
DEMOLISHED

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Cheeseburger halfway to my mouth, I sink farther into the crispy vinyl booth and glance at the diner door for the hundredth time. *Relax. He doesn't know where you are.* I suck in a quick breath and exhale slowly to calm myself, then tear into my meal like it is the first of the day, which, of course, it is. No time to eat when you're on the run from Southern California to Blue Bay, Connecticut.

I dip my greasy fry into the ketchup and toss it into my mouth, my stomach rebelling after being hollow for so long. As I chew, I do another slow sweep of the near-empty establishment, avoiding eye contact with the sleazy guy in the corner who keeps staring at me over the rim of his tumbler. I can't help but wonder if he's the Dick in "Dick's Driving Inn and Diner" on Route 5. Talk about the perfect name for a seedy, out-of-the-way hotel.

The sound of rusty hinges groaning in protest draws my focus and my gaze flies back to the heavy wooden door in time to see it swing open. It hits the wall with a thud and my heart jumps into my throat when I glimpse the tower of solid muscle walking into the place like he owns it. *No way.* I blink,

sure I'm hallucinating. But when I open my eyes again, there is no mistaking the man darkening the doorway. *Sean Owens*. Blue Bay's poster boy for authority issues, and the man who put the "O" in Owens. Not that I know that firsthand. I don't. But what I do know is he's the toughest, roughest guy from my childhood, and lethal to me in entirely different ways.

I swallow my fry, and drop the grease-soaked bun onto the plate, my attention now on the beautifully sculpted face that I'd recognize even if I hadn't been watching him on the motocross circuit for years with my dad—before his death six months ago. Would Sean recognize me, too? I sure as hell hope not. After overhearing my ex-boyfriend on the phone, and discovering my life is in danger, I have no idea who I can trust. My father's warning words ring in my ears—*Trust no one*.

But this is Sean Owens. Blue Bay's hottest, sexiest motocross racer who always circled me in a bubble of safety when I was a kid.

Dressed in a leather jacket that had to be custom made to fit those broad shoulders and hewn muscles, he rakes thick dark hair from his face, those big strong arms of his gaining my attention. I remember those arms, the way they'd pulled me from the water when I'd nearly drowned.

My focus moves to his mouth, to lips that quirk at the waitress as he walks up to the bar and throws one solid, jean-clad thigh over the stool. He moves with a grace a man his size shouldn't possess. Unable to tear my gaze away, I look him over. His hair is too long. Unruly. Like him. And those lips. God, those lips. I once felt them moving over mine, but at fourteen years old, when he was giving me mouth-to-mouth, I was far too young to appreciate them fully. After that near-drowning incident I followed him around like a lovesick puppy. But being two years my senior—a hot,

legendary troublemaker who tore up the side streets on his motorbike—I could never catch him.

He drops down onto the stool, a tense, restless energy about him, as he orders a beer. It arrives, and he takes a long pull from the bottle, gulping it back like he's had a hell of a day. I can relate. The bottle hits the bar with a thud. He twirls it, then slowly raises his head like he senses me staring. Heavy, pensive eyes turn on me, and a bolt of heat rushes through my body, lighting up every erogenous zone along the way.

What the hell? How can I be aroused at a time like this?

I look away and bite into my soggy hamburger, even though my appetite has long ago raced out of the diner. As my throat tightens, I swallow and reach for my soda to wash down the lump.

“Can I buy you a drink?”

A body shadows my table. I glance up to see the creepy guy from the corner standing over me. He takes a swig from his tumbler, and moves closer. His stale breath falls over me, and my gag reflex kicks in.

“No, I'm good,” I say, swallowing again in an effort to keep my dinner from making a second appearance.

He sways, the amber liquid in his glass spilling over the sides. “Come on,” he insists, his voice slurring. “Let me buy you a drink.”

I gesture toward my soda. “I already have a drink.” I let my hair fall forward to avoid eye contact, and silently will him to leave. It doesn't work. The shadow over my table grows, thickens, claws at me as he rocks against the brass ledge. Metal table legs shift on the grimy floor and I cringe as the sound goes right through me. I continue to ignore him but he still doesn't get the hint.

“Yeah, but a pretty little thing like you should never drink alone.”

A stool squeaks, followed by heavy motorcycle boots thudding on the cracked and pitted floor. The sound of each stomp roars like a souped-up two stroke in my ears as Mr. Sex in a Leather Jacket winds his way around a few tables. An intoxicating scent of the open road and something uniquely Sean permeates the air with each determined slide, chasing away the foul scent of whiskey and sadness.

Sean stops behind the man, towers over him. "Take off."

"Wha—" The guy turns, stumbles a bit, and squares off against Sean. Clearly alcohol has impaired his judgment. Either that or he has a death wish. Not that I think Sean will deck the guy. The fight wouldn't be fair, and while Blue Bay's toughest bad boy has trouble written all over him, I don't take him for the kind of guy who likes to play dirty. At least not outside the bedroom.

Stop thinking about Sean and sex.

A muscle in Sean's jaw ticks, so tense I fear it could snap out of place. "I said take off."

Stale breath grumbles, "I just got here, man."

Even in the dimly lit bar, I can see Sean's green eyes darken.

"And now you're leaving."

The creep's gaze bounces back and forth between Sean and me like he's some kind of bobblehead. "What, is she with you?"

Sean's gaze slides to mine and holds. Dark. Dangerous. Sensual. "Yeah, she's with me."

The guy shifts from one foot to the other and glares at Sean. Sean stands deathly still. His big hands, one still holding a beer bottle, sit idle at his sides—a contradiction to his predatory stance, the tightness in his jaw. A wild wolf poised to pounce.

Damn . . .

The creep must realize the danger before him. He turns, grunts something unintelligible and slinks back to his stool.

“Thank you,” I murmur and lower my head, hoping Sean will take the hint and walk back to the bar. He stands there, silent for a long agonizing minute, towering over me like six feet of pure testosterone. My stomach flutters at the weight of his gaze.

Double damn.

“You lost?”

Lost? No, but I can get why he’s asking me that. I’m dressed in my usual work clothes—all I could grab at a moment’s notice—and this establishment is one up from a dive, a place I wouldn’t normally frequent. All the more reason for me to stay here. Never in a million would my ex think to look for me at Dick’s Driving Inn on Route 5. Yet here is Sean—his body broken and scarred from years on the circuit—hovering close and making me feel safe, yet vulnerable, a mixed bag of emotions that is confusing my thoughts. As a frisson of nervousness prowls through my blood, I lift my head, meeting his crotch face on.

“Ah . . . no. Not lost,” I manage to get out. Damn, way to sound convincing. But how the hell am I supposed to pull off composed when I’m staring at his package, which just happens to be bundled tightly in worn jeans that hug him in all the right ways. A garbled noise sounds in my throat and I disguise it with a cough and lift my head, forcing my eyes to his.

Pull yourself together, girl.

He scrubs his chin, and I like the sound it makes. In fact, I like everything about this guy. Always have. He stares at me for a moment, his gaze dark, scrutinizing. Something flashes in his eyes. Is it recognition? As a sliver of dread takes hold, I shift in my seat, the vinyl crackling beneath my backside. I

glance heavenward and give a silent prayer. Please don't let him remember me. Not that I think he, or anyone in Blue Bay will recognize me now, which is one of the reasons I chose the seaside location as a hideout—that, and of course, the key to the cottage was in a lockbox Dad had given me months ago. Heck, it's been thirteen long years since my family and I summered in the once sleepy town, and I'm no longer the gangly little pigtailed blonde with sun-kissed freckles. Well, that's not entirely true. I still have the freckles. But my hair has darkened over time and my once lanky, boylike body has grown curves. Today I'm the antithesis of that young girl, completely unrecognizable to the townsfolk—to Sean.

After Mom's death, the winter just before I turned fifteen, Dad and I boarded the place up, locking years of fond memories behind lumber and nails. We never talked about the place, yet Dad couldn't bring himself to sell it. Now, with limited funds and resources for survival, I'm glad that he kept it in the family.

Sean shifts his stance to catalog the room. I almost breathe a sigh of relief when my face is no longer inches from his crotch. Almost. Because now I'm one-on-one with his ass, and oh what a perfect ass it is.

"You don't sound too sure about that," he says, his voice deeper, more grown up, despite his strikingly boyish good looks.

"Positive," I counter, injecting more assurance into my voice as I drag my focus from his perfect backside. "I'm just passing through on my way to catch up with an old girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?"

"She's a girl and a friend, I'm not . . ."

He grins and takes another long pull from his bottle. A drop of beer forms on his mouth, and he swipes his tongue

over his bottom lip. My thighs quiver, and it's all I can do not to spread them and tell him to take me already.

"Yeah, I'm just passing through, too," he says.

Chances are he's on his way to another motocross event. Good. Right now I don't need the distraction of Sean. Not when my life is in danger. No, right now I need to hide out, and figure out where my father hid a ledger that my ex Jack wants so badly he's willing to hurt me for it? Jack is a United States naval officer and served under my father for years, and he has way more resources and connections than I do so I really shouldn't be talking to anyone, or drawing any kind of attention to myself. By rights, I should end this conversation with Sean right now, get in my truck and drive straight through the night until I reach the boarded-up cottage.

Sean leans closer, crowding me. "Is that your truck out there?"

"Ah, why?" Does he need a lift or something?

"Just asking." He shrugs, his gaze dropping to my mouth. He fixates on it as his voice slides across the shell of my ear, the heat behind it speaking volumes. O-kay . . .

Obviously I should have gone with the *something*, because clearly it's not a lift he's after. No, what he wants from me is far more intimate, and teases parts of my body that have been dormant for too long. Yeah, that's right, dormant. Closed off. Inactive. Total hibernation.

The truth is, I've dated Jack for six months—he practically lived at my condo toward the end of it—but we hadn't been intimate in a long time. I'd wanted to break it off. Tried to break it off, actually. But he clung, refusing to let me go. He must have sensed my restlessness and impatience with the relationship; otherwise he wouldn't be ready to "apply pressure to get the ledger once and for all." His words, not mine—ones I overheard during a private phone conversation he was having with God

knows who. I have no idea where that ledger is, or what information it contains. All I know is I need to keep a low profile and find it before he does. Even though my dad's death was ruled an accident, my gut tells me otherwise. If Jack is willing to hurt me to get answers, what the hell did he do to my father?

At first it stung to learn that Jack had been using me all this time. But as soon as I clued in to what "apply pressure" meant, fear quickly overrode pride. Perhaps the hurt, the betrayal, and fear are the reasons I'm so affected by Sean. Or perhaps it's simply because this is Sean.

Images of me between the sheets with the stack of muscle towering close, his protective hands shaping my body as he reacquaints those sensuous lips with mine rush through me. I tremble. Why shouldn't I go for it? Why shouldn't I forget about the real world and lose myself in him for a few short hours. I ignore the million reasons clanging around inside my head, and stare at his big hands as they push his hair from his forehead, a familiar habit.

"Yeah, it's my truck," I finally say.

"You're a long way from home."

I freeze for a second, then relax. My license plate says California. It doesn't mean he knows me. "Like I said, I'm on my way to visit an old friend."

"Kind of a big truck for a small girl to drive halfway around the country, don't you think?"

Yeah, I do. Too big and too noticeable. But I had no choice. My car was in the shop and my father's truck was the only thing available when I needed to flee.

"I like things big," I shoot back, not really sure why I'm going on the defense, but as soon as the words leave my mouth, I scramble to get them back. Good God, why don't I just come out and tell him that I want to have sex with him, I silently scoff. Like he doesn't already know. I've been eye fucking him since he walked into the place.

The corner of his mouth quirks and a dimple forms. Oh, that dimple. So ridiculously sexy I can barely stand it. “Oh, yeah?” He leans down and whispers against my temple, bathing my skin in warmth and sensual awareness: “Want to get out of here? Go someplace and get something decent to eat?”

His soft words melt my body and brain, not great at a time when I need to think with clarity. My survival depends on it and I have no idea who I can trust.

This is Sean.

I’m not naïve enough to believe it’s a decent meal he’s after, and as fight-or-flight instincts kick in I take in his raw strength, revel in the energy arcing between us. Heat floods my core, but my brain yells at me to say no.

“Yeah, okay,” I murmur, shocking myself. A one-night stand is so uncharacteristic of me. Then again, I’ve been doing a lot of things I’ve never done before.

I make a move to get up, but he cups my elbow and pulls me from my seat. My body molds against his, and his warmth envelopes me. I sag into him, a false sense of comfort overcoming me, something I haven’t felt in the last six months, ever since my late father handed me a metal lockbox containing a huge amount of cash, the key to the Blue Bay cottage, and fake identification . . . just in case.

Just in case *what?*

I didn’t ask. Didn’t think to. Danger isn’t a part of my world. I’m a chiropractor, for God’s sake. The only threat I face comes in the form of a malpractice suit, and that hasn’t happened yet. How could my father possibly think I’d know what to do when faced with danger? I’ve never walked in his shoes, don’t even know the rules.

That’s why my first instinct was to run after hearing my life was in danger. I didn’t know who to trust or even if I’d be safe going to the police. My ex has a lot of connections, so I

just bolted and headed for Blue Bay. Is it possible my father hid the ledger somewhere in the small town? I'm not convinced, since we never talked about the cottage after boarding it up, and it was far too painful to return. But for now, until I can figure out my next move, it's the safest place I know.

"You okay?" he asks, his breath hot, distracting against my neck.

I study him. God, he is so beautiful. Dark eyes framed by thick lashes, a square jaw dusted with a day's worth of stubble. A hint of a tattoo flirts with the base of his collar, and I feel a tug low in my pelvis. Tough. Rough. The epitome of maleness. Pleasure unfurls inside me.

"Yeah, sure." I try for casual and extricate myself from his arms, but instantly miss his warmth, his big arms around me.

He pulls me back, and his erection presses against my stomach. My sex clenches so hard I'm sure if I squeeze my legs together I'll orgasm. I muffle a cry of pleasure, aching for him to touch me, to slide his hands into my panties and make me forget the real world for a few hours. I suck in a breath, shocked at the intensity of my responses.

His eyes never leave mine. "Then let's get out of here."

My pulse pounds at the base of my throat. Leaving with him is stupid. Reckless. But after running for days, who could blame me for wanting to feel comfort in his arms, to feel safe for just one night. It isn't rational, or smart, but fear is causing me to do unwise things, like fall into bed with a boy from my past when I'm on the way to a town where no one knows my name.

Summer Wheeler.
All grown up.

I can hardly believe I'm walking out of a Dick's Inn and Diner—and hopefully into one of its rooms—with sweet Summer Wheeler, the girl I've always crushed on but couldn't do anything about. Christ, back in the day two years might as well have been a chasm, but today, not so much.

Jesus, she's gorgeous. Has lush curves that every guy's dreams are made of. Her once blond hair is now as dark as the night sky, rich, luxurious, citrus scented, and damned if I can't wait to see those curls spill across my pillow. She still has that sprinkling of freckles on her nose that make her look young and adorable, and those lips . . . Goddammit, never have I seen lips that were so plush, so damn kissable. A bolt of lust hits like a sucker punch, and my body trembles, anxious to taste her heat, to discover what she's wearing under her professional clothes. Fuck, it's all I can do not to back her up against that big truck of hers and take her right outside in the parking lot.

Yeah, sure, I'm supposed to be getting my shit together,

turning over a new leaf, becoming a productive, upstanding citizen of Blue Bay and every other stupid fucking idiomatic expression that meant I needed to do better for my family. But I'm not in Blue Bay yet, headed back to a place where everyone knows my name—and the cops don't like me—to take over my dad's construction business. Yup, I get it, it's time to step into the role I'd been groomed for since I could hold a hammer, and spend less time on the road satisfying my own selfish urges. When I get home I'll be on the straight and narrow: no women, no distractions, and no trouble with the law.

Until then, however . . .

I put my hand on the small of her back and the heat that fires between us is almost catastrophic. Jesus. Who'd have thought that after all these years there'd still be such a powerful pull? I shake my head. Chemistry like this doesn't come along every day.

The warm night air falls over us as I push the lounge door open and guide her into the night. I pause and glance up and down the long strip of black street. I'd been in this Podunk town in the past, circling through as I went from one sponsored motocross event to the next. Hell, all I need is a place to lay my head, but seriously what is Summer really doing in a shit place like this? Designer clothes. Expensive truck. She is so out of her element. Where exactly is she headed, and who is this friend she's visiting? More importantly, why is she pretending she doesn't know me?

I'm pretty good at reading people and I spotted the recognition flashing in her whiskey-colored eyes the second I met them. Then again, maybe she doesn't want to acknowledge me because . . . well . . . because for her, this is just a quick hot affair as she passes through town. Fine, if she wants to play it that way, I can, too. No names. Anonymous sex.

This isn't my first rodeo and all cards on the table, it's for the best. I don't have time for more.

"This town doesn't have much, but there's a pizza joint two blocks down. It's decent." Her dark lashes flash over darker eyes, meeting my gaze straight on. She doesn't even look like she's breathing, which gives me the distinct impression that this isn't something she does on a regular basis. I brush my knuckles along her arm, and she shivers. "Unless you'd prefer to just—"

"I'd prefer," she whispers.

My cock throbs. Apparently little Sean prefers that, too. I pull a key card from my back pocket, and the letter stuffed inside nearly falls out. I shove it back, not wanting to think about the stabbing pain behind each written—and unwritten—word. Later I'll wallow in my own misery, kick my stupid fucked-up ass, and condemn myself for my selfish ways. Christ knows there'll be plenty of time for that in the coming months.

"My room or yours?" I ask.

She grins at the cheesy comment, the tension easing a bit from her body. "Yours."

Interesting. Here I thought she'd pick hers, the familiarity of the personal belongings she'd brought with her giving her a level of comfort. Then again maybe she chose mine so she could slip out under the cover of darkness. No awkward goodbyes. No stilted morning conversation.

My hand brushes hers as I lean in to give her a nudge in the right direction. Her steps are slow, cautious. Is she having second thoughts? Her nervousness gives me pause. For fuck's sake, this is Summer Wheeler. Not some groupie on the circuit eager to sleep with every winning rider. I probably shouldn't have come on so strong. But the fact is I've thought about her so much over the years, knew she'd grow into a beautiful woman. The second I saw her sitting all alone at the

table, I wanted her in the worst fucking way. I stop, turn to her and note the way her lashes are fluttering rapidly, a guardedness about her as apprehension flashes over her face. My stomach plummets.

“If you don’t—”

“I . . .” Her hand goes to my chest, the warmth of her fingers seeping under my T-shirt. I move closer, joining our bodies, and press a leg between hers. Her heat is like an electrical jolt to my cock. Fuck, if she says no, it just might kill me. “I do,” she whispers on a rushed breath. An undeniable sense of relief that I don’t want to think too much about moves through me and I put my hand on her face. My thumb brushes her bottom lip. Her skin is so fucking soft, her mouth so damn tempting, I can’t wait another second.

Giving in to impulse I dip my head, and my lips go to hers. She parts for me, welcoming me inside. I taste her. Savor her sweetness. Sweet fuck. I knew she’d taste good, but not this good. I breathe in the scent of her skin, pull it deep into my lungs. The air grows thick, gets hot, and vibrates with volatile sexual awareness

I drag her closer, and the feel of her breasts, her hard nipples against my chest, short-circuits my brain, and makes me forget we’re still outside. I push my knee deeper between her legs, and pull her down to rub my thigh against her pussy. Her legs squeeze mine, the friction torturing my throbbing cock.

“Fuck,” I murmur into her mouth as a strange possessiveness rages inside me. Maybe it’s because I’ve wanted to kiss her like this for so goddamn long. “I need you naked.”

She moans. “Yes, please.”

A car door slams and I shift gears, needing to get her inside so I can have her all to myself and do wicked things to her body. I wrap my hand around her waist, and usher her to my door. Her breath is coming quicker now, matching mine,

and the second I get her into my room, I slam the door shut, lock it behind us, and position her against it.

I taste her again, fuck her mouth with my tongue, and the moan that sounds in the depths of her throat does something strange to me. I push her hair back and thrust my tongue deeper inside her mouth, wanting to taste every bit of her. Sweat breaks out on my forehead, my body so tight with restraint, my muscles rebel. She writhes, and I grab her hands, forcing them over her head, needing her at my mercy.

She gasps, as I hold both of her small hands in one of mine, the other going to her curves. I trail my hand down her sides, outlining the swell of one breast and she pushes against me. She's so damn responsive it's enough to make me go insane. Her breath comes out in a labored burst, as she arches in to me.

"You want me?" I ask.

"Yes." Her hot breath falls over my neck.

"Tell me."

She gasps like she's struggling for air and my veins surge with desire. "I want you."

"Bad enough to let me take you rough and hard, the way I need to take you?"

"Oh, God."

"Yeah, you can pray, baby. But I plan to make you shatter all around me."

"I . . .," she murmurs, her words falling off, like she could no longer form a sentence.

"You'll break so hard, baby, you'll think you're in a down-pour, naked and quivering as I have my way with you." I run my tongue over her bottom lip and inch back. "Tell me you want that."

Her throat ripples as she swallowed. "I want that," she rushes out on a breathless whisper.

I slip my hands into her pants, shoving my way into her

panties. *Fuck me.* I feel like someone just set dynamite off in my head when I find her so hot and wet for me. I part her folds, and slowly circle her clit. She cries out in ecstasy, and jerks her hips forward.

“Please . . . ,” she begs, so hot for it. Her lashes flutter, color spreads across her cheeks. “I need . . . I haven’t . . .” I don’t miss the desperate edge to her voice before it falls off. Christ, when was the last fucking time someone touched her?

“Easy, baby,” I say, more determined than ever to make this good for her. “I’m going to give you what you want.”

Fire blazes through me and I breathe slow and deep to keep a measure control, even though I can feel it slipping away. I stroke her swollen clit, slowly drag my finger over it, and her heat burns through me. Her mouth opens but no words form, turning me on even more. Watching her come undone is so fucking sexy.

She leans forward, runs her tongue over the scars on my throat and I nearly break. Fuck. I push a finger insider her and she whimpers. Want ripples through me with such force I can barely think straight. I push a second finger in and my cock jumps, aching to switch places with my hand.

I still my hand inside her and her eyes flash open. “Don’t stop.”

“Ride my fingers. Show me how much you want my cock.”

Her hips move shamelessly, a girl taking what she needs. Fucking sexy. She gyrates, grinding with an urgency that sends electrical charges through me. She grows wetter, slicker with each pump, and my mouth waters, wanting a taste. Her pulse throbs wildly at the base of her neck and with my fingers still inside her, I press my lips to her throat. Her entire body quakes.

I let her hands go and they fall to my shoulders, her touch like fire on my skin. Her fingernails drag skin as she rocks

into me, her pussy tightening around my fingers as her climax mounts.

“I’m . . . Oh, yes . . .”

I drop to my knees, none too gently drag her pants down, and bury my face between her legs. I lick, nibble, and bite at her like a starved predator who’s just taken down his prey. Ravenous, greedy, I take her clit into my mouth and suck so hard, she grabs the back of my head and bucks against me. Her body trembles, and her pussy swells. My throat dries and I moan my approval, desperate to hydrate myself with her juices. Thirsty for a taste, I brush my fingers over the hot bundles of nerves inside her, and press hot openmouthed kisses to her pussy.

A cry rips from her, and she clenches hard around my finger. I thrust into her again, and try to drag air into my lungs as her hot juices drip down my hand.

“Yes,” she whimpers, moving against my fingers and riding out the sweet sensations. I slide up her body, and when her pussy stops trembling, she crumbles against me. I scoop her up, carry her to the bed and set her on the edge. Dim eyes full of want stare up at me as I shrug out of my jacket and tug my T-shirt over my shoulders. Dark eyes widen as she takes in my scars. I’m used to it. In fact most women are turned on by it, but not Summer. No, her eyes are filled with concern. Fucking worry.

Time slows for a minute, the seconds between heartbeats lengthening, stretching, a slow drag, a hard thump. I suck in a sharp breath to kick-start it, then clench down on my back teeth hard enough to crack them.

“I’m fine,” I say, my voice coming out harder than I intended.

She reaches for me, and I touch her shoulders and force her down on her knees. “I’m going to fuck your mouth.” I rip open my pants and free my cock. Yeah, I’m big, and my size

shocks most women. But not Summer. She licks her lips like she's eager to take every inch of me. *Jesus.*

I step into her, take my cock into my hand and stroke it. Not to get it ready. I've been ready since we were teens. Summer wets her lush mouth. Hot and possessive, she leans forward and draws me in as deeply as possible. Her other hand goes to my balls, and they draw up as she massages. I pull her hair back, and nearly shoot down her throat when I find her glancing up at me, her eyes dark, sexy, enjoying every second of this as much as I am.

She twirls her tongue around my crown, and dips into the precum. My veins fill with heated blood, and she presses her tongue to them. The soft, sexy moan of pleasure is pretty much more than I can take. I grip her shoulders, draw her up and nudge her until she's sitting on the bed.

"Naked. Now."

I stand perfectly still, watching, waiting as her fingers work her blouse. Impatience runs through me and I'm seconds from tearing her shirt wide open when she eases it from her shoulders. My gaze drops to her black lace bra. *Black lace bra.* Kill me fucking now.

She reaches behind her back, unhooks it and lets it fall to the floor. My gaze zeroes in on the most perfect breasts I've ever set eyes on. Pale nipples, hard, sweet, beckoning my mouth. Who am I to disappoint?

I kick my pants and shorts off and drop to my knees. Her soft hands tangle through my hair and she arches when I give a long slow pass with my tongue. I linger at her chest, pretty sure I've found heaven.

"Yes, just like that," she murmurs.

I turn my attention to the other nipple, and knead her breasts, grazing her with my teeth and squeezing a little harder than I normally would, but fuck . . . Heat builds in the

room and I feel like I'm sixteen again, jacked up on testosterone.

I grab my pants, and pull out a condom. I toss it onto the bed as I give her a little shove. She falls back, and I nearly lose my shit then and there when she widens her legs in sweet invitation. I stand there for a moment, trying to remember how to breathe.

Tonight sweet Summer is all mine. Finally.

I rip into the foil with my teeth and quickly sheathe myself. I slide onto the bed, and grip her thighs. I squeeze hard enough to leave a bruise as I widen them even more, my gaze going to her wet pink pussy. I drop down on her, pressing her into the mattress with all my weight, restraining her beneath me.

Her legs lift, wrap around me, squeeze my waist, and I reposition myself between her thighs. I push her damp hair from her face. "I'm going to fuck you like this the first time so I can watch you come. But next time, I'm going to flip you over, tie your hands to that bedpost, and do whatever I want to you." I stare at her for a moment, watch her mouth open and close. "Just wanted to let you know."

"Okay," she whimpers, but the heat in her eyes tells me it's from excitement not fear.

I look between our bodies. "I want you to take all of me, every inch." I have no idea why I'm asking that of her. I only ever needed a few inches inside to get off. But for some unknown reason I needed to be buried in her, balls fucking deep. I press my palms to her bent knees, and position my cock at her sweet opening. I meet her eyes waiting for an answer.

"Yes," she whispers, and then I don't hear anything else. I drive into her, pounding into her sweet pussy with a ferociousness that slams the headboard against the wall. Her nails

scratch at my back, and I ride her. She's so tight and hot, I summon every ounce of control I possess to hang on. Her hips rise up to meet my thrusts, and I pump a few more times before I shift to watch my cock slide in and out. Man, that's so hot.

Feeling a little out of control, I press a finger to her clit, and she whimpers. "I need to get deeper. Tell me you can take me deeper?"

"Yes."

I power my hips forward and work my cock inside, giving her more inches than I've ever given anyone. I expected resistance, and I am careful not to hurt her, but her body opens for me, taking me in, swallowing me whole.

Un-fucking-believable.

Once I'm all the way in I still, and capture her mouth. Her pussy clenches around me, holds me tight and I groan. Jesus everything about her feels so good. I devour her sensual mouth, suck her bottom lip. Her hands rake over me with aroused eagerness and she moves her hips, wanting more.

I pull almost all the way out and piston back into her. She gasps, and I repeat the motion. It's insane how good it feels. She whimpers as I fuck her, and it reduces me to a mass of quivering need. Pleasure races, takes hold, controls. Makes me fucking mad. Restraint a thing of the past, I ram. Heavy thrust. Rough. She moans with every surge.

She breathes unevenly against my neck. I inch back to see her but she looks gone, lost in ecstasy. I fucking love this look on her. A lot. Too much.

I place trembling arms on either side of her head, my blood pulsing hot, burning me from the inside out. I come down hard, my pubic bone stroking her clit, and her pussy squeezes, followed by a hot flow of release. Her breath becomes jagged as she cries out. *Fuck yes.* With my body thrumming, entirely lost in the moment—in Summer—I pump furiously, refusing to give in to the sensation. But when

her pussy tightens around my entire length, her hot heat frying my last working brain cell, I shudder in surrender and let go. I pulse inside her, throb with an intensity unlike ever before. Christ.

I fall down next to her and she moans when I pull her to me. My heart crashes as I gather her into my arms. She rests her head against my chest, her other hand flattens on my stomach. As she touches me, I kind of want to ask her to stay for breakfast, spend the afternoon, go for a motorcycle ride, and quilt a fucking blanket. Christ almighty. What the fuck is going on? Eyes closed she shifts, and puts her head on my shoulder. Her breath is hot on my neck.

“Sean,” she whispers against my temple, her breathing changing, becoming even.

I watch her as she sleeps, and fight my own exhaustion, desperate to stay awake so I can take her again. I shut my eyes for a brief second, and when I open them again, a hint of light is glinting in through the crack in the curtains. I hear movement at the foot of the bed, and glance up to see Summer tiptoeing to the door, shoes in hand. Her long dark hair, mussed from sex and sleep, falls over her back, and I want to tug it again, to pin her beneath me and force her mouth to mine. My heart speeds up and I can't let her go. Not yet.

“Your hair,” I say, my voice rough and scratchy from arousal.

“What?” She turns back and I glance at her over the blankets.

“It's so different.”

Her face pales, a flash of unease passes through her gaze. “From what?”

I stare at her. What does she mean “from what”? After last night, is she still seriously pretending not to know me, to deny that there's a little something more going on here?

“You know. From when we were kids.”

She goes still. Too still. I push down on my elbows and lever myself up, but she holds her hand out to stop me. “I think you might have me confused me with someone else,” she says. “We don’t know each other.”

What the fuck? This is Summer Wheeler, and she damn well knows who I am, too. She whispered my name for fuck’s sake. I’m about to tell her that we’re way past anonymity when she turns and dashes out the door. I make a move to go after her but then stop myself. Shit, any girl who straight up lies about her identity, and pretends not to know me after moaning my name can bring me nothing but trouble, and since trouble is something I’m trying to avoid right now, it’s best I let her go.

Guess it’s a good thing I won’t be laying eyes on her again.