

-MIA-

It's Friday night and I'm at the club with my friend Rochelle. She thinks I'm here to find a good lay like her but no. I'm here to escape my new neighbour--Caleb? Cory? Carson? I don't know. I was too busy staring at his chiseled abs as he spoke.

Anyways, he has been haunting my dreams and my bedroom window view. Yep. All six foot two of him in a gloriously naked display, serving as fuel for my wickedly sexy dreams. I try not to look but I've never been known for having an ironclad self-control.

Right now, Rochelle grabs my hand and hurries us through the crush of bodies on the dance floor. "Whoo!" she screams. "Girl, this place is popping."

I'm not really feeling the excitement yet. Maybe after a few glasses of tequila?

I move Rochelle along with a small shove when she starts to dance with some random hunk.

"What's on with you, Cher?" She pauses, spinning around to do a jiggle in my face. "You're so uptight tonight. Live a little."

Well, you're not the one dealing with a cute as fuck neighbor who looks too fuckable to resist.

And I need to resist him for... reasons. "Put a tequila in me and I'll be living it up."

"Okay, girl. I hear you." Rochelle spins back around with a flourish. "Make way for the Queen!"

They don't make way but she does with her ample hips. Finally, we make it to the busy bar. Two gents slide off a couple of barstools and Rochelle swoops in, claiming the stools instead of the ladies waiting on the other end. They throw her a dirty look and she gives them one right back. I'd break in that stare off but Rochelle holds her own until they leave.

I slide onto the free stool with a sigh. "I'm glad you're here."

"Of course. I know you can't live without me."

Before I can dispute that, she's calling out for the bartender. He's at the other end busy with other customers. Rochelle doesn't care though. "Mr. Bartender! When am I going to get some service up here."

He turns and damn!

The breath whooshes out of my lungs and my heart rate doubles.

Somehow, I still manage to form a full sentence. "Rochelle. Rochelle." I tap her shoulder. "We've got to go."

“What do you mean?” She raises an irritated eyebrow. “We just got here. And...” she draws leisurely. “The bartender’s coming over.”

Oh no.

I start climbing off the stool but Rochelle one-arms me back up. “What is up with you?” she scoffs, then faces the bartender as he stops before us.

I get busy pulling the hem of my skirt lower, it has ridden up to my mid-thigh and it felt wrong.

Please, don’t remember me.

I wouldn’t call what we had a meeting but O encountered him last week. It was on Tuesday after a tiring shift, I was getting ready to sleep when I looked out my window and got served a clear picture of my hot neighbor. I got so carried away I just lullid there, staring. Then he looked right at me.

My brows furrowed together at the sight. Why did it feel like he saw me? That’s when I noticed the lights in my room were on and he caught me watching.

Every night after then, he stood by the window getting ready for bed while being deliciously nude as if he was taunting me. Daring me to look.

I really wanted to.

And I did. In the cover of the dark. I played right into his game. “What can I get for you ladies?” He asked, swinging a white towel over his right shoulder.

His voice is exactly as I imagined it.

Warm. Husky. Enticing.

Warmth slithers down my spine, curls in my belly, and rushes lower.

Fuck.

I cross my legs and pray my eyes don’t look heavy-lidded. It’s a curse. Those bedroom eyes I get the moment I think of anything naughty. I don’t realize Rochelle has ordered until she’s tapping my shoulder. “Tequila, right?”

I look up and meet sharp blue eyes piercing mine. “Um...” I swallow past the lump in my throat.

“Mia?”

“Just tequila is fine,” I say in a rush.

He whose name starts with a C gives me a lingering look and then moves away. I wonder why he can be so at ease with such a full house of customers but I soon notice two more bartenders behind him.

That explains it.

His muscles ripple beneath his shirt as he prepares our drinks. I've only been this close to him once. It was two days after he moved into the neighborhood. The very same day that I saw him half naked and now I'm picturing him just as he was...

"You have got to be kidding me," I groan, considering all the ways I could implode.

"Is he the one?" I face Rochelle and there's humor playing in her eyes. "Girl, is he the one?"

Not in front of him!

"Hush." I grab her arm, throwing a look his way. "He is but you cannot say a word."

"I won't." Her smirk is suspicious but he's coming back with our drinks so I go back to looking everywhere but at him.

"A cocktail margarita for you. And a tequila for..."

I lift my gaze.

"Mia."

He knows my name.

A warm flutter starts in my belly. "Huh," Rochelle says, her eyes moving between him and me. "You know what? I just saw my friend over there."

Of course you did.

I grab onto her arm and grit through my teeth. "No, you're staying."

She slides off the stool and leans into me, whispering, "Nah, I'm not getting in between the sexual tension going off here. I'm just gonna go."

"Rochelle, Roch--" And... she's gone saying hi to some non-existent friend and I'm alone with my hot neighbor.

Great.

Well, not alone. I survey the room. We are surrounded by at least two hundred clubbers. Music blares from the speakers and someone prods me as they pass by me. But to me it feels like we are the only two people here. I look up and his eyes are intense on me. The need to apologize nearly chokes me.

Apologize and say what? Sorry, I ogled you like a horny bitch. PS: I didn't catch your name.

Instead what slips out of my lips is a dumb question. "Don't you have customers to attend to?"

He makes a show of looking left and right. "They're pretty taken care of it seems."

Indeed they are.

The other bartenders work overtime to cover the large crowd. "Well, your boss won't like you standing around and talking."

He shrugs. "He wouldn't mind, neither do I." He leans in, eyes carrying a gleam. "It seems the only one that minds is you."

"Me?" I rear back. "Pfft--"

What did I just say? "I don't mind. Why would I?"

"So, you would stay the entire night with me?"

"What?" My eyes must be giant balls in my head because he smirks.

But he isn't winning this one. One thing that triggered me easily was a sense of competition. It has gotten me into more horrible situations than good but I'd live.

"You know what? Yes, I would."

He grins, flexing his muscles arms on the bar top.

Fuck, he's gorgeous.

"Just give me a moment." He turns and heads off.

I start to speak but he's gone. *What the fuck just happened?*

I bring my glass to my lips and my cheeks flush a bright red. Just when I'm warming up to a guy, he hightails. Story of my life.

"Hey," someone breathes against my ear from behind. I turn around so quickly I nearly snap my neck. "May I help you?"

A blonde with dragon tattoos crawling up his neck is behind me with a creepy smile. "You look in need of company. Wanna--"

"Back off before I make you." The familiar voice comes with the hot feel of a muscled chest against my back and I know he's behind me.

The blonde guy straightens, looking over my head, worry pulling his brows together. "A'ight, didn't mean to step on any toes." With that, he saunters off.

I turn to meet my neighbor's eyes on me. "Was he bothering you?" he gruffs, taking the free stool Rochelle vacated.

"He was and that apology was supposed to come to me."

"I'm sorry about that. You promised me an entire night together." He's so close and his knee grazes the side of my thigh. "I'm not allowing someone else to take you away."

I look around, ignoring the sensation growing in my stomach. "I did promise you that. So, were you able to excuse yourself from work?"

He chuckles. "You're so cute when you're worried."

"I mean, how are you not? Your boss can--"

"What if we played a game?" he asks.

"Okay," I say, taken aback by the sudden shift. "What game?"

"Don't talk about my boss. Or anyone else. Just focus on me." His eyes hold mine. Hypnotized, I stare into endless blues that remind me of the beach Rochelle and I swam in on our vacation to Miami.

"Okay?" His lips tilt at the corner, snapping me out of my haze.

"Okay." I grab my drink and find it nearly empty. I drain the little drops left anyway. A little is better than nothing.

"Good." He snaps his finger, then brings that hand over to my face, cupping it, then tracing my jaw. His fingers work into the hair at my nape.

Why the fuck does this feel so good? And why am I letting a stranger touch me like this?

Maybe because he has featured so many times in my dreams over the past two weeks. Wait, but he doesn't know that. My eyes snap open as I'm about to tell him off but he's no longer touching me.

Instead, he's settling my caramel hair around my shoulders. His brows are knotted in concentration, his motions careful. "There." He pulls away, crossing his beefy arms over his muscled chest and admiring his work. "Just the way I remember."

"Excuse me?" I sound more breathy than annoyed, to my dismay.

"That's the way you looked that night."

Holy shit.

All fluttery sensations disappear and I'm smacked with a case of dread cramps. "What?"

"The night you stood watching me while I got ready for bed."

I choke on my next breath and start to cough. He shoves a glass in my face and I take it gratefully, draining it. The bite of tequila steals some of my discomfort and I exhale, unable to look at him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

A firm hand grips my chin tenderly and urges my face up from my stilettos to his gaze. "It's nothing to feel embarrassed about. I'd watch me too if I got the chance."

Cocky bastard.

I choke on laughter this time. "You are a weird guy."

"And I succeeded in making you feel less embarrassed. You're welcome."

My cheeks flame afresh. "It was merely a glance."

"Oh?" He raises an eyebrow. "That was one long glance."

"I was shocked."

"Meh. I thought it looked like desire in your eyes."

I open my mouth to speak but he continues.

"And every other night after then." He frowns, a line appearing between his brows. "Makes me wonder if you'd been watching me before then."

My mouth snaps shut and I gulp.

Is he a psychic with night vision?

He tilts his head to the side. "You were."

I can't believe how sure of himself he sounds.

"Did you like what you saw?" He leans forward, giving me a whiff of his woody cologne and it sends my head spinning.

"Did you picture yourself sneaking into my room and climbing up my body and getting my shaft in you?"

Okay. That's enough.

I shoot off the stool in a panic. "I've got to go."

With my heart in my throat, I run off. I'm not certain where I'm headed until I stumble into a hallway leading to the bathrooms. I have to get away from him.

How dare he? That was so rude and inappropriate calling me out that way. Who does he think he is? Fucking Carl or whatever his name was.

I'm in the bathroom in seconds. My fingers dig into the sink as I stare at my red face. I'm totally avoiding that man for the rest of my life. Even if it means moving from the home my aunt bequeathed to me.

"You okay?"

I gasp, turning sharply. He stands by the door, casually leaning against it. "You can't be here. It's the women's bathroom."

He locks the door and throws his arms with a flourish. "And now it's ours."

Something about his careless disregard for rules causes my belly to turn. "Yeah, well, yours because I'm leaving."

"And yet, you're not moving." Taking that as a challenge, I start to go around him. But he holds out his left arm and captures me.

"Hey." His voice is warm butter on my nape. "I'm just kidding, okay?"

"Kidding? You're being mean."

"Really? That seemed mean?" His brows furrow, but then a glint sneaks into his eye. "Will you let me make up for it then?"

I swallow, my gaze snagging on his full lips.

"H-how do you want to do that?"

"I'll bring your fantasies to life."

You don't even know half of it.

"You don't know my fantasies."

"As you tell me, I'll do them."

I lift a brow in challenge. "Kiss my feet."

It's a childish dare. I'm sure he'll be disgusted and back off. But instead, he lets out a grunt, gives me a long look, and goes down on one knee.

Discomfort grows in my belly as he reaches toward my leg. "It's a bathroom... floor."

He grabs me by the calf. The whole time, his eyes still on mine. He brings my leg up, heels and all, placing it on his knee.

What in the hell?

I thought he'd let me go once I dared him but now he's rubbing firm hands up and down my leg, peppering kisses on my knee. Moisture pools in my center and my eyes grow heavy.

"Fucking hell," he mutters and tongues the smooth skin around my knee.

I moan and start pulling away as he tries to hold me still.

"No," he rasps. "Haven't even gotten to the best part yet."

My eyelids flutter as he licks the skin on the inside of my knee. "What are you doing?" My voice is breathy and raspy.

"Giving you what you asked for, baby."

I'm not sure how to keep my balance. Between holding my feet up for minutes and the pleasure swirling in my belly, and lower, I feel as though I'm floating. He does it then. Brings my feet up to his face and kisses on the tips of my toes. My knees cave and he's up in a second, holding me against him.

I'm breathing heavily, body trembling and mind fuzzy. I've never felt anything like it but I'm certain I want to feel it again.

Too certain that I need to feel it again.

Before I can find the words to make this request, he walks me to the wall and leans me against it. "I want—"

"More?" He runs his hands up and down the sides of my body. "Me too."

"Now."

"You only need to say the word."

"The word?" I meet his darkened blue eyes that now look like the early stages of a rain storm.

"Ask me to fuck you in a public bathroom. Ask me to make you moan loudly while the rest of the party is just on the other side."

My temperature racks up. I want it so bad that I'm nearly choking on the need. "Those are many words."

“Say all of them to me.” His eyes are so intense, almost pleading.

“I need you to fuck me in a public bathroom. Make me moan loud—” I repeat the words, carefully, slowly. And only because as I do, his gaze gets darker and darker.

He’s so quiet. Should I stop or should I continue?

“while the rest of the party is just on the other side.” Once the last syllable leaves my lips, he spins me around so my chest is pressed against the wall.

My skirt is whisked down, leaving my thin cotton panties. Warm breath bathes my skin followed by a sucking kiss on the fleshy part of my ass. A shiver rushes through me and my nipples harden in my bra.

I close my eyes and arch my waist, giving him more ass. He takes it with a grateful groan and kisses his way to the crevice of my thighs. He wastes no time thumbing aside my panties and licking a fiery line up my folds. My moan echoes through the bathroom and my thighs shake.

He tongues into my folds and spears me with a firm tongue. I cry out, arching even more, begging him to lower his skillful tongue to my aching clit. But he takes his sweet time, licking my folds and drinking every drop of wetness he coaxes from me.

My entire body is a shivering mess by the time he rises and kisses my cheek. He wraps one hand around my waist to hold me steady and with the other, I feel him undo his zipper.

Wetness precedes a hard length to prod between my ass cheeks. He circles my rosebud and drifts lower. “Ask me to fuck you.” His voice is tight. “Say my name as you do.”

My eyes shoot open. “F-fuck me... babe?”

He chuckles. “Yanking my chain now, are you?” A hot kiss drops on my neck, momentarily stealing my panic. “Call my name, . I want you to remember who fucks you this good.” He thrusts, a promise of what will come if I just said his name.

I wrack my brain. Nothing comes to mind.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. What’s his name?

He stills, moving his hips away. “You don’t remember.”

“I’m sorry,” I say in a small voice. He doesn’t respond and I mutter. “We can stop if you want.”

He laughs, moving his hand around my neck. “No way. I’ll just reintroduce myself.”

He moves us three paces left to the front of the sink where I take all parts of our depravity in. I start to look away but he catches me by the jaw, forcing me to focus on us.

I look like a slut.

My hair is crazy from running my fingers through it with strands sticking to my sweaty neck. My nipples are beads underneath my shirt and a thatch of my pubic hair shows just before the sink hides the rest.

I should be worried about the picture I'm making but he looks positively feral above my shoulder. Desire has me pushing my legs apart, giving him ample room to take me as he pleases. He growls, grunts, and kisses my neck before accepting my invitation but only by a little. His cock wedges in my entrance and doesn't budge.

I ease backward, hoping he'd sink it in. His hands trap my hips, forcing me to stay put. I peel my eyes apart and meet his gaze in the mirror.

His eyes are on mine. As always.
"What's my name?" he rumbles against my ear.

Chills rush through my body. "I don't know," I whimper, pushing back into him.

He's a motionless wall behind me. But I can see it takes all his concentration by the twitch of his eye and strain of veins on his forehead. His smile still manages to make me quake inside. "It's Cole," he breathes. "Say it. Say my name."

Cole.

"Cole," I whisper in broken breaths of arousal.

He breaches my body with a forward jerk. "Again." His voice is coarser now.

So...this is his thing. He loves hearing his name.

I'll give him what he wants. Anything to make him fuck me.

"Cole," I repeat. More inches. Trick discovered, I quickly moan his name over and over in quick succession.

Five thrusts later, he's deep inside me, cursing in my ear. "It feels so good, Mia. Do you like it?"

Pleasure shoots through me and I nod, unable to speak.

"More?"

Another nod. I expect him to shoot off in a frenzy but he's taking his time, rolling his pelvis in a way that drives me insane. And then I'm screaming for more, calling his name. A part of me is appalled. Anyone could come to the door and hear my screams. This isn't alright. But I can't stop begging. For what? I'm not sure. I just need Cole to give me... give me...

An orgasm. I need to cum so bad.

His fingers brush my clit then press down and I shatter into a million tiny pieces. Shaking. Gasping. Pleading. Tiny dots of light bounce around behind my eyelids and feeble whispers slip past my lips.

“Fuck Mia. I’m close. I’m about to cum.” Cole holds me up and loses it on my ass and I feel his heat and savage pride squirt into my belly.

Fuck.

He shudders against me, cocooning me into his larger frame. “Let’s go home?”

I bob my head, trying to clear my blurry vision.

Cole makes quick work of cleaning me up with tissues and I settle my hair back as best I can while he zips me up. We are reasonably put together when he stretches his right hand to me. Confused, I give him my right hand too. I’ve never shared a formal handshake after sex but there’s a first time for everything.

He’s so weird.

He chuckles and pushes my hand away, closing his fist around my left one and leading the way out of the bathroom. He’s warm and strong and I feel less embarrassed coming out behind him.

When the door opens, there’s a yellow “CAUTION: Restroom out of service for maintenance” sign outside. Cole kicks it to the side and we walk away. My lips twitch.

My new neighbor is kinda crazy but I think I like it.

He notices me watching him and raises a brow. I shrug, grin, and run my tongue over my lips. His eyes darken and he continues watching me, a frown on his face.

Finally, I’m leaving him stunned. The same way he had me for most of tonight.