

Lost and Found by Maggie Clare

Excerpt

Cam Taylor was sleeping half-naked in her bed. No version of Lissa's reality ever held that possibility. She may have entertained a few fantasies, sure, but here he was in the flesh. She had to remind herself it was only because he had a head injury.

As if on autopilot, Liss walked to the bed and perched lightly on the edge. With a gentle hand, she reached out to smooth the hair off Cam's forehead, brushing it away from his newly repaired skin. His eyes fluttered open and a slow, contented grin spread across his face.

His look took her breath away. Heat warmed her belly. She inhaled his clean male scent, catching herself before she groaned out loud.

But then he blinked, his grin faded, and his brow furrowed, like he was remembering.

Liss dropped her hand to her side. "How are you feeling?"

"Not too bad, considering." He reached up and gingerly touched the side of his head.

"Think you can sleep a little more?"

"Yeah," he answered, yawning.

Liss pulled the sheets and blanket up over him, and spontaneously kissed his forehead, like it was the most natural thing in the world. Then, too afraid to look at him, she practically ran out of the room.