



Occupation: Web Developer

Interests: Hacking, MMA,
and yearning for his best
friend's wife

Read more in:

My Best Friend's Wife

A three-part series coming soon

Her hand lingered on his shirt, driving him ever so slightly crazy as he wandered where this night was going. He wasn't a hesitant person, so he clasped her hand to his chest, turned to her, and pulled her into his arms. He wanted her there, and he had a good feeling that that was where she wanted to be. At her little sigh, his heart leapt, and he dipped his head to capture her lips in a heated kiss.

It had been far too long.

He nibbled gently at her lower lip until she opened for him. Desire stabbed through him as his tongue swooped inside her mouth. She tasted faintly of minty toothpaste and Andie. Her unique taste, a taste which he had never been able to forget, invaded his senses. Her little hands delved into his hair, and with a groan, he deepened the kiss. He kissed her until they were both breathless and panting into the still room.

"Oh, Max," she whispered as he broke away from her mouth and kissed his way down her neck.

"Yes, honey?" he asked between kisses.

"That feels so good," she said in a little whimper that drove him wild.

