

# LOVING LIZZIE FINN by Tamara Hughes

## EXCERPT

A spring in her step, Emma placed the rose gown on the bed and returned to the wardrobe. “I saw the most handsome man last night.”

Lizzie’s pulse leaped. “You did?” Had Emma seen the drunken stranger in Uncle’s study? The handsome intruder had occupied Lizzie’s thoughts all night long.

“Of course I did. He is a sight for sore eyes.” Emma returned with the green skirt and carefully looked it over Lizzie’s head. “Dark eyes, almost black in color, with a gaze so intense he nearly stole my breath.”

Yes. Exactly. As much as she’d tried, she couldn’t get the memory of those eyes out of her head.

Emma secured the skirt and grabbed the bodice. “And his hair, the same as his eyes, black as night.”

Slipping her arms into the sleeves, Lizzie disagreed, “I would hardly call it black, more a dark brown, the color of chestnuts. Which suits him quite well.” With strong, bold features, and a lean frame ... She smiled a little when she thought of him. A handsome devil to be sure.

Emma came around to face Lizzie and began to button the gown’s front. “No. I’m quite sure Felix has darker hair than that.”

“Felix?” Had that been his name?

“Yes, our new footman.”

Footman? Lizzie’s cheeks flamed, and her smile dissipated. The man she’d met last night was no footman. He’d spoken of running his family’s business. How embarrassing to be caught admiring a complete stranger. What was wrong with her?