



Devilish Delights

Unedited Excerpt

By Tara Nina

www.taranina.com

"I believe these are yours," he said, extending his hand to her.

Shelley held her hand out palm up. "Thank you."

His balled hand hovered over hers, then settled in her palm. Heat sizzled up her arm to pool in her chest making it difficult to take a full breath. Those sexy autumn eyes leveled with hers, giving her what she read as a mischievous look, daring even. But daring her to do what? Shelley's brows bunched as he smiled, then leaned in close.

His warm breath brushed across her ear, sending chills down her spine. "I found something you lost. If you'd like a hand putting these back where they belong, I'm your man."

When he straightened, his hand opened, dropping her keys and a set of shiny silver balls in her palm. Shelley's jaw dropped, her eyes widened and her mind numbed. *Ohmygod, he didn't just do that.*

"Before you say anything, I want you to know I'm normally not this forward with women, but there's something about you I simply can't resist."

His sheepish smile gave his sentence plausibility and weakened her knees. The cleft in his chin deepened when he smiled. Shelley managed to close her mouth, then gathered enough saliva to moisten her lips.

"I think you've mistaken me for someone else," she stated on a rushed whisper. It wasn't her nature to lie, but the idea of someone discovering her sexual secret had her on edge. She glanced around, hoping no one noticed this little exchange as she swiftly tucked the balls away in her satchel.

"No, I don't think I have. Name's Jack O'Malley and I'd like to take you to dinner."

Shelley couldn't think. She couldn't decide if she should act appalled or thrilled. Since he returned her toys, it appeared he wasn't disgusted by her actions. From the gleam in his eyes, it seemed to amuse him. Was he making fun of her? Should she have thrown the balls at him? Did hiding them in her satchel make her look guilty? Her mind whirled with scenarios as his invitation sank in. Seconds ticked away before she found her voice. Straightening her spine, she tilted her chin and gave him what she thought was the best answer.

"I'm sorry, no."

She sidestepped him to move to the driver's side. Her hand trembled slightly, but she managed to unlock the door. His hand engulfed hers in a warm embrace. Heat from his body surrounded her. Words she'd never forget crossed her ears.

"I apologize if I was wrong. I hoped I'd finally found an adventurous woman."

He turned, paused, then leveled a heated gaze filled with promise directly at her when she looked his way, as he added, "If you find the woman those belong to, tell her to meet me at Dino's at seven for dinner. Nothing more is expected, nothing less than a chance to get to know one another."

Shelley didn't get the chance to reply before he strolled away. For several long seconds, she simply stared at his backside and studied his stature. From what she could tell, his posture seemed relaxed, yet confident. Not cocky-confident like most young men. He presented a cool confidence with an edge of debonair, like an old-time movie hero, which piqued her interest. He exuded a raw sexiness hidden behind a rugged, yet well-mannered exterior. Not the typical jock-cop type. This assessment of his demeanor surprised her. He'd laid the ball—literally—in her hand. It was up to her to make the next move.