

For once, the sun was out and the cab of the truck warm. Cael rolled down his window.

“So, where do you really live, permanently, I mean?”

“New York. I’m here on business and I don’t know how long it will take. The hotel is okay short term, but I need a place with a kitchen.”

“You cook?”

“Doesn’t every good-looking single guy?”

“You certainly are full of yourself, aren’t you?”

He grinned. “It was either learn to cook or starve to death. I do okay. I’m no Emeril Lagasse, but I can grill a pretty juicy steak.”

“A lot of guys cook; Jared’s pretty good.”

“Jared ... a boyfriend?” He raised an eyebrow.

“No, he’s just the cook at the Cliff Hanger and a friend.”

“This is it.” Cael pointed to the building on the left. “Just pull in here.”

She turned into a winding cobblestoned driveway heading toward the beach before dead-ending at a small two-story building. She glanced down at the keys in the ignition and grabbed them. When she turned to get out, she looked up, and to her amazement, he stood by her door, holding it open with his hand out for her. “Come on, the door should be unlocked.”

The house sat on a grassy hill about fifty feet from the cliff edge. The door was located on the other side, facing the ocean. He tried the knob, smiled at her, and opened the door.

She stood, looking out at the ocean. “Nice view.”

“Yes, it is ... let’s see how it is from inside. Ladies first,” he said, sweeping his hand in front of him, pointing the way as he held the door open with the other.

“Wow, you’re going to rent a whole furnished house?” Addie asked as they entered the small but beautifully decorated home. They walked into a living room done in earth tones. A comfortable-looking sofa covered in a rich deep red leather was flanked by two chairs—one a rocker—and a marble-topped coffee table, all positioned to provide an inviting conversation area in front of a large, rustic rock fireplace. The other side of the room had a massive window spanning the entire wall, providing a breathtaking view of the ocean.

She walked over to the window and Cael stepped up beside her. “The view is gorgeous,” Addie muttered. “I wonder what the upstairs looks like.”

“Let’s find out.” Without hesitation, he grabbed her hand and pulled her along with him as he raced up the stairs.

“Hey, wait a minute,” Addie protested, but it was too late. They were already halfway up. Addie gasped as she took in the spacious loft-style area. The whole upstairs consisted of one large room with another gigantic picture window overlooking the ocean, and a bathroom the size of her entire apartment—with the most inviting-looking bathtub—sporting its own window with another picturesque view of the sea.

“This place is spectacular,” Addie said.

They stood, still holding hands, facing a magnificent view as they watched the ocean crash against the side of the cliff that jettied out to a point. A long stretch of white sandy beach sprawled impressively to the side of it, and in the other direction, there was a small cove with a long staircase leading down the side of the rocks to the water, the whole scene just begging for explorers.

As they stood mesmerized by the view, Cael's fingers tightened around her hand. Heat rose in her chest and she wondered if he was going to kiss her.

"Beautiful, isn't it? The voice came from somewhere by the top of the stairs, jerking them both out of their trance. They turned around to see who could be disturbing their magnificent moment of tranquility and saw a short man with sandy colored hair and a broad smile on his face standing by the top of the staircase.

"They say if you stand out at the edge of the cape you can hear the dead whisper. Perhaps that's why they named this town Whisper Cape. I'm Tom Willits. You must be Cael."

"Cael Sheridan."

He shook Cael's hand then turned to Addie, "And this beautiful creature is?"

"Addison." Cael pulled her closer to him.

He stuck his hand out to Addie. "Yes, yes, I recognize you from the Cliff Hanger. Nice to meet you both. How do you like the place?"

"Looks great."

"Have you seen the kitchen yet?"

"Not yet, but if it's as great as the rest, then you've got a deal."

Tom Willits smiled. "Well then, when would you like to move in?"

Cael shrugged. "No time like the present."

Addie tried to hide her amazement. She had to admit, Cael was impressive. He hadn't even asked how much the place would cost. Who was this man, anyway? Most certainly, she'd like to find out.

While Cael signed all the necessary paperwork, he left Addison in the living room gazing out the huge picture window.

"You come with good references. This is a small town and everyone knows just about everyone. Here are the keys. You two have a nice evening, now." Addison turned toward the two men as Tom glanced in her direction and she blushed as she smiled back. Cael thought she looked radiant.

Cael closed the door and strolled toward her. "So, Addison, welcome to my temporary home." He stretched out his arms with his palms up, wanting to resume where they'd left off upstairs.

She held up her hand and bent to grab her purse from the table, pulling her jacket tight. "I should go."

As she started for the door, he caught her arm, bringing her in close to him. He held her, gazed into her soft golden brown eyes. God, how he wanted her—there was no denying it. He put his hand under her chin—tilting her face up to his—his mouth just inches from hers. Searching her eyes, he remembered there was a great possibility she was Ristéard's daughter and he slowly eased away from her.

"Sorry, you're right. You should go."

She almost stumbled as he let go of her. "Right ... it would probably be the best thing."

He noted the disappointment in her voice and he walked her to the door, fully intending to open it, but instead he grabbed her again, pulling her close. This time he didn't hesitate as he

took her face in his hands and pressed his lips to hers. Her lips were warm and tender; he pulled back and stared at her, then covered her mouth with his again, losing himself when she slid her hands up his back and her lips parted. His tongue slid slowly over hers as he heard a soft moan escape from the back of her throat, the desire flooding his body unbearable.

Addison lowered her arms from his back and gently pushed away, ending the kiss.

His heart pounding, he sighed. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I mean, it was just a kiss."

She blushed and he was amused at her attempt to sound casual.