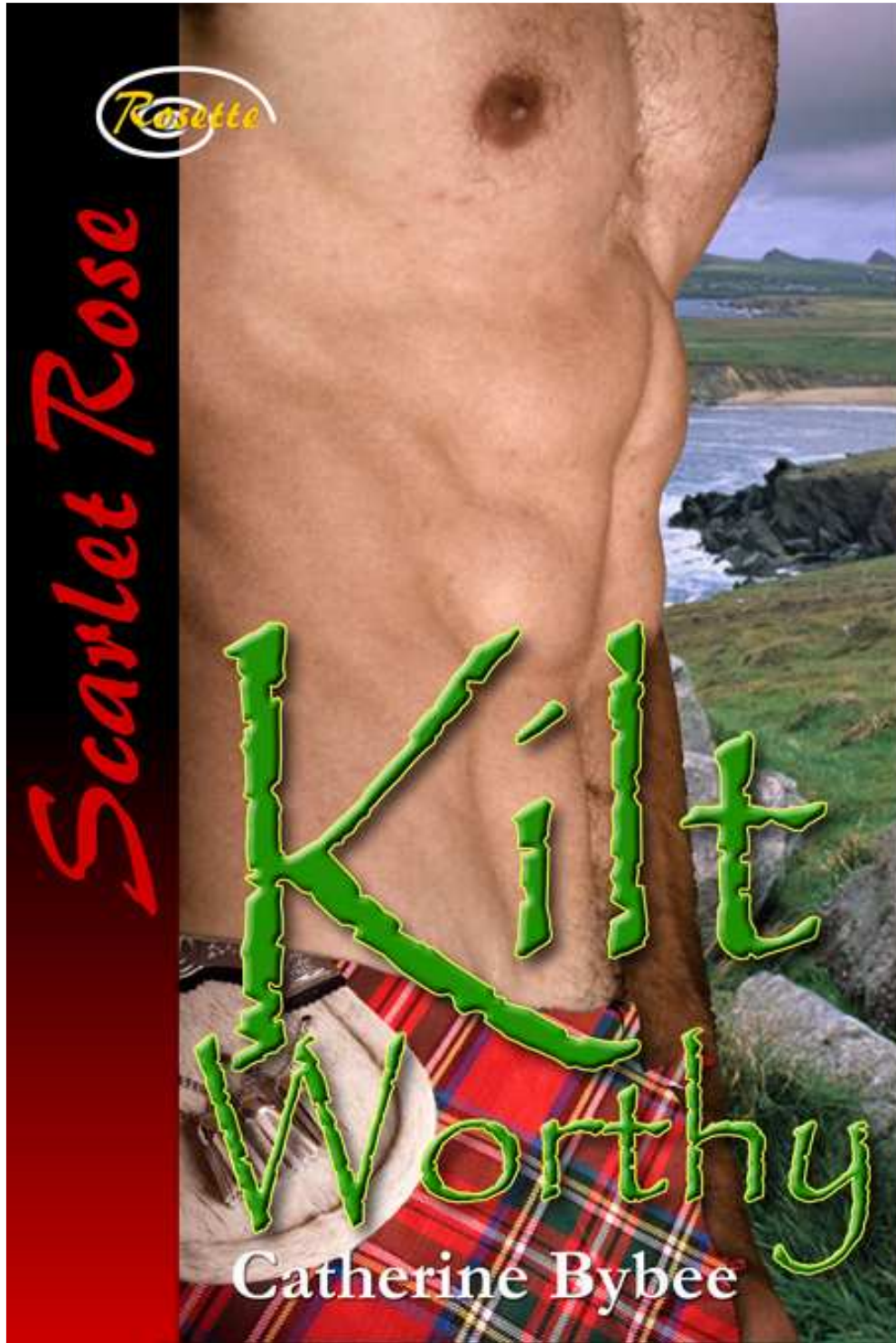




Scarlet Rose

Kilt Worthy

Catherine Bybee



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by

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Kilt Worthy

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Cover Art by *Angela Anderson*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 708
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at www.thewilderroses.com

Publishing History
First Scarlet Rose Edition, August 2009

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

To Aithne Jarretta for her inspirational picture.
To Lori LeBonde, my awesome editor,
who will forever remember this book
because of where she read the query.

Kilt Worthy

Holding my camera up to my eye, I searched the urban landscape for something—anything—resembling art. Harsh lines of stone and glass buildings rose above my head, but they weren't art. Mercedes, BMWs, and even old jalopies on their last legs whizzed past, but they weren't what I longed for, either.

What I really needed to enhance my portfolio was something with a human element. Something hard and edgy, and I didn't mean the stark buildings protruding from the worn-out city streets.

"Damn." I turned my head to the bright Seattle sky and sighed. The shadows cast by the sun couldn't be better for taking pictures, but nothing impressive caught my eye. *What a waste of a rare, sunny, spring day.*

Then I saw him—tall, dark and oh, so sexy. Dear Lord, he was wearing a kilt. People stopped and watched as he walked by. How could they not? He stood out, as priceless art should.

Arms swung in time with his legs as the shutter clicked rapidly under my itching finger. My subject stopped, giving me time to zoom in and get a better angle. Manly stubble on his strong jaw looked good enough to eat. Moving lower, I noticed sun-kissed skin visible through the vee of his shirt. I focused my camera south of his kilt, then licked my lips. Strong, sexy knees peered from under his plaid, and I suddenly felt the desire to move to Scotland.

I fired off ten more pictures before raising my lens to get a closer shot of his confident face. His chocolate brown eyes were full of mirth.

And they stared directly at me.

My mouth went dry as I lowered the camera. Mr. Kilt raised his large hand and, with one little motion of his finger, summoned me to his side.

“Oh, God,” I whispered. *Now what should I do?*

Before I could move, he started toward me. My heartbeat increased at an alarming rate. I knew I should run, but my legs refused to budge.

He’s going to tell me to delete my pictures of him. He has every right to do so.

Clenching my camera to my side, I swallowed as he came closer.

His eyes raked my frame. I stood in old jeans and a worn-out sweatshirt that said *Bite Me* on it. It was Saturday, for God’s sake, and I wasn’t even wearing makeup. My bland, straight brown hair fell past my shoulders without a lick of hair spray. When I had run out of my studio apartment to catch the morning sun, I hadn’t thought about my appearance. Now I regretted my decision and dug my nails into my palms to keep from crying out. Life was so damn unfair.

He halted a few feet away, and I forgot to breathe.

My gaze flitted up his solid torso, and I noticed his beating pulse coursing through a vein in his neck, beckoning more than just my stare. Smiling lips revealed perfect teeth. His laughing eyes proved he knew his effect on me, and damn, if he wasn’t enjoying my unease.

“Do you like what you see, lass?”

His thick Scottish accent reached out and licked my skin. I wanted to close my eyes and simply listen to the stranger talk, but then I’d miss feasting my eyes on his unusual clothing—and what I imagined was beneath it. “Are you unable to talk, lass?”

“No,” I said in a rush, once I found my voice.

“No, you don’t like what you see? Or *no*, you are

unable to talk?”

I swallowed. “I can talk.” *Just not very well at the moment.*

He laughed. Just like his voice, his laugh was a rich baritone that liquefied my knees. The slick folds of my pussy pulsed, sending little shockwaves of desire all over my incredibly turned-on body. Glancing at his rugged knees once again, I asked myself what, if anything, this beautiful man was wearing under his kilt?

“What do they call you?”

“Huh?”

“Your name, lass. What is your name?”

“Oh, uh...” Damn it, even my name was boring and not...kilt worthy. “Jane.”

Shit, there it was, out in the open. “Plain Jane,” my ex-boyfriend called me, usually when referring to my small breasts. At five-feet-nine, my dress size sat comfortably between a ten and a twelve no matter how hard I tried to lower it. The jerk thought I wasn’t worth his effort, in bed or out, and I was fairly certain Mr. Kilt would feel the same.

“What a lovely name for such a wee lass.”

Laughing, I said, “Dressed like that, you can get away with many things, but lying isn’t one of them.”

His amused eyes narrowed in disbelief. “Well, Jane. You have to believe me when I say I like your name.” He ran his tongue over his lips as he glanced at my chest. “And your brass tongue is as sharp as the words on your clothing. I find that refreshing as well.”

Looking down, I cringed at the message posed between my breasts. There was even evidence of my breakfast splattered over the “i” in “Bite.”

Mr. Kilt went on. “My guess is you’re soft in all the right places, Jane.”

“Too soft,” I mumbled without thinking.

“I’ll be the judge of that. Besides, ’tis the man

who's to be hard. Wouldn't you agree?"

My bone-dry mouth opened as the edges of his lips parted and he started to grin. "I want a woman in my arms, warming my bed, not a child."

The image of being his personal bed-warmer popped into my mind. He must have read my wicked thoughts, or at least guessed them, because his smile grew wider, his laugh deeper.

"Well, I think this is where I leave." I turned, intending to take my humiliation with me. His arm shot out and stopped me.

"Do you really want to go, Jane? Wouldn't you like more than the image on your camera to remember me by?"

How about your firstborn? Damn, where had that thought come from? It wasn't like me to have so many naked thoughts running amok in my head, but Mr. Kilt was flippin' gorgeous.

For the first time in my twenty-three years, I thought about how delightfully sinful it would be to share a stranger's bed, if only for one night. I couldn't believe I stood there contemplating a brief affair but, good God, had I ever been so sexually charged in all my life? The weight of my attraction for this man collided with my good sense.

"What do you have in mind, er..." Geez, Mr. Fantasy didn't even have a name. "What was your name again?"

He moved closer. "My name is Logan, Logan MacLaren."

I watched, surprised, as he lifted my arm and brought my very lucky hand to his lips. No one had ever kissed the back of my hand before, but I'd read about the experience in so many romance novels I thought I'd know how it would feel. I was wrong.

Warm lips, gently pushing against my skin with a breath of hot air, made the world around me disappear. My eyes locked with his, and his thumb

stroked my wrist with subtle, suggestive circles. My nipples tightened in response, and my thong, tucked beneath tight denim, would need to be chunked into the hamper the minute I got home.

“You don’t want to rush off, do you, lass?”

I instantly shook my head, but words failed me. Distracted by my unexpected arousal, it was a wonder I could still stand.

One corner of his mouth lifted in triumph. “Well then, follow me.”

Firmly holding my hand in his warm grip, Logan’s long strides covered the busy streets of Seattle to destinations unknown. I hustled beside him, trying to keep up.

What the hell am I doing walking away with a stranger?

Instead of answering that question, my thoughts turned to the regrettable evening three nights ago when I got stupidly drunk with my best friend Sheri in an effort to forget my ex-boyfriend. Oh, it had been a while since our break up, but the memory of his disapproving voice still shot my confidence all to hell.

Sheri would be telling me to go for it with Logan and forget about right and wrong. She’d remind me that the best way to forget an ex was to purge yourself with someone new.

Hell, I couldn’t even remember the asshole’s name. Oh, yeah...Jake. Jake the jerk, Jake the snake, Jake the man who made me feel like I was as sexy as a rat. A rat with tiny breasts, apparently, because the jerk even offered to pay for a boob job. He told me if my boobs were bigger he’d be able to “perform” better. I may not have been Vanna White, but my boobs weren’t *that* small.

Besides, with the heated glances Mr. Kilt sent my way, I didn’t think he was measuring my bra

size. In fact, the way Logan's gaze raked me, I had to look down at my clothes to make sure they hadn't fallen off during our mad dash across town. I now knew, for the first time in my life, what it felt like to be stripped bare with just a look. And I liked it.

Logan slowed our pace and turned into a small, dark alley between two buildings. It was amazingly free of garbage and bums but it was still not anywhere I'd venture alone.

My camera slipped from my shoulder, forcing me to remove my fingers from Logan's. In that split second, doubt entered my scattered thoughts and brought my feet to a stop.

What was I doing? With little more than Logan's smile and a few flattering words that made my stomach clench in desire, I had set off across town with this amazingly mysterious man. Now, here I was, alone with him. And in a deserted alley, no less.

I wondered if we were looking for the same thing. If his idea of a good time was to pin me against the wall in an alley, then...*Houston, we have a problem!* I wanted privacy, warmth, and clean sheets at the very least. A place where our more-than-steamy embrace would leave me weak in the knees and not afraid to get down on them...in front of him...with my hands traveling up his thighs and searching under his plaid.

What is he wearing under there, anyway?

Dragging my gaze back to his, I could have sworn he could read my thoughts yet again. His cocky grin grew larger. My eyes traveled back down his hard torso and I saw a twitch beneath his kilt. A really big twitch.

I dug in my heels, shook my head and started to back away. "Maybe this is a mistake."

His hand reached out and caressed my cheek, his eyes glued to mine. One more step back and the brick building stopped my retreat. Mr. Kilt leaned

in. Heat, mixed with his strong male scent, surrounded my quivering body. His other hand came up and rested on the wall behind me.

Boxed in, I watched his lips move, his breath quicken and something that looked like concern stream from his eyes. Every nerve in my body called out, wanting his touch. I forgot about the alley as my attention narrowed to him and the rapidly shrinking space between us.

He came closer, until his warmth met my skin. With hardly a breath separating us, he stopped.

“Not here,” he said in a rush, moving away.

Before I had a chance to protest, he rapped his knuckles on a nearby metal door.

The back of my neck started to shiver, even though I was anything but cold. Maybe it was the sense of adventure that had my nerves on edge. Whatever the cause, I didn’t have much time to think about it.

A blond man built the same as Logan flung the door open. He stepped into the doorway and scouted the otherwise empty alley.

“Logan,” he said with his own Scottish brogue. His voice and nod told me he was expecting Logan, his expression almost bored.

Then he noticed me behind Logan and cracked a knowing smile.

I gulped. *My God, what were we about to do?*

“Chase?” Logan lifted an eyebrow.

Chase moved to the side, but his eyes twinkled as Logan clasped my hand and tugged me inside.

My cheeks flamed red. Heat reached my ears. When I lowered my eyes, I heard Chase chuckle under his breath while closing the door behind us.

This is wrong; I shouldn’t be here. Even Sheri would question my sanity if she knew what I was doing. Wouldn’t she?

But before I’d fully wrapped my mind around

that single thought, my thigh brushed against Logan's as we ascended the stairs. All thoughts of Sheri, of saying no, or of leaving, fled.

I followed while he rushed through a labyrinth of stairs and long, narrow hallways gone stale with dingy paint. Finally, we stopped at a solid mahogany door.

The door was completely out of place. Ornate carvings etched the thick, gleaming wood. Circles crossed over each other with points on three sides. Celtic, I thought, but wasn't sure. Outside of ancient buildings or museums, I'd never seen such detail on an interior door. The hallway's dirty edges stood in stark contrast with something so tasteful and artfully designed.

Much like the man, the door belonged in a medieval castle in the Highlands, not in a rundown industrial building off Pioneer Square. I wondered if Logan owned the building or simply a flat within it. Remembering Chase's manner toward Logan, I concluded Logan had the run of the place.

When he'd finished watching my reaction to the door, Logan gripped its heavy iron handle with one hand. His other hand brushed my cheek, and my entire body quivered with awareness.

"Are you certain this is what you want?"

Certain? I couldn't even remember my last name at the moment, yet here I was, seriously considering passing over that threshold in a matter of seconds and into what I was sure was Logan's apartment. I was about to find out if he liked his mattress firm or soft. And, I would soon know exactly what he wore beneath his kilt. Or, better yet, what he didn't wear.

"Parker," I blurted out.

Logan sent me a puzzled look. "What?"

"My last name is Parker. I thought you should know my last name."

He shook his head and placed one strong hand

around my waist. His firm fingers pulled me close. My body ached to feel his hard chest, with no clothes between us. My nipples hardened to painful pebbles and my pussy clenched, creaming with such force I wondered if he were some sort of magician. Dark, knowing eyes searched mine as his hand trailed up and down my side, grazing the edge of my breast. I gasped, unable to control my shiver of anticipation.

“Do you want to go through this door with me, Jane Parker? Or are you satisfied with the pictures you have on your camera?”

Without thought, I blurted out, “I’ll take door number one.”

Logan laughed. “All right then, but let me warn you now.” He tilted my chin so he could look directly into my eyes. “When you come through this door again, your life will be completely different.”

“You’re pretty sure of yourself, Mr. MacLaren.”

“The name is Logan to you, lass.”

First names were good—essential, really—considering we were about to get horizontal between the sheets. “Okay.” I must have had a deer-in-the-headlights look in my eyes, because he tilted his head back and laughed while his broad shoulders trembled with mirth.

My nerves returned, ten-fold, and I fell back into my old M.O. of chickening out. I took a deep breath. “Listen, Logan—”

“Shh...” One finger pressed against my lips and halted my words and my thoughts. His hand trailed down my jaw to my neck. Fingers wove into my thick brown hair and massaged my scalp. I think I purred when my eyes shut. My resolve to back away from this man blew up in my face and disintegrated into nothingness.

“Look at me, lass,” he said quietly, placing his hands on my shoulders with a gentle squeeze to get my attention.

My eyes shot open. Was there any command he could utter I wouldn't follow?

Without words, he lowered his head toward mine, his intentions clear. My heart leapt in my chest, impatient for his lips, his touch. Something deep inside me trembled in those final moments before his mouth found mine. And then it was there. Covering mine in complete obsession. My lips parted after one small little question from his tongue. I opened for him like a flower on a sunny day.

I moaned and he folded me into his arms as if he had done so for years, for centuries. Every part of my body touching his met with just the right amount of Logan. Our fit was perfect.

Desperate for his touch, I arched toward him, into him. Heat surged throughout my body, settling in the pit of my stomach. The aching, empty parts below demanded to be filled. Possessed. I wanted Logan MacLaren. I wasn't going to stop until I had him.

He stepped back, but before I could fuss about the cold he left in his wake, he lifted me with his big, burly Scottish arms and pushed open the door.

A four-poster bed dominated the center of the room. Logan kicked the door closed behind us, crossed to the bed and tenderly set me down. My camera slid to the floor with a loud thud, but I didn't care. Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew I should, but how often was I going to be ravaged by a man wearing a sexy skirt? Cameras, even my state-of-the-art digital model that had cost me an arm and a leg, could be replaced.

My eyes slowly adjusted to the dim light of the room. The bedroom was dark, except for the flicker of flames coming from a stone fireplace at the far end of the massive chamber.

Stone walls held up high ceilings. Two upholstered sitting chairs claimed the space before

the hearth; two tables sat on either side of the huge bed. Not lamps, but lit candles, of all things, adorned the tabletops. Thick, dark drapes blocked out all the light and noise of the city. On the wall above the fireplace, two ancient swords appeared to have the same ornate symbols as those on the door.

I opened my mouth to ask what the symbols meant just as Logan's lips once again found mine. This time, need mixed with eagerness, filling my brain, and I no longer cared about swords or symbols.

My hands caught the nape of his neck and pressed him closer until he all but fell across my body.

"Slow down, lass. We have plenty of time."

Oh, but we don't, I wanted to yell. This wasn't me; it wasn't my normal behavior. If we didn't get naked and sweaty fast I was bound to wise up and leave, only to look back on our interlude with regret for what might have been. No, I couldn't let that happen. Not now. Not after feeling this man's touch. Logan made me feel...special.

He must have sensed my panic, because he took control, smoothing his hands over my raging body. His palm cupped my breast as his lips lowered to my neck. Before I could worry about whether or not Logan approved of my small size, he slipped his hands under the edge of my sweatshirt and traveled up to my lacy bra. My heart fluttered in my chest as his nimble fingers found the front clasp and undid its binding. Even though his lips tortured my neck, my ear and my chin, my impatience for his strong hands to touch my bare breasts bordered on urgent.

His fingers grazed my nipples at last and I pushed my hips into his. Sparks shot from my taut breasts and exploded deep inside. Liquid desire coated my body after his erection pressed against my aching core, almost making me come.

Less than five minutes in this man's arms and already I'd achieved what six months with Jake never did. My body heated and coiled tight with a feverish pitch of excitement. Outside of battery-operated toys, I didn't know what it truly meant to have an orgasm.

Suddenly, all of Jake's evil words fled. Maybe I wasn't frigid, wasn't inept. Maybe Jake was less than able, in more ways than one.

Anxious to feel more of what Logan promised, I picked away at the buttons of his shirt until I felt his blazing skin under my fingers.

Logan backed away. "Sit up, Jane."

I did. He pulled my sweatshirt over my head and tossed it to the floor. My bra followed, and I sat under his gaze, waiting for his reaction.

"You're beautiful," he mumbled, finding one rosy peak and taking it into his mouth. His teeth tugged on the tip of my nipple. Wetness surged between my legs.

Lost, I tilted my head back and closed my eyes. "Oh, Logan."

I felt him smile over my breast. He released it only to give equal time to the other one.

I fell back on the bed and spread my arms in abandon, giving him complete access to whatever he desired. Letting myself indulge in each new sensation exploding within my body.

He could tie me up and keep me as his sex slave for months and I wouldn't protest. I didn't have the power. His gentle touch and thoughtful words gave me a glimpse of the kind of man he was—caring, sensitive. The kind of man every woman longed for.

Slowly, his fingers found the top of my jeans. To hurry his quest I lifted my hips and helped him unbutton my pants. Lost in the pursuit of pleasure, I didn't stop to think of what I wore underneath.

Logan froze. When I saw what grabbed his

attention, I stared into his sexy, passion-filled eyes.

"This," he drew one lazy finger between my thong and my hips, "seems inadequate for its purpose."

From the look in his eye, its purpose was working. "I don't know," I whispered. "You seem to like it."

"Aye, lass. I'd have you wearing only this in my bed for months and never bore."

I shifted my hips at his off-hand suggestion of sleeping with him for endless nights on end. The thought of being his, more than once, resonated somewhere deep in my subconscious, and I arched my hips into that thought.

He lowered his head to my hip. His teeth grabbed the edge of my thong and brought it to my knees.

He was good. So very good in his seduction I hardly noticed I was completely naked while he was still completely clothed.

I sat up to remove his shirt, but he slowly pushed me back to the bed, smiling, while his hand trailed down my naked breasts. Tantalizing strokes of his tongue followed his fingers, sliding lower to my navel and taking their ever-lovin' time moving south. The manly stubble that looked so incredible through my lens felt even better grazing against my mound.

My legs parted, begging, all by themselves. It was as if something possessed my body. I'd read about the pleasures of oral sex in books, but I had never experienced it before.

Logan's tongue took one long pass over the aching bundle of nerves between my legs and I screamed in surprise. For one sweet, tortuous moment, he backed away and I whimpered. "Please, don't stop."

"If I didn't know better, lass, I'd think you as

innocent as a virgin.”

“Not a virgin.” I laced my fingers in his hair, hoping he wouldn’t forget what he was doing. “Just not very experienced.” *Not that I wanted to talk about that lack of experience right now!*

Thankfully, he bent and licked again, sending small shivers of building energy racing all over me. “Well then, I must show you how lovely you are.”

His tongue slid inside and lapped me up like a cat would cream. My knees fell open in such a wanton manner I should have been ashamed, but I wasn’t.

He found my clit, pulled it into his mouth and sucked. Withering beneath his touch, I strained toward him, careening toward ecstasy. My body raced so quickly I knew I would explode soon, but Logan took his teasing lips away, holding off my release just a bit longer. His warm hand ran up my quivering thigh as his tongue plunged deeper. The coarse bristles of his chin grazed past my clit, teasing me.

“Please.” I all but begged him to finish what he started.

He moaned against me and once again claimed my center. I was so high from the pleasure of his intimate kiss that I wondered if I would survive the fall. He drove one finger inside of me, nursed two more gentle pulls of his mouth and suddenly my tightly woven pussy shattered into a million tiny pieces. I released a gut-wrenching scream that would have embarrassed me if I wasn’t sailing away on a little slice of heaven.

“I think you *are* an innocent,” Logan purred over my throbbing body, his head mere inches from the tangle of curls between my legs.

I looked down and licked my lips. How could I thank a stranger for taking me where I had never been before? “I’ve never experienced...” I swallowed

hard at my loss of words. “No one has ever touched me...like that.”

“No one has tasted you like this?” he asked as his tongue shot out to enjoy my taste again.

“Right, that and, well...” I mumbled, utterly incoherent, and suddenly worried this man, this *stranger*, would think less of me if he knew I’d never achieved an orgasm before now, at least not a real one. “My ex called me frigid.”

Unease flooded Logan’s eyes. Perhaps bringing up an ex wasn’t such a brilliant idea. I always blurted out my feelings before I’d completely thought them through.

“‘Tis a man’s job to please a woman. This ex of yours, is he the reason you came with me today?”

“No,” I said too quickly.

His eyes narrowed.

“I-I wanted this, wanted *you*. I’m worried you won’t be satisfied, that’s all.” This was true. “My ex blamed me for the lack of heat in the bedroom.”

“This man is a fool.”

Good. We agreed on something. Jake was an asshole. But right then, I needed to get Logan naked and we had to stop thinking about past lovers. By my last calculation, I’d experienced one incredible climax while Logan had had zero. Time to even up the score.

I wiggled my way into a sitting position, placed both of my hands on Logan’s face and traced his wet lips with my fingers. My cream moistened my fingertips, which thrilled me. His tongue flicked out to taste.

“Mmmm.”

I brought my finger to my mouth and slipped it inside. Smoky eyes followed my movements as I plunged my finger into my own mouth, then slowly slid it out.

He growled and snatched my hand away. “If you

want something in your mouth, lass, I have something better than your finger.”

“Really?” I teased, his playful manner contagious. “What might that be?”

Logan got up on his knees and quickly shed his shirt. Six-pack abs and taut nipples stared back at me. *This man is a Greek Adonis in a Scottish kilt.* I wondered if he’d let me take a picture of him with nothing more than his skirt on. On second thought, maybe even that was too much clothing.

“Are you only going to look, lass?”

“You’re so perfect, I’m afraid to touch for fear you’ll break.” Oh, God. There I went again, yakking before thinking. Putting my foot in my mouth came naturally. Add a sexy Scotsman and my inexperience, and that foot grew by several inches.

Before I recoiled in embarrassment, Logan reached over, took my hand and placed it on his torso. The rock-hard planes of his chest waited for my touch. Gradually, my fingers fanned out. Warmth, his and mine, merged. When he groaned, I reveled in my power to excite this man. He lowered my hand until I felt his rigid length through the dark red plaid of his kilt. He was huge. My eyes grew wide as I explored.

Logan laughed at my reaction. “Do you think you can handle this?”

“I certainly wanna try,” I said, determined.

A deep chuckle burst past his smiling lips. “Oh, Jane. I don’t think I’ve laughed so much while bedding a wench. You are a surprise.”

His word choice was as unusual as his incredible accent, neither of which I thought too much about, and all of which made up the whole man.

I placed one hand on his naked thigh and reached under his kilt.

I discovered a firm, naked ass.

I moaned, truly *moaned*, while my fingers glided

over his sculptured backside. I wanted to unwrap this amazing man and feast my eyes on every square inch of his body.

Scrambling up on my knees, I unclasped his plaid. He watched as I removed the beautiful, thick fabric, one inch at a time.

The kilt fell away to reveal the most impressive cock I'd ever seen. Not that I'd seen many, but his rivaled those in magazines. I forgot to breathe, and I swear my heartbeat paused as I stared.

"Can I?" I wanted to touch him.

"If you don't, I might go mad."

Wrapping my hand around his girth was a challenge—he was that big. Heat warmed my hand while I stroked his length. Logan wrapped his arms around my waist and crushed his lips to mine in another mind-blowing kiss.

Tasting my essence on him, I remembered his challenge that I taste something other than my finger. I smiled beneath his kiss and pushed him back onto the bed. Laughing, we tumbled together until Logan's body stretched out next to mine. His erection honed in and pressed against my slit, but that wasn't what I wanted. At least, not yet.

Backing away, I trailed feather-light kisses over his firm stomach and let my long hair brush against his erection. I looked up to see him fold his hands behind his head and smile at me. How fast could I replace that cocky grin with a groan?

I bent lower and took his cock in both hands. I swirled my tongue in a teasing kiss over the tip while milking his shaft. Musky sweetness lingered on my taste buds, and sensual pheromones lingered in my nose. His hips rose and, when I looked again, his gaze shifted out of focus and his lips parted on a sigh.

Not so cocky now.

I licked down the underside of his erection,

tracing the vein I wanted so desperately to fill my womb. Just the thought urged me to rub my legs together, to achieve some sort of rubbing friction.

I played a little longer with his rigid cock until his hips bucked and his hand landed on my shoulder. That's when I took him in. Holding his shaft, I gave his purpled tip a hard suck, then slid past his full, ripe head and thrust him farther past my lips.

Something I was doing worked, because Logan groaned, and a small dabble of cum surged from the tip and coated the back of my throat.

His response spurred me on. The muscles in the back of my throat relaxed and I took him deeper.

When I slowly released his slippery cock from my mouth, he quivered. I moved a hand to his balls, stroking them as I swallowed every engorged inch of him completely into my mouth. Logan bucked again, going even deeper in my throat. With every pass, Logan's response grew more intoxicating.

"Oh, J-Jane," he stammered.

I heard my name through the fog in my brain as I consumed him. I wanted him to explode so I could taste his essence.

Suddenly, his hands gripped my head and he stopped my heated movements. Glancing up, I knew he was close. With one quick maneuver, Logan positioned himself above me, his knee persuading mine to part. My thighs trembled as they opened.

"When I come," he whispered over my lips, "it will be deep inside you."

"Okay." My voice was weak. This man reduced me to one-word sentences. Instead of talking, I lifted my hips to feel him at my entrance. He teased my aching flesh until I cried out for him to take me.

As the tip of his cock nudged at my opening, my mind cleared briefly. "Logan, should we use a condom?" The thought of any barrier, even the thin

lining of latex, seemed like too much. "I'm on the pill, but..."

"You have no worries from me, lass. I hold no disease."

I blew out a breath I hardly knew I held. "Me either."

My skin tingled with icy heat. Desire and a fierce need for Logan to fill me completely rendered me wet and ready. In silent submission, my legs parted, inviting him in. His hand caressed my face and his thumb stroked my chin. His bittersweet eyes captured mine for what seemed like forever. I knew Logan understood this moment was never going to be repeated. Even if we made love a thousand times, this was the first time. The only first time. Suspended, I waited until he slowly inched his way inside me.

My aroused body opened for him, or rather, for half of him, before my muscles shivered around his cock. The length and heat of his shaft sliding past my clit already stirred the electrical pulses of another powerful orgasm. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I pulled him toward me again.

"Careful, lass, I don't want to hurt you."

"I don't think you can," I whispered.

He took his time anyway, easing into me in slow degrees. My pussy fluttered around him, absorbing him fully. I had never felt so completely...*stuffed* in all my life.

Logan withdrew and plunged into me again. Each glorious thrust of his cock rocked his pubic bone against my clit and touched every inch of my channel. I dug my fingers into his hips, guiding him deeper. All thoughts of inability floated away. Stroke after stroke, I reached for Logan so he could fill me, take me. My hand fell away from his back and down to the bed, my fist clenching the sheets.

"So sweet," he whispered tenderly in my ear.

Such simple words embodied exactly how I felt. We moved together, both wanting the same release. Small pearls of sweat beaded our skin in silky evidence of our desire.

Coiled tightly with waves of pleasure shivering all over my body, I neared the peak Logan had promised when we started this journey, but I wanted to suspend the moment as long as possible. At the same time, I wanted to crash over the edge of sanity and enjoy the ripples of pleasure. Torn, I watched pleasure, mixed with longing, race across Logan's face.

"Come for me, lass," he commanded. And, just like that, I did. I spiraled out of control at the same moment his body shuddered over mine. When his seed began to fill my womb, I came a second time. With one final thrust, Logan emptied himself inside me and called out my name.

I'd never felt so wanted or complete as I did at that very moment. I didn't want my fantasy-come-to-life kilted man to walk away. Worse, I couldn't imagine fading back into the "plain Jane" I'd been that morning.

My unexpected and deep attachment to Logan hit me with a force that threatened to bring tears. This was why I'd never had a one-night stand. I wasn't cut out for the loss. Logan was everything I desired, wanted.

I pushed away the thoughts of leaving, and instead chose to revel in the moment.

Logan settled on the bed and rolled me on top of him. His now flaccid cock tried to slip from my pussy, so I ground my hips over him and refused to let him leave.

Logan laughed. "You will have to give me a little time before I can please you again, lass."

I laid my head on his shoulder and drew in his musky scent. "I think I've died and gone to heaven."

"We do fit, don't we, Jane? Just as I knew we would."

Still connected to him, I pictured us as a lock on a door. I was the lock and he was the key. We fit, all right. "Yes," I murmured.

Strong hands stroked up and down my back. He started to lengthen, harden, filling me again.

"Aye, I've found the right woman."

I gazed up into his soulful eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You, Jane, you're the one. The one I've been searching for."

"That's sweet, Logan, but you don't have to say these things. We don't even know each other."

I couldn't handle empty promises while the man was still embedded in me. Was it right to talk about a tomorrow with someone who was just a sexual fling? Although thinking of him that way felt wrong, somehow. Perhaps there was a rulebook on what to do and say with someone like Logan.

"I'm not saying flowery words to ease your pain when we part, love. I'm telling you we do not need to be apart."

I sat up, only halfway conscious that I still straddled him. "Would you mind explaining?"

"We fit," he said, taking full advantage of my naked breasts with his tempting hands.

"I'm sure many women *fit*." Not that I wanted to think about the other women who had come before me. Pun intended.

"Others have tried to fit, and failed, but we fit here." Logan placed his open palm to my chest.

My mind wrapped around his words, trying to find their meaning. *Oh, God, what was this fun, caring, sexy man saying?* My heart opened, hoped.

"And here," he murmured, then gave a simple thrust of his hips against mine. "Even now I'm growing inside you. Do you feel it, Jane?"

Oh, I felt it all right. As soon as he mentioned it, I tightened my pussy in a playful retort. I squirmed just a little and bit back a moan as he thickened.

“Okay, we fit,” I acknowledged, trying to control my body, but my hips ground against his without my permission.

“Finding my mate means finding the woman who fits in all ways. Here, and here,” he said again, one hand resting above my heart and the other gently rubbing and coaxing my mound into submission. “That woman is you, Jane. You’re my mate.”

I paused. Did he just use the word mate? Twice? Then a thought crossed my mind. *God, had I taken that damn pink pill before I ran out of my apartment this morning?*

I started to scramble off his growing cock, but Logan held me in place and impaled me further. His now-engorged shaft, alert and ready to please, hit the back of my womb. My worry swiftly fled in the face of the pleasure Logan thrust into me. Once again, I wanted—no, *needed*—him to penetrate every inch of my body.

Without my blessing, my body arched, urging swifter thrusts from Logan until I tipped the scales and called out my release. He joined me seconds later as he emptied more of his seed inside me.

Collapsing on him, I wondered again about his words. The loving things he’d said I had only dreamed of hearing from a man, the right man, but this was all happening so desperately fast. Foolishly fast. And, good God, it was scary.

“I think I should go.” But I didn’t move.

“Please, I can’t let you do that, Jane. Listen to me.” He guided his hands over my arms in a feather-light touch. “You’ve captured a part of me, lass, in these few hours.”

I shook my head, feeling the same about him but

knowing it hadn't been more than an hour or two since we met on the street. I glanced at my watch to prove to myself I wasn't wrong. Damn, it was past three in the afternoon. How had that happened? Logan crossed my path at just after nine.

I shrugged. "Time flies."

He nuzzled my neck and murmured, "You have no idea."

My senses hit some sort of overload at that point. I knew that if I didn't flee soon, Logan was going to do or say something even more confusing than his heart-wrenching pleas about tomorrow and about us fitting and being soul mates.

"This has been amazing. *You* are amazing. I'd like nothing better than to stay here forever, away from the chaos of life."

"I'm happy to hear that."

"But...I really do need to go." I rolled onto my back and pushed my feet off the side of the bed.

The cold floor jolted my thoughts back to the room and its distinctive furnishings. I took a moment to glance at my surroundings again.

Large curtained panels draped what I assumed were windows, and the heavy pieces of furniture looked like they belonged in a house of antiques. The wood was oiled, authentic and hand-carved; no compressed wood or manufactured furniture in sight.

Much like the man, the room was completely "old world." Not that I really knew what that meant until today. Something about the room bugged me, however, I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

Slightly stiff and wonderfully swollen, I stood on wobbly legs. I found my panties and slipped them over my hips. When I reached for my jeans, I glanced at Logan, who sat on the bed, leaning against the headboard and watching me. His smile was full of promise.

“What are you thinking about?” I asked, really wanting to know what gave him such a complacent look. Or was he simply as satisfied with me as I was with him?

“I can’t believe I’ve found you.”

I sent him an exasperated look and started to glance away, but something in his expression captured my gaze and refused to let go.

“What do you mean?”

“When I woke this morning, I knew I would find you today.”

I smiled at his cryptic words, but my amusement slipped when I heard their intensity. He was serious.

“What do you mean? Who told you you’d find me?”

“Not a *who*, lass. A *what*. A force more powerful than you or me. Premonitions often fill my dreams of what the future will hold, and they always come true. I’ve realized they are fueled by a higher power. Do you believe in a higher power, Jane?”

I nodded, suddenly afraid to talk.

“Tis good to know. This higher power told me I would find you on this day, in your time. That you would show yourself to me and, when confronted, you wouldn’t run away.”

I thought about my urge to run when he caught me taking his picture. I almost did run, but my attraction stopped me. No, that wasn’t quite true. Desire, instant trust and an overwhelming need to know him better were what stopped me from sprinting in the opposite direction of this delicious man.

“I knew your trust in me would be immediate; our attraction, fierce.”

I couldn’t argue with that. If his horoscope had led him to me, then I’d subscribe to every rag out there in twelve different languages.

“You concluded all of this from a dream?”

“Aye. My dream showed that, once we completed our union, we’d be joined together, forever.”

Although I liked the sound of that, I thought maybe it was the aftermath of our mind-blowing sex doing the talking. “It’s a little soon to be discussing forever, don’t you think?”

Logan reached over and hauled me onto his lap as if I weighed no more than a rag doll. I snuggled into his arms, and the warmth kept me there.

“No, love. ’Tisn’t too soon. I’ve searched for you for centuries, and I will not be denied you now.”

I guess I knew he had to be a little crazy to be wearing a kilt in downtown Seattle, but his words and vehement tone reinforced this impression. Although I didn’t feel in the least bit afraid of him, he troubled me. Passion clouded my thoughts earlier, but now, even snuggled against his chest with his hand lightly stroking my thigh, I worried.

“I’m not denying you, Logan,” I reminded him.

His teeth grazed my collarbone.

“If you want to see me again, we can go out for dinner any time you like.” My stomach rumbled.

“Is it food you want then, Jane?”

I needed to think, needed more information, and food would keep our conversation going. Keep me by his side.

“Well, I did miss lunch,” I purred against his neck.

“Why didn’t you say so?” Logan set me beside him, then got out of bed and tossed the covers over me. He pulled on a long, thick, decorative rope hanging from a corner of the ceiling and quickly put his kilt back on.

A timid knock on the door had me adjusting the covers over my breasts. Logan yelled a quick “Enter!” before the door swung open.

A small woman, wearing a long wool dress with

a bodice that slimmed her waist, entered the room with her gaze lowered. Her eyes never met mine, or Logan's.

"The lady would like something to eat. See that our meal is brought up here." He spoke with such authority that I stared opened-mouthed at him.

"Aye, my lord." The woman scrambled out of the room as quickly as she entered it.

"What was that all about?" And why had the woman referred to him as *my lord*?

"That was Megan. She is one of our upstairs maids."

My heartbeat quickened as I interpreted his words. *Maids*, as in, *many*. Okay, so the man had servants. Still, it was odd how Megan addressed him.

"I need to explain."

"I think maybe you do."

"This might be a little difficult for you to believe."

"I'm listening." *And withholding judgment.* Wow, I was learning after all.

"I am a Highlander, one of the last in my clan."

My gaze darted to Logan's swords over the mantel as I thought of Sean Connery wielding such a sword over his head. I said nothing while he continued.

"I've slipped through time in my search for you, the woman who will be at my side. The woman who will bear my children."

Again, I held my tongue, stacking up Logan's delusions in my mind. *So, he thinks he's a time-traveling lord from the Highlands of Scotland, searching for a mate. Oh boy, I won the booby prize today.* My heart fell. How could someone so damned sexy be so damned nuts?

"You think me mad?"

"I think you need help," I said without thinking.

“When you passed through that door, you passed through time.”

I didn’t buy his story, so I thought it best to blow his delusions as quickly as I could. “So what year is it?”

He smiled, pleased I asked. “Sixteen twenty-eight.”

I shook my head. “If it was sixteen twenty-eight then this building wouldn’t be here. Seattle was nothing more than wilderness inhabited by Indians and wildlife.”

“As I’m sure it is.” Logan walked over to the heavy curtains and opened them wide.

My breath caught. Beyond the window lay large fields of heather, strung out over rolling hills: a photographer’s dream. Stumbling off the bed, I hurried to his side. I swallowed hard to push back my sudden dizziness.

“What the hell did you do to Seattle?”

“Nothing, love. ’Tis still there.”

I scanned the purplish hillsides, searching for something familiar. “We aren’t in Seattle anymore?”

It was a stupid question. Although rain had recently saturated the countryside, the land didn’t resemble the Pacific Northwest at all. No large evergreens dotted the hillsides. The busy freeways and bustling streets were gone. The city had vanished and left miles and miles of rolling hills in its place.

I turned away, not believing my eyes. The scene outside was crazy. *Oh, God, he’s pulling me into his delusion.* I couldn’t think straight, so I marched across the room to put distance—emotionally and physically—between Logan and me.

I closed my eyes, afraid to ask but needing to know. “Where am I?”

“Scotland, of course.”

I laughed, a manic little laugh that had me

questioning my own sanity. "Of course."

"I see this is a bit of a shock." Logan stepped closer.

I backed into a chair but refused to sit. "You think?"

Logan folded me into his arms. I tried to move away, but like every time I was near this man, I couldn't.

"Don't you see, love? We are meant for each other." He kissed my parted lips that panted for air. My head got dizzy all over again.

Sixteen twenty-eight? Damn, do they even have electricity? No. Plumbing—wait! This is ridiculous. I can't possibly be considering this. Or can I?

"You will love my home, my people."

"Sixteen twenty-eight," I said, more to myself than him. I grew cold. "Three hundred and eighty years ago?"

"Aye."

"I think you should have asked my permission before taking me through time." I pushed out of his arms, shook my head. "You ask permission to touch someone, to take them out on a date, to call them. You damn well better ask them if you can take them back in time."

"I wasn't certain we slipped through. Not until Megan answered my call did I know it for fact. Not everyone can travel in time, Jane. If you weren't meant for me, when the door opened, it would have been Chase on the other side."

"Where is Chase now?" I don't know why I asked, but it was one of many things I needed to know.

"In your Seattle. In your time."

"So you can come and go as you please?" How? My mind pressed for answers, but all I got were more questions. My time sat suspended? Waiting for me? Us? *This is crazy.*

He smiled. "Aye, anytime I wish. 'Tis my gift. With permission, it will soon be yours, too."

Eyes wide, I pondered what a life traveling through time would be like. And Logan, was he really asking me to be with him? *What was the last thing he said?* "My permission? We just came through together, so how is it you need my permission now?"

Logan placed both hands on my face and stared at me with a sobering look. "Now that you know I am not mad, you have to trust in me, Jane."

His touch steadied me. His frank gaze focused my thoughts. In the last several hours, I had met, laughed, made love and apparently traveled through time with this amazing man. His intense stare held longing, pain-filled longing.

No, Logan wasn't crazy. I trusted him. "I do. I probably shouldn't, but I do."

His smile flashed, and the ardent yearning lifted from his face. "Your honesty will bring us far, love. Trust in your instincts." He brushed his lips against mine.

"Okay." I would agree to just about anything when he held me like this.

"Close your eyes."

I did. His warm hands circled my arms, sending shivers down my spine.

"Do you see tomorrow, lass?"

I thought of what tomorrow would look like, of what my future held with Logan laughing by my side. Sexy nights and romantic walks in the rain.

"Do you see my home?" he asked.

I started to shake my head, but then it was there, in my mind. I gasped. A stone structure filled with turrets and massive walls that reached into the sky. I didn't know how I saw it, but perhaps Logan had somehow pushed this image into my mind. I'd never seen this place before, I was sure of it. Not

even in a picture.

Then I saw us. Logan, with his confident and wickedly cocky grin that swept over his masculine jaw, and his kilt flapping in the wind, teasing me with glimpses of those muscular thighs. Me, with a flowing gown made in the same vibrant colors of his plaid. We stood on a heather-covered green hillside holding hands.

“Yes, I see it.”

“Am I by your side?”

I shivered. “Yes.” I reached up and clasped his fingers to mine.

“Open your eyes, love.”

Logan slid his hand around my frame and pulled me close. It dawned on me that I stood in nothing more than a thong but didn’t feel naked—more like I was cuddled up in my favorite PJs and sitting by a roaring fire. In short, I felt at home.

“I am your future. You are meant for me. I have traveled to every century looking, searching. The journey has been long and terribly lonely.”

“How do you know I’m the one?”

“In my dream, my woman would show herself to me and not desire to leave my side. Our attraction would be impossible to ignore; our fit would be perfect. Her character would intrigue me, make me smile and brighten my lonely existence. She, *you*,” he said once again, softly kissing my parted lips, “would see my world, accept it and me.”

As he poured out his soul, an overwhelming sense of awe struck me. Hell, who was I to question fate? And fate was exactly what Logan spoke of. Relationships took risk. Sometimes those risks were big giant leaps of faith. What did I have to lose? Better yet, I realized, I had everything to gain.

“Do you believe me now, love?”

“Yes, Logan, I believe you. I probably shouldn’t, but I do.”

“Do you still want to leave my side?”

I thought about that for less than a second.
“No.”

A sinful smile swept over his mouth. “Good,” he sighed as he pressed me firmly against his body. When he kissed me this time, it felt like a promise. I wiggled closer, wanting more of him.

Logan dragged his mouth away from mine.

“Wait, lass.”

He moved to the bed and pulled a blanket from the mattress. He slipped it over my shoulders and opened the door to the room.

“Chase,” he called from the door.

Surprised at hearing him call for his Seattle friend, I sent him a puzzled look. The handsome blond came in the room, briefly glanced my way, and tilted his head at Logan.

“My lord?”

“See that my wife’s belongings are gathered and brought to us here.”

Wife? Did time fly by so fast that I missed the wedding?

Logan turned my way. “Where do you live?”

I spouted off my address, my head spinning. We’re back? How?

Chase left the room. The minute he did, I rushed to the window and saw the brick building across the alley. *Holy shit, that was fast.*

“We’re back in 2009.”

“Aye.”

“But we’re going back, to your time?”

“We wouldn’t want Megan to deliver our supper and us not be there to get it, would we?”

“Of course not.” *How silly of me.*

Logan came up behind me, kissed my neck, and removed the blanket he had tossed on me for modesty. “We have a little time before he returns.”

Logan’s hands skimmed my flat stomach and

reached into my thong. He didn't play fair. My mind raced with a thousand different questions while his fingers played me like a violin.

"You called me your wife," I murmured, trying to focus on my rapidly changing life, and not on the fingers he slipped in me.

"A formality, easily fixed," he said while his thumb flickered back and forth over my swollen sex.

I groaned. "I don't remember you asking." Not that he needed to, but I didn't want to be *that* easy.

He turned me around and pressed me up against the hard wall, his body blanketing mine, his erection straining beneath his plaid. Merriment danced in his gaze, replaced by a sudden intensity.

"Marry me, Jane." Logan searched my eyes for my thoughts while his hand traveled over my hip. "Make love to me every night. Bear my children and walk by my side through time."

Logan held his breath, immobile, waiting for my answer. His sincerity overwhelmed me, and joy blossomed in my heart.

I bobbed my head again. "Okay." Like there was any other answer.

"Okay, you'll marry me?" he asked, sagging in relief before lowering his mouth to my exposed breast. His tongue grazed my flesh, bringing my nipple to a hard point.

"Yes."

He nipped at me with his teeth. Desire shot straight to my core. "Okay, you'll make love to me every night?"

"Oh, God, yes, yes."

Moving to my neglected nipple, he repeated his pursuit. "Okay, you'll bear my children?"

He hovered, waiting for my answer, while I held my breath, anticipating the gentle bite to follow. "I wouldn't be surprised if there was something cooking in there already."

Kilt Worthy

His bite had me quivering and on the brink of ecstasy.

“Okay, you’ll walk by my side through time?”
With one flick of his wrist, Logan’s kilt fell to the floor.

“Been there, done that.”

He laughed.

“Logan?”

“What, love?” He pulled me against him.

“Are we going to talk all day, or are you going to make love to me again?”

His arms swept me off my feet, just like the man had done. “I thought you’d never ask.”

About the author...

Catherine Bybee has been addicted to books for as long as she can remember. With the love of reading romance novels came the desire to write them as well. Creating worlds where passion and intrigue collide and where werewolves fall in love gives Catherine the perfect balance. And what young woman hasn't fantasized of traveling through time to find the perfect man?

Catherine currently lives in Southern California with her supportive and patient husband and two growing sons. If she isn't busy at her computer or with her family, she's volunteering for any number of organizations or working as a RN in a busy Emergency Room.

Visit Catherine at
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