

Chapter 5

Kelleigh swayed as she walked toward the door of her room. She'd had four schooners of beer and was feeling buzzed from the effects of the alcohol. Troy's enchanting eyes had held her captivated during drinks, even though his attempts at flirting were poor. But hey, she wouldn't have done any better. She was happy he was talking to her and not running off screaming in the other direction, thinking she was a raving lunatic after her episode yesterday.

She glanced over her shoulder and caught sight of his smoldering sapphire gaze. The way he looked at her made butterflies take flight in her stomach. She tried to recall if this was how Jamie looked at Fran? In reality it was probably the alcohol making her feel this way, but it was nice to think otherwise for a moment.

She paused at her door and admired Troy's blond hair, sun-kissed skin and naturally well-muscled physique. Completely opposite to Rodrigo's dark complexion, protein-powder induced muscles and moisturized baby-soft skin. Completely different to Rodrigo's not-a-hair-out-of-place appearance. She lowered her eyes; her confidence wavered. Could she do this? Should she be doing this a month after Rodrigo had left? Why not? This was one night. She needed this. Something reckless. Something fun. Something to make her feel like a woman again. One small step toward gaining control back of her life.

Kelleigh's hands trembled as she opened her handbag and rummaged around for her room key. The anticipation of having those hands of Troy's on her body was enough to make her break out in a feverish sweat. This had to be the most reckless thing she'd ever done in her life. She'd always been one to approach relationships carefully. Go on dates before sleeping with someone. Get to know them. Meet their parents. Bah! Look where that had left her.

Finally locating her key, she tried to insert it into the lock. Unable to focus clearly, her hand swayed over the slot, from side to side. She inhaled sharply as Troy's warm breath on her neck shot goose bumps down her spine. He slowly reached around her and placed his hand on hers to steady it. With a gentle lean in toward her, he inserted the key and twisted the handle to open the door. The feel of his body against her hip sent her pulse racing and fire curling through her veins. "Smarty-pants," she said as she walked inside, flicked on the entryway light and made her way into the living area to shut the curtains.

Chapter 15

“What’s all this for?” She picked up a bottle from the table and admired the Gumtrees Vineyard label—a tall eucalypt tree emblazoned in bronze with the words either side of its trunk. An elegant yet simple logo.

“If you’re up for it, I thought I’d give you a personal wine tasting.”

“Oh!” She placed the bottle back down. Him. Alone in a cellar. Alcohol. What a tempting combination. All this was great, but he hadn’t said anything about their kiss and it was sending her mental, not knowing what he was thinking. Was that it? Just a kiss and time to move on? No one could kiss like that and not be affected by it. “That sounds nice, but are we going to talk about what happened back there in the office?”

He reached for her hand, drew her hard up against the plane of his chest and whispered in her ear. “Oh, I have every intention of continuing our office discussion.” She closed her eyes. His deep voice, with a promise of so much more, resonated throughout her entire body. His warm breath shot down the side of her neck, giving her goosebumps all over. His lips lingering beside her ear made her head dizzy. All of this before touching a drop of wine.

Placing his hands on her arms, he guided her backward and helped her to sit up on one of the bar stools beside the table. She shuffled around, side to side on the seat, to find a comfortable position.

He placed his hands down, one on either side of her hips; seriousness drew across his face as he leaned before her. “You have caused me a great deal of grief since I met you. You’ve threatened me with a tire wrench, threatened to buy my home, threatened to leave me alone. Yet here you are again today with another story. I’m usually an easygoing type of bloke, but with you, I never know what to believe. You certainly know how to confuse a man. One minute I never want to see you again, the next I want to get you back into bed. Shall we work out what I should do with you while tasting a few samples of wine? Are you up for a little game?”

“What kind of game?” Her stomach fluttered, her mouth ran dry.