

## HARD TO FALL EXCERPT

HAYDEN

Pushing out of bed, I go in search of coffee and pain reliever. Hunter's grandmother, Mrs. Castillo, invited the entire wedding party stay at her house, which turns out to be a huge hacienda on the outskirts of the city. I can't remember what her family is into, but based on what I've seen so far, it's very lucrative.

Yawning, I scratch my chest and make a pit stop at the bathroom before heading down another hallway, which leads me straight into the kitchen. The smell of coffee fills the air and I want to kiss the pot brewing near the stove.

Even if I think the shit is vile.

There's a woman sitting at the table. From my vantage point, I can see legs, an oversized shirt . . . and chocolate brown hair pulled into a messy bun, like she spent the night in someone's bed.

The lucky bastard.

Not bad view at all.

"Good morning." I step past her, heading straight to the coffee. "Do I have you to thank for making this?"

"No." Her voice sounds vaguely familiar, but for the life of me, I can't place it. "It was already brewing when I got here."

Grabbing the pot of coffee and a mug, I lean against the counter and pour a cup so that I can get a good look at her. A flash of pink catches my eye first. She's wearing flowers in her hair. Her chin tips up slightly, revealing a full, pink mouth, high cheekbones, and glasses that frame a pair of dark brown eyes.

I've always been a sucker for brown eyes. One of the bridesmaids at the wedding had eyes like that, glasses too.

"I know you." I snap my fingers. "You're the naughty bridesmaid, Sammy."

"It's Saylor." Her head tilts to one side, then she pushes those sexy-as-fuck black glasses back up on her nose. "Saylor Dean."

"Got it." I grin sheepishly at her. "Sorry, I'm not my usual self."

Her black lashes flicker down, then back up. "You don't seem any different to me."

I frown. "Is that an insult?"

"Do you think how you normally act is offensive?" She sips daintily from her mug.

"Depends on who you ask. Need a refill?"

She shakes her head. "Not drinking."

I look pointedly at her cup. "You sure about that?"

"Positive." This she says right before taking another sip.

Maybe she's just as hung over as am I? "Mind if I join you?" I flash her the infamous Walker smile, the same one my dad, the senator from the great state of North Carolina, uses in every commercial and on every campaign stop.

Unfortunately, I've inherited that smile.

Fortunately, it works about ninety five percent of the time. Then again, I'm not using my charms to get votes; I'm using it to convince a sexy woman to let me sit with her.

"Why would I mind?" she asks.

"I was being polite."

Her dark gaze runs over me and my cock stirs. "No you weren't."

Something tingles at the back of my brain, but I ignore it. It's not like I have Spidey-sense. "What was I being then?"

"Flirtatious."

"You got me there."

A small smile ghosts her lips. "You're also nude."