

PURSUIT OF INNOCENCE by Bethany Rosa EXCERPT

I hit a wall. A solid, warm wall that smells dreadfully sinful. Before I have time to process, two firm hands are on my shoulders to steady me. “Hey, watch where you’re going” comes the deepest, sexiest voice imaginable, which would be incredibly hot if the words spoken were anything other than rude and demanding. Looking up, which is crazy, considering I’m one step higher, I freeze as my eyes land on a dark, handsome god of a man who looks like he wants to commit murder. What is it with me and jerks tonight?

His eyes get bigger, and his brows furrow as soon as my shocked gaze meets his. He has short black hair that’s longer on the top and styled perfectly. His menacing eyebrows are folded downward from scowling at me. The dark scruff that shadows his face is so sexy, trimmed razor straight, accentuating his perfectly chiseled jaw. Mentally slapping myself, I apologize.

“Crap, I’m so sorry. I didn’t see you there.” He doesn’t release his hold.

“That’s because your head was down. Your eyes should be looking forward.” His voice is hard and demanding.

Flustered and—I reluctantly admit—slightly turned on by his strong, firm grip and penetrating stare, I stand there frozen in place. After what seems like minutes but I’m sure is only seconds, I snap out of it and apologize again. “Sorry, I’ll watch where I’m going from now on.” The words rush out as I pull away to leave, this time keeping my head up. I think I hear him say something else behind me, but I don’t stop. Running into one of the hottest guys I’ve seen in a while should’ve been the highlight of my night. Instead, I’m more irritated. Do all good-looking men have a license to be an ass?