

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

# MAN HUNGRY



**Quickies**<sup>®</sup>

SABRINA  
YORK

# Man Hungry

*Sabrina York*

Blind dates are hell. At least that's what Justin thinks before he's set up with Jessica, a sizzling-hot schoolteacher who captures his heart—or at least his lust—at first sight. He can't let their date fail so he does what any sane, rational prankster would do—he pretends he's there to meet someone else. A man-hungry schoolmarm.

Jessica knows full well that

Justin is her date, so she decides to have a little fun and show him exactly how man hungry a “schoolmarm” can be. And Jessica’s hunger is all for Justin. On the dance floor, atop a table, up against a door...she just can’t get enough.

*A Romantica® erotic romance from  
Ellora’s Cave*

# *MAN HUNGRY*

**Sabrina York**

## Dedication

This story is dedicated to Carrie Jackson, who is always patient and kind and hardly ever minds when I repeat repeat my words words.

# Chapter One

“You’ve got to save me.”

Jessica blinked as the most gorgeous man she’d ever seen slipped into her booth and grabbed her hand. She barely registered the intrusion. His grasp was that warm.

“I beg your pardon?” She lifted her voice above the blare of the band. It was a country band and a country bar—not her preference but a girl had to do what a girl had

to do to meet a decent guy.

“Please. You look like a compassionate soul.” His crooked grin, ringed as it was by a scruffy beard, made rivulets of excitement trickle down her spine, as did the tantalizing dent in his chin. His eyes, large and brown and fringed with long, thick lashes, glinted with humor. A deep dimple sliced through one cheek. His Stetson, from which dark curls erupted, was tipped at a jaunty angle. He batted his lashes—a move that frankly

should be against the law. “Can’t you find it in your heart to save me?”

His Dallas drawl made her mouth water—she’d always had a thing for cowboys with dented chins—but she stiffened her spine against his appeal.

She did not need another puppy dog lover. She’d had enough of those in her life. That’s why she was here. To meet her friend Penny’s staid, stick-in-the-mud lawyer cousin. A guy she could



have a future with. Who liked country music. And country bars.

He was probably a Republican.

Good. She hoped he was.

She hoped he was a *grown-up* as well.

Nope. No more puppy dogs for her. She'd made an oath. And she was bone-tired of cleaning up their messes on the carpet. Against her will, her lips twitched. She did love those puppy dogs. And this one was damn cute.

She cleared her throat. It was clogged with arousal. "Save you from what?"

Her cute cowboy slash puppy dog shot a look around the crowded bar and hunkered lower like an outlaw hiding from the sheriff. "The dreaded man-hungry spinster."

A laugh bubbled through her. As pickup lines went, at least his was original. And entertaining. She lifted her beer to disguise her amusement.

“Oh. Sorry.” His gaze danced back to hers. “I meant to say the dreaded man-hungry spinster *schoolmarm*.” He offered a charming, self-effacing grin.

Jessica stilled, bottle halfway to her mouth. *She* was a spinster schoolmarm. Well, an unmarried teacher at least. Close enough.

The cowboy leaned in. His warm breath skated across her cheek. It was all she could do not to nestle right up against him. Melt, maybe. “Just dance with me.

Please? One dance before I have to resign myself to the misery of a blind date?"

Jessica's belly lurched. "You're meeting a blind date?"

Oh. Crap. So was she. She was a spinster schoolmarm here to meet a blind date.

Oh. He couldn't be Justin. Could he? She narrowed her focus on his face, nearly distracted by the lazy droop of his lids, the full lips, his scent as it wafted toward her every time he moved. He didn't look like

the guy in the tux down the line from Penny in her wedding photo, the guy with the short-cropped hair and formal posture.

The stodgy lawyer.

Her attention snagged on his jawline and a shiver raced through her. She had a thing for a hard, square, dented chin. Yeah, his hair was longer, he was definitely scruffy and he was dressed in a very unlawyerlike long-sleeved t-shirt, jeans and cowboy boots. But she'd recognize that chin

anywhere.

“Ho yeah.” He nodded and an unruly curl escaped onto his forehead. “My cousin’s friend.” He sent her a pleading look. “Did I mention she’s a schoolteacher?”

Certainty stirred in her gut—along with the little demon of mischief that lived there. He *was* Justin, *her date*.

He just didn’t know it.

Oh, this was going to be fun.

“I believe you did mention she

was a schoolteacher.” And a *man-hungry* one at that. “But if you’ve never met her, how do you know you won’t like her?”

He sobered. Their gazes tangled. “I might like her. But not as much as I like you.”

Crap. That good-looking *and* charming? Maybe this was a bad idea after all. A guy like this could crush her...if she let him. She snorted. “You don’t know me, mister.”

He scooted closer until his hard

thigh met hers. Heat branded her. "I'd like to." It was a whisper but she heard it over the cacophony. It sank into her soul. Softened her. He thrust out a hand, a slightly awkward move since they were sitting so close. "I'm J."

Without thinking, she slipped her fingers into his grasp, reveling in the rough scrape of his palm against hers.

She'd met a lot of guys in bars like this, endured countless pick-up attempts. But she'd never been



tempted to take them up on it. Until now. She was attracted to this guy on a visceral level. The power of that pull should scare her but it didn't.

“Jay as in Jason?” A leading question, sure, but she had to ask.

He shook his head. Curls tumbled. His dimple blossomed. “J as in the letter. All my friends call me J.” He stroked her with his thumb. Only a small swipe over her knuckles but it set off an explosion along all her nerve endings. All of

them. Her clit twitched.

They sat close together in the curving booth in the alcove. It was almost as though they were alone. Almost as though they were alone in a secret bower.

“What do your friends call you?” His voice was a low rumble.

She gazed into his eyes. He looked earnest and sweet and... hungry. She hated leading him on like this, teasing him.

Ah, who was she kidding? She loved it. Yeah, she should tell him

her name. But that would end all the fun.

She bit back a grin. “As it happens, my friends also call me J.” It was true. They did.

“Get out!”

“Seriously.” She laughed at his expression – and then his expression changed. She stopped laughing. There was nothing funny about the look on his face. “What?”

His Adam’s apple worked as he stared at her. His fingers tightened

on her just a tad. “God. I love that sound.”

“What sound?”

“Your laughter.”

She laughed again, this time a sputtered burst of embarrassment.

“It’s just a laugh.”

“Yeah, but a melody.” He shifted as though something in his jeans needed rearranging. “I love a woman who embraces life. That was the laugh of a woman who throws her arms wide and just takes it all in.”

Jessica swallowed. Looked away. Damn, he was perfect. He looked fantastic, smelled amazing and when he opened his mouth, all the right little words fell out. She wondered for a moment if she had accidentally stepped into an alternate universe. A universe where things went right for her.

He leaned closer. Still holding on to her hand, he slipped his other arm under the table and settled his warm palm on her thigh. Again with the thumb. It was all she could

do not to melt into a puddle. Right then and there. “Are you that woman, J?”

God, she wanted to be. But she could hardly let him see the truth of it. Not now. Not yet. So she swallowed that ache with another swig of her beer and offered him a nonchalant one-shouldered shrug. “Sure.”

“Then dance with me.” He tugged on her sleeve.

She resisted. Not because this was suddenly too intense, too soon.

Not because the thought of being in his arms made her want to dissolve into a puddle on the floor. Certainly not because the ghosts of bad relationships past were singing a discordant operetta in her head.

Really.

She forced a smile and drew up her shield. It was hewn of snarky humor and was practically impenetrable by the thrust and parry of male charm. Oh, and this one? He was a charmer. She could *smell* it.

“I can’t dance with you, cowboy. What about your date? Some poor blind woman—sorry, some poor man-hungry, blind spinster schoolmarm—sitting alone at a table, desperately waiting for her Prince Charming to arrive?”

“She’ll just have to live her life without me.” His grin was infectious.

Oh dear. Jessica felt her bulwarks weaken.

He batted his lashes again,



causing an answering flutter in her womb. And then he said it. The one word that swept her defenses away like a sandcastle against the incoming tide. "Please, darlin'?"

It was the "darlin'" that got her. She was a sucker for a man who dropped a "g" when he begged. Hell, she was a sucker for a man who begged.

Who tipped his head to the side.

Who gazed at her with enormous soulful eyes.

Who put out a lip.

She tried not to imagine what she would like to do to that lip.

He tugged again and this time she followed. She followed him out of the booth and onto the dance floor. She didn't have a clue what song was playing. She was only aware of him. His body. His warmth.

And God, he was tall.

"We shouldn't be doing this." She said it more to herself, but he answered.

“Oh yes.” A purr. “We should.” He faced her on the dance floor, tipped up her chin. They were so close she could make out each little hair on his shadowed jaw. So close. Too close. A sudden panic flicked through her.

“But what about your date?”

“What about her?” He pulled her into his arms, against him. The shock of it—his hardness, his heat, the electricity that shot through her as they melded from chest to groin—nearly incapacitated her.

“She’s blind.” As usual, she made a joke to disguise her discomfort. She loved tall men. And this guy, maybe a little too much.

“No worries.” He chortled. The reverberation thrummed through her, his breath danced over her cheek. “We’ll get her a dog.”

He spun her around then and it was like the centrifugal force, the sheer elation of the movement, pulled out all her trepidation and flung it to the wind. She laughed

out loud, a full-throttled spurt of glee. God, she loved being in his arms. The way he surrounded her with his warmth. Held her tight. She loved the look in his eye, the feel of his palm on her lower back. And his chin. At eye level, it was a temptation she couldn't resist.

As the music flowed around them, as their bodies twined, she leaned closer, tipped up her mouth and tasted him. Just tasted him. The skin of his chin, the soft bristles of his scruffy beard, the hard line of

bone beneath. Heaven.

He froze. Stopped right there on the dance floor, oblivious to the other couples bumping into them. He froze and stared at her. His nostrils flared and he yanked her closer, held her even tighter.

A thrill shot through her as an indisputably hard bulge bit into her belly. And surged.

“Did you just lick me?” His tone was laced with mock outrage but laughter and lust danced in his eyes.

“Maybe.” She rubbed against him in a very deliberate fashion and he paled. The jaw she found so irresistible clenched. He glanced around and then drew her back into the dance. She couldn’t help but notice he was twirling her toward the rear of the bar. She let him.

She’d had a taste. One tantalizing taste. She wanted more.

He danced her into the shadows and then backed her against the wall, crowding her with his big

body. "It's not fair," he murmured, framing her cheeks with large hands.

"What?" Her question was strangled by the anticipation clogging her throat. "What's not fair?"

"You've tasted me." His gaze burned into hers. "I haven't tasted you."

His lips when they touched hers, rasped against hers, were like liquid fire. Sensation swamped her. His scent surrounded her. He made a



little growling sound and deepened the kiss, pressing his mouth over hers, molding her, sucking her soul. His tongue, sensuous and slick, dabbed at the crease of her mouth and pressed in.

Showers of delight trickled through her veins. Her nipples, tender and hard, throbbed. Her womb flowered, wept. Every nerve awoke and sang.

She opened to him. Tangled her tongue with his. He drew it into his mouth and sucked. Her knees

buckled but he caught her before she fell.

“God, you’re sweet. You taste so sweet.”

She moaned in mute denial as his lips left hers. They made their way along her cheek to her earlobe and down her neck, leaving a trail of goose bumps in their wake. He found the spot—that electrifying spot—just above her shoulder and nuzzled her. Her moan turned into a groan of absolute delight. She clutched at him mindlessly as he

feasted, sending rain upon rain of pleasure scudding through her.

Had she ever felt this way for a man? A man she'd just met? He had her mindless and limp with just one kiss.

If she weren't convinced he was Justin—her date—she might have had some serious reservations about fucking an absolute stranger. But knowing this was Penny's cousin, not some random gigolo, swept her qualms away with the weight of a tsunami.

She wanted him, and she wanted him badly. Unable to resist the urge—and uncaring to do so—she pressed against his cock. It throbbed.

He hissed out a breath. A muscle bunched in his cheek. “Come home with me.”

Jessica swallowed. She went up on her toes and nibbled the underside of his chin once more. She couldn't not. God. She could do that all night—for a lifetime, perhaps. A frightening thought but

an exciting one as well. “What about your blind girlfriend?”

He pulled back and fixed her with a dark look. “I don’t see anyone but you.” The words were accompanied by the delightful drift of his thumbs over her nipples, both of them, a tandem torment.

She would have said something – something pithy and clever – but her brain had short-circuited. There was nothing going on in there but random neurons firing off like fireworks of cascading delight.

“Come home with me.” He kissed her again, sucking and nuzzling and teasing her sanity. “I live a block away. We can walk. We can be there—in private—in less than a minute.” His voice lowered. “Sooner if we run.”

She riffled the soft cotton of his t-shirt. Found a hard button to tease as well.

He threw back his head. “J-Jesus, that feels good. Come on...J. Come home with me.”

“A whole block away?” She

dipped her head and sucked on his nipple, making a wet spot on his shirt. Then she glanced up at him with a wicked grin. "I don't think I can wait that long."

The expression that flashed across his face was nearly comical. Nearly. It was pained and desperate and determined. Without a word, he towed her toward the door.

## Chapter Two

His place was a loft on the top floor of a ritzy building with a view of the Dallas skyline. That nearly stole her breath but not as much as the man behind her. He shut the door and molded himself against her back, spreading his palms over her abdomen.

He kissed her neck. "Would you like a drink?"

A sudden, unfamiliar unease



crawled in her belly. Going home with a guy she'd just met was hardly her style. It made her the kind of woman she didn't want to be. She lived her life with a no-regrets philosophy but for some reason found herself grappling with this.

She appreciated his finesse, giving her time to adjust, to ease into this tryst. He could have leaped upon her immediately. She would have allowed it. Probably.

"I'd love a beer. Lone Star if you

have it.”

He chuckled and headed for the fridge. “Of course I have it.”

While she waited for him to return, she scoped out his living room. It was lush and richly appointed, with a fat overstuffed leather couch and a heavy wood-plank coffee table. It was done in a Western motif, casual but elegant. It spoke of a man who valued his comfort.

She wandered over to the mantel and studied the framed

photographs littering the shelf. Nearly every one was a group shot. Most of exotic locales, capturing Justin and his friends in some adventurous pursuit. Deep-sea fishing, rappelling from a cliff, skydiving.

Her gaze landed on a familiar photo. It was, in fact, the wedding photo Penny had shown her to get her to agree to go out with her cousin. Certitude—and satisfaction—surged. She was right. He was Justin—

“Here you go.”

She jumped a little as his voice, from right behind her, startled her. She took the beer he proffered, trying not to wince when his fingers brushed hers. It had been a short walk from the bar to his apartment. A shorter elevator ride. Her arousal had banked but the flame had not gone out. “Your place is gorgeous.”

He grinned. “Thanks. I didn’t decorate it.”

“You didn’t?”

“My cousin is a frustrated designer. I let her do it.” Yeah. Jessica thought she saw Penny’s touch here. “If it were up to me there’d be a couple crates and a cardboard box over there.” He waved to the dining table. “And a beanbag chair in here.”

Jessica took a draw on her beer. “Mmm. Classy with a K.”

“No kidding. Don’t get me started on the bedroom.” She couldn’t help but quirk a brow and Justin laughed. “Oh, there’s a bed

in there.”

“Not a waterbed, I hope.”

“Hey, baby. Nothing soft and floppy in my bedroom,” he joked right back. She liked that he could joke right back. He nodded to the sofa. “Want to sit down?”

Ah. Yes. She rounded the sofa and sank into its lush embrace. It felt like a hug. “Nice.”

He sat next to her, close to her. “Again, I had nothing to do with it.”

“But it suits you.” It did. It was big and broad and comfortable. Like him.

“I’ll have to thank her.” He took her beer and set it on the table next to his. When he turned back to her, his expression was serious, intent. “You are so beautiful.” He traced the line of her chin then tipped it up so he could look at her face. “When I saw you tonight sitting there in that booth, I just knew.”

“Knew wh—”

He silenced her question with a

kiss. It was slow and warm, a sweet reprisal of what they'd shared in the bar, but tentative, questing. She yearned for more. She pulled him closer. Opened her mouth.

With a grunt, he shifted for a better angle and deepened his exploration. His palm, warm and hard, skated up her bare calf to her thigh. He traced the hem of her skirt with a teasing touch. Their lips mated, breath mingled. When he sucked her tongue into his mouth, she nearly fainted with pleasure.



His fingers edged under the hem of her skirt. Slowly. As though he was giving her the opportunity to stop him.

*Not a chance in hell.* She let her legs drift apart. He didn't hesitate. At that unspoken assent, he ventured higher and higher and...

Jessica quivered in anticipation. Wriggled with impatience. Her legs stole farther apart. And he found her. He found her and nudged at her damp, swollen slit through her cotton panties.

Her clit screamed for attention, throbbing and thudding with every beat of her heart. It was so engorged it poked out of her labia. So his soft, brushing caress hit its mark. Jessica almost came on the spot.

“Oh God.” She threw her head back and arched her hips, urging him on.

He glanced at her and swallowed. “Je—J. Damn. You are beautiful.”

Madly, restlessly, she tested the

muscles of his chest, his abdomen, his flat belly...and lower. "You already said that."

"It bears repeating." He groaned as she discovered his hard cock. And squeezed. She could feel his pulse in it, even through the thick material of his jeans. "Oh God."

Desperate determination flashed across his face. He renewed his assault on her senses, slipping beneath the band of her panties. Her fist tightened on his cock as he stroked her—flesh to slick, aching

flesh. *Ah, mercy.*

“You’re wet.” His voice was guttural, gruff.

“You make me wet.”

His nostrils flared. A muscle in his cheek bunched. The heat rose between them, scorched her. He rubbed her slit several times in quick succession and then slipped lower, toyed with the mouth of her cunt. Three fat fingers hovered there.

He held her attention.

She swallowed, desperately trying to retain her composure, regain the upper hand. “You’re hard.” To underscore this point, she stroked him again through his jeans.

It was hardly fair that she had to stroke him through his jeans.

His left lid twitched at her light caress. A muscle bunched in his cheek and then... And then, dear God, he shoved those fingers in deep.

Jessica cried out and trembled in

bliss. He wiggled around inside her with a knowing expertise, searching. And he found it. That spot. That bundle of nerves that quivered and twitched and transported her at his touch.

He did not give her respite. He kept at it, teasing, tormenting her again and again and again, making her come, making her gasp, making her howl.

And she was not a howler.

No one had ever made her lose

control to that extent. Not during an orgasm, not during anything.

The fact that he had—that he'd separated her from her natural restraint to the extent that she screeched like a howler monkey in his arms—discomfited her. But not for long. He did not allow her the luxury of female embarrassment.

Before she had finished coming, before she had a chance to reclaim herself, he dropped to his knees and yanked her panties off. He spread her legs wide and flipped up

her skirt and put his mouth on her aching clit.

He consumed her. He licked and laved and nibbled and nipped and sucked and flicked at her bud. He tweaked her pussy and stuck his tongue in her cunt and even eased a finger into her ass.

And she came again. She came and came and came. She no longer cared that she screamed. She no longer cared if she howled. She no longer wondered what his neighbors would think about the



wild animal he was mating with on his thick leather couch.

She only felt.

And felt and felt.

By the time he leaned up, took hold of her thighs and yanked her to the edge of the sofa, she was a boneless lump of jelly. She watched, mindless and replete, as he pulled out his cock—and oh God, he was beautiful—slipped on a condom and set the tip at her entrance.

He paused then and looked her

straight in the eye. "I've wanted this since the moment I saw you," he growled and, before she could respond—even if her brain were working sufficiently enough to do so—he thrust in.

And oh, he filled her. His cock was large and fat and long and he sank deep into her cunt, stretching and massaging her all the way. When it kissed her womb, she came again. She couldn't help it. The sensation of fullness, of utter bliss, was beyond anything she'd ever

known.

“Oh. Yeah,” he groaned as she spasmed around him. “Oh yeah.” He pulled out and shoved back in. And again. He moved slowly, savoring each plunge, tormenting her with his leisurely advances.

She wiggled her ass to encourage him to move faster. When he didn't, she just said it. “Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

His nostrils flared, his jaw tightened and he complied.

Oh God. Did he comply. He

pulled out and then shoved back in, hot and hard and frantic, whipping in and out of her again and again at a maddening pace.

“You’re so tight,” he muttered, but that didn’t stop him.

She was slick too. Drooling for him, in fact. She could hear the wet sounds of her juice as he sluiced in and out of her quivering channel.

And then she could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing –nothing but the wedge of his

cock swelling in her cunt, filling her even more as he hammered in and out of her with thrusts that were quicker, harder, deeper. Frenetic.

He whispered, "Yes, yes, yes," in time to each exquisitely placed thrust. Then he tensed; his muscles went rigid. The tendons of his neck stood out as every ort of his being focused in on that minute point, that elusive pleasure.

With one hard drive straight to her core, he came. His cock jerked in her cunt, massaging her with

wild spasms, setting off a waterfall of delirious explosions inside her. She grasped at him, clasped at him, shuddering, quivering, quaking in his arms.

Before she was finished, before she was done, he took her again, this time with his mouth. Their breath blended, tongues tangled, juices mingled. He soothed her like that until she recovered.

Until she came back to herself and wondered...what the hell had just happened? Sex had never been

like that for her before. Never.

Afterward he took her to the bathroom and stripped her, bathed her, worshipped her. He feasted on her mound in the shower until she came and came again.

And then he took her to his bed. Not a blow-up mattress or a waterbed, a large indulgent haven with soft sheets and heavy covers and downy pillows. They nestled in and stroked each other until they were ready to go again.

This time the passion was

slower, less frantic, but exquisite all the same. It was wonderful. He was wonderful.

Still, once he fell asleep, Jessica collected her clothes and sneaked out. Until she worked through these strange new feelings, she couldn't bear to face him in the morning.



# Chapter Three

She was gone when he woke up. Justin blew out a breath and stared up at the ceiling and contemplated the conflicting emotions swirling in his gut. First and foremost was disappointment. Oh, not in *her*, not in what they'd shared. That had been phenomenal.

But she'd left. Slipped away in the night. That made him wonder if he'd made a mistake.

Maybe he should have just gone up to her and introduced himself instead of playing games. But formal introductions and expectations led to small talk and awkwardness. Chitchat about mutual acquaintances. Events they'd both attended – but at which somehow they'd never met.

He hadn't wanted that distance with her. Not when he'd seen her face in the photo Penny shared and certainly not when he saw her in the flesh, sitting there in the

cowboy bar sucking on her beer and looking as sweet and sexy as hell.

He'd wanted to fuck her. Right then and there. Hadn't had the patience for preliminaries.

Maybe he should have been patient. Because she'd left.

He sighed and hefted himself out of bed. It didn't matter. Not really. He knew where to find her.

The question was, did she want him to find her?

\* \* \* \* \*

“So?” Penny leaned over the counter of crayons and shot Jessica a wicked grin. “How was your date?”

Jessica winced. Dear God. How to answer that one? Her body was still thrumming from Justin’s touch. Had started aching for him again. Her mind was awash with memories and regrets—regrets that she hadn’t stayed.

Hell, even her conscience was

asking why she hadn't stayed.

Oh, she should have stayed.

But she couldn't tell Penny any of this. Better stick to the truth.

"He never showed." Okay, a *version* of the truth.

"What!" Penny squawked so loud the cheerful cacophony of Jessica's kindergarten classroom fell at once to dead silence. Thirty tiny heads turned, like a herd of velociraptors scenting their prey.

Jessica blanched. She quickly

clapped her hands to avert the impending disaster. "Back to work, children," she said very sternly. One needed to be stern with velociraptors. If one lost control of the room, there could be carnage.

Today they were exploring the letter Q. How she wished it was J.

Oh damn. She had to get him out of her mind.

Penny leaned closer and hissed, "What do you mean he never showed up? He was really excited about this date."

He was? *Well*. That piqued her interest. She shrugged. “The bar was pretty crowded. Besides, how would he know what I look like?”

“Duh. I showed him a picture of you.”

Jessica’s heart hitched. “You what?”

It took a second to work through her emotions. *He’d known*. The bastard had known all along. Heat flushed her face as she relived their night together, each whisper and every caress. Fury lashed her.

And then, incomprehensibly, a laugh bubbled up inside her.

*He'd known.*

All along.

She laughed. Out loud.

“Jess?” Penny wrinkled her nose. “Are you having a mental breakdown?”

“Not today, Penn.”

“What are you laughing about?”

Andrew Dither hopped up to her holding his crotch in a death grip. Without being asked, Jessica



handed him the bathroom pass.

“A guy did show up. He introduced himself as J. He didn’t look very much like the guy you showed me.”

Penny nibbled her lip. “Well. No. My wedding was awhile ago. He was right out of the service then. His hair is definitely longer now. You said he introduced himself as J?”

“Yup.”

“Not Justin?”

“Nope.”

A flush rose on Penny's cheeks.

“I'm so sorry. I should have mentioned he loves practical jokes.”

A practical joke? That night of scalding sex?

She'd kill him if that was all it had been.

Or worse, if he'd been testing her to see if she was the kind of woman who would go home with any old guy. Heat prickled at her nape.

Because apparently she was.

Jessica crossed her arms over her chest. "I thought he was a lawyer. A decent guy. The kind of guy a girl could have a real future with. That's what you said anyway."

"He is, Jess. He's a great guy. One of the best." She nudged her toe into the carpet. "I'm sorry."

"No. Penn. Don't be sorry. I liked him. I really liked him."

Penny beamed. "Did you?"

Jessica sighed. Yeah. She really

did. "I just don't know if he liked me."

Penny pulled out her phone. "Let's find out."

Panic flared. "Oh, dear God." Jessica grabbed the phone. "Not here."

"Okay." Penny winked. "I'll go to the teacher's lounge and call him from there. And if he liked you?"

A little demon provoked her. "Why don't you set us up again?"

"Again?"

“Yeah. But this time, we’ll do it differently...”

\* \* \* \* \*

Justin was about halfway through a boring brief when his cell rang. He checked the caller, determined to avoid any interruptions, but when he saw it was Penny he answered.

He had to. “Yo, cuz.”

“Hey, Justin.” Silence buzzed on the line for a minute. He could envision her trying to form the

question. He knew what it would be. What he didn't anticipate was the sarcasm in her voice. "So how was your date last night?"

"My date?"

"With Jessica."

"Um. Great?" Yeah. It had been great.

Penny snorted. "She said you didn't show."

His gut lurched. "She said that?"

"Yeah. She met some other guy instead."

Ah. His tension released. He fiddled with his pen. "Did she...like this other guy?"

"She didn't say. Justin, I am really peeved. I went out of my way to set you up with a perfect woman and you just blew her off."

He bit back a snort. No. Someone had blown something off, deep in the night under the covers, but he could hardly tell Penny that. "Aw, come on, cuz. Give me another chance."

"You don't deserve it."

“Please. Why don’t you set up another date?”

Penny sniffed. “I doubt she’s interested. Women don’t like being stood up, you know. Besides, now she’s met this other guy.”

“Please?” He could hear the amusement in his voice, hoped Penny couldn’t. He’d love to see Jessica again tonight. He’d love to have another chance to take her home with him.

Maybe make her stay.



“Okay. I’ll ask. Seven p.m. again? At the Rowdy Cowboy?”

“Perfect. I’ll be there.”

“You’d better be. And be on time, buster.”

Penny disconnected and Justin sat there staring at his phone with a goofy grin on his face. He was going to see her again tonight.

His smile dimmed. That was, if she showed.

God, he hoped she showed.

\* \* \* \* \*

He got there early and was lounging by the busy bar when he saw her come in. She made her way through the crowd and slipped into a booth in the back.

He didn't completely understand the humming of his body, the leap of his pulse when he saw her. The instant arousal, well, that he got. She was a beautiful woman—even all the way across the bar—but beyond that, there was something about her that spoke to

him. Made him feel at home in her arms. He'd never felt that way before.

He kind of liked it.

He grabbed two Lone Stars and made his way toward her booth. As he slung into the seat by her side, he said in a dark, desperate voice, "You've got to save me."

Then he got a look at her and froze. And exploded in laughter.

He tried to hide his amusement but failed miserably.

“I beg your pardon?” It appeared to be difficult for her to speak around the fake buckteeth but she lisped her way through it. She blinked several times in succession, as though he was blurry.

Then again he probably was... through the inch-thick coke-bottle glasses perched on her nose. Her luscious locks were twined up into a stiff bun, with random spiky strands and the occasional pencil poking out. She looked like an

unruly porcupine. Her outfit was atrocious. A mix between teen dork and *Little House on the Prairie*.

Still and all, she was damn cute.

He cleared his throat. "I said, you've got to save me."

She bristled, stiffening her spine. "Thir, I don't believe we've been introduced."

He bit back a grin—not very well—and thrust out a hand. "I'm Justin Sweetwater." Boy howdy. It was fine to touch her again. She was warm and soft. He swallowed

the urge to kiss her because, damn, those teeth.

“Mithter Thweetwater. I’m Jethica Evanth. Man-hungry thchoolmarm. Nith to meet you.”

He laughed out loud. Howled, in fact.

And then he almost swallowed his tongue. Because demure Mith Evanth, man-hungry thchoolmarm, put her palm on his thigh and scudded it up to his crotch. It stopped right before it hit home,

*this* close to something weeping for her attention. He shifted in an attempt to make contact but she was a tease and shifted with him.

“Jessica...”

“Yeth?”

Hell. Even in that getup, with the thick glasses and the protruding teeth and the porcupine hair, he wanted her. “I’d like to kiss you.”

“Okay.”

He chuckled. “But I can’t get past those teeth.”

She took them out.

“And the glasses.”

She pulled them off.

“And that outfit...”

Damn. She didn't slip out of that. But she did slip him a snarky grin. It was a beautiful grin.

He kissed it right off her face.

Her lips were warm and sweet. Mobile under his. They set a fire in his groin. She tasted like hops and sunshine and...Jessica. He leaned closer and took her mouth more



fully, dabbing at her with his tongue, tempting her, soothing her. Begging forgiveness perhaps.

When the kiss ended, they were both panting. They stared at each other through an awkward silence.

He broke it with the question that had been at the forefront of his mind all day. "Why did you leave?"

She took a sip of her beer. "Why didn't you tell me who you really were?"

"Why didn't you?"

She shrugged. "I dunno. Maybe I wanted to see how far it would go."

"It went pretty far."

"Pretty fast."

His heart thudded. Once. Twice. "Is that why you left?"

She hid her beautiful eyes beneath lush lashes. "Aren't sluts supposed to slink out in the night?"

Fury rushed through him like a wildfire. "You're not a slut."

"How do you know that?" She

glanced at him and her expression sliced him to the core. "I went home with you. Trotted right along. Fucked you silly. Doesn't that make me a slut?"

Oh yeah. She had fucked him silly.

But he couldn't think about that right now. He had to focus on her words. Words that befuddled him. Hell. The pain limning her expression devastated him. His mouth worked for a moment, waiting for his brain to catch up,

searching for the right thing to say to wipe that look away. “You’re a kindergarten teacher, for Christ’s sake.”

She humphed. “I’ll have you know, kindergarten teachers can be many things besides kindergarten teachers.”

“You’re Penny’s friend.” He cupped her cheek, thumbed her delectable lips. “She assured me you’re one of the good ones.”

“Even Penny doesn’t know where I spend my nights.”

Something hardened in his gut. He swallowed around the tight ball in his throat. "Okay. So tell me. Where do you spend your nights?"

She gave a little grunt, something irreverent and endearing. "At home, mostly."

"Not in strange men's bedrooms?"

"Are you saying you're strange?"

"Be serious, Jessica. I'm asking. I want to know."

She sobered. Flicked at the label on her beer. “All right. No. I’ve never had a one-night stand before...before last night.”

Relief washed through him. He let go a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. “Me either.”

“Seriously?” Her questing gaze met his. A crackle of energy passed through his soul.

“Seriously.”

“Why didn’t you tell me who you were?”

He took a long draw on his beer in an attempt to delay the inevitable. Didn't work. She stared at him in silence. Patiently waiting for his response. He shrugged. "I've been on blind dates before..."

She snorted. "Penny does have a penchant for setting people up."

"Yeah. She does. But they're all so, I dunno, stodgy."

"Small talk." She nodded. "I hate that shit."

"Me too. And when I saw you

sitting there last night in that short skirt with your hair all wild and sexy, God, I didn't want small talk. I wanted hot whispers."

Her lips parted. Her tongue peeped out then disappeared again. The tension between them ratcheted up just a notch. A fist clenched in his gut as the mood abruptly shifted.

"But I'm a schoolteacher," she said in a little girl voice. "Schoolteachers aren't hot."

Despite the lust snarling



through him, he couldn't resist a survey of her outfit and the quip, "Not dressed like that, they're not."

She skewered him with her whispered response. "What if they're not wearing anything?"

He was hard as a rock in a millisecond. He tried to form a response. But he couldn't. Her hand, resting on his thigh, twitched.

"Would you like me to show you how hot a schoolteacher can be? Would you like that, Justin?"

Her breath was warm and moist in his ear.

“Oh yes.”

“Ah ah ah.” She waggled a finger. “Say *please*.”

“Oh, please.”

Yeah. He had no shame. She was sitting there seducing him with her voice alone. Her caress on his thigh —so close, but no cigar—had him drooling. He would beg. He’d get down on his knees and grovel if she wanted him to.

She leaned closer. Her breast brushed against his arm. He could swear he felt her nipple. "I've been thinking about you all day."

"Have you?" Really? Did his voice have to crack?

"Yes. Do you want to know what I've been thinking about? All day? In the classroom?"

"What?" He jumped as her thumb made a foray over his tight balls. He had to remind himself not to lean her back on the banquette and fuck her right here in the bar.

“I’ve been thinking about sucking your cock.”

He moaned. That’s it. Just moaned. He was incapable of anything more because her words stole his sanity and replaced it with delirious visions of her mouth stretched around the head of his cock. And better yet, his cock sliding deep into her throat. His cock erupting in her mouth and her sucking every drop.

She licked her lips. His pulse

roared; he fought back the nearly overwhelming urge to come.

“Dear God, Jessica. We have to go.”

“I haven’t finished my beer.”

“Please. We have to go now.”

He wanted to be alone with her. And he wanted it now. Needed it.

She must have sensed it, tasted it, realized the depth of his desperation because she nodded and collected her teeth from the table.

“You won’t be needing those,” he informed her.

She responded with a sly grin. “You never know, buster,” she said and slipped them back in.

It was then he realized that perhaps he might be falling for her, and falling hard.

And it didn’t even scare the shit out of him.

# Chapter Four

The door to his apartment was barely closed when she fell to her knees before him in the foyer and started fumbling with the snaps on his jeans.

“Jessica!” He grabbed her hands, halting her onslaught. “Sweetheart, we need to get you out of that outfit first.” Seriously. It was kind of killing the mood.

She yanked out of his hold,

released his cock and looked up at him with a triumphant grin.

Oh. Thank God. She'd removed the teeth.

“You forget, Mr. Sweetwater. I am a man-hungry schoolmarm.” She ogled his rod. “And I am hungry for man meat.”

She took him in her mouth then and sucked. And...dear God. He collapsed against the door and let her have her way with him because, damn, the girl had talent. She ran her tongue over his



supersensitive head and suckled at the little eye. The sensation of her tongue nudging at it made his knees weak.

He couldn't help fisting her hair but she wouldn't allow him to direct her. This was her banquet and she was managing the feast.

And feast she did. Her mouth was hot and wet and tight as she wedged his length between her lips. She sucked him in, all the way in, and then sucked some more until the tightness, the tension

became unbearable.

Somehow he managed to bear it.

When her fingers joined the action, he nearly cried out loud. She stroked his most sensitive places, his ass, his balls, the tender spot between them, all as she drew his cock into her mouth again and again.

Heat scudded through him, tightening the muscles of his belly, his chest, his thighs, until he strained, quivering before her. He fought against release because the

torment of denial was so incredibly sweet. But Jessica was relentless, her mouth a velvet cavern welcoming him and nursing him and nuzzling him.

When a slender digit danced closer to his ass, he knew he was a goner, and sure enough, as she eased it in, wiggling it a little just to make him moan, he came.

Cum rushed from him in a hot stream, followed by another and another aching, anguished jet. She took it all. Took it all and

swallowed it, milking him. Her satisfied moans urged even more of him.

When he was finished, he slipped down the wall to the floor and pulled her into his arms.

Goddamn, she was good.

He wondered if he'd ever recover.

Something told him he wouldn't.

While he recuperated, they lounged on the big leather sofa,

eating hot-fudge sundaes and watching a show about crazy pageant moms. She curled up in his arms. He loved the warmth, the weight of her against his chest.

It wasn't long before his desire stirred again.

But she was wearing that *outfit*.

Slowly, surreptitiously, he began sliding the pencils from her hair. Really. It was a wonder she hadn't punctured him with one of them earlier. They fell noiselessly onto the carpet. Then he released her

hair from that hideous bun. It took awhile because she'd been serious about keeping it in place. In the end, she had to take over because he lost all patience with the countless pins. The schoolmarm blouse came next. It had way too many buttons. And once that was off, he stared at her and laughed.

Beneath the thick, ungainly material, she wore an old-fashioned corset. Not a *hot* old-fashioned corset, like with satin and ribbons and lace. This was an ugly creation

designed to torment women and irritate men.

He became frustrated with all the snaps and hooks and tried to rip it from her body but it was far too sturdy for that. Yeah. She had to take care of that monstrosity as well.

The prairie skirt was pretty easy to dispense with. He laughed when he saw the bloomers she wore beneath.

“Seriously, Jess, where did you get these clothes?”

She grinned. "It's amazing what you can find in the thrift store."

He knelt before her and tugged the bloomers off. "Did you have to go back in time?"

"Just a little bit."

And then all conversation about her sartorial style halted. Because she was naked. And her hair was flowing and free. And her teeth were normal size. And...she was exquisite.

Still on his knees, he took a



moment and buried his head in her lap, just enjoying the feel of her in his arms.

But she was restless. And demanding. And petulant. She plucked at his shirt. "Off."

He complied, removing the offending garment and tossing it heedlessly across the room. He stared up at her. "You haven't come yet."

"Is that a complaint or a promise?"

"Both." He insinuated himself

between her legs and took her nipple in his mouth. It was hard and fat and when he licked it, she squirmed, rubbing her belly against his cock. He liked the way that felt so he did it again. At the same time, he drew designs on her bare hip. That made her wiggle and sigh as well.

He made his way to the other breast and tormented her there for a while then licked and sucked and nipped his way down her abdomen to her creamy belly. It quivered

when he kissed her there, quivered and clenched. She thrust her hips at him and he caught her gaze.

“What do you want, Jess?”

“Justin!”

“Tell me. I want to hear it.”

“Lick my pussy.” She spread her legs wider.

He pressed on her mound with the heel of his hand. Circled. She moaned. “That’s not a very polite way to ask.”

She put out a lip. “Are you

going to make me beg?"

He couldn't hold back his grin. He circled again. "Oh yes." He stroked her pussy with his thumb. "Come on, Jess. You know you want it."

Her breathing devolved to little pants. She twitched and she tried to press against him. Mercilessly, he teased her. "'Please'," he prompted. "It's just a little word."

He found her clit, that tight little nub, soaked in her juices and he nearly lost his resolve. Somehow he

managed to restrain himself. He wanted to taste her, eat her, make her tremble and moan, but he wanted that one little word more.

Finally, she broke. "Please! Please!"

He separated her folds with two thumbs and lapped at her, just lapped, a soft, slick swipe and she came. Cried out and shivered and shook.

He did not relent. He did not give her time to revel in the rapture. He buried his face, his

mouth, in her cunt and feasted. He licked her clit and flicked it, he lapped at her, sucked that swollen flesh into his mouth. Dipped deeper, nudging her with his nose and filling her cunt with his tongue.

She tasted like ambrosia. Her cream was thick and slick. Her cunt was awash in it. His fingers slipped in easily and filled her. She growled and panted and clutched at his hair. He brought her to bliss again and again until her voice was hoarse.

He would have kept going if her naughty little toe hadn't found the turgid length of his cock. That and the sultry look in her eyes reminded him there were greater pleasures to be had.

He pulled her up off the couch and arranged her over the coffee table, taking great delight in the sight of her ass, her cunt, displayed for his review. Impatient, she wiggled her butt and glanced over her shoulder at him.

“Come on, Justin,” she

whispered. "Please."

His mouth went dry. His cock and balls tightened and twitched. "What do you want, Jess?" he rasped.

"Please fuck me —"

He was in her before she finished her plea. In her and deep and God, it was good. He pulled out and thrust in again, fixated on the delicious way her cunt sucked at his cock as he withdrew, and quivered around him when he sank back in. She was so tight, so wet.



Her internal muscles were incredible, tugging at him, massaging him, setting up a resonance that shook them both.

“Harder.”

“Yeah. You like it hard, don’t you?”

“Yes. Please. Harder. Ah! Ah! Ah!” She grunted with each thrust and her grunts, her groans, became louder, more frantic as he increased his pace.

He could swear he felt her

womb, her core, when he shoved in deep like that. And he wanted that. He wanted to come on the mouth of her womb, drench her with his seed and mark her as his own.

Something feral and desperate rose within him. He desired her, yes, but he wanted more than that. He wanted...everything.

He held her down, held her in place, dominating her, fucking her, taking her. His cock was like a piston, sluicing in and out of her at a manic pace. Her cries rose, her

orgasm crested. He could feel it in her cunt, the rising tension, the heat, the dribbling evidence of her passion as it lubricated his path.

When she came, when the bliss took her, she tightened around him with a blinding intensity. The exquisitely tight caress of her cunt milked him.

And a burst of fireworks exploded in him as his cum surged forth, desperate, burning for release. He shook, he lurched, he spasmed in spurt after spurt after

blissful spurt. Together they flew, soared, drowned in ecstasy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessica had no idea how she ended up in his bed. The aftermath of that last orgasm—bent over the coffee table as he pounded into her—had stolen her sanity. But here she was, cuddled around him, deep in his blankets. Warmth suffused her.

His fingers drifted up and down her back. His breathing was steady

and punctuated with little grunting moans.

“That was amazing,” he murmured into her hair. He kissed her brow.

“It was.” She nestled deeper. “What do you think of schoolteachers now?”

His chuckle reverberated through her. “Pretty damn hot.”

She peeped up at him. “Even kindergarten teachers?”

“Especially those.”

“Well,” she sighed. “I guess my work here is done.” She made to leave the bed but he grabbed her arm and yanked her back.

“You’re not going anywhere.”

“I’m not?”

“No. I may have need of you later.”

She laughed and drew little lemniscates on his broad chest. His skin was like warm velvet. “I don’t see how.”

“What?”

“I don’t see how you could need me later. I drained you dry.”

“I’ll refill. Trust me. Besides,” he tightened his arms, “I want you to stay.”

“Do you?”

“Yes.”

She dropped her head back onto his chest, nibbling at her smile. “I’ll think about it.”

“You do that, missy. You just do that.”

She did.

# Chapter Five

He woke her in the night with a soft caress, a whisper. She came to consciousness aroused and ready and he didn't make her wait. Without a word, he levered over her and spread her legs with his knees and slipped in.

She groaned at the sensation, the delicious fullness, the familiarity of his touch, his cock. She wrapped her legs around his waist and moved with him,



drawing him in, attempting to hold him there.

Before long, his thrusts became short and hard. He nestled his nose in the crook of her neck, laving and nipping until she quaked. He continued to feast on her there as he moved inside her, faster and faster, at an ever more frantic pace. And then he swelled. His cock, already tight inside her, became deliriously so and she came again, clasping him, squeezing him, milking him.

His cum was hot. It jetted into her in sizzling streams. The feel of it set her off yet again. And even after he pulled out, even after he drew her against him and sighed, she continued to quake with delight. She fell asleep before the bliss receded. Fell asleep in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she roused again it was to the smell of bacon, which was, all things considered, the best smell in

the world. It took her a moment to work out where she was – her brain was awfully fuzzy and she was in the grip of a dream she just didn't want to release. When she realized she was still here, in Justin's bed, a shudder skated through her. Okay. Through her cunt.

Somehow she'd come to equate him, this bed, with exquisite pleasure.

She found a robe on a hook in his bathroom and wrapped it around herself before padding into

the living room. She stopped and stared at the sight of him in the kitchen. Frying up bacon. Wearing an apron.

And she realized she was in trouble. Feelings like this weren't normal. Not after two dates.

You could call them dates, right?

He just looked so adorable. So domesticated.

It was horrifying.

He glanced up and shot her a grin. Twin shards of lust and bone-

deep fear slashed through her. How could a man look that amazing in the morning? After keeping her up all night?

“Hey, babe. Want some coffee?” He didn’t wait for her response. He poured her a cup in a Rangers mug and brought it to her. He kissed her. A light “well, good morning, you” buss.

But it was wonderful. His scent, his warmth, the taste of him, suffused her and brought back all the memories of the night before.

And the night before that. And all the sad empty nights he hadn't been part of.

The dichotomy was stark.

"Do you take cream?"

"Huh?" God. He was talking.

"Cream?"

"No." She shook her head, a slight twitch. She needed it black. She needed her caffeine undiluted. She needed her sanity.

He chuckled and headed back to the frying pan, where the bacon

was starting to spit angrily. "Don't tell me you're not a morning person." He held up a rasher on a fork. "You do you eat breakfast, don't you?"

"I love breakfast. But Justin...I have to go."

He glanced up at her, a hint of unease in his eyes. "Go?" He crunched on a slice of bacon and her mouth watered. She loved crunchy bacon.

"I have to work."

He buttered a slice of toast and

dropped it onto a plate then added a couple rashers of bacon. He carried two plates to the table. The smell of bacon, eggs and buttered toast made her stomach growl. "Work?"

"Yeah." She hungrily eyed the plates.

He took his seat, spread a napkin over his lap then fixed her with a steady look. "It's Saturday, Jessica."

"It is?" Holy moly. She'd



completely forgotten.

“Have some breakfast. And then we’ll talk.”

Her stomach growled again and she couldn’t resist, realized it was stupid to even try. Even though in her heart of hearts she was scared to death—panicked by these feelings for him, these crazy, incomprehensible feelings for a man she’d known two days—she was famished. And they did need to talk.

And it was Saturday.

She settled into the chair opposite him and picked up her fork. His eggs were perfect. Fluffy and exquisitely seasoned and buttery and... Oh. And the bacon. Divine. She crunched into a piece of toast and moaned.

Nothing on earth tasted better than buttered toast. And he had toasted it. Really toasted it. It was brown and crunchy and perfect. The butter dribbled on her tongue. Some people just warmed bread and called it toast, all limp and

pallid and pasty. Those people should be locked up. That's what should happen to those people —

She froze as she realized her plate was empty. Heavens. She must have wolfed it down. She glanced up at Justin to see him watching her with a bemused expression.

“Hungry, were you?” He took a sip of his coffee. His plate, she noticed, was half full.

“I-I yes.” She cleared her throat. “It was very good.”

“I’m glad you liked it. But Jessica, we have to talk.”

She made a face and put a hand on her belly. “I think I ate too fast.”

He nibbled on his lower lip. As though he was trying very hard not to laugh. “Yeah. I think you ate too fast too. But we need to talk.”

She glanced at his plate. “Aren’t you going to finish that?”

“Why?” He quirked a brow. “Did you want my breakfast as well?”

The humor in his tone made her snort a laugh, made her relax. A little. She sipped her coffee. Warmth cascaded through her. “So... What would you like to talk about?”

“I think you know.”

She nodded. Stared at the dark swirls in her mug. “Us.”

“Yes.” He blew out a sigh. “Us.”

“We’ve only just met.”

“I know.”

“It’s crazy to —”

“I know. But Jess...” He mangled his napkin. “I can’t stand the thought of anyone else touching you.”

Her heart hiccupped then leaped. “What?”

“I know. It’s nuts. But when I think about you dating anyone else, I just want to do damage.”

“But we only just met.” A whisper. It was all she could manage. Her pulse pounded at a dizzying pace.

“I know!” He raked his fingers through his hair and glared at his eggs. “I know.”

“Well, maybe we should... explore this.”

He stilled. Looked up. “Maybe we should.”

“I don’t like the idea of anyone touching you either.”

His lips twitched into a small smile. Then a big one. “You don’t?”

“No. And I’m not fond of bitch-slapping some poaching tramp but

I'll do it if I have to."

"So are you saying you would like to be...exclusive?"

Her breath hitched. Some hot lava found its way into her bloodstream and warmed her to the core. That word from his lips... "Okay. We'll be exclusive. While we explore this."

"While we explore this." His expression changed then, from one of profound satisfaction and relief to something dark and erotic. "There's something else we can



explore.”

Her pulse thrummed in anticipation. “What?”

“There’s some hot fudge left in the fridge.” He glanced down at his lap and wagged his eyebrows.

Jessica wrinkled her nose. “Oh, I couldn’t eat another thing.”

But somehow she managed.

# Epilogue

The party was in full swing, and at the Rowdy Cowboy that meant a lot of laughter, great music and plenty of alcohol. Penny wound her way through the crowd, juggling three beers and nodding to her friends.

She knew why Justin had picked this spot for Jessica's birthday bash. This was where they'd met. And he had plans.

She rounded the corner and stopped short at the sight before her.

Justin on his knees, proffering a ring box. Judging from the look on Jessica's face, she was delighted. Beyond delighted. As Penny watched, her friend swiped at a tear, nodded and held out her left hand. It shook visibly as Justin slipped the ring on her finger.

Damn him. He'd jumped the gun.

He was supposed to wait until

Penny dragged Jessica up on the stage so everyone could witness the proposal.

Penny blew out a breath as Justin pulled Jessica into his arms and kissed her. And kissed her. And — damn — kissed her.

She glanced at her beers and shrugged. Clearly she'd have to drink them all herself. But that was okay. She was in the mood to celebrate. Justin and Jessica were a perfect couple. Absolutely adorable together. And she'd been the one to

bring them together. She'd introduced them less than six months ago and now they were engaged.

She couldn't be happier.

Her gaze drifted over to Stephanie, who stood in the corner staring at the happy couple with a patently fake delighted expression pinned to her face. An undeniable sadness, however, lurked in her eyes.

Stephanie was adorable too. Penny mentally flicked through a

list of her cousins.

And a smile curled her lips.

# About Sabrina York

Her Royal Hotness, Sabrina York, writes naked erotic fiction for fans who like it hot, hard and balls-to-the-wall, and erotic romance and fantasy for readers who prefer a slow burn to passion. An award-winning author in multiple genres, Sabrina loves writing hot, humorous stories in all kinds of settings.

Sabrina York welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email addresses on her author bio page at [www.ellorascafe.com](http://www.ellorascafe.com).

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