

A Knight Before Christmas
The Three Kings, Book 2

Heath's eyes found hers in the gloom, and he placed a kiss on the back of her hand.

“Truth is, you know another reason it bothers me? Another reason I don’t want to meet my sister?”

“Why’s that?” Nicolette asked, trying to ignore the warm spot where his lips had touched her skin.

“Because, it makes me wonder...makes me realize that I could be just like him.”

“Like your father?”

She barely saw the nod.

“Disloyal. To Rudy.”

“In what way?” she asked, but she thought she knew, and her heart seemed to beat loud enough for him to hear in the silence of the elevator. She waited breathlessly for his answer.

He sighed heavily. “In the way I want you. In the way I wanted you even while you were married to my best friend.”

In spite of the guilt she heard in his voice, there was also longing. She turned her head just slightly. She wasn’t sure exactly how it happened, but in the next moment, his lips found hers. He tangled his hand in her hair and pressed her more closely to him as his mouth moved urgently over hers. She moaned in the back of her throat, and he answered it with a growl.

Dear God. She was kissing Heath King. Those were *his* lips on hers. They felt as good as she’d always dreamed they would. Firm and skilled, his tongue warm and seeking. Her heart lurched, and for a moment, all the angst of the past year flew away. This was it. This was what it felt like to be kissed by Heath King.