

Excerpt: Danger in Paradise

After dinner, she found a quiet club at the hotel and ordered a cappuccino. As she looked around she saw the tennis pro standing by the bar, two gorgeous, model-thin women beside him. The women were talking animatedly and it was clear he was enjoying the attention.

He looked up and caught her gaze. A look of puzzlement crossed his face, followed by recognition. He excused himself from his companions and walked to her table.

“May I join you?” He sat down without waiting for her answer. Obviously, he was accustomed to having his way. For a second, Kristan was tempted to say “no” just to see what his reaction would be, but she also felt flattered, knowing that it was shallow, to be preferred over the model-types.

“I’m Stan Smith. You’re...?” he raised an eyebrow.

“Kristan Johnson,” she said, feeling flustered. “You’re the tennis pro?”

He nodded and snapped his fingers to the waiter for a round of drinks. “Part-time. Why don’t you sign up for lessons?”

Kristan blushed and hoped it was dark enough for him not to see. “I’m not very good at tennis.”

He leaned forward and laid his hand over hers. “I’m a good teacher.”

His touch felt like fire. She was glad when the drinks arrived. He grinned and lifted his glass in salute. “Trust me,” he said.