

“Scrooge & the Secret Santa” excerpt
By Marcia James

Faith looked up to realize they were standing under the mistletoe. What had she been thinking putting up mistletoe in his house?

He met her gaze, and there was something in his eyes that practically shouted, *Paybacks are hell.*

And then he kissed her. It wasn't romantic or seductive. He just took her mouth, delving inside, his tongue exploring and mating with hers. The kiss was hot and so exciting, Faith thought her heart would pound out of her chest.

His right arm went around her waist and held her firmly against him. At the feel of all of that muscled maleness, her body stood up and cheered. This was what she'd secretly dreamed of, what she hadn't admitted she longed for, and it was so much better than any kiss she'd experienced before Patton. She never wanted it to end.

Faith wound her arms around his neck, not sure if it was to keep him close or herself from sliding bonelessly to the ground. Over and over in her mind, she whispered his name as the kiss continued. She loved the taste of him, the roughness of the stubble on his face, the warmth of his neck under her fingers. God help her, she might even love him.

And she wanted more.