

Hot Alaska Nights by Lucy Monroe

EXCERPT

The shake of her head was less a denial than clear confusion.

He had no way of knowing if she had a string of lovers back in Hollywood, or not, but something told Rock this woman didn't give into her sensual instincts all that often.

The urge to reach out and touch rode Rock hard.

This was so unlike him.

He didn't have irresistible urges. Yes, he was a man who knew what he wanted and went after it. But, he was a businessman with a reputation for emotionless rationality.

To be turned on to a woman so deep and so fast just wasn't in him.

Or so he'd thought.

Reaching out, he gave into the need. His hands settled on her shoulders, seeming to fit there just right. "You're a beautiful woman."

"I pay a lot to keep these flawless looks." Her honesty surprised him.

But he liked it. "Is it worth it?"

"I used to think so."

"Not anymore?"

"I don't know."

He didn't press for more. Somewhere in the back of his head was the knowledge people were waiting on her, people he didn't want back in his house right now.

He leaned down, stopping with his lips almost brushing hers. "I don't kiss women I just met."

"I don't either."

"I figured."

"Men or women."

He smiled. "I figured that too."

And then their lips connected, though he couldn't have said which of them moved the final inches to make it happen. Maybe both had.

Hot lava erupted and rushed through his bloodstream, telling him how stupid this move really was.

He wanted to carry her back up to his bed, but now was not the time. Could not be the time.

She made a small sound of shock and then just melted into him. Damn it.

She was definitely feeling it, too.

It took all his control to keep his hands where they were and the kiss to lips only; he knew if he got tongues involved he would be lost. Even so, his cock went harder than frozen titanium, pressing against his jeans and aching for her sweet depths.

Deborah's lips moved against his with equal urgency, but she kept her hands to herself.

The sound of a car honking outside came right before Deborah's phone started playing a full orchestra version of the William Tell Overture.

Their lips clung even as he stepped back.

He dry-washed his face with his hand. "You have to go."

"I do."

"Maybe I'll see you before you leave Alaska."

She jerked like something in his words had brought her back to earth with a thump. "Maybe. You sure you won't honor that contract Carey signed?"

"Yes." But damned if something inside him didn't warn him he was a liar.