

Good with His Hands Excerpt

There's something stirring between Jesse and me. Something different than the friendship we've been building the past two years. Something mutual, maybe. And that feels a little dangerous, but also exciting.

"Danger isn't exciting," I remind my reflection in the mirror later that night, once I'm dressed in my slinky skirt, which looks as good with semi-sheer black tights and my combat boots as Gigi promised it would. "Danger is dangerous."

That's right. It is. And I'm not into dangerous things.

I will not fall for Jesse, no matter how good he looks in those dark-wash jeans, standing in the last of the sunset light, leaning against a lamppost beside Forage and Fox like he owns the place.

The block. The entire borough.

He radiates confidence—always has, probably always will—but when he turns, his eyes meeting mine as I jog across the street, there's something new in his brown-eyed gaze. Something that makes me feel like maybe I'm a little dangerous too.