



USA Today bestselling author

LYNSAY
SANDS

A
QUICK
BITE

One taste is never enough . . .

A Quick Bite

By

Lynsay Sands

Prologue

November 2000

"It's just a *little* dinner party."

"Uh-huh." Standing, Greg Hewitt caught the phone receiver in the crook between his shoulder and neck, holding it in place with his chin as he began to clean up his desk in preparation for leaving the office.

Anne's voice had taken on a wheedling tone, which was always a bad sign. Sighing inwardly, he shook his head as his sister rattled on, telling him what she had planned for the meal and so on, all in an effort to convince him to attend. He noticed she wasn't mentioning who else was to be at this little dinner, but suspected he already knew. Greg had no doubt it would be Anne, her husband John, and yet another single female friend she hoped to hook up with her still-single older brother.

"So?"

Greg paused and caught the phone in hand. He'd obviously missed something. "I'm sorry, what was that?"

"So, what time can you get here tomorrow?"

"I won't be coming." Before she could whine, he quickly added, "I can't. I'll be out of the country tomorrow."

"What?" There was a pause, then a suspicious, "Why? Where are you going?"

"Mexico. I'm going on vacation. That's why I called you in the first place. I fly out first thing in the morning for Cancun." Knowing he'd just set her aback, Greg allowed a smile to tug at his lips as he juggled the phone around to don the suit jacket he'd discarded earlier in the day. "Mexico?"

Anne said after a long pause. "A vacation?" Greg couldn't decide if her bewilderment was amusing or just a sad commentary on his life to date. This was the first vacation he'd taken since starting his psychology practice eight years ago. Actually, he hadn't gone on vacation since starting university. He was a typical workaholic, driven to succeed and willing to put in the hours to do so. It didn't leave much time for a social life. This vacation was long overdue.

"Listen, I have to get going. I'll send you a postcard from Mexico. Bye." Greg hung up before she could say anything to stop him, then grabbed his briefcase and quickly escaped the office. He wasn't surprised to hear the phone start ringing as he locked the office door, Anne was the persistent sort. Smiling faintly, he ignored it and pocketed his keys as he started down the hall to the elevator.

Dr. Gregory Hewitt was now officially on vacation, and the knowledge made him relax more with every step away from his office. He was actually whistling softly as he boarded the elevator and turned to push the button marked P3. The whistle died, however, and Greg reached instinctively toward the panel, his eyes searching for the hold button to keep the doors open when he realized a woman was hurrying toward the closing doors. He needn't have bothered; she was quick on her feet and managed to slip through just before the doors closed.

Greg let his hand drop away from the panel and stepped politely out of the way so she could select the floor she wanted. He gave her a curious once-over as she moved in front of him, idly wondering where the woman had come from. The hall had been empty when he'd traversed it, and he hadn't heard a door open or close, but then he'd been distracted with thoughts of his coming vacation. There were several offices on the floor besides his own, and she could be from any of them; but he was sure he'd never seen her before.

Greg had barely glimpsed her face as she'd boarded the elevator, and most of her features were a vague blur in his memory, but her eyes had been an attention-grabbing silver-blue. Unusual and beautiful, they were probably the result of colored contacts, he thought, and immediately lost any interest in her. Greg could appreciate beautiful women, and had no problem with

them making the best of their appearance, but when they moved on to this level of artifice to try to attract attention, he tended to be turned off.

Shrugging her out of his thoughts, he relaxed back against the elevator wall, his mind immediately turning to his coming trip. Greg had planned a lot of outings; he'd never been anywhere like Mexico before and wanted to enjoy all there was to do. Along with the usual lounging on the beach, he hoped to get in some parasailing, snorkeling, and maybe go on one of those boat rides where you got to feed the dolphins.

He also hoped to fit in a trip to the Museum Casa Maya, an ecological park with a reproduction of how the Mayans lived centuries ago and walking paths where you could see the local animals. Then there was the night life. If he had the energy after his active days, Greg might just hit the dance bars like the Coco Bongo or the Bulldog cafe where half-naked people gyrated to deafening music.

The elevator's cheerful *ding* drew Greg's thoughts from half-naked dancing women to the panel above the doors. P3 was lit up; parking level three. His floor.

Nodding politely to his companion, he stepped off the elevator and started through the large, nearly empty parking garage. With half-naked women still dancing on the periphery of his mind, it took Greg a minute to notice the sound of footsteps behind him. He almost glanced over his shoulder to see who it was, then let the matter go. The sound was the hollow *tap tap* of high heels on concrete; sharp and quick and echoing loudly in the nearly empty space. The brunette was obviously also parked on this floor.

His gaze moved absently over the open space toward where his car should be, but got caught on one of the supporting beams as he passed. The large black PI painted on the concrete beam made him slow in confusion. Parking levels 1 and 2 were reserved for visitors to the various offices and businesses in the building. He was parked on P3 and had been sure the elevator panel light had read P3 when he'd looked... but it appeared he'd been wrong. Stopping, he started to turn back the way he'd come.

This is the right floor. There is the car ahead.

"Yes, of course," Greg murmured, and continued forward. He strode up to the lone vehicle.

It wasn't until he opened the trunk that the thought broke through his mind that the little red sports car *wasn't* his. He drove a dark blue BMW. But as quickly as that thought—with its accompanying alarm—claimed him, it blew away like fog under the influence of a breeze.

Relaxing, Greg set his briefcase inside the trunk, climbed in after it, arranged himself in the small space, then pulled the trunk closed.

Chapter 1

"Mmm. Your hair smells good."

"Umm, gee, thanks, Bob." Lissianna Argeneau peered around the dark parking lot they were crossing, relieved to see they were alone. "But do you think you could get your hand off my ass?"

"Dwayne."

"What?" She glanced up into his handsome face with confusion.

"My name is Dwayne," he explained with a grin.

"Oh." She sighed. "Well, *Dwayne*, can you get your hand off my ass?"

"I thought you liked me." His hand stayed firmly planted on her left butt cheek, squeezing in an altogether-too-friendly manner.

Resisting the urge to club him over the head and drag him into the bushes like the Neanderthal he was, she forced a smile. "I do, but let's wait till we get to your car to—"

"Oh. Yeah. My car," he interrupted. "About that..."

Lissianna stopped walking to peer up into his face, her eyes narrowing suspiciously on the discomfort that suddenly flickered across his expression. "What?"

"I don't have a car," Dwayne admitted.

Lissianna blinked, her brain slow to accept this news. *Everyone* over the age of twenty owned a car in Canada. Well, practically everyone. Okay, perhaps that was an exaggeration, but most single males of dating age had wheels. It was like an unwritten law or something.

Before she could comment, Dwayne added, "I thought *you'd* have one."

It sounded almost like an accusation, Lissianna noted and scowled. In some ways, the women's movement really hadn't done them any favors. There had been a day when he, as the man, would have had the vehicle or taken on the responsibility of finding them a place to be alone without a second thought. Now he was looking displeased, as if *she'd* let *him* down somehow by not having a car.

"I have a car," she found herself saying defensively. "But I rode here tonight with my cousin."

"The chick with pink hair?"

"No. That's my friend, Mirabeau. Thomas drove," Lissianna answered absently as she considered the problem. He had no car and Thomas had locked up the Jeep when they'd arrived. She supposed she could go back into the bar, find Thomas and borrow his keys; but really, Lissianna didn't want to use his Jeep for—

"Well, that's all right. I don't mind the great outdoors."

Lissianna blinked her thoughts away with a start as he grasped her by the hips and drew her against him. She instinctively leaned away, putting some space between their upper bodies, but that did nothing to stop their lower bodies from meshing. It was suddenly clear that the idea of the great outdoors *really* didn't bother Dwayne. If anything, the hardness pressing against her suggested that the idea excited him. He was obviously an excitable guy,

Lissianna decided. She herself didn't see the attraction of the great outdoors, at least not during a Canadian winter.

"Come on." Releasing her hips, Dwayne grabbed her hand and hurried her to the back of the parking lot. It wasn't until he was dragging her behind the large metal garbage bins in the back corner of the lot that she realized his intentions.

Lissianna bit back a sarcastic comment about his romantic nature and decided to just be grateful that it was *early* winter. While they hadn't had their first snow, it was cold enough that there was no odor from the rotting food in the large metal containers.

"This is good." Dwayne urged her back against the cold metal of a bin and crowded up against her.

Lissianna sighed inwardly, wishing she'd not left her coat inside. She was more immune to the cold than the average person, but not completely. The cold metal at her back was leaching heat out of her, forcing her body to work harder to stay warm. Hungry and dehydrated as she was, the last thing she needed at the moment was for her body to have to work harder.

The sudden sloppy assault of his mouth on hers forced Lissianna's thoughts to the matter at hand and convinced her it was time to take control of the situation. Ignoring the probing poke of his tongue at her closed lips, she caught her fingers in the front of his jacket and turned, slamming him up against the bin a little harder than she'd meant to as she traded places with him.

"Whoa," he chuckled, eyes brightening. "A wild woman."

"Like that, do you?" Lissianna asked dryly. "Then you're gonna love this."

Releasing his coat, she raked one hand into the hair at the back of his skull and caught him by the short strands there. Jerking his head sideways, she moved her mouth to his neck.

Dwayne murmured with pleasure as she ran her lips lightly along the line of his jugular vein. Once she'd found the best spot for her purposes, Lissianna opened her mouth, breathed in through her nose as her canines slid out to their full, sharp length, then sank them into his neck.

Dwayne released a little gasp and went stiff, his arms tightening around her, but that only lasted for the briefest of moments. He soon began to relax against the cold bin as Lissianna sent him the sensations she was experiencing; the satisfaction as blood coursed up through her teeth and