

Control Tour Excerpt

“That ego of yours is going to be sore tomorrow.”

“Why’s that?” he asks.

“It’s working out right now, flexing its muscles and doing some heavy lifting.” It’s pretty damn hard to be sarcastic when the man still touching you is making you want to lean in and kiss those sexy lips of his and prove just how right he is.

And just how wrong you are.

A sheepish smile paints his lips. “Ah, but you like the muscles.”

I like a whole lot more than the muscles.

“Mmm.” It’s all I trust myself to say.

He leans in closer. I can feel his breath feather over my lips and the look in his eyes—one that says his interest is as strong as mine: hungry and aroused as hell—is enough to make every part of me want to step forward and into him.

But I don’t.

I want to.

But I also want to slow down whatever the hell this is.

“Hey, Desi,” he murmurs as he leans in close enough that both of our eyes flicker down to the other’s lips as we breathe the same air.

“Hmm?”

“You look gorgeous in that color.”

*Oh sh*t.*

I just swooned.

First flutters.

Now swooning.

Both are things I never do.

“Thank you.” My voice is barely audible when I finally swallow around the lump of desire clouding in my throat.

“For?” he asks, the rumble of his voice a seduction all in itself.

“For fixing my sprinklers.”

“And?”

“And for the compliment.”

His tongue darts out to wet his lips. “No need to thank me.”

Time feels like it slows as we stand like this in the afternoon sunlight on my patio—me in a bright yellow sundress and him in mud-soaked jeans. The birds chirp above. My heart pounds in my ears. My nipples harden in anticipation.

Jesus, just kiss me already, will you?

“Desi?”

“Yeah?”

Just as I get my synapses to fire and lean in and take the initiative myself, he takes a step back and says, “I need to take a shower.”

I draw in a shaky breath as his eyes remain on mine and their corners crease with his smile.

“It’s a good look for you though.” *Nice recovery, Des.* At least outwardly it is, because inside I’m kind of a wreck with more *want* than I care to admit to.

“I don’t need to have mud on me to get dirty.”

He winks, gives me one last once-over with eyes that relay every single thing they want to do to me, before he turns on his heel and heads in the direction of his house.