

“Hello, Josh,” she said, echoing his tone from a few minutes before.

He blinked and then sat up straight. “What the hell are you doing in my car, Kat?” His smooth baritone slid over her senses and, just like that, she was pulling herself back from the abyss she’d been in five years before. This was just a one-night stand. Nothing to get excited about.

Okay, one thing to get excited about. He knew all her secret places. She knew how to push him to the edge. And in the past few years, they’d probably both learned a few new things.

“What do you think I’m doing here?” she countered, crossing her legs and spreading her arms over the back of the seat. “You practically invited me.”

The car began moving. Well, at least he hadn’t kicked her out of the limo.

“I said hello.”

“You told me not to leave on your account.”

“And then you did.”

“I thought you might want a little more privacy.” She slid across the side bench to Josh’s seat, bent her leg to sit sideways and rested her head against her elbow. “This is pretty private, I’d say.”

He watched her for a long moment. “You’re here for sex.”

Kat nodded. “I don’t usually go for casual, but since we have a history, this isn’t your typical one-night stand.”

“This isn’t what I expected when I came down here tonight.”

“This isn’t what I expected when I showed up for work tonight.” She reached out to trace her finger along his jaw. That contact zinged along her nerve endings straight to the butterflies flapping around in her belly, electrifying their beat.

“I’m headed straight to the airport.” He leaned toward her.

“LA traffic’s a bitch no matter what time of day it is.”

“You’re not the girl I remember.” This time he reached for her, his hand drawing a path of fire down her arm. “The girl I remember—”

She cut him off before he could get started on the girl she used to be. The

girl who was of so little importance he felt no qualms about walking away from without a single word. Well, she'd grown up since then. Had other relationships. Sure, none of them as serious or deep as what she thought she'd had with him.

But then, she'd never really had him, had she?