

KENNEDY DEVERAUX by Bernadette Marie

Excerpt

Kennedy turned off the lights in the shop, made sure the coffee pot was off as well, and left through the back door, locking it. When she turned toward the tap house, she noticed Joel standing at the back door, his body leaned casually up against the door jamb. Her heart rate quickened. Those dirty jeans and worn out work boots had a sexy appeal, and she had to suck in the air that was now thick around her.

It was a beer, she reminded herself. Just a drink with the guy next door.

“I came out to make sure you were still over there. I thought you’d blown me off,” he said as she started toward him.

Pulling her purse up onto her shoulder, she felt the tug of guilt at his statement. She’d considered blowing him off, but she wouldn’t tell him that.

“I said I was coming, didn’t I? Well, here I am.” She didn’t much care for her tone. It made her sound conceited. She was used to that depiction and probably deserved it.

“Here you are.”

The light from inside glowed at his back, as the shadows from outside made his eyes darken. Kennedy gripped her purse strap to gain some control. He was handsome and just a little mysterious—and completely not her type.

“Are you going to invite me in?” she asked, and he nodded slowly.

“We tasted thirty beers. I’m moving just a bit slow.” A smile crept over his mouth, and she found hers went dry.

“We can do this another day.”

“Nah, I have a couple I want your opinion on.” He reached a hand out to her as if they were casual enough friends, and she would take it—and she did.