

Begging for More

By Kim Karr

"It was an instant attraction...never intended to be more than a quick lay."

Chapter 1

Not Alone for Long

James Ashton

I was alone. I knew I wouldn't be for long. I never was when I came here.

Awash in purple and black, with sexy low lighting, huge-ass chandeliers, and an enormous pair of ridiculous angel wings overlooking the ever-present glitterati, I was in the kind of place where finding company was, let's just say—easy.

Provocateur, the exclusive and super-swanky Gansevoort Hotel nightclub, was always filled with gorgeous party girls—models, socialites, scene-setters, and European jet-setters.

Not to sound arrogant, but I had my pick.

Leaning against the bar, I sipped my scotch and scanned the crowd, zeroing in on the house dancers gyrating on the poles amid pulsing blasts of artificial smoke. The DJ was really amping them up tonight.

My gaze landed on the front door, where a vision in black had just entered with about ten other men and women—one guy, a little too close.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her hair the color of flaming fire. Wild. Messy. Untamed. Her feline eyes. Fierce. Wicked. They were eyes that could burn a hole in a man's heart. And that body. She had a body that looked hard and soft, long and sexy, hot as hell. Oh fuck, that mouth. Lush lips. Full. Succulent. She was a mix of delicate, perfect, and oh so delicious. The devil and an angel all in one.

"Hey, there you are," Theo Lake said, placing his hand on my shoulder and wedging in beside me.

Without looking at him, I pointed to the door. "Do you know who that is?" Theo knew everyone.

"Oh, that's Lindsay Mills and Jared Wentworth," he said with a smile in his voice.

The smile had to be for Jared. I glanced at him for a fraction of a second. "Introduce me to the girl."

Theo made a face. "Later. Avery's booth is ready."

"Great, man, we can make a pit stop along the way."

"I think we'd better do that later. Avery ordered champagne and is waiting for everyone to arrive before she makes some kind of big announcement."

My gaze went back to the door, but *my Lindsay* was gone. I didn't care. I now had a reason to stay. A mission. But first things first—I had to take care of business. Please the masses. I slid my eyes back to Theo. "I'll follow you. We wouldn't want to keep Avery waiting."

Theo gave me a knowing glance. Sister or not, he knew she could be a bitch.

I slapped him on the back. "But later, you and me, and that introduction you promised. How do you know her anyway?"

He smiled. "I don't really. I've seen her around a few times. All I know is that she's a Victoria's Secret model and so are the group of women she's with."

"Who's the dude? Boyfriend?"

"No," he laughed. "But he is a model. I guess that's how they know each other."

I bit my lip.

Fuck me.

I had to have her.

"Come on," Theo insisted.

Theo and Avery Lake were deeply connected in Manhattan's social circles. I hung out with them on occasion because...well, because they knew how to have fun. Avery wasn't a woman I cared to be around that much but when I was looking to have a good time, she always knew where to find one. And after the night I'd had, I was looking to have a really good time, if you know what I mean.

Earlier, I'd spent the evening with my mother at the annual Rockefeller Foundation Benefit. Normally, promoting humanity throughout the world wouldn't have felt like such a burden. However, since my father had taken off on another one of his sabbaticals, code for he disappeared again with a woman half his age, I had to listen to my mother bitch and moan to me in private and then carry on in public about how proud she was that her husband had gone on a pilgrimage to find inspiration for his painting.

That wasn't even half true.

His painting began only after his binges of infidelity as apologies to my mother. You see, Charles Ashton was addicted to young models and often disappeared with them. In the past he'd always returned within weeks. Having gotten his fix, he knew when to drop them, but this latest excursion was going on three months. And needless to say, my mother was not happy.

Julia Ashton was a Vandermore and her social status meant everything to her. She allowed my father his indiscretions only as long as he kept them discreet. Divorce, in her eyes, would be so much more tragic than having an adulterer for a husband. I found the entire charade ridiculous, but it worked for them. My father needed my mother's money and she wanted that perfect family image. He knew the score and when he was around, he played the dutiful husband brilliantly.

Fucked up, if you asked me.

But for them it was a match made in heaven—or maybe it was hell.

Flashing lasers, the thumping bass, and the way the scotch burned going down my throat had me moving briskly through the crowd and glad the night was still young.

Avery had, as expected, managed to secure one of the best booths in the house. Private yet not entirely secluded, and close to the dance floor. But then again, the purple leather high-backed bench seats, the platform behind them with enough room for private dancers when requested, and the black lace walls were what made this place harder to get into than Fort Knox.

The table was filled with uncorked bottles of Piper-Heidsieck, champagne flutes, and Avery's crew—mainly socialites on the hunt for a husband. No worries; they knew better than to glance my

way. They knew all too well bachelorhood was what I believed in. Marriage wasn't even on my radar and never would be. After growing up with a front-and-center seat to the biggest fuck-up of a marriage on this planet, I couldn't even imagine why anyone would think of tying himself to one person for the rest of his life.

The very thought was mind-blowing.

Taking a deep breath and hoping she had something really fun in mind, I approached the table, smiled, greeted, and hugged and kissed the queen and all five Eloises. Two of them had landed dates and I shook hands with the sorry sons of bitches, silently giving them my condolences.

The booth was crowded, so I stood, but Avery wouldn't have it. "Make room for James," she insisted. As soon as my ass was on the seat, she clapped her hands together and practically squealed, "I have some truly fabulous news for tonight."

Looking for the vision in black, my eyes were scanning the room. Words escaped Avery's mouth and they registered in pieces. "The jet is fueled and ready. Takes off at eleven."

I was only half listening to what she had planned for the night.

"James, you in?" she asked.

Just as my head started to swing back toward her, suddenly I couldn't move, couldn't hear, couldn't breathe. Avery was still talking, but I couldn't comprehend a word she was saying. My gaze had landed on that vision I'd been looking for and she was looking right back at me. This time I wasn't letting her leave my sight. She was in the booth across from me, sitting right on the end. We weren't even ten feet from each other, yet it felt way too far away.

My cheeks grew wide all on their own volition. *Fuck*, I was smiling like a smitten schoolboy. *Calm the fuck down*, I told myself.

But then she smiled back at me with an upward tilt of her lips that not only told me she'd noticed me, but that she liked what she saw, too, and all bets were off.

My body acted on its own. My dick, too.

I had to have her.

As soon as I thought the words, any semblance of control I'd had went out the window and my cock went stone hard.

Images of her and me, naked, slick with sweat, and rolling around in the sheets flashed through my mind. I couldn't stop them.

"James, are you listening to me?" Avery's voice prickled through the air.

Not wanting to be distracted, I nodded and kept my eyes on the gorgeous woman across from me. The woman who was now standing up, taking another guy's hand, and heading toward the dance floor. The same guy she'd walked in with.

What the fuck? Where had he come from? He wasn't there a minute ago.

I practically drooled when she walked past me and I caught an up-close glimpse of what she was wearing—a knee-length tighter-than-hell black skirt and some kind of matching slinky top that showed off her taut stomach and beautiful tits. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. She might have been walking with another guy, but her gaze never left me. It was like there was an electric current

traveling between us and I knew what I had to do—claim her.

Make her mine for the night.

Standing, I didn't bother to tell anyone what I was doing. I didn't want to waste time.

"James," Avery called, annoyance clear in her tone.

Ignoring her, I headed toward the dance floor. I have to say, in all the years I'd been coming here, I'd never stepped foot on it. Dancing wasn't my thing.

Tonight, anything she was doing would be my thing.

The throng of people seemed to eat her up and I lost her in the sea of bump and grind. The DJ had put on a seductive mix of current songs, clips and pieces that when spliced together sounded really dirty. And it seemed everyone loved it that way. The crowd surged around me, bouncing, wiggling, moving to the beat. Individuals. Couples. Triples. They all moved. Clusters joined together and broke apart in unison. The entire club had gone feral. They weren't dancing—they were fucking with their clothes on.

I was game for that.

Instinct jabbed at my gut and I kept moving toward the center. The closer I got, the more people there were. Heat and sweat and laughter surrounded me. Women moved in front of me, pressing their bodies close to mine, trying to get me to move to their beat. So very much unlike me, I ignored them all. Not even a smile formed on my face nor did a short flirtation escape my throat. I had to find her.

My blood surged through my veins when I spotted that mess of red hair bouncing. That body moving. Those hips rocking. As if she could sense my stare, she looked my way. Damn, she was beautiful. I was hit with full-on attraction. Instant lust.

Step by step, I made my way toward her. The dude that had led her to the pits of hell was in his own world, as if he just liked to move. There was a decent distance between the two of them so whatever they were, it was far from intimate, or I told myself that was the case anyway.

Normally, I wouldn't be such an ass, or maybe I would—who the fuck knew, I'd never been in a situation like this. But without a second thought, I tapped the guy on the shoulder. He turned around and smiled at me.

Smiled. At. Me.

Yeah, he was definitely who Theo was smiling at earlier. *Not interested, buddy*. I bobbed my chin toward the gorgeous vision in front of him. "Mind if I cut in?"

I almost laughed at myself. I'd never used words like that before.

He started to dance a circle around me. "Sure, man, no problem," he yelled over the music.

My eyes darted to hers and my body moved closer. "Lindsay, nice to meet you."

She swallowed me whole with just a glance, and I swear I could see her pulse throbbing in her neck. "How do you know my name?"

"How could I not? You're the most gorgeous girl in this place."

Those feline eyes assessed me but I couldn't read her.

Okay, that might have sounded a little cheesy. I reeled it back. "My friend knew who you

were.”

She nodded.

“Dance with me.”

She nodded again, and this time she smiled.

There was no hesitation in my movements. The music was loud. Seductive. Oozed sex. Sin. I didn't try to talk over it. Instead, I followed its lead. I put my knee between her thighs and placed my hands on her hips.

Grinding, moving, bodies swaying, we danced to the distinctive beat.

Heat seemed to pool around us.

Sparks started to fly.

After a while, the music changed to something slightly slower, even more sensual if that was possible, but we didn't stop whatever this was we were doing. Instead, if anything, the slower beat amped up the insane attraction between us.

Bodies all around us pressed together, the dance floor seeming to become even more packed. It was one giant orgy and I was right in the middle of it—with this girl I couldn't keep my eyes or my hands off of.

I fucking loved it.

Colors pulsed in time to the music and little by little I moved even closer, until there was no space left between us.

My cock pressed against her lower belly and I knew the moment she felt it.

We weren't exactly fucking with our clothes on, but what we were doing was pretty close.

As if she was thinking the very same thing, and it turned her on as much as it did me, her pink tongue flicked out to lick her lips.

Lost in the moment, in the beat, in her eyes, I slammed my mouth to hers. I had to taste her. To caress her tongue with mine.

Her ignited response fueled my fire and I slid one hand from her hip to her ass and splayed my fingers across it, stroking upward to find the smooth bare skin of her back.

Her lips parted under my mouth's assault and I pulled back to look at her. I could see her pulse quicken and I couldn't stop what I was doing.

I needed this girl to come apart under my touch more than I needed air to breathe right now. I surveyed my surroundings. The crowd surrounded us and no one cared about anyone but him or herself. I took this opportunity to push the limits.

With my hand I caressed down her ass and then back up again, moving her body in a way that silently told her I had no doubt that we'd be fucking tonight.

She blinked, and her eyes lit up at the same time she smiled at me.

That was the moment everything became just the two of us.

Her fingers went to the scruff behind my head. I'd never wanted my hair to grow back faster than in this moment. Never wished the bar fight I'd recently been in hadn't caused me to fall, resulting in stitches on my scalp that required me to have to have my head shaved, until right this

minute because oh, how I wanted to feel her fingers tugging at my hair, demanding I give her more.

But there was nothing to worry about, she told me in another way. She tossed her head back, exposing the smooth expanse of that long neck. Offering herself to me.

Without hesitation, I bent to run my lips along her bare skin. She tasted so sweet, I wanted to lick every inch of her. It was then that I pulled her to my body again, and she came more than willingly.

Those hips of hers began to move, slowly, torturously, against my body, forward and back. She was teasing me. I never let anyone tease me, but I let her.

My other hand slid from her hip upward over her bare midriff right to that gorgeous tit I couldn't wait to suck on. I thumbed her through the fabric of her top and felt her nipple form the most perfect point.

The moan that escaped her throat was such a turn-on.

At this point we were no longer dancing. It was more like pressing, touching, fondling.

I'm sure she could see the adoration in my eyes; I didn't try to hide it. She was gorgeous, sexy as hell, and I wanted to worship her from head to toe.

The words spilled from my lips and into her ear before I could stop them. "I want to watch you come."

I wasn't asking. I was warning her. I was going to make her come right here in this sea of lust, and if she didn't want me to, this was her warning to walk away.

She didn't.

An urgency I couldn't understand came over me and I slid my hand inside her tight-fitting but stretchy skirt and just as quickly, I found her sex.

Teeth bit at my ear.

Fuck, this girl was the devil.

With one hand still on her ass, holding her close, I pressed the heel of my other hand against her clit and felt her warmth.

The crowd was now moving us. Jam-packed and lost in it, no one was the wiser when my fingers moved to push inside the lacy edge of her panties.

Finding smooth, bare skin, so warm, so luscious, that when I dipped my finger inside her folds, I thought I might come on the spot.

I took a deep breath and looked into her eyes.

Electricity sparked and her body jerked when I circled my finger right around her opening. "Do you feel that?" I whispered in her ear. "Imagine what it's going to feel like with my cock buried deep inside you."

A moan of pure pleasure tore from her throat and she pulled my body to hers. "I want you," she whispered back in my ear.

Oh, she didn't have to worry about that.

I kept my hand where it was, going no farther than caressing my fingers over every inch of her

spectacular pussy.

I wanted more, so much more. Yet, right now, oddly enough, dragging her pleasure out was somehow satisfactory. Sure, I wanted my dick inside her, pounding, banging, screaming for release. And I knew I could take her in the bathroom and do just that. I'd done it a million times before with other chicks. But I didn't want that. Not with her.

When her eyes grew heavy lidded, I knew she was ready for more.

I slid a finger inside her. "So wet," I murmured.

Her hands were at the base of my skull and she slid them down to my shoulders. Her fingers pressed my skin—hard. Just the way I liked it.

Every stroke I made, her grip tightened. Small stroke after small stroke, I circled her tight nub. Her reaction was pure, unadulterated bliss.

Breathless and arching, she buried her head in my neck and begged, "Please."

"James, call me James," I commanded.

"James, please," she breathed.

My smug smile couldn't be contained. I liked it when a girl begged. More than liked it—I loved it. Sadistic, masochistic, or whatever you want to call it, I thrived off women getting off from my touch because I could bring them pleasure, and it was all under my control.

So unlike me, I didn't make her wait for what she wanted. I gave it to her right then. Circled faster, pressed harder, plunged my fingers deeper inside her.

She shattered in my hold. With her body trembling, I pulled her to me and held her. I didn't even know this woman and yet I felt this odd need to take care of her, to feel her body heat against mine and make sure she knew the warmth was one of comfort and want. So much want. When her breathing had calmed, I placed my hands on her face and pulled back to look at her.

Gorgeous.

So fucking gorgeous.

I looked up. We were under those damn wings and I thought, *She's not a devil, she's an angel.*

Pleasure covered her face and I felt oddly satisfied.

It wasn't until her hands caressed down my back and landed on my ass that I thought I might have a problem waiting for more. "What do you say we—" Before I could finish my sentence, a tap on my shoulder had my neck twisting in annoyance.

It was Avery. "Come on. It's time to go," she shouted.

I shook my head. "Go on without me."

"No way." She scowled, and with a tug of my arm she had me moving.

"Follow me," I told Lindsay and quickly grabbed her hand.

Avery was determined and didn't stop until we reached the booth.

"What the fuck?" I said to her.

She gathered her things. "The limo is out front. Everyone is already inside. We have to hurry—the jet is fueled and ready for takeoff." Her eyes slid to Lindsay's.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

I swore Avery stomped her foot. "Don't you ever listen? Vegas, James. We're going to Vegas."

"For how long?" I had to ask, because I had a family obligation on Sunday that my mother would cut my balls off if I missed.

Still annoyed that I hadn't paid attention during her announcement, she answered, "Just for the night. We'll head back tomorrow afternoon."

My gaze slid toward the girl whose hand I held in mine.

Lindsay smiled at me and for a minute my world stopped.

That's when I practically begged, "Come with me."

Chapter 2

The Mile High Club

Lindsay Mills

It wasn't the craziest thing I'd ever done.

Or maybe it was.

Still, for better or worse, I was on a very luxurious private jet headed to Las Vegas for a night of fun with a man I'd just met. But I mean, come on, who wouldn't have jumped at an opportunity like this. And with the most gorgeous, handsome man you'd ever seen.

For the past three hours we'd been sitting across from each other in the midsection of the jet, talking like we'd known each other our whole lives. There were a few lounging sections scattered around the jet and some other couples had occupied them. Our seats were isolated from the crowd, who were mostly congregating toward the front around the bar and TV area. My chair was large and comfortable and with my shoes kicked off, my legs beneath me, I felt so at ease that I'd nearly forgotten I was in midair. Sipping on my wine, I couldn't help but stare at the man seated with his leg crossed over his knee, casual, comfortable, yet so powerful. There was another word that kept popping into my mind—*beautiful*. He was just so beautiful. It was in his eyes, the way they practically twinkled with each word that passed through his lips.

His fingers curled around the crystal of his whiskey glass. "Tell me more," he demanded.

Everything about him screamed domination. If he were any other man I would have run, far and fast.

I'd grown up with a mother who had habitually allowed domineering men into our lives. The way they would look at her like she was nothing more than a beautiful plaything for their pleasure used to make me sick. The telltale sign was always in their eyes—eyes that bled greed, hunger, self-satisfaction. Each boyfriend would use her up until he was finished with her and then toss her aside. Sometimes it was within mere weeks, sometimes months, and on one occasion it was years. But the end was always the same. They'd leave us, and it had become my job to pick up the pieces that were left of my mother and somehow glue them back together.

My childhood was exhausting and I wasn't looking for a redo, in any way. I'd been cautious about the men I dated. Always opting for the tamer ones, the less demanding ones, the docile ones. As is in life, there was always a trade-off. With my choice of men came boredom. Every relationship I'd ever had lacked excitement. There was no thrill in the ride. I'd come to accept that. Like I said, I didn't want to end up like my mother.

But James Greyson Ashton, as I'd come to learn was his full name, was different. He looked at me with eyes of adoration, eyes I couldn't seem to turn away from. It was a look that drew me in from the moment our gazes first met. Made me want to get to know him. Even as crazy as it sounds, to obey him.

It would be one reckless night with a man who made me feel more alive than I'd ever felt. A

man who I still couldn't believe I'd not only let touch me intimately within the first thirty minutes of meeting him but encouraged him to do so. A man who I wanted and was going to have before the night was through. There was no doubt about it.

Nervous for no reason at all, I shifted in my seat and dug my bare toes into the plush carpet. "There's really not much more to tell." I'd already told him more than I told most people. I'd not only told him the simple truths, like that I'd grown up in Los Angeles and that my mother was an actress who never seemed to land a role, but also the hard truths, like that I started modeling when I was sixteen so that we didn't wind up living on the street. Not wanting to be sucked into the vortex of my past, I pushed all those bad times aside and tossed him a rueful smile. "Honestly, my life is pretty boring."

His foot slid forward and nudged mine. "Come on, I doubt that's true."

I gave a small, shy laugh so very unlike me. "Being a model isn't as exciting as everybody thinks. Sure, sometimes I get to travel to fun, exotic places, but more often than not there's no time for exploring."

"What about your life outside of your job?"

"Sadly, it's pretty much the same. I rarely go out. Tonight was an exception because it was my roommate's birthday. Mostly I go to work and then go home. I've only lived here for a year, so I still like to explore the city on my weekends and shop. That's about it. Not much more to it."

He set his drink down on the small table beside him, leaned forward, and in the huskiest, sexiest voice I'd ever heard, he asked, "So you're a good girl?"

James was long and lean, and he had the most beautiful light brown eyes that sparkled with flecks of gold in the light. Tonight he was wearing simple black slacks, tailored and fit perfectly to his narrow waist, and a white button-down shirt, sleeves rolled up to his elbows, with the first two buttons undone, exposing his smooth chest. His head was shaved, but I could tell he had light brown hair, possibly the color of caramel. Everything about him made my pulse thunder, especially the way he spoke. Like the color of his hair, his voice oozed of soft, dripping caramel. Feeling a little naughty, I eased forward so our faces were less than a hand's length apart. "I think we both know that's not true," I whispered seductively.

He smiled. It might be clichéd to say, but that smile took my breath away. His full, soft lips quirked up on one side and bled right into the lustful look in his eyes. A look that was languid—lazy, slow, knowing. Easing back in his chair, he used his finger to stir his drink and brought it to his mouth, inserting it, and then slowly pulling it out. It was the same finger that had been inside me just hours ago.

I blushed. I never blushed.

"And you still taste so good." His voice was slow and deep.

I blushed even harder with the heat rising up my throat.

"I want to do that again, and more." This time when he spoke, all the humor was gone.

A slow ache pulsed between my legs and I shifted in my seat.

"Tell me you want me to fuck you."

Shocked at his directness even though I shouldn't have been, my gaze shifted to my surroundings, but no one was paying any attention to us. "What if I don't—want you to fuck me?"

A smile, this time slow and easy, spread across his face. "Don't play games, Lindsay. I know you do."

"Do you?" I was being coy, flirtatious. It was fun.

His gaze traced my face as if he were studying me. Perhaps uncertain, but only for a moment. Then, with his voice low, he said, "Keep it up and I'll take you right here. Or is that what you want? For me to throw you back on the seat and fuck you now?"

Overcome with desire, so turned on I couldn't stand it, I submitted and said, "Yes, I want you to fuck me, but not out here."

Gaze brighter, hungrier with my admission, he slowly eased forward and placed both his palms on my knees and let his thumbs slip under my hem. "Good. Then it's settled. So we both want the same thing."

"Yes," I said, because it was all I could say with the blood rushing to my ears.

His thumb swiped back and forth and my skin tingled under his touch. He glanced at his watch. "We have more than two hours until we land, and then it will be another hour after that before we get to the hotel."

I nodded in agreement.

His fingers followed his thumbs under the hem of my skirt and he wrapped his hands around my bare thighs, pulling me closer to him.

My body jerked, as if it had been sleeping and he'd woken it up.

His breath, now deliciously whiskey-scented, washed over me. "Do you want to wait until I can get us a room?"

I shook my head. With each passing second I was getting wetter and wetter between my thighs. Desire had overtaken me long ago and over the past few hours every time I'd crossed and uncrossed my legs, even the slight friction of my panties against my clit was almost unbearable.

"Go to the last door on the left toward the back of the jet. It should be unlocked—let yourself in." The wetness of his tongue caressed my earlobe, making my nipples pebble and me shiver. When he pulled back and stood, his eyes met mine, and the look alone made me shiver again.

I gave another nod to let him know I understood. There was just something about him. Something that made me want him so much. Made me want to do as he said. Made me want to please him. To be his. And it wasn't the intoxication of alcohol. I was drunk—on him.

James pointed to his group of friends. "I'm going to grab another drink. Since you decided to misbehave, you're going to go ahead of me. Once you get inside, get yourself naked and wait for me. Think about me. Think about how good I'm going to make you feel, but don't touch yourself. Do you understand?"

My heart hammered in my chest. I wanted to say something, something flirty, something quick-witted, but the hoarseness of my voice wouldn't allow for anything but another, "Yes."

Turning, he walked toward the crowd. He could pretend he wanted to "punish" me, but I

could see in his eyes that he wanted to be certain this was what I wanted. He was giving me a choice. I could stay here or I could go into the room and wait for the pleasure I knew he was going to bring me.

Standing on wobbly knees, I straightened my skirt and made certain my top was in place, and then I headed to the last door on the left. I passed two other doors on my way and wondered what they were. Bathrooms? Bedrooms? Where was I headed?

My heart hammered, the beat of it loud in my ears. When I reached my destination, I slowly turned the handle and opened the door. The room was a private lounge decorated much like the rest of the plane, all whites and creams, with a leather bench-like sofa under a bank of three windows, a sink and small bar, and a large TV. It looked like a place to get away from the crowd if one had to and just chill out.

The sky was midnight black and I could see nothing but the vast darkness. Crossing the small space, I stood in front of the sink and looked in the mirror. When I did, I saw the face of a woman who was about to enter the Mile High Club. James Ashton was going to come in here and fuck me. I bit my lip to make certain this was really happening.

Get naked, he'd commanded.

My pulse leaped. I wasn't certain I could be that bold.

Time didn't allow me to decide.

There was a click of a lock and then he was behind me in the mirror. He had an uncorked champagne bottle in one hand and two crystal flutes in the other. He moved closer to me and set the things in his hands on the counter beside the sink, and then caged me in. His eyes met mine in the mirror, and his irises shone the most beautiful shade of milk chocolate. "Champagne?" he asked in a voice that bordered on concern.

Was he worried I had changed my mind?

I hadn't.

"Yes, please," I said, turning around.

He stayed where he was, so close to me he could lean in and kiss me.

He didn't.

Each passing moment he didn't touch me made me crazier with desire.

Forced to move to pour the champagne, he took a few steps to my left, poured the bubbling liquid into the glasses, and handed me one.

I took it with trembling fingers.

He clinked our glasses. "To meeting you."

I swallowed at the sweetness, and then raising my glass I repeated what he'd said, "To meeting you."

That smile was back.

I slowly sipped my drink and kept my eyes on him. I'd already had quite a bit to drink. If I drank much more, I might just pass out on him. Once I'd taken a few sips from my glass, I set it down and boldly took a step closer to him. "You got here too fast—I didn't have enough time to prepare."

"I didn't have much of a choice. That crowd out there is completely wasted and upset that I'm not. They said I have at least a dozen shots to catch up on, and when I tell you they'll make sure I catch up, I mean it. So I ran, fast." His grin was breathtaking.

I laughed. "Sounds like you're going to be good and drunk before the night is over."

"Not just me," he warned.

The room's temperature seemed to rise a hundred degrees.

Without another word, he gazed at me with eyes that I wanted to swim in. Men had always looked at me, but none ever like him. It was as though he wanted to see more than what was on the outside, that he wanted to know me from the inside out. A rush of euphoria raged through my veins as if I'd been waiting for someone like him my whole life.

Slowly, I pulled down the straps of my corset-like top and tugged my arms out of them before I lifted it from my body. I was completely bare beneath and my breasts were exposed instantly.

He hissed, but still said nothing as he watched me intently.

I proceeded to shimmy out of my skirt, letting it pool at my feet, and now stood before him in only my scant lace panties.

"You're even more beautiful than I could have imagined," he said, stepping toward me.

I reached for his buttons and quickly undid them, practically ripping his shirt off.

He watched me with that same expression that made my heart flutter.

Dropping my gaze, I got to work on his belt and then his zipper. As I was tugging his slacks down, I glanced up to look at him. Fire blazed in his eyes and his cheeks were a bit flushed. The same desire I'd been feeling since we met was written all over his face.

He stepped out of his slacks but didn't let me pull his boxer briefs down. Instead he reached for me, and I more than willingly went to him, taking that one remaining step between us. As soon as I did, his hands were on my hips and mine were around his neck. His mouth found mine already open for him and his body eased between my legs as if we were made for each other.

Butterflies like I'd never felt took flight in my belly as soon as his tongue slipped into my mouth. French kissing had never taken me to another dimension but right now, I had to wonder if I wasn't in heaven as he kissed me fast, kissed me slow, kissed me breathless.

Eventually, we made it to the sofa in a tangle of limbs and heavy breathing. James was only slightly taller than me but lying down next to him, he seemed so much bigger.

The couch was wide, meant to double as a single bed, and had pillows against the jet wall instead of a sofa back. I found myself pressed against those pillows as James roamed my body, and tingles of pleasure erupted in every wake of his touch.

Attentive, his hands fondled my breasts, fingers dipped into my belly button, palms skimmed my ass, my thighs.

Wanting to explore his body as well, I leaned in to taste his skin. My lips skimmed down the hint of stubble on his jaw to his throat. I liked the way he tasted, like salt and something delicious. When I found the pulse in his neck, I lightly sucked it between my teeth.

In a wild rush, James ripped my panties away.

Moments later the heel of his palm pressed flat to my sex, causing my lips to part in a gasp, and this time I didn't have to try to contain it. "James."

"I like the way you say my name," he murmured. His fingers teasing me, stroking me, sending all kinds of amazing sensations rippling through me body. "Say it again."

"James," I breathed.

I heard the smile in his voice. "Again," he demanded as he plunged one, and then another finger deep inside me.

"James!" I almost screamed it as I found the most unexpected release.

The look on his face as he watched me come apart ignited something wild inside me. Still seeing stars, I reached for his boxers and pulled them down just enough so he could kick them off. I let my gaze wander to admire him, my hands following. My heart skipped a little when my fingertips traced down his erection and back up. His skin was so smooth, his cock so perfect. He groaned in such a way that I knew it was because of my touch, not just anyone's touch.

After that, I let my hands move without thought, stroking up and back down. He was hard and hot, and my hands moved to the rhythm we seemed to have established as our own—not too fast, but not too slow. When my fingers closed around him, loosely at first, then more tightly, he made that sound again that set my blood on fire. I watched his eyes close and noticed his breath quicken. That's when words flew from my mouth unlike anything I had ever said to a man. "You're so beautiful."

His eyes flew open and for a moment I wasn't sure what he was going to say, but then he laughed from deep in his throat. "That's my line," he breathed and rolled us over.

"But you are—it's in your eyes, the way you look at me like I'm the only one that exists in your world."

He just kept gazing down at me with those eyes.

I writhed under him, impatient, wanting so much to feel him inside me. I'd craved human contact before, but never had I felt a primal need for a man to fuck me like I did now.

Hovering over me, he said, "Lindsay, I don't know if you're an angel or a devil, but I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you."

My nails scraped down his back.

"Fuck," he hissed.

With a grin, I said, "I'm neither, I'm just someone who really wants you too."

In a flash, he reached for his wallet, retrieved a condom, tore it open, and rolled it on.

Just watching him had me biting down on my bottom lip so hard I almost drew blood.

Moments later, one palm landed on the mattress near my shoulder while he took his cock in the other hand to guide himself inside me. I closed my eyes as he eased in. The gasp that left me echoed throughout the room. As I stretched to accommodate him he teased me, pulling back out and reentering.

"Fuck, you feel so good," he groaned.

Each time he entered me caused me to gasp in pleasure. As he pushed farther into me, I inhaled a breath as more pangs of pleasure rippled through my body.

He filled me completely with his next movement. Overwhelmed with sensation after sensation, I let myself go and just allowed my body the indulgence of feeling whatever this was between us.

His mouth found mine and as he pushed into me over and over, I pushed my hips upward. His cock throbbed and my clit pulsed—again it was that same rhythm we seemed to create together. His movements became faster and my desire amped up. A euphoric feeling of pure sensation had my body shaking.

“Fuck, I’m going to come. You just feel too good. I can’t control myself,” he growled around our kiss.

Our lips crashed together at the same pace as our fucking—hard and fast. He grabbed my waist with one hand and my ass with the other and just like that, he was so deep inside me that pings of pleasure engulfed me and I screamed out his name over and over. Pleasure radiated in waves that rolled from one to the next.

James groaned my name as he came with me and together we rode out our pleasure.

When both our breathing started to slow, he rolled over next to me and pulled me to his chest. I’m not sure how much time passed before either of us was able to move—maybe fifteen minutes. But when he sat up he said, “I’ve never felt anything like that before.”

“Me either.” I sat up next to him.

He stroked his hand down my back. “What does it mean?”

Now I was never the kind of girl to get stars in her eyes, but I swear my eyes had to be twinkling when I looked at him. “I don’t have any idea.”

He flopped back down and with a laugh said, “It must at least mean we need to do it again.”

I looked at him and ran a hand down the smooth skin of his chest. “At least one more time,” I said with a wink.

His lips fought not to smile and his arms wrapped around my waist. “You are definitely the devil,” he said seductively.

I looked out the window into the dark of the night. “No, I think I’m the angel and you’re the devil,” I said.

“I’ll be whatever you want me to be, baby,” he said as if reciting a line from a bad movie.

At that we both laughed until our mouths fused in such a way that we couldn’t laugh anymore.

We spent another hour rolling around, exploring every part of each other’s body.

“Folks, we just began our descent into McCarran International Airport. The local time is twelve forty-nine a.m., light winds out of the south, and we’re looking at an easy landing. Buckle up. We should be on the ground in just a few minutes,” the pilot’s voice boomed overhead.

I was lying on top of James and pressed my hands on either side of his head. “City of Sin, here we come.”

He grabbed me by the waist and pulled me back down. "We're going to have an amazing time," he cooed in my ear.

I didn't doubt it.

Chapter 3

Welcome to the Club

James Ashton

There was a pounding on the door.

I covered my head with my pillow.

Knock. Knock.

Knock. Knock.

"Go away," I finally muttered.

Ignoring me, whoever it was continued the pounding.

"What?" I yelled.

"Wake up, sunshine. If you're coming back to New York with us we leave in an hour."

It was Avery's shrieking voice and her tone made my eardrums hurt.

Opening only one eye, I tried to focus. "Yeah, alright," I answered.

Feeling sicker than a dog, I forced my other eye open and blinked a million times over.

My surroundings were familiar. This was one of the rooms Avery kept on reserve at the Mandarin on the floor beneath her penthouse. I'd been in rooms like this many times before. But never had I woken up feeling like this.

My body was one big ache.

My eyes burned.

My head was pounding.

What the fuck happened to me?

I turned my head and a halo of red was all I could see. I pulled back a little. It was then I realized that I was wrapped around a body. Lindsay's gorgeous, sexy body, to be exact.

I licked my lips. They were numb and tasted like salt and lime.

Tequila.

Lots of tequila.

That fucking tequila.

How much had I had to drink?

In the limo on the way to the Lakes's penthouse conveniently located at the top of the Mandarin Oriental, in the bar at the Mandarin, in the casino, at various stops we made while walking down the strip. At Caesar's Palace. In Olympic Garden. *Olympic Garden? I took Lindsay to a strip club with male dancers?*

What. The. Fuck?

My brain hurt thinking about last night.

Enough was enough.

I turned it all off—for now.

Grabbing the corner of the sheet, I tossed it aside and then stood. When I did, my eyes landed on the naked beauty and I sucked in a breath.

She was still sleeping and seeing her made my eyes go all starry.

Shaking off the lovesick puppy feeling, I began to feel even sicker. The quick motion made my stomach twist in a violent way, and I hurried to the bathroom.

With a deep breath, I stood just inside the doorway.

In.

Out.

I gulped in air and let it out over and over until the wheezy feeling passed. Then, closing my eyes, I took the longest piss of my life and opened them only to flush the toilet. It was then, with my left hand on the lever, that I saw the glint of metal around my finger. Not just any finger, my ring finger.

In a rush, it all came back.

The crowd of us walking down the Strip in the wee hours of the morning, passing guys handing out fliers for strippers and escorts, a man levitating on the sidewalk, and people in all kinds of rentable costumes shouting at us. We'd stopped to see the water dance in front of the Bellagio hotel. Someone in the crowd pointed to a sign that read "Wedding Chapel." Someone else was saying, "I've never been in a Vegas chapel." Another said, "Me either." Avery suggesting, "Lets go inside and check it out."

The crowd had lessened to about twelve of us, and none of us questioned her. We all just went inside. I was expecting a flying Elvis or two but that wasn't what I got. Instead I got heaven. The chapel was swathed in a bluish glow that sparkled off the silver chairs. The carpet was white. There were lights everywhere. And there were even clouds on the ceiling.

I was in heaven, or so I thought.

Like a vision, I looked at Lindsay and saw my angel. She was sent to put me on the right path, and with that knowledge, I knew what I had to do. Out of nowhere, I dropped to my knee and told Lindsay I wanted her to be mine forever. I remember her just looking at me. When I couldn't stand it anymore, I asked again. "Marry me?"

She giggled, "You're drunk."

I shrugged. "It doesn't matter what I am, I know what I want, and it's you."

She stared at me, stunned.

What happened next was a little hazy. I could see pieces of it.

Me begging her to say yes.

Me begging.

Begging her for more.

Begging.

Her shaking.

Her taking my face in her hands. "Are you sure?"

Me nodding. "I've never been more sure in my life."

Her crying.

Everyone around us crying.

Signing papers.

Picking rings.

Deciding on witnesses.

And...and then finally us walking down the aisle to a crescendo of inspiring guitars and being pronounced husband and w—

Snapping out it, I yelled, "Lindsay!" as I rushed from the bathroom, grabbing a towel to wipe my hands. I had to see if this was real.

She sat up, grabbing for the sheet and looking disheveled, but still more beautiful than ever. "What is it?" she asked, alarmed.

"Let me see your fingers."

She let the sheet go and outstretched her hands.

And there, on her left ring finger, was a matching piece of metal. "We got married." I didn't so much ask the question as made a statement.

She nodded, and I think she gulped. "We did."

I swallowed.

I. Got. Married.

Her eyes went a little teary. "You regret it, don't you?"

All I could do was stare. I had never wanted to get married and just like that, I'd begged for it.

In a rush, she ran to the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

I knocked. "Lindsay?"

I heard water running.

When she didn't answer, I opened the door. "Are you okay?"

She nodded and turned, her hands gripping the counter. "We shouldn't have done that."

Was she regretting it?

Was I?

Oddly enough, I wanted this girl to be mine.

But marriage?

"What do you want to do?" she whispered.

I ran my palm over my head and just stared at her, trying to find the right words.

"James?"

The sound of her voice saying my name, the fact that no woman had ever made me feel the way she did, gave me the realization that yes I wanted this, that even though I may have been drunk when I proposed, the feelings behind the proposal were real. Still, I couldn't speak. I didn't know what to do. I felt paralyzed.

Lindsay walked past me and went back into the bedroom. "I have to lie down."

I followed her and found my words. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

"That we should stay in Vegas until we decide what to do?"

"What are we deciding on?"

"Us. Our future." She sounded flustered.

"How exactly do you feel about us?" I asked.

Back in bed, she pulled the sheet over her beautiful naked tits. Tits I wanted to feel over and over. A body I wanted to worship. A pussy I wanted to own. "Honestly?"

"Fuck, yeah."

"You might not like it."

"That's okay."

"That I'm nervous but not scared. That you're a lot of man and I hope I can handle it. That I like the way you are with me. And about a million other things that might take me all day to list. What about you? What are you thinking?"

Slowly, I walked toward her and when I got closer, I lunged on the bed and pinned her beneath me. "I'm thinking that you were made for me. That I have no idea what it means to have a wife. That I might suck at being married, but I want to try too."

Her breathing picked up.

I kissed her neck. "That I want to spend the day discussing your list."

Her body shivered beneath me. "What else?"

I raised my brows. "That we'd better hurry up and fuck because we can't miss that plane. Today is the Ashton family annual Christmas photo and I want you in it."

She laughed. "I'm serious."

I licked her neck this time. "So am I."

"Are you sure?" she asked, a little breathless.

This time I sucked the spot her pulse beat. "About the fucking? Hell yes."

She broke free of my hold and shoved my chest. "No, about us."

I took both her wrists and stared down at her. "Yes. No. I don't know," I answered honestly.

"Me either," she sighed, "but I'm willing to give it a shot if you are."

"Oh, I am," I growled and found her lips.

She laughed and then kissed me with a passion I'd never known before her, and a hunger I'd never felt before erupted. I wanted to own her. I wanted her to be mine. I wanted her in every way. And here she was—mine for the taking.

I pulled back. "I want you in the shower. Is that something a husband would tell his wife?"

She giggled. "I think it's something you would tell your wife. And I think your wife would tell you that you can have her wherever and however you want her. She's yours."

With a grin, I stood and took her hand. "Fuck, I've never been someone's husband. Does this mean you have to do whatever I tell you to?"

She laughed. "No, but it means I can decide if I want to do whatever you tell me."

I nodded. I could live with that. "I have a need to control. Can you live with that?"

"James, your alpha male tendencies were more than apparent within the first thirty seconds of my setting eyes on you. I wouldn't be with you if I couldn't handle it. If it didn't turn me on. If I

didn't want a man like you. If I didn't want all of you."

"All of me," I breathed, getting harder and harder with each passing second.

"Every. Single. Piece."

We were standing just before the threshold of the bathroom when I scooped her in my arms.

"James, what are you doing?" she giggled.

I fucking loved that sound. "I'm not sure if I did this last night, but just in case I didn't, I'm doing it now."

"You're crazy."

I set her on the counter and spread her legs wide. "Crazy for you," I said as I bent to taste her sweet pussy.

"Oh, James," she breathed.

That was a sound I wanted to hear from this day forward.

And for the first time, I didn't think marriage was so bad.

In fact, for the first time in my life...I wanted to be married.

About the Author

Reader * Writer * Coffeelover * Romantic

Kim Karr is a New York Times and USA Today Bestselling author. She grew up in New York and now lives in Florida with her husband and four kids. She's always had a love for reading books and writing. Being an English major in college, she wanted to teach at the college level but that was not to be. She went on to receive an MBA and became a project manager until quitting to raise her family.

Kim currently works part-time with her husband and with the rest of her time embraces one of her biggest passions--writing.

Kim wears a lot of hats! Writer, book-lover, wife, soccer-mom, taxi driver, and the all around go-to person of her family. However, she always finds time to read. She likes to believe in soul mates, kindred spirits, true friends, and Happily-Ever-After. She loves to drink champagne, listen to music, and hopes to always stay young at heart.

If you enjoyed meeting James and Lindsay in this short story, then don't miss Toxic, where, as a reader you'll meet them both for the first time through the eyes of James' best friend, Phoebe St. Claire. Toxic is an unforgettable stand-alone romance! You can also get a glimpse of James and Lindsay in the Tainted Love Duet. In Blow and Crush you'll meet Logan—a sexy, intense man, who also happens to be James' other best friend. In Blow and Crush you'll get to see James and Lindsay in their martial bliss.

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