

WILLOW'S RIDGE by Gisèle L Grieves

EXCERPT

It is the perfect place—just a little pub off the beaten path. But they have beer and whisky, and they have amazing burgers. Something that needs to be known about me is my love of food. I love to cook, and I love to eat. Thank God for my ADD, which makes me go nonstop and melts the pounds away as I enjoy my food.

We talk and laugh for a few more hours, enjoying each other's company at the pub. It feels so easy, which is a little scary. I'm waiting for the weirdo to come out; no one can be this perfect.

After dinner, he drives me back to the park to get my car. I left it there when we decided to drive together to the pub. He is such a gentleman; he runs around the car insisting on opening my door. He takes my hand to help me out and walks me to my SUV.

I stand there, palms starting to sweat, unsure how this date will end. The silence is killing me. I want to know what he is thinking. Finally, he turns to me and reaches for my hand. He looks into my eyes, reaches behind me and pulls me into a passionate kiss. I am not expecting it, but oh, when those lips make contact with mine, my body catches fire. His kiss is passionate but so gentle. When he finally loosens his hold, I wrap my arms around his neck, stand on my tippy toes and pull him in for a more urgent kiss. I gently thrust my tongue into his mouth, tasting the ice cream he had for dessert. My body is aching for more. I want to see and feel more of him. His body tells me he also wants more. Even through his jean shorts, I can feel his hardness pulsing against my stomach.

He finally breaks away, almost gasping for air. He looks a little frazzled but is grinning from ear to ear.

“Ally, I want to see you again. I had an amazing time and would love the opportunity to wine and dine you properly.”

I am out of breath. Of course I want to see him again.

“I would love that,” I respond a little breathlessly.