

Dare Me Tonight Excerpt

“Okay, I’m in the bathroom, door closed. What in God’s name is going on?”
Thank God Avery did as she was told.

“I found the guy. The one. He’s in the other room now and I’m freaking out!”
She didn’t tell Avery who she was with. Her half sister and best friend would pick up on the pertinent details.

“Oh my God. You’re going to lose your virginity!” Avery squealed.

“Shh! Just tell me I can do this. I need to know I’m not crazy.”

Avery’s breathing sounded over the phone, and then, “You waited this long. If you’ve found the guy, you’ve found the guy. Now pull up your big-girl thong and get back in there!” she instructed.

Laughing, which broke the tension and was just what Sienna needed in the face of Ethan’s intensity, she relaxed, comfortable again with her decision. “I’m going. Thank you! Bye!”

She breathed out, brushed her teeth, and went to undo her dress only to find she couldn’t reach the back herself. So that was how it was going to go.

She drew a steadying breath and returned to ask Ethan for help. She stepped back into the room.

He’d removed his jacket and hung it over a chair and rolled up the sleeves of his dress shirt, revealing tanned, muscled forearms.

She swallowed hard and, knowing she was blushing, said, “I need help with my dress.”

His eyes darkened at the request, ice darkening to a darker, sexier shade of blue.

She turned, pulling her long hair to one side.

He placed his empty glass on the nearest table and strode over, all her senses aware of him as he came closer. His seductive scent, the heat of his body, the sharp inhale of his breath as he placed his big hands behind her and slowly, seductively pulled down the zipper, until she felt the rush of cool air on her bare back and the warmth of his breath near her neck.

She was more aware than ever of the tiny scrap of lace she called underwear and the matching bra she’d chosen to wear. Just because she’d liked the set, not because she’d ever thought anyone besides her would see it.

His breath hissed out, and suddenly his calloused finger traced a line down her spine, causing her nipples to peak and tighten with awareness, sharp spikes of desire shooting to her core.

He slid the sides of her dress down and the garment dropped to the floor, leaving her bared to him in more ways than just physical. She hadn’t been prepared for such intensity, though she should have been. Everything about Ethan Knight was potent. Tonight had the power to change her world except, as he’d reminded her, it was one night.

A night never to be shared with anyone. She'd ignored the dagger she'd experienced at being relegated to his dirty secret, telling herself she understood. Sometimes there were reasons for discretion, and with everything at stake for him with the Miami Thunder Stadium, his request made perfect sense.

Even if it dug at the very pieces of her heart that she'd glued together over the years.

Tonight was about sex. Desire. A yearning so strong she was ready to give up the thing she'd held on to, waiting for the right time. The right man.

She'd found him, she thought, turning and finding herself in his arms, backed against the wall, his mouth coming down hard on hers.