

# Truffle Me Not by M. K. Scott

## EXCERPT

Della inhaled, knowing what she was going to say next wouldn't go over well. "Tony should have been on a leash. I know Prince should have been in his own yard but consider this. Your pup could run out into the street and be hit."

"There's not much traffic on our street. Besides, Tony never leaves my side."

She could point out the dog had done just that, but she didn't. Seeing her mother so happy with Tony brightened her day, but even Della acknowledged her mother could be a trifle unreasonable about the newest addition to the family. "If he got loose, someone could take him."

"Oh, my!" A long pause continued after the exclamation. Some rustling and footsteps carried over the phone line. "Just checking. I thought I saw some strangers in the neighborhood earlier. They could be potential dog nappers. They had that look about them, three-day old beards, night watch beanies, dark hoodies, disheveled. You know the type."

The scruffy look may have gained popularity with the introduction of grunge bands, television shows with unshaven actors, and male models who appeared to have just rolled out of bed, but it never appealed to Della's mother. Even her detective father had been more accepting of current fashions than Mother. In Mabel's mind, scruffy equaled criminal or the possibility of being influenced by one.

"Mom, there are no dog nappers in your neighborhood. Someone probably had company leaving. Keep in mind, living with a detective may have made us all a little paranoid. All the same, try to keep my little brother on a leash."

"I will," her mother grudgingly agreed.

"How was your day?"

"Good." No need to mention the arrival of a foul wind in the form of Lacey Dankworth. The Delacroix family could only handle one crisis at a time. After all, it may all come to nothing.