

## Carina Press Blog Tour Program: **HERS TO TAME** by Rhenna Morgan Excerpt Spotlight

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“Please take this in the spirit it’s intended, but you work for a man who’s suspected of leading a growing crime family. I don’t think me telling you where I live is a good idea.”

“1023 South Franklin Avenue.”

Cassie stopped so hard she wobbled slightly in her heels. “How did you... I mean, I only just moved in there.”

His smile softened and his words were offered with gentle deliberateness. “I’m a very thorough man, Cassie. You can’t possibly think I wouldn’t learn everything I could about a person before I shared important information with them.”

Very thorough.

Frighteningly so.

She shook the foreboding off and resumed her trek to the station, albeit on slightly less stable legs. “All the more reason for us to meet someplace public.”

“All right. Then I’ll pick you up and take you somewhere.”

“Not necessary.” She checked both ways on the street and hurried across. “Just tell me where you want to talk, and I’ll meet you there.”

“I’m afraid my retrieving you and escorting you is nonnegotiable.”

She frowned at him, but kept going. “You’ve got a lot of points you won’t negotiate. Tell me why this one’s one of them.”

“Because while I’m very much interested in hearing what you have to share, I’m not interested in anyone else hearing. The best way to ensure our privacy is to make sure no one else knows where we’re going—including you.”

She stopped just six feet from the station’s front door. “You don’t trust me?”

“Should I?”

Hmm. He did kind of have a point. And given how she’d stiffed him after their second date, he still might be wondering if she’d simply used him. “Fine. Pick me up at my place tomorrow at eight. But don’t pick any place fancy. A coffee shop, or someplace simple. And not Starbucks either. It’s criminal what they charge for coffee.”

His mouth twitched as if it were all he could do to keep a wisecrack trapped behind his lips. “You seem determined to expose me to establishments with limited standards.” He nodded, the picture of gentility and confidence. “I’ll endeavor to pick a location that suits your expectations.” He held out his hand, palm up. “Until tomorrow, then.”

He had great hands. Not too smooth like someone trapped in an office, but a man’s hands. Slightly calloused, with long fingers and blunt fingertips. Of all the things she’d replayed from their time together, his touch had been the most frequent. Which was exactly why she’d be smart to avoid any and all physical contact with him going forward.

Glutton for punishment and well-mannered Texas girl that she was, she slipped her palm against his.

*Oh, yeah.*

Still amazing.

Electric and warm. Supercharged and bristling with promise.

And that was just her hand.

“Thank you again for the dinner. It wasn’t necessary, but I appreciate it all the same.” Hating the breathiness in her voice, she tried to release her hand.

Kir held it tight, the pad of his thumb subtly moving over the tender spot between her thumb and her forefinger. As if he were remembering other, more intimate places he’d touched her. “I assure you. The pleasure was all mine.”

He gently released her, turned without the least amount of hesitation, and strolled toward the parking lot like he didn’t have a care in the world.

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Watching him was something to relish. An indulgence she didn't even realize she'd taken until he stepped off the sidewalk and turned to open the door to his car.

*Great. And now he's busted you ogling him.*

She swung one of the double glass doors open and strode into the arctic reception area.

"Girl, that dude was hot," Bonnie said before Cassie's eyes could adjust from the blinding sunshine outside. "He your boyfriend?"

"Oh, no." She set the paper bag on the counter and shook her head. "Just a contact that helped me out on a few stories a while back."

*And ruined me for other men, but why quibble over details?*

Bonnie took the bag and opened it, but the look on her face and her answering chuckle said she didn't buy a word Cassie'd said. "Uh-huh. Looked to me like he was plotting how to peel you out of your professional getup."

Yeah, it'd felt like that, too. But she wasn't going to think about that now. Or ever, if she could help it. "Nope. Just talking business." She waved toward the bag and headed back toward the newsroom.

"Good business, or bad business?"

Cassie swung the door to the hallway open and cast Bonnie one last look. "I haven't decided yet. Could have been the lottery, or the biggest wrong turn of my life."

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