



Jenna let him lead her onto the back deck, the yard lit by the glow of the harvest moon and a thousand stars. Though the last few weeks had been chilly, the temperature had risen steadily through the day and showed no inclination to cool down yet. *If you close your eyes, she thought, you can almost believe it's still summer, not the middle of September.*

The improvement in the weather had improved Luke's mood too and she couldn't resist his smile as he pulled her down beside him on the chaise lounge.

"We aren't going to have many more chances like this," he warned. "Soon we'll be getting frost overnight."

She shook her head and frowned. She didn't want to think about summer coming to an end, the inevitable rainstorms then snowstorms. She preferred summer. Then again, cuddling up next to Luke was a good way to stay warm all winter.

"As long as I get to snuggle up with you, then I won't mind the winter."

"I won't let you get cold," he promised as he leaned in and kissed her. He licked the seam of her lips and teased inside.

She slid her fingers into his hair and reveled in the feel of his lips against her mouth before he moved on, nuzzling her jaw, behind her ear and down her neck until she shivered. He looked up at her, his cool blue eyes hot with desire. He drew her hand from his hair and fit it over the hard ridge of his erection. She groaned and pressed her palm against his length. She would never get enough of him.

"Out here," he whispered, "by the light of the moon. I want you to ride me."

She pulled her hand back, grinning at him, and yanked her sweater over her head.

She loved the way he licked his lips as he stared at her breasts. The new lace bralette she'd bought earlier this week propped them up like an offering.

He ripped his shirt open, buttons popping and flying against the deck. She laughed at the *plink, plink, plink* they made as they landed. His laugh was huskier than hers and it warmed her.

She'd not had many relationships, and fewer lovers. Until Luke she hadn't realized sex could be anything but serious, hard.

As he fell to his knees in front of her, grasping the waistband of her capris and dragging them over her hips and down her legs, she knew she'd never find anyone like him again.

"I knew your panties would match your bra," he said, nuzzling into the sky-blue lace covering her mound.

The sensation was at once erotic and humorous. He burrowed his tongue into her folds, teasing her. She widened her stance, giving him room between her thighs.

"Fuck, you smell so good. I love the smell of you. The taste of you. I think about it at the damndest times. Like in a meeting. I'm supposed to be concentrating on the structural load analysis and then suddenly I remember my face buried in your pussy, your juice on my tongue. And just the memory of your taste has my cock uncomfortably hard for the rest of the meeting. I have to run building codes in my head just to tame the beast."

"I like the beast. I like when he's not tame," she told him as she braced her hands on his shoulders and he breathed against her pussy, licking the lace right above her clit. A ripple of pleasure washed over her. It wasn't enough.

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