

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED EXCERPT

I meet Sloane's gaze then go for it. Because this night has only one destination. "We should go to Tahiti."

"Tonight?"

"Too long a flight?"

She lets go of my hand and holds up her thumb and forefinger. "Maybe a little. Not that I'm turning down a trip to Tahiti. Wait? Are you saying you want to take me to Tahiti? Because I can pack like that."

Smiling, I slide my hand to her ass, squeezing. I whisper roughly in her ear, "I'm saying I'd like to escape with you. Like we're getting away for the night. Let's fuck away all this hot, wild desire."

She exhales then goes quiet, perhaps lost in thought. "But I thought we were going to resist kissing."

I brush the backs of my fingers along her jaw. "We already failed that test."

She pouts. "I was supposed to be an un-vixen."

"Didn't work. You're the opposite, and I want you so fucking much." I press against her. "You have me so wound up. I'm pretty sure you're wound up too."

She pushes back. "You know I am. You know I want you too. That was never the issue."

I have to get closer to her. I need to have her. "Let's give in. Just once." I slide my fingers into her hair, she leans her head against my palm, and I continue making my case. "I can take you places. I can make you feel extraordinary, like I've always wanted to."

She hums. "You're making it hard to say no."

"True. I'm very hard to resist."

A smile spreads across her face. "You are, Malone. You're terribly, impossibly hard to resist." She nibbles on her bottom lip. "One night. Our secret. What happens in Tahiti stays in Tahiti."

“Absolutely,” I say as my dick high-fives me.

“And where is this alternate universe?”

I curl my fingers around her hip bone. “My place isn’t far. There’s also a hotel down the block. Either way, I intend to strip you naked, get my lips all over you, and make you feel as fucking good as you looked when you were watching me sing.”

She shudders. “I looked good when I was watching you? How so?”

I run my thumb over her hip, rubbing in slow, sensual circles. “You’re so seductive. You looked so incredibly alluring. You looked exactly as you are—the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met.” My fingers stray to her belly, gliding down the fabric of her dress toward my final destination. “And you and I have unfinished business.”

She leans her head back, and the most delicious moan ever recorded escapes her lips. When she raises her face, she tap-dances her fingers down my chest then runs them over the silk of my tie. “Are you saying we’re going to finish the business tonight?”

“Yes, and then tomorrow . . . we can be friends again.” The thought pains me, but I know this is the only way to deal with our reality.

“Exactly,” she says, nodding her agreement. “We take a trip tonight. We get away to a remote island. And tomorrow we go back to the real world?” She’s seriously considering this. Hell, I’ve already considered it six ways to Sunday in the span of ten seconds, and I say it’s a brilliant plan.

“Let me take care of you tonight. Let me spend the night worshipping your body and driving you wild with pleasure.”

“You say these things . . .”

I grin. “And?”

“And you make it impossible to walk away.” She grabs my tie and tugs my face inches from hers. “But what do you think my voice says?”

I want her to say it. The permission must come from her, and I’m dying for it. “You tell me.”

She brings her mouth to my ear and whispers, hot and sexy, “It says take me to Tahiti. Fuck me hard. Fuck me good. Fuck me senseless.”

That's the only voice I'm listening to tonight.