



Country Loving

Robin Leigh Miller

eBooks are *not* transferable. They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement of the copyright of this work.

COUNTRY LOVING
28 Days of Heart Series
Copyright © 2010 ROBIN LEIGH MILLER
Cover art by Amanda Kelsey
Edited by Nicole Bunting
eBook conversion by jimandzetta.com

All Romance eBooks, LLC
Palm Harbor, Florida 34684
www.allromanceebooks.com

This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or business establishments, events, or locales is coincidental.

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First All Romance eBooks publication: February 2010

Foreword

“Nothing’s better than a healthy heart, which helps women endure the ailments of life—physical or romantic—and come out on top of it all. This anthology, with stories by some of the most talented romance writers in the market, will benefit hearts everywhere. It’s not often you can contribute to a worthy cause, one that may well affect you in your lifetime, and at the same time assure yourself of some excellent entertainment. Have a good time, and let your heart be your guide.”

Charlaine Harris

Chapter One

Chloe Bridges zipped down the two-lane road in her onyx BMW and marveled at how little Trout Run, Pennsylvania, had changed over the last eight years. Nothing but fields of corn as far as the eye could see.

Small town life wasn't for her, never had been. She wanted the city, lights, and hordes of people milling around. Three days after graduating from high school, she had packed her bags, headed for the city, and didn't look back.

Of course life in the big city wasn't all she thought it would be either. Her job paid well, she lived in a nice apartment, but her social life sucked, royally. At first she enjoyed being flirted with and courted by the most handsome, wealthiest men but soon realized she was nothing more than a trophy for them to show off. Shallow, that was what they were, shallow, self-centered, egotistical asses. There were no good, decent men like her father in the world any longer. At least she couldn't find one.

Chloe hadn't dated in over six months and her sex life, well, it sucked as well. She hadn't had a sexual relationship in a year and a half and the last one wasn't much to brag about. What she wouldn't give to find a man that could make her toes curl and her muscles melt.

Her co-workers teased that it wasn't the men she dated, it was her. She had the problem. That got her thinking. Maybe she did have the problem. She could never connect with any of

Robin Leigh Miller

the men she dated, always comparing them with some fictional man she'd created in her mind. No matter how much slack she tried to cut them, they just didn't do it for her.

The last guy she went out with, Martin Phillips, decided he wanted her even though she didn't want him. The stalking and harassing phone calls never ended. The police could do little to help her. Finding paparazzi style photos of herself going about her morning routines spread out on her bed sent her spiraling into anxiety attacks that stole her breath and cramped her stomach. The photos appeared to be taken from inside her apartment, making her once safe haven feel as open and public as the streets of the city. After finding pictures taken from somewhere in her bedroom, pictures she wasn't aware had been taken, of her undressing, she had panicked.

The police couldn't find any cameras cleverly hidden in her room and suggested she get her locks changed. Chloe did, only to find a picture of her with the face sliced to shreds strategically placed on her dining table. Suddenly living in the city with hordes of people didn't seem so great.

So, she had taken a sabbatical from her job and decided to come home and see if she could bring some sanity back to her life. She missed her mom and dad, too. An extended visit would give her a chance to spend time with her mother before her heart condition took her away.

Rounding a turn, a green monstrosity blocked her way and a tractor trailer sat idling in the other lane. She slowed to a stop and grumbled to herself. After six hours on the road, all she wanted to do was get to her parents' home, kick off her heels, sink into the new, plush couch she'd bought her mother, and sip an ice cold sweet tea.

Impatient and still running on city time, Chloe honked her horn, letting the farmer know she was there. The tractor still didn't move. She cursed under breath and laid on her horn, blaring it for a full ten seconds.

"Inconsiderate hick," she muttered under her breath. The farmer made no effort to move. "Oh, come on." She slipped out

Country Loving

of her car and strutted up the road. The sound of her heels clicking on the macadam echoed around the fields.

As she neared the back of the huge green beast, the cab door opened. A pair of jean-clad legs and heavy work-booted feet dropped to the ground. Chloe's gaze traveled up the thick, muscled thighs and came to a crashing halt on the most unbelievably gorgeous ass she'd ever seen. Tight, toned, and hugged oh so snugly in faded denim. Tearing her gaze away from his ass was hard, incredibly hard but if his ass was this good, then the rest of him had to be spectacular.

She didn't have to wait long. He closed the cab door, turned, and her heart dropped to the pit of her stomach like she'd just taken the steepest hill on a roller coaster. When the hell did farmers start growing into raw sin and heaven's best all rolled into one?

Tufts of dark brown hair curled over the edges of the tattered, faded baseball cap pulled tightly down over his head. She couldn't see his eyes, not the way the bill shaded them. His jaw was square and chiseled. A navy blue t-shirt stretched across his heavily muscled chest, hugging his abs like a lover clinging tight.

The urge to see the entire package clawed at her. Allowing her gaze to drop slightly, she lost her breath. Quickly, she shot her eyes up to his face and admired the god-like vision that had been carved from someone's deepest, darkest fantasies and thank heaven for that.

The farmer god crossed his arms and rocked back on his heels. Chloe realized her mouth was hanging open and snapped it shut, crossing her arms over her chest as well.

A slow, crooked smile tugged at the man's lips, making him even sexier. Her blood heated and rushed through her body. Her palms sweated and she swore her heart would beat right out of her chest.

"Is there a problem?" he asked in a slow drawl that made her skin tingle and hot, slick juice rush from between her legs.

Robin Leigh Miller

She'd never been so turned on by a man she didn't know. He oozed power and domination and, for some odd reason, it made her hot. Unfamiliar with this immediate, strong attraction, she tightened her arms around her chest, trying to show indignation.

"Yes, there's a problem. You're blocking the whole damn road and I'd like to get through."

His chuckle sent another wave of heat through her system and her nipples stabbed at her crossed arms. He strolled very slowly toward her, his movements deliberate. Did he take a woman in the same manner? Let her feel every sensation as he moved inside her?

"You never were very patient, Chloe."

He knew her name. Did she know him? She certainly wouldn't forget a man like this if she'd ever met him.

He reached up to lift the bill of his cap and her knees nearly buckled.

"Tag," she whispered. Tagart Sloan. She had graduated with him and used to live next door.

Before she had left, he had been nothing like the walking, talking orgasm that stood before her now. He had been scrawny, all legs and arms and skin, nothing else. He'd been the target of all the local jocks. The girls were no better, nasty comments flying at him as they passed in the hall. They didn't see what Chloe saw in him: a caring, funny kid that simply hadn't grown into his body yet.

He used to come over and help her father with some of the farming, if he weren't busy working his dad's farm. She always figured he'd muscle up eventually, but good Lord.

"Is that you, Tag?"

His smile broadened and his eyes sparkled. "It is," he answered in his slow, deep voice. "How are you, Chloe?"

Country Loving

"I'm fine. What the hell did you do, eat some of your dad's fertilizer?" She couldn't take her eyes off him. Hell, she wanted to touch him, feel all that iron muscle.

Tag chuckled again. "Nah, just finally grew up. You're looking damn good these days. City life must agree with you."

Darting her gaze away, she nodded. "How is your family?" Every time Chloe asked her mom about the Sloans, she merely said they were fine and quickly changed the subject. The one time Chloe asked about Tag, her mom said he'd grown up.

"Dad's not getting around all that well these days. Mom dotes on him. He bitches about it, but I think he likes every moment."

She couldn't help the smile that spread across her face. Besides her mom and dad, she'd never seen a couple more in love. It was good to know some things lasted. "That's nice." The wistfulness in her voice had him arching an eyebrow. "It doesn't appear the place changed all that much," she said, hoping to redirect his attention.

Tag shrugged. "Afraid not. But I always liked it here."

"Yeah, you did." He'd told her one time that he would never leave. "Are you still living at your parents'?"

"No, I bought the old Hendrix farm."

"You bought the old haunted house?" The stories used to run rampant about the ghosts that lingered on the property at night. As seniors, her and some of her friends had tried to camp on the property, only to go running home at two in the morning.

"The only thing that haunted that house was loneliness. I've spent the last four years fixing it up."

Wow, he must have been in debt up to his ears putting money into that old death trap.

"You gonna be around for awhile?"

Robin Leigh Miller

Her stomach fluttered. She licked her lips and nearly groaned as his gaze settled on her mouth. "I took a sabbatical from work, so I'll be here for a little while." Hopefully she'd be able to regain some sanity in her life.

"Everything okay?" he asked, sincerity filling his eyes.

She smiled. "I'm sure you know about my mother's heart condition. I've wanted to spend some time with her before...well, I just need to be with her right now." Truth be told, she missed her parents' terribly and with the stalker situation back in the city, she needed them.

Tag nodded slowly. "I hope I get to see you around then."

"Yeah, I'd like to do some catching up." She'd like to wrap her legs around his waist and press her aching breasts against his brick chest. Holy crap, the country air seemed to be breathing life into the libido that had shriveled up in the city.

He smiled again and she had to stifle a shiver. Damn, but he had a sexy mouth. A mouth that she could clearly see doing wonderful things to her body.

"I'll get out of your way so you can move on. It was good to see you, Chloe."

"It was good to see you, Tag." Real good to see him.

Chapter Two

The rest of the five miles to her parents' house she wondered about Tagart Sloan. Was he married? He had to be. Surely one of the town women had sunk her claws into him by now. God, Chloe couldn't get the image of him out of her mind.

After she pulled into the gravel parking lot of her parents' home, she turned off the car and gazed around the property. Still the same, though the barn appeared to have gotten a face lift. She figured it would have been run down by now. The house had new siding and shutters, and a new Chevy sat in the driveway.

"Farming must be paying well," she muttered, climbing from the car.

The front door opened and her father rushed out with a huge smile on his face. Tears stung her eyes and relief swamped her. She was home and it felt good.

"There's my little girl." Her dad wrapped his arms around her, squeezing.

"Hey, Dad," she choked out and laughed.

Stepping back, he held her gaze. His brow creased and worry filled his eyes. She never could hide anything from her parents. Like always, her dad had seen deep inside her soul.

Robin Leigh Miller

“You’ll tell us when you’re ready,” he said as wrinkles crinkled at the corner of his eyes. “Come on in. Your mother is flitting around the house like a humming bird.”

“How’s she doing?” Her mother’s heart had weakened over the last year and Chloe feared the phone call that would one day come.

“I won’t lie to you, honey. She wears down faster than she used to, but she’s a fighter.”

“There’s a doctor I’d like her to see. He’s in the city, but the travel could be worth it.” He was also incredibly expensive, but she’d been putting money away. Her mother’s health came before material items.

“Ah, well, we’ll talk about that later.” He rushed her inside the house. “Maggy, we’ve got company.”

Her mother came scurrying out of the kitchen. Chloe stood dumbfounded at the sight of her mother. She had expected a frail, pale woman, not the toned, tan hottie dressed in tight jeans and a snug t-shirt.

“Mom, you look amazing.” Her hair was gently colored a lovely shade of chestnut and cut in layers around her face. The style took a good ten years off her. Her mother hugged her so tight, Chloe thought she’d crush her ribs. So much for being frail.

“It’s good to have you home,” her mother sighed and then release her. “I have your room all made up. Are you hungry? I made a pot of vegetable soup.”

Her mom hustled her into the kitchen and Chloe noticed the new cabinets, sink, fridge, and table. In fact, she thought the living room had even been redone.

“My goodness. When did you do all the remodeling?” She accepted the bowl of soup her mother put down in front of her. She wasn’t really hungry but the delicious aroma made her mouth water.

“Oh, we did a little here and there,” her father said.

Country Loving

She didn't miss the odd glance he gave her mother. They were up to something, she knew it, but right now she'd let them have their secrets. They all sat and ate, carrying on idle chatter. After finishing, Chloe helped her mother clean up.

"So, what are we going to do tonight?" Chloe asked casually.

"Your father and I are going out with the Sloans," her mother informed her. "We have a standing date with them on Saturday nights."

"Oh." Well, that was nice, she guessed. "What do you guys do?" What in the world did people in their sixties do on a Saturday night?

"There's a nice little club in Williamsport that caters to the older generation. We dance, have a few drinks, and just have fun." Her dad patted her mom's butt and winked.

Chloe felt her mouth drop open.

"Close your mouth, honey. You'll catch flies," her mother teased.

"Things have really changed," she whispered. "You used to work until midnight on the weekends, Dad."

He only shrugged and escaped back to their bedroom. Chloe frowned. Who were these people and what had they done with her real parents?

"There's a new bar down town," her mother told her. "They're having what they call a harvest party there tonight. Why don't you go?"

Chloe nodded absently. Maybe she'd run into Tag. "I ran into Tag on the way here," she blurted out.

Her mother froze. "Did you?"

Chloe relayed the story and laughed. "You weren't kidding when you said he grew up. So, who was the lucky one who snagged him?" She wasn't sure she wanted to know.

"He isn't married. Not even seeing anyone."

Robin Leigh Miller

“Really? That’s strange.” How could a man as sexy as him be single? Maybe he was gay?

“He works hard, Chloe. Spends a lot of time farming. It’s paid off for him.”

“Yeah, sure.” Still, it didn’t seem right.

“Come on, Maggy,” her father said as he walked into the kitchen. “Let’s get a move on. We don’t want to keep the Sloans waiting.”

Chloe sat at the table and watched as her mom and dad fluttered around, tossing sexual comments back and forth. Her mom strolled into the room wearing a pair of black, tight slacks and a low cut blouse and Chloe knew she’d walked into an alternate universe. Her mother’s arms were toned and there wasn’t a bit of sagging skin.

“Jeez, mom. I hope I inherited you’re genes. Have you been lifting weights?”

Her mother simply patted her cheek. Chloe shook her head as they walked out the door and found herself alone, again. She had come home because she didn’t want to be alone. Well, she could always go find that bar.

Chapter Three

Two hours later Chloe pulled into the parking lot of the new bar. She squinted against the bright lights. Dozens of cars filled the lot and people mingled around, drinks in hand. Where the hell had all these people come from? There weren't but a hundred people in Trout Run, and most of them were over the age of fifty.

After finding a parking spot, she crawled from the car, locked it, and headed for the front door. The place had been designed like a huge log cabin, warm and inviting. As she entered, the thump of the music assaulted her ears. Strobe lights flashed in a multitude of colors over the dancers in the middle of the floor.

Chloe spotted a small table with two chairs. Shortly after sitting, a pretty waitress took her order and skillfully weaved through the crowd to the large, wooden bar. She liked the place. A lot of thought had been put into its construction with a wide open space to give plenty of room for dancing and a long, wraparound bar at the back to accommodate many patrons.

The waitress delivered Chloe's apple martini, set up a tab, and hustled away. Chloe sat back in her chair, sipped her drink, and watched the partiers. She found herself laughing at some of the dance moves on the floor and wondered if she had ever acted so ridiculous.

"Having a good time?"

Robin Leigh Miller

Shivers skittered across her skin at the sound of Tag's rich voice. His warm breath washed over the back of her neck. Where had he come from? She hadn't seen him among the crowd.

"This is a nice place," she told him as he came around the table and sat in the empty chair. "They seem to do a good business."

He flashed her one of his sexy smiles and she felt her insides go mushy. To stifle heated, erotic notions floating through her head, she took a long sip of her martini. His gaze never left her lips as she sipped and then licked the liquor away.

"Things seem to be going well for you, Tag," Chloe stated, propping her hand under her chin and letting her gaze roam over his stern, handsome face. "But I always knew they would."

Cocking his head to the side, Tag gave her an inquisitive smile. "How so?"

Giving a brief shrug, she smiled. "You were always so sure of yourself. Had a clear picture of what you wanted in your life and went for it, no matter what anyone said." A buried memory surfaced then, making her chuckle. "Remember that time you were hell-bent on fixing my bike but my dad and yours kept telling you to let it alone?"

"I remember." He gave a curt nod and frowned slightly. "You were the only one that believed I could do it."

"You spent an entire Sunday afternoon in Dad's barn, and when I brought you out some iced tea you were covered in grease and grime from head to toe." Chloe remembered the satisfied smile on his face as he stood and announced he'd finished.

"Best tea I ever drank."

She waved the compliment away. "It seemed as though the more someone told you something couldn't be done, the more determined you were to prove them wrong."

Country Loving

Tag chuckled, a deep, throaty sound that sent shivers skittering over her flesh. "A severe flaw of mine."

"No, not a flaw," she told him. "A quality not found in many people these days." A quality Chloe realized was missing in the men she dated.

"As I recall you promptly sped out of the barn on that bike, hit a rather large rock, and sent yourself flying over the handlebars, not to mention bending the front tire."

Chloe snorted. "I forgot about that, but you bought me a new tire and I was riding again a few days later." She hadn't given much thought to that at the time but Tag must have dug into his chore money for her, not to mention he never once berated her for not seeing such a large rock.

"Hey," he laughed, "remember that night our dads decided they were going bale three fields of hay before we got hit with that two-day storm?"

Remember? She still carried scars from the deep scratches she had received falling off the wagon. "How could I forget the worst night of my life."

"Oh, come on, Chloe. It wasn't that bad." He winked at her, a flirty little gesture of his that always made her stomach flutter.

"As I recall that was one of the few times you got upset with my clumsiness."

They had been only sixteen years old and Chloe just started to notice Tag physically. His irritation had him clenching his jaw and bunching his barely noticeable muscles, something she couldn't take her eyes from at the time.

"I wasn't angry with you, Chloe," he said patiently. "I was angry at the situation. You had no business being out there on that damn wagon tossing bales of hay around. Hell, I could barely handle them at the pace our fathers were going." A cocky little twinkle flickered in his eyes. "I did enjoy seeing your cute little butt bent over every time you struggled with one."

Robin Leigh Miller

A wave of heat rushed through her body, leaving her nearly panting. He'd been looking at her butt? Clearing her throat, she laughed. "I bet you had fun watching it go over the side of the wagon too."

Tag frowned, the twinkle in his eyes fading, replaced by anger. Chloe's breathe caught at the sight of his clenched jaw and tense neck muscles. God, he'd become so sexy over the years.

"You could have fallen beneath the tires of the wagon. You could have been severely hurt. I didn't enjoy anything about that part of the evening." Tag spoke with a deep, dark voice that matched his looks so perfectly.

"You moved me to the back of the wagon and took on both our jobs that night." A sudden realization hit her, one she should have had so many years ago. "You were always looking out for me, weren't you?"

His gaze never wavered from hers. "Someone needed to. And I enjoyed it, mostly." He smiled and winked again.

Suddenly she wanted to taste those lips. God, she had missed talking with Tag. He always made her feel at ease within her own skin. He accepted her for who she was, clumsiness included. He wanted her opinion and never failed to amaze and impress her with his strong will and certainty of who he was.

A flood of memories whisked through her brain. Through her entire childhood, including those hormonal teen years, she had one constant in her life. Tag. No matter what the circumstances, Tag was there for her, seeing her through and keeping her safe. She knew without a doubt that he'd hurt himself before he'd ever hurt her.

"Thank you," she said on a whim, not really sure if he heard her or not.

He frowned, again cocking his head to the side. "For what?"

Country Loving

“For being you.” Chloe gave him her brightest, most meaningful smile and laughed as though a weight of dread had been lifted from her chest.

Had she finally opened her eyes enough to see what had been right in front of her all along? The imaginary night in shining amour she held all other men to had been her best friend, by her side and more than willing to protect, yet allow her to go her own way. And it didn’t hurt it that he’d matured into a muscle-bound, sexy god.

In a matter of a day she’d gone from not being able to hold a conversation or being able to be touched by a man to talking casually with her oldest friend and wondering what it would be like to be touched by him.

“Chloe, would you like to—”

“Tag!” a woman shrieked and all but ran toward their table. “I’ve been looking all over for you.” The woman pressed her ample breasts, which were almost tucked inside her v-neck top, against Tag’s back.

“Dana,” he nearly growled. “You remember Chloe Bridges.”

Dana, of course. Chloe should have realized. Dana slid her hand down over Tag’s shoulder until it rested on his chest. As Dana rested her boobs around his neck, Chloe glanced at Tag and almost laughed. His face had gone bright red and his eyes glowed with what she could clearly see was anger.

“Chloe. Oh my God. I didn’t know you were in town. How are you?”

She and Dana had been friends at one point in their teen years, until Dana made a move on Chloe’s boyfriend. It seemed she was still throwing herself at men.

“Just came in today, Dana. How are you?”

Dana ignored her. “Dance with me, Tag.”

The muscle in Tag’s jaw ticked from the pressure he exerted on his teeth, until Chloe thought his teeth would

Robin Leigh Miller

shatter. He took Dana's hand off his chest, held it away from his body, and stood. "Give it a rest, Dana. How many times do you have to be told no?"

Chloe wanted to turn away. It would have been the right thing to do, but she simply couldn't force herself. Dana's indignation was priceless.

"My dances are saved for, Chloe," he told her as he stepped away and held out his hand.

Chloe slipped her hand in his and prayed he wouldn't notice her sweating palm. He led her to the dance floor and nodded to the DJ, and suddenly the music changed from hard, thumping beats to something slow and easy. Tag pulled her tight against his body and rested one hand on her lower back and the other on her hip.

Nerves flared to life making her insides quiver. His large body dwarfed her. His heat engulfed her and as she drew in a deep breath his musky scent made her head spin. She wrapped her arms around his waist and clung tight, resting her head against his chest. It felt right and good to be held by Tag. Probably the only friend she had left in her hometown.

Tag brushed his thumb up and down under her top, his callused skin causing a delicious chill down her spine. Slick juices dampened her panties, startling her. She couldn't remember ever having felt like this for the Tagart she grew up with, her neighbor and friend.

Jerking her head from his chest, she cleared her throat and smiled up at him. "How long have our parents been going out partying?"

His chuckle rumbled up from his chest and her knees went weak. God, he was making her horny.

"For some time. Two years I think."

"Two years? Wow, I had no idea." As she glanced around the dance floor, she noticed Dana and a few other girls watching them closely. Girls she was sure she knew from

Country Loving

school. "I guess more has changed around here than I thought. Including you."

He released her hip, tilted her chin with the tip of his finger, and gazed down at her. Her breath hitched. She could get lost in his eyes, the way they seemed to smolder and draw her in. Carnal lust poured into her bloodstream. Lust she didn't know existed.

"Did you think I would always be that skinny kid everyone picked on?"

She parted her lips to say something, anything, but the words fizzled away when he brushed her lower lip with the pad of his thumb. Hot, wanton breath breezed from between her lips and the groan that emanated from his chest made her body shiver with need and her breasts ache for his touch.

Jesus, she'd lost her mind. She'd gone from not being able to stand men touching her to wanting to strip naked and jump Tag's bones right here in the middle of the bar. Finding a good shrink jumped to the top of her list of things to do.

"Excuse me, Tag," a young man, not appearing to be much over twenty, said carefully. "I need to speak with you a moment."

Tag never acknowledged the kid, just nodded and pressed Chloe closer to his body. Butterflies took flight in the pit of her stomach and her nipples pebbled into tight little peaks.

"Come on, Chloe," he growled. "I'll walk you back to your table."

She allowed him to guide her across the dance floor. Gyrating bodies parted as they moved through. Tag pulled out her chair and held onto her hand as she sat. She didn't want to let go, didn't want to lose any of his warmth.

"I won't be long."

Unable to speak, she simply nodded and watched his fine, toned ass as he strolled across the floor and disappeared behind the bar. Grasping her martini glass, she drank down half of it and sighed. She couldn't look at him enough. He was pure sex

Robin Leigh Miller

from the top of his brown, wispy hair to his cowboy booted feet. Those tight, black denim jeans he wore tonight had her hands flexing. She really, really wanted to grab a hold of that ass and give it a good squeeze.

“It took you long enough, but I knew you’d come back.”

Chloe glanced up and inwardly winced. Dana stood with her arms crossed under her breasts, shoving them high. The woman’s eyes sizzled with hate.

“What are you talking about, Dana?”

“As if you don’t know,” she sneered. “He’s mine, Chloe. I’ve spent the last couple of years working my way into his life. If you think I’ll stand by and let you rub all over him, you’ve got another thing coming.”

City living had taught her many things, the most important, stand up for yourself. Stiffening her spine, she smiled up at Dana. “As I recall, you were one the rudest people in school to Tag, going out your way to belittle him in front of as many people as you could.”

“Circumstances change,” she growled, baring her teeth. “As I recall, you stood by and watched, never once standing up for him. That make you any better?”

Chloe’s heart pinched. She hated being reminded of that particular flaw in her personality. “No, it doesn’t. At least I have the satisfaction of knowing I didn’t hurt him intentionally.”

Dana leaned down, inches away from Chloe’s face. “I’m warning you, Chloe. Stay away from him. He’s mine. You don’t belong here anymore.”

Chloe gave her best smile that didn’t reach her voice. “No one, especially you, tells me what to do. Now, be a good girl and go flaunt those store bought tits of yours somewhere else. They don’t impress me.”

“Chloe? Everything okay?” Tag’s voice rumbled like an angry tiger warning off potential danger.

Country Loving

Dana quickly straightened, flashing him a smile that would make anyone's teeth ache. Chloe continued to glare at Dana.

"Chloe and I were just catching up."

Chloe made a disgusted, snorting sound and glanced toward Tag, eager to see if he bought such crap. To her delight, he didn't and it was written all over his handsome face. How the hell Dana didn't squirm under his intense glare Chloe didn't know.

"Would you like to take a drive, Chloe? It seems a little too close in here for me tonight."

Dana hissed like a cornered snake. Maybe it was just the lights, but Chloe swore she saw fangs poke over the woman's bottom lip.

Giving Tag a bright, pleased smile, Chloe nodded. "I'd like that very much."

Tag offered her his hand and she gladly took it, enjoying the feel of his large hand wrapped around hers. Dana continued to stand there, hands fisted at her sides as they walked toward the front door. Pettiness wasn't her thing, but Chloe couldn't help turning back before they exited the bar. Dana's friends had surrounded her, all glaring at Chloe.

"Don't provoke her," Tag whispered in her ear and this time she did shiver. "She isn't the same girl she used to be."

Chloe grinned. "Dana doesn't worry me."

"She does me," he grunted as they stepped out into the brisk evening air.

Chapter Four

Strolling across the parking lot side by side, Tag rested his hand on Chloe's lower back. Fire licked across her flesh, making her sensitive to every brush of his large body against hers. She didn't understand it. Never once had she felt anything but friendship toward Tag as they grew up. Yet, now, here, she wanted his body naked, hard, and surrounding her.

They approached Tag's pick-up truck, an old Chevy he'd restored with his own flare. Chrome bumpers sparkled under the parking lot lights and the metallic black paint gleamed and shimmered. When he opened the door for her, she gasped. The old bench seat had been recovered in smooth, buttery soft leather.

"Oh, Tag," she whispered. "Is this your dad's old truck?"

"Yeah, I made a few changes on the outside and under the hood. I didn't think you'd remember it."

"Are you crazy? I loved you taking me for rides in this old girl. The way we bounced around on the seat as you tore through the fields." She smoothed her hand over the rich material. "You helped me learn to drive in this."

Tag chuckled. "I can still hear your dad grumbling about how he didn't think you'd ever learn how to drive. He was afraid you'd kill yourself before you turned seventeen."

"You were so patient with me, even when I nearly drove us over that bank." Instead of yelling or belittling her, he had jammed his foot on the brake, stopped the truck and then held

Country Loving

her while she shook. After the shakes subsided, he had given her a pep talk, then resumed the lesson as if nothing happened.

His warm hand settled on her shoulder and she nearly groaned. "I knew you could do anything you set your mind to, Chloe. You just needed someone that didn't intimidate you. I couldn't intimidate a worm back then."

Before she could protest, he gripped her waist and lifted her onto the seat. Startled, she looked up into his eyes as her butt touched the seat and her fingers gripped his shoulders. He held her gaze for long moments, his hands still resting on her hips. Intense warmth poured from his eyes, wrapped around her body, and made her heart race. She wanted to kiss him. She wanted to feel that fire on her lips.

With hesitation, Tag inched his face toward hers. Yes, he wanted to kiss her. She could feel it in the way his body tensed, and as his hooded gaze dropped to her mouth, a billion butterflies swarmed in her stomach all at once. She had no doubt if their lips touched it would be the most erotic event in her life.

"Tell me no," he whispered, a breath away from her lips.

She couldn't even fathom saying that word, not to him. She'd said it so many times in her life to men who didn't even ignite a flicker of lust in her body, it should have come easily. Here, now, she couldn't understand what the word meant.

"Yes," she whispered back, digging her fingers into his steel shoulders.

Tag growled, actually growled, and she whimpered his name a split second before he brushed his lips across hers, a feather light touch that left her aching with need. His fingers dug into her hips as he took her mouth with such hunger it made her head swim.

His tongue pierced between her lips and she moaned in sheer pleasure as their tongues tangled. He tasted of rich brandy and male musk that was so addictive she wrapped her

hand around his neck and pressed him closer. They devoured each other, feasting like starved animals.

A whistle sounded in the background, causing Tag to pull back and rest his forehead against hers. Short pants rushed in and out of Chloe's lungs as her body trembled. She didn't want to stop. She wanted to feel his hands on her everywhere.

"We better go before I fuck you right here," he groaned.

His graphic words sent electric sparks through her bloodstream. Oh yes, she wanted him to fuck her. She had a feeling that if they came together there wouldn't be any treating her like fragile glass. No, Tag would push her to her limits and she'd gladly follow even if it dragged her to the pits of hell.

She never thought of herself as a woman that wanted to be dominated sexually by a man, but the mere thought had her creaming her panties. Maybe that's why she never connected with men. Everyone she had dated wanted her to be the dominate partner. What she really wanted was to be dominated.

She'd be safe with Tag. She'd always been safe with Tag. Turning herself over to him would be so easy.

Pulling away from her, Tag stepped back. The huge bulge she saw straining against the denim of his jeans sent thrills racing through her. As soon as he shut the door, she licked her lips and sighed. Before tonight was over, at the very least, she'd feel his arousal in her hand.

Tag opened the driver's door, slipped into the truck, and stared out the windshield for long moments before turning and pinning her with his smoldering, erotic gaze. Just a simple glance from him set her body on fire. Who knew scrawny Tagart Sloan would turn out to be a sexual temptation? No wonder Dana was ready to fight for him.

"You don't have to sit so far away if you don't want to." The low timbre in his voice licked across her flesh, making her want to moan with pleasure. "Then again, maybe you'd be safer over there."

Country Loving

He started the truck as she slid across the seat until she pressed against his side. He gazed down into her face, eating her alive with his eyes until she almost begged for him to kiss her again.

“I’m not the pushover I used to be.”

“I never thought you were a pushover.” Of all the things she thought about him as they grew up, pushover wasn’t one of them. Shy, backwards, maybe even a little naïve, but not a pushover. She placed her trembling hand on his thick thigh and rubbed.

Tag sucked a sharp breath between his teeth and laid his hand over hers. “We need to talk. There are things I need to tell you.”

“Okay.” As long as she could touch him as he talked he could tell her he came from another plant.

Tag dropped the truck into drive and eased from the parking lot. After he pulled out onto the main road he wrapped his arm around her shoulder and pulled her closer to him. Feeling so at ease with him, she rested her head against his shoulder and sighed as he stroked her cheek with his thumb.

They didn’t speak as he drove, both content simply to be near each other. Finally he stopped the truck and she lifted her head. They were in a field, a very vast field with nothing but night surrounding it.

He shut the truck off and stared out the windshield. “I enrolled in college after you left,” he told her. “Went to Penn State and earned a business degree.”

Her mother had told her that once. It never made sense to her that he’d earn a degree and then come back and continue farming. “I know.”

“I grew up a lot while I was there. Not just physically. I discovered there were things I wanted out of life and I wouldn’t get them if I sat back and hoped they would just drop into my lap.”

Robin Leigh Miller

Something she completely understood. That was why she had left and taken her life into her own hands.

"I can be ruthless, Chloe. I can be a real bastard when I'm chasing what I want, and I'm not gentle."

She had a feeling he was trying to warn her about something.

"Seeing you today, standing there in the middle of the road all cocky as hell, old feelings came back. Feelings I never told anyone about."

Feelings? Had he cared for her more than a friend all those years ago? "Tell me."

"I always hoped, dreamed that we'd be more than friends," he told her without embarrassment. "But I knew it wouldn't happen. You never saw me as anything more than friend and I was so grateful to have that. I didn't want to risk it by telling you the truth. Today, though, I saw what I've always wanted standing in the road."

Without so much as a glance, he opened his door and slid from the truck. He strolled toward the big green tractor sitting in the middle of the field. As strong as he appeared to be, she knew it took a lot for him to tell her what he had. Part of her wished he would have told her years ago and another part knew it would have ruined the wonderful relationship they'd had.

Jumping down from the truck, she followed him. Reaching the tractor he leaned his back against the tire and crossed his ankles. Chloe stepped up and mimicked his stance as she peered toward the heavens.

"I'd forgotten how beautiful the stars are," she told him. "You don't see them in the city."

"Does it suit you, Chloe?" he asked quietly. "Is it what you've always wanted?"

She thought a few moments. Thought about the fact that she never made any real friends and how she felt she always had to look over her shoulder. The stalker situation didn't make her feel any better.

Country Loving

"I thought it was. Maybe it was for a while. I don't know yet. That's why I came home. A test, I guess you could say to see if I missed it."

"Do you have anyone back there?"

"No." Okay, maybe she answered a little too quickly, but it was the truth and she wouldn't lie to him. "No one. Never really did have anyone. It's funny how you can be surrounded by people and be so lonely."

Tag pushed away from the tire and stood directly in front of her. Cupping her cheek, he gazed down into her face. "I'm sorry you were lonely," he whispered. "You should never be alone."

This was the Tag she remembered, caring and gentle.

"I want you, Chloe. The moment I saw you this afternoon I knew I had to have you. If you have another opinion on the matter, you better say so now. If you want to remain just friends, I'll walk away. It'll be damn hard, but I'll do it for you. Otherwise, I'm going to have you, here, now, under the stars, and I won't be kind about it."

This was the Tag she lusted after, dominant sexual appeal and promises of losing herself in a world she wanted to explore. Breathing didn't come easy as he crowded close to her body.

"Before you answer, let me tell you what I want to do to your luscious body."

Oh yes, she wanted to hear the words, hear his deep baritone voice as he used every foul word she craved.

"I'd like our first time to be in a bed where I have access to every inch of your satin skin, but I can't wait for that. God help me, I can't wait another minute for that."

No, she couldn't wait either. She didn't care where they were, she just wanted him.

"First, I'm going to kiss you, baby. You gave me a taste back in the parking lot and I want more. When I'm finished

Robin Leigh Miller

with your mouth, I'm going to work my way down your slender neck." His fingers tugged at the blouse she wore. "Then I'm getting rid of this. I've dreamed of sucking your sweet nipples for years and I'm going to do just that."

The nipples he spoke of hardened into tight peaks and throbbed for his hot, moist mouth. Chloe fought to draw air into her lungs.

"After I've had my fill there, I'm going to work my way down your flat, little tummy, nibble around your pretty little belly button." He pulled her blouse from her jeans and flicked his thumb over the metal button. "These will have to go because I want to taste you, Chloe. I want to run my tongue through your pussy and drown in your honey."

A groan rolled from her throat as her knees buckled.

"I'll suck your clit, baby. I'll suck it between my lips until you're screaming for me to let you come."

She was already on the verge of coming. Her clit throbbed and swelled, screaming for his attention. Did he know that? Of course he did.

"I want to feel your hot mouth on my cock, Chloe." He brushed his thumb across her bottom lip. "I've had such fantasies about your mouth."

Shivers raced across her flesh. She wanted what he wanted. She wanted to taste him, fill her mouth with him.

"You'll suck me good, I know you will, and I'll fight to keep from coming down your throat, but I want to bury myself deep inside you, baby. I want to pump so hard inside your body that I'll think I've died and gone to heaven when I finally explode and feel you right there with me, milking me, your tight little muscles clamping down on me."

Oh hell, she didn't think she'd be able to wait that long. If he continued talking, she'd fly apart right now. As it was, her body hummed with the need of release, ached for his promises.

"And then we'll start over again," he growled.

Country Loving

“Tag.” She couldn’t say any more. Her brain stopped functioning. Her body took over and her body wanted him.

The kiss was pure hunger. Their tongues dueling and stroking, his hands skillfully unbuttoned her blouse. She reached for the front of his jeans, he gripped her wrists and jerked her arms up over her head.

“No,” he snapped. “I should have warned you. My tastes in sex aren’t what you’re used to, I can guarantee it. I won’t hurt you. I swear on my life I won’t hurt you, but I will control everything.” His chest heaved with each word he struggled to get out.

She didn’t fear him hurting her. No, she feared he’d stop. “Okay.”

Holding her arms above her head, he finished unbuttoning her blouse. Never one to be self-conscious about her body, she watched his face closely. If she saw even the slightest indication of disappointment from him, it would destroy her. His eyes grew hooded and his panting increased. With one hand he reached behind her and unsnapped her lacey bra and then lifted the material above her breasts.

Never shifting his gaze, he spoke in a demanding tone that made her quiver with desire. “Don’t move your hands. Grip the fender and hold on. If you let go, you’ll be punished.”

Punished. The word made slick juice rush from between her legs.

Releasing her wrists, he cupped both her breasts and brushed his thumbs over her nipples. “More beautiful than I ever imagined,” he whispered with such wonder she smiled in delight. “I’m going to suck them, baby.”

She held her breath in anticipation as he hovered just a breath away from her erect nipple. His tongue darted out and flicked the stiff bud. She gasped and then cried out so loud her voice echoed over the field as he sucked her nipple deep into his mouth. She wanted to grip the back of his head and hold him to her, force him to suck harder but she didn’t dare.

Robin Leigh Miller

He tugged so hard on her she felt the pull all the way to her pussy and sobbed in ecstasy. Arching her back, she pressed against his mouth. "Harder, Tag. Please."

A low grumble rolled from his throat and he bit down with enough force to make it hurt so good. She whimpered, thrashed her head against the tire, and fought the urge to grip his head. Her nerves endings sizzled, making her ultra sensitive to the cool night air.

He pushed her breasts together and moved his mouth to her other nipple. She bucked her hips against his crotch. "Tag, I can't hold on."

"You will hold on. You won't come until I tell you to." He released her nipple, flicked it with his tongue and then popped the button of her jeans.

Before she knew what happened, her pants were down to her ankles and being pulled off over her shoes. There she stood, her shirt open, her bra pushed up over her breasts, and her pants gone. God help her, she loved it because Tag looked at her like she were a gift from heaven.

"I want you naked," he said, a bit breathless. He pulled her hands down, slipped her blouse off, then removed her bra. "Arms back up," he ordered gently, helping her get a grip on the fender. He leaned forward and whispered against her ear. "Are you okay?"

In the midst of carnal lust he worried about her, some of the old Tag coming through.

"Oh God, Tag. I've never felt so alive in my life. I've never wanted anyone like I want you." She saw no point in withholding the truth. She may as well lay her feelings out as naked as her body.

She felt him tremble against her and a heavy sigh brush across her ear. He touched his lips to her neck, nibbled down her over her left shoulder, and across the swell of her breast. Slipping his hands around behind her until they gripped her

Country Loving

ass, he thrust her against the bulge in his jeans. She was living every woman's fantasy.

She thought it couldn't get any better until he dropped to his knees, gripped her lacy panties, and ripped them from her hips. A gasp tore from her lips as the cool night air washed over her heated flesh.

"Fuck, Chloe. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life." His fingers brushed against her skin. "I have to taste you. Hold on tight, baby, cause we're both gonna take off."

Waves of sheer ecstasy flooded her system. His thick finger swiped between her lips, scooping her juices. She watched as he licked his finger clean, moaned, then did it again. This time he stood, smeared her cream over her lips and smiled so wickedly she flooded again.

"Taste yourself, baby. Taste heaven, 'cause as God as my witness I've never tasted anything so sweet in my life."

Refusing wasn't an option. Not with his husky, baritone voice demanding from her. As long he continued to look at her and speak to her with lust lacing his voice, she'd walk through the fires of hell for him. She peeked her tongue out from between her lips and licked. Tag groaned and crushed his lips against her, lapping at them.

She moaned her protest when he pulled away. Again he dropped to his knees, gripped her hips and plowed his tongue between her folds. The field echoed with her scream of pleasure as she bucked her hips, grinding against his mouth. He did everything he promised he'd do, sucked her clit until she begged him to let her come, drove his tongue deep inside her and then licked at her like an ice cream cone.

He lifted her legs over his shoulders and buried his face between them until she begged for release. Unable to stand it any longer she dropped her hands to his head. In a flash of movement he lowered her legs, spun her around, and bent her forward until her ass pressed high in the air.

Robin Leigh Miller

The sting of his slap shocked but didn't hurt her. "I told you not to let go," he snarled with a hint of pleasure in his voice. "Apologize for disobeying."

She couldn't speak. He struck again. The vibration tingled to her clit and she cried out.

"You like that, don't you?" He caressed her stinging flesh. "You like being spanked. It isn't punishment if you enjoy it too much," he teased as he helped her stand straight. "No, your punishment is holding off your orgasm." He pushed her to her knees, rested his hand over the ever growing bulge in his jeans, and moaned.

She wanted to unzip him and take her time freeing him from the confines of his jeans. He, on the other hand, had different ideas. Very slowly he lowered his zipper, pushed his jeans lower on his hips, then pulled his amazing, thick cock from his boxers.

The need to touch overwhelmed her. She lifted her hands only to have them knocked away. "Just your mouth, baby. I'll guide it where I want it."

Chloe licked her lips and nodded. She really, really wanted to touch him and feel his throbbing iron shaft in her hands. Tag gripped the base of his cock, stroked and then pressed the head against her lips.

"Open."

She flicked her tongue over the pre-come glimmering in the moon light. He tasted spicy and oh so male.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, running his hand over her hair. His body tensed as he watched her slip him inside her mouth.

He filled her, pressing further into her mouth until she thought she'd choke.

"Easy, Chloe. Relax. I won't push further than you can take." His sounded strained.

She reveled in the thought of having this much power over him. He wanted to dominate, but she still held control. If she

Country Loving

couldn't do it, he wouldn't make her. Knowing that, she flicked her tongue over the sensitive spot on the underside of his head and then took him down her throat.

"Fuck, Chloe, suck me. Suck me good." He still held his cock and pressed her head further toward him, careful not to hold her there too long.

She sucked hard and deep, drawing him in and then releasing. Slurping sounds mingled with Tag's grunts, moans, and whispered curses. She could feel him growing inside her mouth as her escalating arousal dampened her thighs.

"Stop," he growled, pulling out of her mouth. "I knew it would be a struggle. But I need to fuck you now, baby." He lifted her to her feet, pulled a condom from his pocket, and quickly sheathed himself. "Jump," he ordered as he gripped her hips and helped her up. "Wrap your legs around me."

She did as instructed, feeling his thick erection pressing at her opening. She wanted him inside her, now, and she knew without a doubt as soon as he entered her she'd fly to pieces.

"Hold the fender and don't let go," he choked. "I won't let you fall."

No, he wouldn't let anything happen to her. Just like she knew she'd draw another breath, she knew he'd protect her.

Before he penetrated, he held her gaze. A torrential storm brewed in his eyes, a storm she couldn't wait to become lost in. He'd already taken her to heights she didn't know existed and was about to plunge her into a world she knew she'd never get enough of.

"I've dreamed of this, Chloe," he whispered. "All those years of being so close to you, you were out of my reach, yet I knew one day I'd have you."

With her legs locked around his waist and her breasts lifted high, exposed to the world, she felt a comfort she'd never known. What they were about to do, what they would share together was right and good and she would always remember

it, hold it close in her heart, because no one walking this earth knew her better than Tag.

“You’ve always been my heart, baby.” He gripped his cock and lowered her down until only his head penetrated. “You’ve always owned a piece of me.”

Unable to speak, she whimpered, wriggling her hips to try to force more of him in. He held her on the edge. Lightning coursed through her body, her orgasm wrapping around the base of her spine and clenching her womb. She teetered there until she thought her body would explode.

“You were the only one that saw past the skinny kid and bothered to know the person inside. Without you I would never have made it through my teenage years. You were my strength.”

Shocked by his declaration and the pure affection in his eyes, she shook her head. “No,” she panted, trying to hold off the orgasm beating at her body. “You were the strongest person I knew, Tag. I got strength from you. I envied your ability to shake off the cruelty of the world and be your own person.”

Because of Tag she had worked up the courage to strike out on her own in the city. She’d always marveled at his unshakable character and will.

His jaw went slack. The affection in his eyes grew to overcome the tempest brewing inside him. He reached up and cupped her cheek and she laid into his hand, enjoying the warmth and tenderness, even as her body demanded the almost brutal fucking that was to come. His cock jerked just inside her.

“Damn it, Tag,” she growled at him for the first time. “As much I enjoy rediscovering each other, I need you to fuck me, now.”

A slow, wicked grin pulled at the corners of his lips. “I should be gentle with you,” he crooned. “But I can’t. I’ve wanted this for too long.”

Country Loving

With that he thrust his hips and dropped her down on him until he was buried to the balls inside her. Her body detonated around him, clasp and pulling at his cock. Colorful lights exploded in her eyes as every nerve ending in her body snapped and crackled with electricity.

She twisted and turned to take more of him, wanting more, but he stood perfectly still as her orgasm washed over her. As the last spasm eased, she opened her eyes, blinked twice to bring his face into focus, and felt her lungs seize. His chest heaved as he panted. His fingers bit into her ass cheeks and his face, oh, she'd never forget the wonder and pure satisfaction on his face.

"I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life." He shook his head. "I didn't think you could be more beautiful. I was wrong."

"More," she pleaded shamelessly. "Please, Tag. More."

Again the wicked smile returned and she shivered at the promises it held. "I like it when you beg."

She'd grovel on her knees if she had to so long as he gave her more.

"Hold on," he warned and then pulled back slowly until just his head teased her opening.

She expected another harsh thrust, prepared for it, but as he eased into her she felt every inch of his cock stretching and filling her to completion. Moans and whimpers escaped from her throat.

"Fuck, you are so tight and wet. God, you feel good."

"Not as good as you feel," she groaned, grinding him against her clit.

"I can't hold back." He locked his gaze with hers. "I have better control than this, but God help me, I can't wait."

"I don't want you to," she laughed with a touch of hysteria in her voice.

Robin Leigh Miller

He bit off a curse, withdrew, and slammed into her. She screamed again as another orgasm tightened around her spine. Blood rushed through her veins as her eyes rolled back in her head. Over and over he pumped into her body, filling her, making her feel alive and whole.

With each thrust she swore he grew thicker as her walls tightened around him. Sweat coated her body, her fingers ached as she gripped the fender, and none of it mattered with Tag inside her.

“Fuck me, Chloe,” he choked.

Using her legs, she helped raise and lower herself onto him, slamming down hard. “Yes, Tag. Oh, God, yes. Don’t stop.”

He reached between them, found her swollen, throbbing clit, circled it twice with his thumb, then gave it a little pinch. The world dropped out from under her only to send her shooting to the heavens as her orgasm gripped like an iron fist. Her body clenched around him at the same moment he released inside her.

The combination of her gripping and him pulsing sparked another orgasm through her body. She couldn’t breathe, couldn’t scream, only feel as the most intense pleasure she’d ever experienced overtook her, so intense it bordered on pain and still she wanted more.

Pumping herself up and down on him, she gasped and sobbed as he shouted her name. Even through the throes of passion, as her body convulsed and quivered, she managed to look her fill of him. Dark, erotic, and fulfilled were the only words that would sputter to life in her mind. God, what she wouldn’t give to see him like this again.

She finally sagged in exhaustion, weak from her muscle melting orgasms. He let her legs drop as he braced himself with one arm against the tractor and held her up with the other. Dropping to his knees, he pulled her down with him and crushed her against his chest. He sprinkled hot kisses down her

Country Loving

neck, over her right shoulder, continuing until he captured her nipple between his lips.

It shouldn't have been possible. There wasn't anything left, or so she thought, but as he sucked at her, drawing her nipple deep and hard into his mouth, her body responded, weeping and tightening.

"I can't. Not again." He would kill her. Her heart couldn't take any more right now.

"You will." He gently laid her down in the grass, nudged her thighs apart with his knee, and settled his shoulders between her legs.

He blew his hot breath across her raw, soaked mound, drawing a groan from her as she thrashed her head back and forth in the grass.

"Tag, I'm too raw," she cried.

"I know what I'm doing." He stroked her sore flesh with his tongue, careful not to touch her still humming clit.

Slowly she relaxed as he carefully massaged the soft tissue with his tongue. "Oh, that feels good." Her legs fell open wider and her hands sunk into his dark, wavy hair.

He soothed her yet at the same time worked her slowly into another climax. Her thighs tightened and quivered as he skirted around her clit and opening, lapping at her juices. Within minutes, she found herself pressing herself into his mouth.

"I can't believe this," she moaned, desperate for release. "Oh, God, you'll kill me."

His finger pushed inside her, curled to brush the top of her walls and then he sucked her aching bundle of nerves between his lips. A whole new wave of pleasure crashed into her.

This orgasm wasn't as intense as the last two, but pleasant and fulfilling at the same time. Satisfying tingles skittered across her body, making her shiver with delight. She finally

Robin Leigh Miller

eased down from the orgasm as he withdrew his finger, slid up her body, and kissed her.

She tasted herself in his mouth, on his lips, and wrapped her arm around his neck to hold him to her, not wanting it to end. Tag Sloan had to be the most erotic man alive. He pulled away and she rolled to her side and he cuddled her next to his chest, running his hand up and down her hip and over her ass.

Long moments passed before her mind could work to say anything. "You still have your clothes on. That isn't fair."

He chuckled, a deep, rich sound that made his chest vibrate. "Sorry. I just couldn't wait to have you."

They lay quiet for a while longer. He stroked and caressed her body and she listened to the soothing sound of his heartbeat. What she wouldn't give to have more of this, his strong arms around her, his dominant yet protective behavior. That was what she was missing from the men she dated. They wanted it all done for them, not willing to take the initiative and demand what they wanted.

"Tag, where did you learn that little trick?" She never would have thought an orgasm could be so comforting. She smiled at his silence, running her fingers through the thick patch of hair on his chest. "It's okay. You can tell me. We all learned from somewhere."

"In college, I met a woman that took the time to teach me a lot of things."

A woman not a girl. "She was older?"

"Yeah. She didn't go to school. I met her at this shop I used to frequent. You'd like her, Chloe. She reminded me of you."

She should find the woman and thank her, then scratch her eyes out for touching him. Chloe rolled her eyes in disgust at herself. Suddenly she was acting like Tag was hers alone.

"I feel I should tell you something," she sighed. "I've never experienced sex like that. In fact, I rarely orgasm. I

Country Loving

thought I had a problem, like I was frigid or something. You made me come four times. What does that mean?"

His hands stilled on her back and his body tensed. Oops, had she said too much? Did he really care if she had a problem having sex? Before she could open her mouth to redirect the conversation, he rolled her to her back and cupped her cheek.

"Men didn't treat you right?" he asked with anger in his eyes.

"It's not that they don't treat me right, they're nice enough. I just couldn't get into them. I think..." She bit down on her lower lip and wondered if she should tell him. What the hell. This was Tag. "I think I needed more than they were willing to give. You demand, take, and are brutally honest about what you want. I never knew this before, but I like being dominated."

"Oh, baby," he whispered. "I went a hell of a lot easier on you than I could have. I can show you the world of domination and it would make your pretty little toes curl."

Lust rippled through her body, making her shiver. "Whips, chains, and all that sordid stuff?" Could she do it? Was she brave enough?

"That and then some."

"Tag Sloan," she said innocently. "I never would have guessed you to be into that kind of thing." He blinked rapidly and looked as though he wanted to run. She couldn't help but laugh. "Will you teach me?"

Tag sat up without replying, gathered her clothes, and helped her to dress. He didn't say anything. She could tell his mind was working and that worried her. Did he suddenly have a change of heart about her? Now that he'd had her, would he move on?

"I was just teasing ya know." She zipped her jeans. "This was great, fantastic." *Mind blowing and I want more*, she finished to herself. "You've probably got some experienced

Robin Leigh Miller

women that can fulfill your needs. I realize that.” He said nothing as she slipped her shoes back on.

Her worry grew. Why, she wasn’t sure. Tonight wasn’t about a relationship, merely two people taking what they wanted. He didn’t owe her anything.

“I should get back and get my car.” She forced a smile as her stomach twisted and knotted. “It’s late and I don’t want my mom and dad worrying about me.”

He gripped her arm as she turned to walk away. “Chloe, wait.”

Giving her best, bright smile, she faced him. “Don’t worry. I’m not going to be clingy or possessive. We both got what we wanted and now things can go back to normal. Right?”

He only nodded and part of her heart broke. All his talk about how he felt about her, just a lie? Had he told her those things so she’d fuck him? That wasn’t the Tag she knew. Then again, he said he’d changed.

Willing herself not to cry or pout, she walked back to his truck.

Chapter Five

The drive back to the bar was quiet and lonely. She felt more alone now than she had back in the city. The sex was fabulous, but was it worth ruining their friendship?

As soon as they pulled into the parking lot she, gripped the handle tight so he wouldn't see her trembling. "Thank you," she said in an unwavering voice. "I had a great time."

She waited for him to respond, say something but he only stared at her. Son-of-a-bitch, she'd been played for a fool by the one person in the world she trusted. Bile rose in her throat as she slid from the truck. It took every ounce of control she had not to slam the door.

Crawling into her car, she did her best not to glance his way. At least he had the decency to wait until she had her car started and on the move until he left. As soon as she pulled out onto the main road, her anger bubbled over.

"Not so much as even a thanks for the great fuck," she muttered. "Nothing. Stupid, stupid. How could I have been so damn stupid?" Then her mind started twisting, analyzing it from a different angle. The sex might have been great for her. Maybe it wasn't great for him. Maybe, maybe she fell short of his expectations?

"Maybes won't get you anywhere," she grumbled to herself. Her head began to pound as she pulled into the driveway of her parents' house. The lights were still on inside,

Robin Leigh Miller

so she figured they were up waiting for her. At least someone cared.

She found her mother sitting at the table, sipping at a glass of iced tea. "Hi, Mom."

"Hello," her mother answered, giving her a warm, welcoming smile. "Did you have fun tonight?"

Chloe's heart clenched. "Yeah, I did. Nice bar. How about you two, did you have fun?"

"We always do, honey. It's funny, your dad and I are having more fun with our lives now than we did when we were younger."

"I'm glad to hear it." They had certainly worked hard enough for it.

Chloe and her mother talked about the evening, how the Sloans would like it if she came over for a visit, and finally her mom turned to her with a serious face. "What's wrong?"

Nope, could never hide anything from her parents. "Tag was there tonight."

"I don't doubt that. Did you two talk?"

"Yeah. I never would have pegged Tag for a womanizer," she snorted, trying to hide her hurt feelings.

"Womanizer? Not the Tag I know, honey. What happened?"

Yeah, as if she'd tell her mom about the mind blowing sex she'd had a short while ago and then being treated like a tissue, used and discarded. Sighing, she rubbed her temples. "Nothing. I think I'll go to bed. See you in the morning."

Sleep didn't come easy. Every time she closed her eyes she saw him, the way he looked releasing inside her, the sound of her name as he shouted, the feel of his mouth and hands on her body. Good thing her father built the house with nice thick walls 'cause no way in hell did she not scream during the night.

Country Loving

The smell of breakfast drifted through her room, waking her. She loved Sunday morning breakfast with her mom and dad. Crawling from bed and stuffing her feet into her slippers, she headed for the door and came to a jerky halt seeing a picture on her dresser, a picture of her naked and Tag fucking her in the field last night.

On the back were the simple words, *I'm watching*. Suddenly the smell of breakfast made her stomach turn. It couldn't be. Martin couldn't have found her here, could he? Sweat broke out across her brow and her hands shook. He'd watched them, took pictures, and then broke into the house to leave it for her.

Were there more hidden around the house? Would he do that to her mom and dad? Quickly, she scanned the room and found another of her and Tag while Tag brought her to another orgasm with his mouth. This couldn't be happening. Suddenly she realized Martin had been in her room during the night, while she slept.

Nausea rolled through her system. What if he had touched her? "Oh, no." What if he went to Tag's house and left the pictures.

She had to warn him. After tugging on a pair of jeans and t-shirt, she dragged a brush through her hair and then darted out of her room. She had to get to Tag and explain before this bastard ruined his life as well.

"Where are you off too, honey?" her mother shouted from the kitchen.

"Things to do, Mom. I'll be back." She remembered where the Hendrix house sat, only about ten miles away, so it wouldn't take her long to get there.

As soon as she pulled into the drive her mouth fell open. Tag hadn't been kidding, he put a lot of work into the old place and it was magnificent, like it should be in a magazine. The old Victorian house never looked so regal, probably not even after it had been built.

Robin Leigh Miller

Shaking her head, she headed toward the porch when she saw Tag exit through the back door. Before she could shout to him the front door opened and Dana stepped out with a towel wrapped around her naked body. Shock, disbelief, and more pain than she had a right to feel, punched Chloe in the chest, knocking the wind out of her.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Dana hissed in a hushed voice. “Go back to the fucking city where you belong.”

Unable to speak, to even come back with a smart assed comment, Chloe backed away, watching as Dana turned and pranced back to the door. She didn’t go back inside, simply stood there, glaring. As Chloe reached her car and fumbled for the door, Tag spotted her.

“Chloe?”

She froze momentarily, following his movement as he walked along the side of the house.

“What’s wrong?”

Tears clogged her throat at the sound of worry in his voice. Worry, of course he’d worry. She just found out she was nothing more than an easy lay in a long line of easy lays. Shaking her head, she jerked open the door, jumped inside and turned on the car. Before he came to the front of the house, Dana stepped inside and shut the door.

Chloe had to get out of here. She couldn’t look at Tag, not as filthy as she felt. Dropping the car in reverse, she tore from his driveway and took off. A gaping hole opened in her chest as tears streamed down her cheeks.

How foolish could she be? Actually thinking something could form between them. Could she be so lonely she’d fall for the oldest trick in the book? Dashing the tears away, she drove blindly down the road where, she didn’t care.

By the time she pulled into her parents’ driveway, the sun began to set and her car was sitting on empty. Her eyes were

Country Loving

raw and her head throbbed like a jackhammer had gone amuck inside her brain. With all the driving and thinking, she'd come to one simple conclusion. She was pathetic.

At the first sign of attention from a sexy man she fell and fell hard. Giving herself over to him, allowing him to use her body, God, she didn't rate any better than Dana. Tag probably wouldn't even care that someone spied on them last night and snapped pictures as he fucked her. Hell, he'd probably get a good chuckle over it.

"Chloe, honey, are you okay?" Her mother stood at her window, appearing worried and stressed.

Taking a bracing breath, Chloe opened the door and crawled from the car. "Hi, Mom. Are you okay? You don't look so well."

"I've been worried sick about you. You ran out of here this morning and never came back."

Chloe put her arm around her mother and led her back inside the house. She should have called and not let her mom worry. "I'm sorry."

Her mom pulled her down on the couch, cupped her face, and stared deep into her eyes. "Tagart called every fifteen minutes today. He said you showed up at his house and without saying anything jumped in your car and sped off."

Chloe thought all the tears were gone, but they weren't. A fresh wave erupted and flowed freely. "Oh, Mom. I'm such a pathetic fool." She collapsed into her mother's arms and sobbed. This was what she needed, her mother.

"Shh, honey. You are anything but pathetic. Tell me what happened."

"I don't want you to be ashamed of me. I couldn't stand it." She couldn't face her mother, but she couldn't bear to suffer alone anymore.

"Chloe, you know better than that. Now, tell me everything."

Robin Leigh Miller

She did. Spilled the entire story, from her and Tag meeting in the road to Dana walking out of his house this morning. Her mother never once showed any signs of shame, only held her hand and listened.

“Why does it hurt so bad, Mom? I don’t understand.”

“Oh, honey. It hurts because you love him. You wouldn’t have been able to give yourself to him last night if you didn’t care for him on some level. You two were always close. Time and distance helped feelings build.”

“I never thought of Tag as anything other than a friend, until last night.” Geez, did that make her a slut? Groaning out of disgust, she flopped back on the couch.

“So? Falling in love doesn’t happen the same way for everyone. And I’m sorry, Chloe, but this just doesn’t sound like the Tag I know. That wretch, Dana; he has never once shown any interest in her.”

Chloe rolled her eyes. “You don’t need to be interested if you’re looking for a fuck buddy, Mom.” Normally she wouldn’t talk like this in front of her mother, but this wasn’t a normal situation.

Her mother grunted. “Maybe.”

“There’s something else you need to know.” Taking a deep breath, she told her mom about her stalker and the pictures she found in her room this morning. “I need to file a report with the police.” Her mother paled. “I’m sorry I brought this home with me. Maybe I should go back to the city. He’ll follow me back and you two will be safe.”

“You think that’s what I’m worried about?” Her mother snapped. “My God. Someone is terrorizing my baby and I’m just now finding out about it. You are not going back to that city. You’ll stay here where we can protect you.”

Her mom went on and on about how her father would dig out the rifle and show her how to shoot it. They’d change the locks on the door. She’d borrow a friend’s guard dog. Chloe

Country Loving

shook her head. She hadn't realized how much she missed her stubborn, hard-headed mother.

"Mom," she interrupted in the middle of a rant. "I love you."

Tears welled in her mom's eyes. "I love you too."

After her father came home from working in the fields, they both explained about the stalker. As expected, he disappeared down into the basement and came back with his old rifle. As soon as they finished eating, he left and brought back a young German Shepard. Throughout the evening Tag called endlessly, Chloe always waving off the phone call.

The next morning, her dad took her out back and taught her to load the rifle and then commenced with her shooting lesson. She hated guns, but if it meant keeping her family safe she'd do whatever it took. Chloe pulled the trigger, felt the jolt in her shoulder and heard her dad yelp his approval at her bull's-eye.

"Something I should know about?"

Chloe jumped at the sound of Tag's voice. Her dad greeted him with a bit of chill in his voice and then whispered to her, "You want me to hang around, honey. Or maybe I could give you a lesson using him as a target."

Chloe smiled and kissed her dad's cheek. "No. I'm fine."

As soon as her dad disappeared inside the house, she turned to Tag. "What do you want?"

He frowned and stepped toward her. She didn't trust herself. Even as hurt as she felt, she still reacted to him. Her body sizzled, slick cream dampened her panties, and her stomach fluttered. With every step he took toward her, she took one back.

"What's with the shooting lesson?" he finally asked as he ceased his movement toward her.

Robin Leigh Miller

Not sure she wanted to tell him about the pictures yet, she shrugged. "Just something me and my dad are doing together." He didn't seem to believe her. Too bad.

Tag crossed his arms over his chest and Chloe fought the urge to sigh. Damn him for having thick arms that felt like heaven around her.

"You worried the hell out of me yesterday. I drove around for hours searching for you. I hate seeing you upset like that."

His gentle, caring tone made her insides melt. She wanted to go to him, feel his arms hold her tight but that was what he wanted. He'd learned to use that tone to get what he wanted. How many times had he used it with Dana?

"I'd like to talk to you about the other night," he whispered.

No. No way in hell would he pull her in using the best night of sex she'd ever had. "Look, Tag, it was a great night. I told you I'm not the clingy type. It's not like commitments were made. You're free to be with anyone you want."

"What the fuck does that mean?" She'd never seen Tag so angry.

"Just what I said." Checking her watch, she realized she needed to get moving to make her appointment at the police station. "I have to go. It's good seeing you again."

As she walked past him he reached out and snagged her by the arm, pulling her hard against his body. "Don't run from me, Chloe. Tell me what's going on."

His hand caressed down over her hair and then clasped the back of her neck. She could feel his heart beating against her palms as she tried to push away from him. "This is the way you wanted it," she told him. "You wanted me. You had me. I was naive enough to think I was enough for the night but apparently I wasn't." She couldn't keep the venom from her voice and cursed under her breath.

Pulling away from him, she propped the gun against the house, opened the front door, and yelled in that she was

Country Loving

leaving. Tag watched her closely as she climbed in her car and left. With the photos tucked safely inside an envelope on her seat, she headed to the police station.

Chapter Six

That night Chloe lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. Embarrassing didn't even come close to describing how she felt showing those damn photos to the police. They were very professional, but still, she could see them passing them around after she left. Her father had volunteered to go along, but she just couldn't let him near those photos.

Reaching under the mattress, she felt the cool steel of the rifle and relaxed a bit. The dog lay sleeping on the floor next to her bed. If anyone walked in while she slept, Tore would go nuts. The police assured her they would check into her stalker's whereabouts and get back to her right away.

Now all she had to worry about was Tag. Staying here permanently would be difficult. Seeing him all the time would only remind of her that one perfect night and the next hellish morning. What if he and Dana hooked up on a regular basis?

Groaning out loud, she flung her arm over her face. She'd just stay here until this mess with her stalker cleared up and then she'd see about moving a little farther away. She'd be closer to her mom, yet far enough away from Tag. Maybe she'd seek out those clubs where people went to get their dominance fix.

Yeah, that could be fun. Time had come to break out of her rut and try walking on the wild side. The thought excited her. Of course she'd do some investigating first. Jumping in blind wouldn't be a good idea.

Country Loving

She fell asleep thinking about dark clubs, leather, handcuffs, and whips. Her dreams quickly filled with Tag's smoldering eyes, large hands and mouth all over her body. He brought her to climax over and over again until she whimpered and pleaded to stop.

By the time morning broke, she felt as though she'd run a marathon. Exhausted and horny as hell, she dragged herself from bed took two steps toward the door and froze. Shredded pictures were strewn all over her floor, stuck to the walls, and littering the top of her bed. Fear unlike anything she'd ever felt before gripped her by the throat until she couldn't breathe.

Her hands trembled as she reached to pick up two torn pieces. She saw herself walking into the police station. Dropping them, she picked up another two halves and saw herself standing in the backyard shooting the rifle. Picture after picture showed segments of her recent life. The ones on the wall terrified her, making her blood run ice cold.

Stab marks covered her body. Her face had been burned out and in dark red the word "soon" stood out. On her mirror she saw the most frightening picture of all. With the help of a computer, her body lay in a grave, her eyes wide open and horror on her face with a knife sticking from the center of her chest. It looked so damn real she could almost feel the pain in her heart.

"Mom," she screamed at the top of her lungs as she stood in front of the mirror staring at the picture. "Daddy." She heard her door burst open, heard her father curse as her mother rushed toward her.

"Get her out of here," her dad growled.

Without a word her mother wrapped her arms around Chloe's shaking shoulders and led her out of the room. She buried her face in her mother's shoulder and sobbed as her father took the phone outside.

She had no idea how much time passed before the police showed up. Sitting in a haze, she barely noticed as officers

Robin Leigh Miller

came and went. Somehow she answered questions but she couldn't tear her mind away from the thought of someone in her room as she slept, littering her room with mangled photos. How easy would it have been for them to stab her in her sleep?

The front door burst open with a crash and Tag stormed in. Power emanated from his body in waves. His gaze darted around the room, settling on every officer for a moment before moving on. Eventually he turned his attention on her. She couldn't deal with him right now.

"What's he doing here?" She sagged against her mother.

"Your father called him."

"What?"

"What the hell is going on here?" Tag's booming voice echoed throughout the house.

Her father stepped up, muttered something to Tag and then led him back to her room.

"This isn't any of his—"

Her mother jerked her off the couch and dragged her back to the kitchen before she could finish. After a hard shove, she found herself in a chair, staring into her mother's angry eyes.

"There are things about Tag you don't know," her mom told her. "I'm sure you can see things have changed in this town. As soon as Tag came home from college, he gathered all the farmers in town and held a meeting. To make a long story short, he formed a conglomerate. We all work our land but we share in the profit based on our output of crops. Since Tag can get a better price for a larger crop, we all make out. Do you understand?"

Chloe blinked a couple of times, trying to let all the information her mom dropped on her sink in. "I think so. What does this have to do with anything?"

"This entire town knows Tag, will do anything for him. He can help the police get information to track down whoever is doing this."

Country Loving

“That’s not all,” her father spoke from the kitchen door. “We should have told you all of this a long time ago, but Tag didn’t want us too. He had his reasons and we respected that.”

What were they saying? It didn’t make any sense.

“Two years ago, Tag stopped by and found me lying in the front yard, gasping my last breaths,” her mother said quietly. “He sent his father to collect your dad and take him to the hospital and then carried me to his truck and rushed me to the emergency room.”

“Two years ago, that’s when you found out about your heart condition.” She didn’t know Tag found her mom. Thank God he did.

“Yes. Honey, he found a specialist in the city, paid for my appointments and the surgery that repaired the damage done to my heart.”

“You had surgery?” Chloe shrieked at the shocking information. “You never told me that. Why the hell didn’t anyone tell me?” She should have been there. She could have lost her mother, lost the last chance to tell her she loved her.

“We didn’t want to worry you, Chloe.” Her father rested his hand on her shoulder and made her jump. “They assured us the surgery would be easy and your mom would come through fine, and she did.”

“The point is Tag isn’t the man you think he is,” her mother continued. “He’s intelligent, caring, and would not, under any circumstances, play with your feelings. He took care of me, of us, this whole town, and now he’s going to take care of you.”

It was too much. She couldn’t process it all and make sense of it. Not right now, while police officers searched her room and someone wanted her dead.

Tag stepped into the kitchen. “I’m taking her back to my place until this bastard is caught.”

Chloe glared at him and shook her head.

Robin Leigh Miller

“Don’t argue with me,” he snapped at her. “I’ll come back later for her things after the police are done.”

She should put her foot down, and tell him to go to hell, but her heart, even as it broke, wanted him to protect her. Her heart reached for the friend she grew up with and the man he’d become. Somewhere deep down she knew he’d be the only man for her.

Tag took two steps to the chair, tucked his arm under her legs, and scooped her up, holding her tight against his chest. Her arm slipped around his neck easily as she rested her head on his shoulder. So much for being strong. But she needed him.

“She’ll call you later,” he told her parents before he moved for the back door.

“Tag,” her mom called out. “Take care of our baby.”

“With my life.”

Those words sunk into Chloe’s heart and repaired a small piece that had fractured. As he slid her into the truck, she whispered. “Not very strong now, am I?”

Tag held her face in his hands. “Don’t let this fucker get to you, baby. I know you’re scared and you have every right to be—hell, I’m scared out of my mind—but he hasn’t won.”

He released her, shut the door, and stomped to the driver’s side. As soon as he crawled in, he started the truck and took off. He didn’t say anything as he drove. Just as well, she didn’t feel like talking at the moment. Everything her mother had told her rolled around inside her head.

He’d accomplished great things for himself and the town. That alone made her proud. She always knew he had it in him. She wanted to be angry about her mother but just couldn’t do it. He’d saved her life and then made sure she had the proper care. Only Tag would take that extra step. Stifling a groan, Chloe realized she’d fallen even harder for him in just the last fifteen minutes. Everything would be great if it weren’t for Dana.

Chapter Seven

Tag parked in front of his house, jumped out of the truck, and lifted her from the seat before her feet could touch the ground. "I can walk."

"This isn't for you," he mumbled and then carried her inside.

After he settled her on the couch, he disappeared into the kitchen only to return a few seconds later with a steaming mug of coffee. She gladly accepted it, holding it tight so the warmth could seep into her cold body. Tag wrapped a throw around her and then hung his head.

"Why didn't you tell me about this," he asked.

"Why didn't you tell me about my mother?"

"I didn't want your gratitude. That would have just pissed me off. I wanted you. I wanted you to see me, not my money."

That comment sliced like a knife. "Is that how you see me?" She snapped and then regretted her tone. Of course he would. Dana despised him growing up. Now that he had money she threw herself at him. Was this how he saw all women?

He shrugged.

"Here's a tip for you, Tag. I'm not like that." He didn't look at her, just scrubbed his face with his hands. "Thank you for saving my mother's life."

"Tell me about this stalker."

Robin Leigh Miller

Taking a steadying breath, she began. “A co-worker set me up on a blind date, we met for dinner and I knew instantly I didn’t like him. When he asked for another date, I declined and that was how it all started.” Chloe glanced at Tag’s face. Concern mixed with anger filled his eyes and creased his brow.

“At first he just called, at work, at home and somehow he got my cell number. I stopped answering and that apparently pissed him off. Next thing I know he’s pounding on my door in the middle of the night, following me around on the weekends, and just scaring the hell out of me.”

Tag’s fists clenched yet he said nothing, simply listened as he reigned in his anger. “I found photos of me in various states of undress lying on my bed one day.”

“You called the police?” he asked in a dangerous tone that made her shiver.

“Absolutely. They did what they could but involving the police only made things worse. That’s why I came home, to put some distance between me and him. I thought he’d forget, move on, I don’t know. I just needed to get the hell out of there.”

Tag gently ran his hand up and down her back, soothing her quivering muscles.

“The other morning I found the first photos. They were of us, in the field.” His fists clenched but he didn’t say anything. “I came over here to warn you. I didn’t want this bastard fucking up your life too.”

“Why the hell did you run, Chloe? What was that about?”

“Seeing Dana come out in nothing but a towel, well, it hurt. After we had sex that night you acted like you’d made a huge mistake, barely uttering a word to me and then I saw her here and I thought, damn it. It just hurt.”

“What are you talking about? Dana was here? Where?”

She didn’t like the expression on his face. She thought he was angry over her stalker but now murder filled his eyes. “She stepped out the front door as you came out the back.”

Country Loving

Tag exploded to his feet. "Son-of-a-bitch."

"I'm not into sharing, Tag," she told him, thinking he was upset about her finding out.

"Neither am I. Do you honestly think I would want her, Chloe? After the way she treated me most of my life?" He paced back and forth, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides.

"Tag, I don't understand."

"She's been after me for years, chasing off anyone I might show the slightest bit of interest in, which, by the way was maybe once or twice. I've only ever wanted you. She was in my house?"

Suddenly her mother's fierce defense of him made sense. He wasn't playing her; he was being honest that night. "Why did you treat me so cold that night?"

Tag flopped down on the couch. "Because I was stupid. All these feelings jumbled up inside me and I had no idea how to deal with them."

"Feelings?"

"I've always loved you, Chloe, but it all seemed like a school boy infatuation compared to what hit me that night. I wanted to bundle you up in my truck, take you to the nearest judge, and make you my wife right then. I couldn't imagine life without you, but I was scared you would turn your back and walk away. I had no idea what to do with everything I felt."

Wow. As she sat there she could feel every single shattered piece of her heart meld back together. More importantly, her soul felt light and free. He had never slept with Dana. He honestly loved her, Chloe.

"Tag," she whispered. She set her coffee mug down, shrugged off the throw, and moved to the floor until she knelt between his knees. "I love you too. You were the reason I could never commit to a man. They didn't compare to what I knew I wanted. I just didn't realize at the time that what I

Robin Leigh Miller

wanted was you.” Everything seemed so much clearer now. She understood herself so much better.

“Do you mean that?” He took her face between his large, warm, calloused hands and searched her eyes. “You are the only woman that could ever hurt me, baby. Don’t tell me things you don’t mean.”

“Let me show you.” Placing her palm against his chest she pushed him back against the couch, unfastened his jeans and released his already erect cock. “Oh, my,” she whispered and then licked her lips. “Is this for me?”

“Only you,” he growled.

“You didn’t let me touch you the other night.” She stroked him up and down. “I want to touch you so bad.” Before he could respond, she leaned over and took him all the way into her mouth until he slipped down her throat.

“Oh fuck,” he shouted, gripping the couch cushion with both hands and bucking his hips.

She spent long, impossible minutes sucking, licking, and tasting her man, enjoying the groans and growls of pleasure that rumbled from his chest. He didn’t hold her head or force her, simply let her do whatever she wanted. His control amazed her until she finally pushed to far.

Tag forced her to release him, stood, and pulled her to her feet. Once again he scooped her up and carried her up the stairs to his bedroom. She didn’t have time to admire the décor. He dropped her on the bed and before she finished bouncing, he had her panties ripped off and her night shirt jerked over her head.

She watched as he shed his clothing. There before her was her dream. A large, muscled god with the most impressive erection she’d ever seen jutting from his body. “Are you really all mine?” she asked, drinking him in.

“I’ve always been yours, baby. You just needed to realize it.” He knelt on the bed, lifted her knees, and spread her legs.

Country Loving

“Well, my mind seems to be working better these days. Now, fuck me.”

That wicked smile she loved so much spread across his face. He leaned forward, took her hands, and raised her arms above her head. Something soft and fuzzy wrapped around her wrists, holding her arms in place.

“I’d like to spend the next six hours loving your body,” he said, plucking her aching nipples. “But right now, I want to love you.” He bent over and drew her nipple into his mouth.

Lightning arced through her body until she swore she saw flashing above him in the room. As he sucked at her breast, his skillful fingers flicked, rubbed and tormented her swollen clit until she couldn’t breathe.

“Tag, please,” she whimpered.

He released her breast with a pop, gripped his sheathed cock, and pressed the head against her drenched opening.

“Watch me take you, baby.”

Chloe lifted her head and looked between their bodies. Tag used one hand to lift her hips and then slowly pushed into her waiting tunnel. Their moans combined as he filled and stretched her. The sight of him entering her, of her accepting him, had to be the most erotic thing she’d ever seen in her life.

Without warning she exploded, her orgasm taking her by surprise, gripping him, wanting him deeper. Her thighs quivered, her back arched off the bed, and when he sucked her nipple into his mouth she cried out, shouting his name like a prayer.

Before her orgasm eased, he began pumping into her, hammering his hips against her. His heavy sac bounced against her ass as he drove himself inside her body with brutal force. She loved it and didn’t ever want him to stop.

“Yes,” she panted. “Harder, Tag. Fuck me harder.” God, he could break down her barriers so easily it should scare her, but she thrived on what he gave her.

Robin Leigh Miller

Tag gripped her hair, jerked her head back and exposed her throat as he put more force behind his hips. The headboard banged against the wall as he kissed and bit her neck. Her body tightened, her slick tunnel rippled, and she could feel her orgasm gathering at the base of her spine.

Suddenly her hands were free from the restraints. She reached up and gripped his forearms, holding on for dear life. Tag pried her hands free, pulled from her body and flipped her onto her stomach with such ease she didn't know what happened, and then lifted her ass in the air.

In one quick thrust he slammed into her from behind; she swore he drove all the way to her throat. He reached around and took her clit between his fingers, pinched and sent her flying to heaven. Her orgasm cracked like a whip through her body, making her arch her back and scream his name.

Tag stiffened, thrust harder than ever, then exploded inside her body. The sheer force of his release triggered another shocking orgasm, making her muscles melt until she couldn't hold herself up any longer. Shaking and panting, she thought the waves of ecstasy would never end.

Finally, Tag collapsed over her back, forcing her down onto the mattress. Carefully he pulled from her body, tugged her against him and held her tight. They lay there, panting and sweating for what seemed like an hour before her heart resumed a normal rhythm.

"I'd like to stay this way all day," he crooned, nuzzling her hair. "But I want to go back and see if the police came up with anything."

"You're leaving me alone?" She rolled in his arms.

"I'll secure the house before I go. I won't be long. You get a shower, grab a shirt from my closet, and be ready when I get back. I don't plan on getting any work done today."

"You have something better to do?" she asked jokingly.

Country Loving

“I plan on fucking you silly until you can’t walk. We’ll start your first lesson in submission.” His eyes twinkled with mischief and made her shiver.

“You mean dominance. I think I’d enjoy cracking a whip.” His cock twitched against her thigh before he pulled away and stood.

“I think I might like that for a change.”

Tag locked every door and window in the house, kissed her hard and then headed out. Chloe stood at the window and watched the truck disappear before heading for the shower. It seemed as though coming back home was the right thing to do after all.

Chapter Eight

Chloe dried off after her shower, tugged on one of Tag's shirts, and strolled down the stairs. As she reached the last step the phone began to ring. Rounding the corner to the kitchen, she stopped short. There, leaning against the counter stood Dana, a wild, crazed fire in her eyes.

"How the hell did you get in here?"

This wasn't good. The woman's appearance screamed insanity with her hair all disheveled and poking out in twenty different directions. The way her fingers tapped against the counter was maddening.

"I could overlook you fucking him once, I mean, who the hell wouldn't want to, right?" Dana laughed with a touch of hysteria. "But you got greedy, had to have seconds even after all the hard work I put into scaring you off."

Dana pulled a large carving knife off the counter, twisted it in her hand, and frowned. Chloe couldn't catch her breath. The knife, the photos, it wasn't her stalker, it was Dana.

"You've lost your mind. He's never slept with you. He doesn't even like you." Probably not a good idea to antagonize a mad woman with a knife, but the words escaped before she could stop them.

"I watched what he did to you out in that field, and here in his bed. That should have been me."

Country Loving

Oh God, Dana had been in the house while they had sex. Chloe's stomach pitched and bile rose in her throat. What was wrong with Dana?

"I deserve his body and money, not you, you whore," Dana lunged forward with the knife.

Chloe yelped and sidestepped. Dana hissed, turned, and came at her again, the knife slicing through the air. Desperate, Chloe picked up a chair and held it in front of her making it impossible for Dana to hit her with the knife.

"He doesn't want you, Dana," she shouted. "He remembers how mean you were to him growing up."

"People change," the woman snapped.

Boy did they. Dana had gone from bitch to psycho bitch. If Chloe could just hold her off until Tag came back, everything would be fine. Dana had other ideas. A shrill scream spilt the air, making Chloe cringe. Dana dropped to the floor, swung her leg out and knocked Chloe on her ass.

Vicious growls filled the room as Dana scrambled across the floor to Chloe, swinging the knife. Jumping to her feet, Chloe shot out of the kitchen and into the living room for the front door. As she put her hand out for the doorknob, Dana grabbed her by the hair and jerked.

"Where do you think you're going? I'm not done with you yet."

Chloe felt the blade of the knife bite into her neck. "You think Tag will want you after you kill me? You think he'll take you to his bed with blood on your hands?" Her brain scrambled for something, anything to say to make the woman think.

"Shut up," Dana shouted in her ear and yanked on her hair.

Anger began to override the fear. She'd had enough of this. Pulling her arm forward, she slammed her elbow back into Dana's stomach at the same time pushing her arm away from her neck. Dana doubled over clutching her stomach.

Chloe wrapped her fingers around the doorknob, turned, and the room spun as Dana clubbed her on the back of the head. She stumbled, staggered, and fell to the floor. Struggling to regain her vision, she opened her eyes. Two psychos were walking toward her.

Dana lifted the knife above her head. Chloe kicked, hitting Dana's knee and hyper extending it. The mad woman crumpled to the floor in a heap, still clutching the knife. So much anger welled up inside Chloe's chest she couldn't contain it any longer. Scrambling across the floor, she fisted her hand in Dana's hair, jerked her to her back, then straddled her.

"I never did like you much," Chloe snarled and then balled up her hand and plowed it into Dana's face. The sound of crunching cartilage echoed through the room. "Tag would never be satisfied with a skank like you." She struck again as blood sprayed and Dana shrieked, lifting the knife for a killing blow.

Before Chloe could move, Tag crashed through the door and kicked the knife free from Dana's hand. Chloe smiled down at Dana and then buried her fist in the psychotic woman's face one last time.

Tag pulled her away as the police dragged Dana to her feet, whimpering and threatening to sue. Tag led Chloe to the kitchen and quickly wiped the blood spatter from her face and hand before pulling her hard against his chest.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Her voice muffled against his chest. "Tag, she was in here while we were having sex."

He released a string of curses that made her laugh. After he checked her over and made sure she didn't have any injuries, he carried her to the couch, covered her with the throw, and motioned for the police to come over.

It seemed as though the questions would never end. Patiently and as accurately as she could, Chloe told of the conversation she and Dana had in the bar. Next she told of the

Country Loving

day she found Dana at Tag's house and then tried to explain the chain of events that had just happened.

As she spoke she watched Tag closely. He kept a tight lid on his anger and never interrupted, but she could see the simmering rage just below the surface. God, she couldn't wait for the police to leave so she could soothe away his stressful frown lines and bring back those sexually stormy eyes.

After all the questions had been answered Chloe stopped the trooper. "How did you know it was her and she'd be here?"

The trooper laughed. "The German shepherd."

Not understanding, she turned to Tag.

"I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner," Tag said sitting down next to her and holding her hand. "That dog goes after anyone he doesn't know and he knows everyone in this town."

"Except for us," the trooper offered.

Tag nodded. "He had to know whoever was in your room last night or you would have heard him snarling and barking. Hell, my parents would have heard him. It all clicked. It couldn't have been your stalker from the city. It had to be someone from here, and after what you told me about Dana being inside my house, well, I just knew."

Tag rubbed his eyes and then pinched the bridge of his nose. "I tried to call and warn you."

"I heard the phone ringing but she'd already cornered me." She'd never forget the twisted, insane look in Dana's eyes. Maybe at some point she could manage to feel sorry for the woman, but right now all Chloe could muster was anger.

She thanked the officers as Tag walked them to the door, engaged the lock and then turned. Coming toward her, he stripped off his shirt and unzipped his jeans.

"I need you, baby. I need to make sure you're here with me and okay. Don't argue, please."

Robin Leigh Miller

It was then she saw his hands trembling and the raw fear in his eyes. They'd almost lost each other and yes, they both needed to reassure each other they were okay. Holding her arms out to him, she smiled.

"I'm here, Tag. I'm never going anywhere again." He'd saved her mother two years ago and then her today. Who the hell would turn their back on their own personal hero?

As he tenderly kissed and stroked her body, she could still feel him shaking. Taking the lead, she pushed him back on the couch, released his throbbing erection, covered him with the condom he handed her and then straddled him. Easing down on his cock, she gasped as he filled her body.

"Chloe," he whispered, a tear escaping the corner of his eye. "I almost lost you."

She kissed the tear away. "But you didn't, sweetheart." Opening her shirt, she took his hands and cupped them on her breasts. "Feel me. Feel me taking you, loving you inside my body." She purposely clenched around him and smiled at his throaty groan. "Love me, Tag."

Heat flared in his teary eyes, his fingers plucked at her nipples, and he thrust his hips up, driving himself deep inside her. Dropping her head back, she sighed.

"I'm going to fuck you all day and night, Chloe," he promised. "I'm going to show you things I learned just so I could please you like no one else."

Chloe shuddered as she bounced up and down on his cock. She couldn't imagine anything better than this, but knew he had some tricks up his sleeve, and God help her, she couldn't wait.

"I'm going to show you the pleasures of leather straps," he panted as she rode him like a bull. "I'm going to clip things on your sexy little nipples." He leaned forward and sucked one of the nipples in question into his mouth.

Country Loving

Her body tightened. Her pussy drenched his cock as she clamped down hard on him. Their bodies slapped together in a frenzy as she climbed toward heaven.

“Then I’m going to clamp a clip on that precious little clit of yours.” Tag reached between them and pinched her aching clit.

Her orgasm erupted like a volcano and she cried out her pleasure. Tag exploded inside her, their orgasms feeding each other until she fell onto him gasping for breath.

“I love you, Tag,” she panted. “You saved my mother’s heart and now you’ve saved mine.”

The rest of the day and night he loved her, completely and thoroughly. He worshiped her, whispered his love, and made her scream his name more times than she thought possible. Finally they collapsed in exhaustion and Chloe knew her heart was right where it belonged, in Tag’s loving hands.

About the Author

Robin Leigh Miller knows a little about finding romance in odd places. A retired dirt track racecar driver, she found love and adventure on the track. After three months of dating a fellow driver, he proposed and seven months later, they married. Now she gets her adrenaline rush from creating spunky, determined, kick ass women that don't let anything get in their way. Mix in her passion for the paranormal, action, and adventure and you have some unique thrilling stories. Enter a world where anything can happen and hold on tight. It's a bumpy ride but worth the trip as you watch her characters plow through what life throws at them and come out the other side more powerful and, of course, in love.

To find out more about the author, please visit her website at www.robinleighmiller.com.

Also by This Author

Single Titles

Black Smoke, Cerridwen Press

Running Blind, Cerridwen Press

Boomer's Fall, Cerridwen Press

Ricochet's rogue, Cerridwen Press

Force of Nature, Cerridwen Press

Soulless, Ellora's Cave