

Try Me - Chapter One

Lily pulled into the parking lot of Wolff's Body Shop and killed the engine to her poor, beaten-up red sedan. It wasn't a sexy car, not by a long shot, but it was hers and she wasn't kicking it to the curb. Patting the dash, she murmured, "You still have a few good miles in you, don't you girl?"

"You ask me, she has more than just a few."

Lily jumped at the hard male voice coming from her open driver's side window. Turning her head, she came face to...black t-shirt. Leaning closer and looking up, Lily's breath caught in her throat.

It wasn't so much that Kyle Wolff was as scrumptious as a hot fudge sundae. It wasn't even that his big, muscular body was large enough to block out the midday sun. It was the killer grin. She could've resisted the rest—as if—but that grin did her in every time she saw it.

"Sorry if I startled you."

Lily unbuckled her seat belt and grabbed her purse. The grinning hottie took hold of the handle and opened the door for her. Ah, a gentleman even. As if Lily needed more of a reason to want to jump the man's bones. Stepping out, Lily looked into a pair of sky blue eyes. Sexy, dreamy sky blue eyes she could simply drown in.

"Uh, I guess I was in my own world there."

He shut her door and stepped back. "I can understand that." After wiping his hands on a rag, he tucked it into his back pocket. Holding out a now only slightly greasy hand, he said, "I don't think we've been formally introduced. The name's Kyle."

She took the proffered hand. She noticed his squeeze was gentle. She liked that. It was always so annoying when men tried to prove something to a woman through a handshake. "Lily Justice. You own this shop, right?" She knew the answer already, but she felt compelled to ask.

"Lock, stock, and barrel." He glanced at her car and grimaced. "I take it you're in need of some bodywork?"

She nodded and reached out to place her hand against the hood. "I was in an accident last week and I'm afraid she got a bit mangled. I'm lucky she still runs."

His gorgeous blue gaze went from her face, down over her body, only to stop at her polished red toenails and start back up again. Lily noticed he slowed down a fraction when he reached her chest. Her nipples stood at attention.

“You didn’t get hurt?”

Lily crossed her arms, hoping to cover her reaction to his perusal. “Not a scratch.”

He nodded and walked around the car. When he stopped at the trunk and knelt out of sight, Lily moved a few feet to the right, bringing him back into view. She watched as he touched a particularly large dent, smoothing his fingers back and forth. Oh boy, lucky lucky car.

As he whistled low and came back to his feet, Lily was struck by the sheer masculinity of him. Not an inch of fat. All she could see was a black t-shirt and old, worn jeans covering nothing but hard planes and angles. The skin on his arms and face was darkly tanned and she wondered if his torso was as well. What would it be like to have all that power to play with in bed? *Ask him out. Do it. Quit stalling. That’s half the reason for choosing his shop to begin with.*

“You feeling okay?”

Lily mentally slapped down her inner slut. “Fine, why?”

“You sort of went blank there for a second.”

“Oh, uh, the heat. It must be getting to me.” Hell, it was the middle of August so her lie was at least credible.

“And I’m keeping you out here in it unnecessarily.” He cringed. “How about we go in and talk about your car over a cold drink?”

She smiled and hitched her purse over her shoulder. “That sounds wonderful, thank you.”

He smiled back and Lily’s heart had a little party. “My pleasure, Lily.”

Hearing her name coming from Kyle’s perfectly curved lips sent her libido right into the red zone. Without even trying, a naughty little video ran through Lily’s dirty mind. A video of her and Kyle doing the wild mambo. She even heard him calling her name. Oh hell, what a sexy voice. She heard the name again and realized, a little too late, that it wasn’t in her head.

Instead of using that gorgeous body and delicious voice to make her scream in pleasure, he was staring at her and frowning as if she’d lost her damn mind.

Nice.

“Sorry,” she said, “did you say something?”

“You went off in your own world again.” He crossed his arms over his chest and cocked his head to the side. “Are you sure that accident didn’t knock something loose?”

The only thing *loose* was her imagination. But she figured he didn’t need to know that. “I’m just a little distracted today, that’s all.”

He nodded toward the front of his shop. “Follow me and we’ll see what sort of estimate we can work up.”

An estimate. Right. “Thanks. I really appreciate it.” When he started to walk, Lily lagged a little bit behind, content to watch the way his long strides ate up the pavement. The way his ass moved beneath the tight jeans. Yum. She’d seen him from a distance, driving his shiny black motorcycle up and down her street, tempting her beyond reason. Up close and personal was a far cry better though, she admitted. With a little luck and a whole lot of bravery, she’d get him even closer.

Like, in her bed.

All night long.

The gap in their age had kept Lily from making a move on the sexy man...once upon a time. After all, he was ten years younger and she hadn’t wanted to make a fool of herself by flirting. But screw it, she was tired of looking. She wanted to touch. It was time to see if Kyle Wolff was as good with a woman’s body as he was with the cars he worked on.

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She had come to him. It was about damn time. If Kyle had to drive by her house one more time it would’ve been too tempting to make a detour—right up her driveway. He’d watched the beauty for a little over a year. He’d asked around about her too. When she’d been tied to that asshole husband of hers, she’d been off limits. But the divorce had been final for a year now. Kyle had been waiting for a chance with her ever since.

At first, Kyle had assumed Lily needed time to deal with the emotional upheaval of her husband leaving her for another woman. In a town as small as Miller Siding, Ohio, news traveled fast. Considering he ran one of the few body shops for miles around, Kyle tended to hear more than his share. He’d heard plenty about her ex. It still boggled his mind that Lily’s husband hadn’t

been satisfied with a classy lady like her in his bed every night. Some men were just dumbasses. No two ways about it.

As the months passed, Kyle noticed Lily pretty much kept to herself. He didn't think she dated at all. He couldn't help but wonder if she was still pining away for her ex. There was something about Lily Justice that made him think she was too strong, too confident to play the grieving spouse forever though. She struck Kyle as a woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to go after it. The most important question he needed answered—did she want *him* or was it just his skills with bodywork that she had in mind?

One way to find out.

Heading toward the pop machine, Kyle called over his shoulder, "Diet, regular or water?"

"Diet pop. Thanks."

Kyle dug into his front jeans pocket, pulled out several quarters and slid them into the coin slot. "Why do women always drink diet when it's clear they don't need to diet?"

He handed her the icy-cold can, noticing she took it with relish. "Well, I don't know about other women, but I like the taste. I'm sort of addicted to artificial sweetener. It's my one vice."

He popped the tab on his own drink. As Lily tipped the can up to her glossy pink lips, closed her chocolate brown eyes and took several swallows, Kyle let himself take in the sight of her. The red v-neck t-shirt she wore strained across ample breasts and lay flat across her trim belly. A sexy pair of snug jean shorts showed off the slender, tanned length of her legs. So damn pretty. He looked to his right and saw one of his employees checking her out. Bryan, the new guy. Kyle eyed him until he took the hint and went back to work.

Bringing his attention back to the conversation, Kyle said, "Just one vice, huh?"

Lily choked on a sip and peeked up at him. "Well, there are the chocolate cookies I have stashed in my linen closet."

Kyle laughed and moved to step behind the counter. After finishing off the last of the cold liquid, he tossed the empty can in the trash and went to work. "Okay, let's talk about your car. From what I can see it's not too bad. The worst of the damage was done to the back bumper and left quarter panel. A few dents along the driver's side door, but nothing we can't fix." He typed up a quick estimate and printed it out. He slid it across the counter for her to look over. "This is rough. I'll know more once I get my hands on her."

She put her can down and looked at the quote. Her eyebrows shot up. “That’s it? Really?”

Kyle didn’t think she needed to know he was cutting her a break. It was his business if he wanted to do the labor for free. One of the perks of owning his own shop. No boss to bitch at him when he decided to cut a customer a break. “Well, like I said, it’s a rough estimate, but yeah, it shouldn’t vary too much from that figure.”

She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and shook her head. “How can you possibly stay afloat?”

“Actually, Lily, I’ve seen you around town and I sort of feel like I know you.” Kyle shrugged. “So, let’s just say I don’t mind helping out a friend and leave it at that.”

“It’s a small town,” she said, her voice soft, low. “I’ve seen you around too. You drive by my house sometimes.”

Ah, the little brunette had noticed. Interesting. “Yeah, you live a few blocks from here. It’s on my way home.” Not completely untrue. It was on his way home—if he wanted to take the long route.

“Oh, I see.”

She looked disappointed. Had she been hoping for a different answer? “What do you say, Lily?”

Lily looked down at the estimate, then back up at him. “I didn’t plan to leave her here. I thought I’d need to check out a few places before I made a decision.”

The thought of another shop coming anywhere near Lily’s car didn’t sit right with Kyle. Which, of course, made no sense at all. Drumming his fingers on the scarred countertop, he said, “You’d trust some stranger with your baby?”

One side of her mouth kicked up into a sideways grin. Damned if it didn’t have his cock straining against the fly of his jeans too. “I hate to break it to you, Kyle, but *you’re* a stranger.”

“True. For now. You can trust me though. I’ll take real good care of her.”

She squinted at him, as if trying to decipher whether he told the truth. “Would you?”

He held up a hand and pledged, “She’ll be as pretty as new once I’m finished. You have my word.”

Several seconds drifted by before she nodded. “I believe you. You have a good reputation around here. That’s why I came to you first.”

Kyle leaned across the counter, needing to get closer to all that sexy femininity. He inhaled her spicy scent. It reminded him of the beach. Sizzling hot, with just a hint of something this side of wicked. “Is that the only reason you came to me?”

A delicate little blush stole over her cheeks. It was the prettiest sight he’d seen in a long time. “No, it’s not the only reason,” she answered quietly.

Now they were getting somewhere. Kyle went for broke. “Maybe I could give you a ride home then. You know, where we can talk more about this reason of yours.”

“You’re assuming I’m leaving my car with you.” She arched a brow and pointed a finger at him. “I didn’t decide yet.”

Kyle stayed silent, waiting for her to choose.

“How long will it take to fix?”

Mentally scanning the damage done to her car, he answered, “I can probably have it back to you in a week.” He cocked his head to the side. “She’s pretty special to you.”

Lily pushed the strap of her purse over her shoulder. “I bought it when I sold my first photos. She’s been with me through a lot.”

“And trusting her with someone else is hard.”

“Yeah, I guess.” She took a deep breath then said, “Okay, she’s all yours.”

“Good. Now, about that ride…”

She laughed. “You don’t mess around, do you?”

“No,” he said, needing no illusions between them. “I don’t.”

“As you know, I only live a few blocks from here. I could just walk home.”

“Yeah, you could. But is that really what you want, Lily?”

She clutched the paper with the estimate in a white-knuckled fist. “What I want isn’t always what I should have.”

A cautious woman. Smart too. Kyle liked both qualities. “It’s a ride,” he reassured her. “I just want to get to know you.”

Her slow, teasing smile lit him up. “In that case, yes.”

Anticipation flooded his veins. “Give me a second to take care of a few things.” He winked and added, “Don’t move.”

“You’re the boss.”

Oh, hell yeah.

Try Me Anne Rainey