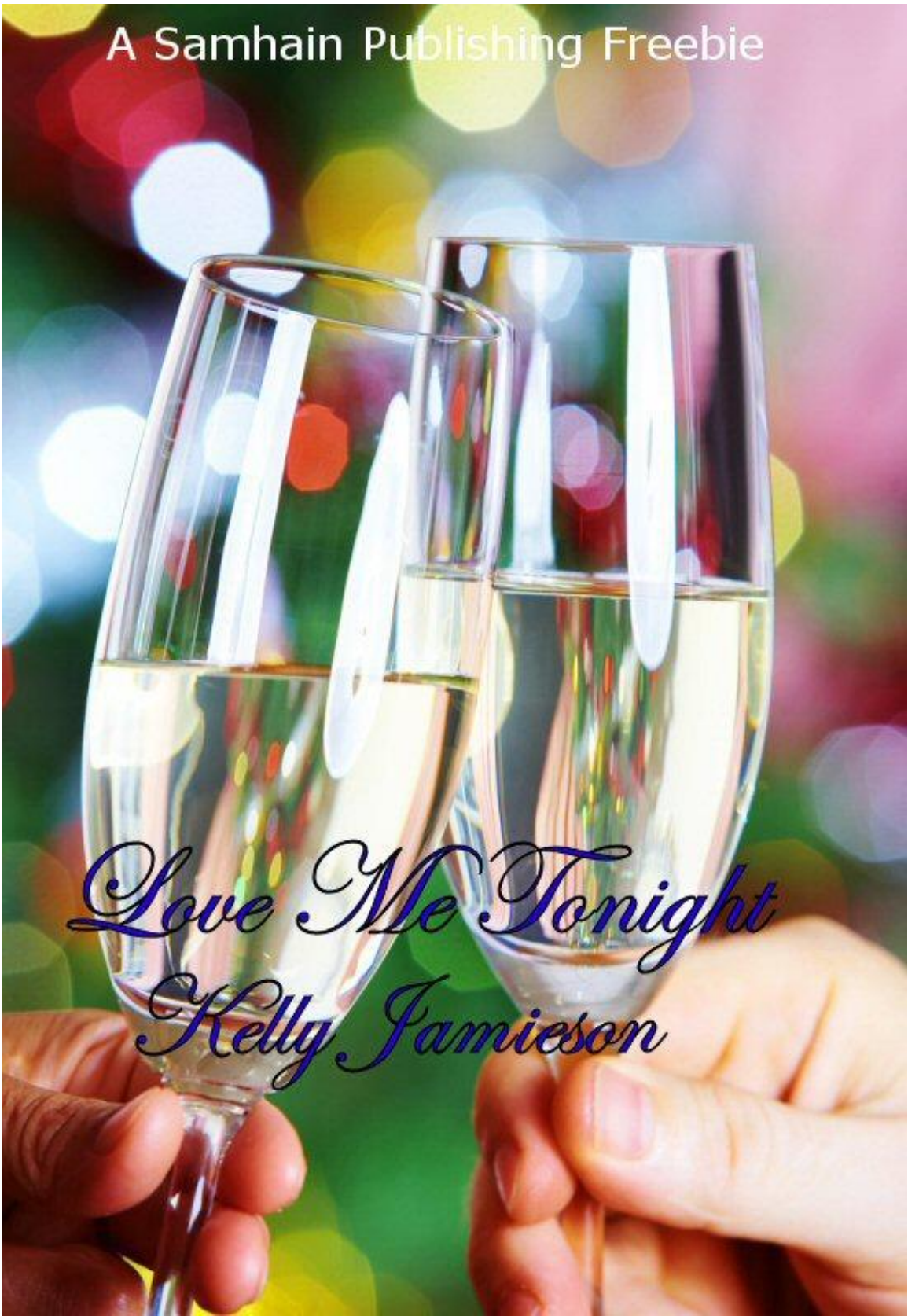


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Love Me Tonight
Kelly Jamieson



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Melina looked down at herself in the white baby doll nightie, the matching frilly thong panties clearly visible through the sheer lace. She lifted her head and studied her reflection in the mirror, her long blonde hair tousled, her lips shiny with strawberry gloss. She tipped her head to one side as she fingered the pink rosebud between her breasts, then pressed a hand to her flat stomach where excitement fluttered. Gavin would be home soon and she was ready.

She left the bedroom dark, candles sitting beside the bed ready to be lit later, and wandered to the living room. The lamps on either side of the tan leather sofa gave off a soft glow from where they sat on flea-market end tables, painstakingly refinished with a dark stain. A sultry jazz CD filled the room with sexy music and she bent to light the vanilla scented candle on the square coffee table. Snow swirled and danced outside the window in the darkness of the last hours of the year.

She sat on the couch and crossed her legs. She'd had to work hard to convince Gavin to stay home this New Years Eve. They'd always spent New Years with friends at big noisy parties, or even just with their best friends Kylie and Duncan. But Kylie and Duncan were in Jamaica, and this year staying home alone held a special appeal.

She smiled again and leaned into the cushions. This New Years Eve was going to be so special.

The rasp of a key in the lock of their apartment door announced Gavin's arrival home. Despite it being New Years Eve, he'd worked late today, in the final stages of a big project at work. He'd been promoted to project manager and even though the week between Christmas and New Years should have been slow, clients in from New York had kept him busy. But he'd promised to get home in good time tonight.

The door closed and heavy footsteps sounded on the hardwood floor of their small foyer. Melina didn't move, a little thrill of anticipation zinging through her at what Gavin's reaction would be when he saw her dressed like this. She knew he had a fondness for white lace.

"Melina, I'm home!" His voice carried around the corner and her smile deepened.

"I'm in here," she called back, and admired the white stiletto mule sandal dangling on the foot of the leg she'd crossed over the other.

Gavin appeared in the arched door opening, still wearing his long black coat over his suit and tie. Snowflakes dusted his shoulders and his caramel-brown hair, and he looked so big and handsome, her heart squeezed with love for him.

But her eyes flew wide when another man walked into the living room behind him. Both men stopped dead at the sight of her sitting there on the couch in her see-through lingerie. Her mouth fell open and her heart lurched to a stop.

Oh dear god.

Thoughts whizzed through her brain in one of those moments that seems to last forever. She didn't recognize the other man. He was as tall as Gavin, with black hair and a square jaw, wearing a black leather jacket. It wasn't someone from his work, or if it was, she didn't know him.

She licked her lips, wondering if leaping to her feet would make things worse. Her eyes darted around the room. Where was that fleecy throw she sometimes wrapped herself in when watching television? Covering up would be the thing to do, but...there was nothing. She tried to shrink back into the upholstery. Her heart stuttered unevenly and her cheeks burned.

"Melina." Gavin just stood there, staring. "Uh...what're you doing?"

Oh, god, couldn't he figure that out? Why had he brought someone home with him? And tonight of all nights?

"I...uh...was waiting for you. To...you know...celebrate."

Her eyes went to the other man, then back to Gavin's face and she tilted her head slightly and sent him a frosty glare.

* * *

Gavin gave his head a fast, hard shake and glanced over his shoulder. Shit. Bryce was staring at his wife, licking his lips as if looking at a gourmet meal and he hadn't eaten for a week. What the fuck was Melina playing at now? Jesus, she kept him on his toes.

But that wasn't entirely fair, since he was the one who'd shown up with an unexpected guest. She'd clearly planned this all for his benefit. Or had she? He narrowed his eyes at her. The last time she'd planned a seductive scene like this, she'd invited another girl along. His gaze swept the room, almost expecting to see Abby somewhere. But no, Melina was alone. Alone, scantily clad and looking sexy as fucking hell.

He had to cover her up.

He strode across the room, searching for the blanket usually draped over the arm of the couch, and finally spotted it neatly folded on the seat of the armchair in the corner. He grabbed it, shook it out and tossed it to his wife. "Here," he barked. "Cover yourself up."

She took the blanket and stood, and all the blood in Gavin's body rushed to his dick. Could there be anything sexier than Melina in white lace? This was a new outfit, a tiny frill edging the top of the cups pushing up her luscious boobs, the ruffled panties beneath barely covering anything.

As she draped the blanket around herself, not seeming to be in any damn rush with another man looking on, Gavin glanced back at Bryce. Bryce met Gavin's eyes, pursed his lips and lifted his eyebrows. "Uh...sorry, man. Guess this wasn't good timing." Laughter sparked in his dark eyes. Well, at least the guy had a sense of humor about it.

Gavin sighed and shoved his hand into his hair. "Melina, this is Bryce Porter. He's been in town on business and was supposed to fly home to New York tonight, but his flight was cancelled because of the snow. The hotel he was staying at is full tonight, so I offered to let him stay here in the guest room."

"Oh."

Her cheeks scarlet, she clasped the blanket around herself. It still didn't really cover her. Not all of her. Not her legs. Which looked stunning in those fuck-me heels. His body tightened.

"Hi, Bryce. Nice to meet you."

"Likewise." Bryce's smile held warm male interest. "Sorry I came at a bad time. I'll take off and find somewhere else to go tonight."

"Oh, no, that's okay. Of course you can stay here," she said, with as much enthusiasm as if she were offering to shave her head bald. She shot Gavin a glance that he swore was colder than the snow storm outside. Shit. Now he was in trouble.

"I should have called first," he said, hoping that would be enough to forestall any big conflict. "I'm sorry, honey."

She pressed her lips together and gave a short nod, and looked so disappointed his chest ached a little. Damn. She'd planned a sexy evening for the two of them and he'd gone and screwed it up.

"I'll go," Bryce said, apparently unconvinced by Melina's protest.

"No, seriously." Melina smiled at Bryce. "I'll just uh...go...uh..." Her voice choked up a little as if she was going to cry, and she blinked rapidly. She waved a hand and, clutching the blanket at her neck, hurried out of the room, brushing past Bryce still standing there.

Gavin sank his teeth into his bottom lip and dragged in a breath. "Shit."

"I'm really sorry, man," Bryce said fervently. "Your wife is smokin' hot."

Gavin studied the other man glumly. "Yeah. She is." His mouth twisted. He'd be lucky if he got any action tonight. In fact, at this moment, the entire upcoming new year seemed doubtful.

"Look," Bryce said. "Just show me where the guest room is. I've got some work to do, I'll just hide out in there and you two can have your evening."

"I somehow think that's kinda off the table now," Gavin said heavily. "But I'll show you the guest room."

Bryce carried his small black suitcase down the short hall, past the closed door of their bedroom, and walked into the bedroom Gavin indicated. They'd just redecorated this room, not that they often had overnight guests, but it was freshly painted and with a new futon that made out into a bed.

"There ya go," Gavin said, pulling sheets and a pillow out of the closet. "How about a beer?"

"Well. If you're sure your wife won't mind..."

"I need a drink. Come on,"

The two men returned to the kitchen. Gavin opened the refrigerator and saw a platter of hors d'oeuvres covered with plastic wrap – what looked like bacon-wrapped scallops and shrimp and something else. A bottle of champagne lay on its side on the top shelf. He paused, his stomach tightening. He pulled out two beers, and straightened, noticing the champagne flutes sitting on the counter.

He rubbed the ache in his gut. How the hell was he going to make this up to her?

* * *

Melina sat on the edge of her bed, still dressed in the sexy lingerie, and stared at her pink polished toenails peeping out of the open-toed sandals. Disappointment weighed heavy, and her throat still ached as if she was going to burst into tears at any moment. She knew she was pouting, her lips pushed out with chagrin.

Dammit, Gavin! Why tonight, of all nights? She'd planned everything. It was supposed to be so special, just the two of them. She listened to footsteps pass by the closed bedroom door one way, then moments later the other way. Guess Bryce, whoever he was, was staying. Her bottom lip jutted out even more and she swiped at a tear in the corner of her eyes.

Then she sat up straight and took a deep breath. Okay. This wasn't the end of the world. She and Gavin had the rest of their lives together. Tonight was just one night. She would save part of her plan for another time. Meanwhile they had some shrimp that needed to be eaten and luckily, there was enough for one more. With a sigh she stood, pausing in front of the mirror to wipe away a tiny smudge of mascara, and reached for her robe, a floor length satiny robe lined with thin fleece.

She knotted the belt around her waist and then, with her hand on the doorknob, paused again. This was just a tad embarrassing. This stranger had seen her dressed like a virginal hooker, leaving not much of her body to the imagination. Heat flooded her cheeks again, and her stomach tightened. Whatever. She'd never see him again, and if he was a client of Gavin's she needed to make sure Gavin

stayed in his good books. So she'd go out there and smile and play hostess and ignore her embarrassment and disappointment.

She yanked open the door and stepped out of the bedroom, then stopped. The four inch heels were really a bit much. She kicked them back into the bedroom then padded barefoot to the living room where the men sat drinking beer and talking, the music gone, the television broadcasting the celebration taking place in Times Square.

They looked up as she walked in and she forced a smile. "Hi," she said, trying to ignore the four-alarm fire in her cheeks. "Sorry about the scene. Bryce, I see Gavin looked after you." She nodded at the beer. "I have some snacks we can eat, if you're hungry."

Gavin's eyes warmed as he looked at her and her anger dissipated. She was still pissed off at him, but he'd had no idea she planned something like this, so she couldn't really stay mad at him.

"That'd be great, Mel." He smiled, too. "You look beautiful, by the way."

"Thanks. I'll go get the food."

She retrieved the platter with a regretful look at the bottle of champagne. But they could still drink it later. In the living room, she set the food on the table, and went back for the sushi she'd picked up earlier. If that wasn't enough, she could always throw some cheese and crackers on a plate, too.

"There we go," she said cheerfully, moments later. The guys had already dug into the shrimp. She nodded at the television. "So Bryce, if you're from New York, would you normally be in Times Square celebrating tonight?"

He snorted. "Not likely. That's the last place I'd like to celebrate."

"Your family must be disappointed you won't be home tonight."

He shrugged and reached for a dynamite roll. "No family. I'm single. My friends are having a big bash, but they won't likely miss me. Those big New Years parties are overrated anyway."

"Mmm. I feel the same, this year anyway. We always used to do big parties, but it seems so meaningless to kiss a whole bunch of strangers who mean nothing to you."

"Well, kissing strangers can be kind of fun." He sent her a wicked little smile and a sexy wink. Heat flared inside her. Oh, lord. She lowered her gaze to reach for a piece of sushi, too, then studied him from beneath her lashes. He was a very good looking guy. A smooth olive complexion dusted with a hint of stubble over a strong jaw, chiselled lips and dark, deep-set eyes.

Why was she even noticing that?

She looked at Gavin, who stared at her, then glanced at Bryce. He wasn't jealous, was he? That was really an innocuous comment. It was just the sexy gleam in Bryce's eye that made it seem less innocent than it was.

They talked about the project and why Bryce was in town over the holidays, and then other topics, and the guys finished off a few more beers, not noticing that Melina hadn't even had a glass of wine. Their talk got more animated, and to her flattered astonishment, Bryce's flirting got just a little bolder, and she found herself lightly flirting back beneath Gavin's watchful gaze. As the hour neared midnight, she left them to fetch the bottle of champagne, finding another glass so they could all toast the New Year.

"Can you open this?" she asked Gavin when she carried the bottle and glasses into the living room.

"You bet." He took the bottle from her, peeled off the foil and untwisted the wire. He went as if to shake the bottle, and Melina cried, "No!"

He grinned. "Just kidding. I'll open it the right way." He'd shot too many corks across the room and spilled too much champagne on the carpet before she'd finally convinced him you could open champagne with a mild little pop.

She poured fizzy glasses, turning the bottle so the label faced away from Gavin and Bryce as she set it down on the table, then handed them each a glass. They rose to take a glass and then all stood side by side and listened to the count down from Times Square. "Happy New Year!" erupted from the television.

Melina turned to Gavin, gave his glass a tiny clink with her own and lifted her face for a kiss. She expected a small peck, seeing as they weren't alone, but no, he gave her the full-out, full-body kiss with tongue, wrapping his free arm around her. Her blood sizzled through her veins by the time he released her, and she felt a little dizzy. With a slightly embarrassed smile, she turned to Bryce, who watched with a heated gaze.

"Happy New Year, Bryce," she said, moving to clink her glass to his. And what the heck, a little New Year's peck on the cheek. But somehow her mouth ended up against his, turning into a drawn out, open-mouthed kiss.

She drew back and blinked at him. Holy crap. He smiled and touched his glass to hers, then tipped it to his lips. Heat suffused her body, and for the first time she wished she'd changed out of the lace baby doll nightie. The robe had gaped open over her breasts and she tugged it closed, glanced at Gavin who watched with...what? What was that in his eyes? Arousal?

He liked watching her kiss another man?

Her mind spun. Well, he'd liked watching her kiss another woman. He'd *more* than liked that. She watched his face as his eyes flickered, and then he reached for her hand.

"Come with me," he growled, and dragged her across the living room. Champagne splashed out of her glass over her hand, cold and frothy. Where was he taking her? She shot an apologetic glance over her shoulder at Bryce, who also watched with heat in his eyes.

She pressed a hand to her stomach, but Gavin led her to the kitchen, not their bedroom. She'd been afraid he was going to throw her down and take her. Not that she'd mind that, but it was a little awkward with a guest. A hot, sexy guest.

She shook her head, and faced Gavin. "What?"

"Melina."

"Yes?" He just stared at her. Impatience flared in her. "*What?*"

"Do you think Bryce is sexy?"

She blinked at him, her throat growing dry, and took a huge gulp of champagne. "Why on earth would you ask me that?"

"Because...because..." He licked his lips, then bit down on his bottom lip. "Because...oh, this is crazy."

"What?" she asked again, frowning.

"You look so sexy all dressed like that, with your hair all bed-messy. I know you wanted to seduce me tonight. I'm sorry I screwed it up, but maybe I can make it up to you by...by..."

Oh dear lord. What was he thinking? She watched his throat work as he swallowed.

"Well, you know how you said your fantasy was to be with two guys?"

She gaped at him, open mouthed.

* * *

Gavin couldn't believe he was suggesting this.

But Melina was nothing if not adventurous when it came to sex, and since she'd tried to make things up to him once by giving him his ultimate fantasy of sex with two women, maybe *he* could make up for disappointing her tonight by giving her *her* ultimate fantasy.

Gavin had given Melina's fantasy some thought since she'd mentioned that. He couldn't deny it. But the idea of being in bed with another dude was kind of ...weird. He couldn't imagine how that could ever happen, but here an opportunity had dropped into their laps, in a manner of speaking, and he could make her a happy woman *and* atone for screwing up her New Year's Eve by giving her this. His stomach tightened at the thought of it.

Bryce was an okay looking guy, he supposed. And he seemed to like Melina. And once this deal was done, neither of them would ever see him again. He was single, and he lived far away. It was perfect.

Watching her kiss Bryce had been...well, hot. He had to admit to a small surge of possessiveness that surprised him a bit, but also arousal, and...pride, that another guy found his wife attractive. He knew she loved him, and only him. Ménage sex could be fun when it was just for one night.

She stared at him, shiny lips parted enough to reveal her white teeth, her eyes huge. "Are you serious?" she demanded.

"Um..." He wasn't sure how to answer that question, had a feeling he was headed for trouble. His gut cramped.

"You are!" She took a step back. "You want me to have sex with another man? With Bryce?"

He flattened his lips, unwilling to say a word at that point. Here he'd been trying to do something nice and she didn't seem to be reacting the way he'd expected.

"Oh Gavin!" Tears spilled from her eyes, her bottom lip trembling. And she turned and flew out of the room, her long robe billowing behind her. He heard the bedroom door slam and winced.

Happy New Year.

He didn't move for a few long moments, head buzzing, chest squeezing. Bryce was sitting in the living room alone, wondering what the hell was going on no doubt. Finally he took a breath, blew it out and headed back to Bryce. "Hey," he said. "Melina's not feeling so well. I'm just gonna...you know...go to bed, too. But stay up as long as you want." He held up a hand. "Just turn out the TV and lights when you call it a night."

Bryce gave him a crooked smile and nodded.

Gavin leaned his forehead on the bedroom door before he turned the knob and walked in. Melina sat on the bed, slumped, her face in her hands. He closed the door quietly, walked over and sat beside her, sliding an arm around her waist. She didn't push him away. A good sign. A hopeful sign.

"I'm sorry, Mel." He leaned his cheek on her silky head. "That was so stupid of me."

"No, it wasn't." Her voice was muffled by her hands, thick with tears.

"Huh?"

"That was so incredibly sweet of you." She lifted her face, pink and a little blotchy, a beautiful mess. "You know I've always fantasized about that."

"Yeah." He searched her eyes, trying to figure out what was going on.

"I love you so much."

"Uh...okay, good. I love you too, baby, you know I do." He pulled her onto his lap and wrapped his arms around her lush little body, and when she circled his neck with her arms he let out a long breath of relief.

"I know."

"So...was it Bryce? You didn't want to do that with him?"

"Sort of." She snuggled closer to him. "I had the evening all planned, just you and me, and then I was so embarrassed when you walked in with Bryce. And disappointed. I wanted it to be special, just us."

"I got that. And I'm sorry. I was trying to make it up to you...like you did that time..."

"And that is so incredibly sweet. But such incredibly bad timing."

She lifted her head and leaned back in his arms. What did she mean?

"I'm pregnant."

His jaw dropped. His eyes popped. His throat went dry as day old bread. She laid her palm on his cheek and smiled at him.

"What?"

"I'm pregnant."

As he stared at her, his heart thudding, his gut twisting, he tried to take it in. "We're going to have a baby?"

"Yes." Her smile deepened and she looked so incredibly, heart-breakingly beautiful, even with her pink nose and smudgy eyes. Love expanded in his chest, swelling huge inside him, and he lowered his gaze to her flat tummy in the lacy lingerie, then laid a hand there.

"Really?"

"Yes. Really." She covered his hand with hers.

"How...when...?"

"I took the test two days ago. And then I went to the doctor and got in right away to make sure." She nodded. "Baby's due early September."

"Holy shit," he breathed. His throat tightened and he felt a strange stinging in his eyes. "We're gonna be parents."

"Yup." The love shining in her eyes had him blinking hard.

"You're okay? Feel okay? Wait! What the hell were you doing, drinking champagne?"

"It's non-alcoholic champagne." She gave a little laugh. "I wondered if you'd notice."

"I'm an idiot."

"No, you're not." She stroked his face. "That's why I was so disappointed. I planned a special evening to tell you. But it doesn't matter. What matters is, now you know, and we're going to be parents and I love you. Happy New Year, Gavin."

Her kiss was so full of love, his heart turned over in his chest and he crushed her to him and kissed her back with everything he had.

"I love you, too, Mel. Happy New Year."

About the Author

Kelly Jamieson is the author of several sexy romance novels. Her writing has been described as “blisteringly sexy” and “a spicy delicious read”. If she can stop herself from reading or writing, she loves to cook. She has shelves of cookbooks that she reads at length. She also enjoys gardening in the summer, and in the winter she likes to read gardening magazines and seed catalogues (there might be a theme here...) She also loves shopping, especially for clothes and shoes. But her family takes precedence over everything else (yes, even writing). She has two teenage children who are the best kids in the world, not that she’s biased, and a wonderful husband who does loads of laundry while she plays on the computer writing stories. She loves hearing from readers, so please visit her website at www.kellyjamieson.com or contact her at info@kellyjamieson.com.

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