

A woman is shown from the chest up, wearing a grey blazer that is open, revealing her bare chest. She is wearing long white gloves. Her hands are placed on her chest. The background is dark.

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*

Wedding  
Belles

*Something  
New*

Cerise DeLand

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

## **Something New**

*Cerise DeLand*

*Book 2 in the Wedding Belles series.*

Raine Fortunato tells herself the mother of the bride shouldn't drool over the younger, hunky best man. Buff, blond vagabond Scott McCoy shouldn't be the something new she yearns for. Right?

But Scott sees his opportunity. Enticing slinky, sexy Raine to get wet and wild with him needs to happen. ASAP. The night before the wedding. When he offers her the key to his room and she risks unlocking her craziest fantasies, she discovers earth-shattering climaxes and soul-searing intimacy.

Time now for Raine to decide if something new can be something more.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Something New

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# ***SOMETHING NEW***

**Cerise DeLand**

### *Dedication*

To my pals in this “Wedding Party”, Desiree Holt and Allie Standifer, thanks for the laughter as we three got hitched!

### *Acknowledgement*

For Helen, editor with the mostest!

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## Chapter One

The first part of Raine Fortunato's anatomy Scott McCoy ever saw was her cute, toned ass. Yep. In neon-green running shorts that, swear to god, should have been outlawed in Texas.

He tore his eyes from her rear end now and froze as he watched her breeze from the hotel elevator toward the bar. He set his jaw, vowing to get up his gumption to approach her just like he had promised himself this morning or he wasn't going to survive the weekend.

"Mr. McCoy, good evening. We have your suite ready for you," the receptionist began her check-in spiel.

"Hello, yes, thank you. The specific one I requested?" When she confirmed it, he nodded as she went on, but his eyes were glued to the slinky redhead in the clingy purple cocktail dress. And the sway of her hips.

Raine looked as hot as hell now, but had looked good enough to eat the day he found her, ass in the air as she bent down to the cupboard in her kitchen putting detergent away.

"Sir, to begin the process, might I please have your credit card?"

When he'd said hello to Raine that day, he had shocked her so badly, she'd jumped up, hands to her heart. But the next part of her he'd noticed were her legs. Long, tanned, firm female thighs and calves that glided all the way to her cute bare feet.

Couldn't see her legs now as she turned into the bar and disappeared. *But, man, he could detect every sexy, taut muscle in the cut-up-to-there slit skirt.*

He had always been a leg man, so for a woman's shapely glutes to light his fire made him sit up and take notice. Or rather made his cock sit up. Straight and hard.

But other parts of Raine murdered him, too. Her eyes. Forest green. Dark. Dangerous to his reason.

The mouth. Generous. The lower lip dipping in the center like a rose petal filled with dew.

Man, he wanted to nibble that. *Suck it.*

But since that first day when he'd been delivering a present from his brother, Brad, to his fiancée Zoe, Raine's daughter and Brad's bride-to-be, Scott wanted all of Raine Fortunato. Her svelte body. Her sultry laughter. Her sharp mind. And he wanted the whole package in a big, broad bed. Going nowhere for hours, except up in flames with him. He had promised himself since that day in her kitchen, he was going to get her, too.

And tonight was his night.

The two of them were meant to be. Had to be. Like water and air. Sunshine and sex. He knew it, had felt it the minute his eyes met hers. Two years in an ashram had taught him to seize on his instinct. Go for the gold.

He turned and looked into the amused gaze of the receptionist who raised her brows at him in question.

"Pardon me." He scratched the corner of his jaw and grinned at her. "I do know her."

"Lucky woman!"

He laughed. "And yeah," he confessed as he handed over his credit card, "I am interested."

She widened her eyes, playing him. "I got that. Fast."

"Okay then," he chuckled. "As you can see I really am in a hurry. So would you please just tag my luggage and have a bellboy take it up to my room?" He fished out a ten from his money clip and passed it over as a tip for the service.

"Of course, Mr. McCoy. You are staying with us one night?"

"Yes, I'm part of the Fortunato-McCoy wedding party, but how's your availability if I decide to stay after the reception tomorrow?" he asked optimistically.

"Open. Shall I put you down as a tentative?"

"Sure. And another thing?" He could dream, couldn't he? "Would you please give me two room keys?"

"Certainly, sir. Not a problem." She clicked away at her computer while he drummed his fingers on her counter. *Got to get to Raine fast and begin to change her mind about her trip day after tomorrow.*

"And here, Mr. McCoy, is your credit card! You are all set!"

"Thanks. Let me give you my car keys, too. If you could have the valet park it? The silver Mazerati out front." He slid his keys over to the woman, along with another ten.

"Yes, sir. Right away. I'll have him bring you your keys. You will be..."

"In the bar." *If I don't get my face slapped and myself sent packing like a bad schoolboy.*

He buttoned his navy blazer. Winced. Gathered all his damn courage and headed for his Waterloo. *Propositioning your brother's future mother-in-law could be the best thing you ever did, old man. Or you could shrivel up and die of rejection.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Raine Fortunato needed a drink badly. Courage to face the music. Her only child getting married tomorrow. Her widowhood getting bleaker by the minute. Her hunger for a younger man. A specific, much-too-close-for-comfort younger man in her bed. Something new she shouldn't have.

"Gin and tonic, please," she told the bartender as she glanced around the dim room. Seeing none of the women in her daughter's bridal party had arrived yet, Raine rejoiced at the solitude and slid onto a leather-covered bar chair. *I just want to drink and convince myself my life will still be interesting. That I'll make it so. In Florence, they have silver-haired Italian dukes my age who need a real woman in their arms, don't they?*

"Sure enough, ma'am." The thirty-something guy on duty winked at her.

*Ma'am.* The polite Texas term made Raine wince. *Makes me feel even older than my forty-five years. And this weekend, I definitely don't want to feel like a run-down matron. Not when my daughter's getting married. And I've got a bad crush on the man who will be her brother-in-law.*

"There you go!" The bartender put her drink in front of her with a grin that could melt ice. "You didn't say but I gave you Bombay Sapphire."

"Thanks. Good choice." She smiled at him and took a sip. "Smooth. Love it."

"Can I get you anything else?" He hooked an elbow on the bar, looking like he wanted to hang around for a while.

She grinned at him. He had soft brown hair, not sun-streaked blond. A pointed face with a Van Dyke beard, not a square one with a golden tan and a wide slash of fierce lips.

"Nuts, maybe?" he asked.

She shook her head. The kind she wanted to nibble on, he didn't have.

"Bruschetta? Great stuff from the chef." His gaze ran all over her face, then down to her cleavage where her emeralds told tales of her wealth and maybe even her age.

"Thanks, no. I'm having dinner soon." *If my daughter and her best friend ever shake a tail feather and get down here.*

"Can't sit here and drink all alone."

"She's not going to," a resonant bass voice announced.

"Scott!" Raine was astonished to see him. *I'm not ready to look at you in front of other people. The drool on my chin will be too noticeable.* "What are you doing here?"

"Checking in." He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

The feel of those lips on her skin was a sensation she was not prepared for. But she had thought about it, long and hard. She squirmed and tried to smile at him.

"You okay?" he asked with a narrowing gaze on her open mouth.

"Very." She shifted. The damn leather seat was suddenly hot and her sheer panties might be designer French, but they did not serve well for a lady having a wide-awake wet dream. "How are you?"

"Good. You?" He grinned at her, his sky blue eyes drifting over her low-cut décolleté and making her nipples bead. "I'll have one of those, too." He turned away to tell the bartender and Raine got the impression he was pointed about it, driving the man away.

No need. Scott knocked out all competition. What was he? Six six? With arms that begged her to come to daddy. A chest so broad he looked like he could hold back the dawn. And a square, tanned face made for Hollywood.

*Hey, Raine. What is he saying?* The weather? "Humid," she agreed, then tried, "All checked in?" *Oh, scintillating, Raine.*

He looked straight ahead. "Just got here, so, no. I had the staff take up my luggage and park my car."

"Did you work today?" she asked because she had no idea what to say to him, other than, *Want to get out of this place and go up to my room to fuck?*

"I did. Left early." He faced her then and she drowned in those clear, sweet eyes of his. Was she crazy or was he as nervous as she trying to drum up conversation? "Have you been here long?"

"About two o'clock," she managed and drank her G & T. "Wanted to go for a swim but instead, I took a nap."

"Good."

She blinked at that. Did he imply that such an old lady needed her rest? She was older than he, but jeez, she was not in her dotage.

He cleared his throat. "I just meant that we'll be up late tonight."

*I could wish.* Her brows rose incrementally. "Sure. The out-of-towners and other members of the wedding party might want to get toasted."

"Not you?" His voice was so low, so rough, her pussy pulsed just imagining how the reverberations would feel on her labia.

She pressed her pussy to the leather and found no relief. "Not really." *I just want to get laid.* "You?"

The bartender appeared and slid Scott's drink toward him. "Anything else, sir?"

"Thanks, not right now."

Raine fiddled with the corner of her napkin. Then used her swizzle stick to beat the gin to a giant swirl.

"Look, I—"

"Raine, I—"

They both stared at each other.

"You first." She smiled at him. Brad had told her stories of Smooth Scott, Surfer God and Romeo To All Women Within View. What was his problem talking to her?

He tapped his own swizzle stick against his glass. "Raine, I really enjoyed talking to you the other night at the family dinner at your house."

She pressed her thighs together, her pussy swelling at the memory of them laughing together at her own dinner table. The way he'd leaned close to speak near her ear and share a tidbit about his brother. The way he'd smelled. The way his blue eyes had glistened when he'd asked her about her latest book and hadn't been faking his interest in the 1869 Texas Comanche massacre. "I did, too."

"I can see why Brad loves Zoe."

"Thank you," she murmured, aware the polite statement sounded like the beginning to one of those mutual admiration discussions. "I like Brad, too. You have obviously been a great influence as an older brother and Leslie did a great job, too, helping to raise a charming young man after your parents died." *God, did that sound like I just volunteered to become his grandmother or what?*

Scott winced and gazed at his drink. "I didn't say that about Zoe to be diplomatic, Raine."

"Okay." *Did you say it to prove I'm an old hag and much too ancient for you? Which I may be because Zoe told me yesterday you're thirty-four. Oh, stuff it, Raine. Ask the man. "Why then?"*

"It was a not so-suave way to compliment you."

*He's letting you down easy, girl.* "I could say thank you again, but I fear I would sound like a parrot."

"So don't talk." He swiveled around on his bar stool to face her fully. This time, his long, warm thighs spanned wide to block her from leaving. "Raine. Look at me."

She feared when she did that her expression told him everything he needed to know. Things like, *I want you. I want your carefree attitude. Your ragged sandpaper voice in my ear. Your wonderful lips on mine. And the bulk of those magnificent biceps holding me close.*

He reached over and took both her hands in his. His skin was warm, his calluses rough from years of wanderlust, surfing and his past three months as a construction boss in the family business. "I want to be friends, Raine."

*Just like I thought.* She tugged her hands away, but he wouldn't let her go.

He cursed under his breath. "Hell, I'm being a real klutz at this. I don't want to be friends."

"Oh, boy." She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Let me just give this a try, okay? You've somehow noticed that I feel like I'm thirty years old when I look at you. Fine. Great." She shook back her shoulder-length waves. "Doesn't mean you have to worry I'll jump you. I'm a proper lady, Scott, and I don't attack men younger than me. Or older, for that matter. Not on a regular basis, anyway. So if you're worried that I'll make a fool of myself then—"

"Raine!" He was beaming her like he just won the Texas Lottery. "Don't say another word. Let me spit this out."

*Terrific. A guy who is delighted to brush me off.* "Hurry. Zoe and Brina are meeting me here soon and we don't want to be holding hands when—"

"I do."

She tipped her head. *"What?"*

"I want to be holding hands when they come."

"No, you don't." She tried not to hope, not to look like a teenager all gaga for the hunky blond guy.

"Raine, honey."

*Honey?*

"I want to do more than hold hands."

Now she wondered how much gin the bartender had slipped in her glass. Maybe a double for Scott, too, hmmm?

"I want to sit next to you at dinner. Like we did last week."

*So I can look at you, up close and personal? Who could be so lucky?*

"I want to hear you tell me more stories of the Comanche."

She was flattered and flummoxed. "Hey, what author doesn't want a willing audience? Especially nonfiction."

"I'm not telling you any stories, Raine."

"I hope not." Wow. How much truth can one woman blurt out in five minutes flat?

"Zoe told me the other night you're flying to Italy day after tomorrow."

She glanced down at their entwined hands. "I have to leave, Scott."

"Not for the reason you're going."

Raine swallowed a cry. "So Zoe also added why I booked that flight." *I will seek her out on her honeymoon and paddle the poor girl's behind, bride or not.*

Scott's fingers lifted her chin. "Raine, she told me you want something you think you shouldn't have."

How many shades of red was she blushing?

"What if I say you should? That I want it, too?"

Raine stilled, suppressing the urge to throw her arms around him and give him a huge smacker of a kiss. "That girl never learned to obey her mother."

Scott grinned like the whole world was smiling with him. "Damn, honey. I like the way you brought her up. She'll make the best sister-in-law."

Raine's smile crumbled. "Scott, please. I am a grown woman who—"

"Who wants me as much as I want her."

She stumbled for words to respond to that while her heart pounded and her mind raced. "What the hell are you saying, McCoy?"

"I want hours with you, Raine. I want to dine with you, listen to you, laugh with you, dance with you. And if that goes well, and we decide we shouldn't keep our hands to ourselves, then I want everything." He came closer. Loomed larger. She had always liked big, blond, hulking men. Never had one. But oh, did her mouth water now for this scrumptious hunk of masculinity. "Tonight."

"You are serious." The realization hit her like a brick wall.

"I am."

"Hey, Mom!" Zoe called from the doorway.

Raine heard her, but couldn't get enough of Scott's enraptured expression. "Why?" she asked breathlessly, suddenly frantic to know, to understand how this one man, whom she had obsessed about for days, was here telling her he wanted a one-night stand with her. Exactly the words she had used to tell her daughter about her ridiculous fixation on the older McCoy brother. "Why me?"

"Simple, Raine. Because the way you look at me makes me feel like Superman. Because I love your dark whisky voice and your stories about Indians." Then one blond brow arched high as he winked. "And I love your ass."

She gasped. "Pardon me?" Her daughter was working her way through the bar, waving at someone toward the back.

Scott reached inside his trouser pocket and pressed something flat and cool into Raine's palm. "After dinner and dancing, I'll leave before you. Room 510."

Raine felt the plastic in her hand. His room key. She wanted to hug him or kiss him. Preferably both. But Room 510 seemed like the best place to do all that. And more.

"Hi, Mom. Scott! Look who was in the back, hiding out, as ever." Zoe hooked her arm through her best friend's. "Brina."

Raine shot the younger woman a glance as Scott greeted the tall, voluptuous brunette.

Brina's sapphire eyes danced down into Raine's. "Hey, Hot Mama, how we doin'?"

*Nailed.*

Raine stifled a groan.

Scott rose from his chair, Mr. Happy-Go-Lucky. "Gotta run. See you all at dinner."

How much more indiscreet could she be about getting laid the night before her daughter's wedding?

## Chapter Two

The sixty-two guests at the dinner and dance were well oiled by ten o'clock. They'd devoured the hors d'oeuvres and drained the open bar, then worked their way through the four-course dinner. Raine stood by the head table sipping a sambucca as she chatted with Leslie Carter, the man who had brought up Brad and Scott after their parents died and ran the company for them for the past ten years, too.

From the corner of her eye, she noted how more and more of the guests were saying good night.

Her heart did a little salsa step, knowing the time was approaching when she would have to make a decision. *To be a wanton old lady or to slink away from this sweet opportunity like a wuss.*

Where was Scott?

Carter was talking about the construction company. "So I've retired."

"You have? Sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes, now that Scott is taking a big hand in running the business, I can move on to other things."

"But you're still young." *Have you got age on the brain, or what, Raine?*

"Forty-eight. Old enough to get out and enjoy my life. I've worked eighteen-hour days for years and now I'm done."

"Good for you. I had no idea you were thinking of leaving," she told him. *What a handsome man. Silver-haired. Older than me. Why shouldn't I develop a passion for him?*

"I decided only recently. Scott is taking to the CFO job like he was born to it. And to be precise, he was. Me? I have one more thing I want to take care of before I leave town and then, well...." He waved hand. "Who knows?"

"I booked a flight to Rome for Monday," she confided, though she knew she was just thinking out loud. "I needed to get away."

"Taking a vacation?"

"Yes. Extended." *I need to get away from temptation.* She caught sight of Scott across the room talking to her Aunt Jane. Suit coat gone. Tie gone. White shirt open at his strong, tanned throat. "But I'm tempted to stay."

She spied Scott making a beeline for her across the dance floor and she tensed.

"Hey, Carter. Raine," Scott greeted her again in that killer do-me-right bass voice as he slipped his arm around her waist. "Come dance. You won't mind if I take her away, Carter," he told the man who was his friend as well as business partner.

"Not at all." The older man set his brandy snifter down on the bar. "Have fun. I'm headed upstairs to bed."

Scott led her out onto the floor, hugging her tightly to his big, hard body. "I've been dying for this since dinner," he whispered as he turned her into his arms and stepped flush to her body. "The band is good. The song is great. But you?" He put his lips to her ear. "You make it the best music in the world."

She felt her breasts crushed to his chest and she couldn't help the moan that rose in her throat.

"I know, baby," he told her on a thread of sound as they moved together like they'd practiced for years. "I've been crazy to get my body against yours all night long."

She let out a laugh. "Thank god you love to dance and you're so good at it." Her husband had merely tolerated it.

He gazed down at her, all the while pressing his palm to the small of her back so that she bent backward to look up at his to-die-for handsome face. "I knew we'd be great out here."

"Did you also know that we would outrage everyone here with the way you're holding me?"

"Yeah," he chuckled, all the while keeping his hips glued to hers. "I knew we'd fit."

She hooted. "We fit so well that we'd make a good porn flick."

He moved ever so slightly and now his long, iron-hard cock was pressed right to her mound. Her very swollen mound. "My hope exactly."

"People are leaving in droves now," she told him, on a note of dismay she couldn't keep from her tone.

"I'll have to leave soon, too," he said, looking straight ahead. "Just so we don't look like we're hooking up."

She swallowed. "I know. That matters to me, Scott." She leaned back to get another great view of the scenery that was the older McCoy. "I'm not a prude."

"That," he crooned and wiggled his brows, "I got."

She snorted. "How?"

"Honey, the way you walk. The way you dress. You are Man's Best Hope for Salvation. Besides, I know who you are. How you feel."

"You do?"

"Sure," he told her on a turn. "You are in the public eye. You write serious nonfiction. You have a reputation to uphold and you don't want anyone to think you're foolish."

She stared at the buttons on his crisp white shirt. "You're right."

"Raine, you're not being foolish. And neither am I."

"Oh, yeah, well. I didn't think of it that way. You being younger and —"

"Aspiring to greatness?" He arched that long, pale brow at her again.

She grinned. "So you think."

"I know. I panicked that you'd refuse me. Hell, I panicked as we sat in the bar while I made a mess of my pitch."

So he wasn't just picking her up to add a notch to his belt. "That did take *cojones*."

He stared down at her. "Looking at you, lady, gives me the biggest ones in Texas."

She laughed so hard she leaned back in his arms.

"You are going to come, aren't you?"

She let her eyes dance at his wording. *How could I not?* "I want to."

He chuckled, then sobered. "What holds you back?"

"Oh, Scott."

He inhaled, hauled her closer and declared, "You have to come to hear my stories. I haven't told you about my fascination with the Apaches. Texas Apaches. Lived in the Hill Country. Grassland natives. Until about 1820. And I haven't told you about the two years I lived in Rome."

Both facts about him were new to her. "Doing what?"

"Tending bar in one of the five-star hotels near the Coliseum."

"Bet you made great tips," she offered. "From the women."

"Men, too, babe. Allowed me to save my euros and head out to Thailand the following year."

"Leaving all those heartbroken ladies behind," she couldn't stop herself from adding. "I'm sorry." She stopped. "I didn't mean to sound like a witchy, jealous old lady. I have no right."

He pulled her back into his arms. "Relax. Raine. I know what you are really asking. Look at me, honey."

Oh, dangerous to look into those eyes.

"I'm done drifting. Done surfing. Done bartending and hitching rides to the next place. Nirvana is a state of mind. I wanted to come home. Be with Brad and Carter. They were my only family and I learned the value of it the hard way. Now, Zoe is part of my family, too, and I'm pleased. I'm good here. In Houston. Working at the family business. And shocking as it is to you, it is just as earth-shaking to me that the first person I saw who rocked my world when I got home was you."

If words alone could sweet-talk her into his bed, then she was already head over heels for this man. "You believe two people can want each other from first sight?"

"Sometimes, yeah, with most though, it means nothing but sex. Once in a blue moon, it's more. It is now. And I need to see how much more this is."

She stared at the opening of his shirt. She wanted to lick him *there*, on the bronze hollow of his throat. "I do, too."

"Good. Call it fast, Raine. And senseless. But I have learned to name what I want and work hard to get it."

"And you want me?"

"Like bread and water."

She bit her lower lip. How she kept up with the beat of the dance she had no freaking idea. "You are charming, Scott."

"And you are afraid."

She froze. Glanced up at him. "Yes. I am damn afraid. You and I, we'll see each other for years to come. After tomorrow, we will be close. Not related but extended family."

"And if we do this, you're concerned we won't be able to be friends."

"Yes."

"But we are. Already." He nestled his lips close to her ear and said, "We both like Indians. You like Comanches. I like Apaches. You write about Texas history. I read your two books last week."

"You did?" Her mouth was open so wide, it was definitely letting in flies.

"I loved 'em. Come to my room, Raine. Let's be better friends."

"Because if I don't now, I never will?"

His blue eyes bored into hers. "Never say never. But if you don't come now, for certain, things will be just as awkward between us as if we never had a frank discussion about it or confronted the issue the way we want to."

"You've got this figured out," she laughed as she complimented him.

"If I did, Raine, I wouldn't be shaking like a leaf inside."

The song ended. They stood there, locked in each other's embrace as others drifted off the dance floor and a couple called good night to her.

Scott stepped backward. "Room 510, Raine. I'll be waiting."

*It was easy to say things like, we can do this. Pretend we never went to bed. Never wanted each other. Pretend we never made a foolish mistake. Acted on impulse.*

Raine stared at him as he left the room. He was tall and beautiful, buff and said the loveliest things. But she had met him only weeks ago, talked with him really only last week and tonight and suddenly, she was going to hop into bed with him? Rubbing her arms, she whirled around.

"Got a problem, Mom?"

Zoe stood before her.

"You told him I was attracted to him, Zoe."

"I did." She winced and looked at the floor. "I knew you wouldn't."

"You think I am incapable of...of..."

"Maybe you were once. You told me how you fought with Dad to get your masters and later how you both argued when you wanted to teach only part-time so that you could write. But since he's gone, you have grown into yourself."

That truth hit Raine like a truck. She braced herself and asked, "What more do you what to say?"

"You don't take what you want any longer. You wait for it to come to you."

*Wow.* Raine marveled, recalling what Scott had said about himself. "I don't work to get it."

"Not really. The real Raine Fortunato is a damn gutsy broad. But for almost three years, she's been hibernating. I thought I would help lure her out of her cave."

Raine lifted both brows at her lovely daughter. "With fresh meat?"

Zoe tipped her head to one side. "A nice hunky serving, right?"

"Absolutely." Raine considered her only child. Was something bothering her? Did she have cold feet? Whatever it was, why did Raine feel it had to do with her daughter's own self-perception? "Did I teach you to be assertive or was that your father?"

"Both. But I am very much like you, Mom."

*In some ways, yes. "How's that?"*

"I have to examine closely when it's good for me to be bold, and when it might destroy everything I've got."

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock on the lobby wall was headed for midnight by the time Raine came through. The gardens of the Republic of Texas Hotel resembled a mini-Versailles and she had wandered in the maze for far too long.

She stood before the elevator, tapping her toe in anxiety. When the doors swished open and she marched in, she looked at herself in the mirrored walls. The shoulder-length red hair, the dark green eyes, the body she worked super hard to keep in shape. Didn't this woman deserve to take what she wanted? Especially since the desire was mutual?

When the doors slid open again, Raine took the card key from her purse and began her hunt for 510. Around to the left and down the hall, she searched for the room. The hotel was filled with her extended friends and family. Raine was grateful no one was out at this hour to see her go to her rendezvous. She sighed in relief when she saw that all was quiet.

She stood there a minute, smoothed her palm over her hip, put the card in the slot and...

A wild, screeching siren rent the air.

*What the hell is that?*

She stared up and looked around.

The door in front of her opened.

So did her mouth.

Scott stood there, bare chest, bare feet, tanned and beaming from ear-to-ear.

She heard yells. Doors opening.

The two doors in back of her disgorged people. People who said, "What is that?" "Oh, shit!" "At this hour of the night?" "Darlin', where are my briefs?" "Is that a *fire* alarm?"

"Scott?" she beseeched him, engulfed by hotel guests in pjs and shock.

He reached one long, muscular arm out, grabbed her hand and pulled her inside. "Oh, honey!" He pressed her to the wall and slammed the door shut. "I thought you weren't coming. I was crazy." His hands were in her hair, his body warm and hard, his lips sweet as they spoke on hers. "Thank god."

"Scott," she murmured, so enthralled by the little kisses he bestowed on her mouth and her throat that she could barely breathe, let alone think. "The place is on *fire*!"

"Tell me about it." He was chuckling as his fingers took her evening bag from her and put it on the hall table.

She grinned, arching into his big warm hands as he molded her to him, breasts to chest, pussy to cock. "But the hotel —"

"Forget the hotel, baby. I'm burning up. You will be, too, in a minute."

She moaned as he found the side zipper to her gown and slid it down, tooth by agonizing tooth. "The place will burn down!"

"Mmm. I know it will." He brushed his hands inside the crepe and let it slither down her body.

The air-conditioning made her shiver. But his adoring hands made her warm everywhere he touched. "They'll find us in here."

"I know they will." He pulled her forward to step out of her gown, which puddled on the carpet.

She tossed her hair and widened her eyes at him. "We'll be burnt to a crisp."

He continued backward to his sitting room. "Damn right, we will."

"You really don't care?"

"That some drunk fool tripped the alarm?"

She threw her head back to chuckle. "I really shouldn't laugh."

"Laugh, baby." He sat down in a big easy chair and pulled her down with him, her legs bent at the knees to the cushion, her entire body open to him with only see-through French lace adorning her. He inhaled and lifted the wealth of her breasts, one in each reverent palm. His blue eyes grew heavy-lidded and stormy. "Giggle. Scream. Do one. Do all. Do whatever comes naturally."

She felt her nipples harden, her cunt pulse. She felt triumphant. Powerful. Where had that strong woman been for the past few years? "You like wild women?"

"Baby," he whispered as he pinched both her nipples, then bent to fasten his lips over one. "I like you."

Bucking, she tried to squeeze her thighs together. She was so swollen, so slick, she might be rash and stupid and attack him like a starving cat. "You're not going to stop?"

"Not all night long."

She tingled. Her pussy gushed with more cream. God, she was going to make him and herself so damn happy. "I think I'm in heaven."

"Makes two of us here."

"We'll get no rest?"

"I'm doing my best."

"I can tell," she gasped as he licked her nipple through the lace, then bit her and made her yelp. "That's why you're..." She lost her train of thought as he edged his hand inside her panties and sank one thick finger high inside her cunt.

“The best man?” He found her clit and stroked her. “Yeah, darlin’. The best man for you.”

## Chapter Three

She tasted like silk and roses. She looked enchanting, her rich, dark red hair thrown back, her eyes half closed with need.

*Just the way I want you. Just the way I'm going to keep you.*

His one hand cupped her breast. What was she? A 38? D? *Yeah, baby. Big and firm and all mine.* His cock jerked, impulsive big bastard, wanting to get inside her now.

*Easy, man.*

His other hand cupped her mons. She was as hot as the desert as she thrust against him. One finger was skimming inside her cunt, gripped tight by her swollen walls but coated with the wealth of her cream. "I see how you came just in time."

"If you keep doing that, I may come right now," she whispered, her torso swaying in delight.

"Do as you like, baby. We're here all night long. You brought this juicy pussy and these sweet hard nipples to the party. I'm going to reward you for the presents."

Her hands left his shoulders and drifted to the waistband of his trousers. "I need to see what you brought to the party."

He shifted to let his cock move. Christ, he was so stoked, he wondered if he'd shoot off the minute she touched him, but he couldn't be stingy. "Be my guest."

Her fingers fumbled with the catch and he snorted, helping her roll down the zipper. "Love the black skivvies," she whispered as she sank her hand inside and with the other pulled down the fabric. She whimpered at the sight. "Oh, god. You are so long and thick." Her palm stroked him from tip to root as she licked her lips and her devilish eyes found his. "I'm glad we're here all night. I don't think I could have you just once."

"Never just once." *Oh, Christ.* He let his head fall back to the chair. The way she cupped him was killing all his ambition to fuck her slow and easy. Growling, he grabbed her around the waist and pushed to his feet. "Hang on, baby."

He walked with her legs around his waist into the bedroom, her gaze on his. "I'm going to put you down, but you have to stand."

"I can't," she pleaded, breathless, her lips on his.

"You need to do me a favor."

"Anything. But make it fast."

"Walk to the door over there and back."

"Nooo," she mewled, squirmed and rubbed her sopping wet pussy against his skin.

The damn slinky lace abraded his will power. "I need to get the whole picture. You in just those earrings and those heels. And the panties and the bra. Once. Before I take them off you."

"And then you'll fuck me?" she beseeched him, her mouth tormenting his with her breathy little words.

"And then I'll fuck you for the first time. Do it, baby. For me."

She swallowed hard. "Yes, anything you want."

"That's my girl." He let her down slowly and the effort nearly socked the air out of him. The scrape of her hot, soft flesh over his stomach and down his thighs drove him mad. Standing now, her legs along his, her luscious breasts to his chest, her hips plastered to his, he could feel how his balls tightened and his cock gave off pre-cum. "Walk."

She spun away with a flick of her gorgeous hair over her shoulders. Her back was sculpted. Her waist small. Her hips curvy, a woman's, now all his, swaying. Her ass. *Oh. My. Christ.*

His eyes drifted closed. He forced them open. Her ass was tight. Years of working out, plus what heaven had granted her, meant she had the sweetest cheeks he'd ever

seen. And through the delicate black lace, the mounds looked like two cupcakes he was going to lick and kiss and suck. The long legs were sinuous bits, too, leading down to the six-inch designer heels that he was going to remember to have her wear every night for years to come. Just so he could take them off her. After he fucked her.

"Come here, baby." He beckoned with a lift of his fingers. "Slowly."

She inhaled, twirled around to face him, her eyes ablaze with delight and need. Then she lifted both arms in the air to pick up her hair, pose as if she were a pinup girl, and glide her way back to him. When she got close, she smiled up into his face, slid her palms beneath his trouser waistband and crooned, "Let me take these off for you, honey. Your cock has been dying to get out and play."

As her hands sank over his shaft, she sank down his body and her mouth took his long, aching cock into her cavern to caress him with her tongue and suck him wild.

His fingers dove into her hair to tug her up. "No, baby. No. I want to be inside you when I come."

She pushed back, walked around the bed and, shoes still on, she climbed on the bed, ass in the air like a jungle cat. "How's this?"

He shoved his pants and briefs off. His cock was pulsing like a drum. "Beautiful." He climbed up on the bed behind her. With two hands, he grasped her panties and pulled them down her thighs.

Gazing at him over her shoulder, she purred and shook her ass at him. "Will you have me like this?"

He ran his palms over the firm globes of her ass. "Soon." He kissed each buttock, bit each once, then fit his cock along her hot wet cleft.

She cried out in need. "You are driving me crazy here."

He hooked an arm under her hips and pushed at the small of her back. She was so lovely this way, her pussy open and swollen, thick with want and glistening for him. "I

have to taste you, first." He bent, inhaled her musk and licked her slit all the way back up to her rosy hole. "Christ, you taste so good. Like flowers and honey."

She was catching her breath, making little sounds. "Scott, that was unbelievable."

He massaged her pussy, then sank two eager fingers in her cunt. "Believe, darlin'. I'm here and you're mine." *All mine. Tonight and if I'm really good, longer.*

"Oh, Scott!" She rolled her head around. "I need more here. Much more."

He kissed his way up her spine and hauled her against him. "You fit me this way, too, baby. Feel." He rubbed himself against her, one hand diving down her flat stomach to find her trim little bush and massage her huge clit. She gave up a mindless moan. Then he undid her bra and pushed her over to her back.

Above her now like a caveman, he grinned down at her. "Love your lingerie, darlin'. But it all has to go."

Licking her lips, she shimmied to get out of her bra. Then he hooked his fingers in her panties and slid the garment all the way off.

He stilled, looking her over, and knew she watched his expression. "You are such a hot dish, lady." His hands shook. "I don't know if I can do you justice."

"You better damn well try, Scott McCoy."

He let out a laugh and bent to capture one large, dark pink nipple. "Be quiet and let me work here." He sucked her into his mouth with a loud, long whoosh.

She arched up with the pressure and yelled, "Oh! Yes!"

And then he made love to her nipple. He kissed it and teased it, circled it and bit it. He shaped it with his lips and laved it flat with the full length of his tongue. He pinched it with his fingers and rolled it, then sucked it inside his mouth once more. She was soft and silken, undulating and begging for more as he moved to take her other breast and give it everything he had bestowed on the other.

"Scott, darling!" She had her hands in his hair, her toned legs clamped around his waist. "Don't stop. Oh, please."

"I know, baby. I hate to leave. But I've got to get a condom."

She whimpered in a loud objection but he'd been prepared for this. He'd put a whole damn box on the nightstand hours ago, if he could just reach one before he lost his control. "Hang on, baby."

She made mewling little sounds as her wild eyes followed his moves. He couldn't move fast enough for her because her hands went to his cock and balls. She was thumbing his slit, rolling his balls in her hand, before he could stop shaking enough to tear open the foil.

"Darlin'." He clamped a hand over hers. "Stop. I'll explode and I want to fuck you good and proper."

As if his flesh were on fire, she lifted her hands.

He snapped the latex on and hooked his hands up under her luscious thighs. "Okay, baby. Here I am."

He slid into her in one long, hot ram that took her breath away. He fit. Perfectly. Completely. So big. So thick. She arched, never having been so full, so possessed.

Her hands groped for him.

"It's okay, baby. I'm gonna give you all you want." Then he withdrew.

She screamed, "Nooooo."

And he drove inside her again, hard, deep and fast. And held.

Her pussy clutched him. Ecstasy had never felt like this. She gasped at the reality that this fierce eroticism was what she had always craved. Always missed. "Scott. Oh, how could you know I needed this?"

He plunged into her once more. "One look at you, baby, and my heart knew."

Had he said that? Did men ever mean that? *This one does, Raine.* She dug her fingernails into his arms. "Do that—"

"Again?" He complied and she arched. "And again?"

She surged against him, humming in delight. "Oh yes."

And again and again, and he rode her, her pussy flowing around him, the sound of her cream slapping as they strained for more each moment they melded.

He hauled her closer, her thighs up over his forearms, her ass on his knees.

"Beautiful baby," he whispered to her, teeth bared, "you are gonna come here wild and long."

"I am! I am!" *Like she hadn't in years. Like she hadn't ever?*

He rode her like the wind. Like a tornado. His cock was so long, so damn wide that she felt he took every little piece of her cunt and willed it to be his. He was so fast, so furious, that she thought he also took her mind and made it fly away with him.

"Christ. You. Are. Good!" he growled and pounded into her.

She cried out. "You're like no one else." *Had she admitted that?*

He groaned, ground down into her pussy with such strength that she pushed back, tears escaping from the corners of her eyes as she shouted and she came in a frenetic rush.

He hung over her, his cock slamming into her, his friction, his weight jamming her up the bed and making her mewl as aftershocks shook her whole body.

He jerked once, twice, then she felt his cock twitch inside her. But he startled, then dissolved over her, crushing her in those huge, muscular arms she had longed to feel around her.

He kissed her ear, his nose drifting down her throat. His big, warm hands left her back to define her ribs and caress the sides of her breasts. He lifted his head to look at her. His blue eyes were languid, heated. His mouth, swollen. "That was..."

"Beyond anything I ever knew." She'd told him so minutes ago, why not again and again? Being bold had benefits.

His eyes narrowed. Glistened. "For me, too."

His honesty tore apart any remaining shred of her emotional propriety. She brushed her fingertips over his lips and whispered, "How can that be?"

Bit by bit, his eyes widened. "Not sure. Don't want to ignore the karma, though."

She reached up, sank her fingers in his satin blond hair and kissed him, hot and hard. "Me, neither." She smiled at him. Freer than she'd been in ever so long. As he pulled his cock from her core, she moaned, then put fingertip to the hollow of his throat. "I have wanted to kiss you here since that first day in my kitchen."

His fingers kneaded her waist. "Kiss anywhere you want, lady. I'm yours."

She beamed at him and pressed a hand to his pecs. "Roll to your back, honey."

He did it in such a flash, she had to giggle.

Arms above his head, he teased her with wiggling brows. "Come and get me."

She sat up and swung one leg over his. With tender hands, she caressed his chest. Then she bent and put her lips to that wonderful warm spot of his throat. "I feel like I want to crawl inside you," she told him and rose to look at him with stunned eyes. "How can that be?"

One hand delved into her hair and played with her waves while his darling blue gaze adored her. "Yin and yang."

"Two halves of the same whole."

"That fit together perfectly," he whispered as he rose and sucked at the center of her lower lip.

"Do you believe that?"

"Never more than now, baby."

Her pussy gushed with more cream at his sweet words. She shifted, rubbing her labia over his thigh. "How can that be? We're different ages."

"That doesn't matter, Raine." He tugged at a lock of her hair. "If we were meant to be together before, if we were in another lifetime, it only matters that we've found each other now. Again."

She fixed her gaze on his. "What I said when we—"

"You loved your husband. We can leave it at that."

She fought with herself about how much to reveal. "I wanted to be creative in bed."

Scott pulled her down and kissed her with lips and tongue and teeth. "You can be here. I want you free, Raine."

Relieved and eager to show him she was, she smiled and planted little kisses all down his neck and his chest. Her hands drifted to his lax cock, still in the condom. Without a word, she began to roll it off him. Then she checked his gaze, his approval bright in his expression. She tied it off, dropped it to the night stand and then sank low over his body. Kissing her way around his hips, she noticed now that his hair here was as blond as that on his head. That he waxed his chest, but not his thighs and that, yes, indeed, his cock was appreciative of her admiration.

She nuzzled him. "I love the way you smell. The cologne's great but beneath it is you. *You*." She gently lifted his shaft and kissed the tip. "I love your voice too. Like sandpaper on my skin." She stroked his testicles. But went back to his cock and took the hardening helmet in her mouth. She sucked him and came away with a pop. "I like the way you dance. Smooth and sexy. Do you really like to dance or was that just—" She glanced up at him.

"No faking anything with you." He fixed his gaze on hers. "Ever."

She traced the slit of his head with her tongue and felt him shiver. "You like that?"

He squeezed one her breasts. "Hate it."

"And this?" She asked as she settled between his legs and put her whole attention on making him totally hard and totally crazy.

"Terrible," he grunted and splayed his legs wider.

She grinned and got down to business. "I can make that all better for you, honey."

She sank over his instantly hard shaft as if this were a scrumptious meal. Licking his extraordinary length, she marveled at his size and that she'd taken him completely

inside her. He was beautiful here, like the rest of him. Veined and sculpted, a hard body sheathed by soft, tender skin, so red and flawless. So hers. She moaned and took as much of him in her mouth as she could. God, he was huge. And she adored him. Needed to make him come. Here. In her mouth. Bold and loving the liberty, she began a rhythm that had him groaning with delight, his hands on her shoulders, shouting at her.

“Christ, Raine!” He tugged at her hair. “Are you sure?”

She resisted until she had to answer him. Humming in objection, she let his cock go. “Yes, honey. Let me.”

His hips jerked forward and amazingly, she took him all once more in her mouth as his cum shot down her throat. She pumped him, caressed him and swallowed all of him.

Triumph swept through her and made her tremble.

“Let me hold you, baby.” He caught her shoulders and slid her up his body. Kissing her temple, he smoothed her hair back. “There is no one in this world, Raine, who means more to me than you.”

## Chapter Four

She rose from the bed like a shot from a cannon.

Scott cursed silently and bounded after her. "Wait a minute, Raine."

"No." She wouldn't look at him. "Let me go."

He pulled her into his arms, one hand in her hair, one to her back. "No commitments, baby. No pressure." *Hold your horses, McCoy.* "We said this was just for tonight. Let me work on that." He caressed her nape. "Let me."

"This is too new," she whispered against his throat.

"I know," he told her, feeling the tension leave her. "Don't worry. Just now. Just us. Just this." He tipped her head and ran his mouth down the elegant lines of her neck. "Let me show you how I can be nice and easy."

She snorted and pushed away, a smile, *thank god*, on her face. "You can make love like that?"

He smacked his lips, his hands on his hips to grin at her. "That's the real McCoy. Promise."

She put her own hands on her naked, curvaceous hips. "What if I like him fast and furious?"

He snapped his fingers. "I promise to bring him back for an encore."

"Or more?"

He grabbed her hand. "You wish."

"I do!" she chuckled as she allowed herself to follow his lead. "Where are we going?"

"Here!" he said as he led her into the bathroom. "What do you think?"

"Wow." She did a three-sixty in the room. And the very sight of her grace as she moved all those honed muscles had his cock applauding her beauty. "I had no idea they had this kind of thing here."

"I booked it for us." He grinned, pleased with his foresight, folding his arms, if just to keep his hands to himself.

"Did you, now?" Bold once more, she sashayed that lithe, hot body over to him. She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "I approve. How did you know they had all this?" She swept a hand toward the two totally mirrored walls.

"A few years ago," he said as she brushed her breasts against his chest, "I was home for a while and signed on here as a carpenter for renovations." He had to clear his throat because with the way she was licking his nipples, he was feeling kind of ragged. And hell, if his cock wasn't getting ready to nail her again. "Baby," he warned, "if you keep on, we'll be fucking again, damn straight."

"Mmm, works for me." She ran her fingernails down his spine and cupped his ass cheeks. "I'm assuming you wanted the mirrors?"

He got two handfuls of her breasts and thumbed her diamond-hard nipples. "The better to see all of you when we fuck."

She whirled in his arms and nestled her buttocks against his thighs. "Works for both of us then."

He frog-walked her forward closer to one mirror. Sinking one hand into her pussy, he parted her labia with two fingers. The sound of her lush juices made him bite his lower lip. "Hear how you want me?"

"I do." Her eyes were closing.

"Look at us, baby," he ordered her, tipped up her hips with a flex of his own, then sent his other hand down to her cunt. "Let's see how you want me," he whispered and spread open her pretty pink lips. She was swollen, red and glistening with thick cream. He bit her shoulder.

"Put your fingers inside me," she told him in a dark and sultry voice. "Oh. Yes." Her head fell back to his chest. "How did I live without you?"

*No clue. No need now. Prove it to her, McCoy.* "See this," he urged her as he grasped the tight bud of her clit, rubbed it and tapped it to make her buck.

"Mmm, I do!" Her knees gave way and he caught her up.

*This is mine!* "I want to taste it."

"Yes! Yes!" She tore away from him and headed into the luxurious open shower. "Come wash me first. Please. Hurry, Scott."

"Hell," he mourned. He didn't want her tasting of soap. He wanted her musky, tasting of his body, his kisses, his cum. But he could wait, couldn't he? Be patient. Show her how he wanted her natural and marked with him, his body, his fragrance, his...everything. For now, he was going to be a good boy and wash that pussy and his cock. Then he was going to eat her up like the big bad wolf he had become since he first laid eyes on her. "Whatever you want, darlin'," he said and followed her.

She had grabbed a large bar of soap, inhaling the aroma. Wrinkling her nose, she said, "Verbena. Do you like it?" she held it up to his nose as he pushed the buttons for the automatic shower spray. He'd set the digital hot water temp hours ago.

"It's okay. I like the way you smell better." To illustrate, he turned her to face him fully. She had her hands flowing down his torso, cupping his balls and stroking his sensitive shaft. He pulled her near and sank two fingers up inside her sopping wet cunt. "I'll like the way you taste, best of all." He pulled his fingers out and licked them both, his gaze locked on hers.

Hands at her sides, she seemed dazed by the move.

"Want a sample, too, baby?" He sank his fingers inside her again.

She undulated with his invasion. "I do." When he offered her his fingers, she licked her fragrance off him like a pampered cat.

He growled and took the soap from her, working up a lather with his palms and then spreading the suds all over her killer bod. Her heavy, pointed breasts. Her tiny waist. Her hug-me-to-you hips. Her shaved landing-strip bush. And those plush pussy lips. God, those lips. Like liquid glass, hot wax, sweet oblivion.

He stroked her. "I'm going to have you now, no objections. Come out." He led her out to the large white fluffy bath rug. There, he wrapped her in a huge terry towel, whisked the water from her and then his own torso. Finally, he spun her toward one mirrored wall. "I'm going to eat you here, standing up, and you are going to watch me enjoy every bit of you."

She made a sharp little sound of acquiescence in her throat, then put her hand to his shoulder and pushed him to his knees.

"Your pussy is so pretty, baby." He ran a finger down her trimmed hair.

"I have to confess..."

With a fingertip, he found the top of her slit and touched her inside once, delicately. "Tell me. What?"

"I had this done yesterday."

He braced her hips and leaned in to inhale verbena and Raine and cunt. "Yeah?"

"I thought of you the whole time."

He stabbed his tongue into the top of her slit. *Mine. You knew it even then.* "I like it."

"You do, don't you?" she asked, sounding mesmerized.

*Good.* "I love it. Leads me where I'm going, baby. Now spread your thighs, and watch us." Once she opened herself wider, he rubbed his mouth against her labia and darted his tongue inside. He wanted to howl with how sweet she tasted. With one hand, he opened her lips wider and his tongue plunged inside. *Jesus.* She was delicious.

"Got to lie down, Scott. Please, darling, let me. Oh, god! I want to come and you're eating me, so hot, so fast, I-I-I—"

She shook with strong vibrations that made her speechless. The sight of her enraptured, rocked him.

"Okay, lie down, baby." He pulled at both her hands and she sank like a ton of bricks.

She nestled into the long white shag, her toned body writhing in the ecstasy she'd found with him. Calling his name over and over, she widened her legs. "Fuck me."

He loomed over her, his arms shaking with the restraint. "No. I need to have more of you."

Her fists hit the floor. "Can't be more."

"There is." He wedged himself between her legs, his fingers outlining the contours of the hot female body that belonged to him. "Let me in, baby. I want your cream and your clit. I want your G-spot and your orgasms." He spread her lips wide, her musk enveloping him. Finding her clit, he smiled and blew his hot breath on it, then kissed it. He circled it and pinched it. She mewled. He smiled again and settled in to lave it, holding down her hips as she moaned and he nipped her and sucked on her. She came with a loud shriek that he figured the whole hotel could hear.

Panting, she clutched him as she vibrated for a few more minutes and slowly drifted boneless to the rug. Her dark green eyes adored him. "How can you be so good?"

"I'm with you."

She stroked his torso and sank one hand to his very interested cock. "Fuck me now."

Grinning, he trailed one palm over a breast and nipped her rosy areola. "You're not sore?"

"I'm swimming in cream, honey. And so swollen." She laced her fingers in his hair. "Only you can cure my very horny condition."

*I know.* "You think?"

"Shall I go get a condom for you?"

"Do not move one lovely muscle." He was up and back to her in half a minute.

As he went to his knees before her, he let the package drop because the look on her face stilled him. She was frowning. "What's the matter, honey?" he whispered, pushing tendrils of red hair back from her cheek. "You know you can tell me."

Her worried gaze locked on his. "Did you ever think you would care for a woman so much older than you?"

Overjoyed she understood that he did care for her, he was destroyed she had to ask this question. "No. I knew I would meet the right person one day, but had no idea it might be a sassy redhead with a tight bod and a bright mind."

She glanced to one side.

With one finger, he led her face back with so that he could gaze into her eyes. *Okay, I'll do this drill. Get it out of the way.* "How old are you, Raine?"

"Forty-five."

He swept a hand down her torso. "I'm thirty-four."

"Eleven years difference."

He nodded. "Old enough..." *To love you.* "Old enough to make love to you, Raine. Old enough to laugh with you, dance with you, talk with you. I may be younger than you are, true, but I am a man. Not a boy."

"And you have been around the world. Met hundreds of women."

He snorted. "Maybe not hundreds, honey. But lots. All ages."

"Did you ever..."

*Fall in love before?* "What?" *Ask me.*

"Think you cared a lot for someone?"

He touched the center of her luscious lower lip. "No." *Not like this.* "And I've never had such a good time making love to anyone, either."

She chuckled, down deep in her throat so that her breasts jiggled and his heart stopped at her beauty.

He bent down, cupped her nape and whispered on her lips, "And you never thought you'd care for anyone again."

She curled her arms around his neck. "Not older or younger."

"I told you before, sweetheart, age does not matter to me. You and I work together. In here. Out there in the world." *And soon you're gonna love me.*

"Prove it, McCoy," she whispered and inclined her head toward the mirror. "Seeing is believing."

In a blink, he had the condom rolled on, a brash grin on his lips, her legs spread out damn wide and his cock deep inside her welcoming pussy.

He rocked her nice and slow this time.

She was gritting her teeth with her delight and his hellish patience. "I hate to think," she told him as he plunged into her sweet and low over and over again, "that I drained you so low, you have no juice to finish this off."

He chortled. "Do not tease me, lady." He brought her hips farther up his thighs and reared back. His fingers were playing in her pussy hair and thumbing open the hood of her clit to massage her.

She squirmed.

He pinned her to him with hot, hard hands. "Stop that wiggling now, baby, and let me work on this little button here. You asked for this bad man, slow. You get him."

She hooted and wiggled her ass closer to him. "Get me off."

"No."

She pushed her pussy at him. "You are a terrible man."

"Yeah, darlin'. And you asked for him, too." He shoved his hands under her ass. "Roll this gorgeous bottom over and put it up in the air for me."

“Ouuuu,” she pouted. “You’re gonna pull your cock out. I won’t survive the loss, honey.”

“Trust me, darlin’. You die, I’ll bring you back every time.” He began to roll her over and gave her a playful swat on the behind. “Now watch in the mirror, okay?”

She twisted her head to the side, her cheek on the rug. His eyes met her large and dangerous ones in the reflection. He raised one hand, waggled his fingers at her and then sank his warm sweet hand down her juicy cleft. Her pussy slit was so wet, her lips so hot and swollen, he could touch her here all day and never get bored. But Christ, her little groans made him tight to take her again. Instead, he had to do what he had promised and make her proud of her sweet little ass.

He dipped his finger in her channel and swirled it around to get lots of cream on it. Amazingly, her channel clenched in tiny pulses. A mini-orgasm. Giving her another finger to enjoy the ride, he bent and bit her cheek in appreciation.

As she groaned, he scooped her cream, and coated her tiny hole with it. He bent low, tipped her rear end up and then laved her slit all the way to her puckered rose. She shivered and moaned. “Don’t move.” With trembling hands, he grabbed the foil, ripped it open and rolled it on. In one smooth drive, he was inside her cunt again, pulling her up and back, letting her ride him. This time, they faced the other mirrored wall and the sight of them, him with his hands on her hips and she with her hands on his thighs, had them both gasping as they ground together, rocked and shook with the power of their mutual orgasm.

He ran his nose down the side of her throat. “You are the most beautiful creature I’ve ever seen.”

She rode him, her mouth open, her slick walls milking him until she fought for breath and his cock was drained. He crushed her back to him, his cock working her still, loath to let her go.

He held her lush, limp body, pinching her pebbled nipples, stroking her juicy cunt where they were joined and hoped now what she saw in the mirror was the truth. No man, young or old, could ever be better for her.

## Chapter Five

Raine awoke with a jolt.

*What time is it?*

She tried to roll over, look for a clock, but she couldn't move. She grinned. She was pinned by those arms she had craved. By those thighs she had kissed, caressed and ridden.

Inhaling, she closed her eyes and reveled in the feel of Scott McCoy. Warm. Solid. Hers.

*Was he?*

She nestled her hips back against his, spooned as they had been most of the night. *Most of the night when we weren't fucking.* She pressed her thighs together and felt the aching swell of her pussy. The urge to have him again. His huge cock filling her up, pounding into her. Making her feel alive, wanted and free.

His fingers closed over one of her nipples. Rolled her. Made her moan and rock with need.

"You're killing me here, honey," she praised him in a husky morning contralto.

"I know." He put his teeth on her shoulder. "I need to play." She could hear him rip open a package, put it on, then felt him roll up over her. His cock, hard and long, probed between her thighs. "Come play with me, baby. Start a new day, huh?"

A metaphor for a future with him? She splayed her legs in welcome. "Come on in. The weather's fine." *So clear. So sunny.* She sank her fingers in his hair and spread little kisses on his cheeks and jaw.

He growled and sank his shaft inside her. Deep and hot.

The two of them arched and held.

"How can that be so wonderful every time?" she asked on a breath of sound.

Pumping her, he kissed her throat. "Don't question what the gods give you. Enjoy it. Use it."

She had to chuckle. "I do. Did. Have." Her words came out in time with his thrusts. "Five times, by my count, last night."

Smiling, he leaned back and fingered her clit until she groaned. "Then I have a lot of work to do to match it."

She laughed and undulated in sync with him. "I need to go."

"Not now, you don't." He grabbed her nape and kissed her lips like a damn marauding Viking.

Gasping with pleasure, she chuckled as he pinched her clit. "I do! I have to take a shower. Get out of here."

"Right now?" He rolled her clit and made her howl. "You're not going, but coming!"

Never before had she laughed while she came. But she loved every vibration, every long second of pulsing, rippling, pounding joy. As she came down from her high, she traced the strong planes of his face with her fingers and adored his handsome features. Then she squeezed his cock with her inner muscles.

He snorted. "Who's killing whom here, baby?" Then he dissolved over her and cradled her close. "Do not want you to leave."

"I have to, though." She sighed. "What time is it?"

He got up on one arm to peer at the clock radio. "Six ten."

"Oh, boy. I've got only my clothes from last night."

He nestled back down, his lips in her hair. "Give me your key. I'll go get whatever you need."

She arched back to gaze at him. "You'd do that?"

"Sure. Better I go than you feel embarrassed traipsing through the halls in your cocktail gown." He smoothed her hair back. "What do you want, baby? Tell me."

Why did she have the feeling he was asking about more than a selection of clothes?

*Okay.* She'd go with this. See where it went.

"Room service. I'll call while you're gone. Coffee. Eggs. Bacon. Whole wheat toast. You?"

His blue eyes caught fire. "Same. What else?"

"My workout clothes. Shorts, tank top and socks. In the bureau. Nikes in the closet."

"Done. And?"

"You'll join me in the gym downstairs?"

He hugged her once. "Before we eat."

"Best that way."

He arched a brow.

She knew he asked what else she wanted.

Did she have the spunk to ask for it? For him? More of him?

The moment stretched out.

His eyes dimmed.

He rolled away.

Her heart sank.

He was opening his own dresser, pulling on briefs and a tee shirt.

She had waited too long.

*Raine, you jerk.*

"Where's your room key, Raine?"

*Raine.* Already she was no longer his baby.

The thought cut like a hundred knives.

As he walked out the door, she sat up and beat the mattress with two fists.

*What the hell is your problem, Raine?*

He felt sick. Guttled. What the hell had gone wrong there? He didn't say the right things? Do the right things? How had he not loved her the best way? Slow, hard, fast? Hell. On the floor, in the bed, even against the wall! What was he going to do to prove to her she needed to stay longer with him? Cancel that damn trip to Rome and come make love to him whenever she wanted?

By the time he stood in front of his own hotel room door again, her workout clothes in his one arm, he knew he had to say more, do more, come right out and blurt that he loved her. That no one else would ever do.

He thrust his card key in the damn slot and charged forward.

"Raine?" he called from the living room. "Got your things."

Silence. *Was she here?*

"Heard someone in the hall say the fire alarm was just a prank."

Getting no response, he walked through to the bedroom. The rumpled bed where they had rolled around like two love-starved teenagers was empty.

"Raine?"

She couldn't have left him. *Would she?*

"I'm here," he heard her say and he spun to see her emerge from the bathroom, naked as a nymph and dripping from the shower. She clutched a bath towel and dried off a bit, then dropped it to the floor to walk toward him. "I missed you," she confessed as she looped her arms around his neck. "And I owe you an apology."

"Yeah?" He couldn't help himself from bringing her right up against him. "What?"

"I want more than room service and the gym."

His heart did a silly flip-flop. "Tell me."

"I want to dance with you at the reception."

"Ah, well." He grinned and pressed his hungry cock against the sweet swell of her pussy. "I'll beat any man off with a stick who wants to put his arms around the mother of the bride."

She caught her breath, her beautiful green eyes so hopeful. "I'll murder any girl who puts her hands on the best man."

He couldn't help himself from saying, "He's yours, baby."

"I know," she whispered and pressed her full lips to his. "I'm wondering if I could interest him in something more than dancing at the reception?"

He sank his fingers in her wet hair. "You can." He kissed her, hard and fast. "Can he interest you in a little trip next weekend?"

Breathless, she grinned and hugged the stuffing out of him. "I'll cancel my flight to Rome."

"Good. You don't need to go away to get away from temptation."

She chuckled. "Not when I've given in to it already. And not when I love it."

"Un-uh." He picked her up and spun her around.

"Where would we go?" she asked.

"I'm buying a house in Belize. A getaway. I thought you'd come help me decorate."

"Sounds yummy." She was grinning as she hooked her hands in his shirt and pulled it over his head, then scored her nails down his ribs. "What will we do there? When we're not looking at furniture?"

"Good question." He flicked his shorts off and grabbed her up so that she wrapped her long legs around his hips. "We'll run on the beach." He headed for the bathroom. "Eat passion fruit."

"Dance?" She giggled like a kid.

"Salsa. Cha-cha." He walked them both into the shower and hit the water control to put them both in a warm, solid stream of refreshment.

"Make love?" she whispered.

"Make love," he answered, his lips capturing hers over and over. "Any way you want. Any time you want. As long as I'm the only man you want."

"Scott McCoy." She reached up and kissed him lavishly. "Darling. You are. The best man. The only man for me." She gasped as he held her to the wall and claimed her body with a sweep of his huge, reverent hands. "I'm contributing something interesting to this wedding. You know. Something old, something new, something—"

"Tell me quick, baby. I'm busy here," he crooned as he sank his fingers up inside her pussy and she moaned.

"You are my something new."

He paused to stare at her. "I'm your something permanent." And then, he took his sweet time proving it.

## About the Author

An award-winning author of more than two dozen romances and mysteries, Cerise DeLand creates heroes readers crave. Cerise has met many men in her worldwide travels and created the best of the best from all the wonderful places she's lived and visited. Today, she lives – and writes – in wild west Texas, where a never-ending stream of cowboys, vaqueros, para-military types and diplomats stroll into town and fuel her imagination for red hot affairs.

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

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