



## Excerpt-Genesis

### House of Rosenorn

Genesis

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He walked her back until the hot metal of the car's exterior burned through the clothes on her back just as hotly as his hard body warmed her front. She tried to hold her breath, but the tantalizing scent of man and his leather coat filled her nose.

That damn vibration was there too, electrifying her nerve endings and enticing her to press closer and crawl up his body like a lumberjack topping a tree, begging him to consume her. Her eyes threatened to cross as she imagined the pleasure. An extremely unhelpful reaction at that particular moment.

It helped that he was still pissed at her, reminding her why she had to ignore these inappropriate urges. From his memories she had learned that Max was used to people exploiting him, used to being cast aside when not needed. He didn't do emotional. He didn't play well with others. It was him versus the world and she believed he truly preferred it that way. Which was exactly why she needed to keep their potential working relationship in perspective.

It would be way too tempting to fall into the promise of those lips. Convince herself that she could be the one to "save" him, and forget why he was the man he was. Forget that as soon as she outlived her usefulness, he would most likely get back in his sexy Ferrari and disappear down the highway, leaving nothing but tire smoke and heartache in his wake.

She had to remain focused on the mission, even if it killed her.

"You have one hour, sweetheart," he bit out and leaned closer, forcing her to tilt her chin higher to retain eye contact. "After that, if you don't find what we're looking for, I will leave your ass behind. If you see something, anything, to do with my father, you tell me immediately and follow my lead. I do all of the talking. You understand?"

"Got it." You arrogant, mouthwatering, son of a bitch. "Now get out of my face," she snarled back in an act of self-preservation and pushed against his chest. It was either that or close that scant inch between them and kiss him.

Too late, she realized as a self-satisfied smirk curled his lips, she flinched first.

He pressed closer until neither light nor air separated them from breast to groin. "What? Am I invading your personal space? Getting a little too close for comfort?"

His hot breath caressed her cheeks and she locked her knees to keep from melting at his feet like some damn virgin getting felt up by her first crush.

“Is this too intimate for you?” he asked with a wicked gleam in his blue-blue eyes. “You know, we’ve already been intimate once, when you read my mind.”

“I did not read your mind,” she muttered without moving her lips.

He shrugged. “You still pried. I think you owe me. One intimacy for another.”

“Don’t even think —”

Oh, but he did.

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