

Thicker than Water

“Trust you?” Julia scoffed. “When you’re trying to railroad my brother for a crime he didn’t commit? When you look at me like I’m some kind of criminal?”

Jake’s mouth twitched, and he narrowed his eyes. The devastating smile took her by surprise. Her body reacted instantly. Desire heated her blood. Her voice trembled as she spoke. “What are you smiling about?”

He leaned slightly forward and said in his low, molasses drawl, “Sweetheart, if you think that’s how I’m looking at you, your detecting skills ain’t worth a damn.”

She couldn’t react. Couldn’t breathe. She wanted another one of those kisses. One of those he’d warned her about. The kind that shouldn’t happen again. She swallowed, needing to wet lips that had suddenly gone dry. But she didn’t want it to appear to be an obvious ploy. Didn’t want him to know how much she wanted him to kiss her. Her eyes dropped to his lips, and she knew that was a dead giveaway.

With a husky groan of denial, he pulled her to him and fused his mouth to hers.