

“Let’s get down to the nuts and bolts of this, shall we?”

*Nuts?*

Seriously, Hanson? Of all the words in the English language, you choose nuts?

But hey, on the plus side, she hasn’t seen the boys, just their leader.

Even so, I need to keep this meeting above the belt, including my own damn thoughts. I offer Peyton another apologetic smile. Time to get this deal back on track.

“Want to tell me more about your company?”

“I do. I really do.”

Her tone shifts instantly when she mentions her business, making me even more keen to hear her pitch.

I smile. A perfect, professional smile, as I cross my legs and fold my hands in my lap. I’m a motherfucking gentleman, not a junk-shot-sending caveman. “I want to hear all about it, Peyton.”

The only way to get past this mixup is to focus on business.

Not on her pretty face.

Not on those gorgeous eyes.

And definitely not on that dark hair I want to wrap around my fist and yank on it hard.

Four fucking months . . . that’s what’s wrong with my libido. It’s not operating in its normal overdrive. No, today, it’s at fucking warp speed. This is what happens when your own hand becomes your closest companion.