

End of Lonely Street

1957 Vintage Romance

Alicia Dean

Ten minutes later, a police cruiser pulled up and stopped by the curb. Toby chewed on the thumbnail of her free hand, waiting. She wasn't sure whether to feel relief or dread when Noah stepped out of the vehicle.

"What's going on, Toby?" He slowly walked toward her, arms crossed, his handsome face drawn into a scowl.

"Your father is a stubborn bully, and I'm protesting. I would think it's pretty obvious."

"Yes, I know what you're doing, what I want to know is why?"

"Why? Because, he's got no good reason to forbid us from playing rock and roll, from playing Elvis Presley. Not only do the kids deserve to have fun at the dance, Miss Murdock—" Her throat clogged and she swallowed back tears. "—deserves a memorial. Your father doesn't even care. Apparently, neither do you."

Noah blew a breath out and rested his hands on his belt. "I do care, but this isn't the way to go about it."

"No? Then maybe you can tell me what is."

He shook his head. "I don't know exactly, but you're causing a disturbance, and I have to stop you."

"Stop me?" She halted and crossed her arms, the sign dangling from one hand. "Are you going to arrest me, Noah Rivers?"

He looked away, then at the ground and back up at her. "I don't think it will come to that. Just be a good girl and head on home."

"I'm not going anywhere. You'll have to arrest me." She met his gaze in challenge.

His golden brown eyes flickered with uncertainty, then with resolve that should have warned her. He took the sign from her hand and looped his arm around her waist, lifting her off the ground. She was pressed against his warm, strong body, and lost her breath. Tingly sensations moved through her lower belly.

"Noah! You put me down this instant. What do you think you're doing?"

He ignored her and carried her to his car. He opened the back door with the hand that held the sign and plopped her down on the back seat.

"You can't do this to me." She scrambled to get out, but he blocked her way. "I didn't break a law."

"We'll come get your car tomorrow when you've had a chance to come to your senses. I'm not taking you to jail, I'm taking you home."

"Then I'll call Daisy to pick me up, and we'll come back here and protest again."

He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, shaking his head. "Damn, stubborn..."

"That's right. I'm not giving up, so you can either arrest me, or leave me be. You're just like your father, thinking you can bully—"

With a growl of frustration, he took hold of her shoulders and hauled her from the car. His lips landed on hers, cutting off her gasp. He cupped a hand behind her head and pulled her to him. She went willingly, swept away in a fog of yearning.