



Hooking Up

by

Lynne Roberts

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Dedication

To my sisters, Chelsea, Libbey and Jaimie,
for taking me out on my birthday
and inspiring this short.

And to my writing family, for taking panicked or
frustrated emails, phone calls and Tweets in stride
and with a lot of understanding and support.

Special thanks to my awesome editor, Lori LeBonde,
for her unfailing support and refusal to accept any
less than my best.

PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

Lynne Roberts

HOOKING UP

“A powerhouse read delivered in few pages, HOOKING UP drew me in from the very first word. The emotional punch it packs is hot, hot, hot! Believable, relatable characters coupled with a deeply layered story make this one for the keeper shelf. And, oh yeah, did I mention it was sexy? Lynne Roberts has a gift at creating characters that stick with you long after you reach ‘The End.’”

~Cari Quinn, author of Ex Appeal

AFTER HOURS

“AFTER HOURS is a fun, sexy office romance laced with some fun, light humor... Lynne Roberts does a good job in building sexual tension and characters that are fun and likeable in this short story. I enjoyed this fun romance and I hope Ms. Roberts has more, longer works in progress.”

~Sophi, Fiction Vixen

FIRST DATE

“If you want a quick, but heated read, then you need to read FIRST DATE. You won’t want to miss it.”

~Tiger Lily, Whipped Cream Reviews

“FIRST DATE is a very simple, very well-written story. You can practically hear the sexual tension between Jill and Bret crackle like lightning. I also liked how Roberts made the characters seem real, complete with insecurities and self-doubt. It’s uncommon to find such well-developed characters in such a short piece of writing.”

~Colleen Snodgrass, Nights and Weekends

Hooking Up

Trisha reached for the door handle and paused. Was she really going to do this? Her hand shook as it rested on the polished brass knob. Years of frustration piled into her mind like snowdrifts, chilling her from the inside out. She shook her head.

Damn it. Yes, I am.

Taking a deep breath, she turned the knob, already braced for the mind-numbing reverberation from the newest fad in music. To her surprise, when she opened the door, an old Journey tune drifted from the speakers, bringing on a wave of nostalgia. She could almost smell the hairspray from her high school days. *Classic rock. That's a laugh.* She remembered when the song first aired, could picture her teenage room and the posters decorating the walls. Another lifetime ago.

Trisha's heels clicked against the polished wooden floors as she stepped farther into the bar. Gone too was the haze of smoke lingering along the ceiling like stratus clouds. *That's right. Bars are non-smoking now.*

Had it really been that long since she'd been to a bar? Some quick mental math confirmed that it had. *Get with the times, girl.*

Trisha walked over to an impressive square counter in the middle of the room. Two bartenders dressed in black and white glided in the alley between the patrons and a glittering display of alcohol.

Taking a seat on a barstool, Trisha placed her black clutch on the smooth granite surface, and

leaned back to survey the bottles filled with amber or clear liquid on glass-backed shelves. She didn't recognize most of the labels—not that she was much of a drinker—but it gave her something to do. She'd never walked into a bar alone in her life.

In the glass's reflection, she could see the small tables scattered about the room behind her, and past those to an empty tiled dance floor. Track lighting littered the industrial ceiling and she wondered if a disco ball hid in the gloom, waiting to descend.

The bar was more crowded than she'd thought it would be for this early hour; it was only a little after eight. Couples sat holding hands and a few groups of women giggled while tables full of men eyed them. *Welcome to the dating scene.* The crowd was older than she'd expected too, late twenties to early thirties. Well, out of college anyway. The older she got, the harder it was to determine someone else's age.

The hum of conversation buzzed in her ears and increased the nagging feeling of isolation. She was alone. In a bar. Her spine stiffened and she took a deep breath. Despite the pale line of skin marking where her ring had been just that morning, she'd been alone for a long time.

One of the bartenders headed in her direction, wiping his hands on a white towel tucked into his waistband. "Hi! What would you like?"

Lately, a loaded question on her best day. "Do you have red wine? Rioja?"

He grinned and his eyes sparkled. The smile would have charmed the panties right off her fifteen, or even ten years ago. Now it just made her tired. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

"Sure thing. Anything else?"

A time machine? She shook her head.

The bartender tapped the counter. "Be right back, hon."

Hon? Trisha smiled and turned on the barstool. A waitress in a short, black skirt and a white button-down shirt that barely contained her ample breasts leaned over the counter to hand an order to one of the bartenders. The skirt inched up, revealing long legs encased in fishnet stockings and a hint of her heart-shaped ass.

No doubt about it. I'm getting old. Once upon a time she would have been flashing her ass, or at least a good deal of thigh, finding a suitable partner and taking him home to fuck until the wee hours of the morning. And now? Well, that was the question, wasn't it?

Trisha glanced down the smooth bar—empty save for a few napkins, a triangle-shaped menu of frozen drinks, and about half a dozen customers, all paired up. Wasn't a bar supposed to have peanuts or pretzels? Something to make you thirsty? The chair swiveled as she turned toward the room. She wouldn't have eaten them anyway. Who knew whose fingers had touched them?

God damn it, Trisha. Knock it off! No more negative thoughts. Tonight wasn't about logic. Tonight was about impulses and feeling. She was tired of being safe, taking the predictable road. It was time to step out of her comfort zone and do something different, something daring. She looked down the counter again, wishing there were pretzels just so she could eat one. *That's it, girl, live on the edge.*

With renewed determination, she surveyed the room. Several men sat around one of the tables, drinking beer out of tall glasses, and laughing. One of them caught her eye and smiled. Trisha smiled back out of reflex. Tall, athletic, with smoky blue eyes that reminded her of faded denim, and wide shoulders, at one time he would have been just her type. Now he was a decade too young.

A few of the back tables were shrouded in shadow. One of them was occupied, but she couldn't make out any details about the occupant except he was male. A mystery man. For a moment, she pictured herself getting up from the bar and approaching the table. Could she be cool and elegant, match his mystery?

She smiled. With her luck, the man sitting in the corner was probably not her type at all, and by the time she got over there, it would be too late to turn around. Either that or he'd chosen the dark corner for a reason, like he wanted to be left alone. Rejection was the last thing she needed. Besides, with her luck, he'd be gorgeous and she'd trip on the way over there.

"Here's your Rioja." The bartender with the sexy smile placed a fat tulip-shaped glass full of a deep burgundy liquid on the counter. Rioja had been her favorite wine since her honeymoon trip to Spain. She rubbed her left ring finger with her thumb, feeling the faint ridge that had formed where her wedding ring had been.

Trisha sampled the wine, closed her eyes, and let the rich flavor settle on her tongue. Yes, what she needed was liquid courage. Warmth spread from her mouth to her chest and finally into her stomach as she thought of Rioja-laced kisses, sea breezes, and the sound of Spanish guitars in the background.

She and her new husband had scandalized a band of Japanese tourists when he'd pushed her against the wall of a narrow stairwell and practically dry-humped her. Of course there had been nothing dry about it and if she'd been wearing a skirt, the unsuspecting tourists would have walked in on something different. Her husband had awakened in her a passion she'd never known before. One that defied reason.

Those days were long gone, buried by bills,

taxes, a mortgage, and too much responsibility. She hadn't responded to him with anything other than a vague sense of duty in longer than she cared to remember.

"Fuck it," she whispered and crossed her legs, not caring that the gesture exposed most of one thigh.

She'd chosen her outfit carefully. It had been a long time since she'd been out anywhere except the grocery store or the mall. She didn't want to appear too desperate, but not stuffy either. After much consideration, she'd settled on a short black skirt, a pale gray camisole, and a sheer black top with silk cuffs and collar. The four-inch red Manolo Blahniks saved her outfit from being too somber and gave her an added boost of self-confidence. Now that she was here, she was glad she hadn't gone with the white shirt; she'd look just like the staff.

"Excuse me." The man with the blue eyes settled on the stool next to her. "Is this seat taken?" His smile revealed even white teeth.

"No." *Oh God, here we go. Can I actually do this?*

A man could tell a lot about a person by the alcohol he or she drank. Glenn clinked the ice in his scotch, watching the patterns the light made in the amber liquid before he took a sip. He reveled in the feel of the alcohol burning as it passed from his throat to his stomach. There were the high-maintenance types who drank mixed-drinks, the down-to-earth beer drinkers, or the heavy partiers who drank shots either to get drunk or to prove they could. Then there were the wine drinkers—sophisticated, or trying to appear so.

From the table in the corner, Glenn studied the woman at the bar. She was the real deal, no doubt about it. Dark hair fell in soft waves, framing sun-kissed features. Even under the fluorescent lights at

the bar, her skin was creamy and flawless. She didn't wear a lot of makeup, but then she didn't need to. Large, dark eyes dominated her face but what most struck him about her was that, despite the smile she gave the bartender, she seemed sad.

He'd noticed her as soon as she stepped into the bar. How could anyone not? She was breathtaking. High breasts, not too large or too small, long legs made for wrapping around a man's waist, and lips for kissing. His cock stirred in his jeans. Interesting. He hadn't been so attracted to anyone in years.

He'd watched the man—college kid, really—stand from his table, walk a few paces toward her, and then glance back at his group, as though for support, before approaching her. *Amateur*.

Glenn studied his amber liquid. Of course he'd waited too long and now someone beat him to her. What the fuck? It repeated the pattern his life had taken lately. *Why am I here again?* He could almost taste failure in the back of his throat.

He shook his head. Although he'd been called many things, a quitter wasn't one of them. For a moment, he imagined standing up, marching to the bar, and telling the bastard that he'd seen her first, but he didn't. He wasn't about to get into a pissing contest. And besides, he had a feeling about this one.

With effort, he settled back to watch.

The blond leaned back, an amused sparkle in his eyes. "Do I know you?"

"I don't think so; this is my first time here." Closer, the smell of his cologne made Trisha's nose itch. She hid a smile.

He was beautiful, with long legs encased in dark jeans and a button-down shirt open at the collar to reveal just enough of his well-muscle chest. She glanced at the shiny, golden waves of his hair. He probably spent more money on hair product than she

did. Could she run her fingers through that hair? What would his hands feel like on her body? Would she welcome his breath on her skin, his lips nuzzling the nape of her neck? It had been so long since anyone had touched her intimately. Would she really accept that from a stranger?

One corner of the blond's mouth turned up as his gaze roamed her body. He was checking her out. She smiled. Let him. Two could play at that game. She imagined licking those full lips, dipping her tongue into his mouth. Would he taste sweet? Tangy? He'd taste strange, different. She needed something different.

In her mind's eye, she watched her hands sliding under his shirt to explore the smooth muscles of his chest, seeking down the sculpted abdomen to his cock. It would feel heavy and hot. Oh, God, how she missed the weight of an erect shaft in her hand, the texture of the satiny skin, the musky smell of man at his most primal. She missed the salty taste in her mouth and the feminine power of bringing a strong man to his knees as he orgasmed.

For far too long, she'd resigned herself to taking care of her own needs. She knew her body intimately—almost too well—from touching herself in the shower, exploring her own folds, feeling her walls pulse around her fingers as she brought herself to orgasm with only the sound of pounding water for company. And when she felt daring, there was always an inanimate purple vibrator that lately seemed to be her best friend. But none of that held a candle to the real thing.

A one-night stand, pleasing herself with another person, sounded almost exotic in comparison. Warmth flooded her pussy and her inner thighs tingled at the thought. Beneath her blouse, her nipples tightened into aching nubs. Yes. She could do this. More than that, damn it, after all this time,

she deserved a little action.

Blondie sipped his beer, still staring at her breasts. Trisha cleared her throat.

He glanced up, grinned and then leaned forward. The yeasty smell of beer, mixed with a minty scent, tinted the air. "I've seen you here before."

Trisha shook her head.

"Are you sure? I never forget a beautiful face. I know I've seen you in here."

Okay, maybe I can't do this after all. He'd barely glanced at her face. Smarmy, definitely smarmy. If Trisha had hackles, they'd have stiffened.

"So, what do you say you and I go find a private party somewhere?" He placed his hand high on her leg, his thumb caressing her inner thigh.

Disappointment and frustration washed through her, leaving her cold. That's it? Maybe she was old-fashioned but a few minutes of conversation before the let's-get-it-on question might have been nice. Did she look that desperate?

No. That wasn't the problem. He was too sure of himself. Cocky. And not in a good way. When would guys learn? Self-confidence was sexy, arrogance wasn't. Or maybe she wasn't cut out to be a cougar. At least not when the cubs needed to be trained.

She removed his hand and let it drop near his own thigh. "I think I'd know if I'd been here before."

He brushed her arm with his fingertips. "In that case, can I buy you a drink?"

She twirled the wineglass stem between her fingers. He hadn't gotten the message. "No thanks. I've taken care of it."

Blondie didn't bat an eyelash. "A woman like you shouldn't have to take care of herself."

What the hell was that? She un-crossed, deliberately re-crossed her legs, leaned forward, and lowered her voice. "A woman should always know

how to take care of herself.”

The faded denim of his eyes clouded in obvious confusion. He blinked and the smile returned. “Come on. Let’s get out of here. Go some place a bit quieter.”

Trisha bit back a sigh. “Sweetheart, your charm might get you between the legs of a girl whose brain shut down because of your pretty smile, but it won’t work on a woman. You’ve still got training wheels. Go back to your friends. If you like, tell them I’m a cold, frigid bitch or that I like girls so your reputation won’t be too badly damaged.”

Blondie’s eyes widened before he chuckled and rose from the stool. “You probably do like girls.”

“Been there. Done that. Nope. I like cock. But, hey, whatever helps your ego stay in place.” Trisha flashed her sweetest smile.

His mouth opened and closed, but his eyes remained vacant before he nodded, then sauntered off toward his friends. Trisha took a long sip of her wine. Maybe she was a bitch. Maybe something was wrong with her. She just didn’t have the patience she once did. Or perhaps she was confident enough that empty flattery no longer worked.

Damn it! Hadn’t she come here for meaningless sex? What was wrong with her? He’d been good looking and willing. What more did she want?

Trisha squared her shoulders. She wanted something real. A connection. Maybe a little style, finesse. At least someone who asked her name before inviting her to fuck. Was that really too much to ask?

Watching the frat boy bastard walk back to his waiting group of friends, Glenn sipped his drink. Frat boy said something and the other men laughed. Well, the woman hadn’t fallen for a pretty smile. He hadn’t thought she would, but then his judgment

concerning women seemed to be off lately, and one never knew.

He took another sip of the scotch, wishing he had remembered to ask for no ice. The liquor tasted watered down enough. His gaze drifted back to the brunette at the bar. He could imagine all sorts of stories for her. A thousand scenarios for why she was in the bar. How would he describe her? He felt a smile touch his mouth. She could be newly divorced and out for the night, wondering if she still had it—whatever *it* was. No, she was married and cheating on a negligent husband, or maybe she had just gotten out of a long-term relationship when she realized the ring was never coming. Maybe she was single...

Glenn shook his head. No way, not with those eyes. The men in this town weren't that stupid. He glanced at the blond man. Maybe they were.

His smile faded. It was one of the benefits—or drawbacks, depending on your point of view—of his profession. Writers were often in their own heads, shutting out everyone else. Walking the what-if trail. Or so his wife had called it.

A sour taste filled his mouth. Wife. The woman he'd spent half his adult life loving. The word now inspired feelings of failure. At one time she'd been the most important person in his world, his best friend, an ardent lover, everything he wanted in a partner. Until the day he wasn't sure he even knew her. Maybe he did spend too much time with his fictional characters, but he had to, damn it—they paid the bills. Writing wasn't a nine-to-five job; it required long hours of editing, planning, structuring, and even daydreaming. She'd known that going in.

In the early years, she'd watched him type, claiming she could almost see the muses dancing around him, and then she'd asked him to read his latest work aloud in bed after they'd made love.

After that, she ceased asking, but she never seemed to mind cashing the royalty checks. He stopped that line of reasoning. Even he knew that wasn't fair.

Writing took time, but he had to admit it wasn't just the writing. He had fans, touring schedules, conventions, Twitter, MySpace, his blog. He had obligations, damn it. All of it had taken time away from his wife, but that didn't mean he'd loved her less. He stared at the wood grain of the table. He was tired of fighting, tired of explaining. Just plain tired.

Glenn picked up his glass. Enough. He was here to escape. He'd bet his bottom dollar the woman at the bar, whatever her story, was also here to escape. As far as he was concerned, that commonality was enough excuse to start a conversation. He drained his glass, stood, walked slowly toward the brunette, and leaned against the bar next to her. "So, you don't like blonds?"

She turned those expressive brown eyes toward him. They widened slightly. "Is that supposed to be a pick-up line?"

"No. Were you expecting one?"

Her dark eyes were guarded, but fringed by unbelievably thick, dark lashes that, for a moment, rested on pale skin as she blinked.

"Touché." She raised her glass. "I don't like arrogance. He had it in spades."

"I take it you put him in his place?"

"I doubt he'll remember it come morning." She sipped her wine.

Her lipstick left a perfect imprint of her full crimson lips on the glass. His cock swelled, pressing against the zipper of his jeans, as he imagined what else those lips could do. "May I?" He indicated the stool next to her.

"It's not my bar."

He smiled. "I'll take that as a yes. My name is

Glenn.”

She returned the smile and two perfect dimples formed on her cheeks. The sudden urge to kiss them took him by surprise.

“Glenn. Like the astronaut?”

He shrugged. “My mother was a fan.”

“I see.” Her lips trembled, as though fighting a smile. “Trish or Trisha.”

“I like Trisha. It’s nice to meet you.” He extended his hand. Her fingers were long and supple. Her skin was soft and warm within his embrace. He didn’t want to let go. “Which do you prefer?”

She blinked and gently extracted her hand from his hold. “I...I think I like Trisha, too. I haven’t thought about it for a while.”

“Why is that? It’s your name.”

A half-smile turned her mouth. “That, sir, is a good question. Perhaps I haven’t been thinking about me enough lately.” She took another sip of wine.

Fighting not to stare at the way her throat moved as she swallowed, he watched the dark liquid glow from the overhead lighting. He wanted to smell her there, just under her jaw, next to her ear. He bet it smelled like heaven. How did it taste? His cock gave an appreciative throb. “Have you ever been to Italy?”

Her fingers toyed with the wineglass stem, stroking the slender rod up and down. His growing erection strained against his zipper. God, did she have any idea what she was doing to him?

“Rioja is a Spanish wine, not Italian.”

“I see.”

“Do you?”

He smiled.

“Yes. I’ve been to Spain.” Her dark eyes twinkled with suppressed amusement.

Maybe she did know. "Beautiful. Isn't it?" Glenn stared into her eyes.

She met his gaze, opened her lips and then closed them as the waitress with the fishnets approached.

"Can I get you anything?" The waitress flashed a smile and a generous glimpse of her cleavage he was sure garnered many tips.

"Another for the lady and scotch straight up, no ice, for me, please."

"Thank you," Trisha said. Her voice lowered a semitone, became husky. God, she was sexy as hell.

He shrugged. "Maybe I'm trying to get you drunk."

"Are you?"

He smiled into her dark eyes. Her pupils were dilated. Was it the lighting or was she as turned on as he was? "Would it work?"

Her dark lashes dipped to stroke her cheeks again. "Ladies don't give that much away."

"And are you?"

"Am I what?" She met his gaze, a challenge in her dark eyes.

"Are you a lady?" His voice dropped to a low rumble.

She licked her lips then raised her almost empty glass as if to toast him again. "Depends where I am."

The bartender deposited a short, amber-filled glass and a full wineglass on the counter, glanced from him to Trisha as though assessing the situation, and then removed her empty glass without a word.

"At least I've outlasted the blond." Glenn watched the play of emotion across her face as he sipped the scotch. Was she nervous?

She curled her fingers loosely around the stem of her wine glass and her thumb rubbed the curved bowl. Glenn's cock throbbed.

"That's not much of an achievement, considering his ears are still a bit wet."

Glenn surprised himself by laughing aloud. When was the last time he'd done that? "You have to give him kudos for trying."

"Do I?"

"Only if you're feeling generous."

Trisha sipped her wine.

"Are you?" he asked.

She laughed. "Am I what?"

"Are you feeling generous?"

Her head tilted at an angle as she observed him. His gaze drifted to the exposed length of her neck. Skin made to nuzzle. To taste and lick. How would her flesh feel under his lips? Like silk. His erection jerked against his zipper. Glenn's gaze roamed past her jaw, to the angles of her cheekbones, back to her eyes. She was still watching him. God, he could get lost in those eyes.

"I suppose I am," she said.

"Good. Would you like to dance?"

She glanced toward the empty dance floor, and one perfectly manicured eyebrow shot up. "No one is dancing."

Glenn shrugged. The desire to hold her, to press her body against his was overpowering. He hadn't felt like this since...Well, it was better not to think about that. He'd already decided that this night stood alone. No responsibilities, no promises, no worries about tomorrow, and, more importantly, no yesterdays. Tonight he was free of all his past mistakes, all the regret.

Glenn's dark eyes burned with life, and Trisha felt an answering spark kindle deep inside, warming her body more thoroughly than the wine. Something shifted inside her. *Maybe I'm not a frigid bitch after all.*

Damn, his eyes could melt the panties off a girl and probably had, many times.

He had barely glanced at the skimpily-clad waitress when she'd taken their order, even though the woman had made viewing everything she had to offer quite easy. The gesture hadn't seemed forced but as if he hadn't even noticed the other woman, as though his attention was focused elsewhere, focused on her. *On me*. A thrill of excitement traced her spine and tickled at nerves deep in her abdomen.

She tasted her wine and observed him. Dark hair framed sharp cheekbones and a square jaw. A slightly crooked nose kept his face from being too good-looking or his full lips from appearing too feminine. A lock of dark hair fell over his forehead and her fingers itched to brush it back, to run her fingers through the silky-looking strands. Trisha smiled. She'd evidently read too many romance stories lately. *Too many romance stories and not enough sex make Trisha a horny girl*.

Glenn rubbed a small scar along his jaw line. A band of pale skin circled the fourth finger on his left hand and Trisha impulsively stroked the missing ring on her own finger. Two peas in a pod? Maybe they had more in common than she knew.

"Dance with me. We can be the first. Start a trend." His voice lowered to something right above a growl and a chill traveled her spine. "Come on, what do you say?" He lounged against the counter, his dark eyes not quite hiding the dare.

Trisha's gaze traced along his jaw and neck and continued down his body. Long, lean, and well-muscled, with an air of controlled sensuality, he reminded her of a cat. Heat surged through her stomach and settled between her thighs. *I'll be panting like a teenager before long*.

And what was wrong with that? It had been too long since she'd felt this kind of desire. Tonight was

about letting go. About forgetting who she wasn't and remembering who she was. Would she dance with this man? She imagined his arms encircling her and her inner thighs tingled as though he'd touched her. She drained the glass. "Why not?"

For the first time since Glenn sat down, Trisha listened to the music. A slow song with a subtle Latin beat played over the speakers; it sounded like Santana. She retrieved her bag, pulled out the strap, and threaded her fingers through the loop.

Glenn held out his hand, and, after a moment's hesitation, she placed her hand in his, marveling at the silky smoothness of his fingers. The way his hand just seemed to fit hers. A chill brought goose bumps to her arms as she followed him to the small dance floor.

He was a few inches taller than her and she looked up to meet his gaze. His eyes burned with fire as he placed one hand on the small of her back and pulled her close. The heat of his flesh seeped through the sheer fabric as though branding her back. He smelled of spice and oranges with an undertone of musk. It was the kind of smell a woman wouldn't mind drowning in.

She hesitated, closed her eyes, and placed her hands around his neck, fighting the urge to bury the tips of her fingers in his luxurious dark curls.

Slowly they began to move to the music, their bodies swaying in unison. He guided her effortlessly in a slow, rhythmic dance. A tremor of desire rippled through her body and warmth flooded her pussy. As though he sensed her arousal, his gaze locked with hers and her heart sped at the raw desire in the depths of his eyes. Heat spread from his hands, down her thighs, creating an ache in her core. Suddenly she wanted those hands to move, to explore all her secret places.

Some part of her brain acknowledged that the

music had changed, but she remained transfixed, watching the way his throat worked as he swallowed, intoxicated by the scent and feel of a strong masculine body pressed up against her. Her senses were alive in a way they hadn't been in a long time. If ever.

His glittering dark eyes captured her attention and her body responded, humming under his touch. His hips moved seductively against hers. His muscled chest brushed her nipples and they tightened further, longing to be touched again. The burn in her lower abdomen spread, engulfing her body. The ache graduated into need. She wanted this man like she'd never wanted another.

The music faded, the buzz of conversations seemed distant. Trisha was no longer aware of the tables a dozen feet away or the other dancers who had drifted onto the floor. There was only this man and the way he made her burn. And, God, she wanted to burn. She touched his lips and traced them with her fingertip, imagining how they'd taste, feel on her skin. When he licked her finger, she gasped and her own tongue darted out to moisten her suddenly parched lips.

His thumb grazed the skin of her arm from the inside of her elbow to her wrist. She fought the whimper threatening to escape her throat. His eyes flamed with desire as he gazed down at her. Dancers moved around them, but they stood, motionless.

Time stopped and the feeling of isolation intensified. Everything else fell away until she was aware of only two things: the man before her and her need.

With a low groan, Glenn grabbed her hand and led her back toward a dark hallway off the dance floor. As soon as they rounded the corner, out of sight of the rest of the bar, he turned around and crushed her to his chest, his lips descending in a

hungry kiss. No prelude, no gentle teasing, just unfiltered desire. Her tongue met his, stroke for stroke. He tasted of scotch and warmth. His mouth devoured hers, seeking, possessive.

He brushed his tongue slowly over her full lower lip, tracing the contours before nipping it between his teeth. She liquefied. A moan escaped Trisha's mouth as his tongue found hers again. She pressed her body to his, grinding the hardness of his erection against her stomach. Her fingers twirled in his hair. It was as soft as it looked.

He trailed one finger down the curve of her breast. The flesh swelled beneath his touch. Glenn flicked her aching nipple with the back of his finger and she gasped. "More."

One of his fingers traced slow circles through the thin cloth of her blouse. "More of what?"

She arched into his touch, pressing the aroused peak into his hand. "You."

His tongue teased her lips before his mouth claimed hers again. Glenn gently pinched her nipple and she cried out. Electrical currents of pleasure-pain shot down to her pussy. She ached. She needed. She wanted. Now.

A loud laugh coming from the bar broke through her daze. Trisha glanced down the hallway, then back to Glenn. His lips were swollen, bruised. She opened her mouth but he captured her jaw in one hand and swallowed her words with his kiss.

Closing her eyes, she drifted with the flood of passion. She didn't want to think, was tired of thinking. She only wanted to feel. And Glenn made her feel pretty damn good. He kissed down her neck to her collarbone. His fingers continued their manipulations as his mouth covered her other nipple through her blouse and blew. Warmth radiated through her body and liquid saturated the curls between her legs. She was wet, aching, and she

wanted him now.

He laved her nipple through the blouse, stoking the fire until she thought she'd explode. He was so masterful with that tongue; she longed to feel it lap at her pussy. A shudder racked her body at the thought.

As though he could read her mind, he smoothed his hand up her leg, hiking her skirt as he stroked higher and then froze.

Trisha chuckled. She hadn't worn underwear.

"Damn, woman. You are fucking sexy," he muttered against her skin. He stroked her slick folds with his finger. "Oh, God, you're like silk. Wet and ready for me." His thumb found her clit while two fingers invaded her hot cunt.

His fingers stretched her walls and left her desperate for more. Much more. Her hips moved in rhythm with his fingers, while his thumb rolled over her nub. Reaching between their bodies, she ran a fingernail over his jeans, now taut above his erection, and smiled when she heard a quick intake of breath. Easing lower, she traced slow, lazy circles with the tips of her fingers on the fabric covering his balls.

He nibbled her ear, his breath hot and sweet, caressing the delicate lobe. "Tease," he whispered.

"You're one to talk. If you don't fuck me soon, I'll explode." Trisha glanced down the darkened hall and spotted a sign for the ladies' room. If his fingers felt this good, she couldn't wait for what the impressive bulge in his pants promised.

"That's something I'd like to see," he growled, but didn't stop his slow and deliberate erotic torture.

"The bathroom." Her breath came in quick pants.

Glenn held her gaze while he removed his fingers, placed them in his mouth, and sucked.

A moan started low in Trisha's throat and

rumbled through her body.

“I want to taste you,” Glenn demanded.

“God damn it. The bathroom. Now.” She grabbed his hand and yanked him toward the ladies’ room, the sound of her heels dull against the cheap linoleum. Three stalls stood opposite the door and sinks lined another wall. Trisha glanced under the stall doors. Empty. As she turned, Glenn locked the door and leaned against it. She laid her purse on the counter next to a white porcelain sink.

“Where were we?” He approached like a hunting tiger. Her knees shook. Grasping her by the shoulders, his gaze locked with hers a moment before he lowered his mouth. His lips moved over hers like butterfly wings, teasing and soft. After the intensity in the hallway, the tenderness surprised her but deepened her need. Glenn’s musky scent replaced the smell of disinfectant and cold tile. Her heart sped.

He stroked the sides of her face and down her shoulder, his touch light, just skimming her curves, and setting her nerve-endings on fire. Soft lips nibbled her mouth.

Trisha slid her hands up his back, enjoying the hard muscle beneath her fingertips, but longing for skin.

One thumb stroked along her jaw line then traced her mouth, pulling gently on her lower lip to reveal her teeth. A rush of pleasure shot through her body. She opened her eyes. He stared down at her, his dark eyes intense as they followed the path of his thumb. His mouth descended once more, this time urgent and demanding. His tongue entered her mouth, dancing with her own.

Passion rippled and coiled in her abdomen, simmering and waiting to explode. The heat of his skin teased her through the soft fabric of his shirt. She dug her fingers into his flesh, wishing for the

moment she could rip the thin material away and roam his skin to her heart's content. He trailed kisses down her neck, igniting her senses. She felt breathless and her lips bruised and full. Her face tingled from the stubble of his chin.

Glenn gripped the back of her thigh, drew it to his waist and ran his hand over her flesh until he grabbed her ass. Picking her up, he stepped forward, pressing her back against the wall. His erection pressed against the vee of her legs.

Frantically, she tugged his shirt out of his jeans. Buttons pinged to the floor as she yanked the front of the shirt free of his waistband. Her hands explored the hard planes of his back, hungry for his flesh, for all of him. Her breath quickened and her heart pounded staccato against her ribs. God, she wanted him now, inside her.

His lips found hers again and, without breaking the kiss, he brushed aside her blouse to expose her lacy black bra, then expertly unsnapped the front hooks and released her breasts into his waiting hands. His fingers and tongue tortured her nipples while she tore at the buttons of his shirt, sending more to rest on the linoleum. Her spine arched into his touch, offering him more. She stroked down his bare chest, past his lean abdomen to the button of his jeans.

Perspiration beaded on his neck and torso, making the sculpted muscles of his chest gleam in the harsh light. He broke away to suckle one breast, then the other.

"You're beautiful," he mumbled, before nipping one erect peak with his teeth, sending a new burst of heat through her body.

As if obeying her silent request, Glenn stepped back and let her go. Trisha fumbled with his jeans until the silky head of his cock sprung free. She teased the tip with her fingers, coating the velvet

head with the drops of moisture escaping the slit. His body jerked in response. Something primal and urgent consumed her. She needed to see him, taste him. Sliding her hand around the back of his jeans to his ass, she lowered the pants to reveal more of his impressive erection. She wasn't the only one who had gone commando.

Dropping to her knees, she pulled the jeans down with her. He was beautiful, thick and throbbing. A drop of pre-cum glistened on the tip of his shaft. She licked it off, savoring the taste of him almost as much as the deep moan that vibrated through his frame.

Trisha trailed her fingers down the hard length of his shaft to his heavy sac and then followed the path with her tongue.

"Oh, baby," Glenn muttered.

Trisha sucked him in her mouth, reveling in the velvet hardness and salty musk. Gripping the base with her hand, she guided his erection deep, until the tip touched the back of her throat. Then she slid her lips back to tease the sensitive ridges along the shaft's head. Her hand worked in concert with her mouth, moving up and down the silky, rock-hard flesh. Her slow rhythm increased as his balls tightened. His taste was like an aphrodisiac, addictive. She couldn't stop.

Glenn groaned and his body shuddered. Gently, she skimmed her teeth over the sensitive skin, her hand never ceasing its rhythm.

She glanced up. Glenn watched her, his eyes hooded and glazed with lust. His hips pumped in time with her mouth. He threw his head back and inhaled sharply. "Much more and I'm going to come." His voice was rough but he stilled her with a gentle hand on her head.

Trisha kissed the tip of his gleaming cock, wet with her saliva. "That's the general idea."

Glenn lifted her to her feet and pressed her against the wall. His fingers dove deep into the wet folds of her pussy. "I want more. I want to feel your silky cunt around me. I want your muscles to milk me as you come over and over."

Electricity shot through Trisha, his words heating her body, drawing the tension tighter and bringing her close to the edge. His fingers slid in and out of her slick channel.

"So wet, so hot," he muttered.

A third finger entered and he thrust with more vigor. Her hips joined in the rhythm, driving him deeper while his thumb continued to tease her swollen clit. The waves of her orgasm heightened as his mouth found hers. His other hand kneaded her ass, teasing the delicate nerves, and building the pressure until her walls spasmed around his fingers and the world faded into ripples of pleasure.

"Oh...God." She bit back the scream building in her throat as she broke into a thousand delicious pieces. She opened her eyes slowly to a wicked grin and dark smoky eyes.

"I've been called worse." He kissed the sensitive skin of her neck, his voice low and rumbling. His thumb flicked her still sensitive nub and tremors racked her body.

"You. Now," she demanded.

"You mean you want more?" Glenn teased, his fingers sliding in and out of her hot sheath.

"I want all of you."

Trisha's pussy throbbed with need and a new ache opened inside of her. She slipped past Glenn to retrieve a small square packet from her purse.

"You came prepared."

"No glove; no love." She tore open the packet, placed the disk on her tongue and dropped to her knees. Slowly, she sheathed the erect shaft.

Glenn moaned low in his throat. "You know how

to make that a pleasure.”

Trisha rose to her feet. “I try.” She gripped his rigid shaft and guided it where she wanted it most, teasing both of them by rubbing the thick head over her wet folds.

Glenn pressed his lips against hers. She tasted her juices on his lips and a wave of need buckled her knees.

“You want it?” he whispered.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, please.”

He wrapped her leg around his hips and turned, pressing her against the counter as he slammed his cock into her pussy. She gasped. His cock filled her, stretching her walls. Tension built and coiled deep inside her, taking her to new heights.

“Is that what you wanted?” His eyes darkened with passion, grew savage with a raw hunger.

“Yes.” The word caught in her throat. A tremor of need traveled her body. She gripped his muscled back, pulling him closer. “Don’t stop.”

The force of his thrusts pinned her against the counter. He tugged on her thighs. She obeyed his unspoken command and wrapped them around his waist.

“You feel so good,” he muttered into her neck.

“Harder,” she demanded as a second wave built.

Glenn drove in, angling his hips and delving deeper with each plunge. Flesh slapped against flesh. Trisha burrowed her fingers in his hair, forcing his head closer. She licked the sweat off his neck. The salty taste of him sent shivers of desire through her body.

His breathing grew ragged. He stroked her breast and pinched one nipple. Stars exploded behind her eyes as ripple after ripple of ecstasy washed over her body. Her walls clenched his

erection, and he shuddered. His low groan vibrated through his chest as a violent orgasm rippled his muscles and shook his frame.

He leaned into her on shaky legs, his breaths heavy and loud in her ear. She kissed his shoulder and held him tight, pressing his sweaty skin to hers.

"I was surprised to see you here," she whispered.

"Really?"

"Yeah." She inhaled the tang of sweat and sex mixed with his unique scent and closed her eyes. Ambrosia.

His voice rumbled through her chest. "You said I'd made my work a mistress and, after you left, I realized maybe you were right. When I thought of you with someone else...I couldn't stand it."

"It was your idea. 'No regrets, no questions, no tomorrows. Just here and now.' Remember?"

"Oh, I remember. And I stand by it. I just wanted to be one of your options."

A wave of tenderness washed over her, bringing tears to her eyes. "You were jealous?"

"You have no idea."

"He was a boy."

Glenn's lips moved against her hair. "I love you, you know?"

"I know." She listened to the sound of their hearts beating together. She'd missed the intimacy as much as the sexual heat that sparked between them. Intimacy damaged by neglect, but not lost. She wanted to build it back, stronger than ever. Was that what Glenn wanted too? Was he willing to let go of all the mistakes, the hurt? Try again?

"If I'd decided to leave with the blond, would you have let me go?"

"Yes." He shook his head. "No. I may have had to kill him. I didn't realize..." He gently set her down and held her at arm's length to stare into her eyes. "You are the best thing that ever happened to me."

I'll never forget it again."

Emotion welled in Trisha's chest. Her eyes filled and she swallowed back the lump in her throat. They were words she'd longed to hear. Words that now left her speechless.

After a deep breath, she playfully bit his shoulder. "And it took you picking me up in a bar to realize that?"

"I can be dense sometimes." Glenn's smile held all of the boyish charm she'd fallen in love with many years before, and she knew she'd fallen in love with him all over again.

The doorknob rattled. They turned toward the door in unison.

"Um, just a minute," Trisha called and then giggled. "We'd better go," she whispered.

Glenn breathed deeply. "It smells like sex in here." He ran a finger down her arm to the rounded swell of her breast.

A surge of heat traveled her body to settle between her legs. "Does the rule still apply?"

Glenn's eyes grew puzzled.

"The night's not over. I can still hook up with anyone I want?"

"Yes." He drew the word out. Two vertical lines formed between his eyebrows.

"Good. I've decided I'm not done with you yet." She reached down and cupped his groin. Beneath her hand, his cock grew.

He bent toward her ear. "I'm going to lick you until you pass out."

"And I'll hold you to it."

"Please do," he growled.

The doorknob rattled again, this time more insistently.

Trisha ran a finger from the base of his thickening cock to his balls and gently squeezed. "Come on, pretty boy." She stepped back, smoothed

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her skirt, and adjusted her shirt. “I’ll race you home. We’ve got some more hooking up to do.”

About the Author

Lynne Roberts wrote her first story out of frustration at the age of eleven because *Gone With the Wind* just couldn't end with Rhett and Scarlet not together. She's still a hopeless romantic and a sucker for a happily ever after.

She's been writing professionally since 2005 and, after reading some very talented authors, attempted her first erotic romance in 2009.

An admitted coffee-addict, when she's not writing, editing or on Twitter—which isn't often—you can find her in the garden, reading or with her five children. Sometimes all of the above.

Lynne currently lives in sunny California. You can learn more about her on her website and blog. She'd love to hear from you.

Visit Lynne Roberts at
<http://lynneroberts.net> or
<http://lynneroberts.blogspot.com>

Also Available

After Hours

by

Lynne Roberts

Elle Simpson doesn't deny that the new intern is sexy as hell but he's also ten years her junior—and she doesn't date men from the office. Of course, dating isn't what comes to mind when David Nelson enters a room. When Elle's boss assigns her to work an important account, she's thrilled—until David volunteers to help. Working one on one with her desirable new assistant is bound to test the limits of her restraint.

Everything about Elle, from her professional savvy to her hot body, turns David on, but first he has to unravel her mixed signals. After a few late nights alone with Elle in the office, David is at the end of his tether. It was hard enough during the day; keeping his hands off her after hours could prove impossible.