

Deana smiled as Tristan packed three fully loaded bags into the trunk of his Ferrari. “I can’t thank you enough for buying me an entire wardrobe.” She hadn’t exactly counted on time-traveling and had left her purse and traveler’s checks inside the manor in 2007. However, Tristan was a true gentleman and had offered to pay for everything. “If I can find a way to reimburse you, I will.”

“Don’t bother yourself over it. I rather enjoyed the way you modeled each dress for me as you stepped out of the fitting room. You looked prettier than a summer’s day with each one you tried on.”

Her jaw dropped. He actually complimented her? This man who she’d gawked at every day on her mother’s Acid Moon album cover had just said the sweetest thing. To *her*. Maybe Tristan wasn’t really such a grouch after all.

“T-thank you. You have no idea how much that means to me coming from you.” He shut the trunk and turned to face her.

She melted and dove straight into those pools of blue when his gaze met with hers.

“I mean it, Deana. I might think you are a bit daft, but you are the prettiest girl I’ve seen in a long time.”

She couldn’t breathe. Oh God, he leaned his head down a bit and his lips were so close that her knees wobbled. Could she kiss him without passing out? Then it struck her that he’d just called her crazy.

“I don’t know if you should kiss a daft woman.” She turned her head.

He gently stroked her cheek, compelling her to face him. “I only said you were a *little* daft. That’s not a bad thing. Even my mum acts like a bit of a loon from time to time. I like it—makes you spirited and fun to be with. And I want to kiss the slightly daft, very beautiful woman standing before me.”

She laughed. “Since you put it that—”

Tristan cut her off with his mouth. He pulled her close, crushing her against the hardness of his chest. She inhaled his spicy, woody scent. He was lean and hard all over, just the way a real man should be. His kissing technique surpassed every expectation. He knew just how to duel with her tongue and he tasted like peppermint. Her wish really had come true.

A sudden blast of gunfire broke the spell and a bullet whizzed by just inches away from both of them.

“Bloody hell...” Tristan pushed her away. “Go. Get into the car. Now!”

Not wanting to argue at a moment like this, she jumped into his Ferrari without even opening the door. In a flash, he took his seat and gripped his keys hanging from the ignition.

Her heart pounded in her chest and her fingers trembled as she touched his shoulder. “Do you think whoever shot at us...are they still here?”

“I don’t know. But I don’t intend to stay and find out.” He started the car and slammed his foot on the gas, peeling out of the parking lot as fast as he could.