

Title: Landon

Series: In Safe Hands

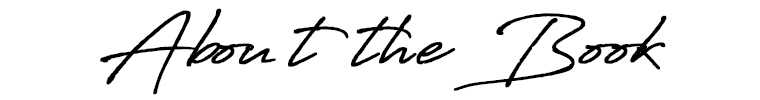
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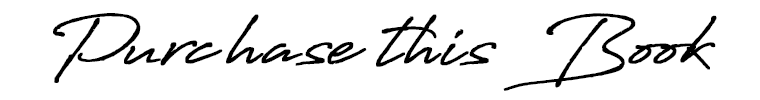


Zoe

I’m not interested. I’m not interested in his blue-green ocean colored eyes, his lean muscular body, or that crooked smile that can be so infuriating. I have more important things to worry about, like how to keep myself in college and my sixteen year old brother fed and sheltered. We all know life is hard, some of us just learn that lesson younger than others, but that doesn’t mean I’ll give up. I intend to succeed and make sure my brother has the opportunities he deserves, and no privileged jerk is going to distract me.

Landon

I don’t date. Don’t get me wrong, I’m far from celibate, but my condition makes carrying on any kind of normal relationship impossible. My life revolves around In Safe Hands or ISH, the underground hacker group I work with to track down and take care of predators and sex offenders who beat the system. I’m satisfied with my life until the day I meet the smart mouthed, compassionate, determined woman who opens my eyes to possibilities I never thought existed.



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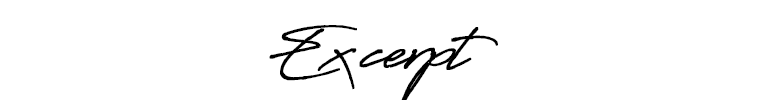
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We all head back to the dance floor. The man can move, I’ll say that for him. He grins at me and places his hands on my hips, guiding me to the beat. “So, do you hate men in general, or did I do something to offend you?”

“I’m just not interested in dating right now.”

Damn, though, the way he moves his body against mine makes me want to rethink that decision. The song switches to a slow sensual beat and he spins me around, pulling me back against his body. His chest and abdomen are rock hard, and I love the feel of them pressed to my back. They aren’t the only thing that’s hard. He’s as turned on as I am. His scent fills my senses, fresh and clean like the forest after a storm, as his soft lips brush up my neck to my ear.

“Good, I’m not interested in dating either.”

“Glad we’re on the same page,” I breathe, trying to remember why I don’t want this man. His hand travels up my ribs while his other arm keeps me pinned to his chest. The second I turn my head to look at him, his lips land on mine. Smooth and full, they push every rational thought from my head, and his tongue wastes no time finding its way into my mouth, licking and tasting.

He completely devastates me with just one kiss, and the smug grin on his lips when we break apart says he knows exactly how he affected me.