

I DREAM OF DEMIGODS by Alexa Sullivan

EXCERPT

“You’re not for real, right?” I shook my head. “You’re just...so nice. No one’s this nice.”

Alex held my gaze. His eyes were mesmerizing pools of warm brown. “Listening and caring is just being decent. It shouldn’t be shocking.” He lifted a hand and smoothed my hair back from my face.

This wasn’t normal boss behavior, but at some point, I’d forgotten Alex was my supervisor. The air felt warm and damp, and it smelled like the ocean again, the scent wild and comforting at the same time.

Alex’s hand stilled against my temple.

Hardly breathing, I lifted my left hand and brushed my fingers against his.

He squeezed my hand.

I reached for his other hand, and either I stepped close, or he pulled me in. Or maybe it happened at the same time. We were toe-to-toe now, inches away from full-body contact. My brain hazed over as I tilted my head up.

He angled his head down.

Our noses touched. Our mouths were an inch away from each other.

“This is probably about to be a bad idea.”

His voice, low and husky, sent a pleasant tingle down my neck. “Terrible,” I whispered.

I dove into his arms, and he pressed his mouth to mine.