

Scenes for Man

**ONE: Confident, thirtysomething man in the city. Opening prologue.
Establishing who he is.**

Some things in life are hard, some are damn hard, and some might as well be impossible.

Snagging a dream job?

Tough, but I finagled it.

Raising a kid solo?

Anything but easy, but I must be doing something right, because mine is awesome.

But try meeting a woman when you're in your thirties, a single dad with zero free time.

Wait. Make that a woman you like, who's fun to talk to, and who's not going to stab you in the back, or the spleen, or right in the heart with a jagged knife.

Now that's a herculean task.

TWO: Hero and heroine at a wedding for one of her exes who gives pens as a wedding souvenir...friends to lovers. Hero is British.

I spun her around, and when she made a full circle, I added, "And this concludes our discussion of other uses for pens. By the way, Drew the third, dullest man in existence, is not only a douche but a total douche."

Her blonde hair spilled behind her, and she smiled. "Was it the *third* or the personalized pens that sealed the deal?"

I shook my head, tugging her up. "No, it's that he's holding a wedding on a Sunday. Who does that?"

"What's wrong with Sunday? Don't tell me you hate Sundays."

"It's too close to Monday."

"Aww, poor Oliver hates Monday," she said, patting my chest as we danced. "Ollie and Garfield."

THREE: Heat of the moment. Strong, sexy hero with the woman he's been craving.

As the elevator slows, we break the kiss, and every thought, every wish I've kept locked tight wriggles its way out. I slide a thumb along her cheekbone. "Every night I want you. Every night I go home and I take you to bed."

"You do?" Her eyes widen, glimmering with a heated desire.

"When I leave you, I go home and I fuck you," I tell her, this elevator now a confessional booth. It's my priest and I'm the sinner, letting all my transgressions fly free.

"You fuck me in my home too," she whispers, the air between us crackling like an electric storm.

The elevator stops, the doors open, and this night is going in one direction only.

FOUR: Broody, private hero attracted to his client. He struggles with his attraction. Not his sexuality.

He's been uncharacteristically quiet the entire way.

At the door, he turns, a curious look in his eyes. "Why did you ask it like that? If I was going back to my *private party*?"

"Because that's where you were." I try to say it like it's no big deal.

His eyes call bullshit. "Let me ask again. Why did you ask it the way you did? Like it bothered you?" There's a challenge in his voice, but a vulnerability in his eyes as he asks the question.

Maybe I do want him to know why it bothered me.

In a heartbeat, I shove him against the door, holding him in place with my arm banded across his pecs, stepping into his space. His breath hitches, and I take that as my cue to push my forearm even tighter against his chest. "Because you didn't need a different man for your fantasies."