

Chapter 1

"I can't freaking believe you're moving to Dallas, Texas," Courtney said as she handed her friend a stack of shirts. "It's like you're living a fantasy, a dream, Lil."

Lily Bennett chuckled. "I wouldn't go that far. But it's definitely exciting."

Lily's life had done a one-eighty. She'd met the man of her dreams while on a business trip in Rome—dreams she'd never considered could come true. When she'd returned home from those four magical days, her employer had handed her a pink slip. Not that she held animosity about that; some job loss happened when there was a buyout.

But seriously, how does one wrap up a life, and move halfway across the country? There was so much to do, her mind was spinning.

Holding up a pink bustier, Courtney asked, "Will you have room for this?"

Her cheeks heated and she grabbed the garment from her friend. "Ha. Ha. Very funny. Yes, I'll have room. My new place is about five-hundred square feet bigger. I'm so excited."

"Maybe you should just move in with your billionaire boyfriend."

Lily's head shot up. "No, Court. No way am I moving that fast. We met in—what?—June. And it's only early September. I'm not doing that."

Although those exact thoughts flooded her mind. Brandon had more than hinted at it. On many levels, she was taking a huge leap, especially a leap of faith. She had no idea how to work for the same man she was dating.

"Well, that's fine, but what if he proposes?"

Lily's stomach flipped over multiple times. She dared not let herself think that far ahead.

"One day at a time, Court." She emptied the last drawer from the bathroom vanity and placed the box on the bed to tape.

"I still cannot believe he's the CEO for the same company you interviewed with."

"Right?" Cosmic was the only way Lily could describe it.

"When can I come visit you?"

"Give me some time to get acclimated, and I'll let you know my travel schedule. I never thought I'd be heading back to Rome." Her voice climbed an octave.

Courtney grinned at her. "I should get one of those credit cards that gives miles, and maybe I can go with you."

"Ohmigod, Court! That would be awesome."

"Maybe I'll meet my own handsome billionaire."

The chuckles from the girls grew into laughter, a belly laugh Lily hadn't felt in a while.

Maybe Courtney would meet the man of her dreams in Rome. Court was very much a serial dater—she believed you had to kiss a lot of frogs before you met your prince.

Lily smiled for the rest of the day as they boxed her possessions from her tiny apartment, ready for the movers to arrive the next morning to load boxes and her few pieces of furniture. Funny that after almost twenty years this was all she had. She'd just as soon put her money into travel, than clothes or expensive art.

"I'm gonna miss you."

"I'll miss you too, Lil. You're like a sister to me; we won't lose touch."

"We won't," Lily promised as her eyes clouded.

"C'mon. Let's order pizza."

That night, Lily's head hit the pillow and she instantly fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. A new adventure would begin the next day. She only prayed it was a smart move. Not one she'd live to regret.

Chapter 2

Lily arrived after being away for several days. Brandon greeted her outside DFW airport. Standing beside a limo, he wore a charcoal suit, his pink tie loosened, looking sexy as sin. She'd missed him while she was gone, and seeing him now made her heart full again.

"Hello, handsome."

"Hello, gorgeous." He snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her close. With his free hand, he cupped the nape of her neck and crashed his mouth over hers. She dropped her carry-on on the sidewalk and immediately looped her arms around his neck. His tongue dove into her mouth.

Her knees weakened. Would he always make her feel like this?

After a few beats, he smiled and opened the limo door for her. Inside was a tray of hors d'oeuvres and a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. She felt like a princess going to the ball.

He said something to the driver and then slid in next to her—the privacy screen already raised so the driver couldn't see them in the back of the luxury car.

"Welcome home, Lily," he said as he opened the bottle of champagne.

"Thank you. And thanks for taking care of moving all my stuff, including my car." She leaned in and placed a quick peck on his lips. Looking down at the tray of food, she said, "This is an incredibly nice greeting," and reached for a piece of jumbo shrimp. Succulent.

He handed her a glass and raised his. "To new beginnings."

She smiled, touching his flute in a toast. "To new beginnings."

They ate, drank, and he filled her in on some company business. In the rush-hour traffic, the car moved slowly. Not that she cared how long it took to get to Brandon's condo. Talking with Brandon over food felt natural, just like in Rome. How she loved hearing him tell stories about work, or his family, or . . . really anything.

"God, I've missed you," he said, breaking the stream of conversation.

Her stomach did another freaky flip. "I don't even think I was gone five days," she replied with a smile. "What are you going to do when I go to Rome for two weeks?"

Without missing a beat, he replied, "Sell the company and fly out there to be with you."

She laughed out loud, and he grinned.

His smile faded as he took the crystal flute from her hand and placed it in a holder next to his.

"Come here," he commanded as he straightened in his seat.

She unlatched her seatbelt and hoisted her body over his lap, shimmying her skirt up to straddle him. His hands instantly cupped her face to bring her mouth to his. His tongue slipped passed her lips and danced with hers. The mere touch of his lips sent pleasure coursing throughout her body. He had her body trained to respond to his.

He grabbed her ass and pulled her closer. She moaned at the pressure of his cock against her center.

His hands moved up to her blouse buttons and one-by-one unhooked them. Even though they were out in public, she wanted Brandon inside her. No one could see through the darkened windows. She gasped. *My boss.*

She grabbed at the lapels of her top and yanked them closed. Someone in Brandon's position surely wouldn't risk exposure over something that could wait.

His brow furrowed. "What's wrong?"

"Brandon, I don't know . . . I'm your employee now. We're in a limo . . ."

His face softened. "It's alright. First, no one can see us. Next, we will certainly be more careful at the office."

She shook her head. "I don't want people thinking I got this job because I slept with you . . . sleep with you," she implored. Her face warmed with the embarrassing thoughts.

He kissed her palms. "Don't worry about that," he spoke softly. "Miss Bennett, perhaps we can discuss this later. I would really like to fuck you senseless before we make it back to my place where I do it all again."

Oh God, she would love that. Her heart flip-flopped. Brandon did things to her with his kiss, with his touch, and with his words. She couldn't deny him anything.

He returned to his task and pushed the fabric off her shoulders, when his phone rang.

He let out an expletive and glanced at the screen. Randy somebody. It might have been his VP of Manufacturing, but she wasn't certain.

"It can wait." He silenced the phone and threw it on the seat.

She quickly returned to the moment when he noticed her red bra trimmed in black lace.

He traced a finger over the trim. "This is very nice." His voice held a smooth-like-chocolate richness Lily loved.

"I bought it in Rome."

His eyebrows rose. "Really?"

The question didn't need an answer and Brandon didn't wait. He dragged the straps off her shoulders, exposing her heavy breasts. He pushed on her back, forcing a nipple to his face which he hungrily sucked into his mouth.

"Unh," escaped her lips. The driver might not be able to see, but could he hear them?

Brandon sucked, lapped, and gently bit at her nipples working her into a frenzy. Her hips moved on their own, seeking friction against his hard cock, eager for him to be inside her.

He tunneled his hand between them and easily found her heat. His fingers slid underneath her lace thong and stroked through her wet slit to her clit.

She moaned unabashedly.

"Are you ready, Miss Bennett? You feel ready. Can you handle me? All of me?" She heard the words but as he pushed two fingers inside, her head spun. The more he pumped, the more the blood behind her ears roared.