

"Fine," Rockie said. She turned her back to him. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I need to feel loved."

Will's eyes narrowed as he gazed at her back. She turned to look at him. "There, are you happy now?" Anger turned her beautiful eyes to cobalt blue. "I bet you're very sorry you asked."

Will shook his head. "I'm not sorry I asked, but mostly because I don't think you've answered my question," he said. "I don't think gratuitous sex is what this is really all about. You enjoyed it as much as it did," Will said.

"Yes," Rockie cried. Her hand flew to her forehead in frustration. "But there's one very big difference for me."

Will shrugged. "So tell me what it is."

"I love you!" Rockie wailed. "I have always loved you. I wanted you in college because I loved you. My life fell to pieces when you didn't show up that night. It wasn't so much that your friends set me up as it was that you never showed up." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she bit back the sobs building in her throat.

Will gazed up at her in stunned silence. Fuck, he didn't know what to say! She was in love with him? Had been since college? *Holy shit!*

"I don't want you to possess me," she said between sobs. "I don't want to be owned by anyone. All I've ever wanted is for you to love me back."

Will rose from the bed and wrapped his arms around her. "I had no idea," he said softly as she buried her face in his chest.

"I know you didn't," she said. "But when I heard what you said to Blake, that you were willing to screw me out of pity—"

Will rocked her against him gently. "Forget about the past," he said. "I was an asshole back then. I'm a different man today."

Rockie pulled away from his chest and looked up at his face. "Are you?" she asked.

Will's hand snaked between them and rested on her chest. "You know in your heart I am," he said softly. "Just give yourself time to think about it."

"I don't want to think about it," she told him as she tilted her head back. "We have one night left together and I don't want to think beyond that."

Will smiled down at her. "My sweet Rockie," he said before his mouth landed on her succulent lips.

Rockie moaned as his hands pulled at her bathrobe and pushed it over her shoulders. His hands slid down to her tight buttocks, glided up her back and gently massaged her shoulders.

God, her warm flesh felt so good against his. He knew he'd never get enough of her. Not in a million years!

His hands slid between them to cup her breasts and gently knead her nipples. She moaned as her head fell back, allowing him to glide his tongue over her sweet throat.

He moaned when her arms fell from his shoulders and her hands cupped his erect need. While one hand gently cupped and massaged his balls, the other circled his swollen penis and softly slid back and forth over the sensitive skin.

"I love touching your cock," she whispered in his ear. "It's so hard but the skin is so soft."

"My cock loves your touch," Will growled, barely able to contain himself. If she kept it up, he wouldn't last long. He pulled her hands away from him. "But I want to taste you again," he said. "It's been way too long since I've tasted your pussy."

As Will attempted to push her down on the bed, she leapt out of his grip. "What's good for the goose is good for the gander," she said. "I want to taste you, too."

"I might explode in your mouth," he said honestly.

Rockie grinned. "I don't have a problem with that."

Will smiled back at her and laid back on the bed. Rockie quickly straddled him, her knees on either side of his face as she braced her hands on either side of his hips.

She dipped to touch his cock with her tongue and Will shuddered with his own need. His fingers opened the lips of her vagina and slowly stroked her clit before he pulled her hips down onto his face. Rockie cried out in sheer pleasure as he ran his tongue and teeth against her.

Rockie valiantly tried to pleasure him but with each stroke of his tongue against her sensitive core, she found herself gasping and fighting the pleasure he brought her. When Will slowed his assault, she slowly took him into her mouth and laved her tongue over him. He knew the game would be over moments after it began if he allowed Rockie to continue.

He stepped up his efforts to bring her pleasure hoping she'd lose focus on his cock. As he sucked and lapped her clit again, he slipped two fingers inside her. Rockie cried out, a garbled sound since her mouth was filled with his erection. As her mouth slid up his shaft, she clenched her teeth against the erotic pleasure Will was causing.

Will howled in pain when her teeth closed on the tip of his penis. He pushed her off him and quickly rolled on top of her.

"I'm sorry," she gasped. "I didn't mean to bite you."

Will knew she hadn't done it on purpose but wasn't able to find the words. His entire body was consumed with his need for her. He settled in the saddle of her hips and stabbed forward. Her sweet core opened to accept him. She sighed as he filled her.

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Will's mouth covered hers in a deep kiss before he planted his hands on either side of her head and raised his torso above her. Her eyes gazed up at him as he pumped inside her. She lifted her hips to meet him with every stroke. Their bodies smacked together in the age old rhythm.

As they reached the pinnacle together, Will knew one thing for certain. He would never let Rockie go. He loved her with all his heart.

Chapter 12

Roxanne's heart ached as she stood in the airport waiting for their flight to board.

Will had done it again. After an incredible night of lovemaking, he was gone when she woke in the morning. Only this time was different. This time, she knew she'd never see him again.

The flight for Calgary had left an hour ago, taking with it all her hopes and dreams for a future with Will. He'd promised her nothing; she had no reason to hope for anything more. If nothing else came of the trip, at least she knew that Will had wanted her. Nope, he didn't love her, never would. But at least he'd wanted her, if only for a few days.

Flight 4X742Z for Toronto, Canada is now boarding at gate twenty-five.

Roxanne sighed. Time to go home. Time to pick up where she'd left off before spring break. Just how she'd do that was anyone's guess. So much had happened in the past week ... so much that altered her life. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Roxanne held off until the last possible moment to board the plane. Part of her hoped Will would show up at the last minute and declare his love for her.

You crazy, romantic fool! Roxanne finally boarded the plane and waited in the aisle to take her seat. She smiled at an attendant when the woman asked to see Roxanne's ticket.

"Oh, Ms. Way," the attendant said. "You've been bumped out of your seat."

Roxanne blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

The attendant smiled. "It happens from time to time. The airline overbooked the flight. You've been bumped to first class." She pointed to her right. "You have to go that way."

Roxanne peered back at the cramped seating on the plane. If she had to be bumped, first class was definitely the way to go. An attendant just inside the first class door looked at her ticket. "Ms. Way, you're in seat Five B. I'll be along to see to your needs as soon as we're airborne."

She found her seat and reveled in the leg room the moment she sat down. If she had to go home alone, at least she'd go comfortably. Roxanne leaned back in the plush seat and closed her eyes.

"Excuse me, Ms. Way?"

Roxanne opened her eyes as the attendant stood over her. "Yes?"

She smiled softly. "I'm afraid you're in the wrong seat," she said. "I have the gentleman who is in seat Five A. I'm sorry, ma'am, but you'll have to move over one seat."

"No biggie," Roxanne said as she quickly moved from one plush seat to the next. She closed her eyes again.

"Ms. Way?"

Roxanne clamped her eyes closed. "Yes?"

"It's the airline's policy to introduce our first class passengers to each other when they sit together."

"I really don't care who sits beside me—"

"This is William Sheridan," the attendant continued.

What? Was it possible? Roxanne squeezed one eye open and peered up. *Will! It was Will!*

She sat up and she peered at him. "I don't understand," she said. "You're supposed to be on a flight to Calgary right now."

Will nodded to the attendant before he took the seat beside her. "There's only one place I belong," he said. "And that's with you. I hope you have room for me in your apartment because I'm going to need a place to stay for the next few nights."

Roxanne blinked. It was too much for her to take in.

Will smiled as he leaned over and kissed her on the lips. "Don't you get it?" When she shook her head, he continued. "I love you, too," he said simply. "And I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I can't leave my job in Calgary until the end of the school year, but I found a sub to cover for me for a few days."

Roxanne still couldn't find the words as she grappled with the fact that Will was actually there beside her. He continued.

"Do you remember Brandi?"

She nodded numbly.

"Her father's been asking me to work in one of his schools for ages now. That's what we were talking about when you came upon us. So, since you said you loved me, and I know I love you, I think it's time for me to move back to Toronto."

Roxanne's heart thudded in her chest. He'd said the words so casually and yet ... "You love me?"

"Yes," he said. "I think I've been in love with you since college. I was just too stupid to recognize it." He took her hand in his and pressed it against his chest. "But I'm a lot

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smarter now. I know enough not to let a good thing go. And you, Rockie Way, are far too good to let go."

Roxanne was about to leap into his arms when the captain announced that they were about to take off. She quickly snapped her seat belt into place and gazed at him through tear-filled eyes. "The second we're airborne, I intend to show you just how happy I am."

"I'll hold you to it," Will said with a devilish grin.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Peggy Hunter lives in Midwestern Ontario, Canada with her husband, son and way too many pets.

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