

NOT YOUR CHILD by Lis Angus

EXCERPT

As I was putting on my coat, the doorbell rang. I looked out the window.

What the hell?

Daniel Kazan stood on my doorstep.

I went cold. *How dare he?* I flung open the door. “What are you doing here?” I exploded.

Confronting him, I saw that he was a few inches taller than me, and exuded a tense energy that raised my hackles. He raised his hands, palms out, a placating expression on his face. As if he were trying to calm me down or reassure me.

“I just want to talk to Hannah. I came early to catch her, before she leaves for school.”

I squared my shoulders. “Get out of here! You've been told to stay away from us!”

His face was in shadow. “I think it's fair to want to see Hannah. I've waited a long time.”

The guy is nuts. “She's not Hannah—she's my daughter. Maddy.”

“You're keeping her from me.” He was leaning toward me, and I had to keep from falling back. I couldn't let myself seem weak. If he thought he'd intimidated me, what would be his next move?

My heart pounded. My hands were curled tight, my nails biting into my palms. “Damn right I'm keeping her from you. Now get off my porch before I call the police!”

What if he wouldn't leave? I should call for help—but my phone was inside, and I didn't want to leave him on the porch unattended.