

Deleted Scene from CHASING MRS. RIGHT

A wicked, wicked idea blossomed. Roxanne's smile widened. This would pay him back for leaving her so damn turned on for the last forty-five minutes.

She excused herself and headed for the bathroom again. A thrill worked its way through her, heightening with every step. Considering the past hilarious—but unsexy—results, it was high time to show Ian how sexting was really done.

After locking the bathroom stall, she pulled her dress up around her hips. Roxanne had never been one for dirty pictures—as soon as you pushed send, you lost all control over where they'd end up. Besides, she'd never really seen the attraction they held. That was before Ian, though. Now it seemed like the best idea she'd ever had. She was already turned on picturing his response to the picture. Before she could think about it too much, she snapped a pic of herself, letting him see exactly what she wasn't wearing under her dress.

She grinned, typing a quick message. A little teaser for later.

As she sent the photo, she considered just finishing herself off here. She was so wet from his teasing, getting through the rest of dinner was going to be distracting as hell. And how much better would it be if Ian knew exactly what she was doing?

Oh yeah, she was so going there. "I'm going to hell." And it'd be a party.

As soon as Roxanne disappeared, the pressure in Ian's chest doubled. He'd gotten so used to having her around, acting as a damper for his panic, he hadn't given coming tonight a second thought. But then they'd arrived and he'd seen just how many people were crowded in and around the building, and not even Roxanne's touch could keep the first tendrils of panic at bay. He'd held himself together when she and Elle slipped away—barely—but he'd been damn sure to get his hands on her the second she came back.

And now she was gone again.

Needing a distraction before his nerves got the best of him, he leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest. "So, Gabe, tell me why I shouldn't be pissed a guy like you is marrying my sister."

"Ian!" Elle put her hand on Gabe's arm. "You don't have to tell him anything." She glared at Ian. "I can't believe you. Why are you bringing this up now?"

“Probably for the same reason you cornered Roxanne to demand her intentions.” A waitress passed by, so close that her arm brushed his back. Ian gritted his teeth and leaned forward, wishing Roxanne were there.

“I’m worried about you. You can’t blame me for that.”

“Elle, you knew this was coming.” Gabe shook his head, but there was a glint in his brown eyes Ian recognized. This guy might play at being relaxed, but he had an inner asshole. Ian wondered if Elle knew that. Gabe disentangled his hands from hers. “Ask your questions.”

“What makes you think you can say anything to make me okay with you marrying my baby sister?”

“I probably can’t. But I’m giving you the opportunity to clear the air.”

Giving Ian the opportunity? As if he had more say in this situation than Elle’s flesh and blood? Ian sat back, the unwelcome realization hitting him with all the subtlety of a lightning strike. Gabe did have more say than Ian. Elle had already made her decision—the line had been drawn in the sand when he proposed and she said yes. Trying to regain his balance—which felt pretty fucking impossible since he could practically feel the press of the people at a nearby table—Ian cleared his throat. “What makes you different from that asshole she dated in college?”

Gabe spoke over Elle’s outraged gasp. “I’d walk barefoot over broken glass before I hurt your sister—and I sure as fuck will never touch another woman.”

It was the right answer, but Ian couldn’t just sit back and believe him. It was easy to say the right thing—to kiss up to the family—but the truth was in a person’s actions.

On the other hand, Gabe hadn’t done a damn thing that could be considered a red flag—other than his job and questionable past.

Ian just didn’t know anymore.

The hum of conversations around him set his teeth on edge and made it hard to concentrate. Sweat beaded at his temple and his chest cinched another notch tighter. Shit, he was going to lose it again.

But Gabe kept right on talking. “I love your sister. She makes me a better person, and I’d like to think I do the same for her. I fully intend to spend the rest of my life with her—she’s the only one for me.”

Keep it together, Walser. “So you say now. What about later?” Ian’s phone buzzed, saving Gabe from answering right away. He realized he’d missed two texts from Roxanne, both with pictures attached.

A little teaser for later.

All the blood pounding through his head rushed south at the sight of her spread legs, the wetness between her thighs taunting him. Barely able to catch a full breath around the tightness in his chest, he opened the second text. She was in the bathroom right now, getting herself off, sending him teasing pictures, while he argued with Gabe.

There she was, saving him from himself again.

“Excuse me.” Ian carefully adjusted himself and stood. He left Elle sputtering and took a roundabout way to the bathroom, avoiding as much of the crowd as he could, the pictures Roxanne sent practically tattooed on his brain. Her timing couldn’t have been more perfect if she’d tried. Thankfully, the bathroom was empty when he slipped through the door—except for the closed stall at the end of the row. He marched to the door and knocked. “Open the goddamn door, Roxanne.”

“If I don’t?”

Christ, was she teasing him? Ian growled. “Then I’ll break the fucker down.” And, goddamn it, he would if she didn’t unlock it. He needed her. Now.

A moment passed, and then another. Right when he was considering the best way to force his way in without bringing the entire staff down on them, Roxanne opened the door. Ian didn’t waste any time shouldering his way in and locking them inside. Only then did he let himself look his fill. Her breathing was choppy enough to be heard over the faint strains of a classical song he didn’t recognize, and her face and chest were flushed with color. Ian took a step forward as she took a step back. “You are an evil, evil woman.”

“You like me evil.”

She was right. He did. Ian crossed the distance between them in a single step, taking her mouth as if it were his all along. And, Christ, he wanted her to be his. Ian lifted her, and Roxanne didn’t hesitate to wrap those long legs around his waist. She broke away as he unbuckled his pants. “Anyone could hear us.”

And Ian knew from experience it only made her hotter. “Guess you better keep it down, then.” He kissed away her gasp as he shoved into her, all his thoughts and worries disappearing under the wave of sheer need. Touching her had been his only priority walking into this bathroom, but now it shifted to marking her as his. It didn’t matter if no one else would ever know. He would know. Roxanne would know. It was enough.

Roxanne clung to him, meeting him stroke for desperate stroke. This position didn’t allow him to drive into her the way he wanted, but drew helpless little sounds from her mouth anyway. Ian shifted his grip on her thighs just as the bathroom door opened.

He drew back just enough to wink at her. Roxanne tried to glare but, with her green eyes alight with passion, she didn't quite pull it off. He thrust into her, hard enough that she gasped.

A throat cleared on the other side of the stall door, and they froze.

Roxanne's eyes went wide. She cleared her throat. "Yes?"

"Uh...are you okay?" an unfamiliar voice asked.

"Yep, just freshening up." Her nails dug into his shoulders, so he went back to fucking her slowly, knowing the fact that she had to play it cool was only turning her on further. "I'm fine. Be out in a few."

"If you say so."

Heels clicked over the tile, and the door swished open. Through it all, Ian didn't take his gaze off her face. Roxanne smacked his shoulder even as she gasped. "What were you thinking? I almost moaned and gave us away."

Ian shifted so that he could withdraw fully, leaving only the head of his cock inside her. "You want to know what I was doing? I was taking what's mine." He slammed into her.

"Oh God. Ian. Oh God."

He laced his arm behind her back, the position freeing up his other hand to cover her mouth while he drove into her over and over again. "Someone's going to hear." Ian growled the words, knowing full well the effect they'd have on her. Roxanne's eyes went wide and her entire body shook as she came. It was only then he lost control, sheathing himself to the hilt, with her clenched tightly around him, his orgasm draining away all his anger and irritation and panic.

After a few moments, Ian reluctantly withdrew from her and let her off the wall. Roxanne blinked and shook her head. "Wow. Just...wow."

"Yeah, that's where I'm at right now, too."

They cleaned up and then looked at each other. Roxanne shifted. "We should get back."

"I'll be right behind you. But, Roxanne..." He pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Then he made himself take a large step back. "You need to know that I want all of you. Mind, body, and soul."