

TWO TO WRANGLE by Victoria Vane

Excerpt

“I’m not going to be a silent partner, Ty.”

“Didn’t expect you to be.”

“If you want me you’re going to have to give me equal say.”

“How can I do that when I’m talking bulls and you’re going off about Flamenco dancers?”

“You just illustrated my entire point!” she said. “If we’re going to work together you have to let me be a part of this. Partnerships require common goals and like minds. How can this work when we have none of that?”

Ty perched on the desk with a frown. “One little stumble and you’re already getting cold feet? We can work through this if we try, Monica. And I’m willing to compromise—to a point. You just gotta understand that this whole thing was my vision. My idea. My dream. I can’t let you or anyone else take that away.”

“I’m not trying to take it away from you. I just want it to succeed. We’re talking about a huge investment. Look, Ty, I came in here with an open mind, but I can’t take the back seat and neither can you. Do you see now how incompatible we are? And why I’ve said we could never work.”

“I thought you had more grit than that.”

“That’s not it! I wanted this to work. I really did, but we just don’t have enough common ground. I admit the chemistry between us is incredible, but we burn too hot.”

“You’re right about that part,” he broke into a dark chuckle. “We’ve been playing with gun powder from the get go. But there’s something you need to understand about gunpowder, Monica. Although it’s highly combustible, it’s also what makes fireworks. So only two things can happen here—we’re either gonna blow like a stick of dynamite or we’re gonna make some major ***** pyrotechnics...Don’t know ‘bout you, but I’m banking on the fireworks.”