

# LINNY'S SWEET DREAM LIST

## by Susan Schild

### EXCERPT

On the radio, Patsy Cline sang the achingly beautiful, *Sweet Dreams*. Linny sang along quietly as the bacon sizzled and she cracked brown eggs into a bowl, separating them. Last night's talk with Buck had been so good. After so ardently reassuring her of his love, he'd gently touched the side of her face. "I'll be a better husband, Lin." Linny's heart squeezed just thinking about the sweetness of that moment.

For all her brave talk to her sister about divorcing Buck if she found he was cheating, Linny wanted this marriage to work. She loved Buck, and didn't know if she could bear being alone again. Shivering, Linny just hoped that she wasn't being a fool to let Buck reel her back in.

Johnny Cash was singing as Buck walked into the kitchen, the air drifting around him smelling of the sandalwood soap and clean man. He kissed her on the top of her head as she flipped the omelet. While he clunked around in the garage collecting his coolers, rods and fishing gear, she slipped the egg-white omelet, turkey bacon, and whole wheat toast onto a plate and put it on the table. Mug in hand, she sat, feeling a sense of peace steal over her.

With comb tracks still in his wet hair, Buck slid into his seat, looking sharp in the faded pink golf shirt that she kept putting in the GOODWILL pile and he kept retrieving. "This food is so danged healthy," he grumbled, as he wolfed it down. "What does a man have to do to get biscuits with gravy and home fries?"

"Get better numbers at the doctor's?" she suggested, but he'd picked up his tablet, and was studying the fishing report. Linny smiled wryly. In his mind, he was probably already flying down the glittering Intracoastal Waterway in his beloved boat, heading out to the ocean, and roaring with laughter at a joke made by one of his merry men.

Barefooted, she walked out with him into the warm August morning and watched him finish loading the SUV.

As he closed the cargo door, he'd pulled her into an extravagant hug, and lifted her feet off the ground. He nuzzled her neck and kissed her, hard. "Be good, baby," he said, his gaze holding hers. "I'll be home soon, and I'm going to do better."

Lenny shook her head as she waved. He was a rascal, but he practically shimmered with his delight in life. When he kissed her like that, she felt every cell in her body respond, believed every word he told her, and remembered why she'd married him.