

PASSION'S DREAM ADULT EXCERPT ONE

PASSION'S DREAM - ADULT EXCERPT

Lifting his hand, he placed his fingertips against her cheek.

She jerked her head away, but otherwise couldn't move. It was as if she'd been turned to stone. "Don't touch me!" She'd meant it to be an icy command, but instead it came out a choked, frightened whisper.

Ignoring her, he sent his fingers on a journey along the line of her jaw, down the slender column of her neck. He paused at the base of her neck, holding the tip of his index finger over the pulse hammering there, betraying her agitation. The journey continued down over her collar bones, across the creamy, sloping mound of her breast to the edge of her modest bathing suit top. When she made no move to stop him, he hooked his forefinger into the stretchy material. When she still didn't move, he allowed his fingernail to scrape against her tender flesh as he traced the outline of the fabric down to its lowest point—the point where it stretched across the shadowed valley between her breasts.

"Don't—" It was a choked whisper. She closed her eyes, but she made no attempt to remove his hand. She was trembling, every clamoring nerve aware of his nearness, the potent sexuality of his hard, male body so close to hers. "I-I'm engaged to be married."

"Ah, yes." His lips twisted. "The ever-devoted fiancée. Tell me, Leah," he tugged her toward him, the weight of his hand pulling the stretchy, jersey top outward, threatening to release the rounded fullness of her breasts. "Tell me about him. What's it like making love to an old man?"

She should have pushed him away. She should have stepped back—anything to put distance between them. Except she wasn't standing. She was floating in the water, anchored by her elbow on the pool deck and his finger hooked in her bikini top. Unable to get away, she stared up at him helplessly, trapped as much by the confusion leaping within her as she was by the sensual spell he seemed to be weaving around her like a web.

Resting his left elbow on the underwater shelf, he released her top and lifted his hand to shape the back of her head, those long, lean fingers threading through the damp silk of her hair. "Does his touch arouse you?" Slowly, sensuously, he pulled her toward him, closing the distance between them, until his firm, mobile mouth was less than an inch from her own, his breath warm against her lips. "Does he set you on fire?"

The hard contours of his body brushed tantalizingly against the softly rounded curves of her own as the cool water undulated against them.

"Does he kiss you like this?" Clay persisted, dropping a warm, feather-light kiss near one corner of her trembling mouth, "like a father? Or perhaps like an uncle or older brother, like this," he pressed his lips first to her cheek, then, tilting her head down, her forehead. "Or does he kiss you like a lover? Like this—" and his mouth closed over hers in a dark, golden storm, his lips expertly parting hers to admit the probing sweetness of his tongue.

Leah stiffened and tried to pull away, but it was too late. The flame ignited by his touch was all-consuming. Without volition, her arms went around his neck, her legs circled his waist, ankles locking behind him. The sheer size of the erection pressing against her sex made her gasp. Her belly plummeted, sending moisture gushing out of her pussy onto the strip of fabric that was the bottom of her two-piece. She'd never been so aroused in her life. Her traitorous body arched toward his, her hips grinding her sex against his cock. She moaned into his mouth as his arms went tightly around her back, crushing her soft breasts to his hard chest. Locked

together, they sank beneath the surface of the water. Instead of panicking and struggling to break free, Leah wound her arms tightly around his neck and held on, trusting in his care of her.

Without breaking the kiss, Clay pushed off the deep end of the pool with a powerful thrust of his muscular legs, gliding swiftly through the water to the center of the pool, where he could stand up. They broke the surface still locked together, their mouths tearing apart only long enough to drag air into their oxygen-starved lungs before crushing back together, tongues dueling passionately.

Leah loosened her hold on his neck, running her hands wonderingly over his shoulders and back, savoring the power of the muscles flexing beneath his satin-smooth skin, delighting in the heat of his body beneath the cool slickness of the pool water. In spite of the pervading smell of chlorine, she could still smell his clean, masculine scent. Losing all reason, she broke off the kiss to bury her face in the side of his neck, where it curved into his shoulder, inhaling that scent deep into her lungs. Daringly, she put out her tongue and took a tiny lick of his warm, moist skin. God, he tasted so good! He felt so good! She couldn't stifle the groan that ripped from her throat. Her hands curved around to the back of his head, her fingers gripping the thick, wet mass of his hair, holding his head still. She drew a shuddering breath, trying desperately to get herself under control. *This is a mistake! This is a colossal mistake!*