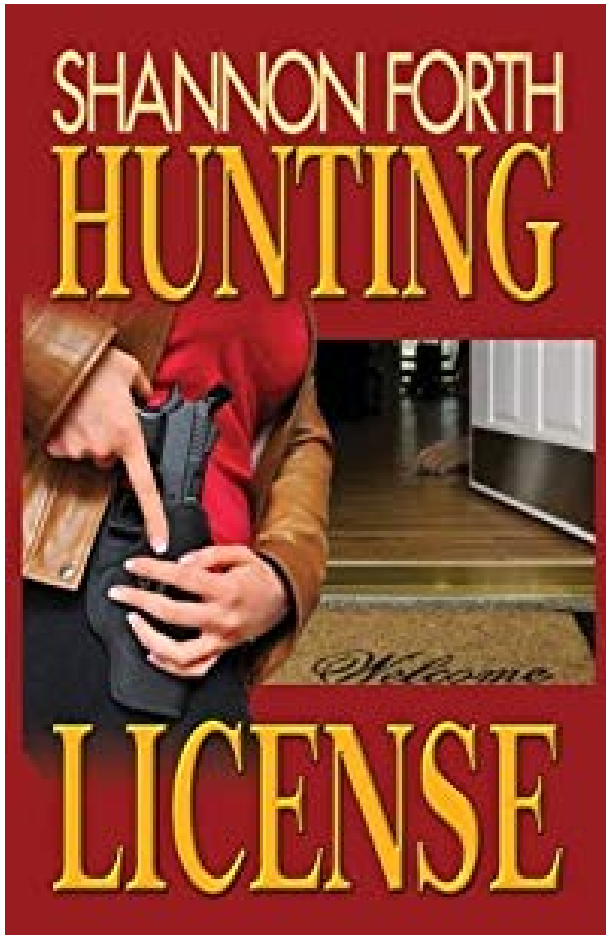


# Hunting License



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Some secrets just won't stay buried. The wind continued to push her, only this time from behind, propelling her quickly, toward the end of his game. She was only too glad to get to the house, to finish on her own terms, so she let the wind drive her forward, the oppressive darkness surrounding her. Simms Mitchell is an Oklahoma girl. She owns a ranch, and she can ride a horse. And, yes she knows what it means when her grandfather says, "Dad gummit, that would make a jack rabbit spit in a bulldog's eye." Of course, like every other properly bred southern girl, Simms was raised on football and fried chicken, and she knows never to leave the house without her lipstick on. Simms is rich as sin and as well bred as any daughter of the American Revolution. A former religious cult profiler for the FBI, Simms now devotes her attentions to working for a blue blood law firm, helping abused women get justice, or more often just cash. Justice is pretty darn hard to come by. Simms confronts her latest client's attacker during his deposition but is unprepared for the violent ferocity Robert Torelli unleashes. Wounded and battered after Torelli opens fire during the deposition, Simms must discover why this particular predator wanted her dead and what his connection is to Simms's previous investigation of a quietly growing fringe religious group. Simms races to find Torelli before he can kill again. A task any well bred southern woman can accomplish.