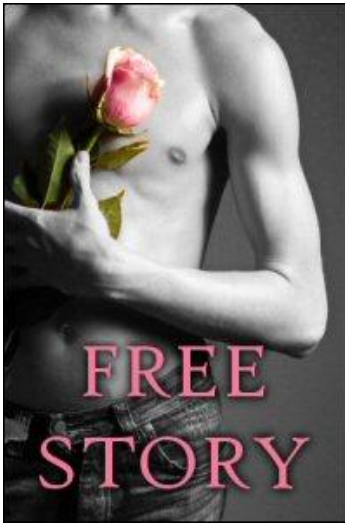


# ***A Little Harmless Fling***



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The woman who called herself Gennifer brushed a blonde curl back over her shoulder and smiled at the bartender as he set her strawberry margarita in front of her.

“Thanks.”

“Will there be anything else?” He offered her a smile that promised more than drinks. And, at one time, she would have taken him up on it. Young, virile, he had light green eyes that stood out against his bronze skin. But...she didn't need or want another man.

She shook her head and sipped her drink. As he worked his way down the bar, she watched him, handling locals and tourists with the ease. In Honolulu, she was sure it was something that gained him a lot of good tips. And, she thought as she took another sip, he could mix a mean margarita, heavy on the tequila, thank God.

Gennifer looked in the mirror behind the bar and studied the crowd of sunburned tourists decked out in their new Hawaiian outfits, and that's when she saw him. Her stomach clenched, her nerves stretched. He was right on time as he always was. She couldn't remember if he'd ever been late. The man was probably born on time with minimum fuss.

He was gorgeous of course. That was another thing that hadn't changed. Thick blond hair, strong jaw, that linebacker body. His black Hawaiian shirt sported one embellishment—a palm tree on the top right corner. It made her grin. Butch—as she was thinking of him at the moment—would never wear something with a busy pattern. The khaki, loose-fitting pants were ruthlessly ironed, not a crease to be found.

Their gazes locked in the mirror. As serious as he was, there was always a hint of devilment within his deep chocolate eyes. His hair might be perfectly styled, his suit without a wrinkle, but there was always a wicked gleam in the depths of his gaze.

As he made his way through the bar, he never took his attention from her in the mirror. A shiver slipped down to the base of her spine. Heat vibrated

through her, shimmering in her blood, racing along her skin. Gennifer had to suppress a quiver as he continued walking toward her.

He kept his attention on her, ignoring the patrons in general, even snubbing one or two women who approached him.

The shiver grew, heat slicing through her veins, her body warming the closer her got. His dominant personality should have been a turn off. It had been with other men, but with him, well...it just got her hotter. Even in the humid Hawaiian air, her nipples tightened against the cotton fabric of her red dress.

By the time he reached her side, she was breathless, although she did her best to hide it. She sipped her drink then glanced over at him. The knowing smile irritated and aroused her.

“Took ya long enough, Butch.”

Humor lightened his eyes. “You’ve always been a demanding wench.”

The bartender sidled closer. Butch shook his head without looking at the man. “I assume you got the room.”

She really should take exception to his tone. She should have been pissed when he’d sent her an email with an order to secure a room. Instead, just the thought of being ordered about by him had her hormones humming. He could melt her into a puddle of lust with just a look.

“Yes, although you didn’t specify what kind of view you wanted.”

His lips quirked, but he said nothing as he watched as she finished her drink. She didn’t hurry, even if she wanted to. Truthfully, what she yearned to do was to rush upstairs, strip him naked, and then jump his gorgeous bones. It wouldn’t be the first time for that...and definitely not the last. Tonight, though, she wanted to draw out the anticipation. She knew it drove him crazy.

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She was pushing him. She was good at it, excelled at it in fact. Years of practice had made her an expert on just what would push him over the edge. And she always was one for the game. But this time, he thought, he would just push back.

Butch crowded closer, slipping in between her barstool and the next. Her bare thigh rubbed against his. He was wearing slacks, but it didn’t matter. Even without touching her skin he was hard. The mere thought that they were

moments away from stealing upstairs for an illicit tryst had his body raring to go.

He closed his eyes. Good God she had him thinking like...he didn't know what the hell he was thinking like, but it wasn't like him. *Illicit tryst?* He sounded like a hero in a gothic novel, he guessed. Opening his eyes, he motioned toward the bartender and ordered a lava flow. Out of the corner of his eye he caught her satisfied smile, the curve of her lips into a shrewd smirk. It was about time to give her a little of what she was tossing out.

“So...”

She flashed him a grin that was all teeth. His cock twitched. He loved her independence, loved the fact that she was so confident in herself. It had become almost more of a turn on than the compact little body she displayed in that curve hugging dress.

“Gennifer—with a G.”

He snorted. “So, *Gennifer with a G*, where did you get that dress?”

She skimmed her hand down her body. He curled his fingers into the palms of his hands, resisting to the urge to touch, caress.

“Went out this morning shopping, just for this.”

The bartender set Butch's drink down in front of him and he tossed the young man enough cash to cover both drinks. Saying nothing, he pulled a sip off the straw, still amazed he liked the fruity concoction he'd tasted his first night on the island.

When he said nothing, just continued to watch her, she squirmed on the stool. A flash of irritation passed over her face. The next second, it melted into calculation. She leaned closer. The scent of her always drove him crazy. Wildflowers, and just a hint of her—musky woman. It was an aphrodisiac.

“You should see what I bought to wear later.”

He could just imagine. Her moods changed as often as weather in the South. Black leather one day. Pink velvet the next. It didn't matter what it was, if it was on her, it would be sexy.

Her lips brushed against his ear. It would be unmanly to shiver, but he could feel one waiting to crawl up his spine. He suppressed it knowing it would give her too much satisfaction. She wanted to play, and he was helpless to do

anything but please her. Still, there was no way to ignore his erection. Her breath feathered across his lobe, his cock twitched again and lengthened.

“Are you ready yet?”

The double entendre was intended. She never tried to pretend, or play coy. She said what she meant and meant what she said.

Feigning a calmness he didn't feel, he shrugged. “No hurry.” He sipped his drink and looked around the room, pretending that his heart wasn't galloping out of control.

Her husky laughter dipped down into his soul, captured him, and sent another bolt of lust careening through his blood. When he set down his glass, he noticed his hand shaking and decided to call her bluff.

“Let's go.”

He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her off the stool. She stumbled against him, her breasts flattening against his chest. Butch groaned. He just couldn't help it. Her hardened nipples were stabbing him through his shirt. He knew just what they looked like, tasted like.

With more than a little roughness, he tugged her through the crowd. He heard her surprised giggle but he ignored it, and everything else. All that mattered was getting her alone. Butch had never been one for public sex, but he was dangerously close to seeing just what it was like.

He stepped outside of the bar area into the Hawaiian sun and squinted. Turning to lead her down the sidewalk that lined the two pools, he jerked to a stop when she tugged on his hand. Looking over his shoulder at her, he offered her a furious glare.

“Wrong way, Butch. I got us a room in the Rainbow Tower.” She tilted her head in the other direction.

Without a word, he turned on his heel and made his way around the other side of the pool area. It only took a couple minutes to drag her through the scattering of the pool patrons. Butch ignored the curious stares.

He reached the bank of elevators and stopped. “Floor?”

She said nothing and he glanced at her.

“Floor?” he repeated.

“Please.”

“Don’t beg.”

She heaved a sigh—which he knew was completely for show—and twisted her arm until he released her wrist. “No, I’m waiting for you to ask nicely.”

Lust and love twisted in his gut and drove him to back her against the wall. He placed a hand on either side of her head effectively caging her in. Instead of looking scared, she smiled up at him. There was an answering shimmer of need in her eyes, which helped him gain a little satisfaction.

“I think you forgot the rules tonight, Gennifer. You do as I say. I don’t ask.” Even he could hear the want vibrating in his voice. Her eyes widened, darkened. “So, again. What floor?”

She pulled her lower lip between her teeth and with a sigh she said, “Ten.”

He gave her a quick hard kiss as a reward just as the elevator doors opened. When he stepped back, he realized they’d been joined by a few Japanese tourists who were more than likely discussing them. He ignored them and waited for Gennifer to step into the car and followed her. After punching the button for the floor, he studied the tourists who stood outside of the elevator eyeing him suspiciously. They apparently decided not to join them and he smiled as the doors closed on them.

“You should be ashamed of yourself.”

He heard the amusement in her voice, knew that she enjoyed it as much as he did. Butch pulled her into his arms. She came willingly, naturally. And it made sense. They needed each other like they needed the air to breathe. He pressed his lips to hers, as she slipped her hands up to his shoulders. Her fingers tangled in his hair. His head spun, desire scorched through his veins, and a drop of precum wet the head of his cock. The taste of her always made him lose thought. Sweet and wild, almost unattainable. But she was his, and he would prove it tonight.

As soon as the doors dinged opened, he dragged himself away from the intoxicating kiss. He rushed them through the door and stopped realizing he had no idea where to go. With one look, she read his mind.

She pulled a key card from her purse. “Ten-twenty-two.”

He grabbed it and both of them raced down the hall to the room. It took him four times to get the card to work because Gennifer kept slipping her hands into his pockets and teasing him. The door swung open causing both of them

to stumble into the room. It shut behind her, and he pressed her back up against the heavy wood.

He was insane, ready to burst right then. With quick and eager hands, she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Slipping his fingers beneath the hem of her dress, he hauled up the thin material. He closed his eyes and shuddered when his fingers met bare flesh. The woman had been wagging that sweet ass around with nothing on beneath the Hawaiian print. She was going to be the death of him.

Greedily, she plunged her hands into his trousers, taking hold of his erection. Butch hissed as she stroked him from the base to the tip, swiping her index finger over the head. He took her face in his unsteady hands, rubbing his thumbs over her cheeks as he devoured her mouth. Thrusting his tongue between lips, he lost himself in her. The sleek texture of her mouth, the warm, sensual taste of her—not to mention the way she was stroking him—it was enough to make him embarrass himself for the first time since high school.

She released him, just in time, and he dropped to his knees. Without hesitation, he pressed his mouth against her sex. She was warm, wet and tasted of pure sin. He slid his tongue into her, slipping it up and over her clit. The low, sensual moan she released sent another jolt of heat careening through his system. Pleasure twisted through him, slipped down his spine.

With one last taste, he rose to his feet and grabbed her by the waist. Lifting her and bracing her back against the door, he pressed into her in one swift, fast, hard thrust. She hooked her legs behind his back as he began to move. With each plunge, her muscles tightened around him.

He kissed her, hard, hot, wet and fast. He looked down at her and felt his heart melt, his knees go weak. Her fair skin flushed pink, her full, sensual lips still wet from his kiss. His need for her to understand, for her to accept what was between them drove him.

“Look at me.”

Her eyelashes fluttered and her lids lifted. Her green gaze locked with his and he held it as he increased his thrusts. Soon, both of them were out of control. Her eyes blurred, her body bowed back as she screamed his name. Her completion spurred his own, as he thrust once...twice...three times more before he exploded, every muscle in his body going still as poured himself into her.

Moments later, he rested his head against her shoulder and bent his legs. They both almost fell over. Jennifer snorted then laughed as he staggered both of them over to the king-sized bed he'd not even know was in the room. He angled himself to be under her when they fell. He grunted as she landed on top of him.

Within minutes, she was sleeping, her head tucked under his chin, her hand over his heart.

He followed her into dreams thinking this was an excellent way to spend an anniversary.

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She shifted her weight and snuggled closer to her husband.

“Dammit, Anna, watch the elbow.”

She sighed and moved again. When he relaxed she assumed he was comfortable. “Not very nice pillow talk there, Maxwell.”

He smacked her ass and chuckled. “Saucy wench.”

Anna lifted herself up on her elbow and smiled down at him. She couldn’t help it. She was just too damn happy. The love she felt for him amazed her on a daily basis, but the fact that he felt the same way, well that sometimes damned near stunned her. And, the fact she had gotten him so crazy he didn’t get his clothes off—that was absolutely wonderful. In fact, he was still wearing them.

Her head began to itch under the wig. She pulled it off her head, tossing it on the chair next to the table.

“Ahh, I liked you as a blonde, *Gennifer*.”

“Kiss ass, Butch.” She pulled the pins out of her hair, allowing her unruly curls to tumble down to her shoulders. “I didn’t even get to put on my pretty new outfit.”

He pulled her up on top of him and kissed her chin. His cock was hard against her sex. She shivered, delighted that it was still this way between them, even a year after their wedding.

“Tell you what, honey.” He slipped his finger under the edge of one of her sleeves. “We can take this off and then in about another hour, I can let you get dressed again.”

His hands skimmed down to her rear end and squeezed, then rolled her over, so he was on top of her. He pressed his mouth to hers again, and just like the first time years ago, her whole body melted, her heart sang.

By the time he lifted his head, they were both breathing heavily. “Okay, not an hour, maybe two.”

She opened her mouth to protest but stopped when he ground his groin against hers. Her sex, already wet, dampened further, her body lighting up for another round of lovemaking.

Sighing, she grabbed his head and pulled him back down to her mouth. "Anything you say, Maxwell, just keep me happy."

He was laughing when she kissed him.