

Excerpt

“The bottom line – and once again, no pun intended – is I think you might have overstayed your welcome in my home, Ezekiel. Much like the smell of fish, unwanted guests begin to stink after the third day and you’ve been smelling something fierce for a while now,” she informed him primly, clasping her hands in front of her waist as she stared innocently at him.

“Now, Honor,” Zeke chided, amused. “What would your mother say right now about that most unwelcoming attitude you have?”

“Holy crap. He brought Momma into it,” Faith whispered violently to Harmony.

“The fool’s clearly lost his mind,” Harmony returned uneasily.

“Moron,” Aunt Orla cackled. “Harriet, God rest her soul, woulda cut your ding-a-ling off at the root for streakin’ in her kitchen.”

“True though that may be, Auntie, I think my mother would be impressed that I’ve managed to maintain my sanity for this long. She raised me to be a good hostess, and heaven knows, I’ve tried. But you, Ezekiel, could make a preacher cuss on Sunday. You’ve been nothing but a demanding, domineering pain in my derriere since you took my house hostage. I swear, you shadow me when I so much as wander toward the bathroom. And when it’s not you, it’s one of your trained monkeys watching me like some kind of science experiment. I’ve had enough! I told you last night that I intended to come back to work and find some kind of normalcy again. You chose to believe I’d cede to your will. Your error in judgment doesn’t translate into being either my fault or my problem.”

“No, but willfully draining the air from my tires most certainly is,” Zeke roared. “What if I’d gotten a call out?”

“The SUV Abel loaned me – but you STILL won’t allow me to drive – is parked in the garage.” Seeing the look of shock on his face, Honor smiled. “Forgot about that, didn’t you?”

“Don’t get cocky, Kitten. I’m in no mood. You know what this argument is really over just like I do. You shouldn’t BE here!”

“This is EXACTLY where I need to be,” she growled back, matching his tone as the two combatants faced each other. “It’s MY business, Zeke. That back there,” she continued, waving a hand toward the back of the restaurant, “is MY kitchen where I do MY work. Seriously, if somebody said, ‘Don’t go be a Sheriff today, it’s too dangerous,’ you’d tell them that it’s your job and to check themselves into the nearest mental hospital. Why do you think I’d feel any less dedicated to my work?”

“At the moment, nobody is gunnin’ for me,” Zeke snapped, rapidly losing his patience with the infuriating woman standing across from him.

“I wouldn’t bet on THAT,” Honor returned purposefully, looking the lawman up and down.

“Is that a threat you’re making to a sworn officer of the law, Miss McKinnon? Because it sure sounded like one.”

Smiling that gentle sweet smile of hers that never failed to simultaneously melt his heart and harden his dick, Honor shook her head. “Of course not, Sheriff. Don’t be silly. A threat implies that I might not follow through on things. This is a promise from me to you, Zeke. So, listen up,” she announced, going from the sugar-wouldn’t-melt-in-her-mouth tone he adored to the I-will-rip-off-your-dick-and-shove-it-where-the-sun-don’t-shine voice that never failed to get his blood pumping.

“I’m all ears, darlin’,” he replied easily, propping one hand against the counter as he leaned over it toward her. “I do love it when you make me promises.” Honor made a noise of disgust as she shot him a look that should have frozen his blood to ice, but somehow just managed to make him hotter for her.

“Get out of my café, Sheriff, and take your Redneck Gestapo with you! And don’t forget Deputy Hightower who’s skulking back there in the corner tryin’ his best to be invisible,” she ordered, pointing at where his uncomfortable subordinate was trying to slump in a back booth. It was kinda hard to do when a guy was over six feet tall.

“Or what?” Zeke dared her with an insolent grin.

“Otherwise, I’m gonna be forced to bring out the pressure washer and start hosing down all the unwanted pests around this place, and I promise I’ll start with you, Sheriff Monroe.”
He could tell by the set of her jaw that she was serious. His little Kitten had become a Tigress at some point this morning. And damn, if that didn’t turn him on, too.



The book cover for 'Man of Honor' features a shirtless cowboy in a brown hat and blue jeans, looking down. A silver sheriff's star is visible in the background. The title 'MAN OF HONOR' is written in large, bold, blue letters, with 'a Passion in Paradise novel' in smaller text above it. The author's name, 'Sarah O'Rourke', is written in a cursive font at the bottom.

“Just remember, sugar, marriage can be summed up with three rules.

First, when there’s a choice to be made, always choose love.
Second, remember that forgiveness may be divine, but angry sex is also awesome.



Two silver wedding rings are shown on a dark, textured surface. One ring is standing upright, and the other is lying flat next to it.

And third, and this may be the most important rule... when on your knees, aim to please.”