

EVIDENCE OF DESIRE EXCERPT

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Isla couldn't believe she was doing this, but the minute she got a good look at David Cormack without his suit on she knew there was no going back. She'd been ready to make a pot of tea and wait for him to come out of the shower when Erin Taggart had appeared in the kitchen.

"Not jumping his bones, then?" she'd asked as she dragged a bottle of water out of the fridge.

"He wants to take it slow." She was aware of how disappointed she'd sounded.

"No man who looks at a woman the way that one looks at you wants to take things slow. He's scared you're too good for him or something stupid like that," she said. "I should know. I held off my gorgeous hottie for way too long because he was a tiny bit younger than me. Don't waste time. Take command. And then when he's all in, give that control up. That always works for me. 'Night."

There was something in the way the redhead smiled, something intimate and soft. Something Isla wanted for herself again. She'd had it as a girl with Austin. She wanted to know how it felt to have that connection as a woman.

So she'd made the decision. Maybe for the first time in her life, she'd genuinely made the decision to be brave, to go after what she wanted with a singular purpose, to put herself out there and see if she was bait enough to catch the one fish she wanted.

Though first she needed some fishing gear. According to Noah, that was in the nightstand drawer.

She'd stepped in and taken off her clothes. All in. Just like a poker game. If he refused to play, she would be devastated and potentially never be able to face the man again, but she'd felt almost compelled to undress and walk to the entry of that sexy natural stone shower. She'd stood there and looked, really looked at David Cormack. He'd been turned away from her, his back on full display. He was beautifully male, his muscles defined by years of athleticism. His back was strong, his butt practically perfect, and he was held up with strong legs. But his head hung low and she could swear she felt how lonely he was.

She hadn't realized how lonely she was until she'd met him. "David?"

He started, every muscle tensing, and then he turned, though he mostly moved his torso as though trying to keep his private parts private. His eyes latched onto her, but he didn't say a word.

Oh, she wanted to run. He was far too gorgeous. She wasn't in his league. She knew she was attractive, but she wasn't even close to being in the same condition he was in. He'd been an elite athlete and he'd obviously never stopped working out. She could stand to lose a few pounds.

And if those pounds and the roundness of her hips ran him off, then so be it. She was done sitting around and hoping she got what she wanted. At least she would know. “I don’t want to go slow.”

For a second, she was almost sure he would tell her to go. Then he turned and he was standing there in his full glory, as though letting her see what he had to offer. When she simply stared, he crossed the space between them and, without a word, his hands cupped her face and his mouth was on hers.

The minute they touched, something sparked to life inside her, something wild she’d never felt before. It seemed to start in her toes, making them curl as the sensation rushed through her system. Heat and anticipation and pure joy.

It had been forever since a man kissed her like this. Maybe never. The only thing that compared was the sweet high school fumbling between her and Austin. He’d been eager, but he had no idea what he was doing.

David Cormack knew how to kiss. He mastered her mouth with his, soft when he needed to be and then rough, sending a thrill through her system that burned a path straight to her pussy. He brushed his lips against hers and then zeroed in on her lower lip, biting gently and sucking briefly before another soft kiss allowed her to breathe again. And then when she was ready to beg, his tongue surged in, rubbing soft velvet against her own.

“Tell me you’re sure,” he said against her mouth as his hands moved down.

“I’m sure,” she replied with a breathy whisper. He could throw her up against the side of the shower and take her then and there and she would be perfectly satisfied.

“Because there’s no going back. I’ve been a good boy up until this point. I’ve been civilized, Isla. I’ve played the gentleman around you, but if you let me in, I’ll invade and you’ll see the real man underneath the suit. I’ll be demanding and overly protective and I’ll want you every fucking minute of the day.”

And that was bad, how? She’d been on the outside looking in for so long, the idea of being someone’s center, being *the* person for him, made her heart ache with longing. “Please touch me, David. I want the real you, every dirty, possessive part of you.”

His hands found her hips and he dragged her against him, their bodies coming together for the first time. He was warm, his skin soft over the steel of his muscular body.

She took a moment, letting her arms wrap around him, her breasts against his chest, that hard erection of his cradled to her belly. This was sweet intimacy. Yes, it would lead to something wild, but for a moment she basked in the comfort of another body against hers.

He stepped back, taking her with him and bringing them into the warmth of the shower. He seemed to understand she needed a moment, and he followed her lead perfectly. One hand held her to him while the other smoothed back her now-wet hair as he brushed light kisses over her forehead and down to her nose, lavishing her with affection she’d been starved without. He stood like that with her, learning her body with his hands and mouth.

“See,” he said with the sexiest chuckle as he leaned over and ran his tongue along the shell of her ear. “We’re still taking it slow. I could do this for hours and I haven’t even gotten to your tasty parts yet. You’re sweet, Isla. I could eat you up. Are you going to let me eat you up?”

She nodded.

One hand tangled in her hair, gently drawing her back and forcing her to look up at him. His eyes were hot, his jaw tight with arousal. “Talk to me. I won’t let you disconnect from me when we’re intimate. Tell me. “Yes, David, I want you to eat me up.””

“Yes, David. I want you to eat me up.”