

# HOMECOMING CHAOS by D.W. Brooks

## EXCERPT

“Wait, wait. Hold on. Do you have a warrant? Do we need an attorney?” Jamison stood up, too. She was almost as tall as the detective and incredibly pretty up close, which caught him off guard. “Aren’t there proprietary issues at the lab?”

Nick paused and deferred to Ronald. Ronald chimed in. “We’re just trying to get information about this woman’s death. You can call a lawyer if you wish but retaining one may slow things down.”

“Hmmm.” Jamie stared at both detectives. She couldn’t read either of them, but the situation gave her pause. She recognized the importance of finding out what had happened to their employee. However, the family business needed to be shielded as much as possible. Jamie hadn’t been back long, and her brain was still cloudy and jet-lagged, but she recognized the potential perils in just letting the police roam free in the lab. “Dad, Mother, someone should call Richard,” she said, scrutinizing both parents.

Margaret said, “Good idea. I’ll call while I change. He can meet us there.” She gave the detective and the other officers a superior glance. “Richard Bradshaw, he’s a partner at Bradshaw, Taylor, and Kline, and he is our son-in-law.” She turned to walk into the master suite, with Gregory following.

Nick shook his head, and Ronald was less subtle with a steady scowl. Both had heard about Richard’s firm and peripherally knew Richard. This situation just got a lot more difficult. Nick didn’t suspect the family, but involving a lawyer usually complicated their police work. He turned back to Jamie, who was studying his reaction. He adjusted his face so she couldn’t sense his annoyance.

Jamie noted the subtle change and smiled to herself. She could tell she had annoyed him. Even annoyed, he’s pretty cute. “I need to get my coat. If you will excuse me,” she said, heading back to her bedroom.

Upstairs, Jamie changed clothes, retrieving a pair of skinny black jeans from her bag. As she slid into her jeans, her mind wandered to the detective. She typically dated guys that were taller than her—with her ex-fiancé being the lone exception—Eddie had been the same height. A strong jaw, wavy-ish hair, nice lips, and a commanding presence—which Jamie suspected the detective had in spades—didn’t hurt either. Just the type of guy she would typically go for if the circumstances were different. Rifling through the dresser, she found a white Henley shirt she’d left on a previous visit. She had

gained almost fifteen pounds since then, and the shirt fit snugly. She now had boobs! Placing the hat back on her head, she was glad she had an appointment at the hair salon later in the day.

Yikes, she thought after catching herself primping in the mirror. Am I trying to impress the detective who's investigating us? Girl, it has been a long time. Although he is hot. She shook her head exasperatedly.