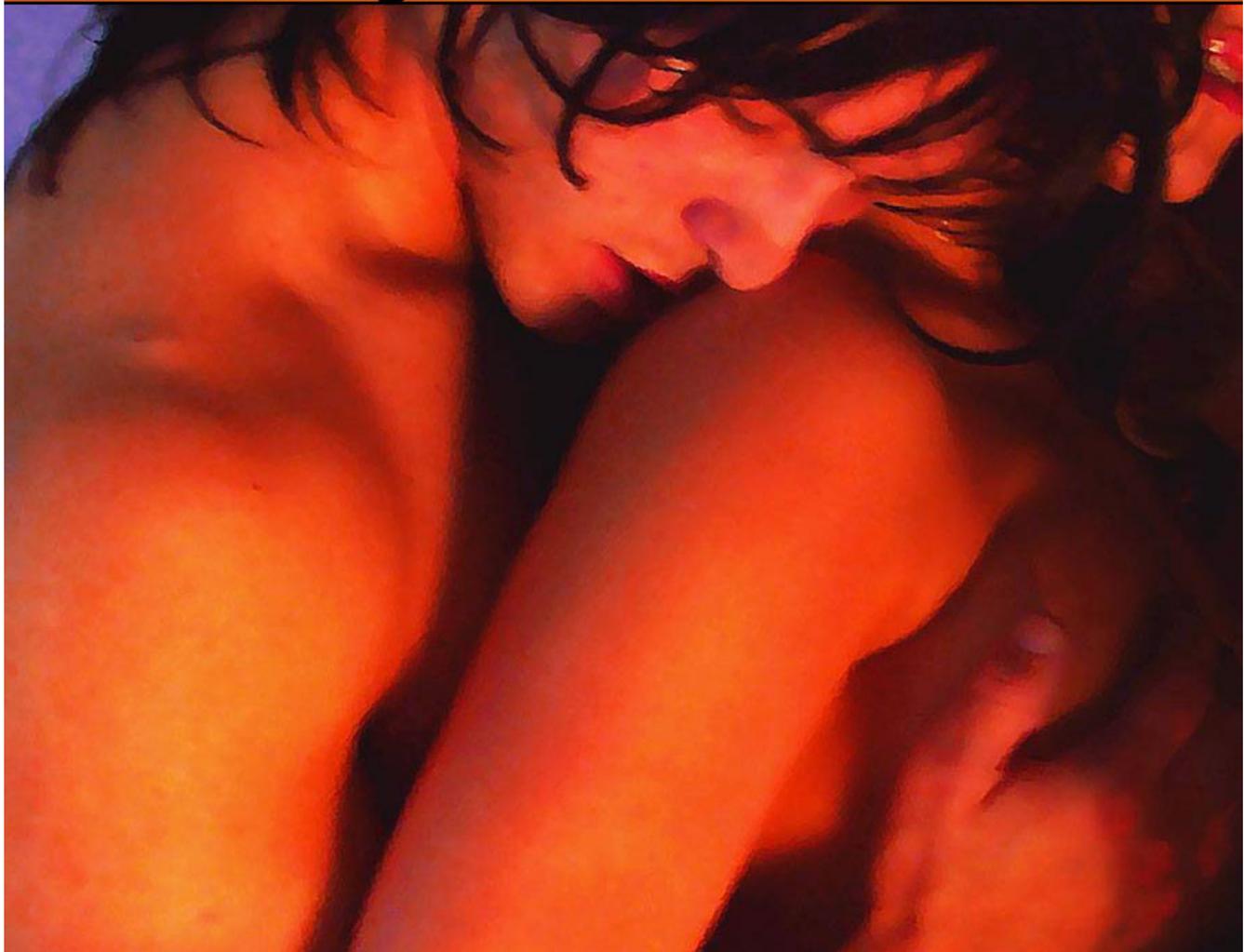




Wicked

Leather and Lace
Lily Graison



Chapter 1

Sheer panic sucked the air from Roxy Carlisle's lungs and burned a trail throughout her entire body.

That she was in this state rocked her more than the feeling itself. Roxy didn't panic. Ever. She stared down hardened criminals for a living and laughed in their faces while they tried to intimidate her. She was the toughest person she knew. Nothing rattled her. Nothing could.

Nothing except the six-foot tall luscious man walking straight for her.

Luke Harris, lead guitarist for the band Wicked and her ultimate fantasy, was currently sauntering across the crowded bar like a walking sex god. Her mouth watered with every step he took and the sight of him conjured visions that stole her breath.

Her every dream come true, he was a sensual piece of eye candy right down to those damn big clunky boots. He wore his trademark black leather pants and jacket but he'd worn a shirt to her disappointment. She wasn't aware the man owned one. Every time she saw him, whether on TV or in magazines, those incredible abs and delicious hipbones were visible. She felt cheated as she watched him now.

That is until she looked at his face.

His long black hair hung around chiseled features she'd memorized and tumbled over broad shoulders. Those intense, pale gray eyes scanned the crowd and perfectly bowed lips curled into a sarcastic smile. The man *knew* every woman in the room was watching him and he was right.

It took every ounce of willpower she possessed not to turn around and see if someone was behind her. Someone he was looking at instead of her. She'd die if there were. She'd dreamed of meeting this man for two years now, ever since spying him on television when they played their first live show, and nothing would tarnish this particular dream. In her mind, it was *her* he was stalking. Her, he'd gazed at from across the room before he stood and left a gaggle of ladies standing gaped mouth as they watched him walk away.

She sucked in a breath, tossed her hair over one shoulder and turned back to the bar when he neared her. Her heart was beating so fast, she felt dizzy. Blood rushed through her veins, thundered in her ears, and she concentrated on getting one breath in and letting it out slowly.

The moment he stopped by her bar stool, her vision clouded. His voice sounded miles away. She closed her eyes, pulling on that reserve of steady nerves she used everyday of her life before opening them, and turning her head toward him.

The smug smile on his face was gone. So was that lusty gleam in his eye. Hatred burned in those smoky depths

and Roxy was taken aback by the sudden change of attitude.

Luckily his anger wasn't directed at her.

She turned her head, looking over her left shoulder where he was staring and was surprised to see her best friend, Holly Baker, and the reason she was even in New York, Devin Shaw. They were standing at the bar entrance, arms tightly around each other, kissing like the earth was ending. Her best friend had met the man of her dreams and spent every waking minute in sexual bliss, judging the look on her face.

Of course, the man of her own dreams was standing scant inches away. Roxy turned her head, a lingering gaze traveling over the tall hunk of man who'd stopped by her chair. His attention was still on Devin and Holly.

His hair fell over his right shoulder, the midnight black tresses lost in the folds of his leather jacket. He smelled of sandalwood and spicy cologne and she inhaled the scent, restraining herself from closing her eyes and savoring him.

The rustle of fabric caught her attention and she glanced up. He was staring at her again. The intense look in his eye wasn't as strong as before, but his lips curved into a smile nonetheless.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

Roxy smiled and tilted her head toward her glass. "I have one."

"I see," he said. His tongue darted out, licking his full bottom lip. "Anything *e/se* I can get for you?"

Lord in heaven, the man was sinful. Heat rushed up her neck and Roxy couldn't breathe. "Plenty."

Perfect white teeth gleamed behind a smile that made her panties wet and her imagination run wild. The man was simply too gorgeous for words. Especially when he smiled like that. It promised things too wicked to contemplate and lord help her she wanted to think about them. She'd fuck him right where he stood if he'd let her. Of course, the way he was looking at her, she didn't think he'd have any objections.

"What did you have in mind?" he asked.

She smiled and tried to catch her breath, letting her gaze wander over the sinful body she knew was hiding behind all that dark material. When she spoke, a husky whisper that surprised even her caused his eyes to flare hotly. "You have no idea what I have in mind."

He leaned forward, his mouth scant inches from her own. "Try me."

Goose bumps pimples her flesh, heat traveled every nerve and the dizzy feeling she'd been trying to overcome made her lust addled brain scream to take him right where he stood. His breath was warm and sweet against her face. A small tilt of her head and she would be able to taste those luscious lips. She licked her own at

the thought and inhaled deeply, taking in his scent and suppressed a moan of pleasure.

“Roxy! I’ve been looking everywhere for you.”

I’m going to kill her. Roxy forced a smile in spite of the interruption and tore her gaze from Luke to glance over her shoulder. The look she shot her friend conveyed her intentions apparently. Holly leaned back and her smile faltered for a split second before she glanced at Devin.

The band’s front man saved her friend from a quick death. “Hey Roxy. I’m Devin,” he said, wrapping an arm around her and pulling her in for a quick hug. “Holly has talked about you nonstop.”

“I’m sure she has,” Roxy grinned. “She always talks about me when she’s thigh deep in a man.”

Holly’s cheeks reddened and she glanced at her feet. Roxy chuckled at her embarrassment. “Is there something you needed, Holly?” Roxy asked to move the conversation along. She had two hundred pounds of hardened man at her back that needed her attention.

“Yes and no,” Holly smiled. “Devin was looking for Luke, actually.”

Devin motioned to a side table with his head and walked away from them, turning once to see if Luke was following him. Roxy watched the lead guitarist, trying to catch the mumbled words he hissed under his breath before he turned and followed. Of course, watching him

walk away wasn't all that bad. The man had an ass that would stop traffic.

"You're not even going to play hard to get, are you?"

Roxy grinned at Holly's question. "What's the point? I could waste days flirting and getting worked up with the same outcome. I'll have that man between my thighs before I go back home."

"Is that all you want?"

"What do you mean?" Roxy asked.

"Well," Holly said. "If all you want is a quick fling, then go ahead and have your way with him. According to Devin, Luke takes advantage of every groupie willing to let him seduce her. But...if you want something more than a fling..."

"You've lost me, Holl. I don't want to marry the man. I just want to fuck him."

"God, you're so rude," Holly laughed.

Roxy shrugged. "There's no reason to beat around the bush about it. I want him and I plan on having him"

"Okay. Well, what if he pursues you instead? Wouldn't it make your victory even sweeter if you had the man begging at your feet?"

"He doesn't look like the begging kind."

“Devin thinks he is.”

“And how would he know?”

“They’re friends. They talk.”

Roxy picked up her drink, drained it, and motioned to the bartender for a refill. She sat in silence while he filled the glass and turned to Holly when he sat a fresh one in front of her. “Okay, I’ll bite,” she said. “What is the purpose of playing hard to get? What will I gain by it?”

Holly turned, sneaking a quick glance at the guys before facing Roxy again. She smiled and leaned in close and spoke in hushed whispers. “Devin said Luke thinks all women are...well, sluts basically. He’s never had to do a damn thing to get a woman other than speak to one. He flashes them a smile, a flirty innuendo or two, and they practically fall on his dick. Devin seems to think if one woman turned him down and he had to work for it, then that would probably be the one he fell for.”

Roxy snorted. “Do I look insane to you? I turn him down and he’ll be back over at that table of groupies before I can blink.”

“Why isn’t he there now?” Holly asked.

“He was,” Roxy said. “He came over here and I intend on keeping him here.”

Holly leaned back, looking at the table of ladies watching Luke and Devin. She could tell by their smiles and their

hushed whispers they were all conspiring. "Luke was with them already?"

"Yes."

"And he came over here to you?"

Roxy lifted one perfectly shaped brow. "Yes. Do you find that hard to believe?"

"No," Holly grinned. "It just proved my point!"

"How so."

Holly sighed. "Roxy, Luke was sitting with..." she leaned back, counting the girls at the far end of the bar before turning back to Roxy. "Eight girls. All of which I'm sure were waiting in line for their turn at him, yet he left them and came to you. Now what does that tell you?"

"That I'm the luckiest bitch in the building?"

"You're a moron, Roxy. Luke wanted you. He chose you out of every woman in this bar. He said as much when he left them standing. Now, make him work for it."

"And when I refuse, what's to keep him from turning tail and heading right back over there?"

"You mean, Roxy Carlisle, lawyer extraordinaire, can't persuade a man, Luke Harris to be exact, that she's what he really wants?"

Roxy watched Holly grin before looking over her shoulder. She almost sighed at how wonderful Luke looked. God that man did things to her she couldn't even name. Her mouth practically watered just thinking about how he'd taste.

If she did as Holly suggested, and didn't jump him the minute he asked, she risked losing her chance. But what if her plan worked? How sweet would it be to know that Luke Harris, sex god to the stars, chased after her like some lovesick puppy?

"Come on, Roxy. I can practically see you working this all out in your head. Just think of how much sweeter his fine ass will be when he's begging for it."

Roxy looked back at Holly. She had to admit it would be a sweet victory if Luke pursued her instead of throwing herself at him. Where was the challenge in that anyway? And according to what Holly said, the man never worked for it. Maybe he should. "One day. If he doesn't take the bait and saunters off to one of those harpies, I'll kill you in your sleep."

"Deal," Holly laughed. "Trust me. Luke will be falling all over himself if you just play it cool."

"He better," Roxy said.

"Trust me. It's a done deal."

* * * *

“I’m going to kill you so hard, Holly. He’s leaving.”

Holly frowned when Roxy practically growled at her, turning her head to watch Luke walk out of the bar. She glanced at Devin. The small twitching in his jaw let her know he wasn’t happy about something. “Don’t move. I’ll find out what happened.”

Roxy sighed, shaking her head before gulping down her drink. “Don’t throw yourself at him, Roxy,” she mumbled. “Let him beg for it. Great advice, Holly. No really. I couldn’t have planned it better myself.”

Running a hand through her hair, Roxy pushed her empty glass across the bar and motioned for another.

“Devin pissed him off.”

“You think?” Roxy said, taking her drink when the bartender slid the glass to her.

“They’ve been at each others throats for a week now. Curt, their manager, has them all on lock down, sequestered in the hotel so he can keep his eye on them before the tour starts, and Luke has been bitching about it all week since they all live here. Anyway, Devin said they’re suppose to do some publicity thing at this club down town tonight so...”

“So what?”

Holly sighed. "Luke will be there and so will we. You've got all the access to the man you want. This gives you the rest of the day to plan your attack."

Roxy smiled at the huge grin covering Holly's face before shaking her head. "Fine, but if this backfires..."

"Trust me on this, Roxy," Holly laughed. "Now, do you have anything sexy for tonight's party?"

"I have a few things but nothing that'll stop him in his tracks."

"Well, this *is* New York."

"That it is," Roxy grinned. "Shopping trip?"

"You know it!"

Chapter 2

Roxy glared at the girl who practically pushed her down the steps of the club before turning back to scan the crowd. The crush of bodies inside the building was thick. She'd never seen so many people in such a small space. Not that the club was small. It was larger than any she'd been in at home, but with this many people, moving around was almost impossible.

The music was loud, colored lights flashing off the walls, and the smell of sweat and perfume hung in the air. It was exactly the kind of atmosphere she needed to take full advantage of her plan to seduce Luke Harris and leave him begging for more. That is if the groupies didn't beat her to him.

Scanning the tables and booths along the back wall, it wasn't hard to spot the guys. The mass number of ladies crowded into the corner told her exactly where the band members from *Wicked* were.

She inhaled deeply, ran a hand down the front of her dress to smooth out the wrinkles and gave her hair a light toss. "Do I have lipstick on my teeth?"

Holly smiled at Roxy's enormous grin, while she showed her teeth. "No. Do I?"

"No," Roxy said. She straightened her spine, threw her shoulders back and looked at the guys. "Well, let's get

this show started. I didn't fork out a thousand dollars for this dress to let the groupies drool all over it."

Holly shook her head. "You're an idiot for spending that much money on one dress."

"Probably, but as long as Luke finds me irresistible, its money well spent."

Maneuvering through the throng of people was easier said than done but Holly caught Devin's attention without so much as raising a finger. The man must have some sort of radar where her friend was concerned. They'd barely started across the floor when the group of people hovering around the band parted like the red sea. Six massive men, bodyguards apparently, cleared an isle from the table to the dance floor where they stood. Roxy locked eyes with the gray-eyed devil she came to tempt and took her time walking toward him.

* * * *

When the crowd surrounding the table parted, Luke turned to see who was joining them and froze. The voices around him died to a low rumble. The only thing registering was the goddess walking straight toward him, her gaze locked on him.

Long, dark hair spilled across her shoulders in waves of chocolate brown. A light pink dress, overlaid with body clinging white lace, wrapped around her curves like a second skin. A narrow waist, wide hips and long tanned

legs barely covered by the short skirt greeted him. He smiled while his gaze feasted on every inch of her he could see.

He glanced up at her face and was surprised when he recognized her. Holly's friend. This couldn't be the same girl from the hotel bar but it was. He'd seen her moments after she walked into the room earlier in the day. Dressed in what looked like a business suit, she walked with a self-confidence not many women had, her chin lifted arrogantly as she glanced around the room, and he smiled as he watched her. She'd glanced at him once and his smile was met with one that let him know she wouldn't turn him down. Not that any woman ever had but there was always a first time for everything. As he watched her sit across the room, her back ramrod straight as she nursed a drink, he'd taken it upon himself to loosen her up a bit. Literally. That certainly wasn't the woman he was seeing now, though. This woman, with her large doe eyes and curves that could stop traffic, screamed sex.

His smile grew.

She reached the table, her gaze lingering on him long moments before she turned when Devin spoke to her. Luke watched her, imagining how she'd feel wrapped around his body before a light touch to his face caught his attention.

The blonde, Cathy? Candy?...sitting next to him smiled, her hand sliding down his chest to rest high on his thigh. She was attractive, her large breast spilling from her low-cut red dress and come fuck me eyes just begging him to

take her, but she was one of hundreds just like her. He could find them in every town. In every crowd, and they were all just as easy to find. The fact she was sitting there draped all over him proved it.

He gave her a smile before turning back to the girl now sitting across from him. She was looking at him again. He'd seen that look a thousand times. When he'd seen her earlier in the hotel bar, he had no idea how easy she would be to seduce. Now he knew. Holly's friend was as good as laid and by the looks she was giving him, they wouldn't even make it back to the hotel.

He leaned back, draping one arm across the back of the bench and tilted his head to watch her as Devin introduced Christian and Mick to her. She looked away from him, leaning forward to speak to them. Her dress had small, thin straps, her shoulders practically bare, and cut low enough in the front to give him a glimpse of soft, warm breast. She was tanned a golden brown and from what he could see, not a tan line anywhere.

When Devin introduced him, she turned her head back to him and smiled.

"We've met," she said. "Sort of."

She glanced to his right, at the blonde who was taking advantage of his outstretched arm and snuggling against his side, before lifting a curious brow.

He grinned. "Yes. We were quite rudely interrupted today," he said, darting a quick look to Devin. "I didn't catch your name."

“Roxy Carlisle.”

“Roxy.”

Her name on his lips caused a shiver to race up Roxy’s spine. He was staring at her, one corner of his mouth lifted in a half smile but his eyes were what held her attention. How could one look reduce her to a quivering mess? Her insides felt like someone had shaken her up and sat her down too quickly. Her heart was racing and the man hadn’t done anything other than say her name. Lord, he would probably be the death of her. One touch and she’d combust.

The crowd around them grew, the noise level along with it, and Roxy had a hard time distinguishing between what one person said and the next. She tried to follow the conversations happening around her and keep one eye on Luke (just so he’d know she was interested) without coming across as some freaky stalker who couldn’t stop staring at him...much like the vibes the blonde hanging on to him was giving off. The girl looked like she was glued to his hip. She alternated between staring up at him and looking around at the others at the table to make sure everyone knew she was snuggled up to the hottest thing there. Roxy wanted to rip her eyes out for that fact alone. That should be her snuggled up to the man, not some blonde bimbo who would probably warm his bed that night. The thought made her queasy. Why had she agreed to Holly’s stupid plan?

When Luke turned to the blonde and flashed her a panty-melting smile, Roxy barely restrained the urge to gag.

That was supposed to be her smile. Her ear he whispered in while she blushed at what he said. Her arms wrapped around him while every other female in the room took turns hating her for it.

She bit her lip to keep from screaming and turned to Holly. "I'm going to go grab a drink."

"Oh, hang on a second," Devin said when she stood. "I'll have someone get you something. What do you want?"

"That's okay. I need to stretch my legs," she lied.

Roxy made her way to the bar wanting to kick her own ass every step of the way. Where was her 'go get 'em' attitude when she needed it? That little blonde wasn't anything to get worked up over, yet just sitting there watching her cuddle up with Luke was enough to cause thoughts of violence to override clear judgment. She wanted to hurt her. Bad. But really, who could blame her? She'd do the exact same thing given her position. It was the fact that she wasn't *in* that position that stung.

Sighing heavily, she stopped at the bar, waiting several minutes until the bartender spotted her before ordering. "Tequila. Make it a double."

"Make that two."

Roxy turned her head at the sound of Luke's voice and barely kept the smile on her face from making her look insane. Had he followed her? She looked back at the table, noticing the blonde still sitting there, her attention now centered on Mick. So, she was one of those, was

she? "Is Mick going to give your girlfriend back before the night is over?" she said, motioning to the table with a tilt of her head.

Luke glanced back over his shoulder, smiling as he turned and faced Roxy again. "I'm growing rather bored of blondes. I'm in the mood for...brunettes tonight," he said, lifting a strand of her hair and rubbing it between his fingers. She locked eyes with him, her pulse quickening when he leaned forward and smelled her hair.

Roxy smiled, glancing away from him when the bartender placed their drinks in front of them. Luke said something to the man behind the bar and Roxy wasn't at all surprised when a saltshaker and a bowl of limes appeared. So, tequila shots, was it?

He turned to her, his gaze sliding across her skin in a slow, lingering caress before saying, "You up for a little adventure, Roxy?"

Roxy swallowed to moisten her throat. "What did you have in mind?"

He grinned and glanced down at her breasts. Roxy's heart skipped a beat when he did. She knew then what he wanted and lord help her, there was no way she could let this man do body shots off her and not straddle him right where he stood.

But the game worked both ways didn't it?

She looked at the white button-up shirt Luke wore underneath his leather jacket. The first several buttons

were undone and she could see a hint of skin peeking out from behind the fabric. Would Holly consider this cheating? It was just a quick game of lick and suck, right? As long as she didn't let it go too far, her friend couldn't complain.

Holding his gaze, she smiled before reaching out and picking up one of the small lime wedges. "Where do you want it?" she asked.

He grinned and took a step closer to her. "Places that aren't legal in public."

Roxy glanced around them, noticing more than a few people interested in them. Luke was drawing attention and even though he seemed to have no qualms about what he did in public, she wasn't an exhibitionist. Normally.

Taking the lime from her hand, he reached out, wrapping an arm around her waist, and pulling her tight against him. "How about we work our way down?" he said, placing the lime between her lips.

She almost gasped when he leaned forward, his lips trailing across her chin to her throat, his tongue slicking a path to the side of her neck and leaving a rush of goose bumps in its wake. She arched her back and closed her eyes when the warm, wet stroke of his tongue slid up her neck a second before the small flakes of salt hit her skin.

Locking eyes with him, she grabbed his arm, holding her breath when he slid his shot glass closer. "Ready?"

A small nod of her head was all she managed. Her vocal cords were suddenly frozen. He gave her a smile that nearly did her in before he once again leaned in and licked the salt from her skin. The drink was swallowed quickly and the next second, those luscious lips were surrounding hers. Instinct caused her to clamp down on the lime wedge and to her delight, Luke did exactly what she hoped and forced his tongue in her mouth to get it.

Dear lord, she didn't know what was better...being in his arms, tasting his sweet lips, or having his tongue swirl around hers in a ferocious tangle.

She inhaled deeply when he drew back, watching him chew the fruit before he reached for another. "Your turn, beautiful."

Roxy grinned when he placed the lime wedge between his lips and pulled the material of his shirt wider and bared his neck. She reached up, lacing her fingers through his hair and tilted his head back and leaned toward him. His scent overwhelmed her and she wanted to crawl inside his skin.

She took her shot from his throat, sucking the thin skin into her mouth before salting it and grabbing her glass. He gazed down at her, a tiny smile lifting one corner of his mouth before he wrapped his hand in her hair and pulled her closer to his body.

The entire act lasted seconds. The taste of him washed away by salt and tequila before that wicked tongue was once again in her mouth. The fruit flavored kiss lasted longer than the first, Luke's hand locking her head in

place and she wasn't about to complain. Kissing around a piece of fruit wasn't an easy task but Luke made it seem natural. And god, could this man kiss.

His next shot nearly did her in. He nuzzled her breasts, his breath warming the soft flesh peeking above the top of her dress, and she closed her eyes at the sensation. The feel of his lips and tongue caused shivers to run laps up and down her spine and her nipples tingled and hardened in anticipation.

The kiss that followed caused her to moan deep in her throat. She sagged against him, holding on to his arms for support when he tilted her head to deepen the kiss.

The loud whoops and yells from the crowd finally caught Roxy's attention and she broke the kiss. Their small group of onlookers had grown and heat crawled up her chest to land on her face. She glanced at every one watching them and one face in particular drew her attention. Holly. Her friend was shaking her head and smiling along with everyone else but the look on her face let her know she was about to blow the whole *play it hard to get* plan.

Reluctantly, she pulled away from him, taking a step back. "I think our audience has grown."

Luke looked at the gathering crowd and chuckled. "I'm used to a crowd," he said, dipping his head and whispering in her ear, "I'd like to take my next taste a little lower. You want to make this party private and head back to the hotel?"

And there it was, Roxy thought. Her invitation to his bed. She knew without a doubt that was exactly where she'd end up if she agreed and damn Holly and her dumb ass plans! This man was doing exactly as she'd hoped and what was *she* going to do?

She looked at Holly, gave her the best pleading look she could, only to have her friend laugh and say no. She sighed and looked back at Luke. "As tempting as that offer is, I'll have to decline...tonight."

Roxy could have laughed at the expression on his face. It looked as if he didn't hear her at first then his smile fell away and he frowned.

"Decline?"

"Yes. I don't even know you," she said.

"Exactly why I offered to take our party elsewhere," he grinned. "I'll assure you, by tomorrow morning, you'll know plenty about me."

Smiling to keep from grinding her teeth, Roxy leaned in to him, rubbing herself against him and said, "The nights still young. Besides, I came to dance."

She took a step back from him, sliding her hand across his stomach as she moved away from the bar and prayed to every god known to man he'd follow her. She glared at Holly while making her way to the dance floor. Her friend was laughing. Roxy saw her lean over and say something to Devin, who turned his attention to Luke. His answering laugh only made it worse.

She shook off her irritation at them and moved to the center of the dance floor. Just as she suspected, it only took her a second to find a willing dance partner. The urge to look over her shoulder to see what Luke was doing almost killed her. Was he headed back to the blonde now? She felt sick even thinking it. She'd kill Holly if he did. She bit back the temptation to look and set her hips into motion, swaying to the beat of the music.

Closing her eyes, she let the song move through her, her limbs following the rhythm and losing herself in the heavy beat while her unseen dance partner wrapped his arms around her.

A quick look at his face caused her to smile. He was nice looking. Not the drop-dead sexy man she wished to be dancing with, but hardly a burden. If she were in L.A., and looking for someone to fill her bed, he'd definitely do. She could have done worse, she supposed.

The song ended and a slower one replaced the fast, thumping beats she'd been dancing to and her partner took advantage of the change in tempo. His arms tightened around her waist and he leaned forward, nuzzling the side of her neck without invitation. She'd barely got her arms up around his shoulders when she felt someone brush against her back. An arm slid around her waist from behind and she was pulled into the warmth of a massive chest.

She grinned when she heard Luke tell her dance partner to "get lost." To her surprise, he did. She turned her head, looking over her shoulder. He was grinning at her.

“Okay, maybe I didn’t make my self clear,” he said, cradling her body in his arms.

“About what?”

He nuzzled the side of her neck and Roxy felt light headed. He ground his hips into her backside and she was pleasantly surprised to find him excited. The obvious bulge pushing into her butt caused her knees to go weak.

“About you coming back to the hotel with me,” he rasped in her ear.

“Oh, I’ll definitely go back. I’m staying there too.”

“In my bed?”

Roxy laughed. “Only if you’re a good boy.”

“Oh, I can be very good,” Luke promised, leaning down to brush a kiss on the side of her neck. Roxy’s eyes closed when he placed a series of warm, wet kisses to her skin and shivered at the feel of his tongue stroking her flesh. “It’ll be an experience you’ll never forget.”

“I’m sure it will,” she whispered.

He kept a firm grip around her waist but lowered one hand, skimming her hip before reaching the edge of her skirt. His fingers danced along her thigh, light, gentle strokes teasing her flesh. They swayed to the music, Luke’s breath warm against her skin and Roxy raised her arm, wrapping it around his neck and closing her eyes.

She lost herself in the feel of him. The warmth of his body ignited her senses and his free hand roamed her flesh until goose bumps pimples her skin.

She opened her eyes when she felt his fingers brush against the front of her panties and tried to control her breathing. She glanced around at the other dancers, looking to see if anyone was paying any attention to them, but to her amazement, no one was.

His probing fingers found the edge of the silk covering her and she gasped when one lone digit crawled under the edge of her panties.

"Someone's a naughty girl," he whispered in her ear, rubbing the soft bare skin between her legs. He gave her a brief, wicked smile before he captured her lip, forcing his tongue into her mouth.

Her body sagged against him. She drank in his kiss, letting him take what he wanted and she gasped when his curious fingers found her clit, rolling the small bundle of nerves in small circles.

He turned her suddenly, and ground his obvious erection into her hip. Reclaiming her lips, he crushed her to him, one large hand tangling into her hair and holding her to his hungry lips while the other did the most delicious things to her clit. It was more intense than any fantasy she'd ever had about him.

Luke Harris was definitely everything his imagine portrayed. He was sex. A walking orgasm just waiting for a place to happen. Seconds turned to minutes and Roxy

broke the kiss with a gasp. She stared up into lust filled eyes and drank in the sight of it. His pale gray eyes had turned sparkling silver. Fire burned in his gaze and it was directed at her.

He placed a soft kiss on the side of her mouth, his tongue darting out to trace her bottom lip and she felt the small touch to the soles of her feet.

"I want you, Roxy. Now."

Oh god. Roxy took a shuddering breath and tried to think around her sex-addled brain. Sleep with him now and chances are she'd be yesterday's rubbish. Continue with Holly's plan and...and what? Prolong her misery? Leave her with another lonely night with nothing but her fantasies to keep her warm?

The hand between her legs was still there. His fingers burning a trail over her inner thigh and she could only imagine the heights this man would take her. Three minutes with his fingers buried in her panties and she was undone. What if she had all night?

Luke wanted her. He *wanted* her! How could she refuse? She'd done more stupid things in her life than she could count. This wouldn't be one of them. She smiled up at him and said, "Lead the way."

The smile he gave her made things low in her belly tighten with anticipation.

"Follow me," he smiled, turning and leading her through the crowd toward the front door.

"Luke! Luke, wait."

Roxy turned her head when Luke stopped and did the same. A man approached them wearing a suit that looked as expensive as the dress she'd splurged on. His hair was thinning on top and was sprinkled with gray. He looked to be in his late forties. He carried an air of authority around him and she knew whoever he was, he was important. She raised a curious brow at him before looking at Luke. From the look on his face, she could tell he didn't like the man.

"The reporter I said was coming finally showed up. The other guys have already talked to him. It's your turn."

"Can't this wait?" Luke asked.

The man turned his attention to her briefly and Roxy couldn't be sure, but she thought he rolled his eyes.

"No, it can't. I promised the interviews and you agreed. Your *friend* can wait in line with the other groupies."

Roxy's mouth fell open. Groupie. Did she *look* like a groupie?

Luke glanced at her before saying, "Give me ten minutes, Curt, and I'll be there with bells on."

Ten minutes? Ten minutes! Oh hell no! She was *not* a no-tell motel for his cock. He'd give her all night or nothing. She snorted a laugh before shaking her head and pulling her hand away. "Go ahead and do your interview, Luke.

I'm sure I can find someone else to waste ten minutes with."

She saw his eyes widen before she turned and walked away. She didn't know what she was more pissed at—being interrupted or the thought of a ten-minute bang, in what would probably be the alley out back. The nerve of that man. Who the hell did he think he was?

She made it back to the table and Holly raised one eyebrow at her before looking across the club, presumably to Luke. Roxy snatched Holly's rum and coke, gulping it down before inhaling deeply to try and calm her nerves. *Ten minutes*. She laughed out loud and said, "I need a drink. A strong one."

Chapter 3

"Good morning, sleeping beauty. How's the head?"

Roxy groaned, turning her head to bury it in the pillow as bright light flooded the room. "Go away. I want to die in peace."

Holly laughed and jumped on the bed. "Die? You can't be serious. Half of New York is in love with you."

Roxy peeked up at her. "Why?"

"You don't remember?"

"No."

Holly snorted and laid down, reaching out and pushing Roxy's hair away from her face. "Does Alabama Slammer or Purple Haze jog your memory?"

"No. Should it?"

"Liquid Cocaine? Flying Monkey?"

Roxy shook her head, sucking in a breath when her head spun.

"No? What about, 'Oh god, Holly. If you love me, just kill me now.'"

"That bad, huh?" Roxy said.

"Yeah, that bad." Holly grinned. "I told you not to mix all those drinks. Devin had to carry you out of there."

"Oh god," Roxy said, burying her face in the pillow again.

"That's *after* you did your Coyote Ugly impersonation and danced on the bar, much to the delight of half the men in there. But look on the bright side. You have fifteen business cards and ten napkins with phone numbers on it. You'll be too busy to worry about Luke What's-his-name."

Roxy rolled over, moaning as her body protested and took a deep breath. She stared at the ceiling, bits and pieces of the previous night flashing in her mind's eye and she grimaced at most of it. "I'm such an idiot."

"No, you're not," Holly said softly, reaching out and smoothing Roxy's hair back. "Luke's the idiot. Devin said so."

Roxy turned her head to Holly. "Did I embarrass you?"

"No."

"Are you lying?"

Holly flushed. "Only a little. Your proposition to Devin for a three-way might have embarrassed me."

Roxy's eyes widened. "I didn't."

“Yeah, you did. Devin knew how drunk you were and didn’t think much of it. Lucky thing, too. I would have ripped his balls off if he did.”

She didn’t remember that conversation, thankfully. Roxy could see laughter dancing in Holly’s eyes so she didn’t have to worry about her friend being mad at her. It still didn’t help the fact she couldn’t remember most of the night. She remembered Luke, his tantalizing kisses and his wicked fingers playing between her legs. The feel of him warm and hard against her body and his suggestion of a ten-minute quickie. She still felt like slapping him for that.

What was she suppose to do now? “So, what do you suggest, oh wise one?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Holly grinned. “I’ll have room service bring you up some breakfast while you shower.”

End of Excerpt

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