

HIGH POINT by Susan Zoe Bella

EXCERPT

“Seems you settled down,” Kat noted. “Are we cool?”

I lifted my cup in a casual toast. “One of us is.”

Jett laughed and tapped his cup to mine. “Sweet burn.”

Kat surprised me with an impressive poker face, not revealing a hint of the daggers in her eyes I’d seen earlier. She was calculatingly wicked, a dangerous force to antagonize. However, Kat, in all her puffed-up narcissism and devious tactics had never met Fringe.

“I’m glad we worked it out,” she added.

“Mm-hm,” I muttered then directed my attention to the sexy guy with his arm around my waist.

“This is the first chance I got to check out your car. Seventy Gran Sport, right?”

“Yeah. You know cars?” He sounded surprised.

“I’ve always loved American Muscle.” I let my free hand glide up his bare arm to caress his huge bicep. “In more ways than one.”

He cocked one brow and grinned. “Would you like a closer look?”

“At the car?” I winked.

Fascination in his eyes deepened. “Both.”

“Mm-yes,” I purred.

We chugged our beer then set the empty cups aside. He eased me off his lap and escorted me to the beautiful Mediterranean Blue car parked several feet away. I moseyed around it, taking my time to admire the high-polished chrome wheels, trim, and bumpers in addition to flawless metallic paint on the body.

“Magnificent machine,” I gushed. “Four-fifty-five Stage One?”

“Yeah...” Something between awe and astonishment shimmered in his eyes as he gazed at me.

He popped the hood. “Check it out.”

“Wow...” I peered down at the engine. “Immaculate. You could eat off that. Impressive detailing. Lots of ponies under your hood.”

He slid both arms around me from behind and leaned in close. "You're turning me on."

I pivoted within his embrace and gazed up into heart-melting eyes that glistened in the light cast by a spectacular full moon. He lowered his head and kissed me again. This time the kiss was deeper, more intense and laced with longing.

My body relaxed against his as my arms wound around his neck. His hands slid up my back as he pulled me closer. We kissed passionately, locked in a tight embrace. He was an amazing kisser. His scent swirled around me. Arousal mounted. I hadn't felt desire for a man, ever.

Men in my life had taken what they wanted without my consent.

The sensations Jett invoked were both alarming and thrilling.

When we eased from the kiss, he hugged me close and held me like nobody ever had. "This feels good. You feel so good..." he murmured against my neck. "So real and right and good."

"I agree." I rested my head against his chest and sighed dreamily.

We stood next to his car, kissing and holding each other on the most enchanting night of my life, following a rollercoaster of a day. We couldn't seem to get close enough. Desperate longing emanated between us. Nobody existed except the two of us in that unforgettable moment.

A campfire crackled nearby. Stars reigned overhead.

The most perfect night. Perfect moment. Perfect kiss.

After a while, he pulled back and stared down into my eyes, tenderly brushing mussed hair off my face with one hand. "I'm glad you're here, darlin, and that you stayed. You must be exhausted. I know I am. Ready to crash for the night?"

"Where?"

"I sleep in my backseat. That offer to hold you all night long is still on the table if you're interested," he said softly, gently.

"That's an offer I won't refuse. I'm gonna grab my purse, be right back."

He cupped my chin with a tender albeit sensual touch. "I'll be waiting."

Mercy. The way he made me feel. Flutters and shivers raced through me, over me. I prayed to get through the night without losing self-control. I sauntered back to my chair and snagged my purse off the ground.

"Where are you going?" Mackie asked in a boozy slur, sloppy drunk as usual.

I took a quick look around. Kat and Bob had retreated to the back of their truck for the night.

“Going to bed...with Jett,” I replied, adding a snarky eyebrow shrug.

She glowered through heavy eyes. “Tick, tick, tick. You’re dancing with the devil on borrowed time.”

I gave her the finger then twirled away. A wonderful night awaited, and nobody was stealing it. The car door was open when I returned, and the front seat folded forward.

He lay sprawled across the seat, shirtless, the fly of his jeans unbuttoned, and both arms casually folded behind his head. He looked alarmingly suggestive.