

Against Doctor's Orders Book Excerpt:

He saw pinpoints of light on his closed lids. “Wow,” the word gushed from his lips. He held her as she snuggled against his chest, both trembling in the aftermath.

“I hear bells,” she said.

“Honey, I hear bells, too. I think it’s your phone.”

His cell phone rang and they pulled back to look at each other.

“This can’t be good news.” He kissed her before he helped her slide off his lap, mostly naked and tantalizing, into her seat. She dove for her purse.

They both dealt with the calls while they grabbed their clothes and wiggled into them.

He fished an emergency beacon out of his glove compartment and set it on the top of his car. The rotating light washed the grass and tree limbs with red swirls.

“He’s hit again,” he said as he started the car. “We’ve got a live victim on the Eisenhower Expressway five minutes away from Chicago Regional.”

“I know,” she said. “They’re trying to patch me in to the paramedics now.” He thrust the gearshift into reverse, tossed his arm over his seat and floored the accelerator. “Seat belt on?”

She nodded.

He backed the car down the path full tilt. Seatbelts strained as the impacts from the bumpy road jolted them in their seats. The tires hit asphalt and he slammed on the brakes. All the anti-skid devices in the car engaged with a mechanical moan and they fishtailed onto the road. He floored the car again and they took off.

He wanted to tell her what their trip to lovers lane meant to him. But there had to be time for that later. Not now. He could only think one thing. A break. This could be the break I need to stop the bastard.

He heard her calm voice on the phone as he wove among the sparse cars on the expressway and thanked God for the V-8 engine that blasted them down the road over a hundred miles per hour.

“They’re there,” she said as she snapped her phone shut. “My team’s ready for her.”