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# **Pink Moon**

Single Moms, Second Chances  
*Book Three*

by

Stef Ann Holm  
*USA Today Bestselling Author*

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PINK MOON
Awards & Accolades

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"Nobody writes families like Stef Ann Holm."  
*New York Times bestselling author Jennifer Crusie*

"...tender and funny, yet it has a rich vein of reality—both in setting and characterization—running through it. The inclusion of a sigh-inducing romance makes it virtually irresistible."  
*Romantic Times BOOKreviews, Catherine Witmer*

"This is a story shining light on a dreary night...well worth your time."  
*Writers Unlimited, Kimberly Holt*

"Stef Ann Holm writes an excellent story...you are sure to enjoy this book."  
*Romance Reviews Today, Marilyn Heyman*

"As always, Ms. Holm earns an A+."  
*The Romance Readers Connection, Angela Etheridge*

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"Did you get enough to eat?" she asked, reaching for his empty dessert plate.

His fingers circled her wrist, stopping her from backing toward the sink. "Yeah, but I still have an appetite that wasn't satisfied." His voice was low, sensual.

Lauren's eyes lowered to where Nick held on to her wrist. She shivered, like when she came inside a warm house after being in the cold. Her heart pounded, her stomach quivered. She feared this, wasn't sure what to expect, and when he reacted the way he did, she hadn't stopped him from going this far.

She pretended not to know his meaning. "If you're still hungry, there's more dessert."

"What did you put in the food?"

She chewed on her bottom lip. "N-nothing."

"For nothing, it makes me feel a little reckless."

He rose to his feet, stood over her with his full height and took her into his arms. The weight of him next to her sent a rush of heat through her blood. He slowly dragged his fingertip down her cheek and neck, to her exposed collarbone where he traced even lower to the vee in her blouse.

"Your skin smells good, it feels so soft."

"I don't think—"

"Yeah, that's the problem. I'm not thinking, either."

He lowered his mouth over hers and gave her a lingering kiss, one that maybe she was too willing to return. His lips, warm against the soft part of her own, tasted sweet, like sugar

and strawberries. A hint of red wine. The lazy slide of his tongue explored her, his arms tightening around her waist.

She had no control and no desire to gain it.

Everything inside her singled in on this one moment, this one touch of mouths. It was her first kiss in six years, and it felt like the only kiss she'd ever had. So new, so wonderful, it wiped out anyone else she'd ever been with. She wanted to melt into it and never give these feelings up.

Feelings that both thrilled and frightened her, knowing that one man could do something like this to her. Have so much power, so much consuming need for her—and she for him. It erupted, without any thought or precedence, taking her by surprise. She couldn't think, didn't know how to react.

Chaos rebounded inside her.

She should have pushed him away, gained her freedom. But she decided from the instant his mouth covered hers that this was what she'd been after since she'd first seen him in city hall. Admitting her weakness did strange things to her. It was freeing—an inhibition let loose.

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