

LUNCHTIME CHRONICLES

Issue 58

*Perfectly
made to
order.*



THICK & BEEFY

USA Today Bestselling Author

Peyton Banks



**LUNCHTIME
CHRONICLES**

thick & beefy

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BOOK 58

PEYTON BANKS



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blurb

Perfectly made to order.

Mykeisha McCall has decided that she will just be single. After countless dating disasters and terrible relationships, she had called it quits. It may be time to start adopting cats to keep her company. Before she started going to shelters, she had to make a trip to her alma mater for alumni weekend.

It had been a while since she'd seen some of her college friends, and it was just the getaway she needed.

But she hadn't counted on seeing him.

Nash Fitzpatrick.

The one she'd had a crush on but never said a word.

Nash Fitzpatrick had never forgotten the beautiful Mykeisha. She had been the cool chick to hang out with, and they had been friends. After he had graduated college, they had fallen out of touch. He'd figured she would have been married with children by now, but to his surprise, she was single.

With a weekend to catch up, the two were inseparable, and it was almost like old times. Only this time, they did things friends normally didn't do.

one

“You have to promise to not have the baby until I get there,” Mykeisha McCall ordered. She held her cell phone away from her as she was using the speaker option. She stood by her bed and stared at all of the clothing she needed to put in her overnight bag. She was going away for a four-day weekend, but if someone looked at her outfits she had out, they’d think she’d be gone for a month.

This weekend she was driving down to Columbus for her alma mater’s alumni weekend. The Ohio State University had been her home for four years, and she had loved every minute of those years. She had gained not only a degree but lifelong friends.

“Sure. I will let my son know that his cousin doesn’t want him showing up until she arrives.” Kizzie chuckled.

Mykeisha was almost certain she heard her cousin’s eyes roll. She just couldn’t believe that Kizzie was having a baby. It seemed as if it were just yesterday that they were both complaining about being single, and now here Kizzie was, married with a baby on the way.

Mykeisha had tried to tell Kizzie that she and Niko were meant to be together. Her stubborn cousin had refused to even listen to her. Anyone who had eyes could see they were destined for each other, but apparently, they hadn’t seen it.

Now look at them.

Couldn’t keep their hands and eyes off each other. Mykeisha was so pleased for Kizzie. She deserved to be happy. The only downside was that Kizzie had moved back to California away from her.

“Um, yes. Tell Kylen Rusek that his big cousin will be there soon.”

Mykeisha planned to fly out to Cali to see her cousin. She was going to take two weeks and help the couple out for a bit. Maybe she needed a change of scenery.

Mykeisha had lived in Cleveland, Ohio, her entire life besides the years she had spent in Columbus. Even then, she'd made sure she came home to visit on holidays and summers. It was something about Northeast Ohio that had kept her there. Maybe it was because her family was there or it was her comfort zone. It wasn't like she hadn't traveled. She had, but she always felt that Cleveland was home.

"When do you leave for your trip?" Kizzie asked.

"In a few hours. I'll be driving down to meet Carla and Imani before we start drinking," Mykeisha said.

She was excited to see her longtime friends. It had been a while. Carla worked at some large pharmaceutical company in Indianapolis while Imani was a businesswoman living in Atlanta. She had met the two the first week of college. They'd moved into the dorms the same week and had chatted one morning in the shower room. They had hit it off and had been friends ever since.

"Oh, goodness. The three of you together again and alcohol will be a riot. I wish I was coming." Kizzie laughed.

"And you'd do what? Waddle around?" Mykeisha snickered. Just the image of her cousin bumbling around with her large stomach had her smiling. She sure did miss Kizzie.

"I mean, I'd be the designated driver and photographer when one of you hit the floor," Kizzie teased.

The woman did have a point. Who else would make the best designated driver but someone who couldn't drink? And this epic weekend would need to be documented. But Mykeisha doubted her cousin's very protective husband would let her travel this far along in her pregnancy.

"Thanks for the offer, but you know your husband ain't letting you out of his sight," Mykeisha said.

"You're right. The closer I get to my due date, the more anxious he gets." Kizzie sighed, a change in her voice.

Mykeisha turned around and sat on the edge of her bed. "What's wrong?"

"It's just Niko's afraid he won't be a worthy father. He didn't have a very good role model growing up," Kizzie said.

"But he has you to remind him. Just because his dad was a dipshit,

doesn't mean he will be. He treats you like the queen you are, and I'm sure once he holds Kylen, he'll think different."

"That's what I said," Kizzie replied softly. She blew out a deep breath. "Okay, I'm not trying to bring you down off your excitement."

"It's okay, cuz. I love you and I'm here for you."

Mykeisha and Kizzie were as close as cousins could be. They even resembled each other. Their fathers were brothers and owned a popular barbecue restaurant in Cleveland. Her father just couldn't understand why Mykeisha hadn't wanted to follow in his footsteps. He wanted her to be active with the restaurant, but she'd had dreams of her own. She was a businesswoman like her father, only she owned a bar and grill.

"I know, and you will be here next month." Kizzie's voice lightened. "I have the guest room already prepped for your arrival."

Mykeisha grinned. Kizzie had been nesting something fierce in the last month or so. She was sure the woman had turned her house inside out to prepare for the baby's arrival.

Mykeisha glanced down at her watch and groaned. "I have to go, cuz. I have to figure out how to get all of my crap in this new weekend bag I purchased."

They said their goodbyes, and Mykeisha promised to call her cousin when she returned. She tossed her phone on her bed and stood. Mykeisha eyed the clothing on her bed and bit her lip.

She didn't need it all.

But what if she did?

It had been a while since she had partied all weekend, and alumni weekend was sure to be crazy. From what she had heard, everyone she had hung out with would be back. Carla had helped arrange for their old buddies to get together. Tomorrow was the meet and greet on campus. Then Saturday, they would attend the football game and all of the festivities afterward that the alumni organization had arranged. Then their group would go out to their old watering hole to finish off the day.

Carla had listed pretty much everyone she remembered but one person.

Nash Fitzpatrick.

He had been two years ahead of her, and she'd had one hell of a crush on him. She remembered the night they had met. Her freshman year, she and a bunch of girls from her dorm had gone out in search of a good time. They had strolled down the streets where the large fraternity and sorority mansions

were located.

One of the girls led them to a beautiful house that had blaring rock music coming from it. The massive double doors had been left open. Mykeisha, Carla, and Imani had been a little hesitant to enter the frat house. The fraternity members all appeared to be white, as were the other girls they were with. Mykeisha would have to admit what she saw reminded her of something she'd seen in movies based on college life.

"If we don't like it, we can just leave," Carla whispered.

"I agree," Imani said.

The three of them stood at the doorway, unsure if they should go in or go find somewhere else to hang out. Maggie, Tina, and Laura must have realized they weren't behind them.

"Come on. It's fine," Maggie, a beautiful blonde, said. She smiled and motioned to them. "They won't bite."

"Not unless you want me to." A drunk frat guy in a white t-shirt, navy shorts, and flip-flops stumbled past them. He smirked and kept going into the next room.

"Ignore the drunk ones," Laura, the redhead, said. She walked back over and snagged Mykeisha by the arm. "I have a friend who is a member of this frat. He invited me and my friends, and you, my dear, are my new friend."

Mykeisha peered over her shoulder at Imani and Carla. They shrugged and followed behind them. The girls went through the mansion, and Mykeisha was blown away. It was a luxurious structure with dark wood, marble floors, and vintage artwork on the walls along with portraits of old men.

This frat certainly knew how to party. The music thumped through the air and vibrated through Mykeisha. Each room they passed held something different. Anything a person wanted, they could receive. At one point in the night, Maggie had placed a red cup in her hand with a fruity alcoholic drink. Mykeisha hadn't really been a drinker. She had stolen some of her daddy's alcohol before. Mykeisha sampled the drink, and the taste was pleasant. She didn't have to worry about her father catching her in his liquor stash tonight.

She was a grown woman off at college.

Mykeisha threw caution to the wind and went along with her newfound friends. They had a blast. They had made their way to the game room where people were dancing and having fun. Pool tables and other gaming machines were pushed out of the way. Couches lined one side of the room while the opposite wall held floor-to-ceiling glass windows that overlooked the

mansion's grounds. This was more Mykeisha's lane. Some of the other rooms were where the smoke was thick, or rooms where lines of white stuff were placed on the table, she avoided those.

But this right here, she was comfortable with. Even Imani and Carla were having fun and turning up on the dance floor. Mykeisha stood along the wall sipping her drink. She glanced down and found that her cup was empty. Mykeisha pushed off the wall where she was watching her friends and went over toward the bar on the other side of the room.

A young brunette woman and a tall, good-looking guy were standing behind the bar chatting.

"Can I help you?" The guy tossed her a killer-watt smile.

The brunette attended to someone else who had arrived.

"Can I just have a Coke?" she asked. She may be a grown woman away at college, but that didn't mean she had lost all the common sense that was instilled in her. She had a nice buzz from the alcohol, and that was as far as she wanted to go.

"That's it? Want me to put a little Jack in it?" he asked.

Mykeisha shook her head and placed her empty cup on the counter.

"Nah, I'm good. Just the Coke."

"Coke coming right up." He shoved off the bar and went over to a fridge. He returned with a Coke can and popped it open and poured the drink into her cup.

She picked it up and tipped it to him. "Thanks."

"Not a problem." He tossed her a wink before turning to a newcomer.

He was cute, but he just didn't do anything for Mykeisha. She turned around and leaned back against the bar while taking a mouthful of her soda.

"A long-neck," a deep voice said next to Mykeisha.

She glanced over at the figure and froze in place. She had never stood next to anyone so tall before. She tilted her head back to take him in. Luxuriant, dark-brown hair that appeared as if he'd combed his fingers through it recently, and a bulky figure that took her breath away.

Mykeisha had always had a thing for thick men. Ones who made her feel small and protected. There was nothing like being wrapped up in strong arms to hold her tight. Her gaze went down to this guy's arms, and she was mesmerized. His button-down shirt was stretched around the bicep area. She sighed, wishing she could actually see his bare skin. Her eyes made their way back up, and it was then she realized she had been busted checking him out.

He was staring at her with a smirk on his lips.

“I don’t dance,” he said.

Mykeisha blinked. Her cheeks grew warm from embarrassment. She reached up and tucked her hair behind her ear.

“Excuse me?” she asked. She swallowed hard and met his stare. In the low light, she couldn’t tell what color they were, but there was glint in his eyes that she couldn’t read.

“I said I don’t dance.” He cocked his head toward the dance floor. He lifted the beer bottle to his lips and took a swig. “You seemed as if you were about to ask me to dance.”

“Well, that’s just presumptuous of you, isn’t it?” she asked haughtily. She tried to hold back a smile but failed. She picked up her Coke and drank some. “How do I know you weren’t coming over here under the guise of getting a beer, but then ask me to dance?”

His lips turned in to a fully fledge grin. Holy mother of God. He was downright sexy. Mykeisha’s heart rate sped up. She was completely out of her league here. In high school, she’d dated boys, but this person right in front of her was the epitome of sexy college man.

“I just told you that I don’t dance.” He chuckled.

If the floor could open up and eat her whole, she would appreciate it. She took another sip of her drink. She focused on the dance floor and saw her friends out there still having a good time.

“That you did,” she murmured.

“But I do play pool and wouldn’t mind whipping up on a new freshman,” he said.

Her head swung around toward him. How did he know she was a freshman? She stood tall and ran her hands along her jeans. Was she that obvious?

“I’m Nash.”

He held out his large hand toward her. She hesitated at first before sliding hers into his. Her breath caught in her throat from the feeling of his closing in around hers. Mykeisha’s hand was swallowed up in his grasp.

“Mykeisha,” she said. She was still confused on how he knew she was a freshman.

“You came in with Laura,” Nash explained.

She relaxed slightly. Her newfound friend did say someone she knew had invited her.

“Oh, so that’s how you knew I was a freshman. I thought there was something about me that gave it away.” She giggled.

Mykeisha glanced down and saw that her hand was still in Nash’s. She gave a tug, but he didn’t release her. His grin remained, and he pointed with the bottle toward a pool table.

“Aside from the wide-eyed look that most freshman have during the first weekend parties? Nah, nothing gave you away.” He chuckled. “So how about it. A game of pool?”

Mykeisha grinned. She was pretty good at pool but she wouldn’t let on. Her father had taught her when she was younger. It was something he loved doing and included her.

“You know what? Yes, I’ll play pool. It’s been a while,” she said. She widened her eyes in what she hoped appeared to be an innocent expression.

“Well, come on, fresh meat.”

two

“I can’t believe you actually showed up.” Brice barked a hefty laugh. He pushed off his luxury SUV and stalked toward Nash.

“I said I would come,” Nash grumbled. His mouth split into a wide grin as his friend wrapped him up in a hard hold. He thumped Brice on the back and laughed. He truly hadn’t wanted to come, but Brice would just make him feel guilty if he hadn’t. It had been a while since he’d seen him.

“I was expecting you to come up with some emergency on that farm of yours that would have prevented you from coming.” Brice stepped back from him and feigned a few air punches toward Nash.

Nash easily blocked them, just like old times.

Brice straightened and patted Nash on the gut. “Business must be booming. You’re looking a little well-fed.”

Nash rolled his eyes and gave Brice a shove on his shoulder. He had been slacking on his workouts as of late, but that didn’t mean he had forgone any hard, manual labor. He’d always been a big guy and loved his size. It had been the butt of plenty of jokes with the guys, but he never took offense to their ribbing. He straightened his sports coat jacket and tie. He held back a grimace. He despised being in a suit and tie. He’d rather be in jeans and a shirt any day, but for this afternoon he had to dress appropriately.

Nash Fitzpatrick was the owner of Spring Creek farms, and he worked from sunup to sundown each day. Driving down to Columbus for alumni weekend was a little break he deserved. He had left the farm in good hands. His sister, Tessa, and his father, Brogan, would be overseeing Spring Creek.

Nash’s parents had retired some years ago and left the farm to Nash. Tessa, even though she had grown up on the farm along with Nash, just

didn't see herself as a farmer for a career. Instead, she had pursued her passion of cosmetology. Tessa owned a salon in town and came out to the farm to help when she could.

"It sure is. What happened to you coming to visit?" he asked. Nash threw an arm around his friend's shoulder and walked toward their old fraternity house. He eyed the mansion and exhaled deeply. He had some fond memories of his time in college, and many of them had occurred in this building.

"I'm coming. I just need to work out my schedule," Brice began.

"Sure you do." Nash laughed.

Brice came from a family who had old money. He had never seen a day of hard labor in his life. He'd attending the Ohio State University to rebel against his family traditions. He had been expected to attend any of the prestigious ivy league universities. For someone who came from a shit ton of money, Brice was one of the most down-to-earth guys Nash knew. But to come out and work the farm with Nash for a day—not happening. Brice was a pretty boy who belonged in a boardroom.

"I'm serious. I'll have my secretary clear my schedule for a few days. You let me know when," Brice insisted.

"Next weekend," Nash responded immediately.

"Ah, next weekend isn't good for me. I'm flying down to Mexico with Brittney."

"Brittney? I thought her name was Monica?"

They arrived at the familiar massive wooden doors with etched windowpanes. Nash released his friend and turned around and took in the front yard. The circled driveway was filled with plenty of luxury vehicles and other brothers of their fraternity who were just arriving.

"Yeah, things didn't work out with Monica. She was too clingy." Brice shuddered. His lips spread into a wide grin. "Now Monica, there is only one thing she likes to cling to."

Nash could only imagine. He shook his head with a chuckle escaping his lips. Brice hopped around between women, and Nash could never keep up.

"I'm not even going to go there," Nash said. He slapped Brice on the shoulder and motioned toward the doors. It had been a while since he'd been at the mansion. The halls of their prestigious fraternity brought back good memories of his college days. He'd met some of his lifelong brothers here.

The current members of the organization held a lunch for alumni. It was a

fancy shindig where they were able to mingle with members who pledged as far as fifty years ago. It was always good to be back, and Nash was able to make a few business connections with some members who he would stay in contact with after this weekend.

“Are you going to the meet and greet tonight?” Nash asked Brice.

The luncheon was over, and there were some other activities planned for members, but Nash wasn't going to attend. They exited the patio doors that were located on the side of the building. A cobblestone path led toward the front yard. The grounds of the mansion were immaculately kept with lush green grass, tall, full trees, and thick bushes.

“I plan to be. I'm sure that's more fun than hanging out with a brother who graduated back in the eighties and hearing about the days when they pledged,” Brice joked.

Nash grimaced thinking of the stories he had been forced to listen to during lunch. It reminded him why he normally paid his dues to the organization but didn't come to many of the events. He just hoped that when he was older, he didn't act the same.

They arrived at the front of the building where a ton of people stood around talking. They made their way through the crowd and paused by Brice's ride.

“I'll see you there then. I'm going to head back to my hotel and change my clothes,” Nash said. He loosened his tie which felt as if it had tightened around his neck, threatening to cut off his air supply.

“Yeah, yeah. And first round of drinks is on you tonight.” Brice opened his car door and slid inside.

“Me? I'm not the heir to a corporation. I'm just a poor farmer,” Nash joked. He backed away and headed toward his truck.

“Poor, my ass, Fitzpatrick!” Brice called out from the window of his vehicle.

Nash raised his arm and gave his friend the finger. He may not be the heir to a Fortune 500 corporation like Brice was, but the Fitzpatricks had done well with their alpaca farm over the years. Nash was a fourth-generation Fitzpatrick to own the Spring Creek farm.

Nash got into his truck and tapped the horn at Brice who drove past him. Nash hit the ignition and navigated his way through the throng of parked vehicles. It was a warm fall day, and he pressed the button to roll his windows down. With the wind blowing through his hair, he finished

removing that damn tie and tossed it in the backseat. Cranking the music up, he drove through the ritzy neighborhood where the majority of the sororities' and fraternities' mansions were located.

Excitement filled him at the thought of seeing some of the old gang again. Laura had made the arrangements for everyone connecting at the meet and greet. But it wasn't just seeing those he used to hang out with, but a certain brown-skinned woman with large brown eyes and a captivating smile.

Mykeisha McCall.

He remembered the night they had met as if it were yesterday. It should stand out. He'd never had a woman whip him so bad in pool before. She had that young, innocent look in her eyes where he thought he'd be teaching her how to play when it was she who had taught him a very valuable lesson.

Never trust a book by its cover.

Last he had checked with Laura, Mykeisha would be here this weekend. He couldn't wait to see her. Nash hated to think how they had fallen out of touch after he had graduated. It was mainly his fault. He'd been so busy after college helping with the farm. He'd gotten his fancy degree to make sure he would be able to continue their family's legacy. Sure, he could have skipped college and just worked on the farm after high school, but his mother, Wendy, wanted both of her children to go away and become college-educated.

But not staying in touch with Mykeisha ate at him. She had been one of the girls he could hang out with and have a great time. She always had a smile on her face and made him feel good about himself. He never felt awkward around her with their size difference. She was such a short little thing and had been young. She'd been a freshman his junior year.

By now, Mykeisha was probably married with a brood of children. A woman like her wouldn't be single for long. He wondered if she had brought her husband with her.

"It is what it is," he murmured. Whoever the guy was who put a ring on her finger was one lucky son of a bitch. He slowed his truck down and made a right turn and headed in the direction of his hotel.

Nash hadn't wanted to step over the line and attempt for more. He had thought of it on more than one occasion, but her friendship had meant the world to him. Long nights of studying together and hanging with their group of friends had been the highlight of Nash's last two years. Hell, he even remembered the first night she'd gotten stupid drunk. She was a Miss Goody

Two-shoes, and the night she'd gotten wasted had been one for the books.

"Here you go, little lady. We wouldn't want your cup going dry," Nash said. He took Mykeisha's empty red cup from her and replaced it with a full one.

Her and her girls were at the same party he and a few of his frat buddies were attending. Nash had seen some guys who had been eyeing Mykeisha, but a stern look from him had them rethinking approaching her. He knew a couple of them, and none of them were good enough for his friend.

He kept trying to tell himself that was why he was so protective of her.

"If I didn't know any better, I would think you are trying to get me drunk," she slurred slightly. Her plump lips curled up into a grin as she raised the cup to her mouth.

Nash caught the eye of Imani standing next to her. He tossed her a wink then swung his attention back to Mykeisha. Imani giggled before turning back to the guy she was speaking with.

"What? Why would you say that?" He threw an arm around her shoulders.

She leaned into him with the top of her head barely reaching his mid chest. He guided her through the house and out the back door where more parties gathered around the pool. There were women and men in the water playing volleyball while others hung out around the edge cheering them on. He caught sight of Brice diving after the ball.

"Because you just brought me another drink," she quipped. Mykeisha held up her hand with the cup in it. She tripped over her feet and almost tumbled forward, but Nash held on to her. "Whoopsie."

"I got you." Nash chuckled at her lack of coordination.

He waved to Laura and the other girls they hung out with. They all sat in lounge chairs around the pool with drinks in their hands. They waved back, and when their gazes landed on Mykeisha, they broke out in giggles. He brought her back to his side where he could keep a hand on her. He'd hate for her to trip and land in the pool.

"You're always watching out for me." Mykeisha smiled. She wrapped her free arm around his waist and allowed him to lead her around to where two empty chairs were.

Nash tried to not think of how good it felt to have her pressed against him. This was his friend.

This was Mykeisha.

She was off limits.

“Of course. If I don’t, who will?” He dragged their chairs over and placed them side by side. He helped Mykeisha sit in her seat then claimed his.

She took a hefty gulp from her cup then let out a deep belch.

“Oh my.” Her hand flew to her chest as she turned to him with wide eyes.

Nash couldn’t help but laugh. She was so damn cute drunk. Her dark hair had been drawn up into a high ponytail with a few loose tendrils gracing her temples and the back of her neck. She was dressed in a pink top with super-short jean shorts on. He hadn’t missed the looks she’d gotten as they had walked through the house.

“Excuse me.”

“You’re such a pig,” he growled playfully. He reached out and tugged on her hair.

She sipped again before lifting her hands in the air and singing along with the song that blared through the speakers. It was a popular track that had almost all the women at the party singing along with it. A female rapper was flowing about women’s power and getting respect.

“You look like you need a beer in your hand,” his frat buddy, Colton, said. He slapped a cold bottle neck in Nash’s hand.

“You are a life saver,” Nash murmured. He tilted his bottle toward Colton’s and tapped them together.

“Never forget it.” Colton chuckled. He gave Nash a salute and walked over to the makeshift bar that had been set up by the pool.

Nash raised his beer to his lips and took a long pull. The cool brew met one thirst that he had, thanks to the abnormal warm weather. His gaze landed on Mykeisha still lost in the song as she sang along with it. That was another thirst he had that would remain unfulfilled. She spun around and made her way back to him. Her hands were now empty. Where the cup had gone, he didn’t know and didn’t care.

His attention was locked on the way her hips swayed and the look in her eyes. Her lips curled up into a sexy smile. She wagged a finger at him as if to entice him to dance with her.

“You know I don’t dance,” he said around the lump in his throat. He swigged more beer to clear his throat. His heart pounded as she arrived in front of him. The song changed to something else, upbeat.

“Oh, come on, big guy.” Mykeisha pouted.

He shook his head, but she reached for his hand and took it in hers. She

attempted to tug him out of his seat, but her strength wasn't enough to budge him.

"Not happening," he said.

He reared back, and Mykeisha flew forward, landing on his lap. Nash bit back a curse and tried to straighten her up while holding on to his beer. Her giggles filled the air. She sat straight up and straddled his lap.

Fuck.

His cock hardened, and he tried pushing her away. She laughed even more and wrapped her arms around his neck. Her small fingers dove into his hair.

"You got to get up, little bit," he urged.

His body was going haywire with her on top of him. Those fingers of hers felt fucking awesome combing through his thick strands. He tried to lift her, but he had no idea where her strength came from. She held on tight.

"Nash, stop. Since you won't dance with me, I'll give you a lap dance," she breathed.

Her hips ground down on him, and his cock stiffened even more. The scent of her perfume flooded his senses. Her soft body fit on his perfectly.

Like hell she was going to give him a lap dance. He tried to bark out a laugh and play it off. If she knew how she was acting, she would be mortified. He wouldn't let her do it. If ever Mykeisha was to dance on him, he wanted her to be sober as a nun in church.

"Mykeisha, baby. You got to get up," he practically begged.

Nash tried to will his cock to calm down, but with the way she was moving on him, it did nothing but cause it to grow more excited. She leaned forward and pressed her chest against his while humming along with the music. A second later, her body grew limp, and she fell quiet.

He paused and tapped her on her back. "Mykeisha?"

A snore answered him.

three

“It feels like old times,” Carla exclaimed. She wrapped her arm around Mykeisha’s and Imani’s shoulders.

They had met at the meet and greet as promised. Mykeisha had missed her friends so much. Laura and the others had disappeared into the crowd. There were so many people who had come out for this weekend.

This year the alumni committee had really outdone themselves. They were hosting a good old country fair with carnival rides, games, and plenty of food. The girls had just come from riding the teacups and were off to find more to get into.

Mykeisha hadn’t laughed and smiled so much in a while. Her cheeks actually hurt. This was what she needed. Something to take her mind off the fact that she was still single.

Not that she *needed* a man or anything.

She just wanted someone to share her life with, travel, cuddle with, and regularly scheduled dick appointments. Her cousin, the lucky bitch, was living the life.

When was it going to be her turn?

Be patient.

Mykeisha shook off the Debbie Downer feelings. She was out with her girlfriends, and they were going to have a fun-filled weekend. She had plenty of time to pity herself next week. Now was not the time.

“Mykeisha is dressed like she is looking for a man.” Imani laughed.

“I’m always looking,” Mykeisha responded.

She wasn’t ashamed in front of her friends. They knew of all her crazed dating tales. Even though she vowed to just be single, she never knew who

she would run into. Her outfit consisted of jean shorts that showed off her curvy bottom, a tank top that highlighted her busty bosom, light makeup, and she'd kept her hair down. Nothing fancy, but it was certainly cute.

Mykeisha linked her arms between her friends and pulled them along. "Where to next?"

"The bar!" Imani and Carla exclaimed at the same time.

Their giggles filled the air as they made their way through the crowd. Mykeisha allowed her friends to guide her. They arrived where there were a few food trucks parked in a half-circle. Picnic tables were lined up in the middle. White string lights had been hung around the area, giving it a fun atmosphere. The sun was on the horizon, going down. Soon, darkness would be upon them. The aromas and scents floating through the air had Mykeisha's stomach growling.

"Look who is over at the taco truck!" Imani pointed over to where Laura and Maggie stood chatting with a few guys.

"Well, we see why they abandoned us." Carla snickered. "How long ago did we lose them?"

"It's been hours," Imani replied.

Mykeisha heard them talking about their old college friends, but her attention was drawn to the person walking away over to the bar. Her breath caught in her throat at the sight of him. He was still just as tall as she remembered with thick, wavy dark hair and a shadow of a beard. With his long strides and larger frame, people immediately moved out of his way. It was one thing that had always drawn her to him.

Nash Fitzpatrick.

"Earth to Mykeisha. Are you there?" Carla snapped a finger in front of Mykeisha's face.

She blinked and turned to her friend.

"What's up?" She sniffed. Her attention darted back in the direction Nash had gone, and she found him standing in line at the bar.

"What's captured your attention?" Imani glided around and shifted her gaze to follow Mykeisha's. She spun back with a smirk. "I see. Your BFF who ditched you after college is here."

"He didn't ditch me. We just became too busy with life," Mykeisha automatically replied. It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the whole truth. She honestly didn't know what had happened between her and Nash. But life did go on. Their calls and texts that used to occur daily stretched out to weekly,

then every other week to monthly until they'd ceased. "I'm going to go say hi. I'll meet y'all over there with Laura and the others."

"Sure thing. Tell him we said hi."

Carla and Imani shared a look. Mykeisha didn't know what it meant, but she shrugged it off. The girls headed over to the others while she remained stuck where she was.

Mykeisha hesitated. What did she say to him? It had been years. She had wondered if he would be there and would admit she had been disappointed when she hadn't heard he was coming. Not that she had asked about him when she had spoken with Laura. She had been too chicken to ask.

"Now or never." Mykeisha blew out a deep breath and wiped her hands on her shorts.

She ambled over toward the line that was growing. Music blared from speakers that hung from the awning of the bar. A few people were behind the counter serving up drinks. She stood in line and was a few people behind Nash. With her short stature, he probably wouldn't see her over the two guys standing in front of her.

Her heart pounded. What if he didn't recognize her? Not that she looked different from college. But she wasn't the scrawny kid anymore. She had filled out and held curves that certainly weren't there when she was eighteen. Mykeisha was proud of her body. She always drew attention from men.

Case in point, the two in front of her kept turning around and peering at her with curiosity in their gazes. Neither of them did anything for her. She gave them a small smile, then veered her gaze away. She peeked over in the direction of her friends and saw them laughing and smiling. Maybe she should just go over there with them.

The line moved forward, and soon she was up next. Nash had moved down to the edge of the counter while waiting. He looked down at his cellphone in his hand. What if he was married with a bunch of kids? Maybe he was texting his wife.

Mykeisha bit her lip, uncertain if she should approach him.

What's wrong with saying hello? a small voice whispered.

She relaxed. There was nothing wrong with saying hello to an old friend, and if he *was* married with children, Mykeisha would be happy for him. He had been a great guy, and she was sure time hadn't changed that.

"Can I help you?" a young blonde bartender asked.

She had a wide friendly smile that Mykeisha returned.

“Hello. A Diet Coke, please.” Mykeisha reached into her back pocket and brought out some cash she had stashed in her shorts.

“Certainly.” The young girl took her payment and gave Mykeisha her change. She then motioned down to where Nash stood. “If you’d be so kind to wait down there, Todd will grab your drink for you.”

“Thank you.” Mykeisha’s heart was trying to pound its way out of her chest.

She moved over to where Nash stood. He had yet to look up from his phone. She leaned back against the counter and decided to just go with the flow.

She bit back a smile, a sense of *déjà vu* setting in. “I don’t dance.”

Nash’s fingers froze on his phone. His gaze slowly lifted and met hers. His hazel eyes widened in recognition. His lips curved up in a slight smirk. He slid his phone in his jeans pocket and turned to her.

“You looked as if you were going to ask me to dance,” she continued. She gave a little shrug and tore her gaze from him.

The years had been good to Nash. He was even bigger than she remembered. His thick chest was broad, and a sprinkle of hair peeked out from the V of his flannel shirt. The top buttons were left undone. The sleeves were folded back to reveal his strong forearms. One thing she certainly noticed was the absence of a ring on his finger.

Don’t be married. Please don’t be married.

“That would be little presumptuous of you to think I would be asking you to dance,” Nash replied. His eyes did a slow perusal of her body then returned to meet hers.

Mykeisha felt the warmth of his visual caress as if he had laid a hand on her. She swallowed hard and tried to beat down the instant arousal that coursed through her body.

“How do I know you weren’t standing over here waiting for me to come so you could ask me?” Mykeisha tried to appear nonchalant. She rested her elbows on the counter and took in the crowded area. Where had all of the people come from?

“Here’s your Diet Coke, ma’am, and your beer, sir,” a guy said from behind them.

She turned around and tossed him a smile.

“Thanks.” She reached for her drink and took a sip. Unable to resist, she faced Nash and offered him her hand. “Mykeisha McCall.”

Nash stared at her outstretched hand before his engulfed hers. The warmth of his grasp elicited a sharp exhale from Mykeisha. Their eyes connected, and in that moment, she was thrust back to the day they had first met. All of the emotions that swirled around in her chest took her breath away.

“Nash Fitzpatrick.” His deep voice rumbled from his chest.

Mykeisha could have sworn that she felt the vibrations all the way into her. She smiled and tightened her grip on him.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say we’ve done this before,” she said.

Nash’s smile widened into a grin. He gently tugged her to him.

“Come here, girl.” He laughed.

He pulled her into his tight embrace of a hug. His body was solid and firm. She laughed seeing how her head barely reached his chest. Her arms wrapped around him as she returned the hug.

“How have you been?”

Mykeisha inhaled and breathed in his scent. His cologne, a mix of sandalwood and vanilla. She had to hold herself back from nuzzling his chest. Mykeisha lifted her head and met his gaze. There was a twinkle in his eyes that she recognized as the playful Nash. It was almost as if they were back in college when they’d been inseparable.

Oh, how she’d missed him. She hadn’t even realized how much of an empty space he had created in her life when they’d stopped talking with each other.

“I’m good.” She regretfully stepped back away from him and immediately regretted the decision. Being in his arms felt right. She nervously laughed and reached up to tuck a wayward strand of her hair behind her ear. She glanced around him before looking at him. “It’s so good to see you. Did you bring your wife with you?”

Nash let out another hefty laugh and reached for his beer. He took a sip, turning back to her.

“No wife. Never been married. What about you?” He tipped his chin toward her hand.

Mykeisha had to focus on what he was saying. All she heard was he wasn’t married, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t in a relationship with someone.

Mykeisha leaned against the bar and flashed him her left hand.

“No husband or significant other.” She playfully ignored his gaze

darkening and reached for her drink again.

A few other people joined them on their end while they were waiting for the drinks to arrive. Nash moved closer to her and placed his hand on the small of her back and guided her away from the bar over to one of the tables. Her body automatically sought his out and moved closer to him.

“So is there a special someone in your life?” she asked.

She smiled and tried to will her heart to slow down. The table he had taken them to was tall and round with no chairs. She placed her drink on it in what she hoped was a casual air. Appearing anxious to hear whether he was attached to someone wouldn't be a good look.

If there was no one, what would she do?

She bit back a snort. Why ask a question she already knew the answer to?

Mykeisha was going to shoot her shot, that's what she was going to do. Years had gone by since the last time they'd seen or spoken with each other. They were no longer the young college kids who'd hung out together. Mykeisha had secretly wanted more then, but somehow, she had been placed in the friend zone.

But why?

She'd never understood.

Nash casually held on to his beer while moving to stand close to her. He invaded her space and placed his body near hers. If she shifted an inch, her shoulder would be touching him.

“No, there isn't anyone.” He took a sip of his beer.

Mykeisha's eyes locked on his lips. A flutter appeared in her stomach.

This was her chance.

“Is that so?” She arched an eyebrow at him. Well, she had her answer. Nash wasn't tied down to anyone. She took a sip of her drink and motioned her free hand to the carnival. “So what you are saying is that we can have a fun-filled weekend together and there's no one to get jealous.”

Mykeisha settled her hand on his forearm. His gaze dropped down to her hand resting on his bare skin. The warmth of him drove her crazy. Just touching that one part of him had her wanting to remove his entire shirt and go on an exploration. She remembered what Nash, the college kid, had looked like without a shirt.

What did Nash the grown man look like without one?

Her core clenched at the thought. She shouldn't be thinking such things. Warmth spread through her, a fine sheen of sweat appearing on her upper lip.

She slowly reached up and wiped it away. It was mind-blowing how her body was responding to him.

“Nope.” He tilted the bottle back and finished off the drink. He placed the empty bottle on the table and reached for her hand. He lifted it off his other arm and then proceeded to entwine their fingers together. Nash tugged slightly, making her face forward against him.

A nervous giggle escaped her. Mykeisha had to tilt her head back slightly to meet his gaze.

“I’m sorry.”

Mykeisha blinked. What did he just say? This was the last thing she’d expected to hear from him. At the moment her brain was slowly turning to mush. She couldn’t think straight with him holding her so close to his warm, hard frame.

“Why are you apologizing?” Mykeisha asked softly.

Nash’s hands held her waist. With nowhere to place hers, she rested them on his broad chest. Everything around them faded away. The music, the laughter, the sounds of screams off in the distance from the carnival rides. It was now just the two of them. Nash was her complete focus.

“For losing touch with you. I should have made time for our friendship.” One of his thumbs drew lazy circles on her hip.

Mykeisha bit back a moan. Nash couldn’t know what he was doing to her. The scent of him, his touch, and the heated look in his eyes had her about to beg him to go back to her hotel.

“You meant a lot to me, but I didn’t want to stand in your way.”

“What?” Mykeisha gasped. What was he talking about? She shook her head, confused. How many drinks had he had already? He was talking craziness. If anything, it was both of their faults for why they’d fallen out of touch. “Be in the way of what?”

She patted him on the chest and laughed. She didn’t need an apology. Nash always had to be the responsible person. It would appear nothing had changed with her old friend. They didn’t need to explain anything to each other. They could just start over.

“You know what? How about we let bygones be bygones. The past is what it is. The past. Why don’t we start over now?” she suggested.

Nash paused for a moment, slowly nodding. His lips spread into a wide grin, and he pulled her in for a hug, wrapping her up tight again.

“I’ve sure have missed you,” he murmured.

She gave him a squeeze and took advantage of their closeness and breathed in his scent.

“I’ve missed you, too.” She eased back and grinned up at him. “Now that we’ve got this out the way, why don’t you go win me some prizes.”

Earlier, she had walked past the rows of carnival games where stuffed animals were up for grabs as prizes. She knew they were rigged for the customers to lose, but she just couldn’t resist attempting a few of them. Mykeisha might as well have just donated her money to the attendants. She had failed at all of them.

“Lead the way, pretty lady,” Nash said.

He took her by the hand and led her through the throng of tables toward the carnival. A warm tingling feeling spread through her. She glanced up at Nash and couldn’t believe that he was there with her. She had wondered about him for so long, had almost dialed his number but had feared what she would find on the other end of the call.

Now she knew, and deep inside, she knew she wasn’t going to let him go after this.

“Mykeisha!” Her name was called out from behind them.

They paused, and she turned back around, seeing Imani and Carla jogging over to them.

Holy hell.

How had she forgotten her friends?

“Hey, Nash. I didn’t know you were coming this weekend?” Imani said. She eyed him with a shit-eating grin on her lips.

Carla glanced down at their entwined hands then up at Mykeisha. Her friend’s smirk and the twinkle in her eyes were a sign. Mykeisha rolled her eyes. Her friends were not going to let her live this down.

It was common knowledge that Mykeisha had a crush on Nash back in their college days. Even when she tried to deny it, they didn’t believe her. They never understood why Mykeisha had never pursued him.

“Yeah, it was a last-minute decision. My frat brothers insisted I come down this weekend,” he said.

“We had to talk Miss Hard Worker here to come down here, too, for the weekend. I’m so glad she got away and came,” Imani said. She motioned to Mykeisha. There was a devious glint in her eye. The woman was up to something. “Doesn’t she look great?”

What was Imani doing? Mykeisha released a nervous laugh. She waved

them off and turned to Nash. Her breath caught in her throat at the way his gaze roamed her body. She felt the flames of his desire as if he'd touched every part of her. What would it feel like to have his hands slide along the soft planes of her skin? Have his large hands part her thighs? Or have his head buried between them?

Her eyes connected with his, and again, everything disappeared.

A cough sounded.

Oh, wait. Imani and Carla were with them. There she went again, forgetting that they were out in the open at a carnival.

"Yeah, she looks good," his deep voice rumbled, thrusting her back to reality.

Mykeisha blinked hard and inhaled sharply.

Nash turned back to the girls with a smile on his lips. "You don't mind if I steal her way, do you?"

"Go right ahead," they both said at the same time. Their grins widened, and they practically bounced on their feet.

"Text us later," Carla said. She sent Mykeisha a wink and a little wave. "You know. To let us know you made it back to your hotel safe."

The girls would only be interested in knowing if she had made it back to her hotel and if Nash was with her. They didn't have to say a word. It was written on their faces.

"I will." Mykeisha smiled.

Her friends were definitely going to be blowing up her phone tonight. They spun around and walked away, their giggles filling the air.

Mykeisha turned back to Nash and bumped him slightly with her hips. "Come on. You owe me a bear."

"Lead the way."

four

“I want that one,” Mykeisha exclaimed. She hopped in place like a little kid.

Nash couldn't take his eyes off her. From the moment he'd seen her, she'd taken his breath away. He hadn't expected to have such a reaction as he'd had with her.

Hell, he'd never felt like this.

It was as if his favorite horse had kicked him in the stomach.

Mykeisha had certainly matured, and the years had been well for her. The only thing different was her body was curvier, and Nash couldn't stop touching her. Mykeisha's soft curves fit against him perfectly. She was still a short, tiny thing, and the fierce protective nature inside him flared to life. Mykeisha was ignorant to the stares she attracted from other men. Nash had been there to meet each one of them and warn them off.

He had been hesitant back in the day on crossing the friendship line when they were in college. She had been so much younger than him. Innocent. A friend. He hadn't wanted to lose that, but in the end he had. They had fallen out of touch with each other.

Now that she was standing in front of him, he knew he wasn't leaving without her being his woman.

“How did you do that?” Mykeisha turned around with a pink bear with a blue bow tie around its neck.

The damn thing was practically the same size as she was. It was the third item he'd won for her. To see the sexy grin on her lips and the happiness in her eyes with each of his wins had him wanting to run around to all of the games and play them so he could keep her smiles coming.

He glanced over at the game's setup. It was one of those stupid shoot-a-moving-duck games. Lucky for Nash, his father had taught him and his sister how to hunt. Live deer didn't sit still and wait for the hunter to shoot them. He'd learned early in life how to handle a gun. It was also a trick with these games. One had to hit the target in just the right spot for it to be knocked over.

"Luck," he replied with a shrug. He opened his arm and was elated that she came straight to him and slid underneath it. Her head barely came to the middle of his chest. He leaned down and breathed in her floral perfume. It was addicting. His cock immediately swelled as he imagined burying his face in the crook of her neck so he could inhale more of it.

Visions of her naked and straddling him came to mind. Her full breasts unrestrained and sitting right in front of his face. He would love to lean forward and lick her along her sternum and grip her breasts in his hands.

Nash had to resist the urge to adjust his cock. It was demanding to be set free.

Slow down, he murmured to himself.

He didn't want to rush this with Mykeisha. He didn't want to scare her away. Even though he doubted he would. He'd caught her several times eyeing his groin region. He also didn't miss how she rubbed herself against him when he held her close. The fire in her eyes was also a dead giveaway.

The attraction between them was definitely two-sided.

But there was no rush. He wanted to make everything perfect for them. His mind immediately thought of the future. They didn't live that far from each other. He had assumed after she'd graduated from college she would have moved away and worked for some large corporation, but she hadn't. It could work between the two of them.

Had he known all this time that they were that close to each other, maybe he would have reached out. It was too late to think of all the what-ifs. Like Mykeisha had said, the past was the past. They couldn't change it.

Since leaving her friends, they had strolled around the carnival, played games, ridden a few rides, and grabbed a bite to eat. Spending this time with Mykeisha had Nash feeling as if they hadn't missed a beat. They had caught up on each other. Mykeisha shared with him about her bar and grill she owned. He could see the passion in her when she spoke of how she loved being a business owner. Nash told her of his farm and had her laughing at the antics of the alpacas.

Things between them were almost the same.

Except this time, they were older and their heated attraction needed to be addressed.

The dark night sky was littered with twinkling stars. Nash glanced up to see the moon high. He wasn't sure how long they had wandered around, but all he knew was that he didn't want this time with Mykeisha to end.

"After all this time, you are still cocky." Mykeisha laughed. She held the bear to her along with the smaller brown one he'd won at another game. Her other prize was tucked away in her pocket.

They ambled along, navigating through the thinning-out crowd. He took notice of the bear slipping from her hands and her having to readjust it.

"Are you going to be able to carry that?" He chuckled.

She hefted it up higher in her arms and wrapped an arm around the bear's neck.

"I sure am. He is coming home with me. I know just the place for him back at my house." She grinned.

Nash was again taken back by her youthful beauty. She hugged the bear to her and leaned more into him. He welcomed the feel of her curves. His hand slid down along her waist and held on to her.

Nash shook his head at her sheer stubbornness and was prepared to intervene. He would carry the damn thing if he needed to.

"Where did you park?" he asked.

They headed toward the parking lot where it would seem almost everyone was going. It was getting late, and the carnival was starting to shut down.

"I rode here with Carla and Imani. They picked me up from my hotel, and we rode together. Somehow, we are staying at different hotels." She laughed. She tried to reach around to her purse but failed miserably with her full hands. "I can call them and see where they are."

"I can drive you to your hotel," he said. He was not ready for the night to end.

She glanced up at him, a smile on her lips.

"If you don't mind. I hope it's not out of your way," she said.

"It doesn't even matter," he replied automatically.

They walked in a comfortable silence until they arrived at the parking lot. Nash guided Mykeisha over to his truck. He assisted her into the passenger seat before tossing her bears in the back row. He jogged around the vehicle and hopped into the driver's seat. He hit the ignition button, the engine

roaring to life.

“Are you going to the game tomorrow?” Mykeisha asked. She turned to him with her large brown eyes.

Even in the low light, he could make out her features.

“Fuck, yeah. I wouldn’t miss it for anything in the world.” He chuckled.

“Why did I even ask?” Mykeisha rolled her eyes. She sighed and sat back.

He put the truck in drive and eased out of his parking spot.

“I should have remembered how much of a football fanatic you are.”

“Fanatic? Darling, OSU is the best damn college football team there is.” He snorted. It was his turn to roll his eyes. How was this girl from Ohio and not a fan of college football? The Ohio State fans were the most loyal in all the world. It didn’t matter where they lived, they always supported their favorite football team. Nash tried to come down to Columbus for a couple of games a year. He and a few buddies made a weekend of attending a game. “Which hotel are you staying at?”

He bit back his surprise at her reply. He wasn’t going to share with her that it would appear they were staying at the same hotel.

“It’s the one over on Olentangy River,” she said. She took her phone out of her purse and swiped the screen. “Do you need the address?”

“Nope. I know where it is,” he murmured.

He gripped the steering wheel tight as he turned out onto the road. The traffic was thick with everyone leaving at the same time. He felt his phone buzz from a text. Without looking, he was sure it was Brice. Nash would have to explain where he had disappeared to later. He’d text him to confirm where they were meeting for the game. His friend could be nosy, and he didn’t want to have to explain about Mykeisha.

At least not now.

“I do appreciate the ride,” Mykeisha murmured. She leaned on the center console and studied him in silence.

He could feel her eyes on him, and it had him wondering if she liked what she saw. Not that Nash was a vain man, but he knew he was a nice-looking guy. He’d never had issues attracting women in the past, but for some reason, this felt different.

This was Mykeisha.

She was unlike all the women in his past. Her opinion mattered. Nash kept his gaze on the road and continued on to the hotel.

“I hope you like what you see.” Nash cleared his throat, trying to fight the urge to puff out his chest. He pulled to a stop at a red light. He took the opportunity to look her way. His breath caught in his throat at the sight of her staring at him. The light and dark shadows that played on her soft brown skin, thanks to the streetlights, highlighted her beauty.

“Oh, I do, and I hope that I will see more of it,” she replied. She reached over and patted his thigh. “I don’t want this this to be the only time we speak.”

Nash directed the vehicle into the driveway of the hotel and drove until he found a parking spot. He got lucky, and there was one in front. He killed the engine and faced Mykeisha.

“It won’t be. Put my number in your phone,” he said. He was glad she felt the same about them not losing touch. He rattled off his number once she was ready.

“Your number is the same,” she whispered. She glanced up from her phone with her big wide eyes. She turned her phone around to reveal she still had his contact information programmed in it.

A lump appeared in Nash’s throat. To think all this time she’d had his number but never used it since they’d fallen out of touch. Nash vowed that she would make good use of utilizing his number. He took his phone out and found her name.

“Is this still your number?” Nash read off the one he had for her. He glanced over at her to catch her nodding.

Damn.

They both stared at each for a moment without saying a word. Nash wished he could hear what was going through her mind. She nervously peered at the hotel, taking his hand in hers.

“I had fun today, Nash,” she said softly. She reached up and pushed her dark hair behind her ear. She squeezed his hand then let it go.

He instantly missed the warmth from her smaller hand.

“You do know you could have just driven up to the door for me. I’m a big girl.”

He snorted and decided to keep the fact that he was staying at the same hotel a secret a little longer.

“I walk women to their doors after dates.” He opened the door and slid out of the truck. He strode around the hood and found her wide-eyed and mouth slightly ajar. He opened her door and held out his hand.

“A date? This was a date?” Her voice ended on a squeak. She took his hand and allowed him to help her down from the vehicle.

He gently shut the door and grabbed her stuffed animals from the backseat. She took the smaller one and allowed him to carry the larger one. He had forgotten how stubborn Mykeisha could be.

“This was not a date,” she said. “This was two friends reconnecting and hanging out.”

“Oh, is that so?” he muttered.

They casually went through the door and headed past the empty front desk. The elevators were straight ahead, and they didn’t have far to go. He tugged her to him, allowing her petite body to bump into his.

“Well, seeing how I escorted you around the carnival, won you two bears and a ring pop, and treated you to dinner, I’d say that was a date.”

They arrived at the elevator but didn’t have long to wait for the car to come to them. Once they were inside, he released Mykeisha’s hand and hit the button for his floor.

“How did you know what floor I’m staying on?”

He turned to find her leaning back against the side wall holding the little bear to her chest. Nash hadn’t even had the chance to ask her. He’d instinctively hit the button for his floor. He raised an eyebrow.

“I didn’t know this was your floor.”

The doors closed, and they immediately ascended.

“I think you, sir, are stalking me.” Her lips spread in a set grin. She wagged a finger at him. “I’m sure you probably found out from one of the girls.”

The elevator arrived at the floor, and the door opened. She beelined it out of the car, spinning around and moving backward, holding his gaze.

“Nope. I promise you I’m not stalking you.”

She bit her lip and made her way down the hall, still going backward, eyeing him. He felt a stirring below his belt at the way her tongue came out and slid across her bottom lip. At the moment, he would stalk her, but it wouldn’t be to find out information. He wanted a taste of those plump lips.

“Whatever. Well, since you consider this is a date, even though I don’t, I guess I can allow you to walk me to my door.”

“What would you consider as a real date?” he asked curiously. He wanted to take notes then. If she didn’t consider their time together as a date, then he wanted to know what she considered a real one to be.

They stopped in front of a suite. She pulled a keycard out of her back pocket and opened her room. She tossed the bears inside before closing it again. She leaned against the door and eyed him for a second. Her gaze perused him for a slight moment. Nash tried to not puff out his chest. Deep down inside, he wanted to ensure he was pleasing to her eyes.

“Well, first of all, I would get dressed up in better clothes than what I have on. I’d have worn heels, my makeup would be done better—”

“You look beautiful the way you are now,” Nash interjected.

Mykeisha had a natural beauty to her where she didn’t need all that fancy makeup or special clothes. He liked her just the way she was. Natural face with comfortable clothes. He appreciated any woman who wanted to look her best, but Mykeisha had already snagged his attention with how she was tonight.

“You’re just saying that,” she scoffed.

They grew quiet.

Mykeisha cleared her throat. “Thank you for bringing me up here. I still don’t know how you knew what floor I was staying on, but thanks.”

“I’m staying at this hotel, too,” he admitted.

Disbelief immediately filled her eyes.

He barked a short laugh and placed a hand over his heart. “I am. I’m not lying.”

“Then which room is yours?” she asked.

This time it was her turn to raise an eyebrow at him. She rested her hands on her waist as if to challenge him. He grinned and pulled out his keycard from the front pocket of his jeans. He sidled over to the door to the room beside hers. Not only was it a coincidence that they were staying at the same hotel, but to be next door to each other?

Fate.

It had to be. The universe was definitely trying to tell him something. Nash was sure of it. How was it that they’d booked the same hotel and were even placed beside each other? Nash was going to heed all the signs and pursue Mykeisha.

She was meant for him. Out of all the women he’d dated and been with, not one of them made him feel the way Mykeisha did. He felt as if he could be himself around her. He never had to hide anything from her. Even when they were at college, he’d had the same feeling then. He was just too stubborn to admit it.

He honestly wasn't sure who was more shocked that his room was by hers—him or her. He held the card in front of the reader on the door and watched the light flash green, signaling it was unlocked. He pushed it open to prove to her that he was assigned to that room.

“Happy now?”

Mykeisha slowly came toward him. She stopped near him and took in the open doorway. She leaned forward and peeked inside the room.

“Oh,” she said.

Nash released the door and allowed it to close. He gently took Mykeisha's hand in his and lifted it to his lips. He pressed a soft kiss on it, his eyes meeting hers.

“It would seem something wanted us to find each other again. I don't usually believe in fate or destiny, but I can't help believe that something was at play this weekend,” Nash said.

He entwined their fingers together and turned her around where her back met the door. Her wide eyes remained locked with his. Nash stepped closer to her, eliminating any room between the two of them. Her soft frame felt so damn good against his. He reached up with his free hand and brushed her hair from her face.

“I've really missed you, Mykeisha. So fucking much.”

“I missed you, too, Nash,” she replied softly.

His hand settled on her cheek. He trailed his thumb along her soft skin. He was taken by her beauty, her brown eyes, her plump full lips. His thumb drifted across her bottom lip. Her mouth opened slightly as she exhaled.

“We are together again. We don't have to be apart any longer. We can be friends—”

Nash didn't give her a chance to complete her sentence. He swooped down and captured her lips with his.

Everything felt right.

Her mouth opened to his without hesitation. His tongue slipped inside her mouth and dueled with hers. She tasted of sweetness and sunshine. He glided his hand to the back of her neck and gripped her hair. A moan slipped from her, eliciting a deep, carnal response inside him. He wanted her, and from the way she reverently returned the kiss, he would say she felt the same.

“Your room or mine?” Mykeisha tore her lips from his. She had a firm grip on his shirt.

He pulled his keycard out of his pocket again and waved it in front of the

card reader on the door. He turned the handle, opening the door. She stepped forward and pressed a kiss to his chin. She spun around on her heel and pushed the door open completely. He followed her in and shut the door behind him.

five

Mykeisha's heart raced. The feral glint in Nash's eyes had her breath coming in pants. She walked backward into the room as he advanced on her. No one had ever looked at her the way Nash was currently.

Where had the brazenness come from? She had no idea. It was like something had come over her body and let her inhibitions loose. She would have never before been so bold. She would have said the words in her head, but they would have never left her lips. Mykeisha halted near the bed. Her eyes did a quick scan of the room and found it to be like hers. Just a standard hotel room with a king bed, a desk, television resting on top of a dresser, nightstand, closet, and bathroom. Nothing special. When she had booked the room, she hadn't needed anything fancy. For a weekend like this, she hadn't planned to spend much in it since there were so many festivities going on.

Never in her wildest dreams had she thought she would be about to embark on a night of sex and passion with Nash.

He stopped in front of her and lifted a hand to cup the side of her face. She tilted her head back so she could meet his gaze.

"Mykeisha, are you—"

"Yes," she breathed. Mykeisha knew what he was about to ask, and she'd be damned if they stopped. She reached for the edge of his shirt and tugged it over his head. She paused and took in his wide chest, sculpted abdomen, and thanked the heavens above. Just gazing at Nash sent a bolt of desire to her core. She had always had a thing for bigger guys. She was a thick woman and desired a man who could handle her. Mykeisha's hands moved on their own, sliding along his warm skin. They traveled up to bury themselves in his thick hair. She drew his head down toward hers, offering her lips to him.

Nash gathered her to him and captured her mouth. A moan slipped from her as his tongue invaded her mouth and stroked hers. His large hands roamed her back and disappeared underneath her shirt. He eased it over her head, breaking the kiss. His heated gaze took her in. Mykeisha bit her lip, her heart racing again. He gently reached up and unhooked the clasp that was nestled in between her mounds. Cool air kissed her nipples when he pulled her bra open. It slid off her shoulders and fell to the floor.

“Jesus,” Nash whispered.

His warm palms cupped her mounds. They filled his hands completely. He lowered his head and took her mouth again in a hard kiss. His hands molded and massaged her aching breasts. The kiss grew more desperate. They quickly removed the rest of their clothes. Once they were both naked, they stared at each other for a moment.

Nash, in all of his glory, took Mykeisha’s breath away. He wasn’t a thin guy with muscles. He was a stocky guy with muscles that were developed from hard work on a farm. The slickness of her desire seeped from her center. He was everything she had hoped for. Nash bent down and picked her up by the backs of her knees.

A squeal escaped Mykeisha. Her arms automatically went around his neck, and her legs wrapped around his waist. She wasn’t a small woman, and he lifted her without any struggle.

“I got you,” he murmured, walking the few steps to the bed.

Mykeisha leaned her head forward, resting her forehead against his. Trust bloomed inside her chest. She knew without a doubt that he had her.

In fact, he was close to capturing her heart.

Nash knelt on the bed, still holding her before slowly lowering her to the middle of the mattress. Mykeisha relaxed, allowing her legs to fall open for him to see every bit of her. His gaze trailed along her body, eliciting a deep flush to roll through her. Mykeisha’s skin heated while he took his time staring at her.

“You are so fucking beautiful.” The fire in his eyes grew.

In that moment, she felt as if she were the most beautiful woman in the world. No one could take that away from her.

Nash circled her ankle with his hand and lifted her left leg. He brought it to his face and kissed her inner ankle. Mykeisha fought the urge to squirm as he gently bathed her skin with his tongue.

“Nash,” she groaned.

His tongue trailed along the side of her foot. She tried to jerk it back, a giggle bubbling from her. His grip on her ankle tightened. His deep-brown eyes held a teasing glint in them. He nipped her skin with his teeth, and she screamed.

“Ticklish, are we?” He chuckled.

She tried to pull back again, but he had a firm grip on her. He licked the side of her foot again, nearing her large toe. She wiggled, trying to break free, but she was unsuccessful. Her toe disappeared into his mouth.

“Nash!” She cried out again.

His tongue circled around her skin, and he suckled on her toe. His large hands slid down her calf, sending chills through her. It had to be the most erotic thing she had witnessed. No one had ever done this to her before. He released her toe from his mouth and trailed hot kisses along her leg. She parted her thighs ever farther, wanting him to arrive at her center sooner rather than later. Her pussy pulsed with need and demanded his tongue.

Mykeisha’s hands dove into Nash’s thick hair, trying to guide him to where she wanted. He resisted, insisting on kissing every part of her knee, even behind it.

“That’s not where I want you to kiss.” Mykeisha was ready to beg him to put that mouth on her pussy. Her breaths were coming fast. Her hips thrust forward, seeking Nash’s tongue and mouth.

“Not yet,” he mumbled.

Mykeisha’s head fell back onto the bed. Her fingers were entwined in his dark strands. She tightened her grip on them as he arrived at her thigh. He was so close. His lips pressed soft kisses on the inner side of her thigh. His tongue snuck out and slipped over her soft skin. Mykeisha had to give it to him, he was either one stubborn or one patient man. His fingers slid along her slippery folds.

“I want this to last.”

Mykeisha’s heart stuttered at his words. He parted her labia, gliding his fingers along the inner parts, becoming drenched in her juices.

“Fuck, you’re so wet,” he muttered. His brown gaze locked on hers.

A low, deep moan erupted from Mykeisha at the feeling of his finger pushing inside her. It slipped in with ease. Another curse was released from him.

“And you’re tight.”

He withdrew his finger slightly, easing two inside her. A cry escaped her

from being stretched. His fingers were wide and meaty. His thumb came up and gently stroked her swollen bundle of nerves. Mykeisha's hands shot out and gripped the blanket underneath her. Her hips jerked forward. He slowly fucked her with his fingers, lowering his head.

"Ahh..." she cried out, his lips encircling her clit.

He stroked it, sucking it into his mouth. His fingers continued their assault on her. Mykeisha tightened her grip on the blanket while Nash had his way with her. His fingers pumped inside her; he paid close attention to her clit. She didn't have to give any instructions, he was a master at what he did.

She could feel the rushing storm within her. It rolled over her, taking no mercy. She bit her lip to try to keep from crying out, but to no avail. The sounds that came from her filled the air. She reached one hand out and gripped Nash's hair, thrusting her hips forward. Her body trembled from the strength of emotions coursing through her. The waves of her orgasm crashed into her, sending her careening toward the heavens above.

Mykeisha's muscles grew tense, her thighs trapping Nash's head between them. Her breaths came in pants, and she tried to will her body to calm down. She blinked a few times, trying to focus her vision. Her body was in a state of chaos. That had been one of the strongest orgasms she had ever experienced.

All thanks to Nash's talented tongue and fingers.

He slowly withdrew his fingers from her core, sending his tongue through her folds one last time. Nash lifted his head and allowed his deep-brown eyes to connect with hers.

"Nash," she breathed. Her heart skipped a beat watching the heat in his eyes flare even brighter.

He pushed off the bed and crawled over her. She widened her hips to welcome his warm frame in the valley of her thighs. He leaned down without a word and captured her mouth with his.

Nash's tongue swept inside her mouth and stroked hers. Mykeisha sighed, tasting a hint of herself. She wrapped her arms around his neck and welcomed the feeling of his bigger body on top of hers. He braced himself on his forearms to keep most of his weight off her. The kiss sent a jolt of desire through Mykeisha. Her body was still flying high from the orgasm. Her legs were coated with the evidence of her release. Nash's thick cock brushed her folds. A shiver rippled through her at the feeling of his large shaft. Mykeisha slid her hands along Nash's broad back and came to rest on the curve of his ass.

“Now. I need you inside me now.”

“Have you always been this impatient?” He chuckled. He nipped her bottom lip with his teeth. He eased up and reached between them and gripped his cock. He positioned the broad head at her opening.

“Only when it’s something I want,” she admitted.

Her hands fell to the sides, and he rested back on his knees. Mykeisha instantly brought her legs up to present herself fully to him. Her breath was snatched from her the moment he breached her. His thick length pulsed as it sank farther inside her.

Nash released a curse. He pulled back slightly then shunted forward, introducing more of his cock into her. Mykeisha whimpered from the slight burn she experienced from being stretched so wide. She dug her nails into the mattress and welcomed him.

“Breathe, baby,” he murmured.

Nash’s eyes were locked on her. She exhaled once he was fully seated. Nash lowered his head to hers and took her lips again. His hips moved, thrusting his cock deep inside her. Mykeisha met him, raising her hips to take him fully.

The sounds of their lovemaking filled the air. Her gasps, his groans. Mykeisha didn’t want this moment to end. Their bodies fit together perfectly. Nash gave her everything she could have ever wished for. She didn’t know what she would do once this night was over. She was officially ruined for any other man.

Nash took everything from her. Mykeisha gave herself to him freely.

He slipped a hand between them, his thumb connecting with her swollen clit. She gasped, arching toward his fingers. He continued to thrust his cock deep inside her. The experience was too much for her. She couldn’t take it any longer and felt herself fall over into the abyss of her orgasm. Her scream echoed through the room followed by his shout. Warmth spread inside her as he filled her with his seed.

Mykeisha tightened her legs around Nash and brought him down to her. She cradled him in her arms, and they both panted. Their bodies were covered with a fine sheen of sweat. Mykeisha didn’t want to move. If this was Heaven, she would happily stay there.

Nash moved, rolling over onto his side. His semi-soft cock slipped from her. She instantly missed it being lodged within her. He drew her to him. She went immediately, snuggling into his embrace.

Mykeisha tilted her head back and met his gaze. Her lips curled into a soft smile. There was no need for them to exchange words. Their actions had spoken volumes.

She nuzzled her face into his chest and inhaled sharply.

There was no other place she would rather be than right here in the circle of his arms. A yawn escaped her. Nash tightened his grip on her. Mykeisha felt the tug of sleep and allowed it to overtake her.

six

Nash inhaled sharply and stretched. His eyes flew open. The warm body that had been pressed next to him all night was no longer beside him. Sunshine peeked underneath the drapes, alerting him that it was officially morning. Nash's gaze roamed the room and didn't see Mykeisha. He relaxed slightly at the sight of her clothing still balled up on the floor. His gaze landed on the closed bathroom door.

He strained to hear, but silence greeted him. He rolled to the side of the bed and sat with his feet planted on the floor. The night he had shared with Mykeisha had been mind-blowing. Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, he saw it was a little after seven in the morning. He smiled, remembering their passion-filled night. He had woken Mykeisha up after the first time she'd fallen asleep, and they'd made love two more times before he'd finally allowed them to rest. Thinking of her soft frame had his cock growing thick.

Even with only two hours of sleep, he felt as if he could go do a full day's work on the farm. He waited a few seconds, noticing that he didn't hear any sounds coming from the bathroom. He stood and made his way to the door. He raised his hand and paused before knocking on the door.

"Mykeisha. Is everything all right?" he asked quietly. For a brief moment, he wondered if she had regrets about their night together. Would she? He wouldn't think she would. They had both enjoyed themselves immensely.

"Yeah, I'm okay." Her words were soft and barely audible.

He reached for the handle and opened the door. She stood before the sink, resting her hands on the counter, staring at herself in the mirror.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

He walked into the bathroom and stopped behind her. She had a towel

around her torso. He would admit he was disappointed that she wasn't naked. With a body like hers, she should never keep it covered. He wrapped an arm around her waist and brought her back to him. He dropped his chin to her shoulder and met her gaze in the mirror.

"Are you having regrets?"

"What?" she gasped. Mykeisha's eyes widened. She shook her head and leaned back against him. Her shoulders slumped slightly. "I don't, but I was thinking that you might once morning come."

He lifted his head and turned her around to face him. Nash didn't want to believe that after the night they had shared, she would think he may be the one with regrets. He raised a hand to cup her cheek. He lowered his head and pressed his mouth to hers. She immediately relaxed, her body melting against his. He ensured that he poured all of his feelings into the kiss.

He had no regrets.

The only one he had was that they had fallen out of touch with each other. Who knew what the past could have held? What if they had stayed in contact? They could have explored what had been brewing between them. Nash wasn't going to make the same mistake again.

He tilted his head up and tipped her chin with his finger. Her eyes opened, unfocused at first. She blinked, leveling him with her warm gaze.

"Does this feel as if I regret last night?" he murmured.

He pressed his hardening member against her stomach. A small gasp escaped her. Mykeisha's eyes flicked downward for a brief moment, coming back up to meet his. Nash wasn't going to apologize for his reaction to her. Mykeisha was one hell of a woman; she was beautiful, funny, intelligent, and a good person.

"No, it doesn't." A giggle bubbled out of her.

She lifted her arms and entwined her fingers at the base of his neck. It put her closer to him, which he liked. He let out a playful growl and swooped down to nuzzle her neck with his face. He breathed in her scent, loving the hint of perfume that remained on her.

"And why are you walking around naked?"

He gently bit her shoulder, eliciting a screech from her. She wiggled in his arms as if to try to get away, but he held on to her tight.

"I was looking for this little hellcat who ravished me last night. Have you seen her?" He took her in. She was all smiles now, and that was how he wanted to keep her. No more doubt about the time they had spent together

clouded her eyes. He was going to make it plain as day that he wanted her.

“I might know where she disappeared to,” Mykeisha replied.

She reached between them and untucked the towel that had been a barrier. It floated to the floor, forgotten. The warmth of her soft skin rested against him, the desire for her growing even more. She stood on her tiptoes and brought his head down to her.

She brushed her lips over his. “She’s right here.”

“It’s a good thing I found her. I need more.” He reached down and hoisted her up in the air.

She shrieked, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her legs came around his waist, allowing his cock to be enveloped by the heat of her core. He spun them around and pressed her back on the wall. They didn’t have time to walk the few feet into the bedroom.

Nash covered her lips with his in a bruising kiss. Mykeisha submitted immediately, opening her mouth, granting his tongue entrance. Her fingers dove into his hair and took a hold of it. Nash groaned. He loved how she’d held on to his thick strands when he had feasted between her legs. His cock jumped from the sensations of her small fingers combing through his hair.

He thrust his hips, his shaft running along her seam. His dick became covered in her wetness. Without breaking the kiss, he reached between them and took hold of his length and lined the broad head up to her opening. The amount of her honey that greeted him almost had him busting his load right then.

Nash inhaled sharply as he breached her opening. The slickness and heat were just what he needed. He pushed forward until he sank completely inside Mykeisha. Her tight heat enveloped him, wrapping him up. He never wanted to leave. Her muscles constricted around him, holding him in place. Nash withdrew slightly until only the tip remained, before he pushed forward again.

Fuck.

His breaths grew ragged. He wasn’t going to last long. There was something about Mykeisha that had him wanting to give her everything he had—his heart and soul.

She tore her lips from his and rested her head back on the wall. A warm flush rose on her skin. Her big brown eyes locked on him. The pulse at the base of her neck increased, as did her breaths.

“Nash.”

The soft way she breathed his name had something inside him snapping. A growl tore through him as he thrust hard. He gripped her thighs tight, sending his cock deep inside her. He was rewarded with her cries floating through the air.

“Mykeisha,” her name fell from his lips.

He buried his face into the crook of her neck. His tongue snuck out and bathed her skin. He nipped and licked her soft skin, his hips taking on a mind of their own. He couldn’t get close enough. Deep enough inside her. Mykeisha rolled her hips and rocked them toward him. The angle changed, and her cries grew louder. Her muscles stiffened, a scream tearing from her. The hold she had on his hair grew painful.

Nash swore. Her muscles clamped down on him and milked him. She rode the waves of her climax. Droplets of sweat slid down his back and along his temples. He continued to thrust, holding her higher, giving her everything she demanded.

He’d normally try to prolong the sex but couldn’t hold back any longer. It was just that damn good.

Fuck it.

He allowed himself to give in to the storm named Mykeisha. He roared, his release shooting out of him. His hips pumped harder, and he filled her with everything he had. Nash’s hips finally paused, leaving him buried inside her. He had to fight to catch his breath.

This was where he belonged.

With her.

He was never letting her go again.

“Nash, we can’t stay in bed all day.” Mykeisha giggled. She slid her shirt from last night back on.

“Why can’t we? Who’s going to miss us?” He combed his fingers through his hair. He snagged a pair of cotton basketball shorts he had left folded on the chair by his bed. He slid them on before stalking over to her.

She held her hands up to him as if to warn him off, but it didn’t do anything but fuel the desire for her.

He couldn't get enough of this woman.

Her small hand landed on the middle of his chest. He snagged it and brought it to his lips, pressing a kiss to the center of her palm.

"Well, for one, Carla and Imani have been blowing up my phone." Her lips were still swollen from his kisses.

She had the look of a woman who had been royally fucked, and something in his chest swelled at the fact that it was him. He had given her that glow, a few dark marks on her neck, and the messed-up hair she kept trying to comb her fingers through to fix. He had kissed and licked every inch of her.

"Call them back and tell them you're a little busy," he grumbled.

At this point, he didn't want to share her. They'd had her all these years. It was his turn. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in close. Her body shook from laughter. He dropped a kiss on the top of her head. She pushed back and shook a finger at him.

"That is not going to work. Plus, you are willing to miss out on the game?"

He paused and thought about it. The game was supposed to be a good one. They were up against Purdue University. Both teams were off to a great start this year, and he would love to see the Buckeyes take home a win against the Boilermakers.

"You still know me so well," he murmured. He kept his arm around her, unwilling to let her go. It was very obvious she remembered his love for football and his loyalty to the Buckeyes.

"How can I forget something you love?" she asked softly. Her arms wrapped around his waist, bringing her closer to him.

Nash reached up and brushed her wayward hair from her face. He hadn't realized how much he had missed her. Not having his friend in his life had been hard at first, but then it had turned into a dull ache that he could ignore. As the years passed, it had lessened. Now, seeing her and having her, Nash knew he wouldn't be able to go without her again.

"Marry me," Nash blurted out.

Mykeisha stiffened. Her mouth opened then closed abruptly. She took a step back, but he refused to release her from his hold.

"Nash," she breathed.

He cupped her cheek, determined to make her see that he wasn't crazy. She covered his hand with hers, a small smile playing on her lips.

“This is crazy.”

“No, it’s not.” He dropped a kiss on her lips. He couldn’t be saner than he was at the moment. Without a doubt, Mykeisha was the woman for him. He wasn’t going to make this mistake again and let her leave his life. Since he’d seen her last night, something inside him was drawn to her. His hands couldn’t stay off her. It was more than sexual attraction.

They belonged together.

“We aren’t going to make the same mistake,” Nash said. He pressed another kiss to her lips.

Her body softened, molding against his. Her lips parted, and he slipped his tongue inside. She tasted of warm, sweet peaches, reminding him of his favorite dessert his grandmother made. He released her lips and rested his forehead on hers. “I want you in my life, Mykeisha. Forever.”

“But marriage? We’ve been apart for so long, we don’t know really know each other anymore, Nash.” Her husky voice was low and sexy.

His cock, which had been semihard, was now completely erect and straining at his shorts.

Her hand slid along his chest and came to rest above his heart. “Why don’t we take it one step at a time? Like a first date.”

“What about last night?” He raised an eyebrow at her. That had to count. They had spent the entire evening together. Drinks, food, and games. Hell, he’d used all of his skills to win her prizes. If that wasn’t a first date, then he didn’t know what was.

“Okay.” She giggled. She rolled her eyes at him.

Nash loved her smile and the way her eyes twinkled as she gazed up at him. The woman owned his heart. He didn’t care what stipulations she would put on their newfound relationship, he’d do whatever he had to do. He wasn’t a patient man, but he was willing to slow down for Mykeisha.

She was worth it.

“We should date for a while before considering marriage.” She shrugged.

Her warm hand sent a wave of emotions through Nash. She wasn’t turning him down exactly. It sounded as if she wasn’t opposed to it. He’d have to work a little harder on her.

“How many dates?”

“Nash!” Her laughter filled the air. She leaned her head against his chest and sighed.

He wrapped his arms around her tighter.

“How did I forget how stubborn you are?”

“I just need to know how many dates I need to plan,” he murmured. His mind was already racing with planning outings for them. There was so much they could do. A woman like Mykeisha deserved more than just the standard dinner and a movie. He couldn't wait to bring her out to the farm. She would get a kick out of the alpacas. His family's farm was beautiful, and there were so many things he wanted to show her. Nash tipped her chin up so she could meet his gaze. “How many?”

“Um, I don't know. How about twenty?”

“Twenty it is then.” He dropped a kiss on her lips and gave her a light smack on her ass.

She squealed and dashed away from him. He followed her over to the door. He snagged his keycard off the table and slipped it into his pocket.

“What have I started?” Mykeisha slapped her hand on her forehead. She leaned on the door and shook her head.

He stopped in front of her and rested a hand on the door, trapping her against it.

“I'm focused when I want something.”

“I see that. It must have been something else I have forgotten about you.” The twinkle in her eye let him know she was teasing him.

Nash bent down for a kiss, but she slipped from underneath his arm.

She laughed and batted him away. “I have to go, or we will never make it to the game.”

She folded her arms in front of her chest. Her small foot tapped the floor, showing off her impatience.

“Fine. At least allow me to escort you to your room.”

She eyed him for a second, jerking her head in a nod. He opened the door and waved for her to exit first. He walked her over to her door, fighting to keep his hands to himself. She spun around and held up a hand.

“This is as far as you go.” She gave a cheeky grin.

Nash rolled his eyes at her playfulness. A door opened a few doors down, and an older couple exited their room. Nash nodded a greeting to them. They were dressed alike in their scarlet and gray, ready for the game. They smiled at Nash and ambled past. Something tugged at his heart as he watched the gentleman take the woman's hand.

He wanted that.

Maybe in twenty or thirty years, he and Mykeisha could come back for

alumni weekend to support their school.

“I’ll call you when I’m ready,” Mykeisha said, breaking into Nash’s thoughts.

He turned back to her and found her halfway through the door. She was all smiles, and he liked seeing her this way. He backed away from her door and gave her a wave of his own.

“Don’t take too long getting ready. Today is date number two.” He spun around, leaving her standing there with her mouth agape.

Nash grinned. Twenty dates was nothing. He actually looked forward to the challenge.

seven

“Well, we officially know why you didn’t answer your phone last night,” Carla loudly whispered.

The second Mykeisha and Nash had arrived at their section, the girls had snagged her away. Mykeisha fought to keep the silly grin off her face.

“These seats are something else,” she said, desperate to change the subject, but her damn mouth was not cooperating.

They were on the fifty-yard line and could almost touch the players. Brice had purchased their group’s tickets and always, in Brice-like fashion, he had to get them the best. A few of the seats were empty. Some of the people from their little group were late. She didn’t know where Laura, Maggie, and the others were.

Mykeisha glanced over at Nash for a brief moment and saw Brice had his arm around him, grinning. Looked like they were busted. Not that she wanted to hide anything, but she hadn’t had two seconds before her friends bombarded her.

“You little hussy,” Imani cackled.

The girls caught Mykeisha up in a three-way hug. Mykeisha’s cheeks grew warm. She laughed at her friends’ antics.

“You finally slept with him.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” Mykeisha said. She straightened to her full height.

The crowd around them was thick, and the excitement of the impending game was strong. The fans of the college’s football team were borderline

crazy. Everyone was decked out in their scarlet, gray, and white. Some people wore ostentatious hats, glasses, and necklaces made of buckeyes. Mykeisha had forgotten what it was like to attend an Ohio State football game. The fans were like no other.

“Bullshit.” Carla snickered. She elbowed Mykeisha and stared down at her neck. “You left us last night and went off with him. You never called us to take you back to your hotel. Then the two of you show up at the same time. You have that look in your eye like you had a really great time last night, and your neck is covered in hickeys.”

Mykeisha’s hand immediately went to the side of her neck. She’d seen the marks when she had got out of the shower. It was pointless to try to cover them up. Again, her lips betrayed her and curled up into a smile as the memories of last night flooded her.

“Pay up. You owe me twenty dollars.” Carla turned to Imani.

Mykeisha’s mouth flew open at her friend’s words. Imani dramatically rolled her eyes then shook her head.

“Um, no I don’t. I agreed that they were going to bump the uglies last night.”

“Imani!” Mykeisha scoffed. She pulled her friend close, unable to stop herself from laughing. Only her friends would be placing bets on whether or not she would be having sex. She couldn’t be mad at them. Had the shoe been on the other foot, she would have been gambling on her friends’ chances of getting laid. “I don’t need the entire stadium to know what I was up to last night.”

“So you do you admit it,” Carla interjected. She was like a hound dog finding the object it had been sniffing out.

Mykeisha sighed and nodded. She might as well get it over with and admit it to her friends.

“So now what? Are you guys going to keep seeing each other?”

“We’ll see.” That was all she was going to say for the moment. She dared not share anything else.

Her friends appeared to be content with her answer for now. There was still that twinkle in their eyes that declared they weren’t done haggling her yet.

“Buckeyes!” a man shouted, passing near their row.

He and another were handing out buckeye necklaces. The buckeye tree was the official state tree for Ohio, and the school was known for them. The

nuts that came from the tree were large, round, and dark-brown with a lighter center. Mykeisha raised her hand and waved toward the man.

He took notice of her and grinned. "For the lady in the gray shirt."

She had wanted a new souvenir to take home. The few people in the row beside them passed the necklace down to her. He refused to take any money from her before he moved farther up the stands. She slid the necklace on. According to popular legend, buckeyes brought good luck.

Mykeisha had just about given up on love, and now Nash had blown into her life. Maybe this was a sign. She wasn't one to normally believe in superstitions, but at the moment, she hoped there would be a happy ending for her.

With Nash.

"That ain't going to hide them." Imani smirked.

"Who said I was trying to hide anything?" Mykeisha grumbled. She patted the necklace. It made her blend in with the rest of the anxious fans who were ready for the game to kick off.

She couldn't stop thinking about this morning.

Marry me.

His words still echoed in her brain. They had only spent one night together. At first she'd thought he was being silly and playing around, but the second she'd glanced up at him, she'd seen he had been dead serious.

Mykeisha's heart had just about stopped.

She couldn't marry him after one night of reconnecting. They knew next to nothing of the people they had grown to be.

But for some strange reason she didn't find herself saying no, and the twenty-date clause, he was going to hold her to it. The man was just that damn stubborn.

But Mykeisha actually liked the determination that had bloomed in his eyes. She bit her lip thinking of what was to come. Nash was going to pursue her. She was going to get her twenty dates out of him. They lived just close enough where they could. It wasn't like they had to travel long distance to see each other once they returned home.

Mykeisha's heart skipped a beat at the thought of Nash chasing after her. It had been a long time since she had felt this way. The men she had dated in the past didn't even come close to filling Nash's shoes.

Mykeisha blinked at the sound of laughter. She turned to find Maggie and Laura and some of the guys who completed their little crew making their way

down their row. The entire gang was officially back together. Mykeisha smiled and greeted the newcomers and noticed how Nash had maneuvered his way over to her.

“Hey there,” he murmured. His arm found its way around her waist.

She leaned into him, ignoring her friends’ all-knowing stares. She put her arm around his waist to bring them closer. There was no hiding what was between them.

“Hey there, yourself.” She smiled.

“Is everything good?” His eyes crinkled in the corners with his smile. He nodded toward Imani and Carla who were whispering fiercely.

They both winked at Mykeisha who just rolled her eyes at her friends’ antics. Mykeisha winked back. Who was she to be ashamed of her fabulous weekend she was having?

“Of course. They have just been teasing me,” she admitted.

She looked over at Brice who was speaking with one of the guys in front of him. He must have sensed her eyes on him. He glanced over her way and gave a smile. He tipped his beer toward her and Nash.

“And I’m assuming Brice did the same.”

“Of course.” Nash brought her in and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

At that moment, her heart skipped a beat again. This was all moving entirely too fast, but she didn’t care. She would live in the moment.

A roar went through the air.

“O-H!” the opposite side of the stadium roared.

Mykeisha grinned and moved away from Nash with a laugh.

“I-O,” she and the others hollered back.

It was a chant that all Ohioans were familiar with. A deafening cheer went through the air as everyone went crazy. The game would be starting soon. The cheerleaders and dance squad had been on the field performing and warming up the crowd. But it didn’t take much to get the Ohio State football fans riled up. They’d woken up ready to see their team pull off a win.

“Mykeisha!”

She turned to see Carla and Imani passing down cups of beer. She took hers and grinned. Imani tugged her away from Nash and leaned over near her ear.

“Don’t let him go this time,” she whispered loudly.

“I don’t plan on it.” Mykeisha glanced over at Nash who was talking with

Brice and the other guys. Her man had a thing for football. A sexy crooked grin was currently on his lips as he laughed with the guys. He wore an OSU jersey and jeans and he couldn't be any sexier. She turned back to Imani and Carla. "I'll just make him sweat for a minute."

"That's my girl!" Carla giggled.

"Make who sweat?" Nash's arm wrapped around her from behind. He pulled her back to him.

She belted out a laugh, unsure how he would have heard her. He nuzzled his face into her neck. She gazed up and met his warm brown eyes.

"Don't worry about it," she retorted haughtily. A squeal escaped her at the feeling of his fingers digging into her side. Mykeisha was extremely ticklish, and she tried to get away from him, but he held her tight. "Wait, you're going to make me spill my beer."

He stopped tickling but still held her tight. She leaned back into him and took another sip of her drink to keep it from splashing out the side.

"You make sure you treat our girl good," Carla said.

Mykeisha was unsure which number beer her friend was on. Carla was all smiles as she leaned into Imani who nodded to agree.

"Don't worry, ladies. Mykeisha is in very good hands." He leaned down and kissed her cheek.

She couldn't help the silly smile that spread across her face. A familiar bulge pushed against her butt. She inhaled and tried to keep from rubbing herself on him.

"I'm sure she is," Imani muttered.

Carla elbowed her, sending them into a fit of giggles.

"Okay," Mykeisha said. Her friends could be a little rambunctious. She didn't want their antics to scare Nash off. She rested her hand over his that was placed on her stomach.

"Now that we are all here, raise your cups," Imani said.

Mykeisha was thankful for the change in subject. She didn't want her and Nash's night to become the highlight of the game. They had plenty else to focus on than her and Nash reconnecting.

Mykeisha and Nash raised their cups in the air. Brice and the fellas joined them along with Laura and Maggie squeezing in beside Carla and Imani. It felt so good to be around her old friends again. This weekend was turning out better than she had ever imagined.

"Go Buckeyes!"

Everyone around them joined in for the toast. It didn't matter whether they knew them or not. At the moment, all Buckeye fans were friends.

Mykeisha took another healthy sip of her beer and had to swallow it quickly so she could join in on the screaming and hollering as the teams flooded the field. The electricity of excitement swept through the stadium like a warm, swift breeze. She turned slightly and leaned into Nash whose arm came to rest along her shoulders.

She could certainly get used to this.

Mykeisha was riding high on their team's victory. It had been an extremely close game where the tensions had been running high, but the Buckeyes were able to pull off a win. The final score was 37-35 with the Buckeyes scoring a field goal with only thirty seconds left in the game.

Nash tightened his hold on her hand. They walked through the parking lot. The gang was all meeting later for celebratory drinks. This just made alumni weekend even better. It would have dampened the weekend if they had lost. Now that the win was secured, the campus was going to be in party mode.

They arrived at Nash's truck. Instead of opening the door for her, he pushed her gently against the side of the vehicle.

"Nash," she gasped.

A giggle bubbled, but it was soon swallowed and turned into a moan the second his lips met hers. Mykeisha leaned into him and wrapped her arms around his neck and held on. His kisses were addictive. His tongue demanding. His body, so damn hard, had hers responding to him.

"I've been wanting to do that for a while now," Nash said, lifting his head.

Mykeisha slowly opened her eyes and met Nash's heated gaze. His hands had found their way to her ass and held her to him. She smiled and tilted her head to the side.

"Go get a room!" a familiar voice shouted from a short distance away.

Imani and Carla were a few rows over, walking toward their car. Mykeisha laughed and leaned her head on Nash's warm chest.

“We have one!” Nash replied.

Mykeisha scoffed at his playfulness. He tightened his hold on her. He turned back to her with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Well, anytime you want to do that, you have my permission.” Mykeisha cleared her throat. It was suddenly dry and parched. She had half a mind to tell him they could skip going out with their friends and stay back at the hotel.

Nash grinned and reached up and brushed a few wayward strands of hair from her face.

“It would appear we are official in the eyes of our friends.”

“Yes, I would agree,” she murmured.

It was no secret that they were together amongst their friends. Nash had been possessive of her anytime a member of the male species looked at her. His arms and hands were always on her in some way. She liked the possessiveness he displayed. And it was the same for her. She didn’t like how other women watched him or smiled at him. He was hers. She slid her hands down to his chest and loved the feel of his muscular form underneath his jersey.

“Why don’t we make it official between us?” she asked.

“Us?” He playfully growled. He swooped down and kissed her again.

This time it was hard, hot, quick, and left her breathless.

He lifted his head slightly and rested his forehead on hers. “I like the sound of that.”

“Good.”

epilogue

Nash stared at the expanse of Mykeisha's naked back, the swell of her plump ass, and her thick thighs. She currently lay on her stomach on their blanket, gazing out onto the rolling acres of Spring Creek. From the moment he had first brought her out to the farm, she had fallen in love with the animals and the land.

Northeast Ohio was having a warm fall with temperatures in the low eighties recently. A slight breeze blew, ruffling Mykeisha's hair. He wasn't going to complain about the unusual weather. He shifted onto his side and ran a hand along the back of her soft, supple thigh. It allowed them to be able to share a beautiful day outdoors.

"This has to be the perfect day," she murmured.

He had packed them a lunch and brought them to his favorite area of the farm. They were nestled away with plenty of trees to protect them from the sun, lush grass and brush, rewarded with a view of the land. Nash was damn proud of what he owned. He hoped to one day to pass it down to his children.

"I agree," he replied softly. He dropped a soft kiss to her shoulder.

She turned her warm brown eyes to him, and he became choked up with emotions. This beautiful woman was his. She may not have agreed to marry him when they were in Columbus, but he knew without a doubt that she belonged to him.

Since their weekend at their alma mater, they had been inseparable. Mykeisha had propositioned that they should get to know each other. Twenty dates. Nash had been a man of his word and ensured that his woman had been wined and dined. During this time, they had gotten to know each other. It was almost the same as when they'd been in college. They still had similar tastes

in activities, food, and humor.

Little did she know today was their twentieth date.

Nash's hand slipped along her thigh and rested on the curve of her ass. He left a trail of kisses on her shoulder. His cock grew thick again. Even though they had already made love after their meal, he wanted her again.

"Did I not satisfy my man enough?" she asked. Mykeisha's lips curved up into a sexy grin. She wiggled around, making her bottom jiggle.

He groaned at the sight. He loved everything about her, but her ass had to be one of his favorite aspects of her.

"Very much so. So much that I need more." He nipped her skin with his teeth gently. He gave her ass cheek a squeeze, moving over to the other one. It was getting harder to concentrate on anything else but her. As much as he wanted to sink back inside her tight, warm sheath, he had something he wanted to bring up with her.

"I don't have to go into the bar tonight," she said.

Mykeisha turned toward him and pushed him onto his back. She straddled him and pressed his arms into the ground with her small hands. He laughed at her playfulness. She leaned over him, her breasts hanging near his face. He lifted his head and captured one of her nipples with his lips. She positioned herself to allow him to suckle her large mound. She could hold him hostage if she wanted to.

He wasn't going anywhere.

Her warm center rested on his abdomen. Her slickness met his skin as she slid along him. His cock was fully engorged and rested on her bottom. Nash released her breast and gazed up into her heated brown eyes.

"Are you saying you're staying with me all night?" he asked.

"I did pack a spend-the-night bag," she replied.

That was exactly what he wanted to hear. He hated the nights where she had to leave him or he had to go back to the farm. He didn't like them sleeping apart.

Nash let loose a growl and flipped them over. He settled into the valley of her thighs, his cock brushing her slit. He bent down and captured her lips with his. He thrust his tongue between her parted lips to stroke hers. He took his time with the kiss. There was no rush, and he wanted to show how much he cared for her.

How much he loved her.

It was no surprise to him that he was in love with Mykeisha. He had

known the morning when he had proposed to her that she was the one for him. Mykeisha McCall would be his officially in every sense.

“That’s no fair.” Mykeisha pouted once he broke the kiss.

“What’s no fair?” he asked. He shifted his hips to allow his dick to slide along her pussy.

A moan escaped her. She arched her back, rubbing against him.

“I was going to be on top.” Her eyes fluttered closed for a moment before reopening.

Her lips were swollen from his kisses, and he couldn’t help but to take them again in a bruising, hard kiss. Her large mounds were crushed between them. He loved the feeling of the heavy globes when they rested on him.

“Next time.” He tore his lips from hers.

They both were out of breath and panting. He stared down into her beautiful eyes. He swept her dark strands away from her face so he could see her clearer.

“You promise?” Her hands smoothed over his back while her legs came to rest either side of his waist.

Nash ached to reach between them and line his cock up with her slick opening so he could push deep inside her welcoming sheath.

“Yeah, I do.” He flicked his gaze over her head and saw his jeans near the edge of the blanket. He reached over and snagged them. He slid his hand in the pocket and brought out something he had brought weeks ago. His heart slammed against chest in anticipation. The small black box was nestled in his hand. He kept his hand closed around it. He propped himself up on his elbows and smiled at the love of his life.

“What are you up to?” Mykeisha narrowed her eyes on him.

She tilted her head back to try to see what he was doing. She was a very nosy person. He had learned how much so when he watched her read and talk about some online gossip column she followed. She never missed a Messy Mandy post.

“Will you stop moving.” He grunted. Her movements were causing her slick center to brush against his hardened length.

“You are up to something.” She giggled. Her eyes twinkled as she watched him.

Nash shook his head. She was so impatient at times, but he wouldn’t change a thing about her. Mykeisha was as perfect as a woman could be. She was beautiful, smart, funny, and was completely addictive.

“I’m not up to anything. Do you know what today is?” he asked. He kissed her nose while he waited for her reply.

“What today is?” She scrunched up her nose in a cute little fashion while she thought about it. She shook her head and focused on him.

Nash hadn’t made a big deal on the date counts, so she may not have even realized it.

“I’m not sure. What is today?”

Nash grinned, happy to inform her of what today was, but he was going to share something else first before he told her.

“Today is the day that I tell you I love you, Mykeisha McCall,” he announced.

Mykeisha’s eyes widened and immediately filled with tears. She sniffed and reached for his face. Her small hands cupped his cheeks as she studied him.

“Oh, Nash. Are you sure? It’s only been two months,” she said softly.

Nash’s heart skipped a beat. He knew without a doubt that he loved her.

“Whose keeping track of time?” he asked. He dropped a quick kiss to her lips. He kept his hand close to hide the small velvet box from her eyes. He had gone and purchased this gift for her the moment he had returned home. They had missed so much in the years they’d been separated, and he didn’t want to slow down now. “All I know is that I’m in love with you, Mykeisha.”

She sighed and smiled.

“I love you, too, Nash Fitzpatrick.” She brought his face down to hers and kissed his lips.

She tried to keep him to her, but he had something more pressing for them to discuss. They could get back to kissing and more in just a moment.

She grinned at him. “Is that all you were going to say that today was?”

He wasn’t even shocked to hear that she loved him as well. He had known it by her actions. They had spent so much time together that he had felt her love whenever she had looked at him.

But to hear the words meant everything.

“Actually, no.” He shook his head and had to focus on her.

She shifted her legs and ran one of her feet along the back of his calf muscle. Maybe he shouldn’t do this with them naked. Her supple body was proving to be distraction. He should have taken her somewhere fancy for dinner where they could have dressed up to make this special.

But being on the land he loved along with the woman he was in love with

was perfect to him.

“Well, what is it, my love?” she asked.

She combed her fingers through his thick hair. He loved when she played with it. His cock jumped from all of the attention she was paying him.

“Today is date number twenty,” he announced.

She paused and tilted her head to the side.

“Is it?” Her eyes widened. Her fingers trailed along the nape of his neck. The move sent chills down his spine. “Are you sure?”

“Oh, I’m certain that today is number twenty,” he proclaimed. He brushed her hair away from her face again. Today was more than just their twentieth date. It was the day he was going to ask her to marry him.

Again.

“Well, I guess I will have to take your word for it,” she said slyly. She kissed his chin. “Do you have something planned to celebrate today?”

“Actually, I do,” he murmured. He balanced on one elbow so he could bring his hand between them and showed her the black box.

Mykeisha’s eyes widened, and she grew still.

“Nash, is that what I think it is?”

He flipped it open to show off the four-carat diamond engagement ring he had purchased. The moment he’d seen it, he’d known it would look perfect on her ring finger.

Tears filled her eyes and spilled over her lids. “It’s beautiful.”

“The moment I saw it, I knew it was for you,” he whispered. He glanced down at it, and the memories from the day he’d bought it came to mind. It had been the second ring he’d looked at and immediately he knew it was the one. “Mykeisha, you mean the world to me. Every morning I wake up and you are not by my side, I’m anxious to see you. I need you with me every day.”

“Nash—”

He rested a finger on her lips to silence her. He needed to get this off his chest and tell her everything. She may have told him no once before, but she would be hard-pressed to do it again. He’d make sure that she would say yes this time.

“I want you here with me to share my life. Have a family. Grow old together. I need you, Mykeisha. There is no other for me.” He inhaled sharply and sent up a prayer. He wasn’t above sharing his feelings with her.

“Yes.”

“What?” He blinked. He hadn’t even officially asked her the question.

“I said yes, Nash Fitzpatrick. I will marry you,” she cried out. She wrapped her arms around his neck and brought him down to her. She peppered his lips with kisses while laughing. “I’ve been waiting for you to ask me again.”

“Mykeisha—”

“Put it on.” She waved her hand around in the air.

Nash took the ring from the box and slipped it on her finger. His hand shook slightly as he guided it in place.

A perfect fit.

“I love you so much, baby,” he said. His eyes grew scratchy at the sight of his ring on her finger. She had accepted. They would build a life together. Nash’s heart swelled at the thought that soon, she would officially be his.

“I love you, too.”

Nash leaned his head down to capture her lips but was taken by surprise as she pushed him over. Mykeisha swung her leg over and straddled him. This time her center was positioned directly on his cock.

“What are you doing?” He chuckled.

She rested her hands on either side of his head and grinned at him. The tears that once had coated her cheeks were no more. Her gaze flicked over to her hand.

“About to ride my fiancé’s dick,” she admitted.

His cock chose that moment to twitch as if knowing she was asking about it. She ground down on top of him, allowing him to feel her heat and the slickness of her folds. He reached down and grabbed his shaft.

“Lift up,” he instructed.

She did as he requested, and he notched the mushroom head to her opening. She slowly guided herself down until she was fully seated on him. Nash groaned at the feeling of her wrapped around him. Mykeisha’s pussy was tight and stretched to clutch around him just right. They were a perfect fit. He moved his hands and rested them on her waist.

“I don’t want to wait long to get married.” Her words came out breathlessly. She raised herself before sliding down on him again.

Their groans filled the air. His cock slipped inside her so easily due to her slickness. He loved it. He gripped Mykeisha hard while trying to remain still, but he was fighting a losing battle.

“Whatever you want, baby.” He didn’t care if they got married tomorrow

or next month. Whatever she wanted to do, he would go along with it. He just wanted to give her his last name.

Unable to resist any longer, he thrust his hips upward, bringing her down on him. Her cries and moans filled the air. He couldn't control himself and loved how she was able to take everything he gave her.

"I love you," she cried out.

Her muscles clenched around him, and the move ripped the breath from Nash. He wasn't going to last much longer.

"I love you, too." He gazed up at his beautiful woman who had agreed to be his wife.

With the sun shining, a warm breeze blowing, and his ring on her finger, he filled her with his love, firmly beginning their future.

****RUMP ROAST is the next book up in the Lunchtime Chronicles series!*

Grab [RUMP ROAST](#) today!

a note from the author

Dear reader,

Thank you for reading Thick & Beefy! Mykeisha and Nash's reconnection was so much fun to write. They probably should have taken the chance in college, but it wasn't the right time. All good things come to those who wait!

I hope you enjoyed their story as much as I loved writing it. Please make sure you leave a review after reading it. This helps other readers get a feel of my books!

Make sure you continue on with the Lunchtime Chronicles series. If you haven't read any other books, check them out! You won't regret it!

Happy reading,
Peyton Banks

rump roast

He likes his woman thick, tender, and ready to melt in his mouth...

The last thing Najah Temple needs is the walking distraction that is Tommaso Moretti. Not when her first big gig since she opened her event planning business needs her full attention. In order to win her alma-mater's contract for their annual cruise, she's got to make this the best alumni event ever. But how is a woman supposed to keep her eyes on her bag when Tommaso is dripping sex appeal like it's his job. And once she knows what he tastes like, how can she be expected to stay away?

Najah Temple's sexy-as-sin lips may say she doesn't want Tommaso, but the sultry fire in her gaze when she looks at him says something altogether different. Fifteen years after graduation, and she's matured into delicious bronzed temptation on legs. And ass man that he is, Tommaso certainly can't ignore her perfectly shaped rump in those painted-on jeans. As far as he's concerned, there is no way in hell Tommaso is gonna walk away from a chance to finally have her and all that ass beneath him.

******RUMP ROAST is the next book up in the Lunchtime Chronicles series!***

Grab [RUMP ROAST](#) today!

polish boy

He's so tasty, she just can't resist.

Niko Rusek had never been one to have female friends. Kizzie McCall blew into his life, and nothing was ever the same again.

But now she'd moved away and he realized she had filled a void in his life no one had ever claimed before. There was one thing he hadn't shared with Kizzie before she left and that was how much he needed and loved her.

Niko hadn't wanted to risk losing Kizzie by crossing the line, so he remained in the friend zone.

Kizzie McCall recently relocated home to help with the thriving family barbecue business. In doing so, she now lived across the country from her closest friend in the world.

Who was going to listen to her complain about her lousy dating adventures? Or give her advice when it came to the opposite sex?

She missed him like crazy.

Missed the way his eyes crinkled in the corners when he smiled, the sound of his laugh, his perfectly sculpted body...But Nico hadn't looked at her as

anything other than a friend. Kizzie knew she wanted more and with Nico coming to visit her, she would take a chance.

The friend zone doesn't have to be forever? Or does it?

Grab your copy of [Polish Boy](#), by Peyton Banks today!

about the author

USA TODAY bestselling author, Peyton Banks, is the alter ego of a city girl who is a romantic at heart. Her mornings consist of coffee and daydreaming up the next steamy romance book ideas. She loves spinning romantic tales of hot alpha males and the women they love. Make sure you check her out!

Sign up for Peyton's Newsletter to find out the latest releases, giveaways and news! Visit www.peytonbanks.com/newsletter to sign up!

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