



CORKED



TAPPED

BLAIRE

BECCA JAMESON

BLAIRE

CORKED AND TAPPED, BOOK NINE

BECCA JAMESON



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ABOUT THE BOOK

“I could take my shirt off if you want.” The moment she heard him speak, she knew his words were more than just flirtatious banter. At least she hoped that was the case. But when a random stranger accidentally punched her in the jaw, his intentions were confirmed. The larger-than-life bouncer at her favorite bar immediately lost his shit. She just prayed he was serious because her heart couldn’t take it if he wasn’t.

Corked and Tapped: Because the best stories never start with someone eating a salad.

CHAPTER 1

“Blaire? What are you doing here on a Wednesday?” Kyle’s brow was furrowed as he held the door to Corked and Tapped open for her, but he was also smiling.

She giggled as she slid under his arm. “Who says I can’t come on Wednesdays?”

“Not me. You can come every night if you want. Makes the entire room a little brighter.” He winked at her with those deep blue eyes of his, making her insides flutter.

Blaire rolled her eyes at him and then headed across the room. Too bad she would never have the nerve to flirt heavily enough with Kyle for him to realize how much she wished their relationship was more than just a friendship. As she took her usual seat on a barstool along the wall, she sighed. The spot afforded her a view of the entire room, was close to the bathrooms, and most importantly, kept her favorite sexy bouncer in her line of sight.

Her infatuation with Kyle was absurd, but it didn’t matter. He was the highlight of nearly every week. Who cared if he didn’t know it?

As she set her satchel on the round high-top table, she noticed he was still glancing her way. He wasn’t wrong to be confused. She never came on a Wednesday. Fridays were her night. And the reason she sat in this bar from seven o’clock until midnight every Friday night was because that was her roommate’s designated night to have their apartment to herself.

Shelly's boyfriend came over that night every week without fail, and Blaire didn't even want to know what they did, nor in which rooms. The point was that Blaire needed to be scarce.

Shelly wasn't mean about it. She was perfectly fair. Blaire's night was Saturday. And on that thought, Blaire laughed to herself. As if. Never once had she taken advantage of *her* night to bring a man home and have sex. Or even to just bring a man home. Or hell, even to have sex of any kind—with something without batteries anyway.

She wasn't a prude. Her single status wasn't entirely on purpose. She simply hadn't found the right man, and she had no interest in experimenting with random guys. If she was going to have sex, she wanted it to be good. No—great. Like in a romance novel.

Fantasies, though... She had plenty of those. And most of them featured Kyle. As she slid a book out of her satchel, she glanced at him. He stood near the door, where he almost always hung out to monitor who came inside, check IDs, and keep a trained eye on the crowd in case anyone got out of hand.

It happened. Not every Friday night. But since she sat there for five hours most weeks, she usually caught an interesting altercation between patrons, or noticed a drunk and disorderly asshole. Nothing serious, though. The patrons of Corked and Tapped weren't the sort that often got into fights.

And thank God, because Blaire didn't think she could have returned over and over again if she'd had to worry about her safety. In truth, the first time she'd come had been purely random. She'd needed a place to go, and Corked and Tapped was close to her apartment. Ordinarily, a bar wouldn't have been her first choice, but she'd stepped outside her comfort zone, and she'd never been sorry.

Kyle had been at the door that night. His smile had caught her breath as she'd entered. When he realized she was alone, he'd pointed toward the very table she sat at now and stated in

his deep voice, “You’re lucky. That table just opened up. Are you meeting someone?”

Blaire had licked her lips and then swallowed, seconds ticking by before she found her voice. “No. I’m just going to, uh, study.” She’d wanted to take those words back the moment they left her mouth, but there was no hiding the book bag she carried, and besides, that had been her exact intention.

What endeared Kyle to her was that he hadn’t laughed at her or in any way insinuated she was a freak. Instead, he’d responded, “With all this noise?”

The volume had never bothered her, though. It was white noise that faded away as soon as she picked up a book. From that day forward, she nearly always sat at this very high-top table, alternately reading and stealing glances at the man who starred in her fantasies.

Tonight was no different. Kyle had his back to her, so she didn’t bother to look away, instead taking in his short-cropped, thick, dark blond hair, broad shoulders, narrow waist, and amazing ass. He wore the same thing every week—stonewashed jeans that hugged his hips perfectly and a black T-shirt with the Corked and Tapped logo on the front.

The thing was, that shirt barely fit him. It was tight around his biceps and across his chest. Mike, the owner, probably didn’t stock any shirts large enough for Kyle. Or maybe Kyle just preferred the way they fit.

One thing was for sure, no part of his torso was left to the imagination. Except his tattoos. He had several on both tanned arms that extended from under his sleeves. She had wondered for months what else was under that shirt.

“Gin and tonic, Blaire?”

Blaire jerked her gaze from Kyle’s fine ass to meet Jade’s gaze. “Thanks.” The waitress knew her well. Heck, Jade knew the orders of every regular who came into the bar.

“I’ll be right back.” Jade spun around with a smile and a pep in her step. The woman was only a few months older than

Blaire and she attended the same university nearby. Blaire had seen her on campus a few times.

Blaire chuckled as she heard Jade call out several orders to the bartender, Owen. Jade's voice was filled with excitement. In the last few months, Jade had changed, and Blaire was pretty sure two men who had come into the bar one night several months ago were responsible. Blaire had watched them both flirt with Jade, and then the three of them had left together.

The number of fantasies Blaire had conjured with regard to that threesome in the last few months was probably world-breaking. She was happy for Jade, but damn, why did Jade get two men while Blaire hadn't managed to snag even one?

Granted, Blaire realized she was to blame. For one thing, she hardly met anyone's gaze on campus. She was introverted and selective. For another thing, she did nothing to her appearance to make herself stand out. Also intentional.

The last thing she wanted was for anyone to notice her, so she mostly blended in by wearing jeans, plain shirts, and short boots. Tonight, her V-cut, long-sleeved T-shirt of choice was white. And, since she'd been feeling flirty—which was ridiculous—she'd worn her favorite pink lace bra and panty set. As if anyone would ever see her lingerie. What a joke.

“What are you doing here on a Wednesday?” Jade asked as she set the gin and tonic down in front of Blaire.

“My roommate switched nights since tomorrow is Thanksgiving.”

Jade laughed. “God forbid she should miss her weekly scheduled sexfest.”

Blaire rolled her eyes. “Right?”

Jade shook her head. “I don't even get it. Who could have sex on a schedule? I would lose my mind if I needed to designate seven o'clock on a certain day to fuck.”

“Agreed,” Blaire responded, as if she had one single clue whether or not people should, could, or would schedule sex. She took a sip of her drink.

“Since tomorrow is a holiday, this place is going to be packed tonight. You’re lucky you got your favorite seat.” She pointed at the book Blaire had pulled out. “Are you seriously going to do homework on the first night of a four-day break?”

Blaire shrugged. “Yeah. Figured I would get it out of the way.”

Jade tipped her head to one side to look at the spine. “Ah, Jane Austin. Well, at least that one’s not too bad. I don’t think I could ever be a literature major. I would never be able to keep up with the reading.”

Mike called out Jade’s name, so she winced and rushed back to the bar.

Jade had a point. No wonder Blaire didn’t have men begging to go out with her. She sat in this bar every Friday doing homework like a total nerd. She undoubtedly looked like one too with her reading glasses and her pin-straight brown hair clipped away from her face.

No man was ever going to ask her out since she never interacted with anyone except Kyle and the people who worked at Corked and Tapped. Hell, besides the owner and the bartender, Kyle was one of the few men she ever spoke to in the bar. Even that had been a stretch the first several weeks she came in. She’d been tongue-tied every time Kyle spoke to her at first, and no matter how many ridiculous fantasies he starred in, she figured he was only polite to her because it was his job.

Luckily, she’d loosened up over the months. As time passed, Kyle became a friend. She even began to meet his gaze dead-on. He always spoke to her during his breaks. By now, she knew they were friends, but that didn’t stop her from dreaming of more.

He seemed genuinely interested in hearing about what she was reading and other aspects of her life too. She’d also learned quite a bit about him.

She knew he was a trainer in a gym during the day and that he hoped to open his own gym in the future. He knew she was working on her master’s in literature and intended to teach.

They had laughed over a mutual distaste for wine and horror movies and cold weather and a plethora of other odd things.

She had no idea why he kept coming back to speak to her, but she wasn't going to complain. Every time she left Corked and Tapped, she felt lighter, as if she'd been on a great date. In truth, her time with Kyle during his breaks was the closest she'd had to dates in a long time. He brought out the best in her, making her feel far less introverted. No way was she going to give up her fantasy that a man like Kyle—who could date anyone he met—was interested in a shy, studious, literature major who'd never put herself out there.

She shook thoughts of her imaginary relationship from her mind and groaned inwardly as she picked up this week's required literature and opened it to the page she was on. She glanced around as she took another sip of her gin and tonic. Jade would bring her a second drink in an hour that would be just tonic, and then, in another hour, her second alcoholic drink.

Blaire cringed. Was she *that* different from her scheduler roommate? After all, Shelly planned what day and hour she had sex while Blaire planned which hours she read the classics.

The truth was Blaire often grew bored of the required literature. She'd rather be reading contemporary romance novels. So, she rationed the hours she read for pleasure. Two hours of homework first then after nine o'clock she permitted herself some well-earned pleasure reading.

Yeah, she was a nerd.

CHAPTER 2

An hour later, Blaire jumped in her seat when someone set their elbows on the table across from her and leaned into her space. She jerked her gaze up to find Kyle grinning at her.

He looked at the book and back at her. “Riveting?”

She shrugged as she sat taller, took off her glasses, and flipped Austen over to set it on the table, holding her place.

Jade’s shadow loomed across the table as she reached her arm between them and set a plate of fries on the surface. She took off as fast as she appeared.

Kyle grabbed a fry and stuffed it in his mouth.

“I don’t know how you can eat so much fried food and yet not have an ounce of fat on your body. If I ate that, I’d weigh five pounds more tomorrow morning.”

Kyle let his gaze wander down her body and back up. “First of all, I work out more hours a day than you go to class,” he pointed out. “Second of all, your smokin’ hot body is perfect. Don’t change a thing.”

She sucked in a breath. *Smokin’ hot body? Perfect?* He’d never once said anything that explicit to her. Was he teasing her? Just making conversation?

He winked and leaned closer. “And third of all, most men like women to be a little softer, curvy, and feminine. There are a lot of women at the gym—other instructors and clients—who work their asses off to be muscular. Some of them flirt

with me.” He shrugged. “Personally, I don’t find them attractive. It’s like they’re too...stiff or something.”

She lifted her tonic water and took a sip. If Kyle liked his women curvy, she was not in the running for that contest. She was almost too skinny, with small breasts and no butt. How could he say she was perfect in one breath and that he liked curvy women in the next?

And why the hell was she thinking about impressing Kyle anyway? The man was totally not her type. No, that wasn’t correct. It was the other way around. She was totally not *his* type.

Curvy... Gah.

“So, it’s a four-day weekend, and you’re doing homework. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Why didn’t you go home for the holiday?”

She shrugged. “My parents are divorced, they live several hours away, and they’re both going to dinner with their new spouses. I’d rather be alone than pretending to be an extrovert with total strangers.”

He paused, a fry hanging in the air. His gaze narrowed. “Alone? On Thanksgiving?”

She lifted both shoulders and held them high for a moment. “It’s just a day.”

“Just a day?” His voice rose. “It’s a day for family and loved ones. It’s one of my favorite days of the year. My mom cooks a huge turkey with all the fixings. My aunt and uncle come over. Two of my cousins. My sister will be there. I can’t even imagine being alone.” He frowned.

Blaire forced a ridiculous partial smile and waved a dismissive hand between them. “Eh. I’ll be fine. I’m not good with people. I could have gone with my mom or my dad or even my roommate, but I turned them all down. Strangers make me nervous.”

Kyle put the fry in his mouth and chewed slowly, his expression thoughtful.

Blaire sat up straighter and changed the subject. “It’s busy in here tonight.”

He was still staring at her, but then he finally glanced around. “Yeah. Expected.” He ate his fries slower now, leaning closer. “Why don’t you ever date?”

She flinched before she licked her lips and shrugged yet again. “What makes you think I don’t date?” she murmured. They didn’t usually discuss anything so personal.

He cocked his head. “Because if you did, you wouldn’t be here *every* Friday night.”

She sighed. Touché. “I’m not opposed to the concept. I just haven’t met the right guy.”

He gave her a slow half grin. “Opposed to the concept?”

She flushed. “Are you making fun of me?”

He shook his head. “I would never. You’re just so eloquent.”

She pointed at the novel in front of her. “I have a literature degree. It’s a requirement that I be good with words.”

He chuckled. “And literature majors don’t date?”

She started wringing her fingers together in her lap but attempted to keep up the banter. “Nope. It’s not permitted.”

Kyle laughed. “Probably because there’s too much reading.”

His damn muscles bulged every time he leaned toward her. She couldn’t help but lower her gaze to his chest. She would give almost anything to flatten her palms on his pecs and explore the hardness of his body.

He wanted to know why she didn’t date? Because the wimpy, skinny boys on her campus couldn’t hold a candle to him. Ever since she’d started fantasizing about what his body would feel like under her palms, she’d lost interest in college guys altogether.

“I could take my shirt off if you want.”

She jerked her gaze back to his, mortified. Her mouth fell open, and her face heated to two hundred degrees. It would be super cool if she could drop through a crack in the universe and disappear right about now.

He was grinning, but then his face fell and he reached out a hand to cup her shoulder. “Relax. I was kidding. I shouldn’t have said that. I didn’t mean to freak you out. It was rude.”

She swallowed, forcing herself not to be such a prude. “No. It’s fine. The truth is I’d love to see your chest. You caught me.”

His brows rose, and he dropped the fry he held back onto the plate, pushing the rest of them to the side. If she wasn’t mistaken, now *his* face was flushed. He swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing. “You’re welcome to see my chest any time you want, but Mike frowns on us taking our shirts off in the bar.”

Yep. Her face could get warmer. “Bummer.” What else was she supposed to say? It wasn’t like she could say, “*Well, then, how about you come to my apartment tomorrow night? Saturdays are my night to have sex there.*”

Gah. Besides, tomorrow wasn’t even Saturday. And she was totally out of her element. In addition, if she didn’t stop flirting with Kyle, she was liable to screw up the best thing she had going in her life. Friday nights staring at him while he worked.

“Kyle,” someone from across the room called out. Blaire shifted her gaze to see Jeremy, the other bouncer, helping an older man toward the door. The guy was struggling to remain upright.

“Damn.” Kyle shoved off the table and hurried across the room, leaving Blaire to go over the last few moments in her head.

Jesus. Thank God they were interrupted. She couldn’t imagine what came next in their conversation. She was still shaking, shocked at how forward she’d been. What the hell possessed her to tell Kyle she wanted to see his chest?

She didn't even glance at her watch before she picked up her book and stuffed it back in her satchel. There was no way she could concentrate on it again tonight anyway, and besides, she felt like breaking the rules.

She groaned internally. Rules. Her own rules. Stupid ones like how she forced herself to finish her schoolwork before she could read for pleasure. As both Jade and Kyle had pointed out, it was a four-day break. She could spend time reading romance novels for three days if she wanted. Her rigid, self-imposed schedule was absurd.

Blaire reached for her bag, intending to pull out something more pleasant to read, and then she stopped herself. Maybe tonight she would go way out of her comfort zone and stare at her fantasy man instead of reading. She put her glasses away. After that verbal exchange with Kyle, she was a wreck. Any moment, she would undoubtedly start squirming in her seat from arousal.

One thing was for sure—she wasn't immune to the effects of men. She was just...selective. Or chicken. Or afraid to confess to anyone that she was a virgin. Or any number of other excuses.

Lately, her biggest excuse was that she had the hots for a giant bouncer at her favorite bar who spent his days in the gym making his body even bigger for her enjoyment. Before she'd met him, she hadn't considered if she had a "type." After she met him, she still couldn't be sure because there were other buff men in the world, and none of them turned her head like Kyle. Not even Jeremy, who arguably was nearly identical.

Except Jeremy's skin was a shade lighter, he didn't have tattoos, his hair was slightly longer, and he kept a stylish, perfectly trimmed, short-cropped beard.

Okay, maybe he wasn't the same, but his physique was identical.

While Blaire watched the two bouncers manhandle the drunk man out of the bar, someone's back slammed into her table, knocking over her tonic water and sending it directly toward her.

She gasped as the nearly full, cold drink hit her chest like a bucket of ice water. There had been no way to stop it, and she was soaked all down the front of her—*shit, dammit*—white shirt.

Blaire jumped to her feet, tugging the T-shirt away from her breasts where it clung to her bra. Great. She groaned, but far more unfortunate than the drink debacle was that she didn't pay attention to what happened to cause the spill.

When she lifted her gaze, shaking out her shirt, she realized two men were fighting. The guy who must have bumped into her table had his back to her. The other man had his fist in the air. When the attacker swung, the man closest to her ducked.

And that was how Blaire got punched hard, right in the face.

CHAPTER 3

Blaire staggered backward, her shoulders hitting the wall as pain spread across her face and down her neck. She couldn't take a breath. She'd never been struck in her life, so the stunning pain shocked her.

The world seemed to move in slow motion as her eyes widened, and her hand went to her jaw. Kyle materialized, his fists gripped the shirt of the man who'd hit her, and he dragged the guy down the back hallway where the restrooms were located.

Jeremy had the other man, the one who'd ducked, in his clutches and was moving in the same direction.

Mike appeared in front of her. Fury pulled his eyebrows together, and his lips were pursed as he stomped closer. "My God, Blaire. Are you okay?"

Someone shoved Mike out of the way. Kyle. He immediately stepped right in front of her, inches between them, his hands settling on her neck. "Fuck. Jesus. I'm so sorry. I wasn't looking."

She winced as he slid a finger up to touch her cheek. It stung. "It wasn't your fault," she murmured.

"Like hell. It's my fucking job." He didn't meet her gaze. His attention was on her cheek. Someone handed him a white package of some sort, and he pressed it against her face.

She winced again. Ice. Right. Of course. It hurt, though, and she tried to lean away from it.

Kyle wasn't having that. He set his other hand against the side of her face to steady her, pressing the ice gently against her cheek. He was breathing heavily. His body was tense. She thought he might punch someone himself if they came close.

"The police are on their way," Mike said from beside Kyle.

"Police?" Blaire asked. It hurt to speak, so she winced again.

Kyle rubbed her opposite cheek with his thumb.

"Why did you take them toward the back instead of tossing them out the front like you usually do?" she asked, blinking up at Kyle, trying not to move too many facial muscles.

He finally met her gaze, his expression confused. "That guy punched you, Blaire."

"Yeah? Did you kick him out the back instead?"

"Noooo... Jeremy is guarding the two assholes in the hallway until the cops get here."

She heard the sirens.

"You don't usually call the police when there's a fight," she pointed out.

He stared at her for a moment, and then leaned in close to whisper in her ear. "The fucking hot woman who's been nervously watching my every move for months while she sits in my bar squirming in her seat over a romance novel doesn't *usually* get caught in the middle of a fight and punched either. So, yeah, the police are coming. You need to press charges. Then I'll take you home."

She swallowed. Mortification was the only word that came to mind. Her face had heated earlier, but now it was on fire, and not just from the punch. In fact, that part no longer hurt.

He knew?

Lord.

He knew. Kyle knew she had been sitting here week after week stripping him with her eyes while he worked. Could she be more embarrassed?

He set his forehead against hers. “Please, baby. Don’t freak out on me now. Talk to the cops. Give a statement. Then we’ll leave.”

She couldn’t move. He’d called her *baby*.

He sighed. “I know you don’t like attention. I know this is uncomfortable for you. I get that. And I’m so sorry I wasn’t close enough to stop those guys from hitting you.” He removed the ice from her face, reached behind him to snag her bag off the table and her jacket from the chair, and grabbed her hand.

Before she knew what was happening, he tugged her around the corner, past the men who’d been fighting, and into a room farther down the hall.

The guy who’d punched her called out, “So sorry, ma’am. I didn’t mean to hit you. I just—” His voice was cut off when Kyle slammed the door, leaving them in relative silence.

He flipped on the light and then his hands were on her face again, his brow furrowed, his attention on her cheek.

“It’s fine, Kyle,” she whispered. “It’s no longer throbbing. I don’t think it’s that bad.”

He didn’t respond. Instead, he inhaled long and slow, seemingly controlling his anger. Was he mad at her? She pressed her lips together to keep from rambling. Maybe he was frustrated because she wouldn’t shut up.

Kyle closed his eyes and set his forehead against hers a second time, his hands spread on her neck and up her scalp. He took several deep breaths, and then he whispered, “Scared the fuck out of me.”

She swallowed, uncertain why he was reacting like this. She had no idea what he meant, and she was afraid to ask.

Someone knocked on the door.

Kyle released her to spin around and open it. Mike stood there, along with a police officer. “Officer Bradshaw has a few questions,” Mike stated as he stepped into the tightly confined room, followed by the officer.

Blaire finally had a chance to glance around and realized this had to be Mike's office. She took a step back to make more room in the cramped space. She also didn't have to say much. Kyle immediately explained to the officer what had happened. Blaire confirmed. The cop left. Mike left. Done.

Blaire blew out a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them, but then Kyle's attention was on her again. "I'm going to take you home."

Her eyes went wide and she shook her head. "No. You can't."

He frowned and then rolled his eyes. "Your roommate is there."

"Yeah. I'll be fine. I'll just hit a fast food joint and grab a milkshake or something to kill time."

He shook his head. "Like hell. Wait here." Kyle set her book bag and jacket on the loveseat behind her, spun around, and left the room, shutting the door behind him once again.

Finally, she was alone. She reached for her cheek and worked her jaw open and closed a few times. It was going to be sore tomorrow, but nothing was broken. Everyone was overreacting. She just wanted to get out of here. Being the focus of so much attention made her nervous.

One thing was certain—she wasn't staying here any longer tonight, so she grabbed her jacket, slid it on, and picked up her satchel.

She jumped when the door opened again and Kyle reappeared. "Come on." He nodded toward the hallway, his enormous body filling the doorway.

She searched his face but had no idea what he had in mind. Nevertheless, her best option was to follow him. Obviously, he had a plan, and arguing wasn't in the cards. When he grabbed her hand and led her down the hallway and out the back door, her entire focus honed in on their connection.

Kyle was holding her hand. Kyle had set his lips on her ear. Kyle had lost his shit when someone accidentally punched

her. Surely, she was sleeping and this was a fantastic dream—minus the part where she got punched.

It was chilly outside. November in Georgia. Any temperature was possible. Kyle was wearing a T-shirt, but he seemed impervious to the cooler night air. Still holding her hand, he kept walking, too fast for her to keep up.

“Kyle,” she called out.

He spun his head around. His brow was still furrowed. Anger wafted off of him. His gaze roamed down her body to her legs. “Shit. Sorry.” He slowed his pace.

“Where are we going? Don’t you have to keep working?” She glanced back at the bar as they crossed the parking lot.

“Jeremy’s covering for me. They’ll live for one night.” He didn’t answer her first question, and his voice was still clipped.

Her heart was racing. Nothing made sense. If he was mad at her, why was he helping her? She couldn’t imagine what his plan was, but she clamped her mouth shut again and let him lead. It wasn’t like she had a fantastic plan herself. Maybe he was heeding her milkshake idea and wanted to see her there safely out of some misplaced guilt for not protecting her from some random accident of time and space.

At least he wasn’t nearly running anymore. She had to walk fast to keep up, but she didn’t have a choice because he was still gripping her hand in his larger, warmer, stronger one.

They walked two blocks, and then Kyle stopped in front of a building and pulled out a keycard. He brushed it over the scanner and the outer door clicked open.

“Kyle?” she asked.

He set his hand on the small of her back and continued leading her to the elevator. After being silent for far too long, he still didn’t say a word as they rode to the fourth floor and then stepped out.

Blaire was staring at him, confused and a little nervous.

It wasn't until after he opened the third apartment door on the left that she realized where she was. "This is your apartment," she pointed out.

He took her bag, his face finally softening. "Yeah. You couldn't go to yours. There wasn't another option."

She couldn't bring herself to move from where she stood by the door, but Kyle padded across the room and disappeared, leaving her there. He returned moments later with a bag of frozen peas in his hand. "This'll help." He settled it against her cheek, his free hand on her shoulder.

"You eat peas?" She had no idea why that was the first question to come to mind, but there it was.

He chuckled. "No. But I keep them in case I get punched."

She flinched. "You get punched often?"

"It happens. Occasionally, I get between two guys going at it in the bar and wind up taking a hit." He reached for her hand and drew it up to settle it on the peas and then released her. "Come sit down. Sorry, my place is a mess. I hadn't expected company."

Blaire didn't move. "You didn't have to do this. I would have figured something out. You left your job."

He sighed. "You could have figured something out? You mean like your plan to sip a milkshake at a fast food joint until it closed? I can't believe your roommate kicks you out every week like this. It's weird." He frowned.

"Well, she's fair about it. I get Saturday nights." It hurt to smile, but she did it.

His expression went from concerned to horrified, his eyes widening, his mouth falling open. "You're serious?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I mean, not that I've ever exercised the option, but the point is she's fair about it."

Kyle blew out a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair. "Jesus. You freaked me out there for a minute."

She cocked her head to one side, confused again. He said the strangest things.

The peas were too cold, and besides, they were unnecessary at this point. The pain in her cheek was barely noticeable. She handed them back to him. “Thanks. Listen, I feel bad about you leaving work over this.”

He shook his head. “Stop apologizing. If I hadn’t been dragging a drunk guy out to an Uber, I could have stopped that jerk from punching you. My fault.” He tossed the peas on the coffee table and then tucked the tips of his fingers into the pockets of his jeans and rocked forward and backward on his feet.

CHAPTER 4

The silence was deafening and awkward, so Blaire turned her gaze to take in his living room. The main piece of furniture was a black leather couch facing a large flat-screen television. The entertainment center was huge and featured not only gaming equipment but books. In fact, the room was cluttered with books, surprising her.

She hadn't pegged Kyle as a book guy. He'd spent the last several months teasing her about all her books when in truth, he was clearly reading several volumes at once himself. Two books were open and flipped upside down on his coffee table to hold their place. One had a bookmark. Three were stacked on an end table.

Curious, Blaire sauntered farther into the room. She glanced at the current volumes and then headed for the wall of shelves, realizing she would know a lot more about this man from the literature he owned.

There were several rows of action and mystery. At least a dozen about health and fitness and working out. And then her gaze landed on a book called *How to Give Your Girlfriend the Best Orgasms*.

She stopped breathing and let just her eyes scan the surrounding books. All of them were about sex. She rubbed her hands together, feeling far more awkward than five minutes ago.

Kyle suddenly slid between her and the shelves. "Come sit down," he repeated. He took her arm and gave a tug, luring her

toward his sofa. “You’ve seen books before.”

She lowered onto his sofa, sliding her palms under her thighs. “You have quite an eclectic collection.”

He sat next to her, angling his body sideways to face her. “I like to switch things up.”

She reached forward and picked up one of the books he was reading from the coffee table.

Before she had a chance to see the title, he snatched it from her hand, closed it, and set it behind his back. She had not missed the word sex on the front, however.

She met his gaze. His face was red. He was chewing on the inside of his cheek. “You sure research a lot about sex.”

He groaned.

“I should go.” She was totally out of her element.

He reached for her hand and clasped it. “Don’t. Please. Stay.”

“I feel weird. I’m not in the habit of going home from bars with men. I mean, I’ve actually never done such a thing. Nor do I bring men home with me. I wasn’t kidding about the Saturday night thing. I’ve exercised that option zero times.” She had no idea where she was getting this newfound bravery.

Kyle rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb. “Obviously I don’t bring women home with me either or I wouldn’t leave my place littered with embarrassing books.”

“And why exactly do you have so many how-to books about sex?” He was the sort of guy she assumed hadn’t needed any help getting a girl since about the second grade. Wasn’t he?

He took a deep breath and shrugged. “Just like to be informed. I don’t want you to be nervous in my apartment. We’ve known each other for months. Besides, you know where I work. You know my boss. You know all my coworkers. If I did anything to upset you, you could easily get me fired. Besides, have you ever seen me once do anything that made you nervous about me?”

He had a point. She needed to relax. She was alone with Kyle, the only man she'd ever met with whom she'd dreamed of being alone. And he was doing nothing but holding her hand, though she was starting to wish he would do more.

The fact he was holding her hand spoke volumes. It wasn't just friendly. He was making a move. And she was warming to him.

She shook her head. "No. Never. You're right. But you don't know anything about *me*," she pointed out. *Nothing important.*

He laughed as he lifted her knuckles to his face and rubbed them across his lips.

She stared at the action, mesmerized. Tingles raced all down her arm and made her shiver. She watched his lips, lips she'd admired for months, wishing she could know how they might feel against hers. Hell, she wouldn't mind feeling them against her entire body.

Lord, what is wrong with me?

"What's so funny?" she asked, her gaze lingering on the way he gripped her hand.

"It's just that I know a *lot* about you. How could you say I know nothing?"

"I mean, I'm just a girl who comes into the bar where you work. You can't be expected to memorize details about everyone who comes through the door."

He held her gaze and worried the inside of his cheek again, and then he took a breath. "Kay, you're not a girl. You're clearly a grown woman. And, you must realize you turn heads."

Her brows shot up. "I don't turn heads. That's crazy."

He chuckled. "Yeah, babe. You do. It makes me nervous every week, worrying some asshole will follow you out the door when you go home."

Shock was her only response. "That's...sweet. I'm always careful."

“You weigh like a hundred pounds. Anyone who wanted to could grab you right off the street.”

She sucked in a breath. “Well, they haven’t, and I can’t imagine why they would. I only live a few blocks in the other direction. I carry mace. It’s well lit.”

He lifted his free hand and touched her nose. “Don’t freak out on me, but I know where you live.”

She blinked. “Why?”

“Because, like I said, you make me nervous. So, either I or another employee always follows you to make sure you get into your building.”

She gasped. “Are you serious? How long have you been following me?”

He tugged her hand so she leaned closer, and she flattened her palm against his chest. “A few months. And it’s not always me. Sometimes it’s Jeremy or one of the other guys. I’m not some kind of stalker. I just worry about you.”

“Why?” Her heart pounded. This was weird, but the truth was her imagination was getting away from her, and now she was praying he really did find her attractive and was interested in her. It was a lot to hope for, but what other explanation was there?

He slid his other hand up to cup the back of her neck. He pulled her closer until their foreheads touched. “Because I like you. I’m fucking slow about asking women out, but I’ve been working up the nerve forever. Is that so hard to believe?”

“Yes.” She didn’t hesitate.

He sighed as he gave her a few inches, but he kept his hand on her neck and gripped hers against his chest. “And as for not knowing you, let me list what I know about you. I know you’re an extremely loyal friend who doesn’t mind sitting alone in a bar every Friday night so her roommate can have wild sex.”

She couldn’t keep from smiling at that picture.

“I know you’re farsighted because you only wear those fuck-me glasses when you read.”

Her mouth fell open.

He laughed. “Yeah. You heard me. Every time you peer over the top of them, my heart stops.” He grinned. “I also know you’re working on your master’s in literature. I know you’re extremely disciplined about your schoolwork. I know your entire demeanor changes when you put away the classics and pull out one of those erotic romance novels.”

She stiffened. He paid attention to what she read?

He continued, but his voice was lower, and his face was closer, his lips inches from hers. “I know that your face heats and you start to squirm when you read for pleasure. It’s a wonder I get anything done after nine o’clock, the precise time you allow yourself to switch from business to pleasure.”

She stopped breathing.

His voice grew even deeper. “I know my cock stiffens as I watch you squirm. And...I know you’re squirming right now in exactly the same way. Did I get anything wrong?”

She opened her mouth, though she had no idea what she might say, and it didn’t matter because he closed the distance and set his lips on hers.

CHAPTER 5

Blaire couldn't believe this was happening. Kyle was kissing her. He started out sweet and soft, but then he groaned, pulled her body against his, and deepened the kiss.

She reached for his biceps with her free hand and held on. His heart pounded against the hand she held to his chest.

He angled her head with the palm at her neck and slid his tongue along the seam of her lips until she parted for him, letting him in.

Her brain scrambled. How long had she dreamed of something like this happening to her? Maybe she'd actually been knocked out from that punch and was currently unconscious on the floor of the bar.

Please, God, let this be real.

By the time he released her lips, they were both panting, and she realized she was practically in his lap. His hands were on her back, rubbing up and down. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that."

"Am I conscious? Or did that guy knock me out cold?"

He chuckled. "Baby, you're totally conscious."

Flutters raced around in her belly every time he called her *baby*.

His head fell back on the couch, and he stared at the ceiling. "I'm such an idiot." He lifted his face again to meet her gaze. "If I had asked you out at any point in the last few months, would you have said yes?"

She nodded, still absorbing the fact that he would have done so.

He shifted his entire body on the sofa, grabbing her shoulders and facing her more directly. “I know you probably think I’m some oversized bouncer guy who has no business hitting on a woman with an advanced degree, but I want you to know I’m not just a buff body. I promise.”

She wasn’t sure why he needed to explain himself. He was the entire package. “I never once thought anything like that, Kyle. I’m not that shallow.” Just because he worked as a bouncer at night didn’t mean he wasn’t intelligent. There was no correlation. The books stacked all over his apartment proved he was a curious learner just like her, apparently including subjects that made her squirm.

He shrugged. “Yeah, but you’re this sexy, studious woman who will probably write a masterpiece someday and become famous with some nerdy husband behind you in a suit.”

She laughed. “I lost you after *sexy*. Say that part again.” This was surreal.

He slid both his hands into her hair, removed the clip and dropped it on the coffee table. And then he ran his fingers through the long, straight, boring locks. “Extremely sexy. The first night you came in, I fell for you. You have so many sides. This serious side all buried in schoolwork. This prissy side all worried about making sure your book bag is in the right place and your shirt is straight so your cleavage doesn’t show.”

She gasped. He noticed that? She so totally did tend to glance down and make sure she wasn’t flashing people. In fact, her hand went to her chest now, flattening between her breasts before intentionally tugging the still damp material down too far. She didn’t look, but she would bet the edge of her bra was showing. “I do not,” she insisted in contrast.

He chuckled. “And let’s not forget this sensual side that gets all hot and bothered reading erotic books while glancing at me over and over as if I’m the star in every one of them.”

Her face heated.

“Yeah. I noticed. That didn’t mean I thought you would actually go out with me for real. Just because you like looking at my ass.”

She rolled her eyes. “Everyone looks at your ass. It’s perfection.”

“Yeah?” He smiled, his eyes glazing with the same lust she felt. “Well, I’d like to feel your hands on my ass, gripping it while I make you writhe like the characters in those books.”

She swallowed, forcing courage. “I’d like that too. But honestly, if you know all this about me, why didn’t you just ask me out?”

Kyle held her gaze. “I was afraid you would turn me down. It’s one thing for you to picture me when you read those books, but agreeing to a real date is totally different. I could tell you’re normally introverted, and I hoped over time I could prove to you that I’m a good guy who just wants a chance with someone special. Someone like you. I never quite gathered the courage to take the risk before tonight. If you’d turned me down, my dream would have been shattered. But when that guy hit you...” He glanced at her cheek and then stroked it gently with his thumb. “Something snapped. I knew it was time to stop stalling and grow some balls.”

“Kyle...”

He shook his head and then cupped her face, narrowing his gaze. “I’m never going to be a nerdy guy in a suit.”

“I never wanted that stuffy guy in a suit. I’m never going to be that curvy woman you said you were attracted to earlier.”

His eyes widened. “What are you talking about? You’re curvy.” He leaned back and stared at her for a second. “In all the right places,” he whispered.

She watched his face soften as he took her in.

His voice was low and deep when he finally spoke again. “I know we just crossed into new territory tonight, but now that I know you would have been willing to date me, I can’t stop imagining all the nights I’ve missed being too chicken to ask you out. I don’t want to miss any more of your nights.

Would you consider...staying the night?" He toyed with the hem of her shirt, his fingers grazing the skin at her lower back and making her squirm.

She stared at him, absorbing his speech, while trying to convince herself he was for real. Spend the night? With Kyle? In his...bed? She swallowed back her nerves. "I could do that, but you should know something about me first." No way would she sleep with a man without being totally honest. "I've never done this before."

His smile grew. "What? Spent the night with someone?"

Her heated face burned hotter. "Had sex."

His slow inhale made her nervous. And then he shocked her. "Neither have I."

She flinched. "Uh... Seriously?" *No way.*

He nodded. "Yes. And if you tell anyone, I'll deny it." He smiled, but he was shaking a little. "You'll ruin my reputation."

"But you must have women drooling over you every night. I've *seen* them."

He winced. "If you've seen them, then you know why I turn them down. Gross. I can't help it that I really enjoy working out and taking care of my body, but at the same time that tends to attract a type of woman who doesn't interest me."

She nodded slowly. "I can see that."

He sighed and then shifted and pulled her into his lap.

It felt so good to be held by him. He had one hand on her back, fingers splayed, and one on her thigh, rubbing it up and down. He had no idea how arousing that was, and she had no intention of telling him.

"Call me old-fashioned or whatever, but my parents are still married, and there has never been a day when I didn't know for certain they love each other deeply. When you grow up watching that, it tends to rub off on you. I want that. I never wanted to settle for less. I want to marry someone who looks at me like I see my mom look at my dad, and I've never been

able to bring myself to have sex with someone just for the sake of saying I did. I don't even know how it could possibly be good."

He glanced down at her. "I want someone in my life who looks at me the way you do. I love the way you listen to me as if what I have to say is important, looking me in the eye even though I know at first it was hard for you." He took a deep breath. "Am I freaking you out?"

She shook her head. He wasn't. Surprisingly. His words were beautiful. "I guess my situation is the opposite. I watched my parents fight all my life until they finally divorced the year I moved out. It was stupid that they held on so long as if it were better for me. It wasn't. It hardened me. I never wanted to get into a relationship without being sure it was something special because I never ever want to live in a home with tension like that."

He listened intently and then kissed her forehead. "I love that."

She glanced away, her gaze landing on the book he'd stuffed behind him on the sofa that was now next to his thigh. She reached for it. *Hot Sex Positions*.

He groaned, but didn't snatch it away this time.

She flipped to the page he was obviously reading because the binding fell open to it. There were even pictures. Graphic ones. She flushed and set it on the coffee table. "You're going to have to explain your unusual reading material."

He scrunched up his nose and met her gaze. "I swear I'm not some perv. What can I say? I wanted to know what the hell I was doing when the time came. I wanted to be able to get it right."

She licked her lips. "Is there a right and wrong way to have sex?"

His hand went to her cheek. "I think so. I've listened to guys talk about sex for half my life. I gather that it's super easy for men to orgasm and takes a bit of work to get women on the same page. I don't want to do anything wrong. I'll

never be the kind of guy who's just in it for myself. If I'm going to have sex with a woman, then I want her to be every bit as into it as I am."

She searched his face. He was so sincere. No way was he feeding her lines. In fact, his hands were shaking.

She squirmed. Her sex was swollen and wet, and she was pretty sure there would be no problem with her being as aroused as him. "I don't think that's going to be an issue," she whispered. After all, she'd fantasized about him for months, and here she was. In his apartment. On his lap. Listening to him say exactly the right things.

He smiled, and his eyes lit up. "You'll stay?"

CHAPTER 6

Blaire thought that was a well-established fact. “If you promise to demonstrate whatever that position was you were reading about,” she responded boldly.

His grin grew. “All of them.” His hands went to her neck again. “Jesus.”

She held his gaze.

“I don’t take this decision lightly.”

“I don’t either.”

“I didn’t decide I wanted to sleep with you tonight, Blaire. I’ve known it for months.”

“Me too.”

His face lit up further. “I have two stipulations.”

She scrunched up her nose, somehow knowing something about this was going to be silly. His eyes were dancing.

“One, from now on I get your Saturday nights, but they’ll be held at my place, not yours. So, you can let your roommate know she gets the entire weekend.”

Blaire giggled. “She’ll be happy about that.”

“And two...” He hesitated. “You have to come home with me tomorrow for Thanksgiving dinner.”

She pursed her lips. “Kyle, that’s huge. I’m not good with people. I’m an introvert. We just crossed into this territory tonight. It feels awkwardly soon to meet your parents.”

“Just think about it. After I’ve tasted every inch of your body, then you can tell me you’re not sure and it’s too soon.”

She tried not to giggle. “Tasted?”

“God, yes.” He leaned in and set his lips on her neck, kissing her sweetly and then dragging his tongue up to her ear.

She shuddered as he flicked his tongue over her earlobe, gripping his biceps. “Kyle...”

“Yes,” he breathed into her ear. “That’s what I want to hear. About two dozen times. That’s one.” He gave her earlobe a playful bite and then shifted to the front to take her lips again.

A sound came out of her mouth, shocking her.

Kyle rose from the couch, never breaking the kiss, his hands under her butt, lifting her with him. “Wrap your legs around me, baby,” he murmured against her lips.

She did as he said, her arms going around his neck. She kept her eyes closed as he walked them through the apartment, around a corner, down a hallway, into a room she knew would be his bedroom.

He lowered her gently onto his bed, coming on top of her, his hands under her shoulders, dragging her across the mattress. When his knee went between hers, she moaned.

Still kissing the life out of her, he angled his head to one side to deepen the contact, and then he pressed that knee between her legs up against her sex.

Her ability to think fled the room. Her body was on fire. She gripped his shoulders with both hands and lifted her heated center against his thigh.

Oh. God. Her breath caught, and she pulled free of the kiss, light-headed.

He was smiling down at her. “The books painted a much different picture. So did the locker-room talk.” He finally pulled back and leaned over to the bedside table. A moment later, light filled the room.

She licked her swollen lips, gasping for air. “What?” Her brain was muddled.

He kept smiling, but he held her gaze as he pressed his thigh harder against her sex.

Her mouth fell open, and her eyes rolled back for a moment. She was going to come against his damn leg. She wasn't even sure she cared.

“Yeah... That's not how I've heard that women respond.”

She met his gaze, narrowing her eyes. “If you're making fun of me...” She shoved at him.

“God, no.” He held her tight. “Never. I'm fucking elated that you're so damn aroused. It's fucking sexy. My dick is going to explode before we get our clothes off.”

She searched his face. He wasn't kidding. “Kay. Don't tease. I don't know what I'm doing here. I can't help it if I don't react like what you've read or heard.”

He shook his head. “I'm sorry, baby. Really. I was just surprised. I don't want you to react any way other than authentically. And I'm so happy right now.”

She wanted to see more of him. She wanted to touch his chest. Set her hands on his skin. Feel the hardness of his muscles beneath her palms. She smoothed her hands down to the hem of his T-shirt and dragged it up his body.

He dipped his head and lifted one hand to help her. After tossing the shirt aside, he returned, his knee still driving her insane between her legs, his body hovering over hers, held up by his elbows.

She lowered her gaze to his chest and then flattened her palms on his sides and ran them up and down his amazing abs of steel. “You're so hard.”

“You have no idea,” he teased.

She sucked in a breath and then grinned. “I stepped right into that one.”

“You did.” He slid to one side of her and rested against her with his head on his palm. With his free hand, he traced the V of her white T-shirt. “I absolutely love that I’m going to be the first man to see this chest.”

“What? I’m not the first woman to see yours?”

He chuckled, the vibrations making her even more aroused. “Double standard, I guess.”

She set her hand on his pecs and learned his contours. “Maybe I can be the only woman who gets to lick your chest or sleep against it.”

“Baby, you can be the only woman who gets to rub your tits against it, run your soapy hands over it, snuggle against it... Hell, I want you to come on my chest, straddling my torso while I watch.”

She pursed her lips. “Is that a thing?”

He shrugged. “It is now.” His hand slid up her waist to gently cup her breast over her damp shirt. When his thumb brushed her nipple, she shivered. He must have felt emboldened by her reaction because he released her breast to slide his hand under her shirt and up over her breast again. Now the only thing between them was her bra. The lace bra she’d worn as if for some reason she’d cosmically known this might happen tonight.

When he dipped a finger under the edge of her bra to flick her nipple directly, she arched her chest and moaned. Every inch of her body came even more alive. She wanted this more than she ever dreamed possible.

Kyle rose over her and grabbed her shirt to haul it over her head. On his knees, straddling one of her legs, he stared down at her reverently. “Jesus.” His fingers danced around her chest and belly. His gaze wandered everywhere. “Your bra is fucking sexy. Does it match your panties?”

“Yes,” she breathed. “And before you ask—no, I don’t always wear such sexy lingerie. I don’t know what came over me tonight.”

He smiled. “Maybe you had a premonition.” He slid down her body and popped the button on her jeans. “I need to see the rest of you.”

She lifted her hips to let him slide the denim over her butt.

For a moment he stared at her torso, and then he snapped out of it and moved off the edge of the bed to remove her shoes, socks, and jeans. When he climbed back over her, he settled his knee between her thighs again and resumed his staring.

“You’re making me self-conscious.”

His fingers touched her skin. “Never. You’re gorgeous. Let me look. I’m gonna want to stare at your body all night.”

She shivered again when his finger dipped into her belly button.

He licked his lips. “The pink lace is so sexy.” His finger moved to trace the edge of her panties. “You’re gonna have to talk to me. Tell me what you like and don’t like.” He lifted his gaze to meet hers.

She bit the corner of her lip and released it. “I don’t think you could do anything I won’t like.”

“Still. Please. Just tell me. I want it to be good for you. I always want it to be good for you.” He leaned forward, setting one hand next to her face, hovering over her. His other hand went to her thigh and then slid between her legs to lightly cup her sex.

Her breath hitched and her mouth fell open.

He held her gaze, smiling. “Yeah. That’s the look I want to see for the rest of my life.”

She swallowed.

“You heard me.”

She heard him, but was he serious?

“Dead serious,” he responded as if he’d read her mind. “I’m not fucking around here. I want this with you. I want it

all.” He slid one finger between her lower lips over her panties, slowly. So damn slowly. Until he hit her clitoris.

She whimpered, lifting her knees and gripping his leg. “Kyle...” Her hands went to his shoulders again.

His smiled. Damn that smile. It melted every inch of her and forced her to believe him. “That’s two. And my cock gets harder every time you moan my name.”

She was panting now. So damn needy. He wasn’t wrong about what people said about sex. She’d heard it all too. Women had a much more difficult time reaching orgasm than it would appear was true for her. She was so close right now, she was about to explode.

He slid his finger back down and traced the edge of her panties against her thighs. “When you masturbate, do you use your fingers?”

Her face flushed. That was so incredibly personal.

“Baby...” His eyes were on hers again. “Tell me. I want to know everything. I’m gonna pull it all out of you.”

“Sometimes,” she murmured.

His grin. Damn.

“And the other times?”

“I have a vibrator.” *Every woman does.*

“I can’t wait to use it on you.”

She gripped him tighter. “I don’t think you’re going to need it.”

He lifted a brow. “I don’t think I care.”

His finger dipped under that edge now, reaching for her folds. The second he found her wetness, she moaned again.

“Soaked.”

She pursed her lips. Embarrassed.

“So sexy.” He eased his finger out, making her suck in a breath and whimper, missing his touch.

“Don’t worry. Just switching positions.” He slid his hand up and tucked his fingers back into the waistband of the lace. The second his finger touched her clit, she gasped, lifting her hips. “Kyle. God. Kyle.” She tipped her head back, knowing any second now she was going to come against his fingers.

“Sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. Beyond my wildest imagination. Don’t hold back, baby. Let it go.”

She shuddered, all ability to speak or even think lost as he slid his fingers lower and stroked them through her wet folds. When he finally eased one slowly into her tight channel, she started shaking.

“I’ve got you, Blaire. You’re so fucking beautiful right now. Don’t fight it. Come on my fingers, baby.” His lips were against hers, his breath and scent consuming her.

Her legs were shaking violently. She couldn’t make them stop. She knew she was going to come harder than she ever had, and this gorgeous man she’d dreamed of making love to was going to watch. The vulnerability was overwhelming.

He slowly curved his finger and dragged it back out over her G-spot. His thumb settled on her clit and drew circles around the swollen nub. His lips kissed hers even though there was no way for her to reciprocate. And then his mouth nibbled a path to her ear. He breathed into her. “You are so sexy, baby. So incredible. So perfect. I want this for you. For us. Please let me have it. I will never take it for granted. I swear.”

As he lifted a few inches away from her body, he added a second finger to her channel, his thumb picking up the pace, flicking over her clit, driving her mad.

She was so close. Hovering. Wanting. Knowing how huge this was. Having sex with someone was one thing. Showing this vulnerability was entirely different. She hadn’t imagined meeting someone with whom she would ever feel this close. Someone she would be willing to give everything to.

She lowered her head and blinked several times, trying to meet his gaze. Her legs were shivering so badly she was losing control.

He was smiling at her. Encouraging her. Nothing in his expression gave her any hesitation or reason to doubt his sincerity, but she was worried. “Kyle...”

“Blaire...”

“This is a big deal to me.”

He kept stroking her. In and out. Slowly. Excruciating.

“I know. For me too. I promise this is real. I’m not letting you go. You’re mine.” He angled his fingers again and pressed against her G-spot.

She gasped, her vision blurring, her legs still shaking violently. And then his thumb pressed against her clit, and she lost it. Fell over the edge so hard she couldn’t breathe. The orgasm was so powerful it shook her entire body, her channel gripping his fingers while her clit pulsed for longer than any orgasm she’d ever had.

CHAPTER 7

Blaire lost all sense of time for a moment. She wasn't sure how many seconds passed before she was able to focus. Kyle's hand was still inside her panties, his fingers stroking her, but not touching anything directly. Thank God.

She cleared her throat. "You *have* read a lot of books."

He chuckled. "I told you I wanted to get it right."

She glanced down at the bulge in his jeans and lifted her hand, intent on cupping him through the denim.

He slid his fingers out of her, rose onto his knees, and grabbed her wrist. "Not yet. If you touch me, I'll come."

"Isn't that the idea?"

He smirked. "Eventually. First I want to watch *you* come a few more times."

She lifted her brows. "Now I'm concerned about your reading material."

He chuckled again. "I'm not."

She narrowed her gaze. "In what book did you read that women could come again and again? Cause you might want to check their sources."

He was still laughing as he lowered his face, kissed her lips briefly, and then lifted back up to cup her breasts. "We'll see." His hands molded to her, kneading, weighing, learning.

When he slid his palms down to reach under her, she arched her chest up to give him space. A moment later, her bra

popped free, and he slid it off her shoulders.

In the blissful, post-orgasm haze, she could enjoy watching him explore her body. His expression was filled with wonder and awe and excitement and passion. In that moment, she knew he was sincere. No way in hell could he be faking his virginity or his interest in her. No man would bother to feed a woman so many lines and then take their sweet time learning her body with their pants on. No man who wasn't totally all in.

She still couldn't believe this was happening or that he truly intended this to last, but she was gradually melting to the idea. While he traced her nipples and watched them swell to tight buds, she slid her hands up his waist to his chest and finally explored his tattoos. Such intricate designs. She bet they all had meaning, and she couldn't wait for a lazy morning when she could press him onto his back and lean over him, demanding he tell her the story about each one.

As Kyle slid down her body again, he lowered his face and gently sucked a nipple between his lips.

She moaned, setting her hand on the back of his head and gripping him so that he would know how damn good that felt.

He flicked his tongue over the distended tip, and she arched. Her voice was breathy when she spoke, but she forced herself to tell him what she liked. "That feels so good. You can suck a little harder even."

He obliged, his mouth covering more of her breast while one hand held it steady. The next time he sucked, she moaned. Her legs grew restless. Her sex came back to life. Holy shit. Was it possible he could actually make her come again?

Once, when she'd been reading a particularly steamy book late at night, she'd had two orgasms about an hour apart. *Once*. This... This felt much bigger.

"Kyle..."

He released her with a pop and lifted his face to grin down at her. "God, I love hearing my name coming from your lips. And every time you say it, it sounds like sex."

“Well, you keep torturing me with your mouth and your fingers and your voice, so...”

“Never going to stop either,” he promised as he inched farther down her body. His hands landed on her panties, and he slid them over her hips and off her body.

She instinctively pulled her knees together, irrationally nervous considering this man had just made her come so hard she’d cried out.

Kyle’s gaze came to hers as his hands went to her knees. He gently pressed them apart as he watched her face. “I told you I was going to lick every inch of your body tonight. I wasn’t kidding.”

Lick? She scrunched up her face and pulled her legs together. “Lick is kinda...”

He chuckled. “Intimate?” He pressed her legs again. “Yeah. And that’s how intimate I want to be with you.”

“It’s so...fast. My head is spinning.”

“Yeah. It’s fast. When you know, you know.” He stroked the skin of her inner thighs. “Besides, it’s not *really* fast. I’ve known this for months. So have you. We just didn’t verbalize it. Now we have. I’m not wasting any more time.”

He made sense. She closed her eyes and let her knees fall apart, drawing in several breaths. It was one thing to read about such things. It was another thing to have a man staring directly at her sex.

And...oh, God... *Oh. My. God.* Yet another thing for him to lower his face toward her most private parts.

He had to have sensed her nervousness because he spoke, his words soothing and filled with praise and encouragement. “Baby, there is nothing more beautiful than the view in front of me. No scent more intoxicating. No feast more appetizing.” He kissed the inside of her thigh.

She set her hands on his head and pressed against him. “I’ve never understood why a man would really want to do that. You can’t possibly find it attractive.”

He lifted his gaze. “Let me ask you this. Even though I haven’t taken my pants off yet, can you picture getting close to my cock eventually? I mean really looking at it, licking it, sucking it, tasting my come leaking from the tip.”

Her face heated. “Yes.” She wanted that. Absolutely.

“It’s no different.”

She blew out a breath. Maybe he was right. She forced herself to relax, dropping her weight back onto the bed.

She stared at the ceiling as if she were about to have a vaginal exam, willing herself to let him explore just as she would expect him to permit her to do later.

He spread her legs wider and held her open with his fingers. And then his lips landed on the sensitive skin between her thigh and her sex. She started shaking again as her clit pulsed.

The second he set his tongue between her lower lips and dragged it up to flick it over her clit, she nearly shot off the bed. “Oh my God,” she screamed.

He chuckled and did it again.

She pushed on his head. Or pulled. She wasn’t sure. “Kyle,” she yelled, having no idea what she wanted from him.

His mouth closed over her clit and he sucked next.

Not only did she scream, but she came. Hard. Her clit throbbed and pulsed inside his mouth.

He eased off slowly, kissing the engorged spot reverently. “So, you’re saying you never want me to do that again?” he teased as he climbed up her body.

She was trembling. Not enough blood was reaching her limbs.

He was beaming with pride. “I didn’t even get a taste before you came.”

She was panting. It was hard to form words. “I’ve changed my mind about oral.”

“Yeah?” He was almost laughing now as he hovered over her.

She licked her lips. “Definitely. That was the fastest orgasm I’ve ever had, breaking the previous record from about ten minutes ago.”

He let himself laugh now, his body shaking. “I’m not sure I can keep breaking that record. That one was single-digit seconds,” he teased. “But I’ll try.”

She shook her head. “Two orgasms in one night is a lifetime record. Two in the same hour is also breaking a record. Don’t get disappointed when it doesn’t happen again.”

His face changed, a naughty smile reaching all the way to his ears. “Challenge accepted.” With that, he flipped onto his back next to her. “Climb over me.”

She struggled to sit up as her limbs gradually decided to obey commands. “What?”

He reached for her hips. “Straddle my chest.”

She remembered what he’d said earlier and groaned. “Kyle, I’m not kidding. You have to let me recover. I can’t come again. Besides, I’ll collapse on top of you.”

He was determined though and lifted her hips. “Spread your legs. I want you wide open over my chest.”

She followed his directions, her knees settling under his armpits. Her sex was so totally spread and exposed in this position. She set her hands on his shoulders. “Kyle...”

“Eventually, you’re going to stop doubting me.” His hands smoothed up and down her thighs.

“You know... We could have sex now,” she pointed out.

“We’ll get there. I want to make sure you’re ready,” he teased.

She rolled her eyes. “How could I be more ready?”

His hands stopped moving and he looked her in the eye. “Truth?”

CHAPTER 8

Blaire stared at him for a moment and then nodded, her brow furrowing.

“I’m fucking nervous about entering you the first time. I want you to know beforehand how much you mean to me and how serious I am about us. I want you to remember how much you enjoyed this night. I want you to look back and have a pile of amazing thoughts about coming for the first time on my fingers and then my mouth and then over my chest. I want all of that to fill your mind and your heart and overshadow the temporary pain of taking me inside you.”

She touched his face, her heart so full. “I’ll remember,” she told him. “I promise. And you don’t need to prove anything. I’ve gotten the message. You like me.”

He gripped her thighs and shook his head. “No, Blaire. Like is not a strong enough word.”

“Okay. You’re right. The point is I feel the emotion. I feel the intensity.” She stroked his jaw, his neck, his chest. She even slid her hands boldly down to her wide-open sex and pulled the folds farther apart, rocking forward to rub her wetness against his chest.

He held her thighs so tight. “Baby...”

“Feel that? That arousal? It’s for you. You did that. It’s yours. I get it now.”

“You’re mine.”

She nodded. "I'm yours." She cleared her throat. "And it's gonna hurt a little for a moment, and then it will stop, and the sun will come out and the stars will explode and the universe will align, and it will be perfect." She slid herself over him again, leaving a puddle of her arousal.

He moaned. "You are so damn perfect. I am so fucking lucky." His finger slid closer and he immediately thrust one pointer into her swollen channel.

She rose up, arched her back, and tipped her head back. If anyone would have told her two hours ago that she would be straddling Kyle's chest so wantonly with her breasts jiggling erotically above him, she would have laughed them out the door.

But here she was, and his fingers... God, his fingers...

He added a second one, thrusting them into her, stretching her, scissoring inside her. A second later, his other fingers went to her clit, circling it, pressing against it, flicking over it. So much sensation.

"You're so tight, baby. Can you take another finger? I want to stretch you a bit."

She nodded, biting her bottom lip, fighting the orgasm that was about to destroy her. The orgasm she swore was not possible.

He eased a third finger in, his other hand moving away from her clit. The stretch was tight, almost uncomfortable. His erection was probably bigger.

His free hand went to her hip. He slid those three fingers in and out slowly as she adjusted to the stretch. "You okay, baby?"

She nodded again, not meeting his gaze.

"Look at me." His hand gave her a squeeze, encouraging her.

She lowered her gaze.

"You're so gorgeous. So fucking sexy. I'm the happiest man alive. I want this to be good for you. I don't want to hurt

you.” His face was tight with emotion.

She reached behind her and set her hand on his erection, curling her palm around the length through his jeans. Yeah, he was big.

He groaned, his legs drawing up. “Blaire...”

She fumbled with the button and then the zipper. It wasn't easy since she couldn't see what she was doing. When she had the zipper lowered as far as it would go, she palmed his heated length through his underwear. The tip was sticking out, precome hitting her palm.

He had stopped moving when she reached for his jeans, his fingers buried deep inside her. Now, he grabbed her forearm with his free hand. “Don't move.”

She held still.

He pulled his fingers almost out of her and thrust them back in.

Her butt lifted off his chest. Her sex was only a few inches from his face, but then again, he'd already sucked her there, so what did it matter?

Another thrust. She gasped. The stretch switched to feeling so damn good. When he did it again, she cried out. And then he sped up the pace, the sound of her wetness filling the room every time he pulled out. It was heady. Naughty. Amazing.

His thumb landed on her clit, forcing her to release his erection so that she could plant her hands on his shoulders and hold herself up. “Kyle...”

He groaned. “Come for me, baby. Come on my chest, and then I'll take you with my cock.”

She wouldn't have thought it possible, but she was mistaken. Her body shook, and when his next thrust was even deeper, spreading her wider, she let go. She cried out and then her mouth went dry. Her insides gripped him so tightly with every pulse.

Suddenly, his fingers were gone, his hands were on her hips, and she was flipped onto her back. Her legs were

shaking. She wouldn't be able to walk for a week. She let them fall open and fought against her blurred vision so she could watch Kyle shrug out of his jeans and underwear.

Damn. He was huge. Or at least he seemed huge. This was her first live penis. She was nervous, but she wouldn't let him see it. Instead, she focused on his actions as he stretched across the bed, slid a drawer open on the nightstand, and then climbed between her legs rolling on a condom.

She smiled. "You keep condoms in your drawer."

He returned the smile. "I bought them the first night you stepped into Corked and Tapped."

She giggled as she reached for his hips to draw him down. "Why do I not doubt you?"

"Because you have no reason to." He hovered at her entrance.

"I'm going to want to explore every inch of you like you did me later."

"You're welcome to." He settled on his elbows and brushed a lock of hair from her face. "First, I'm going to make love to you. It's going to hurt you, and that's going to make me freak out a bit. And then I'm going to come before I can even pull out. And then we're going to take a shower together. And then I'm going to hold your naked body in my arms and we're going to sleep for a few hours. And then I'm going to be horny again and wake you up with my mouth. And then we're going to make love again, and it won't hurt as bad. And then—"

She set her fingers over his lips, fighting the urge to laugh. "Got it. Lots of sex. Some resting. Got it. Do you have it scheduled to the minute? Is there a plan in the drawer where you keep the condoms?"

He rolled his eyes. "Sorry. I'm nervous."

"Stop being nervous. I couldn't be more ready. You've made my first time absolutely perfect. Make love to me." She cupped his face, stroked his chin, held his gaze.

He lined himself up at her entrance, his face contorted, his lips pursed, his eyes squeezing shut.

She smoothed her hands up his fantastic back, smiling over the need to soothe him instead of the other way around. “Kyle, look at me.” He met her gaze. “Relax. People have done this from the beginning of time. We’re not going to be perfect this time, but the next one you wake me up for is going to rock the building.”

He smiled. “Is it too soon to tell you I love you?”

“Probably, but I’m not going to run.”

He finally pushed forward, one slow inch at a time.

She held his gaze and her breath, praying she could keep her face from contorting because she knew that if he thought he hurt her, he would be frustrated.

She grabbed his ass cheeks, pressed her legs wider, and urged him forward.

He slid in deeper.

Yeah, it was tight. Extremely tight. She held her breath.

“I’m hurting you,” he gritted out.

She shook her head. And then she jerked her hips up, forcing him almost all the way in.

He sucked in a breath.

She gasped. It hurt. Not a lie. He was huge. She was not. But she was intelligent enough to know her insides had not really been ripped out. It would pass in a moment. “Finish,” she breathed out. “Kyle, dammit. All the way.”

He thrust forward on her demand, his erection now fully seated as deep as possible.

She sucked in a sharp breath and willed herself not to make a sound, fighting the blurred vision at the edges. The pain was sharp, but it was also fleeting. Seconds later, she knew she was fine and she blew out her breath and met his concerned gaze.

His hands were on the sides of her face, stroking her. He opened his mouth.

She shook her head. “Do not say you’re sorry. Give me a second.”

He nodded and closed his lips. His face was strained, and she knew he was fighting the need to move. To come.

Finally, when she was certain she could do this, the pain transformed into a friction that made her need more. She was so full, and now she needed him to move. She arched, tipping her head back, exposing her neck. “Kyle...” she moaned.

“What?” He sounded concerned.

“Warning. I’m going to double my record as soon as you move.”

He groaned at her admission, and then he finally slid almost out of her.

“OhGod. OhGod.” She dug her fingers into his butt cheeks. “That. Is. So. Good.”

His forehead came down to connect with hers, and he thrust back inside her.

She gasped. Holy shit. She could not have imagined sex would be this good. Not ever, and certainly not the first time. Her body stiffened as she fought against the orgasm slamming full steam ahead.

“Jesus, Blaire. You take my breath away.” His words were clipped, strained, and then he picked up the pace, thrusting in and out of her, every nerve ending inside her begging for more.

Her channel was clenching him tighter all on its own, and that increased the sensations. She screamed out of joy and frustration. So close. It was almost too much.

Kyle held her face, kissing her everywhere. “Blaire. God, baby.” He kept thrusting until suddenly she exploded, a different kind of orgasm taking over her body. An orgasm she had never experienced before. It was deeper. Bone-shuddering.

Kyle called out her name seconds later on one final thrust that he held deep inside her. His body shook, lurching forward over and over. Time stopped. There was nothing but white noise and pure pleasure. Heaven.

CHAPTER 9

Blaire couldn't move a single muscle or utter a syllable. For a long time, Kyle hovered over her, still deep inside her. Finally, he groaned as he pulled out. He winced as he pushed off her. "Don't move."

There was no chance of that. She watched his back as he padded into the attached bathroom in a bedroom she had not paid any attention to yet. She didn't even know the color of the sheets she was lying on.

When he returned a few minutes later, he held a wet cloth in his hand, and he set it gently between her legs and carefully cleaned her up. She didn't have the energy to be embarrassed.

Finally, he tossed the cloth on the floor, crawled back onto the bed, and tugged the comforter over her shivering body. He wrapped himself around her, one leg tossed over hers, one arm across her belly, his head resting on his palm. She couldn't imagine how he had the strength to hold himself up.

He was smiling. "There are no words."

She returned the smile. "Not in the English language," she agreed.

His hand slid up over her breast and then to cup her face. "I know this is crazy fast, but this is it for me. You and I. This is it. Forget Saturday nights. You're never leaving."

She giggled. That seemed both preposterous and true at the same time.

"Blaire, I'm dead serious. You're mine."

She sobered, meeting his gaze. “Okay.”

“And there’s no way I’m going to my parents’ house tomorrow without you. Hell, I’ll probably introduce you as my fiancée.”

She rolled her eyes. “That would freak them out.”

“But you’ll go, right?” He leaned in to kiss her shoulder and then her neck. “You’ll go with me.”

“It’s your family, Kyle. That’s huge.”

“This.” He looked around the room. “This is huge. This is monstrous. This is also right. My family will love you.”

“You can’t tell them we met last night and had sex all night and now we’re in it for life. They’ll think we’re crazy.”

“We didn’t meet last night.”

“Semantics.”

“Nope. It’s true. I’ve known I wanted you for months. And you’ve been following me with your eyes just as longingly the entire time. We’ll keep the story light. We’ve known each other for six months. We just realized how serious it was recently.”

She giggled. “Like nine hours ago recently?”

“Something like that. They’ll never know.” He stroked her face again. “You’ll tell me every single thing I don’t know about you by the time the sun comes up, and then we’ll never miss a beat.”

The laugh she let out that time was devious. “That isn’t going to happen. I’m going to fall asleep. You just made me orgasm four times. I can’t move a muscle, including my lips. Whatever you need to know, I’ll tell you in the car.”

His face lit up. “We’re going to be one of those weird couples everyone whispers about because we got married three months after we met.”

She groaned. “They’ll think we don’t know each other well enough.”

“Yeah, but they’ll also see the way we look at each other and know.”

Blaire reached up to cup his cheek, holding his gaze, still shocked at the intensity in it. “Yeah,” she breathed. “They’ll know. But let’s maybe not mention how fast this is moving tomorrow to your family, and freak everyone out.”

He turned his face toward her hand and kissed her palm. “So, you’ll come? Yes?”

“Yes.” Damn he was gorgeous when he was happy. She cupped his face again. “You’re totally serious.”

“I’m so serious that if I had a ring in my apartment, I would put it on you now.”

“You don’t have one in the drawer with the condoms and the minute by minute seduction plans?” she joked.

“Nope. Should have thought of that. Speaking of which, the next thing I want to experience is sex without a condom. Would you be okay going on the pill tomorrow?”

“I don’t think they’re open tomorrow.”

“Fine. Friday.” He kissed her soundly. “I’ll let you rest, but I don’t want to turn the light out. I want to watch you sleep. I want to memorize your features. I want to make sure this isn’t a dream.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s real. I’ve dreamed of this a dozen times, and in none of my dreams did I ache all over inside and out.”

Another grin. “Good point.” He lowered his head. “I would apologize for hurting you, but I’m pretty sure you got over it so fast and swung the other way on the pendulum so far that you don’t even remember.”

“Fact.”

He kissed her again and then eased his head down next to hers.

She listened to his breathing for several seconds before she slid into unconsciousness, and she was fairly certain she heard

him say "*I love you so much*" at the last second.

CHAPTER 10

Kyle set his hand on her thigh as he pulled into a residential neighborhood. That was when she realized her knee was bouncing up and down. He squeezed. “They’re going to love you.”

She chewed on her lower lip. “Yeah, that’s not really my concern. I’m not this extroverted. How many people did you say will be there?” She smoothed her sweating palms over the dress she wore. Kyle had taken her home a few hours ago to let her change into some sort of meet-the-family dress and fix her hair and at least add a bit of makeup.

Luckily, her roommate had already left for her parents’ house. The last thing Blaire had wanted to do was explain Kyle to her for an hour. They could cover that next week when Shelly got back.

“Have I mentioned how fucking sexy you are in that dress?”

“A few times.” And she had enjoyed it every time.

“It’s just that I’ve only ever seen you in jeans.”

She glanced at his khaki pants and navy, button-down shirt. “I’ve only ever seen you in jeans too. You look delicious. And...” She leaned into his line of sight when he came to a stop sign.

He lifted a brow.

“And I’m going to expect you to make good on that rain check you promised this morning when we get back to your

apartment.”

He groaned. “Great. Now I want to go back there right now. You’re right. Family is overrated. You can meet them at Christmas.”

She chuckled as she set her hand on his thigh, precariously close to his permanent erection, and squeezed. “Be good.”

A few minutes later, Kyle pulled in front of a gorgeous two-story home that had about seven cars in the driveway and street already. “Looks like we’re the last to arrive,” he commented. He jumped out, rounded the front, and opened her door.

She was still trying to get her wits together, and he smirked as he leaned across her and unbuckled her seat belt. He even hesitated before dipping back out, kissing her gently on the lips. “Everything is going to be perfect. Give me credit. I know you. I won’t leave you alone for a second.”

“Uh-huh. It’s Thanksgiving. Somehow I picture you lounging in front of a television with your dad and your uncle while the women in your family grill me to death.”

He shook his head. “Nope. I won’t let it happen. I promise.”

She took his outstretched hand and let him tug her out of the car. He set his hand on her back as he led her to the front door, then opened it to let them in.

A woman who could only be Kyle’s mother, with his coloring and eyes and smile, came around the corner. She was beaming. Her gaze went from Kyle to Blaire. “You’re here.” She looked so happy. When she got closer, she touched Blaire’s cheek with her fingertips. “So nice to finally meet you, Blaire. Welcome.”

Blaire knew Kyle had spoken to her about bringing a date while she was in the shower, but she was pleasantly surprised when his mother ushered them into a large great room and said, “Everyone, this is Kyle’s girlfriend, Blaire.”

Yeah, this was going to be fine. Blaire’s body relaxed and her pulse slowed down to a reasonable pace. Every face was

excited and eager to meet her.

Kyle threaded his fingers in hers and dipped his head to whisper in her ear. “See. You’re mine. They already know it.”

Yes, she was. It might have been fast and furious, but she was his.

In every way.

Forever.

Enjoy the following excerpt from *Devin*, the next book in the *Corked and Tapped* series.

“Is this your full-time job?” he asked, his fingers brushing hers as she returned his glass.

She lifted her face. “Nope. I’m seasonal. I help out during the holidays.”

He cocked his head to one side. “What do you normally do?”

“I’m a grad student, studying economics. I work as much as I can during my breaks to pay the bills.”

His eyes widened. “Economics?”

She smirked and rolled her eyes. “Don’t look so surprised. There is a brain inside my pretty little head. I promise.”

His wide eyes narrowed and he leaned over the bar. Inches separated their faces, and she stopped breathing. Her panties dampened immediately. He slowly lifted a hand and cupped her chin. Finally, he spoke. “Not surprised at all. Impressed is a better word. I’m pleased to know the woman I’ve been watching for the past hour who is capable of remembering ten things at once and running this place single-handedly is precisely who she appears to be.”

Devin blinked, unsure what to make of his little speech.

“Even if she is a bit bratty.” He lifted both brows and dipped his face closer before releasing her chin and sitting back.

Her jaw dropped, but speech failed her. Holy shit. The dampness in her panties was now more of a problem. Soaked was the better term. The possibility that he was a Dom shot way up. It had niggled in the back of her mind from the moment he first slid onto the stool, but hoping for more would have been futile.

Just because the man was overbearing and intense didn't mean he was also a Dominant. His demeanor and attitude could have been caused by any number of factors.

But this... This last line of his tipped the scales in a new direction. "Did you just call me a brat?" she asked, though she'd heard him perfectly well.

He lifted those damn brows even higher. "Did you not just taunt me with the most exaggerated eye roll you could muster?"

Her cheeks heated. She had done that. Intentionally, though? And was she biting off more than she could chew?

She needed to tread carefully here. He would have her on her knees before the end of the evening, and that was impressive since few men were strong enough to dominate her the way she liked.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I hope you've enjoyed this ninth novella in the Corked and Tapped series. I've had so much fun writing this series. So far, the series has twelve books, all of which will release in the next few months before the end of 2019. Below are the links to the rest of the series:

Corked and Tapped:

Aria

Grace

Brooklyn

Jade

Clara

Rose

Ivy

Maddie

Blaire

Devin

Paris

Andrea

ALSO BY BECCA JAMESON

Corked and Tapped:

Aria

Grace

Brooklyn

Jade

Clara

Rose

Ivy

Maddie

Blaire

Devin

Paris

Andrea

Project DEEP:

Reviving Emily

Reviving Trish

Reviving Dade

Reviving Zeke

Reviving Graham

Reviving Bianca

Reviving Olivia

Project DEEP Box Set One

Project DEEP Box Set Two

SEALs in Paradise:

Hot SEAL, Red Wine

Hot SEAL, Australian Nights

Dark Falls:

Dark Nightmares

Club Zodiac:

Training Sasha

Obeying Rowen

Collaring Brooke

Mastering Rayne

Trusting Aaron

Claiming London

The Art of Kink:

Pose

Paint

Sculpt

Arcadian Bears:

Grizzly Mountain

Grizzly Beginning

Grizzly Secret

Grizzly Promise

Grizzly Survival

Grizzly Perfection

Arcadian Bears Box Set

Sleeper SEALs:

Saving Zola

Spring Training:

Catching Zia

Catching Lily

Catching Ava

Spring Training Box Set

The Underground series:

Force

Clinch

Guard

Submit

Thrust

Torque

The Underground Box Set

Saving Sofia (Kindle World)

Wolf Masters series:

Kara's Wolves

Lindsey's Wolves

Jessica's Wolves

Alyssa's Wolves

Tessa's Wolf

Rebecca's Wolves

Melinda's Wolves

Laurie's Wolves

Amanda's Wolves

Sharon's Wolves

Wolf Gatherings Box Set One

Wolf Gatherings Box Set Two

Claiming Her series:

The Rules

The Game

The Prize

Emergence series:

Bound to be Taken

Bound to be Tamed

Bound to be Tested

Bound to be Tempted

Emergence Box Set

The Fight Club series:

Come

Perv

Need

Hers

Want

Lust

The Fight Club Box Set

Wolf Gatherings series:

Tarnished

Dominated

Completed

Redeemed

Abandoned

Betrayed

Wolf Gatherings Box Set

Durham Wolves series:

Rescue in the Smokies

Fire in the Smokies

Freedom in the Smokies

Stand Alone Books:

Blind with Love

Guarding the Truth

Out of the Smoke

Abducting His Mate

Three's a Cruise

Wolf Trinity

Frostbitten

A Princess for Cale/A Princess for Cain

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Becca Jameson is a USA Today best-selling author of over 90 books. She is most well-known for her Wolf Masters series and her Fight Club series. She currently lives in Houston, Texas, with her husband and her Goldendoodle. Two grown kids pop in every once in a while too! She is loving this journey and has dabbled in a variety of genres, including paranormal, sports romance, military, and BDSM.

A total night owl, Becca writes late at night, sequestering herself in her office with a glass of red wine and a bar of dark chocolate, her fingers flying across the keyboard as her characters weave their own stories.

During the day—which never starts before ten in the morning!—she can be found jogging, running errands, or reading in her favorite hammock chair!

...where Alphas dominate...

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