



Lyrical Press, Inc.

TY'S

MAGIC

FINGERS

JENNIFER COLE

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Ty's Magic Fingers

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TY'S MAGIC FINGERS

by Jennifer Cole

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Available Now From Lyrical Press, Inc.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to the women and men, and their families, whose lives have been touched
by breast cancer.

To all who have fought the fight, you are an inspiration.

Chapter 1

Another day of record-breaking temperatures was under way. Well into the second week of triple digit temperatures, a reprieve nowhere in sight, not even during the night. Nestled amongst craggy, towering mountains, the small town of Silverton could not escape the mid-July heat wave. In the cloudless sky above, the sun shone bright. The air hung heavy, thick and sticky, without a slight breeze to ebb the growing humidity. It was another scorcher.

Charlee's thin blouse clung to her sweat-slicked skin. Dark hair, which had been pulled back into a nice neat ponytail that morning, had worked its way loose. Damp tendrils of curls hung limp, framing her flushed face. Passing a garbage can in front of a thrift store, she tossed her empty water bottle inside and glanced up the street.

Despite the thick, stagnant heat, she'd decided to walk today. The stroll through the quiet streets of town had done her good, helped her relax, clear her mind. Her thoughts had been so jumbled for weeks, maybe months now. Until twenty minutes ago, Charlee was sure she was making a mistake. However, the appointment had gone well, and her decision made. With all hesitation behind her, she'd signed on the dotted line.

Three days from now, I'll be a new woman.

It was almost mid-afternoon, the height of the day's heat. Rivulets of perspiration trickled down the small of her back as Charlee spotted a pub on the corner of the next block and decided to duck inside for a cool drink, before returning to her hotel room.

Upon entering the pub, a cool blast of air conditioning assaulted her heated flesh, making her shiver. Damn it, she groaned inwardly as she made her way toward the bar. She'd strolled into a sports bar, not a quaint little tavern, as the misleading sign out front had indicated.

Ever since high school, Charlee had hosted Super Bowl parties, Stanley Cup get-togethers, and World Series charity tournaments for her friends. Being a die-hard sports freak, Charlee possessed hundreds of foam-fingers, ball caps, pennants, and ratty-old jerseys which cluttered up her closets. She even went so far as to fly into whichever province hosted the Canadian Football League's Grey Cup, just for the rush of sports related exhilaration.

Although usually up for enjoying a game, of any sport, today her sport's spirit just wasn't interested. Oh, what the hell, now inside she looked forward to a brief reprieve from the sweltering summer heat.

The bar was sparsely occupied and relatively quiet, though Charlee figured the after-work Friday crowd would no doubt be arriving over the next couple of hours to unwind after a long week. She'd be long gone when that happened. Sitting on a stool at the far corner of the bar, Charlee ordered an iced tea and pulled a book out of her purse.

*

The windows were open, with several fans oscillating within the studio, and he cursed himself for not getting the air-conditioner fixed back in the spring. The Farmer's Almanac had predicted a hotter than usual summer, but oh no, he'd never put any stock into the famous almanac. He'd been working non-stop for hours in his stifling studio, accomplishing nothing, and decided to take a break. A cold beer and something to eat would sit just perfectly right about now, he thought, dropping the tools of his trade on the table beside him. After cleaning his brushes and shedding his paint-smeared smock, he stepped into the sweltering heat and walked up to the main house.

Ty decided on a quick, cool shower, not that it would really matter with the heat. After he dried himself and dressed, he hopped into his pickup and headed to town.

The subtle scent of feminine sweat and exotic perfume assaulted Ty's senses when he entered the front door of his favorite watering hole. He stiffened in all the right places, and the sudden reaction his body enjoyed startled him. It had been a long time since a scent alone rocked his even keel. Closing his eyes, he allowed his mind to wander, trying to envision the creature that enticing fragrance belonged to. Opening his eyes, and reining in his x-rated thoughts, he took a step further into the bar and stopped dead in his tracks.

On *his* barstool at the end of the bar, there she sat, alone. Book in one hand, her chin

resting on the palm of the other. She wasn't a stunning beauty, but rather exuded an innocence he found arousing. As she read, her eyes flickered with excitement, and when she bit her lower lip Ty's cock danced in his shorts, begging to be released. Groaning inwardly, he mentally pictured her desire-laden doe eyes looking up at him as she knelt at his feet, while his cock slid down her throat. Ty licked his lips, imagining the taste of her soft skin and the damp swollen flesh between her thighs.

"Hey, Ty!" A group of regulars shooting pool in the back corner of the bar shattered his erotic thoughts.

*

Engrossed in her mystery novel, Charlee tuned out the noises in the bar. Her thoughts so focused on the story, the call of loud voices made her nearly jump out of her skin. The greeting the new arrival received reminded Charlee of the sitcom 'Cheers,' whenever Norm made his grand entrance.

Her head shot up and she found herself staring into the seductively gorgeous brown eyes of a handsome stranger. A dusting of dark whiskers shadowed his jaw line, complimenting his already rugged appearance. The spasming in her lower belly alarmed her, but not as much as what happened between her legs. The pulsing in Charlee's clit kept time with the thumping in her chest. A tingle began in her toes, working its way through her body, when it finally found its mark, she shivered.

*

Shit! Cringing inside, Ty didn't think anyone had seen him enter. Damn, had he been caught ogling the cutie at the bar? What the fuck did it matter? He was a man. It was his right to look if he wanted to.

The voices from the hollering men made her jump. Assholes, he thought. The nerve of them, their outburst had disturbed his vision. When her head shot up, turned around, the dark brown windows into her soul blazed as she met his gaze. Christ, she did have doe eyes.

Ty felt his self-control heading right back out to his pickup truck. The slightly parted lips on her surprised expression were full, inviting, and he ached with a pain deep in his gut to taste her. A blush, a deep shade of crimson tinted her cheeks, like a vibrant hue in the setting sun, and

when his eyes dropped to her small, perky tits, she sucked in a deep breath. When her eyes met his again, Ty's own breath remained lodged in his throat.

"Hey everybody." He waved a casual hand to the group. Oh man, his voice sounded hoarse. With a purposeful stride he made his way up to the bar.

*

The man's heated gaze held her. Watching his approach, Charlee sat stunned as her mouth went dry. The rapid rise and fall of her chest her only assurance she still drew breath. Never before had she ached like this, and her pussy developed a mind of its own merely based on a look from a man.

"Usual, Ty?" the bartender asked, while pulling a pint of ale.

"You bet, Mitch," he answered and flashed Charlee a warm smile. "Hello," his voice husky, deep when he greeted her.

"Hi," she replied, softly.

"You're in my usual seat." He gave her a wink, and then gestured to the barstool to Charlee's left. "Mind if I join you?"

His dark hair was damp with sweat, and a light sheen of perspiration covered the exposed skin of his forearms and upper lip. A pale blue golf shirt may have covered his upper body, but did little to hide the well-defined muscular form beneath. Giving him a thorough once over, Charlee noted pressed khaki shorts and well-worn leather sandals on his feet.

She felt like an idiot gaping at the stranger, but couldn't take her eyes off him. His facial features were pleasantly handsome, but not drop dead gorgeous, and his smile somewhat serious, yet offered her a hint at a playful side. A quiet confidence exuded from his every pore.

"Uh, yes, of course," Charlee stammered, when she realized he still stood beside her, awaiting her consent.

"Thanks." He smiled, settling himself on the barstool. "Can I offer you another?" He pointed to her empty glass.

Charlee looked at the glass on the highly polished wooden surface of the bar top, and nodded. Her voice having fled her for a moment.

"Mitch, another drink for the lady, please."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. I don't like to drink alone, so thank you for joining me." He chuckled.

Charlee took a sip of her fresh iced tea and studied the man beside her as he used his bar napkin to wipe the moisture from his brow and lip. The spicy cologne he wore, mixed with his scent had her skin dying for his touch. He's a stranger, she attempted to tamp down her wandering thoughts, however her mind and body refused to listen. Everything about the man thus far drove her sex-starved libido through the roof. If he actually touched her, she was sure it would nearly kill her.

"I'm Ty McQuire." He offered her his hand.

Ah, shit! Once she placed her palm in his, she knew she'd be lost. The feel of his flesh sliding along hers shot a current of erotic pulses to every nerve ending in her betraying body. His handshake, firm, confident, made her weak in the knees.

"Charlene Bannister," she managed weakly.

"It's nice to meet you, Charlene." He smiled warmly.

She giggled at the sound of her given name as it crossed his full, delicious looking lips. "Actually, only my parents called me Charlene. My friends call me Charlee."

"Well, I'm honored to be in the ranking of friend. So what brings you here?" he asked.

"Cold drink," she answered. "It's hot out there."

The deep timbre of his laughter reverberated through her body.

"No, what brings you to our fair town? People generally don't come around here unless they have family in these parts."

"Oh." Charlee felt her cheeks heat. Of course, she mused. With a population of approximately five hundred, Silverton remained the best-kept secret in the Midwest. The second best-kept secret was the reason for Charlee's visit to the picturesque little town. "I had an appointment," she muttered nervously.

Sure Ty was a stranger, but he seemed harmless enough. What the hell would he care why she was here. In a week, she'd be back home, and his casting judgment meant nothing to her. "Actually, I met with Dr. Reed this morning."

Hailing from Small Town, U.S.A. herself, Charlee lifted her chin, suspecting Ty knew exactly who Dr. Wellington Reed was.

"The plastic surgeon?" Ty spat out when she spoke the familiar man's name. Realizing his voice echoed the surprise he suddenly felt, he stopped himself. He had no authority to tell this woman what to do; she was an adult and appeared quite capable of making her own decisions. Giving her a thorough once over as she sat beside him, Ty thought, *is she out of her mind?*

Her nose was the perfect size and shape for her face. Eyeing her bare arms and legs he couldn't see any scars marring her skin. Mentally he tallied up that she had ten fingers, and ten toes peeked out the ends of her sandals. At a casual glance her small breasts appeared to be the perfect size to fit in the palms of his hands, and mouth, his cock was eager to add. He imagined his fingers gripping those shapely hips as he drove himself into her from behind. He had no doubt in his mind that her ass would be round and look exquisite in thong panties.

It had been a long time since he'd been as excited as he now found himself. As an artist, he lived to create, to pour his feelings and emotions onto a blank canvas, but over the past couple of years his muse had abandoned him. Beside him now sat inspiration. Ty would give his right nut if Charlee would allow him to paint her.

"Why? You're simply perfect," he said. Her blush deepened as he continued to stare at her. The fact she appeared uncomfortable under the heat of his intense gaze didn't concern him.

Refusing to make eye contact with him, she cupped her breasts in answer.

Ah, damn! He'd been trying to behave himself, but hell, if she was going to put them right out there for him look at, that would be a golden opportunity he intended to take full advantage of. Ty's gaze shot right to her breasts. Lingered longer than he probably should have, he couldn't get his mind, or his eyes, off them. His mouth had been watering since he sat down beside her, aching to devour the succulent peach-sized orbs. The thought of flicking his tongue over the tight peak of her nipples had him near bursting in his shorts.

Clearing the lump lodged in his throat, Ty shifted on his barstool. "What's wrong with your breasts? They look great to me." He tried to sound casual, and knew he failed miserably.

Charlee shot him a sideways glance and the sparkle in her brown eyes told him he hadn't offended her. "That's sweet. They're too small."

"Where did you get an idea like that?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, come on, Ty. Men like a big rack. Their tongues hang to their knees when a set of double D's or better go by," she answered. "They become mindless idiots at the sight of a huge chest."

He shook his head. "You've been hanging around with the wrong men, Charlee. Boobs don't make a woman. There are so many beautiful, delicious, and intricate details making you the intriguing creatures you are." The sound of her startled gasp only aroused him more. "I like spending my time with a woman who has conversational skills. Someone who wouldn't mind sitting in, watching a football game on TV, and eating chicken wings and drinking beer. A lady who would enjoy the simple things life has to offer, just as much as dinning in a five star restaurant and attending the opera."

"You like opera?" she asked with an unconvinced raise of her brow and amusement in her sweet voice.

"Well, no." He laughed. "But I'm trying to make a point. Not all men are Neanderthals. I enjoy losing myself in the depths of seductive brown eyes, like yours—"

The quivering of her lower lip made his balls pull up tight to his body.

"Stroking my hands over smooth, silky skin, like yours." Ty ran the back of his fingers along the length of Charlee's forearm, and enjoyed her shiver under his touch. It pleased him that she didn't pull away at his being so forward. "Brushing my mouth against full, soft, inviting lips, tasting the deliciousness upon them which is yours alone." As he leaned toward her, she leaned into him. Her lips parted and her warm breath exhaled in little wisps. She watched him with building desire in her gaze, focusing on his mouth as his tongue slipped out and over his lips.

*

Charlee's belly flipped. The warmth of the fire coursing through her body pebbled her heated skin with goose bumps. How in the hell was it possible to completely lose herself to a man she'd met less than an hour ago? The man is a stranger! She told herself, yet, there was no denying he displayed a natural ability to woo her.

The sensual lure of his deep voice wrapped around her, arousing her even more. Warm, masculine flesh as he touched her proved truly electric. The overwhelming need to lick every inch of him consumed her.

Charlee wanted Ty to taste her as well, to touch her, to take her. She ached to run her fingers through his dark hair, to touch his firm flesh, above and below the belt, and—

Charlee bit her lower lip as her mind wandered, and a moment later gave her head a shake. This is insane, she thought.

*

Ty could no longer control his raging hunger, he needed to sink himself into the warm, wet heat of this woman beside him. Desperation took over his thoughts and his body; he gladly let it. Beneath the subtle undertones of her soft perfume, he could smell her scent, the fragrance belonging to her alone. Innocent, sensual, exotic. Imagining his tongue licking along the folds of her sex, to bury his face between her thighs, made him feel like a dying man, and the only thing to save him would be her essence. He had to taste her. To run his tongue all over her salty flesh, taste the flavor of her ripe nipples, the sensitive spot where her neck met her shoulder, to drink the nectar from her body.

Christ, his balls ached, and his cock—talk about rock hard.

With his control now a thing of the past, a side of him he didn't recognize took over. Ty knew this sexually charged persona would never hurt the woman it wanted, but he also knew deep down it wouldn't stop until it had her. After drinking his fill from between her legs, he would sink his thick cock into the velvety heat of her sheath until she writhed in delicious ecstasy beneath him as he had his way with her, over and over again.

"Drink up," he said in a raspy tone, tipping his beer glass and emptying it. "You're coming with me."

Charlee cocked her head with a raised brow. "Pardon?"

He flashed a mischievous grin. "Don't you trust me?"

She laughed. "I don't even know you," her beautiful eyes danced with interest.

"You know enough for what I have in mind." Hopping off the barstool Ty grabbed Charlee's hand. "Let's go."

Charlee gasped, but collected her things and followed.

The hot air hit them like a brick wall when they stepped out the door and onto the sidewalk. With his hand at the small of her back, just above the luscious curve of her round ass, Ty ushered her across the street toward his pickup.

"Where are we going?" she asked, hesitating as he opened the passenger door.

The apprehension on her beautiful face caused him to pause. "I promise, my sweet Charlee, you won't be disappointed," he whispered huskily against her ear.

Despite the thick heat, she shivered noticeably before climbing into his truck.

Ty wasn't sure where he'd found the self-control, but as the scent of her arousal filled the cab of his truck, he somehow managed to remain focused on the short drive to his home, without pulling off to the side of the road and pounding himself into her.

Chapter 2

What the hell am I doing? Charlee asked herself as they drove through town. She glanced to the man beside her, finding her arousal climbing. This is insane, she tried to tell herself once again.

Never before had she felt such a desperate need to have a man lay claim to her body, as she did the handsome man beside her. She ached to feel his hands all over her, to feel him sliding inside her, to feel his thick, pleasuring flesh stretching the tight confines of her pussy. The humming from within her body was driving her mad. Not even when she had allowed Parker to her bed, and into her body the first time, did she feel as she did now. Closing her eyes tight, she tried to rid those horrible memories of the past from her thoughts. Never again would she allow any man to make her feel as hideous and unworthy as Parker had.

Charlee grew a mite concerned as they made their way to the outskirts of town, but became somewhat relieved when they'd reached the town limits, and Ty pulled into a driveway.

Up a long winding drive they rode to a gorgeous, single-story log home. No gardens adorned the spacious, well-manicured deep green lawn, but Charlee did spy a single planter in the corner of the porch. Unfortunately, due to neglect, the contents were nothing more than a dried up, brown, unrecognizable mass.

"Welcome to my humble abode," Ty said with a wink in her direction.

After helping her from the pick-up, Ty walked her up the wooden stairs onto the porch and through the front door. As they entered the living room, it became clear to Charlee Ty's home had never seen a feminine touch. Although neat and tidy and clean smelling, it was very masculine. The sparse furnishings in the living room consisted of a grey leather couch, a red

leather recliner, and a big screen TV in the corner. A wet-bar sat in the corner opposite the television, and not a single picture, personal or otherwise, decorated the smoky-taupe colored walls.

“Why have you brought me here? Don’t get me wrong, Ty, your home is lovely, but why are we here?”

Charlee knew damn well why they were there, and what they were going to do. Her body felt as though it were on fire, eagerly anticipating his next move. Never before had she done anything so—crazy. Lord, what would her mother say? How could she have allowed a perfect stranger to steal her away from a public place and whisk her off to the privacy of his home?

For the first time in a very long while, Charlee felt liberated. She’d be lying if she didn’t admit to being a mite nervous, but there was something about Ty and the intense need to be with him that overrode everything else.

*

This woman continued to push his raging hormones right over the edge. This is going to be fun, he thought as a sly smile played on his lips. Placing his hand against the small of Charlee’s back, he ushered her to the mirrored wall on the other side of his living room, and stood behind her as they stared back at their reflections. Although she appeared mildly hesitant, he could also see desire and anticipation in her eyes. With her arms hanging at her sides, he reached around and began unbuttoning her pink sleeveless blouse.

Her trembling body against his chest nearly made him blow his load. She was driving him crazy. The scent of Charlee’s arousal flooded his nostrils, throwing his body, mind and soul into a tailspin. No lover in the past had ever felt so good in his embrace. Instinct told him the woman in his arms had been made just for him.

*

With the last button unfastened, Ty’s fingers pushed her blouse over her shoulders and down her arms, allowing it to fall to the floor at her feet. Her breath became heavy as she watched his hands stroke and caress up her forearms, and gently massage her shoulders. Tipping her head back against his shoulder, the heat of his body scorched her. His touch electric, no, more like fire as he stroked her. Running his hands back down her arms, he wrapped them

around her waist and drew them up her belly to come to a rest just beneath her heaving breasts.

A flush tinting his cheekbones complimented the building arousal in Ty's eyes, offering a concrete glimpse of his intentions. Standing a half a head taller, his muscled physique encompassed her, strong arms felt protective wrapped around her, comforting and secure. Rough fingers continued to fan the flames in her lower belly, building the needful ache between her legs to near pain as they caressed every inch of her flesh within their reach.

Hints of color stained the tips and nails of thick fingers. A subtle scent of turpentine on the skin of his arms and hands added to the stimulating, masculine fragrance engulfing her from every angle. Ragged breath in her ear carried the sensual tune of a lover, and the warmth of his body pressing from behind seeped into her soul. As the sensations of carnality swamped her senses, Charlee imagined the flavor of the man pleasurably assaulting her as pure, animalistic virility.

"Ty," Charlee whispered. What would he think? How would he react? At that moment, she knew his rejection would tear her apart, she couldn't blame him. She shouldn't allow him to continue, but she just couldn't stop him. Unconsciously, Charlee began rubbing her backside against the erection straining Ty's shorts.

"Shhh." His warm breath caressed her ear. "I'm going to show you just how perfect your breasts are Charlee." With his left hand on her abdomen holding her against him, his right cupped her breast possessively, squeezing the nipple between his fingers. His breath grew uneven against her cheek.

She couldn't take her eyes off their reflection in the mirror. His fingers met between her breasts, closing around the catch of her bra, and then panic struck.

"Stop, Ty, please," she begged, grabbing his hands a moment too late. As her bra opened, all time stopped. The world around her ceased to exist, the air stilled. She felt Ty's body stiffen against her back. Rejection, disgust, his repulsion was coming, she could feel it. Damn it, why in the hell had she allowed herself to get caught up in this situation? By practically throwing herself at a perfect stranger, she'd set herself up. And for what? An afternoon of hot, sweaty sex in the sack? Maybe Parker had been right all along. The grip on her waist held her in place when she tried to step away.

He took a single deep breath. "When?" he asked simply.

Charlee's head dropped, her eyes focused on an imaginary object on the floor.

Ty halted her hands when she tried to cover herself. "Don't hide from me, Charlee," he said against her neck.

"I'm hideous," she whispered.

*

Ty's heart broke. "You are not hideous," he growled, and with a finger under her chin lifted her face until they made eye contact in the mirror. "When?" he demanded, his tone firm.

"Two years ago." She sniffled back a sob. "I found a lump. Tests determined it was malignant. Once inside they realized it was too big, so they had to take my breast." Her head fell forward again, but not before he could see shame in her eyes.

She had no reason to feel shame. The loss of her breast had been something beyond her control. Someone put that look in her eye. A past lover? He wondered, already speculating he'd answered his own question. Someone had made the beautiful woman in his arms feel as though this were her fault. Ty saw red.

"Who said you were hideous, Charlee?" He tried to remain calm. "Who has made you feel as though losing your breast was your fault? What sick fuck has filled your head with bullshit?" his last words snarled through gritted teeth.

She shook in his arms. "Parker," she whispered.

So, the son-of-a-bitch had a name.

"Tell me." He wanted to know.

With a heavy sigh, she hesitated before answering. "We had just become engaged a month before my diagnosis. I tried to assure him everything would be all right, that I would still look normal, but after the surgery..."

Ty stood silent while her sentence went unfinished. "Fucking bastard," he growled the words. The worthless fucking prick tossed her aside because she'd lost a breast? In silence, Ty vowed to hunt the bastard down and kill him with his own two hands. As he turned Charlee to face him, he slid her bra straps over her shoulders and down her arms.

"Please," she murmured. "Stop—"

"Look at me, Charlee," he ordered, though his tone soft. "I want to make love with you. Everything about you has been driving me crazy since I first laid eyes on you." Ty leaned into her, capturing her mouth with his, stifling the protest he suspected would be coming. Sweeping his tongue inside the warmth of her mouth, he took his time exploring and savoring her taste.

Swallowing her sigh, he enjoyed her body's reaction as she returned his kiss.

As he pulled away, she looked up at him through half closed lids, her swollen lips quivering gently from the aftermath of his assault.

"The fact that you are missing a breast isn't going to stop me from making love with you. And it isn't going to change what I feel towards you. I want to touch you, and taste you, and look at you—every inch of you." He studied her expression. What alarmed him the most was his desperate need to be with this one woman. Needing her underneath him, her arms wrapped around him, his cock sheathed within her.

He couldn't allow her to deprive either of them the experience that would rock both their worlds. Would she refuse to make love with him? Jesus, he couldn't bear the thought, and decided he just wouldn't give her the opportunity to say 'no.'

"Would you feel more comfortable wearing a t-shirt, baby?" he whispered against her lips. "Because I'll get you one if you want."

The soft, excited breath exhaling from her mouth only drove his arousal higher. He barely heard the word escape her. "No," she whispered on a sigh.

"Thank you." With a wicked grin, he knew he revealed his thoughts. "I don't want any barrier between your beautiful body and mine." Dipping his head, he captured her mouth again.

*

The look on Ty's handsome face remained genuine, and heated with his arousal. His words touched her deep to the core. Charlee knew if she turned down his advances, he would respect her choice. She could not deny them something they both wanted. She needed to feel his body embrace her, claim her. Instinct told her Ty would give her what she desired.

It had been two years since she felt the warmth of a man's touch; a man who wanted to touch her. Her battered self-esteem had suffered long enough. It was time to live again, and in Ty's strong arms she felt alive. Intense desire was evident in his eyes as he studied her.

Unable to control the hunger any longer, Charlee reached out and struggled with the button and zipper of Ty's shorts. She had to touch him, needed to touch him. Once undone, she slipped her hand inside, and found that the handsome hunk had gone commando. Freeing his heavy cock with one hand, she gently palmed his fuzzy sac with the other. Ty's lips and teeth were nipping at the tender, heated flesh of her neck while his hands roamed, explored, stroking

her arms, her back. Charlee's body was alight, her head spinning from the stimulating sensations. She couldn't believe what she was doing.

Ty spun her back around to face the mirror and grabbed her eagerly stroking hands. Bringing them back to her sides, he brought his own up to her chest. His fingers roaming her body felt simply electric. Charlee's lower belly clenched in anticipation, her skin tingled, and moisture flooded the mouth of her sex. When his palm cupped her right breast, Charlee melted from the warmth of his touch. And when his left caressed the flat surface and thin scar where the swell of her left breast had once been, her knees nearly gave out under her.

"Your skin is so soft, baby," Ty purred the words next to her ear. "And do you feel how hard your nipple is for me?" He growled, pinching the tight bud, rolling it, squeezing it roughly. Raising her arms, Charlee wrapped her hands around his neck.

As her chest jutted straight out, she gasped. Ty continued stroking his fingertips along the undersides of her arms, her armpits, down her side, her waist, and back up, in a teasing slow caress. Charlee began to shake and moan loudly.

"Oh God, Ty," Charlee whimpered when he tugged at her sensitive peak again.

Charlee savored the sensations she'd missed terribly during her two years of celibacy. Ty's caresses were gentle, yet firm and confident, making her ache for more. Needing to feel him nestled between her quivering thighs, she lowered her hands and went in search of the cock poking her backside.

"I want you," she told his heated reflection. Slowly, her hands stroked his thick cock, enjoying the weight of his flesh, imagining the feel of his length inside her. "Now," she groaned, increasing her strokes.

*

Ty's fingers worked their way lower, unbuttoning her shorts and sliding the zipper down. Charlee wiggled her luscious backside as he pushed the fabric over her hips and to her feet. Kneeling behind her, he leaned forward and caught the elastic waist of her pink lace panties in his teeth, tugging them down. Reaching up, he grabbed her buttocks in his hands and massaged her cheeks with purpose.

She moaned, watching him, never taking her eyes off him. As much as he needed to plunge into her heat, he wanted to prolong their growing pleasure. He knew her excitement

matched his own, he could read it in her eyes.

"I need to get inside you," he groaned. "I don't want to rush, I really want to take my time, but I don't think I can, baby."

Ty pulled Charlee to him, and after shedding his shirt, laid her flat on the floor. His weight supported by his own hands, he dipped his head, kissing her deep. Slowly, he kissed, licked, and nibbled his way along her jaw line, down her neck and chest, coming to a stop when he reached her breast. With heat in his eyes, he looked up, making eye contact with Charlee, and covered the tight peak with his mouth. Her back arched, pressing the delicious mound against his face.

"Oh God, Ty," she whimpered.

He chuckled against her breast. "Feel good?"

"Yes," she moaned, fisting her fingers in his hair.

Charlee wriggled beneath him, the soft skin of her belly rubbed an erotic friction along his cock, making it jerk against her. Ty released her nipple with a gentle pop and slowly kissed his way back up to her mouth. Settling his hips between Charlee's splayed thighs, he nudged the head of his cock up and down the mouth of her hot, wet sex. Pressing his hips forward, he slipped only the tip inside. After a slight swivel of his hips, he pulled out. Charlee growled her disappointment and bucked her hips upward.

"Uh, uh, uh, baby." He smiled and pushed inside her again. "Just feel me." A little further he allowed himself, just another half inch inside the moist, eager heat, before pulling free of her body once more.

"Stop tormenting me," Charlee groaned. "For God sakes, Ty, fuck me," she pleaded.

"Your wish, baby." Without warning, he thrust his hips forcefully, imbedding himself balls deep within her body. "Is my command."

With exquisite slowness he continued his torment, until they were panting, gasping for breath. Charlee met him stroke for pleasurable stroke, her fingers gripped his arm tight, and he was sure he'd bear bruises. But it would be well worth it.

His arms were about to give out under his weight, and he lowered himself onto Charlee. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her arms around his neck, her lips sought his mouth as her hips continued to buck against him.

"Please, don't stop," she murmured into his mouth, just as the heat of her channel

convulsed around his plunging shaft. So close to falling over the edge himself, Ty shortened his strokes, pushing as deep as he could inside her, while her body continued to tremble under him.

“Oh yes, baby, yes,” he growled, grinding his pelvis against hers. Unable to hold back any longer, Ty’s cock jerked in her pussy, coating her channel with his seed.

Once the waves of their releases grew less intense, he rolled onto his back, taking Charlee with him, holding her tight to his chest.

“Ty.” Charlee sighed against the crook of his neck.

“I agree.” He kissed her forehead. “There is more to come.” He promised. “So much more.”

Chapter 3

The air from the air-conditioner chilled the room, and Charlee awoke to find herself wrapped in a cocoon of warmth. She lay on her left side, with Ty's chest pressing snug to her back, spooning her. One arm draped over her, holding her to him, a possessive hand against the left side of her chest. The gentle caress of his thumb along the faded, pinkish colored scar sparked her arousal anew.

Throughout the night Ty had used his fingers, mouth and hands to love every inch of her ultra-sensitive skin and body, including the marred flesh of her chest. Hungry kisses and exploring fingers had stirred a passion she long since convinced herself would never be hers. The security within his embrace made Charlee smile and snuggle further into his depth.

The scents of their lovemaking lingered in Ty's bedroom and the blankets covering her, and the pillow under her head smelled of him. With a soft sigh, Charlee opened her eyes to see the bright morning light shining through the sheer window coverings.

After toasted peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches followed by a luxurious adult shower the night before, they'd made their way to Ty's bedroom, and made love into the early morning hours.

Feeling more than content in Ty's arms, Charlee could think of nowhere else she'd rather be.

"Good morning," he purred against the top of her head, and tightened his arm around her.

"Good morning." She wiggled again, unable to get close enough to him.

"Sleep well?"

Charlee giggled. "When you allowed me to." She felt Ty's erection poking between the cheeks of her backside, and mused at how insatiable the man was.

"I've been holding you and listening to your soft sounds as you slept." His hips thrust against her. "And now that you're awake, I will finish waking you up properly."

Slowly he slid his hand down her belly, between her legs, and slipped a finger in the fleshy folds of her pussy. With a firm caress he rubbed her swollen clit, before sliding lower to her opening and pushed the digit up inside her. Withdrawing, he stroked her thighs, and pulled her right leg up and over his hip, opening her body to him. Charlee gasped as Ty's finger spread the lips of her sex, and the fat head of his cock slipped inside her. Ever so slowly, he pushed himself into her until his balls touched against her body. As his fingers toyed with her exposed clit, his hips retreated. Charlee reached behind, digging her fingertips into the firm right cheek of Ty's ass, pulling him to her again.

The power and force of his strokes increased, his cock plunging in and out. Thick, calloused fingers plucked at the swollen bundle of nerves between her splayed legs, while his lips and tongue burned a trail on her flesh wherever they touched along her neck, her throat, her cheek.

The pressure in her lower belly grew at an alarming rate. A tingling in her toes began to work its way up her legs, her spine, to the nipple puckered at the tip of her right breast, and then down to torment her clit along with the teasing fingers and thick, hard cock pounding away inside her.

"Mmm," she moaned aloud, meeting Ty's demanding strokes from behind. The fingers toying with her clit grew more persistent and relentless as they stroked and pushed her over the edge.

"God, yes," Ty growled, pumping harder. "Yes, baby."

The intense pulse of her orgasm racked her body. She trembled and saw stars as the sensations coursed through her. Charlee gripped his ass tighter and bucked her hips back, just as Ty stiffened and his cock exploded within her cunt. The feel of Ty's cock pulsing inside her stretched her climax on a little longer, before she gasped for breath and melted back into the bed.

*

After a shower, breakfast, and another round of love making, not necessarily in that

order, Ty led Charlee out into his backyard. Clad in a pair of shorts, and Charlee in one of his t-shirts, with coffee mugs in hand they strolled over to a café style cast-iron table under a big oak tree in the middle of the yard. The weatherman announced it was going to be another scorcher, but for the moment the air seemed relatively comfortable.

In silence, Ty sat watching as Charlee took in the spectacular sight around her. The appreciation for the picturesque splendor surrounding them was easily readable in her expressions. The soothing caress of her voice wrapping around him brought his attention back to reality.

"This place is absolutely beautiful, Ty," she said in a hushed tone. "The view you have is simply breathtaking."

"Mmm, yes, it is," he said when Charlee pulled her gaze from the vast landscape to meet his.

Her laughter sent a jolt to his groin. "Not me, you twit." A wave of her arm indicated she'd meant the picturesque mountains. "Out there," she continued. "The air here is like nothing I've ever enjoyed. Clean, woodsy, fragrant."

Ty's body responded as her eyes closed and she inhaled a deep breath. Fighting the growing temptation to take her to the plush green grass and fuck her on the ground, the rise and fall of her chest had him picturing her in the throes of passion from the night before—

"The various hues of green in the trees climbing the mountains, combined with the multitude of greys of the rocks, is so serene. I'm on visual overload."

"Mmm, me too." The amused glint in her eye, combined with her half grin, had Ty losing the battle restraining his self-control. "I enjoy sitting here in the morning, it's my favorite spot," he said, tipping his coffee mug to his lip.

"Well, I understand why." Charlee pulled her legs to her chest, continuing to scan the endless scenery of his little piece of the Rockies. In doing so, she offered him an unobstructed view of the plump lips of her pussy, which he'd so thoroughly enjoyed, and ached to again. Only her voice stopped him from pouncing on her. "I'm imagining what the mountains look like in autumn, or perhaps when the snow is falling. Don't get me wrong, they're beautiful now—"

"Well, every season offers a spectacular view. In the spring, when everything is blossoming, the smells of new life in the air are incredible. It's damp, but far from unpleasant. There are several families of rabbits just inside the brush surrounding the property, and the lawn

is littered with baby bunnies once the snow melts. And, well, a fresh blanket of snow is an exceptional sight all on its own.” Unable to fight the need to touch her, Ty leaned across the table to place a hungry kiss on her lips. Once seated in his chair again, he delighted in the flustered look upon Charlee’s gorgeous face. “But the fall is by far the most exquisite,” he said as she attempted to regain her composure. “The vibrant reds, yellows, and oranges of the changing leaves of the trees littering the mountainsides is simply breathtaking.” As if seeing his mountainous surroundings for the first time, Ty inhaled a deep breath and glanced around.

With her eyes closed again, Ty could see her envisioning his description. “Mmm, I love it, Ty,” she said softly.

“I’m sure you will,” he uttered never taking his eyes off her, knowing he was losing his heart.

“Hmm? What was that?”

Saved from repeating his hopes aloud for the time being, he glanced over and amongst the tree trunks along the farthest edge of his property, Ty caught a flash of tan and white. He directed Charlee’s attention to the area just as a large buck poked his head out. After making eye contact with them, he disappeared back into the forest.

For several minutes they continued making small talk, until Charlee mentioned the out-building in the back corner of his property. “What’s in there?” she asked.

“It’s my studio.”

“Really?” Her eyes flickered with curiosity. “I want to see it,” she announced, getting to her feet.

Ty hesitated. His studio stood a mess, a disgrace actually. Although it continued to be his life’s ambition, he had created nothing substantial in the past two years. Dozens of unfinished pieces littered his studio, and he had no desire to complete them. His muse has deserted him, just up and walked out.

“Come on,” Charlee said, and extended her tiny hand to him. “Show me what you do.” She tugged him to his feet.

With a tad bit of reluctance on Ty’s part, hand-in-hand they walked barefoot across the lawn to his studio. Turning the handle, he gave the door a push and motioned her inside. The open concept room was large. Through a door on the right a toilet and sink were visible, the only separate room. Windows ran the length of all four walls, flooding the space with natural light.

The fans he'd turned on the day before were still working away, and the air inside quite comfortable.

Releasing his hand, Charlee rushed from the door and crouched beside a dozen canvases leaning against one wall. One by one she flipped through them, studying them. "I'll admit I don't know anything about art, but I do love it." She grinned over at him as he still stood by the door. "These are really beautiful, Ty. Truly." She nodded her emphasis.

Ty cocked his head for a better look at the round cheeks of her buttocks peeking out the bottom the t-shirt she wore. He muttered his thanks and continued to watch her. In those moments, Ty realized how much he loved watching Charlee. The way she walked, the movements of her mouth when she spoke, the passion on her face as he made love with her, the thoughts made his cock restless in his shorts. Along with his twitching arousal, there was something else. As Charlee glanced over her shoulder, it hit him like a fucking truck.

"What's the matter?" She smiled, her innocence dancing in her eyes. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

With a purpose in his stride, Ty walked over to the table in the middle of the room. "Take off your t-shirt and settle on the couch for me," he ordered sharply.

"What?" Charlee's tone a clear indication of her confusion.

He watched her scope out the couch, and then turned back to him, shaking her head with a smile on those delicious lips of hers. "I'm not sitting my naked ass on that leather couch—with the humidity in the air I'll be stuck to it in no time."

"Right, right... Okay." He scanned the room and came up empty handed. "All right, take off the damn t-shirt, and don't move, I'll be right back," he said excitedly, and fled the studio. When he came back, he had a couple of bottles of water and the comforter off his bed. After spreading the quilted fabric over the leather couch, he motioned for Charlee to sit.

"Well, how do you want me?" she asked.

"Truthfully, legs spread wide, underneath me, my mouth devouring you—" He stopped to enjoy her deep blush of red. "Later. Right now I need you to sit, comfortably, and just show me—you."

When she sat down with her right side to him, hiding her scar, and cocked her head, offering him an innocent, sly grin, he nearly came in his shorts.

"That's exactly what I'm looking for." He grabbed his sketchpad and turned back to her.

“Hold that pose, baby.”

Ten minutes later, Ty looked up one last time before turning his tablet around. Albeit rough, the pencil-drawn sketch portrayed Charlee sitting naked on a hillside, under a tree, her legs curled beside her, wisps of her long dark hair covering her shoulder, and finally a tiny bird perched in the palm of her upturned hand.

The gasp which escaped her parted lips made his balls tighten. “That’s me. And I’m, beautiful.”

The sight of the unshed tear in her eye was Ty’s undoing. Rising from his stool, he rushed to the couch. Kneeling in front of her, he pulled her to him. Anxious lips fastened to hers, and his tongue swept inside, eagerly exploring every crevice within. The taste of her mouth exhilarated him, and his cock strained against the restricting confines of his shorts. Tangled in his hair, her slender fingers tightened, and the scent of her arousal wafted up between them.

Grabbing her hips, Ty pulled Charlee forward until her backside hung off the edge of the cushion, and with gentle force pushed her back. Wide eyes met his as he spread her thighs wide and dipped his head low. He felt his cock on the brink of explosion the minute his tongue slipped inside her. The taste of her essence was intoxicating, his mouth closed over her pussy and he devoured her. Charlee’s fingers tangled in his hair again, pulling, pushing, and angling his head where she needed him most.

His tongue lapped at her opening as her juices seeped from within. Pushing her legs wider, Ty worked faster, eager for her to come in his mouth, feeling as if he would die without her release. As her climax ripped through her, she tried to close her legs, but he wouldn’t permit it. She would not deny him his fill. Ty growled low against her flesh as her body continued to tremble with the orgasm consuming her.

Tasting her come only aroused him more. His lips plucked at her swollen clit, his teeth nipped at her slicked outer folds, his tongue plunged into her channel, over and over, until he pushed her over the edge again.

*

With her fingers entwined in his hair, she pulled Ty’s devouring mouth from her cunt, up to her face and kissed him hungrily. The taste of her on his lips, his tongue, and her scent on his breath drove her to the brink of carnal insanity. She reached between them, and with trembling

fingers fumbled with his shorts before finally unfastening them and shoving them roughly down his hips.

“Fuck me,” she begged him, and pulled his hips forward, impaling herself with Ty’s rigid shaft. Her body stilled, and her eyes rolled back in her head, her mouth open in a silent gasp.

Ty’s hands found her hips, and he held her still as he withdrew and thrust again. As her back arched he caught her right nipple between his teeth and bit it gently, before rolling his wet tongue over it soothingly. The thrusting of Ty’s hips was jerky until he found a rhythm that soon sent them both skyrocketing into orbit.

Sweat coated their bodies, and the wet sucking sounds of their fucking echoed through the room. Charlee’s body tightened as her climax claimed her. She trembled on the couch, her fingers digging into Ty’s forearms as a sob slipped from between her lips.

The sound of Ty finding his release followed closely behind hers. His entire body vibrated in tune with the cock jerking inside her until he collapsed atop her chest. With relaxing strokes, Charlee’s hands and fingers wandered the length of Ty’s sweat-slicked back and neck, and tangled in his hair once again.

She lifted his head from her bosom and kissed his mouth deep, tasting herself on him once more. “Mmm,” she groaned when his cock jerked, once again coming to life inside her. “Again,” she whispered when his heavy-lidded gaze met hers.

Their combined chuckles caused her muscles to push him from her body. Charlee whimpered in protest at the emptiness her pussy now felt.

“Oh, there will be more, baby,” Ty promised her.

*

Ty had curled up with Charlee on the couch, and together they lay, naked limbs entwined, consumed in the afterglow of their lovemaking. Her fingertip lazily traced the dark areole of Ty’s nipple, while his fingers stroked down the length of her back. On the curve of her hip rested his other hand.

“Tell me about you,” his voice was quiet as he spoke.

“What do you want to know?” she asked, unsure how deep Ty’s interest truly went. Sure, they were having a great time screwing each other silly, but when her time came to an end in Silverton, and she headed back home, they would have to get on with their own lives. Their time

together would be a very pleasant memory.

“How about you start with your family. You’ve already mentioned the prick you were engaged to, I can’t imagine your family would have been too thrilled with his selfishness.” There was a hint of anger in his voice, and she tried to displace it with a light kiss on the pec nearest her lips.

“Well, my parents passed away four years ago. My mother of cancer, and after she’d been gone only three months, my father just couldn’t live any longer with his broken heart. I think he missed her so much he just gave up on life. I have two older brothers. One lives in Hawaii, and the other in Canada. I don’t see them as much as I’d like,” she said. “What about you?”

“I’m an only child, and both my parents have passed, too. My mother battled cancer most of her adult life. A hysterectomy was done shortly after my second birthday. There were several rounds of chemo after her large intestine was removed a few years later.”

“Oh, Ty. I am so sorry.”

“Thank you, baby,” he said, and placed a kiss against the top of her head. “Then, six months before she passed, she underwent a double mastectomy. Malignant tumors were found in her left breast, and the right had been removed as a precautionary measure. It didn’t matter though.”

“Your mother was a very strong and courageous woman. I would have liked to have known her.”

“She was. No matter what life threw at her, nothing ever got her down. And she would have loved you,” he told her.

Ty fell quiet again, but Charlee could feel his muscles tense beneath her fingers and knew he wanted to ask something else. She felt his apprehension and didn’t like the uncomfortable tension suddenly between them. After spending more time naked with Ty in the short time she’d know him than she ever had with her fiancé, she couldn’t think of any possible reason for him to be hesitant with her.

“What is it?” she finally asked.

“You already told me about the asshole you were engaged to.” The irritation and anger came back in his voice. “Were you alone during your illness?”

She felt his body relax when she replied, “No.” Charlee adjusted herself so she could

look up at his face. "The mass was removed, and I was very fortunate to not require radiation or chemotherapy. During the time just before and throughout my recovery, my brother's wife, who is a nurse, came to stay with me. I had a large circle of friends and a great support system."

"And the asshole?" he asked.

"It's in the past, Ty."

"I want to know."

"But why? I've lost no sleep over him. I'm a much better person without him."

"I know the kind of person you are, Charlee. I can see it when you look at me. I feel it in your body when we make love. Now tell me, please. I want to know the kind of worthless slime he was to put the look of shame in your eyes I saw there yesterday."

"Ty, he isn't worth discussing. We only dated six months before he proposed, and in fact I never really said 'yes'" Charlee sighed, realizing the subject wasn't going to be dropped until she answered his questions.

"All right, but it's really very anti-climactic." She sat up and turned so she'd be face-to-face with Ty. "He drove me to the hospital for the procedure. The following morning when I awoke, I saw Parker had spent the night in my room on a chair in the corner. The doctor came in to tell me how the surgery went. Sure, I had some pain in my chest, but I just assumed it was from the lumpectomy." She stopped and tried to read his expression. "Are you sure you need to hear this?"

He nodded.

She shook her head and smiled, empathizing with him. "The surgeon told me he had no choice but to remove the whole breast, because the mass was larger than he first thought. It was a contained growth, and he felt more than confident he'd gotten it all. I was relieved. I admit initially I'd been upset about the loss, but as you said yesterday, boobs don't make a woman, and I knew that back then, as I know it now. Parker was less than pleased." She felt Ty tense. "Let me finish," she warned with a light pinch to his nipple.

"He'd been less than pleased with my disfigurement and wanted to know immediately about reconstructive procedures. The surgeon informed him when the time came he would provide me with any and all information I wanted. It took only a couple of days for Parker's true colors and feelings to shine through. He demanded I get reconstructive surgery as soon as possible. I told him I'd think about it. He badgered me for days, and that's all I put up with, just a

few days of his hurtful words and names, before I told him to back off. He threatened to call off the engagement if I didn't go ahead with the procedure, saying he wouldn't be married to a disfigured person—he couldn't even call me a woman. He told me it would be tough enough looking at and touching the reconstructed breast, but he wouldn't lower his standards to be with someone like me, if I didn't do it. The scar had been my badge of honor.” She shrugged with a smile. “It was a reminder that I won.”

She shivered despite the heat of the room, as the thoughts of that day replayed in her mind. “So I told him to hit the road. I didn't need him. He was stunned by my declaration of independence, and told me I'd be sorry. I haven't heard from him since, Ty. He means nothing to me. His opinions are his, and do not necessarily reflect those of all men.” She offered a chuckle to ease the tension.

“I'm glad to hear it, baby.” He pulled her lips to his in a sound kiss.

“My father didn't order my mother around, and my brothers don't order their wives either. I will never tolerate any man telling me what I can and can't do with my life and my body. Absolutely, the man I choose to share my life with will definitely have input, should it ever be necessary again, but the final decision will ultimately be mine, no one else's. I'm thirty-one, Ty. I'm pretty set in my ways. Do you understand where I'm coming from?”

Her answer was a firm nod. “Yes, I do, Charlee. And that makes me love you even more.”

She stopped to replay his words. Love? Definitely she felt something for Ty, but was it love? Charlee wasn't ready to examine those feelings just yet.

Ty nuzzled the crook of her neck, his hands roaming the curves and swells of her body, sliding over her perspiration-glistened skin. Then he asked, “Why now? Why are you having the surgery now? If you were fine with your body before, what changed?” He finished with a flick of his tongue over the stiff peak of her nipple.

A shiver accompanied her moan of arousal.

“Over the past few months Parker's words have been haunting me. I haven't dated at all since the surgery, which has been completely my choice, yet I found myself thinking maybe he was right. Maybe I do need it to make me attractive, and to feel whole again. But I have to admit, being with you has brought out the ‘old Charlee,’ and I've missed her. I like her a lot better.” She giggled at the groan that Ty rewarded her with when she flicked her tongue over the dark disc of

his tight nipple.

“I like her too,” he said, pulling her onto his lap. “So, does this mean you’re not going through with the reconstruction? Because it doesn’t matter to me, I think you’re perfect.”

She caught the hopeful hint in his voice as she straddled his lap and aligned his heavy, thick cock with the weeping entrance of her pussy. She wasn’t prepared to slay that dragon just yet. She still had a couple of days to think on the procedure and back out, if she decided to. And she certainly didn’t want to admit the feelings she had for the stranger beneath her. There can’t be anything else except this, she told herself. “I don’t want to talk any more.” She smiled, lowering herself onto Ty’s turgid shaft. “I just want to feel you inside me, your hands all over me—”

“I love the way you think, baby,” he moaned against her chest.

*

After their love making, Ty held Charlee against his chest while she dozed in sexual satisfaction. Ty marveled at feeling the way he did so quickly; he was in love, there was no question in his mind. He wasn’t just lusting for Charlee. If it weren’t for him experiencing the emotions firsthand, he wouldn’t have believed it could be true. Hell, he’d just met the woman, and yet he couldn’t imagine the rest of his life without her in it. She was the missing piece that would make him whole.

Charlene Bannister would be the mother of his children. And if the intimacy they’d shared over the course of the past twenty-four hours was an indication of what could be, they may have to move into a larger home; he wanted lots of babies with her. The thought of planting his seed inside her belly had Ty’s shaft coming to life again.

Not only had he found love, true love, his muse was back. The ideas swirling around his brain were going to keep him up for nights to come. Sleep deprivation would be worth it, to capture the woman in his arms on canvas. But he wouldn’t stop there. Oils, watercolors, plaster busts, clay sculptures, the mediums to illustrate her beauty were endless.

Ty chuckled to himself, hoping Charlee would never tire of being his inspiration, because he knew he would never tire of savoring her.

Chapter 4

After padding back to the main house in the buff, Ty suggested another shower before taking Charlee to her hotel to change her clothes.

No sooner was she standing under the gentle spray of the massaging showerhead than Ty's hands were on her body again.

"We aren't going to get anything done today if you keep that up." She laughed, but didn't push his hands away.

"I've got nowhere to go baby, and all damn day to get there." He smiled wickedly as he closed his mouth around her nipple.

Charlee fisted her hands in his dampening hair as Ty suckled her breast, with his hands on the move, sliding down her back and cupping her buttocks in each large palm. Squeezing the flesh with his fingers, his mouth finessed her nipple. Wandering fingers caressed the soft skin of her thighs, slipping between the folds of her sex to stroke the pulsing nub within. With firm, tight circles, Ty rubbed her clit, eliciting pleasurable little moans from deep in Charlee's throat. A single, thick digit slid inside her, all the way to the palm. Her knees trembled as a second finger found its place alongside the first, and then began a delightful intimate stroking, slowly in, and even slower as they withdrew. When Charlee felt his mouth leave her breast, she opened her eyes to find him settling on his knees. With the exploring fingers from his idle hand, he spread her open and stared at the wet, pink nub. Thick fingers continued to thrust inside her, and as Ty's mouth inched closer to her pussy, she thought her knees would fail to keep her upright. Suddenly he moved, and his mouth was on her, the gentle caress of his breath was hot, and when his eager

tongue began lapping she felt the room spin.

When her orgasm claimed her, her knees did give out. Ty grabbed her around the waist, collecting her against him before she collapsed.

“Oh, Ty.” She sighed. “You are... I’m...”

He chuckled, and held her until her land-legs came back, and then returned to his carnal assault. “I’m not done yet,” he cooed.

“Ohhhh—”

Turning her to face the wall, he raised her arms above her head, his fingers tickling the undersides of her arms as they explored her wet flesh. Cupping the cheeks of her buttocks he massaged the fleshy globes, spreading them wider with each caress. With harsh, raspy breaths, Charlee’s body quivered under his touch. Between her thighs she felt the smooth head of his cock nudge her opening. Unconsciously, she thrust her hips back, and he slipped inside her vagina.

With his cock deep inside her pussy, Ty’s hands disappeared, and as Charlee opened her eyes, she heard the snap of the shampoo bottle closing, and he began rubbing the floral scented lather into her scalp. As his fingers commenced their massage, his hips swiveled behind her. His cock slipped out, and thrust back in.

Lost in the dizziness swimming in her head, she watched in her peripheral as Ty lathered up a washcloth, and groaned when his cloth covered hand stroked over her heating flesh. He washed her arms, with his cock stroking her intimately. Pulling away from her back he rubbed the sudsy cloth over her shoulders, down and between the cheeks of her butt. She trembled, continuing to thrust her hips back to meet Ty’s strokes. Dropping the washcloth to the floor of the tub, Ty lathered up his hands and used them to continue with his washing. His hands reached around her, and one cupped her breast while the other slid between her legs to massage her swollen clit and lips hugging his cock, still fucking her from behind.

The downpour of the showerhead directly over her head pelted warm water over her hyper-sensitive skin. Her body shook as the water cascaded over her body, adding to the erotic overload she experienced.

“Jesus, Ty, I’m going to explode—”

“I know, baby. I can feel you tightening around my cock,” he whispered in her ear.

Ty’s hands gripped her hips tight, pulling her back to meet his now forceful thrusting.

Harder he stroked inside her pussy. Her hands were curled into fists, her knuckles white, as her loud moans of pleasure bounced off the walls in the bathroom. The first pulses as she reached her climax coursed through her pussy. Charlee's cries were hoarse sobs as she rested her cheek against the cool, tiled wall.

"Yes, Ty, yes," she sobbed and allowed him to take her over the blissful edge.

*

Her body convulsed around his thrusting cock. The heat of her channel fisting around him was fire hot as he slid in and out of her. Following his fourth forceful thrust after her orgasm, Ty allowed his own release.

"Oh, yeah, baby," he growled against her hair. "You are so beautiful, Charlee. So fucking beautiful," he whispered as he pulled his cock from the velvety heat of her body. Under his support, Ty held her until her strength returned.

*

Back at her hotel room, Charlee freshened up and dressed in a long, buttercup yellow cotton skirt and a white, light-weight knit shell. After pulling her shoulder length dark hair off her neck and up in a ponytail, she then turned to find Ty watching her with pad and pen in hand. Caught up in her primping, she hadn't realized he'd been sketching her again.

"What are you doing?" She teased with her hands on her hips.

"Capturing you, my love." He grinned.

She shivered under his gaze and knew his words had something to do with it as well.

"Let's go, Gorgeous. I made us dinner reservations," he said, gathering her in his arms and placing a hungry kiss on her mouth.

*

Once seated at a table in a dimly lit corner of the restaurant, Ty studied Charlee beside him, having a little trouble reading the expression on her face. Arousal definitely flickered in her eyes, but a sly, mischievous grin played upon her luscious, full lips. The subtle fragrance of the floral body spray she'd used before leaving her room only added to her delicious, natural scent. Having spent the last day with her, Ty was feeling rather confident with his ability to read her

thoughts. However, at the moment he drew a blank. Her adorable expression amused and intrigued him.

“What you thinking?” he asked curiously.

Her grin broadened. “Mmm, I’m thinking of enjoying an appetizer.”

“All right,” he replied picking up the menu the waiter left on the corner of their table.

“What’d you have in mind?”

When he looked up, she shook her head. “I don’t want anything on the menu,” she whispered seductively, before slipping under the table.

“Charlee,” Ty said nervously. “Baby, what are you doing?” He glanced around the restaurant, checking for anyone who may have witnessed her disappearing act.

As Charlee’s hands slid sensually along the inside length of his thighs, Ty jumped. The button on his Dockers released, and the zipper eased down, brushing along the boxers covering his rock-hard cock. A jolt of heat shot straight to his tight balls. As her soft hand pulled his throbbing flesh from his pants, he bit back a groan and closed his eyes. Warm fingers wrapped around his length and stroked long, firm strokes from root to tip. And then—then the wet tip of her tongue dipped into his slit at the end, tasting the dewy droplet seeping out. She left a wet trail as she licked the crown, and the entire length of the underside, before closing her lips around his throbbing cock head. The stars Ty saw behind his eyelids made him squeeze them tighter.

“Excuse me, sir?” The waiter’s voice made his eyes pop open, wide. “Would you like to wait for your lady to return before ordering?”

Ty merely nodded, biting his tongue to refrain from crying out as Charlee worked her mouth over his cock from under the table, taking his shaft to the back of her throat. He felt her throat open up, and his tip slip a little further down. His knees began to shake.

“May I bring the two of you something from the bar while you are waiting?” the waiter asked. “We have an excellent wine cellar. Would you care to see the wine—?”

“Champagne,” Ty croaked out, trying to maintain steady eye contact with the young waiter. From the corner of his eye, he realized he held the tablecloth in a death grip in his fist.

“Very good, sir. We have several exceptional varieties—”

“The best,” he groaned and, catching himself, he released the cloth, smoothing his hand over the wrinkles.

The waiter offered him a curious glance. “Sir?”

“The best.” His voice just a little more restrained. “Bring us a bottle... of the best champagne you have.” Charlee sucked his cock a little harder at the same time he uttered, “P-please.”

The waiter turned from the table to go after their champagne just in time, because Ty didn't think he could stand to speak another word.

“Damn, Charlee,” he growled. He felt the humming in her mouth as she continued to draw him down her throat again.

Ty just about blew his load down her throat when he felt her chin nudge against his tight sac. With a mind of their own his hips started to buck under the table. Beads of perspiration popped out on his forehead, and his lower lip quivered when he noticed the waiter approach. As the young man stood beside the table, he turned the label of the bottle in his hand to Ty for approval.

“Thank you,” Ty managed weakly.

As Charlee's mouth continued its hot, wet assault, Ty watched, in pleasurable pain, as the young man began to uncork the bottle.

“Thank you,” he said hoarsely. “I'll get...it...”

“Oh, I don't mind at all, sir,” the man replied.

Ty was going to come, and come fucking hard, he didn't need some snot-nosed kid standing beside the table when he did. “It's fine, please—” he tried keep his voice even when replying. “I'll get it when my lady...returns.”

The waiter cocked his head in question, but set the champagne bottle back in the ice bucket and left the table.

“Oh, Charlee,” he moaned. “I'm going. To get. You back, baby.”

She hummed her content around him, and again her suction increased. A warm hand palmed his aching testicles as her hot mouth, and the fingers from her other hand, worked him to his release. Both of his hands gripped the tablecloth for balance as his hips took on their own pace, thrusting to meet Charlee's eager mouth. Her mouth was a hot, wet, welcoming cavern. Ty needed nothing more at that moment than to claim that part of her as his. Her throat opened up as he slid down, and the moment her chin brushed his balls again, he exploded. With violent jerking, his cock shot streams of hot come into her mouth and down her hungrily swallowing throat. Slamming his eyes shut, Ty saw fireworks as his body unloaded.

Several minutes had passed while Charlee continued to lave his cock thoroughly before her mouth released his spent flesh. Once she sat beside him again, his eyes met hers briefly before dropping to watch her tongue poke out and run over her top lip, then her bottom.

A smug smile curled her lips. "Liked that?" she purred.

Ty wrapped a hand around the back of her neck and pulled her to him in answer. His tongue swept inside her mouth, enjoying his taste mixed with her own.

"Mmm, yes, baby," he growled. "But be warned, my love, I intend to eat you for dessert."

Chapter 5

Ty stood in the doorway of his studio the next morning watching Charlee as she sat under the oak tree. With focused intent, she gazed out at the mountains, her feet tucked under her as she leaned against the trunk of the large tree. Her beauty mesmerized him. He'd made love to her several times throughout the night, and twice in the morning, and still could not get enough of her. Her exuberance revitalized him, giving him newfound energies, and had ignited unquenchable sexual urges.

So far he'd been selfish, keeping her all to himself all this time, not that Charlee had complained. The desire to offer her more excited him, and he wondered how receptive she would be, if he were to offer her the world. He tamped his mounting enthusiasm for the time being. *Don't want to frighten her off*, he thought as he pushed himself away from the doorframe.

"Hey, baby," he said, kneeling beside her. "You look deep in thought. Care to share?"

She smiled without looking at him. "I'm thinking how much I love it here."

Ty's heart rate increased, things were definitely moving in his favor.

From out of the blue, a brief encounter he'd experienced a couple of years earlier entered his mind.

Their paths had crossed the weekend of his thirtieth birthday. Ty had been young, naïve and having never experienced it before thought he'd found love. Two weeks into the relationship Deb confessed she was nearly twenty years Ty's senior. Falling hard for her, he expressed the difference in age was of no concern to him. In the beginning Deb had been the inspiration for a couple of paintings, a sketch here or there, but the finished piece always seemed to be lacking

something. She'd been forthcoming in admitting his artistry meant little to her, and she despised coming to his home in the woods. Looking back, the red flags had exploded up all around him, yet he'd simply ignored them.

After a six-week whirlwind affair, Deb declared Ty had been nothing more than a notch on her bedpost. She'd used him to get back at her cheating husband. It wasn't until Deb left that Ty realized there never would have been a future for the two of them. A physical attraction had been all they'd shared, not love.

Ty studied the woman seated across from him, and perhaps for the first time in his life knew exactly what the future held in store for him. For them.

What he felt for Charlee was love. Pure and simple, love. She belonged to him. He belonged to her.

He considered her admission a big plus in his favor. "I'm glad. I love having you here," he said, sitting on the ground beside her, gathering her against his chest. "You know, Charlee, there's no reason for you leave."

She looked over her shoulder at him with a slight curl to her lip. "It's not nice to tease, Mr. McQuire."

"I'm not teasing, baby," he muttered against her temple. "We were brought together for a reason. You love being here, I love having you here with me, you belong here, Charlee. I want you to stay."

The sparkle in her eye had Ty wondering if she was considering his offer.

Her voice dropped to a husky tone and a sexy grin lifted the corners of her mouth. "You should be careful what you wish for, handsome. You may just find yourself with a roommate."

Ty laughed out loud. "Having you as my roommate wasn't what I had in mind, baby."

Quietly they sat under the oak tree, enjoying the sounds of nature in the forest surrounding them.

The heat wave still plagued the town, and the temperature was going to reach a stifling one-hundred-eight degrees by midday.

"Well, my love, besides staying right here and fucking away the afternoon, which suits me just fine by the way, is there something else you might like to do today?" he asked, helping her to her feet.

"Being here with you is beyond perfect, Ty." She kissed him. "But I'd love you to show

me your mountains. Show me the beauty out there.” She waved her hand towards the forest around his property.

“Great! You’re up for a little hiking through the woods then?”

“You bet, my creative genius. Bring on your nature.” She chuckled as Ty smacked her backside playfully.

Once they’d packed bottles of water, baggies of homemade trail-mix, some fruit, a few energy bars, and some other necessities needed for an afternoon on the trails, they climbed into Ty’s pickup and headed to his favorite hiking path.

After a couple of hours hiking through the cooler shade of the forest, they stopped for a break and sat themselves on a couple of big rocks jutting from the side of a mountain. Birds sang in the treetops, and a light breeze was blowing, albeit a warm one.

In a swift, unannounced motion, Ty leaned over, pinning Charlee against the rock where she sat. His hands moved quickly, sliding under her t-shirt, caressing her bosom, his mouth devouring hers in a fierce mating dance. Pushing her shirt up and her bra down, Ty lowered his head and laved the tip of her breast.

“Ty,” Charlee protested weakly. “Stop—what if someone comes along?”

He released her nipple with a pop. “We haven’t seen another soul since coming out here, baby. Mmm, relax. It’s been hours since I’ve enjoyed your body, I can’t wait any longer.” He finished with a wicked grin.

She shuddered against him, fisting her hands in his hair.

Trying to rein in his growing desire, Ty’s deft fingers unfastened her shorts, and in the blink of an eye had shed them from Charlee’s body.

In their haste to join bodies and satisfy the hunger driving them to starvation, Ty’s shorts were undone and shoved over his hips just enough to release his straining cock.

Spreading Charlee’s legs wide, he pushed forward. The squeezing of her intimate flesh protesting his intrusion made the hair all over his body stand on end. Within seconds his body broke out in sweat. A need beyond his control took over, and he began driving himself in and out of her velvety sheath. Over and over he stroked inside her body while her moans and groans of growing arousal echoed around them.

The tattoo of flesh slapping against flesh, combined with the wet sounds of Charlee’s cunt sucking at Ty’s pounding cock, filled the air. Their heavy breathing, raspy and harsh, joined

the chorus of the carnal symphony the two were orchestrating in the middle of the forest.

“I can’t hold off much longer, baby,” Ty growled against Charlee’s neck.

She was panting. “Neither can I, Ty, oh God, neither can I—”

Plunging into her with several more powerful, demanding strokes, he felt his climax threatening to take him over the edge first. Biting his lip in an attempt to stave it off for just a few seconds more paid off. Her muscles gripped his throbbing flesh, pulsing around him, taking him over the edge with her. With a fierce growl of triumph, Ty gave in to his release, burying himself as deep as he could in Charlee’s dripping pussy. The evidence of their love making seeped from her body, coating his balls, and ran down his thighs.

“Jesus, Charlee,” Ty groaned.

“Mmm, I feel the same way.” She laughed lightly, repeating his words from their first night together.

Withdrawing from the warmth of Charlee’s welcoming body, Ty reached over and pulled tissues from inside the backpack they’d brought with them. After wiping up the residue of their love making and righting their clothing, they sat atop the rock once again, in each others arms.

They enjoyed the silence surrounding them. Ty found himself completely at peace as he held Charlee close. Something he hadn’t felt in years. Embracing the new emotions that now ruled his entire being, Ty determined he was complete. He found himself fulfilled in a way he’d never known. The woman in his arms was his destiny, he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt. She would forever be the only woman for him.

“A penny for your thoughts,” her soft voice became a pleasant distraction to their silence.

“Just thinking, I’ve never before felt what I feel when I’m with you,” he told her honestly.

The placating smile on her lips didn’t deter him. He needed her to know exactly what he was feeling. Charlee deserved to know that he intended for the two of them to build a life together. “I admit you are not my first lover, Charlee,” he said, holding her gaze. “But you will be my last,” he promised.

Her body shuddered at his admission, and her eyes grew wide.

“I mean it, baby, you are the only woman I want to be with. And I will continue to prove it to you, until you believe it.”

As Charlee studied his handsome expression, she didn't doubt his declaration for a minute. The thought of being with Ty overwhelmed and excited her. And there was nothing she wanted more than to stay with him forever. It just seemed too good to be true, though. Despite her want and need to be his alone, she just wasn't sure she could take a chance on a life with someone she barely knew.

Chapter 6

It was dark outside when Charlee woke, unsure of what disrupted her slumber. Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, she read five-after-four. The glow of a single candle cast shadows on the wall in front of her, and she reached a hand behind her, feeling for the warmth of Ty's body. Finding his side of the bed cold, Charlee rolled over, spotting him sitting in a chair across the room. As she sat up, she realized he was sound asleep, his head dipped forward with his sketchpad in his lap. A stick of charcoal still held between his long, thick fingers. She bit her lower lip as she watched the steady rise and fall of his broad chest. The sight of him took her breath away.

Her heart thumped in her chest. *You're in love with him*, her mind told her.

No, she answered in defiance. *You cannot fall in love with someone you just met, someone you don't know anything about.*

That's bullshit, Charlee, her mind continued. *Ty has made you feel again, and not just with fantastic sex. He's touched that part you've hidden so deep inside, you forgot it was even there.*

Yes, he has, she admitted, *but it's not enough.*

Well then, her mind asked smugly, *what is enough?*

"I don't know," she whispered to herself.

Charlee flipped the blankets back and swung her legs over the side of the bed. After stopping in the bathroom to pee, she stood beside Ty slumped over in his chair. Picking up the sketchpad from his naked lap, she flipped through it before setting it on the table. Ty had

sketched dozens of pictures of her while she slept. A couple of times over the past two days Ty had mentioned that he'd created nothing in the past couple of years. No drawings, sketches or paintings, absolutely nothing completed. With the incredible scenery surrounding him, and his home, she couldn't understand why. Inspiration seemed plentiful as far as she was concerned. She wished she'd brought her camera with her to take the memories with her when it came time to leave.

Charlee would miss everything about Silverton, but most importantly Ty McQuire. For a moment she found herself considering staying. Ty had been forthcoming in sharing his feelings toward her. It was no secret he wanted her to remain with him.

And why couldn't she? she wondered.

Though she missed them terribly, the death of her parents had left her and her brothers secure in the financial department. Charlee's part-time position with the public library gave her reason to leave her house in the mornings, yet part-time work would be available just about everywhere. There was no reason she wouldn't be able to find something in Silverton.

Hell, she could open a used book store right in town with the hundreds of books stacked on shelves and packed in boxes in her apartment back home.

The thought made Charlee smile. She could have the hot guy who made no bones about wanting her, the beautiful scenery, and live happily ever after. What could be more perfect?

The problem was, she'd known Ty all of a couple of days. Certainly they couldn't jump right into a life together with knowing nothing about one another. There was no denying the compatibility they shared in the bedroom, but that wasn't a substantial foundation to build a relationship on. Yet, Charlee couldn't imagine her life without Ty in it. In their short time together, he'd become important to her. His presence in her life was significant.

Could it work?

The question left Charlee with an array of indecision. She'd been hopeful her trip to Colorado would be the answer to all her questions, but now she found herself facing the onslaught of new ones.

For the time being, Charlee decided, she wasn't certain it could. That didn't mean her and Ty couldn't see where the relationship would go from where they presently were. She thought of her camera again. Her body and mind would always remember, but it would have been nice to have some of her experiences with Ty in print. Oh well, she told herself, perhaps she could come

back and visit.

As she continued to admire the drawings of herself, she realized that over the past two days when they weren't engaged in making hot monkey-love, Ty had a pencil and paper in hand. The day before in his studio had been the first, but after that, he'd drawn a quick sketch of her in the hotel room, and she'd lost count of the number of pieces of paper she'd come across throughout his home. He drew her in the kitchen, while she'd prepared breakfast for the two of them that morning, and while they hiked through the woods, and now she stared back at herself in more than a dozen images of her while she'd slept.

"He's certainly making up for lost time," she mused.

Then realization flooded through her. As delighted as Charlee was that Ty had succeeded in once again making her see the beauty inside herself, she'd helped him overcome something as well.

As she studied her sleeping lover, Charlee thought of the casual comment Ty made the day before regarding his parents. Had his remark about his mom and dad been Ty's assurance to her that love at first sight, and happily ever after could be a reality?

Tears burned in her eyes as the acceptance of her feelings took hold. Wiping away an escaped trickle from her eye, she gently nudged Ty's shoulder.

"Ty, honey," she said quietly. When he shifted in the chair, she urged him to stand. "Let's go, honey. Come back to bed." Shuffling across the room, he unceremoniously flopped on to the bed when his legs hit the side, and Charlee covered him up. After blowing out the candle, she crawled back under the warmth of the blankets and Ty's embrace, as his arm dropped over her in possession.

Charlee stifled a snicker when he grunted in his sleep and pulled her against him. His whispered, "I love you," made her breath catch. Once his breathing deepened, and he'd drifted back to sleep, realization hit her and she admitted, "I love you too."

Chapter 7

After his shower, Ty found Charlee bustling around his kitchen whipping up some breakfast.

“I was waiting for you in the shower,” he whispered in her ear, surprising her from behind.

“I’m sorry,” she said with a smile, and placed a light kiss on his lips.

He poured a cup of coffee and sat down at the table to watch her. “I don’t think I’ll ever tire of watching you, baby.”

She threw him a grin over her shoulder.

He loved the way the soft waves of her hair bounced when she moved. The gentle sway of her hips as she walked made his pulse race. Her voice soothed him like a lover’s caress, and her laughter, infectious. Numerous times she’d displayed her playful sense of humor, and her persistent curiosity had pulled a part of him which had been buried long ago, back to the land of the living. Above all else, her innocence only enhanced her womanly appeal. Sexually she was the most fulfilling partner he’d ever had the pleasure of enjoying.

He found her intelligence as stimulating as her beautiful body, and the thought of spending the rest of his life with her was paramount in his mind. Admitting they barely knew each other, Ty wasn’t sure how openly Charlee would welcome his proposal. Although marriage was on his mind, he thought he’d just start with asking her to remain in Silverton with him.

Finally, he understood what his mother had told him over and over again once he’d hit adulthood. ‘You’ll know love when you find it, Tyler, you’ll just know.’ And she’d been right.

The only woman for him was now hustling around his kitchen on a mission. Grinning broadly, she turned to him and carried a plate of food over to the table.

"Here you go," she said, setting it in front of him.

"Where's yours?" he asked, looking around her over at the counter.

She shook her head when he looked back at her. "Oh, I can't eat this morning."

"Why?"

"I just can't, nerves, and well, and..."

Ty studied her as she stood on the other side of the table. Why the hell is she so edgy this morning? He wondered, and then it hit him. Monday morning had arrived.

"Charlee?" He questioned low.

Her eyes met his, and apprehension reflected back at him.

No! No! No! She couldn't be—

"Well, I need to get going," Charlee finally said. "I can't be late."

"So you're going ahead with the surgery?" he asked, not even trying to hide his irritation. Her unwillingness to believe she was beautiful in his eyes ripped at his insides. "After everything we've discussed? After I've told you how I feel about you? About us? You're still going to do it?"

Her eyes lowered, and her bottom lip began to quiver. "Ty, please," she whispered.

The abrupt motion to get to his feet knocked his chair over. "No, Charlee. I love you. Haven't I made it clear that I think you are perfect, baby? Why? I don't understand. Why are you still going to do it?"

"It's my body, Ty," she said quietly, but in a firm tone leaving little room for discussion. "It's my decision."

It was a struggle, but Ty tamped down his anger. She was right, it was her decision. He'd told her he wouldn't interfere. If she wanted to go ahead with the breast augmentation, he would not stand in her way. Her decision didn't please him, but if it was what Charlee wanted to do, he would support her. All that mattered was that they were together.

"You're absolutely right, baby. I'm sorry." He gathered her in his arms and placed a kiss on her forehead. "All right then, if you're ready, we'll get going."

"No, Ty," she said pulling away from him. "I'm going alone."

"You need a ride," he said quickly, trying to regain some control over the situation, and

his emotions.

“I’ve already called a taxi.”

He felt his anger creeping back as she stepped away from him. “I thought we were in this together, Charlee? You’re going to brush me off, just like that?”

Charlee’s heart broke as she watched his expression fall. This is not how things were suppose to happen, she chastised herself. The afternoon before, he’d made his feelings and intensions very clear, while she still struggled with her own. Her emotions had been on overload since meeting the handsome stranger, now lover, and finally she was approaching closure.

If she were to move forward, the past must first be dealt with and laid to rest.

Hurting Ty had not been part of her plan, and yet she was doing just that. *Soon*, she told herself, *soon he’ll understand what I’m doing*. But right now, this was just something she had to do on her own.

“I’m going alone, Ty.” She kissed his parted lips lightly. “Please know that I love you.”

Without another word between them, Charlee turned and walked out the front door.

Chapter 8

Ty made the rounds, having spoken with everyone in attendance at the show. It had taken him a year to put it together, but the Gallery showing had been a huge success, and he owed it all to the raven-haired muse who had crossed his path the year before. She'd been the entire inspiration for his work. Days, weeks in fact, he'd spent sketching and painting the visions she'd left him with. More than one hundred paintings of her beauty were on display, along with his pride and joy, a life-size of her painted in oils, which stood as the centerpiece in the room. He'd received several offers to purchase the piece, however declined each and every one. When the show concluded, that specific piece would join several others on display in his living room.

To his right stood his best friend, Dr. Wellington Reed, but unfortunately Ty's attention solely focused on a stunning woman in a vibrant red dress who'd just entered his show, and he hadn't heard a word the man had said. The V in the front of the silk clinging to her sensuous curves dipped low enough to reveal tanned flesh, but not enough to spoil his wandering imagination. Its length reached almost to the floor, and a slit along the left side ended mid-thigh. As she turned, the slight opening teased him with a view of thigh-high stockings caressing those sexy legs.

Ty watched as she stopped to speak with a lawyer friend of his and accepted the glass of champagne he'd offered her. Her eyes danced as she conversed with the man, and when she met Ty's gaze, she offered him a sensual smile.

His cock responded right on cue, and his palms grew damp. Jesus, the effect this woman had on him amazed him. Her tongue slipped out and over her full lips teasingly. With a seductive

flip of her hair, she cocked her head playfully to him. *She's flirting*, he mused. Well, there was no way Ty was going to approach her. If she was interested, she could come to him. He offered her an appreciative and inviting smile, and raised his glass to her in a toast. She returned his gesture before moving on to speak with someone else.

Ty returned to his half-assed conversation with Dr. Reed, however continued to maintain surveillance on her whereabouts as she moved throughout the room. Twenty minutes after her arrival, she finally approached him, the host.

"Hi," her voice husky, and her desire clearly evident.

"Hi yourself," Ty's voice was as laden with heat as hers. "Mmm, you look good enough to eat."

"Thank you," she purred.

"Christ, would you two mind waiting until you're alone?" Dr. Reed laughed beside him. "Hi, Charlee." He leaned over to place a kiss on her cheek. "Although I only have 'hungry eyes' like that for my lovely wife, numb-nuts here is right, you do look sensational."

"Thank you, Wellington. I'm glad Melody's class finished up early, and she was able to come by after all. I'd have been so disappointed if I'd missed all of Ty's show," she said going into Ty's embrace.

"Well, she felt terrible that she almost let you down, but you know those dedicated college kids. My daughter loves those twins of yours."

"They love her, too," she assured him. "I swear I can tell that their little faces light right up when she walks through the door."

"Great show, Ty. We'll talk about those prints I want for my office," Dr. Reed said. "He's really captured something not many people get to see in you, Charlee. You are the perfect subject for his inspiration."

"Thank you." She grinned and hugged Ty tighter. "Good night, Wellington."

"We're still on for golf on Thursday?" Ty called to the retreating doctor.

Dr. Reed turned back. "I haven't missed a Thursday golf game with you for what, four years? I'm not about to start now, my friend."

"Good night, Doc." Ty chuckled.

Supplement

The morning of her scheduled breast augmentation surgery the year before, Charlee left Ty's home to meet with Dr. Reed to cancel the procedure. Ty had succeeded in helping her to feel good about her body once again, and for that she would be indebted to him forever.

After meeting with the doctor, she'd made her way to the hotel to collect the rest of her belongings before heading back to Ty's.

Her leaving a couple of hours before had not been pleasant, and she needed to set things straight with him. Initially she had been angry that he'd tried to tell her what she should do, forgetting what she had been through with her ex-fiancé, but now that they'd had some time to themselves to think, when she went back they could have a discussion.

After a thorough search of the house upon her return, Charlee finally found Ty out back in his studio. Quietly, she let herself through the screen door and stood watching him. With his back to the door, he hadn't heard her come in, his complete attention focused on the canvas on his easel.

"Do you have any idea how much I love watching you work?" she said softly after nearly twenty minutes of silence.

Ty spun around, his surprise clear. "Charlee." He sighed and dropped his paintbrush on the table beside his work station. Closing the distance between them, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her with a fierce hunger. When he eventually loosened his grip on her, Charlee giggled.

"Marry me, Ty McQuire, immediately if not sooner, because I can't wait to begin

‘happily ever after’ with you.”

His smile widened as he lowered them to the floor of his studio. “Oh, baby,” was all he managed to say before his lips once again met hers.

The End

About the Author

http://www.lyricalpress.com/jennifer_cole.html

Hey, fellow reading junkies! I'm a 'reader-aholic', addicted to so many different genres my bookshelves are busting apart at the screws! Werewolves are my biggest weakness ... and if only I could get my hubby to growl, I'd have it made! My hero and I have been deliriously happy for 19 years, married 12 and are the very proud parents of an Australian Shepherd named 'Elmo'. I reside in a small city in South-western Ontario and just simply enjoy life!

After reading a ton of erotic romances, I got the bright idea one day that it might be fun to write one! I was right, it was a blast! Then I wrote another, and then another, and... When I'm not sweating over my laptop, feverishly tapping to keep up with my brain, I've got my nose buried in a book. I also enjoy cycling, shooting pool and spending quality time with my family and friends. A simple girl with simple indulgences, that's me! I love rock music, expensive cognac and oh, I've never met a cookie I didn't like! Now, I invite you to grab a naughty story and snuggle up with your knight in shining armor or your mistress of the dungeon and lose yourself in the seduction of erotic romance!

<http://www.freewebs.com/jennifericole>

Also from Jennifer Cole

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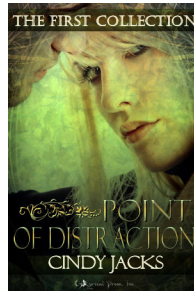
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by Cindy Jacks



So many men, so little time...Ana's been driven to distraction. First in a series of four collections.

Welcome to the world of Ana Welsh, a thirty-something executive with money, a good career, and good friends. The last piece to the puzzle is a good man. Come along with her through the first three of twelve "episodes" featuring new challenges and often, a new lover.

Meet Miguel, Latino bad-boy and musician who twelve years Ana's junior. Siempre Mia follows the couple as they indulge in a night of glamor, sex, and decadence, but what does Ana do when he starts pressuring her for more than their casual relationship?

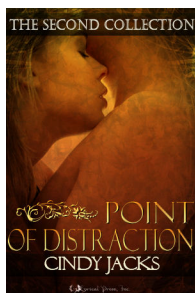
In Business with Pleasure, Ana crosses paths with Jonathan Locke, a polished businessman from the UK. He's smart, funny, and has a taste for the finer things...especially Ana. A comedy of errors conspires to keep them from consummating their passion for each other.

The final story, Games People Play, Ana happens into an altercation on the street. Darcy Jameson comes to her aid, strolling in like a hero from a B-movie. This white knight quickly proves to have sexy dark side Ana can't wait to help him explore.

Warning: Contains explicit sex and some graphic language.

POINT OF DISTRACTION: THE SECOND COLLECTION

by Cindy Jacks



One good distraction deserves another...and another and another.

Delving further into the life and times of Ana Welsh, the second book in the Point of Distraction series brings a new set of challenges.

In Dirty Pool, Ana Welsh meets an unusually attractive man. Despite seeming to reciprocate Ana's interest, Jordan Christiansen remains aloof and passive. After a few misread signals, it's up to Ana to find out just what game this sexy mystery man is playing.

The Road Less Taken finds Ana taking advice from a massage therapist, who tells her she needs to step outside her comfort zone. Charming and enigmatic, Nikhil might just fit the prescription, but Ana vows to maintain a friendship only. As the sexual tension builds, will she decide to give in to her desires?

Alone in a Crowd exposes the pitfalls of a bottle of tequila, a little black book and drunk-dialing. With four dates in three days, not to mention a surprise visit from her ex, Miguel, Ana discovers she's overbooked her weekend. Even with all this attention, Ana can't help but feel something-or someone-is missing.

Warning: This book contains lots of detailed, hot lovin', a sassy, sexy heroine, an alternate use for a pool table, and a veritable boy buffet. Love can take a lot of practice to get it right.

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