

## If you like food, country music, and the TV show, Nashville...

### Excerpt 1: A Prize Kiss

What's the prize for riding the bull the longest?

"I don't want the prize."

"Don't work that way, honey," Clayton said, dragging her forward while women continued to call her inventive names from the sidelines.

She pulled back. "You only want this for your PR campaign, admit it."

He just laughed and continued pulling her along. "I've never seen a woman so hesitant to kiss you, Rye. Maybe it'll teach you some humility." His hands propelled her into Rye.

There was no smile or wicked gleam in his eyes when he pulled her to him. In fact, his face was totally blank.

"You'd better be careful, partner. She'd as soon bite you as kiss you."

"Look, it's just a kiss," he murmured.

Right. She was making too much of this, wasn't she?

But she hadn't kissed a lot of men, so it didn't seem insignificant to her.

"Fine," she said. "Just do it."

His mouth twitched at that. People whistled and screamed and heckled all around them. Her face grew hot. He lowered his head and pressed his lips to hers. The touch was electric, and she jumped, bumping their noses together.

"Settle down," he growled, caging her waist with his hands.

She started laughing, a strange impulse that seemed to come out of nowhere. "That had to be the worst kiss on the planet." What had she been so worried about?

Patting his chest, she took a step away.

His hands gripped her hips again and yanked her close. Her breath rushed out when she found herself pressed full length against his rock-hard body. Those hazel eyes gleamed down at her as they scanned her face. "Can't have you impugning my reputation."

It was a pretty impressive word, she thought, and then he pressed her back a few steps until she hit the fence, throwing all thoughts aside. He yanked off his hat and threw it.

Uh-oh. Laughing had been a bad idea.

“I didn’t mean—”

“Shut up,” he commanded and cupped her face, fitting his mouth to hers.

Oh no.

## Excerpt 2: Rye's Music

There are thirteen songs in the book, and this is one of my favorites.

*I cut my teeth on tradition,  
With my Grandmama's rattle in my mouth.  
Tiptoed around my own house.*

*Grew up like a puppet.  
Got pushed into something I didn't want to be.  
Followed in the family footsteps.  
No one listened to me.*

*But the music wouldn't stop.  
My collar wanted to pop.  
I couldn't breathe.  
So I fought.*

*My own kin hated the thought.  
They set me aside.  
It broke my heart.*

*I broke tradition.  
But it didn't break me.*

Rye Crenshaw's First Release from his Debut Album, *Breaking Tradition*

## Excerpt 3: Tory's Delicious Recipes

And there are nearly a dozen cookbook entries in the book, and this is one of my all-time favorites.

*My Grandma Simmons made incredible pies. There are two mediums you have to master to do the same. A flaky crust is essential. Here's a tip if you're making it from scratch: use Butter Crisco™. It really does make an incomparably flaky, golden crust. But you can't stop there. You have to make a filling that doesn't crack or weep. Lemon meringue is my favorite of all the pies she used to make. The secret to her meringue was the extra egg whites she used to create those four inches of magic that swirled on top as puffy as clouds. Add fresh lemon zest, and you have a real winner—a comforting yet tangy treat for a hot, humid day. I've never met a person whose mood didn't improve after having a slice of this pie. Its magic is potent.*

### **Lemon Meringue Pie**

#### **Pie Crust**

1 crust for the bottom (you can buy a prepared crust or make one from scratch). Here's our family recipe.

1 c. flour  
½ tsp. salt  
1/3 c. regular or Butter Crisco™  
¼ c. cold ice water (we put ¼ in a 1 c. measuring cup and add ice to it)

Mix until incorporated (not too much, but just until it comes together). Then roll the dough into a circle on a floured surface. Lay into the pie plate and flute the edges by pinching the dough on the top and sides between your two index fingers.

#### **Lemon filling:**

1½ cup sugar  
3 Tbs. cornstarch  
3 Tbs. flour  
Dash of salt  
1½ cup boiling water  
3 egg yolks beaten  
2 Tbs. butter  
½ tsp. grated lemon peel (fresh is best)  
1/3 cup lemon juice  
1 tbs. lime juice

Mix sugar, cornstarch, flour, and salt. Add boiling water. Cook over stove until the mixture boils and thickens, about 2 minutes. Temper the egg yolks with the hot mixture and add to the saucepan. Cook for 2 additional minutes and remove from the stove. Add butter, lemon peel, and lemon juice. Pour into crust.

#### **Meringue**

5 egg whites  
½ tsp. vanilla

*¼ tsp. cream of tartar  
½ cup sugar*

*Beat egg whites with an automatic beater until they form peaks. Slowly add sugar until dissolved. Add meringue to the pie and seal it to the corners. Cook at 350 degrees for 12-15 minutes until meringue is lightly brown.*

**Tory Simmons' Simmering Family Cookbook**