

Excerpt: My Noble Knight

Gilead had moved closer. Subtly his face changed as he studied hers. His pupils dilated, turning the irises near purple. Slowly a hand came up to cup her chin and he traced her lips lightly with his thumb.

“Ye wanted to be kissed, lass?” It really wasn’t so much a question as a statement.

Dear God. She shouldn’t. He had made it clear with his strict formality that he didn’t want to have anything to do with her. This would mean nothing to him. She should pull away; she really should. He wasn’t holding her forcefully, but the gentle touch of his fingers might as well have been an iron collar. Deidre shut her eyes and parted her lips.

She heard his sharp intake of breath and then his lips brushed hers, tantalizing her as he kept the pressure easy and gentle. It was slow torture, and finally she could stand no more. She thrust her tongue deep into his mouth.

He hesitated but a moment and he brought his arms around her waist, pulling her to him as h responded...