

TEASER EXCERPT

Jan looked down at her plate as she bit her bottom lip to control herself from telling him everything. This was not the right time to have that discussion or argument.

Rob finished another bite of food. "Speaking of great, did you do something different with your hair? It looks beautiful," he said and shoveled another forkful of potatoes into his mouth. "Women always think they have to spend a lot of money at a salon, but you've proven you can look great using any ol' products around the house."

Jan chose her words carefully knowing she had to keep her secret. "It's amazing isn't it," she said as she tilted her head and gently curled a strand of hair around her finger.

Rob continued to look at her and she was becoming more nervous sensing that maybe he knew more than he was letting on. Does he know what I've been doing? Is he playing along with me? Her heart beat faster as her mind raced. Maybe Pete called and told him everything. She nervously smiled back at her husband again trying to get a better read on his thoughts.

"I think I'm ready for dessert," Rob said pushing his plate away.

Jan was surprised by the request since Rob rarely, if ever ate sweets. "Oh, Rob, I'm sorry but I didn't make dessert." She stopped eating but held her fork in her right hand next to the plate. She followed Rob with her eyes as he left his chair and walked over behind her. She breathed in, deeply, feeling the tingling sensation rush throughout her body when he touched her shoulders and started to massage them. Jan wanted to relax and enjoy the moment, but was still frightened that her husband suspected something. Think, Jan, think. How do I explain all of this?

Rob pulled her hair back and leaned over to whisper in her ear. "You've been working so hard haven't you?" He kissed her neck.

Jan struggled with her desire as it started to take over her body. Not knowing what was going to happen next, she nervously held her fork tighter fearful that he must know something.

Rob kissed her ear, moved his hands down her sides, and lifted her from the chair. He wrestled the fork from her hand and pulled her close. Holding her tight he kissed her deeply, passionately as she became limp in his arms. Then gently, slowly, he moved his hand down her back as he lifted her into his arms. "Let's take dessert upstairs."