

RECIPE FROM *Indulge ME* BY BETH BOLDEN

roasted mushroom risotto

risotto

6 cups low-sodium chicken broth

1 medium onion, diced small

1 cup Arborio rice

1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

1/4 cup butter (1/2 stick)

1/2 cup dry white wine

roasted mushrooms

1 pound baby bella mushrooms, quartered

3 cloves of garlic, peeled and minced

Olive oil

Salt & pepper

1. In a medium saucepan, bring broth to a simmer. Reduce heat and keep warm. In a 10 inch heavy-bottomed skillet or pot, heat 2 tablespoons butter over medium-high heat. Add onion, and saute until beginning to soften, about 4 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

2. Add rice and cook, stirring, until rice is translucent at edges, about 1 minute.

3. Add wine and stir until evaporated, about 2 minutes. With a ladle, add 1 cup of broth to pot. Cook, stirring constantly, until broth is absorbed, about 4 minutes.

4. Repeat, gradually adding broth by the cupful and stirring constantly, until rice is tender but still al dente and sauce is creamy (you may not use all the broth), about 20 to 25 minutes.

5. Remove pot from the heat and stir in 2 tablespoons butter and Parmesan cheese. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

6. To make roasted mushrooms, preheat oven to 450 degrees. Lightly oil a shallow baking pan large enough to hold all mushrooms in a single layer. Add mushrooms and toss with 2 to 3 tablespoons olive oil. Add garlic and season with salt and pepper. Roast for 20 minutes, until mushrooms are browned.

7. Serve immediately over risotto.





EXCERPT FROM *Indulge* ME BY BETH BOLDEN

"I thought you were going to make me dinner?" Kian asked.

Bastian's glance his direction was swift and amused. "Don't say you wish I'd done that instead."

"I don't," Kian said steadily. "But now I'm starving."

It wasn't really a solution, to get half-dressed again and go back to the kitchen, but Kian knew that was the place he retreated to when he felt lost, and he had a hunch Bastian was the same.

"Then I'll make you dinner," Bastian said, reaching for his shirt and tugging it on. "Come, get dressed. I'm hungry too."

When Kian came back to the kitchen and resumed his spot on the barstool, Bastian had the gas on the stove back on, and he was poking at the mushrooms in the oven.

"Salvageable?" Kian asked.

"Not really," Bastian grumbled and grabbed the pan bare, not even bothering with a towel, and dumped out the contents into the trash. He looked up and then smiled, which surprised Kian because nothing bothered Bastian more than good food wasted. "But it was totally worth it."

"Of course it was." Like after waiting so long, the sex *wouldn't* be crazy hot. He'd known it had to be; he'd needed it to be. And it had still eclipsed even his wildest dreams.

"Get over here," Bastian grumbled. "You're completely capable of prepping these mushrooms while I try to salvage the risotto."

Kian thought it was the height of the fantasy to sit here, watching as Bastian made him dinner with his own hands, crafting the flavors just for the two of them. But it turned out that he'd been wrong.

The real fantasy? The fantasy that bled into real life until Kian didn't know where one ended and the other began?

It was standing hip to hip with Bastian in his kitchen, preparing dinner with him.