

On the ride back to Vista Road silence prevailed. He didn't know what she was thinking about. He didn't even know what he was thinking about. Lights were on behind the closed curtains of the house. He parked short of the driveway, where the nearest streetlight filled the front seat with a dim glow.

"Thank you," she said. "I enjoyed it, and I appreciate you keeping me up to date on the investigation."

"Is that what I was doing?"

She gave him an enigmatic smile. She had said she found him attractive, but as a kind of conventional compliment. He wondered if she could be as attracted to him as he was to her. He thought yes, but there would be hell to pay if he was wrong—and even if he was right. She was a witness, a lying, maddening witness, and it was unprofessional to think of her in any other way, but something *was* happening between them. He studied the sensitive curve of her slightly parted lips. She had retouched her lipstick in Quique's restroom, a bare hint of color.

He kissed her. Her mouth surprised him, soft and sweet and willing, almost hungry, but with something held back. She was scared, but she wanted this. They were not investigator and witness; they were two people trying to find their way to—what? He didn't know.