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Instructing Sarah

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One

“And there she is, completely oblivious that she’s making me nuts and turning me on all at the same time,” Greg grumbled, as if fed up.

Cody noticed his friend went all intense and alert every time his eyes landed on his sweetly tempting neighbor, Sarah Templeton.

“Her name ought to be Sarah *Temptation*, for Christ’s sake.”

Cody laughed full out. Greg’s disgruntled attitude was getting to be a favorite past time for him. “Greg, if you want her, why don’t you just go get her?” He heard Greg emit a low growl and Cody pushed a little harder. “You’ve been watching her steadily for the past two months now, and I get the feeling you’ve wanted a taste of her for the entire two years that you’ve lived in this complex with her, yet you’ve only ever been polite and friendly. I’ve never seen you like this with a woman. Hell, most of the time you don’t even bother with niceties. It’s all, ‘I want you, you want me, let’s have sex’. You’re pushy and stubborn and you never balk at going after what you want. And it’s becoming pathetically clear that you want Sarah. For the love of God, at this

point I want you to have her! I'm getting sick of hearing you bitch and moan."

Cody Walters had never seen his friend like this. He'd been Greg's closest friend since high school. They'd both had a penchant for getting into trouble, which had quickly forged a bond between the two. Together, they had come up with new and inventive ways of getting themselves into one mess after another. However, as they'd gotten older and a tad bit wiser, they'd grown out of their rowdiness and had even managed to turn all that clever thinking into a productive building and remodeling company. Cody was the guy to wrangle the jobs while Greg worked the figures, and they both utilized the muscles that God had given them to get the job done. They had employees and an office to work out of now, and after seven years, the G & C Building and Remodeling business was only getting stronger.

Still, if Greg didn't quit acting like a lovesick pup every time he saw his cute little blonde-haired neighbor, he was going to have to hit the big lug over the head and lay him out on Sarah's porch with sign that read, 'take me...please'.

"It's not that I don't want to go over there, ring her doorbell and kiss her senseless, Cody. I'd give my left nut to be able to do that; but the morning after would be damned awkward

considering she lives right across the courtyard. She'd be faced with seeing me everyday and she'd be embarrassed." He sighed. "I don't want her to feel uncomfortable in her own home."

Cody shoved a hand through his hair and stood. He'd been nursing a beer for the past hour and it was obvious that they weren't going to be getting anything accomplished on the new office building across town. The real estate company wanted some updates done and G&C was supposed to put in a bid Monday morning, bright and early. So far, all he'd gotten out of Greg was a few distracted comments. He was too busy staring out his front window to do anything productive. It was Friday afternoon and it had been raining all day, otherwise they would have been on a job site. The rain had forced them to put off work, so they'd thought they'd work up an estimate on their next job instead. It had since stopped raining and the sun had begun to shine again, bright and hot. June was like that in Chestnut, Ohio. Nevertheless, Greg was frigging useless so long as he had Sarah *Temptation* stirring his blood every time she walked out her front door. And it was time he said as much to Greg.

He moved to the window next to Greg and looked out. Cody whistled low. Sarah was now bent over, pulling weeds out of her miniscule flowerbed. Evidently, she'd decided to take advantage

of the wet ground. She wore a pair of old, frayed, jean shorts that had stains on the back pockets and a black tank top. Her blonde hair was pulled into a messy ponytail and she appeared barely old enough to drive. He knew she was somewhere in her twenties, but no one would know it by the looks of her now. "She is a sweet little thing, isn't she?"

Greg swung his icy blue gaze towards him for the first time in half an hour and ground out, "Don't even think it, Cody."

Cody allowed a small smile to slip across his face, but then his thoughts scattered as something else caught his attention. In the condominium two doors down from Sarah's, a man sat on his front patio in a lawn chair pretending to read the newspaper, but Cody realized the man was really watching Sarah. By the carnal glances he gave her, his thoughts were not at all pure or neighborly either. "I think you have a bit of competition, bud."

Greg's brows drew together as he looked in the direction that Cody had pointed. "What the hell?"

Curious, Cody asked, "You know him?"

Greg rubbed his chin in contemplation and muttered, "No. He must be new to the complex."

"Well, it sure didn't take him long to discover where the most succulent fruits grew, did it?"

Greg stared at the newcomer and Cody watched his muscles pump up as he worked himself into a frenzy of possessive rage. Interesting. Cody had never seen his friend act jealous or possessive before. That he was doing it now, over a woman he hadn't even kissed, was a revelation indeed. The new guy on the block may be just the thing to push Greg into action, which would mean getting Sarah out of his system and his friend's head back on business where it should be.

Cody pushed away from the window, slapped Greg on the back, and proceeded to goad him into action. "You'd better get your ass in gear if you want to be the man who tempts sweet Sarah out of her clothes and into the nearest bed."

Greg pulled away from the window and smiled. It wasn't at all a nice smile either, more like a baring of teeth from a mountain lion. "I believe you may be right. It's time I got Sarah all to myself, once and for all."

* * * *

Sarah felt ridiculous standing in the wet mulch as she attempted to yank out one weed after another, but she took pride in her condominium. She'd worked hard to have a place of her own since getting out from under her father's thumb. He'd been a controlling and condescending man and she alone had taken the

brunt of his forceful will. Being the only child with a mother who had skipped out only months after giving birth, Will Templeton had used her to exact revenge upon the woman who'd wronged him. At every turn, Sarah was told how she was exactly like her mother. Just as useless, just as unappreciative. It had taken all her will power to realize he was nothing more than a bitter man who didn't value the joys of fatherhood.

She wanted a family, lots of kids, and a husband who would dote on them, but, at the ripe age of twenty-five, she was no closer to having that dream come true than she had been at twenty-four or twenty-three. She was the only twenty-five year old virgin she knew and she was pretty damn sure she would be heading straight to old maid status if she didn't do something to kick her sex life into gear. If she couldn't have children and a husband, the very least she could have is some fun.

Oh, it wasn't as if she was invisible to men, but none had ever made her want to take off her clothes. She'd had a few boyfriends, but the relationships had always left her wanting more, as if there was something, or someone, out there just waiting for her.

Sarah yanked extra hard on the weed at her idealistic notions. Her father would roll his eyes and scoff if he knew she

was thinking such things. He was a no-nonsense man and his attitude had always been that she was better off never falling in love. Love caused pain, he'd say. She heard him mutter those words thousands of times. "Sarah, trust me. I know best. Love is like fog – one minute you can nearly taste it, the very next it's gone, and you're left wondering if it'd all been nothing more than an illusion to start with."

She'd kept her thoughts to herself and let him rant. He wouldn't take stock in anything she – a woman – had to say anyway so she'd never bothered to change his mind. Again, she yanked at a weed, realizing too late that it'd been a flower.

"Damn it!"

"I'm eternally grateful that I'm not green and growing in your garden."

Sarah stumbled at the husky drawl and fell face first into her patch of daffodils. She twisted around, careful not to destroy her flowers completely and saw that the voice belonged to none other than Greg Stiles, her sexy, dark-haired neighbor with the brooding good looks that belonged on the cover of a hot romance novel. He was big, standing at the very least, six foot two, and had the solid body that could only be gained by hours and hours of hard work. She had admired him from afar for the entire two

years that she'd lived at Willow Glenn Condominiums, but he always seemed to be avoiding her, as if it pained him to be in her presence. Too late, she realized she was just sitting in mulch and staring.

He stood above her, wearing a pair of well-worn jeans that molded beautifully to his hard thighs and cupped his sex in a way that made her mouth water, and a black t-shirt with a rip at the hem. His legs were braced apart, arms crossed over his chest, and a devilish smile was on his handsome face. Great, she amused him. The story of her life.

“Would you like a hand up, sweetheart?”

Sweetheart? An endearment, or had he forgotten her name? Most likely the latter. Sarah sighed and held out her hand. “If it wouldn't be too much trouble.” He winked at her, then yanked. She stumbled to her feet, only this time it was to land against Greg's powerful chest. She paused a minute, allowing herself to savor the experience of being embraced by the hunky construction worker. Sarah felt her body respond to the warmth and scent of him in a way like never before. Could she finally have found the man to take her from virgin spinster to seductive siren?

Unfortunately, another male voice intruded on her delirium. A little too late she realized the intimate way Greg held her and she sprung backwards. Greg gave her a mischievous grin, which made her want to smack him.

“Hi, thought I’d take this opportunity to introduce myself,” the newcomer said. “Name’s Blake Richards; I just moved in a few days ago.” He held out his hand to Sarah first and she was struck by the steely glint in his silver eyes. Unlike Greg, Blake was dressed in a pair of expensive black slacks and a white shirt, unbuttoned at the collar with the sleeves rolled up. The mop of his shining black hair made his gaze seem all the more mesmerizing. She’d seen him moving in. She hadn’t wanted to be nosy, but she’d noticed that he’d moved in alone and she’d been curious about him. He’d driven into their complex in a black convertible BMW and he’d looked mysterious and alluring, drawing all the ladies’ attention right away. But she hadn’t seen him since.

Sarah reached out and shook his hand, smiling a friendly greeting. “Good to meet you, Blake. I’m Sarah Templeton and this is Greg Stiles,” she explained, indicating Greg, who’d been staring at the man, frowning something fierce, and being entirely too rude for her comfort. “Welcome to the neighborhood.”

A wicked grin spread across Blake's face. "Why thank you, Sarah."

The way he said her name, as if savoring it on his tongue, seemed intimate and a too forward to her. Her thoughts scattered as Blake turned his attention to Greg, holding his hand out to him as well. Greg stared another few seconds before clasping his hand in a firm grip.

"Welcome to the neighborhood, Blake," Greg hissed, his voice low and dark, as if he'd had to force the words out. Suddenly, Greg dropped Blake's hand and turned back to her, dismissing the man entirely, and pinned her in place. "Sarah, I wanted to ask you, if you don't have any other plans that is, if you'd have dinner with me tonight?"

That stunned her speechless. Greg had always seemed to take great measures in avoiding her. She had even wondered if he disliked her for some reason. Hearing him invite her to dinner now was not at all what she would have expected. In secret, she'd wondered more than a few times what it would be like to have Greg Stiles alone. She'd seen him with other women. It wasn't a lot of women, and Greg was always very discreet, but she'd secretly envied those girls. And hadn't she just been thinking that it was time for her get on with her life and quit dwelling on the

husband and children dream? Oh, she still wanted those things, but if she sat around and waited for them to come to her, she'd be old and gray and very much alone. She didn't want to end up bitter like her father, shunning the very idea of love and happiness.

"I'd like that, Greg," she blurted out before she could change her mind. Sarah watched in fascination as a slow, intimate smile came over his face, changing the harsh planes and angles in an instant. Now he acted more like the playful flirt she'd witnessed just moments ago. She cleared her throat and got her mind back on track in the process. "What time should I be ready?"

"I can pick you up at seven; does that work for you?"

Her heart beat faster at the idea of having a date with the rugged Greg Stiles. "Sure," she stuttered out, then as an afterthought, "What should I wear?"

He examined her from head to toe and Sarah could feel the heat of his chocolate-brown eyes all over her body. It was the first time she became aware of how dirty and awful she must look. Especially after falling into the wet mulch. Surely he'd change his mind once he came to his senses... She was really hoping he wouldn't change his mind.

When his heated gaze came back to hers there was a most sinful curve to his lips and the sweet cadence in his voice fairly vibrated all over her as he murmured, "A skirt. Definitely a skirt." She blinked several times, wondering what had suddenly come over her neighbor, and her face grew hot when she saw the amusement on Blake Richards' face. She'd practically forgotten he stood there!

"No, what I meant was, do I wear casual or dressy, Greg?" she bit out, angry that he could be so forward as to dictate what she wore, but he was already sauntering off, whistling of all things, which left her alone with their new neighbor.

Great, just great.

She swallowed her embarrassment and reached for something to say when she thought of Blake's sweet, classy car. "I love your car. What do you do for a living that affords you that little beauty?"

"I'm in banking. Not exactly an exciting job, but it manages to pay well." He reached out and wiped at a smudge of dirt on her nose. "What about you, Sarah?"

"We have something in common it seems; my job isn't anything glamorous either. I'm a manager in a dental office."

He nodded, as if sympathizing. "Insurance companies and files all day?"

She laughed. "Yep, that pretty much sums it up."

He quirked his head to the side. "So, what did you want to be when you were a little girl?"

She sobered instantly. Looking down at her clothes, Sarah started swiping at her shorts and shirt, attempting unsuccessfully to get the already ground in dirt off, as she considered whether or not she really wanted to get into this touchy subject. "It'll sound really lame, I'm afraid."

"Try me, Sarah."

The deeply whispered words made her wonder if he was still talking about childhood dreams. She shrugged, figuring it couldn't hurt to tell him. "I wanted to be a wife and mother. I used to dream of being a stay-home mom. The kind who'd have cookies hot and fresh from the oven when the kids got off the bus. A mother who would tuck them in at night with a bedtime story. I used to imagine myself cooking dinner and greeting my husband with a kiss every day when he got home from work." She sighed; thinking of that dream made her wistful. "It's not at all politically correct, but there it is."

He reached a hand out, touched her cheek with a finger and stroked. "No, it's not very PC, but it is very appealing all the same."

She mentally smacked herself for her fanciful notions and asked, "So, how about you?"

He frowned, as if suddenly uncomfortable with the conversation. "I wanted to be what a lot of boys long to become. A firefighter."

Now that did surprise her. The handsome and well-dressed man standing in front of her could easily pose for *GQ*. He'd look perfect sitting in a boardroom, but wearing a firefighter suit with soot streaking his face? She honestly had a hard time picturing it. It just went to show that you should never judge a book by the cover.

She smiled, feeling genuinely at ease, as if she'd known him much longer than just a few minutes. "Well, I don't know about you, Blake, but I'm not quite ready to give up on that dream."

Blake grinned right back. "You know, Sarah Templeton? I think I'm going to really enjoy living at Willow Glenn."

Two

Sarah felt panicky. She'd changed clothes four times and still wasn't sure. Her final decision consisted of a simple black skirt that sat just above the knees and a white silk blouse. She'd left her hair down, blow drying it straight and tucking it behind her ears. It was simple, but feminine. She debated over the shoes the most. She had a pair of black flats, two-inch black pumps, and black high heels. She'd gone with the pumps, not willing to break her neck by attempting to wear the taller ones.

Good Lord, there was simply too much stress involved in dating.

She heard a knock on her front door and she fairly leaped out of her skin. She gave herself one last glance in her bathroom mirror, grabbed her purse, and left the room. Sarah took a deep breath, then opened the front door and proceeded to drool.

Greg stood on her front step, his broad shoulders braced against the doorframe, wearing a clean pair of snug jeans that appeared nearly new, a long-sleeve, navy blue button down shirt and brown, leather work boots. She'd never seen anything quite so magnificent. He'd even tried to comb the wild mane of his hair

into some semblance of style. She could have told him he shouldn't have bothered, though. She liked his messy brown hair; it always made her want to dig her fingers in and play.

"You look great," Sarah complimented, hoping her voice didn't sound quite as throaty as she suspected.

His grin, laced with just a shade of masculine need, melted her insides as he stared down at her, leaving Sarah suddenly tongue-tied. "I'm pretty sure that's my line, sweetheart." He checked her out from head to toe and whistled low. "You skipped right past great though, didn't you? Truth be told, you look sexy as hell."

She smiled, feeling her confidence level rise a notch. She was going to do this. Finally, Sarah would have sex with a man and she'd get to see what all the talk was about. Something very female inside of her told her that Greg Stiles would make it a very enjoyable experience too.

* * * *

Sarah was having the time of her life with Greg. They had gone to see a movie and, much to her surprise, he'd picked a comedy. They'd laughed themselves silly. She hadn't laughed and had such a good time with a man in...well ever. They were

back in his black Blazer and on their way home, but he turned down a different road.

Puzzled, she glanced over at him. "Where are we going?"

"Oh baby, the evening is not yet finished. You aren't going to turn into a pumpkin are you?" he asked teasingly as he looked over at her for a brief moment. Sarah saw mystery in his eyes and something else pooling in their devilish depths. Hunger? But for what, Sarah wondered. Or maybe the correct word was, for whom?

She decided not to think too hard about tonight. Just to go with the flow for once. "Well no, but I would like to know where my prince is taking me on such a lovely evening as this?"

"Now that would certainly spoil my lady's surprise, would it not?" he murmured, keeping up their lighthearted role-playing.

"Yes, I suppose it would, and I certainly wouldn't want to spoil it. Shall I close my eyes too? So your surprise will be complete and untainted?" She laughed, full well expecting him to laugh along with her.

"Yeah, close your eyes, fair lady," he whispered lustfully, "trust in me to tell you when to open them again." He paused, then asked a little too seriously, "Will you trust me, Sarah?"

"Yes, Greg, I trust you." She breathed out, then proved it by closing her eyes and leaning her head back against the seat.

Greg hadn't expected the conversation to take such an interesting turn. Nevertheless, he couldn't let the opportunity to observe Sarah up close go by. She was so pretty. Especially when she laughed. She made him feel like the luckiest man on earth when the smiles were directed towards him as they had been tonight. He'd taken her to a comedy for two reasons. He wanted to take her mind off her nervousness because he knew she had been apprehensive at first. He didn't quite understand it. She was a knockout and she seemed so confident, but around him she stuttered like a jumpy schoolgirl. The second reason was so he could watch the way her face changed as she laughed. There wasn't anything more beautiful than a woman's smile. Well, except for maybe a woman in the throes of a climax, obviously. What he hadn't expected was the raging hard-on he'd gotten when her face had split into a disarming grin. Who would have thought that laughter from a woman could make a man as hard as granite? Hearing her in the theatre made him glad that it was dark. He would've made a spectacle of himself if it weren't. Hell, he was so horny by the time they'd left that he knew if he took

her straight home, he'd have her stripped down on the floor, and would've been inside of her within seconds.

That's when the thought had struck to take her to his brother's bar, The Trouble Spot. As appealing as it was to take Sarah in such an abandoned way, he didn't want her to think he had no finesse at all, that he was no more than a crazed animal. Although, that was pretty much the way he felt at the moment.

Of course, Sarah wasn't just any woman either. She was special. Sweet and kind and so fucking sexy sitting next to him with her eyes closed and her legs pressed tightly together. He couldn't wait to get her alone, to get her out of her clothes and explore her petite body. Watch as she spread her legs wide just for him. As they turned the next corner and began traveling down the street where the bar was located, Greg peered over at Sarah to see if her eyes were still closed. They were. In fact, she had a sexy little smile on her lips and her hair was like satin, falling down past her shoulders, giving him a perfect view of her slender, delicate neck. He may well have been a vampire in some other life because the need to taste her pulsing vein with his tongue and bite into her pale, ivory flesh there, marking her, was nearly overpowering.

He pulled into the parking lot of the bar and drove around to the back, so they could enter from the private entrance. He stopped the Blazer and put it in park, but didn't turn off the engine. He leaned closer to Sarah and whispered, "You're turning me on right now, Sarah Templeton."

He wanted to seduce her, to mesmerize her into doing as he wished. Her lashes began to flutter open, but he touched each lid with a kiss, effectively keeping them closed. "You trusted me to say when, and I have yet to do so, my lady."

She remained quiet, but her lids never lifted, thrilling the hell out of him by her sweet submission. He caressed her hair with his fingers and stroked her silky tresses.

"I love your hair, sweetheart. So soft and baby fine."

Greg trailed his hand down its length to smooth one finger over her neck. He touched the pulse beating wildly in her throat and it seemed to quicken right under his fingertip. Greg leaned in closer still, inhaling her feminine fragrance. "Your scent is making me nuts. Bet you didn't know I've thought about you, did you, Sarah?" Her mouth fell open, tempting him. He covered it with his own, tasting both her surprise and her arousal. He kept it quick... Otherwise he might strip her right there in the parking lot.

"I imagine you lying under me at night, your soft body pressed against mine as I take you slowly from behind. I've had my fair share of hot, erotic dreams of you, Sarah." His voice grew raspier with the fever that ran through his veins. A fever only she could cool.

He bent his lips to her pulse and licked the length of her protruding vein. "Do you want more? Would you trust me with your body, baby?" Her jerky nod gave him exactly what he needed, her total acceptance.

"Mmm, yes. I want more of you too. So much more. I want to know all your secret little desires. The ones that cause your blood to pound hot in your veins and have you quivering with need. I want you begging and wriggling beneath me... for me."

He bent and tasted her succulent, ivory neck. It was arched up towards him like an offering to a god. He licked her soft skin and sucked her into his mouth. Then he bit her lightly, branding her as his woman. Greg had never felt such a powerful need to stake a claim on someone as he did with Sarah. The thought of Blake touching any part of her body made him want to tear the man limb from limb.

Greg lifted his head, stared down at her pliant body and groaned. "You may open your eyes now, sweet angel. If we stay

out here much longer, I will have you beneath me. It would bring me infinite amounts of pleasure, and that's a fact, but when we come together for the first time it won't be in my truck."

Sarah opened her eyes. Her body burned with need and her chest heaved as if she'd run a marathon. When Sarah saw the raw hunger in his dark gaze, she knew it was the same for him. If she were a survivalist, she would have jumped out of the Blazer and ran for her life at that moment. If she were anything like her father, she wouldn't even be in the truck with him in the first place. Thankfully, she wasn't either of those things. She was Sarah, and she wanted more. More of Greg, more of his kisses, and she wanted him to appease the hunger that he had created.

"The things you do to me, it's simply not becoming of a lady." She tried for lightness, but it seemed to fall flat.

"Sarah, the things you do to me, it's simply not becoming of a prince." He smiled lecherously and winked. "Thankfully, I'm no prince. I'm just a man who wants you really badly."

"Oh, well then," she said, and then went right ahead and blushed.

Greg touched her cheek gently, as if understanding how nervous she was. "You won't regret a single minute of tonight. I

promise you that." He turned off the engine and grabbed the keys from the ignition. "Come on, we're here."

Greg jumped out, came around to her side, and opened the door for her. "Where is *here*?"

"My brother's bar." He took her hand and helped her down out of the Blazer, then closed her door. "I hope you like it. It can be pretty damn loud and rough at times, but I thought we could grab a bite to eat."

"I'm sure it'll be wonderful." Then something odd struck her. "You know, I had no idea you had a brother, or that he owned a bar for that matter, but thank you for bringing me." She leaned up on her tiptoes and kissed his rigid jaw, then grinned, pleased with herself that she'd been daring enough to do the kissing this time.

Greg growled low. "Damn, woman, have mercy. No more kisses unless you're prepared to take more."

"Mmm, I can't wait," she teased, feeling bolder and naughtier than ever.

Greg only grunted his reply and led her to the door of The Trouble Spot. Sarah couldn't help herself; she let out a faint giggle. Who would have thought she had the power to drive a man like Greg crazy with lust? And she knew that's exactly what

was happening. She may be a virgin, but she knew enough about men to recognize when one was turned on. And judging by the front of Greg's jeans, he was as hard as a lead pipe right about now... And every bit as big as one.

Sarah was having the time of her life. What more could a girl ask for anyway? A great movie, wonderful food, stimulating conversation, and all from a devilishly handsome man! She was on cloud nine. Her practical side knew she would have to come down soon, but for now, she was content to enjoy her evening and her handsome escort.

His brother's bar was much more than just a bar. It was really more like a friendly neighborhood tavern. Everyone seemed to know each other. The music was a mix of top forty hits and the top country artists of today. There was something to please every ear. The looks of the place had a woodsy, sort of homey appearance. The walls were done in a kind of barn siding wood. There were wooden wagon wheels hanging from the ceiling with colored lights attached to them. Even the dance floor was hardwood and made her think of old time barn dances. Everything was decorated with taste. Greg's brother obviously wanted the patrons to relax and feel right at home, able to kick their heels up and let loose.

All the waiters and waitresses wore a simple, clean, white t-shirt and jeans, which blended in with the country décor.

Everyone that walked by their booth greeted Greg with a friendly hello and a handshake. A few of the men who stopped by gave her the once over, but then were met with a steely look from Greg, thus obliterated any interest they may have shown in her. That was a new feeling too. Having a man go all caveman over her. Something about it made her insides all jittery.

She met Tyrell, the manager. He was an extremely large African American with a good-natured disposition. Tyrell stood a few inches taller than Greg and was much broader, which was saying something because Greg was no slouch. He had a wonderful smile and seemed as sweet as a teddy bear, but Sarah had the feeling he could be very mean if provoked. He stared at Greg with the kind of devotion born from a long and firm friendship.

Unfortunately, she hadn't met Greg's brother, Matt. It was his night off apparently, but Greg assured her he would introduce her to him another time. She wasn't sure what to make of that. She thought maybe he was only being polite. He hadn't given her any indications that their evening would be anything more than a simple date. Although, his kisses in the truck had definitely made

her aware that, while it was their first date, there wasn't going to be anything simple about how the night ended.

She leaned forward and attempted to speak over the music. "Where did you meet Tyrell?"

Greg stared at her and waited a beat, as if debating what to tell her. "I met Tyrell under pretty strange circumstances," he began. "He was in some trouble when we first encountered each other. Seems he owed some rather nasty people a lot of money. I came to check out this place for Matt. He wanted me to do some remodeling and that's when I saw the men Tyrell owed attempting to beat the dollar bills out of him. I decided to intervene."

Her eyes shot wide. "Oh no! What did you do?" Sarah leaned forward, completely riveted to his story.

"I very calmly explained to the men that they were going about getting paid the wrong way." Greg took a drink from his cola, then went on. "I ended up paying them the money myself."

"Seriously?" That shocked her. It wasn't what she'd expected. Call the police, sure, but pay a stranger's debt? "I mean, you didn't even know Tyrell at the time. Why would you do something like that?" Sarah was dumbfounded.

"Yep, I gave them the money." He shrugged. "There was something about him. He reminded me of a guy I once knew in high school, Karl. Karl's life hadn't been an easy one. His dad was a drunk and his mom had skipped out on him when he was just a kid. Even with the odds stacked against him, he still managed to graduate from high school and go to college on an athletic scholarship. He never had a chance to finish though, because he was stabbed and killed in a mugging off campus. I figured since I couldn't be there for Karl, maybe I could do something for Tyrell. Besides, Tyrell worked off every single cent since then, doing odd jobs for me before he came to work for Matt. He's a proud man and completely refused to let the matter drop. Matt couldn't run this place without him, let me tell you. He's invaluable."

Sarah's heart was in her throat and her eyes burned with unshed tears. She sensed the pain Greg still carried around with him over the loss of his friend etched into the planes and grooves of his handsome face. To her, Greg was a hero. He was such an honorable person and she was afraid she was starting to fall a little bit in love with the man. She wanted to say something, tell him how terrific he was. But, she sensed he wouldn't like being labeled a hero. He didn't seem the type to need praise for doing a kind deed.

"Well, it's pretty clear he's gained a loyal friend in you. You're very sweet, Greg. Underneath that gruff exterior lurks a heart of gold, I'm thinking."

Greg just gave her carnal look again and leaned closer. "Underneath this gruff exterior lurks a very lusty man. Lusty for your hot bod, baby." His eyes grew darker with need and seemed to bore straight into her soul.

Just then, a waiter came to their table and requested Greg's help in breaking up a fight that was brewing.

Greg never hesitated. "I'll be right back, Sarah. Hold that thought." He rose from the booth and followed the waiter to the far end of the room where the long bar was.

Sarah resumed eating. She had ordered a juicy cheeseburger and fries, the all-American meal, and one of her favorites. She hadn't realized how hungry she was. She'd been so wrapped up in thoughts of Greg since he'd asked her out earlier that she'd completely skipped lunch, and it was well past dinnertime. The hamburger was cooked to perfection. Matt obviously had a wonderful chef tucked back in the kitchen. Sarah's thoughts stuttered to a stop as a long shadow covered her table. Thinking it was Greg returning, she looked up and smiled, but it wasn't Greg. It was Blake. And this time, instead of wearing the expensive

slacks and looking all slick and GQ, he was wearing a pair of tight, black jeans and a brick red pocket t-shirt. He was big and sexy, even a little rugged. The 'come and get it' smile on his lips made her face go hot.

"Hello again, Sarah. I saw you coming in." His eyes gave her a once over before coming back to her face. "In fact, you're awfully damn hard to miss, lady. A man would have to be blind not to see you. You're especially beautiful tonight." When he spoke, his voice traveled the length of her spine. It had a smooth, dark feel to it.

"Thank you, Blake." She never knew quite what to say when a man complimented her and, after all he'd just said, thank you seemed inadequate. Blake wasn't giving her a normal compliment though, he was hitting on her.

"Can I get you something else to drink, Sarah?" Blake asked as he took in her empty glass of iced-tea.

"She's here with me tonight, Blake, and I've already got her a drink." Greg spoke from behind Blake, looking as if he could chew nails. His expression was positively deadly.

Blake spared Greg a glance and shrugged, as if he were nothing more than an annoying insect, then zeroed in on her once more. "Would you care to dance with me?"

Her eyes darted to Greg and saw the barely leashed rage. She calmly declined Blake's offer. "I'm sorry, Blake, but I am with Greg. Thank you for the offer, though. It was very sweet." She smiled brightly, hoping to take some of the sting out of her rejection.

Blake nodded, one side of his mouth kicking up as he dared, "Maybe another time then." He walked away, leaving her alone with a very angry Greg.

Greg stared at Blake's back until he was well away from them. Only then did he reclaim his seat. Nothing passed from his lips for a few minutes; he only watched her, making her worry over the change in his attitude.

Sarah couldn't stand his intense scrutiny much longer and she decided enough already. Time to get them back on track. "So, were you able to dissolve the fight?"

He grumbled a nearly unintelligible yes, then cocked his head to the side. "You seem to be turning me into a jealous idiot, Sarah, because the thought of that man's hands coming anywhere near your body just about caused me to land a fist in his face." His eyes narrowed, as if bewildered by his own actions. Almost as if his reaction was her fault.

"He was only being polite, Greg," she said, hoping to smooth his ruffled feathers. When he continued staring at her, she chose silence. She was way out of her element with Greg. He was nothing like the other men she'd dated. He was so bold and candid, and she didn't know what to make of him. He said whatever came to mind and she was used to men hiding behind flattering words and nice gestures. On the other hand, Greg wouldn't hide from anyone for any reason.

"Dance with me. I want to get you in my arms. I want to feel you against me." He growled and stood, holding his hand out to her. "May I have this dance, fair lady?" He bent over her hand and kissed the back of it as he slipped back into the role of charming prince.

Sarah let out her breath, loving Greg's absurdity. Endeavoring to sound serious, she effected an English accent and accepted his offer. "Why yes, kind sir." She got up and curtsied, completing the performance.

Sarah's body felt heavy and warm as Greg led her to the middle of the crowded dance floor. Once there, he put his arms around her and pulled her up against his hard strength.

Sarah felt at home. It was odd, but there it was. Nothing could ever harm her with Greg's strong arms surrounding her,.

She twined her arms around his neck and he pulled her even closer still. She immediately knew what he wanted to show her. Greg's rigid, thick cock was now pressed into her belly and Sarah's knees went weak. Her eyes sought his, as if searching for confirmation; he smiled down at her and rotated his hips, causing heat to pool between her legs and her face to flame.

Greg leaned down and Sarah felt his hot breath against her ear. "Don't be embarrassed, baby. You're beautiful and feeling your sweet curves against me drives me out of my mind, but I won't do anything to make you uncomfortable." He lifted his head then, his eyes so dark she barely saw the pupils. " Though, I do wish we were back at my condo right now and doing this without clothes." His gaze dropped to her chest and Sarah's nipples hardened for him. His nostrils flared as he muttered, "Of course, if we were naked, you can be sure that dancing would be the furthest thing from my mind."

"I wouldn't mind being back at your condo right now either, Greg," Sarah confessed.

The words came out so soft he wasn't sure he heard her right. He stopped dancing and cupped her chin in his palm, urging her to look up at him so he could see her expressive green eyes. "Are you saying you want me, Sarah?"

She nodded, her eyes so eager, as if pleading with him to take her home and make love to her. "Believe me, I want that more than anything right now. I've wanted you for a long time, actually, but you need to be one hundred percent sure. It's only our first date, sweetheart."

Sarah's face took on a determined, almost rigid quality that he'd never seen before and it stunned him a little. Her words stunned him even more. "I don't think I want you to be a gentleman about this, Greg. I want you and you want me. That's all I really need to know."

Greg searched for the truth in her words. She seemed ready and he damn well knew he was ready. Fuck, he'd been ready for months now.

Slowly, giving her time to change her mind, Greg brought his mouth to within an inch of hers and proclaimed, "Your wish is my command, fair lady." Then he kissed her, sealing her fate.

Threæ

Walking into the softly lit room, Sarah felt an immediate sense of panic. What inner demon had prompted her to accept Greg's invitation tonight? She was as nervous as a rabbit in a farmer's field. But even her anxiety couldn't hinder the zing of anticipation that ran the length of her spine. She'd stood on the outskirts looking in for far too long. Now it would be her turn to experience passion. Passion at the very capable hands of Greg Stiles.

Darned if that didn't get a girl's heart fluttering.

After their one and only dance, Greg hadn't spoken another word. Determination was stamped into his untamed features as he'd led her out of the restaurant and back to his truck. He'd driven home without so much as glancing her way. She'd watched him from the corner of her eye, noting the way his fists had clutched the steering wheel. In that moment, he'd seemed large and dangerous and grim. The teasing prince was gone. In his place was an unyielding and dominant man hungry for sex. It had drawn a shiver from her then and now. But she had wanted Greg for two years. Two long, lonely years and all she'd been to

him was a casual acquaintance. She had wanted more than that, and this time she'd have what she wanted. Tonight was the night and she would let nothing spoil it for her. Not even herself.

She came further into the living room with her back ramrod straight, Greg behind her. She heard the lock snick into place and it sounded overly loud in the quiet room. She twined her fingers together, trying and failing to remain calm. How was she supposed to please a man like him? She was a virgin! He'd be completely turned off by her the minute he realized how little she knew about pleasures of the flesh. Sarah turned to him then and saw him staring at her. She licked her lips and forced herself to stay still. *Don't bolt, no matter how bad you want to*, she commanded herself as she watched him move towards her. Sarah felt an immediate rush of relief when he took her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

This kiss wasn't the delicate touching of flesh that it had been in the truck. This time, Greg took her mouth in wild abandon, dipping his tongue inside the wet cavern of her mouth and then back out again, teasing and tasting. She melted against him and moaned. Never had she felt anything as deep. It went straight to the heart of her, causing butterflies to spring to life in her stomach and a quick burst of fire even lower.

Gently, slowly, Greg pulled back, his gaze fierce with arousal. "You haven't been with many men have you, sweetheart?"

How could he know that from a single kiss? Her eyes shot to his chest, unwilling to meet his gaze, sure he'd laugh at her. "No, I haven't. I suppose you think that's pathetic."

Greg cupped the back of her head and tipped her chin up. "Not pathetic at all. A major turn on, actually."

That did shock her. "But I thought guys wanted a woman who knew what she was about, a woman who could...please."

He smiled and his hands smoothed their way down her back to her bottom, where they cupped and squeezed. Her flesh molded to his hands as if made for him. "I don't know what other men want, baby, but I want you. And the idea that I'll be instructing you on just how to please me definitely does *not* turn me off."

"Oh."

He pulled her closer until her pelvis was cradling his rather impressive hard-on; it very nearly caused her to miss his next question.

"Just how experienced are you?"

Oh, lord. She hadn't seen that one coming. "Uh, well, not very."

He swatted her bottom.

Sarah jumped, scandalized by what he'd just done. "What was that for?"

"For not being completely honest with me. You said you trust me."

"I do."

"Then answer me. How experienced are you?"

She knew as soon as the words left her mouth he'd send her home, but she also knew that he wouldn't let up until he got what he wanted. The man was too damned tenacious. She sighed. "I'm a virgin, okay? There, now you know," Sarah gritted out.

His eyes shot wide and his mouth went slack.

She pushed against him, not willing to be humiliated no matter how badly she wanted him. But he was immovable. She may as well be pushing against a brick wall for all he budged.

"Let me go."

His brows drew together. "What the hell for?"

"Because I don't need you staring at me as if I'm some strange object that you've never seen before."

“I don’t think you’re a strange object,” he quietly explained. “I’m just surprised. I mean a woman your age, looking as good as you do, I can’t figure how you stayed a virgin.” He shook his head. “The guys you’ve dated must have been total idiots.”

She squinted, still leery. “So, you don’t think I’m odd for being a virgin at twenty-five?”

He licked his lips and looked at her chest again, as if mentally picturing her naked breasts. “No, not odd. Damned enticing definitely, but not odd.”

Well then, Sarah thought, feeling her heart soar. She swallowed hard as his hands began to massage her backside through the skirt. Greg had somehow managed to wiggle the material higher, exposing the tiniest amount of her panties. His rough fingers there, teasing. Just as she was about to shout ‘take me!’ he spoke again, driving her a little closer to insanity.

“Jesus, Sarah, the thought of being the first man to push inside your soft, tight cunt is enough to make me come in my jeans.”

“Oh please don’t, Greg. I’d be sorely disappointed.” She smiled and taunted him further. “I’m really looking forward to having you do away with my virginal status.”

His eyes lit with intense arousal. "Yeah, baby, me too." He pushed her away gently and demanded, "First, take off your clothes for me so I can see all of you."

Sarah froze. "Uh, shouldn't we move to the bedroom first?"

"Nope. I want to see you now. I can't wait another minute."

When she only stood there, arms crossed over her chest, he hissed, "Off with them, Sarah."

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, knowing she couldn't deny him a single thing. She began unbuttoning her blouse. Greg stood in the shadows, watching her every movement. His short, dark hair curled up around his collar and his jeans pulled tight over his straining erection. Sarah licked her lips, her entire body vibrating with tension and excitement. Her pussy grew damp as she continued unbuttoning her blouse, fingers trembling like mad. Soon the blouse was undone and she slipped it down her shoulders. It fell to the floor in a flutter of silk, then Sarah started on her skirt.

* * * *

Greg wanted everything Sarah had to give, and he'd get it all tonight. He had tried, really tried, to keep their relationship on friendly terms, but he'd failed miserably. Every damned night he went to bed thinking of her. How she'd look naked, how she'd

look bent over backwards naked, how she'd look with him deep inside of her and naked. Hell, he'd driven himself certifiably insane! The fucking waiting was over. She was here and she looked good enough to eat. And he was damned hungry for a taste.

He tried to maintain a modicum of control, but it was difficult. His hands fisted at his sides, as he took in the sight of her. Her hair was just the way he liked it, long and golden blond and full. It hung straight and unfettered, gleaming in the soft glow of the table lamp. Her black skirt had driven him to distraction all night as he imagined himself inching it up, exposing her panties beneath. It thrilled him to know she had followed his instructions by wearing a skirt. It gave him a predatory feeling deep in his gut. He wanted to command and conquer, teach her all the delicious things he knew and show her how exquisite loving could be between two people.

His mind came to an abrupt halt when his gaze settled on her breasts. Perfect, high, full tits that he wanted to lick and suckle for hours.

Enough was enough.

He stepped away from the wall and ordered, "The rest of it, Sarah."

Sarah did as she was told, as if all too eager to please him. Her words confirmed it. "I want to please you, Greg. In part, because I know that, in pleasing you, I'll be pleasing myself. You've played a starring role in my erotic dreams for the past two years."

There was something important in her words, but Greg could only stare as Sarah unzipped the skirt and pushed it down, wiggling her hips to get the clingy material off. Soon, she stood wearing only her heels, white bra, and matching panties. She was like something out of a fetish catalogue. She shivered, though he wasn't sure if it was from her lack of dress or excitement over what they were about to do. With any luck, it was excitement. Damn, the woman was addicting.

"Get the bra and panties off, Sarah. If I do it I'm liable to ruin them."

She quickly did away with the lacy bits of material and then she was naked in front of him. He closed the distance between them and enfolded her in his arms. He looked down into her pale green eyes and declared, "For tonight you're mine and you do everything I say. I swear I'll make you feel so damned good, baby."

She nodded enthusiastically, then his lips were covering hers in a rough show of possession.

He licked and bit at her, hungry to take all that he could lest she disappear like the ghost of his dreams. He scooped her up into his arms and carried her to the couch. He laid her down and stood back up. As he undressed, he held her gaze until the last of his clothes had joined hers on the floor. Then her eyes left his and wandered down his body in a heated journey that left him singed. Her curious eyes stopped on his cock and he watched her lick her lips in anticipation.

Christ, he couldn't take any more.

He wrapped his fist around his length and stepped to the couch until he was directly in front of her face, then instructed, "Take me in your hands, Sarah, and taste me on your sweet tongue."

Her wide-eyed innocence thrilled Greg. She seemed so delighted with him that he just about grabbed her silky head and thrust her onto his throbbing, aching cock. But he waited, waited for her to do it on her own. She was an innocent and that single thought stirred his blood and squeezed his heart at the same time. It had to be her choice in the end. He would never force her.

Sarah didn't know how to do what he needed her to, but she had wanted to have him like this for as long as she remembered. She inhaled and she smelled his musky male scent, and it made her want to taste him as well, to swallow him down. So she did.

Her tongue darted out and licked every hard inch, rubbing her tongue over the sensitive, bulbous head. Her hands came to his balls of their own accord, squeezing and kneading. Greg's body vibrated. It was a heady notion to be the woman to give him that reaction.

"Fuck yeah, Sarah. Lick me."

Unsure what to do next, Sarah followed his lead and started to suck him in, but he halted her movements. She went rigid, fearing she'd done it all wrong.

"Not in your mouth, baby, not yet. First, I want you to open wide for me and give me your tongue."

Greg's voice was rough. Sarah moaned with wild anticipation and opened up. When she stuck her tongue out, Greg took the advantage immediately, guiding his cock onto her waiting tongue, rubbing the swollen head back and forth. She tasted a few drops of precum, and she was so incredibly desperate to lap them up. His eyes narrowed and his jaw clenched tight as he pushed inside the tiniest bit.

“Mmm that’s real good, baby. Now you can suck me in. Deep, as deep as you can take me.”

Sarah did, and the feeling of making such a strong man weak with pleasure was stimulating her in ways she’d never experienced. Sarah suddenly felt his hands in her hair as he showed her how to move. She went up and down on his pulsing erection, making love to him with her mouth. Just as she thought he was about to climax, he pushed her away. Sarah whimpered, unhappy at being denied.

“Enough, baby,” he murmured. “It’s your turn now.”

Sarah smiled and stretched languidly; ready and willing for everything Greg had to offer.

Four

Greg was a heartbeat away from falling to his knees. His legs had turned to rubber as soon as Sarah's tongue had shyly darted out to taste him for the first time. It was a humbling thing for a man who thought he'd seen it all, done it all. When it came to sex, he'd experienced nearly everything there was to experience. So why had he been ready to explode inside of Sarah's mouth after only a few seconds of sucking? Simple, because he'd never experienced Sarah before. And he was starting to see that it would take more than one hot night to get her fully out of his system.

He didn't like the thought.

He was an independent man. He didn't relish the idea of needing any one particular woman. Variety was the spice of life. Or it had been, before he'd seen Sarah Templeton in the buff. Now, he didn't seem to care about variety. He just wanted Sarah.

He'd watched her from the safety of his condo, observed her from his kitchen window as she left for work in the mornings while he sipped his coffee. Greg had seen her come home alone at night, tired and defeated. He'd seen her stay in on the weekends.

And he'd noticed her lack of a social life. Greg had wondered about that aplenty, but he'd never dreamed she could possibly be a virgin. Once, when he'd seen her go out dressed in a clingy summer dress, he'd very nearly followed her. He'd stopped himself, knowing if he did give into his curiosity, he'd be crossing the line from infatuation to stalking. Instead, he'd called Cody over and they'd both gotten rip roaring drunk.

The predatory male in him had ached to know where she'd gone that night. As he'd observed her over the following weeks, however, he'd been stupidly pleased to learn that her dates with men were pretty sparse. He now realized it had given him a false sense of security, thinking he could keep her at arm's length indefinitely. But then Blake had wandered into their lives and his indefinite had been reduced to *now*. Take action or be forced out of the equation all together. And here he was, about to become the first man to bring Sarah to heaven. That thought went a long way in soothing the nasty green monster of jealousy. Although, it also made him shake like a frigging teenager.

Fucking pathetic.

Greg crouched low in front of her, slipped one arm behind her knees and the other beneath her neck, then lifted her into his arms, cradling her against his chest. Damn, she felt right there.

She felt good. At her confused look, he muttered, “We’re moving this little party to the bedroom. I’m going to need plenty of room for what I have in mind for you tonight.”

She curled against him, not saying a word, and her acceptance was like tossing gasoline on a live flame. Sarah was giving him her complete trust and he’d see to it that she didn’t live to regret it. By the time their night was through, she’d be taking a piece of him away with her. How big a piece was still a mystery.

Entering the dark bedroom, Greg went straight to his king size bed and laid her gently down on top of it. With a single finger, he turned the touch lamp to the dimmest setting and at once Sarah was illuminated in its soft glow. Her skin was the gentlest shade of honey from the kiss of the sun. He noticed that she had skinny tan lines around her hipbones and her breasts were pale ivory, emphasizing their perfection. Her nipples were the exact pink shade of bubble gum and Greg desperately wanted to pop them both into his mouth.

He dipped his head down and licked at the candied confection, savoring the sweet taste of her. This moment would be etched in his brain forever. He’d never forget the moment that

he'd brought the object of his obsession into his bed for the first time.

Greg continued suckling on Sarah's hardened nipple, leisurely flicking his tongue back and forth, creating a maelstrom of need inside them both. Sarah arched upwards, thrusting her flesh into his voracious mouth even further. When he gently bit down, he was forced to wrap an arm around her to keep her from collapsing back to the bed. She moaned and thrashed around as Greg did it all over again to her other breast, taking his time, savoring the unique flavor of his little blonde virgin.

When he lifted away, lowering Sarah's slim body tenderly back down, her eyes were closed and her mouth was open on a sigh. His cock swelled another inch when he saw her nipples, glistening wet from his ministrations.

"Sarah, open your eyes for me, sweetheart." Slowly, her lashes fluttered open and he witnessed the heat in her green eyes. It scorching him. "You're hot and ready for me right now, aren't you?"

She nodded as if too overwhelmed to speak. He smiled, understanding exactly. Greg stayed still beside the bed and softly urged, "Then open your legs for me. Invite me in, baby." At first he was afraid she'd balk, too modest and innocent to expose

herself so blatantly, but she only hesitated for a split second before moving her legs. She spread herself wide and he finally saw the satiny softness of her sex. God, he wanted her! He'd never wanted a woman the way he wanted Sarah. She made him feel things, even though she was simply lying there, staring up at him with a trusting smile that curved her kiss-swollen lips.

Greg got onto the bed, between her smooth, fleshy thighs and looked his fill. She had a neatly trimmed bikini line, and her clitoris and plump nether lips were totally exposed to his view. He licked his lips. "If I don't get me a taste of some of that honey I'll surely die, Sarah." He lowered his head and licked her from her clit to her dewy lips, and then in between. Her legs closed in embarrassment, but his hands clutched her, holding her firmly in place. Greg tasted her tangy flavor on his tongue and knew he'd never sampled anything sweeter. He inhaled her womanly scent, sucked her clit in between his teeth and nibbled. Sarah's hands flew to his head, clutching and grasping handfuls of his hair in stinging desperation for more. When his tongue thrust between her folds, she lost it completely and pushed against his face, undulating as he tongue-fucked her. A few more licks to her clit and she burst wide, screaming and straining against the unyielding hold his hands had on her soft thighs. He stared as she

became lost in the age-old instinct to hold onto the delirious feelings of orgasm for as long as humanly possible.

Greg waited her out, keeping his tongue and lips against her sopping wet mound while she gained control once again. Sarah collapsed back, the muscles in her thighs going slack as they fell open, her hands dropping back to the bed. Only then did he lift up and stare down at the tempting picture she presented. She looked nearly asleep already, exhausted from her climax, but when he dipped his finger into her slippery cunt her eyes flew open on a start. He pulled it back out and brought it to her lips, rubbing her lube against them before he leaned down and kissed it off her. She whimpered for him and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down on top of her. Just as her breasts came into contact with his chest, he caught himself and stopped. Rising up, Greg reached over to his bedside drawer and drew out a condom. Leaning back on his haunches, he rolled it on. When his eyes landed on her face, Greg saw a touch of fear in her eyes.

He cupped her cheek in his calloused palm and coaxed, "Don't be afraid, baby. I'd never hurt you."

Sarah took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling slowly, before she whispered, "I know, Greg, but I'm nervous. I mean, it's

going to hurt, isn't it? I'd always heard the first time was painful."

He wouldn't lie to her, but he also couldn't let her go on thinking it would be miserable either. "It'll only hurt for a few seconds, nothing more. I'm not a horny teenager whose one and only goal is to get off, Sarah. I'll go real slow, build the pleasure."

She nodded, but he knew she was only slightly mollified. He decided the best way was to show her. The talking was over.

Greg hooked her legs over his arms and glided his cock slowly into her. It was just the smallest amount, but he watched closely as Sarah chewed at her lower lip and clenched her eyes tight, giving away just how scared she was. He couldn't stand it anymore. He let go of her thighs and leaned down to lick at the wound she was causing on her lip, then very slowly began rocking his hips back and forth. He controlled his every motion, waiting for her tight, virginal opening to accommodate his intimate invasion. It wasn't easy, not when all he really wanted was to thrust hard and fast and deep, to fuck her the way he'd always imagined. But for Sarah, he would bring her nothing but sweet pleasure. For her, he'd walk through hot coals if it meant hearing that sexy sigh of satisfaction coming from between those soft lips.

“You’re so fucking tight, Sarah, and you feel so damned good hugging my cock.” He kissed his way over her face and to her neck where he found that same jumping vein that he’d tasted in his truck and bit down. Sarah groaned and started moving her hips, thrusting against his lower body, but he was bigger and a whole lot stronger. Greg held her down, keeping her from hurting herself.

“No, baby, you need to soften up a bit more for me first,” he warned as he continued his assault on her tempting pulse. This time it was the sound of her angry voice that made him draw back in surprise.

“Please, Greg, I need you inside of me. I can’t stand anymore teasing. Please!”

He had to grit his teeth against her appeal, but he wouldn’t be cajoled. “No, Sarah. Slowly this first time, or I could hurt you.” To his horror, he saw a tear trickle down. He kissed it away. “Next time you can get on top and ride me as fast and hard as you want, I promise.”

“Really?”

He smiled at her innocent reply. “Yeah, really.”

She capitulated finally, relaxing her flexing hips and saying, “Okay, but you’d better not be lying, Greg.”

“Never, baby,” he swore as he resumed his slow, torturous movements. He took his time, wanting to make it as pleasurable as possible. He feasted at her gorgeous tits, intent on building her passion so that, when he did break through her innocence, she would only feel the slightest sting.

Greg thrilled when her inner muscles relaxed for him and he moved into her further. He came up against her delicate barrier and he hated what he was about to do.

“This will hurt a little. I’m sorry, love.”

He pushed hard and fast and Sarah’s eyes shot wide with pain. His mouth came down on hers, swallowing her cries with his kisses, turning pain into desire in an instant. Soon, their bodies were fused together, moving in unison. Greg braced himself on his elbows beside her head and watched as her pleasure spiked. He pushed as deep as he could possibly go and together they flew out of control, their shouts of ecstasy mixing as Greg filled her.

He very nearly collapsed on top of her, but the thought of her soreness kept his muscles from going lax. He wanted to comfort her. He wanted her to have nothing but sweet memories of her first time with him.

Greg slid out of her boneless body and went to the master bath to dispose of the condom. He grabbed a washcloth, ran warm water over it, and brought it to Sarah. Her eyes were closed and she had a dreamy smile on her lips, making his body burn at the sight of having her in his bed. As he bent down and pressed the cloth to the juncture of her thighs, her eyes flew open and her mouth formed a startled 'O'. Nothing was said from either of them as he cleaned and soothed her sore flesh. Greg tossed the washcloth to the floor, beyond caring that the carpet would get soaked, and got into bed beside her, pulling her pliant body up against his heavily-muscled torso. He was practically twice her size and it was easy to wrap himself around her. Her round bottom cradled his dick and he had to bite back a groan.

Hell, he wanted her again.

As Sarah blissfully slept, unaware of the turmoil she was causing, Greg had the terrifying feeling that he'd go on wanting her for quite a long time to come. Once with Sarah was supposed to get her out of his blood for good, but all it'd done was addict him further. He'd been such an idiot to think he could have sex with Sarah Templeton and walk away unscathed. All this time he'd assumed she'd be the one to get all enamored and clingy. Instead, she was lying beside him like Sleeping Beauty, not a care

in the world now that she'd done away with the pesky nuisance of her virginity. Christ, she probably thought she could go back to her cute little condo and forget he ever existed. Maybe even start dating other men now that she'd been initiated into the provocative world of sexual pleasure.

Bullshit. He'd just have to show her how wrong that assumption was because no way was another man touching her tantalizing flesh. She was his, he'd staked his claim, and she just hadn't been alerted to the fact.

Five

Waking up against soft, warm, womanly flesh had to be at least fifty percent of the reason men got married. Having that comfy, cozy feeling every day was just about enough to make a man say those precious words that sent women everywhere reaching for the nearest tissue – *I do*.

Greg pried his sleepy eyes open and saw Sarah nestled atop him. Her body blanketed his, which caused his eager dick to flex anxiously. She had totally abandoned modesty in her slumber. Seeing her in such a vulnerable state nearly had him pronouncing his undying love. A damned scary thought for a guy like him.

Not willing to open that uncomfortable can of worms, Greg took his hands on a slow, leisurely path over Sarah's shoulders and back before they reached the plush cushion of her ass. Her bottom was a thing of beauty. He wanted to spend hours kissing and fondling her there. He cupped her, filling his palms with smooth flesh, and then moved her the tiniest bit to the left so that he could wriggle his cock between her thighs. He rubbed against her clit with his engorged tip, nudging and evoking a throaty little moan from her. Slowly, she started to move her lower half,

beginning a rhythmic rotating motion even in her sleep. Her cheek pressed against his chest and one hand splayed wide directly over his heart. His sweet Sarah, so innocent and trusting, and yet she'd given herself over to him, not once but twice. He would have taken her a third time, but he hadn't wanted to cause her any pain. She was new to sex – a thought that had swirled around in his brain all night long, making him want to shout out a vicious war cry of ownership – and she'd be tender. He wanted to bring her nothing but hot, fierce satisfaction. Still, the odd feelings of protectiveness and predatory possessiveness were new to him, and it made his gut tighten into a mass of nerves.

Greg moved the wild mane of Sarah's hair to one side and kissed her exposed cheek, savoring the taste of her satiny skin. Her eyes fluttered open and her tongue darted out, licking at her dry, swollen lips. He watched the emotions skitter across her face as she realized where she was and whom she was with. When her smile came, easy and unforced, he breathed in relief. Some part of him had been afraid she'd regret what they'd done. He was just too fucking glad she didn't.

"Good morning, Greg," Sarah mumbled, her voice hoarse from screaming out her climaxes. *She's tiny, but she has a big voice and isn't afraid to use it*, he thought with smug pride. His fair little

princess had been an eager and wild participant last night and, judging by the dampness that surrounded his cock, that feeling hadn't abated one iota.

"Good morning, Sarah," he said, and then flipped her over so that he covered her with his body. Her breath came out in a whoosh and his smile turned devilish as he descended on her already erect nipple. This morning he was beyond niceties, all he wanted was to be deep inside of her. He sucked her turgid peak into the wet cavern of his mouth, flicking back and forth with his tongue. She arched into him, giving him more, giving him whatever he craved. Greg licked and bit and then switched to her other beautiful tit. He used his hands to plump them together and he nuzzled his face into her cleavage. Languorously, Greg made his way down her body, lapping and nibbling at her rib cage until he reached her belly where he let his tongue dip into her little button. She pleaded with him, saying his name over and over and he finally gave in.

Pushing her legs wide, he dipped his tongue into her hot opening. At the first contact, Sarah's hands were in his hair, grasping handfuls and pushing his face against her. He sucked her sweet little clit into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue. She vaulted up, coming and shouting his name in wild abandon.

Greg moved off her and stretched across the bed to grab a condom. Sarah's eyes never once left his face. She watched with an eerie intensity and there was something in her eyes, something she wanted to say, but he couldn't think about any of that now.

"Roll to your stomach, baby, and get up on your hands and knees. I want to fuck you from behind this time."

Her face colored and Greg was afraid he'd pushed his little innocent a bit too far with his request, but she surprised him and turned over, pushing up on all fours, making his cock pump madly. He moved, not even fully aware of doing so, getting behind her and using his knee to spread her legs wider for his invasion. He clutched her hips and pulled her back against his straining erection, eliciting a groan from him and a whimper from her.

"Oh God, Sarah. You have the most tempting little pussy, so pretty and soft."

Her pink vulva and pearly clit were completely visible in the early morning light and he wanted to take the time to fill himself with the beauty of her, but his lower body had other ideas. His cock pushed into her tight entrance, and in one silky glide, he was imbedded completely inside Sarah's heat. When she reached between her legs and grasped his balls, massaging and squeezing,

he lost it. He started thrusting into her, impaling her in a mad rush for that one elusive thing that only Sarah gave him. It was as if his body already recognized the scent and sight of her and his greedy cock wanted her. Only her. Only Sarah gave him this blind, crazed feeling and he wouldn't give that up, not for anything in the world.

Suddenly, her supple hips pushed backwards against him and she shouted, "Please, Greg, harder! I need you so badly!"

Greg's smile was devilish as he vowed, "Anything my lady wants, my lady gets."

It was true, he was unable to deny her a single thing. Plunging over and over until his passion rocketed out of control, Greg lowered his body over hers, caging her in, surrounding her with his powerful strength. He bit down on her shoulder and sucked at her neck, causing blood to rush to the surface. She'd have his mark on her now. The thought gave him a predatory feeling deep in his core.

Reaching a rough, calloused hand beneath her, Greg rubbed over her distended clit and claimed, "Mmm, this is *my* hot little pussy now, Sarah." He meant it, he'd not be letting her go. It would kill him to do so and he wasn't much into suicide.

She arched and clenched around him then, her sex cupping his dick like a hot little fist and they both flew apart.

* * * *

They'd spent the morning luxuriating in each other's bodies. First in the shower, where he'd washed every single inch of her with tender loving care. That had been heavenly. Then he'd dressed her in one of his t-shirts. Sarah had wanted something more to wear, but Greg had gruffly explained that she was lucky he gave her the t-shirt. Feeling gloriously female and content, she'd flounced into the kitchen to make him a huge breakfast of waffles and sausages. She'd fed him perched atop his lap. After she'd eaten, he'd lifted her to the counter and had taken her again. And so, the day went.

Now, the time had come for her to leave and she was uncertain and nervous. He'd pleaded with her to stay; he'd explained that it was only Saturday and neither of them worked Sundays. Still, he hadn't once said anything about wanting to see her again after their weekend was up. She supposed it was to be expected, considering she'd given him exactly what he'd wanted on their first date – sex and lots of it. Why should he bother for a second date?

Sarah dressed in her badly wrinkled skirt and blouse, and tucked her bra in her purse. For the life of her, she couldn't locate her panties. He'd told her not to bother with them, she only lived a few steps away and if he found them he'd bring them to her. Seeing his point, Sarah left. He promised to call her the next day, and then kissed her. It was a light peck, and compared to all the other hot, scorching kisses he'd bestowed on her so far, the good-bye kiss seemed so final and cold. She wasn't holding out any hope of him calling, despite his promises to the contrary, but then it wasn't as if he'd gone into anything with the expectations of more, not the way she had.

As Sarah let herself into her condominium, she turned around and saw Greg still standing in his doorway, watching her. He'd only bothered to pull on a pair of old, stained work jeans. The fly was undone and he looked like chocolate – good enough to eat even though you knew damn well you shouldn't. She waved and he waved back. She just barely made out a frown on his face and she wondered about that. As she went through her nightly ritual: pajamas, face washing, hair and teeth brushing, a book and bed, Sarah contemplated how messed up her life had gotten in such a short amount of time.

Oh, certainly she'd convinced herself that she'd only wanted to experience pleasure. That if she wasn't ever going to get a chance to have a husband and children and everlasting love, at least she could experience a little bit of stimulating, mind-numbing, sexual gratification at a man's very capable hands. But she'd been lying to herself the entire time.

It was reality time now, and the dead truth was she'd been half gooey-eyed over Greg from the minute he'd moved in. He'd been unloading a pickup truck full of furniture and she'd gotten her first real glimpse of a sweaty, hunky male body. He'd been shirtless and his torso had glistened in the hot summer sun. Now that she'd had a taste of that body up close and personal, she wasn't sure any other male would ever compare. He'd spoiled her for sure. She was ruined, and the sick thing about it was that, if he did call her tomorrow, she'd probably pounce on the phone. She was beyond caring about dignity.

Sarah sighed and got into bed, trying very hard to read the pages of her latest thriller, but as she read the same gory knife-killing scene three times, she decided it wasn't working. She got up and started for her kitchen, but there was a faint knock on her door, stopping her cold. Who on Earth? She went to the door,

glad she'd locked it. In her scattered state of mind, she hadn't remembered doing so.

"Who is it?"

"Sarah, it's me. Open up."

"Greg?"

She heard him groan. "You have that many midnight male callers, do you, sweetheart?"

She rolled her eyes at that bit of sarcastic nonsense and unlocked the door. She wasn't prepared for the sight of him. He leaned his broad shoulder against the doorframe and he was still in the low-slung jeans. His dark brown hair was a bedraggled mess, and when she looked down she saw that he was barefoot. She squinted up at him and asked, "What's wrong?"

He shrugged. "Couldn't sleep."

She wasn't able to either, but she'd bet her reasons were far different from his. "Oh, would you like to come in?"

"I'd like to have you back in my condo and in my bed where you belong."

She was lost. "I thought we agreed you'd call me tomorrow- er- well, today I guess it is now."

He shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest, drawing her attention to the sprinkling of dark curls. It made her

want to step closer and give him a good, long lick. “You agreed, Sarah,” he reminded her. “I just went along because it was clear you weren’t going to change your mind.”

“So, you don’t want to call me then?” Oh God, it was worse than she’d thought. He was already dumping her! Couldn’t he have waited until daylight, for crying out loud?

“I’d much rather whisper in your ear,” he murmured huskily, stepping just an inch closer, “because you’ll be in my bed.” That stunning comment had Sarah’s jaw going slack, but he didn’t give her any time to digest it because he crouched low and lifted her high into his arms.

“Keys?”

“Hanging on the hook,” she stuttered out, not sure what she would do when tomorrow really did come. Tonight she was just glad he wasn’t dumping her. *Again with the lack of pride and dignity*, she thought with self-depreciation. She ought to tell him no, shove out of his arms and demand he give her some sort of promise towards a future, but she was a coward. She didn’t want to hear him say that it had only been sex.

Greg took the keys and handed them to her. From her all too cozy position against the bunching, muscled plane of Greg’s chest it was amazing she held the keys steady. Still, she did manage to

lock the door. As soon as the lock tripped into place, Greg was off and practically running back to his condo. Once inside, he didn't stop his long, purposeful stride until he was in the bedroom. He laid her down gently and gave her body that intensely hot once-over that always managed to make her stomach all jittery.

"Those are truly adorable, baby," he said, his entire face splitting into a grin, "but off with them. No pj's in my bed. Ever."

She peeked down at herself and winced. Winnie the Pooh was *so* not sexy. She lifted to a sitting position and undressed, letting him watch. It all reminded her of the night before. Very quickly, he was out of his jeans and slipping in beside her. He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her back against him. His leg came over hers, and his hand splayed wide over her belly, effectively holding her in place. She smiled in blissful contentment, but just as Greg reached up to turn off the light, something caught her eye. Her panties. Perched atop some sort of award Greg had received. Then they were plunged into darkness and all she could think was how perfect it felt to be in Greg's strong arms. She let go of a breath that she hadn't been aware she was holding and asked, "Greg, don't you want to —".

He pressed a finger to her lips and whispered, "I didn't come and get you because I needed to fuck. Just sleep, sweet Sarah. We'll figure things out tomorrow."

Six

It had hit him like a damned ton of bricks. One minute he brooded as he watched Sarah walk away from him to go to her own place. She'd had on the wrinkled skirt – the skirt she'd worn for *him* – and no panties. He ought to know, he'd been the one to pilfer them to begin with. Her sweet and tangy scent had clung to the tiny scrap of lace and he'd not wanted to let them out of his sight. Then, as she'd turned and waved, giving him that innocent little smile, he'd known that he was in love with Sarah Templeton.

Greg scrubbed a hand over his face. Fuck, he'd been right from the beginning. She truly should be named Sarah Temptation.

Now, here he sat on his front patio, waiting for his brother's girlfriend to arrive, when all he really wanted to do was go to Sarah, take her in his arms, and tell her he loved her, make her say it back, and then explain to her that they were now exclusive.

But Trina had called, crying and near hysterics, insistent upon talking to him about Matt. He could kill his brother for whatever the hell he'd done because it had torn him away from

Sarah's willing flesh that morning. She'd been sweetly sated from the ear-splitting orgasm she'd taken as she rode him. She'd reminded him that he'd promised she could be on top and so he'd given in and let her run the show. Watching her bounce up and down on his dick had been purely blissful. Christ, she was a vocal little thing, though. He'd need to build them a house, lest she get them both evicted.

After Trina's badly timed crisis, he'd told Sarah that his brother's girl was wanting a one-on-one and she'd hightailed it back to her place. A little too eagerly for his liking too. Damn, didn't the woman care for him at all? He shook his head, knowing she had to care a little or she wouldn't have chosen him to lose her virginity to. Then again, maybe he'd only been in the right place at the right time. Maybe she had really only wanted sex from the very beginning and he was no more special than a notch on her bedpost.

Again, Greg took a long swallow of his iced-tea and willed Trina to show. If she didn't get there soon, he'd ditch the silly woman and tend to his own problems, which at the moment had a lot to do with Sarah.

He saw Trina pull into the complex in her little white Accord and he noticed from his position on the porch that she

was crying. What the hell had Matt done to make her all weepy? He thought their relationship was unshakeable. It was clear Matt loved Trina and vice versa.

She parked and got out, wiping her eyes on a pathetic excuse for a tissue. He went to her, took her in his arms, and held her. Typically, she cried harder, and typically, he wanted to bolt, but he held firm and she finally quieted down. That's when she started to spill her guts. In a rush of sobbing, mumbled words, he managed to figure out that she was terrified Matt was seeing another woman.

"There's no way, Trina. I'm telling you, Matt loves you."

"Oh, Greg. I just don't know. It's not like him to lie to me. He's never lied to me." Her eyes pleaded with him. "Has he said anything to you, Greg? Anything at all?"

Greg shook his head and rubbed Trina's arm soothingly. "No, honey, nothing. You know Matt, he tackles problems head-on. If he were interested in someone else, he'd tell you before doing anything rash. I know he would."

Trina was a tall, model-thin brunette who could pass easily for a movie star; however, she had the down to earth personality of a small town girl. She was sweet and lovable as hell and she'd been good to Matt.

Greg heard a diesel engine roaring into their complex and he flinched. “Uh, don’t be mad, Trina, but I called Matt.” She gave him that deer-caught-in-the-headlights stare and he said, “He’s here now.” She whipped around and slapped a hand over her mouth, trying to hold back another sob probably.

It didn’t work out too well.

Matt’s big, red truck rambled into the spot next to Trina’s car and the angry diesel shut off. Stillness hung in the air as Matt looked at Trina through the windshield. “Oh my,” Trina mumbled.

Yeah, Greg thought, Matt’s royally pissed. He got out, and in two long strides was in front of them, his hands fisted at his sides, legs braced apart. “What on Earth are you doing here, Trina?”

Trina looked down at the ground, not answering. Matt stepped forward and placed his hand at the nape of her neck, forcing her head up to look at him. “What was so fucking awful that you had to come to my brother instead of me?”

“I saw you with her, Matt.” Her voice sounded lost and Greg felt terrible for her, as well as a little bit protective. Hell, she was practically a sister at this point.

“Matt, it may help to listen to her instead of trying to intimidate the shit out of her.”

Matt's eyes never moved away from Trina. "Stay out of it, Greg." To Trina he said, "Her *who*?"

Trina's head shot up and Greg noted that her eyes had lost some of their sadness. Now they were spitting fire. "The cute little red head, you big idiot!"

Matt stared at her as if she'd lost her mind before a wild laugh erupted from him.

"You're laughing? You think it's funny?" Trina said in disbelief.

"I interviewed her for a waitress job, Trina. I'm not seeing her."

She pointed a finger into his chest and growled, "You were at the Tasty Freeze!"

Matt grabbed her finger and brought it to his lips, kissing it tenderly. "She's pregnant, and married, I might add. She had a craving, so we did the interview there." Trina's face turned bright red and Matt stepped closer to her and took her in his arms. "I don't want anyone else but you, darlin'. You should know better," he softly chastised.

"Oh, Matt!"

Greg started to smile and give them their privacy, but motion across the drive caught his attention. Sarah was outside

sunning herself. He knew that because he'd been watching her the entire time. Only now Blake, the bastard newcomer, stood over her, talking to her, looking at her. Greg heard her laugh when Blake crouched down and touched the tip of her nose with his forefinger. Greg saw red.

Without saying a word to his kissing guests, Greg closed the distance between him and Sarah. Every step closer, his anger rose another notch. As soon as he was within a few feet, they both looked up. When his eyes landed on Sarah, her green pools heated and her mouth went all soft. Blake stood up and stared at him with a mischievous glint in his eyes and a devilish expression on his too handsome face. Greg wanted to knock his head against the cement sidewalk just to mess up his pretty mug a little.

“What the hell is going on?”

Blake's brows kicked up, feigning innocence, and Sarah quickly sat up. Greg couldn't help it. He looked.

She wore a black, two-piece swimsuit and her hair was up in a high ponytail. She looked perky, adorable, and all of eighteen years old. Greg desperately wanted to shove her back into her apartment and out of Blake Richards' sight, but it was too late. He'd already gotten a good look at her and was still looking. It

was truly beginning to piss Greg off and he did something he rarely did. He lost his temper.

He moved up to Blake and stood nose to nose with the man. "Since the very moment you moved in here, Richards, you've been hanging around Sarah. That shit stops now."

"Greg!" Sarah shouted, no doubt embarrassed by his outburst.

Greg looked down at her and growled, "Do you want him, Sarah?" She just stared, as if he'd completely lost his mind, compelling Greg to add, "Too fucking bad, you can't have him. You're mine. The minute you shared my bed you became mine."

Sarah's cheeks turned red and she jumped to her feet. "Look here, Greg Stiles. I did not agree to anything more than sex. Thanks, it was great. I'm done, good-bye!" She turned to bounce back into her condo, but his arm snaked out and caught her around the waist, pulling her to a halt.

"Let go of me, or I swear I'll maim you!"

She struggled so hard against his arm he was afraid she'd hurt herself. He swiveled her around to face him, then lifted her up in the air and glared at her. "No. I'm not letting you go. I love you and you'll damn well be my woman!"

She stopped struggling and her eyes went as wide as saucers. Then her lower lip quivered and she started to cry.

Instantly, he felt like a total heel. "No baby, don't cry, please. I was an ass. You can hit me if you want, just stop crying." She only buried her nose into his t-shirt and sobbed harder. " Bloody hell, what's with all the women today!" he grumbled.

Finally, she wound down and he breathed a sigh of relief. Women in tears were *really* not his thing. "Why are you crying, baby?"

"Because I love you too, Greg."

He frowned. "And that brings tears to your eyes?" Surely, that wasn't a good sign.

She shook her head and spoke so low he had to strain to hear. "It's just that, I thought you just wanted sex and I was so worried that, since you'd already gotten it, there'd be nothing left for me to give you."

Ah, so that was the problem. She really was an innocent. He quirked his head to the side and softly whispered, "You know, it occurs to me that men and women really ought to try to communicate better." She blinked up at him, puzzled. He leaned down and kissed her, licking the seam of her lips until she

surrendered and opened for him. He dipped inside, taking possession of her mouth in the most basic of ways.

As he lifted away, Greg admitted, "I do love you. I thought you were an obsession that I needed to get out of my system, that after I had my fill of your soft, tight body, I'd be able to think clearly again. Truth is, my business partner was really hoping that'd be the case."

"And?"

"Didn't work out that way. Seems I'm going to have to keep you close if I ever hope to have another intelligent thought."

Sarah smiled shyly. "Well, I wouldn't want you to go about all dull-witted."

"Exactly," he murmured before he went about asking her properly. "Are we exclusive now, Sarah Temptation?"

She giggled and smacked him. "Of course we are, but it's Templeton, not Temptation, Greg."

He grunted. "Trust me; you're temptation, Sarah. Pure temptation." Without hesitation, he took her into her condo and made love to her for the rest of the afternoon. Neither one of them realized they'd forgotten all about Blake Richards, who had long since gone.

The End

About the Author

Anne grew up in a small town in central Ohio the only girl with three rowdy, older brothers. When she wasn't playing tackle football with them she could be found tucked away in her mother's book room getting lost in mysterious worlds created by authors such as Martha Grimes and Andrew M. Greeley. She's had a variety of odd jobs including Chiropractic Assistant, Frame Stylist, Restaurant Hostess, and Nail Technician.

Anne now lives with her fabulous husband, two gorgeous teenage daughters, two ornery dogs, three snooty cats, a tree frog named Gus, and a snake named Salizar. When Anne's not dressing, feeding, cleaning or spending time with them, she can be found at the computer writing stories hot enough to make your toes curl!

Anne loves to hear from her readers. You can find her on Facebook at www.facebook.com/pages/Anne-Rainey-Fan-Page/121274891238824 or email her directly at annerainey11@gmail.com. Join her newsletter for updates on new releases, signings and contests for a chance to win books. The link to join is on the front of her webpage at www.annerainey.com.

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