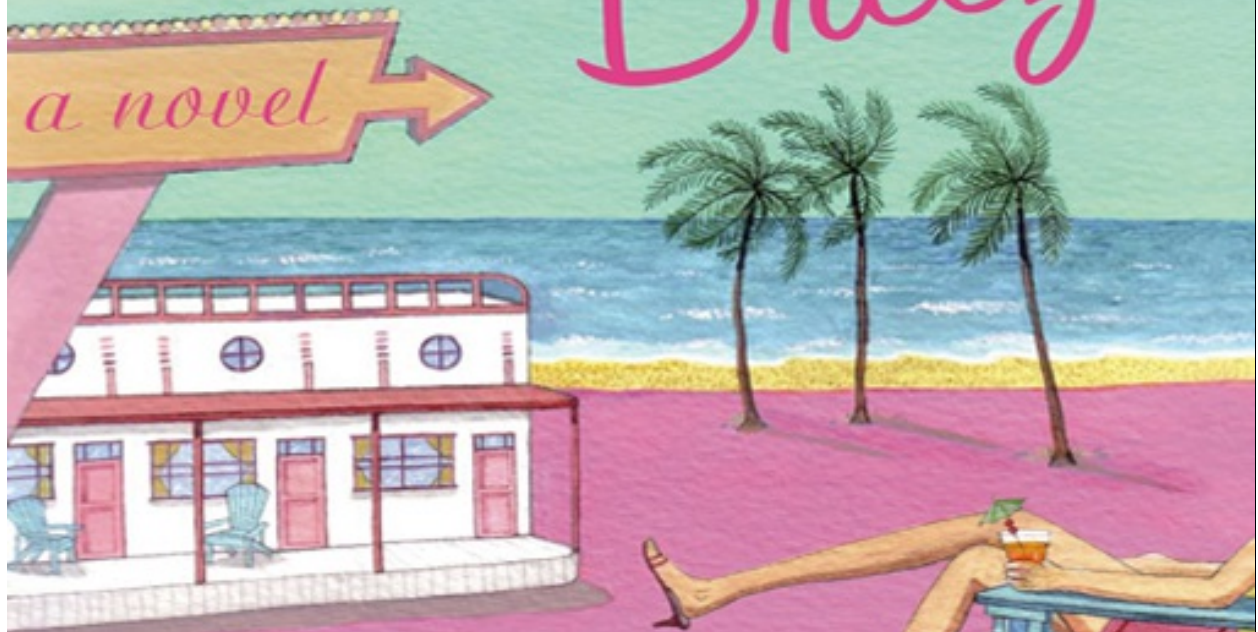


Savannah Breeze

a novel →



BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF
SAVANNAH BLUES & HISSY FIT

Mary Kay Andrews

Savannah Breeze

Mary Kay Andrews

 HarperCollins e-books

For Patti Hogan Coyle, "She ain't heavy, she's my sister!" With love.

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1

He was introduced to me as “Reddy”—short for Ryan Edward Millbanks III. And I should have known better. He was younger. Too young. Sexy. Too sexy. Dead sexy. Exquisite manners. And as he leaned in, kissing me lightly on the cheek, I nearly fainted from the pheromones the man emitted. “I’ve heard so much about you from your ex-husband,” he whispered, his mustache tickling my ear.

Alarms should have gone off. Sirens, blinking lights. Robotic voices should have warned me away. But the band was playing something Gershwinish, and I wouldn’t have listened anyway. I only heard what I wanted to hear.

At the mention of my ex, I looked around the tightly packed ballroom with alarm. “Richard? What’s Richard doing here? They were supposed to notify me when he was released.”

Reddy looked confused and laughed to cover up his embarrassment. “Richard? But...Sandy Thayer told me, I mean, well, Sandy said you were his ex-wife. That is, he pointed in this direction and suggested I come talk to you. In fact, he suggested you might need rescuing from your date. You are BeBe Loudermilk, have I got that right?”

Now it was my turn to laugh. “Oh, Sandy. Yes, you’ve got that right. Sandy is my ex. Or I’m his. Twice, in fact. Sorry, I’ve been drinking wine all night. As for my date, I’m not sure he remembers he brought me.” I grimaced in the direction of Tater Love, my so-called date, who’d spent most of the evening drooling down the front of my ball gown, and who was now draped over the bar, consuming one beer after another.