

Tails of Love: Excerpts

Donna MacMeans, *"Lord Hairy"*

"He's not a hell hound, Patsy. Ashton is just rather big..." Hannah glanced down at the dog whose backside was level with her hips and, at the moment, damp. "I can imagine the sight of him would scare Dicken. But he's not evil, just friendly."

Patsy lowered her hands just enough to peek over them. "What did you call him?"

"Ashton. Lord Hairy Ashton to be exact." Hannah managed a weak smile. "He's rather fond of your dormers, and the basket they came in." She handed the empty basket to Patsy, noting her raised brow at the gnawed handle. "I've given him a bath, or I should say —"

A crash and a splintering of porcelain interrupted. In directing Ashton away from one potential calamity, she had managed to back him into another. One of her stepmother's decorative plates lay in pieces on the floor. "He's given me one," she finished.

Sarah McCarty, *"Danny's Dog"*

His thumb stroked over the back of hers in a hauntingly familiar comfort. His grip didn't loosen. "I've been waiting six months for this moment, and I've got to tell you, sweet, I'm damn tired of waiting."

The statement lashed over the open wound of her guilt. Tears seared her eyes as the agony rose in a whirling twist, hoarsening her voice. "I'm giving you a divorce. What more do you want from me?"

He took the leash from her hand. His pale grey eyes met hers. "What I've always wanted. My wife."

