

Damn him. He was making this much harder than it should be. Why couldn't he just print her up a new passport? Why all the questions? "I need a new identity. Period. If Expat can do it, then name your price. You don't need to know why. You just need to do it. If you're squeamish about it, I'll find another way. I'm sure there are others who will be willing to help me out."

Before she could move away, he was in front of her. Close enough to touch if she reached out her hand. Close enough to see the lashes feathering his eyes. Close enough to feel his warm breath against her throat as he angled his head entirely too close for comfort. "You're lying to me."

His simple words gave her goosebumps.

"You're crowding me."

"I know."

"Well, don't. I don't like it."

He lifted her hair away from her neck, let it tumble through his fingers, and whispered, "Your heartbeat says differently. It says you like it a lot. Stop lying to me." The pad of his thumb caressed the delicate skin covering the carotid artery and she froze, captivated and stunned. Too personal, too intimate! This wasn't anything like the Vanek she knew. What was he doing?