

An Excerpt From: CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS

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“Well? What does it say?”

It was four days before Christmas and Bobby Roberts sat on the edge of the bed, her hands twisted together in her lap. She'd been too nervous to look at the damn stick. Instead, she'd laid the thing on a towel on the counter and fled the bathroom, leaving her fiancé, Gage Justice, in there to read the results.

A very long minute later, her soon-to-be-husband sauntered out of the bathroom, his blue cotton pajama pants riding low on his hips. He stopped in front of her, his face unreadable. Bending, he scooped her up in his arms.

“Gage?” She squeaked his name as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

He sat on the bed, keeping her cradled on his lap. “Let me ask you something.”

“What? Is something wrong? You're scaring me.” The serious look on his face wasn't what she'd been expecting.

He leaned in and kissed her, slow and deep, her worries fading into the dim morning light as the need for more of him consumed her. When she made the move to snuggle in closer to his naked chest, he slowly ended the kiss. “Bobby? Do you love me?”

She leaned back and cupped his face in her hands, staring into the forest green of his eyes. “You know I do.”

“No matter what that little stick says, you're still going to marry me tomorrow evening and spend the rest of your life with me? Right?”

The slight hesitancy in his question made her heart swell. To think this strong and wonderful mountain of a man could be scared she might reject him made her love him even more. She kissed him softly then smiled at him. “That's the plan, big guy.”

The lines of worry on his face eased as a grin spread over it, slow and suggestive. “Oh, I've got something big planned for you.”

“Oh, you do, do you?” she said with a giggle. Lifting her leg, she wiggled around until she straddled him. She slid forward, feeling the thickness of his erection against her bare bottom. “Mmm, a man of his word.”

“That's me, a promise is a sacred thing.” He reached down and pulled the hem of her nightshirt up and over her head and arms, flinging it to the floor. “And right now, I promise to love you until you scream my name.”

“And what will Mrs. Munroe have to say?” she asked, scooting closer so her nipples rubbed deliciously against the soft hairs of his chest. Her efforts were rewarded by a growl from deep inside him as he grasped her ass cheeks with his hands to haul her in tighter.

“I doubt she sleeps with her hearing aids in, but I like a challenge.” He grinned in that sexy, I'm-about-to-make-hot-mind-blowing-love-to-you way that already had her growing moist between her thighs.

Before she could ask exactly what he had planned, Gage reached up and gripped the back of her head in one hand, his fingers clenching in her hair. He dragged her down until his mouth claimed hers in a hard, hot kiss, his tongue sliding in between her parted lips. He tasted minty.

She pulled back. He'd had time to brush his teeth while she'd been waiting for him to tell her about the stick?

The stick.

“Gage, the stick?” she asked as he trailed his mouth down the column of her neck, sending shivers and goose flesh all over her.

“Later, I’m busy right now.” He caught her mouth once more, this time in a low, slow, kiss, as if he were devouring the most decadent dessert in the history of desserts. Leaning back, he took her with him, until she was spread over his chest. All the while, one hand gripped her bottom tight against the thick part of him and the other controlled her head, keeping her focused on the things his mouth and tongue were doing to hers.

As always she couldn’t get enough of this man. Couldn’t get close enough. Couldn’t taste enough. Couldn’t feel enough. Her hands caressed and kneaded the long, thick muscles of his arms then traveled down to his hips and slowly up his sides, finding every ridge of sinewy muscle and hard plane of rib.

Slowly, he turned them until she was beneath him and her legs parted wide for him to settle between them. He lifted up on his hands, his gaze fastening on hers. “Would it be a bad thing if the stick said we were pregnant?”

Her hands on his lower back, she gazed into his eyes, reading both the question and hope in them. “No,” she said, smiling. “Having a baby with you would be wonderful. And we’re not getting any younger.”

“And if we weren’t yet, would you want to try?” he asked.

This time the smile turned into a happy grin. “Yes, I believe I would.”