

The image is a full-page photograph of a couple embracing in a natural setting. In the background, a waterfall cascades down a rocky ledge, creating a misty spray of water. The scene is bathed in a soft, teal-blue light, giving it a dreamy and intimate atmosphere. The couple is positioned in the lower half of the frame, lying on a bed of dark, wet rocks. The man is shirtless and wearing dark jeans, leaning over the woman. The woman is also shirtless and wearing dark jeans, lying on her back with her head tilted back towards the man. They are in a close embrace, nearly kissing. The overall mood is romantic and sensual.

UNINHIBITED
Jay Cassidy

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BY

JAX CASSIDY

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Uninhibited

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I believe that every woman has encountered at least one Lucian in her lifetime, and this is a tale I hope will bring back delicious memories...or add to the fantasy.

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UNINHIBITED

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Intense. Sensual. Uninhibited.

Those lust-filled, aqua depths promised me countless nights of pleasure if I would only accept the offer. An offer I couldn't refuse, *didn't* want to refuse. How could I adequately respond to his proposal?

Sex with no strings attached, no commitments, no future.

This stranger said everything I wanted to hear on a Sunday afternoon, a day when most people were in church trying to absolve their sins. *And me?* I entertained thoughts of sinning in the most wicked of ways.

I sat quietly sipping my coffee. On the outside, I remained cool and composed. Inside, my heart thumped so loud against my chest I half believed he could hear the rhythm, knew the excitement coursing through me.

I swallowed hard to hide my body's betrayal, yet it was difficult to ignore the fantasies conjuring in my head. Visions of sweat-drenched skin, flesh-against-flesh, hands exploring every crease and curve of my body. My pussy throbbled, aching to be filled, needing to be satiated from my lack of a steady sex life since my divorce thirteen months earlier.

These things never happened to a woman like me, and most likely never would again. Just that knowledge brought everything into perspective. Made things more intriguing.

I placed the coffee cup on its saucer and tried to calm my nerves. I've known lovers who had fulfilled my physical needs, but sex with friends no longer held the same appeal as having sex with a hot-blooded stranger who devoured me with a glance. Especially, an exotic Latin lover with caramel skin and a smile that made my insides do all kinds of acrobatics.

As I watched his handsome face, focusing on those killer dimples, I realized I didn't know much about Lucian except that he was an artist I had flirted with at a local art show two weekends ago. The act had been innocent enough, yet I hadn't expected him to contact me. I wasn't sure I was ready to move on after my heartbreak, yet the Universe had ways of pulling me into situations I wanted to avoid.

In truth, my girlfriends Mikka and Venus had gotten tired of my reclusive, somber behavior. They had dragged me to their friend's gallery opening as a way to reacquaint me

with the social scene. In the end, the women had accomplished the cruel feat of blackmailing me into going. If I had known the results of my attendance would be in my favor, I would have graciously complied without resistance. Of course, I would never dare admit that fact to them.

On this particular day, the girls had been hell-bent on seeing me get laid. Did they not know I was just fine on my own? Hell, masturbation was as good as the real thing! *Fine*. Almost as good. At least I knew I'd get a guaranteed orgasm on my own terms, when and where I wanted it.

Who was I kidding? It took me a while to get comfortable with my own sexuality due to my conservative upbringing, so it amazed me to think that I would wind up with two best girlfriends who possessed not an ounce of sexual restraints or moral hang ups. I shuddered just thinking about the many awkward predicaments they had subjected me to during the past five years.

Fast forward a week, ironically enough, I had been sitting in the midst of a seminar on *What Men Really Want* when I received a mysterious text that read, "Let me broaden your mind, open your senses, and fill you with a passion that you've only dreamed about."

I searched the recesses of my mind to figure out whose number it could be. I texted back to the stranger, "Never make promises you can't keep."

What possessed me to be so bold with a person I had no inkling of knowledge of? Perhaps it was part boredom and part shock caused by those enticing words that made me react without thinking.

Once I pressed the 'sent' button there was no going back. Within seconds he had called and disrupted the speaker in mid-sentence. Several women glared at my inconsiderate act of not turning off my cell and I was tempted to give them a not so friendly hand gesture. Instead, I dashed out of the room in search of a secluded nook to take the call.

The brisk sprint had left me slightly breathless when I finally answered.

"If I had known the effects of my text, I would have called much sooner," the sexy voice greeted.

I couldn't help smiling at his comment. "Perhaps you've caught me in the midst of hot, forbidden monkey love."

"I wouldn't expect you to take a call mid-fuck unless it was a bad lay. So maybe you should thank me for saving you from something potentially dreadful."

A laugh escaped my lips and I felt giddy with youthful excitement. Couldn't wait to know who was at the other end of the line. I asked innocently, "Where do I know you from?"

"Ouch. Fair enough. How about a refresher?"

Within seconds I received an email on my iPhone. I clicked on the message and the image of Lucian filled the screen. His gorgeous blues left me at a momentary loss for words. If a picture was worth a thousand words, I could honestly say memories were priceless.

"Ahhh. The perverted artist," I teased.

"It's Mr. Perverted to you."

I bit my lower lip; my palms suddenly sweaty as fragments of our rendezvous came back to me in full force. How could I forget the stolen kisses and sensual caresses in the back office while the event was in full swing?

My cheeks flushed, as did the rest of me. "Damn, I thought I had blocked your number."

He responded huskily, "I am more inclined to believe you have been waiting anxiously for my call. Perhaps you need to be reminded when we meet in person."

"You assume I would want to meet you."

"You got me." He laughed. "Maybe you don't want to see me, but I have a feeling you do." His sexy voice could have persuaded me to do anything that he asked of me. Anything.

"And if I choose to see you..." I let the question hang.

"Then you are a very wise woman and deserve to have your body worshipped."

Amen to that!

The conversation had led to our face-to-face meeting in the French countryside themed diner nestled in the heart of Toluca Lake. Reality had not hit home until this point. Being seated so close to Lucian made my pulse race and my body hot with need. No doubt there was chemistry and it was toxic.

My conscience could be a complete nuisance at times. I wondered if I should embrace the sensations of animalistic lust or take the coward's way out and run like hell. Run far away from a situation that was potentially more complicated than it was worth. A part of me didn't want to back down. This man brought such intense sensations to the surface without ever touching me and I knew I was asking for trouble. In a very naughty way.

For the first time in my life I found the idea of sex with a stranger completely and utterly arousing.

The vivid recollection of heated kisses and erotic, yet subtle caresses sent me into sensory overload. Just thinking about that evening made me moist with anticipation. I repressed the urge to tell him to shut up and just take me. Fuck me so hard across the table that I would forget everything and anything, without caring who would walk in to voyeur our dirty deeds. God, I was a mess.

I still remembered the last few minutes of our interaction so clearly in my mind...

Lucian leaned in and took my hand. His face serious as he looked deep into my eyes, "Let me show you how it feels to be taken care of. Let me strip you of those insecurities and demonstrate to you exactly how beautiful you are."

My mouth suddenly dry, mesmerized by the silky tone of his voice. "You're fucking good." I managed to say, trying to remain calm as I tried to pull my hand away from the comfortable warmth. He held firmly, not allowing me to escape.

"I can see it in your eyes." He stroked the top of my hand in slow sensual motions with his thumb. "Take it. Take the risk, Kennedy. Don't deny your own pleasures."

How could I say anything other than *yes*? *Yes! YES!*

* * * * *

Lucian rang my doorbell at seven thirty on the dot. I quickly ran a hand through my hair and pinched my cheeks for added color before opening the door. My throat constricted at the sight of him in a lightweight charcoal sweater and dark denims. He smiled, showing dimples and my stomach tightened.

His broad chest and muscular physique made it difficult to think. All I wanted to do was pull him inside, strip him down, and start our evening reenacting that night at the gallery, but this time actually finishing what we started. I knew I had to snap out of it before I actually acted on my thoughts.

I glanced up at his face and my mind went blank. God, he was gorgeous! His eyes appeared bluer than I remembered and his dark hair only accentuated them even more. I couldn't believe this man wanted to be with *me*.

What was he thinking? In my eyes, I was ordinary, a plain Jane with my sensible wardrobe and almost non-existent makeup regimen. I rarely put more than mascara and lipgloss, except on special occasions when I brushed on some eyeshadow to round out my look. Tonight was one such occasion.

"You look amazing," he breathed. "*Fuckin' hot* would be a better term." He had a way with words because I blushed all over, even in places he couldn't see.

I bit my lower lip in response and felt awkward about my inability to accept compliments. I was never good at that stuff.

He winked at me as if he knew me well enough and understood my shyness.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"Don't you want to come in?" I responded nervously.

He shook his head, "We've got plans and I'm anxious to get started."

What did that mean? I could have taken his words any number of ways but I had a feeling he was saying exactly what I was thinking. Okay, I had to admit my inhibitions had been stripped the very moment his lips touched mine, as if he put some kind of spell that made me a sexual deviant...in a very good sense. It's *so* not who I used to be and I was starting to accept the new uncensored me. Even, if only in my head.

"Alright then. Let's go." I locked the door and he held out his hand for me. It was strange to think how crazy he made me feel, all knotted up with pleasure like a teenager with a crush. A virgin who dreamed of being deflowered in the most scandalous and wicked of ways.

I took his hand and my body instantly warmed by the strength of his touch. His hand was calloused yet soft and I shivered, knowing how good he was with his hands. How good they'd feel when he touched my bare flesh...Lucian was an amazing artist and I'd seen his art at the showing. The thought of him putting so much passion into his paintings sent a delicious rush of yearning straight to my sex. Oh, I could imagine how creative he'd be in my bed.

Handholding was my new favorite act and it seemed so comfortable as I clung to him. Almost as if I belonged to him and it made me happy deep down in the pit of my soul.

Beyond my body's heightened attraction to the man beside me, this evening reminded me of a first date in which I hoped he'd kiss me at the end of the night. I'd settle for a lengthy make out session anytime because I was a sucker for kisses. I can say the act of kissing is purely sensual even if it didn't involve more. I had always viewed kissing as a spiritual lovemaking, an erotic interlude and made me feel something on a higher plane. Made me really connect to the right person.

Unfortunately, my ex hadn't been one of them. But I was young and foolish then...never a repeat again because I took preventive measures to ensure I'd never allow it to happen.

Lucian drove through Laurel Canyon, up the winding road, with its sharp twist and turns, until he steered onto a private street at the top of the hill. He quickly pulled into a hidden driveway that led to his house. Stunning was an understatement. The place looked like something pulled out of Frank Lloyd Wright's portfolio. The steel and concrete construction displayed oversized glass windows that stretched and wrapped around the expanse of the building. Soft track lights illuminated the space and spilled out to give it an inviting feel.

I could see into the house and an overwhelming nostalgia washed over me. Whenever I had those sleepless nights I'd take a drive in my convertible, making a trek through the Hollywood Hills to voyeur the homes. I especially loved houses like Lucian's with its open invitation to witness whatever gatherings within, whether intimate or social. I had imagined myself a part of their group and longed to share the evening with a man who was my equal. A man who loved everything about me including my idiosyncrasies.

Lucian parked the car in the circular drive, hopped out, and walked around to open my door. I was pleased by his chivalrous attentions and allowed him to lead me up the steps to his front door. I couldn't help shivering from his nearness; surprised he had chosen his home for our date instead of a public venue.

Once we were inside, this place was beyond words. Lucian took pride in his home and it showed in the details. The space was an open floor plan with a spiral staircase that led upstairs and resembled an art piece in itself. From the exquisite furnishings to the extraordinary sculptures on display, it was immaculate, simple, yet dripped elegance. With its contemporary design and earth tone décor with splashes of rich reds, it was an artist's secret retreat and I could imagine not wanting to leave once indoors.

“Are you hungry yet?” he inquired as he took my clutch and placed it on a nearby steel side table.

“Famished,” I replied. *But for something other than food.*

He grinned, his eyes sparkled as if he’d read my mind. I bit the inside of my mouth to restrain from saying something I’d regret later.

Lucian took a step toward me and I froze. He was so close that I could smell his earthy cologne and loved the intoxicating effects he had on me. I held my breath as I waited for his next move. He dipped his head to claim my mouth in a gentle kiss. A moan escaped my lips and my body tingled, excitement coursing through my veins as I enjoyed the heat of his mouth on mine. The hungry kiss was a promise of exciting things to come. Things I was eager to taste.

He quickly pulled away and I was left empty, and disappointed. He palmed my face and tenderly stroked my cheek with the pad of his thumb. “Dinner first, dessert later,” he teased.

I nodded as he led me across the room to the balcony that opened to a breathtaking view of the city. The house was practically built along the cliff and I was almost afraid to look below. I half believed it was a castle in the sky.

My eyes glimpsed a flicker of light and that’s when I saw the extravagant, yet thoughtful surprise. He tugged my hand and walked me over to the fully set table that was next to the outdoor fireplace. The table was perfect for two and comprised of soft candlelight, perfectly arranged settings, and two covered entrees. Colorful exotic floral was displayed in a crystal vase at the center while a bottle of red wine completed the feast.

I twisted around to see his handsome face. “I don’t know what to say. I hadn’t expected this.”

“Truthfully, I want you all to myself.”

I smiled; absolutely thrilled that he had gone to so much trouble. Before I realized what I was doing, I wrapped my arms around his neck, stepped up on my tippy-toes, and kissed him hard. I couldn’t wait until after dinner. I couldn’t sit through the next hour or so trying to maintain pleasant talk when all I wanted to do was have him deep inside me. I needed to be close to him and I didn’t think I had the willpower to pretend otherwise.

We finally broke apart and I knew he was affected by the kiss. His heavy breathing told me exactly what I needed to know. He couldn’t wait either and he was fine without playing any games.

“Make love to me Lucian.” I ran my hands down his chest and he closed his eyes. When he opened them again he gripped my wrist and pulled me hard against his body.

“On my terms,” he ground out in challenge.

My panties grew moist at his dominant tone. I nodded and he rewarded me with a devilish grin.

Lucian let go of my wrist and swung me into his arms. I let out a startled squeal as he carried me into the house and straight for the industrial sized kitchen. He placed me on the enormous steel island and I squirmed when my thighs touched the icy surface. The thigh-high, skintight ‘little’ black dress I had on didn’t leave much protection.

I opened my mouth and he placed a finger to my lips. “No speaking until I allow you to.”

I nodded and he captured my lips for a brief kiss. Lucian reluctantly tore away and his eyes caught sight of the inch wide swathe of satin that tied neatly at my waist. He undid the fabric and I held my breath in anticipation of what was to come.

I trembled when he brought the fabric up near my face to secure it around my eyes like a makeshift blindfold. Darkness consumed me as unsavory yet titillating thoughts swirled in my head. I felt Lucian’s hands on my arm, guiding me down onto my back. My body jerked from the cold surface, trembling from the instant sensations and loving every second of the wait. My nipples hardened, straining against the material as I sucked in my breath to regain my composure.

He trailed a finger along my cheek, down to my jaw, and lower until he reached the crevice between my breasts. His touch was gentle, yet soothing and so very seductive. Lucian leaned in to kiss my neck and made his way down my throat. I felt the blissful eroticism of his movements as his lips became a paintbrush and my body a canvas as he created delectable effects that left me trembling with need.

I moaned when his mouth covered my breast, his tongue teasing me through the fabric. I arched my body and he nipped at the hardened peak and I reached for him.

“No touching,” he commanded and I groaned in frustration.

My displeasure was soon replaced by desire when he kissed a trail down my stomach, parting my thighs, then covering my mound with his hot mouth.

I gasped as rapture seized me at the things he did with his tongue through the thin lace. He pulled away long enough to peel my thong off and continued the tender explorations. He

licked my tender folds, nipping and teasing until I was out of my head with lust. His fingers quickly heightening my enjoyment as my moans escalated. He sucked my clit while his fingers pumped in and out, and I felt the slow build. Winding tighter and tighter until I was ready to explode from excruciating torture of wanting my release.

His mouth wouldn't quit as his movements quickened and he knew just what to do to push me over the edge. He fucked me with his tongue, then sucking at the right moments, applying pressure when I whimpered for more. I was greedy with need and wanted as much as I could get. I ground myself against his mouth, demanding him to make me come and he eagerly complied when my moans increased. The louder I became, the harder he worked me until I lost all my senses and screamed out my intense orgasm. My body shook as I rode out the blissful tidal wave, reveling in the tremors as he continued to drink from me. Indulging every last drop until I grew limp and satiated beneath his hold.

My heart was beating so fast I thought it would burst out of my chest. I ripped off my blindfold, not caring about the game any longer. Lucian straightened up and reached for his wallet to pull out the condom. He unzipped his pants and released his massive cock and I licked my lips at the sight of him. He was magnificent and so damn hard. So ready for me.

Before I could react, he gripped my buttocks and dragged me to the edge of the table. He pushed my thighs apart and dug into my flesh before slamming into my slick pussy.

He felt abso-fuckin-wonderful buried deep inside me, filling me so tight.

Lucian paused, leaning over me as he growled, "I'm not going to be gentle."

"I don't want you to," I responded impatiently.

That was all he needed to hear as he pumped hard and fast into me. Our lovemaking was primal as I gripped the sides of the table with my hands. Our flesh slapping against each other in perfect rhythm and the sounds of our lovemaking became a musical echo in the room.

"Harder! Yes, like that. Fuck me harder," I demanded. He didn't disappoint. Perhaps my filthy mouth aroused him further as he pounded in and out with long, deliberate strokes as I followed his lead. Loving how rough his actions were, but he was also fully aware of my comfort.

I wrapped my legs tight around his waist and accepted every thrust with a fevered impatience. His steady strokes only spurred on the intense sensations and I thrust back with equal strength. Hunger spread through my limbs, unlocking the wanton passions inside.

Faster and faster he pounded until I knew he was ready to come, yet straining to prolong my enjoyment.

I squeezed myself tight around his thick shaft and he seemed to unravel by the unexpected action.

“Fuck!” he screamed and I knew I had broken his focus.

“Come for me, baby,” I purred, wanting to know that I had the power to drive him insane and lust-filled. I needed to assert my feminine influence for the first time in a very long while.

He bent down and savagely kissed me until my lips were swollen from the sensual assault. He repositioned himself and I knew he was unable to hold on any longer. I squeezed again, my lips twitching and formed a devious smile and he let out a loud groan. He pulled back and thrust deep into me, his body jerked, his heart racing as he came. His body shuddered against mine and I loved the feel of him slowly leveling out. I couldn’t dismiss how his arms tightened around me, pulling me even closer and I grew still. Amazed at how complete he made me feel.

We were entwined, for how long I was uncertain, but I didn’t give a damn. This felt right and I didn’t want any of this to end. His head was now on my chest and I knew he was listening to my heartbeat. I couldn’t explain what I was feeling but I knew that this wasn’t just a passionate fuck. This was much more than I bargained for and I panicked inside.

I liked him. I *really, really* liked him.

Shit! How did this happen? How did I get myself into this? Deep down I knew it was inevitable since our first encounter when he made no qualms about wanting me. During the past few weeks he made me do and say things that I never dreamt of doing. Lucian had lit this fiery spirit that I never knew existed and I didn’t think it was possible for me to go back to being the conservative bore that I had once been. No, I never wanted to go back.

Lucian carried me into his bedroom not long after and as I lay encircled in the comfort of his sturdy arms, I felt confused yet oddly safe. It felt so damn right when I knew it was so wrong on so many levels.

He kissed my temple and I snuggled closer to him. We fit like the primary colors, when blended made the perfect shade. We didn’t need to speak even though there was plenty to say. I had a list of questions churning in my head and wasn’t sure I was ready for his answers. Didn’t want to know his answers just yet. In the back of my mind I had my doubts

because he was simply too good to be true. I knew that when he dropped me off at home later, I would never see him again.

I was sick to my stomach just thinking about the whole ordeal. Why did I agree to the stupid arrangement when I knew it wouldn't end well? *Stop it! Enjoy the time you have*, my conscience advised. I tried to shut out the dull ache. Right now, all I wanted to do was bottle up this night and replay the experience forever in my head because it would be the only thing I could truly control.

* * * * *

I settled back against the tub and allowed my body to relax in the warm lavender bath. *Ummm*, I could feel every part of my releasing the toxicity of the day's tension and knew it was a matter of minutes before I slipped into that tranquil place. I was just dog-tired and this was one of my little guilty pleasures that no one could take from me.

Work had been hell at the ad agency and I had been buried so deep in deadlines that I hadn't had more than a few hours of sleep every night. Even with the long workdays, I was haunted by those lucid blue eyes. My gut tightened and I knew I had royally fucked up. No doubt about it. Lucian had left me a dozen voicemails and texts but I was too afraid to respond. I couldn't bring myself to tell him that the 'not strings attached' agreement I threw out was a damn lie. Who was I kidding? I probably would have fallen for any guy who gave me a bit of attention. That sounded like a lie, even to myself. No one could twist me up inside like Lucian did.

I couldn't stop thinking about him and desperately wanted to grow a spine and face him. After my disastrous divorce, I had been so bitter, confused, and my emotions had gotten the shit kicked out of so badly that I purposely stayed away from complications. I wanted nothing to do with relationships but something happened along the way.

I started to evaluate my screwed up state of mind and wished I had acted upon my desires instead of running. Too bad the only thing I had been successful at was dumping my heart on Lucian's doorsteps on my way out. Man, I needed counseling in the worst possible way. Could I really burden my skewed head affliction on a man like him? Was he the type to patiently hold my hand and help me through the darkest of moments? No one deserved that and I knew it wouldn't be fair unless he was one to brave the storm with me.

The Zen evaporated and was replaced by sadness and guilt. I wasn't built for serial dating and I honestly believed in finding Mr. Right. I held my breath and ducked under water to try to clear my mind. I was over thinking the situation and it wasn't going to do any good. All I wanted was Lucian tied to my bed, to take back that moment and make up for the lost time.

Buzz! Buzz! The faint sound brought me back to reality. I emerged from the warmth of the lavender cocoon, gulping deep as air filled my lungs. That's when I heard the doorbell.

Buzz! Buzz!

Whoever it was, they were awfully persistent and terribly impatient. The only one I would expect visiting me so late in the evening was the "smutty twins", an affectionate nickname I gave my two best girlfriends. I laughed at remembering Mikka and Venus' attempts to cheer me up. They once had taken me to one of the BDSM clubs they frequented and after thirty minutes of total no-holds-bar lunacy that involved, whips, paddles, and nipple clamps, I had bolted straight the hell out of there. I still loved them for their efforts.

Water dripped off my body as I slipped into my Kimono robe and tied the sash as I padded across the hardwood floors to the door. I barely unlocked the bolt when Lucian pushed through the threshold, kicked the door shut with his foot, then planted a hard kiss that made my toes curl. I didn't protest, couldn't seem to stop kissing him back as my body thrummed with desire all over again. The man was like absinthe and I was hooked by just one sip. When I finally pulled away, his hands were still gingerly gripping my face as he stared with intensity into my eyes.

"Why the fuck didn't you return my calls?" he rasped. His voice was thick with emotion.

He was a sight for sore eyes. I returned his gaze and Lucian looked like hell with the five o'clock shadow and dark circles under his eyes, but it didn't detract from his handsome features... Strong cheekbones, straight nose, lush lips...but those big baby blue eyes were my haven. I could stare at them forever and as I looked for any signs of him missing me, I noticed the pain hidden behind the anger.

"We had agreed on one night." I swallowed hard and knew the words sounded lame to my own ears. *Coward*. I wanted to shut out my conscience but knew it was the truth.

"You're really bad at lying," he spat out. "You know it could never be just *one* night."

What could I say? I totally agreed and yet I was more afraid of one night leading to heartache because sooner or later he'd walk away.

"Tell me you want me," he demanded, yet it sounded like a subtle plea.

I expelled a deep breath. "And what if I want you. What if—" I turned my head away and he ran a knuckle across my cheek.

"What are you so afraid of? Who hurt you so much that you can't see the truth from the lies?" he asked softly.

I could feel my eyes burning and I didn't want him to witness my weakness when I had been so strong during all this.

"Tell me what you want." This time his voice was firm. He wanted the hard truth and he wanted to hear it now.

I felt the tender tug at my heartstrings. When I looked back at him, his expression made me feel completely foolish. This wonderful man who barged into my life, my house, wanted me. *Me!* If he hadn't been serious, he wouldn't be here now. How could I run away from him without at least trying?

The truth was, I wanted him desperately and I wanted him to fall for me in the same manner! I made up my mind then and there. I knew I would have to take that chance someday, so why not now? Why not with Lucian? He never pretended to be anything he wasn't from our first encounter. Then, after that blissful night of lovemaking, I had gotten to see a side of him that I didn't think he ever showed anyone else. Could something that happened so quickly truly be real? Could it last? Could I take that leap knowing I'd lose my heart in the process?

YES!

I blurted before I could dwell any longer. "I want you." It was time to take that grand leap and enjoy whatever time we were given. I had to let go of those insecurities and move on. Be a new and improved me.

I raised a finger. "But...I have a lot of things I need to work through."

He wrapped his hand around it. "I know. I'm not the person you think I am. I never was," he confessed before he brought my finger up to his mouth and sucked on it. Reminding me of how he enjoyed making me squirm in ecstasy.

I removed my finger from his mouth and my tone turned serious. "I need more than just sex, Lucian. I want more. Can you handle that?"

He nodded, and pulled me in closer, kissing my temple before he returned his gaze on me. “It’s not just the sex. You make me feel alive. You fill me with so much elation and joy that I can’t stop thinking of you, hearing your heartbeat, forgetting how good it feels just to be in your company. Kennedy, I want more and I only used that challenge to get you into my life. To stay in my life.”

“Okay then.” I agreed.

Lucian’s brows knitted together and when my words finally registered, he gave me the most intoxicating grin. “Are you sure?”

I felt light-headed with excitement as I giggled. His eyes glowed with something genuine and sincere. I nodded in answer. “Yes, I’m sure. I’m willing to leap.”

He kissed me again and my knees grew weak. I could hardly stand from his thorough expertise in the art of kissing. I pulled back and grinned, “So what you’re really saying is that you’re changing the agreement on me?”

“Abso-fuckin’lutely! This time, I want as many nights with you as long as you’ll have me.” His dimples deepened and he had just sealed the deal for me.

“Well, it may be a very, very long time,” I teased. Breaking away, I slowly untied my robe. He swallowed hard, his eyes hungrily devouring my body as I exposed myself for his viewing pleasure.

He laughed and his deep timber fired me up instantly, making me wet just thinking about the things I wanted to do to him. Knowing he’ll return the favor.

Lucian snaked out his arm and threw me over his shoulder like a weightless bag of rice. “I can live with that.”

I squealed as he smacked my ass and warned, “Now I’ve got to discipline you for being a *very* bad girl.” His wicked laugh made my nipples harden and I couldn’t wait for the punishments that awaited me.

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About the author:

Jax Cassidy followed her dreams to Paris, then Hollywood to pursue a film career but managed to fall in love with penning sexy romances and happy endings—*finding Mr. Right was just an added bonus*. She writes contemporary, paranormal, and multi-ethnic romances and is Co-Founder of Romance Divas, and award winning writer’s website and discussion forum. Jax is also known as one-half of the retired writing team of Cassidy Kent. She is represented by Roberta Brown, Brown Literary Agency.

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