

STEP

Sneak Peek #1

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Step

Blyad.

Fuck.

Head pounding and body aching, I glanced around the destroyed bedroom of the penthouse suite and cringed. *What the fuck have I done now?*

Snatches of memories flashed before me. The concert. A hug from Hadley. Soaking myself in vodka. The birthday cake. The tequila. All that hot Goth pussy. My pathetic, stupid dick. The pills. The tequila. The floor.

Shit. *Shit.*

Too late, I realized what I was doing to this poor girl. I had an arm wrapped around her waist and my filthy head in her lap. And my hand? *Fuck.* My hand was on her soft thigh, just inches away from her panties. When I shifted my weight and tried to push up on the hand that had fallen away from her back, I slipped forward and my fingertips brushed her underwear.

Fuck. Cotton, of course. Simple. Sweet. Just like her. One look at those warm brown eyes and full pink lips and dark hair, and I pegged her as the innocent type. This girl hadn't spent much time bruising up her knees to suck rock star cock. She probably hadn't ever slapped at the walls of a bathroom stall as she came hard and loud backstage at a show.

Nyet. Judging by the bright red flush creeping along her neck and into her cheeks, this girl was horrified to have me pawing all over her. Not that I blamed her, of course. Jesus, I must have seemed like a total pig to her.

But that bastard inside me whispered hotly about how much he'd love to corrupt a sweet, young thing like her. I suspected there was a sex kitten just scratching to be set free beneath that innocent exterior.

Not that I would ever find out.

"Sorry, sweetheart," I grumbled and shoved into a kneeling position next to her. My head throbbed violently, and I tried not to lose the last of the tequila swirling around in the pit of my stomach. A soft, cool hand touched my cheek. Startled by her touch, I flinched but didn't move away. Her gentle fingertips prodded a sore spot on my temple. I hissed, and she made an apologetic face.

"Sorry, but you have a nasty cut right here." She bit that pouty lower lip of hers, and I found myself wanting to replace her teeth with mine. "I don't think it needs stitches, but I really think you should see a doctor."

"No doctor," I gruffly replied and pushed her hand away from my face. "I'll be fine."

"I don't know, Mr. Vasiliev. You must have hit the floor pretty hard to knock yourself out."

"Step," I corrected her. "Everybody calls me Step."

"Wait. Are you—?" She tilted her head and studied my face. Her mouth dropped. "You cut your hair! That's why I didn't recognize you. You're Step from S&M."

I didn't know whether to be annoyed or impressed that she had figured out my identity. "You listen to a lot of doom metal, baby girl?"

She snorted. "Not by choice, I assure you."

The remark made something primal in me clench with jealousy. "Your boyfriend a fan?"

"No, my little brother." She slowly stood up, shut off the music and walked into the bathroom. She returned with a towel over one shoulder and then extended her small hands. I realized she wanted to help me stand and almost laughed. She was a tiny little thing with thick curves and a plump ass, but there was no way she had the strength to haul me to my feet.

Even so, I found myself slapping my hand against hers. I shoved off the ground and managed to get into an upright position. I swayed precariously, and she instantly put a hand on my stomach and braced my chest with her shoulder. My head dipped as the world spun around me, and I inhaled the fresh, clean scent of her hair. Was that coconut?

Unable to help myself, I leaned down and breathed in her smell as she quickly tied the towel around my waist. *Fuck*. If her hair smelled that good, what about the rest

of her? A vision of this shy girl on the bed, her maid uniform shoved up around her waist and my face buried between her thighs tormented me. I bet she tasted as sweet as she smelled.

An unexpected throb started in my groin. My dick pulsed to life beneath the towel. For a moment, I couldn't believe what was happening. All those months of fighting with my cock and now this? I swallowed hard and cursed my bad luck. Like this woman wanted anything to do with me! I was a broken, pathetic, passed out drunk.

"Come on," she urged gently. "Let's get you into the shower."

Her kindness unsettled me so I reacted with humor. "You planning on joining me?"

She laughed. "Not a chance."

"You sure? Don't you guys promise a five-star experience?"

"You have ten fingers and two hands." She pushed open the bathroom door. "I'm sure you can create your own five-star experience."

That brought a chuckle out of me. "Funny, sweetheart."

"Lean against the counter," she ordered, and I got the feeling she had done this sort of thing for someone much too often. Not hotel guests, though. She had the practiced movements of a young woman who had been helping an alcoholic or addict parent. I watched her unwrap the provided toiletries and start the shower. "Brush your teeth. It will help you feel better. I'll be back with some first aid supplies and water. You need to hydrate."

I found myself nodding silently and doing exactly as instructed. The first glimpse of my reflection in the mirror, and I winced. My stage makeup had smeared down my cheeks and across my forehead. I turned to the side and examined the cut on my head. It wasn't very deep or too long, but it must have been a bleeder if the amount of dried blood flaking in my short hair was any indication.

I brushed my teeth twice and rinsed three times with mouthwash to get the awful taste of my debauched night off my tongue. Hands on the counter, I stared at my reflection and experienced the most intense wave of shame and regret. Thirty years old, and I was acting like a goddamned teenager!

You could have died last night, asshole. You could have been robbed or killed or worse. You could have hurt someone.

Instead of the best birthday ever, I had had the worst and most embarrassing one. As I stumbled toward the toilet to relieve my aching bladder, I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. I could just imagine the stories those three chicks were circulating about my limp dick and the nose-dive I'd taken onto the bedroom floor. The fact that they hadn't stuck around to make sure I was alive hurt in a way I would never admit to anyone. To know that they hadn't even cared about whether or not they had left a corpse on the bedroom floor wasn't a good feeling.

"Mr. Vasiliev? Sir?" She knocked on the door. "Are you decent?"

I laughed harshly. "Hardly, sweetness."

"You know what I mean."

"Yes."

She entered the bathroom and placed a small first aid kit on the counter along with bottles of sports drink and water. "When you're finished showering, I'll help you bandage your cut." She glanced back toward the bedroom. "Where are your clothes?"

I scratched at the heavy, raspy shadow of a beard on my chin. "I think I lost my shirt somewhere in the living room and my pants in the dining room."

She dropped her gaze. "Oh. Well. I'll go get them for you."

"You don't have to do that." I didn't know why, but the idea of her hunting down my clothes and finding the evidence of all the crazy shit I had been up to made me feel really bad.

She shrugged. "It's my job."

Guilt crashed onto my shoulders like an anvil dropped from the top of a high-rise. I thought of the absolute mess we had made of the suite. This one girl had to clean it all up. How many other maids had I tormented and fucked over with my bad behavior? Shit, I was not proud of that at all. One more check for the rotten bastard column.

Not liking myself very much, I unwrapped the towel and stepped into the walk-in shower. The blast of steam and heat sent a wave of unexpected dizziness through me, and I leaned to the left. In an instant, she was there. She swooped in under my arm and caught me around the waist. I found my balance and staggered back under the spray of hot water, dragging her with me.

She squealed and tried to disentangle herself as the water soaked right through her uniform. That sound she made sent a shockwave of want and need straight down to

my cock. Her lush breasts pressed against my body, and I wanted to cup them in my hands, to feel the weight of all that soft flesh on my bare palms.

She wiggled to get free and my arms instinctively tightened around her. She gazed up at me with confusion. Little beads of water rode her jawline and the bridge of her nose. I didn't know what it was about this girl but that one simple look had ensnared me. She was like a damned siren, and I wanted to hear her sing.

I captured her mouth before she could protest. Her hands flew to my chest, first to push me away, but then I stabbed my tongue between her lips and she whimpered. Her fingers curled against my pecs and then her hands slid to my biceps. She held on tight as I cupped the back of her head and plundered her mouth.

I battled the urge to pick her up, shove her thighs apart and sink into her soft, slick pink. I managed to ease off the throttle and slow my sensual attack. She gulped and panted against my chest, her face just inches above my navel. This close, I was reminded of how short she was. An uncomfortable thought hit me. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

I breathed easier knowing the age difference wasn't as big as I had feared.

"Why?"

I cupped her face and bent down. "Because now I don't have to worry about doing this again."