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One Night with You

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ONE NIGHT WITH YOU

Shiloh Walker

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Chapter One

How could a simple look make her feel like that?

Shifting around in the chair, Bo hoped he couldn't tell how nervous she was. False hope—Logan always seemed to know how she felt. He always had. But she could pretend, right? Pretend that she felt totally comfortable in the dark, quiet Lexington restaurant with its flickering candlelight and soft music. Pretend that she didn't feel self-conscious in the red silk that draped her body. Pretend that she knew how to handle the looks he kept giving her.

If she faked it long enough, maybe she could actually convince herself it was all true. That she knew how to wear silk and sip wine and smile a sexy little smile at the gorgeous man staring at her. But she didn't think it was going to happen.

Bo was more comfortable wearing jeans and a tank top while she worked a photo shoot. She'd rather the silk be on some bone-skinny model she saw through her camera lens instead of on her. She'd rather be riding through rain and snow on her dad's ranch and taking pictures of a newborn foal—even helping to deliver it. She'd take the blood and gore and afterbirth or dealing with demanding models and demanding agents. She'd take those experiences any day of the week over this one.

At least she knew how to handle those.

"You don't have to look so nervous."

Bo didn't see the point in lying. She looked at Logan and smiled a little. "I'm not used to this kind of place, that's all." Okay, so maybe that wasn't the complete truth but that wasn't exactly lying, was it? Because there was no way she was going to tell Logan that he was the real reason she was so nervous. He had a bad habit of making her feel like she was still the skinny teenager she'd been when they had first met instead of twenty-one years old.

Logan glanced around and smiled a little. "I thought about going to the Roadhouse but they don't have crème brulee."

Even though her belly was pleasantly full from dinner, the thought of crème brulee had her mouth watering. "You got me," Bo said with a grin.

"You and your sweet tooth." The waiter showed up and Bo sipped her wine in silence while he ordered. Just one dessert.

As the waiter walked away, she looked at Logan and cocked a brow. "I hope you don't think I'm sharing."

His pale brown eyes dropped to her mouth and that nervousness returned. "I'm not hungry for dessert." Bo thought the look on his face said the opposite. He looked like he was starving but she had a weird feeling he wasn't interested in food.

* * * * *

He was hungry, all right but food was the last thing on his mind. Well, maybe not the complete last thing. He could picture up some very worthwhile fantasies involving the crème brulee and Bo's mouth.

Watching her eat the rich dessert had him as hard as if she had reached over and wrapped her hand around his cock. Of course, just watching Bo do anything did that. She could be sitting at a table doing yearly taxes and he'd be hard. But the look in her eyes when she had taken that first bite...her lashes had fluttered closed and she had moaned like a woman on the brink of climax.

That thought only made his problem worse. He was dying to get her out of here, get her someplace where he could see how she really sounded when she came. Get her someplace quiet so he could strip that red silk away and touch her... And if he kept thinking like that, he was going to be stuck in this chair for a while.

He had plans for the rest of the night and they didn't include sitting here waiting for a hard-on to subside.

Another soft hmmmmm of pleasure escaped Bo's lips and Logan's control snapped. He reached for his wallet and dug out a couple of bills. The waiter saw him and started in his direction but Logan had no desire to wait for him. Bo looked up at him as he stood over her chair. The fork was still between her lips. If he didn't know better, he'd swear she was doing it on purpose when she slowly slid it out, taking time to lick it clean. She glanced down at the dessert in front of her and said, "I'm not done."

"Too bad. The way you are with sweets, you'd lick the bowl clean if I let you," Logan growled. He pulled the chair back and held out a hand. When she stood, he pulled her up against him and slid an arm around her waist. Their gazes met and held as he lowered his mouth.

She tasted of the rich, decadent dessert, wine and heat. Sheer, unadulterated heat. Desire and hesitation, curiosity and want—there were a million contradictions in her kiss and it was enough to drive him mad. Control snapped. He could feel it, all but hear it in the little cracking noises as she leaned into him. One fisted hand lay against his chest, clutching the lapel of his suit. Through the layers of clothing, he felt the warm weight of her breasts, the soft little curve of her belly—

"Ahem."

Logan tore his mouth away from hers and looked at the waiter. "Shit," he muttered.

Bo's spiky black lashes lifted, revealing smoky gray eyes fogged with desire. She moaned a little and leaned toward him again for just a second. Then it was like she realized where they were. She blushed, the soft pink flush starting at the low neckline of her dress and spreading upward to her face.

Without saying a word, Logan took her hand and led her out of the restaurant. Home hadn't ever seemed so far away.

The drive to the old farmhouse where Logan lived normally took thirty minutes. This time, it took him less than twenty, speeding most of the way, the gas pedal nearly pressed flat against the floor. "Are you in a hurry?" Bo asked as she looked out the window. He just glanced at her.

In the faint light coming off the dash, he saw her eyes widen, watched as her lips parted and she licked them nervously. *Moving too fast*, he told himself and he wasn't thinking about the speed limit either. *Slow down*. *Slow down*.

When he got to their street, instead of taking the long winding drive to her house, he took the shorter paved one to his. Bo glanced over her shoulder toward her home but didn't say anything. He wasn't going to do anything stupid. At least he hoped not. Logan had a little more control than that. He thought.

He hoped.

But when Bo accepted his hand a few minutes later, Logan knew he was kidding himself. He helped her from the car but once she stood in front of him, he didn't let go. Instead, he rubbed his thumb back and forth over her soft palm and stared at her.

Her heart-shaped face tipped up so she could look at him. Thick black lashes framed a pair of wide, misty gray eyes. She'd cut her hair. Once, her thick black hair had fallen nearly to her waist and Logan had had a hundred dreams where that hair had fallen around them while she straddled him and rode him through orgasm after orgasm. A thousand dreams where he fisted his hands in the thick silk.

It was short now. Spiky short, a little longer on top, with a tousled look. It suited her. Even he had to admit that, though he still daydreamed about how she would look, kneeling in front of him, that silky hair falling around her shoulders while she took his cock into her mouth.

Logan stared at her as he trailed the fingers of his other hand up her other arm, over her shoulder. He pressed the flat of his palm against the soft skin of her collarbone, his thumb resting in the delicate notch at her throat, his fingers curving over the slope of her neck.

Her lashes drooped low, shielding her eyes from him. He wanted to see them. Had to see them. Had to know if he had even half the effect on her that she had on him. "Look at me, Bo." Her lashes lifted and he found himself lost in the smoky, innocent seduction he saw in her eyes. His hands tensed. He moved into her, his weight pressing her up against the side of his car. Her mouth opened as his came crashing down on hers.

He swallowed the ragged groan and thrust his tongue into her mouth. Under his hand, he could feel the pulse in her neck. It beat against his palm—wild and erratic. He kept that hand pressed against her neck and skimmed the other up her side. When he cupped her breast, Bo's pulse kicked up a little and she gave one soft, erotic little groan before arching into his hand.

Bo had once shot some pictures of a tornado as it cut through the Kentucky countryside. The wild power of it had been exhilarating and terrifying at the same time. The destruction it left behind had been heartbreaking. If you threw some fire into the mixture, that just might sum up how it felt having Logan touch her. Exhilarating, terrifying, seductive and destructive. He had one hand at her neck, the other cupping her breast and the heavy, solid weight of his body pressing into hers.

Bo wasn't a virgin. She'd had one semi-serious boyfriend since she'd left home for college and she had thought she knew how arousal felt. She was so fricking wrong. This kind of arousal was devastating in its intensity. Mind-blowing. Logan pushed his knee between her thighs and Bo automatically tightened hers. He pushed up and her dress rode up her thighs, exposing them to the chilly night air. She barely noticed the cold. She was too focused on the heat of his body and trying to breathe. He slid a hand down her side, cupping the curve of her hip. Mindless, Bo rocked against his thigh. Her panties – already wet – slid slickly against her flesh.

"Bo-"

She moaned and turned her head, trying to catch his mouth with hers. He kissed her back, a deep, hot kiss that stole her breath. The hand at her neck slid around and fisted in the short choppy strands of her hair. He pulled, arching her head back. Logan's mouth left her but he didn't pull away, not completely. His lips pressed against her

neck, followed by his teeth as he bit her. The feel of his mouth against the sensitive flesh there was like throwing a match on something combustible. Bo could feel herself exploding.

His hand tightened on her hip as if he knew what was happening and his mouth came back up, smothering her scream with his lips. He shifted against her, cupping her ass in both hands and wedging his hips between her thighs. He pressed against her. Her panties were so wet, she might as well not even be wearing them for all the protection they provided. He rocked against her and Bo shattered.

The world spun around her, her feet leaving the ground. Reflexively, she clutched at Logan and realized he'd picked her up. They were heading toward his house. Blood rushed to her face and she blushed hotly as she realized what they had just done—right in front of his house. In full view of the road and anybody who might have been inside the old farmhouse.

Fortunately, Bo's house was hidden by the curve of the road and set far enough back that it was unlikely her dad might have seen. But what if Logan's brother was home?

Oh, shit.

Still struggling to get her breath back, she pressed against Logan's chest. He lowered his head and kissed her hard and quick. He did put her down but only long enough to fish his keys out and unlock the door. Her legs wobbly, she leaned against the wall and licked her lips. *This is moving way too fast,* she thought. But she couldn't quite find the words to tell Logan that.

Slow down just didn't want to come out. She opened her mouth to say something but he turned his head and looked at her. The hungry, hot light in his gaze made the words die before she could even say them. He reached over and caught her hand and when he pulled her against him, Bo couldn't resist. She leaned into his body and tipped her head back so she could stare at his mouth.

In a thousand years, she wouldn't have ever admitted to him how often she had thought about kissing him. She'd thought about it since she was old enough to think about kissing boys and all the years she'd known him hadn't changed that. Now she thought about kissing him and all sorts of other things—things that would have made her dad blush and maybe lock her away for fifty years.

But they were fantasies. Fantasies weren't meant to come true and when they did, they were rarely as good as you'd hoped. At least, that had been Bo's view on it. Until about fifteen minutes ago. Because Logan's kisses were a thousand times more potent than anything she could have imagined.

His touch even more so. The way her body lit up when he touched her could get addictive. She could start craving it. *Dangerous ground there, Bo*. She didn't want to crave anything. Didn't want to need anybody. Needing usually led to loving people and that never ended well.

Logan slid his arms around her waist and she gasped when he lifted her off the ground again. This time, her body was pressed full against his, from the chest down. His thighs rubbed against hers as he carried her into the house. Her breasts pressed flat against his chest, her belly against the hard wall of his abdomen and lower where she could feel the hard ridge of his cock.

The door banged shut behind him as he kicked it. The wall felt cool against her back as he turned and pressed her into it. His hands stripped her jacket away and then his own. The time to try to slow this train down was rapidly getting away from her but she couldn't find it in her to care. At least not yet.

His hands came up and cupped her breasts. Through the silk and the thin layer of her bra, she could feel him – hard, hot and strong. His thumbs circled her nipples. Then his hands pressed flat against her chest, slowly rising higher. Bo leaned her head so she could watch his face. His eyes glittered and he had the look on his face of a man starving.

She felt the tug at her neck and then cool air. Her dress fell to her waist and then her bra fell to the floor. He sank to his knees in front of her and took one nipple in his mouth. Bo cried out. She cupped the back of his head in her hands, fisting her fingers in the dark waves. *Time's up...* Like some little countdown clock in her head, the voice sounded and Bo realized she'd hit the point of no return with him. Pulling away now wasn't going to happen.

She had gone and thrown herself into the tornado and now she was lost in it. His hands slid under her dress, stripping her panties away. He pulled her to the floor and shoved the skirt of her dress up to her waist and lay between her thighs. The feel of his mouth against her sex had her screaming out his name. He growled against her and the vibration of that made her shudder. One big hand cupped her ass, squeezing gently. The other slid up the soft skin of her inner thigh, his fingers tracing random little patterns that took him closer and closer to the heart of her.

He circled his tongue around her clit, sucked on it, pulled away so he could mutter something against her flesh that made no sense, then he kissed her again, his mouth full against her, his tongue stroking around and around, in and out. Light, teasing little touches that had her rocking and circling her hips up to meet him. Ready to scream, ready to explode, Bo hooked her legs over his shoulders and squeezed. He laughed hoarsely and pressed her thighs open. He pulled away, propping his weight on his elbows so he could look up at her.

His mouth was wet. Wet and gleaming. From her, Bo realized with a jolt. She flushed a painful shade of red but in the next moment all thought of embarrassment was gone as he lifted one hand and pressed it against her mound. The world shrank down until there was nothing and no one, except for them. He slid one finger inside, easing past the squeezing muscles of her sex, pushing deeper and deeper until he could go no farther. He lowered his mouth and licked her again – a soft, thorough caress around her clit. Then he pushed a second finger inside her and repeated the caress with his tongue. She bucked and screamed out his name, coming hard and fast.

She never had a chance to come down from the second climax. Before she could even catch her breath, Logan was on her. She felt him press against her, the smooth thin shield of a latex condom and then he was inside her. His mouth covered hers and one hand fisted in her hair, holding her still for his kiss.

He took her in one slow, thorough stroke, pushing inside her relentlessly until he could go no deeper. When he was seated inside her, he lifted his head and stared down at her. His eyes glittered as he studied her face. Something unreadable crossed his features but Bo couldn't quite decipher it. "Put your arms around me Bo," he muttered, breaking the tense silence. "Hold on to me."

She did.

His arms slid under hers, curving her shoulders and bracing her body. "Don't look away from me," he rasped. His voice was a harsh, guttural sound, unbelievably erotic.

Their gazes held as he pulled away and then surged back inside. Slowly at first, watching her face with an unsettling intensity. He shifted a little on her body and when he pushed back inside her, it brought him into close, complete contact with her clit. Her breath hitched in her chest and she bucked against him. A slow smile turned up the corners of his mouth and he slid his hand down her side, over her hip, until he could catch her leg just behind the knee. He repeated the caress on her other hip and then he rocked back, bracing his weight onto his knees as he pushed her legs into the air.

He fell forward, his shoulders wedging her thighs apart. Then he started to pump against her again with slow, almost lazy strokes. Bo felt the nameless, indescribable ache settle inside her, deep and hot, centered around her clit and her sex. He pushed into her, stroked her flesh where she stretched around him, muttered her name, kissed her quickly and roughly. She moaned out his name and he kissed her again and again. His rhythm changed abruptly from lazy and teasing to hard and driving.

It exploded inside her. She would have screamed out his name, except his mouth came crushing down on hers. Within the sensitive grasp of her pussy, she felt his cock swell and then jerk. His hips hammered against her, his hands squeezing so tightly that it bordered just this side of pain.

Bo gave herself up to it, lost herself in it, as he pounded away at her. Her vision dwindled down to darkness. His lips gentled against hers, pulled away to trail a line of kisses to her neck and then he collapsed against her.

* * * * *

"You're not going anywhere."

Bo glanced toward the sound of Logan's voice and blushed. She hoped he couldn't see her very well. The only light in the room came from the clock on the bedside table and the watery moonlight filtering through the shades.

Bo couldn't see well enough to find her clothes, so she hoped that meant he couldn't see her.

Couldn't see how embarrassed she was. Couldn't see how nervous she was. How scared she was. That would be bad, bad, bad. Cuddling against him, letting him hold her half the night had felt way too good. Too natural. She'd been right in thinking that Logan was somebody she could see herself needing. Loving. Part of her already loved him. The little girl in love hadn't ever completely faded. It wouldn't take much to push those feelings of first love into the real thing.

She knew it wouldn't and that terrified her. Love. She couldn't do love. Didn't want it. Wouldn't risk it.

She cleared her throat and hoped she could manage some kind of normal tone as she said, "It's past midnight Logan."

"I don't care." His hand found her wrist in the darkness, manacling her to the bed. She felt the mattress shift as he moved toward her and then his other hand came up,

cupping her chin. "Open your mouth," he muttered but he didn't even wait to see if she did. He kissed her, using his tongue to part her lips.

The man kissed like he was some warrior intent on conquering and Bo loved it. She heard foil rip and then he tumbled her back onto the bed. "Logan..."

"Bo..." he teased, his voice low and rough. He spread her legs and pressed against her.

Her breath caught in her chest and Bo closed her eyes, reaching up to grip his shoulders. Irresistible. Logan was so irresistible. He always had been. As hard as she tried not to let herself think about things like love, Logan had always managed to sneak past her guard. She'd managed to deal with it just by telling herself daydreams and fantasies were harmless.

They didn't come true.

But tonight, one of her deepest fantasies *had* come true and Bo didn't want to think about how much this night would change things for her.

His mouth covered hers and his hips circled against hers. She felt the hot, heavy length of his cock pass over her sex, once, twice. On the third pass, she tilted her hips up and tried to take him inside.

"Such a hurry," Logan muttered. He didn't want to rush this time. It had taken an hour to get her into his bed. After that first, fast fuck just inside the front door, they'd dozed on the hardwood floor for a few minutes. They might have stayed there half the night if Bo hadn't suddenly thought about Dustin. Logan was pretty sure that Dustin had gone out with some friends, but since he didn't really want another man seeing Bo naked, he'd figured they should move.

Then he'd picked her up, planning on carrying her to his bed. But she had rested her head against his shoulder and looked up at him under the fan of her lashes. Just that simple look, her eyes sleepy and satisfied, her hair tousled from his hands, had undone him. He had lowered his head to kiss her and had ended up taking her on the small

landing of the stairwell, her back pressed to the wall, her legs wrapped around his waist.

They'd made it into his bedroom for the third round, even if they'd only made it halfway onto the bed. He had bent her over the mattress and pushed into her from behind. The round, firm curve of her ass had driven him to distraction and he had thought of a few dozen dirty little things he wanted to do to her.

But now he wanted to make love to her, soft and slow, so that she came with a sweet sigh. He bussed her mouth with his and traced the outline of her lips. "You taste so good," he whispered.

She whimpered into his mouth and her fingers dug into his shoulders. Her hips rocked against his in a desperate, demanding manner. Logan cupped a hand over the subtle swell of one hip, slowing those hungry, demanding motions. Then he pressed his hips against hers, letting the weight of his body crush her into the mattress, effectively caging her in.

His cock rested against her belly and he rocked against her. Her skin was soft as silk. He'd remember how she felt for the rest of his life. A perfect night, but it wasn't going to be enough. He thought after fifty or sixty years with her, he might be able to take the edge off. Maybe. Possibly. He spread her thighs and pushed inside her.

"Look at me," he demanded. He pushed her hair back from her face with one hand and cupped her cheek. "I want to watch you."

Her lashes lifted and a blush stained her cheeks as she stared into his eyes. She flexed around him. Logan groaned. Those little rippling caresses as she neared climax were designed to drive a man insane. She got so damn tight and so hot and those little muscles gripped his dick like a hungry, greedy fist, milking him to distraction.

"This isn't over," he whispered into her mouth. He canted her hips up and drove into her hard, fast, taking her deeply. Those rippling caresses got stronger, her pussy got tighter and her breathing got rougher. She started to scream and he swallowed it down. Her legs came up around his hips, squeezing like a vise. Her back arched and her hips pumped against his in a frenzied rhythm. "Not over," he growled.

Logan tore his mouth away from hers, shoving up onto his hands. He pulled out and slammed back into her once more. They climaxed together. She shuddered and bucked and cried out under his body. Logan felt like he was frozen, his orgasm dragging on and on. When it ended, he felt drained. Emotionally, physically, mentally.

And more complete than he'd ever felt in his life.

"Not over," he murmured against her breast.

* * * * *

"She...what?"

Logan stared at William Martin, certain that he'd heard wrong.

Will lifted a shoulder. "Asked her when she'd be back and she didn't know. That girl, she can't stay in one place for longer than it takes to catch her breath." The expression on his face was puzzled, disturbed and resigned. Logan had seen that same expression on Will's face a thousand times before and he usually sympathized. Right now, though, he wanted to grab the older man and shake him.

"What kind of fucked-up joke is this?"

Now Will shoved off the doorjamb and gave Logan a look that made him feel about thirteen years old. Graying black brows dropped low over eyes that were the same misty gray as Bo's. "You have a problem, son?"

Logan closed his eyes and made himself take a deep breath. "Did she say where she was going?"

The hard glint was still in Will's eyes but he relaxed back against the door. "Milan, I think. Someplace in Italy," Will said. He shrugged. "Tore her room apart looking for her passport."

"Milan."

Milan? "You let her go to Milan?"

Will narrowed his eyes. "Logan, I don't much care for your attitude right now. Bo's a big girl. Legally, I have no say over whether or not she decides to take off to Milan. She can go to Tokyo. She can go to Australia."

"She's practically a kid." *Hypocrite – you weren't screwing a kid last night*.

With a shake of his head, Will said, "Bo hasn't been a kid for a long, long time, Logan. You and I both know that." He sighed and rubbed a hand over his head. Then he studied Logan thoughtfully. "Between you and me…no, I don't like my baby trotting over to parts unknown. But it's her choice. She had a call a few days ago. The job in Milan opened up unexpectedly and somebody gave her name. It's a big opportunity for her. She only had a few days to decide and when she decided to go, I wasn't going to tell her to pass it up. It wouldn't be fair to her."

Big opportunity, my ass. She'd run from him. That's all there was to it. Slowly, carefully, Logan took another deep breath. "I need to talk to her."

Will just grunted. "She's supposed to call tomorrow. I'll let her know."

But Bo didn't call. Even later, he barely got a chance to speak to her. Oh, he tried. She didn't return his calls. He called her and she either didn't answer or rushed off the phone before he managed more than, "Hi." Okay, maybe he didn't actually say, *Hi*. The first time he'd demanded she get her ass back home.

The second time he'd tried to make some sort of apology but he was pretty sure he'd ended up yelling then too. He had figured he'd wait until Christmas. She'd come home for Christmas. She wouldn't leave her dad alone for Christmas.

And she hadn't. But it turned out that she talked Will into flying to her for Christmas. Logan had tried calling again. She'd hung up on him again. He had written her. Sometimes the letters had come back. Sometimes they hadn't. But she'd never answered.

The days stretched out into weeks and months and by the time Bo finally stopped running, nearly four years had passed.

Chapter Two *Four years later*

Logan Wallace was a patient man.

Always had been.

Hell, patient didn't even begin to describe him. He figured as far as patience was concerned, he ought to rank right up there with the saints. He was content to sit back and wait – watching and debating every little step he took in life. Damn near everything in life could be gotten if one was patient enough. That was what Logan had always believed.

Unfortunately, though, his patience was about ready to bite him on the ass.

Bo's sudden return home six months ago had come at a seriously bad time for him. She could have come home at any time during the past four years but she had picked a time when he was in the middle of a very ugly undercover case. It had him working nineteen hours a day so he'd decided to wait until he could actually focus completely on her instead of the meth-dealing bastards he was investigating. Working the case from the inside, he was able to make it home maybe once a week or so. Hell, Bo had been home two weeks before he'd even known.

It had taken two precious months to close that case. After everything had been tied up he was finally free to pursue Bo. He'd made a few overtures, called her, gone by to see her but she had retreated each and every time. Even though he'd been pissed off and frustrated, part of him understood. He'd moved too fast last time. Regaining the ground he'd lost was going to take time.

So he had waited, willing to give her all the time she needed after how badly he'd messed up before. But that bad call was going to cost him everything, because during that time Bo had started dating his damn cousin.

And now they were getting married? Who in hell got married after a three-month engagement? And they'd only dated for two months before that.

Married! Bo was getting married!

Son of a bitch. Married to Logan's cousin. David McNear had always had a thing for Bo. Logan had known that. Hell, half the men in the county had a thing for her. But Logan had also known that Bo was *his*. He'd waited for her. He'd bided his time. Six years older than she, he had sat back and watched as she'd gone from coltish teen to rebellious coed to sleek, sexy, svelte woman. And he had waited.

She was his, after all.

He'd known it the minute she had climbed out of her father's truck when she had moved into the old ramshackle farmhouse across the road from his parents' home. Logan had taken one look into those big, misty gray eyes and he'd known. He'd felt like a damn pervert for it too—in his sophomore year in college and drooling over a high school girl.

He had brooded every time she had batted her lashes at some high school punk and he had silently gritted his teeth through the three years she had been away at college in Chicago. Bo had graduated from high school a half year early. She'd also been taking college courses in high school so she had graduated from college a full year early.

That damn investigation. If it hadn't been for that, he could have gone after Bo the minute she returned to Kentucky. Instead he had been forced to wait two long, awful months and that had given David the chance to work his way into Bo's life.

"I'm going to kill the bastard." Shit. What if David had touched her? Logan clenched his hands and fought the urge to plow his fist into a wall. If he killed David, it would make the next family get-together really tense.

Logic dictated that it wasn't completely fair to blame David. David didn't know how Logan felt about Bo. Hell, *Bo* didn't know how Logan felt. She'd been running from him for close to four years now. Since that night, their second date. The night he'd fucked her blind, marking her, binding her to him. Or so he had thought. But when he had gone to her the next day, she'd already left. Spent almost four years running around the globe. Milan, Tokyo, London. When Bo did something, she did it to the extreme. He knew that about her but he hadn't expected her to run from him.

He still didn't understand why she'd run, or really why she had been avoiding him. Each of her visits home had been quick and spur of the moment. Will never knew when to expect her. The few times he had seen her on those random visits, she was careful never to be alone with him. As often as possible, she'd avoided seeing him altogether.

She wouldn't talk about that night. She acted like she'd rather that night had never happened and part of him wished it hadn't, because now he had even less of her than before. Before, they'd been friends. Now?

Now, it felt like – nothing.

Logan had been terrified of rushing her again after how badly he had screwed up before. He'd wanted to give her time. He'd screwed up, after all, by moving too fast and scaring her away. If waiting was going to be the penance he had to pay in order to win her back, so be it.

All that time, Logan had waited so patiently—all those years while she was busy growing up, while she was in college—he'd waited all that time. But then when it was the most critical that he take care, he'd moved too fast and scared her away.

He didn't think he had any other choice but to give her a little more time. He loved her more than he loved to breathe and he knew they belonged together. He could wait until she saw it. Even if it killed him. He'd been telling himself that ever since she had run away. It was the only way he stayed sane.

When she hooked up with David, just the thought of those two together had been enough to have him seeing red but he had kept it together because he *knew* Bo belonged with him and sooner or later, Bo would come to her senses. A few months, that was all

it would take for Bo to see that David wasn't right for her. A few months and she'd be bored out of her mind.

But he'd waited too long.

Instead of dropping David after a few months, she was marrying him.

"Bastard," he muttered. David had been one of Logan's best friends growing up. They were close and not just because they were related. But Logan wanted to pound his cousin into the ground.

Marrying Bo. No. No fucking way.

Maybe Logan should have tried to talk some sense into her sooner. Like the second he'd seen that rock on her hand. But give a guy a break—he'd been in shock. What in hell was she thinking? Marrying David. *Shit*.

Apparently a prolonged engagement was a load of bull too because in exactly two weeks, they were walking down the aisle at St. Paul's and Logan was expected to be one of the groomsmen. "My ass."

"You're a moron." The words echoed in the room and Logan wondered if he had gone and lost his mind over this. "You're talking to yourself again."

Logan glanced back and realized that Dustin was standing at the doorway to his office. It looked like his brother had been standing there a while. "Go away."

"You going to keep standing there or go out and talk to her?"

Logan closed his eyes. He hadn't told Dustin a damn thing about his feelings for Bo but then again, Dusty was his brother. They shared the same dark brown hair, though Dusty wore his long enough to pull it back in a stubby ponytail. They had the same long, rangy frame. Dusty's eyes were a dreamy blue, surrounded with spiky lashes that had put him on the wrong end of serious teasing as he grew up. Half the time, Dusty seemed unaware of anything outside his horses and his land. But Dusty was a hell of a lot more aware than most people gave him credit for.

Dusty was sharp and too damn observant. The two of them knew each other as only brothers could. Logan didn't have to say a thing to Dustin, because Dustin knew. Dustin probably always knew. Which meant Dustin was probably aware that Logan was losing it.

He turned around and leaned back against the wall. He sighed tiredly and rubbed his hands over his face. "It's too late, Dusty."

"Ain't too late until she says '*I do*'," Dustin said. Then he lifted a shoulder in a shrug and said, "But you'd better say something before then. Can't believe you've let it go this far."

Logan mumbled under his breath. He looked out the window. Out in the distance, he could see Bo. She was riding Mist—or she had been riding. Right now, though, she was still as a statue.

He couldn't see her clearly, but he didn't have to see her face to know it was her.

Marrying David. The words kept circling through his head like a litany. "Shit. I'm going insane."

Dustin laughed. "Ya think? Go talk to her, Logan." But Dusty's words barely registered and Logan was only distantly aware that Dusty had left.

Going insane. It wasn't a far stretch, as far as he was concerned. Insanity would explain how he'd gone this long without saying anything.

He'd gotten measured for a fucking tux. But damn if he'd wear it. David probably wouldn't forgive him but Logan wasn't standing up at the church and watching as the woman he loved married somebody else.

He stared at her, watching as she sat on Mist and stared out into the distance. He didn't know what she was looking at. Probably the impossibly blue sky. The sun was shining so brightly, it hurt the eyes. He could tell she had a camera but even if he hadn't seen it, he'd know she would have one on her somewhere.

Bo's cameras were as important to her a cop's gun. Not just a tool of the trade but something she considered vital. She was probably out there taking pictures of the terrain or the clouds drifting through the sky or something like that.

Logan clenched his jaw. He wanted to hit something. Wanted to beat something bloody – preferably his cousin's affable face. He just bet that Bo was about as happy as could be, as content as the proverbial cat and cream. Daydreaming about her upcoming wedding and how perfect her life with David was going to be.

At that, Logan laughed. There wasn't much humor in the sound, though. He felt so bitter, it almost made him sick. He *knew* Bo. Her marriage to David would be sheer hell for her. She'd have David wrapped around her finger and ground into the dirt in no time flat.

David had the problem of wanting to take care of a woman. Coddle her. Protect her. And in Bo's case, that would be smothering her. She might like the pampering for a while but it wouldn't take long for the novelty of that to wear off and then she'd be miserable.

Bo didn't realize it yet but she *would* be miserable.

David would be miserable too. "Stopping that wedding would be doing them a favor," Logan muttered. He scrubbed a hand over his face and turned away from the window. He caught sight of a picture on his desk. It was the only picture on the desk, one of the very few he had in the house.

It was Bo. He'd taken it himself one weekend when she'd come home from college for few days. They'd gone out riding one fall day and she'd spent most of the time taking pictures with the Canon EOS Rebel her dad had given her just before she left for school.

She had looked so beautiful that day. So happy. So perfect. It had been before she chopped her hair off and Logan could still remember how she'd looked, that long thick hair escaping from the braid to frame her face, her eyes bright with laughter.

He'd wanted to grab her, haul her against him and kiss her until she couldn't see straight. Then he wanted to strip her naked, spread her thighs and taste her. Fuck her hard and deep and then do it all over again but slower.

"You going to tell me about school or just snap pictures all day?" he'd asked her when they stopped for lunch. When she'd lowered the camera, he had grabbed it away from her. He'd planned on just putting the camera back in the case but he'd looked at her. Grinning, with her hair blowing across her face. He'd snapped a quick picture of her before tucking the camera away.

She had looked happy.

Logan's lids drooped and he thought of the way she'd looked Christmas Eve. She had been smiling, yeah. She had looked happy enough. But David didn't make her face glow. She didn't look as happy with David as she had looked with Logan.

"Why in the hell is this happening?" he muttered.

But he knew the answer to that. It was happening because he had let it happen. Logan closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the windowpane. How many mistakes was he going to make with her? Rushing her like he had. Then, when maybe he should have moved a little faster, he hadn't.

He should have gone after her. It didn't matter if she was seeing David or not.

That was what he should have done.

Ain't too late until she says I do.

But now it was too late. Logan had to do something before she married David but he didn't know what. It wasn't purely selfish. Logan wanted her, had always wanted her, but it wasn't just that. It wasn't even the bone-deep knowledge that she belonged with him. *To* him. Sounded archaic but hey, there it was. She belonged to him and even though she didn't know, he belonged to her.

Both of them would be miserable marrying anybody else. He wanted her happy. If he thought there was a snowball's chance in hell that she would be happy with David,

he'd walk her down the aisle himself. He might drink himself into oblivion and stay drunk for weeks after but he would do it. If it would make her happy.

Slowly, he turned and looked back out the window. She was still out there, high on the ridge. He could do that—give her away to another man. He could do whatever it took to make her happy, no matter how much it hurt him. He loved her—what else could he do but want her happy?

"You're marrying the wrong guy, Bo."

Ain't too late until she says I do.

* * * * *

Bridal jitters.

Hell, these weren't jitters. Jitters sounded like such a small thing. Like aftershocks or something. She wasn't having jitters – she was having quakes that would register 6.0, complete with emergency alerts and fire truck sirens.

The warning system was all in her head of course but every time she thought about the wedding, it was with a pealing of alarm bells that made her gut tie itself into knots.

Up until a few days ago, she'd had herself convinced she wasn't making a mistake. She just needed time to get used to the idea of getting married. She was twenty-five years old. She could take care of herself and had been doing just that since she'd landed her first job, a pure stroke of luck while she was still in college.

Bo had money in the bank, she had a great career and she had a man who adored her. What more could she want? Logically, there shouldn't be anything.

So why was she so miserable?

From the corner of her eye, she saw a horse and rider approach. She didn't even have to see him to know who it was. Logan. Nor did she have to see him to react. Her skin felt hot and tight. Her heart banged away within her chest with a force that made her breathless. Her muscles felt like putty. Only one person on earth had that effect on her and she'd been running from him for four years. Like she sensed her rider's mood swing, Mist shifted and Bo reached out a hand, soothing the mare.

The bastard always did this to her. She'd had a serious crush on him the entire time she was growing up. Getting away from him at college had seemed to make it a little easier and it had been so damn necessary. Bo liked keeping a certain distance between herself and everybody else. Except her dad, and even with him, there were some boundaries she didn't want to cross.

Her mother's death had hit both of them hard and William Martin had always been there for Bo but he never really recovered from Isabo's death. Bo didn't ever want to go through the pain her dad had gone through. Sometimes it made her feel like a coward.

Bo looked like her mom, though she did have her dad's eyes. She'd been named Isabo Dawn, after her mother. She'd been Bo pretty much since birth. Her memories of her mother were vague but they centered around a woman so pretty that she'd looked like an angel in Bo's eyes. She'd loved to laugh. She'd loved to dance.

Isabo had loved life, plain and simple.

Bo preferred to hide from it. And she'd been doing pretty well, until Logan. He'd shattered her defenses four years ago and if she let him close enough, he'd do it again.

All the more reason to marry David, she told herself. She liked David. She even loved him. He was funny. He was sweet. He made her laugh. She'd marry him and in a year or two, they would talk about having kids.

Maybe. The kid thing was still a maybe for her. She might be able to maintain distance with those around her but having kids would shoot that straight to hell. So the jury was still out on that one. David had already told her that it was her decision.

Bo grimaced. Too often, David's answers were along those lines. *Whatever makes you happy*, Bo.

Lately, Bo had been thinking, *How about an argument? If an argument will make me happy, will you give me one?*

David didn't argue. He persuaded and cajoled or he went along with her. Bo hated to admit it but that was fast becoming boring.

Logan's never boring. The minute that little voice whispered those words inside her head, Bo wanted to scream. No. Logan wasn't boring. Her palms went damp just thinking about him. If she took off now, she just might be able to avoid him. She'd been doing that for too long.

Ever since... Bo winced and shied away from that thought. She didn't want to think about that night. She couldn't think about that night.

"You going to take off running again, Bo?"

Shit. She took a deep breath and hoped her nerves weren't showing on her face. She'd gotten very, very good at hiding her emotions but Logan tended to shatter her control.

"Don't know what you're talking about," Bo lied as she looked at him. Mist shifted a little as Logan and Dervish drew closer. Absently, Bo stroked a hand down the mare's neck. She made herself look at him as she responded and wished she hadn't.

"Don't you?" There was a smile on his face. A cool, knowing smile that was completely maddening. And sexy as hell. Everything about Logan was sexy as hell. He was just an inch or two taller than her. She was five-nine and she liked being able to meet his eyes head-on, without looking up.

She loved his shoulders. Always had. She loved watching him while he worked with his brother in the stable, worn cotton clinging to the sleek muscles underneath. She liked how he looked in a suit. An agent with the local DEA department, Logan was just as comfortable in a suit and tie as he was in denim and cotton. He spent a lot of his time undercover, which meant he spent more time in the casual clothes but he could wear a suit better than most of the male models Bo had met.

He was better looking than most of them too. Hard, male looks instead of glossed up pretty-boy looks. Thick chestnut brown hair that curled just a little when he forgot to cut it, eyes the palest brown. When she'd first met him, he'd had dimples when he smiled but over the years those dimples had deepened to slashes that bracketed a mouth that wasn't as hard as it looked.

She ought to know. That one night had forever imprinted the memory of how that mouth felt. She realized she was staring at his mouth and she jerked her eyes away but not soon enough.

He smiled a slow, lazy smile that seemed to say he knew exactly what she was thinking about. Blood rushed to her cheeks. Damn it.

Bo had been dealing with her feelings for Logan for a long time and she knew damn well that if she let him in on how nervous she was, it would be that much worse. She took a deep, slow breath. Even if she was still blushing, she made herself look back at him and answer. "No, Logan. I don't know what you're talking about."

And it wasn't a lie, not right now. The look in his eyes could make her forget her name, so recalling something he'd said thirty seconds ago was difficult.

He didn't push. He glanced around and nodded to her camera. "You've been sitting out here for a while. Something wrong?"

Only an entire world of things, Bo thought but she didn't say that. "Just thinking." As she spoke, she lifted the camera and snapped a picture of him. He didn't blink. Logan had been around her long enough to know that a camera in her hands rarely remained unused. She had hundreds of pictures of him. More than anybody else in her life, though she'd never let him know that.

He was still smiling but the smile changed, grew sharper, almost icy. She suppressed a shiver and snapped another picture. "Thinking about your wedding?" he asked. His tone was silky smooth. If it wasn't for that smile, she'd almost believe that he was just expressing casual interest.

Yeah. Casual, my ass, she thought sourly. "Just thinking."

He urged Dervish a little closer, until they were practically knee to knee. He leaned in and said, "About what? You look so serious for a girl who ought to be riding high on the world right now."

Irritated, Bo tugged on Mist's reins, guiding her mare a short distance away. "I'm just *thinking*," she repeated. "I've got an assignment coming up in Alaska, one in Japan, a wedding in two weeks and I'm still trying to keep an eye on my father. He still isn't acting like himself and I'm worried. I've got a million things on my mind, okay?"

If she thought Logan would let it go at that, she obviously didn't know him very well, he figured. A million things on her mind wouldn't make her look like that, not if she was happy. She had already looked miserable but when he'd mentioned the wedding, her eyes had gotten darker and her mouth flattened out into an unsmiling line. She had a pinched, pale look that made him think that maybe Bo had as many doubts about her upcoming wedding as he did.

"So are you nervous?"

Those pretty gray eyes narrowed and Bo drawled sarcastically, "Gee, I'm about to become a bride. What do *you* think, Sherlock?"

Logan shrugged. "I don't know. I think you're looking kind of miserable. Like you really aren't looking forward to wearing that white dress."

Her brows dropped low over her eyes and she jerked on Mist's reins, putting a little more distance between them. "What in the world do you know?"

He stared at her for a long, silent moment before he finally answered. "You. I know you. And you don't look happy. You so sure you want to get married, Bo?" He closed the distance between them and before she could move away again, he reached out and grabbed the reins.

She gave him a cool, dismissive glare. "I *am* getting married. Since when have I ever done anything I didn't really want to do?"

Well, she had a point there. Logan acknowledged it with a grin. "Just tell me one thing. Are you happy?"

Bo blinked. Her tongue slid out and wet her lips. Her voice cracked a little as she repeated, "Happy?"

"Yeah. You know the meaning of the word, right? Are you happy?"

Her lips curved up in a smile, cool and confident. Her voice was rock steady and she never even blinked as she replied, "Yes. I'm happy." If he hadn't been looking into her eyes, he just might have believed it.

But those eyes? They were lying.

* * * * *

Late that night, Logan sat in his office, his hand wrapped around a half empty glass of whiskey. The fire across the room had burned down until the only light it gave off was a red glow.

The bottle on the desk had started out half full. Now, even the most optimistic couldn't call it much of anything except for empty. He was bordering on being really drunk and totally wasted. The whiskey was gone but he still hurt inside. He could empty another bottle and it wouldn't do anything for that pain.

Bo was getting married. In two weeks. To somebody Logan considered to be one of his best friends. It was going to kill him, he knew it. And her.

His parents had been trapped in a loveless marriage. Bo's mother had died when she was young and her father hadn't ever loved another woman enough to remarry. She didn't understand the hell of being married to somebody you didn't belong with. But what in the hell could he do about it?

Stop the wedding. Well, yeah. "Could do that," he said to himself. His voice was so damn slurred, nobody would have understood him. But since he was talking to himself, it wasn't an issue.

"Stop the wedding," he mumbled. Then he snorted. "How'm I gonna do that?"

An insane idea, no doubt brought on by his drunken state, danced through his mind. If he kidnapped her, she couldn't get married.

Could she? Can't get married if you don't show up for the wedding. He squinted a little and tried to think past the fog of alcohol. It did make sense.

She might hate him. "She doesn't belong with him," he said with the complete, utter confidence of somebody who was either shit faced in love or falling down drunk. Logan was both and he knew it. But the idea still made perfect sense.

Well, maybe not perfect sense. "It's illegal." So the plan had one little flaw. Still made really good sense. So maybe it was a little bit illegal but he could always arrest himself after, right?

Logan shoved up from his chair. The room swirled around him and he slapped his hands against the desk to keep from falling over. The room stabilized a little and he tried taking one step away from the desk. So far so good.

If he had a handrail all the way over to Bo's house, this just might work. But the desk was only so long and if he wanted to keep moving forward he was going to have to let go of it. First step – good. Second step – good.

Third.

Hell. He hit the floor and was still drunk enough to find it funny as he lay there, drunk out of his mind and snickering. He had to get up. Find Bo. Yeah. 'Cause it still all made perfect sense. Kidnap Bo and she couldn't marry David.

Perfect sense. The ceiling spun around overhead and he closed his eyes. All those circles were making him dizzy. He wanted to sleep. But Bo...

Then he sighed and stopped fighting it. Bo would be there in the morning and the plan would still make sense in the morning. He'd fix it then, because she couldn't marry David. Logan couldn't bear to see that sad look in her eyes get any worse.

Chapter Three

Morning came and with it, the hangover from hell.

Clarity also came but it wasn't the kind of clarity he might have expected. Because the idea still made sense. Bo wasn't in love with David. If she was, she wouldn't have looked so miserable.

But she was stubborn and if she'd made up her mind to marry Logan's cousin, it would take a cataclysmic event to change her mind. Or maybe an illegal event with somewhat questionable motives. Logan had no problem admitting that, for purely selfish reasons, he didn't want her marrying David. But he also knew that if he'd looked at Bo and seen happiness in her eyes, had known that she loved David and wanted to marry him, he would have let go.

At least, he was pretty sure of that. Logan would have been miserable and he would have thought about beating David into a pulp. On a regular basis. He might have even moved away, just so he wouldn't have to see his cousin, his *friend*, with the woman Logan loved. But she wasn't happy and she didn't love David.

Logan knew he was leaving a vital part out of his reasoning. David. He didn't want to think about David too much and he wouldn't let himself look too closely at his reasons for avoiding it either. But one thing he was certain of, David wasn't going to be happy married to Bo, either. Even if David was in love with her, he wouldn't be happy because Bo wouldn't happy.

When he added it all up-Bo's stubbornness, her unhappiness, the unhappiness that would result between Bo and David if they went through with the wedding and the fact that Logan had been in love with her his entire life – he figured he could do one of two things. He could do the wrong thing and let Bo marry somebody who'd make

her miserable. Or he could do another wrong thing by kidnapping her. Give himself a few days to convince Bo that he was the only one who could make her happy.

In the long run, it wasn't a hard choice. Granted, his libido was all for the one that involved getting up close and personal with Bo. He was all for that. He wouldn't deny feeling a little bit of guilt over what he was doing to his cousin. David might never forgive him. But Logan knew he couldn't forgive himself if he let Bo make a mistake that made her miserable.

So his guilt over David might make him lose some sleep but it wasn't going to stop him.

It would take planning. A couple of little white lies. He didn't want anybody worrying about Bo. Not her dad, not her friends—not even her fiancé. That word left a bitter taste in his mouth. He couldn't even think it without sneering.

Still, as much as he wanted to pound on David's face a little, he didn't want his cousin thinking that something bad had happened to Bo. It was his weekend on call but he had a few favors to call in. Arranging everything was child's play and oddly, sort of exhilarating.

He cruised through Friday and considered it a good sign when Bo's father came by the house where Logan lived with his brother. "You and Dusty going to be around this weekend?"

"I won't be," Logan answered. "Dustin isn't going anywhere though." Dustin never went anywhere. His brother lived and breathed the small horse farm. "You need something?"

Will shrugged. "Just a hand. I…" his voice trailed off and unless Logan was mistaken, the old guy was blushing a little. "Thinking about going up to that new casino in French Lick. A…friend invited me."

With a wide grin, Logan tucked his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels. Well, this was going to be even easier than he'd thought. "A friend. Do I know this friend?"

Will gave him that glowering, irritated glare.

Logan stopped smiling. He thought he managed to keep the pleased smirk on his face. Or mostly. Twenty minutes later, he watched as Will mounted the old gelding and headed back to his home.

"You're up to something."

Logan looked up to find Dustin watching him with knowing eyes. "Up to what?"

Dustin shrugged. "Beats the hell out of me but you're up to something. How come I'm going to be helping Bo out by my lonesome?"

"He's got stable hands. They'll be helping." He didn't say anything about Bo not being around. Dusty was a smart guy. He'd put two and two together soon enough.

A small, satisfied smile curled Dusty's lips. Dusty's summery blue eyes darkened when he was mad or thinking. He wasn't pissed off right now so that dark blue could signify a problem. "Saw you talking to Bo yesterday. Finally. What did you two talk about?"

In a level voice, he replied, "Nothing you need to worry about."

The smirk on his younger brother's face just got wider. "Really. So, is she ready for her wedding?"

"You'd have to ask her," Logan replied easily.

"Hmmm. Maybe I'll do that when I see her tomorrow."

Logan smiled. "Yeah. You do that."

* * * * *

Sleep didn't come easy for Bo. Her dad had left in the middle of the day, leaving a note on the counter while she was in town stocking up on film, books and chocolate. Extra on the chocolate. She needed the fortification right now. Chocolate didn't solve the problems but it kept her from biting her nails down to the quick while she worried.

Of course, if she wasn't careful, she wouldn't fit into her wedding dress. Lying in her bed, she stared up into the darkness and grinned. *I'm sorry*, *David*. *I can't marry you*. *I ate myself out of a dress*. *No hard feelings*?

But as quick as the lighthearted thought came, it passed. Was she really having that many doubts? The razor-winged butterflies jumping in her belly certainly seemed to think so. With all these doubts, was she really doing the right thing or just the convenient thing, going through with this wedding?

She tried to picture herself with David in another year. Ten. But none of the images ever came into focus. Even the thought of their upcoming honeymoon in Spain just wouldn't come. If she couldn't even imagine her wedding night, all of two weeks from now, there was no way she could picture a year or five years from now.

Bo closed her eyes and imagined herself in her dress. It was a fairy tale princess of a dress—silk and tulle and lace. She could see herself wearing it. But what she couldn't see was herself walking down the aisle to stand in front of two hundred people while she said her vows to David.

When she tried to make herself see the groom, his face just wouldn't come to her. She knew what he looked like – dark hair, dark eyes, one of those sweet, boy-next-door smiles that drove women nuts. Bo adored his smile.

But his face just wasn't clear. The only face she could see clearly was Logan's. Bo groaned and buried her face in her hands. "What am I doing?"

But Bo had absolutely no clue. David's marriage proposal had been spur of the moment, said almost jokingly. Bo's response had been given in the same tone. *Sure, I'll marry you. You're easy to be around.*

He was. She didn't feel as on guard with him, though she suspected part of that was because he just couldn't get in close enough to hurt. She hadn't really been that serious but then he showed up the next day with a ring. His dark brown eyes had been gentle and full of understanding as he said, "I know we were mostly joking...but..." his voice trailed off and he pulled the ring out of his pocket. "I want to marry you, Bo." Bo had said *yes*. At the time, she'd meant it.

Now? Now she just didn't know. She didn't know what she was doing. She didn't know what she wanted. She didn't know who she wanted.

Liar.

Who she wanted? His face was as clear to her as her own. More. Those pale brown eyes, that hard mouth that felt so good against her own.

Logan.

Bo wanted Logan. She'd always wanted him. Had daydreamed about him for as long as she'd known him. He'd been her first crush. He'd been her first love. He'd also been the first man she'd ever run from. Okay, the only man she'd ever run from but that man could get inside her skin, inside her head. Logan would get close to her. He was already in her heart but if she let him, he'd get under her skin, inside her soul and she'd never get him out.

Somebody getting that close was dangerous. And losing somebody who got to her like that?

"You're not ever going to sleep if you keep this up," she mumbled. Sleep seemed even farther away than before. Thinking about Logan definitely didn't instill calm, soothing thoughts. She had a deep, throbbing ache between her thighs – she felt too hot, too itchy and too restless. The smooth, silken sheets felt rough and scratchy against her skin and the loose T-shirt she wore felt too tight.

Frustrated, she kicked her way free of the sheets and covered her eyes with her forearm. The cooler air helped just a little but that aching deep inside just got worse. It was a feeling she was familiar with. She'd been dealing with frustrated arousal for the past four years. Experience told her that nothing would help.

Well, one thing might. But that wasn't an option. As tempting as it might be to throw on some clothes and go find Logan, it just wasn't an option.

"Go to sleep," she mumbled to herself. She flopped onto her belly and pressed her face against the pillowcase. It felt cool against her skin. It took a concentrated effort to pull her thoughts away from Logan and think of something else. Not her wedding, though. That was almost as bad.

Instead, she daydreamed. Thought about Mist. Thought about the assignments she had coming up. Slowly, the tension in her muscles dissolved and the exhaustion started to weigh on her. Half asleep, she rolled onto her back. Half-formed dream images danced through her mind and when Logan's face appeared in the darkness, she smiled. "You don't ever leave me alone, do you?"

* * * * *

At first, he thought she was awake.

It wouldn't change his plans even if she was awake but it would be easier if she slept. But when she looked at him in the shadows, her eyes were cloudy with sleep and unfocused. She sighed a little and he watched the shallow movements of her chest. Her nipples pressed against the T-shirt she wore, hard and erect. His mouth watered a little and he had to stop himself from bending over and taking one nipple and then the other into his mouth.

Not here. Wasn't going to do it here.

He held still until her eyes fluttered closed again and her breathing slowed again. Once he knew she was really asleep, he reached into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a cloth.

She was going to kick his ass for this. Hell, if he knew anything about Bo's temper, he wouldn't be surprised if she called the cops on him and had his ass thrown in jail for a day or two, make him sweat.

Logan was fully aware how risky this was. It was completely wrong and if he got caught, he could lose his job.

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But none of that stopped him. Because if he didn't, he was going to lose Bo and that just wasn't acceptable. Logan was desperate, he didn't see too many options open to him so he was going to do this and damn the consequences. As long as Bo realized what an awful mistake it would be to marry David, he didn't care what she did.

Her body tensed a little when he slid an arm under her shoulders. He murmured into her ear and she cuddled into him, pressing her cheek against his shoulder. Guilt tore into him when he covered her mouth and nose and when she bucked and struggled, he almost—*almost*—gave up. Too close now, though. He pressed his lips to her brow and muttered, "I'm sorry," over and over until the chloroform knocked her out.

"It's for the best, Bo, I swear." Quickly, he grabbed a few of her things and tossed them into the bag he'd brought. Then he wrapped the sheet and one of her blankets around her. He lifted her in his arms and five minutes later, he had her tucked inside the front seat of his car. He'd parked just before the bend in her drive, out of view, and he'd been waiting three hours now for her to settle down and go to sleep.

It was late, nearly one a.m. and he had a good three-hour drive ahead of him. The coffee in the thermos tucked under his seat was still piping hot and strong enough to keep him awake for the next twenty-four hours, had he been inclined to sleep.

Sleep wasn't an issue, though, not right now. He'd had the pleasure of committing a major felony with his eyes wide open and his mind completely clear. He kept waiting for some voice of reason to speak up. Like the voice that piped about the illegality of this whole damn idea. But if that voice had much of anything to say, it was drowned out by the louder, adamant demand that he not let another day go by with her wearing David's ring on her hand.

It was a cool, clear night. Stars shone bright in the moonless sky and the air drifting in through his partially open window smelled of honeysuckle and hayfields.

All in all, Logan figured it was a great night for kidnapping.

By the time he exited the highway, the sky in the east was just a little bit fainter. Four a.m. and hardly a car in sight. He got to the turn-off in record time. Gravel crunched under the tires and next to him, Bo moaned softly. She squirmed around a little. The faint light coming off the dash was just enough for him to see her make a face and then her features smoothed out and she sighed, settling back into sleep.

Don't wake up, he mouthed. He'd driven this road a hundred times but usually not before dawn. The road sloped off to the right and some twenty feet down lay Lake Cumberland, stretching on for miles and miles. The twists and turns in the road required attention and he figured it would be hard to pay attention to the road if she woke up and started pounding on his head with her fists.

So her sleeping for the next twenty minutes would be good.

For once in her life, though, Bo made things easy on him. She not only slept the next twenty minutes, she didn't wake up when he opened the door, came around the car and lifted her out. She cuddled into his chest, turning her face toward him and nuzzling him.

The feel of her in his arms, all sleepy warm and soft, made his gut go tight with need. If he laid her down on his bed and stripped away the T-shirt she was wearing, he could run his hands over that amazing body, fill his hands with her breasts, grip her hips and hold her still while he rocked against her.

If he went down on her, would she come awake with a moan?

She had before. Logan had vivid, almost painful memories of that one night. He'd woken her up just like that, licking and nuzzling her soft, sweet pussy. She had been climaxing when she awoke. The look in her eyes was sleepy satisfaction and a dreamlike, dazed pleasure.

Hunger hit him like a punch in the gut. Hard and vicious.

He carried her up to the porch and had to shift her weight around so he could unlock the door. The inside of the cabin smelled like cedar and wood smoke and some of that potpourri crap that one of Dustin's girlfriends had brought. The cabin wasn't one of those luxury deals, although Dustin and he had fixed it up a lot since it had passed to them. The plank wood floors were new, the couch was overstuffed and comfortable enough to fall asleep on and the fireplace was huge. The deck in the back faced toward the lake and there were a couple of Adirondack chairs alongside the hot tub.

He wanted to see Bo in that hot tub. His dick throbbed and he tried to focus on something that didn't involve Bo naked.

Of course, images of Bo naked had been intruding on his thoughts for more than a decade now. Stopping that process was going to be hard.

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The mattress was lumpy. Bo shifted around and tried to find a more comfortable position, still clinging to sleep. The pillow... She smacked it at with her hand and reality intruded just a little more. A funny smell. Lavender and vanilla. She opened one eye. Then the other.

At first she didn't understand what was in front of her. A golden wall—the warm, mellow gold of wood. She could smell cedar somewhere under all that vanilla and lavender. She slanted her gaze upward and saw a window with panes of sparkling glass framed by simple, sturdy, dark blue curtains.

Her head felt kind of funny, her memories of the last night all fuzzy. She was trying to process everything going on but her head just didn't want to work.

A hand on her hip from behind. Bo yelped and drove her elbow back as hard as she could. It connected with a hard stomach and she heard a muffled "Ooph" as she scrambled out of the bed.

She spun around and stared in shock. It was Logan. His hair was rumpled, his lids low, gaze sleepy. He was dressed. Bo looked down at herself and saw that she still wore the long, plain white T-shirt. She blinked. Looked back up at Logan. He was still there.

Bo tried rubbing her eyes and looked back. He was *still* there. "What the hell is going on?"

"Morning, Bo."

She snarled at him and went up to the bed and kicked one of the bedposts. Pain shot up her leg, just a little more proof that she wasn't dreaming. "Don't *Morning*, *Bo* me, you jackass. Where in hell am I? *What* am I doing here?"

He rolled out of bed and came around the foot of the bed. Yeah, he was still dressed but the shirt was unbuttoned. The plain blue cotton framed a hard, muscled chest and Bo realized her mouth was watering. He reached out toward her and she backed away. "You're at the cabin." He kept coming and when she backed into the wall, he reached up and planted his arms on either side of her, pinning her in place. "Remember the cabin I told you about?" he murmured. He lowered his head and nuzzled her neck. "I told you about it at least once. Right before you hung up on me."

Bo squinted up at him. He'd lowered his head like he was going to kiss her but Bo turned her head aside. "I've hung up on you plenty. No, I don't remember a cabin. Nor do I remember me telling you that I'd like to come to this cabin. Take me home."

He didn't seem to mind that she wouldn't let him kiss her. He nuzzled her neck, licked her there and then bit her softly. Bo had to bite her lip to keep from moaning when he leaned into her and rocked his hips against hers. She felt him through the thin cotton of her shirt and through his jeans—hot and hard. Desperate, she squeezed her eyes closed and pushed against him. "Damn it, Logan, take me home."

"I will. Sooner or later." He did lean back, though, looking down at her hands. He looked back up at her and there was a dark, almost scary look in his eyes. He wrapped his fingers around her left wrist and lifted, bringing it to his mouth. Bo's eyes widened as he slid her ring finger into his mouth. He gently tugged back and she felt her engagement ring slide off. She caught a glimpse of the gold band as he reached up and took the ring out of his mouth.

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"I hate that ring," he rasped. His hand closed in a tight fist around it. Bo was temporarily speechless. Apparently, he decided to take advantage of the fact. His mouth came down on hers hard, almost punishing. His tongue pressed against her lips. Reality intruded and she tried to turn her head away. She felt a big hand cup the back of her head, holding her still. At the same time, he used his other hand to cup her cheek. He pressed right *there*, at that sensitive place right along her jaw, forcing her mouth open.

Bo wanted to be outraged. She wanted to be pissed at his rough kiss, at the hard, unyielding strength and the way he used it on her. But she wasn't.

She was so damn turned on, she felt like she just might melt all over him. His tongue came inside her mouth and she groaned hungrily. She arched up against him, opening fully. His hands left her head, traveling down over her shoulders, down her arms. Distantly, she heard something fall, felt it bounce off her foot. "Hate that ring," he muttered again, lifting his head just enough to say that against her mouth and then he was kissing her again.

He was all over her. Bo felt like he had ten hands and wanted nothing more than to drive her insane. He palmed her ass, caressed her breasts, jerked at her T-shirt and tore it away from her. His mouth left hers and moved to her breasts. No soft, gentle kisses there either, he licked and bit her nipples, had her teetering on the point of pain and she cried out and begged for more.

His jeans felt rough against her naked thighs, abrading her flesh as he pushed against her. "You're so hot," he muttered as he sank down in front of her, kissing a straight line down from her breastbone to her navel. His hand cupped her and he dipped one finger inside her sex. Bo clenched around him with a force that damn near hurt. "So wet. Melting for me."

Hell yes, she was melting. Bo felt like she was turning into a boneless little puddle, melting all around him and over him. His mouth replaced his fingers and he plunged his tongue inside her. In quick, rapid succession, over and over, until she climaxed with

a scream. She shuddered, slamming her hands against his shoulders to keep from collapsing. Logan slid his tongue around her clit and then he pushed it inside her again. She felt a gentle suction and she wailed. Her nails bit into his shoulders and her knees wobbled. She couldn't stay upright. No way.

He moved, standing up so fast that Bo swayed. Her legs folded under her and she would have sunk to the ground in a boneless puddle, but he lifted her and braced her against the wall. At some point, between going down on her and standing up, he'd shoved his jeans out of the way. She felt the bare length of his cock against her belly as he spread her legs and moved between them.

"Look at me," he growled.

Bo could hardly breathe, could hardly see and didn't even have the strength to wrap her arms around him. But she forced herself to lean her head back and try to focus on his face. "Don't look away." She blinked, barely comprehending his words.

Her feet left the floor. He caught her under the knees and shoved them high, hooking them over his forearms as he pressed against her. "Don't look away," he muttered again.

He pushed inside her, huge and hot as a branding iron. Stretching her. Filling her. She cried out as he filled up the empty ache she'd been living with for four years. His eyes, that pale golden brown, stared into hers with an intensity that seemed to burn. "Tell me you thought of this, the two of us."

His voice was a hypnotic growl and it never even occurred to Bo to *not* obey him. "Every day," she whispered. Every day, every night, until she ached with the sweet pain of the memories. She arched up and tried to pull him closer. He held himself back, though, staring down at her. She reached for him and he somehow managed to capture her wrists, even with her legs hooked over his elbows. He pressed them flat against the wall, effectively pinning her. She couldn't move – Logan held her in a way that kept her open for his use, exposed to his eyes and it was so damn erotic she almost came just from the feel of his hands trapping her.

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He pulled out slowly, inch by incremental inch and she'd never been so aware of every little movement. He surged back inside, keeping his pace slow as he pushed deep inside. So deep she could feel the head of his cock butting against the mouth of her womb. He held there for long, excruciating seconds and then he pulled out and started the process all over again, just a little bit faster. Then faster, faster, until he was slamming into her full force. The wooden wall bit into her back, his hands squeezing her wrists hard and tight. His cock jerked inside her and reflex had her squeezing down in return. And still, he kept going, so hard and so fast. Pleasure and pain blurred and she screamed.

His mouth covered hers, an animalistic snarl coming from him as though the sound of her screaming was exactly what he had been waiting for.

The orgasm grew inside instead of fading away and every time he shafted her, it seemed to grow just a little more out of control until it finally shattered her. Blood roared in her ears and for a minute, she couldn't see, feel or anything as she bucked and shuddered and screamed her way through climax.

Shaky, hot, all but dying inside from the pleasure, Bo tried once more to reach for him and this time, he let go of her wrists and let her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and cuddled into his chest. Logan lowered her legs and wrapped his arms around her, stroking a hand up and down her back.

Tears stung her eyes but Bo wouldn't let them fall.

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His hand came up to lie on her belly. He'd carried them to bed and Bo was still too shaky to argue. The warm, heavy weight of him wasn't helping either. Her body was hungry for more. She wanted to turn into him and snuggle close.

It was all she could do to lie still. When he touched her, she felt it clear down to her toes. His voice was sleep-rough as he said, "I didn't wear a rubber."

That was a fact that Bo was excruciatingly aware of, thank you. She glanced at him and then went back to contemplating the plank ceiling. "I'm on the Pill." She'd started it in preparation for getting married. Up until then, she hadn't needed it. She hadn't been sleeping with David. David hadn't seemed to mind when she had shied back. They hadn't slept together before he'd proposed and after, Bo knew he had just assumed she wanted to wait.

David was sweet like that.

Sweet. Handsome. Sexy, even. But she didn't get all gooey inside thinking about David.

The bed shifted beside her and from the corner of her eye, she could see Logan pushing up onto his elbow. He was staring at her. His hand rubbed in slow circles around her belly. How such a simple touch could feel so erotic, she didn't know. "I didn't mean to let it go that far, so fast. I…" his voice stopped abruptly and he took a deep breath. "Look, I meant to wear a rubber."

"Meant to...sure." She tried to tug away from him but he wouldn't let go. "Look, I'm protected. I'm clean."

His eyes had a weird, shuttered look to them. When he nodded, it was stiff and jerky. "Yeah. As a whistle." Then his gaze lowered to her lips. Bo squirmed again but he rolled on top of her, effectively trapping her in place. "Bo." He muttered her name against her lips.

Low against her belly, she felt the length of his cock. He was hard and throbbing. She kept waiting for the voice of reason to speak up but when she opened her mouth, it was to kiss him, not tell him to stop. With a groan, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

Like he had been waiting for just that, he wedged his hips into the cradle of hers and pushed inside.

Filling her. Completing her. That simple, that easy, all the confusion and doubts and questions fell away and for that time, nothing mattered but his hands, his mouth and his body, touching her, stroking her, kissing her. Taking her higher than she'd ever been.

By the time they came back down, she was exhausted and it seemed perfectly natural to fall asleep in his arms.

Chapter Four

"Finally." Bo saw the sparkle of her engagement ring by the wall, mostly hidden by the curtain. She knelt down to pick it up and started to put it on but something stopped her.

She was still wet from Logan. She could feel the remnants of their lovemaking on her thighs. Her body was so hotly satisfied that she wanted to purr like a cat. Putting that ring on, that glaring reminder of her promise to David, just seemed wrong.

Behind her, Logan said, "You put that on in front of me and I just might go ballistic."

She gave him a cold look. "If you didn't want to see me wearing David's ring, maybe you shouldn't have kidnapped me." Her lips curved in a mocking smile and she held his gaze as she slid the ring on her finger.

Muscles flexed and rippled as he rolled out of the bed and headed her way. He reached for her hand and Bo closed it into a fist. She angled her chin up and said, "Leave it *alone*."

"Why?" He cupped her chin in his hand and stared into her eyes with a dark, turbulent gaze. "Give me one good reason, Bo. You don't love him."

"The hell I don't." She tried to jerk away from him but he wouldn't let go. Once more, he crowded her back against the wall and Bo couldn't help the hot, eager rush that flooded her at the feel of that long, lean body pressed against her own. She *did* love David. She always had.

She just didn't...her thoughts whirled to a halt as Logan pressed his mouth to hers. "You might love him — in a way," he whispered against her lips. "But you're not in love with him. You can't honestly look at me and tell me that, now can you?"

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Bo should have just lied. She should have looked into his eyes and said just that. *I am in love with him.* She could do that. She *should* do that. But she didn't. He lifted his head just a fraction and his eyes bored into hers. "Say it, Bo and you can leave right now. I won't say a damn thing to David about this and I'll even wear that damn penguin suit and watch you marry. But you have to tell me. Can you do that?"

She closed her eyes. "Why are you doing this? What do you want?"

Logan shrugged. "In the long run, everything. Right now? All I want is an answer and one night with you. Give me those two things and I'll leave you alone."

Bo stayed silent and a small, humorless smile curved his lips. "You want to go home, then you'll answer me," he murmured just before he covered her mouth again. His kiss was hard, rough – a conquering – and he made no attempt to hold back.

His head lifted. Bo was gasping and sweating and she couldn't see anything beyond his mouth. The anger in his voice, though, penetrated the fog of need surrounding her. "You don't love him the way a woman should love a man she's going to spend the rest of her life with. A man she wants to have kids with. You don't love him like that. If you did – you never would have made love with me."

His words were like a cold splash of water. Bo was mortified but it was more than that. She was furious. She was dismayed and confused and so many other things that she couldn't even begin to name. But the fury was the easiest for her to handle. So that was the one she latched on to. Her lip curled in a sneer. "*That* was making love? You shove me up against a wall and shove your dick inside me—*after* kidnapping me—but you can call it making love?"

She regretted the words almost as soon as they left her lips. But she didn't make any attempt to take them back. Logan didn't do fury the way she did. Instead of burning hot, the madder he got, the colder he became. Cold was good. Cold meant distance and Bo desperately needed the distance now.

He backed away slowly, his hands leaving her body with infinite care, almost like he didn't trust himself. "I didn't hurt you. I'd never hurt you, Bo." His voice was stiff, icy.

The sound of it, the look in his eyes, made a queer ache form in the pit of her belly and Bo wanted to cry. She swallowed. But she didn't say anything. She really didn't know what to say.

His eyes burned into hers. Pissed off. Oh yeah. He was pissed off. But she thought she also saw something else. Hurt. *God*...*I'm* sorry. *I* didn't want to hurt you... "Logan..."

"Maybe my hearing is fucked up. Did you tell me to stop? Even once?"

Covering her face with her hands, Bo wished she could just disappear. She'd give anything to be anywhere but right here, right now. She jumped when he spoke right in her ear. "Did you, Bo?" he asked, his voice silky soft.

She looked up. His expression almost had her sidling away from him. The wall wouldn't allow her to back up farther but she could already see a line of retreat if she just inched her way around him. *Coward*. Bo set her jaw and looked up at him. She'd been running from him for the past four years because of that one night. Because of what he'd made her feel, what he'd made her hope for. It was that, really, that had made her run. After the night they'd shared, if she hadn't run...she could just see them together. She'd fantasized about just that for so long.

And if she was wrong, if Logan didn't want much more than that one night, Bo wasn't certain she could handle it. Cowardly *and* weak, she thought bitterly. *Damn it, you're pathetic, Bo.* She swallowed. Met his gaze head-on and said in a level voice, "No, I didn't tell you to stop."

His hand cupped her cheek and she turned her face into his touch, needing it. Holy hell, she'd missed him. The past four years had been like she was slowly bleeding inside. Dying, bit by bit. She missed him. She'd adored Logan for more than half her life. Idolized him. He was one of her best friends—he was the one she ran to when she needed somebody, whether it was advice, a shoulder to cry on or somebody to yell at. And he'd always been there.

When she had run from him, she had cut herself off from that. His thumb stroked over her lower lip. Just that simple, chaste touch was enough to have her senses sizzling. She sighed raggedly.

"I'd never hurt you, Bo," he murmured. His voice no longer sounded so stiff and distant. It was soft, low and rough – hypnotic. He pressed his mouth against her neck, tracing a light pattern on the sensitive skin there. "Never."

Her voice shook as she answered, "I know that, Logan."

"Do you?" he asked quietly. He nuzzled her neck and then lifted his head so he could bite her ear. That soft, careful nip affected her in so many ways. Her knees buckled and she would have collapsed to the floor if he hadn't wrapped an arm around her and braced her body against his own.

He kissed her then, a soft, gentle kiss that was a seduction all on its own. The hand cupping her face moved down to curve around her neck, his thumb resting just above her pulse. She arched up, tried to take the kiss deeper but he eased her back with the hand he kept at her throat. He lifted his head. Their gazes locked. The look in his eyes was enough to melt metal, so hot, the pale golden brown dark with desire.

He wrapped a hand around her wrist and lifted it to his mouth, staring at the discolored marks there. He kissed the faint bruises on her wrists and shame twisted in her belly. She'd always bruised easily—always. The night they'd spent together, she'd had bruises on her wrists, ankles and thighs but not because he had hurt her. He hadn't, not once. But she knew he didn't like seeing those dark marks on her. "I was rough with you," he whispered against her flesh.

She blushed. "I loved every second."

He looked at her from under his lashes. He looked so serious. So solemn. "Maybe you didn't tell me to stop." He rubbed a thumb over the bruises on her wrist and said,

"But that wasn't how I wanted this. I waited four years to touch you again and then I fucked you up against a wall."

He might not be pissed anymore but the broody, intense look wasn't much better. The tension in the air was enough to choke her but she managed a smile. "I don't have any complaints."

"Oh, I know." He touched the tip of his tongue to her wrist and then pressed an open-mouthed kiss to her palm. "You screamed out my name. I loved hearing it. I'm going to hear it again. But I had a different idea in mind, the first time I touched you again."

Seduction could be torture. The sweetest, hottest, most erotic torture imaginable but still torture. Bo couldn't breathe. Logan had carried her to the bed and she'd gasped when he picked her up. That was probably the last good breath she got and it had been who knows how long ago. Minutes, hours, maybe even days.

Logan lay between her thighs, sucking and licking her with a slow, almost lazy thoroughness that had her teetering on the edge of climax. She'd been teetering on that same edge for ages, it seemed. He pushed his tongue inside her pussy, stroking in, out, in, out...oh. *Oh*. She moaned out his name and reached down, fisting her hands in his hair. She rocked her hips against his mouth, tipping closer and closer to the edge.

Then he stopped.

He lifted his head and stared up at her. It took a couple of seconds to catch her breath and then she looked down at him. Once she did, he smiled.

That smile shook her down to her very core. It was full of sensual promise but under that was something deeper. Something she was too scared to think about. It was what lay under the promise that had scared her into running four years ago. And coward that she was, she wasn't ready to face it now either.

As though he could sense her mental retreat, his smile faded just a little. But he said nothing, covering her body with his, taking her face between his hands and pressing a soft, rather chaste kiss to her lips. There was nothing chaste about his taste, though. Bo blushed as she tasted herself there and under that, the hot, heady taste of Logan.

"One of these days, you'll stop pulling away from me," he whispered and there was a determined glint in his eyes.

He pressed against her, the length of his cock hard and hot and pulsating. By contrast, his mouth was soft, almost gentle on hers and he kept the kiss light and easy as he pushed inside her so slowly, stretching her, filling her. Bo felt the burn of tears sting her eyes and she tried to blink them away. One after another broke free, sliding out of the corners of her eyes. Logan lifted his head and saw them—the feel of his lips kissing those tears away only made the ache in her heart worse.

You've ruined me for anybody else, Bo thought bleakly. But she didn't say anything. Instead she pressed her mouth to his. Every last minute of this—she was going to live it to the fullest and carry those memories for the rest of her life.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave herself up to him. She brought her legs up, hooking them over his hips and rocking up to meet each slow thrust. He moved with exquisite slowness. She was so acutely aware of even the smallest detail. The way his breathing hissed out of him when she clenched her muscles around his cock. The way the gold of his eyes darkened as she ran her hands over his shoulders. The way his harsh, rough face softened when she kissed him.

He jerked inside her and Bo moaned, tilting her hips more, trying to take him deeper. He slid a calloused palm down her side and cupped it over her hip, guiding her up at a high angle. Now she could feel him sliding back and forth against her clit as he pumped lazily into her.

Time fell away. The world fell away. Her wedding, her concerns about her dad, her stress over upcoming assignments, all of it fell away under the stroke of his hands, the brush of his lips and the movements of his body against hers. He took her to a place where nothing existed but the two of them as he took her from one heart-shattering climax to another.

Sweat gleamed on his body as he lifted his head to look down at her. His breathing had gotten harsh and ragged, coming in hot little gusts. Their gazes locked, held. His hands sought hers and their fingers intertwined. Like that, staring into each other's eyes, hands linked, they gave in to the demands of their bodies. She sobbed out his name and he groaned hers. As she clenched around him, each little caress milked his cock until she'd emptied him completely and utterly.

He lay between her thighs with his head between her breasts. His breath sawed in and out of his lungs but eventually slowed. Bo was drifting off to sleep when he eased off her and lay beside her. He worked his arms around her waist and pulled her close against him. Bo cuddled into him, rubbing her cheek against his chest. His hand cupped the back of her head.

Just before she fell into total oblivion, she heard him murmur, "You can't run away this time."

Chapter Five

They napped for a little while and then Logan woke her up, making love to her again. He left her dozing and the next thing she knew, she smelled bacon, eggs and pancakes.

They ate. They made love. He got a bag out of his car and she opened it to find several changes of clothes. She showered – then had to shower again when Logan came up behind her in the bathroom and pressed her up against the wall again.

Her back wasn't ever going to be the same but oddly enough, Bo didn't give a damn. Sore, sensitive muscles winced as she dressed. Logan stood by, his dark, possessive eyes watching every move she made.

They walked through the woods without speaking, just enjoying the peace and quiet and each other. Bo couldn't remember the last time she had felt so...right. Being with Logan felt right.

But it was wrong.

She knew it was. And the darkness of that knowledge kept intruding on her thoughts throughout the day, until she could scarcely think past it.

You can't run away this time.

No. She couldn't run. Even if he had put the keys in her hand and put her butt in the car, she couldn't run away. Not this time. Time enough would come when she'd have to walk away but until that second came, she wasn't going to think about it.

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Or at least, she was going to try to not think about it. Her head had other thoughts, though. They'd returned to the cabin after their walk and spent some time in the hot tub. By the time they got out, the deck was nearly as wet as they were.

Hunger finally drove them into the kitchen where they ate as Bo sat on Logan's lap. Night fell with the two of them back in bed, where Logan shoved her thighs apart and used his mouth on her until she screamed herself hoarse.

They fell asleep with his arm wrapped around her waist, banding her against him. He didn't let go of her, not once throughout the night.

But Bo barely slept. *You can't run away this time*. His words echoed through her mind, disturbing her off and on throughout the night. Each time when she managed to drift off, those words came back to haunt her.

As a result, morning dawned with her in a worse than normal mood. No amount of coffee was going to help, either. She lay wrapped in his arms and wanted to cry. Sunlight filtered in through the narrow gaps in the curtain and she could see dust motes floating around the bright streams of light.

The cabin was cool. Under the covers with Logan wrapped around, she felt all toasty warm and comfortable. She didn't ever want to move. But with morning, reality came crashing down.

She had screwed things up royally. She never should have started going out with David. She never should have let it drag on as long as it had and she never should have agreed to marry him. Shame flooded her as she realized she hadn't just been trying to fool herself. She'd been using David as well.

Right now, in the cool, quiet morning, she could even admit to herself why. Bo was in love with Logan and always had been. She didn't like it. Love was messy. Love was painful. Her dad had gone through hell when her mom died.

It was something Bo hadn't ever really wanted to experience, that deep, tearing loss. It was part of the reason she'd always held herself a little apart. With David, it had been easy. *Any* of the other guys she'd dated – holding herself apart had been easy.

It wouldn't be with Logan.

She was in love with Logan. She didn't like it—hell, the thought of it flat out terrified her. She suddenly had that insane urge to take off running again. Running far,

far away and this time, maybe she'd stay away more than four years. A decade might work.

Marrying somebody else wasn't going to fill the void in her heart.

But letting herself believe in a happily ever after with Logan didn't seem like much of an option, either.

She felt it when he woke up. His sigh drifted across her shoulder, warm and soft, and he stretched a little. Bo could feel the length of his cock against her bottom. The rigid length throbbed. Involuntarily, she pushed back against him.

His chest vibrated against her back as he rumbled, "Morning." His hand stroked up her side to cup her breast and Bo closed her eyes against the wave of want that washed through her.

Logan, seemingly oblivious to her inner turmoil, lifted up on his elbow so he could nuzzle her neck. Tears stung her eyes and Bo closed them so he wouldn't see. "Playtime's over, Logan. Let me up."

He stilled. That tense, eerie stillness of his that she always hated. Slowly, he lifted his head so he could look down at her. Bo could feel the weight of his stare and she opened her eyes, only to wish she hadn't. That hard, intent gaze focused on her face and Bo had to fight the urge not to squirm away. He made her feel like he could see right through her. "You haven't given me your answer," he said. His voice was silky soft but no less intimidating for it.

But she wasn't going to let him push her around. Logan was a bully. She loved him but he was a bully and always had been. Carefully, she reached up and closed her hand around his wrist, tugging on it until he stopped caressing her. "I don't owe you any answers, Logan. I never have."

His lids drooped over his eyes, shielding them. A tiny, humorless little smile quirked at his lips and he murmured, "You so sure about that? Not even for what happened four years ago?"

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Bo blushed hotly as blood rushed to her face. But she wasn't going to get into this with him. She wasn't going to bare her soul, not with Logan. "What about what happened four years ago, Logan? We had sex. That's all."

His hand came up, curving over her neck. Bo swallowed and she felt the light pressure of his hand against her throat. His eyes blazed and his face no longer looked so expressionless. But the rage she saw there was just as unsettling as the complete lack of emotion. "Just sex," he murmured, stroking his thumb up and down her skin. "That's all."

He nudged her thighs apart with his knee. He pressed up against her and Bo clenched her jaw to keep from moaning out loud. "And last night? Just sex?" He pressed his lips to her throat, his tongue stroking the skin just above her pulse. "You want me to believe this was just sex too?"

"What else could it be?" she demanded raggedly.

He rocked against her, cuddling close so that the head of his cock caressed her clit. He didn't answer her. Instead, he said, "I want that answer, Bo. You want to leave here, you answer my question. Do you really love him? Can he make you feel like I do?"

Furious and hurting, Bo shoved at his shoulders. She bucked against him, trying like hell to get away from him. "What is this? Some sick game of one-upmanship? I know you're competitive, Logan, but this is ridiculous."

"Competing?" His mouth came crushing down on hers and he pinned her thrashing body to the mattress. His hands came up and caught her wrists, manacling them to the bed. He used his hips to pin her lower body in place as he kissed her. Deep, hard and rough – there was nothing of the tender lover he'd shown her in the middle of the night. Nothing. Once more, that strange, irrational fury seemed to be driving him.

He was furious over something and he damn sure wanted her to know it. "You think this is about some kind of competition?"

He lifted his head and snarled at her. Then he lifted up and shoved away from her. He climbed from the bed and moved to the other side of the room, like he didn't trust himself to be that close to her.

Her voice shook as Bo said, "I don't know what to think, Logan. Four years ago, you took me out to dinner—exactly two dates—and then you fucked me blind. Yesterday, you kidnapped me and spent the night doing the same thing all over again. I don't know why and I don't know what else you want from me."

"I fucked you blind four years ago because I love you, damn it!" He shouted it so loudly that it was a wonder the glass didn't break. He crossed the room and bent over the bed, planting his hands on the mattress by her head and looming over her. "Get it? I love you."

His voice dropped and he said it again, "I love you."

Bo felt like the bottom of the world had just opened up beneath her feet. He hadn't just said that...had he? He was looking at her, staring at her with a weird look in his eyes. He had an expression on his face that was...gentle. Or at least it seemed gentle. Bo didn't want to trust that look at all. She couldn't. Tears blurred her vision and she shoved against his chest. "Let me up."

"Bo..."

Her voice broke as she screamed, "Damn it, let me up!"

Logan's face went blank and he slowly withdrew. Bo scrambled out from under him and climbed from the bed. With stiff, jerky motions, she grabbed a shirt from the foot of the bed and shoved her arms into it. She groaned as his scent surrounded her. Her hands shook as she tried to button it. Shaking too badly to manage it, she ended up just overlapping the edges and crossing her arms over her chest to keep it closed.

"Bo? Look at me." She jumped as Logan moved closer and when her eyes met his, she had that deer-in-the-headlights look.

He reached for her and she backed away so fast, she tripped over her feet. Logan tried to catch her but she smacked at his hands. She stumbled away a little bit and said, "This is insane."

"No." He kept his voice soft as he closed the distance between them. "This is the sanest thing I've done in quite a while. I love you."

She flinched a little and hugged herself even tighter when he reached out for her. But oddly enough, that made him feel a little bit better. He knew Bo—better than she knew herself. He knew that look in her eyes. He'd seen it before.

She was scared. Bo didn't handle scared very well.

Had she looked like that when she'd run away from him four years ago? He captured her face in his hands and used his thumbs to arch her face upward. Still her eyes wouldn't meet his. Nervous too. "Why did you run away, Bo?"

"I didn't run." Finally her eyes met his and her chin went up stubbornly. "I had an assignment."

"Yeah, good excuse. And was part the assignment refusing to take my calls? Refusing to call me back? Hanging up on me? Was that part of your assignment too?" Logan asked. "What about coming back home and hooking up with my cousin? Was that an assignment?"

He wasn't mad, though. It was the first time he hadn't gotten mad when he thought about her with David. "No answer for me, Bo?" He rubbed a thumb over her lower lip. She jerked back and ended up hitting the wall. Logan followed her, pinning her there.

Her face was hotly flushed and her eyes glittered up at him. "What do you want me to say? Fine. I ran away from you. So what?"

"I already know you ran," he muttered. He dipped his head and licked her lips, tracing the outline of them with his tongue. "I've known that since it happened. Now I want you to tell me why. Although I think I already know." If she could have melted into the wall, she would have done so, Logan mused. She had already pressed herself hard and flat up against it, holding herself completely rigid. He didn't have to ask anything else – he knew.

Bo didn't handle deep emotions well. They scared the hell out of her. She had closed herself off when she'd lost her mother and even though she might let people matter to her, she still kept them at a careful distance. *That* was why she was marrying David. She wouldn't have to worry about completely falling in love with him.

That was why she'd run from him—she didn't want to let Logan in. She loved him just as much as he loved her. Knowing how badly she handled any kind of serious commitment, he knew love terrified her. "You want to know why I think you ran?" he murmured against her ear. "I'll tell you."

Bo simply closed her eyes and dropped her head. Logan laughed and slid his arms around her waist. He nuzzled her neck and said, "I'm starting to figure it out but why don't you tell me?"

She muttered softly, "This whole mess is insane, Logan, you know that?"

"Answer me, Bo. Tell me why you ran."

Bo lifted her head a little and glared at him from under her lashes. He kissed her nose and continued trying to cajole it out of her.

Logan didn't do playful much and it was a good thing. That charming smile, his whispered demands were just a little too endearing. She was trying to remember what he'd done—kidnapped her, hauled her off to some cabin by a lake—and she still wasn't sure she completely understood the reasons.

Liar. She remembered the look in his eyes when she had put her ring on. Fury. Possession. Jealousy. Yeah, possessiveness was definitely one of the reasons he'd done this but not because of some weird competition thing. He really did love her. Suddenly, her throat went tight and she had to struggle to get air in.

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Love. The real thing. It was something Bo had avoided most of her life, even if she didn't like to admit it. His hand pressed against her cheek and he eased her face back up to his. "Look at me, Bo. Don't be afraid."

Afraid? She wheezed out a harsh breath of air and blinked, trying to focus on his face. *Afraid* didn't really cover it. Terrified did. Yeah, terrified was good.

"You and me, we can do this. Hell, we've been handling it most of our lives. Doing it together can't be any harder than doing it apart."

His lips touched hers and she mumbled against his mouth, "Wanna bet?"

Logan laughed. His other arm wrapped around her waist and he pulled her tight against him. He'd managed to slip his hand inside her shirt so his arm was pressed against her naked back and her breasts were crushed against his chest. "Yeah, why not? I've been going without you for years, Bo, and it's hell. I don't want to do it anymore." He bit her earlobe gently and then muttered, "Come on, Bo. Tell me."

She turned her head and murmured into his ear, so softly, so quietly, she wasn't sure he could even hear her. But by the look on his face when he looked down at her, he'd heard her.

He bent his head and whispered against her lips, "That will work for now. But sooner or later, I'm going to make you scream it."

Epilogue

"Ouch."

David looked up from the ring in his hand to find Dusty staring at him from the doorway. Outside, he could hear a car door slam. From the window, he could see the drive and he couldn't resist moving to watch as Logan held the door open for Bo.

His right hand was throbbing and his knuckles looked a little swollen. That pain was nothing to what he felt inside though, as he watched Logan drive away with Bo at his side. As much as it hurt, David couldn't say he was too surprised.

"You eavesdrop too much," he said tiredly to his cousin as Dusty walked into the room and joined David at the window.

Dusty just shrugged. "Bad habit." They watched until neither of them could see the car anymore. Dusty was the first to move. He turned and braced his back against the wall next to the window, staring at David with sympathetic eyes.

"Neither of them wanted to hurt you," Dusty said softly. "Logan's always loved her, though."

David cocked a brow. "So have I."

"But she doesn't love you. Not like she loves him." He glanced back out the window and sighed, a deep, hard sigh that made his shoulders rise and fall. "Got to admit, though, you're handling it better than I would have. I would have done more than punch him."

Flexing his fingers, David, "He's still got a jaw like a rock."

"Goes well with his head." Dusty pushed off the wall and shifted back and forth on his feet. "You okay with this?"

Now David laughed. "Okay?" he repeated. He smiled bitterly and shook his head. "No. I'm not okay. But what can I do?" Now his smile turned sad. He went back to contemplating the ring in his hand. "Like you said, she doesn't love me. And I guess I always knew that. Doesn't mean I'm okay with it. Or that I have to like it."

"This love crap totally bites, if you ask me," Dusty said.

David just smiled. "I'll drink to that."

Suddenly Dusty grinned. "Hey, why don't we do just that? Logan's got a bottle of scotch stashed away that he's been saving. Why don't we drink to the happy couple?"

David started to say no. Then he stopped and thought about what he'd just lost to Logan. The least Logan owed him was a good stiff drink. He tucked the ring away in his pocket and said, "Yeah, let's do that."

About the Author

They always say to tell a little about yourself! I was born in Kentucky and have been reading avidly since I was six. At twelve, I discovered how much fun it was to write when I took a book that didn't end the way it should have ended, and I rewrote it. I've been writing since then.

About me now...hmm... I've been married since I was 19 to my high school sweetheart and we live in the midwest. Recently I made the plunge and turned to writing full-time and am looking for a part-time job so I can devote more time to my family—three adorable children who are growing way too fast, and my husband who doesn't see enough of me...

Shiloh welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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