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**An Arresting Attraction**  
To Protect & Serve, Heroes in Uniform  
*Book Two*

by

Stef Ann Holm  
*USA Today Bestselling Author*

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AN ARRESTING ATTRACTION
Reviews & Accolades

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"Stef Ann Holm at her sexy and irresistible best."  
~*New York Times* bestselling author Carly Phillips

"...a feel good tale about people who find love in the most  
unexpected places...grab a copy and enjoy!"  
~*Romance Reviews Today*, Sandra Brill

"...a satisfying romance..."  
~*All About Romance*, Mary Sophia Novak

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"Looks like there's a party here tonight," he commented, taking the seat next to hers.

Her entire career was hanging in the balance and, in the middle of the chaos, this man's appearance attracted her in a purely physical manner. His height, his breadth, the way he carried himself with a hint of street smarts and not all *GQ* masculinity.

"It's a going-away party," she informed him, damning the heat of a blush on her cheeks.

His lips completely captured her attention when he asked, "So who's going away?"

"Me." There was no hesitation in her tone, yet the "M" sounded like she'd hummed it. She gazed at her martini glass. Half full.

"That's too bad," he drawled, making her wonder where he was from. He had an accent she couldn't quite place. It reminded her of the South, but the sound wasn't country and western twang.

"But I'm not leaving right away," she replied, surprised she had admitted so much to a stranger.

"Then I'll be seeing you around." The thickness of lashes that framed his to-die-for chocolate-colored eyes claimed her attention.

Everything inside her zeroed in on the warmth of his gaze. "You're new in town."

"That obvious?"

"Yes... no. I mean, I would have remembered seeing you before."

"Just got here."

"And what brings you to Majestic?"

"Work."

Just as she had suspected. The hiking boots and worn jeans, the height and the muscles, his tall, lean body—he was built solid enough to paddle upriver without breaking a sweat.

"You'll like it here." A note of melancholy drifted into her voice as she thought about everything she would miss when she moved. She envied him for his arrival.

Touching the stem of her glass, she caught a bead of moisture on her fingertips. "The local pace is slow, but we have a lot of interesting people come through our Main Street. We get visitors from Los Angeles and New York—mostly actors and actresses, sometimes musicians and sports players coming to spend time in our beautiful mountains."

Close to her on the bar stool heat radiated from him and she could almost feel the rough texture of his jeans against her bare leg.

He nodded with a half-smile, his teeth even and straight against firm lips. "So which celeb drives a red Tahoe?"

Lanie's hand froze. She studied his scowling profile and her stomach felt as if it would collapse. "Uh, why?"

He popped a few salted peanuts into his mouth. "The driver almost clipped me in an intersection."

Lanie suddenly became preoccupied with dusting sugar crumbs off the bar top.

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