

Pride of Lyon's by Jenna Jaxon

EXCERPT

His light amber eyes had turned dark again. Was it a trick of the light in this corridor that did that? It made him look so...hungry.

A shiver raced down her back.

“As today is our wedding day, Honoria...”

Every muscle in her body tensed. Would he go back on his word not to press her so soon? Her heart raced and her body heated. Did she want him to press her?

“Yes?” The single word was barely a breath.

“I wondered if you would allow me...”

She held her breath. Allow him...what?

“A kiss?”

Gasping, Honoria didn't know whether to laugh or scowl at him. Thomas could be a rascal it seemed. “I believe that would be in order.” They had not even kissed after the ceremony. Papa had always frowned upon such public displays. “It is, as you say, our wedding day.”

“Yes, it is.” Suddenly he loomed so close to her all the air seemed to have been sucked out of the corridor. Gently, he raised her chin and lowered his head until her mouth was mere inches from his.

Unable to stare into those darkening eyes any longer, Honoria closed hers and waited breathlessly.

Suddenly his lips pressed against her, soft and warm. Everything about the man made her feel warm. He held her head in both hands and turned it ever so slightly, until their mouths seemed to merge into one. With that small change came an overawing feeling of rightness, as though this was the way a kiss was meant to be.

She shifted just a little toward him, drawn ever closer to his masculine presence.

In response, he pressed his lips against her harder, more insistent.

A thrill of longing shot through her. As though she wanted more of that.