



Seven missed calls from my mother. She's worried about me. I get it, but I don't have it in me to care at the moment.

Right now, there's a beautiful woman holding my hand as I lead her up the stairs to my apartment.

Beautiful Aubrey.

I'd gone to the bar to have a drink, to clear my mind, to just *forget*. Then I turned around on my stool, and there she was. Bored and clearly contemplating her exit.

Everything about her drew me in. Her dark hair, the way she peeled the label off her bottle, the depths of her eyes. I cannot explain the unexplainable, but the best way I can make sense of how I felt when my gaze found her is to say it turned me upside down.

I ordered two beers as fast as I could and hustled across the bar before she could disappear. She was up from her seat, purse in hand, when I got there.

If I'd waited, if I'd hesitated, I would have missed her.

Thank God for my decisiveness.

The smile that parked itself on my face happened before I could think about it. Something about this woman told me she needs a man who smiles.

The rest is history.

Almost, anyway.

We're ten feet away from my door. We've made agreements about tonight, about the next hour.

I've never been in a position like this, but it feels right. Everything about Aubrey feels *right*.

We reach my door. I release Aubrey's hand to dig into my pocket for my keys. Her arms slide around me, fingers splaying over my stomach. Her nose presses to my back, and she murmurs, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

Turning the key in the lock, I push open the door. Aubrey steps around me, pausing beside me at the threshold.

She's looking up at me, her eyes big and round and maybe even a little excited. I press a hand to the doorframe above her head and lean down, so our faces are mere inches apart. "Are you having second thoughts? Because you can. You can change your mind at any point. We can spend the next hour packing up the last of my stuff."

Most of the place is already in boxes ahead of my trip, but there's still a little more work to do.

Aubrey squares her shoulders. Tips her face up. Her lips find mine.

The kiss is soft. Slow. Like we have all the time in the world.

We don't. We agreed to an hour, and if that's all the time I'm going to get with this woman, I'm going to make the most of it.

With one arm wrapped around her waist, I haul her into my apartment and close the door with my foot.

I left a light on in the kitchen before I went out, and there's just enough of a glow to see stacks of boxes.

"You really are moving," Aubrey comments, her gaze flickering over my place.

"Did you think I was lying?"

She shakes her head. "No, but we agreed not to exchange information, so all the questions I had about where you're going are just sitting up here." She motions to her head.

I take her hand, my fingertips caressing her palm. "Do you want to ask any of them?"

I know we had an agreement, but... fuck it.

She stares at me, then says, "No."

My first instinct is to push back, to offer an amendment to our terms, but in the end I decide not to. "What *do* you want to do?"

Aubrey smirks. "You."

Her bit of playfulness takes me by surprise. She's been so serious, so *injured*, until now.

Using my grip on her hand, I pull her into me. Running my fingers through her hair behind her ears, I say, "Your wish is my command, Aubrey."

I kiss her. Not soft, or slow, the way she kissed me in the open door. I kiss her like I'm ravenous for her, and you know what? *I am*.

I want to be on every inch of this woman. Leave behind invisible markings of me, so she will never forget this night.

Aubrey clings to me while I claim her mouth. When I pull back, I hold her jaw in place with my hand and run my tongue over her lower lip. She whimpers.

The sound reaches into my chest, curling around my heart like trails of smoke. I want Aubrey whimpering. I want Aubrey screaming. I want self-possessed Aubrey on her back, losing control.

“Let’s go,” I grind out, my erection painfully pressing against my pants.

I lead her to my room, just as filled with boxes as the rest of my place. Aubrey pauses beside the bed, looking at me, waiting for instruction. She wants me to be the leader.

“Turn around,” I say.

She listens.

I work a finger under the strap of her shirt, pushing it off her shoulder. I do the same to the second until her shoulders are bare except for the straps of her bra. Leaning down, I nibble at the flesh, then run my tongue over the bite. Aubrey’s head tumbles back, her long hair flowing over my shoulder. I continue on, biting, licking, kissing my way over her shoulder. Reaching around her waist, my hand comes under her shirt and glides upward, until I can cup her breast. My fingers dip into the silky fabric, finding the hardened peak. I pinch it lightly between my fingers, and Aubrey arches into me.

I smile against her skin. I can’t help it. I like watching Aubrey react to my touch. “You like that?”

“Mmm,” she answers.

But I want more from her. I'm going to make this hour count. "Tell me you like it, Aubrey."

"I like it," she whispers.

Her whispered words do something to me, unlocking a feral instinct the proper version of me keeps locked away. Grabbing at the hem of her shirt, I tug it over her head, then make quick work of her bra.

She's still facing away from me, but I'm taller than her by eight inches, so I peer over her shoulder at her body.

And what a body it is. Moonlight shines through the window, illuminating her lush curves, her pebbled nipples.

I groan and reach around for her, taking her in my hands and working her until she's squirming.

She rubs her backside into the front of my pants until it's so good I have to pull away.

"I want you on your back," I tell her, letting her go so I can help her onto my bed. She does as I've asked, lying down on the white sheets of my unmade bed.

I undress as fast as I fucking can, reaching into my nightstand for a condom. Tossing it on the empty pillow beside Aubrey, I climb up beside her. She's still wearing her skirt, a flimsy fabric that slips down her hips when I tug. Her underwear accompanies the skirt, and—

*Oh. My. Fuck.* Look at her. Just look at her. Indescribably gorgeous, dark hair fanning out.

If this wasn't a one-hour agreement, I'd be terrified. This is a woman capable of stealing my sense, my heart, my everything.

“Is everything OK?” Her eyebrows draw together.

“Yes,” I breathe, gazing at her long legs, the lithe muscles of her thighs, the narrow point at the top.

Her knees press together, but I slide a flattened palm between them, urging them apart. Aubrey blinks rapidly, shy suddenly.

“Are you with me?” I ask, looking into her eyes.

She nods. “I’m here. I’m just, um, nervous.”

“What are you nervous about?” My erection is throbbing painfully and pointing right where it wants to go. I do my best to ignore it.

“Doing this with you, and never seeing you again.”

I appreciate her honesty. So much so that I offer my own. “I feel the same way. It doesn’t make me nervous, though. But it does make me feel sad.”

“You’re sad right now?”

“Um,” I glance down at my anatomy. “Not exactly. Future me is sad.” I grin crookedly. “If that makes sense.”

“I think future me is sad, too.”

“Do you want to stop?” *Please don’t say yes.*

“Not at all. Future me will just have to get over it.”

*Ohhh thank you.*

This time when I press her legs apart, she relaxes and lets them fall open. She winds a hand around my neck, pulling me down on her. We kiss and kiss, until my lips hurt. I press kisses

to the hollow of her throat, over her breasts, down her stomach, between her legs until she is whimpering and screaming and losing control just the way I wanted.

I sit back between her thighs, and, eyes glazed, she hands me the condom. Tearing the corner with my teeth, I roll it over me. Sheathed, and dying to get inside her, I maintain eye contact with the woman who will likely haunt me forever. Her lower lip peels away from her upper when I ease inside.

I pause, tipping my head to the ceiling and squeezing my eyes closed. Aubrey feels so good. So right. I fear I may be ruined for anybody else.

Looking back down at gorgeous Aubrey, hair a mess and lips swollen, I slide in until there's no more of me left. Her chin lifts, her back arches, and I grip her hips, setting a pace that brings her to finish one more time.

I'm close now. Aubrey's legs have wrapped around my back. Looking down at where we connect, I check the condom before the pleasure takes over and stars streak across my vision.

Aubrey watches me, a hint of a smile on her lips, and I can tell she likes what she sees. Will she take me up on my offer to tell me to contact her when I return? To show up at her door with something other than flowers and take her on a date?

She was anticipating being sad in the future, but maybe she'll change her mind. Suddenly, all I want is for Aubrey to change her mind.

I'm still inside her, so I lean down and kiss her. If the first time we're together is also the last, I want to memorize her taste, the shape of her lips, the cadence of her heartbeat.