

## **The Prologue you won't see in Pregnant Nurse, New-Found Family**

By Lynne Marshall

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Below you will find the prologue that didn't make the final cut for my upcoming August UK and October US release: *Pregnant Nurse, New-Found Family*, Medical Romance by Harlequin Mills & Boon.

When my editor originally made these comments about it, I knew what I had to do:

*“You have the couple having a one-night stand in the prologue – while this could work well and is sexy, the concern is that this is not really hitting the reader on an emotional level—there is always the risk that the reader may find the characters unsympathetic, as the reader has not yet got to know a little of what makes them tick apart from sex for the hero and peach daiquiris for the heroine!”*

Taking her heavy hint, I cut the prologue! ☺ Just for the fun of it, I'm posting the original prologue. Do you agree with the editor?

Prologue for Allergic to Love by Lynne Marshall

The kiss had to be a mistake. He must have thought she was someone else. She knew she should have stopped him, but it had been so long, and ... well, he was damn good at it. His mouth

felt warm and lush, not at all what she'd expect from someone stealing a kiss. Her mystery man knew how to make a woman surrender to the moment, and Bethany Caldwell did surrender, right there in the hallway of the chief resident's condominium.

Beth could tell he'd been drinking. That **was** the point of the annual resident party, wasn't it? Get drunk. Hook up. Wasn't he too mature for this? Was she? So why the heck had she let her friend, Jillian, talk her into coming? This wasn't the way she'd wanted to celebrate the one-year anniversary of her divorce, not with shameless groping and grabbing in a hallway. When he reached for her breast, Beth came to her senses. She tore away from his moist lips and pushed at his hand.

"I think you've got the wrong woman," she murmured, breathless and shaken.

"Feels pretty right to me." A sexy, masculine tone accompanied mature, dark eyes that went beyond bedroom appeal. He stared at her. One strong arm gripped her waist, locking her snugly to his hip. The other hand languished for a moment, then backed off from her breast, heeding her warning. Instead, he caressed her arm with delicate strokes. He studied her eyes and

hair then swept his glance back to concentrating on her mouth.

She knew he wanted to kiss her again. She could feel the electricity between them. He was as turned on as she.

Chills shot through her and lingered, tingling and dancing on her skin. Heat snuck up her neck in a warm, inviting blanket and blossomed on her cheeks. Grateful for the dark hallway, Bethany ignored the blush.

His eyes worked better than a hypnotist's watch while they stood assessing each other, and she was definitely under his spell. Damn, he felt good pressing against her, good height, firm muscle spanning his chest and arms. She even liked the prickly feel of his salt and pepper hair at the nape where her hands rested. Her fingers tested the close-cropped cut. He seemed to like it. So did she. Their mouths drew together for a second kiss as if a slow-motion magnet were between them.

And just when she let herself give in, he made an abrupt break away, a scary, decisive look in his eyes. A firm grip circled her wrist. He tugged her down the hall to a room. A bedroom. Woozy from the combination of his kiss and the party drinks she'd consumed, she followed.

Intense, sexy eyes drilled into her when they reached the

door. Decision time. Speak now or forever hold her peace. Beth hadn't felt this alive in years. She'd missed out on a lot of life holed up in her apartment and juggling two jobs over the last year since her divorce. On this celebration night, the one-year anniversary of becoming a free woman again, maybe she deserved to break out and live a little. She glanced at the handsome, rugged man waiting for her answer. He'd swept her off her feet and her hunch was he wouldn't let her down ... in there.

She glanced at the bed inside the dark room. A thousand questions swirled in her peach daiquiri influenced mind. She drowned them out by looking into his eyes, and as if that sultry simmering look wasn't enough, she gazed at the sexy cleft in his chin. His inviting lips tugged into a smile.

"My name's Gavin."

Wait! Gavin? Wasn't that the doctor's name in the ... Devilish eyes sparkled in the dark. He lifted his brows and tilted her chin, then smothered her with another kiss.

She wanted to go with him.

"I'm Bethany. Beth," she whispered over his mouth before kissing him, back.

Oh yeah, she wanted him.