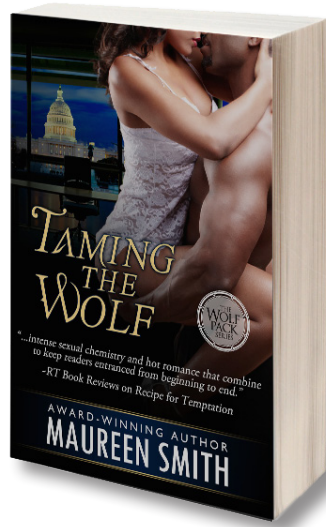


# MAUREEN SMITH



## AN EXCERPT FROM TAMING THE WOLF

“Despite the way I behaved in New York,” Samara heard herself telling Marcus, “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.”

If Marcus’s eyes weren’t so dark, she would have sworn his pupils dilated. His nostrils flared slightly, and beneath the expensive suit jacket he wore, his chest seemed to rise and fall more rapidly. Trapped in the smoldering heat of his gaze, Samara felt her own breathing quicken. She hadn’t meant to blurt out the confession, but if Marcus kept devouring her with those sexy bedroom eyes, God only knew what else would come out of her mouth.

*Make love to me*, came to mind.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed two sharply dressed men and an attractive black woman hovering nearby, watching her and Marcus.

“I shouldn’t hold you up any longer,” Samara murmured apologetically. “People are still waiting to speak to you.”

He released her from his gaze long enough to meet the stares of the others with level indifference. “Those are my senior associates. We’re supposed to be meeting for drinks after this.”

“Well, in that case, I’d better let you go.” She reached out and touched his arm, letting her hand linger for a prolonged moment. “It was good to see you again, Mr. Wolf.”

“Likewise,” he drawled.

As Samara turned and walked away, she was acutely aware of him watching her, his gaze like a physical touch on her back. She knew the picture she made, with her short black skirt clinging to her curves and her stiletto heels accentuating the shapely expanse of her long legs. She was counting on Marcus appreciating the view—appreciating it enough to want more.

She left the auditorium and started toward the double glass doors leading to the parking lot. A number of people were still milling about, chatting in small clusters or talking animatedly on cell phones.

Before Samara reached the exit, she made a detour, rounding a corner and heading down an empty corridor that led to the restrooms.

“Samara.”

She turned to find Marcus striding purposefully toward her, his dark, intoxicating gaze locked on hers. She waited, heart hammering wildly in her chest, anticipation pulsing through her veins.

When he’d stopped before her, she stared up at him. “Marcus—”

Without a word, he cupped her face in his large hands and crushed his mouth to hers, his tongue plunging inside and stroking deep.

Samara eagerly responded, wrapping her arms around his neck and reaching on tiptoe to press herself more firmly against his hard, muscled body. Liquid heat coiled inside her, drawing tighter and tighter until she thought she'd explode. She'd never known there could be so much pleasure in a man's hungry kiss. But it was more than just a kiss. It was an all over body experience, the way Marcus sucked on her tongue and rubbed his chest against her breasts, making them swell and her nipples harden to aching points.

"I want something from you," she breathed into his mouth, while she still had the presence of mind to warn him.

"I'm counting on it," he whispered huskily