

EXCERPT FROM

Sail Away With Me

BY KATE DEVEAUX

“Hey there, Jody,” he called out.

“Oh, hi....Taggart,” she said with surprise, pretending she hadn’t seen him.

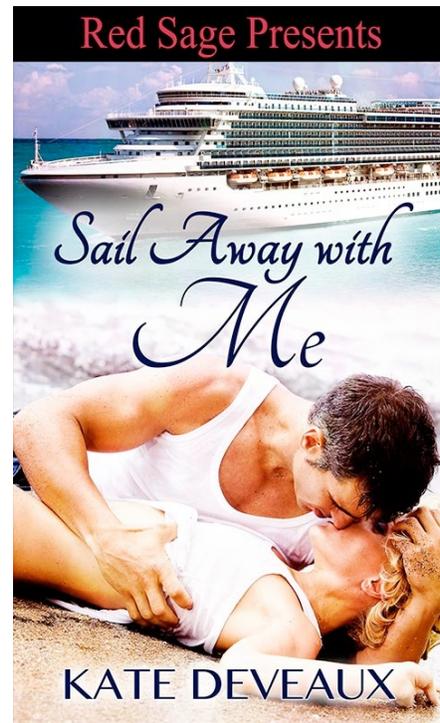
“We really have to stop meeting like this.” He smiled and walked towards her down the narrow hall dotted with luggage.

She laughed nervously at the cliché that was proving all too true if she was to keep her sanity. “I guess so. Well, this is my room.” She fidgeted with her keycard as he came up beside her.

“Mine’s just down the hall.” Taggart pointed behind him, but he just stood there, his tall frame close to her. She looked up at him, overly aware of the scent of sandalwood, one of her favorites. Very masculine.

“Mmm...coincidence,” she said, the hallway becoming smaller by the minute when he flashed that boyish smile, with one corner of his mouth raised. Cocky, but undeniably sexy at the same time.

Unable to break the gaze, she tried to insert the keycard into the lock, not paying attention to what she was doing. The card grazed the slot and she forced her eyes away from his.



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“I guess you didn’t find your friends after all?” he inquired, leaning casually against the wall, as she slid the keycard all the way in the lock.

Caught red handed at her own lie, she smiled down at her shoes. “No, I didn’t.”

“So you can have that drink with me after all,” he stated flatly, placing his hand over hers as she held the key in the lock.

Her heart pounded in her chest. She couldn’t move a muscle. “I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said.

He frowned but left his hand on hers. “Because?”

Because? Her mind raced. She couldn’t tell him it was because she was afraid. Afraid how her body trembled when he was near, how her cheeks burned and her sex thrummed.

“I’ll wait,” he said with a devilish grin eyeing the keycard still in the lock.

“I really don’t think it’s a good idea, is all.”

“You already said that,” he said straight faced, but she could see the playful look in his eyes. As he removed his hand, he continued to lean easily on the doorframe, his face close to hers as if he had all the time in the world to wait for her to be ready. He was close enough she could see the barely visible laugh lines when he smiled and the slight five o clock shadow on his chiseled jaw.

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“Look Taggart,” she said, just saying his name made her heart beat faster. “I’m not ready for...” her heart beat rapidly thinking about just what she wasn’t ready for... to be intimate with a man.

“Ready for what?” he teased. A flush of desire rushed through her. He was playing with her, flirting with her.