

“This is a one-night stand, just hot, hard sex and that’s all.”

“Right,” she jerkily whispered, biting her lower lip when his fingers tweaked her nipples through the sheer material.

“Neither of us will expect anything else.” He seemed reluctant to utter the words, yet at the same time compelled to spell things out so that there’d be no misunderstandings between them. “Just this—just sex.”

Mesmerized, she watched his intense expression through half-closed passion-glazed eyes. A serrated sigh escaped her lips when he reached behind her, unhooked and deftly removed her bra, leaving her pert breasts vulnerable to his ravenous gaze and molten touch.

“Nothing else,” she agreed, feeling slightly perturbed.

What Dane outlined was *exactly* what she’d wanted and expected upon agreeing to come here with him tonight, so why did his insistence on verbalizing the rules suddenly leave her cold? She didn’t have time to think about it because Dane’s head dipped, his tongue briefly flicked across one nipple, sending ripples of desire through her core before he tore his mouth away to stare into her blown pupils again.

Her black leather cross-body bag hit the floor and Dane’s fingers trailed through her mass of auburn hair, pulling her head back. She tried to press her mouth to his, but the fingers in her hair prevented her from moving.

“When the sun comes up, we go our separate ways without any hard feelings,” he continued to spell out their arrangement.

“Agreed.”

They stared at each other, both breathing hard, want evident in their thoughtful, yet hungry eyes. This was reckless, maybe it was wrong, but it was clearly evident this was what they both needed—hedonistic, illogical pleasure to blot out the ugliness of the real world, if only for a few hours.

She was pretty sure the way Dane looked, he could find another woman to have sex with him in a heartbeat, but the way his eyes were burning into hers with barely restrained desire, she also was certain he didn't want anyone else. He wanted her, and that excited her beyond belief—that someone actually *wanted* her—not to control, humiliate or punish, but rather to lose themselves in for absolute...mutual...pleasure.

“I mean it, Cinnamon.” The fingers entrenched in her hair tightened and his eyes searched hers for complete understanding of what he was saying. “It's not my intention to hurt you, so you need to understand that I'm not in a place where I can contemplate anything beyond temporary.”

“I'm in the same boat,” she softly informed. “And I agree with everything you just said.”

“One night.” He nipped at her lower lip much too briefly. “No regrets.”

“Yes, that's all I want.” She licked her lip where he'd just nibbled, drawing his eyes to the spot. “I'm not expecting anything from you once this night is over,” she promised. Tired of talking, her fingers impatiently anchored on either side of his shirt and ripped it apart, sending some of the white buttons dancing noisily across the tile floor. “Now shut up and take me.”