

Fighting the Fire Exclusive Excerpt

As Daniela dropped her bag on the bleachers at Full Contact MMA, her bad day had her sighing. “Maybe I just need to beat the crap out of something—or someone.”

A warm breath at her ear was all the warning she got. “Got anyone in mind, Daniela?”

Sean Riddick said her name as if his tongue caressed every letter, and she cursed the shiver that raced up her spine—the shiver that resulted from knowing *exactly* how damn good his tongue felt. She turned slowly, lazily, as if she were bored to tears. No way was she letting him know he got to her. So she gave him a once-over that she hoped read as full of disdain.

Even though, damn. *DAMN*.

So tall she had to tilt her head back to roll her eyes at him. Dark hair cut short because it curled when he let it get even a little length to it. With scars near his eye and hairline and a nose that had been broken, his face was too beat up to be handsome. But it was even more interesting for having character—of the fearless, *I-run-into-burning-buildings-to-save-people-and-sometimes-get-hurt-doing-it* variety. And then there were the tattoos—on his neck, shoulders, arms, the back of one hand, not to mention the hard muscles underneath, because of course the guy was freaking cut, with shoulders like mountains and thighs like tree trunks. Sean oozed unquestionable strength and a fierce masculinity.

He knew he looked good.

He wasn’t wrong. Damn him.

And damn *her* for being stupid enough to find out just how good he was. Just that once.

But it’d been enough to keep her body attuned to him even as her head screamed *been there, done that, shouldn’t have done it the first time and ain’t doing it again*.

Dani sniffed. “Not you.”

His grin was pure wicked sin. “You sure about that?”

She sighed. “Absolutely.”

He gave a low chuckle. “Well, you’re welcome to *try* to beat the shit out of me any time.”

“Don’t you have anyone else to irritate?”

“Oh, I irritate you, do I?” he asked, dropping his bag to the floor. He winked at their friend, Tara. “Hey, T.”

“Hey, Sean,” Tara said, amusement plain in her voice.

Just then, one of the few other women who belonged to WFC walked through the door. “Oh, Jayne’s here,” Dani said, surprised because her friend hadn’t attended in weeks.

Without another word to Sean, Dani and Tara left him to greet her.

Halfway across the gym, Tara leaned in close. “Seriously, do you really dislike Riddick or are the two of you in a perpetual state of foreplay?”

Dani threw her a look that made the other woman chuckle. “Ugh, you really can’t tell?”

Tara twisted her lips and shook her head. “Nope. But something’s different between you guys lately, and I’m dying to know the story.”

“There’s no story,” Dani said. Probably too fast. Definitely too fast, given that Tara had also picked up on the heightened friction between them. Because, of course, there was a *big* freaking story.

So. Big.