

# A FAMILY FOR CHRISTMAS by Nola Cross

## EXCERPT

Her door stood ajar, and he kned it open. Inside, her bedroom was lit by candles that glowed softly from several locations. On either side of her bed, pink lightbulbs in the delicate glass lamps shed rose-colored light on turned-down bedclothes. She had prepared the room just for this moment. An invitation meant only for him.

“I see what you’ve had up your sleeve here, Mrs. Smith.” He laid her on the bed. Her still-damp hair rippled out in an auburn fan on the white pillowcase.

“Don’t you like it?”

“I love it. What I love most is knowing you’ve been thinking about the two of us being here, about us making love.”

She gave him a sly smile. “I figured we’d end up here eventually.”

He ran his finger along the opening of her robe, from her breastbone to her waist. She gave a tiny gasp. “Can I unwrap you now?”