

*Newlywed Games* excerpt

"Meghann?" Bruce lifted her chin with a light touch of his finger. The tenderness in his eyes was heart wrenching. "Ah, Meg. . .what you do to me."

His hand cupped her face, and the gentle touch sent shivers coursing through her. He was going to kiss her and she was glad. She wanted him to do it. Now. Here. With no one around to see them.

But even as she leaned toward him, his hand fell away, and he turned back to grip the steering wheel.

Then, without a word of explanation, he turned the key in the ignition.

Mortified, Meg sat there, gripping her hands together in her lap. She was such an idiot! Why would he even think about kissing her? She was a friend, nothing more. Someone he'd promised to help.

The sooner she got that through her stupid head--and her foolish heart--the better off she'd be.