

Dance With Me Excerpt

“Hello, Starla.”

“Well, shit.”

My eyes soak her in from head to toe. How did she get more beautiful than before? Her auburn hair is pulled up in a knot on top of her head, and she’s in a cropped T-shirt with a pair of skin-tight shorts.

My dick is immediately at full attention.

“Wh-what are you doing here?”

“I was over at Wyatt’s house.” I point across the street. “And he said you were staying here.”

She leans on the doorframe, crosses her arms over her chest, and bites her full bottom lip.

She’s sex personified, standing right in front of me.

“Am I under arrest?”

“No.” I reach out to brush a loose strand of hair behind her ear, and the slight contact of skin against skin sends a shock wave through my already energized body. “No, you basically fell in my lap, and I decided to take advantage of it.”

“If you think I’m going to lead you straight up to bed, you have another thing coming.”

I narrow my eyes. “You just insulted both of us.”

She sighs and shakes her head, pinches the bridge of her nose between her eyes, and then laughs. “I apologize. You surprised me. Come on in.”

She stands back, and I follow her in, looking around the open living space.

“Do you want something to drink?”

“No, thanks.”

“I need a water. Follow me.”

She walks ahead of me to the kitchen, and my eyes are pinned to her round ass. I remember how the globes of those cheeks feel in my hands as she rides me. I remember *everything*.

“Sure you don’t want some?”

I try to swallow around my dry tongue and just nod. “Turns out, I do.”

She passes me a bottle and then takes a sip of her own.

“So, is the tour over?” I ask.

“Yes, and I’m on vacation.” She frowns slightly, staring down at her water. “Forced vacation.”

“Why?”

She blinks up at me. “Because I was exhausted, and the doctor insisted.”

I narrow my eyes again, pissed that she worked herself into exhaustion. “Starla—”

“I’m fine,” she insists. “And I’m already feeling better. Also, I owe you an apology.”

That stops me short. “No, you don’t.”

“Oh, I do.” She takes another sip, then sets the bottle aside and leans on the island. I get a great view of her cleavage.

She’s too sexy for her own damn good.

“I’m sorry I didn’t reply to your messages, Levi.”

“Why didn’t you?”

She blows out a breath. “Because I was a little overwhelmed. The sex was—”

“Damn incredible.”

“Yeah. It was. Intense is also a good word for it, and I get the feeling that you’re an intense man.”

I nod once. “If I hurt you or scared you—”

“No, it’s not that at all,” she hurries to assure me. “I didn’t do anything that I didn’t want or enjoy. I’m sorry if I gave you that impression. I hadn’t been with a man in a long time, and we have some powerful chemistry.”

That’s the understatement of the year. I can feel the electricity flowing between us like a rushing river.

“That’s really all I’m comfortable saying right now,” she admits and swallows.

“That’s enough.”

For now.