

EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER TWO

FLASHBACK

Sabrina let Jeremy in, and he stared at Mason's black silk robe, her only item of clothing.

"What the hell is going on here?"

Sabrina immediately went on the defensive.

"I think you can guess." She pointed to the stove. "Spatula, frying pan, a dozen eggs. Would you like some?"

"This is bloody priceless. Mason must be out of his mind."

"We were afraid you might think so. The age difference seems to be a problem for everyone but us."

Jeremy clenched his jaw. "How long have you been...?"

"Involved?" Mason offered, from the hallway. He had put on a pair of gray sweatpants.

"Since the Belize expedition," Sabrina answered.

"A year, then?"

Mason strolled across the kitchen and put his arm around Sabrina's shoulders.

"I seem to have forgotten about our run this morning. Sorry about that."

Jeremy ignored the apology. "I wonder what the Dean would think about the university's famous archeologist seducing – or being seduced by – a poor, young gold digger of a college girl."

Sabrina drew in her breath sharply.

“Careful, old sport.” The tone of Mason’s voice belied his smile. “You’re talking about my future wife.”

“What?” Sabrina and Jeremy sputtered the word in unison.

Mason turned his new fiancée around and kissed her lightly on the mouth. “I know I haven’t asked you officially yet, darling, but I assume you find the idea attractive.”

“Of course she does,” Jeremy said harshly. “This is what she’s been planning from the start.”

Sabrina had gotten lost in her lover’s laughing gray eyes. She let Mason respond to this latest insult.

“My dear boy, if I didn’t know better, I would think you were jealous.”

There was a long moment of silence.

“This will never work,” Jeremy said finally, in a voice so still it made Sabrina look at him. His blue-black eyes trapped and held hers for what felt like an eternity.

Then he turned on his heel and walked out.