

A Destiny Blaine Holiday Western

# A COWBOY'S CHRISTMAS STORY



Destiny Blaine Productions

*Destiny Blaine*

**A Cowboy's Christmas Story  
By  
Destiny Blaine**

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**WARNING**

***A Cowboy's Christmas Story by Destiny Blaine***  
contains explicit language and scorching hot love  
scenes.

**This material is intended for adult audiences  
only.**

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A Cowboy's Christmas Story  
Written by Destiny Blaine  
December 2010  
Published by Destiny Blaine Productions

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Cover Art Provided by Patricia Foltz Way2Kool  
Designs  
Cover Art Images Provided by Jimmy Thomas  
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Blaine Productions  
Edited by Tess MacKall and Lili M.Booth  
ISBN: 978-1-4507-3959-7

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Published by Destiny Blaine Productions  
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*A Cowboy's Christmas Story*

*Dedication*

*This one is for my cowboy—you know who you are*

## Chapter One

A soldier knows when to wave a white flag and yell surrender. He may hide behind the wind-ripped cloth and pray he doesn't face further conflict, but he understands his purpose. He has a mighty fine reason for marching forward with a tight grip latched around a thin pole and a pale sheet waving high above his head.

He steps out in front of his fellow countrymen eager to call a truce, but he doesn't approach the enemy without significant knowledge. He realizes he's the weaker party on the battlefield even though that understanding hardly empowers him.

Luke McGregor wasn't a soldier. And he damn sure wasn't ready to turn tail and run—at least not yet. Temptation existed and he had a right mind to take out the distraction in his path or at least contain her.

He eyed the petite brown-eyed hellion he didn't expect to see in Bo's Bar and Grill. She still looked good enough to tie to his bed and drip berry juice down her middle. Marcy Killian was as pretty as you please and every bit as sexy as he remembered her. God help him. His dick found new life the second Luke saw her.

"Down boy," he whispered, watching her approach.

"Hey Luke," Marcy drawled, trying to push by

him in order to make her way through the layers of people.

“Marcy,” he grated out. Every blasted time he bumped into the vixen, he felt the same. His chest tightened, his heart stopped beating and what the hell? *Yeah*, he mused, swiping at his forehead. He was sweating bullets.

Once again, a Marcy-sighting doubled him over and made his balls tight with a hard-core reminder. The one gal he’d wanted but had yet to take to his king-sized bed stood inches from him. Worse still, he couldn’t think of a single come-on line to stop her from snubbing him.

No question about it, if love and lust drove a man into an unforeseen warzone, at some point Luke allowed Marcy to place him on the front lines of fire. He might as well chase down that fellow ridiculously dressed in a Christmas cupid costume and tell him to aim his bow.

Marcy left him numb whenever he saw her and tonight he wasn’t in the mood to play games. Maybe it was time he surrendered and admitted he had feelings for her.

Not a fucking chance.

He studied some of the unusual patrons surrounding him. He couldn’t remember when he’d seen Bo’s Bar so crowded. Most once considered Bo’s Bar and Grill a man’s pub. The place was a pool hall where all the locals gathered after work for a quick beer and a little conversation. What the place wasn’t it soon became after Bo bit the bullet and finally married after fifty years of living as a

bachelor.

Luke felt the sting while glancing around. Instead of Bo making an honest woman out of Charlotte, it had worked the other way around. Hell, the damn place looked like a day spa.

Every which way Luke turned, he found something to remind him of romance. Charlotte had transformed Christmas into a romantic holiday. From the tiny red hearts scattered across the wooden tables to the large bows and arrows dangling from the dance floor ceiling, he would've thought it was Valentine's Day if the large Christmas tree and yuletide carols didn't remind him of the season.

Charlotte had turned the place into a haven for lovers. Apparently Valentine's Day wasn't the only occasion where men became slaves to their women, and women used the occasion to get everything they typically didn't receive. From whole boxes of chocolate to glittering stones set in over-priced platinum settings, women wanted men who pampered them and men, well they wanted their just rewards after they'd pulled out their wallet a few times.

Luke had watched plenty of commercials on television to know what women wanted for Christmas, but he'd never worried too much about becoming the next retail sucker standing in line at the jewelry counter. He didn't have or want a lover.

His gaze immediately held Marcy's. *Damn. That's right, Marcy. I do not want a woman to call*



*my own.*

Marcy chatted with an older couple. The man she appeared to know was none other than the cupid he'd spotted when he first entered the pub. He was dressed like the love god Luke deliberately avoided, and he kept swinging his bow around his head like he feared losing circulation in his left arm.

Where was Santa when Luke needed him?

Marcy continually ducked, trying her best to make conversation with cupid's heart-shaped significant other. She laughed easily and dodged the tip of the bow once more just to shoot Luke a sideways glance heated enough to make him reconsider everything he knew and believed.

He did not *under any circumstances* want a significant other. He couldn't help but notice how foolish a grown man acted when he fell in love.

A cocktail waitress with too much cushion in the front and bigger boobs than he cared to notice eased between Luke and another patron. "How ya doin' there tonight, Luke?"

"Good," he snapped, stretching his neck to steal a quick peek at Marcy's ass. She popped kisses on cupid and his accompanying heart before gathering with her friends at a nearby table. Of course, she automatically propped her hand in the curve of her waist and struck what he considered a deliberate pose.

God love her heart. She'd found a stance guaranteed to make his dick dance. Damn her. He snorted at that.

Spotting an old friend from high school, Luke moved away from the waitress who flashed a hint of too much lust in her eyes. Ignoring her when she offered to get him something, he made his way toward Bobby Pierson. He hadn't seen Bobby in a year or so and the good old boy lit up the entire room with his smile.

"Well I'll be," he said, slapping Luke on the back. "Look what the pussy around here drug in tonight."

"How are ya, Bobby?" Luke asked, shaking his hand and then bringing his bottled beer to his lips. Taking a sip, he finished out with, "Life being good to ya?"

"It'll do. Are you here by yourself?"

"Looks that way," Luke said, tossing a quick glance in Marcy's direction. "How about you?"

"Yeah right. Paula wouldn't let me out of the house for five minutes in a place like this, much less at Christmas. Too many lonely hearts out here on the town tonight."

"Paula?" Luke asked, arching a brow.

"Yeah, you remember Paula Killian, don't you?"

"Sure enough," he said, taking another swig of beer. "She's Marcy's sister."

Chuckling, Bobby said, "Oh yeah, that's right. Somebody said you had a thing for her once."

"Really?" he asked, agitated. "Somebody told a damned ass lie. You of all people ought to know better."

Luke watched Marcy socialize with the group at their table. She moved to the left and pushed her

battered walnut curls over her slender shoulders, playing the role of uninterested and unavailable. Luke was used to her game. He'd struck out every time he tried to pick her up and take her home. His batting average told quite a tale. He wasn't ready for the big leagues.

Bobby slapped him between the shoulders. "Ah now, Luke, come on. Marcy isn't that bad. Get to know her. You'll see. She's as harmless as any other woman. Come on over here and join us."

Luke's defense mechanisms kicked into overdrive with the suggestion. "Maybe some other time," he began with near-stuttered excuses. "Got a few horses to start breaking tomorrow, so I'm not here for a par—"

"Oh my! Luke McGregor! Is that you?"

His bolting plans were shot to hell when he heard Paula Killian behind him. Whirling around on his boot heel, he said, "A sight for sore eyes is what I am, Miss Killian."

Paula planted a quick kiss on his cheek and said, "You don't have to tell me. Every woman in this room is wiping the drool from their chins. What are you doing out on the town tonight? Somebody said you kicked the bottle a long time ago."

He was going to have to do a little research and find out about this *somebody*. The town gossip, at Luke's expense, teetered along the lines of too accurate for his liking. "How you been cupcake?"

Bobby grinned at hearing Luke call her by the nickname she'd carried around all through high school and college. He looked as proud as a man

with a condom rolled over his dick for the first time and quickly slid his arm around her waist.

Paula twirled one of her bright red curls around a slender finger. "I've been good," she teased. "But I'll be much better after I fix my sister up with some handsome cowboy. Do you know where I might find one?"

Luke glanced around the room. "Looks like you're in the right place." Sure enough, a lot of men looked interested enough in Paula's spit-fire sister. Why wouldn't they? Marcy had curves she worked with deliberate calculation whenever a man rubbernecked it her way for longer than a boot-scootin' minute.

Damn straight. If Marcy wanted a cowboy to unwrap for Christmas, she'd find a few volunteers. He didn't think he could stomach the selection process.

In the distance, Marcy leaned over the table and grabbed a napkin. Then she slowly wiped up a spill on the wooden table where one of her friends had knocked over a half-full beer.

If she wanted the men there to get a fair enough image of a maid-to-order, she hit her mark without the costume. Luke already pictured her in a sexy little black dress trimmed in white with an apron appropriately matched to the lace barely showing from under the skirt.

He even fantasized about dainty gloves and a feather duster in her hand, not to mention a tightly fitted black band around her neck. All because she worked her body into what he considered one hell-

hot provocative pose. He cursed his cock for standing straight up and stretching forward with its own right of approval.

To make matters worse, doggone it, at some point during his vivid erotic hallucinations, he'd locked gazes with the woman behind the illusion. About the time he realized that he stood there gawking, she turned away, which he expected.

Grabbing him by the elbow, Paula yanked him from his daydreams and steered him toward their table. "Come on. We have some catching up to do."

"I don't think so, Paula. How about some other time?"

"Oh now, Luke. Come on. Marcy doesn't bite. I promise."

"You sure?" he asked, biting back a smile.

"She won't tonight," Paula told him leading the way.

Marcy's dear sister swore the same thing about two years prior when they'd met up at a field party behind Donahue's Pub. Things didn't go well then, and he didn't think he'd fair much better now.

"You can't run from her forever," Bobby said under his breath.

"Watch me," Luke returned, pulling free of Paula's grip.

Paula winked, looked him up and down with the same color of ginger brown eyes her sister possessed. Then she tempted him with free booze. "Bobby is buying tonight." She eyed the bottle in Luke's hand. "Assuming you took a tumble off that

wagon.”

“I’ll quench your thirst with more beer than any man can hold,” Bobby offered.

Luke was more concerned about the hunger, the gut-wrenching pain he felt in his stomach every time he came within fucking distance of Marcy. And that was the problem. He had a true appetite for a woman he’d never so much as kissed, hardly explainable considering she acted mostly repulsed by him.

“Give me a minute,” Luke mumbled, realizing an escape would undoubtedly alert Marcy to the obvious. She still scared him to death.

He started for the bar and heard Marcy behind him. “So that’s how it’s going to be?”

“What’s that?” he asked over his shoulder, barely looking her way. For the love of God, he was hard. Right there in his tight-fitting jeans in front of the whole town, his zipper was ready to pop, or better yet, drop. *Might as well go for the latter*, he decided, turning to face her.

“It was so crowded when you first got here, I didn’t have a chance to ask you. How you been, cowboy?”

“Terrific, you?”

“Better than the average woman.”

He’d like to test that out for himself. He took a deep breath and peered over the top of her head. “I figured somebody had snatched you up by now, Marcy.” He’d bet all the hay in his barn she’d had a couple of marriage proposals anyway.

“You offering?”

His gaze drifted over her. *Maybe, fucking hell, maybe.* “No.”

“Didn’t think so. You’re still bitter because I left the field party with Josh Donahue that night we danced, aren’t you?”

“What night?” And hell yeah, he held a grudge. Donahue was a spoiled prick with too much money, bad breath, and a tiny pecker. He remembered the guy from the good old days in PE. Poor fellow became the laughing stock in gym class.

He wondered if that’s why her little fling with America’s most eligible bachelor hadn’t lasted long. He probably shouldn’t ask.

Marcy latched her bottom lip under her top teeth. With a low, feminine—definitely feminine—moan, she said, “Come on, Luke. We both know you had plans of your own that night.”

“I couldn’t tell you. I used to drink a lot in those days. Back then, I barely remembered how to get home after a night out.” If folks around town thought he had a drinking problem to kick, might as well play the general consensus to the hilt.

“So that’s why you invited me back to your place that night? I guess you needed directions or something?”

“A chauffeur,” he retorted with a tight smile.

“I would’ve given you a ride.”

He chuckled. “Darlin’, I don’t doubt that one bit.”

Blushed cheeks burned one degree brighter. “You never change, do you?”

“Try my damndest to limit surprises to the

bedroom, sugar.”

“You proposing a good time, cowboy?” she asked with a hint of challenge in her voice, licking her lips and eyeing his.

Damn if he wasn’t ready to take the plunge then. But no, he reminded himself. He’d been here before. Over the course of his lifetime, Marcy had turned him down on numerous occasions. The most recent was at Donahue’s which may have been why his lust had deepened. He hadn’t seen her in two damn years and he considered it too damn long.

“Well?” she asked, grinning. “What’s it gonna be, Luke? Are you going to take me home tonight?”

Yeah, about like he planned to give her a ride two years ago, That was before he realized Marcy Killian was the epitome of a true tease, a woman hell bent on destroying his better senses.

“No ma’am. Part of my alluring quality is blindsiding a woman. If I decide to take you to my place, I swear you’ll never see me coming.”

“Oh really?”

“That’s a fact.”

Flipping her hair to the side, she said in her normal husky voice, “Well that’s too bad, Luke McGregor, because I’ve waited for you about as long as a woman can stand.” She scooted by a nearby cowboy, one who studied her ass about as intently as a man could, or another one allowed when he had the same interests in the woman drawing his gaze.

Marcy took about four steps toward the bar. Luke turned around and caught Bobby’s eye. He



smirked, nodded in Marcy's direction, and then whispered something to Paula who immediately waved her hand like she wanted to shoo Luke in her sister's direction.

If that was his green light, he'd proceed without caution. Stomping right behind the little woman who'd deliberately kept his balls in a pinch and his dick plumb hard, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her right out of that bar.

"Let me go!" she demanded when the cool mountain air hit them square in the face.

"Not a chance, sweet thing. I'm ready for that ride you mentioned. And I'm counting on more than a buck or two before the night is through."

## Chapter Two

Since high school, Marcy had known Luke McGregor represented the kind of trouble she didn't need. With his reputation not to mention the way she reacted to him whenever she saw him, she'd tried to ignore the obvious. Luke was put on this earth for one thing—to fuck her into a mindless state of confusion and keep her there for the rest of her natural life.

She ran from him for that reason. Marcy wasn't a fool. She knew if Luke ever laid her down, she'd probably never get up.

"Just where do you think we're going?" she grated out as he stopped in front of his brand spanking new 2010 coal black Chevy Silverado.

He released her wrist and stood inches from her body. "I think we both know. Do you really want to play the stupid card with me tonight, Marcy?" He looked her up and down. "I never took you for a buttered blonde but hey, you may be like all the other bleach-infused broads in that bar. Maybe you're not as different as I once thought. Who knows, you might be after a good time like all those other gals inside."

The nerve! She turned to stalk away but he stopped her, caging her against the side of his truck with his palms flat against the edge of the truck bed cover.

His midnight blue eyes held hers and those defined bones in his cheeks, tightened. She glanced at his mouth. His bow-shaped full lips now appeared moistened and ready to kiss.

“You hungry?” he asked as an afterthought.

“Not particularly,” she replied, swallowing. God help her. If he used food to lure her back to his place, she’d kill him for the suggestion later. She was ready to eat all right but sitting down to a full course meal wasn’t something she’d consider before she sampled dessert. And she was thinking along the lines of a long john, a creamy filled pastry equally as satisfying as a delicious éclair topped with a splash of icing.

No, it didn’t take her long to think up all sorts of notions. He had that effect on her.

She was delirious. Worse still, she was used to it. Luke frightened her. He scared her to death and part of the reason was because of the way her mind played tricks on her whenever he came around.

She easily pictured herself in a long white dress adorned with Swarovski crystals with a dazzling train trailing behind her. Fast forward ten years, and she could even imagine herself pregnant with one of his children. Yep, certifiable and without just cause considering Luke had never so much as held her in his arms.

“You’re not hungry?”

“No, I’m not.”

“Then we have a problem,” Luke said, bending his head slightly after removing his cowboy hat and tossing it on the truck. “See, I’m trying to do the

right thing here, Marcy. I'm an average cook so I figure since it's Christmas Eve and all, why not share the special occasion with someone special. I'm inviting you over for a nice dinner, but I gotta tell ya, that's not all I have on my mind."

Thank God. Maybe after ten years, they were making progress.

On a self-dare, she licked her lips and reached for him, running her fingers through his dark thick hair, marveling at the way the natural curls parted, drawing her fingernails all the way to his scalp. "Then why don't you start by telling me what you want."

His eyes changed then. They darkened, and she decided the misty film covering them looked a whole lot like pent-up lust. She asked for this, she quickly reminded herself, so she had no one else to blame but herself. She led the horse to water, and if she knew Luke McGregor, he would drink.

A brooding expression washed over his face, and it was one which surprised her. He looked like whatever they were about to do pained him, or more accurately, threatened him.

"Get in the truck," he said in a guttural tone.

She didn't put up a fight. Running proved a waste of time. The roads she'd traveled so far never led her to Luke, and she'd yet to have a man hold her interest for longer than a few minutes no thanks to him.

He opened the door and held out his hand. She easily slid across the front seat, drifting across the leather like she belonged right beside him.

Grinning, he said, "Don't get carried away now, Marcy. We both know you're excited, but I need you over here so I can buckle you in."

"No," she stated flatly, looking straight ahead. "The truth is, you're afraid you won't make it home if I'm sitting too close." Taking her slow time turning her head, she glared into his knowing eyes. "And you might be right, Luke. God help me, you might be right."

\* \* \* \*

Luke couldn't remember a longer drive home. Located in Carter's Valley, his farm was only about ten miles from Interstate 181, but God help him, he could've driven to Knoxville and back all by his lonesome and the trip would've seemed shorter.

A few times, whenever Marcy shifted in her seat, he gripped the steering wheel harder. He tried to focus on the road, watching as the rain peppered down on top of his metal hood. To make matters worse, when he took the exit ramp and turned left on Carters Valley Road, a car darted out in front of them. Maneuvering so fast to swerve out of its way, he barely paid any attention when Marcy's tiny fingers locked around his bicep.

Her hand didn't move even after the danger passed, and the burn traveling up and down his arm alerted him all the more. The woman beside him was dangerous. She represented an end to life as he'd known it, and yet he couldn't wait to get her home.

"You okay?" he asked, searching her eyes for just a minute before glancing down and admiring

how she clung to him.

“Yes,” she whispered, holding on still tighter. “How about you?”

He chuckled. “I’m still in one piece, darlin’.” Though he wondered, by the look he saw brewing in her eyes, if she’d leave him that way after he took her to his bed.

“You live out of the way,” she commented, making small talk. “I’d forgotten how far it is out here.”

“Suits me,” he muttered. And he hoped like hell she’d love his little farm too because he had a funny feeling he might want her to stay. *Might hell.*

He pointed toward a new subdivision. “Have you been out here since Walnut Grove was developed?”

“No,” she replied, squinting her eyes and trying to see through the rain-drenched windshield.

He turned the wipers on high and said, “Nice little neighborhood.” Small-scale hardly described the new development. He watched her for a reaction, curious to see if she found three-hundred-thousand-dollar houses impressive.

She didn’t react. Instead, she said, “Paula told me you work a lot of horses now.”

“Yep, I’m training thoroughbreds for a Kentucky owner. Fellow had too many clients and not enough time to take care of them when his wife fell ill. God love him. He’s used up a vast fortune taking her all over the world trying to find the one doctor who can cure her of a life-claiming

disease.”

“How sad,” Marcy said softly. “He must love her a lot.”

The tenderness in her typically gruff voice shocked him, and he looked over at her all at once. “He does.”

A bolt of electricity shot up his spine, and he gulped for air, nearly gagged on the sudden lack of oxygen. When her grip relaxed, he started breathing again.

Something was way off here. He responded to her as if he'd known her intimately, as if they were already inseparable. Yeah, he should've waved that damn flag of surrender. He should've draped it over his body right then and there.

The rain continued to hammer against his Chevy. He tried to maneuver the truck up his dirt road, quite muddy by then, and driving at all proved challenging since his driveway was straight up a narrow incline.

He stopped in the middle of his driveway, using the opportunity to shift into four-wheel drive as an unspoken excuse, even going out of his way to dramatically change gears. Sensing her staring at him, he turned then, draping his right arm over her shoulders.

Her tempting tongue swiped at dry lips, and then God bless her, she lowered her eyes.

“Look at me,” he demanded, watching her pale ivory skin blush with a soft rose color.

“What do you want me to see?” she whispered, raising her gaze to match his.

“Me,” he responded quickly. “I want you to see me.”

“I always see you, Luke McGregor.”

Good. That was a step in the right direction. He needed her to understand that after years of cat and mouse, they weren’t there to play games, house maybe, but not checkers and chess. He hadn’t brought her all the way out to the country to take her back into the city in the middle of the pouring rain.

He lowered his lips to hers, planning to give her a soft kiss, a prelude of sorts so she’d know what waited right up the hill. But then she had to go and shoot his plans straight to hell.

Her lips fed from his and her tongue darted in and out of his mouth like a famished woman, a woman who couldn’t wait to rip apart a tough-talking cowboy and go straight for his heart. She tantalized him when she kissed a path across his cheek, and then whispered in his ear, “Take me home.”

Heaven and stars, he was a cowboy who needed a little guidance, then. She might as well have laid a leather crop across his balls. Her hot breath sent the sensual impression straight down his spine, and the length he already had pressing against his denim demanded a little attention. If she touched him right then, his size would’ve likely scared her plumb silly. Hell, the need he felt growing inside of him alerted him to a truth he didn’t want to face alone. He was going to tear into her with more than an eager cock. He planned



to claim her, storm into her life and make her completely his.

He slowly released her and started the drive for his cabin. And things might have been just perfect, if she hadn't slipped her hand in between his legs.

## Chapter Three

Marcy didn't typically act like a whore, but then again, she'd waited for Luke longer than she ever intended; ten years to be exact. Her instincts kicked her ass whenever she was around him and kissing him, after all these years, felt oh so right. Touching him felt even better.

His body tightened under her fingertips. As she moved her palm up his leg, his body went rigid, and she wondered what else she'd find hard and solid underneath his snug-fitting jeans.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he warned when she squeezed his inner thigh and walked her fingers closer to his crotch.

"Why not?"

He shot her a look, a daring one she interpreted from the second she saw his gaze linger at the dip in her blouse. She hoped her breasts were pushed up high enough for show.

"Go ahead then," he said in a voice ripe with longing. "Touch me. Find out how quickly I'll take you right here in this driveway. You want our first time to happen in the front seat of a truck? Cause baby, I don't care." He looked down his slender nose with a heated glare, and her fingers crawled closer and closer to his cock.

A loud boom rocked the truck all at once and their heads jerked forward at the same time.

Without realizing it, her hand closed around the bulge claiming the front area of his pants. Clutching his shape, she screamed, "Oh my God!"

"Damn it to hell!" Luke hollered. "Just look what you've done!"

Eyeing the tree straight across the hood of the truck, she balked at the accusation. Shock spun into her veins, and she shivered with fear as she looked to her left and then her right. The impact of the fallen tree had moved the vehicle mighty close to the edge of the path they were trying to follow prior to distractions.

Luke gritted his teeth. "Damn it!" He leaned over the steering wheel and stared at the damage the oak tree had caused, stunned by what he saw because a natural demolition was anything but expected.

Marcy felt the further rise of his dick under her palm and gasped. Her fingers, instead of retreating, dug deeper into his denim, the bite of his zipper nearly cutting her by the time she realized she needed to release him.

"Oh Luke, I'm sorry," she whispered, pulling her hand back.

"You should be," he snapped. "We're only a quarter of a mile from the house. You couldn't wait?"

She saw the fury in his eyes, the hard man she'd heard others speak about but never witnessed for herself. "Me?"

"Yeah, you! I don't see anyone else here groping me, do you?" he exclaimed, trying to open

his door. "I just bought this truck. Damn tree must've weighed over five hundred pounds. Look at the fucking dents."

"Well, I hope it's insured!" she spat, opening her door and jumping straight into the rain, falling down the second her legs gave in the mud. "Total hell!" she screamed, too proud to yell for help.

She slid about five yards from the truck. Mud-soaked, she stood up and stumbled again. Clenching her fists at her sides, she ground her teeth. Too angry to walk toward Luke or his coveted home, she marched toward the road.

"Just where do you think you're going?" he called out.

"Home!"

"Home?" he asked, bellowing out behind her in an amused tone. "You do realize your place is a good fifteen to twenty minutes in this rain."

"So what!" she yelled, stalking forward.

Before she made another step, he scooped her up in his arms and ten seconds later slammed her back in the front seat of his truck. "That's by car, sugar. In this mess, you'd be frozen solid after the first mile and you'd never make it by morning. Now, give me a fucking minute, and I'll get you home."

"I'm not going anywhere with you!"

"The hell you aren't," he said, running his hands through his hair. "You're going home with me, and I'm taking you straight to bed. And if you aren't quiet for five minutes, I plan to fuck you right here just because I'm so damn horny I'm not

sure I can walk up that God-forsaken hill until I sink in between those soft thighs of yours.”

“If you think—

“I said give me a minute!” He stomped away, and then came straight back. “Grab the keys and come on.”

She looked around the truck for her belongings. Snatching her purse, she glared back at him and asked, “What about the lights?”

“Leave them. We may need them to see what’s in front of us.”

“What’s in front of us?” she screeched.

“We’ve had bears, wolves, everything you can imagine wandering around here.”

She gulped. “You’re serious?”

“No, damn it. I’m not. I’m trying to be a gentleman. I don’t want you to clam up like a woman and act like you’re scared of the dark. By the time we hit the ridge up there, my place will light up the hillside but turn the lights out now and you’ll have to depend on me to lead you home.”

As it stood, she had to rely on him anyway. She hit the lights and defiantly ignored his instructions. No need in a dead battery the next day. And besides, she wasn’t afraid of the dark. She only feared the way she reacted to the man leading her into the night.

## Chapter Four

Luke released a sigh of relief when they rounded the bend at the top of the hill. He'd left every light in the house on which was what he often did when he went out to the clubs, on the chance he brought someone home, which rarely happened. Part of the reason he never found comfort in another woman he blamed on the woman trailing beside him. He always compared potential bed partners to Marcy and seemingly expected every gal he met to come up short.

Walking onto the porch, Marcy shivered beside him, her teeth clattering away. "I...I...didn't know it was supposed to be this cold."

"Don't you watch television?" he asked, feeling around under the ledge of the window for a key he kept tucked away there.

"N...ooo," she said through the chilling rain, tugging her lightweight jacket closer to her collarbone.

"We're expecting a hard snow tomorrow morning and meteorologists warned of the potential for black ice tonight following this rain. You and Paula shouldn't have been out if you want to know the truth."

He glanced at the woman staring up at him and noticed how nervous she looked when she shoved her hands in the pockets of her dirty jacket. She

looked so damned cute with her once-styled hair glued to her muddy face. Those warm ginger-brown eyes were his undoing even though they were encased by large rings of black mascara.

Luke unlocked the door and gave the brass knob a hearty push. "Bathroom is there on the left. Towels are in the closet. I'm gonna run over to the barn and grab some extra wood. I'll be right back."

She quickly nodded, and he took a deep breath, releasing it only after he stepped back outside. The freezing rain struck at his face like needles deliberately gouging his flesh. Glancing at the wood piled high on his porch, he cursed under his breath.

He didn't need more logs. Hell no. What he needed was to take his own hand to his cock so he didn't rush for Marcy like a mad bull, all horns and no romance.

He stopped three or four steps off the porch. She was making him crazy. It was bad enough that he'd thought of her for two solid years after dancing the night away at Donahue's, realizing for the first time in his life what it felt like to hold a woman who intrigued him.

Then, meeting up with her there at Bo's, watching her sweet little hips sway across the room and seeing the lust form in every man's eye, stirred something so deep inside of him that he forgot his own name. All he cared about was getting in between her legs and staying there until he'd had enough, presuming he'd ever find more than his fill.

Sweet country, she made him harder than an

armor plate of manufactured steel and that wasn't the worst of it. He felt certain once he touched her he'd melt like metal surrounded by a blazing fire.

Something was wrong with him.

He swallowed a good dose of his new truth. After kissing her, he felt reckless, like he might die if he didn't kiss her again. Ah her sweet little fingers, that tight grip she took on his cock right before the tree fell across their path and clobbered the hood of his truck.

Damn her for making him wreck his truck and for being the very reason he was nothing more than a walking hard-on. He couldn't wait to get back inside and hold her. So damn her for that too.

Yeah. Damn her all right. The gal needed a good cussing because since he set eyes on her, all he'd ever wanted to do was love her.

\* \* \* \*

Marcy was almost finished. It took three rinses to get the caked mud out of her hair. She'd hoped she could bathe in private and enjoy the rustic large walk-in shower by herself, but she heard the door, the creaking of the floor and then the raspy, "Are you decent or exposed?"

"I don't want company," she bit out, thinking his choice of words might have appealed to her if he hadn't been such a jackass earlier.

"Well, ain't that a blessed shame," he rasped, stepping into the shower. "I do. In fact, it's why I invited you."

Her eyes immediately met the hottest gaze she'd ever had directed her way. Luke McGregor



worked his sex appeal, used it like a badge of honor, a right he had and no one else earned. Or maybe it was just the way he reacted to her.

She looked down. She gulped. Yes indeed, it was definitely the way he responded to her.

“Never seen a man before?”

“I’ve seen plenty,” she replied.

His face turned red and his lips quivered for a fraction of a second. A twitch she almost didn’t catch. “Is that right?” he asked, bracketing his arms around her waist. “Seen lots of men, huh?”

“I said I’ve seen plenty. I didn’t say I’ve fucked them all.”

“I don’t care,” he said, nipping at her shoulder and holding her tightly, allowing her breasts to mash against his chest. “I don’t care if you’re a virgin or you’ve had a hundred men in your bed. I can deal with the men later. Right now, all I want to do is take care of this raging need I have to get closer to you.”

Her heart slammed against her chest wall, and she felt weak and vulnerable, yet exhilarated, high on the lust spinning through her veins and knocking the wind out of her lungs. Luke admitted, in so many words, how much he wanted her.

He lapped at her neck, the tender spot right above her collarbone. Her head fell back over her shoulders, leaving her entire chest exposed to his lips, and he took full and obvious advantage, kissing his way up to her chin, and then all the way down to her breasts.

“Luke,” she mumbled.

“Hmm?” He didn’t stop, instead, he kept his tongue careening over her flesh, heating her in places the hot water failed to warm.

Oh God, she was dying. She felt his length press against her, and she reached for his cock. He shifted then, clasped her hands in his, and shoved her arms high above her head. Nipping at her ear, he breathed, “Let me get cleaned up.”

“Okay,” she muttered, thinking she’d never paid attention to the clay streaks lining his face. “Sure.”

He nodded in the direction of the large Formica seat. “I want you to watch me.”

The surge of excitement spooled through her pussy. She backed away, actually tripped over to the tiny space, settling her hips against the slick texture of the bath chair.

Her eyes met his in what she understood must have been an equal match for his lust, and she watched him move, his body undulating like there wasn’t a singular audience curiously observing him. He leaned against the wall, bracing his elbows on the tile while the water jetted over his form.

His cock hung low between his legs, and she stared at his back, the defined muscles carving their way into his perfect physique. His toned ass taunted, truly tempted her itching fingers.

Lathering his front, he bathed himself. Her mouth watered as she witnessed him reaching between his legs, knowing his palm worked over his cock. His head bowed and the sloshing noise filling the shower alerted her to the fact that he wasn’t

just bathing but working with his arousal.

Standing, she went to him. Reaching around him, she pressed her chest against him and took the soap from his closed hand, prying away his fingers. Smoothing the bar over his nape and shoulders, she quickly matted his thick hair with suds.

After her palms brushed over him a few times, he faced her. The heat in his eyes burned hotter than before, the defined ripples in his belly leading to a stout erection, one a man like Luke most likely couldn't manage without a woman. Even a masculine grip and a deliberate effort wouldn't sate that degree of visible desire.

She dropped to her knees, without preamble, without a kiss to lead. She simply took to the floor, winced in pain when her knee scraped over the drain, but with her mouth open, she bowed her head and prepared to taste him.

Thank God, he didn't deny her.

## Chapter Five

It was a sin for a man to look at a woman on bended knees, see a beautiful angel, and wonder what he could do to corrupt her. Luke wanted Marcy's innocence gone—if she possessed any. More than anything else, he longed to see her strapped to his bed, her long legs spread in front of him, her claws sharpening across his chest while he pounded into her sweet, wet pussy.

God help him. He needed her. He'd wanted her for so long he couldn't even remember the first time she made his dick hard. Not that it mattered. She did plenty to inspire his erection now.

Her lips parted, and she sipped the slit of his cock as if she planned to tease and seduce him until *he* begged *her* for his release. "My how the tables turn," he groaned, thinking he should've kept a stiff upper lip. The last thing he needed to do was scare her to death by telling her what he craved most—submissive, willing women.

She cut her gaze upward and twirled her tongue around his width, lapping at him with the ferocity of a determined wildcat, a wildcat he never wanted tamed. Watching her made him think about the lifestyle again. Maybe there was something to be said for those women who knew little to nothing about the Dom/sub relationship.

At this point, if she kept lapping at his cock like

she had all year to learn how to do it right, he didn't care if he ever saw a collar around her neck. This was enough, watching her pretty little head bob over him, her luscious mouth open and close around his size.

"Good damn!" he growled, trying to force her to take him deeper, faster. He fisted her hair in his hand, changed his stance, and cursed under his breath. There she was in the midst of his arousal, taking things slow.

"You gonna look at it or show me what you got, baby?"

She snickered. Damn her. He ought to spank her ass raw.

Her hot little tongue eased out again and slowly swiped at the top, taking the crest in a circular motion until he swore under his breath, certain his shaft pulsed with the first stream of his release. And there would be plenty once he started to grind against her throat. He'd like that first opportunity.

His head pressed against the square tiles behind him, and he held onto her shoulders, eyeing her carefully, unsure if he'd ever look away from her again. "You're killing me, here."

Quick as a rattlesnake and with a suction almost as damning as the varmint's venomous bite, her mouth closed over his shaft, and she pulled him closer to her throat, her hot mouth milking him, sliding up and down. She mumbled something against his cock, and the vibrations shot through his body setting so many nerve endings on fire in the

process that he could've sworn his entire body climaxed—including organs, muscles, bones, and veins.

"Stop," he ground out. He choked on the urgent request. God help him, maybe she didn't hear him.

Hell and damnation, he sure hoped not.

Slurping sounds filled the bathroom, and she went at him like an eager little vixen. His control plummeted to hell and damn it all, he never meant to handle her like this. He'd only wanted to love her but now—oh heaven help him—he hadn't counted on this!

His thighs bunched. His ass cheeks clenched. His cock burned. And what else was a man supposed to do?

She sucked him to her throat and caressed his tight balls, playing with him, pinching him with her fingers. He felt the eruption, the coming moment, the telling signs.

Fuck! Well, that's precisely what he did—exactly what every other man in his position would have done. He just went with it.

She had to know what was coming.

If Luke thought for one minute she'd leave him with a hard-on so heavily veined with his thick lust, then he'd never really had the right kind of woman positioned in front of his cock. She sucked his length into her mouth, swallowing as much of his dick as she could and allowing him to go deeper even after he asked her to stop.

She wasn't heartless and she wasn't about to

take a man against his will. If he wanted her to stop, all he had to do was pull out, but she knew better. She slapped her hands against her thighs, allowing him to see, at least for the time being, she was all mouth. If he wanted to back up, he could take the first step or move altogether.

She rose and fell over his dick, and when he slipped away once, she kissed the tip, running her finger over his size and admiring what she saw. The transparent film oozed from the head, his excitement wetting the tip enough to dampen her desire.

Smacking her lips, she kissed the end again. "God, Luke. You have to let me." She glanced up and saw the longing, the way his hooded eyes pierced through hers.

He shot her a wicked smile, one of the naughtiest she'd ever seen. He placed his hands on either side of her head and said in a deep guttural tone, "Go on then. Get you some."

God almighty, the way he made his request sound like a reply to something she needed was the sexiest thing she'd ever heard anyone say in her life. She dropped her mouth over his long penis again, but she didn't want *some* of what he had to offer a woman.

Oh no, she wanted it all.

## Chapter Six

Luke wasn't sure where he found the will of ten thousand men but somehow he found the strength he needed to bend down, stop her from taking a full stream of his release, and tote her off to his bedroom. She had given him the best blowjob of his life and somewhere in the middle of pure pleasure, he'd made her stop.

As he carried her to his room, he felt the weight of his release trapped at the base of his dick, the burden of his incredible lust threatening to hinder his pursuit of the closed door in front of him. Somehow he made it to the end of the hallway. Somehow he managed to kick open the door and somewhere along the way, he gently placed her in the center of his bed when all he wanted to do was toss her there.

Marcy's hair fanned around her. Her milky-white complexion looked appropriately flushed next to the green velvet comforter. Luke longed to mount her like a wild animal and ravage her body until he claimed her heart for his own.

He studied her reaction as he gathered a few throw pillows from a small sofa located opposite the bed. Then, he shoved them under her bottom. "That's right, sugar. You know what I'm going to do."

"Drive me crazy?" she asked with a devilish



grin.

"Damn right," he said, pressing his palms to her knees and spreading her. His mouth raked over her skin, tasting the essence of a woman and her scent, the soft smell of honeydew, drove him closer and closer to the core of her pussy.

Once his mouth covered her, she gasped, and the pure mischief in him drove him away. Sliding his tongue up and down her leg, he nipped at her inner thigh, cupping his hand underneath her heat.

"Don't tease me, Luke," she pleaded.

"Grovel," he growled, blowing a stream of hot air over her opening. "Beg for what you want, darlin'. Tell me, sweet thing. Just say it. Tell me you'll feed me some of that sugar-sweet honey. That's what I can't wait to taste," he said sipping at her folds. "Grind your pretty pussy against my lips, sugar. I'll make you scream for mercy."

He held his cock away from her, hoping she processed what he expected. Did she know he had a tendency to bring a few kink-elements to the bedroom? Did she expect him to tie her hands and bind her to his bed?

She grabbed for him but he shook off her loose grip, reaching for the bedside table and yanking the drawer from the nightstand so hard it crashed to the floor, the contents scattering across the carpet. He searched through a few select items, scouring the area for what he needed and greedily grabbing his favorite playthings.

He retrieved what he felt certain had the ability to bring on her pleasure and allowed a soft

silk scarf to drift over her body. The triangular corner skimmed across a pointed nipple. Marcy possessed perfect breasts, round and full with tiny beads accentuating her tan areolas.

His mouth watered. He watched her expression change. She looked relaxed, but he knew better. She was anxious, expecting him to seduce her like no other. And he would not only provoke her, but he would also inspire her, make her crave him with such heated fervor that she'd never forget the man behind the ravenous experience.

The silky cloth brushed against her cheek, and her mouth opened. "Shh," he whispered, placing his finger to her lips. Bending down, he stole a kiss, licking his way into her mouth and feeding her hunger, igniting another spark with one taste, a quick sampling of what he held in store.

"Luke, please," she said softly.

"Please what?"

"Please me," she replied, smiling.

He narrowed his gaze on her breasts, lapping at them now would be his quick demise, but ignoring them, bypassing those pointed little gems seemed more like a true crime. Rushing forward, he touched one of the erect nubs, rotating his index finger around the hard bead, over and over again until he noted the difference between nipples, the one he'd manipulated and the one awaiting his touch.

*Damn.* What was it he once found so appealing about submissive women? Whatever it was, he pushed the thoughts aside. With Marcy, he didn't

own self control. He couldn't regulate his growing desire. He had to fuck her, had to slip in between her legs while they were parted in acceptance. But first he wanted a better taste of what her body promised she could deliver.

Cradling her head, he tied the scarf off in the back, covering her eyes. She didn't object. In fact, she lay perfectly still, her breathing slightly heavier than before. He'd planned to tie her to his bedposts but he wasn't sure he wanted Marcy to unleash his inner demons, the darker side of his personality.

He rarely allowed his dominant side to surface and seldom indulged. He'd enjoyed submissive women in the past and trained several of them for submission, but something told him Marcy wasn't a woman who would jump straight into the lifestyle.

Luke ran his hands through his hair, watching her tempt him as she lay there motionless, still and quiet. She looked so beautiful with her painted lips and rose-colored cheekbones. The blindfold only added to the appeal. Didn't it?

*God no.* The doggone thing didn't contribute anything to the experience. What made the moment special, what drove him forward, were her eyes pinned to his, her gaze matching his with the same hunger, the same needs, the intense longing so very obvious in her flushed skin, her moist lips, and her wandering fingers, the hands now propelling toward her mound.

Heaven help him.

He yanked the thin material away from her

eyes. She needed to see him! How could she know where to touch him if she didn't watch what inspired his pleasure?

She gasped in surprise when the scarf fell away from her face, but she released the softest cry, the sweetest sound known to mankind when he tugged her from the mattress hard and fast, bracketing his arms around her waist and smothering her lips with his own. His tongue plunged inside her mouth. He kissed her like he'd never kiss another and God help him, the thought of kissing anyone other than Marcy made him ache. There was only one way to satisfy the urgent longing.

He needed to be inside of her. And he had to get there fast.

## Chapter Seven

Marcy was both relieved and disappointed when Luke took away the blindfold. She'd never felt sexier than during those few short minutes, conscious of the fact he must've watched her. He must've stared at her body with lust in his eyes, knowing what they were about to do, realizing they inched closer to a crossroads, a place they recognized as dangerous ground.

She pressed her palms against his shoulders, encouraging him to move down her body.

With a wicked lopsided grin, he said, "Tell me, sugar. Tell me what you can't wait for me to do."

"You know what I want."

"Yes, but I need to hear you to say it."

She pushed again, applying pressure this time, using force to guide him lower. Again, he refused to move. She reached for his cock and he stopped her, placing his left hand over her right wrist and pinning her arm to the bed.

"Tell me, Marcy."

"You tell me," she countered.

"I'm going to eat your pussy. What do you think about that?"

His sexy reply sent prickly sensations straight down her spine. "I thought you'd never ask."

"Darlin'," he drawled. "I ain't askin'."

He rolled his tongue over her parted lips,

paralyzing her with a slow swipe the moment he situated his body in between her open and welcoming legs. "Like that?" he asked, talking more to her body than directing his conversation upward.

"Yes," she purred. "Very much."

"Then, you'll love this," he promised. And with the delicious oath, he dipped his head, licked through her folds and allowed his damning tongue to dance inside her walls.

He wanted to eat her alive but so help him, if he didn't do something to ease the throb between his own legs, he wasn't going to have time to worry about desires. He'd take his own hand to his cock and wouldn't care if she watched or helped. He was seconds away from the grand finale, to the point of exploding without proper provocation.

He thrust his tongue inside her vagina once more, sipping on her liquid honey and savoring her taste as her spice leaked onto his lips. Lord help him, he had to leave her without the first orgasm so they could take their time and experience one together.

Her body rose and fell. The little vixen sat up, her hand stilled against the back of his head, and she pressed down, fingering her way through his strands until she gave him the most sensual massage he'd ever enjoyed while eating a woman's pussy.

He kissed her mound, unable to resist the urge to slap it once and wishing a thousand times he'd taken that trip out to the barn so he wouldn't feel

so doggone horny. He was in such a fucking hurry to stroke her.

She flinched when his palm came down against her again, the smacking sound of the fast swat ringing out around them. "Like that, did you?"

"Loved it," she admitted, gasping.

He pressed his hands to her knees, using her body to maneuver his own, sliding up and forward all at one time until he locked his cock right inside her passage and watched the shock wash over her all at once.

Tears streamed from her eyes. "Luke?"

"Oh, God help me," he said, bowing his head and withdrawing a few inches. "Damn it to fucking hell you should have told me." Indulging in the ripe new feeling of a virgin's walls crumbling down, he held perfectly still and for a few agonizing seconds, processed the new information.

He couldn't stop though. Oh, God no. He could withdraw some, but the situation had worsened. Her lack of experience, the expertise she'd claimed to have in so many words now null and void, didn't kill his excitement. Oh no, the discovery he found in her body only fueled his urges, and God help him, for the first time in his life, he didn't know what to do.

"Don't get mad," she cried out, her face drawing in obvious pain. "Get even." She choked out a laugh, but he saw the pain a man's first intrusion brought.

He brushed her cheek with his knuckles, placing his balled fists on either side of her face. "Damn it

woman, why didn't you say something?"

"How was I supposed to know you'd be able to tell?" she asked, ready to engage him in a word battle right smack dab in the middle of their screwing.

The woman definitely hadn't experienced a man in her bed. If she had, she might have known arguments were shelved for later. Foreplay didn't involve bitching, and the only punches thrown in the middle of fucking were typically delivered by a man's pecker when he thrust high inside the woman he planned to please.

He withdrew another inch or so, feeling her body close around his shaft and milking him as he departed. He leaned down and captured a nipple, flattening his tongue against the point before suckling her, pulling the full weight of her breast into his mouth.

She moaned and he pressed forward, not all the way, but enough to let her know he was there, and he planned to stroke deeper.

"Luke, I won't break," she promised.

Of course, she wouldn't. Women had sex every day and by God they survived the act. But the fact he'd never taken a virgin to bed ranked up there with the greatest wonders of the world.

He stared into her eyes and watched the pain subside. "Better?" he asked, giving her a nice slow grind.

"Much," she whispered. "Now fuck me right or I may change my mind."

"The hell you say," he growled. And then he



hammered forward. His cock thrust between her folds with rapid speed, something he wouldn't have done under normal circumstances if he'd first known he was working with a virgin. Then again, he couldn't remember a time in his life when he'd wanted a woman more.

Virgin or no virgin, he was engulfed by the lovely siren in his bed. He loved her right, too, just as she'd requested.

When her arms looped tighter around his neck, she screamed out his name and latched onto his lips, initiating a sultry kiss. Ragged breaths interrupted their kiss, and the way she reached for him, gasping for air, tugging him closer, clawing at him, had him forcing aside some pretty intense thoughts. Scrambled emotions played havoc on his soul and something else happened, too, something more delicious than he could possibly understand. Sheer panic rushed through his veins alerting him to the responsibility he ignored, deliberately ignored.

He'd thought of himself and not Marcy.

Unprotected sex led him to ponder irrational thoughts. He wanted Marcy pregnant. As ridiculous as it seemed, he wanted his seed to penetrate her with potent results. *Why*, he wondered. Ah hell, he'd known the truth years ago. He'd fallen head over heels in love with a woman who would undoubtedly change his life.

## Chapter Eight

It occurred to Luke the next morning that he'd basically used false pretenses to lure Marcy back to his house. As he tossed some bread into the toaster, he tried to remember how to make an omelet. He'd just started for his home office in pursuit of the computer when he heard Marcy stirring around in his bedroom.

So much for trying a mad dash for computer generated recipes. He sauntered over to the bedroom door and stopped short before he entered the room.

Standing at the picture window right outside the bedroom, he watched the snow drift down from the open sky. Sheets of it fell in such a hurry he wondered for a minute if a higher power was trying to tell him something. Maybe Marcy would bolt under normal circumstances, but not today. She was spending Christmas with him.

They'd never make it out of there and thank goodness he had an assortment of canned goods and plenty of bottled water and soft drinks to guarantee they'd stay nourished. Hell, he could feed off Marcy's sweet pussy if worse came to worse. Sex sated a man's appetite. Then again, he'd never known true hunger, complete greed, until he'd cradled Marcy in his arms.

Giving the door a quick push, he walked in his

room and expected to find her dressed, or at least in the process. Instead, he found her standing by the window. He gasped when he saw the sun glimmering in her hair. She took his breath away but not simply by her beauty. No, Luke was taken aback because of the way she seemed to stand there naturally, as if she belonged in his room.

“Good morning,” she said, facing him. She didn’t bother placing her hands over her body. She didn’t try to hide from him whatsoever, and her eyes flashed with a recognizable light, one sparked by an insatiable yearning.

He felt like a schoolboy ready to take advantage of the situation, but briefly reminded himself of the toast he’d prepared and the stove he’d turned on with big plans of cooking breakfast. “Are you hungry?”

“No,” she replied. “Are you?”

Well, yeah, as a matter of fact, he could eat. “No,” he lied. “Not a bit.”

She strolled across the plush carpet and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into the tightest hug he’d ever received from a woman.

She was nude. He was fully dressed in denim blues and a button down shirt certain to leave small little round imprints on her flesh since she’d squeezed him against her bare skin.

“How bad is it out there?” she asked, releasing him.

He licked his lips and studied her, those bouncing breasts all too inviting. “It’s bad. *Real* bad, Marcy.”

“Oh,” she said, moistening her own lips and eyeing his waist. “I guess you’re stuck with me for a few hours.” Her intense gaze held at his belt.

Hell, his belt buckle didn’t hold her interest. As sure as he was standing there, his cock was erect and at a full attention, making a sudden salute.

“Hours hell,” he grumbled, loosening his buttons. Thumbing the area behind him, he added, “I’d started breakfast. Let me just turn everything off.”

She grinned, flashing those pearly white teeth while watching his trembling hand. He continued to fumble around with those bothersome tiny buttons.

“We can eat,” she told him.

“I’d rather fuck.”

“About that...” she began. “I don’t know how to tell you this but...”

“Hang on,” he said, rubbing his jaw and backing out of the room, making a mad dash for the kitchen. Hell and damnation. Now she was going to throw that woman card and play like a hurt pup, a violated woman who gave up her virginity to a man who thought so little of her that he didn’t suit up before he went swimming in the fresh water pool.

He didn’t have an excuse to offer her and didn’t plan on apologizing. He’d never had unprotected sex before in his life, and thank God he’d never tried it because now, oh heaven help him, now he knew what he’d been missing.

He turned the stove and toaster off and took long strides back across the hardwood floor. When

he returned to where he'd left her, he found her lying across his bed.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked quietly.

He narrowed his focus on one specific area of her body. Her hand drifted over her mound and her fingers parted her pussy lips, the glistening moisture tempting the devil right out of him.

"Never thought about love."

"Really?" she asked, sounding disappointed. Her fingers worked carefully over her pussy lips, spinning around the moist opening leading straight into her channel.

"No," he assured her, slipping out of his shirt and unbuckling his belt and then his jeans. "How about you?" he asked, stepping away from the denim and briefs.

His cock sprang forward, and he knelt to the bed, grabbing her calves and dragging her to him. "Well?" he asked, kissing his way up her leg and licking around the shape of her knee.

Marcy bit down on her forefinger and after a long silence, she said, "I waited for you, Luke."

He grinned. "I kind of got that impression when I took what every man in this damn county most likely wanted." He nipped at her skin, unable to stop himself from touching her pussy, moving her fingers to the side so he could manipulate the little button she caressed.

"I want you to love me."

The request slammed into his ears like the beat of a forceful drum. Her words echoed in his head,

and he wrapped his hand around his dick in what he should've perceived as a last symbolic effort to save himself.

Ah hell, he was already pussy whipped worse than any cowboy in the South. Kissing her mound, he whispered against her soft skin, "What if I already do?"

The words he'd spoken, even though he said them quietly, almost in a whisper, were certainly heard. Marcy's eyes brightened, and her lust came alive as she sat up, motioning him back and forth with the crook of her finger. "Then, will you show me?"

He towered over her then, kissing her with the passion he could no longer contain. Framing her face, he nipped at her lips, dragging his mouth back and forth over hers in an effort to taste every inch of her morning flavor.

"Come here," he demanded, rolling to his back and bringing her over him. "How about *you* show *me*?"

"I'd like that," she whispered, climbing on top and gliding over his cock in one smooth motion. "I'd like it if I never had to stop," she added shyly.

"Then don't stop, sugar. Show me everything you've ever wanted to show a man."

"Not any man, Luke. You."

"Then show *me*, baby. Only me."

She took his words to heart, fucking him like a woman who was practically trained for him, born for his pleasure, raised for his sole satisfaction, schooled in loving only him. Her breasts bounced,

and she placed her palms on the back of her head, allowing her body the freedom to work his, gripping him like she was riding out the best of times on a stallion only she could tame.

“That’s it, baby. Come for me.”

“Oh Luke,” she mumbled, falling against his chest and shaking violently with the first orgasm of the morning.

Her body was so intoxicating that he found his fill as quickly as she found hers. And with the storm gaining momentum outside, Luke couldn’t imagine anything better than staying drunk on her sweet love all day long.

\* \* \* \*

A few hours later as they spooned in the center of his big king-sized bed, he said, “We didn’t use protection today or last night. We should probably talk about that.”

“I didn’t want it,” she said lazily. “You’re an adult. If you were all that concerned, you would’ve asked me about using a condom.”

He kissed the top of her head. “I’m not worried.”

She flipped over and tucked her hands under her chin, gazing at him with eyes full of questions he might as well prepare to answer.

He winked. She winked back.

With one hundred percent satisfaction, she released a sigh and said, “You’re going to love me, Luke McGregor.”

“You think so?” he teased.

“I do.”

He chuckled, and then after a moment of silence, just a fraction of a second, he said, "You'd better practice saying those two little words because when this weather breaks, there are three things I plan to do."

"Three?"

"Yeah," he said trying one last time to convince himself that the woman in his arms wasn't everything he'd imagined and so much more.

Kicking her legs up behind her and crossing her ankles, she flashed her million dollar smile and said, "The suspense is killing me."

*Now or never*, he mused, kissing his last seconds of being a bachelor goodbye once and for all. "First, I'm going to address our lack of transportation and call a tow truck."

"And?"

"Then, I'm gonna haul your sweet little ass to town and we'll pay Dempsey a visit in Johnson City, have him come up with the prettiest diamond engagement ring he's ever seen."

Her grin widened, and she kissed his chest. When she looked up, her eyes pooled with moisture, tears of joy waiting to spill.

"Then," he said, easing her away from his body before standing beside the bed. *Ah hell. Here we go.* "Then," he finally managed again, this time clearing his throat. "I'm going to make sure I become the Christmas gift that keeps on giving. I'm going to spoil you for the rest of your life, Marcy Killian."

Dropping to one knee, he took her hand in his,



pulling her off the bed in the process because he was so nervous. "That is, if you'll have me, if you'll do me the honor of becoming my wife."

Pure delight formed her expression. Her eyes lit up, but tears rolled down her cheeks. Her mouth curved in an instant kissable smile and her squeals filled the room as she grabbed his forearm and yanked him back to bed all at once.

"Well?" he asked, in the middle of the numerous kisses she showered across his face and neck. "Is that a yes?"

"Damn straight it's a yes!" she squealed. "What took you so long?"

He studied her. What took him so long? Didn't she realize that he'd probably proposed faster than the average cowboy?

"If you ask me, I work pretty fast for a slow-moving fellow," he whispered, nibbling on her ear and sliding his hand down her back in order to pat her shapely bottom.

"Ten years doesn't pass by in the blink of an eye when you're waiting to fall in love, Luke."

"You've been waiting for me all this time, have you?"

"Yes," she admitted, reaching for his cock. "But I must say," she paused, stroking him up and down a few times. "You were definitely worth the wait."

## Epilogue

### *Christmas Day the Following Year*

Luke stood at the foot of the bed eyeing his beautiful wife. She was sleeping with their daughter cradled in her arms, looking just as lovely as the day he'd first brought her home.

He slipped in behind her and placed his heavy arm around them, nuzzling her soft hair. "You look sexier today than I ever remember."

"Shh," she whispered. "You'll wake Katie."

"I'll tell her why if she asks," he said, pressing his erection against his wife's backside.

The thin gown covering her did little to protect her and she bucked against him. "She'll only nap a few hours."

"You want me to wait until she wakes up so I can ask her for permission to love on her momma?"

"No," Marcy replied, giggling. "I want you to wait until later tonight."

"It's later," he grumbled, moving her hair out of the way and pressing his lips to her lavender-scented skin.

Easing the baby away from her body, Marcy rolled over and said, "I have a surprise for you."

"I don't want a surprise. All I want is you."

"You'll like this surprise," she promised.

"I will," he deadpanned.

"Yes. You will."

"And how do you know?"

"I know all," Marcy promised, patting his cock.

He liked and he hated that action, realizing the gesture was her way of saying 'down boy'.

He released a tortured sigh and sat up, glancing for a minute more at the little girl his remarkable wife had given him less than three months ago. "All right," he conceded. "I'll wait."

"Good," she rasped. "Because tonight I'm going to make all of your Christmas dreams come true."

"You already do."

"Not yet," she said pointing to the closet. "But I will."

He noticed two shopping bags from the Lion's Den Sex Shop, a classy-looking little store that had recently opened in town and he had yet to visit. But it looked like his wife had found her way there soon enough. He could easily see a leather crop topping one of the bags and both appeared stuffed with all sorts of goodies. "You must've bought out the store."

"I want to be your woman, Luke."

He stared at her hand, the two carat diamond engagement ring he'd somehow managed to buy twinkled back at him. He placed his palm to his heart and stared harder at the jewelry. "If that didn't buy me a woman, I don't know what will."

She narrowed her gaze. "You aren't funny, Mr. McGregor."

"Damn, you don't have to tell me. That was not a laughing matter."

She shot him a saucy little wink. "I'm worth

it.”

“Damn right you are,” he said, winking back.

“But I want to be the kind of woman you want in your bed as much as in your life.”

“What are you talking about?” he asked, suddenly overwhelmed, wondering if he failed to make her feel cherished and loved.

“The reason it took you ten years to love me was because you had certain desires you didn’t want me to know about. I’m ready to learn about those needs you have buried somewhere deep inside. In fact, if you’ll show me what you like, I’ll make you a promise.”

His dick twitched, and in anticipation of the night ahead, he blurted out, “What’s that?”

She lowered her lips to his and said, “If you’ll tie me up and strap me to this big old bed, I’ll make sure each time you take me to bed you feel like it’s Christmas morning.”

He laughed. “And how you gonna accomplish that?”

“By making sure you never know what to expect when you peel away the wrapping paper.”

“Will you call me big daddy or Master, too?”

“Don’t push it.”

He eyed the shopping bags again. “How did you know? I mean, we’ve never discussed fantasies or role play.”

“Somebody told me a long time ago that you liked to keep things kinky in the bedroom.”

“Do me a favor then, will you? After tonight, make sure I hunt down this *somebody* everybody

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always mentions. I want to thank him or her properly. After, of course, you throw me down and do me dirty. That is, if you want to.”

Marcy linked her arms around his neck and kissed him lightly on the lips. “You just try and stop me,  
Luke  
McGregor.”

### **About the Author**

*An international best selling, award-winning e-book and trade paperback author, Destiny Blaine writes in various genres. Married for over twenty years, Destiny and her husband live in East Tennessee with their two teenagers.*

*You're invited to visit Destiny's website at:*

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**Behind the Game by Destiny Blaine**

“He asked you about your feelings for me.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes.”

“And you avoided giving him a direct answer?”

He probably expected a reply for that one.

“Have we reached cruising speed yet?”

“And you think you’re going to do the same here with me?”

Ally nervously studied her hands, rotating her thumbs back and forth.

“Ally? I’m not going anywhere. You’ll give me an answer or else I’ll fuck it out of you.” He shut the master stateroom door and locked it. “I’m going to do *that* anyway. I won’t have a problem being there a little longer. I’ll stay between your legs until I’m embedded inside your head.”

Ally shivered and her mouth watered. God help her, he made her thirsty. He looked at her like she was not only the only woman in the world, but she was already *his* woman.

“I belong to Tanner in all the ways that matter, Santino. No one can take his place, not in life or in death.” She felt the need to let him know death wouldn’t change her feelings for the *first* man she ever loved, given Santino’s career choice.



He stalked her, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. He slid his arms out of the long sleeves, and then sat on the edge of the bed. Leaning back, he braced himself with muscular forearms while crossing his left leg over the right.

Her gaze went on tour. She started at the top of his head and noticed the natural damp curl hanging over his dark furrowed brow. His hooded eyes followed hers. She took a scenic road trip, traveling down his neck, across the broad stretch of shoulders, dipping down and around the flat discs on his chest and then following the curvaceous ripples of rock hard abs.

Santino's delicious tongue settled in the corner of his mouth. "Let me know when you're finished."

Good grief, his confidence made her crazy. Not only was he cocky, but he possessed a smooth dominance, an alluring way to pursue a woman without being the pursuer. In his presence Ally felt like a huntress, a woman scrutinizing her prey.

"I've never belonged to anyone else. I'm Tanner Dorsey's woman," she confessed, meeting his gaze again. If her eyes darted any lower she'd have drool on her chin.

"Soon you'll feel the same way about me, if you don't already."

Ally felt fully exposed in her pinstripe pastel pajamas. Barely protected by a low-cut camisole top, she was aware of his intense focus on her breasts. She gnawed nervously on her bottom lip, watching him in pure wonder and anticipating the

full pursuit of a carnal man with needs he wouldn't hesitate to express.

She realized then she put her faith in Santino, but she was terrified of him, paralyzed by what she felt whenever they were together. He spooked her for many legitimate reasons. He had rapidly become her weakness; the man who had the power to take her away from her family, or in fact, carry her home to them.

Santino DeLuca was the first man Ally profiled as a new agent. She understood how dangerous he was but she found him impossible to resist regardless of the knowledge. He'd gone out of his way to protect her and take care of her. He'd been there—not Tanner or her brothers—but Santino DeLuca, a hired gun, a trained killer, a man who was all these things and so much more.

Ally rushed the door. She had to get out of there. She loved Tanner and she already had so many feelings for Santino. Sleeping with him would only make things worse. "This can't happen."

"It already is." He hopped off the bed, caught her around the waist and slammed her to the mattress, shoving her arms high above her head and towering over her like an animalistic beast recently unleashed. "Don't fight me, Ally. You want this as much as I do."

His lips crashed against hers and in a life-changing moment, she forgot everything—her life with Tanner, her past, and her future.

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