

PROMISING LOVE by Sara Ohlin

EXCERPT

Ruby turned on the faucet, and a long black figure jumped from above her, streaked through the water and let out a large meow before it flew off the counter and slid down the hall. “Shit!” Ruby screamed.

“Ruby?” Lachlan yelled. He rushed into the kitchen and flipped on the light. “You okay?” Lachlan stood in the doorway, sweatpants on and nothing else, holding a skinny black cat. “Scared me.”

“I’m okay, just startled.” It took her a moment to catch her breath. He towered over her, a cat tail swishing over his broad, naked chest. “You have a cat?”

“Baby.” Lachlan scratched behind the cat’s ears. The creature arched under his touch and stared at Ruby. Skinny but healthy, the black cat had two white front paws and bright green eyes.

“You named your cat Baby? That’s what tripped us earlier, when we...when we...” *Holy cow.* Her cheeks flushed, thinking of how they’d gone at each other earlier, barely inside his house.

Lachlan’s face relaxed into a slow, tempting smile, as if he knew exactly what she was picturing. “Sugar Baby, actually.” He sounded a tiny bit annoyed at the animal but the expression on his face when he stroked his cat and the way the cat rubbed against his hand was pure love. *Oh my God.*

“Some days she has more salty than sweet in her, so she gets called Baby.” Lachlan smirked at the skinny cat. “She sneaks all over the place, demands food and plays in the water that comes out of the faucet. Goofball. I was too distracted earlier or you wouldn’t have tripped me,” he cooed to his pet. Insulted, or victorious—Ruby couldn’t tell—the cat streaked out of his arms, darted across the floor and disappeared.

She looked up and their eyes met. That zing, that connection buzzed.