

## **Coming Soon ~ New Contemporary Military Romantic Suspense from Jacki Delecki**

Aiden straightened as Finn nodded to him and wrapped his arm around Jordan to turn her around toward him. “What do you think of your new bodyguard?” Finn flashed the shit-eating grin that always spelled trouble. “Probably not as fit as Peter.” And then the bastard winked.

Jordan chewed on her lower lip and looked down at Aiden’s black dress loafers. Her straight little nose tilted up when her perusal reached the top of his military-style haircut. “Well, he’s definitely bigger than Peter.”

“I’m sure he is bigger.” Finn’s mouth was twitching as he tried not to crack up.

Ignoring him, Jordan asked, “Aiden is a friend?”

“Yep. He’s helping out because he owes me a favor.”

He sure as hell hoped Finn wasn’t going to go into details about rescuing him after the IED explosion. But he doubted Finn would share that information since the mission was still classified and still a nightmare kind of painful. Knowing Finn’s penchant for practical jokes, he’d probably tell Jordan how he ran interference for Aiden when he was being stalked by a batshit crazy woman.

“What kind of favor?” Jordan searched his face. “Are you a Navy SEAL too?”

“Navy SEAL?” Now, this was going to be entertaining—and all at Finn’s expense. “Please! Do I look like a frat boy?”

“Frat boy?” She stuck out her chin in challenge. “But Finn was never in a fraternity.”

Finn shook his head, palms held out, like he was holding off a ravaging horde. “Don’t get him started, please.”

“But I don’t understand.” Jordan looked between them.

“Oh, God. Here we go.” Finn rolled his eyes.

Aiden spoke in his best military officer voice, letting Finn know that two could play this game. “Unlike other special units, who pass rigorous tests and go through battle, the SEALs vote for each other, like a Fraternity Rush.”

“Oh, that’s not true.” Jordan stepped in front of Finn as if to protect him from Aiden. As if she could. It took all his effort not to wipe the smirk off Finn’s face.

“Finn had to go for six months of BUDS specialized training. And survive in Arctic water. Most of the men don’t make the cut.”

Besides being gorgeous and smart, Jordan Dean was loyal. He admired loyalty. It was the anchor that kept your head screwed on right in his shadowy, dark world where the lines between right and wrong got blurry. Hell, sometimes they barely existed. He couldn’t drag his eyes away from her bright, earnest face.

Finn’s broad, Nordic face beamed. “You’re absolutely right, honey.” He draped his arm around Jordan’s shoulders again, pushing Aiden to react.

He could take all the ribbing Finn dished out, but this woman, with her fiery gaze and fierce loyalty to her sister, to Harry, and now to Finn, promised a messy tangle of murky emotions he was no more willing to explore than he would a landmine.

He gave himself a mental kick in the ass—guarding her was a fast, one-week favor. He was on extended leave after the Philippines. He came to Seattle for a break before returning home as the prodigal son. He needed time away from everything and everyone, and to spend time with Finn, who didn’t expect conversation or in-depth analysis of emotions or any psycho-babble. A very quick, seven-day favor.

And he was already quite sure Jordan Dean wasn’t a woman for casual sex—a hot night or six nights of mutual pleasure with no strings attached. She definitely had strings, strings that wrapped around a man and left him bound up with remorse and regrets.

Finn still had that cracker-ass grin, despite his serious tone. “I’m sure if we ever shared a high-seas mission, I’d have to save Aiden’s ass. He’s obviously not a swimmer—all mass, slow to move. He’d be dead weight in the water.”

Aiden laughed out loud at Finn’s outrageous accusation. Delta mastered every survival skill, including cold water immersion.

And Finn knew it. The idea of an average-sized Finn, at 6 feet and less than 200 pounds, rescuing him at six-five and 280 was laughable. Of course, he had learned the very hard way in Afghanistan that Finn was totally capable of dragging a man twice his size.

“And did I mention, Jordan, that Special Forces guys are also modest?” Finn was looking down at Jordan with the same boyish grin Aiden had seen him use to seduce loads of women.

“You’re such a smart—” Aiden stopped in mid-sentence and felt heat rush to his face. He had been away from polite society and “nice” women far too long.

Finn and Jordan both laughed. Somehow Finn’s loud, boisterous laugh didn’t obscure Jordan’s snicker.

He found himself grinning at Jordan.

“If you’re not a Navy SEAL like Finn, how do you know each other? And don’t say that’s classified.”

“But, ma’am, it is classified.”

Finn could barely get the words out from cracking up. “He’s Special Forces, but don’t let the ‘special’ fool you. He just thinks he’s special.”

Jordan’s smile disappeared, her teasing manner gone. Her wide, green eyes searched Aiden’s. “You’re like Finn—risking your life, going off on secret missions that no one who cares about you can ever know about.”

Risking his life was easier than fighting his irrational attraction to this woman.

**Coming 2018**