

Excerpt from Special Delivery- by Gini Rifkin

Virgil Kincaid was a prime cut of man. Over six feet tall, he made Mariah's five-foot seven height seem less gawky and awkward. And he was built for action, long and lean with broad shoulders—shoulders she hankered to hold onto—and with narrow hips—hips she could easily envision pressed up against her own.

And then there were his eyes. Grey as the sky in winter, full of secrets, revealing nothing. Virgil had been the town Marshal for nearly three years, yet no one knew where he'd come from or how long he intended to stay. What would it take to light a fire in those eyes and put settling down in his thoughts?

Her gaze drifted lower and latched onto the front of his denim trousers. A picture of what he might look like naked skittered across her mind and her cheeks grew hot at the imagining.

"You done lookin?" he asked.

Her gaze snapped up to meet his and the heat of humiliation replaced the lustful warmth.

"Yes," she babbled, "there doesn't seem to be anything of interest here."

"Really?" he challenged, with a cocky grin and a raised brow.

He stepped closer and stood so near she could smell the man sent of him as she tried to ratchet her breathing down to a more normal rate.

"You're a very unusual woman, Miss McAllister."

"Is that good or bad?" she dared to ask.

"I'm not sure yet."