

# THE LADY AND THE TEXAN by Bobbi Smith EXCERPT

Dinner was being served on the riverboat, yet Amanda and Eileen hadn't heard from Jack since he'd left them in a strange mood that morning

"You wait here in the cabin in case he shows up. I'll go see if I can find him," Amanda said.

Her first instinct told her he'd probably gotten involved in a poker game and forgotten about them. As she neared the door to the saloon, a steward came out.

"Excuse me, sir, have you seen Mr. Logan?"

"Yes, ma'am. Would you like me to get him for you?" he offered.

"Please. I'll be on deck."

Amanda went to stand at the rail. When Jack didn't come out right away, she began to worry, for it was growing dark. She started back inside just as Jack walked out.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Amanda Taylor, standing out here in the moonlight," Jack said.

"You've been drinking!"

"Yes, I have." His words were slurred as he crossed the distance between them.

"You're disgusting!"

"Are you wishing you had your axe right now?"

"Oh, you!"

She turned to walk away, but he caught her by the wrist. Jack stared down at Amanda, seeing the beautiful face that had haunted him all day.

"I don't understand why you want to be so much like a man. As lovely as you are, you could have all the men in the world begging for your favors..."

"I want to be strong, so I don't have to put up with men like you!" She tried to twist free of his grip.

Her defiance sparked something in Jack.

"You should be more feminine." He drew her close.

Amanda knew she should resist him, but she hesitated. In that moment, Jack sought her lips in a tender caress.

Amanda was frightened, yet breathless. Jack's kiss was a sensation unlike anything she'd ever known before. It was gentle, yet powerful. Demanding, yet tantalizing.

He pulled her closer, and she fit perfectly in his arms. He deepened the embrace, parting her lips to taste of her sweetness.