

Dream With Me Excerpt

Okay, so the man has moves. It shouldn't surprise me that someone who creates such amazing works of art can also lead a girl around the dance floor. With one palm firmly planted on my lower back, and the other clutching my hand, Kane keeps his eyes on mine.

"You're a good dancer," I murmur.

"You're nervous," he replies softly. "There's no need to be. It's just a dance."

I take a deep breath and offer him a smile. He's right. It's just a dance.

The fact that he's maybe the hottest man I've ever seen is a huge bonus.

And if he can move like this, with all of our clothes *on*, I can only imagine what it could be like if we were naked.

Mercy.

"I never got your name," he says and guides me closer to him so we can talk into each other's ears. I glance around the room, seeing my sister and the other girls smiling at us, watching us dance.

"Anastasia," I say and turn my head, not quite planting my nose against his neck. The smell of this man is going to kill me.

And not because it triggers my asthma.

Because it's too sexy.

I watch the pulse in his neck and enjoy the feeling of his strong arms holding me.

"That's a lovely name." The accent is thicker in his voice now. Irish? I'm not good with accents, but I'd bet he's Irish.

His last name might be an indicator.

"Thank you."

The song ends and flows into another ballad. Adele sings about finding another lover, as Kane moves against me, with me.

I wonder if it looks as sexy as it feels.

“You said yesterday,” he whispers against my ear, “that you’d be using your sketch for something else. What will that something be?”

“A cake.”

He pulls back far enough to smile down at me in surprise. “A cake, is it?”

I nod, more comfortable talking about what I do for a living than just dancing in silence.

“I design and build wedding cakes for a living. I can do them for other occasions, as well, but wedding cakes are what I’m known for.”

“Interesting.”

“I have a client who came into my shop about a month ago to hire me. They didn’t give me any direction at all. No colors, no requests. It just has to feed about two hundred guests.” I shake my head in disgust. “Not that I want them to tell me to copy a photo. I won’t do that, but usually, they have colors they like or flowers in mind. *Something*. Not these two. When I need inspiration, I like to look at what others have created. Or have conversations with people I enjoy.”

“That makes sense,” he says and leans in to kiss my forehead, which sends a shiver right down my spine to my lady parts—which had already sat up and taken notice of Kane.

“What was that for?” I ask.

“An apology,” he replies. “For being difficult yesterday.”

“Apology accepted.”

His lips quirk into that half-smile, his green eyes shining. The song is almost over, and I know I should thank him for the dance and find Lia and the others.

“Thanks for the dance.”

The last note plays, and I pull back, immediately wishing I was back in his arms.

He’s a stranger, and it’s crazy, but it’s true.

“Do you belong to a man, Anastasia?” Kane brushes his knuckles down the side of my cheek.

I frown. “I’ll never *belong* to anyone.”

“You know what I mean. Are you taken?”

“I’m single if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Good.” He kisses the back of my hand.