



*The Naughty
Nanny Series*

*Free
Loving*

Shara Azod

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Chapter One

Trish was gone. Again. Travis knew his sister well enough to know she wasn't coming back any time soon. She never stayed in one place very long, always on the move looking for the next big party. He had hoped having a child would change her; he had wished in any event. But Trish had been getting increasingly restless, wanting nothing to do with her new born daughter. Travis sighed; at least she had carried the baby to term and did not give her away or worse. Once she gave birth, Trish left the baby's care up to him, the feedings, the changing, the loving. A book on how to care for newborns was his constant companion, though he had bought it for Trish. Travis had tried to get her involved but she wouldn't even look at the baby.

Where had he gone wrong? He had tried to raise his baby sister the best way he knew how, but he knew he had missed something crucial along the way. Why else would Trish be so flighty, so completely irresponsible and unstable? He had done his best, but apparently that hadn't been good enough. Private schools, private tutors, boarding schools, nothing worked. What use was all the money he had earned if nothing seemed to work. Their parents had been killed in a deadly twister when Trish had only been eight years old.

Running his fingers agitatedly through his hair he paced the nursery trying to figure out what he was going to do. Baby Lorelei slept peacefully completely unaware that her mother had walked out on her, not that she knew her mother at all. Trish had

rarely held the baby, never talked to her. That surely couldn't be good. A baby needed the love and warmth of its mother. What was more, Travis was due back in Hollywood to begin production on what he had decided was to be his final film in two weeks. The precious three month old needed a nanny. Looking down at the beautiful sleeping angel in the bassinet, he vowed he would not fail Lorelei. That was why he was quitting show business, so he could raise Lorelei himself. He would make sure that he gave her all the love and attention that he hadn't given Trish.

Travis never wanted to be a movie star, but it had been the only way he could support his sister after his parents were killed. Trish was just too young to help him with the tiny horse ranch that had been in their family for several generations, and he couldn't afford to hire on help. At nineteen, no one was willing to extend him credit. With no source of income, the bills just kept piling up. When they lost the ranch he decided to pack up Trish and make the trek to California from Kentucky. By pure fate, he was "discovered" in true Hollywood fantasy fashion after they had been in California less than two weeks. Hell, they weren't even in Los Angeles. He had moved to Corona before the major building boom, and had been hired on by a nice elderly couple whose children wanted no part of smelly horses or the hard work involved with working their horse ranch. Who knew that the old couple just happened to be the parents of the biggest movie agent on earth?

Travis found himself groomed and starring in major motion picture blockbusters at the tender age of nineteen, all the while trying to raise an increasingly wild tween who missed her parents and decided to show it by going through puberty in the most

painful ways imaginable. It had been a huge mistake to rely on babysitters he had barely known to take care of his baby sister. With long shoots and constant travelling he spent the majority of time away from his sister – not being there for her when she needed him the most.

Trish took full advantage of Travis' frequent absences. She partied, stayed out all night and took nothing seriously. By the time Travis purchased a ranch of his own it was too late to rein in the wild girl. She was eighteen, he couldn't make her move from L.A. to Corona and no matter how much he threatened he couldn't cut her off. Terrible things happened to girls with no money and no way to support themselves in a place as heartless and cruel as Southern California could be. Months would go by without hearing from her, showing up only when she needed more money or a hardnosed attorney to get her out of whatever problem she was in. Travis never denied her anything. He didn't know if it was guilt or what but he just couldn't say no to her.

It was Trish's latest episode that had put Travis in his current bind. When his sister had shown up eight and half months pregnant, he had hoped it was the incentive she needed to turn her life around. Instead, she had snuck out in the middle of the night two weeks after the baby girl had been born and Travis hadn't heard from her since. That had been three months ago.

His sister hadn't even bothered to name the baby, Travis had done that. Lorelei wasn't exactly a common name for a native California girl, not that his little angel was complaining. Then again, she couldn't talk yet. Travis was determined not to make the same mistakes he had made with his sister. He wasn't going to be an absent guardian,

depending on others to care for her as much as he did with Trish. Thus, his current problem; he needed to find a reliable nanny before he started shooting his next movie. Time was running out.

“Travis, you have to be in LA next week! Shooting starts Tuesday, and believe you me honey buns they will replace you in a heartbeat.”

Travis held his cell away from his ear. His agent, Liz, had a bad habit of shouting while on her cell.

“Yeah, I know,” he sighed, tickling Lorelei’s stomach. “But that last nanny you sent out here was far more interested in crawling into my bed than she was taking care of a baby. Stop sending me bubble headed gold diggers and maybe I can start preparing for my role.”

Of the three nannies Liz had sent him, all three had been far more interested in becoming the lover of Travis Carter than taking care of Lorelei. It had gotten so bad with the last one, he had to not only lock his bedroom door at night, he had to move the crib inside his room because the woman refused to interrupt her “beauty sleep” to care for the child. None of the three lasted more than a week.

“I am bringing you a nanny right now,” Liz hollered into the cell. “A real one this time! You’re gonna love her! You just get ready for the movie!”

In typical Liz fashion, she didn’t give him the opportunity to respond. Liz was as tenacious as a pit bull when she had her mind set on something, and this upcoming film was something she was adamant about. Unlike his usual blockbuster action movies, this one Liz swore had Oscar potential written all over it. It was an epic love story set in a

time of the Apocalypse. The script was good, the love story was hot, but Oscar worthy? Travis didn't see it.

But they were offering him a hell of a lot of money. It was the last movie Travis planned on doing. He already had more money than he could ever spend, and owned a slice of heaven on earth right here in Corona with his land and his horses. The extra money would guarantee that Lorelei had a secure future and he would never have to work again. He had never really enjoyed the bright lights of stardom. He planned to just go quietly into the proverbial night and live his life in peaceful quiet. Let one of the other up and coming heartthrobs take his place, he didn't care.

It was bad enough he couldn't go to the store without someone mobbing him, but he would never find someone to settle down with while he was still acting. All the Hollywood relationships he'd seen left a lot to be desired. Travis didn't want or need to be in competition with his real life love interest. Rampant cheating and lies on both ends where as rampant as they were disheartening. And the media ate it up. Sure there were exceptions, but that wasn't the life he wanted. No more having his face plastered on magazines or billboards. No more having to answer questions or dispel rumors. No more needing security to keep the groupies at bay. All he needed was peace, solitude, a woman who loved him for himself and would help raise Lorelei.

Well, eventually. He was only thirty-two, no need to rush. Besides, he had a little girl to raise, and she was the most important thing in his life right now. He would raise her outside the deceptive glam and false glitter he had to deal with in his career. Lorelei

deserved a real childhood, one he hadn't been able to give his sister. This time, he was determined to get it right.

Chapter Two

Free wasn't sure she wanted to be here at all. She took early childhood development seriously, she wasn't too sure a movie star would. Free was only twenty-five, but she boasted a doctorate in Education with a focus on early childhood. It was her firm belief that children began learning from birth, and you could teach them so much more than the current education system allowed – far earlier, in fact. The human brain had an enormous capacity to learn before humans taught it to be lazy. It was her goal to start a small school for children from about six months through high school to prove it.

Unfortunately, that took money, and that was the one thing Free never really had much of. Before now, she never really needed much. She had won scholarships to private schools and college, her parents were academics who raised Free and her three brothers in something similar to a commune, where people didn't own anything but shared with the collective. It had been a great way to grow up, at least she thought so, but she wanted more than to simply teach the children at Shangri-La, the sprawling mansion and grounds in which she had lived all her life. She wanted to spread her wings and experience life outside the compound walls. Yeah, she and the others had grown up, had left for school, but most of them came back and took their place in the community.

A couple of people never came back, and chose to live their lives immersed in the greed and selfishness of the outside. Free didn't want that either. She simply wanted to prove her hypothesis. To do that, she needed to find her own space, set up a school outside the one that the elders at Shangri-La had offered her. The people who lived in the commune tended to all be of exceptional intelligence, teaching their own children from birth, and encouraged learning in all forms. She wouldn't be proving anything by continuing to teach there. What she needed was a *tabula rasa* – a blank slate. Not that she wholly bought into John Locke's theory that all were born with a blank slate, there were limits to an individual's capacity to learn to a certain extent, but Free really believed that children could learn so much more if they were only taught *how* to learn from an early stage.

The only way she was going to build her school all on her own was to take a job that paid well. An associate professor's salary wasn't going to get her anywhere near her goal. And Free insisted on paying her full share at Shangri-La, not allowing her parents to do it for her. At the rate she was going, it would take years before she could open the doors to her school. When she saw the ad for a nanny position in the college paper, she had been intrigued. So she had called and was blown away not only by the salary offered, but at the opportunity to have her very first student.

But that had been before this Liz person had picked her up and driven her here. The closer they got to the sprawling horse ranch, the more insecure Free felt. She would be dealing with a movie star, someone so far outside her sphere of comfort it was ridiculous. She didn't know much about the type, but what she had heard hadn't been

good. Moonflower, one woman she had grown up with, had worked as a nanny as an undergrad. Moonflower had told her many a horror story of the mother coming home completely smashed, waking the children up to parade them in front of equally smashed friends and hangers on; of parents ignoring all thing parental until they needed their progeny for publicity, or even worse, completely screwing up the children's ch'i.

"You're going to love it!" the woman, Liz, was yelling. Free had never been around anyone so fond of being heard before. It was like the woman needed every eye in the immediate area to be on her. "You'll be traveling during the shoot, Travis likes for the child to be near. It's still small so it shouldn't be too hard to deal with."

How horrifying to refer to a baby as "it". A child was a human being for crying out loud, not an accessory! If this Travis character was anything at all like his agent, this wasn't going to work out. Free couldn't stand idly by while anyone treated a precious baby like a *thing*. She would probably be fired and have to start all over again.

"It's not his child," Liz went on though Free hadn't said a word throughout most of the two hour ride. Liz apparently didn't need another person to keep a conversation going. "It's his sister's kid, but she skipped out after the kid was born." Oh, dear. Family drama wasn't a very edifying atmosphere to raise any child in. Poor baby. "Travis was such a dear to take on the responsibility. That sister of his, such a disappointment. All of this is confidential of course. You signed the agreement, don't forget. It's iron clad by the way." One would wonder why the woman was telling her so much if she didn't want Free to run around telling tales. Not that she would in any

event, it was really none of Free's business. She was here for the baby. "You might be required to expand your wardrobe, but don't worry it's covered. I doubt the kid will be required to be at many events, but for appearances sake, we will need to get you some more appropriate clothes..."

The woman droned on and on but Free had stopped listening. Yeah, she dressed like a modern day hippie, but that's because she was! Man, this job was going to take a lot of meditation and tons of patience. If Travis Carter was anything at all like this woman, Free was going to have a miserable year. The only reason she didn't ask Liz to turn around now was because the baby needed her. Free was sure of that fact, and it would feel like she was abandoning the baby she had yet to meet.

Chapter Three

He wanted to see her naked. Travis was hit so hard by physical need at the first sight of Free Windsong Summer. It was like a physical blow straight to the gut. It wasn't that she was beautiful – hell, beautiful women came a dime a dozen in Hollywood. She was just so...different. Her hair was in tiny dreads falling down her back. Locs, Travis was pretty sure that's what they were called. They were mostly jet black, with a reddish gold one thrown in here and there. He couldn't really tell her body shape, she was wearing bright colored, light, flowing clothes that gave no hint to how she might look underneath, but somehow he just knew that the treasure underneath would be perfection. Most of all, it was her eyes that nailed him. A fool would call them basic brown, but there was a light in those eyes, a spark of intelligence and humor, coupled with a banked sensuality that was already driving him crazy.

Yeah, you're crazy all right, Travis thought to himself. The immediate, intense physical attraction to this woman was not exactly sane. She had barely looked in his direction. Her entire focal point had been Lorelei, who was happily cooing in the woman's arms. He had to get a grip on his emotions and focus. She was here because of Lorelei.

"Did I come through, or did I come through," Liz crowed as Free walked around the large den talking softly to his niece.

"Yeah, good job," Travis threw out absently, his gaze never wavering from his new nanny.

"Did I tell you she is a bona fide PhD? In early childhood education. She took this job to open money for some New Age school or something," Liz went on. "I saw her transcripts myself."

"Is she ready to start today?" Travis asked anxiously. He wanted Liz gone. It wasn't the smartest thing, but he had a burning need to get to know Free better.

"Yes, she is," Free smiled at him, Lorelei in her arms. "I brought my stuff with me, but don't you want to interview me or something first?"

Damn, that smile went straight to his dick. It was an open and honest smile, without a trace of "come-hither" or anything untoward. Still, it was the sexiest smile he had seen in a decade. Maybe longer.

"No, I am sure Liz has done a great job of vetting you," Travis smiled back, gently nudging Liz in the direction of the front door. "Thanks for bring her, Liz. I'll give you a call tomorrow."

"You're sure?" Liz looked genuinely confused, and he really couldn't blame her. Travis had grilled all three of the former nannies, demanding Liz stay as long as possible before leaving him alone with them. "I can stay a while. I planned on sleeping over at my parents' place..."

One woman hadn't lasted twenty-four hours before Travis was screaming for Liz to get her ass back to his ranch to take the woman away. It would not happen today.

"Nope, no need," Travis grasped Liz by the arm walking determinedly to the front door. "You did an awesome job this time. I am absolutely positive it will work out."

"She's a hippie," Liz whispered once outside Free's hearing range. "Grew up in some kind of commune, so you might need to go over appropriate behavior on the set. But you're right, this one won't be trying to climb into your bed anytime soon!"

With a delighted laugh, Liz was gone, leaving Travis scowling behind her. He was all too afraid she was right. Funny, but this was one nanny he wouldn't mind crawling into his bed in the middle of the night. It was the universe's little joke on him.

None of this made much sense. He had been attracted to women before, but none had ever hit him on this level, or so quickly. Travis was a long way from being a virgin. After his first big hit, he splurged on all the perks fame had to offer. He had learned pretty fast how empty it all was. He just wasn't built to screw starlets just because he could. Empty sex held little thrill. Relationships were damn near impossible to maintain. Pettiness, jealous and selfishness abounded in L.A.

Maybe that was what attracted him to Free. She hadn't batted an eye at the somewhat opulent ranch home. She hadn't gawked at her surroundings, hadn't wanted to go out and inspect the pool clearly visible outside the den's French doors, or asked about his house staff. She had asked about the horses, showing an outstanding knowledge of horse breeds. That in itself had been rare. Yeah, Free was not going anywhere but his bed, eventually.

He took his time walking back to the den, stopping to watch Free with his niece. The woman was talking to the baby like she would talk to a regular person, and Lorelei seemed to be listening. The baby's eyes were riveted on Free's face, her tiny mouth moving in parody of Free's.

"Baa gaa taa daa!" Lorelei babbled after a few minutes of listening to Free.

"Good girl!" Free praised, kissing the delighted baby on the cheek. "You're a smart one aren't you?"

Apparently Lorelei agreed, judging by her animated squeal. Something inside Travis shifted and expanded. His chest burned a little just watching the scene before him. It was so real, so sincere. He wanted to be a part of it.

"Let me show you to your room," Travis said, stepping back into the room.

"Is it close to the nursery? Because if not, all I really need is a cot or something," Free smiled at him, making his heart trip a little.

"It's right next to the nursery." And his room. In fact, the nursery was smack in the middle of both rooms, connecting the three through side doors, but she didn't need to know that yet.

You are not going to seduce the nanny, his rational brain warned him. He could look, but not touch. She was here for Lorelei, not for him.

But should something develop ... that was something else altogether.

Chapter Four

Free loved early mornings. She often got up at the crack of dawn to do some yoga exercise while the sun made its lazy climb in the sky. The warm sunlight caressing every inch of her bare skin as she went through her yoga poses, relaxing her body and mind. Luckily her room had a door to a private little courtyard outside. There were two other rooms with the same access, one being the nursery, so she had a reasonable expectation of privacy. She took the baby monitor with her, not yet knowing Lorelei's sleep patterns; she wanted to be sure she saw the baby when she first woke up. A baby needed to be sure her caretakers are there for her no matter the time of day. It made them feel more secure and loved.

Spreading her mat on the ground, she slipped out of her robe and went through her morning ritual, welcoming the coming of the new day. It was so peaceful here, even more so than the compound which was right on a private stretch of beach. While Free missed the sounds of the ocean crying out good morning, there was something comforting in the relative silence here. If she listened closely, she could hear a gentle neigh once in a while from the stables that were a bit away from the main house.

Closing her eyes she let peace and tranquility sink into her skin, giving her inner balance. Despite her earlier worries, this coming year had the promise of being a great experience. Not only was Lorelei delightfully open, but Travis Carter wasn't bad either. He did have an annoying habit of hovering, but Free suspected he had gone through

some horrific nannies before she arrived. He seemed to genuinely care about his niece's well being, not at all the self-centered, narcissistic actor she had been expecting. It had been a pleasant surprise, but one that now opened up a new concern.

Had Travis been the unbearable star she had thought he would be, it would have been much easier to dismiss him. But he wasn't. He was open and caring, from all appearances a down to earth person who loved his family and his ranch. That more than anything made him one seriously appealing guy. Throw in his devastating good looks and Free was in serious danger of developing a crush.

The man was too good to be true! He had the sexiest bedroom eyes, all stormy gray and surrounded by unbelievably thick, long lashes. His hair was honest to goodness coal black, thick and wavy cascading to his shoulders. And man oh man, could he fill out a pair of jeans! She had been hard pressed not to stare at that muscular ass whenever he walked by.

It was a damn good thing I brought my vibrator with me! Free thought as she exhaled, trying without success to dispel the pent up sexual frustration growing in her body. She only hoped she had enough batteries to make it through the week before they traveled to L.A. Surely he would be far too busy shooting his movie to be a distraction. She couldn't allow her inexplicable attraction to become an impediment. Lorelei was her first priority.

Travis couldn't quite believe what he was seeing. He must still be asleep, having one of the most erotic dreams ever. He rubbed his eyes, hard, but the vision remained

the same. Yesterday, he had suspected Free was hiding one hell of a body underneath those loose clothes, but the reality was something that knocked him flat on his ass. In a word, she was simply stunning. Her dark cocoa skin glowed in the dawn's early light, her body flowed with soft curves, full and feminine. Her breasts were all natural, high and full, kissed with dark raisin nipples that made his mouth water imagining their taste. She was neither short nor tall, but she was the farthest thing from average imaginable.

"Ah hell, she's perfect," he whispered harshly to his empty room, his hand fisting his aching cock.

He couldn't look away as she bent and stretched, going through what appeared to be her morning yoga exercises. She had a full, round ass, tapering down to gracefully formed thighs. She was blissfully unaware anyone was watching as she stood and stretched, reaching toward the sky with her hands. Travis's hand stroked faster, working his shaft from base to tip using his own precum as lubricant.

There was no way he could stay away from her, not after seeing what was before him now.

Then she turned. Her eyes went straight to the sliding door where he stood, watching her. Bare as the day he was born, masturbating to her early morning ritual.

Run! his mind screamed. Cover yourself, drop your damn hand, do something!

But he didn't. He didn't stop the movement of his hand, didn't attempt to cover himself, he didn't move at all.

Neither did she. Her stunned eyes went from his face to the rod in his hand and stayed there. Damned if she didn't lick her lips as he defiantly stroked off as she watched. His skin burned hotter, his movements speeding up. His eyes moved from her face down the contours of her figure stopping at the juncture between her thighs. Oh, shit, she was completely bare! Her puffy labia open to his gaze. He could have sworn there was moisture coating the slit, but it could have been a trick of light or his fevered imagination. Oh, how he wished it was her walls surrounded his pulsating cock instead of his fist. He could almost feel her warm quim welcoming him inside, sucking him in.

With a muted cry, Travis exploded, his seed gushing in a wild rush.

Shit! What had he done?

Free seemed to come to her senses long before he did. With a soft, secret smile she simply walked away, gathering her things and disappearing inside. It wasn't until she had completely disappeared from sight that Travis could force himself to move. Damn, that had to be the stupidest thing he had ever done. He would be lucky if she didn't pack up her things and hightail it out of here.

He couldn't let that happen. He didn't understand the thick undercurrents between him and this woman, but he knew he couldn't let her leave. And not just for Lorelei either. He wanted the nanny for himself.

Chapter Five

Free moaned as she stood under the hot spray of the showerhead, letting the warm water rain down on her shoulders, her head resting on the tiled wall. What just happened? When she turned and saw Travis watching her, dick in hand, she had been unable to move. Her eyes taking in every mouthwatering inch, from the top of his head to the bottom of his manly toes. Then going back to his groin. And she thought he had been hot in clothes! The man had a body that could make the Greek gods cry, all sculpted and hard. And his cock! Free was in no way an expert on male genitalia, but the organ Travis had been stroking had been thick, and long and just plain beautiful. She wished it was her hand, better yet, her mouth licking and sucking him deep, making him groan in pleasure as she tasted him.

The smart thing to have done was run away instead of standing there like an idiot, watching his movements, growing increasingly hot and achy as his large hand expertly moved on his cock. It was a completely natural thing for a man to awaken with a hard on. Just as natural for him to jack off to ease the ache. But the thought that he was masturbating to her made it all the more exciting. And he hadn't moved away when she turned! No instead his pace increased as his eyes roamed over her body, taking her all in as she had done him.

“He probably thinks I’m some kind of groupie,” Free muttered, ducking her head underneath the fall of water. Her body was still tingling with unanswered need, but she was determined NOT to give in and take care of it herself.

She had to learn to suppress her desire for her employer. If she ran off to use her vibrator every time he got her all hot and bothered, she would be spending the majority of her time locked in her bedroom. Not good – not good at all.

If only she could get the sight of Travis Carter in full glory out of her mind! Her nipples puckered unbearably hard, the skin pulling tight to angry knots. She cupped her hands over both breasts, squeezing the little nubbins between her fingers, moaning at the sharp zing the action caused. The feelings weren’t going to go away. Keeping one hand alternating between her breasts, she allowed the other to travel down her body in a gentle caress before dipping it to trail across her slit. The wetness gathered there had nothing to do with the water from the shower. Without even touching her, Travis had managed to get her wet and achy when others failed as they fumbled through their actions. Travis would be different. With one flick of his thick finger or one swipe of his tongue Free would be coming all around him.

Moving to her clit, Free teased herself, rubbing without placing pressure against the sensitized flesh. In her mind’s eye, it wasn’t her own hand but Travis’. She pinched her clit before slipping two fingers deep inside her pussy. His finger would be thicker, longer than her own. Would he be gentle or a little rough? Maybe a little bit of both. Gasping she rolled her hips in an attempt to ease at least some of the pent up longing.

She used her palm to add friction to her clit as she strove toward release. How would she face him and not see his glorious body or that magnificent tool?

“Ooh! Travis!” The whispered exclamation was more a wish on the wind. Her release was a wild rush of sensations, but it left her oddly empty. Her body was humming with unsatisfied cravings. “I’m going to need more batteries,” she muttered, turning off the water and turning to the foggy glass shower door, she saw a tall dark shadow.

Opening the shower door, she saw Travis standing at the wide open door to the bathroom and from the looks of the crotch area of the sweats he had on; he had seen and heard it all.

Travis’s only intention had been to talk to Free. He had knocked on the bedroom door, and fearing the worse when he hadn’t gotten an answer, he had let himself in. The bathroom door hadn’t been closed. He heard the shower, had no excuse for walking over to the door, but he had done it anyway. He wouldn’t blame her for screaming bloody murder, he had no right to stand here gawking at her. It wasn’t enough to make him turn around as she emerged from the steamy shower, beads of water slithering down her curves.

“Um, hi. Can you please hand me a towel?”

She didn’t sound upset. She made no move to hide her very nice assets from his gaze. Forcing his feet to move, he handed her a towel, watching somewhat regretfully as she wrapped it around her body.

"If you give me a sec to throw something on, we can have this discussion over coffee," Free's tone sounded pleasant, as if nothing at all was wrong. Travis didn't know how to take that.

"Uh, yeah," he grasped for the right words. "I'll, uh, I'll go start the coffee."

But he still didn't turn away. He was staring at her like an idiot, but he couldn't seem to make himself leave. Instead he wanted to walk up to her and tear the damn towel away from her tempting body so that he could continue to look his fill. To touch her, taste her. Travis was brought out of his musings when she started talking again.

"It's okay, you know," she sounded like she was comforting him. Damn it, he had come to smooth things over with her! "I mean, we are both healthy adults. I guess the situation has thrown us both for a little bit of a loop. I can forget about it if you can. I mean, I'm sure the last thing you expected when you woke up this morning was the sight of me naked as a jaybird!"

No way in hell was he going to forget what was underneath those shapeless clothes she wore. He would never be able to forget how she looked with her head thrown back, her fingers buried deep in her pussy, right where he wanted to bury his tongue.

"Lorelei usually wakes up around seven-thirty," Travis informed her with a little more heat than he had intended. But damn it all, he didn't want to be appeased. He didn't want to forget this morning. He wanted to see where it could lead. "We have an hour to...talk. I'll go make the coffee."

He stomped away, feeling her shocked gaze following him as he exited the room. That hadn't gone like he planned at all. On the one hand, at least she hadn't been packing, so that was a plus. He had been scared shitless she would leave. On the other hand, he really didn't appreciate the pretense that she hadn't been as affected by what had happened as he had been. If he needed proof she felt something, he had it after watching her in the shower. It had been his damn name she called out when she came.

Well if little Miss Free Windsong Summer thought for one second they were just going to brush this under the rug, she had another thing coming.

Chapter Six

"I want you."

The words hit Free square in the face as soon as she entered the gourmet kitchen. She was woefully unprepared for the words, as candid and open as they were. Honestly she had been expecting Travis to be put out by her morning ritual. It had been her observation that people in general were good at deflecting their own actions on others. She had expected him to rage at her about her lack of propriety or something along those lines.

"I'm sorry?" Maybe she hadn't heard him right.

"Free," Travis sighed and motioned for her to sit at the small table in the corner of the very large kitchen. "We need to talk."

Swallowing a large knot in her throat, Free slowly approached the table where he sat, shirtless, shoeless and so adorable it almost hurt to look at him. His hair was still damp, giving testament that he had taken a shower himself after their first little encounter this morning.

"Look, I'm sorry about the naked yoga thing," Free rushed to explain before he could say anything. "I promise it won't happen again, and I would *never* do anything like that around your niece."

"Free, if you never did that again I would be sorely disappointed," Travis told her, looking at her with such candor it took her breath away. "It was the most beautiful

thing I have ever seen. Your controlled movements flowing from one pose to the other. Your body is a work of art."

Yeah, right. He must have been one hell of an actor because for a minute there, Free believed it.

"I mean it, Free." He must have read disbelief on her face, because he grasped her hand and stared deep into her eyes. "It was...well, hell, you saw for yourself how I really felt about it." He inhaled harshly, forcing the breath back out with a huff. Whatever he had to say apparently was difficult because he seemed to have a hard time finding the words.

"Look, if you think this won't work out, I understand." And she did. She had been hired to take care of the baby, not run around trying to turn him on. The fact that she had turned him on pleased her more than she was willing to admit, but that wasn't her goal. Her goal was her school, which would be realized if she kept this job for the year she had been hired for. "I'll call for a ride and be out of your hair by the end of the day."

"No!" Travis roared at her, making her jump at the vehemence in the word. She watched with something between awe and a strange fluttery feeling as he ran his hand distractedly through his hair, one hand still clutching hers. "Look, I don't know what this thing is. I mean, the second I saw you, I...well, I wanted you. You are just so different from any other woman I have ever met."

Uh oh, the "you're so different" speech. Free had been down that road once before, and she was in no hurry to go back. It was usually followed by maybe a week or

two of paradise, before the other person began on trying to change her. That or, she was good enough to screw, but that was just about it.

As much as she had always known this could never be more than a job, her heart sank a little. She had expected better of Travis. Silly that she had, she didn't really know him.

"Yes, well, I think it best that we deal on a professional level or not at all." She knew she sounded a little bitter, but it was what it was. She may be unconventional, but she wasn't stupid. "So if you think we can't deal with each other in a normal employer/employee relationship, maybe even a friendly relationship, it's best that I go now."

Tugging at her hand, she meant to walk away. Famous last words and all that. Travis didn't let go. He sat there and stared, like he was trying to figure something out. Dang, he really was heartbreakingly handsome. There was something earnest about him, simplicity without artifice that probably translated well on screen. She could see why he was a star.

"I promise not to try to force myself on you," he said at last after several long, uncomfortable minutes. "But I won't stop wanting you either. I won't get in your way, but just remember, if you ever change your mind, my door is always open."

Free exhaled a pent up breath she hadn't been aware she was holding. "Deal," she smiled, relieved she hadn't lost the job after all. After they got to L.A., he would be so busy and surrounded by so many gorgeous starlets, he would forget all about her. If only it would be so easy for her!

“We are leaving for my place in L.A. in a couple of days,” Travis finally let go of her hand, but his eyes held her in place just as sure as if he had been physically restraining her. “When I’m shooting, I will want you and Lorelei on the lot in my trailer, if it’s okay with you. It’s a pretty big trailer, so you’ll have space. I just don’t like being away from my niece for long stretches of time. The schedule will be pretty demanding, I apologize in advance for that, but I promise whenever I’m not on set, you’ll be free to do...whatever.”

Free got the feeling this conversation was hard for him. It could be wishful thinking, but the thought of her having free time didn’t seem to sit well with him.

Get a grip, girl. He’s not for you.

“Good,” Free smiled with forced brightness. “I better go check on the baby now.”

She was just about to make the perfect escape when Travis’ deep, lightly accented voice stopped her in her tracks.

“I expect to see you tomorrow morning,” he called after that. “In fact, I’m counting on it.”

The problem was so was she.

Chapter Seven

The shoot was not going well. Travis grit his teeth as the director called "Cut!" yet again. That was five times in the last twenty minutes! The problem was his so-called love interest. A seasoned actress, one would think Lia Martin new better than to show up to a shoot two hours late and high as a freaking kite. To make matters worse, she stank to high heaven. How the hell was he supposed to get into the character of an ardent lover when she smelled like raw sewage?

"Damn it!" the director, François Cubin bellowed stomping over to where Travis stood with Lia. The man's thick accent made it sound more like "damn eat". Lia apparently couldn't stop giggling every time the man talked. "You are no good!" the man thundered getting right in Lia's face. "You are like, like wet rag! Get off my set!"

That seemed to sober Lia up.

"What? You sound weird."

Poor dumb soon to be unemployed airhead. Truth was Travis was relieved. Because of her complete lack of discipline and her belief she couldn't be replaced due to the fact she was the hottest commodity in town, Travis had spent way too much time on set the last several weeks and away from Lorelei and Free.

Despite the fact he gave her most evenings off, Free spent her time with him and Lorelei. It had become something of a ritual for the three of them to goof off on the family room floor of his Bel Air residence. Travis found her easy to talk to, funny, and

open. Best of all, he really, really enjoyed her morning exercise routine. Even knowing he was watching, every morning she was outside on her yoga mat, resplendently nude and infinitely desirable. Travis had jacked off more in the past three weeks than he ever had going through puberty. Yet, it was more satisfying than slaking his lust on some ditzy Hollywood hussy like Lia.

"Get off my set!" The director screamed right in Lia's stunned beautiful face, sending flurries of handlers scurrying to get the woman away from the volatile Frenchman before something worse was said.

"Look, I'm sorry," Lia's agent, who had wisely decided to hang around in a futile attempt to corral his talent, twittered as a group of burly looking men spirited Lia away, probably to her trailer to sleep it off. "We'll get some coffee in her, maybe make her take a little nap and she'll be right as rain this afternoon."

"That foreign asshole yelled at me!" Lia could be heard whining as they half dragged her away. "Ow! You're hurting my arm. Let me go back there and remind him who his goddamn star is!"

Travis wisely faded into the scenery with the rest of crew, waiting to see what would happen. The producer came running over, and soon the agent, the director and the producer were yelling at the top of their lungs.

"I refuse to work with such a disaster!" The director screamed. "I want her out! Out! There are many actresses panting to be in my movies!"

"You can't fire her, damn it! She is under contract!" The agent was sweating bullets, but doing a damn good job of playing at outrage. "So she's a little under the weather? She'll be fine in a few hours!"

"Under the weather?" The producer screamed. "She's stoned out of her mind! You better get her to straighten up her act. There are clauses in her precious contract, asshole!"

"No! I refuse!" the director threw up his hands. "She is worthless. I cannot work with such an empty vessel!"

"Wait a second here," the producer turned to the director. "We can't afford to keep putting off the shooting. Where are we going to find a replacement who can memorize the script?"

"I know someone."

The dead silence that greeted the statement made Travis realize he had spoken out loud. Damn, he hadn't meant to. He wasn't at all sure she would do it, but Free had been helping him with his lines during breaks when he visited the trailer. She had gotten so good at it, she barely looked at the script anymore. She was a natural.

Truth be told, he didn't really need help memorizing his lines. He just really liked to hear the passionate words from the script she might never say in real life. Not yet anyway.

"You bring her tomorrow," the director spoke as if it were a done deal.

"Wait a minute," the producer cut in. "We don't know anything about this woman! Who is she, where did she come from? I'm not putting some floozy starlet in this picture until I meet her first!"

"You both can come by my place tonight," Travis said, mentally kicking himself. Oh well, it was too late now. Free was definitely going to kill him. "You can meet her then."

"No way!" the agent screamed. "You are not firing my client!"

"You had better start praying now," the producer fixed the man with a hard glare. "If this woman is any good, your precious Lia is not only out of a job, I will sue her ass for every dime of the advance she's probably already snorted up her nose!"

It was a bluff, meant to shut the agent up, and it worked, for now. The agent hurried off in a huff, probably to call a lawyer. Lia was far too stupid to come groveling for her job. Her ego would never allow it. Problem was Travis wasn't altogether sure he could talk Free into taking the job, if offered. She was so far outside what Hollywood looked for in a leading lady it wasn't even funny. But Travis knew that once they actually saw her, they would understand. Free had a kind of inner light that just drew people to her. Together they would burn up the screen. He was so certain of that he was willing to bet his paycheck. He would just have to do a damn good job of convincing Free of that.

"You know it's the height of folly to work with your lover, right?" The producer, Lenny Davis, came over to talk to him after everyone else wondered off. There would

be no more shooting today. The drama with Lia had killed all production yet again. "It's the quickest way to kill a relationship."

"She's not my lover." No matter how much he wanted her to be. "She's my nanny."

"Tell me you didn't fall for that!" Lenny looked horrified. "You didn't hire a wanna-be actress for your nanny did you?"

Yeah, it looked bad. If only it were the truth, it would make the coming night easier.

"She's not an actress," Travis attempted to defend himself. "She doesn't want to act. I mean, I think I can get her to do it, but it's not something she wants to do."

"Yeah, right." Lenny laughed slapping him on the back. "Don't worry about it. You got her an audition; you can't be expected to do more. If anything, it will scare Lia enough to straighten up her act. See you at eight, and she better be ready!"

Chapter Eight

"You did what?!"

Travis was glad he had waited until they had returned home and Lorelei was down for a nap before broaching the subject of Free being in the movie. He didn't think he had ever seen Free look so, well, not mad exactly, but a long way from happy. Stunned disbelief would be a better word.

"Just listen to me, please," Travis grasped both her hands and tugged her down to the couch beside him. She sat, but stiffly. "Please just hear me out." He had thought of what he wanted to say all the drive home but he didn't want to sound rehearsed.

"I'll listen, but I seriously doubt anything you have to say will make me want to do this."

"That's fair," Travis said quickly. Anything to get her to hear him out. "Look, uh, well, I know it is probably the last thing in the world you want to do -"

"You got that right! I have no desire to be in the movies. Not even in the deepest, darkest places in the corner of my heart."

That wasn't good.

"Yeah, I know. But I need you." Not exactly the way he had planned on saying it, but true nonetheless. "You've been helping me go over my lines so much you practically know the script. And you have done it well. I'm really comfortable with you,

and I know the camera will love you.” Of that, he had no doubt. Free’s essence was something that could not be bought or manufactured.

“You didn’t need my help with the script, Travis,” Free sighed. “We both know it.”

Well, damn. He hadn’t expected that at all. He thought that he was playing his part well. Obviously, she had seen right through yet she still played along with him. That gave him hope.

“It’s just that, the life you lead is not my thing. It’s not what I want for my life,” she went on when he didn’t say anything. “I’m happy being just *me*.”

“I’m happy with you being you, too,” he told her softly. He had it bad. She was everything a man could possibly want, and she didn’t have a clue. “I don’t want to change you. And I know I’m asking a lot. I just, well, I can’t see anyone else playing this part but you.” He wasn’t sure if she was going to believe him, but he was being honest and not feeding her some line.

The problem was, in one short month, he had fallen head over heels for this woman. Not only was she perfect for him, she was perfect for Lorelei. Free had become such a staple in the baby’s life, as well as his own, in such a short time, she couldn’t leave them. He didn’t want any other woman playing his love interest, in real life or in the movies. This was going to be his last film, and with any luck, she would be the last leading lady he would ever have. He doubted he could seriously play the damn part if Free wasn’t there with him. He couldn’t say the words of love he needed to say to any other woman.

“Free, I can’t have anyone else in this part, I really need you. The thought of having another woman in your place doesn’t sit right with me. It wouldn’t be right speaking the words or pretending to make love with someone else. My acting skills can only go so far.” It was said with all the sincerity he felt, straight from the heart.

He could feel the tension slowly draining from her body as he held her gaze. She was going to do it!

“What about Lorelei?” Free finally asked and Travis knew he had her.

“We will just have to find a nanny,” Travis laughed, kissing her cheek in a moment of sheer joy. “Thank you, sugar! You don’t know how happy you made me!” He crushed her to him, swinging her around in a big circle. His relief and joy apparent but looking down at Free she pulled back, staring at his face.

She didn’t look half as pleased as he felt, but he would change her mind. Once they were neck deep in the steamy love scenes, she wouldn’t be able to hold him off for long, he just knew it. He wasn’t sure how he was going to survive them. The script called for intense scenes, both of them being damn near naked. His cock stirred at the thought.

“I have to go call my parents,” Free sighed, pulling her hands out of his.

“Why?” Okay, he hadn’t meant say it quite like it sounded, but the statement threw him for a loop.

“You’re going to need a good nanny,” Free threw over her shoulder as she walked away. “There is no way in hell I am leaving that to you! Lorelei needs someone who is going to show her love and respect, and if it can’t be me, it’s gonna be my mom!”

He was going to marry that woman. With that one sentence, she had sealed her fate. Not many women would have even thought about his niece, but for Free, it was her number one priority. All he had to do was to figure out a way to get her to agree. He wasn't going to stop until she wore his ring around her finger and took his last name. Then once they were married, he would start the process to officially adopt Lorelei. Travis loved his sister but he didn't think that Trisha would ever settle down or be able to give Lorelei what she needed. Lorelei deserved to be loved and have a stable home environment. He and Free would give her that.

The last thing in the world Free wanted to do was to be in anyone's movie. But Travis had looked so sad, so desperate when he was pleading with her; she didn't want to disappoint him. Besides, she doubted very seriously the director and the producer would go for it, which was why she had agreed to meet with them. She was sure that they would take one look at her and adamantly refuse. She was the complete opposite of what Hollywood thought beautiful. Not that she bought into the image, but they were in the business of making money and she couldn't see them taking the risk in making her the leading lady.

"Just be yourself," Travis told her nervously as they waited for the duo to walk from the front door to the living room. "You're gonna do great."

Poor thing. He needed a stiff drink before he drove her batty with the constant reassurance and the rubbing on her shoulders. She would be fine. He, on the other hand, looked like he was courting a nervous break of some kind. Without saying a

word, she walked over to the bar and poured him a healthy drink, which he downed without taking a breath. Oh dear. Turning back to serve him another, she was brought up short.

“Oh my God, this is she?” a heavily accented voice boomed from the entryway.

That had to be the director, François. Travis had said he was French. The little man, no more than five foot four at the most, rushed over and grasped her chin, turning her face to the left, the right, then jumped back clapping his hands like an excited child. Free just stood there, motionless, as the animated Frenchman talked as he continued to look her over.

“She is *magnifique*! Her skin, so smooth, so clear. The body...” he jumped forward spun her around then spanned his surprisingly large hands around her waist. “The camera will love her!”

Wow, this was not what she had expected at all. She looked over at Travis who was smiling like an idiot.

“She does have the look,” the other man said, stepping over to inspect her. She felt like a specimen under a microscope. “Nice locs, good skin. But can she act?”

He must be the producer, the infamous Lenny Daniels. He had made and broken many a star in Hollywood. His films were always blockbusters. He was a man who exuded power, and he knew it.

“I told you,” Travis beamed like a proud parent.

“Who cares if she can act?” François shrugged as if it were an insignificant thing.

“Acting is only half of playing a role. She can be taught.”

“Well, that’s true,” Lenny rubbed his chin, still staring at her thoughtfully. “We could bring in a coach.”

Free could feel her hypothetical cell door closing. It looked like she was about to star in her first, and hopefully only, major motion picture. They continued to make plans, speaking of her as though she wasn’t even there in front of them. Every once in a while François would look back at her and nod his head at something only he knew. Free was a little apprehensive but they never gave her a chance to ask questions. They were soon on the phone talking about her to other people, making more plans, and not consulting her for her opinion.

Chapter Nine

“Well, this is one day I’d never thought I’d see.” Doctor Helene Summer kissed her on the forehead fondly, beaming down at her one and only daughter. “Oh, honey, don’t look like you’re going off to be beheaded! You’ll make your young man sad.”

Her mother really saw far too much sometimes. But then, she was a psychologist; it was her job. Lorelei began stirring from her nap, making both women turn to the crib. The first thing the baby saw when she opened her beautiful blue eyes was the two of them looking down at her. Lorelei immediately recognized Free, smiling and reaching up for her with her pudgy little hands. Free took her in her arms, kissing her soft forehead. Free talked to her, telling her how much she was loved, how special, and intelligent she was. Lorelei understood her, “talking” back and laughing. Then her mom began talking to the baby, getting Lorelei familiarized with the sound of her voice. It was a while before Free could get back on the subject of Travis and agreeing to do the movie.

“Mom, am I doing the right thing?” Free asked, stalling the inevitable. No matter what, she was going to do it. Not so much because it was something she wanted to do as much as it was something she wanted to do for Travis. Since the night she had accepted, Travis had kept a silly smile on his face. He continued to reassure her that everything was going to be fine but she wasn’t so sure.

“Well, would you be betraying some deeply held conviction if you did it?” Her mother asked her, sitting down on her bed. They were back in her bedroom, Lorelei on her mother’s lap.

“No.” She didn’t have anything against acting in a movie; it was just something she never sought to do.

“Do you feel like you are being forced into it? Or that by starring in a movie, you are letting yourself down in some way?”

“No, Mom, nothing like that.” Then what was it? “I just, I know I’m not doing this because it’s something I want to do. I am doing it for Travis.”

Her mother gave her one of those little knowing smiles. Of course the older woman had already known that hadn’t she?

“If it’s not a betrayal of any dearly held conviction, and you’re not being forced, do you feel bad because you are only doing this for your young man?”

That was it exactly. “Isn’t that like, some kind of anti-woman’s lib thing or something?” Free asked honestly. “I mean, I am only doing it for Travis. Isn’t doing something for a man like a bad thing?” Free felt she was somehow going against on her beliefs. Not something she thought she ever saw herself doing. But Travis was different. She cared about him, more than any other man she had known, except for her father, of course.

“Not at all!” Helene laughed. “Not if it’s not something that is against your convictions or something that belittles you. I do things for your father I wouldn’t otherwise do all the time!”

“You do?”

“Oh honey, almost every woman in a relationship does! Do you honestly think I like going to those entomology conferences?”

It made her feel better, but she wasn't exactly in a relationship. As close as she and Travis had grown, they hadn't crossed the line since that first morning. Not that she hadn't thought about it. The memory of the way he looked through the glass door haunted her before she went to sleep every night. The thought of that delicious cock fucking her had her diving for her vibrator every night, but it wasn't the same. Every morning, when she went out to exercise, she could feel his eyes on her. It had gotten to the point where she was doing it more because he watched than her honest enjoyment of greeting the new day. She needed to see the desire in his eyes more than anything else.

Man, she had it bad! Although Travis never made an untoward move, there were times when she wanted to just give in to the banked passion she saw in his eyes. So far, she hadn't made that first move though. She was just too scared to go through with it. What if it didn't work out? Leaving Travis and Lorelei was something she didn't even want to contemplate. They had both come to mean so much to her.

“Go on, sweetheart,” her mother nudged. “You're going to be late, and that handsome man of yours is waiting.”

“Yeah, I better get going. Bye Mom, and thanks.” With one last kiss to Lorelei she left the bedroom.

He wasn't her man, no matter how much she might want him to be but it was nice hearing the words.

Travis was waiting for her as Free descended the staircase. He looked so nervous and eager, it would have been funny if she wasn't so damn terrified.

"Free? Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

It was a lie. She was anything but fine. Today, they would be shooting a love scene. One where they would have to pretend like they were making love, making it look as real as possible, which meant being naked, in a bed with Travis. Free wasn't at all sure she could go through with it. He would know - hell, the world would know - just how deeply for him she had fallen. It just wasn't something she wanted to showcase to the world.

"You don't have to do this," Travis surprised himself by saying. "I'm sorry if pushing you made you feel you had to."

"I don't feel obligated," Free tried to assure him, but Travis was far from being convinced.

"I'm not going to force you to do something you don't want to do, Free," Travis told her firmly. "I'm so sorry for all of this."

"No, Travis, stop." She reached out to stop him just before he was about to stomp away. "I swear to you, I'm okay. Really."

"Then why do you look like you want to be anywhere but on set in a few minutes?" Travis demanded, his jaw clenched in irritation.

She was going to have to tell him. Otherwise, he would believe she was playing the martyr. If she had been dead set against it, she never would have agreed to be in the damn movie in the first place. The thing was, she thought they would build up to the love scenes like it was written in the script. She had no idea the movie would be pieced together and shot completely out of sequence. That little surprise had been laid on her two short days ago. Every second since that time, she had dreaded this day.

“Travis, the scene we are shooting today is a heck of a lot more than making out,” Free reminded him. “*Much* more.”

Travis stared at her blankly for a few minutes before enlightenment slowly dawned on his face.

“Oh Free! Damn, sugar, I’m so sorry!” Wrapping her in his arms, Travis pulled her close, his hand stroking up and down her back. She could feel the anxiety slowly seep away just by him holding her. How easy was she? “Don’t worry, baby, I’ll make sure it’s...tasteful. I’ll be right there with you the whole time. I promise not to let anything happen to you.”

So not what she was worried about, but she decided it best not to let him know that. In a couple of hours, she was sure to make a complete fool of herself, probably declaring her undying love for him in front of God and everyone present, immortalizing her declaration on film. How was she supposed to keep her emotions under wraps during a scene she had been dreaming about since she first met him? She just hoped and prayed she wouldn’t make a complete fool of herself.

Chapter Ten

How the hell was he supposed to hide his raging hard on? This hadn't happened to Travis since he was a kid in his first love scene. Nineteen had been a bit young to ask a man to keep his equipment under control when there was a half naked woman underneath him. But that had been a long time ago, and it had been years since he had the same problem. There was no way in hell he was going to tape it down which was the only way to hide it from Free. The scene called for full back nudity, with a shot right on his ass, so a flesh colored jock strap was out – too noticeable. The only way out of this was to ask for body doubles, something Travis never did.

He would do it for Free though, if that's what she wanted. It would kill him to do that because he didn't want any other man taking his place but if it made Free more comfortable he would go through with it.

As soon as she appeared on the set in her robe, nervously chewing on her lower lip, he pulled her over to a secluded corner, determined to give her the option.

"How are you feeling?" he asked first. Maybe she would ask for a double first.

"A little nervous, but otherwise all right," she smiled sweetly at him, making his heart beat a little faster.

"Uh, Free? I have to tell you something." This was going to be hard. Would she run? Hit him? What would she say?

"Go ahead," she nudged him with her shoulder. "It could hardly be all that bad. You look like you're about to tell me we have to do it for real in front of all these people."

Lord help him! His cock jumped becoming more than a little noticeable as it lifted the heavy material of his robe.

"Oh!" Free gasped, her eyes clued to the growing rise. "Um, yeah. Well. Can you make it go down?"

Hell no, not with her eyes glued to that particular area. His damn dick seemed to preen under her undivided attention.

"Free, sweetheart, I uh," aw, hell, he was just going to have to come right out and say it. "It's not going to go down, sugar. Not as long as you're the woman in the scene."

"Oh," she breathed out softly, still riveted on the terrycloth tent. "Well, um, do you want to do it with someone else? I mean, like a body double or something?"

"Hell no." He wanted Free. But it wasn't fair to her, seeing as how she had to be just as nude in the scene. "But if you want me to ask for one, I'd understand."

She looked so damn good standing there, staring at his erection. She kept chewing on her bottom lip, staring. He wanted to take her in his arms so damn bad it hurt.

"Free?" he had to ask after she was silent for far too long.

When she looked up at him, Travis knees threatened to buckle. There it was, expressed so clearly in her eyes he wanted to rip open the damn robe, beat his chest as he ran around yelling "*She wants me too!*" at the top of his lungs. He saw every bit of

passion he felt reflected in the deep brown orbs, telling him it wasn't a fluke, and it wasn't one way. She really did want him as much as he wanted her.

"Let's do it," she said barely above a whisper.

"Are you sure?" Travis could resist pulling her closer. "You don't have to do it."

"I want to," she assured him. "Besides, it won't last very long right? I mean, the actual scene is only like five minutes tops."

Five minutes, tops. Ha! Wow, had she ever been off. This had to be the fourth time the director had changed their position, trying to get as "real" as he could. It was getting increasingly harder to remember that this was a movie. Travis was kissing her so passionately because it was in the script. The hard on he was sporting was due to simple physiology. A man got hard around a bare naked woman. The fact that her nudity made him hard and horny was an established fact. The throbbing, thigh piece of male meat resting against her thigh was a simple physical reaction to two people, moderately attracted to each other. Maybe if she kept repeating that to herself she would believe it.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Travis was lying between her spread legs, diligently trying not to freak her out with the massive tool he had lying there, pulsating against her skin. She could feel the slight wetness seeping out of the tiny slit on the head of his cock. The poor thing. She wished she could take him in her hand or mouth, savoring his taste. She knew he had to feel her wetness against his lower stomach. While François

was yelling about the lights and camera angles, they were stuck like this, trying to pretend they weren't as close to coming together as two people could possibly be.

"I'm fine," she smiled at him in what she hoped was reassurance. "I just hope this is over soon." The sooner they finished the sooner they could go back home and finish what they started. There was no denying their mutual attraction now and she didn't want to fight it any longer.

Travis didn't answer her statement; he just looked at her in a way that had her heart pounding and her already wet core even wetter. He didn't say anything, but by the way his eyes darkened, the way his cock jumped a little against her, she knew he felt it. Funny, she thought she would be more embarrassed. They were lying on a fur animal skin pallet, surrounded by dozens of people scurrying around like it was a normal thing. She should have been embarrassed but she wasn't.

From where Free was lying, it seemed to only be the two of them. The rest of the world seemed to fade away giving the illusion they were alone on the large bed.

"I want realism!" François was screaming at someone, shattering the fantasy. "This is not feeling real to me!"

"Urghhhh," Free groaned under her breath. How much more real could it be without actually doing the nasty right in front of everyone here?

"Hold on, baby," Travis soothed, pushing a loc that had fallen into her face over her shoulder. "I promise it will be over soon."

It had better be! If it lasted much longer, she was afraid she would shift her hips and glide that luscious looking hard on right where she was desperate for him to be. That would be very, very bad. They were not filming a porn movie.

“You two are perfection,” François praised, coming over to kneel so he was right there in their faces. “I hate to ask, but it is necessary for Travis to put his thing between your legs. Not in the natural act, maybe behind a little, *oui*? The camera, it picks up the shadow, it shows too much. I can adjust if you like –”

“No!” Travis and Free shouted at the exact same time.

“I’ll do it,” Travis grimaced, stuffing his cock between her legs, slightly behind the rise of her behind.

“Does it hurt?” Free whispered wide eyed. That had to hurt. She was trying not to put too much weight on it, but she was lying on his dick!

“I’m good,” Travis managed to grit between his teeth.

Free didn’t buy it for a second. She wished there was something she could do to alleviate the pain he was clearly in yet short of asking him to put it inside her she was coming up empty.

François ran over to look through the camera, pointed it directly at Travis’ ass. “Perfect!” he announced. Beads of sweat popped out all over Travis brow. “Okay, action!”

The kiss Travis laid on her was devastating. As soon as the words were out of François’s mouth, Travis ravaged her mouth, his tongue sweeping in to pillage. On instinct, her arms wrapped around him, her body straining against his, needing to get

as close as possible. The lights, the cameras, the work crew faded away and nothing else mattered but the two of them. In all the previous takes, Travis had held back a little. He had to have been, because the kiss he was giving her now took and left nothing behind. She gave back as good as she got. Her tongue battled his for control. He growled at her aggression. She tightened her hold on him.

His hips were moving against her, the log of his erection rubbing enticingly but in the wrong damn spot! That was it. She couldn't take anymore teasing. It was time to take matters into her hands. Without a care as to who was watching, she shifted, moving left and right until the head of his cock was knocking at the slit of her weeping pussy. Just a quick downshift and he was there. Not wanting to let him go, she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him down with as much force as she could muster.

"Oh God, baby, I can't stop!" Travis growled against her mouth.

"Then don't," she panted right back.

And he didn't. With a wild thrust, he was there, buried deep inside her. Free came almost immediately, unable to hold back. It was so good! She had waited so long! Uncaring about the rest of the world, Free was swept away in the pure sensation that was Travis with only one thought rolling around in her mind.

Finally.

Chapter Eleven

Travis was lost. He had tried so damn hard not to do this, but the second she had shifted, forcing his cock directly against her slit, he lost all willpower to stop. And he couldn't feel sorry for a damn thing. She felt so fucking good wrapped all around his cock. Exquisitely tight, scotching hot, and deliciously wet all at the same time, she was better than he dared to dream. He could feel the walls spasm after one stroke. Holy hell, she was sucking him like a hot, wet mouth! Only infinitely better, so damn much better.

In some distant part of his mind, he knew he should stop this. They weren't alone. She would hate him for it later. But damn it was just too good to stop! His hips moved almost against his will, demanding more, deeper, everything. He wanted her to come again and again and again, and he wanted to watch every fucking second, see every damn emotion that played across her face.

"Look at me, Free," he demanded, powering inside her. "This is not going to end. You aren't going to run from me any damn more; do you understand me?"

"I don't want to run," came the melodious reply. "I need this, I need you. I never knew how much."

"Hell, yeah," Travis groaned, taking possession of her mouth once more. He was going to hold her to it.

They both lost completely lost track of time, place, of everything but each other. He couldn't get close enough, couldn't get deep enough. He moved her legs to his

shoulders, angling himself to get as deep as he possibly could. Maybe it was the yoga, or maybe she was just naturally limber, but wrapping her ankles around his neck, Free arched into him, welcoming him inside.

“Shit! Free, baby, I going to need for you to come for me,” Travis moaned out helplessly. There was no way he could stop the explosion he could feel churning. It was just too damn good. “Come for me, sugar. Now!”

He pinched down on her clit, while frantically driving into her. Her walls clamped down almost unbearably tight against him. He had no choice but to detonate, feeling the rush of his orgasm down to his toes.

“I love you, Free Windsong Summer,” Travis murmured, falling to his side to pull her against him.

“Um, Travis?” came a hesitant reply. Not exactly what he wanted to hear.

“Hmm?” She was tense, but he wasn't letting her go. Not now, not ever.

“Where did everyone go?”

Shit! He had forgotten where the hell he was at. Looking around he realized everyone had mysteriously disappeared. The director, the crew, everyone. François, that wily bastard! Anyone with eyes could see how into each other they were. The few scenes they had shot earlier had been so hot; Travis had to remind himself they weren't real. And those had been shot fully clothed!

“Come on, sugar,” Travis pulled her to her feet, wrapping her robe around her. “Let's go to my trailer to talk.”

“Do you think they all know?” Free asked, allowing him to lead her towards the trailer.

She didn’t sound upset, but that could just be shock.

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure they do,” he answered honestly. She needed to be prepared for the sly looks and giggles that might come tomorrow.

They didn’t talk for the rest of the short walk. Just as Travis expected, most of the cars were long gone, indications François had let everyone go for the day. He didn’t speak when he pulled her inside. He couldn’t, his tongue was in her mouth as soon as the door closed. He may have had the best orgasm ever a few short minutes ago, but damned if he wasn't rock hard again already.

“I’ll never get enough of you,” he muttered after breaking the kiss. It was true, he was hopelessly in love. “And I meant what I said. I love you Free.”

“I think I love you back,” Free responded. Not exactly what he had been looking for, but close. “So what now?”

“Now, you’re going to move into my room,” Travis told her, opening her robe and lightly running his fingers against the soft contours of her skin. “We finish the movie, we go home, plan the wedding, and then find some contractors to build your school –”

“Hold on, back up,” Free cut him off, holding up her hand. “Wedding?”

“Yeah, wedding,” Travis told her firmly. He wasn't playing around. Free was the woman for him, there would never be another. “When I said I love you, Free, I meant it.”

There, his cards were on the table. He wasn't backing down. Free would be his wife whether she realized it or not. She didn't look convinced. That was going to have to change.

"Yeah, but Travis, we've only known each other for a few months," Free began, but Travis wasn't in the mood to hear it.

He stopped her train of thought with another kiss, not stopping until they were both panting with need all over again. She must have opened his robe because her small hands were running all over his torso.

"I love you touching me," he encouraged, leaning into her touch.

"You do?"

She looked so adorable looking up at him; so open, so damn loveable.

"Yeah, sugar, I do. Take my robe off. I want your hands touching me everywhere."

He stood patiently as her hands reached up to his shoulders, pushing the material down his arms until it was pooling at his feet.

"Now yours, Free. Take it off. Let me see the tight little pussy I'm going to fuck again."

Travis waited anxiously as she let the robe slip down her arms, exposing her body to his gaze. He wasted no time. Pulling her leg up, he wrapped it around his waist, sliding back inside her snug warmth. He could spend all day inside her. Without prompting, she put the other leg around him, trusting him to hold her weight.

"Do it," Free rasped, her teeth nipping at his ear. "Take me, Travis."

He was planning on it. With a firm grip on both sides, he powered into her, unable to stop. She was so damn tight!

"You feel so good, baby." He was trying to be gentle, but she was so damn hot, he was driven to thrust hard and deep inside her welcoming channel. "So wet." She writhed against him making it impossible for him to be gentle. His lips trailed over her face, her neck, anywhere he could reach, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. He hoped like hell he wasn't hurting her.

"Harder, Travis!" Free pulled on his hair, her hips rolling in time with his thrusts. "Please, Travis! I need it so bad!"

Fuck, yes! He was all too happy to oblige. He slammed his hips into her, swallowing her cries in a soul sucking kiss. Damn, this was heaven!

"I'm coming! Travis, I'm coming!" Free cried, jerking her mouth away. Her teeth grazed his shoulder, her body starting to shake.

"Yeah, baby, come all over my cock," he egged her on. "Bite me, mark me. It's all yours, sugar, take it!"

Her teeth bared down against his skin, hard, her body shaking in his arms. He could feel the walls of her vagina contracting, sucking him insistently. He was hopeless to hold back, coming with a roar of surreal pleasure.

"Fuck yes, Free, baby! Take it! Take all of me!" he had no idea what he was babbling, he just knew he had never felt so full, so complete. And damned if he didn't want it all over again as soon as his seed flowed to the heart of her womb.

Yep, he was a goner.

Chapter Twelve

Naked yoga had nothing to do with the smile that seemed to be a permanent fixture on Free's face. It made her almost want to kick herself for not giving in sooner. On some level, she had known since the first morning back at the ranch that eventually they would end up in bed together. As soon as they had made it home the day before, Travis had literally carried her to his bedroom and spent the rest of the afternoon and night "convincing" her that they were perfect for each other.

Like she needed that much convincing. All he had to do was look at her and she was ready to jump his bones. And the way he cared for Lorelei, attentive to her every need, Free knew that he was a rare kind of man. A man no woman in her right mind would walk away from.

"You look beautiful like this," Travis spoke quietly beside her, reaching over to tweak her nipple.

"Shhh!" The admonishment sounded false even to her. Still, welcoming the new day was serious business. No matter how much she wanted to stay wrapped in his arms, she had to force herself out of bed so that she could start her morning ritual. That was one thing that she would not change.

"Why do you do this in the nude?" Travis completely ignored her hushing, moving to sit behind her before pulling her close.

Free smiled as his erection thumped against her lower back. The man seemed to walk around with a constant hard on. Not that she was complaining. It was a good thing her mom had taken Lorelei back to the compound. They found the note she had written on the kitchen counter after they got home last night. She must have known that they were going to need their privacy.

“I’m nude because it’s natural, and I am welcoming the miracle of nature. A brand new day and the infinite possibilities the day brings. There is nothing between me and the beauty of the rising sun.”

“I’m naked because you look hot as hell when you’re all contorted and twisted. Makes me hard.”

Free was hard pressed not to laugh. “Yeah, so what doesn’t make you hard?”

“Everyone that isn’t you.”

Travis was good at melting her resolve in an instant when he said things like that. Instead of welcoming the morning with yoga, they wound up welcoming it making love. This was something that Free could definitely get used to.

There were no snickers from the crew when Free and Travis returned to the set. Aside from some individuals deliberately finding something interesting to look at in a different direction, not making eye contact with them, no one commented on the extra hot love scene that had taken place the day before. Luckily, they were moving on to action scenes, very few of which involved Free. Not that Travis would let her stay at home on the days she wasn't needed on the set. The man was simply insatiable, often

dragging her off to his trailer for “a little cuddle” during breaks. Everyone knew not to interrupt them.

Free could’ve insisted she stay at home at any time and Travis wouldn’t have actually demanded she follow behind him to the movie set every single day. The truth was, she loved being there. She loved the way his eyes looked for her whenever he wasn’t knee deep in a scene, or the way he still insisted she help him with his lines. It was their private little joke. Travis didn’t need help with his lines. It was just another way for them to spend more time together.

“I’m quitting,” Travis suddenly announced, coming into the trailer and pulling her into his arms.

“Quitting the movie?” Where had this come from? Things had been going better than good. They were ahead of schedule, under budget and François was so happy he was actually singing and dancing on set.

“Not this movie, but after this one,” Travis informed her. “I have been thinking about your dream of building a school.”

Uh oh. Free loved Travis, she really did, but Travis was not an educator. He was a country boy at heart, a damn good rancher if the way he talked about his horses and the operation of his ranch were any indication, but he lacked the patience needed to teach young children.

“Baby, you should see the look on your face,” Travis let out a huge belly laugh, holding his sides like they hurt. “Honey, I have no plans on helping you teach. I just mentioned it because there is a lot of extra land out on the ranch.”

Her throat went dry. What was that supposed to mean? Did he want her to move in with him, or was he talking of something more permanent?

“Well? What do you think?” Travis was looking at her expectantly.

What was she supposed to say? He hadn’t asked her a thing. She didn’t want to assume anything and get her hopes high.

“What do I think about what? You haven’t asked me anything.”

Her voice was not as cool, calm, and collected as she’d like, but it was as cool as she could make it. Travis was a good man, with an open mind and an open heart. But that wasn't enough to live in limbo with a man. She knew she had overreacted when he had first mentioned marriage, but he hadn’t brought it up again. She knew now that she wanted it more than she could say to him, but she wasn't going to beg for it. If it is real and meant to be it would come.

“Marry me, Free,” Travis cut off all speculation. “I want to live the rest of my life with you. I want to sit behind you welcoming the sun or whatever the hell we were doing this morning. I want you to carry my babies. I want to kiss you goodnight before I go to sleep every night –”

“And I want you to stop spouting bullshit and kiss me.”

“No.”

“But Free, you are burning up the camera! I can make you a star!”

Free smiled at the movie mogul and couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for him. Lenny Davis had the world at his feet. He snapped his fingers and hundreds of people

jumped. But he was miserable. She could see it in his eyes. All his money and power would never satisfy him. The really sad part was he didn't even realize it. He really didn't believe his constant quest for more, bigger, better would only leave him empty.

That was so not what she wanted for herself. This world was nice to play in for a little while, but it would disturb her balance to have to live like this.

"Not interested in being a star. Totally uninterested in the money and fame thing. I'm good," Free dismissed the idea quickly and firmly. Lenny thought he could bully his way into anything. It was hard to bully someone with no vested interest in what he was selling. He would have to learn that. Free just hoped he did before it was too late.

"Do you realize what I could do for you?" Lenny persisted. The man really did think he could talk her into it.

"Leave my woman alone, Lenny," Travis cut in, pulling Free into his arms. "She doesn't want to be an actress. Deal with it."

Lenny narrowed his almost colorless blue eyes, his thin lips pursed. Free could see the wheels in his head spinning so hard it was shocking steam wasn't coming out of his ears. Free held her breath at what was coming next. Travis hadn't told him yet he wouldn't be signing the contract for five more films with Lenny's production company. Since this was the last movie Travis was obligated to star in, Lenny was about to lose his biggest box office draw. He was not going to be happy.

"I might as well tell you now, this is my last movie," Travis drawled, pulling himself up to his full height.

Travis towered over most men, but he was a veritable giant next to Lenny. Free also noticed that his Kentucky drawl got quite a bit deeper all of the sudden. It was kind of like an old fashioned standoff, both men pushing out their chests just a little bit, both waiting for the other to step over the line. Free bit her lip so hard she tasted blood; not because she was worried, but because they were funny as hell. It was almost cartoonish the way they swaggered, and all over who would or would not dress up and play pretend in front of a camera. How ridiculous.

“Oh, Lenny think of it!” François cut across the tension before either man said another word. “The last film of Travis Carter and the new leading lady in his life, Free Windsong Summer.” The Frenchman rolled his eyes and sighed like a school girl whose main crush just asked her out. “Ah, the ads, the publicity! Millions will flock to see my masterpiece! It is like a dream, *non?*”

It was that simple statement that saved the day. In the end, the mileage Lenny could get from the plan hatched by the overdramatic director was worth more than dealing with an actor who didn’t want to work. There would always be someone who would greedily take Travis’s place, Lenny just had to find him, and when he did, Travis Carter would be a distant memory.

Lenny conceded his loss, walking off with François to hatch a marketing plan to end all marketing plans. Free’s universe was right once more.

Epilogue

"What the hell do you mean you're quitting?" Liz screeched, jumping up from the couch spilling her extra dry martini.

Free visibly cringed when the woman turned her eyes in her direction.

"This is all your fault, isn't it?" the woman screamed, her face turned molten red. Free could've sworn her glasses were staring to fog up. "You came in here with your hippie clothes and your early childhood education and seduced my best star away from me!" Technically, Free hadn't waltzed in "here" seeing as how they were still at the Bel Air house and not back in Corona, or that it was Liz who had put the ad in the school paper, but Free didn't think Liz would appreciate the reminder right now.

"Liz, calm down," Travis was at Free's side in a blink of an eye, his arms wrapped protectively around her. "Free didn't do a damn thing but be herself."

"Yeah, Liz, calm down before you blow a gasket," Lenny, who was also present, plucked invisible lint from his pristine suit. Only Lenny Davis could wear a suit in the middle of summer and still look cool as a cucumber. "It's fantastic publicity for the movie. Travis Carter's last film. I can see the ads already."

"The ads are already out you idiot! How the hell do you think I found out!" Liz hissed at him. "And I just bet you're ecstatic! More fucking publicity for you precious little movie!"

"It's not a *little* movie!" Lenny exploded to his feet getting right in front of Liz's face. "It is an end of the world extrava-fucking-ganza!"

Free and Travis took the opportunity to step away from the feuding pair and leave the living room for a smaller adjacent parlor room. Let them duke it out, she thought, it was no longer their concern. Liz was seriously pissed; the woman could go on for hours like this.

"What do you say we skip the premiere and go make a home movie?" Travis teased, nibbling on ear. "I'll make you a star."

"Yeah, I just bet you will," Free laughed, pushing him away. As much as she would love nothing better than to disappear upstairs, they had a responsibility to the movie. And she didn't want Liz and Lenny coming after them if they didn't show. She shuddered at the thought.

The rest of the shooting had gone remarkably well. They had even finished the movie ahead of schedule. In eight short months, they were done with the whole thing, shooting, voiceovers, editing, everything. Free and Travis had even been able to take a short vacation to Malibu with Lorelei, who was now a precocious toddler, walking and saying simple words. She had blossomed in Helene's care. Now it was Free's turn to help Travis raise Lorelei.

The only thing Free would change if she could was Trish. Travis's sister had shown up two months ago only to give full custody of her daughter to her older brother. She gave up all parental rights and even signed an agreement that would allow Free and Travis to adopt Lorelei. It helped the baby was mixed race, so they could

decide when to tell her she was adopted. They would, of course, but she deserved as much normalcy as possible while growing up.

“I’m really working on finding myself right now,” Trish had told Travis sadly. “I’m just in place where I can’t take care of a child.”

Travis hadn’t argued, for which Free was infinitely glad. He was sad, but he too thought it would be best for Lorelei to stay with them. Especially now that Travis was quitting the business. Trish had left for Arizona or New Mexico, some desert place she found where she could “explore who she was.” Of course, it was all paid for by Travis. Free didn’t say anything on the subject. If Travis asked for her opinion then she would of course tell him that she didn’t think he was doing Trish any favors by always giving her money when she asked, but until he asked she would keep her mouth shut.

“We’re going to the premiere,” Free told her fiancé. “But afterwards, you’re all mine, buddy.”

“I always have been,” Travis answered kissing her soundly. “Hey, do you hear that?”

“Hear what?” She didn’t hear a thing. Lorelei was upstairs with Free’s mother who had once again come down from Santa Barbara to watch the little girl who was now officially her first grandbaby. Helene smothered Lorelei with so much love and attention, she would be happy as long as “Nana” was here.

“Exactly,” Travis said. “No yelling.”

Liz and Lenny! Hand in hand, the couple tip toed to the entryway of the living room poking their heads around the corner like a couple of kids. Lenny and Liz where

still there, but instead of shouting at each other, they were locked in one hell of a passionate embrace. Liz looked as if she was trying to climb the man, while Lenny had his fingers buried in Liz's normally immaculate do, tugging her closer to him.

"Well, I'll be damned," Travis whispered at the sight.

"Shhh!" Free warned motioning for them to leave.

The last thing she wanted to do was interrupt them. With Liz occupied, she wouldn't have time to screech at Travis.

"We need to go get ready anyway," Free sighed, thinking of the skimpy dress upstairs waiting for her. A dress she wouldn't normally have picked for herself but it was something that wardrobe had sent over for her to wear for tonight. Apparently every major designer had sent dresses in her size, wanting their name associated with the new 'it' couple.

"I don't know," Travis smiled devilishly, sending her juices flowing. "I think there may be time to play around a little. Just one little quickie?"

Free had to laugh. There was no such thing as a quickie where Travis was concerned. The man spent hours learning, and relearning, every inch of her body. Not that she was complaining. Free immensely enjoyed his attention.

"Behave, and I promise I'll take care of you when we get home."

"How about on the way home?"

The man was insatiable. And Free loved every bit of it. She was already thinking of the ride home.