

EXCERPT Travis Justice

They'd only moved a few steps when she caught her fingers in the waist of his sagging wrap and jerked. The wrap fell to the floor.

He stopped cold, making an indistinct sound that sounded like a garbled, 'fuck me.' His buttocks were as solid, though nicely round, and not quite as muscular, as the rest of him. He looked back over his shoulder, and she saw his high cheekbones were red. She knew his dilemma. If he turned she'd see all of him in full frontal glory. She watched him weigh modesty and duty.

or the first time that night, she smiled.

While he debated, she tugged her wrist, and finally was free. She couldn't help it; she slapped his buttocks with her gloved hand on her way to the door, delighted with the meaty echo against all the fancy marble and woodwork.

Her own smile showing perfect white teeth, she flung open the door. "Next time, I'll bring a twenty!"