

## TEXT ME, MAYBE EXCERPT

Lexie sat up and unfolded her legs, then leaned back, her arms braced behind her. Mighty, dark-haired Thor was her trainer for three more weeks. Whatever relationship they had would end with her last session. "I'll call that last one the hot pretzel," she said, and stood when he did.

He laughed, towering over her. "You hungry?"

Uh, yeah. For you. The air stalled in her lungs. No. Just say no.

"Okay then, for the next exercise, we'll start with legs waist-width apart."

She widened her stance, hands on hips.

Matthew glanced at her and leaned close to nudge her right foot out a few inches. "Keep breathing."

She tingled with awareness. "Hot."

He slid his hands along the outside of her arms, and a jolt shot through her shoulders and landed in her belly. Whoa. She forced the air out then happily breathed him in. "Relax. Let your arms drop by your side." He lifted his muscular arms above his head on an inhale and returned to his starting position on the exhale. "Now, do it with me."

I'd love to. You look like lily pond royalty, but how do I know for sure?

"Bring your arms down to your sides. Nice, controlled movement. Excellent. Nine more times." He backed up. "Keep going. Nice." He perched on the edge of the bench, his gaze intent. After the tenth, temperature-raising rep, he grinned. "Very, very nice warm-up."

"Okay. Didn't strike me as anything spectacular, but thanks." Lexie turned to grab her water bottle, stopping when she caught sight of herself in the mirror. She whipped around, towel clutched to her chest. "Why didn't you say something? I look like a freaking wet T-shirt contest girl! You just let me keep going, watching the whole time, and couldn't clue me in?"

"Sorry, didn't notice." He lifted his water bottle, his throat working as he took a long, deep drink.

"Like hell you are, and like hell you didn't," she retorted, struggling to hold on to her anger in the face of his steady, kind gaze. She tossed the towel onto the mat. "Don't think I'm not into, I mean, onto you."

Oh God, I could just die. Did I really just say that? It's not a Freudian slip. It's not. It can't be.

"No worries. I won't."

The catch in his voice had her turning toward him, melting any lingering anger and frustration.

Why am I going all crazy-girl on him again? I knew I'd get sweaty. Hot yoga. Duh.

She moved toward him, heedless of the consequences, his eyes inviting her in.

Inches from the man she feared could hurt her a thousand times worse than any of the guys she'd ever liked before, a startling realization punched her square in the face. She'd been so wrong about a phrase she'd openly mocked in a lit class discussion about romantic prose.

Weak with desire really was a thing. Because if Matthew chose that moment to kiss her—  
Crap, if he wanted to roll her onto her back right there on the textured mat—she couldn't guarantee she'd have an ounce of willpower to deny him.