

HIGH
THE INDIGO LOUNGE SERIES #1
BY
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Chapter One

The first thing Bethany Green saw when she opened her mailbox on Friday evening was the indigo-colored envelope. Against the rest of the junkmail and bills, it stood out like an exotic jewel in the dust.

Even as she cautioned herself against excitement, her heart skipped several beats. Fingers trembling, she reached for the rectangular envelope and felt it, real and heavy in her hand.

“*Omigod, it came. It actually came.*” Realizing she was talking to herself, albeit in an empty foyer of her apartment building, she quickly stuffed the mail in her oversized handbag and hurried to the elevator.

She’d barely stabbed the button for the fourth floor when she pulled the envelope out again. The words written on the front in raised gold embossed lettering were simple—*Your Invitation*. She turned it over. No return address. No surprise there. Because, seriously, only a crazy person would turn down *this* invitation.

Ten minutes later, Bethany, despite being fortified with half a glass of Rioja, still hadn't gathered the courage to open it. The harsh buzz of her cellphone made her jump. Unable to tear her gaze from the envelope that now rested on her coffee table, she fumbled on the sofa for a few seconds before her fingers closed over her phone.

“We still on for tapas in an hour, right?” Keely Benson, her best friend, snapped in her no-nonsense Brooklyn twang.

Keely was pure New Yorker, not an up-stater like Bethany. Many times during their long friendship, Bethany had thanked God for having Keely in her life. She’d been there for her when Bethany had been hit with the worst news of her life.

“Umm...yeah...I guess,” Bethany replied, her attention still absorbed by the envelope.

“You...*guess*? How many times over the last week have I told you how important tonight is to me? Fuck, Bethany, if you chicken out on me, I’ll never forgive you. You know Clark will never go all the way if I come on too strong. I need you to pull me back. Once I get him back to my place, I’ll be fine, but I can’t have him wimping out on me at dinner, and for that to happen, I need you there!”

“Jesus, Keel, I’ve never understood your insane addiction to nerds.”

Her friend gave a rich laugh that started off as a schoolgirl giggle and ended in a dominatrix’s growl. Bethany had seen grown men drool like little boys when Keely laughed.

“You don’t need to understand, baby girl. All you need to do is to turn up and help a friend out.”

“I...okay, sure, I’ll be there.”

Keely huffed with impatience. “Ok, tell me what’s going on. You haven’t had another run-in with She-male, have you?”

Bethany smirked at the nickname they’d coined for her balls-shriveling boss. “No, she’s out of town till Tuesday.”

“Then what the hell’s the problem?”

“It came,” Bethany blurted out, incapable of keeping the news to herself any longer.

“It? What it?” Keely demanded.

“An invitation. To The Indigo Lounge.”

Silence. For as long as Bethany had known her, Keely had never been at a loss for words. For her to be silent now made Beth’s heart hammer. Her friend knew, just as she did, the gravity of the moment.

“You’re. Shitting. Me!” she finally whispered.

“I am not.” A sound bubbled up from Bethany’s throat—half incredulous, half terrified. Because she still couldn’t believe what her eyes were telling her.

“Have you opened it? What did it say? When do you leave? How long for? Are you allowed to bring a guest? Fuck it, girl, spill!”

“I...haven’t opened it yet. And, seriously, Keely, I don’t think I want to.”

“You don’t think you want to open it or you don’t think you want to accept the invitation?”

“Umm...both? I mean there’s no way I can get away on such short notice...besides, I have too much work to do at the moment...June is our busiest month because it’s right before everyone disappears for the summer...it’s just not practical—”

“Bethany!” Keely’s steely voice cut across hers.

“Yes?”

“How much wine do you have at your place?”

Bethany finally managed to blink and focus on something other than the indigo envelope. Glancing over at the alcove set into the short hallway leading to her kitchen, she counted. “Three reds, one white, one rosé. Why?”

“I’ll be over in twenty minutes. I’ll bring take out.”

“What about Clark?”

Keely sighed. “As much as it kills me to deny myself some super-hot nerd cock, Clark can wait. This is way too important to let you do what I know you’re thinking about doing.”

“But—”

“Twenty minutes.” She hung up.

Bethany forced herself to breathe. Willed her hands to stop shaking. Taking another sip of wine, she picked up the invitation.

The Indigo Lounge—owned by thirty-one-year-old billionaire Zachary Savage, the fifth-richest man in America.

Bethany remembered the piece she’d read about Savage in *Time Magazine* last year. It had expounded on his Midas-touch business savvy and hinted at his rags-to-riches background, but even as she’d read it she’d known the report was largely rehashed from other articles; the very private Zach Savage had revealed almost nothing about his past to his interviewer.

Even the picture used in the piece had been an old one. But it didn’t detract from the fact that at twenty-five, Zachary Savage had been magnetic and gorgeous, with eyes that captured and held a woman’s attention and made her want to get to know the man behind the enigmatic, sexy smile.

Nowadays, all anyone knew about Zachary Savage was that he lived somewhere on the West Coast, probably San Francisco, owned several homes around the world, and had fingers in several entrepreneurial pies, the most renowned being The Indigo Lounge.

Operating from ten super-jumbo private jets, the lounges offered prime, private adult entertainment. The rumors were that they were flying sex palaces, but the

specifics were an extremely well-kept secret that only the cream of A-listers were familiar with.

The overtures the events organizing company she worked for had made for his business last year had met with a flat refusal. Bethany had been part of the team that made the bid and had been tasked beforehand with finding out everything she could about Zachary Savage.

Coming up near-empty had more than pissed off her bosses and made her position at Neon Events, Inc. precarious. She'd had to work her ass off after that debacle to redeem herself in eyes of her immediate supervisor, Sheena Malcolm.

The sound of her buzzer interrupted her thoughts. Springing to her feet, she buzzed Keely in and waited by her front door.

Her blonde, green-eyed friend exited the elevator with her usual brisk, sexy stride, carrying a takeout bag from their favorite Chinese place in one hand and two Louis Vuitton weekenders in another.

Bethany frowned as Keely walked past her into the apartment. "What are the bags for?"

Keely dumped the luggage on the floor next to the nearest sofa and headed for the kitchen. "One is empty and is for you to use once I convince you you're going on this trip. The other is for if I've lost all my powers of persuasion I don't succeed. In which case, you and I are taking off for the Hamptons for the weekend. The weather forecast says mid to high nineties. If I won't be sweating it out on my sheets with Clark, I might as well go sweat on a beach and top up my tan while we discuss the serious issue of how you live your life." She grabbed two plates and came back into the living room where she'd left the food on the small dining table tucked into a corner and started dishing out Kung Pao chicken and noodles.

Bethany stemmed the fierce reaction to the word *beach* and tried to hide her fear-induced shudder. Keely saw it anyway.

Sympathy softened her gaze. "Crap. Scratch the beach idea. In fact scratch the whole contingency plan. You won't be needing it."

"Actually, about the invitation."

Keely grimaced and pointed her chopsticks at her. "You've talked yourself out of going, haven't you?"

"I don't think I can take the time off work, Keel."

"Sure you can. Your Aunt Melanie has suffered her second heart attack in two months. All those donuts and greasy short ribs the doctors warned her about are finally taking their toll. They don't know if poor Aunt Mel will make it this time."

"Jesus, Keely, Aunt Mel is as healthy if not healthier than the horses she rides several times a day. I spoke to her on her birthday last week and she's as fit as a fiddle."

"Iron Balls Sheena doesn't know that. She's approved you taking all of the vacation time you've accrued in the last two years to visit your aunt's death bed in Montana. And..." Keely fished her cell phone out of a pocket and waved it at Bethany, "she just texted me back to say she's also happy for me to keep her updated so you don't need to check in every fucking day."

Bethany couldn't stop her mouth gaping. "You packed a bag, ordered food for us and texted my boss asking for time off all in what...twenty minutes? All just so I'll go on this trip?"

"Yup."

"And Sheena believed the excuse you made up?"

“Why wouldn’t she? She still thinks I quit Neon last year because she drove me to a nervous breakdown and not because Rubio Events poached me. Bet she’s scared spitless I might sue her ass.” Keely grinned and handed over a steaming plate. “I love it when you get that look on your face.”

“What look?”

“The one that says you don’t know whether to kiss me for coming through for you or bitch-slap me for grinding your excuses into dust.”

“Yeah, because I’ve learned to my grief that when you’re this determined, one of us ends up doing something she’ll regret. And most of the time, it’s me.”

Keely waved her away and went over to the sofa Bethany had vacated minutes earlier. She stared down at the envelope with the same awe Bethany had felt since opening her mailbox almost an hour ago. “Wow. I mean...fucking wow.”

Bethany released a shaky breath and felt a little better that she hadn’t blown the momentousness of the situation out of proportion. “I know, right?”

Keely nodded. “We still need to open it, babe. We’re not going to get the juicy details by staring at it all night.” With a deep breath, she snatched it off the table and ripped it open.

Bethany held her breath until it the need for oxygen made her inhale greedily. “What does it say?”

“You’re leaving on Sunday from Newark. First stop is Shanghai...you’ll have your own personal guide, chef and a bodyguard throughout the experience...holy crap!”

“Bodyguard? Why would I need—”

Keely held up a hand. “Second stop is Bora Bora. Jesus, Bethany, I’d kill to go to Bora Bora! Third stop, the Aleutian Islands—where the fuck are they?”

When Bethany shrugged, she continued. “Fourth stop London, fifth stop is Monte Carlo.” She stared into space and sighed. “This is fucking unbelievable, Bethany. Did you think you’d hit the jackpot like this when you researched The Indigo Lounge and found out they take a wild-card guest once a year free of charge?”

“Nope. We both thought it was a joke at the time, remember? I mean, what would a multi-billion dollar organization have to gain from offering a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity like this?”

“Maybe Zachary Savage doesn’t want the world to think he’s just a super-rich dick?”

“Why should a guy who doesn’t give personal interviews and is practically a recluse care what the world thinks of him?” Bethany asked.

“Jeez, I don’t know. But let’s not stare this gift heifer in the mouth.” She pointed the edge of the envelope at Bethany. “This invitation has fallen into your lap and you. Are. Going.”

Bethany pressed her lips together to stop the torrent of objections rising inside her. On the one hand, she was thrilled—beyond thrilled. On the other, her self-confidence had taken a severe blow six months earlier when her long-term boyfriend had left her...for another man. Her shock at Chris’s double betrayal still hadn’t worn off. More and more lately, she was beginning to wonder if it would ever wear off.

“What else does it say?” she asked to distract both herself and Keely from the reasons why taking this step felt so very daunting.

Keely glanced down at the envelope. “The usual disclaimers—total, unwavering confidentiality or you lose both kidneys, no drugs on board the jets...no drugs on board the jets...no drugs on board the jets or you’ll be prosecuted...jeez, they really hammer the ‘no drugs’ things home.”

“Maybe someone had a bad experience with drugs on board?”

“Hmm...they have twenty-four hour entertainment on board, but the private suites are private. Fuck, if you come back and tell me you never left your suite, I’ll kill you.” Keely glared at her.

“I haven’t agreed I’m going yet, Keel.”

Her best friend sighed and dropped the envelope. “Listen. I know why you don’t want to go. Chris-the-A-hole did a real number on you with that I-prefer-men thing, I get that. Hell, it didn’t even happen to me and I was fucking traumatized. But you need to move on, baby girl. You’ve worn out six vibrators in the last six months and God knows how many more dildos, and those are the ones you’ve told me about—”

“Keely!”

“You’ll break your goddamn clit if you don’t stop using battery powered gadgets on it and believe me, you need your clit for when a real man comes along. Seriously, can you tell me you don’t miss the real thing? A warm body against yours, a hard cock inside you?”

Heat suffused Bethany’s face and she sagged onto the sofa. “Okay, fine I do but—”

“No butts.”

“Yes, butts! For fuck’s sake, Keely. The last hard cock I had inside me decided it preferred anal with other men. It is any wonder I have a goddamn complex?”

Keely’s green eyes gentled in sympathy. “Of course not.”

“Those are stories we read in trashy magazines and laugh ourselves hoarse. Do you know how it feels to know I’m suddenly that girl? The one who couldn’t keep her man happy enough, so he jumped into bed with another man?” Even after all this time, just saying the words made her stomach turn over with pain, anger and disgust.

Slowly, Keely shook her head, but then she got the look in her eye. The look that said, *I love you but...* “No, I don’t know how it feels, honey, but neither am I going to let you hide away forever because of what that asshole did. What better way to get over it than to open yourself to new experiences? You go, you have a sizzling, no-strings-attached hook up in the lap of pure luxury, and you come back and move on with your life. Bethany, the Indigo Lounge couldn’t be more perfect for you right now.”

“It’s not that easy...”

“Yes, it is. You need to get your ex out of your system, and a flying sex palace is just the way you’re going to do it. You really should give up trying to fight me because I’m not letting you chicken out of this, B. It’s time to step back into the real world.” She picked up her dish and sat back, chopsticks poised. “Now eat up, you’ll need your strength to keep up with the to-do list I’ve drawn up for you.”

Sunday dawned bright and sunny over New York.

Bethany lay in bed, her whole body alert and tingling with an excitement she hadn’t felt in a long time. It would’ve been the perfect time for a session with her Rabbit but Keely had confiscated each and every single pleasure-giving gadget before her diva exit last night.

When Bethany had begged, she’d produced a brand new, hermetically sealed one, which was now stashed in one of the two large weekenders at the foot of her bed.

“You’re not allowed to open it until after a full day on board the jet and only in case of emergency. And if you bring it back unopened, I’ll love you forever.”

Heaving a sigh of regret at the loss of Dildo Pete, Bethany got out of bed and jumped into the shower.

Twenty minutes later, she winced as Keely revved up the engine of her beloved Mini Cooper, Hermione.

“Please promise me you’ll go easy on Herm while I’m away?”

“It’s just a car, B.”

They argued all the way to Newark Airport about Keely’s shoddy treatment of Hermione, but both fell silent when they drove into the private jet area of the airport.

The Indigo Lounge jet was immediately recognizable. The immense, gleaming black super jumbo jet with two thin lines of indigo running from nose to tail screamed its dominance over the smaller, lighter-colored planes.

Keely slowed as they gaped at the jet. “Color me sludge-green with envy. Remember you owe me one. I could’ve had Clark reciting the Fibonacci sequence to me while I fucked the living shit out of him Friday night *and* last night. Now all I have is nerd porn for company while I imagine you living it up on that jet. At least promise me you’ll have wild fun?”

The look in Keely’s eyes was a cross between that of a worried sister and a stern schoolteacher. She brought the car to a stop in front of a glass and steel building that had “The Indigo Lounge—Executive Guest Suite” over the doorway.

Bethany nodded. “I can’t promise it’ll be wild, but I’ll have fun.” She tagged on a smile and saw Keely relax a little—if it were possible for someone as high-strung as Keely to relax.

“Great, now...shoo!” Keely made accompanying gestures and Bethany smiled as she opened the door and stepped onto the hot asphalt.

A gust of wind blew out of nowhere as she opened the back door where her bags were stashed, lifting the skirt of her dress.

A low whistle sounded behind her. “*Christ*, check out those legs.”

Grabbing her bags, she turned to see three guys, good-looking, dressed like they knew their way around the style section of a grooming magazine.

Behind her, she heard Keely’s satisfied laugh. “You’re off to a great start, I see.” Taking her sunglasses off her head she jammed them on her face. “*Adios, amiga.*”

She waited till Bethany had slammed the door before she accelerated away in a squeal of tires. Bethany tried not to wince at the hammering poor Hermione was in for and turned.

The men were disappearing into the glass building. She followed slowly, her pulse thundering at the knowledge that she was stepping over an unknown threshold. She glanced back at the huge black and indigo jet, a feeling of mingled apprehension and excitement shivering through her.

The opportunity of a lifetime.

She could shy away from it; from the possibilities of letting go and having...*FUN*. Or she could embrace it in the hope that it helped her banish the pain of the past few months once and for all.

Chapter Two

Zachary Savage looked up from the papers he was perusing and watched three men enter the Executive Guest Suite.

From his position behind the glass wall of the mezzanine floor office he'd commandeered from his assistant, he tracked them with narrow-eyed attention.

The lead member of the rock band Friday's Child was immediately recognizable. Back in what felt like another life, Zachary had attended a couple of their gigs. But that was before everything had gone to hell.

As usual, any thoughts of how his life had changed over the past six years made his jaw clench with anger and sorrow.

If he'd known that his stopover would clash with one of his Indigo Lounge flights, he'd have made other arrangements, placed himself very far away from harsh reminders of the past.

What the hell; he was here now.

He tried to get his brain back to work mode. So far he'd gone through the info on all the passengers boarding his plane except one.

That he normally did the vetting from the comfort of his San Francisco home office was neither here nor there. The stopover from London to refuel his jet was taking longer than expected. Working while he waited helped contain that restlessness that continued to prowl inside him.

As far as he'd been able to determine, the band members were clean. No evidence of drug use or excessive drinking. The other six parties travelling on this Indigo Lounge experience had been equally vetted. He tracked the band members to the front desk, watched them flirt with the receptionist.

His boredom escalating, his gaze returned to his papers. There was only one unknown quantity. He glanced down at the papers.

Bethany Green. The wild card.

Her invitation had been issued late, but so far the preliminary background check was clean.

He was about to flip over to the photograph page when a flash of yellow caught his attention.

She stood framed in the doorway of his building, a large weekender clutched in her hand and an oversized purse slung over one shoulder.

Long, dark hair spilled in rich waves around her bare shoulders and over her arms. Against the sunlit backdrop, Zach couldn't immediately see her face but what he saw of her body made his breath catch as something flickered awake inside him.

The way she held herself, slightly unsure but poised on the threshold as if talking herself into taking the next step, intrigued him. In his world, women reveled in being ball-breakers, strove to show no weakness in his presence in hopes of impressing him.

Seeing one who recognized her vulnerability and was struggling to own it was oddly captivating. He stood and walked to the window, surprised by how much he wanted to see this woman.

The wind caught and flattened her short dress against long, sexy bare legs, legs that seemed to go on forever before they curved to embrace rounded hips and a firm, flat stomach.

Zach's cock jerked, stunning the hell out of him with a hunger his jaded existence hadn't allowed him in a very long time. When his gaze reached her breasts, he let out a growl and realized his fingers were braced against the glass, his head almost touching it as he strained to see her face.

But she remained in shadow, poised on the threshold of the building, undecided whether to step in or bolt.

Come in.

He realized he'd whispered the words and froze, a touch of confusion making him frown. As he watched, her head cocked to the side, one hand lifting to brush her long, luxurious hair off her face. And still he couldn't see her.

But with her hair out of the way, he caught sight of a sleek neck, smooth skin.

The hunger grew, slammed inside him like a living thing. His cock, now fully awake, demanded action. Action it hadn't seen in weeks because now even the thought of sex bored him to distraction.

He breathed in deeply, every nerve in his body straining to see her fully.

Come in!

She continued to play with her hair, holding it back from her face. He grew harder, nearly dizzy with the force of his erection.

Finally, she stepped forward.

Zach's breath blew out of his body when he saw her face. Sensation hit him with the strength of a force-five hurricane. Her face was luscious; her pink mouth full and deliciously curved as if created for kisses...his kisses. High cheekbones and a pert nose completed the gorgeous tableau and he watched with unwavering attention as she entered his domain.

With each step she took, he felt a powerful charge go through him. By the time she was directly below him, his fist was clenched against the glass, his emotions and his body both on fire.

She glanced up directly at him, but of course, she couldn't see him through the one-way mirrored glass. At that angle, her face was even more stunning, her clear blue eyes shining with a mixture of excitement and hint of apprehension.

Zach wanted all her excitement and none of the apprehension. Hell, he wanted her, period.

No, "want" was too tame to describe the feelings coursing through him. The desperation racing through him was as alien as it was forceful. He didn't do spontaneous. Didn't crave a woman on just seeing her. Nowadays, his girlfriends were carefully chosen, fully vetted.

And yet...

Zach watched her lower her gaze, shake her head slightly as if to clear it, and look around her. The moment he saw her head for the desk where the rock band were getting checked in, Zach cursed.

He was running out of his office before the string of filthy words was complete.

Bethany tried to shake off the strange sensation that had come over her and moved toward the front desk, where a drop-dead blonde goddess was checking in the last of the group of men. One of them, dark-haired and wearing an expensive-looking leather jacket, glanced over at her and winked.

She wasn't naïve enough to mistake his interest but her return smile felt strained all the same.

Now that she was here, out of the sphere of Keely's confidence, she was bombarded with second thoughts. And that sensation she'd felt a moment ago, like she was on a yawning precipice, staring into the face of danger as she'd looked up at the frosted glass...well, that had scared the shit out of her—

A door to the side of her burst open, and Bethany stopped dead.

Jesus!

He was all her wet dreams personified. The living god of her sexual fantasies, her daydreams and her cravings come to life.

Eyes the color of slate zeroed in on her from a face so incredibly stunning that she felt her mouth go dry. His bold stare transmitted a raw, sexual pulse of electricity straight between her legs. Her clit pulsed to life—contrary to Keely’s hypothesis, it wasn’t quite dead it seemed—as he moved, an animal barely caged by civilization, toward her.

Everything fell away, every human being in the vicinity ceased to exist as she stared at the god before her. The vaguely familiar god...

She was searching his features, her brain struggling to make the connection, when he moved. His shoulders were wide, strong and imposing. He was breathtakingly tall, easily six-foot four, with hair as black as the T-shirt he wore with black jeans that emphasized narrow hips and taut, manly thighs.

Weathered boots and a chocolate-colored leather jacket completed the package but did nothing to disguise the air of raw masculinity that vibrated from him.

He stared at her as if he had the right to, as if he owned her and intended to claim her right there and then.

Bethany’s pulse raced as she stared back, feeling extremely vulnerable but unable to pull her gaze away.

He moved one more step and stopped right before her, threatening to block even the sunlight out.

“Welcome to The Indigo Lounge.”

His voice, like honeyed gravel, rough yet melodic, sent another wave of heat right through her.

Bethany had no trouble imagining it during sex, whispering hot, dirty things to her as he fucked her. God, he probably fucked like a goddamn champion.

What the hell had he said? Welcome?

“Umm...thank you.”

He finally broke his electric focus and nodded over to a spare desk. As if conjured up by magic, another blonde goddess appeared behind it.

This one seemed to have eyes only for the man in front of her. No surprise there. But the avid interest in the woman’s eyes made Bethany itch to wipe the smile from her face.

“Serena, can you check in Miss...?” He looked at her, one brow raised.

Bethany forced herself to focus. “Green. Bethany Green.”

His eyes gleamed, then his lashes swept down to shield his expression. He nodded and turned to Serena. “Check Miss Green in, and arrange for my bags to be moved, too. I’m joining this I.L. trip.”

Serena’s eyebrows hit her carefully arranged bangs. “You’re no longer heading to the West Coast?”

His nostrils flared slightly and his jaw protruded as if he was battling with himself. Finally, he smiled. “No, change of plan. Can I rely on you to arrange that, Serena?”

Of course he could. Serena’s simpering smile indicated Mr. Sex God could rely on her to arrange everything to suit him—including herself should the whim take him.

“Right away, sir.”

Sex God smiled. “Not quite right away, Serena. First, please deal with Miss Green.”

Stormy grey eyes locked onto her once more. There was something about him that was devastatingly powerful; Bethany had to force herself to look away, desperately willing her brain cells to track when Serena asked for her passport.

She handed it over, along with her copy of the Indigo Lounge agreement, which she'd signed in triplicate. All the while, the burn of his gaze silently branded her.

When Serena fake-smiled and handed back her passport, Bethany's hand shook as she placed it in her purse. The force of his stare was that little bit too much.

"If you leave your bags right here, it will be taken onto the plane. Your hostess, Tracy, will be here in a moment to introduce you to your team and she'll arrange the final search."

"Search?"

Serena's fake-smile stretched wider. "It's our company policy to do a drugs search before our clients board. It's right there in the agreement you signed. Mr. Savage's rules about drug use on his planes are very strict."

Bethany's teeth ground together at the patronizing tone but she forced a smile. "Sure. If Mr. Savage insists."

"He does," Serena emphasized, casting another simpering look past her at the Sex God.

Bethany glanced over at him too and caught his faint look of amusement. But the moment their eyes met, amusement faded to be replaced by sizzling, possessive heat once more.

He shifted as if the same restless energy that prowled through her stormed through him. His fingers flexed then he jammed them into his back pocket. The movement stretched the material of his T-shirt over his powerful biceps, making her mouth water.

She struggled to rein in her reeling senses. She'd never felt like this before, not even with Chris—

Yeah...Chris. *Not thinking about him right now!*

"Allow me to escort you to your hostess," the man said, rocking forward on his feet.

She wanted to ask him who he was, why he was taking an interest in her check-in. But words felt useless.

The chemistry between them was blatant enough, powerful enough, that words seemed superfluous.

Despite her floundering, despite the puzzlement as to why a man so sexy and gorgeous was watching her with such barely contained hunger, she couldn't dismiss the bone-deep truth firing through body.

Bethany wanted to fuck him. Pure and simple.

Except there would be nothing pure or simple about it.

The jaded wariness she saw in his eyes didn't detract from the raw sexual experience that lingered within the grey depths. Sex with this man would be insanely filthy; it would be nasty and sweaty. It would also be beautiful and complicated beyond words. She knew it as surely as she knew her name.

Without answering she nodded and fell into step beside him.

Behind her, Serena gushed about seeing to his needs, but neither of them paid any attention.

His scent, warm, lemony with a hint of spice, filled her head along with a dizzying progression of filthy thoughts. God, she wanted to lick him in places she'd never once dreamed of licking a man! And that was just the beginning...

He led her through the doors he'd emerged from what felt like an eternity ago. A set of luxuriously carpeted stairs led to another door on the mezzanine level.

He stood to one side and waved her up, a wicked smile curving his sensuous lips. "After you, Miss Green."

Thank God she'd shaved her legs last night was her first thought. Her second was whether her panties were visible through the thin fabric of the flirty yellow Vera Wang summer dress Keely had insisted she wear.

Oh, what the hell did it matter?

Propriety had gone out the window the moment she'd set eyes on this man. All the same, she couldn't stop her hand from fluttering against the back of her dress as she mounted the stairs.

She heard his soft hiss and belatedly realized that all she'd done was succeed in plastering the material against her ass. Her Kardashian ass, as Keely liked to call it.

By far it was her worst feature, ridiculously large in comparison to the rest of her body. While her breasts were an okay size and her stomach and thighs responded well to exercise, having been primed with ballet from an early age, her ass let her down every time. It was why she'd given up her dreams of becoming a prima ballerina.

She reached the top of the stairs and quickly dropped her hand.

Before she could open it, he reached past her and threw the door open.

The moment she entered, she knew why she'd felt the weird sensation as she'd walked into the Executive Guest Suite.

Moving forward, she stopped in front of the glass wall, her heart hammering wildly in her throat as she looked down into the open space below.

"You were in this room when I came in." It wasn't a question. It was another certainty that stemmed from her soul.

"Yes." His voice, hypnotic and sexy as hell, washed over her.

"You saw me."

"Yes." He was closer, close enough for her to smell him again.

"And you came downstairs?"

"I couldn't not."

She turned. He stood less than a pace away, those mesmerizing eyes on her. Again, his shoulders and his hands moved restlessly, as if he was physically restraining himself from touching her.

"So, what now?"

His gaze raked her from head to toe and back again. His lips parted and his tongue traced the inside of his lower lip. "Now you place your hands on the wall behind you and spread your legs."

Stunned excitement rocked through her but she forced herself to breathe, to remain lucid. "W...why would I want to do that?"

His smile was filled with pure sin. "For your drug search, of course."

"What...what about Tracy?"

His smile disappeared. "She won't be conducting the search. I brought you here because now I've seen you, now I have you, Bethany Green, I refuse to let anyone else touch you."

He took that last step until they were a whisper apart. His head lowered and his nostrils flared as he breathed her in, the sharp tinge of need in his every exhale. "Are you ready?" he rasped.

She looked up at him, every nerve in her body tightening with need.

"No. You're about to put your hands on me and I don't even know your name."

"My name is Zachary Savage. You can call me Zach. In fact, I prefer it. Because Zachary is too long for the many times I intend for you to scream my name when I make you come."