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An Excerpt From: CONVINCING SILVIA

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He tapped his chest. "I want you right here," he said in a possessive tone he didn't quite recognize.

With a big, girlish smile, she sat between his legs and leaned back against his chest. He encircled her waist with both arms, loving the way she fit against him, both their bodies relaxing in the hot water. Her arms covered his, stroking him lazily, as if she'd done it a million times before.

No woman had ever been this easy to be with, probably because they'd all tried so hard to keep him. Silvia did exactly the opposite. When he asked her to call him, she waved a hand and said he was way too young for her. Other women purred in his ear to stay the night. Silvia rolled to her side of the bed and turned her back to him in a silent hint it was time for him to leave. Maybe their loving tonight would convince her to ask him to stay.

He kissed the side of her head, nipped at her ear. "You okay? I was pretty rough there at the end."

She turned awkwardly in the cramped space and pressed her lips to his. "You were amazing."

Resettling in his arms, she let out a deep sigh. Andy held back his own sigh. If he weren't holding her in his arms right now, he'd find it hard to believe she was there. They fit together physically in ways he could have never imagined possible. He knew next to nothing about her, except that she was a widowed nurse and she had bought this house two months ago when she'd gotten a job at the local hospital. What little he'd learned about her, he'd found out on their first date. Since then, as soon as they were alone, their bodies did most of the communicating.

Andy had never given much thought to having an affair with an older woman. In fact, he'd never even considered Silvia "older" until she had politely pointed it out to him on their first date. The admission had given him pause because she looked nothing like forty-six but Silvia had taken his hesitation as a sign of rejection.

Whatever had made her so insecure? As soon as he'd laid eyes on her in his nursery, he'd wanted to get closer to her in every way possible. So far, that intimacy hadn't gone much beyond sex but boy, he couldn't keep his hands off her. Unlike the women who came after him, Silvia actually had meat on her bones and

in all the right places too. Her rounded belly emphasized the alluring curve of her waistline. Her nice, full thighs felt so soft he dreamed about stroking them. One could never tell how beautiful she was by how she dressed. Although elegant, her clothing hardly gave any hint of the classic beauty of her figure. Andy could barely wait to get her naked so he could marvel at the treasure she hid from the rest of the world. He felt special to be the one to see her for what she was – strong and soft at the same time, just the way a woman should be. He admired her strength but it was the softness that got to him, even though Silvia made every effort to hide it. Her vulnerability gave him an odd sense of refuge while at the same time it drove him nearly mad with the need to protect and satisfy her. The unfamiliarity of that impulse echoed strangely in his gut. His arms contracted, making Silvia stir.

Her finger trailed up and down his forearm, following the patterns of his hair. “You hungry?” she asked.

“Sure,” he lied. He’d rather sit in the tub with her as long as the water stayed warm. In the tub, like in bed, they belonged to the world of passion that bound them together with bonds too strong to be severed but as soon as they got out of the tub, they’d have to face reality again and when it came to Silvia, reality made no sense at all. He wanted to spend more time with her, learn more about her but she gave him no hints that she wanted the same.

Silvia stood up in the tub and turned to look down at him. Her gaze held his before her eyes roamed to his mouth. A slow smile of appreciation turned up the corners of her lips. The examination continued down his chest. Andy’s ego inflated with pride. He just loved it when she ate him up with those big blue eyes.