



“Stolen Fury”

Dorchester/Love Spell

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“That feels so much better.”

Rafe glanced up at the sound of Lisa’s husky voice. Gone were the black jacket and ice-pick heels. Barefoot and wearing only the slim black skirt and tight-fitting camisole that accentuated her curvy figure, she walked back toward him.

“My feet were killing me,” she said.

And she was killing him. His mouth went dry.

She accepted the wine he handed her. “Thank you. What should we drink to?”

A night of mindless sex. His eyes followed the glass as she lifted it to her lips. For a split second he contemplated knocking it out of her hand before reality kicked him in the stomach.

“How about to unexpected encounters?” he responded in a voice that was steadier than he expected.

“To unexpected encounters.” A smile tugged at the corners of her tantalizing mouth as she tapped her glass against his then took a long swallow.

Hell, there went the marathon sex. Hiding his disappointment, he lifted his own wine and sipped.

Her glass lowered. “So, tell me. Do you make a habit out of stalking visiting professors?”

Only when they had something he really wanted. “No.”

“Hmm.” She sent him a disbelieving look before walking into the living area where she sat on the plush couch with her wine. He followed and sank next to her. “Are you married, Mr. Garcia?”

He set his glass on the wrought-iron coffee table. “No. You?”

She shook her head and took another long sip. “Girlfriend?”

“Not at the moment.”

“Hmm,” she said again, her gaze traveling the length of his body before returning to settle on his eyes. She set her half-empty glass next to his. “And how about this? Are one night stands your thing?”

“I don’t have a *thing*. Are they yours?”

With a smile, she shook her head and leaned forward, slipping the glasses from his face. She folded the stems and put them on the table. “Now that we have all the nice little lies out of the way, why don’t you kiss me like you did before?”

“Not like before,” he whispered as she drew close.