



THE RIGHT KIND OF WRONG 1

it's *Just*
SECRET

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It's Just Sext

by

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It's Just Sext: The Right Kind of Wrong, #1

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Time to figure out who you really love.

Lauren was expecting a text from Marc, but instead it was her best friend Kate, baiting her at the worst possible moment.

She tossed her phone onto the bed and continued pacing the hotel room. One moment wanting to make a run for it, block Marc's number, change her own and never see another text from him again, and the next letting her heart experience in a single, wrenching burst the affection she already felt but wanted to deny. It was crazy, unconventional and, worst of all, unrealistic. She pushed the curtain aside and watched the lights along the port of Long Beach twinkle in the distance.

Kate's theory was that Lauren had bought into the carefully crafted vision of herself she had created for Marc via texting—and had actually fallen in love with herself, rather than him. After all, how could she feel love for someone she had never touched, never looked at eye-to-eye, and never actually spoken to?

"He's two-dimensional," Kate had admonished over breakfast that morning. "His generation—"

Lauren rolled her eyes and slumped back in her seat. "Please, don't say that word. It makes me sound ancient."

"You're ageless, but that doesn't erase the fact that you grew up in a different technological age than he did." Kate pierced a chunk of pineapple and popped it into her mouth, then pointed the empty fork at Lauren.

"You're used to connecting and bonding with others by having deep, multidimensional conversations, face-to-face or by phone. Not by texting. In his generation—*sorry*—connections are forged and maintained with fewer points of information about the other person. It's just a fact."

Lauren suspected she was right about that, at least. She didn't want to believe it but it rang true in her heart. There are stages to courting, developing affection, and she and Marc had bypassed every damn one and were tumbling toward the mad and furious fucking stage. Every inch of their bodies and souls would probably catch fire the instant they first touched.

She sat on a corner of the bed, switched the television on then off again. She could sense his approach, somewhere in the dark, as he made his way to her from across the country, across the city, to this hotel, this room,

this space, after months of pure, ridiculous, long-distance lusting via, of all things, text messaging.

She chose to meet him at a hotel, not let him into her home, her perfectly meted out personal space. She was crazy to let him in at all, but she didn't know how to protect herself at this point. From a distance she could. Sure. He was just some guy sending her love notes, photos and videos and who, mysteriously, refused to actually speak to her over the phone. But what would she do when he reached her door? Her limbs shook and she had to move. She couldn't wait in the hotel room for him. Maybe if she met him in the lobby or on the street she could maintain some distance, a safe space between them for a little while longer. Give her time to think, settle into the idea of him being...real. Plus, from the lobby she could still run.

This had been her problem all along. She could not stay still when it came to him. He did something to her—his eyes, his lips, the way he touched himself and showed her everything without holding back. They all conspired to plough her under—make her lose her footing and stumble onto her own hand, rubbing almost incessantly to soothe, over and over again, her constant state of arousal. She was like a trained pet—one look at him and her little cunt was overheated and begging. Her own sense of propriety kept her from giving in and telling him what she wanted, what she would do to him given the chance. But he knew well enough. That was why he was almost here, after all.

He had sent her photo after naked photo of himself, and each time she found herself wanting a little more. It had been going on for months, since they discovered each other's profiles online. She lived in Santa Monica and he worked on cruise ships. Marc spent his months circling the globe from one port to the next—though never anywhere near hers. Until now.

She imagined herself on her knees, taking him in, feeling the press of his hands behind her head, forceful, adamant, fingers twisted in her hair while he fucked her mouth. She would grasp the backs of his strong thighs and arch her back to look up at him whenever he let up on her, catching his beautiful stare, his lips slack, shiny, and bitten red. He was so bad, so very bad for her. Wasn't he?

If she stayed in the hotel room it would certainly happen the moment he came through the door. It would shut behind him, the soft click echoing in her head—a sound she would never forget. She would fumble a moment

or two then fall to her knees and pray he came forward, unzipping his pants—pulling out his cock—the one she knew every inch of from photos and video. His shaft would be flushed red from his balls to just below his cockhead then paler toward the tip; rounded folds she wanted to rub gently between her teeth. Her mouth watering, she would feel the press of his thick head over her lips. They would hold each other's gaze, staring green eyes to blue as he pushed it in slow and deep—and this would be their greeting. No sweet, soft kisses—just his cock filling her mouth to the back of her throat. Her snuffling, suckling, trying to breathe. She couldn't bear it after so many months of longing. She had wanted men before, but never like this. *I think I must love his cock as much as he does.* Lauren licked her lips. It had taken time to accept that truth, but she did—eventually.

She jabbed the elevator button several times and finally the damn thing showed up. A second before the doors slid open she had the terrifying feeling he would be inside and think she was trying to get away. Her heart was in her mouth when the doors opened on an empty elevator, and she let out a deep, agonizing breath. She was alone. *Still.* She stepped in. When the doors closed she felt the temporary comfort of being held apart, momentarily unreachable by Marc or anyone else.

He wasn't in the lobby. She skirted towering potted palm trees, checked the reception area and shot a longing look at the nearby bar. A man, huddled over his drink, glanced back at her with the slow, lecherous gaze of someone who thinks he definitely might get some. *Not from me.* She turned away with a scowl. Too bad. She really could have used a drink.

Lauren shifted awkwardly. She was about to head outside when she felt the warmth of a body close behind her.

“Hi, babe.” She did not turn, could not move. A shiver went up her back as the voice settled over her, shockingly familiar. She had only heard it once in a video, repeating her name while he stroked himself. She felt him press closer, nuzzling into her hair. “I'm nervous too,” he said.

Her heart thudded in her chest and she turned slowly into the warmth of his arms. Agonizingly, she raised her eyes to meet his and her knees gave way. His arms tightened around her and she laughed. They both looked down, into the strange and empty space between their bodies, and their foreheads touched. She relaxed into him. He pressed a kiss to her head and, finally, she looked directly into his eyes without needing to look away. His hair was darker than she expected, cropped short and sticking up in sexy,

rumped peaks. He was a few inches taller than her—a perfect fit. Heat crept up her front and everywhere their bodies now touched. Her nipples were puckered and so sensitive she pulled slightly away. She was completely, utterly drenched between her legs.

He cradled her face in his hands, laced his fingers into her hair and kissed her sweetly. It was the gentlest, softest kiss she had ever felt, and completely ironic given all of the rough sex she had imagined having with him over the past few months. The thought made her laugh a little, and as if reading her mind, he leaned in and whispered into her ear, “These are some sweet kisses, but make no mistake. I’m going to fuck you really hard.” She nodded and grinned. “That’s my girl. Come on, I think we both need a drink.”

Lauren wondered if he would get carded as he took her hand and led her to the bar. He looked young and even younger standing next to her. The pervert who had raked his eyes over her before, now stared ahead and snickered. Marc pretended to body-check the man behind his back, making her wonder how long he had been watching her in the lobby before he approached.

They kept walking beyond the end of the bar to sit at a cozy, dark table by the fireplace. Their eyes were locked on each other, their hands clasped, rubbing together gently. Was he still nervous to talk to her? Not that she ever believed he really was. There was some secret he wasn’t willing to share, and she had long since given up trying to force him to talk on the phone or tell her why he wouldn’t.

Lauren’s phone vibrated. She glanced at it anxiously and saw it was from Kate. If she didn’t reply immediately, no doubt Kate would drive over to check on her.

Is he talking to u?

Very funny. Of course he is, she replied quickly.

Assume nothing. Be safe. Txt me a pic of his ID if u can.

“None of this is real,” Kate had admonished when Lauren first admitted to flirting with a stranger over text. They had met for coffee and, as usual, Kate was being a little too loud. “He won’t even talk to you, for fuck’s sake! He’s a boy toy. Have your fun but, seriously, do not get attached.”

“I don’t know how you do it,” Lauren had replied. “And keep your voice down, will you?” Kate had always been the promiscuous one, not her.

She could go from fling to fling and not seem to care.

“You’ve always been the relationship type, L. If you’re going to play around like this you’ll have to change your thinking. Do it for the short-term rush, not a long-term relationship. Look, it’s cool that he’s younger than you. Lust is lust. But never try to fix a broken boy toy. If it malfunctions in any way you replace it. Got it?”

The fact that Marc refused to talk to her over the phone could certainly be considered a malfunction by Kate’s standards, but Lauren wasn’t willing to end it. In her mind, she got new batteries, fiddled around, tried to make a few adjustments in her thinking and eventually resolved to play with the toy ‘as is’. She fought every instinct to try to make this into some real life romance—something it could never be. She reminded herself to just appreciate the primal lure of another sexually charged hardbody and have fun. They each had a second, secret life away from what they gave to each other over text messaging. She couldn’t begrudge him his, since she had one of her own. She had just...gotten used to it. It was their way. The question was, what would they do with it now? Would this meeting blur the line, erase or solidify it?

The waitress came and went and returned again with their drinks, all without Lauren noticing. Marc licked his lips and blew her a kiss before taking a sip of his beer, and she squeezed her legs together. He smiled, the sweet, boyish smile she loved from his pictures, and blushed a little, shaking his head before taking another long swig.

Wordlessly they proceeded to break through the previously undefined space in which their “relationship” existed, and feel around for what was real. Everything they had sensed, labeled as crazy and tried hard to dismiss, had a genuine flesh and bone counterpart in reality. Once they had felt each other’s humanity, would they like it as much as they did in the Twitterverse and through texting?

She was drawn toward the heat rising in the space between them. He leaned over and captured her mouth in a kiss that caught fire. He pulled her closer and they just couldn’t stop. They didn’t even grope each other—they were all warm lips and tongues, nibbling, sliding, stroking. By the time they settled back, breathing shallow, she had been lulled into a heavy-lidded stupor. Lauren was sure the bartender, waitress and definitely the man at the bar hated them by now. She reached two fingers up to touch his slackened lower lip, shiny and puffy from their kissing, and then touched them to her

own. She noticed her fingers were shaking and so did he. He wrapped his warm hand around hers and kissed the inside of her wrist, then tugged gently and cocked his head almost imperceptibly. *Time to go.* There was not much lost between them so far—no gesture of their bodies misunderstood. Boy toy? Well, maybe he didn't quite fit into that category after all.

They got into the elevator and for the first five seconds did what people in elevators do: they looked up, watching the numbers. A second later, though, he pinned her against the sidewall, digging his hips into hers, locking her in a breath-stealing kiss as their bodies fought gravity. She did not need to reach high to struggle to embrace him. His mouth suctioned the side of her bare neck, dragging down to her clavicle without her having to adjust her position so he could reach. He was the perfect height for her, already exactly where he needed to be. Naked, they were going to be an ideal fit. She had thought it many times before, of course, but to feel it, limb to limb, was a heady thing. *This is going to be good. Really damn good. The way God and the universe meant coupling bodies to be.*

She fumbled with the key card and he took it from her, slipped it in and out. He pushed the door open and her into the room before him. His hand slid down over her ass and, when she turned to him, the look in his eyes unraveled something in her and she dropped to her knees. Her neck and face flushed red. Her lips parted slightly and she waited as patiently as she could as he caressed her jaw with one hand and unzipped his pants with the other.

His cock was out and in her mouth before she could blink and she choked a little as he shoved in. Her hands circled around to grab hold of his ass, as he arched toward her with a deep, groaning exhale. She shuffled forward on the carpet for a better position between his legs. He held her head, exactly as she had imagined, and she smiled with his dick in her mouth, almost laughing at the wonder of having precisely what she wanted.

“Happy, love?” he murmured, rocking his hips gently. “Are you happy now?”

She broke the suction and looked up at him, licking then kissing the tip of his cock, tugging his balls in her grateful little hands.

“I am. So happy.”

He stroked her hair a while longer while she loved on him. This was the feeling she was here for, this, right here. Like a new puppy on her favorite bone. He lifted her to her feet and kissed her deeply, then kicked off

his jeans, stripped his shirt off one-handed and led her to a low, oval, coffee table by the loveseat. Lauren sucked in a breath. He was naked. Naked and perfect. There was the sweet, dark freckle on his shoulder and the one just to the left above his navel, and the familiar pale strip of hair from there... down. Marc smiled sheepishly and rubbed his eyes. She knew he was used to making himself come more than a few times a day, same as her—so she was a little surprised he had stopped before coming in her mouth. He sat down on the coffee table, watching her.

“Pull that dress over your head and lemme see you. That’s my girl.”

He had sent countless naked videos and photos, but she swore never to do it. He had waited, not very patiently, until now. A small fissure of fear splintered through her—he might not like what he sees. This could change everything. She didn’t have a tight little twenty-something ass like the other girls he had been with—hers is the body of a woman, with curves and experience.

She fumbled with her bra and he ran his hands down the backs of her arms to still her. “Slow down, beautiful. It’s okay,” he soothed. “God, let me just...look at you.”

He tickled her nipples under the cups of her bra and when she giggled he exposed them and started to suck, making wet, rumbling sounds—alternating between one breast and the other, licking and pinching them into his hot mouth. Finally, he turned her around to undo the clasp at the back and ordered her panties off. As she pulled them down, he pushed her upper body forward until she grasped the edge of the bed. He slid a finger down her crack, lingering a moment on her asshole and murmuring he would play there later, then cursing as his fingers slid to her overheated, drenched and swollen pussy.

She heard him swallow. “On my face. Now,” he choked.

He lay down on the table, practically jerking her toward him, his beautiful legs bent over one end, holding up those sexy, muscular, thighs, his head resting at the other. She straddled his face and almost came on the spot as his whole mouth suctioned over her pussy lips, lapping up the slick cream she’d been producing, all because of him. She tipped her knees up, pressing her hands onto the table on either side of his waist. His mouth came away, fingers spreading her pussy lips apart, plunging and poking in. She was absolutely fucking soaked, the wet, squishing sounds of his fingers inside her sending shivers up her back and neck. She arched back,

spreading wider and felt one finger circling her asshole. *Oh God yes, please.* He slid that finger in, pushing as deep as he could get it, hooking her and yanking her back onto his face, his hot, ravenous mouth burrowing into her folds again, tongue circling, then drawing in her clit, sending her over the edge. She moaned out loud—a guttural, grateful little wail and heard herself murmur from somewhere outside of her trembling body, *thank you, oh, thank you, yes.*

He slapped her butt and she got up, swinging a leg over him, wobbling as she tried to stand. She wiped his wet face with her hands and, both of them laughing, they started kissing again, stumbling around, her ass hitting the edge of the bed. He reached behind her and lifted her from the backs of her thighs to drop her on the bed, then slid his hands to her ankles and pushed her back, holding her legs open wide.

“Now I’m going to fucking look at you. Hiding this sweet little pussy from me for months. Bad girl. You’re goddamn beautiful and I should tie you up and take pictures of you right now. Only fair.”

“Not fair,” she laughed, nervously. Would he really do that? *Well he might. You don’t know him at all do you?*

He leaned over her, his hands falling to her sides, and kissed her sweetly, as she wrapped her legs around his back and his cock nudged at her pussy lips. “I’d never do anything you didn’t want me to do.”

“Probably because you know I’d do just about fucking anything with you anyway,” she said, touching his cheek.

“That’s why I’m here.” He closed his eyes and leaned into the hand caressing his face, but she felt a twist of regret in her belly. Was he really only here for the sex? Was she? She didn’t want to think about it. He was working for a cruise line that would ship out in two days. She willed herself to shut down her fear. It wasn’t likely they would have an opportunity like this again.

“I need a good fucking, babe,” she said.

Without waiting another second, he thrust into her. She arched her back, grasping at her tits, pinching her nipples until he caught one and then the other into his mouth. They started fucking. Oh, God, after so much waiting it was so good. His body sank into hers and she felt a tremendous sense of relief, a shuddering heat that spread through every limb. She would not cry. She would not fucking cry.

He began to fuck her hard which helped. God, did it help. They rolled over every inch of the bed, turning each other, spreading, straddling, stroking, hot skin and tongues, wet from everywhere. It was hot and steady and she lost all sense of time.

She wondered how long it would take her to get the courage to tell him she wanted to watch him masturbate and let her lick it all up when he was done. Her cheeks burned at the thought. She had told him every fantasy but that one—it was new to her, born out of watching the videos he had sent. Would he give her one of those indulgent smiles she had come to adore from his pictures, then kiss her on the mouth before he filled it? Or would it strip away the last shred of her allure, reducing her to merely another dirty fuck in his eyes?

After a long night of screwing and cuddling, they woke late. Lauren pulled the blackout curtain to the side and gazed out into misty gray. A heavy marine layer enveloped the port city, making it impossible to see out to the ocean. She dropped the curtain back in place and announced she was heading into the shower. It wasn't that she didn't want to shower with him. She needed space to think and showering by herself seemed the only way to get it. They had a single day and night to be together before his ship left port. Seeing each other beyond this weekend was not something they had discussed.

This could be the thing they had been moving toward for months—the goal of double-digit orgasms and mind-blowing sex over and done—or the beginning of...something else. The question of love was slowly burning a hole in her belly, somewhere deep, where she could not soothe it. How long could she ignore the sense of reality creeping in? The man she fell for was an imagined creature, every texted word a bone of truth and the rest of him a stranger. Was her love imagined too?

Marc was perched on the edge of the bed watching a baseball game when she emerged from the shower. Her hair dripping wet, she bounced up onto the bed and lay beside him on her belly, chin resting in her hands, ankles crossed like a giggling teenager watching TV. He stood up, muted the TV and turned to face her with a delicious grin—his cock already in his hand. He grasped and stroked it, hips thrust forward, just for her. She didn't even have to ask.

He stood back far enough for her to watch everything—the way he bit his lower lip, his chest heaving, the muscles of his arm flexing and rippling,

his cock hard, the head purple and shining with pre-cum. He pulled faster, leaning toward her, caressing his own balls and ass with his other hand. She shuffled closer to the edge of the bed, licking her lips like the eager little pup she was. When he began to spurt, some got on the bedspread, some cupped in his hands. She moved in fast to lick up the pools from his hand and swallow the thick, translucent cream running over his fingers while he sucked air into his lungs, his head thrust back. His cum was warm and tart and, oh, but she was a greedy girl. He stroked and kissed her head when they were done then headed into the shower without a word.

While the water was running she decided to do some yoga poses to calm her nerves. The need to fuck him had overwhelmed every sense of caution she had about her real feelings, until now. She had texted 'I love you' a thousand times and meant it. But neither of them had said the words out loud. Was Kate right? Maybe she didn't mean it after all? Or maybe she did, but for the man she had imagined him to be. The man in the shower was beautiful, but young; intelligent and funny, but inexperienced in life. Did any of it matter? She needed to find stillness.

She was so focused on her sun salutations, toes and fingers gripping the soft, burgundy, carpet by the side of the bed, her bare ass high in the air, breasts in all their full and obscene glory, she didn't hear him until his legs came into view, upside down and standing to her left. It was awkward. Should she drop to plank? Walk her feet up to a full forward bend?

"Don't stop," he said, in a honeyed, soothing tone. Steamy heat radiated from his body. Why hadn't he talked to her on the phone before? His voice was a balm.

His fingertips fluttered like a whisper, up and over her arching back, her ass and down her legs. She could not move. He was behind her now, gently parting her butt cheeks and mumbling to himself. She spread her feet a little wider and he settled on his knees behind her, slipping in a finger to part her lips, playing with her pussy, filling it with his warm tongue. He lapped at her, savoring her slowly like she was his maple syrup-soaked breakfast on a Sunday morning. From her inverted position, she watched his cock stiffen behind her. Lauren moaned and closed her eyes, her breath ragged and deep. She was going to come any second.

"Hold on, babe, I need to get inside you," he said, standing up. She lifted her head, looking between her hands. Normally she could hold this position for a while longer, but her little cunt was ready to go off like a

firecracker. She stepped her feet wider, and felt the brush of his thighs against the back of hers. He thrust in deep on the first stroke and took her fast and hard, reaching under her hips to hold her up. Her hands couldn't hold her long, though, and she fell to her knees with him behind her, grasping her ass, covering her back, then repositioning himself to drill in deep.

She wanted to be filled up, body and soul. He was pounding hard and, instinctively, she ground back against his thrusts, but a moment later something fearful, and inexplicable overtook her—she gave too much and wanted it all back. She yanked her body free of his, scrambling across the carpet to get away.

She made it a few feet before he pounced, pushing her shoulders to the floor, immobilizing her, forcing her back into a deep curve, her ass high and wide. He shoved a finger into her asshole with a grunt, and the air was filled with her heavy, rasping breath and his low, honeyed snarl. After a long pause, he filled her pussy with his cock again, a deep, body-claiming descent that forced her to give up running, give in to whatever the fuck this was between them. She relinquished control, stopped thrashing and let him take them both where they needed to go. She was pinned, one hand shoved between her shoulder blades, like prey that would be devoured and never, ever, get away again. Her legs had long since turned to jelly. Her pussy was throbbing, swollen and ready to gush, and when she finally came, light moving behind her eyelids, her chest exploded with something she could only describe as...gratitude. It melted her every limb, made her eyelashes damp with tears.

He came in a series of shudders and curses, bearing his weight over her until she was pressed flat beneath him. When his breathing returned to something near normal he kissed the spot on her back she imagined now had a blooming pink imprint of his left hand and rolled off her. She stretched, rubbing the insides of her thighs together, slick with cum, reveling in it. He stroked her hair and kissed her cheek. She was caught in his eyes and could not look away. There were a thousand reasons why she shouldn't want to be with him, or he with her, but those stunning green eyes were taking her apart from the inside out, chasing each objection away with a baseball bat. Or something shaped like one, anyway.

She could take this thing between them and try crossing it over into the real world, maybe take it further—as long as she stopped struggling to

get away. She didn't need to be afraid of trying, did she?

"I don't know what happened," she began, venturing into uncharted waters.

"I do," he replied.

"You do?"

"It's primal, love. You need me to chase you down. Not give you any choice in the matter." He was up on one elbow, took her hand and kissed it, then lay back, nestled between the bed and the wall, their shoulders touching.

The pattern of his response was familiar to her—his text messages were brief and sweet, until he had something important to say, then his true nature, or what she assumed it to be, would come through. He'd send a longer message, something insightful, witty, loving, and her heart would melt a little more for him. She had been talking herself out of running ever since they had come up with this plan to finally meet at a hotel, in person, before he next set sail. She hadn't told him, of course, but she had imagined countless exit strategies. She guessed she hadn't been hiding her apprehension very well.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"Making you be the...I don't know...responsible party."

He laughed and repositioned himself to snuggle her close. "One of the best things about a man's job, babe. I have no problem letting you know where you belong." He ground his hips toward hers.

Did he really think she belonged with him? Fear clutched at her heart again, but she was too muddle-headed to sort out whether it was the fear of being with him or without him. She clamped her lips, not ready to speak the words.

"Yes, babe. This *is* where you belong. Sex is a different kind of priority for us. It's more than a craving, it's like food or water. Can't thrive without it. It's not the only thing we have going, but it's an everyday need for you and me."

She stared, her heart fluttering around in her chest. He was so much younger than she was, but he was a man—no doubt about it. She needed to act out the running away so he could chase her down and take the decision away—force upon her what she was afraid to accept herself. There was

more here than anyone would understand, and they were going to go for it anyway.

“But we’re not together every day,” she said, slowly.

“Sex is more than fucking for people like us, babe. It’s like eating—even when you’re not doing it, you think about it, you can taste it, you have cravings you know won’t be satisfied until your next meal.”

People like us. He was right. Even their digital imprint was infused with deep-seated sensuality, and so they had recognized each other across time and space. “All the shit we do long distance, texting and the videos I make just for you? We’ve been having sex for months,” he concluded.

“Sex, yes...but what else...is this?”

He turned quiet for a few long moments and she began to squirm inside. “I don’t know for sure,” he said. “Do you?”

“No.”

Do you love me? She would not let the question pass her lips. Not yet. Maybe not ever.

Sailors were known to have a girl in every port and before she got too far ahead of herself Lauren was reminded of it. A text came through on his phone. He reached over, read it, then put it away without explanation. She was on the other side now. All of those months of wondering who was beside him on the couch or in the car, or wherever he got her messages...it didn’t seem to matter back then, since she never thought they would actually meet. But, if she wanted this to be anything more than great sex, she couldn’t ignore her instincts.

“Who was that?”

He turned his phone back on to show her. “My sister. She wants to know if we’re getting along.”

“That’s not what it says!” She gave him a shove and grabbed the phone.

Fuck that. Is she as hot in person?

“Oh, shit!” He laughed, taking it back. “That’s my brother-in-law. Didn’t see that one.” He scrolled up to show her the previous text from his sister. “Here.”

Are you two getting along? I need details!

“See?”

He had told her that his sister was his best friend. He shared everything with her and stayed at her place when he wasn’t at sea, helping

out with his twin nieces and nephew. Another piece of his imaginary, solely-texted world materialized into something real before her eyes. He was a man with a family who loved him. Until this very moment she hadn't known for sure whether the 'sister' he always wrote about was in reality a wife or girlfriend.

She suddenly realized she had not yet heard him say her name. *Babe, love, honey...* he showered her with these generic terms, ones which could be used on any girl, in any port.

"Lauren," he said gently, as if reading her mind. She looked up and watched the expressions play across his face, moving from contentment to concern. Hearing her name on his lips spread warmth deep inside her.

"That's the first time you've said my name." Her voice cracked.

"I've typed it a thousand times," he smiled.

"I like the sound of my name on your lips."

"You're such a girl."

"What did you expect?!"

He tumbled her into a bear hug.

"Exactly this, Lauren. You and me, rolling around, lusting after each other. Loving each other." He pulled back and looked at her quizzically.

"Why? What did *you* expect?"

"Not this. Well, all of this," she said, gesturing across the room at their rumpled sheets, abandoned clothing and dropped towels. "But not... this." She placed her hand over his heart and he sighed deeply. He covered it with his own.

"And is *this* something you want?" he asked.

She nodded, but shrugged, and his face fell. Her mind was a jumble of objections, from family, friends and a culture that had no problem seeing an older man with a younger woman, but would not so readily accept her and Marc.

"What?" he asked.

"If we love each other, no one will care. They'd be happy for us."

"Oh... *If?*"

"Marc, I never lied to you."

"But you don't love me?"

She felt the situation slipping away from her. She did love him. Or something like love.

“I have love in my heart for you. Every time I said it—or texted it—I meant it. But we’re just getting to know each other for real. I love the man I met through words alone, but it’s not enough, is it?”

“It is for me.”

“It can’t be.”

“Lauren, you can’t tell me what’s in my heart any more than I can tell you.” And yet, he was still talking around those three little words. He had not said them himself. “But I need to know if you’re saying you don’t love me anymore.”

He sounded his age now, like a twenty-something guy who experienced love on a whim. But wasn’t his eagerness one of the things she adored? He was unaffected by time, enthusiastic about love in a way most men her age had lost. She let out a nervous little laugh and his brow furrowed. She took his face in her hands, kissed him on the lips, and he pressed his forehead to hers.

“We just have to spend time, I don’t know, matching things up.”

“Don’t worry, babe. I’ll be back. Every ten days for the next six months.”

She arched her brows, her face brightening. They could see what’s real with that much time together.

“Really? Wait—why didn’t you tell me before?” She gasped as soon as the words were out of her mouth, and reached for a pillow to chuck at him.

“Stop!” he laughed. “Can you blame me? If we didn’t like each other it would have been better for you to think my boat wasn’t coming back into port for months.”

“Marc,” she said, laughing, feeling more and more...safe. “Why wouldn’t you talk to me over the phone? I need to know.” It was one of the last barriers for her. His answer could build or break her trust.

“Like I always said, I get nervous.”

“That can’t be true.” She had suspected he was married, or living with someone, but he had always denied it.

“Okay, fine. It’s not.” He took her hand and rubbed his thumb over the back for a few long moments, considering his words, she hoped. “Look, it was my way of protecting myself. I could give you everything but I had to hold something back, right? A piece of me you couldn’t take with you if this didn’t work out.” He shrugged.

It was true. Through texting he had shown her every inch of his body, told her he loved her and shared his life story. Without realizing it, she had appreciated the no-talking rule he had enforced. Many times, after sharing something personal about herself, she ended up with that feeling of wanting to run, relieved she could hide behind her texts until she was ready to reconnect again.

“Marc?”

“Mmm-hm?”

“Am I the only one?” Her heart was already aching for him. She didn’t think she could bear it if there was another woman in his life.

“You’re my only girl. My only...love. Sorry, I don’t care if you’re not ready to say it. It’s how I feel. I had one big barrier and you crushed it. I’m sorry for it now, but you’re stuck with me anyway.”

Snuggled against him, she turned to kiss his chest and lay her cheek against his heart.

Time to figure out who you really love. Kate’s words filtered in, and Lauren didn’t run from them this time. She didn’t want to be judged for who she loved. There was little enough genuine affection in the world. She did not regret her feelings for Marc one bit—even if she still needed time to see what was real and how deep it could go. It was real enough for now.

And as far as loving herself? For months they messaged each other, sharing only the parts they wanted each other to see. Somewhere along the way, Lauren bought into her own perfect story and started to see herself as Marc did, confident, sexy and lovable. Her flaws faded in importance, no longer a focus or a crutch in her real life. Like some magical elixir, their limited communication had made her fall in love with herself, and him too, and wasn’t that just perfect?

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Ten days is a long time between perfect moments, and Lauren was in desperate need of a hot and sweaty reminder of what she and Marc had together. But he was still on the ship, out of cell range, and would be for several more hours. The only hot and sweaty she was going to get for now was a steep climb into the Santa Monica mountains.

She waved to Kate, who was making her way through the parking lot to meet her at the trailhead, and hoped a vigorous hike would keep her frayed nerves in check. Lauren clicked on her phone and went to her text messages, scrolling through until she found the photo of Marc where he was, remarkably, fully clothed. A single raised eyebrow. Slightly parted lips she needed to skim with the tip of her tongue. The image made her cross her legs and clench. Lauren flashed the photo at Kate as she approached, munching on trail mix. “Isn’t he beautiful?” she gushed.

“Yes. Actually looks a bit older in this one,” Kate said, wiping the corners of her mouth and trading the snack bag for Lauren’s phone. Lauren popped a small scoop of raspberry chocolate trail mix in her mouth. *Of course.* Kate’s favorite.

In the only other photo Lauren had shared, Marc wore a baseball cap, tight black tank and bad-boy scowl. She and Kate swapped phone for trail mix again and headed out. “You’re excited to see him.”

“I’m nervous as fuck. He’s so...gorgeous and...amazing. I saw that.”

“What, this?” Kate pointed to her eyes and rolled them again. “Sorry you had to see that.” The two of them laughed.

“Okay, okay. But can’t you just be happy for me?” So far, Kate hadn’t asked why they weren’t staying at Lauren’s place, which was fine. She didn’t want to talk about it. She was looking forward to the refuge of their little hotel room haven.

“Honestly, it’s a bit hard when I really do believe these age gap relationships are hard to make work—*however*—I *did* get you something.” Kate pulled out her phone, tapped the screen and a moment later Lauren’s phone beeped. They stopped in the middle of the trail.

“You have a gift from Kate Markham.” She read the email, trying to hide the flicker of disappointment that there was still no message from Marc.

“It’s a really great book written by two women who researched the older woman, younger man thing. Pitfalls to avoid, lots of happily-ever-afters. You’ll like it. Come on. Put that thing away now. I figured this book would be better than a guide to a better blow job,” Kate told her.

“No, I’ve pretty much got that handled,” Lauren said. Her thoughts drifted away as she tucked the phone into her daypack. Marc’s irresistible face swam into view, then hardened into the ‘I’m-gonna-drill-you-mercilessly’ look she loved. She stood there in the middle of the trail, imagining herself bent over, his fingertips pressed into the flesh of her butt cheeks as he spread her open, his low growl suddenly muffled as he planted his mouth deep in her crevices, voraciously lapping away.

“Hey. I’m still eating,” Kate snapped her fingers, causing Lauren to blush immediately. “Don’t get all panty-soaked on me.”

“Sorry.”

“So, has he asked you for a threesome yet?”

Lauren balked, blushed even more, and increased her pace up the dusty hillside.

“Oh my God, he did!” Kate chased after her. “And you said yes! You are such a naughty librarian.”

“No, no, no. Okay I might have said I would if he gave me a threesome with another guy... and you know perfectly well I’m a graphic designer.”

“You’re crazy is what you are.”

“Oh, come on. It’ll never happen.”

“Bull. Shit. You’ve already decided. When you get an idea in your head, eventually you make it happen.”

Like with most things when it came to Marc, Lauren went from shock, to contemplation, to amusement, until finally accepting the idea as her very own. When he first said he’d always wanted a threesome, she laughed. What guy wouldn’t? “I’ll do it if you’ll give me one,” she had replied, thinking a quid pro quo deal would put him off.

But it didn’t and when he said okay, she actually started playing the possibilities over in her mind. Not her end of the bargain—being with him and another woman... no she wasn’t ready to contemplate that—but his. Who would she want for a second male in this scenario? Old boyfriends and office crushes filtered through her daydreams, her ‘alone time’ saturated with partners under consideration, imagining different combinations, testing them out while she touched herself. Most of them would not want to be with another man. Not in real life.

She told Kate as much. “I can see myself in a multiple bargaining situation in which I’ll be obligated to do *two* male-female-female threesomes just to get my *one*.”

“Wow,” Kate took a swig of water and fixed Lauren with a serious stare. “You’ve really given this some thought.”

“Don’t you think it would be amazing to love someone so much, be so confident of their love you could give them a gift like that? Out of love rather than resignation—”

“—or desperation. You’re such a dreamer! Do you even trust him?” Kate asked. Lauren quieted, her feet landing heavier, struggling to pop the tiny bubbles of doubt in her belly. “Anyway, I don’t think I could do it unless I knew for sure I didn’t want either one for anything more than sex. Besides, I hate to bring you back down to earth, but you two are nowhere near that kind of deeply bonded, unconditional love.”

A little queasy, Lauren screwed up her lips and reached for her own water bottle. She hated reality checks. This thing between them was going to take time. Wasn’t it?

“Forget all that,” said Kate, waving it away with a sly smile. “Tell me who you would pick as your second?”

Lauren thought a minute, skipped a few paces ahead and turned to walk backwards, facing Kate, the sun at her back, warming her shoulders.

“Matt.”

“Nooooo...”

“Hunter?”

“Hell no.”

“Come on. He’d be okay with another guy,” Lauren said, falling back into step beside her. Kate shook her head.

“No exes.”

Lauren’s eyes twinkled. “Well then...I’ll have to say, this guy...Billy Hart.”

Kate came to a full stop.

Lauren’s cheeks flushed and she let her eyes follow the rolling mountain peaks to the distant ocean, refusing to look at her. Of course Kate knew who he was. When it came to sex, Lauren often felt like the naïve, inexperienced little sister.

“You have excellent taste,” Kate said finally, for once not teasing her outright. “That man truly knows how to fuck a woman. He’s delicious.”

“Amen,” said Lauren letting out a deep breath. She slapped Kate’s hand in a high five and they hiked on with matching silly grins. No use pretending she doesn’t watch porn, though she decided not admit she liked to swap links with Marc. “Billy Hart is beautiful. Every time I see him in something, I feel genuine happiness for the woman he’s with. How could you not? Billy and Marc. For sure. Who would you pick?”

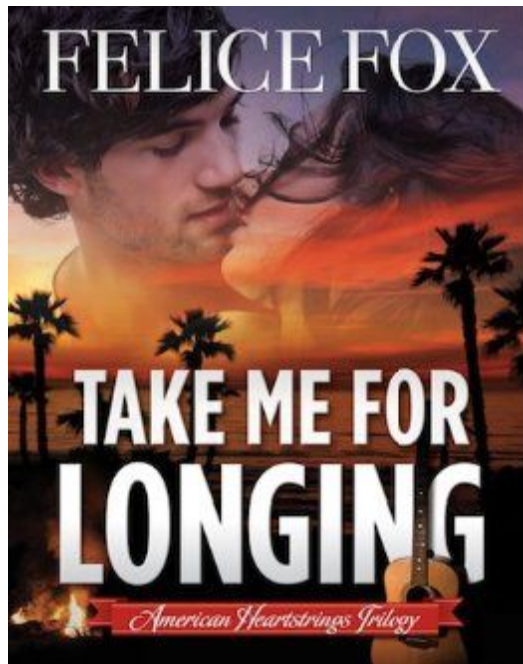
Kate was quiet for a moment. She lowered her eyes, then glanced over at Lauren through not-so-innocent lashes. “Well, now I want Billy Hart, too.”

“You can’t have him.”

“I must.”

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Chapter One

June's hand trembled as she took the microphone at the edge of the stage and gazed out at the crowd of thousands, stretching up the grassy hillside in the late August heat.

It's just a publicity stunt to promote the book, she told herself. Nothing to worry about.

She gave them her best Hollywood smile, tucked a long, dark strand behind her ear and pulled a small piece of notepaper from her pocket—like she needed a reminder of who was getting ready to take the stage. Carolina Jones was an all-star bluegrass band and half the people at the festival were here to see them anyway.

She glanced at her notes, gathering up her courage. She had been pushed uncomfortably into the limelight, but wasn't it what she had dreamed of all along? Before she got the first line of introduction out, the

band had taken their places on stage, staring at her with big Cheshire cat grins, and Lucinda, the buxom, redheaded singer called out to her.

“So June, we here in the band all read your luuuverly book. Hot and steamy as all get out!”

Catcalls and whistles erupted from the crowd.

“But we're dyin' to know who it's about. Who was your 'inspiration'? Not any of these ugly fellers, I hope.” The crowd hooted and Lucinda rolled on. “We promise not to tell anyone. Right y'all?”

June smirked and shook her head. This wasn't how her publicist said it would go.

“I'll never tell,” June said, a little too close to the microphone. She recoiled as the feedback hit her ears.

“Well, if it's all the same to you, we kinda put together a betting pool.” Lucinda took a hundred dollar bill from her pocket, folded it once lengthwise and tucked it at the top of her guitar's fret board, waving like a little green flag. “We passed your book around the campfire last night and read out the steamy parts. Now we've each got some idea of who it is—a course Daniel over there thinks it was about him.” The crowd laughed. “Come on over here.”

“No—no thank you!” said June, a hoarse laugh catching in her throat as she backed away.

Lucinda waltzed over, stuffed June's introduction notes in her own pocket, then dragged her to center stage.

The crowd cheered.

“You all have heard of Ms. June Cricket, have ya not? Her little bestselling book has gone and brought the sexy back to bluegrass! She'll be signing it in the autograph tent later, so you go and get a copy for yourself, or your wife or girlfriend. You'll thank me!”

June smiled. Maybe it wasn't going badly after all. Now if Lucinda would just let go—

Lucinda pulled her closer.

“Was it Bo Bentley?” she whispered. Her warm breath billowed into June's ear, sending a shiver up her spine. “It was, wasn't it?!” Lucinda's eyes sparkled and June felt a little sick. Why does everyone want to know so badly? She was too mortified to ever tell. It was better for everyone involved if she kept her hero's true identity a mystery.

June shook her head.

“No, it wasn't. Sorry.”

June raised a hand to wave to the crowd and turned to exit the stage, but someone else from the band stepped out in front of her and pulled her close. He whispered and June shook her head.

Then another.

And another.

June laughed. What was she worried about? They would never guess. Daniel, the banjo player sauntered over.

“It wasn't you, Daniel,” June teased, shooing him away. The crowd ate it up. She would be signing books until sunrise.

Daniel moved in closer, ran the back of his hand down the length of her bare arm and grinned.

“Coulda' been,” he said, in a sultry baritone loud enough to elicit whistles from the crowd. Then he leaned in close and lowered his voice, whisky-scented breath blowing hot over her shoulder. “But, it was Nic Taylor.” June froze. A red heat crept up her neck and face.

Oh God, please don't...

“Hot damn!” shouted Daniel, clapping his hands together and strutting over to strip the cash from Lucinda's fret board. He waved it at the audience. “Ain't no way *Nic Taylor* is prettier 'n me, am I right?! You want to tuck this somewhere for me June, baby?”

By the time he looked back at her, June was gone.

Chapter Two

Ten Months Later

June tried to remember the men she had slept with before she drove off track and committed herself to the wrong man. It wasn't that there had been so many—only that it was so long ago. She rolled onto her back, spreading out on the cool sheets of her now too-large bed, and stared into the whiteness of her sunlit, ocean front house in Malibu. It was one whole year to the day since she had a man in her bed. Not the kind of anniversary a girl wants to celebrate, but there it was.

The men she had sex with were there in the recesses of her mind, just waiting to remind her of who she once was.

Italy.

She remembered that one easily enough—his body, if not his name. Smooth muscled shoulders the color of dark cocoa. She had called her best friend back in the states for advice then. No matter what time of day or night, they had a pact to talk each other out of bad hook-ups. “Bed him,” Camille had said. “Now let me go back to sleep.” He spoke little English. They had waited quietly until the shadowy castle ruins were closed up for the night, then sneaked up a forest path and came around to the front entrance. She let him take her there in front of the portcullis, her back grinding into stone. The regret lasted a few months, but no more.

June smiled to herself. *No regrets now.*

She thought back over the years between her very first clumsy night of sex and the day she met her husband-to-be. She knew there were others, but the only guys that came to mind now were the ones she had desperately wanted, but turned away out of self-preservation. The ones who were too beautiful, accomplished or rich to want her for anything more than casual sex. At the time, it felt like she was protecting herself, but was that really it?

Saying no to them had been her way of staying in control—the only way, it seemed, to exert power over men who could crush her heart. Men she wanted too much from in the first place.

June had to wonder now. Had she stunted her own sensual development? Maybe if she had allowed herself...? No. She couldn't believe that would have been right for her. She would have asked too much, forming an attachment despite herself, like an unwanted puppy.

She made the right choice for her 20-something self, but now where did that leave her, a woman with a stronger sense of self, not so desperate to tackle a man and drag him into the happily ever after?

June rolled up onto her side and glanced past the stack of books by her bed to the glorious ocean view, consciously avoiding the one at the bottom of the stack. *Her book*. The one that had put her on the New York Times bestseller list and cost her a marriage. Her gaze slied past it, like so many times before, in an effort to avoid the mixture of shame and pride she felt about her success. She had never meant for anyone to know who inspired that book. Few authors want a reader to see behind the veil—is it really anyone's business if her stories were based on real experiences or not? Didn't matter now.

She got out of bed and reached up for a sun salutation, a series of yoga poses that felt entirely natural when waking up beside the ocean.

Buying this place after the divorce seemed smart, though she'd soon have to take in a roommate if she didn't finish her next book.

Nic Taylor.

Her mind stumbled over the name and came to a screeching halt. Meeting him was real enough. But, had she slept with him? No. No, she hadn't. Though he didn't fit neatly into the "denied" category either.

June was sure he would have heard about the book by now. She could never, ever face him again, that's for sure.

She tried to move on, but her mind refused to let her change the subject. Nic Taylor was the one that got away. She was still single, but he was already married when they met, and although that kept her physically at arm's length from him, there was no stopping her heart from betraying her. She wept for him as if they had been star-crossed lovers, and not just a couple of people who met at a weekend bluegrass festival. It didn't help that he was the famous son of a legend.

"You never stop smiling, do you?" he had asked, his charming Southern drawl melting June to a puddle as she escorted him to the next stage. Meeting the musicians was one of the perks of volunteering at these shows, and though she'd never really listened to his music before, she knew exactly who he was. The Taylors were the quintessential bluegrass family band; their father's songs were considered standards.

Listening to them play that festival, she was surprised to hear how many songs she hadn't known were written by Nic's dad. She had been hearing them at jam sessions since forever.

The idea that she had fallen instantly in love with an already-spoken-for bluegrass star was not something June liked to admit. It had been foolish fantasy, and yet she had carried the memory with her for almost a decade when all other schoolgirl crushes had faded away. She had convinced herself that an unspoken understanding arose between them that weekend—they had spent every free moment huddled in conversation, after all. The connection had been instant and natural, and subsequently heartbreaking for June. At least she had transformed her unrequited love into a bestselling novel.

June winced. Grant had left her because of that novel—said he couldn't tell if she had actually had an affair, or just wished she had. The story was different from her other novels. He knew her well enough to read between the lines, and he couldn't live with it.

June started tapping her foot nervously. Nic Taylor was probably still married, the picture of happiness and holidays, leaning against the rail of a cruise ship, one arm draped over his wife's shoulders and surrounded by charming children.

She had dreamt of kissing that man many times—first kisses, passionate kisses, sweet Sunday morning kisses. They had an almost-kiss once, on the last night of the festival, drifting out of a late night performance, shoulders bumping, cracking jokes and deciding where to go next. June leaned against a fence railing on a small hill that overlooked the campground, and Nic came up next to her, closer than was strictly necessary, their bodies barely touching. A static heat filled the narrow space that separated them and hung there like a question, longing for an answer. Another joke, she laughed and smiled, catching his eye for the briefest moment. He was cute and funny. She wanted to kiss him so badly, her lips ached. She looked down, staring blankly at a set of musicians jamming around a campfire below. The banjo kicked off the Clinch Mountain Backstep and June's thighs had begun to tremble. Being that close to Nic had felt so right, and yet, so very wrong. She gripped the fence for support, resisting the urge to turn, until she could no longer deny what was going on in her peripheral vision. He was studying her. She could feel the warmth radiating from his hand, resting just inches away from her own. Her heart was insistent, urging her to yield, to nudge her fingers along the fence rail, closer to his. Someone stopped to talk to Nic, drawing his attention away, and they never had another moment alone.

June shook her head at the memory, the festival music, the passionate connection with an unavailable man.

I seriously need to get a boyfriend.

How long was it since she'd been to a bluegrass show? Her favorite music was one of those things she shamefully gave up for her ex after they got married. True, there wasn't enough bluegrass around LA to make it easy to see, but that was just an excuse. She had given it up because her husband didn't want to go with her, and she didn't want to go alone. Well, lesson learned.

June grabbed her iPod and swirled through the playlists. She chose Alison Krauss rather than The Taylors.

The singer's mellow twang floated out over the room, her fiddle close behind. Ah, now that felt right. She used to love a little bluegrass music on

a Sunday morning. It was as natural as that sun salutation, opening up her heart and warming her soul.

She felt another small part of herself restored. *Amazing what music can do*, thought June as she threw on her running shorts and yanked up the laces on her sneakers. She popped the ear buds in and swirled through the playlist again until she found her old running mix of hard driving banjo tunes, then headed for the long stretch of stairs that would take her down to the sand.

Nic had been in LA for less than a day, and already he was missing Southern hospitality.

He popped open his laptop just as the barista dropped his order at the table. Nice of her to come out from behind the bar, Nic thought.

“Beg pardon, Miss. Y’all have a password for the wireless?”

She tore a sheet off her order pad and scribbled the code, slapped the paper on his table, and walked off. A swirl of coffee splashed over the side of his cup and Nic wondered at how he had mistaken this woman’s surly demeanor for friendliness.

How could Emily have moved their son out here? Selfish it was, but she is his mother, and the judge said she could go. Nic fought hard, but he knew he’d soon follow. Tough as the move might be on him, he wouldn’t be kept from his boy. And he didn’t hate Emily, after all. They had both lost their way—she had just found hers again sooner, outside of their marriage.

But so what? Love is love, right?

His family wouldn’t be as forgiving. Best she and Jackson weren’t around Nashville for a while. A lot of people were saying things—shameful things he didn’t want the boy to hear. It was Jackson that needed protecting most. Crazy thing was, they were talking about Nic and that damn book. Nobody even knew about Emily; all the whispers were about him and some affair he never had with a woman he didn’t want to admit he remembered. That book had laid him low, and got him kicked out of his own family band. Still, it was a good cover for Emily, and Nic had to believe he would find his way back into Dad’s good graces somehow.

He had run Emmett Taylor’s tirade over in his mind a thousand times.

“Now my boy's a philanderin' phony and I'm either the fool who didn't see it, or the co-conspirator, lying to everyone but Jesus. I'm a weak man. Couldn't control my own damn son,” he had hollered, the long white cowlick of his perfectly coiffed hair shaking loose over his forehead. Nic smarted. He had never thought of himself as being controlled and didn't like the sound of it out loud either.

“There's one option you're forgetting,” Nic retorted. “That your 'own damn son' is telling you the truth. Some fan wrote a story about me, so what? Ain't nothing in there that's true. Not one damn word.”

Nic paced the room as his father collapsed in his wingback chair by the fire. The lengthy silence had actually given him hope, but when Emmett spoke again, it was to shut him out completely.

“You got to go, Nic. I cain't see as how you're gonna fix this. These people think our family in't what it appears to be. I cultivated the Taylor image, nurtured it for decades—wholesome, honest folk, we are—and you come and mow it down with your selfish ways. Well, I won't let you take down my legacy. You're on your own now. I got to leave something for your brothers and your sister. You failed me; you failed Emily and your son. You failed us all.” Brutal that was. Nic couldn't do much but leave at that point. His mother had chased him out to the moon-swept porch of the elegant old Tennessee farmhouse, begging him to make good, but it was no use. There was no reaching the man, and Nic had known it.

People came to see The Taylors to connect to a simpler time, when folks were kind to each other, neighborliness meant something, and a man was as good as his word. Nic had been their golden boy since he was old enough to wrap his fingers around a fret board. The fans were loyal, and according to his dad, Nic had squandered their affections and his reputation.

Nic shook his head at the memory.

For most of his life, he had been a stranger to real sorrow, though he sang about it plenty. Lately, he had discovered a kinship of sorts with long gone lyricists who set their pain to music, and he'd play and sing their melodies until he felt a kind of release. Anyhow, his type of personality just didn't let him stay sorrowful long. He couldn't explain it much—he just had a grateful heart and it led him around most of the time, not letting him dwell in sadness.

Standing before the judge at their custody hearing, the lyrics to Hazel Dickens' *Hills of Home* had come to his mind unbidden, but true. He knew

then he wouldn't just let Emily scatter his boy off to California and leave him behind to be a phantom father. Tour dates had kept him away enough through the years, and this would make it worse.

There wasn't much bluegrass out here in California, and the fans were always grateful when The Taylors came. He wouldn't have it as easy as he did in Nashville, but Nic would make his way. He'd be all right.

Maybe he'd make a name for himself out here, out from under Dad's shadow. A friendly little coffee house of his own with a small stage...give his boy a place to jam...if he doesn't turn into a surf punk, that is.

Nic perused the rental listings on Craigslist. Then again, maybe he'd just stay parked by the beach in his tour bus for a while longer. Hey, it was good enough for Matt McConaughey and he's from Texas. Why not Nic Taylor from Tennessee?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Felice attributes her love of romance novels to an early, feverish bout with The Kissing Disease. TAKE ME FOR LONGING, a current Amazon bestseller, was her fiction debut. Her latest release, IT'S JUST SEXT, hit #1 on Amazon's Bestselling Sex Books list in less than three weeks.

Felice began writing professionally in 2001 and is a bestselling author in the non-fiction market. Her work appears in online learning courses and many popular retail websites. She lives, loves and occasionally sends out naughty little text messages from somewhere in Southern California.

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