Excerpt 1:

It was the perfect evening with the perfect stranger. Laurel Hunter sang a plethora of holiday songs full of romance and it set the mood for lovers. All through the evening, Chrystal found Jackson's hands subtly touching her.

He'd placed his arm around the back of the booth and would absently run his finger up and down her arm. She felt her body swaying to the music, continuously brushing against his body. At one point, she glanced in his direction only to realize his attention was fully on her and not the performance at all.

"I don't think I've told you yet, but you're absolutely stunning this evening," he whispered into her ear.

She'd smiled, and turned back to finish watching the show.

When Laurel finished her set, everyone stood to applaud her. The crowd watched as Rowan hopped on stage and held a piece of mistletoe over her head, before pulling her into his arms for a deep kiss. Then he took her hand and they ran off stage.

Chrystal and Jackson sat back down, and turned to face each other.

"That was amazing," Chrystal said. "I've always loved her music, even when she sang under the name Sapphire Woods. But I think I may like her even more now."

"Yeah," Jackson replied. "She's a very talented singer."

"Oh, aren't you two just the sweetest looking couple!"

Chrystal and Jackson turned to see an older couple staring at them. They glanced at each other before looking back at the couple.

"Thank you," Jackson said.

"Harold," the older woman said, pointing over their heads. "Look! They're sitting under mistletoe!"

They looked up and sure enough, the little plant was dangling over their head tied to the chandelier above their table. Neither of them seemed to have noticed it when they first sat down.

The older man, Harold, wrapped his arm around his wife, and grinned. "They sure are, Doris. Hey young man, go on and give your lady a kiss. It's tradition, you know."

Chrystal's eyes grew wide with surprise. Jackson wrapped his arm around Chrystal then smiled at Harold and Doris.

"My lady is a bit shy when it comes to that sort of thing in public."

"Oh come on!" Harold encouraged. "There's hardly anyone in here anymore."

The restaurant had cleared out fairly quickly after Laurel finished her show.

"Go on," Harold said. "Give her a little kiss."

Jackson looked at Chrystal with a raised eyebrow, silently asking for permission and when she grinned at him and gave him a slight nod, he moved his arm from her shoulders down to her waist and pulled her closer to him.

His other hand cupped the back of her head, his fingers grazing the thin layer of hair at the nape of her neck. His touch caused her to let out a shudder of breath and when she did, Jackson slanted his mouth over hers.

He pulled away and stared into her eyes for a moment. He could tell she'd felt the same spark he felt when their lips touched. Originally he planned to just make it a quick kiss, to appease the couple. But before he knew it, he was leaning in to kiss her again, and she was lifting her head to accept it. His lips fused with hers, and her hands slid up to wrap around his neck. When his tongue slid into her mouth, tangling with hers, a tiny moan fell out.

The sound of Harold's boisterous laugh caused Chrystal and Jackson to break apart.

"So much for being shy. Now *that's* how you kiss your lady. You two have a great evening," Harold said, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

They barely noticed the other couple leave as they continued to stare at each other.

Jackson's eyes drifted down to Chrystal's lips, then they traveled further down. Even through her thick sweater dress, she knew he could see how hard her nipples were with arousal.

She watched as he licked his lips, then ran his hand across his bearded jaw.

"Perhaps," he said, in a low voice. "We should finish this somewhere more private."

She didn't even hesitate when she asked, "Your suite or mine?"

Jackson turned, found their waiter and held up his hand. "Check, please."