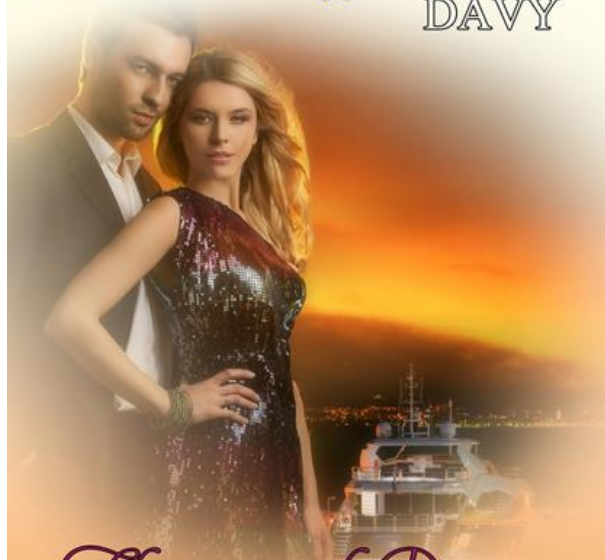




WENDY
DAVY



Flirting with Danger

IN A GAME OF CAT-AND-MOUSE
WILL THEY SEEK THE THRILL OF THE CHASE
OR EACH OTHER?

Flirting with Danger

Wendy Davy

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Flirting with Danger

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Cover Art by *Nicola Martinez*

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www.pelicanbookgroup.com PO Box 1738 *Aztec, NM * 87410
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Publishing History

First Pure Amore Edition, 2015

Paperback Edition ISBN 978-1-61116-493-0

Electronic Edition ISBN 978-1-61116-490-9

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

For Samantha, Travis, Jessica, Nikki, Katie,
Branden, and Zoey. May you walk with God
each day of your lives...I love you!

What People are Saying

You Can't Hide ~

...I enjoyed the way the characters prayed simple, yet honest prayers and how convincing the storyline was from beginning to end. This action packed story kept my interest throughout and did not disappoint.

~ Sharee (TBCN)

*2013 Inspirational Readers Choice Award Finalist ~
Deadly Chase ~*

DEADLY CHASE was filled with suspense as well as sweet blissful romance...If you love reading a good romance story with a twist of suspense, then this book is for you. You will not regret it.

~ CozyReader, The Romance Reviews

*First place winner in the 2010 San Antonio
Romance Author's Merritt Contest ~ Reluctant
Bridesmaid ~*

I highly recommend this book to all. It is written so that young adults can enjoy it as well as any others who enjoy a beautiful storyline...

~ The Romance Studio ~ Brenda Talley

"Be still, and know that I am God..." Psalm 46:10

1

Clearwater, Florida

Gavin Sykes stilled as the low, steady hum of twin jet engines vibrated the air. He set down his wrench and stepped away from the Skyhawk. He swiped grease from his palms and allowed a slow smile to spread across his face.

"Well, isn't that something? Your plan might actually work." Rusty smoothed fingers along his graying moustache, a hint of admiration in his eyes.

"Of course it will." Gavin had been meticulous in his efforts and had left nothing to chance.

He strode across the airplane hangar to join Rusty in the massive, open doorway. A slight breeze disrupted the summer's humid air, cooling his damp forehead as he scanned the cloudless sky. He caught a glint of silver as the Cessna Citation approached the

landing strip.

Gavin appreciated the pilot's skilled hand as the sleek jet sliced through the air, steady and unwavering in its descent.

"Could be cutting it close landing here," Rusty commented.

"The Citation has plenty of space to land. It's the taking off that could be dicey." Gavin hadn't flown such a luxurious plane yet, but had enough experience piloting various aircraft to know the challenges of maneuvering a private jet around a small airstrip. He'd taken that, among many other factors into consideration before making arrangements.

"I'm surprised you convinced him to land here at all."

With Gavin's long list of contacts, finding the plane's location had been almost too easy. He'd actually been disappointed the hunt had ended with a few phone calls—until he'd decided he would take things a step further, see if he could get the plane to come to him.

And, he had.

A sense of satisfaction coursed through his veins. "Given enough incentive, people will agree to just about anything."

Rusty tucked hands into his pockets and rocked back on his heels. "How much money did you offer this guy for a chance to fly his

plane, anyway?"

"Didn't specify. All I told him was that I could take care of his overdue payments."

"That may be true, but I don't think he understood exactly how you plan to eradicate his debt."

"That's what I'm counting on." Gavin had been careful to remain as honest as possible. He did want to fly the plane. In fact, he'd spent the better part of a week daydreaming about it. Although he enjoyed flying his single engine Skyhawk, the sensible four-seater couldn't compare to a luxurious ten million dollar jet.

"You have the repossession orders close by?" Rusty cast a glance over his shoulder toward the makeshift office tucked in the hangar's corner.

"I know exactly where the papers are." The desk might look a mess, but he kept everything in a specific place. "I called the authorities earlier. They're fully informed of what's happening. Even if Malcolm Foster calls 911, they won't interfere."

"Maybe the police should be here just in case."

"I don't anticipate any real threat."

"Exactly how do you think Foster will react when you announce you're repossessing his jet instead of taking it for a joy ride over

the Everglades?"

"I'm not worried." Even if the young, self-made millionaire put up a fight, Gavin had been in enough brawls; he could hold his own.

The jet engine's roar prevented further conversation as the plane landed and taxied toward the hangar.

The thrill Gavin had been seeking hit him full on; the adrenaline rush, the satisfaction of righting a wrong. Perhaps if he repossessed enough expensive machines he could atone for the damage he'd done in his rebellious youth.

Then again, nothing could change the past.

Gavin absently ran calloused fingers over the tattooed flames imprinted on his right shoulder—what had been an act of defiance had turned into a permanent reminder of the path he'd once chosen.

He shivered in spite of the heat. *Thank You, Father for saving me from what could've been.*

Rusty gave one of his knowing glances.

Gavin didn't feel like justifying his actions; past or present. He waited until the Citation rolled to a stop on the tarmac and the pilot cut the engines. "I know what you're going to say, so don't." He respected the man,

would lay down his life for him, but some things were best left unsaid. If Rusty wondered why Gavin chose to live life on the edge, he'd have to keep guessing.

"Is it that terrible that I want to see my son live long enough to give me grandchildren?"

"Rusty..." Gavin let out a sigh.

"When are you going to start calling me Dad again? It has been years."

Gavin tensed. It had been well over a decade. But, he didn't have time to think on it now; Malcolm Foster was about to emerge from the plane. "Did I ever tell you your timing stinks?"

Rusty chuckled. "About every day."

"Lot of good it does." Gavin grumbled, but in spite of his harsh tone, he enjoyed the bantering. Sparring with Rusty kept life entertaining.

Gavin leaned a shoulder against the hangar's concrete wall and crossed his ankles. The Citation's fifty foot wingspan stretched nearly as wide as the runway. Crisp red, white and blue streaks decorated the silver fuselage, giving the plane a patriotic look. The jet in its entirety was a fine-tuned work of art.

Gavin could hardly wait to slide into the cockpit.

The cooling afternoon breeze stilled, and Rusty took a step back out of the sun's hot rays. "You really do love this, don't you?"

He did. And, he was glad Rusty was there to be a part of it.

The jet's door opened. A staircase lowered. A man, short on stature but not lacking in style exited the plane. His suit and tie spoke of wealth and influence. His arrogant stride overcame his youthful appearance as he descended the stairs and stepped onto the sweltering tarmac.

"Thought he'd be taller," Rusty observed.

Gavin had imagined the same, but didn't comment as a flash of movement within the plane caught his attention.

A redhead with long, lean legs stepped out. She wore rhinestone dotted high heels and an eye-catching dress. Gavin took in the shapely figure, appreciating every curve.

"Did you know about Foster's...guest?" Rusty glanced toward Gavin.

He hadn't.

She made her way down the stairs, adjusted designer sunglasses and tucked a hand into Foster's awaiting arm. She giggled, and her flirtatious laughter sprinkled the air.

Gavin didn't know where she'd come from, but he did know Foster had left Miami without any guests on board. "Must've

stopped somewhere along the way and picked her up."

Although she appeared harmless, her unexpected presence could cause some disruption—especially if he kept focusing on her instead of Foster. Gavin absently rubbed his tattoo, forcing a smile as they approached.

A mixture of expensive cologne and flowery perfume surrounded him as the couple sauntered into the doorway. "Welcome to Clearwater." Gavin shook Malcolm Foster's extended hand and nodded toward the woman. "I'm Gavin Sykes."

Rusty stepped forward and shook Foster's hand next. "Glad you've arrived safely."

"Just as planned." Foster looked around the hangar.

Gavin lounged against the wall. "Quite a beauty you have there."

The woman's white-toothed smile widened and she tossed her wavy hair over her shoulder. She all but purred as she snuggled beside Foster. "Thank you."

Gavin gave her a pointed look. "I meant the jet."

Her smile faltered.

"Please excuse my son. Sometimes he has a one track mind." Rusty took up the woman's hand and held it between his palms.

"Have we met before? You look familiar."

She shrugged. "I get that a lot."

Rusty released her, and Foster draped an arm across her shoulder. "She's an actress."

"I'll bet," Gavin muttered under his breath. In spite of her fair skin, no freckles sprinkled her nose or cheeks—odd for a redhead. Perhaps she'd had them surgically removed.

She cast a narrow-eyed glance toward him, but kept her sunglasses in place.

Gavin looked past her. The pilot had yet to exit the plane. He didn't want to confiscate the aircraft until it was empty. He considered ways to delay. "I bet the temperature is near one-hundred degrees today. Would either of you care for a soda?"

"Do you have diet?" The woman fiddled with fire-red fingernails. She stifled a yawn as if bored.

"Sorry, sweetheart. We only drink the real stuff."

She tilted her head and peeked over dark lenses. Her tight smile looked forced. "No thanks."

Gavin dismissed her, but something niggled at his conscience and he returned his gaze.

She removed her sunglasses. Sea-green eyes held not only defiance, but something he

hadn't expected—intelligence. "You know, it is rude to stare."

"Just appreciating God's handiwork." She was an incredibly attractive woman. But of course, she already knew that. "But, I prefer blondes."

"How unlucky for them."

Not the answer he expected. Gavin couldn't help but smile. It wasn't often a woman surprised him.

"I found her first." Foster chimed in. "I've got dibs."

Dibs? Either Gavin was getting older, or the younger generation was getting younger. Malcolm Foster could not have just said that.

The woman rolled her eyes, and in spite of himself, Gavin began to like her.

Better get back on track, he did have a plane to repossess.

Gavin pivoted and headed toward the office. The sectioned off area held a desk, two chairs, a futon and file cabinets. The furniture didn't match, but he didn't care. The place was functional. He grabbed three sodas from a small fridge and returned to the group. He handed a can to Rusty and one to Foster as the two conversed.

He popped the lid on his drink and took a sip.

The woman stepped toward the

Skyhawk and peered at the open engine compartment. He'd been replacing parts for the past two weeks and tools lay scattered about. She lifted a screwdriver, inspected it and shook her head.

Gavin was proud of his plane, even if it was in pieces. He ambled toward her, prepared to defend his pride and joy. "It's small, but it does the job."

"Uh huh." She gave him a sidelong glance. "If size doesn't matter, why do you want to fly Malcolm's plane? Or, can't you get yours in the air?"

"My plane flies fine." He patted the bright yellow fuselage. "It just needs some TLC now and then."

Her brows rose. She glanced over his six-foot two inch frame as if he wouldn't know tenderness if it hit him square in the face. "Well, good luck with that." She turned and lifted her voice. "Malcolm, darling. I'm melting in this heat. I'm going back to the plane." She took a step away.

Gavin wasn't finished with her yet. He did have a gentler side, even if he didn't show it very often. "I didn't catch your name."

She pivoted. "You didn't ask."

"I'm asking now."

"Does it matter?" A slight smile lifted her

lips as she gestured toward Foster. "He's already called dibs, remember?" She sashayed away, hips gliding side to side as if she'd spent hours practicing. She stopped long enough to give Foster a peck on the cheek. "Catch you later."

Gavin's irritation spiraled. If he had to toss out the redhead and the pilot before commandeering the plane, so be it. He might even enjoy it. But first, he had to inform Foster that Summit International Bank had contracted him to take possession of the jet, and then fly it to New York where it would be placed up for auction. His commission would be in the mail within days. Then maybe he could finish the Skyhawk's repairs.

With that thought in mind, he approached Foster. "I'm afraid I have some bad news for you." He clapped the man on his shoulder, not feeling one bit sorry for the jet-setter. "When I take the Citation for a ride, you're not coming with me."

Foster's smile faded. "What do you mean?"

"Remember those letters and phone calls you've been receiving from Summit International?"

The young man loosened his tie. "How do you know about that?"

"That plane" —Gavin pointed toward the

jet—"is no longer yours."

Foster paled. "Y-you can't take my property." He edged toward the tarmac.

Gavin straightened to his full height and stepped between Foster and the doorway. "Rusty. Mind grabbing the orders for me? They're on the right side of the desk next to the paperclips."

Rusty stepped away, rifled around. "There's an unopened envelope from the bank."

Gavin had forgotten about the correspondence he'd received last week, and had yet to open it. "Not that one. Look under it." He kept his gaze on Foster. The little guy might be armed. Yeah, it was a stretch, but he'd been surprised before. The scar on his left bicep served as a reminder every time he began to feel secure.

"Got it." Rusty returned and handed over the papers.

Foster glanced at the signatures, and then promptly ripped apart the contract. "There. Now you don't have any right to take my jet."

Really? Gavin grasped Foster's arm. "You didn't actually think that was the only copy, did you?"

A flush spread across the man's face. "I suppose telling you the check's in the mail won't change your mind?"

"It's gone way beyond that now. Before you decided to destroy my property" —Gavin glanced at the papers strewn on the concrete floor and tightened his grip on Foster's arm — "I might've been generous enough to allow you to collect your personal belongings from the plane. As it stands everything inside is now fair game."

He thought of the woman and imagined the look on her pretty face when she learned her rich boyfriend was broke—that alone would be worth all his efforts.

"How am I supposed to get home?"

"You can catch a commercial flight."

"C-commercial?" Foster's pale skin turned ashen.

"Yep. Maybe if you're nice they'll give you a pack of peanuts." Gavin shouldn't be enjoying this so much, but he was. People who thought themselves above others plucked his nerves.

The Citation's jet engines started and cut off Foster's reply.

Gavin released Foster's arm and strode toward the tarmac. The Citation's stairway had been set back into place, the doors closed. Inside the cockpit, a flash of red hair caught his attention. Then, the wheels began to move.

"What does she think she's doing?"