

Dmitri Romanov walked out of his office and blinked. A trail of roses led from the doorway, down the hall, and around the corner. Apparently his wife's declaration over Christmas to get him to appreciate the holidays meant she wanted him to appreciate *every* holiday.

Surely she knew *she* was the one thing in his life he appreciated the most.

The trail wound through the house—obviously Keira was enjoying herself when she set this up—and then up the stairs to the master bedroom. He pushed open the door with a single finger, half expecting to find her positioned on the bed in some new lingerie she wanted him to rip off her. He grinned. He was more than happy to oblige.

But the bed was empty but for a scattering of rose petals.

“*Moyo koroleva?*”

“In here.”

He moved to the bathroom, drawn by the wobble in her voice. Concern flared, even as he told himself there was nothing to be concerned with. They were safe enough as such things went. Peace reigned and business was good. He and his wife were happy.

It didn't stop him from being prepared to defend this new life of his by any means necessary.

He found her sitting on the edge of the tub, her eyes a little too wide. She wore one of his button-up shirts as she liked to do, but the expression she turned his way felt more fearful than lustful. “What's wrong?”

“Uh...” She waved a shaking hand at the counter, and he quickly moved to find and remove whatever had scared her.

Except...

Dmitri stopped cold. “This is...” His words dried up, his chest going suddenly tight. “*Moya koroleva*, what is this?”

“That's a silly question, Dima.” She laughed hoarsely. “You know what it is.”

He picked up the pregnancy test, his gaze glued to the plus sign. “You're pregnant.” He spun around and took a step toward her before he caught himself. *Caution*. Dmitri cleared his throat. “Is this not what we wanted?”

“Yes.” She gave a slow smile, though her eyes were still a little too wide. “It is. Holy crap, Dima. We're going to be parents.” She laughed softly. “Happy Valentine's Day!”

He swept her into his arms and kissed her thoroughly. Even after all this time, Dmitri didn't have the words to fully encompass his love for this woman. But he could show her. He showed her every chance he got. He finally lifted his head and was satisfied to see the fear had faded from her face. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” She went onto her toes and nipped his bottom lip. “Take me to bed, Dima. Let's celebrate.”

She didn't have to tell him twice.

