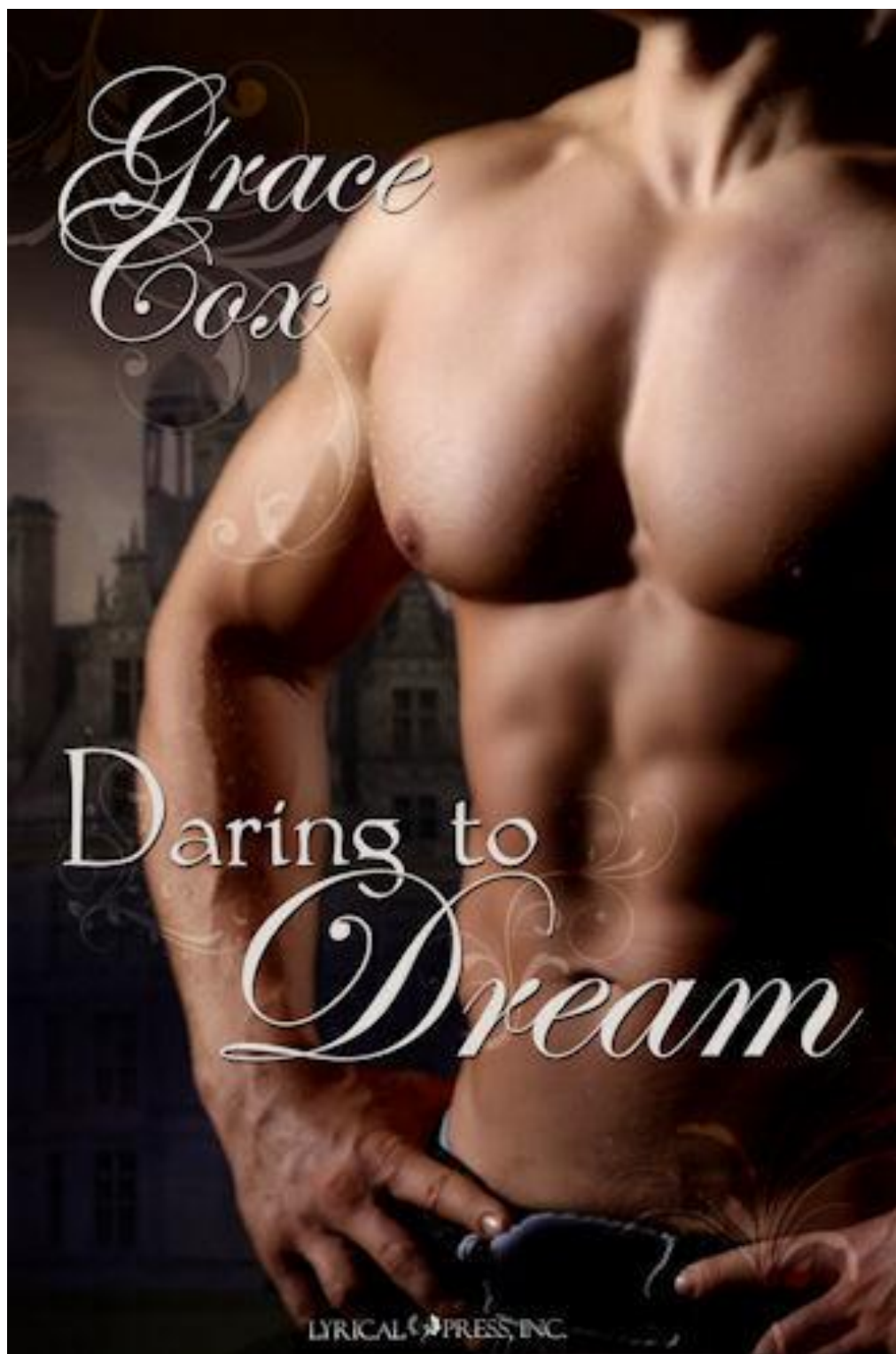


Night Owl Reviews: First Chapter Free Read
www.NightOwlReviews.com



©Grace Cox 2009

AVAILABLE AT: LYRICAL PRESS

http://www.lyricalpress.com/store/index.php?main_page=product_info&cPath=2_7&products_id=181

DARING TO DREAM

\$3.50

Genre: Erotica/Romance/Contemporary

Digital ISBN: 978-1-61650-087-0

Length: Novella

Digital Publication Date: October 19, 2009

Cover art by Renee Rocco

Formats: .epub, .lit, .pdf, .prc (Kindle and Mobi), and pc and raw .html

They both want sex, they both have a secret...

Sarah has little experience with men, but when wealthy and attractive Jason hires her as a nanny, the attraction is instant and fierce. He's completely unattainable, forcing Sarah to keep her growing passion a secret.

One fateful night reveals Jason feels the chemistry, but something -- or someone -- holds him back. How long can he deny his desire?

Daring to Dream

By

Grace Cox

Chapter 1

She watched the young French couple tear each other's clothes away, desire overpowering the rage of their previous custody battle. Barely undressed, their bodies came together, their angry screams of accusation dissolving into cries of pleasure.

Sarah stood next to the large plasma screen in the lounge of Jason's luxury home, mesmerized by the images on the TV as the late-night foreign film reached its climax. Careful to keep her thumb hovering over the "off" button of the remote control, she tentatively rocked back and forth on her heels, absorbed in the woman's gasps as her lover brought her to a second frantic orgasm.

The man's desire erupted, and Sarah felt her own body start to tingle. She was still a virgin, but even though his lust frightened her, it also stirred sensations she did not fully understand. She carefully slid the remote control into her left hand, allowing the fingers of her free hand to caress her body as she eased open the small button of her skintight jeans. The metal teeth of her zipper gasped as they burst apart, allowing her fingers to explore the matted golden-red hair pressed flat inside her white cotton G-string. She enjoyed ruffling the hair on that part of her body; she loved the sensation, the secrecy of touching herself and the reassuring feeling it gave her as she imagined a man stroking her there.

Her hand made a small space inside her jeans as she explored her crotch, tentatively working her fingers toward the moist curls below. A small, involuntary cry escaped from her throat as she touched her most private part. She had never been this wet before.

"Sarah, I'm back!"

The sound of Jason's cheerful voice cut through her like a knife. Panicking, she withdrew her hand, turned off the TV and had barely finished buttoning her jeans before he walked into the lounge. His tall, well-built frame seemed to fill the whole doorway. Snowflakes slowly melted into the dark gray wool of his business suit and a few still glistened on top of his thick dark hair.

"How... How was your evening?" She pretended to tidy loose strands of her wavy red hair back into a ponytail. She was desperate to look and sound normal, but was

acutely aware of the sweat forming on her skin and her heart battering against her rib cage.

“Good, how was yours?” His gaze seemed to X-ray her, and did little to help her flustered state.

“Fine.” Her voice wobbled. “I, uh, didn’t hear you come in.”

He shrugged. “How was Emily?”

“Good.”

“Any temper tantrums?”

“She was really well behaved, honestly.”

He laughed. Although his daughter Emily suffered from Down’s syndrome, Sarah knew that Jason was fully aware of just how willful and energetic the little girl could be. “Three years old and a mind of her own.”

Sarah smiled, still flushed.

“Will you have a nightcap before you go?” Jason never seemed to be in a hurry for Sarah to leave.

“Thanks, but it’s getting late.” There was no way she could face a long chat with him tonight. She usually enjoyed their conversations, but right now she needed to be alone and she was sure she would implode if she didn’t leave soon. She thought he was disappointed by her response but she wasn’t sure what else to say. Embarrassed, she tried to suppress her feelings, focusing her attention on the flames of the fire.

“A penny for your thoughts?” He stared at her in that deep, penetrating way that always electrified her.

“I was just thinking how beautiful Emily is,” Sarah said in a desperate attempt to change the subject. Then, without thinking, she added, “She must have inherited that from her mother.”

Jason gave her a polite nod. Sarah knew he was fiercely proud of Emily and was pleased when people complimented her. Now, however, the circles around his eyes appeared to grow deeper, his exhaustion more ingrained. Sarah immediately regretted mentioning Emily’s mother. How could she have been so foolish? Jason didn’t need to be reminded of how much he had lost, especially not by an unsophisticated local student.

“Are you sure you won’t have a nightcap with me?”

Sarah nodded. “I’m sure.”

“Then at least let me call you cab home”

“No,” she said too quickly. Sarah could not afford the cab fare and although she knew Jason would always offer to pay her fare, she enjoyed working for him too much to risk letting him think she was a gold-digger.

He raised an eyebrow.

“I’m meeting friends in town. I’ll get the night bus home with them later.”

Jason watched her as if he was waiting for something more.

“Honestly, I’ll be fine,” she blurted, knowing that he was not convinced.

“If you’re sure.” He collected her coat from the cupboard. She loved the way he always held it open as an invitation to slide her arms into the waiting sleeves. “At least take the money for a taxi later on.”

Sarah smiled but shook her head. “Thanks, but there’s no need.”

“Are you sure?”

She laughed. “Positive.”

Conceding defeat, Jason showed her to the door. “Have a nice night. Call if you have any problems getting home.”

Sarah was flattered how Jason always seemed to worry about her traveling on her own at night; neither her father nor her brothers would ever bother to ask if she could get back all right, let alone offer to pay for a taxi.

Despite what she told him about meeting friends, Sarah walked home on foot, the images from the French film she had accidentally seen raw in her mind. She needed to be alone with her thoughts and the urges the film had created.

It took her almost an hour to weave through the deserted streets, and it was past midnight by the time she reached the front of her tower block. Water had seeped through the soles of her black leather ankle boots not long after leaving Jason’s house, and while the dark aubergine winter coat she had bought during the autumn sales looked flattering on her, its cheap-quality wool did little to keep out the chill.

Uncomfortable with the smell inside the lift and the fact that it was not guaranteed to get to her floor without breaking down, Sarah walked up the six flights of steps to her flat. She had hoped for a quiet night, but as she slid her key into the lock, she heard the TV commentary on *The World Boxing Championships* being delivered at full volume. Even though she desperately wanted to be fresh for her college classes in the morning, she knew she would not get much sleep.

Sarah tiptoed past the open lounge door. She could see her father standing in the cramped room, his trousers stained with old beer and his untucked gray shirt flapping around his waist as he brandished his lager can and shouted encouragement at a boxer—no doubt the one who was carrying the weight of responsibility for this

week's benefit money. She could hear her older brother Mackie shouting in the background. The twins were probably in there too, but much as she loved her younger brothers, she didn't want to have to deal with them this evening.

No one noticed her coming home.

Sarah slipped into the narrow bathroom to wash and change into her nightshirt. Then she examined her reflection in the mirror while brushing her long, wavy red hair. Unlike the rest of the girls in her class, Sarah had been slow to develop, but her body had found its own shape within the last year. Her legs seemed longer and her hips more defined. Sliding her hands over her white breasts, she cupped them in her palms. They were definitely rounder and firmer, and her nipples were harder.

As she slid into her single bed, Sarah knew that it was going to be more than just the noise from the lounge depriving her of sleep. She thought of Jason and the way he made her feel. His toned body and compassionate nature formed an alluring combination. She loved his company and had even allowed herself to fantasize that a man as attractive and virile as Jason could be interested in her. Soon Sara's mind slipped back to the images of the French couple making love in the film—and her thoughts kept her company long into the night.

FIND MORE FREE READS & FIRST CHAPTERS AT NIGHT OWL REVIEWS! WWW.NIGHTOWLREVIEWS.COM

