



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
SINS OF SUMMER

TAKE ME
MACKENZIE MCKADE

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“Take Me” by Mackenzie McKade

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One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

A Midsummer Night’s Steam story

Thoroughbred rancher’s daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He’s come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won’t be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won’t scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It’s payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She’s bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait’s father wants Cord’s racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father’s money or her cowboy’s love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

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Take Me

Mackenzie McCade

Dedication

To my wonderful critique partners: Jennifer Ray, Kendra Egert, Patti Duplantis and Cheyenne McCray. Thank you!

Chapter One

Cord Daily had only one Achilles' heel—Caitlyn Culver.

Ankles crossed, he leaned against a stack of hay, an alfalfa stem between his teeth. "Really? Cait's back in town." He pulled his black Stetson low over his eyes to hide the smile he fought to restrain.

His pulse hitched. He worked double-time to slow his breathing, even faking a long, drawn-out yawn of disinterest.

Thoughts of the tall brunette with eyes the color of the California sky made this boy's gut twist and his cock stir. For years he had dreamed of tasting her lips, stripping her naked and sampling what lay between those long, slender legs.

Stack Nelson stabbed the two curved metal hooks he held into a bale of hay and heaved it onto the back of his flatbed truck. The bale landed with a dull thud, sending dust and grass particles into the air.

"Yeah. Kendra said Cait called yesterday. She's home for the summer."

"Hmm..." Cord ran his fingers through his close-cropped, blond moustache and goatee.

For years he had lusted for the beauty, who was clearly out of his league. There was something about her. She was different from other women. She had a magnetic personality that drew him like a bug to light.

Yet Cord's—and his older cousin, Dolan's—playboy reputation had reached her daddy's ears in record time. Before Cord could make his move, George Culver had made his own.

How the bastard knew Cord's father's death had left the ranch in financial trouble Cord never discovered.

He had been young and dumb. The threat of destroying his cattle ranch had been enough to keep both him and Dolan away from Cait.

But not Cait from him.

The sweetheart of Culver Creek had set her sights on him. And everyone knew Cait got everything she wanted.

Well, almost everything.

In a surprise turn of events, her father whisked her off to Paris. She'd been gone for nearly two years. Two long years Cord had fought to get her out of his mind.

Stack cleared his throat, drawing Cord's attention. "Not interested?" The tall, lanky man dressed in boots, jeans and a denim shirt glanced at Cord from beneath his straw cowboy hat.

Cord shrugged, chewing nonchalantly on the piece of alfalfa, trying to focus on the sweet grassy flavor and not the woman who had held his attention since she was sixteen. "Maybe—maybe not."

Now at twenty to his twenty-four years, perhaps it was time he and Cait got reacquainted.

"Then you'd be the only cowboy this side of the Rockies not interested in the pride of Culver Creek." Stack drove the hay hooks into another bale and tossed it on the truck. "Hey, there's a bunch of us going to Norton's tonight. Why don't you come?"

Jester Norton opened his spacious basement home for a summer fling to welcome the warm, sultry nights. Just about everyone was invited for a weekend of poker, billiards, dancing, plenty of liquor and

several unoccupied bedrooms for those seeking a little extracurricular activity.

Cord pushed away from the stack of hay and brushed leaves from his long-sleeve white shirt and blue jeans. “Maybe.”

Stack climbed onto the flatbed and started rearranging the bales close to the cab of the truck. “Buy you a beer.”

Cord shuffled his booted feet and pulled his keys out of his pocket. “Offer’s sounding better.”

“Shot of whiskey?” Stack coaxed with a grin.

“You talked me into it.”

Stack pulled his glove off and shook Cord’s hand. “Great. Later then.”

“Yeah. Later.” Cord headed toward his black Chevy dually and climbed in. Key in the ignition, he gave it a twist and the engine roared to life. The pungent scent of diesel filled the air as he jammed the truck into gear. With his elbow resting out the open window, the warm summer wind whipped through the cab, caressing his neck. He turned up the radio, tapping the tune to “Friends in Low Places” with his thumb against the steering wheel, and headed for home.

When Cord topped the hill, several of Culver Creek’s red-tile roofs appeared like a beacon. Just the thought of seeing Cait again made his cock swell.

“Look away,” he muttered to himself. His ranch’s financial status was sound, but Culver was a powerful man.

It was good advice that Cord didn’t heed. Instead, when the large wrought-iron archway announced Culver Creek Ranch, he guided his vehicle into the cobblestone driveway.

Jacaranda trees with rich green foliage and clusters of lavender flowers lined both sides of the half-mile long road. Straight ahead was the family’s colonial-style home with tall white columns and large vaulted

windows. Off to the left was a perfectly groomed racetrack, to the right was just one of four stables on the property.

“Turn around. Not a wise move.” But before he could take his advice, Cait stepped out of the house.

His heart stuttered. He shook his head, whispering, “Red.”

She looked so sexy in red—red T-shirt and dark blue jeans, red boots to match. A scarlet ribbon held her dark brown, shoulder-length hair into a ponytail that bounced as she crossed the yard and headed toward the stables. It was a huge white barn filled with thoroughbreds—race horses and other family stock.

Culver Creek was an impressive ranch with twenty-four individual corrals, eight small pastures, two ten-acre pastures and ten twenty-acre pastures with run-in sheds.

Unlike his cattle ranch that was half the size.

The pride of his ranch he’d acquired last night in a heated poker game. Cord had goaded Allen Claiborne, a leading horse racer out of Tennessee, into placing Mystery Walker’s papers on the table—a two-year-old colt sired by Empire Maker, the 2003 Belmont winner.

Claiborne was so drunk he hadn’t known what hit him when Cord laid down a royal flush against his four aces.

Cord knew he should have felt guilty—but *nahhh...*

Not even the Culvers had a horse with this lineage. Cord could make a mint in racing or stud fees.

He gripped the steering wheel. Wise or not, he pulled his truck to a stop and watched Cait disappear behind the barn door.

If old man Culver caught him sniffing around his daughter, Cord was dead.

Personally, Cord no longer gave a fuck whether or not Culver didn’t want him around Cait. Cord wasn’t a kid, and neither was Cait.

He opened his truck door and stepped outside. He looked around, relieved to see no one about. Rubbing his sweaty palms on his jeans, he aimed for the stable.

As Cord entered, he heard Cait's smoky voice. "You're such a pretty thing." Cait's heart-shaped ass faced him as she hunched over looking into a stall.

What would Cait do if he sauntered up and pressed his hips to that precious little behind of hers?

The image of him unfastening her belt buckle and jeans, sliding them down to her ankles, while he cupped her breasts and drove into her sweet pussy, hard and fast, sent a quiver through him.

Best ditch those thoughts or he'd be saying, "Hi," with a raging hard-on. Inhaling a deep breath, he released it slowly, willing his cock to behave.

When Cord was mentally ready, he leaned against a stall and folded his arms across his chest. He crossed one foot in front of the other, resting the toe of his boot on the concrete floor.

"Nothing is as pretty as you, Miss Culver," he said with a low Southern drawl.

Cait nearly swallowed her tongue as she jerked away from the stall. Startled, her heart raced, only picking up speed when she saw who addressed her. Cord's deep, sexy voice and his soft laughter that followed sent chills up her spine.

In a last-ditch effort to steady her hands, she rested them on her hips. "If it isn't the bad boy of Santa Ysabel, California."

Palm over his heart, Cord cried, "Owww..."

One minute he sported a mournful expression, the next his eyelashes lowered and he narrowed his eyes on her. When he pushed away from the stall Cait knew she was in trouble.

Her breath caught on an inhale.

Breathe.

He approached with bold, arrogant strides, flashing a drop-dead sexy smile that melted her insides.

She had to remind herself that Cord might make her mushy on the inside, but she had to be hard as nails on the outside in dealing with this man. Haughtily, she swept her gaze up and down him, pausing deliberately at his groin, before they came eye to eye.

Two can play this game.

Cait had been barely nineteen when she left California. She wasn't the same girl now. Still little had changed when it came to her desires. She knew exactly what she wanted.

Cord Daily.

Rumors were his sexual antics ran wild. His taste for ménages had scared the living crap out of her. Not anymore. She'd take Cord any way she could have him.

Already she was imagining his lean, muscled physique pressed against hers, the feel of his slightly wavy blond hair between her fingers. The thought sent a twist of sensation in her belly and caused her heart to beat even faster.

The taut denim stretched low across his hips, outlining an impressive package—one she had every intention of unwrapping and soon, but not yet. The time had to be right or she'd lose him.

Slowly, he caressed her from head to toe, stripping her naked a piece of clothing at a time with just a look.

Little did he know that's how Cait wanted it—skin-to-skin. Night after night, she dreamed of Cord's hands roaming her body, heating her blood until she came apart at the seams.

Pulse pumping madly, she held her breath and prayed her aplomb wouldn't shatter. She managed not to flinch when he reached for the ribbon holding her hair and pulled, releasing her tresses to fall around her shoulders. She even contained a reaction when he used that ribbon to tickle her bare shoulder blades and tease the exposed swells of her breasts. But no amount of willpower could have restrained her gasp as he released the ribbon to slither down her T-shirt.

He was good—damn good.

Her knees weakened, while her chest rose and fell more rapidly than she would prefer. And that wasn't all that was going on with her body. The sting in her nipples twisted into an ache that shot straight for her pussy. She only prayed he couldn't scent her arousal.

Stay focused, Cait.

She knew this man. He liked the game—liked the hunt. But he had a little surprise coming.

She wasn't the prey—he was.

When she snagged the bad boy, she had plans to hold onto him, no matter what her father said. Who was he to determine Cord wasn't good enough just because he didn't offer anything to the family but cattle?

For Christsake, she was a woman and she'd damn well make her own choices.

Cord speared his fingers through her hair, jerking her to him, chest to chest, hips to hips. His lips were a breath away from hers, tempting—teasing.

Just another ploy to see if she'd close the gap between them—kiss him first—then he'd know he won.

Ain't gonna happen.

"Something you want, Cord?" When she spoke her mouth brushed across his. It was pure hell not to take what she wanted, especially with his trimmed goatee and mustache tickling and tantalizing her lips.

His eyes darkened, his voice lowered. "You, darlin'."

This was the opening she'd been waiting for—it was her move.

Cait's gaze peeled away from his as she smoothed her cheek along his. She felt the catch in his breathing as she brought her lips to his ear and blew lightly, before inhaling the rich scent of sandalwood.

"I want you too." She coaxed her tone to be soft, husky. "I've always wanted you."

If you only knew how much.

He tried to snake his arms around her, but she was quick in pressing her palm against his chest, holding him at bay. Slowly, she curled her fingernails so they bit into him.

His seductive mouth parted, drawing her attention.

God, how she wanted to taste him, knowing if she did there would be a power exchange and she would be lost. "*Uh-uh-uh*. Let's play first. You like to play games, don't you, Cord?"

"Darlin', right now I'd do anything you ask." He shifted his hips. "See what you do to me." He removed her hand from his chest, guiding it to his rock-hard groin.

Sinfully, he thrust his cock against her palm, working her hand up and down.

His intimate contact was more than she could have hoped for. The tightening of her grip rewarded her with deep growls that rumbled from his chest. The veins in his neck bulged. He leaned further into her touch and closed his eyes.

What next?

Her gaze darted around the barn. On a bench lay several strips of leather. Someone had been repairing a bridle. She released him and stepped away.

His heavy eyelids rose, his brow furrowing. "Where are you going?"

She gave him the most big-eyed, innocent expression she could muster. "I'm going to tie you up. That's what you like, isn't it?"

Cord's rich laughter caressed her. "Darlin', you've got that backward."

Her bottom lip protruded into a little pout. "Don't you want to play with me?"

He moved fast, his arm circling her waist, bringing her tight against his body. "Oh, yeah. I want to play with you."

She could live forever staring into his aqua eyes, more green than blue. But if she were too eager she'd be just another notch on his belt. She wanted more than that—much more.

The bad boy was going down.

She didn't have to feign the tremor of excitement in her fingers as she began to unbutton his shirt. "Then you'll let me tie you up?" She slid the material from his chest and arms to fall on the floor.

Gorgeous.

Muscles rippled beneath his deep, rich tan. She dipped her head, circling her tongue around his nipple, and felt it harden beneath her touch as she watched him.

His nostrils flared.

When his grip on her arms loosened, she could almost sense his surrender approaching.

Seducing Cord was easier than she would have imagined. Holding on to him would be the difficult part.

She clawed her fingernails down his chest, leaving a white path that turned pink as she followed the whisper of blond hair that trailed down

his abdomen, swirling around his bellybutton before disappearing. Slowly, she raised her sultry gaze to meet his, and then she slipped her hand down his jeans.

Oh God!

He wore no boxers—no briefs.

Instead her fingers met the firm head of his cock. Stunned for only a moment, she circled the silky ridge, sliding her fingertip back and forth over the small slit now slick with pre-come.

“Please? Let me tie you up,” she whispered.

His eyes darkened to a sea green. He clenched his jaw. “Darlin’, do whatever you want.” His words were tight and forced, his hips undulating against her hand.

“I’ll be back,” Cait promised, pressing her lips briefly to his as she extracted her hand. For a second she didn’t think he would release her, but he did.

Cord’s hot gaze followed her as she gathered the loose strands of leather off the bench. She stole a moment to compose herself. Her confidence almost took a nose dive when she saw that he’d undone the top button of his pants.

Just the whisper of a zipper and man-oh-man—

Focus.

Funny how difficult it was to walk when aroused. She’d swear she was weaving all over the place as she approached him. Snuggling against him, his arms surrounding her, she took small steps to maneuver him backward against a wooden ladder leading to the loft above.

With a soft smile on her face, Cait raised his arm so that it bent at the elbow. She’d been around livestock all her life and knew how to tie a knot, one even Cord couldn’t bust free. As she finished the tie around his

wrist, she swore his body had become a furnace; his heat burned through her clothing.

Focus.

When his other wrist was secured, she found the courage to kiss him—really kiss him for the first time.

She wrapped her arms around his neck like she had imagined so many times and pressed her mouth firmly to his. He tried to take control, but she pushed past his lips, plunging her tongue inside to taste and ravish.

Breathing elevated, he pulled against his restraints, the wood creaking. “Let me go, darlin’. Let me make you feel good.” His sexy promise brought her back to reality. She stumbled back, tipsy from the euphoria.

Cait licked her lips, savoring Cord’s masculine flavor. She inhaled deeply, knowing the next part of her plan sucked big time. Her body hummed with the need to strip the man naked and make a little yeehaw in the hay.

Instead, she tossed her hair over a shoulder, narrowed her eyes and said, “Try to get out of this one, Cord Daily.”

Her plan was simple. Cord liked the chase. She had to arouse him to the point he couldn’t think. Give a little—but leave him wanting. When she finally surrendered, loved him with all her heart, the man would be a goner.

Without another word she spun on the ball of her boots and hauled-ass out the door.

Chapter Two

“Cait!” Cord yelled her name, but she ignored him, the barn door closing with a bang behind her. In disbelief, he glared at the door.

The little vixen had tricked him. Suckered him into the position he now stood in. Bare chest, jeans scarcely covering his johnson, his wrists bound by leather straps to the loft’s makeshift ladder.

And in her father’s barn—of all the goddamned places he could be tied up in.

Perhaps that’s what Cait wanted. His hide pinned above George Culver’s fireplace as a trophy.

“What a dumbshit.” Cord pulled against his bindings. No give. “Damn good knot.” He stared at the door waiting for it to open and Cait to reappear. She was just fucking with him.

“She’ll be back.” A grin tugged at his mouth.

Gone was the shy girl he had known. The woman who fondled his cock in her hand, swirled her tongue around his nipple, knew what she was doing. For some reason that irked him and his smile turned into a scowl. The fact she was obviously experienced now made him madder than hell.

All the time he resisted taking her into his arms Cait was out learning about her sexuality with someone else. Of course, he’d been younger then and the threats her father had made to destroy him, ruin his business, had been the real reins holding him back from seeking what he desired.

Cait in his arms—his bed.

When she started coming on to him rational thought had taken a hike.

The word “dumbshit” once again popped into his mind.

Shifting his feet, Cord slid his ass against the wooden rung behind him. A sharp poke drove his hips forward as a splinter buried into his flesh, causing his jeans to slip further down his hips. Only his engorged cock wedged painfully beneath the waistline kept them from falling around his ankles.

He shook his head, thoroughly disgusted with himself.

What made him think he finally had a chance with Culver’s little princess? Maybe this was her way of saying she wasn’t interested anymore.

On a deep inhale he breathed in her feminine perfume, light and powdery, still lingering amongst the grassy scent of alfalfa and manure.

“Moo...” The occupant of the stall next to him stuck her head out and cried low and long. Etched on a gold nameplate tacked above one out of twenty or so stalls were the words “Bessie, the family cow”.

Well hell.

Cord could swear the black and white beast batted her long eyelashes at him as she swished her tail back and forth invitingly. Good thing she was pinned. When she heaved her large body against the gate, the lock rattling, a hint of unease skittered up his back.

The thought of Culver’s anger and the way Bessie was now staring at him wilted Cord’s erection. His jeans slid down his legs to pool at his ankles.

“Fuck.” He narrowed his gaze on his boots. “What the hell am I gonna do now?”

“Pray.” His cousin’s unexpected voice jerked Cord’s head up. He came face-to-face with Dolan Crane, fellow carouser now turned veterinarian. “Couldn’t stay away from her, could you?” His dark-haired kin chuckled as he touched the rim of his Stetson and nodded.

Cord shrugged. “Guess not.”

Dolan had been the only person he’d ever confided in about his desire for Cait—at one time he had shared everything with him.

Cord pulled against his restraints. “How about a hand here?”

Dolan set down his medical case and pressed his palms together, clapping as his grin deepened.

“Funny.” Cord shook his head, fighting the smile that played at the corner of his mouth. “I’m dead if Culver catches me like this.”

Dolan stepped forward and began to untie Cord. “Exactly how did this happen?”

“Long story.” His nudity around Dolan didn’t bother him. He’d learned a lot from Dolan. His cousin and he had shared women. The last time was almost two years ago when Cait found the two of them in bed with her best friend, Tracy Reynolds.

He could still see the shock in Cait’s blue eyes as she turned and fled. She’d left for Paris the next day. He hadn’t seen her since, until today.

Reality was Caitlyn Culver was too good for him. Cord didn’t need her father to remind him. The Culver’s thoroughbred ranch was a far cry from the cattle ranch his father had left him. His mother had died in a car accident when Cord was only four. It had been the bachelor’s life for him.

“Interesting story, I’m sure. Just so you know, Cait was guarding the door. Now I know why she was so happy to see me.” Dolan released the

final strap around Cord's wrist. "Still, you best remember Culver will have your balls if you mess with his daughter."

So she hadn't left him to rot. Wonder how long she would have waited to release him, if Dolan hadn't shown up?

Cord rubbed his wrists before bending to retrieve his jeans. "What'ya doing here?"

As he yanked the stiff cotton over his hips he remembered Cait's surprise when she discovered he wore no briefs. Her warm and sexy eyes had grown as big as saucers; her trembling touch had nearly undone him.

"Doc Zimmerman is on vacation. I'm standing in for him." Dolan cleared his throat, rubbing his thumb across his clean-shaved chin, then pulled at the tip of his dark mustache, giving Cord the look that said, "Boy, you're heading straight for trouble."

Cord pushed his fingers through his hair. "Hell, Dolan, she's been in Paris for almost two years. I just wanted to see her."

Truth?

Cait was like a lodestone drawing Cord with an invisible force. He had attempted over and over to stay clear of her, thinking that maybe the attraction was a conquest.

But it was more than that.

He'd tried to fight his growing feelings using other women, and although satisfying, there was always something missing. And that something was Cait. Her voice was smoky, sexy. Her body perfection.

What a sap.

Dolan moved toward the stall where a beautiful sorrel mare and her foal were housed. The colt stood on unsteady legs. He nudged his mother's teat.

“Well, you might as well make yourself useful. Grab that mare’s halter and keep her calm while I examine the foal.”

Cord put his shirt on before entering the stall. He steadied the mare as he stroked her neck. All he could think of was the fire he’d seen in Cait’s eyes. She had been aroused, so what went wrong?

“Miss the old days?” he asked Dolan.

The foal tried to jerk out of Dolan’s grip, but he held on tight. “Hell yeah. Been a little busy of late building my practice.”

“Whad’ya say we rope us a filly tonight, tie her up, and see if we can make her moan?”

With a tip of his finger, Dolan nudged his hat up. A wicked grin spread across his face. “I’m game. Anyone particular in mind?”

“Oh yeah,” Cord said.

* * * * *

Knock on the devil’s door and he’s bound to answer.

Cait knew Cord would be here tonight. Her earlier prank had ensured that. What she hadn’t anticipated was that the dastardly duo had united.

Hell itself in the form of Dolan Crane stood next to Cord. Their broad shoulders, side by side, made an imposing sight in the spacious great room as they entered.

Where Cord was blond with smiling aqua eyes, Dolan had blue-black hair and blue eyes dark as the night. You’d never know they were related. They were both over six feet and muscular from hard work. Lifting hay and wrangling livestock tended to keep a man fit.

And they were dressed for seduction.

Black Stetson, jeans and boots—only the silk shirts they wore were different. Cord’s was a vibrant blue caressing every muscle beneath it,

while Dolan's was red, stroking his firm biceps as he shook hands with a man who approached him.

Seeing the pair together literally made Cait squirm and her body tighten in areas she'd rather ignore for the moment. She tugged at her short jean skirt and then the spaghetti strap of her white satin shirt, trying desperately to fade into the wall she leaned against.

It didn't work.

Even though the room was filled with thirty or more people, some dancing, some standing around talking, Cord found her in record time.

Their gazes met, locked.

Her pulse leaped before she forced a half-smile.

He simply raised an eyebrow, but that was enough to let her know she was in big trouble—and he'd brought reinforcements.

"Oh look! Someone let the cocks in the henhouse." Laughter broke out around the room as Kendra drew everyone's attention to the two men now shaking hands with their host, Jester Norton. The music started to play as Cord said something Cait couldn't hear and the robust Jester burst into hysterics.

Glad someone is having a great time.

Suddenly, Cait was so nervous she could almost hear the creak of time pass by. She had been prepared to take Cord on tonight, give him a run for his money.

But Dolan too?

Anxiety and excitement skittered across her skin.

Kitchen, living and dining room all meshing into one big play area made it difficult to plan an escape. She had three choices.

Bathroom? A woman darted in, removing that choice.

Downstairs? Hmm...pool table, bar and bedrooms. Dangerous.

Or she could stand and fight.

Her decision was made for her when Cord and Dolan finished their conversations, narrowed their gazes on her and made a beeline in her direction. Their confident, bold strides hit Cait like a jolt of lightning—trouble didn't accurately describe what she was in for tonight.

Reports from Kendra throughout the years were that Cord was up to his same old carousing, while Dolan had disappeared, apparently finishing his veterinary degree. Her father had expressed his displeasure in Dolan standing in for Doc Zimmerman, but in a pinch you took what you could get. Besides that, she had heard that Dolan was damn good.

Cait respected Dolan.

According to Kendra, he was ten when he lost both parents in an avalanche during a skiing trip. Cord's father had taken him in, raised him like a son, but when the man died he left everything to Cord. Dolan had accomplished a lot on his own. No daddy's money to pave the way.

Before Cord and Dolan reached her, they each stuck one of their hands in their pockets and extracted a strip of leather.

Eeek!

It appeared to be the same straps she had tied Cord up with in the barn, leaving her absolutely no doubt what was on their minds.

It was payback time.

Chills crawled beneath her skin the closer they got. She glanced around for Kendra, but she was wrapped in Stack's arms as he guided her around the makeshift dance floor of the living room. Laughter filled the air along with an array of perfumes, cigarette smoke and liquor.

Everyone was having a great time—everyone but Cait.

As she pushed away from the wall, two firm arms shot out before her. She ducked, but they were quick cutting her off and using their bodies to dash any hopes of escape. Like a damn fortress they surrounded her.

Cait threw a glance over their shoulders, stuck her hand in the air and wiggled her fingers. “Boys, I’d like to chat, but Kendra is calling me.”

She wasn’t fooling anyone. They didn’t even look back to see who her wave was meant for.

Instead, Cord placed his palm against the wall above her head. “Liar. Kendra’s dancing. Wouldn’t be trying to avoid us, would ya, darlin’?” He brought his other hand up, twirling the piece of leather between his fingers.

With Cord standing so close, Cait forgot to breathe. She shifted her feet nervously. The scent of his cologne was driving her hormones wild. She wanted to fist her hands in his shirt and drag him to her lips. When rational thought resumed and air finally flooded her lungs she almost choked.

“Now that’s just downright unfriendly.” Dolan leaned forward and pressed his nose to her hair, inhaling deeply. “Good to see you again, Cait.” His dark, sexy voice rippled across her skin like a warm summer breeze.

“Uh... So you’re a vet.” Her voice squeaked. How humiliating.

“Yeah, discovered I was good with my hands.” Dolan held up his strap of leather. “Real good.”

She eased away from him only to run into a solid wall of muscle on the other side of her. Cord gazed down at her with eyes that made her want to fall into his arms. Still, she pushed away, bumping into Dolan. They each took a step forward, trapping and sandwiching her between them.

Well crap. This was going to be harder than she thought. She became fully aware of the two firm cocks pressed against her body. Although apprehensive, she couldn’t fight the excitement that filled her. She

pictured the three of them naked and sprawled upon a bed, arms and legs intertwined. Her pussy grew hot and moist.

“All right, boys, you’ve had your fun. Let her go.” Kendra to the rescue—or not.

She had to be only five-two, a small thing compared to Cait’s five-seven, but she puffed up like a banty hen. With a jerk of her head, a flow of red hair went sailing over her shoulder.

Neither of the men stirred.

“We have some unfinished business,” Cord grumbled.

Cait released a stream of uneasy laughter. “These two don’t scare me.” She snorted. “I can handle them.” *Liar, liar, pants on fire.* But she had to play the game. She had to make Cord want her and the only way to do that was make winning her a challenge. “Besides, I don’t know what Cord is talking about. I thought I made myself pretty clear earlier. I’m not interested.”

Kendra tugged on Dolan’s arm. “How ’bout you take me for a spin around the dance floor?”

Bless her friend for trying to even the numbers and give Cait a fighting chance.

Cord and Dolan shared a glance, unspoken words exchanged.

Dolan pressed his face to Cait’s hair. She nearly jumped out of her skin, shattering her image of control as his wet, warm tongue circled the shell of her ear.

“Tonight you’re ours,” he whispered. Then he turned, taking Kendra into his arms, sashaying across the wood floor.

Before Cait could move, Cord pressed his body against hers, the wall at her back. The hard ridge beneath his zipper was tight against her abdomen. She fought the urge to squirm and position his erection at the place between her thighs that ached to feel him deep inside.

“That wasn’t a very neighborly thing you did earlier.” He pulled his soft Southern drawl over her like a warm blanket.

She tried to relax her shoulders, show him he didn’t affect her.

But Lord knew he did.

“Neighborly? Do you screw all your neighbors?” She didn’t even pause before saying, “Oh yeah. That’s right. You do.”

“Ahhh...darlin’.”

“Save it, Cord. Your sweet-talk won’t work on me.” She didn’t like the spark in his eyes. It gave her the feeling she had waved a red flag in front of a charging bull. Then again, that’s exactly what she wanted.

“Really?” A tense silence grew between them. Then he said, “Close your eyes.”

She frowned. “What?”

With his fingertips he drew her eyelids shut. Cord remained silent as a variety of sounds rushed to her brain. Shuffling. Boots across the floor. Clinking of glass against glass. A squeak and a bang. A door opening and closing. The jingle of coins in someone’s pocket. It was amazing what she detected.

When Cord finally spoke she startled, straining to hear his ultra-low voice over the music. “Do you remember the first day we met?” Her hair tickled across one shoulder, the warmth of his hand followed, before cool air caressed her skin making her feel naked—vulnerable. “You wore two long braids, the tips brushing back and forth across your breasts.”

Cait gasped. Did he run a finger across her nipple or was it just her imagination? Either way her nipples hardened painfully against her shirt.

Damn. She should have worn a bra. These warm summer nights caused her as well as everyone else to shun their clothes.

“Pink sweater, tight jeans.” He trailed lips along her collarbone. “When you bent over...” He sucked in a deep breath. “It took everything I had not to touch you. You drove me wild.”

When she realized her head lay to the side begging him to kiss her neck, her backbone went rigid. Her resistance lasted only a moment as his hand slipped beneath her shirt to the small of her back. His touch was like flames flickering across her skin as he teased the area with a finger.

“You were adorable. A pout on those pretty little lips when your daddy refused to let you take his truck while he inspected the horses at the racetrack.” A calloused finger traced her bottom lip. Her mouth parted.

She noted a quiver in his breath as he inhaled before continuing.

“You wore some seriously sexy perfume.” His deep, sexy voice caressed her ear. “Made me horny as hell.” With a featherlight touch, he smoothed his fingertip down her shoulder to her elbow.

Shock filtered through her. She couldn’t believe he remembered that day, so many details, even the fragrance of her perfume.

Cord’s knuckles skimmed her cheek. “So beautiful.” She felt his nose nuzzle hers softly. “You stole my breath away. I knew you were mine—that someday we’d be together.”

Perhaps it was time to call bullshit, but Cait wanted to believe Cord. His words played on her heart like a bow upon a fiddle, each plucking the taut strings of her libido. She kept her eyes closed, refusing to wake from the dream she’d stumbled into.

Strong arms circled her, accentuating his powerful build. She couldn’t have moved away if she had wanted to.

“From the second I saw you I’ve wanted you.” He moaned, a coarse sound of desire. “To taste your lips.” He captured her mouth tenderly,

only to leave her hungry for more as he drew away. “To feel your silky skin...your body beneath mine.” A growl rumbled in his throat. “I want you.” His husky words were coming faster now. “Your long legs wrapped around my waist”—he ground his hips against hers—“as I bury my cock deep inside your hot, wet pussy while Dolan fucks that sweet ass of yours.”

“Stop,” she cried, unable to take any more. Her eyes sprang wide, but the picture he had painted still remained etched in her mind. Arms. Legs. Cocks. The pinch low in her belly twisted. Each breath was a desperate attempt to quench the flames blazing through her veins.

Cait almost died of embarrassment when she realized she was writhing against Cord wantonly. Thankfully, no one could see her. Both Cord and Dolan shielded her from prying eyes with their bodies.

When had Dolan returned? Had he stood there listening?

“Is she ready?” Dolan’s deep voice and question only served to dampen her panties further.

Cord brushed back a tendril of hair from her eyes. “Cait?”

All she could do was nod.

Chapter Three

Cord raised the bedroom lights just enough so he could see Cait's beautiful face. Standing in the doorway, she startled as Dolan came up from behind and wrapped his arms around her waist. A twinge of jealousy twisted in Cord's gut when his cousin twirled her around and stole a heated kiss. But when their caress ended Cait's gaze snapped back to Cord's.

Mine.

He ached to possess her hard and fast, but he wanted the first time to be a memory she'd never forget. Dolan's presence would only heighten the moment. There was something about a woman's expression, her unrestrained cries when two men fucked her. It surpassed anything Cord had ever experienced.

Dolan ushered her inside and secured the door behind them.

Laughter, muffled music and the clash of balls across the billiard table were white noise. Dolan stroked his palms up and down Cait's arms, making her tremble. Cord's cock pressed painfully against his black jeans, a dull throb needing release.

Dolan turned her so that once again her back was pressed to his chest. From beneath his Stetson, he winked at Cord. His cousin's hands gripped the hem of Cait's white, spaghetti-strap satin shirt. "How 'bout we get rid of this?"

Even though lust brightened her eyes, she wet her lips and swallowed hard as color dotted her cheeks.

In a slow production meant for Cord, Dolan raised the material to reveal her bellybutton and taut abdomen. Cord almost groaned aloud when the swells of her breasts appeared, and then her rosy, extended nipples. Her arms rose as Dolan pulled the shirt over her head and tossed it aside.

Never once did she look away from Cord, or for that fact, pay much attention to Dolan as he reached beneath her denim skirt and slid her lacy panties down her legs and over her boots.

With a flick of his hand, Dolan tossed the sexy underwear to Cord. "For you, Cuz."

Cord caught the lingerie and brought it to his nose, inhaling her perfume and feminine musk. Blood shot to Cord's groin. This time he did groan aloud. His hands trembled as he crammed the panties into his jean pocket, before he fought his belt buckle and button. A small amount of relief followed when he unzipped his jeans, releasing his engorged erection.

Cait's eyes widened when she saw he once again wore no underwear. She took a step forward, but was held back by a hand on her arm.

Dolan pressed his cheek to hers, his fingers plucking her nipples. "You want some of that, don't you, baby?"

"Yes," she hissed, her breasts rising and falling rapidly.

"Let's get your boots off." Dolan moved to kneel on one knee before her. The rim of his hat rose beneath her skirt, lifting it to tease Cord. When Dolan raised Cait's foot to remove her boot, he said, "Hmm... So moist, pink and swollen, begging to be tongued."

She whimpered as she grasped onto Dolan's shoulders to steady herself.

Cord's jeans and shirt felt like they shrank two sizes too small. He was suffocating.

Too many clothes.

His fingers were all thumbs as he fumbled with the buttons of his blue silk shirt. By the time he was bare-chested, Dolan had removed all of Cait's clothing.

Her beauty stole Cord's breath away. She was everything he'd expected and more, full breasts, a small tucked waist and shapely hips.

"Come here," he growled, needing to touch her.

There was no hesitancy in her approach. When she stood before him, she reached for his hat, ripped it off his head and threw it aside, stepping into his waiting arms.

Their skin touched. Time stilled.

Cord fought to restrain his excitement, slow the caress of his hands upon her body. He had waited so long—so very long.

"You're trembling," she murmured, gazing at him with an expression of wonder he couldn't comprehend.

Cord swallowed hard. He had to rein his emotions in.

Before he could gather his thoughts, she grasped his hand in hers and brought it to her lips. His chest squeezed, doing things to his heart he didn't want to admit.

There was something about Cait—

The spell between them was broken when a very naked Dolan stepped behind her and pressed his cock to her ass.

"Oh my," she squealed, releasing a tense giggle.

"Nice." Dolan rocked against her, driving her hips into Cord's.

Cord couldn't resist. He captured her mouth in an all-too-brief, fiery kiss. No tongue, no more than a taste, before Dolan whirled her around and did the same.

It wasn't enough. Not nearly enough. Cord reached for her, needing more, aching for more.

With a jerk, he pulled Cait out of Dolan's arms and back into his. Their mouths came together in a heated exchange. His tongue pushed between her lips, sinking into heaven. She tasted of spearmint—passion. He held on tightly, not willing to relinquish her to his cousin—not yet. Not until he drank his fill.

She met him hungrily, her fingernails biting into his shoulders. As he thoroughly kissed her, Dolan's hands moved over her body, stoking her arousal. Every once in a while Cord would feel the whisper of his cousin's touch. Yet it was Cait's soft, throaty cries that said she was theirs.

Their lips parted and Cait threw back her head. "Boys, I don't know how much longer I'll be able to hold out. I need you now."

"Dresser," Cord groaned, remembering that Jester kept condoms and other essentials in the nightstand next to the king-size, wrought-iron bed. The scrape of wood against wood told Cord Dolan knew exactly what to do.

Cord was thankful for Cait's impatience. He couldn't wait any longer to take Cait—make her his.

With shuffled boot steps, Cord guided Cait backward. When their mouths parted they were both gasping for air.

Dolan had the bedding pulled back, his cock already sheathed. He stepped forward, pressing a small packet into Cord's palm as he took Cait's hand in his.

"Come here, little one." Dolan led her to the bed. From the nightstand he retrieved the strap of leather Cord had given him earlier and dangled it before her. "I believe this is yours."

Dolan's intentions had yet to seep into Cait's muddled brain. One thought consumed her. *Hot damn, Cord can kiss!* Her lips tingled, and

sparks of desire burned across her skin. Eagerly, she watched him remove one boot and then the other before slipping off his socks.

Now the jeans. She held her breath. When they dropped to the floor, she silently said, *Oh yeah. That's what I'm talking about.* Long, hard and an impressive girth—the man was made for her.

As Dolan drew her wrists together all she could think about was Cord's cock thrusting in and out of her body. She squirmed, trying to ease the throb between her thighs. Her breasts felt heavy with the need to feel his hot, wet mouth upon them. It wasn't until she attempted to brush the hair from her eyes that she realized her hands were bound in front of her. Her gaze snapped to Dolan and then back to Cord.

A sliver of unease raced across her skin. "I don't know about this, boys."

Dolan looked dangerous—hip propped against the bed, his arms folded across his bare chest as he watched her every move. "Relax, baby."

Relax! She was naked, in a room with two men. Her body felt like a live wire strung tighter than a guitar string.

Cord didn't say a word, only ripped open the package he held and extracted a condom. She watched his strong hands slide the prophylactic down his cock. With his dark stare latched to hers, he took himself in hand and with long, leisurely strokes, began to masturbate as he approached. With each step closer, she felt her anxiety die a little. She wanted this man. Hell, for that matter she wanted Dolan, too.

Instead of touching her like Cait anticipated, Cord walked past her and climbed on the bed to lie on his back. His eyelids lowered as he stretched out his hand. "Come here, darlin'."

Oh God! Cait couldn't breathe.

This was the moment she'd been waiting for. Her legs were like rubber, giving slightly when she placed a knee on the bed. With her

wrists bound, she felt awkward, but Dolan helped her straddle Cord's hips, propping her palms on his chest.

The minute her moist slit made contact with the hard ridge of Cord's cock, she cried out.

Dolan chuckled. "I think we've got a screamer."

Embarrassment fanned hot across her face.

"I love a passionate woman." The wicked grin Cord flashed her eased her chagrin. He moved his hips so that his erection rubbed against her sensitive flesh teasingly, giving her a sample of what was yet to come.

Cupping her cheeks, he pressed his mouth to hers, his tongue seeking hers. Then he drew away. His strong hands gripped her waist and raised her as he shifted his hips to align himself with her sex.

Slowly, he began to enter her.

"Ahhh..." She stifled the cry midway as he stretched and filled her. Tears beat behind her eyelids. She had wanted this for so long. When he partially withdrew, she sobbed, "Please, Cord."

"Please what, darlin'?"

"Fuck me." She hated the plea in her voice, but that's exactly what it was—a plea. Cait had to have him—all of him—now.

When he thrust again, burying deep inside her, she tossed back her head and screamed his name. Her body clamped down on him.

"So tight," Cord groaned, desire flickering like flames in his eyes. "So friggin' tight."

There was something about his voice, sexy and deep—his husky manner of speech, especially when he was aroused, that thrilled her.

Pressed to her cradle, he rocked, pushing his cock hard against her womb, releasing starbursts of sensations. The tickle of his pubic hairs rasping against her swollen clit made her pussy clench over and over.

No. Not yet.

She panted, releasing quick breaths, wanting to ride the crest and needing to savor the moment. Each inhale/exhale stole moisture from her mouth, her lips. She wanted to kiss him, drink from his mouth to quench her desire, but her bound wrists were in the way. Yet being bound had its reward. It fucking turned her on. Her nipples were aching nubs, her breasts heavy with need. And she was wet—so very wet.

She had to think of something else, quiet the burn or she would lose it.

Relief filtered through her when Cord eased to a gentle sway, even as the muscles and tendons in his neck bulged and his fingertips tightened around her hips.

“Hurry,” he snapped, his gaze darting to Dolan. Cord’s nostrils flared as he inhaled a ragged breath.

Dolan chuckled, the bed shifting as he moved behind her. His strong hands smoothed across her breasts to pinch and tease her nipples. She arched into his touch, feeling another tightening low in her belly begin to build.

She tried to move her hips, but Cord held her steady. His gaze was so intense, he appeared angry instead of aroused. It was heady to know he walked the same tightrope she did, both wanting to fall into the abyss together.

Dolan’s hands disappeared from her breasts and something cold nudged her ass. A small tip slipped inside her tight entrance and she nearly shot out of Cord’s grasp as cold gel filled her cavity.

“Easy, baby,” Dolan whispered against her ear at the same time Cord said, “Relax. Breathe with me.”

Cait focused on Cord’s perfect mouth, inhaled—exhaled, trying to prepare herself for what was to come. Still, she flinched when Dolan eased his finger inside, pushing past the first ring of muscle.

White-hot pain sliced through her. She struggled to breathe—to gather her composure.

Cord began an easy pace, moving her against his hips again, as Dolan cupped one of her breasts and tenderly rolled the nipple. Both men worked to draw her attention away from the spiraling burn.

While Cord focused on her other nipple, sucking and biting, Dolan nuzzled her neck, trailing kisses upward. He latched onto an earlobe, pulling it into his mouth as he inserted another finger deep into her ass.

The men were so in sync, stilling to allow her time to grow accustomed to the fullness. When she began to move her hips against Cord and pressing back into Dolan's hand, the men started to rock her between them.

Dolan scissored his digits, working them in and out. "Damn, Cord. She's tight."

"Mine," Cord growled, almost as if he was reminding Dolan. The raw possessiveness she saw in Cord's eyes turned pain into pleasure.

She wanted to be his—only his.

But there was no getting around the truth. It was incredible being with two men. Like a maelstrom, her climax roared to the surface. When Dolan replaced his fingers with his cock, she held her breath. Little by little he pushed inside, his girth stretching her even wider until he slipped past any resistance.

"Fuck," Dolan roared.

Cord and Dolan began a gentle pace thrusting in and out of her body, while Dolan's hands smoothed over her abdomen and caressed her breasts. She felt every inch of them filling her pussy and ass. Jolts of electricity surged through her nipples.

Tender. She was so tender and sensitive.

Suddenly, their thrusts grew faster, harder, slamming into her at once. Deep—so deep.

A heat wave engulfed her, causing her to cry out.

Cord jerked her bound hands up and over his head; her chest thumped his, their lips coming together in a frenzy of tongues.

She couldn't breathe as fireballs of sensation exploded in her womb, blowing the head off any control she sought. Cord smothered her scream with a passionate kiss as her world splintered.

From the front and back, Cord and Dolan fucked her, holding her writhing body between them.

Colors burst behind her eyelids. She couldn't think past the throb echoing throughout her, a living pulse that threatened to consume her.

Hot. She was so hot.

Liquid heat rushed through her veins. She was only semi-aware of Dolan reaching his climax. He lunged once more and then stilled, releasing a groan that sounded like it came from somewhere deep in his chest. But it was the expression of ecstasy and the ardent cry that left Cord's mouth that stole her heart. The tightness in his face vanished. His eyes opened and the sated smile he gave her was so moving she snuggled into the warmth of his body.

The moment was surreal as Dolan collapsed atop her. Not only could she hear, but felt each of their heartbeats drumming so that they melded into one. It should have been awkward, naked between two men, their cocks buried deep inside her, but somehow it felt right.

Dolan moaned, pushing off the bed, his phallus slipping from her to leave her feeling strangely empty.

Cord on the other hand held her close and whispered, "I want you again."

Chapter Four

Cait lay atop Cord, her wrists bound and stretched over his head. His semi-hard cock stirred inside her as she gazed at him with warm, sexy eyes, heavy, sated. “I want you, too.” The tender expression on her face made his chest tighten. He could lose himself to this woman and never regret it.

Hell, he was already lost.

In the adjoining bathroom, he heard Dolan turn the water on. Beyond the bedroom door Norton’s party was in full swing, laughter, music, billiards and the occasional crash of a beer bottle striking the floor.

Never disengaging their bodies, he rolled her on her back, taking a moment to caress her lovely breasts with his gaze. He couldn’t help himself. He bent his head and laved a nipple, feeling it harden against his tongue, as the other peak did the same between his fingers.

She made a soft needy sound that made him melt inside.

“I want to touch you,” she whimpered. She squirmed to stress her need or to drive him out of his friggin’ mind. Her floral scent and the sexual musk in the air made the tingle in his groin sharpen, firming his cock.

He was dying to feel her hands on his body, stroking and caressing. Throughout his lifetime he had discovered a lot about women. Their eyes conveyed their feelings. The way they touched a man revealed a lot about them too.

What would he discover in Cait’s embrace?

The thought urged him to quickly untie her hands. When she brought her arms down she groaned. A moment of discomfort flashed on her face before her arms locked around his neck. She snuggled close and smiled. Cord knew this was where he belonged.

A loud crash against the bedroom door made them both startle and jerk their heads in that direction.

“What the fuck?” Dolan said, exiting the bathroom. “Sounds like it’s getting rowdy.”

“Maybe we should take this party to my place.” Cord searched Cait’s face for approval.

An intrigued smile tipped her lips. “Sounds good to me.”

Norton’s house rules were if you used the bed you changed the sheets. While Cait found her clothing and sashayed off to the bathroom, Dolan and Cord pulled on their jeans before beginning to strip the bed.

Dolan glanced at Cord. “Don’t suppose you’d consider sharing her after tonight? Those little sounds she makes drive me crazy.”

“Nope. After tonight, she’s mine—all mine.” Cord gathered the sheets in his arms.

Disappointment shone in Dolan’s eyes. For a moment Cord thought he might argue the point—instead he turned and headed to the closet for clean bedding.

Bed made, they were just finishing dressing when Cait exited the bathroom. She pulled nervously on the hem of her denim skirt. “I can’t find my panties.”

Dolan squared his Stetson on his head, then looked up from beneath the dark rim. “You won’t need them. Besides, it’ll make the ride to Cord’s more interesting.”

The flush of color across her face was adorable. Cord tossed Dolan the keys to his truck.

Cord gathered Cait in the crook of his arm and all three headed for the door.

Dolan went first, climbing the stairs and weaving through the crowd, putting distance between him and Cait and Cord so it wouldn't appear they were a threesome. No matter their attempts, Cord knew there would be talk tomorrow. With a little luck, it wouldn't reach George Culver's ears before Cord figured out how to respond to the man's wrath. His ranch wasn't the only thing in jeopardy; Dolan's career would suffer if Culver discovered the truth.

Cait must have sensed Cord's disquiet because she glanced up at him. "Are you okay?"

He looked into her worried eyes and all thoughts of her father disappeared. They were moving across the dance floor when he drew her to a stop. It felt right to take her in his arms, feet shifting to the slow music. More than once he had dreamed of dancing with her, their bodies pressed together, her lips so close he could taste them.

On a spin, he pulled her tight against him, wedging a leg between her thighs. She wore no panties. The memory made his cock swell and his pulse race. His fingertips skimmed down her back, slipping into the pocket of her jean skirt to rest on her ass.

Was she wet? Ready for him?

His answer came when she looked up at him, desire burning in her eyes. "Let's go," she whispered.

Hand in hand, they made it to the door. As they stepped outside, the sultry summer night folded around them. Stars twinkled above. The sweet scent of magnolias rose from the huge tree above that was dotted with big white flowers.

The lights of his truck blinked on, the roar of the engine sounded. Dolan sat behind the wheel. With an expression of male appreciation, he

watched Cait crawl into the backseat, her skirt sliding up her legs flashing him a little of what hid beneath.

“How ’bout you drive?” he said to Cord.

“No way.” Cord had plans for the drive home. And he was starting with a kiss.

Before she could fasten her seatbelt, he pulled her into his embrace. Her lips were soft against his. He moved his mouth lightly across hers, little nudges, as he stared into eyes that captivated him.

A nibble here.

A nibble there.

She tasted so good.

The night and dark, tinted windows hid them from sight. Cord didn’t think twice of ridding her of her satin shirt. Her nipples reacted to the cool air, growing taut before his heated gaze. He captured an extended peak in his hot mouth.

“Fuck,” Dolan growled, his glare simmering in the rearview mirror. “I need some of that.” Momentarily, his hands left the steering wheel. He cursed again. Sounds of him fighting his belt buckle were followed by a curse as he quickly grabbed the wheel to straighten the truck when it veered to the right. A sudden jerk of the vehicle, and then he went back to work on his belt. Metal scraped metal, the hiss of his zipper followed by a deep sigh of relief. “Wonder what that tight pussy tastes like?”

Funny, but Cord was wondering the exact same thing.

Tugging her hips, Cord laid Cait on the seat. He positioned her so that Dolan could see her in the rearview mirror. Her legs were warm as Cord smoothed his hands up them beneath her skirt to raise the denim around her waist. She didn’t speak, just watched him. Her full breasts rose and fell rapidly. On her own accord she parted her thighs so that she was spread wide.

“Damn you, Cord,” Dolan grumbled, one hand on the wheel. His body shook and his breathing was labored. Not to mention, the truck swayed time to time over the “idiot bumps” in the road, making a riveting sound and bouncing the vehicle to let Dolan know he’d crossed the line.

Cord buried his head between Cait’s legs and inhaled her womanly fragrance. When his tongue touched her clit, she came off the seat moaning. He grasped her hips, holding her in place as he flattened his tongue along her slit, then licked along the sweet folds several times, before flicking it over her now swelling bud.

The truck jerked to the right and then the left.

Cord prayed the man kept the damn truck on the road. Still he couldn’t help teasing his cousin. “Hmmm... She tastes sweet.”

“Fuck, I knew it,” Dolan choked as the truck accelerated.

Cord grinned against her moist flesh, his tongue parting her, thrusting inside to mimic what his cock had in mind.

Cait tore off his cowboy hat, tossing it to the floorboard as her fingers threaded through his hair, pulling him closer. “Yes,” she moaned. Her back arched off the seat, her thighs spreading wider.

Cord lived to please, especially Cait. He shoved his hands beneath her ass, raising her hips for deeper penetration, sucking, licking and biting until she writhed uncontrollably.

The grip she had on his hair tightened, creating a sharp burn across his scalp. “Feels. So. Good,” she gasped, her hips meeting each thrust.

Add to that the sounds his mouth made against her heated flesh, Cord’s groin throbbed painfully. He needed to be inside her. Instead, he crammed two fingers deep within her as he drew her clit between his lips.

“Cord!” Cait screamed his name, shattering in his arms. She bucked, twisting and turning as he continued to wring out every sensation from

her quivering body. Her pussy clenched and released around his fingers. Blood filled her clit so it pulsed against his tongue.

Cord couldn't recall ever seeing anything as beautiful as Cait in the throes of passion. She whimpered, small cries of ecstasy. When she finally lay quiet, her eyes closed, her breathing steady, he knew he'd never let her go.

Cait's eyelids rose to find a tender expression on Cord's face as he watched her.

What was he thinking? Or for that matter, what was Dolan thinking? His dark gaze darted to the rearview mirror and then back to the road.

Cait couldn't remember when she'd felt so sated, so thoroughly fucked. She started to stretch when the leather seat stuck to her bare back. "Owww!" The sudden pain increased as she moved her ass to sit up. "I hate leather seats." Her grumble met laughter from both men. "Haha."

"Come here, darlin'." With a devilish grin Cord coaxed her to his side.

She took his face into her hands. A lump caught in her throat. She wanted this man so much. Not for just one night—but forever. However, she wasn't an idiot. All she had to do was mention the word love and he'd be down the road faster than she could say it.

The truck slowed and came to a stop in front of Cord's ranch-style home. She'd never been inside, though she and Tracy had passed by it more times than she cared to admit.

Tracy.

Her friend's—make that ex-friend's—betrayal still stuck in Cait's craw. She had confided in Tracy how much Cord meant to her. With a little help from her friend, Cait's nineteenth birthday present to herself had blown up in her face.

Cait lifted her arms and allowed Cord to slip her shirt over her head to cover her. She pulled down the skirt wadded around her waist, while memories continued to churn in her head.

It had been a perfect plan for her to meet Cord at Norton's and reveal her feelings. Everything was going as planned that night, except for the part where she walked into the bedroom she'd scheduled and found Tracy in bed with Cord and Dolan.

The truck door squeaked as Cord opened it and helped her out.

Before Cait pushed the ugly memory out of her mind, she had one laugh on Tracy. According to Kendra, talk was Cord had never touched Tracy again.

Cord snaked his arm around her shoulder, while Dolan held her by the waist as they headed for the door.

She glanced from one handsome man to the next. And this was what Cait had been missing.

After that fateful night at Norton's, Cait had been shipped off to Paris. A surprise birthday present from her father. It was just supposed to be a visit with her estranged mother—a visit that had lasted almost two long years. The truth was he'd caught wind of her feelings for Cord and for some reason George Culver would do anything to keep them apart.

Of course, her father's horses came first—his daughter second. Her mother hadn't even made it on his radar screen. She'd hung on as long as she could, but when Cait was fourteen her mother had left to join her family in Paris. She hadn't even bothered to fight for Cait—her father held all the money, all the power.

Cord eased away the furrows on her forehead with his finger. "You're thinking too hard." He unlocked the front door and everyone stepped inside.

Dolan flashed a roguish grin. “I know how to cure that.” Dolan pulled her into his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

The kiss was hungry, demanding, lacking the playfulness Cord’s caress usually contained. His mustache tickled her lips, his tongue tangling with hers.

Before she knew it he had her stripped of her shirt once again. With one palm he kneaded her breasts—one and then the other—pulling and pinching her nipples until they tingled. She didn’t have time to even look around the room before Cord moved beside Dolan and in unison they bent, taking a hard peak into their mouths.

The rims of their Stetsons overlapped, and rubbed against her collarbone as they licked and sucked. She removed both hats and cast them upon the tile floor. Then she pushed her fingers through their hair, holding them to her.

Cord and Dolan shared a glance, releasing her, before Dolan began to unbutton his red silk shirt and unzip his jeans.

Cord walked away, returning with a cushion off a brown leather couch positioned before a big screen television. A fireplace was cattycorner from the TV. He placed the cushion on the floor before her. He looked a little hesitant, and then he said, “Kneel.”

When she did, Dolan stepped before her. He ran his fingers through her hair. His dark blue eyes appeared almost pitch black. “I’m dying to feel your beautiful mouth wrapped around my cock.” He crammed his hand in his pocket, retrieving a condom, and handed it to her as he slid his jeans to his knees.

Cord stood off to the side. His expression was hard to read.

Cait directed her attention back to the man who stood before her. She could smell his musky arousal, making her hands tremble as she tore open the packet and extracted the rubber. Her fingers circled his

shaft, pumping from base to tip several times. She leaned forward, swiping her tongue around the large head, winning a sharp intake of air from Dolan. She carefully sheathed him and took him into her mouth.

“Oh yeah...” Dolan groaned, deep and long.

Cait could have sworn Cord growled. From the corner of her eye, she saw him step closer, moving behind her.

With a slow, steady rhythm Dolan fucked her mouth. His fists curled into her hair, his hips swaying back and forth.

Excitement burned in her belly causing moisture to build between her thighs. She slid her tongue along the bulging vein, flicked it across his sensitive tip, wanting to taste his salty essence, instead receiving the bitterness of latex.

Her mouth watered. Each time she swallowed, Dolan cried out.

She wanted to crow, “Look who’s screaming now.” Instead she cradled his balls in her palms, gently kneading, pinching his scrotum and pulling the loose skin away from his body.

“Ahhh...” Dolan moaned on a strangled breath.

When Cait felt her skirt rise, her bare ass exposed, she couldn’t help her teeth scraping across Dolan’s sensitive skin. Even that appeared to thrill the man as he tossed back his head, eyes closed, and cried, “Fuck yeah.”

Perched on pins and needles, she waited impatiently to see what Cord would do next. When his naked torso nestled to her back, Cait sighed around Dolan’s cock.

“Suck him good, darlin’,” Cord’s warm Southern drawl hummed against her ear. “I’m next.”

His hard shaft was wedged between her thighs, pressing against her slit. With long, smooth strokes, he tormented her swollen folds, intensifying the throb that already existed.

Just the thought of Cord deep in her mouth made her pace quicken. She released her hold on Dolan's balls and smoothed her palms along his hips to cup his ass. Breathing through her nose, she easily took him to the back of her throat and swallowed.

"Sonofabitch," Dolan hollered.

She grinned around her mouthful and swallowed again.

"Yeah." He sucked in a sharp breath. "Just like th—"

He froze.

The hold he had on her hair tightened, sending a tingle across her scalp.

Dolan's climax exploded. His cock jerked against her throat. She felt the shiver that raced through him as she continued to milk him.

"Whoa, baby." His body convulsed.

Palm to her forehead, he tried to break the suction she had on him. She drew her tongue over his sensitive head once more before releasing him. He stumbled backward; his legs appeared to be unsteady.

"Cord—" That's all Dolan said, as if too weak to even finish his sentence.

Cord had waited long enough. He pushed to his feet, making quick use of a condom, before moving to face Cait. With lust-ridden eyes, she gazed at him. Slowly, her sweet mouth formed a perfect "O" that made his cock throb.

"You want some of this, darlin'?" Just the thought of how her lips would feel wrapped around his dick made a shudder race through him.

She reached for him. "Yes." Her soft hands trembled against his skin as she circled her fingers around his firm erection.

The burn tingling at the base of his balls flared into a white-hot conflagration when she wasted no time slipping him between her lips.

“Tight. Hot.” He had to breathe through his mouth to get the oxygen he needed.

With her forefinger and thumb she gripped him tight at the base, moving her hand with each pump of her mouth. On upstrokes she twisted her fingers one way. On the downstroke she changed directions, alternating the pressure. Blood slammed into his balls making them hard and tender. It was enough to blow his control straight to hell.

She continued to manipulate him with her hand as she sucked, nibbled and licked.

Her eyes dilated. Her nostrils flared.

Then in a surprise move she released him and pushed to her feet, bracing her palm to his chest. She drove him against the nearest wall. “F-fuck me. Now.”

From the corner of his eye, he could see Dolan lounging in an overstuffed chair, a smirk on his face.

She didn’t take off her little short skirt or her boots before grasping his neck and pulling herself up to lock her legs around his waist.

Cord spun on a heel, changing their positions so that her back was against the wall. He positioned his hips and with one thrust drove deep inside her.

“Yes,” she cried out. “Hard.” The word came out on a growl.

He slammed his hips into her cradle, his cock bouncing against the wall of her womb.

She buried her face into his neck and bit him.

It hurt so good.

The ache between his thighs became painful, causing sparks of electricity to splinter in his groin. He held his breath, hoping to prolong the inevitable.

With long licks she laved the wounded area with her tongue, taking turns to suck his flesh deep into her mouth and bite again. Her fingernails raked across his back while she rode him hard, fast. Her breaths were audible, shallow and raspy, her hot gaze hungry and wild.

Her inner muscles clamped down on him. She threw back her head and released a loud cry. As her orgasm washed over her, his thrusts intensified, ripping another groan from her trembling lips.

Suddenly, his body tensed.

Stars burst behind his eyelids as liquid fire shot down his cock. The earth-shattering climax tore through him leaving no place untouched. He pressed his forehead to the bend of her neck and shoulder and allowed himself to savor the moment.

The squeak of the chair as Dolan rose was the first sound to break through the dream state he was lost in.

“Unbelievable. She’s fuckin’ hot.” Lust simmered in the depths of Dolan’s eyes. “More. Gotta have more.” He took a stiff step forward. The hungry expression on his face worried Cord.

Not looking good.

If Cait affected Dolan as she did Cord, then his cousin might not be willing to walk away come tomorrow. And that was unacceptable.

Mine—all mine, echoed in Cord’s head. The woman had haunted his dreams for years. No way would he allow Dolan to take what he knew was his.

Cord released her, letting her body slide down his. “Cait, spend the night with us?” He was caught between wanting to wake in her arms and needing to put some distance between her and Dolan. His self-confidence had never wavered like it did at that moment.

Would she want only him or now that she'd had the taste of two men would she want more? Of course, there was a second that he wondered if this could simply be a one-night stand for Cait.

She smiled prettily. "Love to. I told Dad I was staying at Kendra's tonight."

He took her hand in his, leading her down the hall to the bedrooms. Whatever tomorrow brought, they were going to have a helluva night judging by the sexy look on her face.

Chapter Five

Bundled up in blankets that smelled of sandalwood, spice and sex, Cait squinted against the ray of light filtering through the parted curtains.

She was alone.

Not quite how she had pictured awaking this morning. Disappointment swamped her. As she attempted to move, pain greeted her at every turn. “Ow.” She smiled, remembering her decadent night with Cord and Dolan.

“So this is what is meant by being ridden hard and put up wet.” Her giggle sounded girlish. The two men had turned her every which way but loose, and she had loved every minute of it.

As her eyes adjusted to the light of day, she noted that her clothes and boots lay on a padded bench in the corner. No panties again.

She hadn’t seen much of Cord’s home last night, but what she’d seen was decorated in Western décor. Wood and leather, bulky furniture and Western art hung on the walls. His large bed was cut from pine, as well as the dresser off to the right. To the left was an adjoining bathroom she had discovered after their last heated session. Then she had fallen asleep wrapped in two men’s arms.

It was a fantasy straight out of a wet dream. But the best part was the tender moments when Cord had touched her like she was a piece of china.

She pushed a sated sigh from her lips and rose. With a stretch, Cait tried to work the soreness from her muscles and the sensitive areas of her body.

Where are the boys?

“Duh? Ranch,” she said aloud as she headed toward her clothing.

Cord worked his own ranch with several hands. Of course he would be out feeding stock and taking care of business.

After dressing, she opened the door and entered into the hallway.

It was like a shrine.

Pictures of Cord from the time he was a baby to adulthood lined the walls. There were several pictures of his mother and father, one that tightened her chest. A beautiful blonde woman smiled proudly at Cord as a toddler, with his chubby cheeks and flyaway hair. He hugged her like she meant the world to him.

His mother.

Cait had heard stories of the horrific car accident that had stolen Cord’s mother from him. His father had never remarried, mourning her passing until his own.

A love like that was what every woman wanted, including Cait. And she wanted her other half to be Cord. Bad boy or not, she knew once he settled down he’d be just like his father.

She moved quickly through the house wanting to see Cord. Needing to know that what they shared last night wasn’t just a dream and praying it meant as much to him as it had her.

The screen door whined as she released it and let it slam shut. In the distance, Cord stood talking to a man. Dolan was nowhere in sight. She didn’t know whether to bother Cord and the man. Just before she decided to go back into the house, Cord turned. He was frowning, his

features tight. He shot her a look of warning, but before she could step into the house the other man turned around.

Cait's heart skipped a beat. Her feet froze.

It was her father.

By the blush of heat that raced up his throat and spread across his face, he didn't look happy.

Who cares? I'm an adult. Still her knees threatened to buckle with her first step, while her stomach did a flip-flop. Cait squared her shoulders. Time to face the music or more likely the shit hitting the fan.

By the time she reached the two men, the color in her father's face had faded. He smiled, giving her the feeling of the calm before the storm. "Caitlyn, I didn't expect you here so soon."

What?

Cord gave her a puzzled look that echoed her own confusion.

She cleared her throat. "Father."

Where was the yelling? The fireworks? The threats?

Cord draped his arm around her shoulder, drawing her to his side. The possessive action made her visualize a kid poking a stick at a rattlesnake. Any minute her father would strike.

Instead, he winked at her.

Now this is just freaky.

Cord must have thought so too, because he shot her a suspicious glance.

From the corner of her eye movement caught her attention. A remarkable bay colt kicked up his heels as the gentle breeze blew newspaper into his corral.

So this was why her father was here. Of course, it didn't explain his odd behavior, especially toward Cord and the fact she'd spent the night with him.

“Beautiful conformation.” Cait had an eye for horses and this one was a winner with long, strong legs. “Who owns him?”

Her father slapped Cord on the back. “Well that’s what Daily and I were discussing.”

“A perfect match for Misty Dawn and Taylor Tweeds,” she spoke her thoughts aloud. The mares were just a couple of Cait’s personal horses.

“Exactly,” her father agreed. His eyes sparkled.

Cord frowned; his arm slipped from her shoulder to his side.

The colt held his black tail high in the air as he galloped across the pasture. “Look at him,” she breathed. “I’d love to have him.”

Her father pulled out his checkbook and pen. “How much do you want for him?”

This amazing creature belonged to Cord?

“He’s not for sale.” Cord watched her intently.

“Ridiculous. This is a cattle ranch, no place for a thoroughbred. Tell him, Cait.”

Cord’s face hardened. He narrowed his eyes.

“Uh... Well... You need equipment, a trainer, a racetrack.” Cait knew the expense alone would break most people. Did Cord have the financial wherewithal for a high-powered animal?

“Without the proper training you’ll ruin the colt,” her father added.

Cord fisted his hands, then realizing what he was doing he relaxed them. But it was clear—he was upset.

Her father was an intelligent man. He knew how to play the waiting game. “No hurry.” He tucked his checkbook away. “Dinner tonight? You, Cait and me at the house. Maybe you could join us at the track tomorrow. Bring Mystery Walker, use one of our jockeys and see how he takes to the track.”

An invitation to the ranch?

Cait nearly swallowed her tongue. Any minute she expected the music to *The Twilight Zone* to play. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. But then maybe it wasn't so surprising. Horses had always come first with George Culver. He clearly meant to have this colt. Even at the expense of losing his daughter to the one man he had been hell-bent on keeping her away from for years.

What was wrong with her? This was exactly what Cait had wanted, so why did it sting so badly?

Cord glared at her. "So last night was about Mystery Walker?" She flinched at the accusation in his voice. But it was his ominous burst of laughter that chilled her. "You're good, darlin'. Culver peddling his daughter for a horse. Who would have guessed?"

What?

A moment of confusion was washed away by shock that ripped her hand from her side to land with a smack against Cord's cheek. The impact was so great his head snapped to the side. As she swung again, he caught her wrist.

Fire raged between them. The air filled with electricity.

The stabbing pain to her heart was quickly replaced by red-hot anger sweeping across her face like a brushfire. "You sonofabitch." She jerked out of his grasp, fighting the tears that burned her eyes.

Her father moved toward her. "Caitlyn! Apologize to Daily."

"What?" Cait's gaze shot to his. Did she hear him correctly?

"Apologize to Daily," he repeated.

This isn't happening.

Cord pretty much called her a whore. "You want *me* to apologize?" She propped her hands on her hips and glared up at him. "Fuck you. In fact, why don't the both of you go straight to hell?"

Cait spun around and took off, heading for the road. Her booted feet pounded the ground. Each step made her madder and madder.

She was such an idiot. Her arms swung wildly by her sides.

What had she ever seen in Cord? And why did it take so long before she saw the truth?

A tear betrayed her, rolling down her cheek. Another followed. Soon her vision blurred. She heard a truck come up behind her, but she stared blindly ahead.

“Caitlyn, get in.” It was a demand issued by her father. But she didn’t take orders from him anymore. Instead she ignored him. “Dammit, Caitlyn. I need your help here. The colt is sired by Empire Maker and I want him.”

Cait jerked to a stop. “Fuck you!” She stared disbelievingly into her father’s gray eyes. “You arrogant prick. Cord isn’t good enough for me, unless you can get something of value from him. Well, *Daddy*”—she’d never called him daddy—“it looks like you’ve lost it all.” She started to laugh, the tight explosive sound bordering on hysteria. “My ass isn’t for sale and you’re not getting what you want for once.”

His mouth clamped shut. Fury raged in his eyes. Tires squealed, spitting gravel as he tore off down the street leaving her standing there—alone.

Not bad for a day’s work.

Cait had lost the only man she had ever loved and her father too.

Cord felt numb, except for the burn on his cheek. Cait had a helluva slap—nearly tore his head off. He watched Mystery Walker prance along the fence line. “All this because of you.” He shook his head, refusing to believe he had spent the best night of his life with the woman of his dreams all because Culver had sought his horse.

What was worse was Cord had played right into Cait's hands.

And to think he had flown through his chores this morning wanting to get back to bed before she woke up.

Around five o'clock Dolan had received an emergency call from the Tucker's. One of their prize mares was having difficulty foaling. That meant Cait was all Cord's, but then her father had arrived, the bastard friendly and wanting to chat.

Cord huffed at his stupidity. All he could think of was protecting Cait.

Angrily, he pushed away from the fence. A gentle breeze swept around his neck, cooling his heated skin.

His blood had turned to ice when Cait stepped from the house. He knew when Culver saw his daughter, put two and two together, the man would be livid.

"Fool," Cord grumbled and then laughed. He had been trying to warn her to go back into the house, and all the time she knew exactly what was going on.

"It appears I'm back to dumbshit again." He squared his Stetson on his head. His boots struck the soft ground, stirring dust into the air. "What an idiot."

Still he had to hand it to her. Cait was quite the little actress. She had looked genuinely surprised, and then hurt when he insinuated she had seduced him for a horse.

Culver was a sonofabitch to use his daughter in such a way.

Cord's stride slowed as Cait's wounded expression flashed before his eyes. He rubbed his sore cheek. Her slap held enough rage to feel real—smarted like hell.

In fact, she had appeared furious with her father. He had never heard her speak like that to Culver. Then she had stormed off on foot. Her father probably picked her up down the road.

Still the whole thing needled him. Something wasn't right.

Had Cord acted too quickly in accusing Cait of being in cahoots with Culver?

"Ya think?" his subconscious ridiculed. *"She held you like she cared."*

No one could be that good at pretending.

Everything he knew about women said Cait was falling for him. It was in the way she'd held him, stroked his body, and the way she looked at him. Cord would have bet his life on it.

Or was he trying to hold onto something that wasn't there?

No. He jerked to a stop. *Dammit! The night wasn't a lie.* No woman had ever duped him like that, or was that the reason he refused to accept what stared him in the face?

He rubbed his fingers over his mustache and goatee as he shook his head. It had been he and Dolan who had gone after her, not the other way around. Hell, she'd tied him up—left him.

God, this was fucked-up.

His gut churned.

Memories of her touch, her kiss, the heat of her body against his collided with thoughts of her deception.

Had he been wrong?

Bowing his head, he pinched the bridge of his nose. "What the hell have I done?" Footsteps made him look up.

"By the way Cait was storming down the street I'd say you screwed the pooch." Dolan frowned accusingly. "What happened?" His cousin looked as if he'd showered. He was wearing clean jeans, a T-shirt and his hat.

Cord sucked in his breath. "I think I fucked up bad."

Quietly, Dolan listened to the events of the morning. Then his expression hardened. "You're a goddamn putz."

So much for the buddy support system.

Apparently, his cousin wasn't through.

"That woman's in love with you. I've never seen anyone so desperate to please a man." Dolan shifted his feet, then his face hardened. "If you let her go"—he paused for only a moment—"don't expect me to step aside. A woman like her comes around only once in a lifetime."

Cord's anger rose like a tidal wave, calming just as fast.

Dolan was right.

Shit.

Cord headed toward his truck. "I better go after her."

Dolan snorted, following close behind. "If she wouldn't talk to me, she sure as hell won't talk to you. She's a mess right now. Anything you say will only be fuel to the flame."

Cord spun around to face Dolan. "Dammit, I love her."

Dolan eased to a stop. "I know." The tendons and muscles in his neck slowly thickened. Cord got the feeling there was something more Dolan wanted to say. It felt like a blow to his stomach when his cousin finished his thought. "If you can't patch this thing up—she's mine."

The truth gleamed in Dolan's eyes.

Cord had to move fast.

Chapter Six

Enough is enough.

It was the third time Cait had reapplied her makeup after her bath.

Like it did any good.

Puffy, red eyes stared back at her from the mirror above her dresser in between yanking lingerie and other clothing from one drawer and then the next. Every time she thought of Cord and his cruel words she burst into tears. But she was through with crying, through with thinking about him, and she was through with her father and California.

“Sonofabitch,” she snarled.

Before she had washed Cord and Dolan’s scent from her body, her father had stormed into her bedroom trying once more to get her cooperation in obtaining Mystery Walker. When that didn’t work he had threatened to take her allowance away.

The idiot.

In a couple of months she’d be twenty-one and come into her inheritance left by her grandfather. For the moment she had plenty of money.

Then he threw down his cards. “I’ll ruin him, Caitlyn. By the time I’m through with him, he’ll have nothing, including Mystery Walker. Do you want that?”

Why hadn’t she seen how devious her father could be? And why did it hurt so much when she turned her back on him and walked into the

bathroom without a word? She shouldn't care what happened to Cord. Should she?

Returning to Paris was sounding better by the minute.

Two suitcases sat by the door. She dumped the armful of clothes she held into the bag laying on her bed before running her sweaty palms down her jeans. Her blue cotton T-shirt stuck to her chest, while the damp braid down her back left a wet spot where it lay.

It was summer, too warm for a fire. Still one burned in her marble fireplace. After speaking with her father she had been chilled to the bone, requesting Lawrence, their butler, to start a fire hoping to chase away the cold.

It hadn't worked.

Cait released a heavy sigh. Footsore and mentally drained, she had walked miles before Stack had driven by offering her a ride home. Instead, she had him drop her off at Kendra's where Cait's car was parked. Stack had ridden the way in silence.

Smart man. He asked no questions—she said nothing.

One more look around her bedroom of pinks and yellows. The ensemble she wore last night was thrown in a pile next to her big sleigh bed. She picked the skirt and shirt up, crossed the room and tossed them into the hearth. Sparks flew, popping as smoke spiraled, its heavy scent filling her nose. Blindly, she stared into the flames, watching the fire engulf her clothes to consume them.

If she could she'd burn every memory of last night.

Another shuddering sigh shook her from head to toe, jolting her into action. She walked across the marble floor to her bed, quickly zipped the bag and picked up the house telephone to dial the butler.

"Lawrence, can you please take my bags to my car?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The telephone clicked. As she set the receiver into the cradle, she slowly sat on her fluffy, pink comforter.

She felt empty—alone.

Yet self-pity was a waste of time. Things happened for a reason.

Disheartened, Cait rose to her feet. Kendra had offered her a place to stay until she decided where she wanted to go.

Maybe she needed a vacation in the Bahamas, maybe a cruise. All she knew was she had to get away from here.

* * * * *

Evening rolled in along with a wave of anxiety that made Cord's skin prickle. His knee bounced up and down as he waited impatiently, staring at the telephone. Stetson atop his head, keys in his hands, he was ready to go the minute Stack called to say the coast was clear.

After Cait had left the ranch this morning, Cord had parked down the road from her house trying to find the words to apologize. Instead, he watched her 2007, red convertible Corvette zoom by piled high with suitcases.

She was leaving.

The knowledge did two things: One, it confirmed she wasn't in league with her father and, two, scared the living shit out of him. He couldn't bear the thought of never seeing her again.

A moment of panic struck replaced by relief as he discreetly followed her to Kendra's house. Again parking out of sight, he had called Stack and waited until his friend spoke to Kendra, confirming that Cait wasn't leaving town—not yet.

Stack had sounded a little stressed. Kendra wasn't giving up much information, but she agreed to go with him to Norton's tonight. He had asked if Cait would be attending and Kendra said, "No."

Cord thrummed his fingers against the bulky leather chair he sat in. "Come on, Stack."

When the telephone rang Cord lunged for the receiver, wasting no time to press it to his ear. "Stack?"

"Yeah, it's me." Loud music played in the background. "We're at Norton's. Cait's alone at Kendra's."

"Good." A combination of dread and excitement hummed through Cord's body. "Now where did you leave the key?"

Stack released a frustrated breath. "Kendra's gonna kill me."

Cord was so close. Stack couldn't cop out on him now. Cait would never answer the door if she knew it was him. "Please."

"I left it in the milk can next to her front door. Buddy, you owe me."

"I know." Cord slammed the receiver into its cradle, pushed to his feet and started for the front door.

He wasted no time climbing into his truck and heading down the road. Telephone poles, trees and houses were a blur as he sped by.

When he entered Kendra's subdivision, he sucked in a breath and squared his shoulders. He had no doubt that convincing Cait to give him another chance would not be easy, but it would be worth it.

Kendra's porch light burned brightly. He steered the truck into the driveway, cut the engine and opened the door, then closed it quietly behind him. With determined footsteps, he aimed for the milk can. The key was right where Stack said it would be.

A deafening silence lingered as he entered the darkened house, pocketing the key. He'd been there a time or two, but hadn't paid much attention to the layout. It wasn't a large home, so it shouldn't be difficult

finding Cait. In fact, the glow of a light beneath one of the doors led his way. He turned the knob, thankful it wasn't locked.

"Forget something?" Cait called over her shoulder. Her gaze was pinned to the computer before her, a colorful picture of palm trees and the ocean on the screen. She pushed away from the desk, her chair rolling across the wood floor.

The moment she saw him her expression became pinched and then blank. Without a word she turned her back to him, scooted up to the desk and let her fingers fly across the keyboard.

For a moment, he listened to the *click-click-click* of her fingernails striking the keys. He stepped closer and inhaled the clean scent of soap and floral shampoo that surrounded her. She was dressed for bed in a red silky camisole and matching short-shorts.

God, he wanted to touch her. His cock hardened with just the thought. He shut and locked the office door before moving deeper into the room. "We need to talk."

More silence greeted him.

"Cait, I'm sorry. I—"

She rose from the chair and started to walk past him, but he grabbed her arm.

Her gaze snapped to his hand. "Get the fuck away from me."

Their eyes met, hers filled with rancor.

Still he didn't release her. "Please, just listen to me?"

With a chill in her voice, she growled, "I'm not interested in anything you have to say."

"Cait."

An icy glare of indifference stared back at him.

"What I said— It was just— Dammit, Cait. What did you expect me to think?" This wasn't going as he had planned.

Her eyes widened. She stiffened. “Well, let’s see. How about giving me the benefit of the doubt?” Before he could say anything, she continued, “No. That’s right. You played the whore card, didn’t you?” Sarcastic laughter burst from her lips. “Remember, you came looking for me.” This time she did yank her arm from his grasp and headed for the door, but not before spinning around and saying, “By the way, my father’s plans are to ruin you. Steal your ranch, your horse, your life. Might think about making it easy on yourself and just give him the horse.”

Cait unlocked the door, but he placed a palm against it barring her escape. She was slipping away from him. He had to do something, fast. “I love you.”

Her hand fell from the doorknob to her side. When she turned so that her back was against the door and she faced him, there were tears in her eyes.

“Now who’s the whore?” She swallowed hard.

He tried to brush his hand across her cheek, but she jerked her head away. “Cait.”

She refused to look at him. “Forget it. It doesn’t matter.”

He pinched her chin, forcing her gaze to meet his. “I love you.” A huff of disbelief met his vow.

“Man, you’d say anything to get what you want.” She yanked her chin from his hand.

Cord had to make her understand. “It’s not like that, Cait.”

Her brows pulled together in an expression of pain. “Then how is it, Cord? Would you marry me to save your ranch—your horse?”

“What? Yes—no, I mean—” This was definitely not turning out how he planned.

She snorted. “That’s what I thought.”

His hand slid beneath her hair to cup the nape of her neck. He drew her closer so that their noses touched. “No. It isn’t what you think. I’d give up everything I own for you.”

“Stop it,” she demanded, struggling to break his hold.

“Everything—for you.” He brushed his lips softly across hers.

A tear ran down her cheek. “I can’t believe how cruel you are.” Sorrow rimmed her eyes. “Do you have any idea what you meant to me? What I would have done—did do just to have one night with you? Shit.” She released an exasperated breath. “Just let me go and leave me the hell alone.”

She did care. Now all he had to do was get her to believe him.

He gave her a firm shake. “Listen to me.”

“Give it up, Cord.”

“Hell, yes, I’ll marry you,” he yelled.

Her eyes widened with what appeared to be shock and disbelief.

“I’d get in my truck and drive to Las Vegas this very minute, but not to save my ranch or some damn horse.” Emotion caught in his throat. His voice softened. “Woman, you make me crazy.” He shook her again. “I can’t think when you’re around.” He pressed his body to hers, forcing her to feel his arousal. “Cait, I want you. Not for one night, but forever. If your father wants Mystery Walker, he can have him. It would be worth it if I walked away with you.”

Another tear raced down her face. She inhaled a shuddering breath. “Stop it. No more lies.”

“Let me prove it to you. Marry me?” Cord slipped his hands beneath her camisole, smoothing his palms over her warm, silky skin.

“No. Stop.” She slapped his hand.

“Ahhh...darlin’.” His fingertips drifted past the elastic of her shorts, stroking the cheeks of her ass.

She whimpered, trying to pull away, but he held on tight.

“Say yes.” His kissed the corner of her mouth, slid his tongue across her bottom lip coaxing her lips to part.

“N-no,” she insisted, but this time she went limp in his arms.

He pushed her shorts down to her thighs and the satin material fell to her ankles.

“Cord—” His name was a desperate cry muffled at the last second.

“Say yes.” He drew her camisole over her head so she stood before him naked, vulnerable.

She shook her head, frowning. He could almost see her internal struggle to resist him, even as her body warmed to his touch.

With his fingertip, he drew small circles around her nipples, watching them tighten to hard peaks. He bent, taking one into his mouth, laving it with his tongue.

She gasped, arching into his touch. Her hands fisted in his hair.

With half-raised eyelids, he glanced at her. “Yes?” He blew on her wet nipple and goose bumps skittered across her skin.

She closed her eyes, as if the mere action would erase him from her presence.

One kiss and then another, he covered her breasts, moving down her abdomen to dip his tongue in her bellybutton, before he dropped to his knees.

He scented her arousal, a musky aroma that increased the throb between his thighs. He wedged her legs apart, dipping his head to taste. He lapped at her pussy, sucked her swollen clit between his lips, then plunged his tongue into her channel.

Her eyes sprang open. “Oh God.” Her knees buckled, giving slightly.

Cord could sense her surrender. He moved back from her, a smile tilting his lips. “Yes?”

“Yes,” she hissed. “Yes-yes-yes.”

Chapter Seven

Cord stood, moving quickly to undress, but it wasn't fast enough. Small, lightning-tinged explosions rocked Cait's body, the ache between her thighs becoming more intense.

Her breathing was labored as she used the cool door in Kendra's office to keep her naked body upright.

She needed him—needed him now, almost desperately.

He had broken her will when his tongue thrust inside her, licking the sensitive walls of her pussy.

No. That wasn't true.

It was the soft expression on his face as he said, "Woman, you make me crazy." She knew that feeling, because she lost it every time she was around him.

When Cord was unclothed, he retrieved a cushion from the chair where she had sat in front of the computer. He knelt, resting his haunches on the pillow. His engorged cock sprang from the nest of curly hair, making her mouth water. Eyes dark with desire, he extended her his hand.

Cait folded her fingers around his. He guided her down to straddle his thighs, lowering her so his shaft parted her swollen folds, stretching and shoving inside. The position spread her unbelievably wide, allowing him to go deeper than she had ever felt him.

Instinctively, her muscles clenched and released around his thick erection.

“Tight,” he groaned. “So fucking tight and hot.”

He folded his arms around her back, holding her close. With shallow strokes, he began to make love to her. He pressed his cheek to hers. His tenderness was heartbreaking. She clung to him. Each caress carried her nearer to Heaven’s door.

The flutter of sensation in her belly and the small explosions in her pussy signaled her oncoming climax. As he continued to thrust in and out, the heat—the throb built until she couldn’t hold on. It burst, vibrating along her body, from her vagina, her clit, her very womb. Before she could catch her breath, another soft flare of pleasure rose, spreading throughout to leave her moaning, long and low.

Cord released a muffled cry against her shoulder. She felt his unsheathed cock pump once, twice, and then again as her mind whirled. Too late to do anything about protection.

The intimacy made the moment surreal as they stayed locked in each other’s embrace.

“Darlin’, I do love you,” he whispered the reassurance against her ear.

She released him so that she could gaze into his eyes. “I love you too. I always have, Cord.”

His eyes sparkled with a happiness that made her chest taut with emotion. He gave her a big bear hug. “Let’s leave for Vegas right now.” He moved her off his lap, stood, and then helped her to her feet.

“Really?” The thought of being Mrs. Cord Daily made her grin ear to ear.

He brushed back her hair and kissed her softly on the lips. “I want you as my wife before the sun rises.”

Cait cuddled up close to Cord, seeking his warmth. George Culver was in for a rude awakening. His little plan was just about to backfire even more. There was absolutely no way he would have let Cait and Cord

get to this point without intervening. She couldn't wait to see her father's face when they came to call as husband and wife.

Cord popped her playfully on the ass. "Get dressed."

In record time they were clothed, in the truck and heading down the road. Cait hated the console that separated them. She wanted to touch him so badly her breasts were heavy, her nipples rasping painfully against the light summer dress she wore.

Cord's gaze darted toward her and then back to the road. "Cait, what about Mystery Walker?" he asked with an air of caution.

She wasn't a fool. A colt out of Empire Maker was every man's dream horse. She knew it would kill him to give him up, especially to her father.

"If you've a mind, we can build our own stables." Cait leaned over the console to stroke his arm, wishing he didn't wear a shirt so she could feel skin and muscle beneath her palm. "You know I have connections. A horse with his lines can be a goldmine. I've learned a lot being the daughter of George Culver." She wouldn't tell Cord about the money she would inherit. With it they would be able to build stalls, a racetrack, even buy more stock. The thought was exciting. She couldn't wait to get started.

Cord changed lanes, then glanced at her again. "I don't want that animal to come between us." Even in the darkness, she saw the truth in his eyes. Unlike her father, with Cord she came first. That made her love him even more.

"Nothing or no one is ever going to come between us." She frowned, the edge of the console nudging her ribs. "Well, except for this damn console. What happened to bench seats?"

His easy laughter swept over her. "Do you want me to pull over, darlin'?" He grinned.

"Sounds good to me. Backseat?"

He opened the door at the same time she did. They both laughed as they climbed out of the truck and scrambled into the backseat.

When they came together again, Cait knew that from this day forward she would never want another man. She had found her own slice of heaven in the arms of Cord Daily.

About the Author

A taste of the erotic, a measure of daring and a hint of laughter describe Mackenzie McKade's novels. She sizzles the pages with scorching sex, fantasy and deep emotion that will touch you and keep you immersed until the end. Whether her stories are contemporaries, futuristics or fantasies, this Arizona native thrives on giving you the ultimate erotic adventure.

When not traveling through her vivid imagination, she's spending time with three beautiful daughters, two devilishly handsome grandsons, and the man of her dreams. She loves to write, enjoys reading, and can't wait 'til summer. Boating and jet skiing are top on her list of activities. Add to that laughter and if mischief is in order—Mackenzie's your gal!

To learn more about Mackenzie, please visit www.mackenziemckade.com. Send an email to Mackenzie at mackenzie@mackenziemckade.com or sign onto her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers and authors as well as Mackenzie! http://groups.yahoo.com/group/wicked_writers/

Look for these titles by Mackenzie McKade

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Six Feet Under
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Lost But Not Forgotten
Second Chance Christmas

Friendship crosses boundaries and love becomes a triangle. Can Jana learn to trust—through submission?

Lisa's Gift

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Available now at Samhain Publishing

When opportunity knocks, Jana Ryan knows it's time to face her demons and return to the city she ran fast and far away from. Her homecoming isn't exactly what she expects—she finds Lisa, her best friend, in a rather erotic position with the one man Jana has dreamt of since high school.

The redheaded beauty is everything Lisa promised Nicolas Marchetti. Jana is sexy and exquisite and he can't wait to sexually dominate both women. The triangle with the gorgeous redhead and beautiful blonde is every man's fantasy. Yet there's something about Jana that makes him want her and her alone. His attraction to her is unsettling—it goes beyond the physical.

Only by conquering the trials ahead of them, can Jana and Nicolas find their way into each other's arms. Forever.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Lisa's Gift*:

Jana glanced back at Nicolas. He was staring at her. "What?"

"Do you want me to tell you what I see in you?" From the hungry look on his face she would rather not.

"No."

Again, he leaned back in the booth. That mischievous grin she remembered back when she used to watch him with his friends slipped across his face. "Scared?"

Hell *yes* she was scared. She had always wanted this man. The years hadn't changed anything. "Not interested." She played indifferent, reaching for her wine and taking a sip. Then she released a heavy sigh to drive the point home.

A light danced across his features as his grin grew. "Liar."

"Whatever." She brushed him off with a tilt of her head. But if she thought that her impassive behavior was going to stop him, she should have thought again as she took another drink of her wine.

"You are scared—scared of the attraction between us."

When his foot slid up her leg, Jana choked on the alcohol that chose that moment to go down the wrong way. Air. She needed air as her windpipe closed.

Within a heartbeat, Nicolas was by her side. "Gentle breaths." He patted her back. "One and then another."

I'm dying. She wheezed in a breath that went nowhere. She inhaled again, making a rather unbecoming sound like a cross between a snore and an asthmatic attack. The whole time Nicolas was there, talking, touching her softly.

It took a moment, but finally Jana could breathe again. Her eyes were misty and nose running as she excused herself and hurried toward the bathroom.

What the fuck! She leaned against the counter and stared at herself in the mirror. It was no mistake that Nicolas was coming on to her. And there was no mistake that Lisa didn't mind. How Jana wished she could deny that he made her body burn. She had fantasized about being with him since she was just a teenager. What would it be like to make love to Nicolas Marchetti?

She couldn't—could she?

Nah... She shook her head. It would be weird. He was Lisa's boyfriend. But the fact was, she needed to feel the touch of a man. She wanted to find someone to love.

Nicolas just wasn't the man for her.

Jana grabbed a tissue, dabbed her eyes, then blew her nose with a loud snort.

She needed a plan to get through dinner and then go home alone.

Concerned, Nicolas watched the bathroom door, and was relieved once Jana exited. He stood as she approached. Her eyes were swollen, her adorable nose red. "Are you okay?"

"Fine." Sitting at one end of the crescent-shaped booth, she refused to scoot over, forcing him to sit at the other side. "The wine just went down the wrong pipe." Picking up her glass, she hesitated then set it back down.

He slid clear around on the semi-circular seat until he was within touching distance from her. Her mouth went dry. She glanced at him, feeling her palms start to sweat.

The salad had arrived in her absence, and he busied himself tossing it, mixing the dressing and cheese, before placing a generous helping on her plate.

When he attempted eye contact she glanced away. She had grown distant, not that she had previously been warm by a long shot. He was back at ground zero.

Serving himself a heap of salad, he picked up his fork. "Where were we? Ah... Yes. I was just about to tell you what I see in you."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said, looking down into her plate as she stabbed at a piece of lettuce.

"Strength," he offered the single word.

Her head shot up. "*Strength?*" Their eyes met and he felt her surprise. Obviously she'd expected something superficial. Like how her eyes

sparkled beneath the light like two crystals, or perhaps how silky her hair looked draped across her shoulders like a red curtain.

The salad was good, fresh and crisp, the dressing not too tart he noticed as he took a bite. He would have to remember to compliment Antonio later tonight.

Nicolas let her think about what he said before he continued. "Look at what you have achieved in such a short period of time." He picked up the basket the waiter had set before them and offered her a breadstick, but she shook her head. "You've been alone since you were eighteen. Moved to a different state. Started a new life where you had no friends or family to rely on. You have a college degree and have a brilliant career ahead of you. How many people can say that?"

A warm sensation filled him when she smiled. "A lot of people have degrees."

"True. But not all of them have put themselves through school," he countered taking a sip of his wine.

She stabbed another piece of lettuce with her fork, but didn't put it in her mouth. Instead she shrugged. "I was given a scholarship."

"You earned that scholarship. Even so you did this by yourself—alone." He placed his hand over hers. "Jana, Lisa says you are a strong, beautiful person. I know she's right."

A soft expression fell across her once-tight features as she extracted her hand. "Thank you." She grinned, dropping her gaze once again to her salad plate.

"What?"

Continuing to smile, she met his eyes. "You're not exactly what I thought you were."

He pulled his brows together. "What did you think I was?"

"Well, arrogant for one."

Nicolas feigned surprise as he flinched at her words.

She giggled, the sound like bells swaying in the breeze. "Superficial and a whoremonger."

He pressed his palms to his heart. "I'm hurt."

"As if," she said. Her eyes danced with laughter for the first time that night.

"Well perhaps whoremonger is accurate, because I sure want to taste your lips right now." An ache began between his thighs, tightening and pressing against his black slacks. His sight was riveted on her full lips. How soft would they be against his? Would she whimper softly beneath his attack?

"Nicolas. I'm sorry, but I'm simply not attracted to you." She swallowed hard, giving away the fact she lied. "If I've done anything to mislead you, I apologize." Her hands left the table.

It was a challenge he couldn't ignore.

"The thought of me pressing my lips to yours, of my tongue delving between them doesn't make your nipples hard?" He waited only briefly before saying, "Tell me your breasts aren't heavy. That a slight tingle hasn't begun slowly filtering through them, aching for me to stroke them? Place my hot...wet...mouth on them?"

He trapped her gaze with his and paused. "Tell me you're not moist just thinking of how my hands would feel caressing your body, stroking the flame that burns in your belly, building it into a raging wildfire. Because that's exactly what I would do to you."

With his last words her eyelashes lowered halfway, the thick fringe hiding how her eyes had grown steamy. The increased rise and fall of her chest was a dead giveaway that he had aroused her.

He continued.

"I would touch every inch of your body with my hands and mouth. I'd make you scream for me to take you. Then when every nerve ending grew

so raw that your skin was alive, I would enter your pussy slowly until you tossed back your head and screamed my name.

“Nicolas,” he said his name in a whisper. “Your orgasm would explode as I filled you.”

“Stop.” She breathed the word.

What the hell had he done? His cock was rock hard. His palms itched to touch her. His mouth watered to taste her. This was torture and he had driven himself to this unbearable point. He couldn’t find the strength to release her from the hold he knew he had on her.

“Stop? Or do you really want me to lay you on this table in front of all these people? Grab your ankles, slowly parting your legs, before I bury my face between your thighs, licking and sucking your clit?”

Jana gulped down a gush of air. “Fuck.” She squirmed in her chair.

“Oh, doll, I will do more than fuck you,” he promised, the idea sending his hormones into a frenzy of desire.

“No. I didn’t mean— Oh shit! Just stop, Nicolas, stop.” She pressed her palm to her mouth. She mumbled through her fingers, “This isn’t right. You’re sleeping with Lisa.”

Nicolas’s hand slipped beneath the table. He cupped his hard erection as his eyelids grew heavy. *God, I wish this was your hand, doll.* “Lisa and I have an agreement.” He ran his fingers across his engorged cock. “There is no commitment between us.” He reached for her hand, removing it from her full lips, and she didn’t fight him. Instead her hand trembled. What would she do if he placed her hand between his legs, showed her how she affected him? He scooted closer to her.

Jana was almost his. He could feel her surrender in the softness of her skin, the way her fingers intertwined with his.

The server arrived with their main course and the moment was lost.

She jerked away from his touch. A light blush crossed her cheeks as her spaghetti was placed before her.

Damn!

But the evening was still young and Lisa had promised to stay away the entire night.

Vengeance is what she sought...eternal love is what she found.

Fallon's Revenge

© 2006 Mackenzie McKade

*Available now in digital and paperback from Samhain
Publishing*

Young and inexperienced, Fallon McGregor is an immortal with one thing on her mind. Revenge. She'll do anything to destroy the demon that killed her daughter and made Fallon his flesh and blood slave. One step ahead of her tormentor, she knows her luck is running out. She needs to discover the mysteries of the dark—and fast. When she meets Adrian Trask she gets more than she bargains for in tight jeans and a Stetson.

Adrian will share his ancient blood and knowledge with Fallon, but he wants something in return...her heart and her promise to stay with him forever.

But Fallon doesn't have forever. Once her nemesis is destroyed she will seek her own death. Tormented, she must choose between a promise made and the love of one man.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Fallon's Revenge*:

She was dead—well, undead.

Still, when Adrian called her “darlin” in that deep, seductive tone, she had to admit to a spark of excitement. His fervor, the promise in his words, stroked an uncontrollable fire inside setting her pulse to speed. Heat swept across her skin. She was achy and hungry to feel his cock between her thighs, parting her wet folds, fucking her hard and fast as she took his blood.

But he had promised nice and slow. The pressure of his hard body rubbing against hers only served to drive her deeper into the dark world of surrender. A seductive takeover she felt too weak to refuse.

She wanted him.

Not only to achieve her goal that always lay in the back of her mind. But something more elemental moved within her.

Desire.

She had felt lust for every man she'd shared a night with, except for Chavez. Yet Adrian did something to her that no one had ever truly done since her transformation. He made her long to believe a future existed as an immortal. That life wasn't just a series of unfortunate events. That she had something to live for.

No. I need to be with Christy.

Mentally, she tried to brush the ridiculous thoughts of a future and living from her head. Okay. This was foolish and extremely dangerous. She had to take control of the situation.

But it was too late.

In a flash they were both naked. Flesh against flesh. Even his boots and cowboy hat vanished.

She whimpered, feeling his hard erection snug against her belly. Her nipples had turned into sensitive nubs. Just the scrape of his chest against hers sent shards of fire through their peaks. She tried to inhale, a weak attempt that only left her breathless.

"Please," she moaned, tossing back her head. Her hair swung across her ass sending chills up her spine. "I need to feel you inside me. Fuck me. Now."

Satisfied male laughter greeted her. "Darlin', I'm gonna fuck you, but first I'll make love to you. Slowly, the way a woman deserves."

Was this man real? Or was his plan to kill her softly?

In a heartbeat he swept her off her feet. She felt small in his arms, feminine, as he carried her to the bed. Gently he laid her down upon the patchwork comforter and he moved away.

The sight made her next breath stick in her throat. It was the first time she had seen him naked, and the man was huge. She wasn't talking about the breadth of his chest, his muscular biceps, or the taut chords that raced through his powerful thighs. His cock was at least eight inches of long, hard pleasure.

The thought of him buried deep inside her released a flood of excitement between her thighs. Her mouth watered to wrap her lips around his firmness, to watch his control vaporize as she took all of him.

From the nightstand by the bed, she watched as he extracted two small ropes.

A sharp spark of apprehension broke the spell he had cast over her. As he turned to gaze at her with darkened eyes, she froze. Surely, he wasn't thinking about tying her to his four-poster bed.

Fallon almost broke into laughter. She was being foolish. A Master vampire didn't need ropes to restrain his victims. His magic was more powerful than any slip of cord. If he wanted to suppress her he could accomplish it with a mere thought. She knew this all too well from experience.

Besides, she was strong enough to break a rope or, with a single thought, cause it to go up in flames.

Still it pleased her that when he touched her mind and felt her anxiety, he whispered, "Trust me."

As he approached, his fangs pressed against his bottom lip. Broad shouldered and lean hip, he breathed life back into her arousal, stirring the heat of passion to flame anew. If only she could believe the sensual way he smiled at her was for her alone, not just a passing rage of hormones—a one night rodeo.

But trust—never.

And why was she thinking like this? The man was simply a means to an end. Wasn't he? Just someone to teach her what she needed to know to defeat Chavez.

With long, slow swipes, he ran the cool ropes across her breasts. Her nipples drew even tighter so they pulsed with unrelenting hunger. Her globes felt heavy and achy, needing to feel his hands and mouth on them.

At that moment, Fallon knew she would take what she needed from him, and then she'd be gone. The callous thought vanished as his hand circled her wrist.

Intensity like she'd never seen before flared in his eyes, as he drew her arm above her head. His sultry gaze swept over her body with a touch she could feel across every inch of her skin. It tightened each muscle and tendon inside her with anticipation.

"It makes me hot just thinking of you tied to my bed, helpless to my desires." His voice was a mixture of sand and silk across her heightened skin. He inhaled, scenting her and she could have sworn his cock grew even firmer.

The sensual picture of her naked, tied to his bed, and this sexy man posed above her released the most delicious wave of moisture to dampen her thighs.

A moment of silence, then he moved forward and asked, "Would you like me to tie you up?"

His cock jerked, gaining her attention. But it was the heaviness in his voice, the hunger in his gaze that warmed her from the inside out. Her tongue slid between her dry lips. "Yes," she answered before she realized it.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Tie me up and fuck me until the sun rises.

He was true to his promise. Every movement was slow, painfully slow, as he fastened one wrist, and then the other to separate bedposts. His fingertips feathered down the inside of her arm, brushed the swell of one breast, before he traced a line from her waist to her hip. Then he leaned over and lightly blew on her nipple. The sensation was immediate. Sharp stings of fire surged through her breasts, releasing a spasm low in her belly.

“Beautiful,” he said before dipping his head and taking her nub into his mouth.

“Oh...” Fallon’s back arched off the bed, pushing her closer, deeper into his caress. He nipped the hardened peak, and she gasped at the wonderful force shattering in all directions.

“Do you like that?” His voice was warm against her wet skin.

“Oh, God, yes.” The words came fast and needy from her trembling lips. “More. Please. More.” *More in like spread my thighs, cowboy, and fuck me all night long.*

A rich chuckle surfaced, before he took her other nipple into his mouth. With exquisite pressure he sucked, while kneading her other breast. His tongue made circles around her engorged tip, flicking it several times, making her pull against her constraints.

She wanted to touch him so badly, to feel all that firm muscle beneath her palms, and to hold on to him as he carried her away.

With just a thought she could untie herself. She was dying to weave her fingers through his hair and press him closer to her. But Fallon had to admit, knowing she couldn’t touch him only heightened the depth of her arousal. This was more delicious than she had ever dreamed.

All too soon, he pulled away, sitting up beside her. “Damn, woman, you’re sexy.” He stroked her with his hot gaze, stopping at the apex of her thighs. His breathing was labored. His nostrils flared. “I need to taste

you. Now.” The last word came out upon a snarl. The dark, dangerous expression on his face raised the heat in her body.

When he pushed between her legs, spreading her wide, she held her breath. Just the thought of him licking her pussy intimately made her go up in flames.

As he leaned in and ran his tongue across her folds a gush of air burst from her lips, a cry of passion chasing it. Her knees fell apart to give him more access. She raised her hips from the bed, desperately needing him to take her deeper into his mouth. When he clamped down on her clit, drawing it into his mouth, her world tore asunder.

In abandonment, she writhed beneath him. He grasped her hips, holding her still, his mouth and tongue relentless, wringing out her orgasm, forcing her to withstand his assault. Threads of ecstasy ripped from her core, shot up her womb, before rippling to every limb of her body. She tried to hold back the next scream, but couldn't. Her cry only triggered his hunger. A deep, resonant growl surfaced as he went wild sucking and nipping, his tongue driving harder and deeper into her pussy, until she screeched, “Stop. No more. I can't take it.”

Duty wars with affection when Racor's greatest spy must decide who to trust, the evidence against her sexy suspects, or her heart?

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Lt. Col. Trace N'Tre and Assassin Vaan C'Vail are hiding out in the only place the military can't touch them—on a pleasure planet in an island resort owned by Vaan's cousin. Gathering evidence on the outside, they know it's only a matter of time before they'll have to face their accuser, a high official in the Racor government.

Unbeknownst to them, Myst, Racor's greatest spy, has had her eyes on them for some time. The puzzle of these two alleged traitors doesn't fit, and Myst has made it her mission to find out why. But when the tables are turned and she's caught spying under the planet's hot summer suns, pleasure and affection confuse the issue, making her wonder who to trust—her heart, or the evidence against her lovers.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, frank language, ménage, m/m action, and hot sweaty adventure.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *A Scorching Seduction*:

"She's been way too quiet for way too long," Trace said grimly. He banged on the door and, not hearing anything, nodded to Vaan.

Unfortunately, her door failed to open with the security codes.

"I can't believe she's stalling. What does she think will happen when we open the door?" Trace shook his head.

Vaan scowled. Cursing to himself, he finally overrode her block and opened the door. As he'd suspected, the little liar had run. Before leaving her alone to change, they'd searched her room. Apparently, they hadn't

searched well enough. Though irritated, Vaan couldn't help admiring the alluring young woman.

Long black hair, deep brown eyes and a body that made him hard just from thinking about it, Fia had been a temptation he'd done his best to ignore since her arrival two months ago. Fighting his sweltering attraction to Trace was bad enough, but the timid sex sharer had stirred protective instincts within him he'd been hard-pressed to face. He didn't like feeling such an animal attraction for such a shy, malleable female. And despite a face and body made for sex, something about her had seemed...off.

Like Trace, he'd been suspicious. But after two months of nothing but her stellar service, as well as reports of her amazing fellatio and sweet little pussy, he'd been more than inclined to relax his vigil, at least as far as Fia was concerned.

Now, however, he felt like a fool. And the feeling didn't sit well at all.

"Trace, find her. I'm going to talk to Vela, and do some research into our missing girl."

Trace nodded as he left.

Vaan found Vela lazing about in her private pool with Clea rubbing her shoulders.

"Hey, Cuz."

Vaan shot her a frown, glancing at Clea, but Vela shrugged.

"Honey, Clea knows more about me and this place than the Racor army. So tell me, what has you all hot and bothered?"

"Did you give Fia your security codes?"

Vela sat up straighter. "No, why?"

"Because she used them to break into your quarters, and she somehow vanished from her room without using the front door."

Clea grinned. "That's because she probably went through the armoire to our private room."

Vaan gritted his teeth as he glared at Vela. To her credit, she flinched under his gaze. "Why wasn't I informed of that particular passage? And how many more are there in the compound, that as your head of security, I should know about?" Damn it all to hell. This place could have been crawling with the TAC and they'd never have known it until the shackles fell.

"Come on, Vaan. I can't share all of my secrets, now can I?"

"Vela..."

"Oh, all right. That particular passage connects with the central garden. If you're small enough to fit through the window, you could conceivably find yourself in the inner courtyard. From there it's a few more steps before you reach the compound perimeter. But don't worry. Even if she's after you, she couldn't let anyone know you're right here."

"Unless she has a communicator, and she knows just where on the island her signals will pass."

"Oh," Clea said, biting her lip. "I gave her a map of the island a month ago, and I mentioned that little spot near the mirror pool." At Vela and Vaan's frowns, she sighed. "She seemed homesick. How was I to know she was after you?"

"So until this conversation, nothing seemed strange about her? Her side of the room is completely devoid of character. That doesn't strike you as odd?"

Clea shook her head. "No, I asked her about that. But she said she was an orphan, and I thought she might have been down on her luck. She didn't do the clients, and seemed kind of out of place here. But she begged me not to say anything. Poor kid. She really needs this job."

"So if she didn't service the customers, who did?" Studying Clea, he had his answer. "You did. You both have roughly the same build, the same coloring except for the eyes and lips, and the same proportions."

“Maybe we should invite Fia back for a third.” Vela grinned, and Clea chuckled, running her hands over Vela’s shoulders to her breasts.

Vaan rolled his eyes. He’d learned all he needed from these two. “I’ll see you later. Vela, Trace and I’ll be out of touch for the next few days, I’m sure. Have Jakes take over the watch.”

She nodded, obviously distracted by Clea’s tongue in her ear.

Quickly leaving, he found Trace pacing at the edge of the compound bordering the tropical jungle covering the rest of the island. He could see the summer heat taking its toll on his friend, but had no time for pity.

“She entered here, not so long ago. We need to find her.”

“Yes, we do.” Vaan relayed his information, and Trace’s eyes darkened steadily until they were burning with anger. “But not you, not now. I’ll track her. I need you to head for the mirror pool here,” he said, handing Trace a map. “It’s mostly through thick vegetation, so you should be sheltered from the suns. I located it once a few months ago. Use this and your nav guide to reach the pool. That’s where she’s eventually got to be headed for a withdrawal. There’s nowhere closer to communicate from, and since she knows we’re on to her, she’ll want a quick extraction, pronto.”

“Right. I’ll grab some supplies and meet you at the pool. But if I don’t see you there by third moon, I’m coming after you. When you find her, don’t let her go, Vaan. You know what’s at stake.”

Trace handed Vaan a dagger, and Vaan took it and moved out. He surged into the jungle, uncaring of what beasts might lie in wait. He had a new objective to handle, and a burst of excitement spiked his blood. Vaan lived for the chase, for the thrill of the hunt. And now he had new prey and a new thirst for vengeance to quench.

This summer, it's going to be Steamy...

Samhain Publishing Presents
Midsummer Night's Steam
24 Sizzling ebooks
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Duty wars with affection when Racor's greatest spy must decide who to trust, the evidence against her sexy suspects, or her heart?

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

Lt. Col. Trace N'Tre and Assassin Vaan C'Vail are hiding out in the only place the military can't touch them—on a pleasure planet in an island resort owned by Vaan's cousin. Gathering evidence on the outside, they know it's only a matter of time before they'll have to face their accuser, a high official in the Racor government.

Unbeknownst to them, Myst, Racor's greatest spy, has had her eyes on them for some time. The puzzle of these two alleged traitors doesn't fit, and Myst has made it her mission to find out why. But when the tables are turned and she's caught spying under the planet's hot summer suns, pleasure and affection confuse the issue, making her wonder who to trust—her heart, or the evidence against her lovers.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, frank language, ménage, m/m action, and hot sweaty adventure.

A young minister's celibacy is challenged by an earthy, Appalachian woman.

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from

seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

Determined to implement his outreach plan, he helps her harvest the fruit. But their potent sexual chemistry is too intense to deny and they engage in passionate sex surrounded by the beauty of nature.

Grace is earthy and primal, the opposite of the proper young lady he expects to take as a wife some day. Can there possibly be a future for a college-educated minister and a primitive mountain girl?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Can a straight-laced business student and an indie boy with a thing for extremely personal electronics turn one night's wild ride into a trip to last forever?

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

Adam Holderman isn't your typical twenty-something college boy. He prefers jazz to Goth, shuns body piercings and street-waif clothing, and despises the lack of vocabulary among his peers. Some call him uptight, but Adam doesn't see it that way. Just because he prefers his men articulate and well-groomed doesn't make him a stick-in-the-mud. He simply has standards, unlike most guys his age.

The new employee at Wild Waters Park, where Adam works, single-handedly throws a monkey wrench into Adam's orderly world view. Buzz Stiles wears eyeliner and black clothes, listens to emo bands, and talks like a teenage skate punk. He's the polar opposite of Adam's avowed "type". So why can't Adam get him out of his head?

When Adam finally agrees to go out with Buzz, he finds there's much more to Buzz than a hot body, a sharp wit, and a Goth fashion sense. Buzz is someone Adam can see himself being with for the long haul. But you need more than mind-melting sex to make a relationship last. Can they keep their hands off each other long enough to find out if they have what it takes?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit male/male sex, inappropriate use of personal electronic devices, and gratuitous disco dancing.

Her boyfriend is back...and that's a major problem. Antonia isn't ready to face the one man who shakes up her world...

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

Antonia doesn't need to look at forbidden fruit. The taste still clings to her lips, haunting her with just how good she and Danton had been together...

...Right up until he informed her that he had to get married because he was going to be a father. That just made it worse. Inside him was a man worth dreaming about, even if she knew it was in vain.

Danton always double-checked his facts. It was a habit that kept him alive during missions that should have killed him. His impromptu wedding was no exception. There wasn't going to be any consummation of the vows until he had a paternity test. But doing the right thing had cost him the one woman he loved.

Until the test came back negative. Now there is nothing that will stop him from coming back with the prize he'd been forced to abandon three

months ago. Toni was going to be his, right after she got the full disclosure on his hasty wedding and the blunt fact that he loved her.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language and bondage bedroom games with toys.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

Can a jaded lawyer and a reformed criminal really find true love in the tropics?

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

Dumped by her boyfriend and on thin ice in her law career, Sophie Edison badly needs to re-evaluate her life. She escapes to her favorite hideaway on the tropical island of Fiji, where the attentions of the resort owner – the enigmatic and lethally sexy Dominick 'Nick' Dufour – prove a temptation too great to resist. Nick's obvious desire to take her to bed is just the salve her battered confidence needs, and she embarks on an

affair that leads her to uncharted waters. Before long she starts to wonder if she can ever go back to her old life.

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

1. A dry fruit consisting of an edible kernel or meat enclosed in a woody or leathery shell.

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

1. A soft solid or thick liquid containing medicaments or other specific ingredients, applied externally for a therapeutic, or cosmetic purpose.

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex and graphic language.

Welcome to Fantasm Island! Leave your inhibitions at the door and let your fantasies soar.

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

That's what the brochure said anyway. A week long fling with a stranger. Where's the harm in that? Take a compatibility quiz and a slew of other health tests, sign a strict privacy agreement and give license to any sexual fantasy you've ever had. Evan Knight couldn't wait.

Gabe and Lance have been searching for their perfect third for what seems like forever. One look at the woman he and his best friend and lover Lance have chosen to claim during her time on the island, and Gabe thinks they may have finally found her.

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit fantasmagorical sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and hot nekkid man-love.

Falling in lust with a sexy Elvis impersonator gets complicated when Vanessa discovers the real Elvis Presley may have hoaxed his death.

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

Summer should mean hot men and toe-curling sex—at least that's what Vanessa believes, but a bad break-up has left her spending her

summer nights alone. Then her sex life erupts into flames when she meets two very different Elvis impersonators on the same night. One is a sexy young musician who gets her all shook up in a steamy midnight swim. The other is a graying older man who looks just a little too much like Elvis Presley for comfort.

Vanessa can't help falling in love with her new summer hottie. But their burning love gets complicated when the mysterious older impersonator begins dropping disturbing hints about his true identity—hints that suggest Elvis Presley never died at all.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Chastity Cuthbert is determined to bring love and romance to the Last Frontier.

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

Chastity Cuthbert is in love with love. Its too bad that she's so busy working on everyone else's happily ever after that there's no time left to work on hers. Her company, The Alaskan Connection, matches single women with sexy Alaskan hunks. Business is booming. Until Dave Wellington drags his personal vendetta against outsiders right to her doorstep.

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming

tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

Determined to change Chastity's mind, he travels to Chicago to talk her out of her plan. Chas is so pissed off at the sexy mayor that she forgets her "no one-night stands" motto. Right into Dave's bed.

Now she has to travel to Smithfield and face him. She's strong. She can face Dave again. Just because she snuck out of his hotel room in the middle of the night doesn't mean she's a big ole chicken. Right?

Warning: This book contains hot naked Alaskan guys, all looking for love. Read it at your own risk. I am not responsible for any sudden urges to go to the Last Frontier, nor travel costs incurred. Oh, and there's explicit sex too.

One hot summer night and a scorching balcony interlude light the fuse of hidden attraction between neighbors Jill Reed and Cole Adams.

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

Jill Reed has spent her entire life denying her sexuality, but living next door to Cole Adams the past few months has made it near impossible.

Cole is fresh off his third divorce and considers himself a one-man relationship train wreck. He purposefully keeps his lust for Jill in check because, after all, she's the kind of woman a man keeps.

Jill and Cole have been denying their bone-deep attraction for months, but one night on a balcony, passions ignite, an adventure starts and everything is about to change—forever.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, sex in a public place, graphic language.

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

Katie Mayes is the Executive Manager for a large, east coast beach resort. Unfortunately, her boss has discovered her one secret – her seasonal flings with Caleb Beckett, the Entertainment Director for the resort. Company policy dictates no internal fraternization, especially between managers and their subordinates, so her boss gives Katie a choice. Caleb or her job.

She avoids personal encounters with Caleb, until one fateful night a week before the resort's big summer launch. Then, she runs into him at a local nightclub. When Caleb approaches her, she tries to give him the cold shoulder, but he follows her onto the dance floor where the music, her desire, and his persistence break her will. She claims it's only one more night before they break it off completely, but Caleb insists on more. Far from an ending, he views the summer as their true beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, spanking, light bondage.

*A bad marriage is like a fierce thunderstorm on a fragile field of wheat.
Will a proud Texas cowboy and a stubborn Boston-bred lawyer find
shelter from a real summer storm long enough to rebuild their love?*

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

Cocky cowboy Rafe Walker doesn't plan to meet a beautiful woman in designer jeans and ostrich boots at the rodeo, but the beauty catches his gaze just before the gate opens for his bull ride. Talk about losing focus! With one glance, his thoughts are of sex-scented sheets, not hard, sawdust-covered dirt.

A city girl like her would never fit in on his ranch, but a weekend in Dallas? Yes, Ma'am, she'll do just fine. Little does he expect a ride wilder than with any bull. She grabs hold of his heart and his hottest fantasies and holds on tight.

Cathy Fitzgerald, raised in a wealthy eastern family, half falls in love with the rakish cowboy after one impulsive weekend of wild sex. She returns to Boston, breaks off her near engagement and waits to hear from Rafe. After months of silence, he surprises Cathy with a proposal. It's a shock to both of them when she accepts, and moves to his ranch in nowhere, Texas.

They soon find that passion alone can't sustain a marriage. Rafe's pride and Cathy's long hours at work breed distrust and broken hearts. Giving their marriage its second wind will take an act of nature.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Life's not always about the journey, but who takes you on the ride.

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

A stint in the Air Force left Ryan MacRae with a bitter memory of life in the closet. Jeff Allstein is a mechanic who has too much to lose if his private life becomes public. The heat of their attraction boils over on a stormy summer night, but satisfying that need only makes them both crave more.

Their searing connection makes it hard for Ryan to understand the road blocks Jeff continually puts down. Ryan will have to buckle up if he's going to find love at the end of his custom ride.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex, graphic language.

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

Warning this title contains the following: Hot, steamy, explicit sex and graphic language.

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed lawman, more than the desert will heat up.

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, violence.

When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who has no idea what he is, the result is magical.

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind, bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, voyeurism, and fantasy fulfillment.

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, and hot nekkid man-love.

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