



SYDNEY CROFT

SEDUCED BY THE STORM

'If you like intrigue, espionage, danger and sexy secret agents
with psychic abilities, you will love this book'

Romantic Times

R  **UGE**
SUSPENSE

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About the Author

Sydney Croft is the alter-ego of Larissa Ione and Stephanie Tyler, who came together to blend their very different writing interests into adventurous tales of erotic paranormal fiction. Though they love to write together as Sydney Croft, they also write individually.

As Sydney Croft, they are the authors of *Riding the Storm*, *Unleashing the Storm*, *Seduced by the Storm*, *Taming the Fire*, *Tempting the Fire* and *Taken by Fire*, which are all available from *Rouge*.

Other books by Sydney Croft:

Riding the Storm
Unleashing the Storm

Taming the Fire
Tempting the Fire
Taken by Fire

SEDUCED BY THE STORM

Sydney Croft



CHAPTER *One*

FAITH BLACK HAD been beaten, drugged and imprisoned, but none of that scared her. No, what frightened her to the core was the man confined with her. Chained to an improvised medieval rack and bare from the waist up, he lay on his back, arms over his head, his incredible chest marred by bruises and a deep laceration that extended from his left pec to his right hip.

He might have been rendered immobile, but he was in no way helpless.

His weapon, far more dangerous than the telekinesis—to her, at least—was his overpowering sexuality, a force that tugged her toward him, made her burn with need despite their grave situation.

Head pounding from a brutal blow to her cheek, she pushed to her feet and padded close, her nudity barely registering. She'd been stripped naked while unconscious, her clothes tossed into one corner of the windowless, steel-walled room. The weak yellow light from the single bulb emphasized the deep amber of Wyatt's eyes, no longer green, as he settled into the transitional period many telekinetics experienced when their powers flared up. The air in the room stilled, and the chain around his right ankle began to rattle.

"Don't," she said quietly.

He shifted his head to look at her as though he hadn't realized she'd regained consciousness. "Faith." His voice

was rough, as haunted as his gaze. "I didn't tell him. I swear."

"Tell who what?"

"Your boyfriend. I didn't tell him about us. He knew."

"Sean's not my boyfriend," she said, and Wyatt cocked a dark eyebrow like he didn't believe her. "And I know you didn't say anything."

She knew, because she'd been the one to spill the beans that she and Wyatt had been sleeping together.

Wyatt's head lolled back so he was staring up at the steel beams crisscrossing the ceiling. The corded tendons in his neck strained and tightened as he swallowed. "I'm sorry I got you into this."

"You didn't."

A growl rumbled in his throat. "I seduced you. I shouldn't have. Not here. Not on the platform, where he could find out."

She inhaled him into her, the masculine scent that threw her off balance whenever he came near. No, she couldn't blame him for anything, least of all her out-of-control desire for him. He was here to do a job, just like she was, which meant getting the assignment done by any means necessary.

"I'm not here because Sean is jealous." Though Sean was, furiously so, but Wyatt didn't need to know that.

"Then why?"

Dragging her gaze from the strong, ruggedly handsome features of his face, she let her mind focus on a realm of existence most people never saw. Instantly, Wyatt's aura became visible, a shifting, undulating layer of light around his body. And God, something was wrong, so wrong she nearly gasped.

Wyatt radiated power, so his aura should reflect the same. Instead, it stretched thin around his body like an ill-fitting, secondhand coat, ridden with weak spots and holes, as though he'd suffered repeated supernatural attacks. She

could repair the damage, but her efforts would amount to little more than a patch job on his psychic garment. Replenishing his aura, renewing it ... that only he could do, subconsciously, through healthy living and mental wholeness.

For now, she concentrated on the cut on his chest, worked her power into a psi needle and thread that knit the wound together. The muscles in his abs rippled, carved so deeply that they cast shadows on one another. She knew how they felt beneath her touch, how they flexed when they rubbed against her belly, and she had to clench her hands to keep from reaching for him.

The wound closed in a whisper of sound, and Wyatt sucked in a harsh breath. "Jesus. You're a fucking agent."

His eyes glowed amber again, and the chains binding him rattled.

"Please don't," she said, letting her psychic fingers slide south on his body. "Let me. Follow my lead."

He moaned and then grit his teeth against the sensations she sent streaming into his groin.

"I'm going to need you to scream, Wyatt. Scream like I'm killing you."

His shaft began to swell with each of her virtual caresses deep inside his body, and his eyes flashed green fire. "You are, Faith." His voice rumbled, dark, dangerous. "I've been through the gates of hell and survived, but somehow I think you're going to be the devil who takes me down."

CHAPTER

Two

Two Days Earlier

WYATT KENNEDY WAS A dead man, and other than a few problems, like being unable to use his credit cards, it hadn't been so bad.

Of course, he'd already been declared dead once before, a long time ago, so he knew the drill. Lay low, use cash, watch your back.

When he'd dropped off the face of the earth years earlier, he'd had ACRO—the Agency for Covert Rare Operatives, of which he was one—on his side. ACRO had recruited him, changed his name and killed him off so he wouldn't face a murder rap for the death of his half brother.

Which, for the record, he still wasn't sure he was responsible for, thanks to a memory lapse that had lasted for the past five years, despite ACRO's best efforts.

This time he got to keep the same first name, at least. The most important part of being dead this go-around was letting everyone at ACRO think he'd been killed—for reasons he didn't quite understand but when orders were given, orders were followed. The rest of the world, and Itor Corp—ACRO's major nemesis, had never known Wyatt existed anyway, and he knew the mission he was dealing with—finding the weather machine that Itor Corp had built and hidden on an offshore oil platform—was some serious we-plan-on-destroying-the-world shit.

He'd handle it easily enough. It's not like he looked as if he had special powers. But he was tall enough that most

men gave him a wide berth, which was cool with him. He tended to live mostly inside his own head anyway and preferred his own space, big-time. Even when he was in a room full of people, like now.

The bar crowd tonight was rough, made up mostly of roustabouts who wanted to be roughnecks and roughnecks who wanted to be drillers, all either preparing to rejoin their offshore crew or just coming off their fourteen-day workweek. Wyatt was just coming off his own two-week break, prepared to go back in and finish up the job he'd started for ACRO. He'd been on the rig, doing recon on the weather machine—ACRO wanted to make sure there weren't any more out there like it. So he'd spent the first days getting the code and transmitting it back to Haley at ACRO. Now he'd been ordered by Oz to actually destroy the machine.

Wyatt had grown up in this life, under the name of James Jasper. His father owned his own drilling company by the time Wyatt had been born, and he'd already had two sons from his first wife.

Wyatt had been thirteen at the time all the other crazy shit had started happening around him.

For as long as he could remember, he'd always had what he'd thought of as secret powers. He remembered moving an object with his mind when he was just two years old, and it had gotten worse when he hit puberty. Out of control, until every time he lost his temper even slightly, shit would fly.

At first, the doctors at the mental facility he'd been forced into were concerned, and then they became downright fed up with him. Especially because he became really good at ripping up their offices, all while sitting in a chair, looking innocent.

One minute, he'd been drilling, the next, learning how to avoid medication he didn't want to take by hiding it in his mouth. He never did tell anyone at that mental institution

about the sex thing, a power that ACRO scientists now believed had roots in his telekinesis—it hadn't begun full force until he was fifteen. Even then, everyone just assumed he was getting laid on a regular basis because he was good-looking.

Yeah, totally *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, only not as fun, and he'd escaped before the electroshock therapy, by seducing all the female nurses and pretending to be normal.

Pretending. Wyatt did that a lot. Pretending to not be telekinetic. Pretending to be dead ...

So far, pretending to be dead this time around was pretty cool. He'd always wanted to come back as a ghost, thought that would be the coolest part of actually being dead. Creed, another operative at ACRO—a ghost hunter—had assured him that most ghosts were on the up-and-up, but Oz, a medium who spoke to ghosts who were the worst of the worst, disagreed.

Oz had temporarily taken over for Devlin O'Malley, the head of ACRO. Oz was the one responsible for Wyatt's death and his current assignment, which placed him back on the job as a roughneck.

Like fucking being reincarnated.

Just concentrate on getting your shit together, man.

When his concentration went elsewhere, his gift began to scatter like loose marbles on a slick, hardwood floor. But then, he always felt scattered, not fully whole, not integrated. Motherfucking crazy. Like maybe he really did belong in a padded room somewhere. He'd tried to explain it to the psychics at ACRO, told them it felt as if his powers were Legos missing the connecting pieces.

When he'd been released from the mental ward at sixteen, he'd worked on the oil rig with his father and brothers until he was nineteen and then he went the military route. Learning to drill had been cool, and in his blood—learning to destroy had been equally so. Fuck the

middle-of-the-road bullshit. As bent on extremes as he was, he went straight for the roughest route possible.

Special Forces—SEALs, specifically. The drill sergeant at boot camp had taken one look at Wyatt's lanky six-foot, three-inch frame and laughed. Wyatt had knocked him out cold with one punch, spent the night in the brig and found himself in BUD/s two days later. As punishment.

He loved it—every single brutal minute.

He'd passed his psych evals for the Navy with no problem. He'd faked it, the way he'd faked a lot of things, and the Special Forces community wanted its men to be a little bit on the crazy side anyway, even if they didn't outright admit it.

Fuckin' A right.

But the sex thing, *oh, yeah*, he'd let his handle on that slip, especially this past week. Mainly because it was fun as hell letting it go out of control and he'd known he wasn't going to get laid at all during the next phase of his mission.

He'd been tamping it down hard when he'd been rigging for two weeks straight—so hard that it made his head hurt.

When you could have any woman—or man, if he'd swung that way—sex got old fast. If his libido wasn't in constant overdrive, he'd have given up sex altogether long ago, shaved his head and become a monk.

He'd tried the monk thing once, when he was seventeen. His apprenticeship lasted exactly three weeks, until he couldn't stand the other men trying to break into his room to have him. The head of the abbey agreed with Wyatt's decision. Didn't stop him from trying to screw Wyatt, though.

Wyatt was still learning to control his pheromones—most of the time they only worked on people he wanted them to work on, unless he let himself go too long without, or if he and the object of his desire were around other people when he got turned on. In that case, everyone and their mothers—literally—needed to watch out.

And there was an even bigger price to pay for the sex mojo—the women he'd been with never remembered the sex once he left the room. So yeah, that would be great when trying to have any kind of long-term relationship—waking up in the morning with a woman who would soon forget sleeping with him in the first place.

He'd put the mojo to rest completely yesterday after a round with two women in a ménage à trois that lasted all night and into the afternoon. Sex wasn't a severe drain on his powers, but it did mess with his head.

When a man's fucking, his walls crumble, Dev always said. And yeah, that was the truth in plain English.

English. Like the accent purring against his ear: "Got any plans for tonight, love?"

FAITH BLACK'S PLANS for the night hadn't included a tall, dark and handsome man, but with someone trying to kill her, she'd had to make some adjustments.

The stranger she'd propositioned wrapped his arm around her waist. Before she could so much as blink, he tucked her between his long legs. The bar stool bit into the front of her thighs and his fingers bit into her hip, and for some reason, all she could think about was biting into *him*.

"I can always make room in my schedule for a beautiful woman," he said, in a rich, whiskey-smooth southern drawl that made her want to drink him in. And those eyes ... even in the hazy, dim light from the beer signs, they glowed clear green. She'd never seen anything like it.

And as a biokinetic—a specialized telekinetic with the ability to manipulate living tissue—who had grown up alongside people with gifts even more incredible than hers, she'd seen a lot. She'd seen even more since the day she and her partner, with funding from the British government, had started up The Aquarius Group, a small, secret agency employing people with special abilities, like herself.

“I’m not usually so forward,” she said, tearing her gaze away from his when the pub door opened. “But see that man walking in?”

The stranger inclined his head almost imperceptibly, as though he hadn’t looked, and she gave him points for his astute assessment of the situation. She gave him extra points for having the most gorgeous, stout-colored hair, which just brushed the collar of his tee.

“He’s my ex-lover,” she lied. “He’s a loon. Completely mad, and he’s stalking me. I told him I have a new lover—”

“And I was the first guy you saw?”

“Yes.” No, but when she’d detected a tail as she strolled along the moonlit boardwalk, she’d slipped into the nearest public place that would be full of men, and as luck would have it, these weren’t just men. They were bikers, oil drillers and roughnecks, and the man who now held her had stood out as the toughest of the tough.

Not to mention the best-looking.

Marco watched from near the entrance, not bothering to hide his annoyance.

“Well,” the stranger said, threading one hand through her hair to pull her face close to his, “I can either take care of you, or I can take care of him.”

A sweet offer, but no matter how capable this guy looked—and he did look capable, all steel-strapped muscle and broad shoulders beneath his black AC/DC T-shirt—Marco was a trained killer, an excedosapien with reflexes ten times faster than the average person’s. She knew because she’d gone head to head with him a year ago, and though her combat skills couldn’t be better, his speed and fondness of the wire garrote had nearly spelled her doom.

She fingered the black velvet choker that hid the thin scar circling her neck, before catching herself and dropping her hand to his shoulder. “I’d love it if you’d play along, for just a bit.”

One corner of his made-to-please-a-woman mouth turned up like she'd picked the right answer, and suddenly she was experiencing just how much that mouth was made to please.

The contact was gentle, more a brush of lips than anything, but her body's response was immediate and alarming. A blast of heat that had nothing to do with the Florida autumn temperature licked at her breasts, her belly, her inner thighs. When the expert sweep of his tongue opened her mouth, her legs opened too.

At least, as much as they could open with her caged between his jean-clad thighs.

This was not good.

Mustering all her self-control, she concentrated on Marco, using her unique form of telekinesis to probe his aura with her mind, searching for a weakness, a chink in his armor. On average, it took her thirty seconds to penetrate the protective weave of energy around a human, but in the heat of battle, thirty seconds was about twenty-nine and a half seconds too long—which was why she'd honed her hand-to-hand combat skills to a machete edge. Fortunately, she had time now, but this wasn't going to be a thirty-second jobber. It figured that Marco's aura would be the psychic equivalent of Kevlar.

"What's your name?" the stranger murmured against her lips, and for a moment, she forgot about Marco.

"Faith Black. Yours?"

"Wyatt." He dragged his mouth across her cheek to her ear. "What did he do to you?"

Marco sauntered toward them, his khaki business-casual out of place in a rough crowd like this. Men jeered ... until Marco shot them a dark look that shut them up in an instant. Even predators recognized when they were in the presence of something higher on the food chain.

His flat, black eyes remained trained on her as he took a seat at a nearby table.

“Nothing I want to talk about,” she said finally.

Wyatt pulled back as though he wanted to say something, but the bartender, a pit bull of a man with gray hair pulled into a low ponytail, interrupted.

“Can I get you anything, lady?”

Taking the opportunity to peel herself off Wyatt, she sank down onto a bar stool. “I’ll have what he’s having.”

The bartender palmed a highball glass. “Jack neat with a beer back, coming right up.”

“So, Faith,” Wyatt said after the bartender slid her drinks to her, “where in England are you from?”

She sent out another probing pulse toward Marco, and—thank God—found the chink in his aura. “All over, really.”

Standard answer. She’d spent a lifetime cultivating an accent that wouldn’t reveal a background from any particular region, especially Devonshire, where she was born, or Yorkshire, where she grew up after her parents were killed. In order to blur the lines even more, she threw German inflections and American phrasing into her speech.

Blending in helped keep a secret agent alive.

One of Wyatt’s hands came down on her knee, but she felt it to her core. Moisture drenched her panties. Her head felt light, her breasts heavy. The sensations breaking over her body were strangely intoxicating, and she had to give a little shake of her head to clear it. No man had ever affected her like this. Not even Sean, the one and only man she’d ever loved.

It had been a year since she’d last seen Sean, since they’d played cat and mouse, pain and pleasure. He couldn’t resist her even when his job was to kill her.

She was counting on his predictability once more, because this mission could get her very dead if Sean’s love for her had finally taken second place to his job with Itor.

“It’s a little hot to be wearing leather.” Wyatt’s gaze took in her goth attire, which went against the whole blend-in thing—her black leather pants, the crimson silk-and-lace

corset top and her leather jacket—his appreciation obvious in the way his lids grew heavy.

“The heat doesn’t bother me.” Neither did the cold. She’d always been able to regulate her own body temperature, though that was the extent of her powers over her own bodily functions. She could, however, do anything she wanted to anyone else.

Sliding a glance at Marco, Wyatt downed the whiskey in his glass. The fine muscles in his throat worked beneath the golden, whisker-roughened skin there, holding her gaze for a moment. When he finished, he spun the glass across the polished bar top and nodded to the bartender for another.

“Think the heat will bother khaki-boy?” he asked.

She grinned. “It might,” she said, knowing full well that nothing would deter Marco from his goal, but needing time to finish breaking through his aura.

“Let’s find out, because the way he’s looking at you is bugging the shit out of me.” He palmed the back of her neck and slanted his mouth over hers once more.

Even though she’d anticipated the kiss, her breath caught. The way he maneuvered his lips, teeth and tongue with gentle, dominant skill ... Christ, the man could probably make her orgasm from kissing alone.

“We’ve got to be convincing, right?” he whispered, and then licked the swell of her bottom lip, and a ragged moan escaped her. “Open for me.”

She didn’t hesitate, welcomed the slide of his wet tongue against hers. He tasted like whiskey, smelled like earth and man, a potent combination that made her loosen up more effectively than if she’d poured the entire fifth of Jack Daniel’s down her throat—her throat that throbbed in a grim reminder that Marco wanted to slit it.

Again.

Doing her best to ignore what Wyatt’s hand was doing to her thigh, she used her mind to pluck at the weak strings in

the weave of Marco's aura. Finally, with Wyatt trailing kisses along her jaw, visions of the internal workings of Marco's body filled her brain.

Marco still watched, but had leaned forward, elbows propped on knees, enjoying the show. The dozen or so patrons in the pub could care less, too fascinated by the two scantily clad women near the pool table who were doing a lot more than kissing the four guys they were with.

Marco's heartbeat gave nothing away. Slow, steady, strong. She could stop it in an instant, give him an aneurysm, or boil his blood.

But all of those things would attract attention. Besides, killing one of Itor's men when she would be meeting with a top Itor operative tomorrow was not conducive to a good working relationship. Even if—or especially because—she was going to be faking the relationship.

In the back of her mind, she knew Wyatt was nuzzling her ear, knew he'd pulled her nearly into his lap and that he had a monster erection nudging her hip. She knew her fingers were gliding over his hard, bunched biceps, and that her sex had flooded with silken cream.

If Marco weren't a threat, she'd drag Wyatt No Last Name to her hotel room and rock his world.

But she wouldn't put it past Marco to try to take them both out before they made it to her bed.

A psychic flare-up drew her to Marco's stomach, full after a meal. In her mind, she reached for his pylorus, the ring of muscle that separated the stomach from the small intestine. With a mental nudge, she opened it, allowing unprocessed food to spill through.

Marco winced, rubbed his belly. He'd cramp up soon, but she needed something more immediate to distract him until the cramps started.

"Wyatt," she gasped, when she felt the slide of his palm beneath her corsetlike top.

His tongue swirled against her neck. "Do you think he's convinced?"

"I don't know, love, but I certainly am."

His smile tickled her skin, and before she became distracted again, she dropped south inside Marco's body, located his bladder, and gave a mental squeeze.

The expression of horror on Marco's face as his pants darkened with urine brought immense satisfaction. He looked around wildly for the toilet, and then, clutching his gut, he ran for the Men sign near the back of the pub.

"Brilliant," Faith said, pulling away from Wyatt and ignoring her body's protests. She slid the bartender a sultry smile. "Wyatt's picking up my tab. Cheers."

She darted out the door, Wyatt's curse following her. She'd nearly made it the three blocks to her hotel when she realized someone was following.

Spinning, she threw out her fist. Recognition bloomed, but she pulled her punch too late. Wyatt blocked the strike, lightning fast, and then she found herself against a building, Wyatt's body pressed against hers.

Sloppy work on her part, letting it happen, but a small part of her had wanted this from the moment she recognized his face beneath the streetlight.

Relaxing, because doing so rolled her hips into closer contact with his, she dragged her gaze up from his broad chest, past the dazzling white teeth that flashed in a smile, as though he knew she was taking his measure now that they were alone.

The look in his eyes confirmed it. Amusement swirled there in the green depths, amusement and wariness and a touch of wild, as if he'd seen one too many horror movies.

Or had lived them.

"Tell me to back off and I will."

"Back off."

Grinning, he tugged her hard against him so she had to crane her neck to look up at him. *Oh, my.* She'd known he

was tall, but at five-ten, she wasn't short herself, and he topped her by at least five inches. For all that height, he moved like a cat. Powerful muscles sang with reserved energy while in motion, went loose-limbed at rest.

A flicker of unease made her tense. This man was even more dangerous than he'd appeared to be in the pub. Prior military, maybe a merc.

It worked for her, the whole danger thing, since that was her life, but on the eve of what might be the riskiest mission she'd ever accepted, she didn't need any extra stress.

"You didn't back off," she said.

"Because you didn't mean it."

No, she supposed she hadn't. Sex oozed from every pore in his smooth, tanned skin, the promise of eroticism so tangible she could feel it rumble through her like a purr.

"Did you want to go at it here, then?" She skimmed her thumb over the massive ridge in the fly of his jeans, and he arched into her palm. "Where anyone driving by can see?"

His hand dropped to grasp her ass and hold her as his hips undulated against hers, driving his cock into her belly. "I'm not into exhibitionism. No one sees my woman but me."

"I'm not your woman."

Dropping his head, he nipped at her earlobe, held it between his teeth as he growled, "Tonight you are."

Somewhere deep inside, she wanted to protest, but when her mouth opened, only one word came out.

"Yes."

Her voice sounded husky, needy. It had been so long since she'd allowed herself an indulgent night of pleasure. Normally, sex was a tool, whether she offered her body or merely the promise of her body. Seduction played a big part of her job as a special operative for TAG, and tomorrow it was back to the job.

Tonight ... tonight was for her, because if her mission aboard Itor's oil platform met with success and she nabbed the weather machine, someone she loved might die. If her mission failed, someone else she loved *would* die.

Either way, she'd lose Sean or Liberty, and either way, she didn't have a lot of time left for pleasure.

Reaching up, she took Wyatt's face in her palms and captured his gaze with hers. "Your room or mine?"

CHAPTER *Three*

IT WAS DEFINITELY going to be Faith's room. Wyatt's own was a piece of shit off the side of the highway. Most nights, he slept outside, on the beach, until the cops roused him and called him a vagrant. Besides, they determined that Faith's room was the closest, and he let his body send out enough pulsating mojo to make her realize they needed privacy—and fast.

He'd slung his arm around her as they walked past the snooty desk clerk, to the elevator. They rode up to her floor with an elderly couple, who smiled at them—as if they knew what was going to happen once he and Faith reached her room. Or what would be happening right here in the elevator if they were alone, based on the way Faith was rubbing against him.

When Wyatt's hormones called out, they *called out*, brother. Even the old lady was edging closer to him, on what seemed like the slowest ride ever to the top of a building.

"This is us," Faith said, tugging him along by the front of his belt. Wyatt felt the older woman caress his lower back as he left the elevator, towed along by Faith, and he tossed her a wink over his shoulder as the elevator doors shut.

That old man was getting lucky tonight, on him.

"Come on in," Faith said, holding the door to her room open for him. She was staying in a suite, very posh, and fitting of her accent.

“Fancy,” he said, noting the ratty stuffed animal sitting in the middle of the plush bedding, out of place and somehow strangely comforting.

She wound her arms around his neck, looked up at him as she pressed her belly against his erection. “Yes, well, work is paying for it all, so I figured I deserved the splurge.”

“What kind of work do you do?”

“Nothing special.” She sucked lightly on the skin above his collarbone.

“So you dress in leather and run from ex-boyfriends on your time off to spice things up,” he said.

“Anything to keep it exciting. What about you?”

“You didn’t invite me here to talk work,” he said.

“Actually, I wasn’t going to invite you at all.”

“Then why did you?”

“I don’t know,” she murmured against his neck, her lips hot against his already overheated skin—and, *oh yeah*, they were going to have fun tonight.

He turned the lock on the door to Do Not Disturb mode with his mind and kept on kissing her.

She was so enthralled, she didn’t notice that he was unbuttoning her leather jacket with his fingers and unzipping her leather pants with his thoughts, pulling them down and ripping off her corset top.

She’d made short work of his T-shirt, yanked it off impatiently and nibbled along his shoulder as she unbuttoned his jeans. He wasn’t wearing underwear, found that in most cases it wasn’t necessary, and this was definitely one of those cases.

“God, this is crazy,” she murmured. Her nipples were dark pink and already stiff, begging for his touch, and he knew, just knew that if he reached between her legs right now she’d already be wet and ready for him. One long stroke and he’d be fucking her.

He wondered what it would be like to actually make love, when things weren't at such a frenzied, fever pitch, thanks to his mojo. The times he did slow it down, the women he was with would have a complete fit, practically force themselves on him.

No, slowing down wasn't worth it, and from the looks of things, this night with Faith wouldn't be any different. Her pupils were already slightly dilated, her lips fuller, her scent calling out for him.

His head was getting fuzzy, a side effect of turning another person on this much. But he wanted her to want him badly, even though she hadn't been drawn to him originally because of his sexual pull.

He hadn't realized that back in the bar, but he'd been concentrating too hard on his past to put anything else out there. And he was nearly beyond concentration now and she was completely naked, save for the black goth choker she wore. He was going to make sure she kept that on, since it was sexy as anything.

He walked around her body, surveying, taking it all in. She turned her head to watch him circle. He stopped at her back, rubbed himself against her, his jeans brushing the bare backs of her thighs, his cock brushing her high, tight ass.

She'd let him fuck her this way, he thought, caressing a butt cheek in each hand as she continued to watch him over her shoulder.

He noted a scar on her right shoulder, his sex-addled brain not registering it as anything important as he ran his tongue over it, back and forth. She shivered at that intimacy, as if the scar was something she'd tried to keep hidden. Nothing could stay hidden from him for long, not when his hormones were calling out to hers, begging her to unveil everything to him. She was powerless.

And when she turned toward him and took his cock in her hand, so was he.

“You’re a big man,” she murmured.

“Compliments will get you everywhere. And I mean that literally,” he said, letting her drag him down to the most comfortable bed he’d been on in months. Years, maybe.

She made short work of his jeans and he could see her assessing his body, looking at the various scars that graced his chest and thigh—remnants more of his SEAL days, less from ACRO work—but not really taking them in because she was completely focused on sex.

She crouched, on all fours like a stalking panther, above his jutting cock and nuzzled it with her cheek. He put his hands behind his head, content to wait and watch for the moment.

She ran her tongue up the length of his shaft, stopping to swirl the broad head and then gently suckle the bead of pre-cum before sliding her tongue along his slit and, Jesus Christ, his hips bucked up with a force of their own.

“You like that, Wyatt?”

“Yeah, baby. I like.”

Another beautiful smile before she slid him into her mouth. His back arched, his eyes closed, and for a few merciful minutes his mind went completely blank of anything but the incredible pleasure she was giving him.

He wanted to do the same for her, curved his long body sideways in order to grab for her thigh. She understood what he wanted immediately, let him pull her hips toward him, even as her mouth formed an O around the outer ridge of the head of his cock. The dark hair of her sex was manicured into a neat triangle, and he angled his neck so he could get his mouth on her. He blew softly on her center and then gave a long lick down her wet, hot folds, imbibing her sweet scent like a mark that would follow him for life.

Her thighs clenched involuntarily and he used that opportunity to bury his face in her, to inhale that sweet, tangy scent she’d been giving off, and goddamn, he was going to move in and set up shop.

Her tongue flattened against the smooth spot behind his balls and he was going to come, good enough and hard enough to push away any coherent thoughts that might break through.

Faith had one of the most talented mouths he'd ever run across, and yes, he could definitely do this for a long, long time.

At least until morning.

His balls tightened as he flirted with the edge of his orgasm, tried to hold off as long as he could, until Faith came against his mouth and moaned around his shaft, and then it was over for him. His cock pulsed, the edges of his sight blurring, the way it did right before he went telekinetic. But this was not the time for any more special gifts to barge in on his party. No, he wanted to savor the way shivers tightened every muscle in his body to an almost painful level as he came.

She gripped his hips as she milked him—he did the same for her, his face still buried in her pussy. Keeping his tongue on her pulsing clit with just the right amount of pressure, he worked her over the edge again.

Slowly, he let his cock slide from her mouth, licked his way up her body, stopping to tease each nipple again while she moaned. Her fingers stroked through his hair, her nails raking lightly along his scalp.

He put his knee between her thighs to spread them, but she protested, pushing back against him.

She was trying to flip him because she wanted to be on top—even though she was overtaken by him, her dominant streak was still fighting.

He didn't let that happen, not so much because he needed to be on top, but because he was in the mood for it. And Wyatt always went with his moods.

His mood also had him not wanting to use a condom. Yeah, he used them if the woman asked or if he wanted to contain the mess, but he didn't *need* to use them. ACRO

had recently acquired immunizations developed to prevent all sexually transmitted diseases—immunizations that would never be available to the public, for the same reason the drug trade would never be stopped: There was too much money to be made off human misery.

“You on the pill?” he asked, because ACRO had yet to steal a patent on an anti-pregnancy drug for men.

“Mmm ... yes ... hurry.”

Pressing her down, he held her wrists against the sheet. He wanted to bury himself inside her, watch her face, see her with that cool choker. And that’s exactly what he did, took her hard and fast while one of her legs wrapped around his lower back, and proceeded to fuck her into the mattress. Not roughly, but he wasn’t gentle either.

Faith had no problem with it. She kept one foot firmly on the mattress, used it to give herself leverage so she could rock her hips up to meet him, stroke for stroke, and she was moaning. Uncontrollably.

“Keep fucking me, Wyatt.”

And he did, through a multiple orgasm that shook her, body and mind, until she was incoherent and his own body demanded release.

The beauty of the sex thing, when he was deep in the throes of it, was his own ability to have multiple orgasms, something that most men couldn’t experience. It was like falling, closing his eyes and trusting his body’s responses. White light blasted from under his lids; his legs straightened as she contracted around his cock.

His body shook and he let himself fall onto his elbows, his forehead pressed to hers. Her arms went around him as a contented groan escaped her throat while he nuzzled against the velvet fabric of the choker.

“Your weight feels good,” she murmured. “Don’t move.”

“I wasn’t planning on it, but my body has other ideas. Plenty of them.” He was hard again, and he was still inside her.

THE LOVELY MAN was still hard.

Faith wrapped her legs around Wyatt's waist and smiled up at him as he watched her with those fabulous eyes. His mouth was open slightly, lips glistening from kissing her. He thrust slowly, each slide of his cock scraping over flesh already sensitive after several orgasms. It wouldn't take much for her to climb the peak again—a peak that would punch with sharp clarity through the fog of bliss in which she seemed to be stuck. For a split second she'd wonder what had gotten into her, and then Wyatt would kiss her, or lick her neck, or thrust deep, and she'd fall under his spell once more.

Like she was right now. "Want to mix things up a bit?" she asked, and he cocked an eyebrow.

"What did you have in mind?"

She jerked her chin toward the four-person Jacuzzi near the panoramic windows that overlooked the dark Atlantic.

"Do you like to get wet?"

"Oh, yeah."

They padded to the hot tub, and she entered first, hissing at the intense heat as she immersed herself. When she was waist deep, she kneeled on one of the benches and told Wyatt to stay where he was, standing at the edge of the tub. He watched her with open curiosity as she ran her hands up his muscular legs, over wicked scars she'd have asked about if she ever planned to see him again.

His thighs quivered at her touch. His cock, thick and wrapped in dusky, smooth skin, jumped when she leaned in to kiss his hip. She trailed kisses inward, each one making Wyatt's breath come faster.

"What do you want me to do, Wyatt?" She licked the base of his shaft up and down like a candy cane and looked at him. His eyes glowed with a feral light, a trick of the full moon shining through the window. The raw hunger in his expression was no trick, though, and when he spoke, the hunger dripped from his deep, growling voice.

“Put your mouth on me. Suck my cock.”

Smiling, she trailed her tongue down, planning to suck him, but not like he wanted. The soft musk of his arousal heightened her own, and her mouth watered as she pressed her lips to the velvety sac below his erection.

A low groan escaped him, encouraging her. Slowly, she sucked one heavy testicle into her mouth and worked it gently with her tongue. He threaded the fingers of one hand through her hair and palmed his erection with the other, stroking himself as she suckled his balls, giving each special attention.

“You’re so good at that,” he said, and she almost laughed, because if he only knew what she could do with her gift, how she could stroke him from the inside as well as the out, it would blow his mind.

She could make him come without laying a finger on him.

Which would ruin her fun, because she wanted all her fingers on him.

Gently, he pushed her away and joined her in the water, his big body filling the tub and blocking her view of anything but his broad chest. He circled around behind her and cupped her breasts, used his thumbs to flick their wet tips until they peaked, flushed and ripe. His erection slipped between her legs, and she reached down into the water to run her fingers over the head as he rocked his hips.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured into her hair. “Tall. You’re a good fit.”

Wrapping his arms around her, he sat, pulling her down onto his lap so her back rested against his chest. He slid both hands over her breasts, across her belly, and between her legs.

She let him spread her thighs wide, exposing her sex to the hot water. His tongue traced the shell of her ear as he dipped one finger between her folds and began to stroke,