



Desire 4

Christy Zoff

Desire on Ice

Desire at Dawn

**DESIRE 4:
DESIRE AT DAWN
& DESIRE ON ICE**

by

Christy Poff

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INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 2: BLACK HEART

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2005

Raven is cautious about who she's with.

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***INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 3: CHARLOTTE
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Whiskey Creek Press October 2005

A centuries' old vampire is looking for love.

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EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 2: SPARK OF A WOLF

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Rhiannon can help him but he pushes her away.

Together, can they light the spark of the wolf?

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Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2005

Madison Allcott loses love only to find it again in a dark gentleman.

Galen Beaumont has hunted for five centuries for a woman to love.

Will they find out love hurts or will it be the beginning of their eternal lives?

ENTRANCED BY JASMYNE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid February 2006

The Ardalan sheik needs American help to stop the takeover of his country.

Her assignment is to get the information to help him but she becomes personally involved.

When he becomes entranced by Jasmyne, can they save his realm or will they die trying?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 1: CHASE FOR AN ANGEL

Whiskey Creek Press March 2006

A union officer faces the Civil War on many fronts.

A Southern gem awaits his return but fights her own battle.

Will his chase for an angel bring them loving happiness?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 4: MEMPHIS BELLE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2006

Belle lost her man to another's jealousy, remaining faithful to him until she meets perfection.

Jaspar has everything a billionaire could want except the right woman to share it with.

Will her past hurt their future or will he safeguard his Memphis Belle?

HELLFIRE

Whiskey Creek Press May 2006

Shania made captain on her own.

Mac found perfection in a feisty firefighter.

Will the Purists stop them or will they ignite hellfire?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 5: DOCTOR HEAL THYSELF

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2006

What happens when a world-renowned sex therapist needs help in her own life?

Sheridan Greenlaw must delve into another side of her personality in order to answer her questions.

Will Ross Beckham help the doctor 'heal thyself'?

THE SHADOW OF HER SMILE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2006

Laurell is desperate to save her birthright—Ravencroft.

Cole, an international gambler, tries to help her while exacting his own revenge.

Will the shadow of her smile be enough to keep them safe?

BLUE VELVET

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2006

Ethan gave up on life until finding elegant beauty with a wild touch.

Roni's secret wild side intrigues him.

Will the past haunt their blue velvet love?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 4: RED FIRE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid October 2006

Valeria learns there is more to life than she originally thought.

Gabriel wants to live a quiet life out of the limelight.

When their paths cross, will they be strong enough to survive a red fire?

WAR IN DARKNESS: ADDICTED TO CYN

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2006 (w/ *Scarlet Love* in *Torrid Teaser #17*)

An angel of mercy tries to heal wounded soldiers.

A devil's disciple must save her life.

Will his addiction to Cyn be enough for both of them?

SCARLET LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2006 (W/ *Addicted to Cyn* in *Torrid Teaser #17*)

She's fleeing Yankee soldiers.

He comes to her rescue in more ways than she could imagine.

How much will their scarlet love heat up?

AT CROSS ENDS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid January 2007

Mark Kincaid owes Graham Cross for two years of his life.

Riley Devane winds up in the middle.

How long will they be at cross ends?

BLOW OUT

Whiskey Creek Press February 2007

Craig fights fires on a huge scale while trying to help save a colleague's company.

Jennifer lives a sheltered life until she meets a man who ignites flames in her.

Will the blow out from the past burn them or fuel their love?

THE BEST OF CHRISTY POFF

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid (print) April 2007

Rachel needs to redefine her life, finding Rafe the perfect man to help her.

Melanie needs to redefine her love life though Dante has different long-lasting plans.

Jasmyne finds life in a different world, Yasir at her side.

Love in different worlds is still one thing—love.

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 6: THIS JUST IN...

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2007

When a television reporter does an expose on the BDSM scene, he angers many. He looks for answers to learn the truth but will he hold onto the one woman whose lifestyle makes him whole or will their enemies silence them before their life together gets started? This just in...

DARK ILLUSIONS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2007

A beautiful heiress with a wild side wants to enjoy life. Sephora meets the man of her dreams when Nigel Shelton walks into it from the shadows. Will their dark illusions give them what they need or will they be torn apart by greed?

BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE: THE MYTH OF MIRABELLA

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2007

Mira lives on the edge of the fashion world in more ways than one.

Max seeks a killer who paints his victims in 24K gold.

Will Mira be his bird in a gilded cage before Max solves the case?

THE JOYS OF LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007

Ryan and Kendall must fight a looming threat in order to find happiness.

Cody and Savannah go up against the morals of 1927 Tennessee.

Can they find the joys of love or will it be lost to them forever?

LOST LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007

THE JOYS OF LOVE (TT #41)

A Philadelphia cop on the biggest case of his career.

His wife fears the future.

Can a lost love be revived or will it be lost once more?

LABOR OF LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007 in *The Joys of Love*

Savannah has lived alone for years, afraid of getting close to anyone.

Cody comes to work for her but learns more than he intended.

Will their labor of love prove she can find love?

YULE LOVES: NOELLE'S ELF/HIS CHRISTMAS CAROLE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2007

NOELLE'S ELF

Noelle wishes on a star for the perfect gift—a man.

Dan tries his best to fulfill this for her.

Will Noelle's elf make her dreams come true?

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROLE

Kris faced an unhappy holiday thanks to his ex-wife.

Carole experienced the romance of Hawaii by herself for the same reason.

Will he enjoy his Christmas Carole or will his past get in their way?

DESIRES: DESIRES UNDER THE FALLS/DESIRE IN THE SNOW

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid January 2008

DESIRE UNDER THE FALLS

Having too many curves could destroy a career as Penelope learned.

Having too many curves drove Thorne crazy.

Could they find Desire under the Falls?

DESIRE IN THE SNOW

Layla leaves Los Angeles for a short vacation heading for the mountains.

Mac shares his life with Cash but is looking for a good woman to spend it with.

Will undue forces create Desire in the Snow for this hot couple?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 7: BLACK LACE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2008

Chelsea Strawbridge falls hard for a firefighter but she lives in a world that doesn't accept her desires. Reed Carrington fights fires and finds he ignites one in a society spitfire. Will another snuff that fire before black lace becomes his—totally?

MASKED DESIRES a part of ***A TORRID CELEBRATION***
(WCP's anniversary anthology)

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2008

Ava's invitation to the company's annual costume ball sends her reeling.

Matthew wants to make her the one of his dreams.

Will Mardi Gras' masked desires bring these two together or hide the truth?

A MATTER OF DECEPTION

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2008

Seneca believed he had everything—a good life, wealth and Adrienne, the love of his life. Adrienne couldn't wait to become his wife but what happened on the eve of their wedding changed them both forever. Will another man's evil and a matter of deception make her forget Seneca or will they find their way back to each other before it's too late?

MIDNIGHT ECSTASIES

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2008

Carl and Cassie Sandeford have a huge interest in Midnight Ecstasies.

A serial killer has an even bigger interest in them.

Who will survive?

DARK & DEVIOUS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid July 2008

Jeremy Payne escapes to the quiet of the Pacific Northwest—his past haunting him.

Sapphire Knight is running from hers. Can love and honesty overcome the dark & devious sides of their lives?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 5: WHITE ICE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2008

Damon wants to get away and relax—his life in turmoil.

Sascha has secrets only he can help her with.

Will white ice melt a dark heart?

INTERNET BONDS BOOK 8: AFTER GLOW

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2009

Brock Sanders has always been a strong man no matter what he did but...

Dominique Ashcroft has an extremely dominating personality.

Will they bask in the after glow of heated romance or will their pasts darken it?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 2: DEATH OF AN ANGEL—JESSIE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2009

Andrew thought the Civil War had left him alone until it came screaming back into his life, his angel—Jessie—suffering the revenge of one man's evil. Can their love survive or will he mourn the death of an angel—Jessie?

SUNDAY MONEY

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2009

Derek Manville races open-wheeled cars or anything with a motor as a hobby. Shelby Holland is desperately trying to hold onto her race team and her financial legacy. Together, can they win Sunday Money while keeping their unique bond from crashing?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 3: WINDS OF LIFE—ALEXA

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2009

Andrew believed love came to a man once in a lifetime until Alexa comes out of his past to prove him wrong. She asks for his help to settle a deadly range war unaware of his grief for his first wife. Will the evil be deadly or will the winds of like—Alexa—save them both?

DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid October 2009

A night of passion brings Emily together with the man of her dreams only she loses him seconds later.

A night of passion shows Seth he can have a life with someone only she disappears as quickly as she appeared.

One night—will it survive and bring them both from darkness into light?

DESIRE 2—HART'S DESIRE & YULE DESIRES

November 2009

Hart's Desire

Addington Hart knew in high school what he desired in a woman.

Cory Phelps knew as well, both enjoying their senior year.

When he made the decision to split up before college, he found out that his Hart's Desire meant more to him than doing the right thing.

Yule Desires

Mara wanted one thing for Christmas—Jared.

Jared had to get his life straightened out before he could give himself to her.

Will St. Nicholas give them the gifts they want?

EYES OF DARKNESS MEGABOOK

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2009

Sean deals with a new life while chasing a killer—can Rhiannon help him?

Madison finds love with a dark gentleman—will love hurt?

Valeria discovers a new facet to her life but can Gabriel handle her?

NO DEAL

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid February 2010

Alicia Billings is a trophy wife whose husband thinks he can ‘sell’ anytime he wants.

Blake Atherton wants to put a stop to this to give her a life.

Will this be a win/win ending or will it wind up being no deal?

EYES OF DARKNESS #6: NIGHT WISH

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2010

Hayden Beaumont heads home to Paris to escape the society season in California.

Chandra Richards is an amazing artist who catches his eye and so much more.

Will someone from his father’s past come between them or will Chandra’s night wish come true?

CHRISTY POFF’S RECOMMENDED READS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2010

Mark Kincaid owes Graham Cross for two years of his life but Riley Devane winds up in the middle. How long will they be at cross ends?

Laurell is desperate to save her birthright and Cole, an international gambler, tries to help her while exacting his own revenge. Will the shadow of her smile be enough to keep them safe?

Seneca believed he had everything—a good life, wealth and Adrienne, the love of his life while she couldn’t wait to become his wife but what happened on the eve of their wedding changed them both forever. Will another man’s evil and a matter of deception make her forget Seneca or will they find their way back to each other before it’s too late?

DESIRE 3: DESIRE IN FLAMES & DESIRE IN GREEN

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid July 2010

DESIRE IN FLAMES

Mike Ritchie always knew what she wanted until Wes Barrett walked onto the fireground and ignited flaming desire in her. Wes had all but given up on finding the one he could spend his life with in every way. Will passion come from desire in flames?

DESIRE IN GREEN

Liam St. Patrick has desired one woman in every way but she works as his father's personal assistant—interoffice relationships are out of the question until a romantic leprechaun gets involved. Natasha Lindsey has the same feelings but figures Liam is out of her league. Will desire in green bring them together despite office policy?

INTERNET BONDS BOOK 9: TERMS OF SURRENDER

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2010

Noah Sheffield has been searching for the perfect woman to share his life with though his past keeps haunting him.

Fallon Mitchell learns a great deal spending one night with her myterious lover.

Will she agree to his terms of surrender before a madman's revenge tears them apart?

WAR IN DARKNESS BOOK 2: MOONSTRUCK

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2010

Calvin Wright runs blockades and CSA missions but only at night, his secret carefully guarded. Lady Harley Windsor wants him to sail her to the islands so she can escape a Union colonel after her for spying. Will their dark secrets be revealed or will they forever be moonstruck?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 7: KING'S RANSOM

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid October 2010

Ardalyn Hunter becomes trapped between good and evil.

Ryman King goes after a rogue trying to free a gorgeous woman.

Is he prepared to give up a king's ransom to be with her?

Dedication

To all those who've been touched by desire
and languished in its joy.

DESIRE AT DAWN

by

Christy Poff

Chapter 1

Cadillac Mountain is listed by the National Park Service as the highest point along the North Atlantic Seaboard of North America. Located in Acadia National Park in Maine, it boasts a spectacular view at sunrise plus being the first to see it.

Chuck Lang had grown up in the Midwest on a cattle ranch in Nebraska but once he traveled east and experienced the beauty of Maine, he found his way back. As soon as he could, he bought property in the park from a man who wanted to keep it as nature had intended. Unable to find fault with this, Chuck honored the man's wishes and the small tract of land remained part of the rustic beauty of the park.

The house had two bedrooms—one he used as a guestroom but more for storage—and a huge open area that included the kitchen, dining area and living room. The main luxury he insisted on had been the bathroom because he enjoyed taking hot showers to ease the aches from keeping the place up plus the odd jobs he picked up here and there to make extra cash—not that he really needed it. His brother had invested his inheritance from his grandparents and despite the economy, he lucked out and had a good nest egg to fall back on. He'd found heaven—plain and simple.

Located a good distance off the road and well out of sight of the hundreds of visitors who annually made the trek to the

peak, Chuck found his corner of paradise and inner peace. One thing had been missing from his picture of perfection but, in his life, girls then women had always been a problem and one he could easily live without.

After he'd taken care of his horses—two mares and a stallion—he decided to ride up to the peak and take in the morning's dawn. Mounting Lightning—his name coming from the lightning bolt-shaped design on his forehead—Chuck took a leisurely pace to one of his favorite places. Not too many visitors knew the spots off to the side of the peak and as they'd never been mapped in order to keep tourists in specific areas to protect the park, Chuck felt able to relax and enjoy nature.

While Lightning grazed off to the side, Chuck found his favorite rock and sat down, leaning back against it. Crossing his legs at his ankles, he grabbed a piece of tall grass and stuck it between his teeth—a habit he'd had since his youth. Chuck Lang had found peace in his world and he loved it.

* * * *

Glenn Burns pedaled her ten-speed up the road toward the peak of Cadillac Mountain. She'd heard a great deal about its spectacular beauty at dawn and wanted to see it but no one had told her about the degree of incline the three and one-half mile long road had on the way up to it. Knowing that going back down would be a lot more relaxed and a hell of a lot quicker made the trip a little easier but not much.

Several times, she'd stopped biking and walked but doing this caused her to miss the sunrise—the point of the trip to begin with. Finally reaching the top where she found a place to sit and rest, she gazed over the water below and the horizon as sunrise turned to a bright sunny day. As she cooled down, she began to feel chilled from the breeze blowing but right now it

didn't matter. She'd achieved her goal of biking up the mountain and she felt a personal challenge had been successfully won.

Sitting on a smooth rock, she lost herself in the ambience of the view smiling to herself. *This is perfection—but just once, I'd like to be able to share it with someone.*

Glenn Burns had just walked away from a long-term relationship after realizing she had stopped growing. Once they'd moved in together, they'd become a staid married couple without the legality of a wedding. She wanted to travel as they had before, but he wanted to stay home and watch old movies—not that she had anything against old movies but she knew life had more to offer. *Then came that day in June...*

Off to her side, she heard what she thought might be a horse snorting and looked in that direction. Seeing a huge stallion grazing and content, she wondered where the owner might be. She'd hate to have the horse left on its own at an out-of-the-way place such as this. Going over to him, she reached out hoping to see if she could find anything out from his bridle or saddle.

Stroking his neck, the horse seemed friendly enough though still wary of the stranger in his midst.

"Do you always go after other people's property?" a voice asked.

"No, I saw him here and wondered if his owner might be somewhere nearby. I'd hate to see a fine animal like this end up in the wrong hands."

"And why should I believe you have the right hands?" he asked with a devilish tone.

"Look at my face—I'm honest and would never hurt an animal. They're the easy ones to deal with."

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Glenn looked at the man whose Western hat covered his eyes so she couldn't see them. He wore jeans, a plaid flannel shirt and boots she figured had ridden many miles. A gold earring caught the morning light and glistened—a sexy look. Something in her stirred but she pushed the feelings back.

Now that she had horse and owner in one place, she figured she'd make a graceful exit and leisurely coast back down the mountain.

"My name's Glenn Burns," she said, extending her hand. "I came up to see the view and got more than I bargained for." *Why the hell did I say something stupid like that?*

"Chuck Lang," he said, taking her hand then pulling away.

Realizing they both felt something strange going on between them, they put a little more distance between them to be safe.

"Where are you from?" she asked. "It sounds like you're from..."

"The Midwest though it's been a while since I left. What about you?"

"California girl," she answered. "I went to college in Vermont and ruined my parents' days when I told them I intended to stay back east."

"So where do you live now?"

"Down in Portland. I came up for the day."

"Interesting," he said as he quieted his horse. "Weather's coming in—always gets him upset."

"What kind?"

"They've been forecasting a Nor'easter and it's supposed to bring snow with it."

"Snow? This time of year?"

“We’ve gotten snow at the end of September and as late as April or later. It comes from being this far north.”

“I see but it’s so nice.”

“Looks can be deceiving.”

* * * *

Hearing a difference in his horse’s breathing, Chuck got up and turned around to see a beautiful blonde stroking Lightning’s neck. Finding it strange because the horse usually did not take easily to strangers, if he put up with them at all, he watched the pair for a few moments before interrupting them.

“Do you always go after other people’s property?”

Chuck never heard her answer because the moment she turned to face him, he got swept up in her eyes—beautiful blue orbs that seemed to sparkle as they bewitched. Somehow, they’d made it to introductions but when he touched Glenn’s hand, something sparked between them. Both quickly pulled away and he figured she’d had the same amount of luck in the dating game he’d had but yet something lingered.

Small talk about the coming storm drove him crazy. All he wanted meant running at full gallop without looking back. This feisty blonde scared him for some reason and he couldn’t be sure if he wanted to find out why or not. *Of course you do, dumbass—she’s got something...*

“Looks can be deceiving,” he said as he tried to figure out what the hell they’d been talking about.

“No, it’s too beautiful. Shouldn’t there be some warning?”

“Lightning’s restless, the birds are either finding some place to roost together and others are frantically fishing so they have food for their young for the duration.”

“And what about you—have you stocked up?”

“In almost everything,” he replied, wondering why he’d resorted to playing cat-and-mouse games with her.

“Where do you live?”

“Down the mountain a ways. I’m back in off the road so if you’re looking, you can’t see it.”

“Sounds cozy,” she observed as she took a step toward him.

“It’s home,” he said, wondering why he’d told her that.

What the hell is wrong with you, man?

As he walked to Lightning’s left side figuring to get the hell out of Dodge and cut his losses, he felt her presence closing in.

“Look, we both felt something and I don’t know about you, but I’m the adventurous sort so if you’d like to explore this a little more...”

“Are you always this straightforward with complete strangers?”

“Lately, I have been,” she said. “Six years of my life are lost to me because I didn’t go after what I wanted.”

“Look, Glenn, I’m not so sure about this. I mean...”

“If you’re afraid, I understand but...”

Without a thought—and up for any challenge, no matter what—Chuck pulled her into a kiss, one she literally melted into. When he drew back, they gazed at each other.

“Wow.”

One little word summed up everything as heat coursed through him, Glenn something totally different than what he’d expected from a California transplant in Maine. Throwing caution to the wind, he kissed her again, this time their

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

tongues explored and probed while their bodies demanded more.

He felt the breeze against his skin as her hand slipped under his shirt. Something told him they should stop but she felt too damned good to push away. No woman had ever come close to the way Glenn Burns made him feel and he wanted more.

“My place is down the hill—where’s your car?”

“At the base at the visitor’s center. I rode my bike up.”

“Come on—we can walk.”

Chapter 2

A short while later, Glenn stood in the living room of what she could only describe as a man's cabin—a far cry from the light and airy house she grew up in or her apartment in Portland. No feminine hints appeared anywhere leading her to believe that Chuck Lang had been living the life of a recluse of late. Hell, he didn't even have a computer.

"I took over the place after promising not to change anything. The man wanted it to remain rustic and not intrude too much on nature."

"I can see outside but in here looks like no women allowed."

"You're the first since I bought the place."

"How long ago?"

"Maybe ten years, a little more."

"Should I be worried?" she asked.

"I don't know—you started this."

"Point taken," she agreed while she walked around looking at various things cluttering the place up though it gave it an air of something she couldn't describe.

"Whiskey?"

"Sure," she said as she joined him at the buffet.

Their fingertips touched when he handed her the glass leading them to another kiss.

“What about the hat?”

“What about it?”

“Does it come off?”

“Sometimes.”

“Oh,” she said as she put her glass down and gazed at him.

Taking her cue and putting his glass next to hers, he pulled her into a kiss that caused the same sensations as the first two. Framing her face and looking at her to see if he could read anything in her eyes that would tell him to stop, he saw not a sign. *Here goes nothing...*

His mouth covered hers, their tongues dancing again. He felt her hands underneath his shirt once more only this time she pulled it up and out of his jeans before unbuttoning it and shoving it off his muscular shoulders.

He followed suit by pulling her sweater up and over her head, their lips like magnets finding their way back to each other's as he went for her bra next. Unhooking it, he eased it from her but, before he could touch her breasts, she pressed her body against him. The feel of her naked skin against his drove him crazy with the desire to take her to bed but he let her lead.

Glenn pulled back placing his hands on her breasts.

“I dare you to take your boots off without letting go.”

Chuck laughed, something rare for him yet it felt good. Toeing off his well-worn but comfortable boots, he did the same with his socks all the while massaging and teasing her.

“What about you?”

“What should I hold onto?”

“Whatever you want to, lady.”

Before he knew what happened, she unbuckled his belt and pulled the zipper to his jeans down. Shoving them down

to the floor, he heard her reaction to the fact he went commando.

Gripping his cock with her soft hand, she squeezed it as she kicked off her sneakers and socks. With the only free hand remaining between them, she took off her jeans kicking them out of the way while she stood wearing only a lacy thong.

“You’re still overdressed,” he said as he bent to take one of her hard nipples into his mouth. Suckling her, he felt her body begging for more.

“Simple,” she said as she bent over once she freed herself from his lips.

While Chuck still had a hold on her breasts, she took his cock in her mouth then removed her thong. Groaning at her ingenuity, he literally placed himself into her hands and hoped for the best.

Glenn went down on him giving him something he’d had not experienced for a good long while—an excellent blow job. Effortlessly, she brought him to the edge, took him over it and drank every drop from him—as if she’d been made to be the key for his lock. While he filled her, he squeezed her breasts and held on for dear life. While one hand held her breasts, he ran his other hand up and down her back before he pressed his finger at her anus.

Her body jolted causing her to take him again. Unable to stand any longer, he eased them to the floor where she continued giving him head. Leaning back on his hands and letting her do what she wanted, Chuck reveled in the climaxes running through him. When he exploded into her again, his growl of satisfaction filled the cabin and he swore the walls moved from the force of it.

“Glenn...”

* * * *

After a while, they moved to his oversized bed where once more, Glenn went down on him only this time, he laved her pussy. He moved in time with her, his cock enjoying the attention it had long sought after. As his tongue invaded her pussy, his finger played with her clit and as soon as she jolted, his other hand held her closer. Not wanting to ignore her breasts, he tried to tease them but it didn't work so he went back to teasing her clit and holding her in place. When they both came together, their bodies shook from the orgasms jumping back and forth between them.

Spent, Chuck let his hands fall to his sides.

"What's wrong?"

"It's been a while."

"No excuse," she said as she shifted and slid her wet pussy onto his swollen shaft.

Finding a new burst of strength, he reached for her breasts and grasped them pulling her down to him.

"Great tits, woman," he said as he took each one in his mouth and suckled it.

"Great cock," she said as she languished in the divine torture he'd created. Finding the right position, she leaned over him while she rode his cock.

Accepting her invitation, Chuck continued to torture her nipples while she set the pace for his cock. When he reached the edge, he pulled her into a kiss before he rolled her onto her back and hammered his cock into her sweet body.

Glenn cried out, calling his name while her body shook out of control. Reaching up, she took his hat and put it to the side.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

“I hope now is one of those times,” she said, referring to his comment earlier.

Chapter 3

Several hours later, Chuck woke thanks to a chilly breeze caressing his naked body. Looking over, he found Glenn wrapped up in the covers and warm so he slipped out of bed and into a pair of jeans. Walking into the living room, he saw the fire needed serious tending as it had died down since they'd raised the heat earlier.

Building a base in the grate with several logs, he lit the kindling underneath and waited for it to take hold. A few moments later, it did and the chill began to disappear. Walking over to the window, he looked outside expecting to see a late afternoon sun but instead he saw cold gray and several inches of snow. Opening the door to the cabin, he looked out seeing they'd received a good amount of accumulation over the last few hours meaning his houseguest would be staying a while—or at least, until he shoveled out and could drive her to the visitor's center.

Closing the door, he went over to the kitchen counter and fixed a pot of coffee figuring Glenn might want something hot when she woke. Thoughts of their time together sent heat racing through him and he put the glass carafe down before he dropped it. *What the hell is this? I've never thought in double entendres before...*

Hearing a noise coming from his bedroom, he looked over to see her standing in the doorway wearing only his Stetson. Thankful he'd already put the carafe down, he grabbed the counter for support.

"That hat has never looked that good on me," he said with a wicked smile on his face.

Padding over to him, she put her arms around him and kissed him. Pulling her tight against him, he returned it with a sense of urgency. A storm would keep them under the same roof for a while but how would she react to being trapped with him, so to speak? What about afterward?

"I missed you..."

"You stole the covers so I had to relight the fire."

"I don't steal covers," she protested with a smile.

"You keep telling yourself that," he said before he nipped her lip.

Her naked body pressed against his felt good though he really wanted to be inside her while she rode him. His hands on her breasts, he began massaging them as she teased him with her tongue. Suddenly, she pulled her body up high enough so she could wrap her legs around him and, after pushing his hat back out of her way, her lips found his.

Wriggling out of his jeans, he stepped out of them before he began playing with her clit. Her body tightening around his told him everything he needed to know. Finding one of the dining chairs, he kicked it aside to make room and sat down, Glenn's pussy sliding right onto his hard shaft.

"God, you feel good," he whispered.

"So do you, cowboy."

"Then ride me," he said before he kissed her.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Glenn did as he wanted and as she did, he caught her nipples and teased them with his tongue. Once he'd attended one, he went to the other while his fingers kept the first one hard and sensitive. As she headed closer to the edge, he grabbed her tits and squeezed before laving her nipples. Glenn held her closer as she shook, her body no longer hers to control as their orgasm rocked them both.

"Chuck, my God, help me..."

"How can I when I need it, too?"

Together, they rode the climaxes and then as they began to spiral downward, they started heading back up again. Before they knew anything, Chuck had her back on the carpet hammering her pussy while he watched the movement of her breasts. When she came, she drenched his cock and when he did, he filled her with his hot essence—heating the room along with the fire.

Spent, he fell over, his hands on either side of her head holding her over him. Raising herself on her elbows, her lips found his and they kissed.

"I could spend the rest of my life like this."

"How about the next day or two?"

"Sure, why not?" she said with a smile that brightened his world.

"I'm serious," he said. "We're snowed in. While we slept off round one, Nature dumped a few inches on us and it's still coming down."

"You're joking, right?"

His heart slammed against his chest at the prospect of her leaving.

"I wouldn't joke about something like that."

"And you wouldn't just say that to keep me here?"

“No,” he said, the hurt evident in his voice.

“This can’t be happening,” she protested. “I cannot be trapped here with you. I’ve got a meeting in Bar Harbor at ten in the morning and I have to take the ferry over to...”

“Glenn, the ferry won’t be running due to weather...”

Wriggling out from underneath him, she went to the door and threw it open, the chill of the late afternoon causing her nipples to peak more while she shivered. Slamming the door, she turned around and looked at him.

“How long did you say?”

“Could be a few days. I can make up the spare room, if you’d like...”

“Why, when I like your bed?”

“I just thought...”

“Cowboy, I’m not upset with you—this isn’t your fault though it would have been a really unique line to use. I’m upset because the meeting I have tomorrow is with my boss for a possible promotion. If I can’t make it, he might...”

“This is Maine, sweetheart, and we get Nor’easters all the time. This much snow will close things for a day or two so you can more than likely reschedule. Call him in the morning and...”

“And in the meantime?”

“I can think of several things we can do...”

* * * *

Chuck cooked dinner for them—steaks and potatoes—and after they ate, he turned on the radio to see if they could get any idea of what might be happening with the storm.

Snow is still falling making travel hazardous due to whiteout conditions. Emergency Management is advising everyone to stay off the roads unless absolutely necessary so

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

that emergency services can get through when needed and they, state and local municipalities can plow the roads to open them. Cut off due to the storm, those residents in Acadia National Park and...

“There you have it,” he said as he poured more wine for them.

Getting up from her chair, she went to him and straddled his hips.

“Then keep me warm, cowboy,” she said as she brushed her nipples over his chest.

“With pleasure, ma’am,” he stated, grinning.

Taking her nipple between his teeth, he teased it with his tongue before drawing it into his mouth. Her hand in his hair told him exactly how she felt because her grip tightened every time he nipped her or excited her. While he suckled one, he played with the other and Glenn responded as only she could.

Once she slid onto his cock, she moved up and down on him, Chuck swelling inside her. He took her hands and held them behind her back as he gazed at her beauty.

“I want to watch your tits when you make me come,” he said.

His free hand went to her neck, caressing it as she continued increasing her pace. Her mouth found it and she drew his finger in sucking it as if she took his cock. The sensation mind-blowing, he groaned as she moved faster before she brought about an explosive release that shocked even him.

She threw her head back gasping for air as she continued riding his cock.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

“That’s it, baby,” he coaxed, wanting her to take everything he could give her and more. “I’m yours, Glenn—do whatever you want to me.”

She bent to kiss him, her erratic breaths causing him to swell more.

“Even if I tie you to the chair...”

“I don’t give a damn—just do it,” he gasped seconds before he called her name.

Glenn kissed him again, her hands fighting to be free of his very firm grip. The fight caused her nipples to brush against him and he felt himself filling her again. Glenn repeated what she’d done a few moments earlier, taking his finger into her mouth and sucking it while she rode his cock feverishly. As he filled her again, beads of sweat dripped from her onto his face. Pulling her mouth closer and easing his finger out of it, he replaced it with his tongue.

Glenn’s moans of extreme ecstasy filled the room, Chuck refusing to let her off the summit she’d taken them to. Laving her nipples, he could see what she craved and he determined to give her what she wanted and not hold back. If this turned into being a one-snowstorm stand, he wanted to make the most of it. *Life is definitely too short...*

“If this is your idea of dessert, I love it.”

“I love you, Glenn...”

Chapter 4

Glenn woke in the middle of the night to a chill at her back. When she turned over to reach for Chuck, she discovered she'd been left alone in his huge bed and evidently for a while since his side no longer had any warmth remaining.

"Chuck?"

No answer.

"Chuck?" she called a little louder, her voice echoing in the dark stillness of the cabin.

Getting out of bed, she grabbed the first thing she could see—one of his oversized flannel shirts—and put it on. Slowly going into the other room, she found herself alone in the fading firelight—a feeling very familiar to her. What she experienced at this moment seemed to be a replay of when she discovered her relationship had gone spiraling downward fast thanks to her boyfriend leaving her side to be with his other girlfriend. The emptiness in the pit of her stomach resurfaced, Glenn hating the hurt overtaking her.

Looking out the window and seeing the snow even deeper than earlier thanks to a brilliant moonlit night, she walked back and sat in front of the fading fire. Taking a log and placing it in the middle of the pile of embers, she made sure it caught before she sat back. Her knees to her chest, she wrapped her arms around her legs and began to think about how she

planned to gracefully walk away from the best guy she thought she'd ever met. *I thought you'd be different...*

* * * *

Chuck had slipped from bed when the fire began to die down. Placing a few logs on it, he made sure there would be enough to keep the place warm plus extra until he came back with more. Dressing warm, he went outside and began shoveling a path to the woodpile at the side of the small stable where he kept Lightning and his two mares.

Deciding it would be the perfect time to feed them, he took care of what needed to be done, gave them their special mix of oats then went to get more wood. After making several trips to bring enough to the porch for the rest of the day and into tomorrow, he finished stacking it then stood watching the snow continue to fall.

If anyone had told him he would spend a Nor'easter trapped in his simple, rustic home with a beautiful feisty lover who gave him everything he ever wanted and then some, he would have told them that only happened in fairy tales and romance novels. Now, his fantasy slept in his bed and all he'd been doing had been trying to figure out how to get her to stay with him.

He'd led a solitary life since coming to the mountain and until he'd met Glenn, it hadn't really bothered him until he discovered the missing link—one only she could find and she definitely had. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought himself to be a marathon lover but this woman brought it out in him and all he'd wanted to do had been satisfy her. Chuck Lang wouldn't have cared if she'd dragged out a flogger or something kinky as long as she did it and they did it together.

A light breeze blew by him, Chuck turning to go inside. Grabbing a couple pieces of firewood, he went to the door, opened it and saw her in front of the fire but from the way she sat, he sensed something wrong—something had definitely changed and he had no idea why or what.

“Glenn? Are you all right?” he asked as he crossed the room and placed the wood in the log holder to the side of the hearth.

“Where the hell did you go? Is there some...”

“Whoa, Glenn,” he said, shocked by the beginning of an accusation that literally came from left field. “I went out to get more wood.”

“It took you hours...”

“I had to shovel a path to the shed then I figured I’d feed the horses while out there. I brought back several loads of wood which I stacked on the porch then I came inside to find you here.”

“You should have told me—said something instead of leaving me alone.”

“I didn’t want to wake you. I honestly thought I’d be back before you woke.”

“I’ve heard that before,” she said, staring at the flames.

“Not from me, Glenn. I don’t know where this is coming from but...” he started, unable to comprehend where the sudden rage inside her came from and why she aimed it at him.

“My ex told me the same thing and I found out he fucked me at one and went to his girlfriend at two hoping he’d get back before I woke up so he could do it all over again.”

“Glenn, the last time I’d been involved with a woman happened back home in the Midwest before I moved here.

You are an amazing jewel I would not think about tarnishing by doing what your ex did. Please, believe me,” he said quietly. “Besides, you’re the only one I’ve ever told that I love.”

Glenn looked at him, surprise overtaking her as hurt began to leave her.

“Really?”

“Yes,” he said. “You’re all I thought about while shoveling snow because I wanted to figure out a way for this to work past the time we’re snowbound.”

She looked at him, her big blue eyes literally changing from sadness and hurt to happiness and relief.

“Can you forgive me?” she asked, still holding herself tightly as if she might break if he said the wrong thing.

“There’s nothing to forgive unless you walk out on me. That would be unforgivable.”

“You really love me—already?”

“Yes,” he answered without hesitation. “Mom always said to grab it when you found it because love could be fleeting or it could be solid as a rock. I’m hoping ours is solid.”

* * * *

She looked back to the fire staring at the flames lapping the wood, her body reacting to the thought of his tongue doing the same thing to her. Apprehensively, she slowly reached her hand out to him though she never took her eyes from the fire, too afraid of what she might see in his. Praying her past had not screwed up her present or future, she waited what seemed an eternity for him to take it.

Easing his stocky frame next to her slim one, he not only took her hand but put his arm around her pulling her close.

Glenn felt the warmth from his body and smelled the musky scent of sweat from a good workout. *Why did I do that?*

Moving closer, she put her head on his shoulder languishing in the light gentle touch of his lips on her hair.

“I’m really sorry...”

“No need to explain if you don’t want to. What happened in your past has nothing to do with our present, just as mine doesn’t.”

“How can you live such a simplistic life and be so straightforward about things?”

“I learned about life on the ranch. Outside of what we needed to go to town for, the ranch existed as its own little community because of its size. I saw the best and the worst of life and learned a lot, too. When I came here on vacation one year, I saw the beauty of it and decided I didn’t want to be a rancher anymore. I enjoyed it but after I saw this place, I knew I wouldn’t be cut out for it over the next fifty, sixty years or more.”

“That’s a hell of a change,” she observed.

“But you made the same coming east. California is a microcosm in itself, especially around Los Angeles. But you made the decision and from what I can tell, you’ve been successful at it.”

“Not if I don’t meet my boss. He wanted to meet away from the office so he chose one of the conference centers on the road into Bar Harbor to talk. I’d checked in then...”

“Can you call the place later and see what is going on?”

“I could but...damn it! I left my cell in the car. I didn’t want it getting lost or damaged so I decided to go old school and without.”

“Smart idea but I can call if you want me to. I might not have a computer but I do have a cell.”

“Why no computer?”

“No interest really and I’m not computer literate, I think they call it. If I can’t get the information I need when I want it, I get frustrated and that leads to anger in my life I don’t need.”

“I don’t see a television either.”

“Signal sucks and I think dishes are ugly. If I want to watch something, I go into the tavern in town and do it there.”

“And what does my solitary cowboy watch?”

“Depends—hockey, college football, bullriding...”

“Any cop shows?”

“If they’re on but mostly Jake puts on sports.”

“I’ve never met a man who doesn’t watch TV,” Glenn said, gazing at him.

“Be glad I don’t,” he said. “It might take me away from you.”

“We can’t have that, can we?”

Chuck laughed and looked at the fire as Glenn snuggled closer. Before he knew what she might do, he felt her take his earring between her lips and give it a tug. From his jolt, she could tell what the tiny movement did and that he obviously liked it.

She slid her hand between the second and third buttons on his shirt, her fingertips tracing circles on his skin.

“Do something, lady, before I do something I shouldn’t.”

“There’s nothing in this world that I can think of right now that would fall into that category so knock yourself out.”

Chuck’s groan filled the room as he put his hand on her neck and pulled her into a kiss. Their tongues danced as they

explored each other. His hand squeezed her breast through the flannel, frustrated because he couldn't touch bare skin.

Slowly, he lowered her back to the carpet, loosening the buttons on his shirt so he could move the sides of it out of his way. Glenn slipped out of it, the firelight radiantly glowing over her skin.

"You're beautiful, woman," he whispered.

"You're amazing, cowboy," she said before kissing him again.

Chuck stripped out of his clothes careful not to put too much distance between them. Coming back to her, his hand cupped her breast and massaged it while his tongue laved the length of her neck. The mere touch of his tongue on her throat caused her body to lift up wanting to be closer to him.

"Relax, lady, and let me take care of you."

"Mmm, that sounds good."

* * * *

Lying in front of the fire blazing in the hearth, Chuck and Glenn held each other. Chuck had taken her several times, not once allowing her to do anything but lie next to him and enjoy it. Each time she cried out, he languished in the emotions filling the room. Deep down, he had to admit that having a woman—no, Glenn and no other—in the house had been amazing and he didn't want her to leave.

One thing he knew, he couldn't expect her to move into the house—a man's world—considering he didn't have some of the modern amenities like a TV and a computer but he couldn't be sure if he would be able to live in the city. Shoving his fears aside, he eased her into a different position in front of the fire then bent at her pussy and began tongue fucking her.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Her scent unique—just as Glenn proved to be—he needed to commit that and her taste to memory in case the worst happened. His decision made—there would be no one else ever. He'd found his desire at dawn on the highest peak on the United States East Coast and he would do everything he could to keep her in his life.

Glenn started writhing from the sensations he created. He placed his hands on her stomach and applied gentle pressure to hold her in one place though that didn't stop her body's reactions. The moment he found her, she drenched his lips with her sweet essence as he drank in her soul. Her moans filled the room, Chuck wanting her to be snowed in with him forever.

"Chuck, my God..."

"Stay with me..." he begged. "Live here with me..."

She pushed up, one hand supporting her as she reached for his head to press him closer as her body succumbed to the continual orgasms racing through her.

Glenn screamed his name as he sent her spiraling out of control. Her pussy moved against his lips as if his cock filled her, Chuck overwhelmed by her.

"Please, Glenn..."

"Yes, yes!" she cried out. "I'll do anything to be with you for the rest of my life. My God, cowboy!"

Gazing up the length of her body to her gorgeous breasts then to those hot lips and her beautiful eyes, Chuck knew he had it all.

"I'm going to keep you on edge until you pass out then I'll wait until you recover and do it all over again and again until the snow melts. I want you with me for life, woman."

“Anything, just don’t leave me or throw me away. I love you, Chuck, and I want you any way I can have you.”

Chuck did exactly as he said he would do and fucked her until she passed out. When she did, he kissed her and carried her into the bed he prayed they would share for a lifetime. When she woke, he began again and did the same until she passed out again. While she slept, he watched her and teased her nipples making sure she remained near the edge and completely ready for him.

“You’re an amazing woman, Glenn Burns, and I want to marry you but if that doesn’t happen and we do this the rest of our lives, I’ll be happy.”

When Glenn woke, Chuck made slow lazy love to her before he took her over the edge again. When she went to do anything for him, he stopped her saying the same thing each time.

“This is all for you.”

* * * *

The sound of an engine nearing the house woke Chuck. Quickly dressing and closing the door behind him so his visitor wouldn’t disturb Glenn, he went to see who’d come to see him.

“Jake, what’s up?”

“Thought I’d come up here and plow you and some of the others out. The sheriff’s office is trying to see if we might be missing some people because there are several cars parked at the visitor’s center at the base of the mountain which appear to have been there since before the storm hit.”

“One of them is here,” Chuck said. “She didn’t get off the mountain in time so she wound up staying here.”

“You have a name?”

“Burns, I think,” he said with a hint of devilment. “She rode her bike up to the point and...”

“Is she all right? Do the two of you need anything?”

“Tell the nice man we have everything we need,” a female voice said.

“You heard the lady,” Chuck said with a devilish look on his face.

“I did indeed,” Jake said. “I’ll plow you out then you can come down when you’re ready. I’ll tell the sheriff about the car, too.”

“Thanks, Jake,” Chuck said, shaking his friend’s hand.

“Hold onto her, friend,” Jake whispered.

“I intend to.”

Chuck closed the door and turned to see Glenn standing in the doorway, stark naked save his hat.

“Have I lost my hat?” he asked, crossing the room to take her in his arms.

“Maybe but I’m willing to deal.”

“Keep talking,” he said as she leaned into him. She whispered her idea in his ear, her breath sending heat coursing through him. Shocks raced through him when her teeth tugged on his earring.

“I’m glad you have two of these. That way I can do this any time I want.”

“I wish I could do the same to you but you have no piercings.”

“I used to have a belly piercing.”

“Get another and maybe your tits done—then I can tug all I want.”

“You’re on.”

“Are you serious?”

“I want to please you because you’re worth it and you don’t ask for a lot.”

“Then you didn’t hear me earlier.”

“What?”

“I want to marry you.”

Luckily, Chuck had good reflexes because he quickly caught her when she fainted. Carrying her to the couch, he rapidly got some cool compresses and wiped her brow.

“Glenn, come on, baby, come back to me,” he pleaded.

After a few moments, she slowly opened her eyes.

“Are you all right?” he asked, concerned.

“Did you say you want to marry me?”

“Yes, but if you’d prefer, we can live together so long as we spend the rest of our lives together.”

“I want that, too,” she said. “I know this has been quick but there’s something here that I...”

Chuck’s lips covered hers as he kissed her, gently at first though it became brutally passionate as their heated emotions took over.

“Fuck me, cowboy, and don’t hold back.”

“With pleasure, ma’am.”

* * * *

It took several days before warming temperatures finished melting the snow away from the upper elevations of Cadillac Mountain. Reports of the area reopening came as good news for some but for one pair, they wished that Nature had kept it colder a little longer.

Chuck took Glenn down to where her car had been parked for days and then followed her to her apartment in Portland.

“I want to pick up a few things before we decide what to do with the apartment.”

“But if your job is here...”

“I wanted to talk to you about that,” she began. “When I spoke with the boss, he said he saw no problem with the promotion and because of what I’ll be doing, it would be easier for me to work in the new office they’re opening in Bar Harbor. All I need is a computer at home and I can work from there when my horny husband doesn’t want me to leave our bed.”

“But I don’t know if you can get the Internet up there. What if...”

“I can do what I need to do on the computer and if I can’t email it that way, I can go online on my cell phone. It’s got all sorts of apps so there should be something there I can use.”

“If you say so...I think.”

“While you’re tending Lightning and the others, I can get my stuff done for the day, and we can do whatever you want. If need be, one or two trips into the office during the week unless there’s a big project then I expect you to come with me or I’ll meet you at Jake’s.”

“You’re not going to push for a TV?”

“Not if it takes you away from me. I’d rather watch you anyway.”

Chuck groaned as he pulled her tight against him.

“You are incorrigible, you know that?”

“I’m a free spirit.”

“Then let’s get what you want and get back to the mountain. The weather for the morning is bright and sunny and I know a place where we can go and view the sunrise without being bothered—just you, me and a blanket.”

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

“What do you have in mind?”

“I found desire at dawn on that mountain, now I want to enjoy it the best way I know how and that’s with you.”

“Are you planning what I think you are?”

Chuck grinned.

Chapter 5

One morning a few weeks later, Chuck and Glenn went up to the peak and watched the beginnings of a gorgeous sunrise. While their mounts grazed off to the side and, in a way, acted like a warning system if anyone came close, Chuck led her over to a small area overlooking one of the bluffs above the water. In a natural alcove, he spread the blanket out then pulled her down on it next to him.

“I’ve always wanted to make love to a beautiful woman at this very spot because the ambiance is perfect. Until you came into my life, I could only fantasize about it but now that I have you...”

“And who did you fantasize about?”

“Cameron Diaz...”

While he talked, he unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it to the sides, baring her beautiful nudity to his gaze. Grinning, he slid his hand behind her and pulled her into a kiss. Before he knew anything had happened, he felt the brush of the soft fabric as she slipped out of it. Getting onto her knees after she took off her shoes, she continued kissing him while she slowly removed her sweatpants revealing more naked skin.

“You knew?”

“I had an inkling besides, if you hadn’t, I would have found a spot—maybe not as amazing as this but close

enough—and I would have done the same. I’ve wanted to do this since the first day I came up here before I met an amazing cowboy.”

Chuck reached for his belt but she stopped him.

“And the one day we came up here and...”

“That, too, but it won’t compare to right here, right now—this is amazing.”

“The fiery glow of sunrise makes me want you more,” he said as his hands slipped to his waist.

“Allow me,” she said as she helped him out of his jeans.

He groaned the moment her lips wrapped around his cock and slowly took him deep into her throat. As his shaft disappeared into her mouth, he languished in the knowledge he had the only woman in the world who gave extraordinarily perfect head. *No one can do it like you...*

As she took his release when he exploded into her throat, Chuck groaned. Pressing her head closer, he felt the light touch of her lips brushing his balls, the sensation undoing him completely.

“Glenn!” he cried out, a bird taking flight from being startled.

“Shh, someone might hear you,” she teased.

“I don’t give a damn,” he gasped as she began again, her hands pricking his nipples.

Reaching for hers, he tugged on her new nipple piercings, her body jolting. The night they went into Portland to pick up some of her things, they’d found a tattoo parlor that also did piercings and she had her nipples pierced as well as her navel done again though in a different area. Since then, her body had been constantly aroused and they both loved it.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

He wanted to pump his cock while she took him but she'd made sure he couldn't move as she'd found a way to virtually trap him underneath her.

"Glenn, please, I need you..." he begged as he gently pried her away from his cock so he could kiss her. Once he had, he rolled her onto her back and lifted her hips. "Now, it's my turn."

"Do it, cowboy. Do it until I pass out so I can wake to this gorgeous view with you in it."

"My desire at dawn—how can I resist?"

"You can't."

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

DESIRE ON ICE

by

Christy Poff

Chapter 1

Nikolai Stevens, right wing for the Vancouver Canucks, saw the end of the season with mixed emotions. The team had had a good season until elimination in the semifinal round of the prestigious Stanley Cup play-offs. His agent kept assuring him that a new contract would be ready for his signature in the near future. *Hell, he's been saying that since March...*

The good news in all of the end-of-the-season business had been the invitation to join the training camp for the upcoming Canadian Olympic team. Joining at least four dozen other invitees, they'd play for a spot on the team that would hopefully win gold though he'd heard that Gretzky wouldn't be coaching this time. *Damn!*

Having played hardcore hockey since the age of seven when he got his first pair of skates, Nik had always worked to be the best he could be. His parents had made sure he didn't get an ego like some of the other players he'd faced over the years—an attribute that took him far, especially with the fans.

Now, he spent his downtime before camp started waiting to learn his future. So far, no deal had been offered and it made him nervous. Then again, if what he'd read in the news and on the web meant anything, he had lots of company.

* * * *

Rebeca Howe had flown to Vancouver with her father. A minority shareholder in the Florida Panthers, John Howe had flown to British Columbia to look at an offenseman who could very well help the team in the upcoming seasons. Interest in the player had been warm at best, most in the league figuring he'd re-sign with Vancouver but Beca's father saw something in Nikolai Stevens and he wanted to meet the player in person.

Beca went with him for several reasons—her main one being the fact that Vancouver would host the next winter games and she wanted tickets to several events. Like her father, she figured going to the source would be best. Then, if her ticket hunt proved successful, she'd have to find some place to stay for the month.

Once their corporate jet had landed, her father had his driver drop her off at their hotel.

"Your car should be waiting for you," he told her.

"Thanks, Daddy."

"When will I get to see you?" he asked.

"That depends on how impressed you are with your project and if I'm successful."

"Thank God for texting," he said before he kissed her. "Keep in touch."

"I will," she said as she got out of the car and waved to him.

Once their luggage had been put on a cart, she went inside and checked them in. Moments later, she stood in the center of a huge suite of rooms and grinned. Though extremely close, her father always made sure they had some distance between them as they each needed their privacy.

Beca knew her father would be a while, since he'd decided to go to a sports bar as his initial investigation began. When she'd asked why, he gave her a logical answer.

"What better place to start?" he asked. "The best take on a player is not always his stats but how the fans feel. If they don't like him, then I ask myself if I really want to pursue someone who might drive ticket sales down."

"Then if he passes muster on this visit, he may well be on his way to Florida?"

"Something like that."

John Wayne Howe never played his cards openly, choosing to keep his business to himself until he felt the time would be right to lay them down. His daughter admired that and had molded her approach to business to follow his example. Both Howes successful in business, *Howe Holdings, International* ranked in the top ten internationally and continued to make money.

Deciding she would go out and check out the nightlife, Beca showered and dressed in a black mini which showed off her curvy body while highlighting her green eyes. Putting up her mane of thick blonde hair, she chose a sapphire necklace to show off the line of her neck. While her father did his research in a macho way, she used her feminine wiles to do hers and in most cases, they worked well together.

Tonight though, she wanted to relax and just be Beca yet her reflection in the mirror meant business.

Chapter 2

Nik went into one of his favorite haunts—a nightclub near *General Motors Place*, the arena the team played at—planning on meeting a couple of the guys to hoist a few. While training for the Olympic team wouldn't get underway for several weeks, he could ill afford to get out of shape. A few drinks now and he could still remain on the schedule he'd set for himself several years ago. He knew the training would be rigorous as it had been in the past and not having a need for extra P.T.—physical training and conditioning—as opposed to on ice time so the team could gel would help make things happen easier and quicker.

Walking into *The Arena Club*, he nodded to the bartender.

“Any of the guys here?” he asked.

“Not yet,” Phil answered. “What can I get you?”

“Molson, as usual.”

“Good man,” the bartender said as he placed a pilsner under the tap. Moments later, he served Nik a perfect draft.

Nik held his glass up then went to find a table. Sitting near the rear of the lounge, he got comfortable and began another one of his favorite pastimes—people watching though more specifically, girl watching.

Hearing his cell phone, he answered it.

“Stevens.”

“Hey, Nik, where are you?”

“At the bar—you?”

“We got tied up in traffic—overtaken tractor-trailer. Don’t be surprised if we don’t show. It looks like it’s going to be a while.”

“I just got here so I’ll hold the table anyway. Keep me posted.”

Ending the call, Nik settled back and signaled for the waitress. Ordering a steak and baked potato, he went back to watching the people coming and going. While being known in this part of town thanks to the sport, he could still go where he wanted without the groupies some of the other players attracted. He felt relief when he could sit and chill and not be bothered by some overzealous groupie flashing her chest at him trying to spend the night with him—definitely not his scene.

“Here’s your steak, Nik,” the waitress said. “If you need anything else, call me.”

“You got it, Tori.”

One of the things that endeared Tori to him and his fellow players had been the fact that she could be friendly with them, treat them as family and it went no further unless one of them asked. He’d been lucky enough to share several dates with her and they remained friends.

“The guys joining you?”

“Maybe, maybe not. Scott called and said they’re tied up thanks to a wicked truck accident.”

“Shame, with the season over, I don’t get to see you as much.”

“We’re trying—honestly.”

“I know,” she said before heading to another table.

Nik attacked his steak and savored every mouthful. The chef definitely had a talent when it came to grilling, another reason he enjoyed the club.

After he finished dinner, he sat back with another Molson. His cell rang again, this time Scott told him the guys would be joining him in a half-hour give or take once traffic moved again. That worked for him because it gave his dinner time to settle before he ate dessert with the others.

A few fans dropped by his table to say *hi*, get autographs and pictures—Nik happy to oblige. His evening relaxing, he chilled and waited for his friends.

* * * *

Beca parked her car across from *The Arena Club*, got out and locked it then crossed the street. Entering the club, she hung her black trench coat on one of the hooks then went to the end of the bar where she ordered a *Tom Collins*. Once the bartender served her drink, he handed her a menu.

“Let me know when you’re ready to order, Miss.”

Smiling, she nodded. Glancing around the club, she liked what she saw. A hot nightspot during hockey season, business slowed down some during the summer months allowing for calmer, less frenetic evenings. On a previous visit, the place had been packed with some dancing on a small hardwood floor and several heated rounds of pool off to the side. A far cry from the clubs she frequented in South Beach, she loved the atmosphere and looked forward to a relaxing time.

She ordered a shrimp sampler then asked if she could have it at a table she pointed to.

“Sure thing,” Phil said. “It’ll be out in a few minutes.”

“Thanks,” she said as she took her drink and headed over to it to sit down. Sitting with her back to the wall, she glanced

around the room spying a familiar face at a table in the back. *If only Daddy had a clue...*

Nonchalantly, Beca watched the man trying to size him up. He appeared to be every bit of the descriptions she'd read in his bios only she didn't care about the official information—she wanted the unofficial. *Hmmm...*

A waiter served her dinner and brought her another drink. Beca sat enjoying the meal, loving the fact the shrimp had been caught that morning, something which really made a difference in taste. Savoring the meal, she finished it then sat back and gazed around the room once more.

Still in his seat in the corner, Nikolai Stevens enjoyed another beer. From what she could see, he either waited for friends to join him or he decided to spend the night out as a personal wish. She knew some of the players cherished their privacy when they could get it but then again, Stevens had signed several autographs over the course of the evening as well as having pictures taken. A fan favorite, this proved it. *No wonder they like him as much as they do...*

One of the pool tables opened up, Beca claiming it for a few racks. She'd grown up with a table in the house and had been extremely good at playing—enough so, she earned spending money in college when she went to Georgetown majoring in business. A lesson she'd learned then came into play right now—show some leg, get a response, see where the night goes.

Wearing stilettos with her little black dress gave her the right silhouette—one she'd found successful when doing her own brand of hustling pool. *Let's see where we go tonight...*

Racking the balls, she proceeded to shoot the cue at each ball in numbered order—a hard task but fun. Sinking the first

five, she walked around the table looking for the sixth and the correct angle she'd have to use to bank the cue ball to hit it. Bending over the table, her necklace gracefully hung from her neck as she strategically placed her feet. Taking the shot, she sank the intended target cleanly then heard applause from a small group gathering around to watch her.

Beca continued on, finishing her game easily.

"I betcha you can't do that again."

"Oh, and how much do you wish to wager?"

"Two hundred and fifty," the man said.

"American?"

"Why not?"

"You're on," she said as she chalked the tip of her cue stick. Considering the money on the table, she rued not having her own stick but so far, she had no complaints with the one she used.

"I'm in, too. There's no way Blondie can do it again."

Being called *Blondie* became her incentive. No one called her that and got away with it—at least not without a fight when it came to the hefty pile of money growing on the table. Grabbing her waiter, she asked if he could hold it for them while they played.

"I'll hold it," another voice said.

Beca looked in the direction it came from to see Stevens approaching. Smiling, she waited as one of the other men racked the balls then removed the rack. At the end of the table, she set the cue where she wanted it before breaking. Several balls went down, Beca loving where the remaining ones sat. Moments later, she sank the last ball, the other man never getting a chance to take a shot. Turning to Stevens, she held her hand out.

“Congratulations,” he said.

“Thank you, Mister...”

“Hey, I want my money back. You didn’t play fair.”

“Why, because you spent more time looking at my legs and...”

The room filled with laughter as the man stopped talking and left the bar.

The other losers congratulated her then left her alone with the man who’d held the money.

“I didn’t hear your name,” she said as he handed her the winnings.

“Nikolai Stevens, Miss...”

“My friends call me Beca and after this, you can definitely consider yourself a friend.”

“Come join me,” he invited. “I’ve been waiting for friends but I doubt they’ll show. They’ve been tied up in traffic after a big rig turned over.”

“Let me get my...”

“Joe, can you bring the lady’s things to my table?” he asked.

“Sure.”

As soon as the waiter had, Nik paid her bill leaving Joe a generous tip.

“You didn’t have to,” she started to protest.

“As broke as that game made you? Of course I did.”

Beca laughed, loving his sense of humor. Selfishly, she hoped his friends never showed up because she wanted to get to know this man better and the way to do that meant without *friendly interruptions*, as she called them.

“Now, Beca, tell me where you learned to shoot pool like that?”

* * * *

Nik sat watching the room. A small crowd gathered around one of the pool tables and he soon learned the reason. About five foot nine and gorgeous, a long-legged blonde wearing stilettos and a body-hugging black dress bent over the table and took a shot. He could not get over her amazing figure—perfect in every way.

When she walked to the end of the table and bent over to take another shot, he couldn't help but get an eyeful of her gorgeous breasts. His cock at attention, Nik knew where he'd love to spend the night.

Watching her, he tried to figure out how to get a game up with her but as soon as the thought came to him, another guy laid a hefty bet down on the table followed by several others. At two hundred and fifty each, the game seemed to be getting expensive and when that happened, things could get nasty. Leaving his table, he went toward the crowd when she asked Joe, her waiter, to hold the bets.

"I'll hold it," he said, seeing the waiter's obvious relief.

Gathering up the pile, he sorted and straightened the bills out whistling when he'd counted it. Twenty-five hundred dollars had been thrown into the pot, winner take all. *God, I hope you know what you're doing...*

Nik needn't have worried. After the break, the gorgeous blonde literally ran the table sinking every ball in order with the last one called. Of course, one of the losers swore she cheated and Nik waited.

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"Nikolai Stevens, Miss..."

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"You didn't have to," she started to protest.

"As broke as that game made you? Of course I did."

Beca laughed, the sound of it sending heat through him. It'd been a while since he'd had a woman affect him like this and he had to honestly admit, it felt good.

"Now, Beca, tell me where you learned to play pool like that?"

"Grew up with a table in the house then hustled pool during college."

"And what did you major in?"

"Business."

"I should have known," Nik said then laughed. "What did your parents think?"

“My father and I think a lot alike. My mother shook her head.”

“Interesting. We’ll have to shoot a friendly game though I won’t lay any money down. I can’t afford your high stakes.”

“We’ll see about that.”

* * * *

Beca could not get over how easy it had been to meet Nikolai but once she had, she realized several truths had been proven—an easy man to be with, he loved his fans while intensely private. She’d yet to see into his personal world but she knew one thing—her father had better recommend that the team sign him before one of the other teams did. Rebeca Howe wanted him in her life but her life—sad to say, at this point—needed to stay in Fort Lauderdale.

Once most of the patrons left, they finally picked up cue sticks and played several games—without laying money down. A good match up, they wound up breaking even.

When he made his shots she found herself checking him out, loving his great ass and muscular arms—hockey uniforms did him absolutely no justice. When she made her shots, she’d been fully aware his eyes either stared at her legs or gazed down her cleavage—the main reason she’d chosen the dress she had. She knew he wanted to bed her, something she personally would have no trouble with.

“Nik, you’re amazing. I’ve enjoyed this evening immensely.”

“Then we’ll have to do it again.”

“Or we could take this somewhere else and see where it takes us,” she said, hoping he’d take her up on her offer. “My only problem is I don’t think my roommate at the hotel would appreciate late-night guests.”

"We can either go to a hotel around here or to my place."

"Your place?"

"I have a house overlooking the Sound."

"I'd like to see it, if you don't mind."

"Then my place it is. Where are you parked?"

"Across the street—why?"

"That's strange."

"What?"

"If you rented a Corvette, you're parked next to me."

"The pickup?"

"No, the Audi," he said, helping her into her coat.

Beca jolted hoping Nik had not noticed. His fingertips had brushed lightly over her shoulders and she'd felt a strange warmth that sent tingling sensations through her body. *What is it about him?*

"Yes, I did notice the jolt and if you felt warm and fuzzy, join the club."

"I don't understand this—we don't even know each other."

"All the more reason to take our little party elsewhere."

Beca grinned, loving his idea. The fact he didn't question her comment about her roommate led her to realize just how much he valued his privacy. *If they don't sign him, how do I get him to... I won't because he'll go to another team... Damn it!*

"Lead on," she said as she silently vowed to spend as much time with him as she could. Both of them knew something special might exist between them and she wanted to explore it before something drove them apart.

Outside, she slipped in behind the wheel of the Vette before Nik closed the door for her then eased the car out of

the parking spot. Moments later, he passed her and she slipped in behind his Audi.

Reaching in her pocket, she pulled out her cell phone and called her father.

“And where might you be?”

“On the way to Nik Stevens’ house on the Sound. Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.”

“Should I expect you tonight?”

“Doubtful,” she answered.

“Be careful.”

“I will,” she assured him. “One thing—sign Stevens. He’s an all-around good person who’ll be good for the team.”

“I’m impressed with his stats as well,” John said. “I plan to give him a favorable recommendation.”

“Make it an ‘imperative favorable’ recommendation. We can’t afford losing him.”

“And what about my daughter?”

“I’ll let you know once I find out but business wise—make sure he gets a good contract.”

“I’ll do my best.”

Beca hung up, throwing her phone on the other seat. As soon as they left the confines of the city and turned onto open highway, he sped up. Not too far behind, Beca laughed figuring Nik wanted to see if she actually knew what she had under the hood. Pressing the accelerator and shifting into a higher gear, Beca pulled beside him on the road, the two cars side by side.

Coming to an intersection, she put her window down.

“I see you know how to handle it.”

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” she said. “How much farther?”

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

“Follow me,” he said, “and try to keep up.”

“Grrr...” she said, putting the window up seeing his grin as he laughed.

Nikolai Stevens intrigued her and she determined to get to know him much better—in every way. *I think you’ve met your match, Nik.*

Chapter 3

Moments later, she parked the Vette next to his Audi in the driveway of a gorgeous three-story home which had more windows than she expected considering the winter weather the region endured.

“What do you think?”

“It’s gorgeous but the heating bill must be exorbitant.”

“Not really,” he said as he led her to the front door then inside. “Welcome to my home.”

Turning on the lights, he could dim them in such a way that the beauty of the Sound became the focal point of the room. Nik watched her, knowing he’d impressed her.

“You should see the rear of the house.”

“Why?” she asked, obviously awed by nature’s beauty.

“It faces the mountains.”

“How the hell did you do that?”

“I know a good architect. I told her what I wanted and she did the rest.”

“She?”

“Jealous?”

“Should I be?”

“I’m not sure. Give me a few hours and I’ll let you know.”

He saw the look on her face, Nik amused. He'd only met her a few hours before and she'd already made her way into his life—the private side he kept away from the press and the sports writers. After he'd seen what had happened to other celebrities—sports, entertainment, political—he didn't want that.

"If plans go the way I've been told, I should be able to sit on my balcony and watch some of the Alpine events in the Winter Games."

"Are you serious?"

"Very," he said. "The only problem is that I may be on the Olympic team staying in the village which means the gorgeous view goes to waste."

"We came up here to try to get tickets to the events and if I can, I need somewhere to stay. What can I offer you?"

"Aha, you only want me for my view..." he softly admonished.

"I had no clue..."

Nik saw her eyes sparkle as she recovered from his news. While she gazed out the window again, he helped her out of her coat, gently laying it over a nearby chair. Standing behind her, he lightly traced the line of her neck and shoulder feeling the heat between them rising.

Feathering light kisses in the same area, his hand slipped to the hem of her dress slowly lifting it a little to massage her hip. Beca leaned into him, laying her head back on his shoulder.

"Nik..."

"What?" he said between kisses.

"I don't know what it is between us but I can't take the heat. Please..."

“Please what?”

Turning to face him, she shoved the strapless dress down to the floor leaving her in a thong, stilettos and an amazing sapphire necklace—the stone picking up every little bit of light. She reached for the clips in her hair and let it tumble down her back then shook it a little to free it from the knot it had been in. Putting her arms around his neck, their lips met.

“Fuck me, Nik, and stop wasting time.”

“Are you always this forward?”

“When I want something and right now, I want you.”

Nik removed his clothes then picked her up and carried her over to the window. The way he’d designed the room, a conversation pit sat back from the huge expanse of glass. Climbing several steps to the floor above it, he put her down before untying the ribbons holding her thong on.

“I’ve always dreamed of taking someone special in front of this view and the one in the bedroom. Are you that someone?”

“I hope so,” she said as she pressed her hands against his chest.

He led her to a set of French doors opening onto a balcony but instead of opening the doors, he placed her hands on the jamb before edging her feet a little further apart. Standing behind her, his hands went to her breasts and massaged them before concentrating on her nipples. As her arm left the doorframe to go around his neck, he placed it back where it had been.

“No, I want my fantasy and you are the center of it.”

“I need to touch you.”

“Soon, sweetheart, soon.”

“But...”

“Keep this up and I’ll restrain you,” he whispered.

“You wouldn’t dare...” she challenged.

“Try me,” he said as he pricked her nipples. “I’ve had this image all night of tying you to the goal cage while I take you.”

“I dare you, hockey man.”

“Be careful what you say—it may happen.”

“Then tie me up and take me. Right now, I want that impressive cock of yours...”

“Patience, sweetheart. We have the rest of the evening.”

As he teased her, he slid one hand between her legs and teased her clit while his other one continued to tease her nipples. Her moans filled the air around them, Nik pleased.

“I need to tell you something...”

“What?”

“I’m not patient.”

“Hmmm,” he murmured near her ear as he pressed her overheated body against the cold glass of the window. Keeping her legs apart, he finger fucked her until he knew she’d reached the edge then easily slid his cock into her damp heat. Again, he had to put her hands back on the jamb only this time, he held them in place as he thrust into her.

Beca’s breath caught as she moved her legs a little farther apart to allow him easier access to her pussy. Nik laved her neck as he took her, his cock filling her body and swelling more. His pace forceful as he thrust in and out of her, she moved with him as beads of sweat trickled down their bodies.

“Are you ready?”

Beca couldn’t manage to get a word out and nodded. Seconds later, she screamed his name, the sound of her voice echoing through the lower level of the house.

Nik gazed at their reflection loving the sight of her gorgeous breasts pressed against the glass while her body

languished in the last remnants of an overwhelming climax. Her face and breath against the glass as she tried to catch her breath drove him crazy.

“You’re beautiful, sweetheart,” he whispered.

Beca shivered a little. Nik turned then pulled her back against him before lifting her up and carrying her upstairs to his bedroom. Gently laying her on the bed, he parted her legs again, burying his face in her pussy. Once more, he took her almost over the edge then thrust his cock into her waiting body. He gazed at her while she moved with him, her breasts moving in time with his thrusts.

“Harder, Nik,” she gasped.

“Are you sure?”

“And next time, I think you should tie me up. I want to get ready for the cage.”

Nik Stevens thrust into the woman he knew he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. An amazing beauty who rose to any challenge he’d given her, he’d already fallen in love with her. *Be smart about this, Nik...*

“Then I should tie you to the pool table,” he suggested.

“Anything!” she screamed when he exploded inside her. “My God, Nik...”

* * * *

Over the next few hours, Nik took Beca several times—lovingly and brutally passionate, tied up and free. No matter how he took her, she wanted more and even surprised him as well.

Before dawn, he’d woken to find her side of the bed empty. When he found her, she stood naked in the orange light of the sunrise over the mountains.

“Good morning,” he said as he stood behind her.

Beca slowly turned then dropped to her knees. Taking the head of his cock in her mouth, she gazed up at him while her hand gently gripped his balls. On an equally slow pace, she took his shaft in her mouth and gave him the best head he'd ever had.

Placing his hand on the back of her head, he pressed her closer as he pumped his cock into her mouth until his essence exploded down her throat though he never felt the sting of her long fingernails in his ass as her free hand sought support.

"My God, sweetheart, you're amazing."

"You're not so bad yourself, hockey man."

"How long will you be in town?"

"A few days," she told him before her tongue teased his slit.

"Spend your free time with me," he gasped. "I've never spent time with anyone like you and I don't want to lose this."

"What's your schedule like?" she asked.

"I have a meeting or two with my agent. We're trying to work out where I'll be next season."

"I hate free agency," she said.

"It's a pain in the ass but a necessary evil, I guess."

"What else?"

"One promotional appearance at the center dealing with those of us invited to the Olympic training camp and..."

"Fine, write it all down and I'll coordinate my time."

"What do you need to do?"

"Mainly get tickets to several events—like ice hockey and curling—then I have to find some place to rent for the duration of the games."

"Don't worry about it—you're staying here."

"But..."

“I mean it, sweetheart, you’re staying here. Someone needs to enjoy the view and I plan to be with the team...”

“And if you’re not?”

“Then we’ll spend the Olympics together.”

While they talked, she teased his cock between suckling its head and laving the length of his engorged shaft. She’d just taken him deep into her throat when he mentioned spending those three weeks together, seconds before his essence filled her throat. Swallowing his heated release, she slowly drew back and gazed at him.

“Did I hear you right?”

“Yes,” he said as he helped her stand. His lips covered hers as his tongue explored her mouth. “Who knows, maybe we’ll fuck each other while we watch Alpine?”

“And if they aren’t held within view?”

“Then we can watch them on TV and have our own events.”

“Extreme winter sports—interesting idea.”

Chapter 4

Later that morning, Nik woke before her and quietly left her in bed, not wanting to disturb her. He showered then dressed before heading out to a meeting with his agent.

Contract negotiations had supposedly been going on since before the season ended but Nik had no clue if he'd be staying with the team or not. He'd made it clear he wanted to remain with them and the idea of a multiyear contract had been put on the table but there'd been absolutely no movement in settling the issue or signing a new one. Once the July 1st deadline came, he'd be a free agent, Nik not wanting to live his life in limbo waiting for an answer. *Today, I make demands...*

Meeting with Reese Gates, his agent for the last several years, put a bad taste in his mouth. The air of the office when he walked in told him the news probably wouldn't be good.

"Hey, Genie, what's up?"

"Not much," she replied. "He's on a conference call and will be with you when it's finished."

"Sure, no problem," Nik said as he sat on the leather couch to begin what he hoped would be a short wait. *After all, I've got a nice warm bed waiting for me...*

An hour later, he still waited. Taking out his cell phone, he called the house hoping she might pick up but instead got his answering machine.

“Hey, if you’re still there, I got tied up thanks to a long-distance phone call. Will get back as soon as I can.”

Ending the call, his mood began to echo the way the day seemed to be going from the moment he walked out of the house.

“Nik, he’ll see you now.”

“Thanks, Genie,” he said as he stood up and walked toward the door to Reece’s inner office.

“Nik, how are you?” Reese said, shaking his hand. “Sorry about the wait but I’ve been discussing your future.”

“Then I should have been in here instead of cooling my heels out on the couch.”

“You know how I work and it wouldn’t have been conducive to our professional relationship.”

“In other words, you don’t want me knowing about your shady deals?”

“Something along that line.”

“So what’s the latest?”

“Management wants to keep you but they’re also looking at several prospects that just became available. That plus they intend to beef up the front lines, so to speak.”

“Meaning?”

“It’s their usual stall tactic until they get everything lined up for the season.”

“I’ve been with the team for seven years—what more do they need to know?”

“They picked up several in the draft in late June plus they have interest in other free agents like you.”

“So you’re basically telling me I’m off the team.”

“Not as of yet but anything is possible.”

“I want to talk to the GM,” Nik said.

“Not a good idea—the negotiations are...”

“I don’t care, I want to talk to him.”

For some reason, Reece seemed to be putting him off. Nik noticed the change in attitude the moment he entered the reception area.

“What the hell are you not telling me?”

“I swear this is all on the level. You’ll be fine.”

After an increasingly heated meeting ended, Nikolai Stevens left the office of his longtime agent disgusted and depressed. As he walked to his Audi, he prayed she’d be waiting for him when he got home. *I need her...*

* * * *

Nik’s message sounded like he’d be given bad news once he finally met with his agent. Beca quickly called her father and warned him to keep interest in Nik going but to wait until she found out the outcome of the morning’s meeting.

“I don’t know why but I have a funny feeling he might be making a change in reps.”

“How can you tell?”

“He didn’t sound upbeat,” she said. “I think whoever he saw made him wait and more than likely gave him a bullshit story. Free agency starts tomorrow and Nik isn’t signed with the team yet.”

“You know I trust your instincts,” John said. “I’ll wait to hear from you.”

Beca ended the call and decided she’d have a surprise waiting for Nik when he returned home. Taking a quick shower, she toweled dry then found a huge fluffy bath sheet in the closet. Grabbing it and several of the ties he’d used earlier, she went downstairs to the pool table and went to work.

Spreading the huge towel out over the felt, she stretched out and proceeded to tie herself to it—feet first before she laid back on the firm surface. Setting up the corners above her head with knots she could easily slip into and then tighten, she stretched out then added one final touch before she finished binding her body to the table.

Beca enjoyed bondage though it truly depended on her partner. Last night, she'd found perfection in Nik and the fact he'd shown his true side to her from the get-go proved to her that something more permanent existed between the two of them though she'd yet to tell him her full name or the fact she would have a big part in his future—if things went right.

Hearing the door open then close above her, she smiled.

"Nik, I'm downstairs—come join me."

The sound of his breath catching as he looked over the railing from above her sent heat rushing through her body. She felt her nipples firm and the dampness between her legs increase.

"*Wow!*"

One word and she wanted to come for him. One word sent her heading toward a climax she'd never experienced before. *One word...*

* * * *

Nik opened the door then closed it after entering his house. He hoped she hadn't left—an empty home not what he needed at this moment.

"Nik, I'm downstairs—come join me."

Hearing her voice sent relief washing over him while his cock began to throb. He looked over the railing from the first floor to the ground floor of the house, his breath catching.

Seeing her naked and bound to his pool table sent heat through him, his need to be buried inside her intense.

“Wow!”

The only word he could say without making a fool of himself. As he descended the stairs to where she waited, he threw his jacket over a chair, pulled out his shirt and unbuttoned it and felt his cock begging for release.

“How the hell did you manage to do this?” he asked.

“Practice,” she replied.

Nik went over to her, his breath catching again.

In the valley between her beautiful breasts sat the eight ball. Slowly, he leaned over and took her nipple between his teeth and teased it with his tongue.

“Is this a warning?”

“Maybe,” she answered as his fingertips traced a line down the center of her body to her mons. Playing with her hair for a few seconds, he continued to her clit. The moment he touched it, she jumped.

“Are you all right?” he asked concerned.

“I’m fine,” she gasped. “I’ve never felt this way before with any man.”

“Then I guess I’ll have to tighten the ties on your wrists to make sure the eight ball doesn’t move when I fuck you.”

“Anything,” she gasped, the mere thought obviously arousing her more as her nipples became harder.

Nik stood up and went to the end of the table where her hands gripped the ties she’d used. Going to a cabinet, he pulled out two sets of manacles then returned to where she waited and trembled as her body remained on edge.

“I’ve always wanted to try these out but never had the right woman to do it with.”

Slowly, he released her hand and kissed it, suckling each finger to torture her. Slipping her hand into the wristlet, he secured it before attaching it to the corner hole. He then did the same with the other before moving down the length of the table to her feet.

“Nik, explain...” she said though not out of fear.

“I’ve always dabbled though my friends have no clue. Do you know how hard it is to find clubs when the team is on the road and there is either a curfew or the guys just have to go out in a group? I’m not one for the party scene at all. As you may have realized, I’m a very private person and this is one thing I can’t afford to have known publicly. When I bought the pool table, I opted to have the pockets collect the balls instead of them running through the table to the side. A friend altered them so I could use these and the soft straps won’t cut into the wood when an erotically aroused woman pulls on them.”

“I love it,” she said as he secured her ankle.

“Good, because now you can’t go anywhere and that ball will remain where it is. I don’t want the eight ball being sunk before it’s supposed to go down.”

Nik saw Beca’s body react to what he’d said. After stripping out of his clothes, he went back to teasing her nipple and pussy. Sliding two fingers inside her, he finger fucked her while suckling her bud. The moment she seemed ready to come, his mouth covered hers while he pushed her the rest of the way over the edge.

Taking her screams inside him as his tongue kept pace with his fingers, he kept her on edge until she’d enjoyed several orgasms.

“Good thing you put the towel there—I’d hate to have to explain why the felt needed changing.”

“Nik, please...”

Nik went to her feet, slid his hands under her gorgeous ass and lifted her a little though not enough to dislodge the ball. Sinking his tongue into her pussy, he tongue fucked her next, her body rigid as she cried out. His fingertip played with her clit while another pressed against her anus. Her body bucking, he could see her hands grabbing the strap between the manacles and he smiled. Blowing his hot breath over her totally undid her as she shook, fighting to free herself.

“Don’t move the ball, sweetheart.”

“I don’t give a damn!” she screamed. “My God, Nik...”

Easing the restraints on her feet, he crawled onto the table and loomed over her. Kissing her, he laid on top of her trapping the ball between them but not tight enough to hurt her.

“You’re amazing, sweetheart,” he complimented her as he eased his swollen shaft into her wet heat. Making sure she took his entire length, he loved the feel of her nether lips pressed against his balls.

“Nik?”

“Yes?”

“Sink the damned eight ball!”

* * * *

Several hours later after Nik had *sunk* the eight ball—several times, in fact—he released her from the pool table with the intention of taking her to bed. Instead, she knelt before him and took his cock deep into her throat. Nik groaned at the thought of what she would do to him, his cock throbbing in agreement.

As she started taking him, his hand went to the back of her head and pressed her closer.

“Put your hands behind you,” he quietly commanded, Beca obeying without question.

Her pace quicker, Nik matched it as he pumped his cock into her mouth. His free hand tangled in her gorgeously long blonde locks and he held her head in place as he exploded his essence into her.

“Take it all, sweetheart,” he whispered as she nodded.

Slowly, he eased his cock from her mouth, relishing the magic her tongue created as she laved it.

“Nik, I am yours—do whatever you want to me.”

Nik lifted her up, his lips covering hers as he kissed her.

“I need you in my life, sweetheart, but if you can’t handle a little domination...”

“I think I can,” she said, standing back with her hands behind her, her feet apart and her eyes closed. “I present my body to you. I am your toy—play with me.”

“Only when we are together—never anywhere else. I won’t take that wonderful independence away from you.”

“Accepted,” she said, still in the same position.

Unable to get over what had happened between them, Nik went to the cabinet and brought back a toy before he knelt in front of her.

“I am your toy as well, and I will try to the utmost to make sure you are satisfied.”

His tongue darted between her nether lips, a slight gasp coming from her. As he laved her pussy, he eased a set of Ben Wa balls inside her before his hands went to her breasts and massaged them. When he knew she’d hit the point of no return, he pulled her down to him, guided his cock to her waiting entry and thrust into her.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Nik pounded his shaft into her with a brutal force he had no idea he possessed. Never had his desires for any woman gone this far but she'd brought them out and he languished in the emotions and sensations only she could bring out in him. Riding his cock, she moved on him while he suckled her nipples. As his release filled her, he pulled her tight against him, holding her in place so she couldn't run.

His groans filled the room but she held her reaction in.

"Let it out, sweetheart, I want to hear it."

Her moans filled the room seconds before she screamed his name. Her body trembled as the last remnants of their orgasm raced through her though the balls kept her on edge and exactly where he wanted her.

"Please," she quietly begged.

"What do you want?"

"I need to hold you."

"Of course."

She slipped her arms around him and held tight, their bodies fusing together as they became one though she continued to tremble.

"Have you ever enjoyed Ben Was?"

"No," she whispered.

"As you move, so do they and as you can tell, they keep you on a climatic edge. You'll feel them as you walk—any movement. Plus I know your body craves both them and me inside you at once."

"Nik?"

"Yes?"

"More..."

Chapter 5

Finally they made it back to his bedroom where they woke hours later to the incessant ringing of his cell phone and the house phone.

“What? Is the place on fire?” he asked as he answered his cell.

“What the hell is going on?” Scott asked. “Rumors are running rampant you won’t be with the team next season.”

“What the hell have you heard?” he asked as he pulled her closer.

“It’s all over the local sports news that they’ve put together the team and those free agents still unsigned by midnight are out. Didn’t you renegotiate?”

“Reece has supposedly been doing it.”

“Pal, you need a new agent. He screwed you.”

“I got that impression at our meeting earlier today. His entire attitude toward me has changed.”

“Look, why don’t you talk to mine—he’s been trying to get me to bring you over and...”

“Let me talk to the boss first and see what their feelings are. If Reece has screwed me, then I’ll call Neil.”

“I’ll let you know if I hear anything more.”

“Okay,” Nik said, “and you can stop calling the house phone.”

“That’s not me—it’s probably the local news stations.”

“Wonderful.”

Nik ended the call and went to answer the other line when she stopped him.

“Let me,” she said as she took the phone from him. “Mister Stevens’ residence...I’m sorry, he is not taking any calls at the moment and has no comment to any questions you may pose.”

Several calls later, the house phone sat silent, Nik grateful though the entire episode had given him a major headache. Massaging his neck, she eased the building tension.

“Thanks,” he said.

“I’m sorry...”

Nik got up and headed toward the bathroom to take a shower. Minutes later, he came out, dressed and grabbed his keys.

“I have to go out,” he said as he bent to kiss her. “I hope you’re here when I get back. Oh, and if you are, the balls better be still driving you crazy. I want you hot and ready.”

Beca nodded before wishing him luck.

Nik left the house heading directly to the offices of the hockey team he’d played for most of his professional career. Walking into the general offices, he went to the elevator that took him up to the general manager’s office. Taking several deep breaths to calm his nerves and his anger, he stepped off the elevator and went to see what he could learn about his future. *I should have done this a long time ago...*

* * * *

“Dad, he may be changing agents. A friend of his called him to tell him about rumors flying that they won’t re-sign

him while several local news affiliates have been ringing the phone off the hook wanting answers he doesn't have yet."

"Where is he now?"

"On his way to see upper management."

"Where are you?"

"I am not sure you want to know."

"Let me know what happens. As soon as I finish talking to my wonderful daughter, I'll make some calls."

"Thanks, Dad, we need him and he needs a contract quick. I've never seen a man this depressed between what he's heard and the feeling of betrayal."

"Be careful, Beca."

"I will," she assured him as she ended the call.

Beca knew from experience what betrayal felt like and right now, she walked a very thin line between being Nik's lover and betraying him by not being upfront about the upcoming offer to him. *What the hell do I do?*

Moving to get out of bed, she felt sore—divine pain from the pleasure of the past twenty-four hours—plus the sensations coursing through her body when the balls moved inside her. All joking aside, Nikolai Stevens proved to be the perfect lover—yes, even Master—and she'd discovered something very important. *I've fallen in love with this guy...*

Lying back, she noticed merely thinking of him aroused her to new levels. She needed him and the sense of emptiness from his absence hurt more than anything she'd ever experienced. *What is it about him? He's fucking amazing, that's all.*

Beca wanted to relieve the intensifying pressure but knew she couldn't do it as he could take it as another act of betrayal—one she could never ever commit. In business, she

had no choice but in bed, she had one option—wait for his return.

Frustration set in and the only answer led her to the bathroom and a very cold shower—anything to cool her body temperature down.

“My God, Nik, come back soon!”

* * * *

“Nikolai, how are you?”

“At the moment—worried,” he answered. “Contract is about up, there’s been no offer and I’ve heard I’m not being signed.”

“Reece didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

“He broke off negotiations months ago—said you wanted to enter into free agency and look for something better.”

“What?” Nik all but screamed as he literally fell back into one of the chairs in front of the desk. “I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“Obviously.”

Nik felt light-headed. While he trusted Reece Gates to negotiate terms for a new contract, the man had been taking his money and doing absolutely nothing but sitting on his lazy ass.

“So, I guess we have nothing more to talk about.”

“At the moment—no. We wanted you and had been ready to sign a multiyear but when Reece told us that, we looked elsewhere.”

“How much would it have been?”

When he heard the figure, he felt worse. Slowly he got up, shook hands with his soon-to-be former boss and quietly left the offices of the team he loved.

“Scott, get me an appointment with Neil—ASAP,” he said when leaving a message referencing Scott’s agent.

“What the hell am I going to do?”

* * * *

Beca walked out of the shower and dressed. If she planned to spend more time with Nik, she’d need some clothes. Finally finding a piece of paper, she left Nik a note letting him know she’d be back later then added her cell phone number.

Call me if you need me—B

Making sure the door locked behind her, she walked to the Vette then slipped behind the wheel. Gazing at the gorgeous view surrounding her, Beca knew Nik could never leave his home unless he had a damn good reason.

“Hopefully, I can make him want to come to Florida.”

Driving away, she headed back to the hotel hoping she’d meet up with her father. If her suspicions proved right, they’d have to work fast to get Nikolai Stevens for the team. While only a minority interest owner in the team, John Howe had a good amount of influence with the other owners. He’d only recommended two players over the course of his part ownership for the last two years, both good contracts. Now, Beca wanted Nik and prayed they would get what they wanted—her father and the team an outstanding right wing and her... Beca grinned.

Once at the hotel, she went to their suite and went inside. Closing the door behind her, she smiled seeing her father sitting on the couch with a pile of papers spread over it and the coffee table in front of him.

“I didn’t think I’d see you until we headed to the airport to fly home.”

“I needed a change of clothes.”

“Have you found any tickets yet?”

“No, but I’ve found a gorgeous place to stay for the duration of the games.”

“Nikolai’s?”

“His offer. He’s been invited to camp for the Canadian Olympic team. He leaves for it in a few weeks and...”

“Sit down, Beca,” John said. “I’ve done some research into this player you want...”

“And?”

“Seems his agent took his money and told the team he wanted to test the waters of free agency.”

“Oh? When?”

“Back in March.”

“So while Nik waited—in good faith—for management to come across with an offer, none came.”

“Exactly—word has it the team had an offer ready for him but the agent tossed it.”

“Nik must be hopping mad. All he wants is to play here.”

Her father slid a piece of paper over to her.

“What’s this?”

“It’s what I faxed to the office as a base offer for him. As you can see, I recommended they up it to make sure they sign him.”

Beca looked at the figures and shook her head.

“You’re pushing for a multiyear deal?”

“Three years, at least.”

“It’s a start,” she agreed. “Do you think they’ll agree to it?”

“It sounds good. He’s a good player, plays hard and he’s a scorer. The team needs a player who is all around and can adapt. I see that in his stats and what I’ve read about him.”

“I hope they agree with your assessment.”

“I think they will. Considering the last prospect they signed went to another team because he couldn’t help ours and that recommendation did *not* come from me.”

Beca laughed remembering how one of the other minority owners did everything under the sun to get one player from Dallas who had absolutely no chemistry with the rest of the team or the coaching staff. In team sports like hockey, football and others, chemistry played a huge part of the team’s success and if it didn’t exist, the team failed. Failure would never be an option when it came to her father or any contract he advocated.

Howe’s cell phone rang, Beca giving him privacy while she went to throw some clothes in an overnight bag. While packing, she felt the balls driving her insane—all she wanted lay on the other side of the city. When she rejoined her father, she noticed the expression on his face.

“Daddy, what’s wrong?”

“You’ve got about an hour to get your tickets then we leave.”

“Why? What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Your brother has been in an accident. He’s in surgery right now.”

“Forget the tickets—I’ll get them later,” she stated as she headed back to her room and finished packing the rest of her clothes.

Within the hour, they boarded his jet and flew back to Fort Lauderdale before heading straight to the hospital where they spent the next several hours waiting for news.

* * * *

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Mad as hell, Nikolai Stevens slid behind the wheel of his Audi and drove home. Hoping Beca would be waiting for him made his current situation a little easier to take though not much. As of midnight, he'd be an unemployed right wing and unless his buddy's agent could delve deep into quick negotiations, he faced not playing at all once the new season started. *Could this affect being on the Olympic team?*

The thought of missing out on the 2010 Games hit him like a ton of bricks. *That son of a bitch...*

Pulling into the driveway of his home, his heart sank when he didn't see the Vette Beca had been driving. Another unhappy revelation hit him hard as he realized he'd lost his beloved job and the woman he'd left in his bed—the one he really wanted to get to know better—all in one day. *Thank God the house is paid for...*

Never in this position before, Nik somberly walked into his house and felt the cold chill of silence. Beca's absence took the heat away—heat he'd only experienced with one woman.

"Beca?" he called, hearing his voice echoing throughout the house.

Hearing no answer, he went up to his bedroom and stripped out of his clothes hoping a shower might help. On his way to the bathroom, he saw a piece of paper on his pillow. Taking a deep breath, he picked it up and read Beca's note. Hoping against hope that she'd be back soon, he took his shower then stretched out across the bed—the wait beginning.

* * * *

Nik dozed off, waking near midnight. Unable to find Beca next to him or her presence anywhere around him, he figured

the worst had happened and she wouldn't be back. Rolling over, he saw her note and reread it.

Call me if you need me...

"Why? You left me..." he muttered as he crumpled the note and threw it in a nearby trash can.

Heading to the kitchen for a Molson, he passed the pool table seeing her gorgeous body stretched out on it while he took her again and again. He saw her bending over the table at the bar, her tight dress and the magnificent rock hanging on a chain around her neck. *Naked pool and stilettos—what more could a man ask for?*

Grabbing another beer, he went to the den where he sat down to watch some television. Catching a repeat of the late local news, he sat up and listened closely.

Right wing Nikolai Stevens has joined others in the NHL by becoming a free agent. Having several success-filled seasons here in Vancouver, he scored twenty goals while racking up numerous assists. A call to his agent went unanswered.

The anger he'd been trying to quell for the last several hours raged again. *What the hell am I going to do?*

In all the years he'd played hockey, he'd never found himself in this position and could be honest when he said he had no clue how to go about contacting other teams. His cell vibrated, Nik quickly answering it.

"Beca?"

"No, sorry," a male voice stated.

"Scott, I'm sorry, what's up?"

"Neil will meet you in the morning. He did some preliminary work so he'll be able to give you some idea of where you might be going next season."

“Thanks, I appreciate it.”

“Anytime, pal, I’d hate to see you off the ice. By the way, he told me you should get a lawyer and sue...”

“If I don’t get signed, I won’t have the money.”

“Trust me, Nik, you will—you’re too good of a player not to get signed.”

“But I’m not the caliber of Hossa and...”

“Seriously, you’re just as good if not better and you’re healthy. I wouldn’t let this worry you—you’ll get signed.”

“At least one of us is optimistic.”

“Ten o’clock, Nik,” Scott said.

“I’ll be there—I can’t afford not to.”

Chapter 6

At ten the next morning, Nik met with Neil Clarke in his downtown office. Walking in, Nik couldn't be sure what to expect. His previous agent had screwed him, nearly ruining his career. *Could it be salvaged?*

"Nikolai, how are you?"

"I'll let you know as soon as you tell me something."

"Scott said you have a tendency to face things head on—I like that."

"When it's as important as this..."

"In doing preliminary research, I've found seven teams looking for someone in your position yet willing to adapt to be an all-around player."

"And?"

"Three of those teams want a straight right wing."

"What are the offers?"

"One team that wants solely a wing will offer this," Neil said as he slid a piece of paper across the desk.

Nik looked at it and rolled his eyes. The figure large and the deal a multiyear contract—it looked good except he didn't want to play in Pittsburgh, no matter what.

"Scratch this one," he told Neil. "I don't want to go there."

“Then there’s this one,” Neil said, again sliding a piece of paper over to him.

Another team he had never planned on playing with, Nik saw the offer and shook his head.

“If you look at Los Angeles’ talent, I won’t fit in. Look at their lines and you can see they’re pretty well set in their ways.”

“That’s it for now,” Neil said. “I’ll make some more phone calls, put out an announcement to the owners and we’ll see where you might end up.”

“How long a process is this?” Nik asked.

“It could be a matter of hours, days, weeks—right up until the first game of the season.”

“Shit!” Nik cursed.

“Are you all right?”

“Right now I’m mad as hell. Fortunately, the house and my cars are paid for. I can survive this but I’m not sure I’ll be able to respond to the Olympic invitation to Team Canada’s training camp in a few weeks.”

“I’ll make sure that’s not jeopardized,” Neil assured his new client.

“I sure hope so.”

* * * *

During the flight, Beca excused herself and went to the cabin at the rear of their private jet, locking the door behind her. Even though she’d been sitting in a comfortable chair, the Ben Was had continued their job of moving when she did or the plane hit turbulence. At this point, she couldn’t think straight, and knew she’d have to remove them if she intended to make any coherent decisions. *I’m sorry, hockey man...*

Regretting what she had to do, she stripped out of her jeans and thong and reached for the satin cording between the balls. Easing them from her pussy, she wanted to cry out but kept her reaction to herself. Putting her clothes back on, she took the balls into the head and washed them, drying them off before placing them in the bag she packed toiletries in. Sitting on the side of the bed, she sighed. *Will we ever see each other again and if we do, will he still want me?*

Beca lay back, ruing the events of the past several hours. Nik had left feeling betrayed while she more than likely added to his feelings by not being there but he'd have to understand that family came first. She prayed he'd call her considering she'd never gotten his cell phone number though she'd given him hers. *Call me...*

"Beca, I'd like to run something by you before we land," her father said after knocking on the cabin door.

Opening it, she joined him taking the piece of paper he handed to her.

"What's this?"

"The first set of figures is what I suggested we offer Stevens and the second set is what they're planning on."

"That's a huge increase over what you told them."

"It is and I'm hoping he'll accept it."

"All joking aside, he may have no choice."

"Then that works in our favor."

"I hope this doesn't blow up in our faces," she said as she handed the figures back, her father nodding his agreement. Both knew it took just one bad-tempered, non-team player to screw the chemistry of not only the team but whatever line he'd skate on.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Heading back to her seat, she sat down and gazed at the clouds below them. Dozing off, she didn't wake until her father gently roused her.

"Ten minutes, sweetheart."

Waking up, Beca pushed everything—including Nik Stevens—from her mind as she worried about her brother. As soon as they landed, both got into a waiting limo and went straight to the hospital where they would wait for news about her brother.

* * * *

Nik woke thanks to the incessant ringing of the phone on the night table. Picking up the cordless, he pressed the talk button then took a few seconds to wake up before answering it.

"Stevens."

"Nik, it's Neil," the caller said.

"I hope you have good news."

"Yes and no."

"Talk to me."

"I've got a phenomenal deal pending which is long-term with good money."

"What's the bad news?"

"Are you ready to move to Florida?"

"Florida? The Lightning or the Panthers?"

"Panthers," Neil said.

Nik thought for a moment considering the possibility of playing ice hockey in the Sunshine State. Neil had given him figures that made it a very promising proposition. He quickly ran through the team roster, liking the players he'd be playing with if he signed with them.

"Nik?"

“What’s the next step?”

“Before we accept, go meet with management and we’ll see where this goes. Personally, I think it’s a fabulous deal and you’d be a fool to reject it.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time,” Nik said, thinking back to his former agent and his misplaced trust in someone he thought worked for him and not against him.

“When do they want to meet?”

“At the end of the week. That gives you a chance to talk to Team Canada and see what might be happening. I’ll make sure if you sign, that the Olympic team is mentioned so you can do both with no conflict.”

“Good,” Nik said, appreciating Neil’s quick work on his behalf.

“Go ahead and set it up,” Nik said. “Will you be going?”

“Of course,” Neil said. “It’s part of my job as your advocate in contract negotiations. I’m not the type to feed you to the wolves.”

“Thank God for that. The last one never left his office.”

“Why do you think I’ve wanted to represent you? I’ve known about Gates and his practices for years which is the reason I had Scott working on you to change reps.”

“Sorry I didn’t do it sooner.”

“So am I—I would have kept you in Vancouver where you belong.”

They ended their conversation leaving it to Neil to contact Nik when he had a meeting set up. He placed a call to the Canadian coach, asking that he call so they could discuss his invitation to the team. Sitting against the headboard of his bed, he slowly let out a breath and began to breathe. *Could things be turning around?*

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Now, can I wait two years before I see Beca again? Will I see her again?

Chapter 7

In Florida, the Howes waited for news about Beca's brother. From what they'd been able to learn, the car he'd been traveling in on Interstate 95 had been sideswiped by another driver errantly changing lanes. Because of this, Carl's friend swerved into the lane next to him and into a pickup truck. The force of the impact sent his car back across the highway and off the shoulder down an embankment.

Though belted in, Carl's head hit the window hard before his neck whipped back. As soon as rescue companies arrived, they stabilized his neck and spine then flew him to Broward General Medical Center, a Level 1 trauma hospital. As soon as the helo set down on the helipad, a team immediately took over his care and, once they had an idea of what they faced, they sent him straight to surgery.

As soon as Beca and her father arrived, a nurse escorted them to a lounge where a doctor brought them up to date on Carl's condition.

"If you have any questions, page me," she said, giving John Howe her card.

"Thank you," he said as he sat down, Beca at his side.

"Dad, he'll be all right," Beca said once they'd been left alone. "He's tough and stubborn like you. He's got the Howe hard head."

Her father snickered as he took her hand and squeezed it though he refused to let go.

"You know, after your mother died, I looked at life and wondered how I would go on. Then you came into the room and I knew. Every day, I see your mother in you though you have the Howe stubbornness and toughness like your brother does."

"Dad, I..."

"Excuse me, Mister Howe? Your son is being taking to recovery and then ICU. He came through the surgery without a problem and I see no reason why he shouldn't recover fully," Doctor Alexi Stevens said.

"Stevens?" Beca asked. "Are you by any way related to a hockey player?" Even the seriousness of the moment didn't stop Beca from wondering if he might be related to Nik which could work in their favor.

"Yes, in fact I am. He plays up in Vancouver. He's my kid brother, Nikolai."

"Interesting—quite a distance between you, isn't there?"

"There is but I'm at the games when his team comes here," he said. "As I said, your son is doing fine and, if there are no complications in recovery, we'll come get you and take you to see him."

"Thank you, Doctor," John said, obviously relieved at the good news. Waiting for Stevens to leave, he turned to Beca. "What the hell..."

"Dad, I think we just got a bigger bargaining chip. If the Stevens' brothers are close..."

"Leave it to you to find something good in a situation like this."

"He did tell us Carl would be fine before I asked so..."

“Interesting...very interesting.”

“Dad, I’m not being cold or callous. At the time, my question came from natural curiosity. Hell, I didn’t mention anything personal.”

“And best you don’t. Now, let’s get something to eat while we wait for your brother to go up to his room.”

The Howes walked to the cafeteria and got a light meal, both eating salads. A nurse found them and informed them Carl had been taken to a room in ICU and they could see him as soon as they finished eating. John thanked her, both breathing a sigh of relief.

Howe’s cell phone vibrated, John checking an incoming text message.

Offer’s been made and meeting is set for end of week

“Good,” he said as he acknowledged the text.

“What?” Beca asked, curious.

“Our man’s meeting with management at the end of the week.”

Beca grinned and hugged her father. A few moments later, they went to see Carl.

* * * *

On Thursday, Nikolai Stevens boarded a flight to Miami from Vancouver which would layover in Minneapolis. Neil met him at the airport before boarding then they got comfortable for the long trip. Since he’d been up early in order to arrive for security checks, Nikolai pulled the window shade down and eased the seat back a little.

“Wake me before we land,” he said, Neil nodding as he went back to his files.

Several hours later, Neil woke him before they landed in the Twin Cities. Nik stood up and stretched before they belted

in for take-off. Feeling better thanks to the nap, he gazed out the window until the plane soared above the clouds.

“What’s going to happen?”

“We’ll meet with the owners, see what they’re bringing to the table and go from there.”

“They’ve already made an offer, right?”

“That’s to get your interest. We have to see about the Canadian team time as well as any other benefits or bonuses they might want to offer.”

“Damn,” Nik said, shaking his head. “I didn’t know it entailed this much.”

“That’s because Reese never told you. He probably brought you into the office, had you sign a contract and left it at that.”

“That’s pretty much it.”

“I’ll let you in on a secret—several agents have banded together to see if we can get his license pulled. He’s screwed several players on other teams—some worse than you.”

“Wonderful, and I bet I have no legal recourse, do I?”

“I’m working on that angle as well but I thought it more important to get you signed.”

“Well, if it’s meant to be, so be it. At least, my brother will be happy.”

“Your brother?”

“He’s a doctor in south Florida. We saw each other whenever the team played in Sunrise.”

“Sounds like a benefit already.”

Nik grinned liking the possibility of being able to spend time with Alexi. Growing up in Whistler, British Columbia they’d been close until Alexi got the chance to go to medical

school. He went to UCLA then took an internship in Florida, never looking back.

I love the sand and sun, Nik remembered his brother saying.

While Nik remained in Vancouver playing for a team he loved and literally building his dream home, distance became the reason they didn't see each other as much as they would have liked. *Maybe now...*

Forgetting time while they discussed the upcoming meeting, their flight landed and they left the airport heading for the *Crowne Plaza Hotel*. Nikolai gasped when he saw the luxurious lobby though he hid his reaction as best he could.

"Neil, are you sure we're at the right place?"

"Management wanted to impress."

"I'm impressed," Nik said, grinning. *Maybe coming to Florida's not such a bad idea...*

After checking in, a concierge escorted them to their rooms—another surprise.

Looking around the suite as he stood in the parlor, Nik felt a little out of place considering what he'd become used to over the years. Walking into the bedroom and seeing the king-sized bed, he shook his head. *If the contract doesn't pan out, at least I can enjoy the stay.*

* * * *

"He's in," John Howe informed his daughter.

"I take it you took care of it?"

"He's staying in an executive suite at the *Crowne Plaza*."

"Dad, are you serious?"

"I figured it wouldn't hurt. Hell, after what his last rep didn't do for him, I think it's the least we can do."

"I don't know about you," Beca said as he slid a piece of paper into her hand.

"If you feel the need..."

Beca looked at it and grinned, seeing Nik's room number.

"You sly..."

"Mister Howe, Miss Howe?" a nurse said as she met them in the corridor near Carl's room.

"Yes?" they said together.

"I'm sorry to tell you this but we had to rush Mister Howe back into surgery. If you'll..."

"What the hell happened?" Beca asked.

"He suddenly suffered convulsions. The doctors think he may have sustained an injury to his torso that didn't become apparent until he started moving around. Please, if..."

They followed the nurse to the lounge outside the operating theatre where they'd wait for news on Carl's condition while forgetting everything going on in the outside world.

* * * *

Nik's meeting with team management went extremely well. By the time he and Neil left their offices, Nik had been offered a phenomenal contract which also included his time with the Canadian team—one thing Nik feared would be a deal breaker. Both sides agreed to terms with signing set for the next morning at a breakfast meeting preceding a press conference announcing the team's latest contracted player.

Feeling great, he sat in the back of the limo with Neil still trying to come to grips with the fact he would get the big bucks—a multiyear multimillion dollar contract, something a lot of teams had chosen not to go with because of the dreaded salary cap the league had set.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you," Nik said, shaking Neil's hand.

"Don't get hurt," Neil replied. "I want to represent you for a couple years."

"I'll do my best."

"Good," Neil said, grinning. "Now, do you want help finding a place or..."

"Hell, I hadn't even thought about that. Damn it."

"Tell me what you might be interested in and I'll contact some realtors who may be able to find it. One thing, will you be selling the house in Canada?"

"No, I refuse to give that up. Whatever I do down here will be in addition to what I own in Vancouver."

"Gotcha," Neil said.

As they drove along, they discussed what Nik might want in a house. Once they arrived back at the hotel, Nik thanked Neil then went up to his room to sort it all out.

After locking the door to his room, he began to strip out of his good clothes, wanting to relax. With the curtains drawn, he languished in his solitude, lying naked across the huge bed. Staring at the ceiling, his thoughts went to his new team, his new paycheck, his former team and the one piece of his life's puzzle he couldn't place—Beca.

He'd thought about her—his mysterious one-night stand. *Where the hell did you disappear to?*

Ruing the fact he'd thrown her phone number away, he hated that he wanted to share the news with her. Considering how she expertly fielded calls for him the morning he learned about Reese's betrayal, he wanted her to know. *I can't very well tell her when I can't contact her... Fuck...*

Thinking of Beca brought back memories of their amazing and unique night together.

* * * *

John Wayne Howe, entrepreneur and minority interest owner in Nik's new team, walked into the conference room for the official contract signing looking mentally exhausted.

"John, how's your son?" one of the other owners asked as they shook hands.

"Back in surgery. For some reason, convulsions set in so they figured internal bleeding though not exactly sure where or why. I think the doctors refer to the procedure as *emergency exploratory*."

"I'm sorry to hear that," the other man said. "If you need anything, call me."

"Thanks, Henri, but all we can do at this point is wait."

"You didn't have to be here this morning..."

"My daughter's at the hospital. She'll call me if anything happens—one way or another. Besides, he's my recommendation—I should see this through."

Howe took a seat at the end of the conference table, enjoying the warmth of the cup of coffee he'd just been served. *I need something stronger though...* His tie and collar loose after being up several hours already, it showed that the last few days had begun to take their toll on him.

The team's president and general manager signed the contract—a multiyear, multimillion dollar agreement—then slid the documents across the table to Nikolai Stevens. Howe watched this with great interest, seeing some of what Beca had during their time in Vancouver. As always, she'd made a sound judgment on the personal level, one Howe hoped their new player would back up on the ice.

After the signing had taken place and the official photos had been taken for the press, he made his way to meet with Stevens.

“Nik, John Howe, good to finally meet my pet project over the last week or two.”

“Sir?”

“As soon as I got wind you might be available, I started looking into you and came away extremely impressed. So did the rest of my team.”

“Team, sir?”

“I did a thorough investigation into your professional career, personal—you know, the usual background checks, the like.”

“I’m happy I passed muster,” Nik said.

“You’ll make a fine addition to the team and I think the family.”

“Family?”

“I know you’ll fit in well with the others. As with any team situation, we’re proud to say we’re a huge family. So, on that note, I welcome you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

The men shook hands before Howe excused himself to return to the hospital. Knowing he’d dropped a few major hints that Stevens didn’t pick up on meant his new player had no clue about his daughter’s identity. *That’s now up to her...*

* * * *

After several hours of surgery to repair some internal bleeding and remove some bone shards that had separated from Carl Howe’s lowest rib, surgeons closed and transferred their patient to recovery. One of the doctors signed off on his chart and went to see Carl’s family.

As he entered the lounge both John and Beca Howe stood up to speak with him.

“Doctor Stevens?”

“He’ll be fine. He’s in recovery now and will be for a few more hours before we take him back to ICU.”

“And long term?” John asked.

“I see no problems at all. Had we not gone back in when we did, I’d say problems would arise but we got to them before they did any real damage. I see full recovery in his future.”

“Great news,” John said, shaking the surgeon’s hand while Beca sat down on the sofa and obviously let relief overtake her.

“Why don’t you both go home and I’ll page you as soon as we’re ready to move him.”

“Thank you, Doctor, I think that’s an excellent idea.”

The Howes hugged each other before leaving the hospital to go home and relax before returning to see Carl.

“Are you sure you’ll be all right?” Howe asked his daughter.

“I’ll be fine. I need some time.”

“Call me if you need me,” her father said. “By the way, I met your young man this morning.”

“And?”

“He’s a good guy—very sensitive and...”

“Dad, did you say anything?”

“Several things that all had double meanings he didn’t pick up on. I welcomed him to the family and...”

“You didn’t? Why...”

“The team family...”

“Oh,” she said, rubbing her temples.

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

“If you choose to make him a part of ours, I have no qualms. I like him.”

Beca smiled.

“This isn’t how I wanted his introduction to south Florida to go, you know.”

“I realize that but you’re the daughter of an ex-marine. You adapt.”

“True,” she agreed. “Very true.”

Chapter 8

Several weeks later, the Howe family received word that Carl would be released from the hospital. Beca spent several days supervising her father's staff with preparations for his homecoming as it had been decided that, until Carl had been officially released from his doctor's care, it would be best.

Beca met them when her father brought him home, Carl's face lighting up at what she'd done.

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?" she asked.

"Take Dad's all-business mansion and turn it warm and fuzzie?"

"I believe it's called the feminine touch," she said as she hugged him. "Welcome home."

"Thanks," he said as he held her tight. "We need to talk," he whispered.

"Sure, whenever you want."

"Good."

After lunch, John stated he had to go into the office because he had a few things he needed to check on with several of his businesses.

"I'll be gone most of the afternoon."

"We'll see you when you get back," Carl said. "Oh and, Dad—thanks."

Once the front door closed and one of the maids had cleared the dishes save the pitcher of iced tea and their glasses, Carl looked at his sister and grinned.

“What?” she asked.

“Love looks good on you.”

“Excuse me?” she said, obviously taken by surprise by his random comment.

“I noticed it in the hospital. You tried not thinking about him but I could tell you’ve found someone.”

“I have but right now, the timing’s not right. With your accident...”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. I’m fine. I can get around on my own and Dad’s got a nurse stopping by to check on me plus the therapist and...”

“But you come first,” she said. “I’m not even sure he feels the same way. I literally left without an explanation though I left my cell number which he hasn’t called. He’s been in town for several weeks and...”

“Then worry about your heart, Becs. I’m not chaining you to this house just because I had an accident. You have your own life so take care of yourself.”

“But...”

“Part of my recovery will be knowing that I’m not the one who kept you two apart. If he doesn’t feel the same way once you’ve seen him, then you can dote on me twenty-four/seven. Deal?”

Beca thought for a moment then grinned.

“Deal,” she said as she gave him a hug. “What did I ever do to deserve you?”

“I think that’s Mom and Dad’s fault.”

Beca and Carl laughed before he literally kicked her out of the house.

“And don’t come back until this is resolved,” Carl ordered.

“Yes, sir,” she said, saluting him.

Both laughed and as she left the room to go out to her car, she started making plans to hopefully pick up where she and Nik had left off. *I know just how to do it, too.*

* * * *

Several of the other players decided to get together and start practicing to get back into conditioning for the upcoming season. Nik joined them figuring it would be the perfect opportunity to find out what, if any, chemistry they might have or if they’d need to find it.

He met up with them each morning and, fortunately, they gelled. After the first day, he felt very comfortable with his new team and he felt welcome in their midst. The one thing he hated about free agency and the trades around the All Star Game had always been how a team that acted like a finely tuned engine could choke when a new player came in or one left—or both. The upheaval on all sides would come and go but, as he’d seen over the years, some teams didn’t survive and it either made or broke the season. He didn’t feel this would be the case—at least, he hoped not.

Because of a prior commitment, the rink they practiced at had been booked for the morning so they agreed to meet at seven that night for an all-out, no-holds-barred practice. Mads agreed to be in goal and Nik looked forward to it. One thing he realized—he didn’t like being too far away from the ice. Of course, he’d be able to survive if he could find one woman to

share his life with but he'd been an ass when he threw her phone number away and he never even got Beca's last name.

Turning to the session they'd been at for about an hour, Nik skated down the ice setting up a shot on goal. Shooting the puck across the ice to Jeff, the two headed toward the net. Jeff had a clear shot to score only one of the others positioned himself near the goalie forcing him to slip the puck to Nik who took it the rest of the way down the ice and, because a forward shot would be blocked, he skated to just behind the crease and backhanded it into the net.

"Great job, Nik," Jeff said as he clapped Nik on the back.

"Thanks," Nik said, enjoying himself.

"On that note, guys, why don't we call it a night?" Steven said. "My lady's waiting for me..."

"Good idea," the others agreed only Nik wanted a little more ice time so he remained.

"I'll shut out the lights," he said.

"We'll let security know."

Nik nodded before he started his own personal program, one he developed before he played for the Canucks. Between the team and the Canadian Olympic team, he'd have to be in extremely good shape. This meant working harder than some of the others but it didn't bother him in the least. It also helped to focus his mind on the present and not what could have been with a certain long-legged blonde. *Will I be stupid enough to try and wait two years?*

* * * *

Beca called the owner of the arena where the team practiced in the off-season or when they couldn't use the *Bank America Center* during the season. By the time she hung up, she had the place to herself and *guest* for the evening.

“I promise we’ll lock up and I’ll call you to let you know when your people can resume their jobs.”

“You owe me, Beca,” he said, amusement in his voice since he’d been telling her the same thing since they met in high school.

“If things work out tonight, I’ll owe you *big* time.”

Thanks to talking with her friend, she learned that Nikolai Stevens had been practicing with several others so he would be there when she arrived which saved her from trying to figure out how to get him there.

She raced home and changed into the same dress she wore the night she met Nik in Vancouver. When she finished, she checked her look in a full-length mirror and liked what she saw—long and free windswept blonde hair, little black dress and extremely high stilettos. One thing missing, she reached to her jewelry cabinet and pulled out the sapphire necklace she’d been wearing that night. A touch of make-up and Beca left home to try to salvage what she could of an amazing one-night love affair.

Driving her red ’75 Corvette, she drove as fast as she legally could to get to the rink before the practice session broke up. Hoping beyond hope she could get him alone without the others, she knew exactly what she wanted from the next few hours of her life. Once she parked, she got out and went inside.

Having seen only one car in the lot, she quickly checked the ice and saw Nikolai Stevens putting himself through a hell of a workout. She hurried to the locker room, went to one of the cabinets and grabbed a roll of gauze. Next, she headed straight to the rink and stood where she knew he had to see her and waited.

Moments later, Nik stopped skating and stared in her direction.

* * * *

Nik had been about to wrap up his workout when he looked toward the bench and froze. Seeing a vision standing where the home team usually sat during a game and where his gear waited for him sent his senses into overdrive, not to mention his cock. Her gorgeous blonde hair fell over her shoulders and that unmistakable little black dress he remembered from the *Arena Club* totally overwhelmed him. She bent over the wall, Nik getting the same view he had over the club's pool table and then he saw the rock—an amazing sapphire necklace—hanging from her beautiful neck. Closing his eyes, he figured when he opened them again, the most gorgeous sight in the world would be gone—a figment of his imagination.

Opening them as he skated to the box, he saw her still standing there.

“Please tell me you’re real.”

“The last time I looked...”

“Where the hell did you go and what are you doing here?”

“I got news of a family emergency and flew back. Why didn’t you call me?”

“Uh...”

“Tell me...”

“I came home to find you gone and being told I had no job as of July 1st I wanted to hold you and have you tell me everything would work out but your absence just added to everything going wrong in my life. Figuring I’d never see you again, I cut my losses and threw it away. Hell, I don’t even know your last name.”

"I'm glad you signed with..."

"How did you know?"

"I've been following things since I got home. I watched the press conference the morning you signed and they gave you your jersey."

"Beca, I..."

"I believe you owe me something."

"What?"

"When last we met, one of us mentioned my being tied to the goal cage."

"Beca—here? Security will have our asses."

"There is no security for the next few hours. I have the keys and the place is ours for the evening to do what we want."

"You can't be serious."

"Oh, but I am," she said, holding up the roll of gauze. "You'll find that I usually get what I want."

Nikolai Stevens could no longer take the small distance separating them. Skating to the door of the box, he hopped off the ice and pulled her close, his lips covering hers.

"My God, you're gorgeous," he said as he pulled her tighter against him.

"You're not so bad yourself, hockey man."

"Are you absolutely sure about this?"

"Don't worry, we've got the place completely to ourselves for the rest of the evening."

"How?" he asked again, still not believing that he even held her at this moment.

"I told you I took care of it."

"Just who the hell are you that you can do this?"

"Are you sure you really want to know?"

“Yes, Beca, I am. I don’t want anything between us.”

“You’ve heard of John Wayne Howe?”

“Yes, I spoke with him at the signing. Why?”

“He’s my father.”

“Excuse me?” he almost screamed. “Don’t tell me Vancouver happened because of a damned hockey deal!”

“No, it didn’t. I honestly tagged along with him to get Olympic tickets and scope out a place to stay during the games. I found out where you might be and my curiosity got the better of me. Everything that happened between us had nothing to do with the fact he wanted you down here. I found an amazing man who does things to me no other ever has.”

“Then why did you leave and not come back?”

“I went back to the hotel to get some clothes—if you’ll recall, this seemed to be the only thing I had to wear. Anyway, Dad and I talked about you and other things then the call came in about my brother so we flew back here to be with him. I waited for you to call me but...”

“I heard about your brother—he’s okay, isn’t he?”

“He’s a Howe and very stubborn. Besides, if not, I wouldn’t be here.”

“Be straight with me—how much did you have to do with the deal?”

“I told Dad what I thought about you as a person. He knew we’d spent the night together, but no matter what, my personal life has no bearing on his decision making. He’d been sure when we left down here that he wanted you for the team—he just had to go through the formalities of checking you out.”

“He had nothing to do with my not being signed in Vancouver?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Beca, I need to know you didn’t set me up.”

“I set myself up on your pool table and now, I want what we agreed on. If you don’t believe me, you can tie me to the cage and shoot pucks at me to see if my story changes.”

“Don’t tempt me, lady.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it, Master.”

Nik groaned, remembering some of their conversations. A sub could not willingly lie to a Master without fear of being punished or cast aside.

“Let’s go but what do you intend to do about those spikes of yours?”

“I brought a towel and planned to put it down to stand on. I’d hoped you would carry me over there.”

“Beca,” he said as he pulled her tight against him. His lips covered hers as his tongue retraced territory he feared he’d forgotten in the time they’d been apart.

Lifting her up, he stepped onto the ice then easily glided toward the cage where she dropped the towel in front of it before he set her down. Folding it in half, Nik helped her get her footing then took the roll of gauze.

Unwrapping it, he gazed at her grinning at the images running through his mind. Pulling out several lengths of it, he ripped them along the blade of his skate before setting it all on top of the net.

“Will you be warm enough?”

“Nik, there’s enough heat between us to melt this huge slab.”

Nik took her wrist and kissed it before binding it to the cage. He did the same with her other one, making sure her arms ran along the length of the crossbar. Once he finished, he

placed everything on the net then stood in front of Beca—Rebecca Howe. *How the hell did this happen?*

“I’m waiting...”

“Patience, lady,” he said as he moved closer. “You know the rules to the game.”

* * * *

Beca watched Nik for a few moments before he saw her and skated over. After the obligatory explanations as to what had taken place after he’d left her in bed, he’d carried her to the cage and deftly restrained her.

It did not escape her notice that he cut extra strips, Beca’s mind racing with the possibilities. She felt the reaction to this surging through her and he’d yet to do anything. Her breathing erratic, she tried to wait for him to touch her—anything to let her know he wouldn’t leave her after he... *No, don’t think that way... He’s not like some of the other guys you’ve been with.*

“I’m waiting...”

“Patience, lady,” he said as he moved closer. “You know the rules to the game.”

“Nik, I’m sorry, it’s...”

“I’ve spent the last several weeks fantasizing about you. Seeing you like this is driving me insane.”

“I am your toy—use me,” she begged.

Nik nuzzled her neck, Beca throwing her head back. He traced the length of it with his tongue while his hand eased the top of her dress down to her waist to expose her breasts. Switching to the other side of her neck, he traced it while he lifted the hem of her dress over her hips, a thin lacy thong between his touch and her waiting body.

“What should I do with this?” he asked as he pulled one of the straps.

“Rip it off—I don’t care. I...”

“Let me repeat the rules to the game. I tease your body to the point where it literally can’t return from. You go with it and do whatever I tell you to do—no uttering sounds, no coming, no...”

“Yes, I understand,” she gasped as she felt the length of his fingers entering her pussy while his thumb pressed on her throbbing clit. Her hands gripped the crossbar, Beca needing the support. *Thank God for the ice...*

Nik teased her nipples with his tongue until they felt rock solid. Easing his hand from between her legs, he skated away—her body begging for his.

Closing her eyes to hold her cries of frustration, she could hear his blades circling the cage. Coming up behind her, he gripped her hair and pulled her head back. Nipping her earlobe, he blew his breath over her skin, Beca literally wanting to come out of her skin in an effort to get some relief.

Skating away again, the sound of his movement faded some until she heard it get louder as he came closer. Opening her eyes in time to see his approach, he slid to a stop in front of her, crystals of ice spraying over her body. Her gasp involuntary, she waited for his next move.

“I love the glistening ice on your hot body, Beca. I know you’re at that point and you’re begging to come,” he said as he brushed his fingertips over her nipples. Slipping his hand between her legs before his fingers slid in, Nik smiled. “Come for me, Beca.”

Beca cried out as she drenched his hand. The orgasm overtook her to the point her body no longer belonged to her.

Waiting for his next command, Beca languished in the sensations coursing through her.

“How did you like the balls, sweetheart?” he asked, reminding her of the Ben Was.

Only able to nod, she gasped feeling him add a third finger to the other two fucking her pussy.

“Good, because I want you using them whenever we’re together. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” she cried out as she drowned his hand. “Forgive me for...”

“I’m going to release you then we’re taking this to the locker room where I plan to tie you to the bench so I can sink my cock into you. Do you want that?”

“My God, yes!” she screamed.

“Answer one question, Beca.”

“Anything.”

“Did you have anything adverse to do with my being here in south Florida?”

“Not contract wise, though I told my father to make sure he got you down here once you told me about your agent screwing you. I...”

Nik’s lips covered hers as he released her. Carrying her off the ice then into the locker room, he put her down by the bench he’d referred to a few moments before.

“Take off the dress but leave the shoes on and lie down on the bench, feet on either side.”

“As you wish,” Beca said as she slipped the dress off, stepped over the bench and sat down before stretching out on it.

Seconds later, Nik took her hands and bound them over her head though underneath the long wooden plank. Beca’s

body cried out for his, anticipation definitely getting the better of her as her chest rose and fell with the deep breaths she didn't realize she'd taken.

Watching him strip out of his practice clothes and the padding he wore when on the ice, Beca knew one thing—she wanted him in her life no matter what.

Naked, Nik straddled the bench then bent to lap at her pussy as his hands massaged her breasts. At the edge, Beca did everything in her power to hold her reaction until he gave her his permission to react. *I need stamina...*

Raising her hips as he put her legs over his shoulders, Nik drove into her wet heat.

“Let it out, sweetheart,” Nik commanded as his cock pounded her sweet body. Squeezing her breasts as he filled her, the locker room filled with Beca's ecstatic screams.

She fought the gauze securing her to the bench, needing to hold him. Hungrily, she kissed him when he bent down after spreading her legs around his waist.

“Beca...”

“Nik!”

Chapter 9

With pre-season games starting in mid-September, Nikolai Stevens and Rebeca Howe decided to make it easy on everyone concerned and eloped in early August. Considering the practices between Florida and Canada plus her schedule, it seemed the easiest way to merge their lives.

When they returned from a brief weekend in the Bahamas, Beca learned exactly what life had in store for a hockey wife. Knowing the schedule for the team, she made sure when he had to be in Canada, her father's private pilot could fly him back and forth. They made the most of every moment they had to themselves.

Beca remembered how Nik had designed his pool table and immediately set to having one made for her house in Fort Lauderdale. Since Nik had fallen in love with it the first night he'd set foot inside it, they agreed to keep the house as their Florida base while his gorgeous home in Vancouver remained their Canadian one unless they had to spend time in eastern Canada or New England. When they figured out the various venues Nik would be playing in against possible locations to buy property, they decided on Buffalo.

"I love Niagara Falls," she said as they looked at various homes for sale.

“Just remember, I’ll have to travel with the team and do all the team things...”

“And this gives me somewhere to stay while you’re up north so I can either be at the game or wait for you to come home and take me on the pool table or...”

Nik pulled her close, her body fusing to his as if they’d been designed for each other. Never had he felt so good about life, Beca the reason he felt complete.

“Do you know how grateful I am you walked into the club that night? I never thought I’d fall in love over a game of pool.”

“Considering eight ball is your favorite...”

“Only when you’re smack dab in the middle of it. Erotic pool—what a rush.”

“Does it equal a hat trick?”

“I’ll let you know once I get one.”

“Nik?”

“Sweetheart?”

Beca kissed him before sliding to her knees. Gazing up at him, she easily pulled his zipper down and released his impatient cock. Taking him deep in her throat, Nik groaned seconds before he held her head in place.

“Forgive me—punish me if you must but I couldn’t take it any longer,” she said after drawing back a little.

“Rebeca Stevens—right now, I am your slave. Do what you will and do not hold back.”

Smiling as she took him deeper, she caressed his balls pleased when his body tensed before relaxing. Drawing back slowly, she teased his slit driving him crazy with desire and need.

“When I’m done, I want you to take me however you want as long as I’m restrained. I need you, Nik.”

“Then you’ll like my surprise.”

Minutes later, Nik’s groan echoed through their Florida home as he exploded in her mouth, his hot essence feeding her. As soon as she laved his cock clean, Beca stood and they kissed.

“Come, sweetheart,” he said as he led her upstairs to the one room where they could do whatever they wanted.

When Beca bought the house, she found that two of the rooms—the master suite and a smaller guestroom—had been designed with a connecting bathroom. Beca had closed off the smaller room, essentially using it as a dressing room until Nik came up with another idea. After redecorating, the guestroom turned into their private world.

Outside the door, he stopped and faced her. Giving her a kiss, he grinned at her.

“Take off those gorgeous clothes then close your eyes.”

Obediently, she did as he wanted. Nik’s eyes traveled the length of her body, Beca enjoying the feel of his gaze. Since they got back together, she had her navel pierced and wore a belly ring with a Panther charm. In the faint light from the bathroom, it sparkled.

“My amazing light—without you, I live in darkness.”

“Nik, are you all right?”

“Never better. When you came into my life, you made me whole. I dreaded the possibility of waiting two long years for you to come back to me during the Olympics.” Nik kissed her. “Now, close your eyes.”

Beca closed them then he took her hand. Nik knew she could tell he led her into the playroom but after they entered it, he spun her around to disorient her. Leading her over to the opposite wall from where they’d entered the room, he

turned her around then lifted her arm and bound it to a metal bar. He did the same to her other arm then stepped back.

“Open your eyes, Beca,” he said as he stood back.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and gasped when she saw that he’d restrained her to a regulation-sized goal cage—exactly like the one at the rink.

“Now, we don’t have to make special arrangements for me to fuck you in the net—we can do it whenever we want and don’t have to worry about my gorgeous wife freezing or possibly slipping when she wears those gorgeous spikes that drive me fucking insane when she wears them. Plus, we can do a little more here than at the rink because I made sure this one is anchored to the floor. If I want to impale your sweet body on my cock while you’re in the net, we can do it without worry.”

“Then please, hockey man, take your best shot.”

Nik stripped out of his clothes and went to his wife. Framing her face, he kissed her as their tongues danced erotically. Massaging her breasts, he teased her nipples until they hardened then his hand slipped between her legs.

“I want you to forget domination because right now, I want your reactions and I want your body taking mine and doing whatever you want. Please, Beca...”

“Like I said—take your best shot.”

Nik parted her legs then stepped between them. Lifting her up, he slid her onto his cock, her velvety heat taking him greedily. Gripping her ass to support her, Nik fucked his wife with furious passion.

“Nik!” Beca cried out as he took her to the edge and held her there, her hands clenched and fighting the restraints.

“Come for me, sweetheart. I want to drown in you as you scream my name.”

Nik took her to the edge again and this time, he took her over. The orgasm rocked them as she screamed his name, her body shaking out of control. When she threw her head back to catch her breath, he took one of her firm nipples between his teeth and teased it with his tongue. While he did, he tried to ease back to give her a moment but she surprised him and continued moving up and down on his shaft.

“Sweetheart, don’t hurt yourself...” he warned her once he saw the grip she had on the crossbar.

“Hockey man, I know we’ve only been together a short time but I want to start our own little team. I don’t know what’s driving this desire but...”

Nik’s lips covered hers as he held her tight against him. Releasing her from the cage, he carried her to their room and laid her across their bed. Spreading her legs, he thrust into his wife’s pussy as deep as he could then bent to kiss her while he held her on edge.

“I will do anything to please you, sweetheart. If you want to start a family now, we will but remember one thing. You define perfection and desire for me. I want you twenty-four/seven/three sixty-five any time, anywhere. I have dreams like being on a Stanley Cup winning team, winning Olympic gold, maybe even being hockey’s equivalent to Beckham but they are worth absolutely nothing without you.”

“Nik, I have loved you since the night we played pool together. I wanted you and made sure my father got you the best contract they could give you. I have never been with any man who does to me what you do and as far as I’m concerned, I have the best.”

Desire 4: Desire At Dawn & Desire On Ice

Nik drew back, a look of determination in his eyes as he began thrusting into her. With each stroke, he became fiercer to the point of brutal passion. Hammering her body, he held her hips tight as she gripped his hands. He watched her breasts moving in time which drove him more.

Beca cried out when he filled her, his life's essence filling her. With powerful and deliberate drive, his hips flexed as he made sure she took everything he could give her.

"Nik..."

"Beca..."

"I think you've scored a goal... My God, Nik..."

Nik fell to her side spent, her body wrapped around his, Beca refusing to allow any distance between them.

"Thank you," she said.

"For?"

"What we just did feels so different from any other time. I feel like we're..."

"Then I think we should make sure."

"I like the way you think, hockey man."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christy Poff lives in southeastern Pennsylvania with her husband and two kids—her daughter (a college student) and her son who serves in the Army National Guard stationed in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania plus his little one—his toddler daughter who has proven to her that she’s forgotten so much over the last twenty plus years.

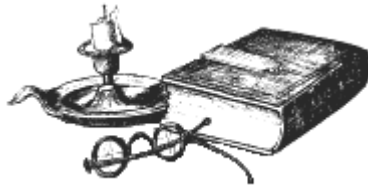
Previously, she wrote news articles for local newspapers and regional firefighting publications. With her articles, she added photography to her pieces. Writing for several years, she has a deep respect for the Civil War and has done extensive research into the times. This love and research have resulted in several Civil War novels including CHASE FOR AN ANGEL which was born from this love and released in March, 2006. Others will follow.

She loves old cities with history like Charleston and New Orleans, the wide-open spaces of Wyoming and the Dakotas, the beauty of a Maine sunrise plus seeing the rest of the U.S. and western Canada.

A volunteer firefighter for over thirty years, she’s been able to use her experience in several published works for others and even in some of her own work.

People wonder what she writes to—Brooks and Dunn, Gary Allan, Linkin Park, Nickelback, Harry Connick or whoever strikes her mood at the time. She loves to watch *Top Gear*, *Torchwood* and *Doctor Who* on *BBC America*, *CSI:Miami* and reruns of *Nash Bridges*, *Miami Vice*, *Night Court* and *JAG*.

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