

Sexy Little Sinner Excerpt

I'm so completely screwed.

The thought rattles around in my head, and I try to shove it away. Smother it. Silence it. Because that really isn't the kind of thought a guy wants screaming at him while his tongue is in a woman's mouth. Or when her hot, little body is writhing against him. Or when his cock is harder than he thought possible and all he can think about is sliding his hands up her thighs and under her skirt, then ripping off her panties and letting her ride him until they both see stars.

But, dammit, the thought looms: *Screwed. Totally, completely, one-hundred-percent screwed.*

Because this woman is off-limits to me. Big time. No excuses. Hands-off territory.

Not that you could tell from a snapshot of the moment, because now I've got my hand on her breast, and she's arching back as I use my thumb and forefinger to tease her nipple while she bites her lower lip and makes that sexy little whimpering sound that used to drive me wild.

Apparently it still does.

Did I mention that I'm screwed?

I break the kiss, knowing we both need to take a few deep breaths, otherwise I'll end up fucking her right here against the washing machine, the smell of fabric softener mixing with the scent of sex and desire as I claim her fast and hard, just the way I want to. The way I know *she* wants me to.

"Connor, please."

My name on her lips is a demand, and so help me I give in, claiming her mouth with my own. Anything to sneak in a few more moments of stolen bliss.

"Oh, hell, yes," she murmurs as she tightens her fingers in my hair. Then she practically crawls up my body, releasing her grip only long enough to settle her ass on the washer lid so that she can wrap her legs around my waist.

One of my hands cups the back of her neck, but the other is on the smooth skin of her thigh, and as I briefly open my eyes, I see that her skirt has ridden up high enough to reveal a swatch of pink panties, a dark spot revealing just how wet she is.

I groan—could the woman torture me any more?—and force myself not to slide my finger up her thigh even though all I can think about is the way she'd feel naked and beneath me, her pussy hot and slick and tight as I thrust inside her.

I recall the way she bites her lower lip when she's about to come. The way her body would tighten around me, as if she could pop me like an overripe cherry.

I remember the way it feels to explode inside her, and then pull her close and breathe in the fresh, clean scent of her hair as we both drift off to sleep, her skin warm and soft against mine.

Oh, holy hell...I'm not just screwed. I'm fucked.

Completely and totally fucked.

Because this woman is my best friend's little sister.