

Temptation on Ocean Drive Excerpt

He repeated the question. “I need to know. Why was it easier not to believe me?”

This time, she didn’t hesitate. “Because then I could pretend you weren’t the man I really wanted.”

“And do you? Want me?”

She jerked back. Her tongue slipped out to wet her bottom lip. Her voice was barely a whisper. “Yes.”

He muttered a curse. Then leaned forward, his hand cupping her chin. “I want to kiss you, Bella. I’ve been wanting to kiss you forever, but I need to know it’s okay.”

She stared at him, pupils dilated, ragged breaths panting from her lips, and he knew this moment would be carved out in his mind—the first time he saw her face reflect her open want for him. She gave a tiny nod.

He moved closer. His lips stopped an inch from hers. “No. You need to say it.”

“Yes. Kiss me, Gabe.”

His mouth covered hers.