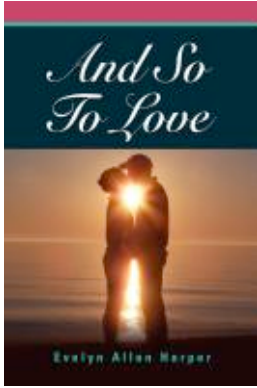


*And So
To Love*



Evelyn Allen Harper



Our friends at Allen Real Estate are drawn into the world of politics when a young boy, the extra-marital son of a presidential candidate, is rescued from a burning building. Hiding the boy's identity becomes a game that turns deadly for the fireman who tries to uncover the boy's origins

And So To Love

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**Welcome to the fourth book of
the Accidental Mystery Series.**

Books in the series:

And So To Sleep
And So To Dream
The Wrath of Grapes
And So To Love

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First Edition

AND SO
TO
LOVE

EVELYN ALLEN HARPER

CHAPTER 1



THE BIG HOUSE ON THE hill was ablaze with lights. Vans streamed in and out of the tree-lined driveway delivering food, flowers, and personnel to the rear entrance. The black tie kick-off dinner would be big news in tomorrow's paper.

Jerome Mills, a third-term member of the Senate, was throwing his hat into the presidential ring. Senator Mills had an excellent middle-of-the-road voting record as he managed to either be out of the country or just plain absent when controversial voting occurred. Since there was no pattern to his voting, it was impossible to figure out his political philosophy. Did he lean to the right or did he lean to the left? It was as if the senator wet his finger and held it up to the wind. He leaned accordingly.

Propping himself up on one elbow, Jerome lay on the bed and watched Emily apply her makeup. Try as he might, he couldn't dredge up any feelings for this woman who had shared his bed for so many years. The passion, if there ever had been any, was a vague memory. Their marriage was like a bad habit that would be more destructive to drop than to live with it. Anyhow, once he had gone into politics, the divorce option was off the table.

Emily grinned. Before Jerome could ask her what she was finding so amusing, a brush appeared in her hand. As she applied color to her raised dimpled cheeks, he realized Emily hadn't been smiling.

He marveled at the transformation he was watching. Early in the marriage, he had observed that she seemed to fall apart while she slept. She looked fine when they went to bed, but sometime during the night, she fell into disrepair. What he saw over the breakfast table was a good reason to hold the morning's newspaper in front of his face.

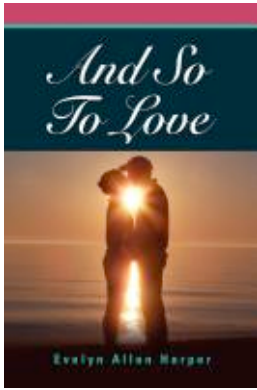
The blond blue-eyed Emily who stepped away from her mirror was a credit to cosmetics and artistry. Jerome gave a nod of approval and, leaving the bed, resigned himself to forcing his six-foot-two body into a tuxedo.

While admiring his reflection in the mirror, he patted his flat stomach and ran his hand over his full head of dark hair. The two of them would indeed make a handsome pair tonight and, if it all went well, a presidential couple.

Letting his thoughts drift into dangerous waters, Jerome wondered if Abby Long would attend the dinner tonight with her husband, George. Abby had been out of town when George sent back the RSVP asking for Abby to be considered as a 'possible' if she got back home in time. Jerome knew that Abby was back. In fact, Jerome and Abby had spent two days in a hotel room right here in town, under the noses of their spouses and the press. The entire two days had been filled with the sheer terror of being discovered and the extreme passion of illicit sex. The memory of those two days caused Jerome to rush out of the room before Emily noticed his arousal. It had been a long time since she had seen one of those on her husband.

Emily slipped her slim body into a shimmery gold gown and sighed in agitation when she discovered that Jerome wasn't in the room to zip up the back. Realizing that she was alone, the shudder that shook her body relieved the stress that had built up inside her. Jerome had fixed his eyes on her mirrored image so intensely, she just knew he was going to ask her about the two days she had been gone last week.

Her knees felt weak; she needed a drink.



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