

“Then allow me to do the honors,” Dimas said, easing my backpack from my grip.

What? Was he going to search me? My pulse quickened, and I managed to speak regardless of the tightness in my throat. “Sure.” I closed my mouth after I realized that I had just agreed to allow him to touch me. What the hell was wrong with me? He’d find the tracker. There was no way I could hide it.

“Yes, sir,” Karpos said, returning to the command station.

My legs tensed as I extended my arms, assuming the search position.

“Relax,” Dimas spoke softly into my ear. “I am not going to hurt you.”

Every muscle weakened, turning me into bowl of Jell-O. It would take all of my inner strength to keep me upright for his interrogation. “You promise?”

He didn’t speak but chuckled deep in his throat. His laughter made me cringe, but it was his touch that had me flinching when he rested his palms on my back. In a slow, gentle movement, he glided his hands along my curves, kneading my muscles with a surprisingly tender touch. I hated that it felt so good, because I wasn’t supposed to enjoy it.

He moved his hands in front of me, drawing me closer to his body. For a moment, I wanted to flee, but something kept me frozen in place. In a fast movement, he swept his fingers above my breasts, over my shoulders, and then down my arms. He rested his palms on my stomach, and the sheer warmth of his skin seeped through my thin scrubs, searing my frigid flesh to a sizzling one hundred and ten degrees.

His fingers spread across my abdomen and along my sides, stopping at my waist. My heart beat wildly, and I had trouble determining if it was from the fear of being caught with the tracker or from the body search. He lingered inches from my pocket, where I secretly hid the device.

“Turn around,” he ordered, as he pivoted my body between his stout arms.

“Yes, sir.” I rotated like a ballerina in a jewelry box, twirling at her master’s command. Our eyes met once again, igniting a spark that I knew spelled trouble. Anticipation mixed with fear, reducing my mind to a poisonous cocktail. And then I recognized it. That same mind-numbing sensation I experienced when I visited in his quarters. I wanted to stop it, but it was too late. I had already tasted our strange but exciting connection, and now I wanted more.

Because he made me feel alive.

The proximity of his body to mine was overwhelming, and my heart raced as I longed for him to finish. With his gaze fixed on mine, his hands glided over my scrubs, tracing the outline of my curves. I nearly collapsed when his fingers worked their way up my inner calves to my thighs, and I recoiled when he paused briefly on the tracker in my pocket. I braced myself, preparing for the worst, but relaxed when a smile played at the edge of his lips. Instead of demanding that I remove the device, he simply did nothing.

“You can lower your arms,” Dimas said, handing me my backpack.

“Oh, okay.” I stammered, still shocked that he ignored the tracker. He had me totally confused. Did he want me to have it? Maybe he didn’t feel it. No, he did. I know he did. Or did he want me out of there so bad that he was willing to overlook what I had taken? Thoughts ran rampant, making me a hot mess, once again.