

Resist Excerpt

“It won’t be as easy as you think to walk away from the high life. Money is a powerful thing. Once you have it, it’s hard as hell to live without, Vaughn.”

I start to protest but then realize he doesn’t get it. He knows how much he is paying me. He sees the expensive clothes and jewelry I have on but has no clue they are from thrift stores and pawnshops.

“I’ll walk away.”

The chuckle he emits scrapes over my nerves and irritates them. “No, you won’t. You’re addicted to the power of it. Of knowing you can bring a man to his knees. Of the ability to use your body to get exactly what you want.”

“You don’t know a thing about me.”

But the ghost of a smirk that plays at the corner of his mouth makes me fear he just might. “You don’t have to be embarrassed by it, Vaughn. I get off on the same type of power when I’m in court. It’s a high. Something once you have a taste of, you only seem to want more of.”

“Don’t paint your experience on my canvas,” I murmur.

“Here we are,” he says, pulling my attention to our surroundings instead of to him. We’re standing outside the entrance to The Club, and every part of me deflates a little at the thought of having to go back inside with him.

Of having to play more of the part, when this, me getting to be a little more of myself, has been so unexpected and nice.

“Here we are,” I repeat.

We stare at each other, the shadows of the night playing over his face and reminding me I barely know this man and that I do, in fact, want to know him more.

“I’d be more than happy to drive you home—”

“But—”

He puts a finger to my lips. “But that’s too personal.” He steps into me so that we’re both in the shadows now on the broad sidewalk.

“It’s too personal,” I agree as I draw in the scent of him, the feel of his palms as they run up and down my arms. And for the briefest of moments I forget what I’m doing here and that he’s paid me for it because all I can think about is him kissing me. All I want is him to.

“Why don’t we go—”

His lips close ever so slowly over mine so that I have no choice but to sink into the kiss. A kiss that’s soft and tender when every other one we’ve shared thus far has been raging with a lascivious desire.

But not this one.

My body heats up nerve by nerve. Muscle by muscle. Sensation by sensation. Until he leans back so his forehead rests against mine and we breathe in the same air.

“Good night, Vaughn.”

What?

My head snaps up as Ryker takes a step back, regret owning every part of his expression, including the desire warring in his eyes.

“I don’t understand.” Flummoxed, I stand where I am and just watch him as he takes another step back and points to the taxi pulled up to the curb at my back.

“Your cab is here.” His smile is pained.

“But . . .”

He lifts a hand in silent goodbye before he turns the corner, leaving me staring after him as the taxi driver ushers me into the cab.

Tears sting my eyes as he pulls away from the curb.

Ryker just gave me exactly what I asked for—no sex—and yet every part of me is confused by it.

Because I want him.

And now I’m not exactly sure what I’m supposed to do about it.