

GAVIN and TERRI – A VIGNETTE

# GAVIN & TERRI

*a vignette*



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In *Good Behavior*, Terri and Gavin from *The Rules*, book 4 of the Johnson Family series, introduce everyone to the third addition to their family, a son. Then, if you recall, Terri was pregnant again the night of Ivy and Lucas's wedding. This scene takes place when she shares the good news with Gavin about baby number four. Enjoy!

## **GAVIN and TERRI – A VIGNETTE**

In the middle of transferring antipasti from a tray onto a plate, Terri heard Gavin enter the kitchen. She'd been preparing for his arrival ever since he called from the airport to let her know he'd safely landed and was on his way.

He'd been gone for two weeks this time, traveling to Europe and Asia to inspect his family's overseas breweries. Not only had she missed him, but so did their three children.

"Hey, baby." His arms closed around her and she leaned into his embrace and the kiss he placed on the side of her neck.

"Hey, you." She kissed him briefly on the lips and then slipped a piece of artichoke into his mouth over her shoulder.

"Mmm," he murmured, chewing slowly.

"I didn't forget your artichokes," she said.

"Good. I almost divorced you last time." He nibbled the lobe of her ear, and she giggled.

Edie, the housekeeper, came in and cleared her throat. "Hello, Mr. Johnson. Welcome home."

Gavin withdrew from Terri. "Thanks, Edie. Good to be home."

"Mrs. Johnson," Edie continued, lifting her black purse over her shoulder, "the grocery order has been placed, and I spoke to the butcher. He said he set aside two nice rib eyes for you, great cuts that you'll like."

"That's so sweet. He's too good to me."

Beside her, Gavin grunted and crossed his arms. He thought the butcher had a crush on Terri.

Edie did a poor job of hiding her smile. "Good night. I'll see you both in the morning."

When they were alone again, Terri shot a warning glance at her husband. "Leave that man alone," she said, wagging a finger at Gavin before adding marinated tomatoes to the plate.

"We need to find another butcher," he mumbled. "But I can't blame him." He smacked her butt, a wicked smile spreading on his face.

Terri slapped his hand. "You need to stop doing that."

"Why?" He came to stand behind her, watching her work, the heat of his body warming her back.

“Because the kids are doing it now, both Elisabeth and Junior.”

He burst out laughing. “Are you serious?”

“Yes. The other day I was playing with them in the library, and the nanny brought in the baby. I got up on my knees to take him, and the next thing I know, Junior slapped me on the behind. And you know how Elisabeth copies everything he does. Two seconds later, she did the same thing.”

Gavin chuckled. “No way. I would have loved to see that.”

“I bet.” She picked up a piece of artichoke from the platter and he opened his mouth and let her put it in.

“You know how much it turns me on to see you in the kitchen. I can’t seem to help myself.” He squeezed her left butt cheek.

Casting a sidelong glance at him, Terri asked, “So what is it that you like so much? The fact that I’m serving you?”

“Hmm.” He stroked his chin, a thoughtful expression coming into his light brown eyes. “Yeah, I think it’s the service aspect.”

“So this is how you feel when Edie prepares your food, too?”

He pinned her with a penetrating stare. “You know good and well I do not have feelings for Edie,” he said darkly.

Terri laughed at him.

“I’ll make you pay for that later.” He headed out of the kitchen. “I’m going upstairs to take a shower.”

“What about all this food?”

“I’ll eat when I get finished. Maybe you want to join me?” His eyebrows jerked playfully upward, and his eyes narrowed with the mischievous grin that crossed his face.

“Maybe,” Terri said with a flirty smile, hand on her hip.

“Come here.”

She strutted across the room, putting an extra switch in her hips, and pressed her breasts against his chest. That was really all it took to get Gavin in the mood. He groaned in his throat and, placing his hands on her waist, pulled her closer and let his hand drift over the curve of her hip.

“So who’s in the house tonight?” he murmured, looking down into her upturned face.

“One of the nannies is sleeping downstairs. I told her we should be fine, but I’d call if I needed her help. Otherwise, it’s you, me, and the kids, and the kids are already asleep.”

A groan of pleasure filled his throat. “Let’s go upstairs and you can help me in the shower.”

Terri slipped her hand in his and followed him out the kitchen to the elevator, which they rode to the master suite on the third floor.

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“I have a gift for you,” Terri sang, loosely tying the belt of her terry cloth robe. Beneath the plush fabric, her body tingled from the touch of Gavin’s soapy fingers rubbing her clean in the shower.

She’d held onto her surprise for an entire week, wanting to tell him in person.

“For me?” Gavin called from inside his closet.

“Yes, you.” She sat on the bed and crossed her legs, holding a rectangular-shaped box wrapped in shiny blue paper with white polka-dots.

Gavin strolled out of the closet, a towel cinched around his waist. The clean, refreshing scent of his freshly-applied cologne came with him. “I’m the one who’s supposed to give the gifts around here.”

“I can give gifts, too.” She patted the bed beside her, keeping her face neutral so as not to give even the smallest hint of her excitement. “Come sit next to me and open it.”

He took the beautifully wrapped present and sank onto the mattress, casting a suspicious glance in her direction.

“Open it,” Terri prodded, resting a hand on his shoulder and pressing her chest against his bicep.

Gavin tore off the paper and lifted the lid from the box, revealing his gift—a positive pregnancy test.

He looked at her. “Are you sure?”

Glancing up at him through her lashes, Terri nodded. “I have an appointment on Monday to see the doctor, but I’m pretty sure. I took three tests, and they all came out positive.”

“We’re well on our way.” His face broadened into a grin, and he pulled her onto his lap, kissing her firmly on the mouth.

Terri wound her arms around his neck, but pulled back to read his face. "It's not too soon?" They'd just introduced their third child, a boy, only months ago at a small family lunch hosted by his mother.

"No. We agreed on ten, right?" He rolled her onto her back and settled between her legs, pressing his lips against the side of her neck.

Terri giggled and rubbed his bare back, reveling in the firmness of the muscles under his skin. "No. Not that many."

"Okay, nine."

She stroked his face. "Five. We said five, like you and your siblings."

"Six is a nice round number."

She looked up at the ceiling. "Okay, maybe."

"Eight is a nice round number, too."

Glaring at him, she said, "Don't push it, buddy. We are not having eight children."

"Mother would be happy."

"Yes, but my uterus would not." She stroked his face again and whispered, "But I wouldn't mind having eight with you."

They kissed again, and Gavin's hand parted the robe so he could caress her legs. Heat pooled between her thighs, and she arched upward and encountered the hard bulge of his erection under the towel.

"Let's get you out of this thing," he muttered, undoing the belt of her robe. "You got me all worked up in the shower." His hands cupped her breasts, and they swelled into his palms. As he lowered his head to the left nipple, the sound of a crying child came through the baby monitor on the nightstand.

Gavin groaned and lifted his head. "Are you kidding me?" He rolled onto his back and cursed. "My son is a damn cock blocker."

"Stop it," Terri said, though she was inclined to agree. Gavin, Jr. had the uncanny ability to sense whenever they were in the middle of making love, and often chose that moment to start fussing.

Terri pulled her robe closed and rose reluctantly from the bed.

"There's not a damn thing wrong with him," Gavin said, frowning and lunging to his feet. He stalked into the closet, and Terri shook her head, biting her lip to keep from laughing.

She left the room and found the toddler standing in his crib, his face crumpled as he sobbed his distress. She quickly scooped him up so he wouldn't disturb his twin sister sleeping nearby, and strolled back into the bedroom. She found Gavin had slipped on a pair of dark pajama pants and was reclining against the pillows on the bed.

Cradling Junior against her breasts, she kissed his tear-streaked face. "Daddy says you're a blocker, but I know that's not true."

Gavin pursed his lips. "Look at him. There's nothing wrong with you, is there? You just don't want daddy to get any."

Junior's head swiveled around, confusion marring his face at the sound of his father's voice. "Daddy!" His face broke into a big grin.

"See! I knew it!" Gavin said.

Unable to contain his excitement at seeing Gavin, the toddler bucked wildly and almost flung himself out of Terri's arms and onto the bed. She set him down carefully and he crawled over to Gavin and smacked his chest. "Daddy."

"Yes, daddy." Gavin's expression softened as he looked at his son with affection.

"Daddy home," Junior said, grinning and looking back at Terri as if to say, *do you see who's back?*

"Give daddy a kiss," Gavin said.

Junior pressed his puckered lips against Gavin's cheek and sucked on his face, not quite having mastered the art of kissing yet.

"We're going to have to work on your technique, son," Gavin informed him.

The duo started play-wrestling on the bed. Terri watched them, savoring the sight of their playful tussling, laughing as Gavin blew raspberries on their son's cheeks and neck, making him squeal. Then held her breath as he tossed their child in the air and caught him. At the reassuring sound of their little one's excited screams and laughter, she slipped away to her closet and finished prepping for bed. She rubbed the scented cream Gavin liked all over her skin and changed into a white nightgown.

When she re-entered the bedroom, she couldn't help smiling at the scene before her. Gavin was great with their kids, the same with them as he was with her—playful and affectionate. Propped on one arm over his son, he kept trying to tweak his nose while Junior, gazing up at his father with eyes that looked suspiciously droopy, swatted away his hand each time.

"I hope we don't have anymore blockers like this one," Gavin said.

Joining them on the bed, Terri scooted close and rested her head on Gavin's pillow. "He

didn't block too much. We still managed to get pregnant two more times."

"I think we were lucky. If it were up to this little guy, you'd never get pregnant again."

"True."

She leaned over and kissed Gavin's jaw, wanting to be close to him. He turned his head, a low heat in his eyes, and kissed her lips. Junior wiggled from between them and climbed over Terri. Just as she looked up to see what he was doing, his little hand came down and smacked her on the behind.

"Junior!" she and Gavin yelled at the same time.

The little boy's face froze and his eyes went wide. Seeing his parents' face soften as they laughed, he joined them by bursting into a fit of giggles.

"I see what you mean. I won't spank you on the behind anymore," Gavin said. He dropped his voice. "Except in private."

Terri bit her lip, and Gavin winked and pulled Junior on top of his chest. "Come here, you little monster."

Junior wriggled in resistance at first, but minutes later he'd dozed off, exhausted from the boisterous play he'd engaged in with his father. Terri watched Gavin watch him, a small smile on his face as he gently ran his fingers over his son's curls.

"You want me to take him back to his room?" Terri asked softly.

"Nah, I'll do it," Gavin said quietly.

Carefully, so as not to disturb his sleep, Gavin lifted off the bed with their little guy in his arms. Junior murmured and shifted, but didn't wake up, his chubby cheek resting comfortably against his father's shoulder as Gavin crossed the carpet to the door.

When he returned, Terri lifted the covers so he could slide in behind her.

"Finally," he muttered, closing his arms around her waist. "Where were we now that the little blocker's gone?"

"Stop calling him that." Terri smacked his arm.

"I call it like I see it." He nuzzled the back of her neck, his warm breath causing tingles wherever it landed on her skin.

Lifting the hem of the filmy nightgown, he splayed his hand over her belly, and she bit her lip, the thought of a fourth baby growing in her womb filling her with happiness.

“Ready for what else I have for you?” she asked softly, lifting her butt against his hips.

He pushed against her so she could feel his erection. “What else do you have for me?” he asked huskily.

“This.” She guided his hand between her legs, under her panties so he could feel her wetness. Gavin swore softly and gently rubbed the swollen flesh.

Barely able to contain her lust, Terri hurriedly wiggled out of her panties. That was all she managed before he slid one knee between her thighs, lifted her bottom, and claimed her with one stroke.

“Oh baby, yes.” Terri closed her eyes, curling her hands into a fist and pushing back in a slow grind.

Gavin grunted, a deep sound of frustration as he tore the lace top of her nightgown and cradled her breasts in his hands. “You feel so damn good. Love coming home to you.” He murmured the words as he licked and scraped his teeth along the side of her neck.

Their slow grind increased to a more frantic tempo, and Terri bit her bottom lip, tossing her hips back.

“That’s it, baby. Give it to me.” His voice was a low rasp in her ear. He continued to knead her breasts, the swollen nipples hard and pressing into his hands.

Eyes closed, Terri moaned his name, and was so aroused, she climaxed mere seconds later, toes curling as she let out a soft cry of release.

Gavin thrust deeper at the sound, pushing her into the soft mattress and groaning into her ear. He came right after her with a mighty shudder.

Breathing deeply, Terri smiled and looked down at his hands, which still covered her breasts, torn lace peeking between his fingers. “Got a little impatient, huh?”

“A little.” He chuckled.

Stretching, she twisted around while Gavin turned out the light with the remote.

He pulled her tighter to his side, and after a few minutes, said into the darkness, “I can’t wait to see what kind of personality our next one has.”

“Me, too,” Terri whispered. She closed her eyes and shifted position so she could rest her head more comfortably on his shoulder. “Good night, Pretty Lips.” She kissed his right pec, happy and content her man was home.

“Good night, Sweet Ass,” Gavin said.

And smacked her behind.

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