*Romantic fiction*

It had been so different the evening that she had encountered Damian Flint for the second time. The first time he had flirted outrageously with her and she had dismissed him, knowing that nothing could have come of the meeting anyway. But now she couldn’t quite get him out of her head and she had gone to this party, half-hoping that, as a friend of Gemma, he would be there too. He was.

Claire did not feel attractive. She had come to the south coast to rest after her operation and all the problems with her boyfriend, Charles, but the weather had been too hot, freckles and little red blotches had come out on her face and she knew she looked unattractive and unexciting. Until Damian had taken her out onto the patio and kissed her.

“It was better meeting you second time,” he had said softly, gently holding her hand in his and only letting her go very slowly. She trembled a little and almost sighed under her breath as she looked at his lean soft brown complexion, his full but gentle lips and his dark blue eyes.

“Are you angry with me?” His eyes confronted her. And she blushed violently at his words, knowing that she was rather pleased to be with him. He kissed her again and this time she clung to him, his mouth only leaving hers after what seemed a very long time. She tried to speak but only moaned listlessly as his fingers pressed her and deepened and she pressed helplessly to get closer to him.