

Love Inspired SUSPENSE

MOJAVE RESCUE

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Excerpt:

FINISH THIS. HE MEANS FINISH ME.

Desperate, Drina rolled to her back again. Her gaze swept the shed for an escape or a weapon...something. Maybe if she could get to that shovel...

The door opened before she could move. Norwood filled the portal. He looked taller. Still handsome in his black leather jacket and jeans. Like a dark messenger bringing death.

He held her backpack in his hands. Crossing the room, he knelt and laid it beside her. He was close enough for her to see the gray tint of his blue eyes and the taut tension lines along the side of his mouth. Suddenly, he winked.

Drina's eyes widened. What in the world...?

"Open the backpack and pull some of the money out on the floor." Whitson had followed Norwood in. "Make it look like we had a fight."

The man looked the way he sounded. Short. Shaved head. Solid...like a bodybuilder. And he had a gun clamped in one meaty fist.

"Here's the deal, Norwood. We can't make it look like she's the guilty party unless we shed just a little of your blood, too. So I'm gonna have to break your nose. You can imagine how unhappy that makes me." The man's grin radiated pure evil.

Drina's gaze darted back to Norwood's. He raised his eyebrows as if to say, "Ready?"

Ready for what?

Barely moving, his hand shifted ever so slightly beneath his jacket. Drina followed the movement and saw a gun tucked into his waistband. His finger flicked a lock.

Drina looked up, startled. He was going to shoot Whitson while she lay trussed up, helpless and in the direct line of fire.

Drina started to protest, to shake her head. Norwood

raised his eyebrows again and nodded a signaled countdown.
Once... Twice...

No, I'm not ready!

Her screamed protest was muffled by the tape and didn't stop Norwood's countdown. When he reached three, he rolled to his side, pulled the gun loose and fired.