

**Encounter: Sexy Dangerous**  
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## Sexy Dangerous

Walking along the country road with only the moon to light her path had Eva cursing the date from hell. If the drunken fool had let her drive she wouldn't be out in the middle of nowhere wearing three-inch heels. If she ruined her new shoes Too-Many-Martinis-Morris would feel her wrath, intimately.

Eva pulled out her cellphone, but she still had no reception. Her choices were limited. Continue down the unfamiliar road or walk back to the party. She didn't know a soul at the old Victorian and she'd gotten the impression her date wasn't as buddy-buddy with the hostess as he'd said. Maybe one of the quests would give her a ride back to town.

Eva peered into the darkness. How far had Morris driven before a close encounter with a fence had resulted in Eva getting out of the sedan and watching its swerving taillights disappear into the night?

Twin lights appeared, moving fast. Her hopes soaring, Eva stuck out her thumb.

The vehicle stopped and the driver climbed out of the low-slung, red sports car. The ride was expensive, but it was the driver, not the wheels, that held Eva's attention.

Just her luck sexy dangerous was the one to come to her rescue. She didn't know his name, but he'd been a guest at the party. Tall, good looking and dressed in black, he'd been difficult to ignore. Their gazes had met more than once during the evening. Compelling, his hair was as dark as a raven's wing, but his pale skin, black eyes and pointed nails were a dead giveaway.

"Need a ride?"

His voice was smooth and rich. "What's it going to cost me?"

Moonlight glinted off his teeth, sending a shiver down her spine. "Three ounces."

Would he be satisfied with just a taste? “Nothing more?”

He rounded the vehicle and opened the passenger door. “That’s entirely up to you.”

Sexy dangerous wanted more. “What about if you just give me a ride back to the party?”

He fingered a tendril of brown hair that had slipped from her upswept style. “Three is a fair price for a lift home. I can’t say my friends would be so generous. Get in the car, Eva.”

“You know my name?”

He ran the pad of his finger along her cheek and across her lower lip. “When a woman interests me, I want to know things about her.”

His finger skated down to her neck where her pulse fluttered. “What things?”

“The rhythm of her heartbeat, the firmness of her breasts. The softness of her skin.”

Eva swallowed. “The strength of her pulse?”

He laughed, softly. “I like a sense of humor. Please, Eva, let me take you home.”

“I don’t take rides from strangers.”

“Royce Anglund. Perhaps you’re familiar with my hotels.”

Anglund hotels were high end and far above Eva’s budget. “Not intimately. I’ve seen the ads.”

“Consider yourself my personal guest, anytime.”

Figuring Royce was her best and only option Eva accepted his offered hand and slipped into the leather seat. He closed the door and climbed into the driver’s seat. He drove fast. Despite the speed, Royce handled the vehicle with expertise.

“What were you doing walking down the road? Do you have any idea how dangerous that is?”

Eva explained about her date and the collision with the fence. "Riding with Morris was dangerous."

"You're safe with me, Eva."

She turned to look at him. She owed him three ounces. "Am I?"

"You're safer than you've ever been in your life."

Eva relaxed and enjoyed the smooth drive. They entered town and Royce drove straight to her condo. "You know where I live."

He killed the engine. "I was intrigued by you and your date was talkative."

"What if I hadn't been walking down the road?"

Royce got out and opened her door. "I sensed Morris wasn't the man of your dreams," he said, helping her out of the car. "I was determined to meet you."

Eva straightened her little black dress and dug her keys out of her purse. The moment for payment had arrived.

Royce took the keys from her trembling fingers. "Invite me inside, Eva."

She didn't know much about his kind, but she knew an invitation was a requirement. Should she invite him inside or let him collect here on the sidewalk? "Please, escort me in."

He lifted her hand and kissed her inner wrist. "Thank you, Eva."

Once inside her condo, Eva steeled herself. "I've never done this. How does it work?"

He took her purse out of her tight grip, placed her keys inside and dropped the clutch bag onto her sofa. Then he cupped her face in his hands. His hands were cool against her hot cheeks.

"Kiss me."

Eva sucked in a breath.

"Just a kiss."

He slanted his head and touched his lips to hers. He took his time, moving his lips over hers, tenderly, slowly.

Her insides heated. Everything throbbed and ached.

“Eva.”

She looked into his dark, mesmerizing eyes. Aroused, Eva’s heart banged against her chest wall. She lifted her chin, exposing her throat.

He pressed his cool lips against the spot where her pulse pounded. “I love how you throb.”

She waited for the expected bite. Would it hurt?

He raked his thumb over her cheek. “I want you, dear Eva.”

Eva’s heart kicked. She wanted to give into the moment, the heat. What had gotten into her?

“I want to have sex with you,” Royce whispered. “Raw, naked, incredible sex.”

“Are you always so direct?” she asked, stalling off what she feared was the inevitable.

“When I see what I want, I go after it. I want you, Eva.”

“I thought the chase was half the fun?”

“Being inside you is all the fun.”

A fierce heat careened through her middle. She should have refused that one kiss. But it was an amazing kiss. The promise of incredible sex drummed low and deep.

“Listen to your body.” He slid his hand up her back and unzipped her dress. “Let me make you happy.”

“Three ounces and sex. You’ve raised the price.”

“I need sustenance and the sex is for both of us.” He slipped the thin strap of her dress off her left shoulder, half exposing her bare breast. “You’re thrumming, Eva.”

Fire licked her veins. “I’m excited and scared.”

He slipped the strap off her right shoulder. "Say yes, Eva."

All Eva could do was breath as her dress slid down to her hips, baring her breasts.

He touched a pointed nail to her nipple. "I can give you so much pleasure. Let me?"

Eva remained silent as he pushed her dress off her hips. Standing before him in nothing but her shoes and a thin pair of black underwear, she waited for him to react. Would he bite while they had sex?

He hooked a nail in the leg band of her underwear and sliced the material. "Eva, you are exquisite."

Royce picked her up as if she weighed nothing. She toed off her heels as he carried her to her bed. He laid her down, then stripped.

His body was lean and muscular, his cock long and thick, and his skin was as white as a marble statue.

His eyes glittered as he stretched over her. His gaze met hers and then he was inside her, moving slowly and letting her adjust to his size. His skin was cool and smooth, but he wasn't cold. Every stroke heated her insides.

A soft moan escaped his lips. "Make love to me, Eva."

Eva slid her arms around his neck and lifted her hips to meet his thrust.

He grasped her left breast, gently kneading her flesh as he moved deeper inside her.

"You're so hot and soft. You sear my soul."

She loved his rhythm, his body and his voice. Her heart thundering and her body trembling on the edge of climax, Eva dug her nails into his shoulders.

Royce thrust faster, taking her with him as he climaxed.

She held him tight as she convulsed around him. Then Royce kissed her, long and deep.

"I've got to go," he said. "I want to give you more, touch you, love you, but soon the sun will rise."

Eva wanted to make love again. "Stay."

He kissed her again, his desire as palpable as her own. He slid inside her.

"You're an irresistible temptation."

They made love again, the pace fast and hard.

Sated, Eva fell asleep in his arms.

When she awoke, the sun was up and Royce was gone.

Eva touched her neck. He hadn't taken his payment. Then she saw the note.

"Tomorrow night. Anglund Downtown. Executive Suite. I love you."

Smiling, Eva stretched. She had a date with sexy dangerous.

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