



Last
Night
In
Vegas

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Last Night in Vegas

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"Please tell me you're *not* going to pick up some stranger you met in a bar. How cliché is that?"

"Well, he's not really a stranger." Linda picked up her *Cosmopolitan* and took a drink, barely tasting it. Her gaze was locked on a handsome man seated a few tables away. With his rich reddish brown hair, dark chocolate eyes and a body built for sin, he was exactly the cure for what ailed her.

Complete boredom.

"So you knew him before we came to Las Vegas?"

Ethel Chandler, an accountant from Boise, sat across the table from her. When Linda had arrived at the accounting convention four days ago, the older woman had glommed onto her on the first day. Linda had felt a little sorry for her though now she was beginning to think she'd acquired a noisy sister who always thought her opinion was the correct one.

"No, I met him here and he's been pursuing me rather ardently for the past few days." She set her glass on the table, and the stranger looked directly at her. When their gazes met a slow tingle of awareness snaked through her belly.

"That is no reason to take some *stranger* into your bed," the other woman hissed.

"I think it's the perfect reason," Linda grinned. "Besides, it is my last night in Vegas and the man sent me two dozen roses last night. Not to mention the violets and box of Swiss chocolates from the night before."

"W-w-what if he's a serial killer?" The other woman sounded appalled.

"Oh, heavens no. Everyone knows that serial killers look like your neighbors." Her gaze moved over him, taking in his broad, muscular shoulders beneath a tan suede jacket and white button down shirt. "In my entire life I've never lived next to a man such as this."

"Linda, I'm shocked at you. Here I thought you were a nice, sensible woman from Albany and instead you're-you're..."

She turned and looked at the other woman. The disgust was evident on her plain face. Her mouth was pinched and she clutched her purse as if she feared Linda would reach over and try to steal it.

"A tramp?" Linda shrugged. "Ethel, just because I enjoy sex doesn't make me a loose woman."

"But you don't even know this man," she hissed.

"I feel I know him well enough. Every night in this very bar we've had numerous long conversations about everything important in our lives. He's single, never been married. He lives in Upstate New York and works as a police sergeant for a small community there. He played football in college and has two nieces and a nephew he dotes upon and, the best part is, he doesn't smoke or drink overly much. He loves animals and drives the only car he's ever owned, a 1972 Nova that breaks down every other month but he won't consider selling it."

"He could be lying to you--"

"Well he could be but it would be a very elaborate lie. He showed me his driver's license as well as photos of the relatives along with his insurance card and police badge." She picked up her drink. "That is one pretty elaborate lie if you ask me."

Ethel sniffed. "Well, I still think--"

"Good evening, ladies."

Bryan's smoky southern accent slid over her ears like crushed velvet. An piercing sense of relief, no, awareness moved over her as if they were already lovers. Linda looked up and her chest tightened when she fell into his dark chocolate eyes.

"Did you have a good day at the conference?" His voice, an intriguing mix of the Deep South and an Ivy League education, made her want to dissolve in the chair.

"Yes, real estate accounting is one of my personal favorites."

Ethel's voice had taken on a soft, almost girlish quality and Linda's eyes widened. Was this the same woman who'd proclaimed Bryan a serial killer? Sheesh, what a difference proximity made.

"It sounds stimulating, Ms. Ethel." Bryan's lips twitched and his eyes gleamed with amusement. His dark gaze moved to Linda and the amusement faded and hunger took its place. "How about you, Linda? Did you have stimulating time today?"

"Umm, very," her voice came out faint and she her head was oddly light. She took a gulp of her drink mentally cursing herself for sounding like a dolt.

A slow smile spread over his handsome face. "Would you care to dance with me, Linda?"

He held out his hand and her stomach clenched.

"I'd love it." She put down her drink and placed her hand in his. Warm, calloused fingers encircled hers and his thumb gave hers a slow stroke and every nerve in her body leapt to life.

He tilted his head in Ethel's direction. "Ms. Ethel, I hate to steal your companion but I simply must spend more time with her. I'm sure you understand."

"Oh, yes. I understand completely." Her smile faded and her mouth became pinched when she looked at Linda. "You two go enjoy yourselves."

Linda plastered on a wide smile. "Thank you so much for understanding, Ethel. I hope you have a safe trip home."

"Yes, you too."

Bryan led Linda toward the dance floor and she couldn't help thinking Ethel would be just as pleased if her plane went down somewhere over a large body of water. She'd never met anyone who needed to relax more than Ethel.

The dance floor boasted one couple locked in each other's arms as they swayed to a mellow Frank Sinatra tune. Bryan walked out onto the floor before pulling her into his arms. Her breath left in a rush when he embraced her. Her arms slid around his slim waist and she noticed a sizeable bulge against his hip.

She tipped her head. "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you happy to see me?"

He chuckled. "A little of both I think." His eyes looked darker and more mysterious in the shadowy lighting. "Did you think of me today?"

"Yes." Her stomach developed a serious case of the butterflies and she thought she might jump out of her own skin.

"Good as I couldn't get you out of mind for a moment."

Relief washed over her and she couldn't help but smile. "So what are we going to do about this seeming preoccupation we have with each other?"

"Give into it." His head dipped and his lips brushed hers in a feather light caress. "Will you come to my room?"

"Lead the way." Her grip tightened on his waist.

He brushed his mouth over the curve of her cheek and an ache blossomed in her lower belly. Arm in arm they walked off the floor and headed for a bank of elevators. Another couple stood waiting and as Linda and Bryan walked up, the doors slid open on the glass compartment.

Bryan held the door as the older, elegantly dressed couple stepped on board. They followed and he slid an arm around Linda. Tucking her into his side, he punched the button for the penthouse floor.

Her brow rose. "Fancy."

He smiled, a lazy, sexy smile that caused her toes to curl with pleasure. "It's comped by the hotel. I won big at poker the first night."

"You must be a very lucky man. I've lost almost two hundred dollars so far."

"I am lucky in more ways than one."

His gaze took on more heat when he reached up to brush her bangs away from her eyes. Her heart skipped and armth moved under her skin and she tightened her grip on his waist. She really, really liked this man.

Slow down, girl. This is only a temporary arrangement.

The elevator stopped and the other couple stepped off. The moment the door closed Bryan's mouth was on hers. Linda sank into a deep pit of desire as their tongues tangled in a dance as old as time. She was trembling as he turned her, bracing her body against the glass. Leaning into her, he pressed the ridge of his arousal against the apex of her thighs.

She needed this man to possess her with a want she'd never experienced. His breathing was urgent as he leaned into her, his body hot against hers. His hands landed on her hips as the elevator lurched to a stop and the door opened.

She felt oddly disoriented when he pulled away. He slid an arm around her waist and together they walked down the hall. Taking her hand, he led her down the hall. Linda was keenly aware of the heat and strength of his body, his hip brushing hers. After extracting a key card from his jacket, he slid it into the door slot then opened the door.

The lights were on but she had no time to pay attention their surroundings. When the door closed he pulled her back into his arms, their lips meeting in a scorching kiss. Needing to touch him, she shoved his jacket from his shoulders, and the suede hit the polished marble floor with a slap. She ran her hands over his broad chest relishing the near perfect six pack of his stomach.

With an impatient sound, he grabbed his shirt and tore the front open, sending the buttons pinging across the floor. She nipped his lower lip and ran her fingers over the warm male skin he'd uncovered. She kneaded and stroked the thick pads of muscle that rippled beneath her touch. Her fingers teased the flat male nipples and a groan burst from his throat. Greedily she swallowed the sound and she sucked hard on his tongue.

He backed her against the door and she whimpered into his mouth. A growing ache between her thighs begged to be assuaged. Not wanting to break their kiss but needing to feel more of his body, she pulled off his mangled shirt. She licked her swollen lips, tasting his unique flavor before grabbing his face and pulling into a searing kiss. His mouth was hard against hers and her head reeled at the

sensations he aroused with a gentle flick of his tongue. She clung to him, using him as an anchor in a world gone dark with desire.

His hands slid under her top and he cupped one breast with his big hand. He kneaded the soft mound, his callused thumb ran over the taut tip, setting off a rush of need that caused her to moan.

As if he understood what she needed, he broke their kiss. He grasped the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head and dropped it. She wore no bra and her nipples were hard with need.

He slid an arm underneath her buttocks and picked her up. Her legs twined around his waist and his mouth found one hard peak of her breast. Greedily suckled hard on the tip. She arched against him wondering if she could ever get close enough. He responded by pulling her tighter against him, thrusting his erection against her body. The erotic rocking motion set off a chain reaction in her. A groan of raw need broke from her lips as the tension spiraled tighter, coiling low and hard in her belly.

Gripping her waist, he moved away from the door and strode into the living room. He set her on the hard top of a tall sofa table.

"What about the bedroom?" she asked.

"Too far away." He nipped the sensitive skin beneath her ear.

Linda sighed when his shoulder muscles rippled beneath her curious hands. Bryan was a big man, well over six feet and probably around two thirty. Just the thought she could make this man lose control was heady a feeling. He pushed up her skirt and she arched her body, allowing him to lift the skirt to her waist. His hand skimmed her bare bottom and a lazy smile curved his mouth.

"And where are you panties, young lady?"

"Why wear them? It just makes more laundry." She gave him a saucy grin.

A low growl erupted from Bryan and he grasped her knees to push her thighs apart. Insinuating his slim hips between them, a moan escaped her when his erection brushed the core of her desire.

"Hold that thought."

He nipped her lower lip then released her and stepped away to fumble with his jeans. His gun was a dark lump of leather and black steel against one hip. There was something undeniably erotic about a man who carried a gun, especially knowing he was one of the good guys. He managed to unzip his jeans and kick them aside before removing his black boxer briefs.

Wow, he really was a big boy.

When he was nude, he stepped between her thighs and she took him in her hands. She stroked him from the engorged head to the root, marveling over his size and the silk over steel feel of him. A bead of pearly fluid escaped from the blunt tip.

"I think you'd better stop that," he gritted.

She grinned, reluctant to relinquish her new discovery. "And I was just beginning to enjoy myself." She gave him a final stroke before releasing him to tease his flat nipples. She gave one a light pinch and he jerked.

"Just beginning?" he growled. "I think I've been remiss in my attentions if you say that." He shifted, pressing the blunt tip of his erection against her damp folds. "I want to come inside you, now," he growled.

"Mmm, condom?"

"I almost forgot." He retrieved his jacket and in the process gave her an excellent view of his tight backside. She licked her lips.

Yummy...

"I have one here."

She tipped her head to the side. "You had those in your pocket?"

"Well, I was hopeful." He grinned at her and her heart flip-flopped.

"Yes, well, I leave for the airport in five hours and we'll need more than that."

"So you're saying we'll need three or four then?" His brow wiggled in a mock-lecherous movement.

"At least."

He made quick work of donning the latex before moving between her thighs. Sliding his hand between her thighs, he caressed her aroused flesh with slow easy strokes. Slipping a finger into her slick channel, she shuddered at his masterful touch. Desire swamped her and she shifted her hips to take him deeper.

Tenderly he explored her damp flesh, coaxing and teasing, preparing her for his entry. A moan escaped her when his thumb brushed the sensitive nub at the top of her sex. She wound her arms around his neck, drawing him closer as the world receded. His strokes grew more rhythmic and her hips rocked in response, her inner muscles subtly clasping his finger as she answered his irresistible mating call.

Bryan removed his fingers and replaced it with the broad head of his erection. "Relax baby."

As he spoke he rocked his hips, slow tentative movements that allowed him entry. He slipped a hand between her thighs and found her clit. Stroking it in a tight figure eight pattern, her hips moved against his hand and with an easy thrust, he was buried to the hilt. She clung to his broad shoulders and their gazes met. Something broke within her soul and she knew in that moment he would take care of her.

Looking deep into those dark chocolate eyes, she tightened her thighs around his waist, trusting him to take her on the ride of her life. He shifted positions and began to move against her.

Fire rippled down her spine to pool between her legs. She closed her eyes, to concentrate on the sensations that rocked her body. His hips hammered against her, each thrust taking her higher than the last. Her nails dug into his shoulders as the pressure coalesced in her lower belly to break free with the speed of an express train.

She screamed with the force of her release, her body arching against his. He continued to move, slow rippling movements of his hips that prolonged the sensations. It flowed through her again and again, rolling over her in slow waves. She never wanted this to end.

"Feeling good?" his lips brushed her temple.

"Mmm, perfection." Her voice was distant, thick with arousal.

"Good."

She'd barely caught her breath when he began thrusting in earnest. Within seconds another cry was wrenched from her lips as a harsh groan exploded from him. With his head thrown back and his face contorted with release, she held him tightly as he came deep within her.

Morning light was sneaking across the sky when Linda made her escape from Bryan's room. She walked quickly to the elevator and pushed the button. She hadn't wanted to leave and her chest felt curiously tight at the thought she might never see him again. She'd left her phone number scrawled in lipstick on his bathroom mirror, a little clichéd, maybe, but effective nonetheless. Even though she knew it would be unlikely he'd call, at least she'd made the effort and that was the best she could do.

The elevator arrived and she stepped inside. The doors slid shut and she pushed the button for her floor. She couldn't help but remember their torrid kiss in this very spot only a few hours before. A grin curved her lips when she thought about just how many condoms they'd used before collapsing from exhaustion.

Three hadn't been nearly enough.

The elevator stopped two floors above hers and the doors opened. Her eyes widened when she saw Ethel in a very disheveled state, her hair askew and her face pinkened from obvious razor burn. Under one arm she carried a half empty bottle of champagne. Linda's jaw dropped but before she could say anything, the other woman held up her hand, stemming her words.

"Not a word," she muttered, her gaze fixed on the floor.

Linda grinned and she began humming, *What A Difference A Day Makes*, as she pushed the Close Door button. The elevator stopped on her floor and the women merely nodded and parted ways. Linda hurried to her room, freshened up and threw her suitcase together before heading out the door only ten minutes later.

A mere hour and a half later, she was seated on the airplane, sipping a bottle of water missing Bryan already. She bent to retrieve a magazine from her purse. When she sat up, a pair of well-filled jeans caught her eye.

"Is this seat taken?"

Linda looked up into the dark chocolate eyes of her husband, Bryan. Her heart lifted. "It is now."

He sat in the seat next to hers and gave her a tender kiss on the lips. It was always like this between them, even after eight years of marriage. The slow burn, the undeniable arousal, just looking at him made her want to wrestle him to the floor and nip his earlobes.

"What were you thinking about?"

"You."

"Great minds think alike." He smiled and laugh lines appeared near his eyes. She loved every one of them.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out her wedding rings. "Would you like these back?"

"Very much so."

A wave of satisfaction settled over her when he placed the rings on her finger. With every breath he took she loved this man more and more. Their fingers linked and she settled her head on his strong shoulder, contentment surrounding her like a warm blanket.

"Next time, let's go to Disneyworld," she yawned. "I have this Cinderella fantasy I'd like to try out."

"It's a deal."

Author Bio

J.C. Wilder left the world of big business to carry on conversations with the people who live in her mind, fictional characters that is. In her past she has worked as a software tester, traveled with an alternative rock band and currently volunteers for her local police department as a photographer. She lives in Central Ohio with 6,000 books and an impressive collection of dust bunnies.

The award-winning author also writes as Dominique Adair.

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