

I switch off the shower, resentful and bewildered by the situation I've found myself in—and by the large puddle of water I've left on the bathroom floor. It does not speak well of Albanian plumbing. I snatch a towel and quickly dry myself, then drag on my clothes and open the door.

Alessia is standing outside, brandishing what looks like a high-tech shower-cleaning mop. I laugh, surprised and pleased to see her, and I'm transported back to a time when she was in my flat, wearing her frightful nylon housecoat, and I was surreptitiously watching her...and falling in love.

She grins and places her fingers against her lips.

"Does he know you're here?" I whisper.

She shakes her head, places her hand squarely on my chest and pushes me back into the bathroom. She drops the mop and promptly locks the door.

"Alessia," I warn, but she cups my face and pulls my lips to hers. Her kiss is soft and sweet but demanding—surprisingly demanding. As her tongue finds mine, she presses her body against mine, and I close my eyes and wrap my arms around her, delighting in her kiss. Her fingers slide into my wet hair, and her lips become more insistent as she tugs. It's a wake-up call to my impatient dick.

*Hell. We're going to fuck.*

*In an Albanian bathroom with poor plumbing.*

I pull away so we can catch our breath, and Alessia's eyes are dark and full of promise but also uncertainty.

"What is it?" I ask.

She shakes her head.

"No." I clasp her face and gaze into her eyes. "God, as much as I want you, we're not fucking in this bathroom. Your parents aren't far away, and I don't have a condom. Now tell me, what's wrong? Is it the wedding?"