

Live, Love, Laugh

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Excerpt

Love To Die For

By Lynn Emery

Lance cleared his throat, glanced at his cruiser parked in her driveway, but didn't make a move to leave. His face showed signs of the long hours and tension he'd endured. He rubbed the stubble of his unshaved jaw. And still he looked good to her. LaShaun remembered the taste of his mouth.

"You look tired and hungry. Wanna come inside?" LaShaun said.

"Oh yes, ma'am. I wanna come inside real bad," Lance said quietly. He followed her through the back door.

The door had barely closed when his strong arms circled her. They gazed at each other for a few seconds. His long fingers unbuttoned the front of her cotton shirt.