

## Floor Time Chapter One

Sara pressed her palms against the ice-cold glass of the floor-to-ceiling windows of the penthouse condo. From this angle, she could see the entire downtown of Ann Arbor spread out below her like a child's carpet map. Early summer heat rose from the pavement as crowds scurried in and out of restaurants and shops.

Adam's arms around her waist startled her. As she turned and let him kiss her again, a niggling voice at the back of her brain made her hesitate. They'd camped out in the vacant condo way too long. Now that she'd faked a satisfactory orgasm in face of his earnest efforts, an antsy, nervous sensation wormed through her psyche. She sighed and disentangled herself.

When the doorbell echoed through the cavernous space, she broke out in a cold sweat. Fumbling with blouse buttons, she pushed past Adam on her way through the kitchen and to the door, cursing under her breath. She looked back to make sure he was pulled together – not a tough thing since neither of them had gotten completely out of their clothes – and sighed when he gave her a knowing smile.

*You shouldn't have done this. You don't even really like him. But it had been so long and he was good looking. Jesus. Slut much, Sara?*

He hadn't even been able to truly satisfy her. No man had, if she were honest with herself. Not really. She'd come close, or at least she believed she had. But would usually let out a fake sigh or groan of pleasure to get the guy to just...stop. The thrill of the chase was enough or at least it had been until now. Now, she was feeling a distinct desire for something more. At almost twenty-nine years old, she figured she was due. Adam had seemed like a good enough prospect but had fallen short.

Just like every man before him.

Sara let guilty thoughts about her seriously unprofessional behavior in this condo clang around her head long enough to hear the doorbell ring once more before yanking it open, her perfect pleased-to-see-you sales smile fixed in place. She held the condo keys out in front of her, ready to drop into a no-doubt impatient agent's outstretched hand.

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Jack had a hot date, one that was going to yield him a kick-ass listing in addition to getting laid, but for the unwarranted dawdling of the condo-shopping couple he had been dragging. At this rate, he'd be lucky to only be a half hour late. The empty lock box hanging on the doorknob of the penthouse unit provided the real icing on his shit cake. He leaned on the doorbell, wishing they could skip this one and stop wasting his time while mouthing platitudes to his clients. He had hoped that the high-level relocating couple like the ones he was courting at that moment wouldn't spend so much of his valuable time arguing over granite colors and the relative benefits of central vacuum cleaners. Not to mention all the time they spent reminding him how god damned rich and important they were.

God, he hated this job sometimes. Even though he excelled at it. So much so he was a millionaire twice over, and owned enough student housing and commercial space to make that thrice over if he ever felt a need to liquidate. He was a planner. A goal-maker. And so far, his goals had proven attainable, with discipline and hard work. Neither of which he was a stranger to. Not having a family to support helped, of course, but that was something he didn't necessarily consider a bad thing, at least so far.

He smiled and turned, hearing the click of the deadbolt.

Finally.

When the heavy door swung open, the vision standing there froze his vocal cords mid-sales pitch. Sara Thornton, one of the newer, and more successful, agents at Stewart Realty, stared at him, eyes blazing in a strange combination of emotions he couldn't pinpoint. Jack clenched his jaw at the sight of her body encased in a skintight short black skirt, creamy silk blouse and four-inch stilettos.

Damn.

He knew of her. Knew she had real-deal sales skills. He'd studied the downtown, storefront branch's numbers as part of a decision-making process to manage that stable of prima donnas. A decision he'd been delaying so long his broker was starting to get twitchy over it.

But at that moment Jack couldn't believe he'd never noticed her before – *really* noticed her.

*Where* had she been hiding? And *what* was that amazing sexy aura that was permeating the air?

“Um, hi, Jack.” The sound of her voice—low and touch raspy—made him blink. He had to make a concerted effort to wipe the idiotic look off his face, aware of the clients crowding his elbow. He held out a hand, dying to confirm that her skin was as hot as it looked. Surprised no one else saw the sparks pass between them, he couldn't suppress a grin at the expression on her flustered face when her fingers grazed his palm as she placed the keys in it.

*So, she sensed it too. This could get interesting.*

“Sara.” He heard his own voice, sounding a hell of a lot more confident than he felt at that moment. And he did not rattle easily. “Sorry to barge in, but...” He was struck dumb once again by the sight of Adam Donovan, mortgage broker tool, who'd materialized at Sara's shoulder.

The realization of what had just happened in the very condo he was about to show smacked him right in the face. Reluctant admiration mixed with something like a twinge of unfamiliar jealousy fogged his brain. He raised his eyebrows at the tall blonde man whom he could have sworn was engaged to someone else.

“Jack,” Adam said as he moved around the woman blocking the doorway. “Good to see you.”

Jack shook the guy's hand, but kept his gaze on her. His brain engaged, focus locked on Sara Thornton, and the world shifted under his expensively clad feet forever.

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Sara had never been more embarrassed. No, that was too weak of a word – mortified was better. Jack Gordon, king of the Ann Arbor real estate universe, wanted to show the condo where she'd just let Adam Donovan mercy fuck her. Where she'd engaged in yet one more effort to capture what she honestly believed was her disappearing libido and failed, miserably.

As she tried not to drown in Jack's deep blue gaze, Sara found herself imagining how he might have done it differently, and likely better. Which was patently ridiculous. Jack Gordon had never once even spoken to her, much less expressed any interest in her.

“Um, hi, Jack,” she croaked out. Her face flooded with heat. It got worse when she put the keys in his hand. The way her fingertips grazed his palm was the worst kind of clichés. She yanked herself back, horrified by and yet drawn to the intensity of their connection. Jack was tall, likely six foot three or maybe four, handsome in an unconventional, rugged way, with coal-black hair and eyes that were the deepest shade of blue she'd ever seen. Both his personality—

one that bested all males in a hundred-mile radius—and his reputation preceded him. Sara only knew of him, of course. However, she'd swear right then he seemed happy to see her.

She watched his full lips form words but was so deafened by the roaring in her ears she couldn't form words. His gaze never left hers, even when Adam nudged her aside and shook his hand. Her whole universe suddenly shrank to two people. Her, Sara the go-getter real estate agent. Growing her wealth on her own, sister to Blake, daughter to a pair of doctors. Slim, fit, owner of her own car and condo. Successful by all outward measures of judgement. But unhappy with her life at a gut deep level. In a way that she was too embarrassed to even admit to herself.

Her. And this ... this fantasy man who she'd swear didn't know she existed five minutes ago. The moment was so fraught, crackling with possibility in a way she'd never, ever experienced.

