Declan

There was absolutely nothing Lou could do to make me see her as anything but beautiful. Spring, summer, fall, dressed up or in ratty pajamas, I would consider her as nothing less than perfect. Well, there was a strong possibility that Lou in a clown costume was a no go, but I didn’t want to test that theory.

Clowns were creepy.

 However, it turned out I had very set feelings about *smells.* I pointed toward the bathroom. “You shower, I’ll burn your scrubs.” Lou worked in a vet clinic. I should be used to this by now, but my sense of smell was very sensitive.

 Lou wrinkled her nose. “I know it was only one cat, but it smells like it was a team effort. A crack squad of felines, hellbent on destruction.”

 “I have no evidence, but based on smell alone, that cat was possessed by some form of demon. An angry demon.” I nudged Lou into the bathroom. “Strip.”

 “That cat definitely summoned *something*.”

 It said a lot about how gone I was for this woman that even stinking to high heaven I watched her shimmy out of her scrubs like there was going to be a test on this later.

 And I was going to pass the test with flying colors.

 Lou was down to a blue lace bra and…sweet heavens, her panties were the yellow and blue of classic Wolverine. I freaking loved Wolverine.

She turned.

The design made it look like Wolverine’s claws were cupping the rounded perfection of her cheeks.

 Not today, bub. Those were mine.

 Lou turned on the water, stripped out of what was left, and stepped in. I might have choked for a second.

“Can you grab me a towel?”

 “Sure.” I opened the bathroom door, tossed her scrubs into the hallway, and relocked the door behind me. In two seconds, I had towels ready and I was joining her under the hot water.

 Lou laughed, her hands working the shampoo through her hair. “Declan, this shower isn’t exactly built for two, and you’re a big guy.”

 I grinned. “I may be big, baby, but I’ll make it fit.” I slid my hands over her skin, cupping the flare of her hips. Perfect. She was absolutely perfect.

 She laughed. “Guess I walked right into that one.” She turned around, stepping into my arms. “Fine, I’ll play along.” She batted her eyes. “That’s what they all say.”

 I hummed low in my throat. “I’ll have to show you then.”

 She stopped laughing, wrapping her arms around my neck. “Okay.”

 I gave her the best rebuttal I had and kissed her.

I’d read somewhere once that it took ten thousand hours to become proficient at something. With that in mind, I was a novice at kissing Lou, but I’d never been so happy to work on my proficiency. There were very few things that felt better in my arms than a warm, wet, woman, especially *this* woman.

In fact, I could think of none.

Considering how loud Lou was moaning, she felt the same way. It was a good thing our roommates weren’t home, or they’d be getting an earful.

She leaned away with a disgruntled sound. “Stupid shower. This isn’t—” She tried to maneuver in the tight space. “I need more.” She blinked up at me. “I need *you.”*

“I am more than happy to oblige.” I slid my fingers over the warm, soapy curve of her butt before lifting her up against the shower door.

Lou arched against me. “Oh, gods, yes.”

I held her tight, kissing her hard, losing myself in the glorious taste of her.

 Somewhere in the background, I heard a *crack*.

Then the world was tilting, and we were pitching forward. Luckily the bathroom was small, and I had good reflexes. I braced against the counter with one arm, Lou still held tight in my other. The plastic panel from the sliding shower door lay in pieces below her.

Water sprayed everywhere.

Lou blinked. “Did we…did we just break the shower?”

“Yup.” She was still right there, though, and right now, I couldn’t bring myself to care about the shower door, the bathroom, or the universe at large. The world could burn for all I cared in that moment as long as Lou stayed in my arms.

“I told you we wouldn’t fit*,”* she said, but she was staring at my mouth. “Our roommates are going to be *pissed.*”

As I watched, a drop of water slid down her clavicle. I leaned in, licking it off her skin. My voice was gravel when I finally spoke. “Do you care right now? About the shower?”

“Not even a little.” She tilted her head. “That counter looks pretty sturdy.”

“That’s my girl,” I said, my voice a low rumble. “Let’s find out.” I pushed what was left of the door out of the way, ignoring the shattered plastic. I settled Lou on the bathroom counter, and though we didn’t line up exactly, I could make it work. I could make anything work at this point.

“Oh, and Declan?” She arched an eyebrow as she looked up at me.

“Yeah?”

“You get to mop up.”

“As you wish, sweetheart. As you wish.” I framed her face with my hands. “I already have to fix the door. Why don’t we see what else we can break?”

Her grin lit up her face. “Challenge accepted.”