

Taunting Callum Excerpt

“You’re not a dream, are you?”

His lips tip up in an arrogant smile. “Well, in what context are you referring?”

Why is his accent so damn sexy? I mean, he looks like that, and he sounds sexy, as well? Inconceivable.

“This is the most bizarre conversation I’ve ever had. And trust me when I say I’ve had some crazy encounters. What are you doing here?”

“I told you,” he says, setting the rag on the counter and walking around to me once more. “I want to take you to dinner. Or somewhere. I’d like to get to know you better, Aspen.”

I lick my lips. He’s so close now, I can feel the heat of him. He would scramble the brains of any warm-blooded woman.

But I haven’t flirted with a man in years. And I certainly haven’t entertained the idea of dating one. Or, better yet, having sex with one. But with Callum standing mere feet away, that’s precisely what I’m thinking.

“You surprise me,” I admit in a soft voice.

“How’s that?”

“You cleaned those tables without batting an eye.”

“I’ve cleaned far worse, I can assure you.” I tilt my head, watching him. I can see his pulse in his neck.

“You’re a prince.”

He narrows his eyes and moves in closer, not touching me but certainly crowding. He smells like mint and sunshine.

“I’m just a man, Aspen.” His lips graze my cheek. “A man very taken with you, I might add.”

I swallow hard. Holy shit. My breathing comes harder, and an ache sets up shop in my very core.

I want him.

I don’t think I’ve ever been so attracted to a man before. Not even Greg. No one.

And if I ponder that for too long, the guilt will likely set in.

Instead, I turn my head and brush my nose over his jawline.

I want him to touch me. I want to feel things that have been missing from my life for years. Suddenly, I want it with this perfect stranger.

“Aspen,” he whispers.

“Yes.”

“Tell me you don’t feel this.”

I swallow again. “I can’t.”

He growls as he plunges his hands into my hair and closes his lips over mine in the kiss of the century. His moves are smooth and sure. Assertive.

That’s what Callum is: confident.

But before the kiss goes any further, he backs up and stares down at me with intense brown eyes. “I can’t do what I want to you here. All of bloody Montana could look through those windows, and I won’t have you caught in a scandal.”

“Office,” I reply immediately. With his hand in mine, I lead him through to the back of the café and my personal space there. It’s not fancy, but it’s private.

“Brilliant,” he says as he shuts the door behind him.