

He's the One

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Taylor prevaricated. "I should go home."

"Do you want to?"

Did she?

"I'll stay."

"Good. I was hoping you'd say that."

Taylor wiped her tongue across her lips. Kiss-swollen lips. Very yummy.

"If you do that again, I'll have to see if your beautiful mouth still tastes as good."

"Oh, believe me, it does. It tastes of you." She brushed the fall of her hair back from her face, knowing the sheet would fall from her breasts. It did, and inside, her tummy did a roll of anticipation.

"You could have been one of those artist's models for Gauguin."

Her eyes widened in mock-horror. "He paints nudes."

Cade's gaze slid down her bare length. "On second thought, cut that idea. I don't fancy a bunch of pervs getting their rocks off looking at you."

"And why not? You're going to spoil a girl's fun."

"So you want a bunch of horny old men staring at you?"

"Ew, maybe not. Anyway, back to us being ensconced in here for hours."

"Ensconced? Big word for this time of the day."

"Exactly. It's 3:30 in the afternoon. Shouldn't you be out mowing the lawn or something?"

"No lawn."

"What about fixing that heap of rust you call cars?"

"Rust!" Cade's chest puffed out. "I'll have you know they're classics. Perfection in metal."

"That may be, but it seems to me you've forgotten something. You did promise to show me your etchings."

"Okay."

"Okay? You mean now?"

"Sure. No time like the present." Cade lifted her from him and rolled off the bed. Standing in naked splendor, he simply took Taylor's breath away. He was Adonis. Tanned, muscled and sculpted to perfection.

"Had enough time to get a good look, missy?"

"Oh, God." Taylor yanked the sheet up over her head, every inch of her turning scarlet, even blushing to the roots of her hair. She'd been ogling, all right. How could she not? He was just so darn good to look at.

Cade tugged the sheet back a fraction. "It's okay. It's a compliment, really. I like you looking at me, and what I see in your eyes. Come on." He threw her one of his shirts.

Taylor held it up. "I can't wear this, it's...not decent. I don't have any clean underwear."

Cade winked at her, and she began to blush all over again.

"Cade, you're incorrigible."

"That's me," he said proudly.

Taylor put one arm through the shirtsleeve. "See, it doesn't cover anything."

"Yeah, I know." He wiggled his brows provocatively.

However, Cade did up the buttons, using his closeness to brush his fingertips over her already extended nipples. Then, wrapping an arm around her shoulder, he led her down the stairs from the apartment and through the bar. It was eerily quiet, the sort of unsettling silence that settles over a place which is normally so full of life and laughter. Thankfully, for decency's sake, the bar wasn't opened yet and they were alone.

Out through a side exit, Cade walked in front of her and down a narrow path to an area at the back of the building. The air was late-afternoon cool, and goose bumps dotted her legs and arms. "I'll freeze in just this shirt."

"Don't worry, I know a few ways to keep warm."

"I'm sure you do," she said pettily, though her body heated with the vivid imagery his answer inspired.

Cade gave her a wicked grin. "Glad we're on the same wavelength."

The backyard was dwarfed by a large shed of sorts that spanned its width, with a row of three garage roller doors overlooking a cobbled yard. Taylor spied the few tufts of grass struggling to grow between the paving stones.

"And you said you didn't have any lawn," she admonished.

Cade shrugged. "Well, I could always get down on my hands and knees and use nail scissors and manicure it to perfection."

"That I'd like to see."

"Anytime, sweetheart." He brushed her lips with a fleeting kiss.

"Not fair," Taylor whispered.

"Why?"

"Because you only leave me wanting more."

"That's the idea. Tempt and retreat."

Cade drew a key from the pocket of his jeans and proceeded to roll up one of the shed doors to expose beauty in metal.

Taylor could see exactly what he meant. Four cars lined the length of the oversized garage. "Oh, Cade." She stepped close to the Mustang and caressed its curves, but suddenly yanked her hand back and spun to face him. "Is it okay, to touch, I mean?"

"Of course. They're cars. Not museum pieces."

She turned back and walked the length of each one slowly, admiring their silent strength. Each had a gentle beauty about it. The chrome glistened, the paintwork was mirror perfect; all were restored to perfection.

"The Mustang, I know, is a '64, but what year is the pickup?"

"A '48. It's been rodged to go faster. And that one," Cade said pointing to its neighbor, "is a '66 Ford Galaxy. The soft top is a Lincoln Convertible."

"So you're a purist then, an all-Ford man."

"Yeah." He grinned down at her. "Except that the pickup's rodged. You sure know your cars, Taylor. I am impressed."

Taylor walked the line of the cars a second time, hand trailing over each. They were all special in their own right, but in truth the pickup was probably her favorite because it had been the car Cade used for their first date.

First date. How cool did that sound?

"They're beautiful. You've done a good job," she said.

"Thank you."

Cade stood so close that when she turned to face him, their bodies brushed. Heat zinged through every part of her, and his stare was nowhere near any of his cars.

Words failed her. Cade had that effect on her.

He leant forward, forcing her to arch backward, and she came in contact with hard metal. Cade closed in and rested an arm on either side of her.

"That shirt sure looks good on you," he said.

"It's...um too short," she said, tugging at its hem self-consciously.

His gaze lowered to the top of her thighs. "Nope. Definitely the right length. I think you're a bit too done up," he said, flicking one button open. The shirt sides parted, outlining the full curve of her very aroused breasts. Her heart raced a frantic beat, and blood pounded in her veins so hard she was sure she could hear its journey.

Cade pulled back a fraction, eyeing her with a teasing glint in his desire-filled eyes.

"Nope. Definitely still too uptight." He flicked another button, and another.

Taylor's breath hung in suspension, lips suddenly dry as any desert as Cade parted her shirtfront. His gaze flared.

"So beautiful," he murmured. Then his mouth was on one nipple, sucking, teasing her as the curl of his tongue flicked the hard bud repeatedly.

"Cade?"

"Mm, baby, you taste good, just as I remember," he said, leaving one pleased bud for the other.

Taylor was in heaven and squeezed her eyes shut, blocking out the world, wanting only to feel his touch. His hands lifted her easily, jolting her suddenly alert.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't want to show the world," he rasped against her ear. He yanked the rear door of the Galaxy open. It was made for loving. Intimate. Private. The door closed behind them and, except for the thud of her heart as it hammered, the world went quiet.

Reclining across the back seat, Cade pulled her onto his lap. She went readily, feeling his erection pulse against her.

"Much better," he said and began dotting kisses across her eyes, her face and finally her lips.

Things couldn't be any better. A soft sigh escaped Taylor, and she gave in to the pleasure of it all.

Cade kissing her.

Cade loving her.

Absolutely perfect.

"Cade, where are you?"

Zane! Here.

Cade's hands stilled their journey across her breasts, and he uttered a few choice curses. "Damn, why now?" He looked into Taylor's eyes, silencing her question. "It's my brother." He put a finger against her well-kissed lips and lifted her from him. He turned away and slid toward the door, glancing back at her as he stepped out. "I'll get rid of him."

Taylor curled into the corner of the car, buttoning up Cade's shirt with shaking fingers. Holding her breath, she clutched her hands to her chest. Her heartbeat was frantic, pounding as if her heart were going to explode.

Fancy being caught in the backseat of a car, of all places. What was wrong with her? She wasn't some schoolgirl—okay, so she was still relatively inexperienced, but the back seat—what was she thinking?

Nothing.

Ain't that the truth. Thinking had flown out the window the moment he'd touched her. Sneaking across the seat, making sure she kept her head below the window line,

Taylor listened to the brothers.

"What do you want, Zane?"

"Just dropping off these car parts from Harry Fontain."

"Thanks, now goodbye."

"What? No time for your brother?"

"Nope," Cade bit out harshly.

"None?"

"That's right."

Taylor slid a fraction higher on the seat. Dressed only in his jeans, his bare back, shoulders broad and flexed, Cade stood with his back to her. But that wasn't the only thing he wore. Scored across his beautiful back were other marks. Scratches. Ones she'd inflicted in the heat of passion when Cade loved her.

Heat scorched her cheeks as she eyed the red love-marks. She remembered the delicious pleasure he'd given her at that moment.

Bad girl!

It seemed, however, Zane wasn't about to budge, and Taylor realized Zane knew exactly what was going on, because his gaze kept sliding over Cade's shoulder toward the car.

Good Lord, she'd been caught bonking in the back seat. What was she, a tart?

"Go home to your dog, Zane. I'm sure I can hear it barking."

"Tetchy, aren't we?"

"Busy," Cade shot back.

"Yeah, I can see." Zane chuckled. He turned to leave and walked a few feet away.

"See ya later, brother. Oh, and bye, Taylor."

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