



HARLEQUIN

SPECIAL EXCERPT FROM

SPECIAL EDITION

*After a night under the influence of Homer Gilmore's infamous moonshine, Tessa Strickland and Carson Drake decide to take it slow, but these two commitmentphobes might be in for the surprise of their lives...*

*Read on for a sneak preview of  
MARRIAGE, MAVERICK STYLE!,  
the first installment of the new miniseries,  
MONTANA MAVERICKS: THE BABY BONANZA,  
by New York Times bestselling author Christine Rimmer.*

He resisted the urge to tip up her chin and make her meet his eyes again. "So you're not mad at me for moving in here?"

And then she did look at him. God. He wished she would never look away. "No, Carson. I'm not mad. How long are you staying?"

"Till the nineteenth. I have meetings in LA the week of the twentieth."

She touched him then, just a quick brush of her hand on the bare skin of his forearm. Heat curled inside him, and he could have sworn that actual sparks flashed from the point of contact. Then she confessed, her voice barely a whisper, "I regretted saying goodbye to you almost from the moment I hung up the phone yesterday."

"Good." The word sounded rough to his own ears. "Because I'm going nowhere for the next two weeks."

She slanted him a sideways glance. "You mean that I'm getting a second chance with you whether I want one or not?"

All possible answers seemed dangerous. He settled on "Yes."

“I... Um. I want to take it slow, Carson. I want to...” She glanced down—and then up to meet his eyes full-on again. “Don’t laugh.”

He banished the smile that was trying to pull at his mouth. “I’m not laughing.”

“I want to be friends with you. Friends first. And then we’ll see.”

Friends. Not really what he was going for. He wanted so much more. He wanted it all—everything that had happened Monday night that he couldn’t remember. He wanted her naked, pressed tight against him. Wanted to coil that wild, dark hair around his hand, kiss her breathless, bury himself to the hilt in that tight, pretty body of hers, make her beg him to go deeper, hear her cry out his name.

But none of that was happening right now. So he said the only thing he could say, given the circumstances. “However you want it, Tessa.”

“You’re sure about that?”

“I am.”

“Because I’m...” She ran out of steam. Or maybe courage.

And that time he did reach out to curl a finger beneath her chin. She resisted at first, but then she gave in and lifted her gaze to his once more. He asked, “You’re what?”

“I’m not good at this, you know?” She stared at him, her mouth soft and pliant, all earnestness, so sweetly sincere. “I’m kind of a doofus when it comes to romance and all that.”

*Don’t miss*

*MARRIAGE, MAVERICK STYLE!*

*by New York Times bestselling author Christine Rimmer,  
available July 2016 wherever*

*Harlequin® Special Edition books and ebooks are sold.*

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