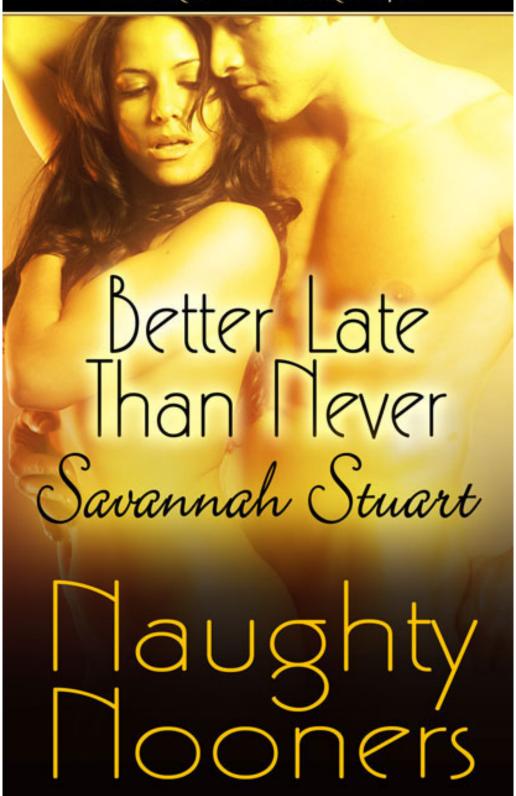
Ellora's Cave Presents



Better Late Than Never

Savannah Stuart

Randall thinks Lindsay Taylor is sexy as hell, but she stays clear because he's the boss' son. When Lindsay is in a car accident, Randy throws all his rules out the window to be at her side. They share a heated kiss, but for the weeks she's on temporary leave Lindsay ignores his calls. Now that it's her first day back at work, he plans to convince her they're meant to be together. When he finally gets her alone, he shows her all the physical pleasures she's been missing out on, heating up the bedroom to scorching levels.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Edited by Jaynie Ritchie Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication May 2010

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Savannah Stuart

Dedication

For Katie Leahy. Thank you for being you.

Author Note

This story features Lindsay Taylor, Adrianna's best friend from Adrianna's Cowboy.

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Chapter One

Randy Phillips pressed the elevator button again, as if that would somehow make it get to him faster. When the doors whooshed open, he stepped inside and nearly plowed over one of the guys from the legal department of his father's architecture firm. He grunted a half-assed apology and pressed the button for the first floor. Right now he didn't care about anything other than getting to *her*.

After six weeks of avoiding him, if Lindsay Taylor thought she was going to sneak out of the building without seeing him her first day back at work, she was out of her damn mind.

The ding of the elevator announced he'd reached his destination. Stepping out, he found the lobby empty.

Almost.

With her back to him, Lindsay struggled to keep her purse on her shoulder while gathering a stack of what he guessed were her school books. She was working toward a degree in architecture and his father let her work on her homework when things were slow. Randy knew she'd gotten her cast off, but it looked as if she was still having trouble moving around.

He knew he should help her but he was mesmerized by the sight of her backside. Though the long skirt she wore was completely respectable, it pulled across her perfectly rounded ass and sent his imagination running wild. Would she be wearing a thong or Brazilian cut panties or nothing at all? Would she have tan lines? Hell, it didn't matter. All he could think about was pushing the skirt up to her waist and taking her from behind. He'd sink himself into her sweet pussy with one thrust. Hard and fast, right on her desk. Or the floor. His cock didn't care. But he did. He cared more about her than he wanted to admit.

Sighing, he crossed from the elevators to her desk. "Let me help."

She jerked at his voice and for a brief moment her bright blue gaze locked on his. Just as quickly she averted it. "I'm fine. I don't need—"

Ignoring her, he scooped up the three books then gently took her purse from her. "I'm taking you home."

"What?" Panic, and something he couldn't quite put his finger on, laced her voice.

"I talked to Pauline from HR and told her you were on my way and I'd take you." He might be taking her home but he wasn't leaving until he found out what the hell had scared her away from him. Once they ironed out whatever bullshit they needed, they were going to fuck for hours. All weekend if he had any say in it. The tall blonde had a body made for sex and sin. And he planned to kiss and lick every inch of her sweet curves.

"Why did you do that?" she snapped.

He leaned in a couple inches and had to resist the urge to lean in further and suck her earlobe between his teeth. He lowered his voice. "Do you really want the answer to that?"

She opened her mouth, no doubt with a smart-ass retort but snapped it shut. Her hand shook as she tucked a stray lock of her long, blonde hair behind her ear. How many times had he fantasized about running his hands through her hair, fisting it with just the right amount of pressure as she rode him? He bit back a groan and tried to banish the image.

When she didn't say anything, he frowned. "Do you want to stand here all day?"

"Whatever. I'm tired and I just want to go home," she muttered.

He couldn't understand why she'd been avoiding him or what he'd done to make her so angry. He'd been harboring a mind-numbing attraction to her for over a year but as a member of management, he'd been hesitant to make a move. When she'd gotten in a car accident and ended up hospitalized, he'd thrown all his rules—and the company's rules—out the fucking window.

In addition to a few cuts and bruises, she'd broken her leg. Her best friend Adrianna had been out of town so he'd stayed with Lindsay at the hospital until she'd been released. They'd gotten to know one another and he'd thought they were on the same page. Hell, they'd shared a very hot kiss and since then, she hadn't returned any of his calls. Since she'd been on temporary leave, he hadn't even had a chance to see her in person.

He held open the glass door for her then stopped at the curb. "There's ice on the ground. Stay here while I bring my truck around." Without giving her a chance to respond, he strode toward the parking lot.

He steered to the curb and kicked his truck into park but kept it running. He jumped out and rounded the vehicle before she made it to the passenger side. Her sharp cheekbones tinged a dark shade of pink as he opened the door for her. Whether it was from the cold or something else, he couldn't be sure. Her ivory skin flushed when she was nervous or turned on and it was almost impossible to read the distinctions.

Before he could change his mind, he wrapped his arm around her waist and helped her slide into the seat. She tensed underneath him, but he didn't care. When her soft breasts pressed against him he fought to breathe. Her sweet scent always reminded him of raspberries. Now it enveloped him and made him want to do something stupid. Such as kiss her right in front of their company building.

Lindsay's blue eyes widened as he leaned across to strap her in. The tiny pulse point in her neck was going crazy and her lips parted just a fraction. All he would have to do was lean in and he'd be doing the one thing he'd been fantasizing about for the past year. When she cleared her throat, he jerked back and shut the door.

"Damn it," he muttered as he hurried to the driver's side.

As he pulled away from the curb, he risked a quick glance at her. Her hands were clasped nervously in her lap and she looked so rigid bundled up in her dark blue sweater and scarf.

If anyone was going to start this conversation he knew it would have to be him. "So why'd you come back to work on a Friday?"

She didn't glance in his direction but at least she answered. "The doctor said I was healed enough to go back to work. Didn't matter that it was a Friday to my boss...your father."

And there it was. The elephant in the room. If working for his father was the only reason she had for not being with him, things were about to change. "I know what your doctor said, but how are you feeling?"

She shrugged and shifted in her seat. "Okay, I guess. My leg is still really tender and I think I've just psyched myself up. I'm afraid to put too much pressure on it. That's why I'm trying not to drive, especially in this snow."

"Who's been staying with you the past few weeks?" He braced himself for the answer. If she said a guy's name, he, well, he wouldn't do anything.

"Adrianna spent a lot time with me and so did my mom and sister. Truthfully, I'm happy to have my place back to myself, though." She finally glanced at him and a soft smile touched her lips. "I know I said it already, but thank you for staying with me at the hospital when I couldn't get hold of anyone. I don't know what I'd have done without you."

"If you're so thankful, then why have you been avoiding me the past six weeks?" With his words, it was as if all the air was sucked out of the truck.

Lindsay pushed down the panic threatening to bubble up. Being this close to Randy—no, Randall—put her on edge. She'd always been nervous around him but when he'd showed up at the hospital all those weeks ago, her nerves had given way to utter shock. Of all the people she worked with, she'd never imagined he'd show any

sort of concern. She was just a receptionist. Sure, she was working her way through school to get a degree in landscape architecture, but they didn't exactly move in the same circles.

For the entire first year she'd worked for his father, Randall had always been aloof and almost cold toward her. As a woman, she'd been physically aware of him. *Very aware*. More than she'd ever admitted to even her best friend. His brooding dark eyes always made her feel a bit like a deer in headlights around him. And despite the tailored suits he wore, there was something about him that wasn't exactly civilized. Not that she was afraid he'd hurt her. He just seemed like a predator who always got what he wanted. Then he'd turned his sights on her. After her accident, it was as if a switch had flipped. In addition to his father being her boss, it was hard to get past the change in his personality. And of course the fact that he wanted her just as much as she wanted him. That knowledge had thrown her perfect little world off kilter.

And oh boy did she want him.

She decided to go for semi-honesty when she answered. "After you kissed me, I didn't think it would be...smart to take things any further."

"You kissed me back." His words were practically a growl.

She could feel her face flame, but he was right. She had most definitely kissed him back. And worse, she'd liked that kiss a little too much. Stopping had been one of the hardest things she'd ever done. Over the weeks that followed she'd fantasized about what else he could do with that talented mouth of his. He wouldn't be gentle. That much she knew. Or she hoped he wouldn't. Not the first time. Even thinking it now sent a shiver of desire curling through her. The thought of letting him kiss her everywhere was making it harder to stand her ground. "I know, but it was a mistake."

He swore softly under his breath but didn't press her further. For that she was grateful. Leaning over, she turned on the radio for some distracting noise. As the soft R&B flooded the enclosed space, she leaned against the headrest and tried to relax. Unfortunately it was impossible. With Mr. Tall, Dark and Annoyingly Sexy sitting next

to her it was hard to do anything other than focus on his dominating presence. Her panties were already damp and the ache between her legs was growing by the second. She tried to subtly shift in an attempt to ease her discomfort but when he shot a knowing glance at her, she stilled. They simply needed to be in the same vicinity and her nipples hardened in awareness.

When he pulled up to her townhome, she breathed a sigh of relief there was a parking spot right out front. She hooked her purse over her shoulder and grabbed her books from the center console as he steered into the open spot. "Thanks for the ride. I guess I'll see you—"

Before the words were out of her mouth he'd cut the engine and was already out of the vehicle. He jerked open the door with a little too much force and plucked the books from her hands. She swallowed at the edgy, almost dark expression in his espressocolored eyes. She stood about five eight, and while he was only a couple inches taller than her, everything about him screamed dominance and power. If she could go back in time, she'd take back that stupid kiss. Now when she looked at him, she didn't see her boss' son, she saw a very sexy man and was constantly fantasizing about what he'd look like without his clothes on.

As they ascended the steps to her place, she fished the keys out of her purse. She made a move to unlock the door but he took the keys from her hand.

"What are you doing?"

He held open the door and motioned for her to enter. "I'm making sure you get inside safely and then we are going to talk."

"Talk?" She hated the panic she could hear in her voice.

After he shut the door behind them, the lock sounded with an ominous click. As they stood in her small foyer, she tried to look anywhere but at him. If he looked in her eyes he'd see the need there and she didn't think she'd be able to say no to him.

"Why don't you change into something more comfortable and I'll wait for you in the kitchen?" The question sounded more like an order. Boss' son or not, her annoyance ratcheted up in an instant. "Are you ordering me around?"

Casually, he slid off his winter coat and shrugged. "I figured you'd need a second to gather your thoughts but if you want to have this talk now, I'm ready." His feet were about a foot apart and he looked ready to charge into battle.

Damn it! She hated that he was right. She did need a couple minutes to herself because it was obvious he didn't plan to leave until he'd said whatever it was he needed to. "I'll be downstairs in a second." As quickly as her tender leg would allow, she fled up the stairs. He'd already been to her place once—when he'd brought her back from the hospital—so at least he knew his way around.

She kept her sweater on but changed out of her long, restrictive skirt and boots into comfortable jeans and bare feet. Even though she wanted to hide herself away upstairs all night, she knew she couldn't. This conversation had been a long time coming and in truth, Randall had done nothing wrong. He'd kissed her but she'd met him halfway. She'd just been too much of a chicken to tell him it couldn't happen again. Instead, she'd avoided his calls. And he deserved a better explanation than her silence.

Downstairs she found him in the kitchen drinking a beer. He stood when she entered. "I wasn't sure what you wanted to drink."

"I'll just grab a glass of wine." She headed for the counter where a half-empty bottle of red wine sat, but he was quicker.

He reached the bottle before her so as he poured her a glass she sat at her kitchen table.

"I didn't know you drank Guinness." He tipped his bottle slightly as he took a seat across from her.

"I don't. Adrianna's boyfriend does." She took a sip of her wine then stared at the dark liquid in her glass, trying to formulate a coherent sentence. It felt too surreal to have Randall sitting in her kitchen.

"Was the kiss so bad that you can't even look at me?" he asked wryly.

His question forced her to look up. "Damn it, Randall—"

Something dark and predatory flashed in his eyes. "What happened to Randy?"

She tightened her grip around the stem of her glass. *Randy* was too intimate. They couldn't go back to that casual relationship. "The kiss wasn't bad and you know it. It's just stupid for me to even consider...it can't happen again. Okay?"

"Is it because of my father?"

"Sort of. You might not be my boss but you're in management. I don't want to get a reputation and besides, I need this job."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"When things end with us, it'll get awkward and who do you think will lose their job?"

"Who said it would end?" His soft-spoken question sliced through the air with quiet intensity. Coming from anyone else, it would sound cheesy, but Randy didn't do cheesy. She could read how serious he was in every line of his face.

A hand flew to her throat. "Wait...what?"

He shrugged and she was sure he meant the action to be casual, but his shoulders jerked unsteadily. "I've wanted you from the moment I met you, Lindsay."

She snorted loudly and earned a surprised look.

"Don't believe me?" he ground out.

She shook her head and pushed up from the table. "It doesn't matter what I believe. We just need to pretend that kiss didn't happen and move forward. I'd just been in an accident, emotions were high and we both acted rashly. It was a stupid, stupid mistake. I really think you should leave now."

She was surprised when he actually listened. He stood and walked toward her. Instead of passing her, however, he came at her fast. Too fast.

Before she realized what he was doing, his hand cupped the back of her head and his mouth crushed over hers.

The kiss was demanding yet somehow gentle at the same time. His fingers threaded through her hair as his body pressed up against the full length of hers.

She contemplated pushing him away for all of a fraction of a second, before full-blown lust surged through her body. If she was totally honest with herself, she'd been fantasizing about him the second he'd walked through that hospital door worried about her.

The concern on his face had been real. The kind of emotion one couldn't fake. He'd been the exact opposite of how she'd imagined. Fluffing her pillows, getting her bottled water, food or whatever she needed, *whenever* she needed. It had been shocking and flattering at the same time.

When his other hand pushed at the hem of her sweater until he was touching her stomach, she nearly gasped. The skin-on-skin contact was exactly what she'd been craving. Her breasts were heavy with need and for the first time in a long time, everything was clear.

She wanted Randy so badly her pussy ached. Reaching between them, she cupped his erection. It strained against his pants, begging to be freed. Something told her he wouldn't make the move to free himself. His little confession that he'd been attracted to her for a while was a big hint that he'd been hiding a lot of himself from her. As she rubbed over his hard length, cream dampened her panties at the knowledge she'd brought out that reaction in him.

The little voice in the back of her head told her to slow down, but she couldn't seem to help herself. She'd been doing what was proper her entire life. With Randy's hands on her body, it was hard to care about anything else.

Suddenly, he pulled his head back. "I swore to myself we'd just talk, but if we don't stop now...I'm going to have to leave." His pupils were dilated, making his dark eyes look almost midnight black, and his voice was hoarse and ragged.

The hungry way he looked at her made her knees go weak. No one had ever looked at her with such longing before and it was incredibly hot.

"I don't want to stop." She couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth, but it was what she wanted. She might try to deny it, but she wanted to finish what they'd started weeks ago.

Wordlessly, he scooped her up and headed down the hallway. Her surroundings vaguely registered as they ascended the stairs but all she could focus on was Randy's penetrating gaze. He kept his eyes glued to her as he carried her. Once they reached the top of the stairs, he paused and she realized why. He'd never actually been in her bedroom before.

"Second door on the left." Her words seemed over pronounced in the quiet hallway.

Seconds later they were in her room and he'd put her on her feet. He hadn't bothered with the lights but there was plenty of light streaming in from the hallway. His breathing was labored as he stared at her. "Lindsay, I don't want you to feel pressured. I shouldn't have said I'd leave if we didn't stop. It's still early so if you want to go out for dinner—"

Screw that. She silenced him with her mouth. Clutching onto his shoulders, she used him as support. His tongue rasped against hers in erotic little strokes and her pussy actually fluttered at the motion.

Sliding her hands up his muscular chest and to his shoulders, she pushed at his jacket. He'd taken his outer coat off earlier, but he still wore his suit jacket. He was overdressed and she planned to change that right now.

He didn't need much more invitation than that. Shrugging out of his jacket, he let it fall to the floor and immediately made a move for the bottom of her sweater.

Her world went black for a second as he tugged it over her head. He tossed it to the side and stilled as he stared at her. Her throat clenched when he didn't make a move. Old insecurities surfaced and she instinctively went to cover herself.

When she did, his gaze snapped to hers. "Please don't. You're beautiful."

She dropped her hands to her sides, still feeling a little unsure of herself. After high school she'd lost a lot of weight, but six years later she still saw that chubby girl when she looked in the mirror.

He certainly seemed to like what he saw though. He rested his hands on her waist and pulled her closer before seeking out her mouth again. This time, the kiss was slower, more sensual. As their tongues danced, he reached behind her and unclasped her bra. When the straps slid down her arms, a shiver rolled over her, straight to her pinky toes.

Cupping one of her breasts, he playfully strummed her nipple. The shock of having him touching her so intimately caused her insides to tremble. She arched her back, needing to be closer to him. Needing to feel all of him. They still had far too much clothing in the way.

He trailed kisses along her jaw until he found her earlobe. When he sucked the sensitive flesh into his mouth, she moaned out loud.

While he continued feathering teasing kisses down her neck, she fumbled with his button-down shirt. After what felt like an eternity, all the buttons were loose so she blindly pushed the shirt off him. Taking a small step back, she finally saw what she'd been fantasizing about.

She was not disappointed.

He'd been hiding a lot under those designer suits. While she'd known he had incredibly broad shoulders, he also had perfectly sculpted pectorals, a gorgeous eightpack of abs and...a tattoo of an anchor on the right side of his chest. Her eyes widened. "You were in the Navy?"

His nod was curt. "Four years."

Chapter Two

Lindsay's very kissable lips curled into a mischievous grin. "So should I salute you, sailor?"

He knew she was teasing, but his cock jumped to alert at her seductive, throaty question. Everything about her was perfect and it was as if she didn't quite realize it. Almost as tall as him, she was curvy in all the right places. She looked exactly like a woman should. *His woman*.

He'd been fantasizing about this for too long to stop himself now. Once he got her underneath him, there would be no going back. For either of them. For the past year he hadn't been able to look at another woman without comparing her to Lindsay. He should have made this move long ago, but after tonight he'd have no regrets. And hopefully, neither would she.

Hooking his hands around her, he cupped her ass and hoisted her up. She let out a yelp of surprise and wrapped her arms around his neck. In a few long strides he had her flat on her back on her bed. Her long blonde hair pillowed around her face and shoulders as she stared up at him. It took all his self-control not to pounce like some animal. Even though that's exactly what he felt like.

As quickly as humanly possible, he unzipped her jeans and tugged them down her legs. "Fuck," he muttered as he took in the barely there red lace panties. Then he wanted to kick himself at his language. Normally he had no problem talking to women, but around Lindsay, his brain short-circuited and stupid stuff just tumbled out of his mouth.

Her eyebrows drew together in confusion and she propped up on her elbows.

He traced a finger under the thin strap. "Are you trying to kill me with this thing?"

Immediately her face relaxed. In turn, he relaxed. Sort of. He was still wound tight, but he finally had Lindsay exactly where he wanted and he was not going to fuck things up.

Her long legs seemed to stretch on for miles. He wasn't sure where he wanted to start kissing her.

"You gonna stand there all night simply staring?" she asked in a low, sensual whisper.

He captured her gaze and his throat tightened at what he saw there. She was just as turned on as he. And he desperately wanted to taste her desire.

The bed slightly dipped underneath him as he joined her. Settling between her legs he placed his hands on either side of her body and bent his head toward her breast.

Rose colored nipples, just as he'd imagined. He swiped his tongue over the hardened bud then moved to the other. He had to taste all of her. Every sweet inch.

Pulling the nub into his mouth, he lightly pressed down with his teeth and earned himself a low moan from her. Her back arched up, giving him better access.

Raw need hummed through him as he alternated between breasts. She fisted her fingers through his hair as he continued licking the underside, the side and the top of her luscious breasts. He felt almost primal as he tried to paint every inch of her with his tongue. As if he were marking her. Hell, on one level he knew that he *was* marking her. Lindsay was his. Whatever hang-ups she had about them would be over after tonight. He'd make sure of it.

His hand strayed down her stomach and slid under the skimpy material she wore as coverage.

"Keep going." Her voice was edgy, uneven.

Gladly. Cupping her mound, he slid his middle finger over her clit. She was already damp with need. He circled the throbbing nub with his finger and she jerked against his body. Oh yeah, she was close. She just needed the right stimulation.

Somehow he tore his mouth away from her breasts. Breathing hard, he kissed a trail down to her lower abdomen. When he raked his teeth against the sensitive flesh right above her panties, she sucked in a deep breath.

He chuckled against her skin then grasped the red material as he tugged it off her. Now she was completely naked in front of him and he was afraid he might come right then. A small patch of perfectly trimmed blonde hair covered her mound. His cock pressed against the zipper of his pants, demanding to be set free, but he was going to do things right. The first time with her had to be good. Better than good.

Glancing at her face, he smiled at the way her eyes had darkened to a midnight blue. "You want?" he nodded with his head at her spread legs.

Her lips parted a fraction and she simply nodded.

When he pressed a kiss to her throbbing clit, her hips jerked once so he placed a calming hand on her stomach. Licking and teasing, he circled her clit and lapped up her juices.

As he flicked the hard bud, he inserted a finger inside her. She was soaking wet. She might be turned on, but she wasn't ready for him. Her pussy was tight, but she needed to come first before they fucked...no, it would be more than fucking. He felt as if he'd been waiting forever to meet a woman like Lindsay. Whenever she entered a room, people naturally gravitated to her. She was pretty, yes, but it was her smile that drew people in. It was absolutely contagious because it was warm and real.

If he could, he'd bottle that smile up and keep it forever. He never wanted to see her sad and if he could help it, he was going to put that sexy smile on her face tonight. And many nights to follow.

Slowly, he moved his finger in and out of her, dragging it along her inner walls. She clenched around him and her hips moved in perfect rhythm against his hand. One finger might be enough but he wanted to feel her body stretch and mold to him.

When he inserted another finger, he paused and she gasped. "Please, Randy," she moaned.

He lifted his head a fraction. "Please what?"

"Please...do something."

Grinning, he plunged his fingers into her and sucked on her clit at the same time. That was all it took. Her cream flooded his fingers as he stroked in and out. When he lightly used his teeth against her clit, it pushed her over the edge.

Her fingers tightened on his head, but he didn't stop his assault. As her orgasm rocked through her, he withdrew his fingers and licked her slit from top to bottom, circled her clit then repeated it. He wanted to taste all of her and this was just the beginning.

As the intense climax surged through her and eventually abated, Lindsay fell boneless against her bed. She clutched the comforter underneath her, trying to somehow ground herself in reality, but it was useless. Her toes were numb with pleasure.

If he could do that with his tongue and fingers alone, she was in serious trouble. Randy looked up at her from between her legs and bestowed an absolutely wicked grin on her. Her heart did a little flip-flop and she was taken back to all those weeks ago when they'd spent so much time together. Being with him now, she saw the man she'd gotten to know in that hospital room and she had a hard time believing what a fool she'd been by ignoring him. He had a darker edge to him, but he was surprisingly easygoing and he was very giving. As he'd just shown her.

She reached out for him. "That was amazing."

"I hope you're not too tired," he growled and slid up her body until his mouth devoured hers in what she could only describe as a primal, possessive taking.

Before she had a chance to catch her breath, he pushed up and off the bed and pulled a handful of condoms from his pocket. He tossed them on the bed.

In surprise, she stared. "You were feeling quite sure of yourself, huh?"

Hands on his belt buckle, he paused. "I haven't been with another woman since you came to work for Phillips Design.

Her mouth fell open, but before she had time to digest his confession, he shucked his pants. That's when she discovered he wore no boxers. Well, the man was just full of surprises tonight.

His cock sprang free and her abdomen muscles tightened with need. A tiny drop of come had already gathered at the tip of his thick, hard length. She repositioned herself so that she was on her knees and picked up one of the condoms.

She ripped it open then crooked a finger at him. "Get on your back."

He faltered and his eyes flared. Giving up control would be hard but she wanted to see if he'd do it.

His jaw clenched but after a few long seconds, he did as she asked. Climbing onto the bed, he stretched out next to her and hooked one arm under his head. "So you want to be in control?" he whispered, the sound dark and almost ominous. His deep voice sent shivers skittering across her body.

Without responding, she fisted his cock and licked it from the base to the top. For a brief moment, she circled the tip and took him fully in her mouth before raising her head. She just wanted a quick taste before he buried himself inside her. He groaned when she lifted her head, but when she looked at his face, the corners of his mouth tugged up into a half-smile. He wanted to be inside her as much as she wanted him there.

Feeling more confident, she rolled the condom over his erection. As soon as she reached the base of his cock, he grabbed her by the hips and flipped her on her back. She started to protest as he settled between her legs once again.

"Sorry, sweetheart, I'm on top this time," he murmured into her ear.

"Control freak." She giggled. She should have known he wouldn't give up control that easily. Not that she minded. Having a sexy-as-sin man like Randy on top of her was her fantasy come to life.

Her body burned for him. Wrapping her legs around him, she rubbed her folds over his cock. Groaning, he buried himself inside her in one long thrust.

She gasped as he pushed deep inside. The intrusion was more than she expected. He was barely moving and her pussy was already contracting out of control. How that was possible, she wasn't sure. She'd just had the mother of all orgasms. She shouldn't be ready to come again. Yet somehow, she was.

As if he read her mind, he palmed both her breasts and rubbed his thumbs over her nipples in measured movements. The erotic action sent zings of pleasure straight to the ache between her legs.

Needing more, she rocked her hips against his. He kept his thrusts slow and rhythmic until she dug her fingers into his backside and squeezed. Then he let go. He pumped into her with barely restrained passion.

Another climax swelled through her, starting in her pussy and rocketing through her entire body. It felt almost like an extension of her previous one, yet somehow stronger. Her legs clenched around him as she found release.

As she came down from another high, Randy cried out her name and jerked wildly inside her. Nothing about his movements was orchestrated or controlled. So unlike the man she saw at work every day. He grunted one last time before collapsing on top of her.

Keeping her arms and legs entangled around him, she stroked her fingers up and down his back, savoring the feel of his tight body. Eventually he grew soft inside her and rolled to the side. After disposing of the condom, he pulled her so that she was sprawled against him.

With her ear against his chest, she could hear the erratic thump of his heart. Long minutes later, his heartbeat had returned to normal.

"Want to tell me why we've been waiting to do that?" he murmured into her hair.

She smiled against him and the light sprinkle of hair on his chest tickled her cheek. "Because I'm an idiot."

A low rumbling sound erupted from him and it took a moment to realize he was laughing. "Don't say that. Besides, I take some of the blame. I came on a little strong."

She rolled to her side then propped up on one elbow as she faced him. "It wasn't just that. For an entire year I thought you didn't like me, then you stormed into the hospital and it was like another person had taken your place. You were sweet and kind and just when we started getting to know one another..."

"We kissed," he finished for her.

"Exactly. It threw me for a loop. I know I acted like a total chicken, but better late than never, right?"

He nodded and a small grin played across his face. Just as quickly, the smile disappeared to be replaced with a worried expression. "In the interest of full disclosure, I think the reason my father wanted you to come in to work today might have had something to do with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been a bit of a bear to work with lately. When you called saying your doctor said it was okay to come back to work, my father wanted to give you another week off and I, uh..."

"You told him to make me come in?"

He shrugged and pulled her tighter against his chest. "In so many words. I wish I could say I'm sorry, but I'm not."

"Neither am I." And she wasn't. Not one little bit.

About the Author

Savannah Stuart has been reading romance for as long as she can remember. When she discovered erotic romance, she knew she'd found her niche. Most of her stories have a touch of intrigue or suspense, but the one thing she always includes is a Happily Ever After. In addition to writing (and reading, of course!), she loves traveling with her husband.

Savannah welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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