

Excerpt from FORBIDDEN FRUIT  
By Eden Bradley  
Bantam Delta, October 2008

"That was an amazing meal, Jagger. Thank you."

"It was my pleasure. I have dessert back at my place."

"Oh, I don't...I don't think I should."

"You'll be ready for something sweet by the time we get there. Or we can sit and have some more wine first."

"No, I don't mean...Jagger, I shouldn't go back to your place. I don't think it's a good idea. I need to figure some things out before I..." She trailed off, too unsure of what she needed to say, what she needed to do.

"It's alright. I understand. I'll walk you to your car, then."

She nodded, half grateful he hadn't argued the point with her and half wishing he had.

*God, you really are a mess.*

They moved down the street, the night air cool on her face, but Jagger's presence was warm next to her. As they walked, he took her hand, just a gentle twining of fingers around hers. It felt good. Better than it should have, and the sensation wasn't entirely sexual. It was *more*, a different kind of heat that moved through her

chest, loosened her up inside. Opened her up.

They reached her car, a silver Mini Cooper, parked only a few doors down from Jagger's building, a little too quickly.

"This is me." She tried to drop his hand, but he held on.

"Come upstairs with me, Mia Rose," Jagger said softly.

She wanted to. Every cell in her body wanted nothing more than to go upstairs with him, to let him kiss her again, touch her. She blew out a long breath, leaned back against the passenger door of her car.

"I can't, Jagger."

"Alright. But I'm not going to let you go without kissing you."

He leaned in, and she found herself lifting her face to his, her mind emptying even before his mouth met hers. Then it was just the cool, plush texture of his lips on hers, that soft press of flesh upon flesh. Her hands went around his neck, his skin so hot and smooth there, and he moved in closer, leaning into her, the weight of his body pressing her into the car. When his tongue moved her lips apart, he slid inside. She went soft and loose all over, her breasts aching for more than the hard press of his chest against hers, with the layers of sweater between

them.

In moments she was panting, wet. And he deepened the kiss, the heat of his mouth making her crazy. She wanted him. Wanted him to fuck her. Right there. Right now.

His hips were hard up against hers, and that solid ridge of flesh pushed against her belly.

*God.*

Her hips tilted, her sex filled, throbbed, wanting, wanting. But she wasn't supposed to be doing this.

She was *not* supposed to be doing this.

He kissed her harder, wet and hurting, bruising her lips. His hands gripped her waist, his fingers biting into her, and all she wanted was more. God, she could almost come if he only kissed her long enough, just kissed her like this.

He pulled back, brushed her hair with his lips, with his cheek. He was breathing as hard as she was. He still had her up against the car, his body pressing her against the cold steel. His hands slid down over her hips, dug in again. She couldn't have moved even if he hadn't been holding her so tightly. She could barely breathe. She didn't want to.

"Jagger..."

"Fuck. I'm sorry, Mia Rose."

"No. That's not it."

"What, then?" He looked down at her, his eyes glittering in the silvery light of the street lamp a few feet away.

The words came out on a half whisper.

"I don't want you to stop."

© Eden Bradley, 2008