

Dirty Rich Obsession: All Mine - EXCERPT

Reid...

Reid pulls me close, his fingers tunneling into my hair before he says, "Ever fucked in a limo, baby?" and before I can answer, his mouth closes down on mine and he's crazy, hot kissing me.

"Well?" Reid challenges, his lips parting mine after a scorching kiss. "Have you ever fucked in a limo?"

"No," I say, my hand flattening on his really hard and perfect chest, while my sex clenches in denial of my rejection about to follow. "I have not and I'm not starting now. Have *you*?"

"No," he says. "Which makes it all the better that I do it with you. The only woman I plan to ever fuck again in this lifetime." He kisses me and his hand slides under my shirt and over my breast.

"We paid a lot of money for this private limo," he says. "Let's enjoy it."

"We?" I ask, catching his hand under my shirt but it does no good to stop him. His fingers shove down the lace of my bra.

"Yes. We. What's mine is yours and just to be clear, you're mine now." He latches onto my nipple with his fingers and I moan with the sweet friction.

"Reid," I whisper huskily.

"More, baby?" He rolls me to my back onto the long leather seat and then comes down on top of me. "You want my mouth on your nipple?"

"Stop," I warn, clenching my thighs to no avail. His big body is separating them, and both of us have a leg dangling off the seat. "We can't—"

He kisses me again, a deep, drugging kiss, while his hand squeezes my breast, and his thick cock nestles against my sex. I moan and he presses his cheek to mine, his lips at my ear. "I do believe you need my mouth on your nipple right now."

"Reid," I hiss, but it's too late. He's dragging my shirt up and over my head, tossing it aside and almost immediately his mouth is on one of my nipples, suckling, and licking. "What if—"

He kisses me. "I paid for privacy."

I push on his chest. "We're in Japan. How do you know you really paid for privacy?"

“It’s Japan, baby. They respect agreements here, more than Americans.” He kisses me again and his hand slides around my backside, squeezing and lifting me against him. “Maybe I should spank you right here.”

“No!” I say urgently, shoving on his chest again. “Not a chance in hell.”

He laughs low and sexy. “But I can fuck you?”

“Are you really trying to negotiate right now?” I challenge.

“I’m just trying to get inside my future wife.” He strokes a lock of hair from my face, his expression softening, his voice tender now. “*Wife*, Carrie. I never thought I’d call anyone that. I never thought I’d want anyone like that.”

My heart squeezes. “Husband,” I whisper. “From asshole to husband. I never—”

“You changed me, Carrie. You. Just you. And I need you to know that I will protect you. That I will never hurt you.”

My fingers splay on his cheek and I know he’s thinking of the girlfriend that gave up her life for him. “Reid, you can’t walk around afraid for me. That’s not living.”

“I *will* protect you,” he promises, his tone guttural, as if I haven’t even spoken, his mouth covering mine in a deep kiss, before he returns to my nipple, this time I don’t fight the pleasure. He needs this right now. Maybe I do, too. I arch into the intimate touch of his lips, his tongue, into the taut pull of his teeth against my nipple. My fingers dive into his blond hair but he moves down my body, his lips on my belly, his tongue flickering into my belly button even as he unsnaps my jeans.

This jolts me and I grab his hand, lifting my head to look at him. “Are you sure we’re safe in here?”

Those beautiful blue eyes of his meet mine. “I promise, baby. No one will interrupt us.”

“You’re sure?”

“I promise and—”

“You never break a promise,” I say, stopping him there. “That’s a very marrying quality, by the way.”

His lips, those brutally sexy lips, curve. “Good to know. Trust me now, Carrie.”

Trust him.

There is a question in his eyes, a roughness to his voice. He proposed, but on the heels of so many opportunities for me to question him. This appeal to “trust him now” isn’t about sex in a limo. It’s about so much more. “I do trust you,” I say, and my voice isn’t a whisper, just a tremble of emotion spoken quite clearly.

He studies me for several long beats and then tugs my jeans down, taking the tiny strip of silk I’m wearing with them, with my shoes following. I barely have time to process just how vulnerable I am before Reid pulls his shirt over his head. “So you know you’re never naked alone, not again. Not ever.”

Emotion wells in my chest and he is already on top of me, kissing me, his cheek pressing to mine as he whispers, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” I whisper back, only to have him slide down my body again