



Whispering Mountain

Give Me More

It only took one night. One chance meeting, and their separate fun-filled weekends collided into one.

Spring Showers made sure she had plenty of time in Las Vegas, arriving there a day earlier than her sisters. But the first time she decides to leave her inhibitions at the door, she gets more than she bargains for in the hotel's restaurant.

Bo Durden is a retired bull riding champion looking to escape the fanfare that goes hand in hand with the annual bull riding competition in Las Vegas. But not even in his wildest dreams does he expect to be tangled in his hotel sheets with the sexy minx he meets in the restaurant.

It was a one-time deal. They should have never seen each other again. It was one night that turned into three, and their lives would never be the same again.

Note: This book contains anal sex.

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Kortny Alexander

EROTIC ROMANCE



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DEDICATION

To my mom, thanks for always being there for me.

To Nicol, you will always be my go-to person.

GIVE ME MORE

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KORTNY ALEXANDER

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Chapter 1

Finally! Spring blew out her first real relaxing breath when she flopped down on the queen-sized bed in her hotel room. She was splayed across the center of the bed with her eyes closed and a stupid grin on her face. Paying a little extra cash to arrive a day early would be worth it. She needed to unwind. To escape the “real world.”

Fresh ideas were a necessity in her line of work. If it could be called work. Spring had followed her creative and artistic passions, and it had paid off. She did well for herself, and it was liberating owning her own art gallery and studio.

She had also landed a position at the local university teaching a few art classes.

Accomplishing everything on her “goals” list, she couldn’t believe what had begun to happen to her over the past few months. Spring had begun to lose her enthusiasm for art. Apparently, she was tapped out on inspiration.

When Spring took the time to stand back and analyze her life and her current situation, she didn’t find anything wrong. She owned her own home, her own business, taught a few classes, and had even splurged on a horse.

Yes, a horse. A beautiful gray-colored Arabian horse that she had boarded at a horse farm north of Denver. All of those things were great. Her life looked good. But Spring had an idea of why she'd lost a bit of her creative steam.

She needed to live a little. Step outside of the safe box she had built around herself. Hell, she wanted a little bit of love in her life as well. Getting one out of two this weekend wouldn't be such a bad idea, right? Her youngest sister, April, had suggested leaving Denver a day early to do something naughty before they all arrived, or if she wasn't bold enough for that, then she could simply pretend to be a naughty girl out on the town. Spring didn't know what the hell that meant, but it sounded good.

So, here she was, a day early in Las Vegas, debating on what she would do with the extra time alone before all hell broke loose. She would expect nothing but nonstop wild nights considering her and her sisters were having a mini vacation in Las Vegas. This would be another no-holds-barred gathering, and Spring had every intention of living in the moment.

Spring had booked adjoining rooms with double queen-sized beds. She had learned years ago that sharing one bathroom with three sisters was never smart. Nor would they ever leave on time if they shared just the one.

Summer, Spring, May, and April Showers were uncontrollable when they got together to let their hair down. Literally. Spring still wasn't sure if two bathrooms were enough. But, it would have to do. Heck, at least both bathrooms had dual sinks.

Spring felt as if she were lying on clouds. The *Three Wishes Casino* boasted about their extremely comfortable accommodations, especially their beds. She had to agree. Who wouldn't appreciate the subtle patterned carpet, dark furniture, and padded headboards. Her bed consisted of a pillow top mattress, white eight-hundred count Egyptian cotton sheets, and a plush, white down comforter. The pillows were like heaven to her well-traveled head.

The room was decorated with clean lines and simplicity. There was a flat screen directly across from the beds for her enjoyment. She knew she would partake in watching that later tonight.

It was Thursday, and her sisters were not due to arrive until tomorrow morning. She had the entire day and night to herself to do as she pleased. Of course, she had already decided to take it easy, explore the hotel, and eat at the jazz bar located inside the hotel with her sketchpad in tow. She wasn't sure about the naughty girl situation. It was still up for debate. Who knows, maybe she would find a little inspiration?

Rolling over to her side, Spring eyed the MP3 docking station/clock/radio that sat on the tea-colored nightstand separating the two queen beds. Retrieving her purse, she pulled out her MP3 player and placed it in the docking station so she could enjoy her own tunes. By the third song, Spring had rolled out of the bed and begun unpacking her luggage. She'd gone with her instinct this time around and packed four outfits for each day she would be in Las Vegas. There were so many things to do there that she never knew what the night would call for. Covering all the bases, Spring had packed for

sexy, slutty, casual, and drop-dead gorgeous. The fun was always deciding who she would be for the next few hours.

After unpacking her bags and storing the empty suitcase inside the closet, Spring started the shower. It was time to take a stroll through the lobby and maybe venture out onto the strip. It was a beautiful day, and she beamed with excitement, mentally patting herself on the back for her great choice in hotels once again. She was glad she had listened to the recommendation given to her.

* * * *

Bo Durden missed competing. Bull riding was his life. But, so was raising them, and training them. At some point, a man has to know when his body has had enough. It's better to bow out of the competition on a high note. There's nothing attractive about a washed-up bull rider who has fallen off so many times that he can't form coherent sentences. And, Bo was too young to sit around on his ass. He still had a business to run.

Although today marked his first year of retirement, he didn't miss the love-hate relationship he had, being the reigning bull-riding champion five years in a row.

This year someone else would take home the title. That thought was a little disheartening, but he could handle it. Bo would be able to participate from the ringside. This year, he'd be able to relax just a little bit and leave all the headaches and jitters to the competitors.

He was one of the sponsors and a stock contractor. Having family members share in the workload eased the tension. It also allowed him the quiet time to go to the bar in the hotel to have a drink. Alone.

Being pulled in different directions, spreading himself thin wasn't a good thing. Dodging his family members was just as difficult. He welcomed the rare moments he stumbled across when he stole a few minutes to be alone. But apparently, his continued bitching to his brother, Vance, had gotten him kicked out of the arena where the bulls were held. Vance had given Bo the night off. He said that Bo needed a break, and he definitely agreed.

The *Three Wishes Casino* sponsored the bull-riding competition, so it was only natural to book a suite there. Bo's family owned the damned hotel, so that was never an issue. Everything Bo could possibly need was already in his suite, but he chose to shower, and instead of wearing his usual T-shirt and jeans, he changed into more dressy, incognito clothing and headed to the bar.

The Durden family had their hands in many, many pies. And, no matter what your interest or degree, there was always something for everyone in their family businesses.

The relatives that were in the medical field were the only exceptions. They worked wherever they wanted, but were expected to lend a hand when necessary. No one said no, and everyone was expected to participate in some form or fashion. It didn't matter if you took a position in the forefront of the business or simply stayed in the background. It was a family business, and their family was extremely close-knit.

Bo noticed the small upgrades as well as changes his sister and cousins, who ran the casino, had made. They were always for the better. They made a habit of staying two to three steps ahead of the competition. And, in Las Vegas, there was competition all around them. There was a new restaurant and bar they had added, and that's where he was headed.

The atmosphere was enticing. Definitely for the mature adult crowd; those that were not in the mood for the overly crowded dance floors, barely legal babies, and overbearing music. The lighting here was low, the music was jazz, which completely contradicted with the restaurant on the opposite end of the casino floor. There was a small dance floor off to the right of the bar that was being put to good use.

Scanning around the room, Bo realized the inside was larger than it looked on the outside. There were intimate c-shaped booths as well as tables with ottomans instead of chairs. With a nod to himself, he gave the restaurant an immediate approval. Of course, the object of his momentary obsession, the bar. There was a nice-sized crowd in the restaurant. Bo had to laugh to himself as he wondered if there was ever a slow night in Las Vegas.

For some odd reason, Bo felt a pull in the depths of his gut, his body temperature rose, and his heartbeat quickened just for a moment. He couldn't be coming down with something. He wasn't fighting a cold or anything like that. Piper, the family practitioner, who doubled as his sister, had just given him a clean bill of health. He took a few deep breaths to shake off the odd feelings. Everything dissipated except the pull he felt, but being the stubborn man he was, Bo just ignored it.

He gathered his composure. That's when he saw her. His attention instantly zeroed in on the beauty who sat alone at the bar with her back to him. She wore a peach-colored silk shirt cut into a deep V in the back. One could only hope that the front of the thin piece of material was identical to the back. From where he stood, her back was toned and gorgeous, and he could swear her skin sparkled when she shifted in her seat. The way the peach silk caressed her sienna complexion made his mouth water. Her hair was combed into a sleek ponytail. The jet-black, thick hair lying parallel to her spine was sexy as hell and caused him to become aware of his instant hard-on.

What the hell was wrong with him tonight? All he had was a glimpse of this woman's back and a freaking ponytail and his cock was hard. Hell, he hadn't even looked at her face or the rest of her body. She may not even be his type.

Yes, he was shallow and proud of it. He could afford to be. Bo couldn't think of a day when he had to fight for a date or a fuck. It came with the territory. Women loved to fuck the champ or a man with money. Luckily, he was both. He ate the attention up. Attention he was used to getting the moment he walked into a room filled with fans and admirers.

He was still recognizable just about anywhere he went. It made him feel important. It had never occurred to him how much he thrived on the attention of others. Now that he had retired, he knew it would be an adjustment. It took time, but he learned to adjust, calm down. He was not into the constant running around anymore.

Bo wasn't sure what he wanted now, but he knew he didn't want the women he used to screw. He knew they used him. Being used that way was no longer appealing, as it had been in the past. With nothing but time on his hands, he had plenty of time to get his priorities in order. Hell, he hadn't had a desire to screw one of the *bull-skanks* since he retired. That was the title the riders so kindly nicknamed the women who literally threw themselves at them.

When Bo saw the way the beauty at the bar laughed with the male bartender, he just about lost it. He could feel the deep growl building. He clenched his hands at his side and widened his stance. His possessive side appeared out of nowhere. He wanted to yank the man across the bar.

Tapping down the flash of anger that had quickly risen to the forefront, he cleared his throat and made the slow stride to the bar to grab a seat close to her. Only one chair separated them.

It was a good thing the male bartender walked away and was replaced by the female bartender. He couldn't take his eyes off of the siren next to him, even though he could only see her profile. She looked completely engrossed with the drawing she worked on as she people-watched. Interesting. But how could she draw with all the chaos surrounding her in Las Vegas?

For that matter, how could he keep sitting and staring at her when he had seen at least five women undressing him with their eyes when he walked in? He couldn't explain the sudden possessiveness towards her. Or, the damn near magnetic attraction to her. This woman had not even acknowledged his presence, and yet, his body had the audacity to respond only to *her*.

Conceited?

Of course, he was, but the betrayal of his own body was just pissing him off. He puffed out a loud, irritated sigh when the bartender finally made her way over to get his drink order and hand him a menu. Bo couldn't believe how quickly he had turned into a sullen child. He pouted, and yet, his cock was still hard. And it was all because of a stranger he still hadn't completely seen. A stranger who had completely ignored him. He knew his cock usually had a mind of its own, but this was just ridiculous. And yet, she still intrigued him, pulled him. He wanted her.

Bo knew she had to know he had sat down beside her. Who else could the bartender have spoken to? She didn't move, didn't even turn her head just a little bit to see who had sat next to her. Hell, most normal people would look simply out of curiosity. Clearly, she was not normal. *And yet, you clearly want her.* Bo quickly realized how useless it was to argue with himself.

Placing his dinner order with the bartender after receiving his drink, a thought *finally* occurred to Bo. With his head stuck cleverly up his ass, he had forgotten his manners. This woman was not a *bull-skank*. That's probably why she had yet to acknowledge him. He was acting like a self-centered dick,

and there was no excuse for that. A woman with class would have waited to be spoken to first. He took a sip of his scotch and cleared his throat.

If he said, "Hello, beautiful," it would sound like the usual lame pick-up line. If he said "ma'am," she may feel that was a little too old for her taste. And, every other greeting that he could think of made his head hurt. Keeping it simple was the way to go. Shit! He was rambling in his own damn head. *Concentrate, idiot!*

"Good evening." Was that butterflies he felt? Men didn't get butterflies when they spoke to a woman.

He watched her every movement, eyed her slender neck as it tensed just for a moment before she relaxed. Her pencil stopped its movement. She placed it on the bar, straightened in her seat a little more before she looked up.

And just like that, the beauty sitting next to him turned with a genuine smile on her face and spoke. "Good evening to you." She let her eyes linger a moment longer than necessary before she slowly turned back to her sketchpad.

Hot damn! She was downright sexy, and her mannerisms matched. She had swiveled completely around in her chair before she spoke to him. Taking in an unabashed eyeful of him from head to toe and back again. Bo took the opportunity to look at the front of her shirt, and damn if it didn't match the back. It dipped straight down the front between her breasts. There was no way in hell she had a bra of any sort on. Although the material was thin, the only thing visible was the glistening, smooth skin that flowed between her twin mounds.

Just that quick, he wondered what those sienna-colored breasts would feel like cupped in his hands. Did they sparkle like the rest of her skin that was exposed? He'd swear she had on some sort of shimmering body lotion. Heck, he was tanned naturally from working in the sun, but her complexion was slightly darker than his and, from what he could see, completely flawless. She wore no makeup. Only clear gloss on her lips. She was one of the few natural women he'd seen tonight. Besides the female bartender, the woman beside him was the only woman he had seen that didn't have on makeup. She was fucking hot!

She was a natural beauty. Her eyebrows were soft and black like her hair, and her lips were pouty and perfect. He wanted to taste them, lick them, and nibble on them. They looked lush and plump, begging to be touched. She had quickly stuck her tongue out to lick her bottom lip. Bo had felt his cock thicken from the sight and stifled a moan. He could almost feel her tongue teasing and laving at his cock.

So far, a woman he did not know had managed to keep him, Bo Durden, in a constant state of arousal.

With a nod, she had turned back to her sketchbook. Was she dismissing him? Hell, she had smiled when she turned to look at him. Maybe he was reading too much into this.

“Whether you noticed or not, I didn’t speak when I first sat down, and I apologize. I was raised better than that.” He felt out of his element with that remark. He didn’t have to talk to the woman, nor should it have mattered if he had spoken or not. But, something about the beauty caused him to feel impelled to apologize. To hold her attention just a little while longer. Anything to see that gorgeous smile of hers again. She looked at him with sincere interest. Hell, he wouldn’t mind her ogling him again.

Really? Was he going soft?

She did seem to hesitate before she turned and acknowledged him. It was as if she was thinking about his statement. Bo watched her place her pencil on top of the sketchpad and once again take her time to spin around on her bar stool. It didn’t seem as if she was agitated by his attempts at conversation. She gave him a smile filled with interest and pleasure. She was clearly checking him out and had no shame in doing so.

“You didn’t have to apologize, but I want to thank you for that.” The male bartender arrived, interrupting any other thoughts Bo may have had as he placed the woman’s dinner entrée in front of her. She thanked the bartender, inhaled deeply, obviously enjoying the aroma, and looked back to Bo. “I don’t mean to be rude, but I’m starving. Once again, thank you for the apology. It’s good to know you were taught better than that.” She winked at him. Her genuine smile reached her eyes and seemed to sparkle before she turned back to her dinner.

Damn! She was smoother than he was. Bo was reduced to squirming in his chair as he tried to find some comfort with the little room left in his slacks. His dick was so hard his zipper could pop at any moment. This woman was doing a number on him, and he was perplexed as to why this was happening.

There were two things he noticed about her. She had a healthy appetite, and she didn’t ask him to join her. That twisted move turned up his internal heater even more. He had never had an attraction this strong or this fast.

Bo was no virgin. Hell no! He had bedded more women than he cared to remember, but none had ever had this type of effect on him. And boy, had he had them all. Tall ones, short ones, thin ones, thick ones, small boobs, big boobs, obscene boobs, just about every race and nationality. He had no preference as long as she was female and willing. Every last one of them was superficial and saw only what she hoped he could give her in return.

Chapter 2

Spring could feel his eyes engulfing her body. Her body tingled, reacting to him before he had even spoken to her. Her nipples became stiff as boards when he spoke to her for the first time. She didn't intend to eat him up with her eyes when she had turned around, but she couldn't help but react to what her body already knew.

He would be hers before she left Las Vegas.

Oh, yeah! She was definitely living in the moment.

The gentle scent of sandalwood caught her attention almost immediately. The young men she dealt with on a daily basis at the college campus didn't know when to stop when it came to applying cologne. He was not most men.

The man seated near her was the epitome of sex. His presence in a room wouldn't go unnoticed. Although he'd taken his seat before she had gotten a glance at the total package, she knew he was a big man. Tall, wide shoulders, and a muscular build. One of his hands could easily engulf both of hers. She had to stifle a groan when she looked up at him. She'd caught him in the midst of removing his hat when he spoke to her.

Although it was commonplace to see a man wearing one back in her hometown of Denver, Spring was not a fan of cowboy hats. But she could imagine herself naked, smiling down at him as she rode his cock, and his hat lying beside them. She could not help the slutty thoughts that crept into her mind. His pale sky-blue eyes caused her to think of all sorts of naughty things. They were an odd shade of blue that held her gaze whether she wanted them to or not. It made her think of white, sandy beaches and beautiful clear blue skies.

When she glanced up at his fingers raking through his dark, curly hair, she could almost feel those soft curls gliding through her fingers while she was in the midst of an orgasm. Hopefully a screaming orgasm. Holy hell, he made her hot!

The black dress shirt he wore fit him like a glove. She didn't get to check out his rear. And, from his seated position, her view was obscured. That was acceptable for now. He had to get up at some point. For now, she was content with sneaking glimpses of his sexy smile and perfect teeth.

Spring could not stop the thoughts that invaded her mind. Her fingers itched to graze his skin and grip his body tight, sweat glistening on their skin as he navigated her through sexual bliss. Oh, dear Lord, she needed to get laid! She wanted to taste him, nibble on the lips that were too sensual and thick to belong to a man.

Spring intended to enjoy herself while in Vegas. What was one night? She would allow all of her inhibitions to fall to the wayside. If she wanted to flirt, she'd flirt. If she wanted to jump a man's bones tonight, she would go for it. She was an adult and could do whatever she pleased...until her sisters arrived tomorrow. There was no way in hell Spring would tell her sisters that she had actually followed their advice.

* * * *

Bo's dinner arrived shortly after Spring's had. He didn't get a chance to talk to her again. His sister Piper called because his niece, Chloe, had to speak to her favorite uncle before going to bed. As he ate, he laughed as Chloe caught him up on the hectic activities of a kindergartner, and to confirm he was still attending her upcoming ballet recital. She had her mother take a picture of her in her ballerina outfit and sent it to his cell phone.

As he praised Chloe about how pretty she looked, he noticed he had a curious audience of one. Oh, she tried to be slick about it, but Bo noticed how alert she became after she finished eating her dinner. She had begun drawing again. Her pencil stopped moving after he clicked on his earpiece and moved the phone to retrieve the photo Piper had sent of Chloe in her ballerina outfit. He continued chatting with Chloe through his earpiece, but tilted his phone in the woman's direction, so she could see the picture he so proudly displayed.

The soft gasp from his right side caused Bo to smile. Without saying one word to her or turning in her direction, Bo had let her know she had been busted eavesdropping. She couldn't turn away from the sweet little girl on his cell phone. Bo watched her out of the corner of his eye as he continued to talk and laugh with Chloe. He didn't miss the reddened cheeks on the woman next to him. She had been embarrassed for being caught. She was too damn adorable for words.

Bo ended his call, reminding Chloe that ballerinas have to get lots of sleep in order to be their best every morning. The woman had gone back to her meal by the time he had finished his call. After a few moments had passed, Bo decided it wouldn't hurt to lean in her direction and sneak a peek at what new sketch she had started on.

* * * *

Spring could feel his eyes boring into her when both bartenders walked away to tend to other patrons. It gave her the perfect idea for what she had already started on. A picture formed in her head, and she began to draw. His image was already seared into her memory. He was a stranger, but he didn't feel that way to her.

It was funny how odd things like that could happen. Once she had an idea in her head, played around with how she wanted to express that idea, she only needed one look. And yet it was an unconscious habit for her to continuously look at her object, if she had one, but this wasn't the case with the powerful man sitting next to her. There was no need to turn around and steal glances. She could see him clearly in her mind. This one would be completely different from the other sketches she had drawn tonight. She was in a very jovial mood.

One section of the bar was angled to look out onto the floor of the casino. Spring had plenty of subjects to draw. People-watching had always been an enjoyable hobby of hers. The ideas seemed to flow without much thought. Tonight she'd drawn one of an older woman sitting at the poker table with a cigarette in hand, slowly increasing her stack of chips. She had a wicked bluff and drank her dark, amber-colored alcohol with absolute sophistication. She sat with perfect posture and smiled adoringly at the dealer as she whipped the pants off of everyone at the table.

Then, of course, there was the man who worked the roulette wheel. He winked at Spring when he caught her staring. She drew him winking, with a smile on his face, as in invitation for more. Not! There were several more sketches she had drawn, including the two bartenders she had just met. It was always relaxing to sketch. Some of her best work developed this way.

The light scent of sandalwood caught her attention again. Spring closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy the heady scent of him. The scent engulfed her, cloaked her body like a warm embrace.

He was closer, and he was off of the phone. The little girl in the photo was gorgeous. She had pale sky-blue eyes just like he did, but her hair was a curly golden brown. Whoever she was, Spring could tell he clearly adored her. He had a soft spot for children. Always a plus.

He was closer still. She laughed to herself. She could feel his body heat, his breath, even with the single chair separating them. She had begun working on his facial features. Strong bone structure, dimples, thick, dark eyebrows, and sexy sky-blue eyes. Features she couldn't wait to trace with her fingertips. What would it be like to get to know those firm, suntanned features on a more intimate level?

The more he leaned over towards her, the more the naughty thoughts seemed to flow. She decided to draw the sketch of the nosy man in action. It would definitely get his attention and possibly cool the fire that had begun inside of her.

Placing total concentration on the sketch progressing in front of her, Spring silently refused to acknowledge the extra pair of eyes looking over her shoulders. She knew it was him. Excited that it was him. She *felt* that it was him. He set her body ablaze and hadn't laid one finger on her. A stranger had managed to make her feel and think things she had never felt and thought before. What did that say about her?

She knew the answer to that question, but damn it sucked to realize it was true. Spring hadn't been with a man in years. Her imaginary wanton ways had been shelved for way too long. That's all this was, her body was on the fritz, neglected far past the normal timeframe, and she would allow herself to scratch that damn itch. That's all it was. An itch.

The strained cough from over her shoulders meant she had gotten his attention. Putting the finishing touches on her sketch, Spring spoke without looking up at him. "I see you recognize yourself in my sketch," she said with a little too much enthusiasm in her voice.

The deep chuckle couldn't be restrained. Bo knew he was busted. He couldn't help but laugh at the sketch the beautiful woman had drawn. It was in pencil, and it was his face peeking over her shoulder. Exactly what he had been doing. It was funny as hell and right on point. The likeness of her sketch of him was uncanny. Dead on. She had talent and a sense of humor.

Bo was amazed at how she had managed to capture every detail about him, down to the small scar above his right eye. It was nestled in his eyebrow. Most never even noticed it, yet she didn't miss a thing. That was odd considering she didn't look at him for very long. But, what the hell did he know about artists and their drawing capabilities. Hell, there were several artistic people in his family, and he respected their artistic eye. They saw things on a level he would never comprehend.

"That's one helluva talent you have there. I would apologize, but my curiosity got the best of me." Bo moved back as he watched her place her pencil on the bar and turn completely around to face him.

Taking in an eyeful, breathing in his scent once again, Spring didn't bother stifling her approval this time. "I'm guilty of the same thing. I looked at your cell phone to sneak a peek at the ballerina. She's beautiful, is she your..."

"Niece. My sweet little niece, Chloe, and thank you for the compliment. She called to remind me of her upcoming recital. Can't have little miss bossy angry with me. She keeps the entire family on their toes."

Spring could hear the love and adoration in his voice. His niece was loved and cute as a button. "No, you can't do that. Anyway, I apologize for the invasion. Y-You made me curious." What the hell was wrong with her? Stupid, fumbling words followed by the obvious burn of her cheeks. She was blushing!

Spring couldn't help it. She could barely control the awareness her body had as she spoke with him. He was gorgeous. He reminded her of a clean-cut cowboy playing casual dress-up. No matter how many pieces of clothing he wore, he couldn't mask the taut muscles that covered his body. Most men with the same pale blue eyes as this man always looked empty and cold. But his did not. If Spring wasn't mistaken, his eyes damn near twinkled. What was going through his mind? Couldn't be the same as hers. Could it?

Bo's body burned as he watched the slow, sexy smile graze her plump lips. Damn! "Oh, beautiful one, I've been curious since I walked in the door. But I had to let you enjoy your dinner. You didn't seem as if you wanted company, and I definitely didn't want to be a cliché."

"I wasn't sure if I wanted company until I saw you." She could be flirtatious, too.

He had heard his sisters and female cousins complain or joke about the guys that would attempt to pick them up at the bar just because they sat alone. His sister, Sloane, had drilled into her brothers that just because a woman sat alone didn't mean she couldn't or didn't have a man. Maybe she just wanted to be alone. But the woman sitting next to Bo was too tempting to leave alone. He just couldn't bring himself to do it.

"I'm still intrigued as to how you knew I was looking over your shoulders." He felt like a goofy, grinning idiot. He couldn't remove the smile from his lips if he tried. Hell, who was he kidding? He was happy as a clam to carry on a conversation with her.

Spring could feel the constant burn of her cheeks. She knew she'd been short with him at first. She couldn't help it. He had made her so nervous that she didn't know what to say. Unfortunately, she had started off on the wrong foot, she had never openly flirted with a man, but she would make up for the false start. Now her mind was filled with topics, but her needs as well as her body were guiding her instead. She was aroused. Her nipples were hard nubs just waiting for his tongue to salve and relieve them. She could feel her sex preparing itself for a potential invasion. First, she needed to answer his question. Pulling out the chair that separated them, she patted the seat and leaned towards him.

"Move closer," she whispered as she held his eyes with hers.

It took Bo less than five seconds to jump at the invitation.

"I could feel you near me." Spring leaned in again once he sat beside her. Whispering as she watched him staring at her mouth. He licked his lips as if her mouth was the tastiest thing in the world. His right leg now touched her left leg, and it was all Spring could do to keep from jumping into his lap. Just having him closer sent her body humming.

His thigh felt thick, hard, and tense as he brushed up against hers. For just a moment, Spring pictured rubbing her legs up and down his thick thighs as he pumped his cock in and out of her. God help her, she was losing it.

Bo cleared his throat as the statement settled into his brain. She was bold. This sexy woman whose skin reminded him of the color of peanut butter could have anyone she wanted, but she was flirting with him, staring at him, eating him up with her eyes. She didn't know him from Adam. Didn't want anything from him. She'd paid for her dinner and drink bill without any expectations from him or anyone else in the room. She wanted him...just for himself. That was a first, and he kind of liked it.

The thought of her body's reaction to feeling him near her doused his body with a need he never knew existed. He would go with the flow. Enjoy a woman in his company without the expectations of notoriety or monetary gain. Until this moment, Bo had not realized that that's what the women he bedded saw first, his status as a bull-riding champion and what that entailed.

Now he was just lying to himself. Both of his sisters had pointed this out repeatedly. Eventually they gave up. Bo was stubborn. But this woman seemed to be an enigma. This only made Bo want her even more. She was interested in him, flirting with him, and asked no questions.

"How..." The rough, husky sound of his voice surprised Bo. "How could you feel me?"

"Easy question, simple answer." Spring sat up in her chair, tossed a conspiratorial glance over her shoulder, then looked him directly in the eyes. Those beautiful blues that seemed to glitter with every blink. Her breathing quickened and her body continued to hum as he watched her intently. He turned his body around to face her, knees touching. His body heat slowly swirled and wrapped her in a cocoon of heat-searing lust.

"I could feel you, your breath." She took her right index finger and let it glide slowly down the left side of her neck, fanning out across her shoulder. "Here." She closed her eyes momentarily, enjoying the mental replay. His breath had gently kissed her neck, making her body come alive.

Slowly opening her eyes, she watched as the stranger's eyes began to darken, pupils dilating. She was turning him on just like he had done to her. Spring enjoyed every minute of it. She had never felt this free and open with her femininity before. Sitting next to this man, whose undivided attention she had claimed, made her feel sexy, beautiful, and more confident than she had ever thought possible.

* * * *

There was only so much a man could take. Bo had never been seduced by a woman. He was always the aggressive one, never allowing the woman to take hold of the situation. He used to have fuck-and-dump relationships, if they could be labeled relationships. Either way, those had not occurred in over a year. But, he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to let his guard down and allow a

woman in. Allow her some leeway, or revel in the time he spent with the woman instead of just spurting into a condom and leaving.

He had no idea what to say to her. Bo was out of his element here. The women he had become accustomed to simply threw themselves at the riders. There was no finesse, no simple flirting, no buildup, no desire, and definitely no sensual seduction. Only the urge to screw their brains out as fast as possible and move on to the next one.

The woman sitting next to him was soft, sexy, and had creative talent. She had no problem ignoring him when he first sat down. She was beautiful, an exquisite sight. Her medium-brown eyes brightened with flecks of gold that formed a strange star pattern. Interesting. He wanted to lick her skin, test his theory of peanut butter. He wanted to rip her clothes off and taste every inch of her delectable body.

"You're flirting with me." He smiled at her, voice still husky.

"Yes, I am. Should I stop now?" Eyebrow arched, Spring remained seated, holding eye contact with him. Her nerves egged her on. As much as her fingers itched to touch his large, powerful-looking hand that was lying on the bar, she restrained herself.

"No. I'm enjoying it. Don't stop. I don't think there is a single man on this planet who would ask a beautiful woman to stop flirting with him." He was enjoying her company and the flirting. His curiosity about why she was there had intrigued him. "Are you here on vacation, or are you an actual resident of Las Vegas?"

"I'm here on vacation, staying in this hotel. I'm meeting up with my sisters in the morning. Tonight..." She smiled and looked down at her hands, only for a moment, as if embarrassed. She looked back up into the swirling, ever-changing eyes of the man sitting so close it was difficult to focus at times. "Tonight is just for me." Spring couldn't help the warm feeling that crossed her face at the last statement.

Tonight was definitely just for her. Although she had just participated in extreme over-share, she felt compelled to tell him. She was grateful that her sisters wouldn't arrive until the morning. Spring was not in the mood for any judgmental comments tonight. She was mature and sober enough to decide if she wanted to have a one-night stand with one of the sexiest men she had ever laid her eyes on. And she didn't even know his name.

Turning his hand over, palm up, Bo reached across for hers. Without hesitation, she placed her hand in his. As if he had read her mind, he said, "My name is..."

Tossing her free hand up, Spring halted his words before he could get any further. "No real names, please. Just one night of no expectations, no obligations, and no regrets. We won't see each other after tonight, so the formalities aren't quite necessary. Is that okay with you?"

Looking down to what had attracted his attention, Bo could see that she talked a good game, but the shaking hand grasping his told another story. She was nervous, but he wouldn't give her a fake name even if she gave him one. Looking back into her eyes, he saw the flash of nervousness, but her arousal outweighed everything else. She wasn't trying to hide it.

He introduced himself once again. "My name is Bo. No last names either, okay?" Although he acquiesced to her request, it was the one time Bo wanted to know a woman's name, truly learn about her, and she was afraid to do so. She was correct. It would only be one night, right? They were in Las Vegas. Where could this really lead?

Spring seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. He was in agreement with her about the names. Although her real name sounded made up, she wouldn't give him a fake name. It wouldn't matter anyway. They wouldn't see each other again after tonight.

"My name is Spring." She smiled back at him. Her nervous tension eased as he turned her hand over in his, palm side up. Her nipples tingled when he caressed the inside of her wrist with his thumb.

"Well, Spring, no last name, it seems that since we happen to be in the *Three Wishes Casino*, how about you and I play a game?" His eyes twinkled with a naughty hidden agenda.

Spring was intrigued. He had effectively gotten her attention. She quirked an eyebrow before she spoke. "What type of game did you have in mind?" When did her voice become playful, sultry, and sexy? Was it illegal for a woman's body to become this hot and bothered by a man she had just met?

Bo was baffled by her. Her willingness to play along; trusting him. He would embrace this moment. There was no way in hell he would let the perfect idea pass him by. "Okay, since you're game, how about we play a game of three wishes. I grant three for you, and you grant three for me." The look on her face, her eyes wide as saucers, caused him to chuckle and put one hand up. "Before your mind wanders to places unknown, let me explain.

"You've already stated that tonight is just for you, correct?" He waited for her to acknowledge him before he continued. "I think you are beautiful and would like to continue spending time with you if that is okay." She once again nodded in agreement. "Great." He smiled. "We continue to let this night guide our way. And why not, we're in Las Vegas. So, sometime during the night we can go back and forth with our three wishes as long as we are comfortable with the requests, no matter the wish. How does that sound?"

Spring leaned forward just a bit and studied his eyes. She dug deep, looking for the telltale signs her father had taught her. She could spot a lie a mile away. But, the more she looked into Bo's eyes, the softer they became. The sexier his lips quirked. The hornier she became. The wetter her pussy got. Damn! Why not?

"Okay, Bo, I'll play. As long as it's within the comfort zone."

“Great. Would you care to dance?” Bo asked as he stood up. There were a few couples on the small dance floor and a dance or two might just calm both of their nerves.

What the hell was wrong with her? She was at a loss for words. All she could manage was a dumbass grin on her face as she slid down from her chair. Damn! Bo was tall. Everyone was usually taller than her, but he was tall and built like a brick wall. This was a meat and potatoes man all the way. Now that he was standing, his black dress shirt clung to his chest, complementing his muscular physique. The black slacks were an entirely different story. They hung like they were tailor-made for his body, which they probably were. His one thigh was thicker than both of hers put together with room left over. As she openly perused his body, it was impossible to ignore the huge erection in his pants. Had she caused that?

The clearing of Bo’s throat brought her attention back up to meet his eyes. Busted! The smirk on his lips was obvious. She’d been caught staring at his dick. There was no comeback for that. Spring smiled and felt the burn of her cheeks as she continued to hold the hand that first clenched hers at the bar. Hands held tight, she guided them both to the dance floor.

Chapter 3

When Spring stood up, Bo thought he would explode in his pants. The silk peach shirt was holy terror on his senses when he took in the total package as she came to her feet. The plunge in the back could not compete with the plunge in the front. What the hell! She *did not* have on a bra, and her nipples were calling to him like a bee to honey. His lips almost smacked together at the thought.

Bo’s mind began to wonder. Were her breasts small, just a handful or more? How would her naked breasts feel in his hands when he cupped the underside of them? Were they stiff and perky or did they have just a little softness to them? He wanted to get his hands on them. Sipping on Spring’s nipples seemed like the perfect ending to a wonderful night.

I'll be damned! When Bo was finally able to peel his eyes away from her breasts, he realized she wore tight black leather pants and sexy high heels. Spring was a walking wet dream. The pants could have been painted onto her body. He was grateful Spring wasn't a toothpick. He loved a woman with a little meat on her bones. But those damned leather pants hugged every curve of her hips, thighs, and sweet little ass. If he wanted to get to the special prize that was hidden below, he would have to literally peel the leather pants off of her body. The anticipation and the patience, both killers.

Instantly, his possessive streak kicked in. Never, *never* in his life had he felt that way about a woman. The urge to shield her from greedy eyes was killing him. What was it about Spring that made him feel this way? His head jerked up, and his eyes scanned the room, looking for any men who looked as if they would want to approach Spring. That shit wasn't happening. He gave several would-be admirers the eat-shit stare. Clearly staking his claim on the beautiful woman whether she wanted him to or not. He wasn't letting her out of his sights. Spring was his. She just didn't know it yet.

Bo didn't give Spring time to acclimate herself with the dance floor. He wanted to feel every inch of her body against his. When he gently pulled her body to his, her lips parted on a soft gasp as she stared up at him. He saw the lust quickly gathering in her eyes. She smelled sweet, like honeysuckle. The sweet scent of her perfume clouded his senses. Oh, dear God, he wanted to taste her skin.

When he wrapped his hands around her waist, she felt so delicate in his arms. He let his thumb rest on the exposed skin of her back. The deep plunging shirt made it so easy to accomplish. He thought his thumb would sizzle from the touch. He was worried she would move out of his embrace. But, it only made her snuggle closer. Her body melded to his as if they were one. She fit him perfectly. Her small sigh only confirmed it.

He could feel her nipples pressed against his chest. At least he knew he had the same effect on her as she had on him. She was not immune to the attraction. With those come-fuck-me pumps she had on, her head rested just under his chin. She was a petite little thing, and she wouldn't get any complaints from him. His wide frame completely engulfed hers. He could easily envision tossing her over his shoulders and taking her to bed, watching that beautiful smile cross her face. He had to be losing his mind.

When Spring laid her head on his chest, his breathing hitched just for a moment and his heartbeat sped up. For a moment, he could swear it was like a weight was lifted from his chest. Bo simultaneously laid his cheek on her head. It felt natural. It was natural. Bo reminded himself to go with the night. This, whatever this was, would never, ever happen again. For once he would try not to question things. He would let Spring and the night lead him.

Bo would not delude or deny himself tonight. He would allow Spring to be his first. She would be the first to bypass each and every wall that he had just for one night. He couldn't fight what he felt. Why deny his wants, his needs, his desires? There were three wishes he had the pleasure of utilizing. He would explore it. Revel in it. It was one night that he'd allow himself to actually enjoy a woman's company. Please her, tease her, bring her to the brink over and over, enjoying her cries when he

brought her to orgasm. After tonight the walls and more would go back up, welded shut. It would never happen again.

* * * *

Spring was unsure of how many songs had passed when they finally untangled from the tight embrace. They stood staring silently at each other as people around them continued to dance. Neither Spring nor Bo spoke. They couldn't. The unspoken desire burning through both of their bodies had complete control of them. Spring looked up at Bo, but found that no words would come forth when he stared down at her with those gorgeous sky-blue eyes. The way he looked at her, as if he could see down into her soul, made her feel special. He was different from anyone she'd met before. The world, Las Vegas, and all of the craziness around them faded away.

Her eyes went to his mouth and back up to meet his gaze again. She wanted to kiss him. How do you rate the time frame before kissing? How could she ask for a kiss without sounding like she was begging? Did she really care if she begged? If she could slap herself, she would. She claimed she would live in the moment, and dammit, she would. All of these ass-backwards questions were grating on her nerves. She would ignore the mental battle that was occurring in her head. Hell, they were now playing a game. She was excited to see where it would lead. And she would call in her first one.

Finally, she found the words to speak. Her voice was a bit shaky. "I'm calling in my first wish." She watched his eyes begin to change, and her body tingled at the response. "Kiss me," she whispered.

Bo acquiesced, slowly lowering his head down, giving Spring time to refuse if she wanted to. There was no way in hell he would turn away from this opportunity. They were playing a wishing game, and he wanted her to realize that if she changed her mind, he would stop. There would be no pressure applied if she did change her mind. He sure as shit hoped she wouldn't refuse him. With no refusal in sight, Bo continued towards Spring's waiting mouth. She looked so tempting and trusting in his arms.

The way she licked her lips made him growl low and deep. A soft whimper was all that could be heard by Spring as he outlined her body with only his fingertips. He started with her neck and trailed his fingers down her shoulder to her arms, feeling the goose bumps form as he caressed her body gently.

Her body was soft and delicate in comparison to his. She had curves. Bo could tell she worked out, but she wasn't overly muscular. He couldn't stand a woman whose body was just as hard as his. He wished he could simply pick her up, wrap her leather-clad legs around his waist, and take her mouth hard and deep.

She riled up thoughts in him he simply didn't want to control. It was a freedom he had never experienced. A need, a hunger for a woman so powerful and instantaneous he could not ignore it, even if he tried.

Spring rose up on her toes to meet Bo. He held her body close, hands caressing her back, skin on skin. He was stiff as a board and felt like a schoolboy all over again. All he could hope for at that moment was not to come in his slacks. This woman was melting through his control as she pressed her lips to his. Soft and sweet. As Spring peppered soft kisses on his lips, Bo grabbed on to her tightly. If he pressed their bodies any closer, they would become one.

How the hell could he feel weak in the knees? Bo didn't know the amazing possibilities a kiss could bring with the right person. He'd never had the gumption to analyze a kiss before. A kiss was always a kiss. But not this time. This kiss was sweet and simple. It wasn't a deep, penetrating kiss. Just several soft pecks on the lips, so sweet, simple, and overwhelming that Bo didn't give either of them a chance to think before he went in for another. He wanted more. By God, he had to have more of her. He had felt the sensual sting that passed through them as their lips touched. He was already addicted.

"That wasn't nearly good enough, sweetness," he whispered against her lips. "I need more of you."

The raging hunger Bo had for her mouth had overtaken him. He angled their bodies on the dance floor that allowed him to shield her from any prying eyes. Although they were in public on a darkened dance floor, this was a private moment. Her body clung to his as he cupped her cheek with one hand and traced her lips with the pad of his thumb on the other. His heart raced as Spring stared up into his eyes. He could literally feel her heart pounding against his. Nothing was said, just heavy pants in anticipation of what was to come.

Spring parted her lips and allowed his thumb access into her warm mouth. She twirled her tongue around it in slow, teasing motions as she stared up at him. She grinned when Bo groaned with delight, and he closed his eyes momentarily, resting his forehead against hers. The simple movement was sensual and kept his cock pulsing beneath his clothing. Thoughts of what more she could do with that sweet mouth flashed in his mind, causing him to groan.

Pulling his thumb back out of her mouth, Spring kissed it with her soft, wet lips. It felt as if her body heat rose a few more degrees as she watched Bo's intense stare. There was the flash of emotions crossing his face. His sky-blue eyes turned a cloudy grayish-blue color. He was fighting something. She could tell. And before the night ended, Spring would bring that fight to an end. She wanted all of him and nothing less.

Bo removed his thumb only to replace it with his tongue, sweeping it across her lips. "I've never tasted anything so sweet in my life," he whispered before taking her mouth. His kiss was slow, passionate, and deep. She followed his every ministrations, hooking her fingers through his belt loops on either side of his waist, pulling their bodies impossibly close together. This motion soothed the urge to thread her fingers through his hair and pull him in deeper.

And there it was.

The length of his bulge was held firmly between their bodies. Spring didn't want to think of how he would feel in her hand, her mouth, and maybe her ass. Whoa, the possibilities. He felt thick, thicker, and longer, than B.O.B., her battery operated boyfriend. She had no idea men could actually get that huge. The few men she had dated didn't measure up to Bo's size. Hell, it wasn't worth the comparison.

Damn, she wanted to slip her fingers inside of his slacks and touch his skin just to see for herself if it was real. Stroke the heated flesh in her palms, stroking the thick, taut skin as she teased and sucked his tight sack below. Spring could feel her juices begin to spill through the folds of her sex.

Their tongues tangled and teased, breathing quickened. Bo explored every inch of Spring's sweet and warm mouth. He couldn't get enough of her taste. It was exquisite and erotic, and he had never tasted anything like it, like her, in his life. He groaned when he felt her tongue probe and glide over his teeth. Her kisses were addictive, and if he did not stop right now, he couldn't be held responsible for what would happen next on the dance floor.

Bo wrapped his arm firmly around her waist. He didn't want an inch of space between them. He could feel the beginnings of her legs going limp. Her head tilting back as she moaned into their kisses. He loved the way she submitted to him, giving him access to any part of herself that he may want. She had placed her arms around his neck, gripping him in a tight embrace. They were each other's life preserver.

Finally, coming up for air, he begged his question. "Stay with me, please?" he murmured, his voice so rough and filled with need that even he was surprised by the sound of it. He couldn't help it. He wanted more time with her, and there was no room to be shy. If they only had one night, he wanted every minute he could get with Spring. "That's my first wish to you, Spring. I need more of your addictive kisses. I need more of *you*." He stared at her as one hand stroked her cheek and the other held her firmly by the waist. "Please, Spring, don't say no." Damn! Had he ever sounded so desperate in his life?

The uncertainty in her eyes didn't ease his nerves. They were playing a wishing game, and he hoped this wouldn't be one of the wishes she felt uncomfortable with. He was prepared to live in the moment. He couldn't help it. The way she seemed to throw caution to the wind inspired him to do the same.

Being a bull rider, he'd always lived in the moment. But this moment with Spring was different. He didn't want to rush it. He wanted every pleasurable moment he could have with her. He wanted to explore her body, make her burn beneath him. He wanted her begging for more. Bo could offer her so many things. Open her eyes to unlimited pleasures if she allowed him to. Taking what she wanted from him without a second thought. He wanted them both so spent, so pleased, neither would want the night to end.

Whoa, you need to get your head on straight. Bo shook off the thought as he watched Spring still debating what her body obviously wanted.

Spring closed her eyes and tried to calm her breathing and her nerves. Now that she had exactly what she wanted, would she take the bull by the horns or turn and hightail it back to her room alone? She wanted to play the game. Spring opened her eyes and smiled up at Bo. The way he looked down at her was surprising. He couldn't possibly be aware that he stared at her with an anticipatory glee. It only helped her decide. She would grab the bull by the horns. She would grab Bo by *his* horn. Why not? It's Vegas, baby! *What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.*

Nodding her head, she answered, "Yes I will stay the night with you, Bo." Was she insane? No, she was horny, and it would be nice to feel the weight of a man on top of her. For one night, she would be able to feel what she had been missing for so long. She couldn't explain her outrageous desire for him. Spring did not want to leave his side.

Agreeing to leave with him felt like a weight lifted from her shoulders. She felt uncontrollably liberated, daring, and wanted. And what she truly wanted stood directly in front of her, eating her up with his eyes. She didn't want to think about the other side of the coin. If she did, it might ruin what fun and carefree feelings she had now.

She had to do this. Being bold, going for someone she lusted after no matter her feelings in the morning. Spring promised herself she'd be able to look at herself in the morning. This is what she had been encouraged to do. Spring felt her heat turning up another notch just thinking about how free she felt.

"Do you mind meeting me by the bank of elevators? I need to collect my things at the bar." The look in his eyes made her immediately wish the words hadn't left her lips.

Taken aback, Bo grinned at his sneaky little minx. Taking both hands, he placed them on her shoulders and caressed them slowly down her arms until he reached her hands. "Sweetheart, I know how to be discreet. Everyone doesn't need to know our business. I'd much rather walk out with you on my arm, but I will respect your wishes and hang back and let you leave first."

This was a first for Bo. So far, Spring had unknowingly brought forth a lot of things he never did. He had *never* hung back while the woman left first. His conquests *always* followed after him. Damn, he was shallow as hell. Didn't matter. He couldn't act that way with Spring even if he wanted to. He couldn't put his finger on it, but it was something about her that intrigued him. But, he was bothered by her request. Was she embarrassed to be seen with him? Even his confidence level seemed to shrink. He was experiencing a lot of firsts tonight.

Spring was thankful for the easy agreement Bo gave her, but she could see that her request bothered him. He was not able to mask the emotion before she looked at him, catching the disappointment in his eyes. Spring started to rethink her request. They were in Las Vegas. No one gave a crap what she did here.

Hell, earlier that day she'd seen a woman in her late fifties or early sixties walking down the strip in an extreme mini-mini skirt and tank top on with spiked heels. Clearly, no one cared what anyone else

did here. To hell with it! Smiling at Bo, Spring left the dance floor with him closely behind her, hand on her lower back. Her man was possessive, and she loved every bit of it. He wanted her, and that thought alone spiked up the heat that boiled inside of her.

Spring collected her sketchpad and pencils and placed them in her black leather tote bag. She heard Bo sigh as he reached for his Stetson. Spring couldn't help but smile at the sound that would normally come from a spoiled child and not the tall, self-assured man she was attracted to.

Chuckling to herself, Spring had to wonder who in Vegas would give a crap that she was going to spend the night with a man she'd spent the past few hours with. Her indecisiveness was quite irritating at times. She had to live a little, enjoy being a free spirit.

She grabbed Bo's hand and laced her fingers with his. It was amazing how his hand engulfed hers. Her body was on fire once again. Damn he was a big man.

"Are you ready?" She grinned at the surprised look on Bo's face.

"Are you sure about this, Spring?" His expression was serious, concerned, and yet, he held tight to her hand. He didn't want Spring to feel pressured by him or anything else. But he hoped like hell she held firm to her decision.

"I'm sure, Bo. Let's go." *Yeah, let's go before I lose my damn nerves.* He took her leather tote bag from her clutches. When she began to walk forward, she felt the gentle tug of his hand. Stopping, she looked up at Bo with curious eyes. Had he changed his mind? What was he up to?

"Sugar, if we are leaving out of here together, we do it right. Men are eyeing you, and I'm trying to hold on to my restraint. You have no idea what your little ensemble is doing to me and apparently other men in the restaurant. I really don't want to have to punch their lights out for staring at the most beautiful woman in the room."

He grinned, but Spring knew better. He was serious. She could see it in those glinting sky-blue eyes. Playful and possessive, and it was written all over his face.

Spring shook her head slightly as she grinned at him. Bo had a possessive side, and she would truly enjoy it. This was new for her. None of the men she had dated joked about getting upset or possibly causing harm to another man if he caught one simply staring at her. It boosted her confidence level greatly.

Being wanted by this man was difficult to describe. It was a foreign feeling. And still she felt as if she could trust him. If she didn't, she would never have spoken to him, danced with him, kissed him, or agreed to go upstairs with him. Spring couldn't put her finger on the reason why. She felt she could. It just felt natural. He wouldn't hurt her. But he sure as hell seemed like he would follow through on a threat of another man approaching her.

"I'm not going anywhere except with you, Bo." She squeezed his hand and placed her free hand on his chest in reassurance. Didn't he know he already had her under his spell?

She was beautiful. Damn, that smile was dick-hardening. Her small hand on his chest burned right through to his gut. Bo released her hand and escorted her out of the restaurant with his hand firmly seated at her lower back until they reached the bank of elevators.

Spring just knew that the people they passed would know what they were up to. She was bracing herself for the judgmental looks she knew she would get when they walked through the crowd. She felt Bo's hand move toward her hip for a better grip to guide her through the maze of tourists. It had gotten late, and the casino floor was overrun with eager gamblers. Some seemed to have tunnel vision. Not paying any attention to where they were walking. Some were dressed for a night out on the strip.

Unfortunately for Spring, she had let her vivid imagination get the better of her. No one cared. No one stared with knowing looks. Of course, women stared at Bo, blatantly checking him out. They gave him the ole fuck-me stare. It was something about the way some of the women ogled Bo that seemed to bewilder her. Their eyes bore into him as if they wanted to eat him up.

It was difficult not to notice him. With his commanding presence, he wore confidence like a second skin, and his glare could be considered unnerving. He paid absolutely no attention to the fake boobs and overly teased hair as they moved through the crowd. His focus was solely on her. It was amazing to be the center of a man's attention when there seemed to be beautiful women all around them. That feeling made Spring walk a little taller as she brandished a smug smirk all the way to the bank of elevators.

Chapter 4

Spring couldn't help but inhale long and deep, taking in that tantalizing scent as Bo leaned over her shoulder to press the "up" arrow for the elevator. It was a mixture of sandalwood and a masculine, musky scent that was uniquely Bo. Being this close, bodies brushing against one another was just one more reason Spring was wetter than she thought possible. His muscular frame, his heat, engulfed her, made her sway with his movements. He stayed pressed against her, enticing and teasing. The weight of his cock pressed firmly against her backside.

Spring could feel every up and down movement his chest made as they stood alone waiting for an elevator. She couldn't help but close her eyes and lay her head against his chest. When she noticed that he didn't tense up or step back, her comfort level with him grew stronger. The freedom and familiarity she felt with Bo was mindboggling. If she could get away with rubbing her body against his while they stood in clear view for anyone to see, she would.

Bo didn't lay one finger on her. He just chuckled low enough for her to feel the vibrations flow through to her body. Spring had never been on the apex of an orgasm such as this. The lightest touch by Bo could send her over. And she didn't want this over before it ever began. She never knew the scent of a man could arouse her body the way it had when she caught a whiff of Bo. Her nipples could slice through glass they were so stiff from the constant arousal.

She was really going to do it. She was going to have a one-night stand with a man she met at the bar. She knew she should have been asking an abundant amount of questions about his personal life. Her brain was demanding it. But she couldn't. She didn't care what was in his past. All Spring knew was that she wanted him. Needed to feel his heavy body crushing hers, devouring her, caressing every inch of her. No matter what he'd think of her in the morning, she would let this night, her memories of tonight, sear itself into her memory bank. Spring knew that she would never, ever be this carefree again.

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Every rule, every urge, every need, every damn desire Bo had was bottled up into one sexy little woman. Spring. Her body felt so delicate pressed up against his. When she laid her head on his chest, his heart just about stopped. It was a simple movement, and yet it felt different. Bo could only caress her arms as he enjoyed the feel of her body pressed against his. He had no shame in touching her at every turn. He couldn't help it. Mauling her in public wouldn't be appropriate, so he'd wait until they stepped into the elevator.

The smile that graced her lips every time she looked at him was bone-shattering. They'd only just met hours before, and yet, every time she looked at him it was with a passion he had never seen in another woman. She looked at him with a trust he was not accustomed to. He wanted to please her, take his time devouring her luscious body, tasting her sweet nectar. Keep her looking at him like that for as long as possible. He felt as if Spring saw things in him that were undiscovered, untapped. What were those things, and how could he tap into them? He didn't have a clue.

When the elevator doors whispered open, Bo once again escorted Spring with his hand possessively at her back. He looked back out of the elevator doors to see if anyone else was coming. Luckily for them, there was no one lingering about, so Bo quickly pressed the "close door" button and then pressed the button for his floor. That's when he noticed the slight shaking of his own hands. Was this shit really happening to him? He was nervous. What the hell! That was definitely a first.

The elevator doors were mirrored, which made him send up a silent thank-you. Luckily, Spring hadn't noticed the slight shaking of his hands. He smiled at Spring as he stared at their reflections on the elevator doors. He had several inches on her, and that was with her heels on. The sight of her trustingly leaning her head on his chest once again was exciting. She looked sexy and wanton. And it was all for him.

At that moment, staring at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, Bo lost his heart to Spring. Holy hell.

When she bit her bottom lip, Bo couldn't control his response to her any longer. He placed his hands on her hips and jerked her ass up against his stiff erection. He hadn't moved one inch, and yet Spring's eyes went wide and wild just before her eyes fluttered and closed. He groaned at the sexy sight. It felt good that Spring willingly trusted him. He wouldn't dare hurt her. He wanted to give her all the pleasure she deserved tonight. They were throwing caution to the wind. He knew if either of his brothers saw this side of him, they would tease him relentlessly. He did not recognize this side of himself; didn't know it existed.

They both watched themselves in the mirror as Bo's hands traced up and down the sides of Spring's arms, feeling her goose bumps come alive at every stroke. He moved on to her waist and back up the sides of her rib cage, grazing the sides of her breasts.

"Mmmm," she moaned in sheer delight at the touch and the hard erection at her lower back. Her lashes fluttered, opening her eyes, and she leaned into him further, but she never looked away from their reflections.

"You like my touch, Spring?" His tone teased as she nodded the affirmative. Bo loved the way Spring watched with an intensity that was a mixture of lust and passion. She watched him and slowly rubbed her body against his. He bent down and feathered kisses along her neck. Nipping and licking his way down the delicate path. She needed to burn like he did. He gave a deep chuckle when she jumped.

Ticklish. The soft mewling sounds she made as his hands began to caress her breasts through the thin silk shirt were more than he could have possibly imagined. The silk material glided over her skin without effort. He flicked a thumb over each erect nipple, grinning every time she gasped with pleasure. Everything she did turned him on. She was so responsive, and she liked to watch. She watched every move that Bo made in the elevator ride up to his room.

Watching Spring watch him was like a damn aphrodisiac. He was burning to have her. His cock needed release. The slacks he wore were barely containing him. He could feel the pre-cum leaking from his cock. He couldn't control his hands any longer.

Fuck restraints. It was just the two of them, and he wanted to feel her skin beneath his. The flecks of glitter along her shoulders and arms drove him nuts. If he could kiss every fleck he would. He sure as shit wouldn't mind trying. Bo was fascinated. The way the light reflected off of the flecks held his gaze like a siren's call.

Bo leaned her head to the opposite side, so he could give the same attention to the other side of her neck. He nipped along the sensitive part of her neck connecting to her shoulder. He knew he was correct with that pursuit when he felt and saw her hands grip his thighs, and she leaned into him even more as her moans grew louder. She gave him more access to her neck, her body.

His hands explored the silkiness of her skin. Bo's fingers gently skimmed the edges of the shirt that formed the V. Watching her in the mirror, Bo circled her navel, momentarily entranced by the diamond belly ring he hadn't spotted earlier. He nipped her harder on the neck.

"Ahhh." It was all Spring could manage under Bo's teasing ministrations.

Bo's exploration of the soft skin was exciting. He watched Spring with interest as his hands moved higher, grazing her skin, feeling her stomach quiver beneath his touch. When he reached the valley that lay between her breasts, he heard her breathing hitch just before it quickened. Still she watched. "Beautiful." His fingers found their way inside of her thin silk shirt to her naked breasts. The heat he found there scorched his fingertips. He kneaded and caressed her breasts. Watching Spring watch him was the most erotic thing Bo had ever witnessed.

"Bo..."

That did it. The way his name fell from her lips was too damn sexy. She responded so easily for him. Realization that she was arching her breasts into his touch was mind-blowing. Hot damn! She ground her ass into his dick. Those torturous leather pants she wore would be the death of him. It made her ass glide across his cock with such ease that he didn't think he would be able to control his load before they stepped out of the elevator.

Thank God for the bell. The ding of the elevator brought them out of their trance, but not before Bo recognized the glazed-over look in Spring's eyes.

She was ready to come!

Regretfully, he pulled his hands out of her shirt. He caressed his hands down her shoulders in a soothing motion meant to calm her overheated body. Bo took Spring by the hand and stepped off of the elevator. He grinned to himself when he saw the way she eyed the hallway. It looked like the hallway of an expensive apartment building.

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Spring's composure was shot to hell when they stepped off the elevator. She was somewhat light-headed, vision a tad bit blurry, and her body begged for release. Damn, were all elevator rides that sensual? With Bo, it was possible.

She did not realize the *Three Wishes Casino* had floors that looked this exquisite. Once she stepped out of the hallway where the elevators were housed, she noticed they now stood in another lobby of sorts.

There were three hallways and an attendant that sat in the center of the lobby behind a circular desk. As Bo escorted Spring past the attendant, she eyed the floor. It was expensive. The slate gray stone flooring lined the entire length of this particular floor. Apparently there were only four rooms on each hallway that looked like entrances to penthouse apartments, with doorbells and doorknockers. Spring thought it was simply gorgeous.

Once Bo opened the door, Spring was speechless. It didn't resemble any hotel room she had ever stayed in. It was a penthouse suite. The foyer had cream-colored stone floors that opened up to a sunken living room with a huge flat screen television, a fireplace, and a staircase that led to...bedrooms? To the right of the living room, she eyed a formal dining room with a fully stocked wine cooler. Outlining the two rooms was a panoramic view of Las Vegas with an attached balcony.

Who is he? Spring thought. As much as she wanted to pursue the questions rolling around in her head, she couldn't. It was easier not knowing anything. She didn't want any attachments. This was just for tonight. She pushed her curiosity to the back. It would only make her reconsider her decision to be with this man.

* * * *

It paid to be an investor in the *Three Wishes Casino*. Since they had no intentions of sharing their personal business with each other, Bo felt no need to give up anything voluntarily. It just made him appreciate the fact she knew nothing of his wealth, wanted no piece of his wealth, and wasn't turned on simply by his wealth. She wanted him.

Bo should have been proud of that thought, but his feelings wavered. What was he without the recognition and notoriety? The women flocked to him because of his talents, champion status as a bull rider, and, without a doubt, his money. They wanted the flashing lights, interviews, and attention he drew just about everywhere he went.

And yet, tonight he had managed to dodge the fanfare when he decided to dress down from his normal clothing of well-worn jeans, shirt, and his favorite cowboy boots to black dress slacks, black dress shirt, and black cowboy hat. He'd even decided on taking pleasure in one of his secret loves, jazz. Thanks to doing something completely out of character for him, he had met Spring.

"Who are you?" The question couldn't be contained as she asked with laughter in her voice. He couldn't help his own laughter at the question. She continued on before he could respond. "Never mind, Bo. I don't think I want to know."

As soon as the door closed, his mind went blank. His cock throbbed as he watched Spring step further into the sunken living room. He heard her whispering approving compliments as she made her way over to the panoramic view. It was dark outside, and the lights were dim in the room, but no one in the entire building had to worry about being seen through their hotel room windows in the *Three Wishes Casino*. The windows were one-way.

That meant he could do whatever he wanted to her body. He could press it up against that window she was walking towards, and no one but the two of them would be the wiser. And, he had every intention of exploring as much of her as possible. He only had one night with Spring, and he wanted all of her. He would accept nothing less.

* * * *

Spring finally realized how quiet it was in the room. A tingling sensation flashed up and down her spine. She turned and looked for Bo. He was still standing against the door with a look on his face that should have frightened her, but only made her body tingle with awareness. Those sky-blue eyes of his had changed several times tonight, and it seemed they never settled on one particular color. At the moment, they were so dark and filled with arousal, she felt her pussy quiver with excitement. Spring could feel her tender flesh convulsing, waiting greedily for Bo's invasion.

She wanted him. She wanted him to take what she had to give. She always wanted an aggressive lover but never had the gumption to speak up. She'd read about it in her favorite novels, seen it in the movies, and even heard about the wonders of having an aggressive lover from her close friend.

Bo looked like an aggressive man. He glared at her like he would devour her. If she didn't have on one of her favorite outfits, she'd beg him to rip it off of her. But, from the way he was staring at her, melting her entire body with his gaze, making her pussy quake and flood with her juices, she wouldn't have to worry about having anything ripped off of her. The way he licked his lips as he continued to watch her was only making her more confident. She wanted to undress herself, but that would be no fun. She did that crap all the time. It was one night, she reminded herself. One night she would be open and follow his lead. She would let him take her however and wherever he wanted. She wanted him in every way possible.

The more she thought about fucking him, the naughtier her thoughts became. *Oh, dear Lord, help me.* She was definitely going to hell after tonight. She wanted naughty and nasty. She wanted everything she had always sexually denied herself. Hell, she would finally be herself.

It wasn't like they were in a relationship. She could talk dirty and not run him off. It was one night. One night she could say and do all the things she liked and not have to worry about looking at him in the morning. She would not have to worry about another date with him if she scared him off because she was a closet freak. The things she did with him tonight would not leave this room. And, tonight it seems her damn mouth would get her into more trouble than she thought possible.

She crooked a finger at him. "Come and get me, Bo."

* * * *

That woman knew how to get his attention. Bo growled deep as he stalked across the room closing the distance between them. It was like a red flag being waved in the face of a bull. She was taunting him, and he loved it. She looked so sexy standing with her eyes wide as he approached her. He was going to take her right in front of the window the first time. It was a welcomed change to have a playful sex partner. This playfulness of hers seemed to make some of the nervousness subside in the both of them.

Bo jerked her hips flush against his cock and reveled in her melting moan at that simple movement. She began her small ministrations. Tugging her ponytail back caused a small gasp as she looked up at him. Lowering his head, he took her mouth rough and possessive.

He didn't wait for permission to enter her mouth. He didn't have to. She beat him to the punch. Oh, she allowed him to be rough with his lips, his kiss, but the moment she parted her lips, her tongue was there. That move surprised Bo, but he relished it well. There was no real battle for control, just a hunger that burned through both of them, and the urgent need to touch and taste each other.

He felt her nails dig into his shoulders as she held tight to him. He reacted with groans as he cupped her ass and ground harder into her. At the pace he ground his cock into the crevice of her thighs, they were liable to start a fire, or he would come in his pants. He burned to be inside of her. Would her pussy suck him in instantly? Would she come right away? Would she beg for more? The incredible possibilities caused him to stand to his full height with Spring's feet dangling from the ground.

Spring broke the heated kiss first once Bo placed her back on her feet. She was steady by no means. They panted like marathon runners. Bo watched as she put up a finger to give her a moment as she quickly kicked off her heels. She felt as if the room was spinning from the kiss. With one hand, she grabbed hold of Bo's shirt to steady herself. She felt free and exhilarated. Her body hummed with newfound stings of arousal. When was the last time her lips tingled after a kiss?

Spring's body was ready. Her sex had been prepped and ready since they left the dance floor. She could feel the evidence of her arousal soaking through her panties. Her folds were drenched with her juices. The coldness of the floor cooled her slightly. She needed to focus. Hell, she needed to fuck Bo. Was it ladylike to ask a man to fuck her? She wanted rough and hard. No, she *needed* rough and hard. She wanted him to make her scream. Good-fucking-grief she was horny!

Chapter 5

Exhaling slowly, Spring once again reminded herself that there would be no questions, no turning back, and no second thoughts. Damn that. She didn't want to think at all. She wanted to give in to the pleasure her body felt every time Bo touched her.

She looked back up at him. The height difference was thrilling. He towered over her. Hell, he could pin her to the wall and fuck her, take her however he wanted. Her naughty thoughts were in overdrive. Could she possibly do what she was thinking? It was always fun to imagine having a tall and strong man. A man who could pick her up, hold her, fuck her. It was one night...why not? She looked at him from under those long black lashes and smirked.

The look Bo's little minx gave him was one that had him taking a moment. "Oh shit..." was all he was able to utter when Spring giggled as she wrapped her arms around the nape of his neck for leverage and climbed her little ass up onto his body and firmly wrapped her legs around his waist.

He was stunned and completely turned on by Spring's desire for him. The wildcat climbed up his body. That was another first for him. Bo knew he was a big man. Hell, every man in his family was at least six feet tall. Bo stood a whopping six foot three, and his little minx couldn't have been more than five foot four or five without those fuck-me heels she had been wearing. He could hide her underneath his body and no one would know the difference. Her small stature called to his protective instincts. But her wistful smile led to something more. She was without a doubt his playful little minx.

He cupped that luscious ass as he took her mouth again. She tasted so damn good. More possessive, more addictive than the first time. Holding her tight, he ground his cock against her leather-clad pussy. He could smell her arousal. Her heat was so intense he felt it right through to his cloth-covered cock. She smelled so sweet. The mixture of honeysuckle and the sweet scent that was Spring wrapped itself around his senses and damn near knocked him off his feet.

"Damn, baby, you're killing me," he murmured into her mouth.

Fuck! He hated coming up for air. He wanted her skin touching his at all times. The moment he stepped away from her, he missed her touch. How the hell was that even possible? Didn't matter at the moment. He wanted her out of those damn clothes. He wanted to fuck her. Bo wanted to taste her, had to taste her first. He wanted those soft tits in his hands as he fucked her against the window. His thoughts were erratic. He didn't know which part of her he wanted to take first. Her scent was overwhelming him. The thought of fucking her, pleasing her, made his brain malfunction.

Go with the flow, dumbass, and slow down before you blow your load!

"Stand for me, sugar." His voice was deep and gravely, eyelids lowered. He groaned as she slid slowly down his body, making sure she rubbed up against his cock all the way down. His little minx knew how to tease him. The smirk on her face confirmed she knew exactly what she did to him.

Bo turned her to face the window and started with her neck. He nipped along the sides, pulling squeals from her which turned to sensual moans as he continued his torturous nips along her shoulder. Spring leaned into his chest and sighed. She tilted her head, giving him more access to whatever he wanted. Bo recognized the deep and sensual sounds that flowed past her parted lips. They were the same sounds from the elevator. She wouldn't last long, and that was fine. He would pull orgasms from her all night.

“Turn around, Spring.”

She took her time. He probably thought it was deliberate, but Spring had to gather enough muster just to turn around and face Bo and those damn sexy dark eyes of his. Her hands were at her sides, chest heaving, pussy soaked, leather pants probably ruined. And all Spring could do was wait. As much as she wanted to attack his body, she chose to stand and wait until he gave her further instructions. It seemed to heighten every nerve in her body, and she loved the sensations it sent throughout her body.

Bo silently eyed her as he slowed his breathing. Calming his cock down before he prematurely exploded was imperative. Then he saw it. It was only a flash. But it was more than enough time for Bo to see the fight for control as she battled to keep her lust at bay. The hunger.

At first, he thought it was a glare from the lights from *the strip* behind her giving her a colorful silhouette. But that wasn't it. It happened again. Spring was waiting for him. She wanted him to control the situation...control her. Damn if he wouldn't give her what she wanted.

Her eyes were drilling into him. She was waiting for his next move. And move he did. He thumbed the straps of her top off of her shoulders. He knew her breasts would be as beautiful as he hoped. He'd only felt them, and now he wanted to see them, caress and suckle them, torture each one slowly as she squirmed beneath him. The straps of her shirt fell down her arms, and Spring stood silent, breathing heavily as she watched his reaction.

“Beautiful, sugar,” he whispered just before he took a nipple into his mouth.

Her head fell backward as her lips parted on a moan. She arched her body, willing him to take more. She dug her fingers into his hair, tugging just enough for that sensual bite that made him groan with pleasure. He wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her closer, steadying her. He sucked, testing her needs. Did she like her nipples sucked hard or soft? It didn't take long to find out.

“Harder. Suck harder, Bo,” she huffed out as she drove her fingers through his short, black, curly hair, pulling him harder, closer. She silently begged him to take more. She moaned louder, ground harder when he did as she asked.

With one hand around her waist, a nipple in his mouth, he took the other hand and brought it down to her ass and cupped it. Then he moved it between the rounded globes of her bottom until he could feel the heat of her pussy seeping through the leather pants. He smiled as Spring began to grind against the hand between her thighs. Bo sucked so hard on her nipple until he felt his cheeks hollow from the force of the suction. She pulled tighter on his hair as she squirmed against him.

“H-Hurry and get my clothes off, Bo.” Spring started pulling her arms free of the straps. Her clothes were constricting her. Her body burned for Bo, and she no longer cared about keeping her clothes intact. She felt wild and wanton. Whatever she had been holding back was gnawing to be set free.

With a pop, he let loose her nipple and looked up at Spring with urgency. She looked so fucking sexy. The slow, sexy grin that curved those luscious lips of hers caused his cock to twitch. Her eyes were glazed over, and her breathing was shallow. "Holy shit, sugar, don't you go finishing without me." Finesse went out the window. He didn't have to worry about explanations of fucking her fast. His woman was about to come. He'd have to remember those nipples.

Spring quickly pulled him to the other nipple as he blindly felt for the zipper of her leather pants. The thin scrap she called a shirt was dangling at her waist, slowing down his search. Finally locating it, he shoved the pants down over her luscious ass and down her thighs, allowing her to step out of them. The scent of her arousal gut-punched him. Just for a moment, he stopped his attack on her nipple to inhale her, take her into his nostrils, and sear her scent into him. Fuck, she smelled sweet. He swore he would never forget her scent. She was his ambrosia.

"Hurry," she cried, and rocked her hips towards him.

Bo had never seen anything like it in his life. Spring was *not* going to fucking come without him. He had to be a part of her orgasm. He was almost giddy. That giddy moment quickly passed when he felt his head being pressed against her nipple again. He had forgotten, he'd stopped sucking on it. His woman was getting seriously impatient. He had to get her under control just for a few moments.

Bo smacked her on the ass and called her name as firmly as possible. That task was extremely difficult considering he was trying to keep from spilling his own load. "Spring, calm down. You come when I say you come, minx." He caressed the cheek he had just spanked as he carefully watched her face. The shock on her face was camera worthy, but he had to hold back his amusement. He had gotten the effect he was going for. Her orgasm had halted for a moment. He had distracted her and caused his cock to jump at the unmistakable surge he felt when he spanked her bottom. He would have to try that again later.

Spring tried to glare at Bo, but it was useless. The smack to her rear end had surprised her and turned her on at the same time. It sent a cataclysmic surge through her body. She didn't know a small swat to the rear could be so tantalizing. The prickly sensation made its way to her clit, causing it to throb. She needed Bo to take the edge off. Maybe if she built up enough courage tonight, she would ask him to spank her rear again. Her train of thought was interrupted as Bo resumed his assault on her nipple as his free hand went down to find her overheated sex and began to fumble around. What the heck was he doing? Was he lost?

Her panties were weird. "Dammit, Spring, what's this?" They both looked down, and Spring laughed.

She couldn't help but laugh. She was horny, and her brain was scrambled. Of all nights she had decided to wear one of the most complicated undergarments, and she laughed. Her laugh was infectious. It caused Bo to laugh. It felt good to feel liberated. She could be silly and aroused all at the same time.

"I forgot. My shirt and panties are connected. They snap at the bottom..." The rough jerking of her clothing caused Spring to gasp instead of finishing her sentence. The impatience and strength Bo wielded had almost knocked her over, would have knocked her over if he hadn't been holding her with one hand at the waist.

No other explanations were necessary. Bo was done talking. He yanked at the soaked fabric the snaps were attached to between her legs and ripped the delicate silk top in half in one smooth yank. They both watched as the fabric silently fell to the floor into a thin peach puddle at her feet. The shirt was clearly destroyed. Her gasp of surprise was music to his ears. Bo got down on his knees and looked up at Spring.

He loved the way she looked down at him with only the lights of the Las Vegas strip as her backdrop. Her eyes...her eyes were like open windows. She looked as if she had just put all of her trust, her pleasure in his hands. She watched every move he made, and he watched her every reaction. Or at least he tried to. He was determined to please her, and he would only be a success if he paid attention to what made Spring's juices flow abundantly.

Her sweet scent intoxicated him. Bo pressed his cheek to her soft, flat stomach. He heard Spring moan, and as she pressed him tighter to her stomach, she gently massaged her fingers into his scalp. He moved and began placing butterfly kisses on and around the pink diamond belly ring nestled in her navel. Feeling her belly quiver was too much of a turn-on to pass up. He moved down her body, placing kisses along the way. It was like a siren's call. The sweet scent of her arousal could no longer be prolonged. He had to taste her.

"Lean against the glass, baby." She gave him a weary look. "Trust me, it's sturdy." Breathless, his little minx could only nod.

He did not give Spring time to think. He widened her stance and felt her body lean back just a bit. She braced a hand on the glass for extra leverage. Bo lifted one of her legs onto his shoulder. He spread open her slick slit and groaned.

"All for me," he muttered as he locked gazes with her for long moments. Bo attacked her swollen clit with his tongue. He didn't even try to control the deep growls of approval he made, as he tasted her delectable nectar that had made its way to her clit. He swirled around the sensitive nub, keeping his tongue soft as he slid two fingers down to her slick opening and gently massaged her outer lips. The heat from her core could have scorched him. It intrigued him and made him want to explore her slick sheath to see if it was just as hot. Her sheath rippled and pushed out more cream as she rocked her hips. Bo loved the way Spring's pussy clenched in anticipation.

* * * *

Spring's hips bucked towards his face. "Oh...please..." Spring was barely coherent.

Everything Bo did made her head spin. She was hell-bent on enjoying her first ride with him. She watched his movements as much as she could. She was already seeing stars, or was that the Vegas lights? When Bo managed to catch her gaze and smile, dimples greeted her. Her heart just about melted, and her knees almost gave out. The erotic pleasure was tremendous. The erotic pain, on the precipice of orgasm, was going to kill her.

He took what he wanted and made her feel the pleasure she had needed for such a long time. Staring into his eyes, watching the change of emotions crossing his face, did a number on her senses, her thoughts. She had to remember that this was sex, and one night only. It had been a long time since she had been in a man's arms. Separating pleasure and emotions was imperative.

In the distance, Spring thought she heard a soft clicking sound but didn't bother to look up. What for? A marching band could have come barreling through there and it wouldn't have mattered. She was on the precipice of orgasm. Seeking out sounds was the least important item on the list. Spring thought it was her imagination, but she could have sworn Bo tensed for half of a millisecond.

But he continued his teasing torture on her clit. Bo was completely focused on Spring's pussy. He held her waist with one hand and slowly pressed two fingers into her dripping sheath as he suckled her clit.

"Mmmm..." she moaned. Forcing her hips down to meet his upward thrust. "Bo!" The invasion on her soaking wet pussy was one she would have never been able to reproduce on her own. Bo's fingers took deep, slow penetrations before retracting and starting over again. The strokes were gentle yet deep enough to tease that pleasurable spot she was quickly learning to crave.

He didn't have time to relish this first time. He could feel her sheath slicken more with every heated, pulsating movement. She was so damned tight he could barely move his fingers around. But her greedy pussy didn't notice the difference. It wanted more. Literally sucking his fingers back in before he pulled out far enough for his liking. He adjusted his grip, held her firmly, and began thrusting harder for a deeper penetration. He sucked her clit harder, and she moaned louder, brushing her pelvis against his face. His minx was coming.

"Oh, Bo! Dammit...Ahhh!" Her hips moved in sync with his fingers. She grabbed hold of his hair, leaning completely on him. If it wasn't for him holding her around the waist she would have fallen right over.

Then she felt it. Her eyes darted up and over to the entrance of the suite. Two pairs of eyes stared back at Spring with so much lust, pleasure, and delight she thought she was seeing things. These two men stood silently as Bo brought her to orgasm and hadn't said a word. They didn't try to join in on their fun. They just watched her, her body. Their eyes roamed over her naked body down to where Bo was latched on to her and slowly made their way back to her gaze and...smirked.

Spring couldn't look away. Nor did she miss the mutual bulges in the two men's jeans. Double damn! The man on the left in the red polo shirt winked at her, but never moved in her direction, just admired the show. Being admired by them urged her on.

"Another...Bo. Another...oh, hell," Spring muttered as she tried to tell Bo she was coming again. She rode out the first orgasm as a second one jumped on the bandwagon. She tightened her grip on Bo's hair as she rode out an orgasm that was stronger than the first. Her eyes never left the two men, who could have been mirror images of Bo. The grip on Bo's hair was tighter. The mutual dark, swirling eyes made her body burn more, made her thrust harder. Caused Bo to hold her tighter as he whispered words of encouragement to her while thrusting his fingers into her quivering sex and thumbing her clit.

Bo felt the walls of her sheath quiver with a surprising strength, spasm harder as her second orgasm hit. He felt her juices flow, hot and slick, down his hand. He continued to lave her clit. He felt and heard when his brothers walked into the suite with him and Spring. He was too mesmerized by Spring, and what he was doing to her, to stop. He knew they were probably searching for him, and now that they had found him, they would leave.

Bo was astonished at how his minx had lost all control. He loved it. It helped to know if his lover was pleased or not. And she was definitely pleased. He felt her body begin to slow, and her orgasm subsided. The desire to fuck her, to dive deep inside of Spring's sweet, wet sheath grabbed hold of Bo and would not let go. He scooped her up in his arms, walked over to the dining room table behind them, and gently laid her on top of it. She knew what was coming. He watched as her body writhed on the table, feet propped up, giving him a full view of her sweet cream that had coated her folds and thighs.

He also realized at that moment his brothers left just as silently as they had entered. They were sharing the suite, but he had no intentions of sharing Spring. She was his.

Bo quickly began shucking his clothing, tossing it every which way. He fumbled a few times along the way when Spring moaned as her hands went about exploring her body without him. One hand tweaked and teased a nipple as the other found its way down her belly, past her strip of wet curls, and sunk straight into her pussy.

"That's a beautiful sight. Don't you start without me, minx." His voice low and husky. Quickly donning a condom, Bo jerked her to the edge of the table and pushed her hand away. He smiled when she moaned at the loss. He pressed the tip of his cock to Spring's slit and slid along the wet path of her pussy. She moaned and squirmed, trying to get him to push forward into her sheath.

Bo leaned down and took her mouth in a gentle kiss as he slowly pressed his cock another inch into her pussy. "Mmmm, baby, you are very tight," he murmured against her lips. He fed her pussy a little more of his cock after every retreat.

The play of emotions that crossed Spring's face, as Bo slowly worked his cock into her, was a sight to behold. She squirmed and tried to move faster, working him in deeper, but he held her steady and tweaked one nipple. "My pace, minx. Don't rush it. You're damned tight, and I'm not a small man.

"You're crushing my willpower with every stroke." With one strong, final push, Bo was finally fully seated in her. He couldn't control the urge, the lustful desire to feel her warmth devouring him from the inside out. It was like slipping into a steaming hot bath.

Her strangled screams scared the shit out of Bo. Pulled him out of his own thoughts. He instantly froze. "Dammit. I'm sorry, baby. I tried to go slow—"

Spring squirmed and finally wiggled her ankles from Bo's grip to wrap her legs tight around him. "You didn't hurt me, Bo." The look on his face, in his eyes, told her he didn't believe her. His continued stillness backed up that theory. "I promise. It's just...it's just been a while." More like years. She wiggled her hips, trying to get him to move, but once again, he gripped her waist, halting all movements.

Pleased yet frustrated by his concerns, Spring banged her fists on the table. "Fuck. Me. *Please*."

Bo stared at her a moment longer, then he began to move. Deep, powerful thrusts. He could feel her quivering all around his cock. Her nails scraped the table with every stroke. He secured her legs tighter around him as he fucked her slow, hard, and deep.

"Is this how you like it, minx? You like feeling my cock sliding to the hilt, fucking you deep?" The look in her eyes said it all. She liked what he did to her. Her lips parted slightly as she arched her back.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Good, because your greedy pussy is clutching my cock. I need to get deeper, baby." He watched as she nodded her head, but said nothing. Bo increased his speed, cupping her ass for better penetration. Hard, powerful, and deep. Faster, firmer strokes. He couldn't get enough of her.

Bo pressed his thumb to her clit. The accumulation of cream from her sex let him know she loved it. "I feel you, baby. Are you ready to come again?"

She nodded. "Kiss me, please." Spring knew Bo had said something, but the blood thundering through her ears was deafening. She wanted him closer. She wanted his heat wrapped around her body, to feel his chest rubbing against her nipples, the weight of his body on her when she came. And, boy, was she about to come. It hurt with such pleasure, she didn't think it would happen.

When Bo leaned over to kiss her, Spring clawed at his arms, moving to his back. Not enough to break skin, but enough to know he was driving her insane. She finally settled on tugging at his hair once again. He growled and pounded her pussy harder, determined to lose himself in her. Bo felt consumed, dizzy with desire and the need to be lost in this woman.

Bo knew neither he nor Spring gave a damn about the hunger that tore through them. Her demands for more only threw him into a frenzy. He fucked her relentlessly. Cupping her shoulders and burying his face in the crook of her neck, he bit, nipped, and sucked at her. Spring bucked on his cock harder.

"Yeah, give it to me, Spring. I want it all. Come for me again, baby." He lapped at the tender spot on her neck just as she tightened around his cock, milking him. His little minx was coming, and he was right behind her. Her pussy convulsed as her hot cream flowed from her body right onto his tight sack.

Spring could only hold on to Bo's shoulders as her orgasm knocked the wind out of her. Her voice had gone hoarse from the overwhelming pleasure Bo gave her. She never knew being bitten on the neck would be an erogenous zone. Who was she kidding? She didn't know she had any.

Spring stroked Bo's hair as she listened to him come down from his orgasmic high. It was the sweetest thing she had ever heard. Sure, she was louder than she'd ever been, but Bo had this sexy, soft, low, deep moan going on. She tightened her legs around his waist. God, she didn't want to move from this position no matter how uncomfortable it was. It felt so good having his cock inside of her, still throbbing even after he'd come.

The soft, wet pop brought Spring's attention to the one thing she hadn't realized. Bo had sucked hard on her neck as he came.

Clearing her throat a few times, Spring spoke in a whisper. "Bo."

"Hmmm." He was too spent to move.

"Bo." Spring lightly stroked his back until she heard him chuckle a bit.

"That tickles, minx," he mumbled into her neck.

"Baby, you're getting heavier by the minute." She could feel his body relaxing a little too much on hers. Although she enjoyed the closeness, this was no longer a good thing. This big man was going to crush her.

With a groan, Bo rose up to his elbows and smiled down at her. Their bodies glistened with sweat. Her eyes were still glazed over. She was just as spent as he was. "You're so beautiful." He kissed her nose and brushed a few stray hairs from her face. The movement caused a small beam of light to shine across Spring's neck, giving him a good glimpse of the damage he had done to her neck.

The color all but drained from Bo's face. Spring didn't know what was wrong with him, but from the ghastly look on his face, he was making her nervous. "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I'm sorry, minx. I got carried away." He caressed the spot on her neck where he had been sucking. He'd left a huge passion mark on the side of her neck. There was no mistaking it for a mosquito bite. He didn't intend to mark her, claim her. Just claim her body. Yet somewhere deep down inside, he cheered at the mark on her neck. Every man in the city would know she belonged to someone. To him.

Her hand rose to the spot he caressed. She felt the heated flush of her face. She was blushing. The last time she could ever remember having one of these was back in high school. It was a twinge sore, but she didn't care. It brought a smile to her lips. In the throes of passion, a man had marked her.

This man had marked her. Spring cupped his face and stared into his eyes. They sparkled with passion and concern. Could it get any better than this?

“Do you regret doing it? Any of it?” She knew it was wishful thinking, but she didn’t regret any of it and could only hope he felt the same way. This night had been the most amazing night of her life. She had been bold. Took the bull by the horns and sated her needs. She indulged in a night of passion, and she did not regret making the choice to do so. So what if she walked around Vegas with a big-ass passion mark on her neck. It would remind her of the awesome sex Bo had given her.

“No, minx, I don’t regret it.” Bo leaned down and brushed his lips to hers. “Come on, baby, let’s get you cleaned up,” he said, halting any other doubts she may have had. He could see it in her eyes. He didn’t want Spring backpedaling or regretting her choices. He didn’t. They’d already flowed free and easy with the endearments. Why stop and question everything? After discarding his condom, Bo scooped his little minx up into his arms and took her upstairs to his bedroom.

Chapter 6

Bo waited until the shower temperature was perfect before he went back into the bedroom to once again pick Spring up. Everything he had done with her was so out of character for him it was almost scary. Whenever he was on the road and wanted to fuck a woman, he *never* took her back to his real hotel suite. There was always another one they used. He didn’t cuddle with them or carry them around the room. Hell, he rarely carried on much of a conversation with them. What was the point? Those women only wanted to use him simply because of who he was. Bragging rights. The lure of it all was no longer attractive to Bo. He had outgrown that crap. He didn’t know what he wanted, but it definitely was not the fuck-and-dump lifestyle.

Spring’s eyes didn’t twinkle with dollar signs even after she stepped into his suite. She did not ask him personal questions. Spring simply put her trust, her pleasure, in his hands. Tonight he had been

tender, careful, and a bit aggressive with Spring, while getting lost in how good she felt wrapped around him. She had kissed him with more passion than any woman he had met before. The sex was outrageous, and her pussy was addictive. *She* was addictive. Tasting her sweet cream had sent him to a whole new level of...of something he didn't want to identify.

Bo liked picking her up, carrying her around. She felt good in his arms. He liked the way she tucked her head under his chin and snuggled close to him. It was an unfamiliar, but welcomed feeling. He wanted to keep her close and protected. But tonight was a onetime deal. He would relish it. Milk it for all it was worth. No woman had ever made him want to spend the extra time with her, pleasure her over and over, let alone shower with her. Damn, he really had been a jerk. Damn those women for using him.

He loved how she looked so small in the center of the king-sized bed with her arms wrapped tightly around her knees. He wished he knew what she was thinking. She was so still as she watched him step out of the bathroom stark naked and heading towards the bed, towards her.

"Come here, minx." He stood at the edge of the bed and waited for her to scoot to him so he could carry her to the shower. This sweet little minx was doing a number on him. The continuous hard-on he donned, even though he had just had an orgasm, confirmed it.

"I can walk, you know," she teased as she moved to the edge of the bed.

"I know you can, baby, but indulge me. Let me carry you around. I enjoy it."

How could she deny him that simple request? His hair was tousled, and he had that ruggedly handsome thing going on. She couldn't resist even if she tried. Once she reached the edge of the bed, she allowed Bo, once again, to pick her up and carry her to the bathroom. It was wonderful. She felt like a princess. She felt small, vulnerable, and special all at the same time. Had any of her friends ever experienced a one-night stand like this?

Was the man always as tender and caring about the woman's needs as Bo was to hers? She had never met a man this attentive. All of the attention would be a perfect ending to a perfect night. She would never forget this night. And yet, her funky conscience tried its best to push forward the doubts and regrets that would surely come in the morning. *No*, she thought. She wouldn't allow her straight-laced conscience to ruin this night. She damn well needed this night more than she had realized.

Spring enjoyed the pampering Bo gave her. When in the hell would she ever receive this type of tenderness again? Shit! When would she get fucked again once she got back to Denver? Her dating pool was zero. This little fun fact seemed to hold steady because her choices were between married men who thought they were single once they left the home and one-step-away-from-retirement-home singles. There was no sunny side to this, until she went to Las Vegas for her well needed break. And tonight, she had Bo. Shutting out her conscience, she smiled up at Bo as he placed her on her feet inside of the steaming shower.

"What's that I smell?" Spring looked at him in surprise.

“What? Don’t tell me you haven’t used the lavender tablets in your hotel room? You just drop them to the shower floor and the water does the rest.” Another great choice his sister had made. He’d have to tell her that when he saw her in the morning.

Bo reached for the vanilla bodywash and poured some onto a washcloth, but halted when he looked down at Spring. “I’m going to wash your body. All you have to do is stand there and let me take care of you.” He eyed her from head to toe and back. “Do you need to pin your hair up?” For a moment, Bo did not think Spring had heard a word he had said. She looked as if she were in a trance as she stared at him.

He leaned down and brushed his lips over hers while holding eye contact. “Minx, did you hear me?”

Oh, dear God, was she in the twilight zone? No man was this damn nice. Ever! Someone in the heavens must have felt sorry for her. Bo didn’t ask, he simply told her he was going to wash her body. She was getting wet all over again just thinking about it.

He probably thought she was crazy, since she had yet to respond. She had been stunned into silence. Instead of searching for words she could not find, Spring found one of her hairpins she kept hidden in her hair, fashioned her hair into a bun, and pinned it up. She really didn’t give a damn what she looked like. The way he stared at her, waited patiently while she pinned her hair up, it made her body come alive. Her nipples were stiff as nails again.

She brushed a kiss back onto his lips and smiled. He was a sexy man. She couldn’t keep her hands off of him. And now that he had begun to soap her shoulders, Spring was finally able to get a good look at Bo’s body. He had muscles popping out all over his chest and abs. His neck was thick. She wanted to lick the taut, corded muscles. The sun had apparently kissed every part of his body. She damn near salivated as the water rippled down his muscled chest and flat abdomen. It was the most sensual sight to behold.

The tender strokes of his hands as he soaped every inch of her body aroused her. She felt like sliding down the shower wall. Every touch Bo placed on her skin made her weak, she was not used to this much attention. Tiny goose bumps formed as electrical currents flowed straight to her pussy. Stroke after stroke, zing after zing, throb after throb. She could feel her orgasm building once again. She could not hide her body’s reaction to Bo’s touch. Spring kept her head pressed against the shower wall, trying her best not to come.

“Feels good, baby?”

“Uh-huh.” She swallowed hard. So much for intelligent conversation. Her breathing was shallow. Her eyelids became heavy, giving in to the heady sensations. Spring could feel the internal convulsions. Her orgasm growing stronger once again. And she was doing exactly what he told her to do. Feel.

Bo laughed, then tsked, as he continued to wash her body. He was not going to allow her to come in the shower. He wanted her so hot and bothered and denied until they reached the bed.

“Don’t even try it, sweetness,” Bo said teasingly. “Mmmm. I can feel the heat pouring from your pussy, minx.” He lightly stroked the folds of her sex as he heard her breathing hitch. Damn, his cock was hard again. “I want you to be a good little minx and concentrate on not coming until we finish taking our shower.”

Like she was seriously going to obey that command. Spring rocked her hips slowly in opposition to the strokes to her folds. She was on the brink of orgasm, and he had barely touched her. She pressed her palms to the shower wall, bracing herself for the impending impact...

Bo halted his strokes immediately and looked up at Spring. “What did I say, minx?” He caressed her inner thighs instead.

Spring whimpered at the loss as she slumped back against the wall. She was almost there. “Dammit!” She slapped her wet palms against the tiles. “I-I was almost there.” Spring could barely control her breathing. It had felt so good. “Why did you stop?” She had been reduced to whining.

Bo finished lathering her knees and calves. “Lift.” He tapped the top of her left foot, completely ignoring her question.

Spring sighed as she lifted her foot. She knew he heard her. She could only stare at her foot being caressed by Bo. After lathering the left foot, he placed it back on the floor and tapped the right foot. Without a word, Spring lifted her foot to allow Bo to wash it. Once her foot was back on the floor, Spring groaned as she watched Bo stand up. His cock had managed to do the same. And she couldn’t help but wonder how he could ignore it. She wanted shower sex, and he wasn’t having any of it.

* * * *

It took everything Bo had not to press his cock into Spring’s pussy. He knew she was on the verge of coming. He also knew that keeping her from doing so would be even better. The buildup always made it better, more rewarding. Her body was beautiful. It was soft, like a woman’s body should be. Curves in all the right places and nipples he couldn’t stop touching. She only had a thatch of hair covering her sex. She was perfect.

“Turn around, minx. Face the wall, and let me finish.” He couldn’t help but laugh as Spring sported a playful pout as she turned towards the wall.

On the outside, she portrayed her sexy, confident side. On the inside, she was panting like hell, trying to keep from attacking this man. She did not want Bo to think she was some crazed nympho, but he seemed to bring that out in her. Spring splayed her palms out on either side of her head. She looked over her shoulder and eyed Bo. “Is this how you want me?” she teased as she wiggled her butt at him.

Damn did she know how to tempt him. Bo pressed his body to hers, melding them together. He nipped at her earlobe as she rubbed her bottom against his cock. "Spread those legs for me, minx." He heard her breathing hitch as she lowered her head and slowly widened her stance.

He stood back, took in the sweet sight before him, and groaned. He sucked in a breath when she pushed her bottom out a little more. "Damn. Just like that, baby." He cupped and kneaded her ass cheeks before spreading them. Bo moved in close and let his hard-as-nails cock fall between her cheeks.

Spring let out a sigh as she stroked his cock with her cheeks.

"Have you ever had anyone take you back here, minx?" Bo laid his forehead against Spring's shoulder and laced his fingers with hers. Just being between her ass cheeks was causing his balls to burn with the need to be inside of her. He felt her head shake "no" in answer to his question. He whispered a few choice words at the thought of how tight her virgin ass would be.

"I want to call in my next wish," he whispered against her ear as he continued to stroke his cock between the folds of her cheeks. His body had never burned this hot for a woman before. Every stroke between her cheeks sent an electrical surge to his balls. The woman tempted him without even trying to.

Spring let out a winded laugh. "Oh, I'm sure I can just about guess. Tell me."

"Let me have all of you." He stepped back and tapped a finger to her virgin puckered hole. "Every inch of you, inside and out, no holding back, just for tonight."

The gentle tapping on her rosette caused Spring to moan aloud. She moved her rear around the finger that remained pressed there. Her stance widened a little more, giving him more access, as she looked back over at Bo. She couldn't believe she was about to agree to let him take her where no other man had been allowed. She had always been curious about it. She had never been able to rationalize the allure she had with the naughty act. Just having his finger pressed up against it sent sparks to her already throbbing clit. She wanted it. How he would fit inside of her was another story altogether. She would not think about that. She knew Bo would not hurt her.

Spring could feel the subtle pressure he applied with just the one finger. He waited for her to answer the question. Once again, she pushed her conscience to the back. She didn't want to think about this. She just wanted to feel Bo inside of her. She just wanted to enjoy being wanted and pleased.

"Wish granted." Her voice was husky and filled with lust. Her head was clouded with wicked thoughts of how great it was going to feel having Bo fuck her there.

She almost choked on the burning need that was quickly building inside of her. Without a second thought, Spring pressed down on the finger that pressed at her entrance. She wanted the gentle, slow preparation she knew Bo would give her, but she could not fight the burning need to feel that erotic bite of pain that she knew would come with this act. Tonight was all she had. She wanted it all.

Spring squeezed the fingers still laced with hers against the shower wall and cried out. She slid her free hand down her body until she reached her clit and caressed. Damn it felt good when Bo pushed past the tight ring of muscles. She had pushed out as he had instructed. "Bo," she whimpered as she turned in search of his lips.

Bo gave her what she sought. He brushed his lips against hers as he continued his slow, deep strokes into Spring's rear. "Are you okay, baby?" he murmured against her lips as he stared at her intensely.

She nodded and replied, "Yes."

"Good." Bo pulled his finger out and pushed back in with two fingers.

Spring cried out at the pleasurable pain she felt. Once again, she teetered on the edge, but it was not going to happen. She needed more. She needed *him*. "Please fuck me. I need to come, Bo." She no longer cared if she begged. She burned to have him inside of her once again.

He nipped at her shoulder and sighed. "Dammit, minx, I can't say no to you." Bo knew he barely hung on to what little control he had left. His balls would burst at any moment. Lust overwhelmed his senses. He removed his fingers from inside of her.

He yanked her by her hips, pulling her away from the wall, turned her to face him. Picking her up by the waist, he impaled her in one erotically rough thrust. There was nothing delicate about it. The way she screamed out his name and dug her nails deep into his shoulders only spurred him on.

He could no longer hold back. He nearly lost all control right then. Her sheath held on to him so tight, Bo knew if he didn't move, he would explode. And there was no way he was coming before her. He began to move as her cries for more drowned out everything around him. Including the fact that the water was now lukewarm.

He fucked her with a hungry ferociousness he didn't know existed. The more she cried out, the harder he fucked her. His balls tightened painfully as Spring began giving just as much as she got. She matched him stroke for stroke. Bo slid his hand down to cup her ass before he dipped two fingers into her puckered rosebud.

That was all it took to quickly send Spring over the edge. She dug her nails into Bo and rode out her orgasm. It was painfully delicious. The rough, fiery look in his eyes set her body on fire. She held on tight. Devouring Bo's mouth with her own. She drowned out his rough grunts of approval as he followed right behind her. Moments later, on semi-steady legs, Bo placed Spring back on her feet, quickly cleaned them both, and shut off the quickly cooling water.

* * * *

Bo wrapped her in a thick towel and carried her off to the bed once again. "Take off the towel and climb up on all fours, minx."

The commanding tone of his deep baritone voice gave Spring a newfound burst of giddy excitement. She should have been tired, worn out, or even sore, not ready for another round. Instead, she rode the adrenaline high that seemed to blaze throughout her. From her fingers right down to her toes, she felt it in rippling waves. Her body heated up as her womb tightened. That excitement trickled down until it found her spent sheath and once again flooded with her juices. She knew what was about to happen, and she couldn't wait. She quickly moved into place as she waited for Bo to return to the bed. She heard Bo's low chuckle as he moved about the room.

Afraid to look over her shoulder at him, she spoke. "What is so funny?" Her voice filled with laughter as she tried to fight the pulsating throb in her pussy.

"You are, minx. You're excited about what's going to happen."

She heard the whisper of a drawer opening and closing, but she refused to look in Bo's direction. She waited nervously as the butterflies in her stomach took flight. Damn. She did not think she would be this bold, nor did she think the sex with Bo would have been so amazingly mind-blowing. Her body tingled. Her clit throbbed painfully as she waited for him to climb onto the bed.

How was it possible for her pussy to weep with her juices after the orgasm she'd just had in the shower only moments ago? Good grief, this man had an unexplainable effect on her. When she felt the bed dip behind her, felt his body heat radiating all around her, her pussy simply went up in flames.

"Oh, God!" How the hell was that even possible? She was coming! Before she had time to slide her hand down to her clit, Bo was there.

He chuckled as he grabbed hold of her waist, and in one smooth stroke, he filled her quivering sheath. "You really are a little minx." That was truly a new one for Bo. He held her close as he kept a steady pace, allowing Spring to ride out her orgasm.

As Spring rode out the wicked orgasm, she felt the cold lubricant being spread across and inside of her sensitive rosebud. She bucked beneath him. She wondered if she would survive the intense pleasure he continued to give her. The two thick, calloused fingers that stretched and scissored her only made her womb tighten and sizzle as another orgasm began to quickly build once again. She couldn't believe that she was about to do this.

Of course, she should have been shocked and surprised by the fact that she was in a hotel suite having amazing sex with a man she met only hours before, but she couldn't. She was shocked that she was about to let this man touch her, stroke her, fuck her in the one place that was off limits to every sex partner she had ever had. Bo's gentle words halted all other thoughts she had.

"I want you to relax, sweetheart. If at any point you don't want this, just tell me to stop, and I will. Okay?" He continued slow strokes inside of her sheath as he spread lubricant in and around her tight rosebud.

"Okay." She could barely catch her breath.

Bo slowly pressed in two fingers, working her gently. He scissored and pumped his fingers as he watched her press back on his hand. He caressed her back as he murmured encouraging words to her. He gently added a third finger and felt her pussy clench his cock. He pulled his condom-covered cock out of her pussy and pressed it and her cream against the sensitive rosette. He gently stroked her back and thighs as if to soothe her.

Spring clutched the sheets and concentrated on relaxing as Bo pressed forward. Oh, this was nothing like having his thick fingers probing inside of her. This...this was ten times worse. She pushed out as he pushed past the tight ring of nerves. The feeling, the sheer excitement of what she was doing, what it felt like to literally pull him inside of her was ten times better. Spring wasn't sure if the idea of being fucked in the ass calmed her worries or Bo's slow yet continuous strokes. It didn't matter. She stayed completely motionless as Bo pressed past the tight ring of muscles. The sensations of pinching, stretching, and burning quickly passed as the rush of lust and flat-out fucking consumed her.

She didn't want to sit still, couldn't sit still, while Bo took a moment for her to adjust to him. She began rocking back on his cock as he fought to hold on to her.

"Bo...please," she gritted out. She wanted that bit of pain he gave her. The pressure, the fullness, the erotic pain sent her senses into overload. Spring couldn't help but clutch harder at the sheets when Bo silently gave in to her pleas. He dug in to her hips for a better grip as he stroked her slow and deep.

Neither of them could hold out.

Bo reached around until he found her clit and squeezed it between his thumb and index finger. He received the response he was looking for.

Spring screamed into the sheets as she began to buck uncontrollably as the hardest orgasm she'd ever experienced hit her with a force she wasn't prepared for. Tears welled in her eyes as her arms began to shake. Her orgasm was damn near painful as she rocked and writhed on Bo's cock. If Bo hadn't had such a firm grip on Spring's hips, she would have dislodged from his cock when her powerful orgasm hit. She had given herself over to the pleasure. She felt the strong throbs of his cock when he came right after she had.

Spring was sated. Her body continued to hum when Bo slowly pulled out of her. She felt the gentle strokes of the washcloth as Bo cleaned her body. Finally giving in to the sated and relaxed feelings, Spring succumbed to the sweet call of slumber only rock-em-sock-em sex can give a woman.

Chapter 7

Spring was not quite sure if the early morning sunbeams woke her or the lingering erotic pain of too much sex. Her body ached in places...in good places. She smiled. She had lost count of who had woken whom up during the night. At one point, Spring had woken Bo up with her mouth on his cock. He had returned the favor by lying on his side and taking her gently from behind. Somewhere along the sexually gratifying lines, their wild explorations and fucking had turned into something resembling slow, passionate lovemaking.

That was not supposed to happen. It couldn't happen. Whenever possible, Bo stroked her cheek as he stared intensely into her eyes. They watched each other. They had watched the play of emotions on each other's faces when they came together. It had become more than mere fucking. At least that was what it resembled. She was overthinking this, right? Wanting, looking for something deeper. She knew she couldn't turn a one-night stand into something more. That's why she was having an internal panic attack and slipping out of his bed. She had to get the hell out of there before he woke up.

Spring shook her head as she quietly stood up. She wouldn't allow herself to downplay what had happened. Nor would she regret what she had done. She lived in the moment. It may not have been one of her best judgment calls, but she would do it all over again in a heartbeat. But only with Bo. She looked back over at the bed where he lay sprawled out. His mass of dark curls was in disarray. Just like her hair probably was. He was spent. She was spent. Her body was definitely spent. She smiled to herself. It was worth it.

Thank goodness Bo had brought her clothing and leather tote upstairs. She picked up the destroyed peach scraps that had been her shirt. After a quick glance around the room, she spotted his black button-down shirt he had worn the night before and slipped it on. It was too long, too big, and smelled just like him. It brought a smile to her lips.

As much as she wanted to stay and cuddle in his arms, she had to remind herself this was only for one night. No matter how conflicted her emotions were, she couldn't ignore the fact that this was a

one-time deal. How could she explain away the connection she felt to Bo? She would never see this man again. She didn't know his last name. And she sure as shit didn't think he was an actual resident of Las Vegas. She would take this night, this experience, and hold tight to it.

Today she went back to Spring Showers, sole member of the make-believe, boring, occasional sex club. She still had a passion mark to remind her of this night. Her sisters would drill the crap out of her, but this was her secret, and she would keep it close.

She had to get the hell out of Bo's suite and back down to her room. Her sisters were due at the hotel in about two hours. That gave her just enough time to shower and think of a cover story for her fantastic passion mark. Her fingers brushed against it with the smug thought that Bo had claimed her. Damn was she delusional.

Spring managed to tiptoe out of the bedroom and suite undetected. She smiled to herself as she walked casually to the elevator. She knew she had that just-fucked look going on. Hell, she had on a man's shirt, her damn near ruined leather pants, heels, and leather tote in her hand, and her hair was a frizzy mess. Bo had pulled it out of its ponytail during the night. He had explained that he wanted her hair in both his hands when he fucked her mouth. The way he had talked to her burned her body. She had never met a man like him. What she wouldn't give for another night with him. She had never had so many orgasms in one night in her entire adult life. Yet he pulled them from her like it was nothing.

Spring couldn't stop grinning when she stepped onto the empty elevator. Her body was aching. Good aches. She had never been fucked so well in her life. Would she be able to keep this stupid grin off of her face once her sisters arrived? Didn't matter, her Las Vegas trip was turning out to be one to remember.

* * * *

"Hurry up, Spring, the elevator doors are opening!"

"Yeah, yeah, keep your panties on, girl. I'm coming!" Spring and her sisters were headed to breakfast, and she had taken too long to get dressed. She tried to find something that would cover up her passion mark, but finally decided against it. She would wear it like a battle scar.

Nothing had slipped by her sisters once they arrived. But they also realized Spring was beyond tight-lipped about who sucked her neck into oblivion and plastered that silly grin on her face. Eventually they gave up. They settled for teasing her instead. She knew her sisters would play their famous sit-and-wait game. And eventually, she would spill. She trotted down to the bank of elevators just as she heard her sister, Summer.

“There. Is. A. God. Come on, Spring. There are three hot cowboys holding the elevator for you!”

What in the world had gotten into her sister? She acted as if she had never seen men before. Hell, the men probably weren’t real cowboys anyway. Spring smiled and immediately shrugged. It was Vegas. Why the hell her sister was yelling down the hall so early in the morning was lost on Spring. But then again, nobody really slept in Vegas. They were there to have a good time, so she yelled back as she approached the elevator. “I’m coming, Summer. I can’t run in this dress...” Every word in the English dictionary was lost to Spring when she reached the elevator her sisters were waiting in.

She instantly knew why her three sisters had the dumbest grins on their faces. The three cowboys were hot. Their mutual overpowering and imposing presences filled the elevator to damn near capacity. Her eyes lingered a moment too long to go undetected by her detective-like sisters. Damn! Her body tingled like it knew who it belonged to when she caught Bo’s gaze.

There he stood with his Stetson on, snug T-shirt, low-rider faded jeans, and well-worn cowboy boots. The men flanking him were dressed in similar clothing. But Spring couldn’t take her eyes off of Bo. The man who had fucked the living daylights out of her only hours earlier. The sight of him made her nipples hard, and her pussy instantly flooded with her juices. What the hell?

Bo was flanked on either side by what had to be his brothers, the same men she had seen the night before. They stood against the back wall of the elevator. Cowboy hats low on their heads, but not low enough that she couldn’t see the identical pale sky-blue eyes. Her sisters stood in front of them. And all eyes were on Spring. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Could things be any more uncomfortable? The three men donned knowing smirks before their facial features were serious again. It took her sisters only moments to pick up on the obvious point that something was going on.

“Spring, get on the elevator. I’m hungry,” her baby sister, April, whined.

Spring thought that would be the end of it. She prayed her sisters thought she was enthralled by the three hunks just like they were. She hoped like hell neither Bo nor his brothers would open their mouths.

Damn, she should have known things wouldn’t go her way.

She stepped into the elevator and pressed herself to the side wall, trying to put as much distance between them as possible. She muttered to herself and unconsciously brushed her hair to the side and bared her passion mark.

Her older sister, Summer, was the first to notice the looks that passed between Spring and Bo. Spring knew it was over when Summer smirked at her, but held her tongue. That was so unlike Summer. Too bad for Spring, Bo’s brothers were not so forgiving.

“Hey, Vance, have you noticed that our brother has a similar big-ass hickey on his neck just like the pretty lady over there?” He nodded in Spring’s direction. Twerp. Unable to look away, she watched as Bo’s eyes zeroed in on her and only her. He didn’t care who knew.

“Uh-huh. You’re right, Cade. We must have missed out on one hell of a party last night. Two people with big-ass hickeys! What are the odds?” Bastards!

Spring felt her entire body flush with embarrassment. Running into her one-night stand and his sarcastic brothers was not something she had expected to do. Spring watched as her sisters took in what was *not* being said as they looked from her neck, her eyes, her body movement, then to Bo and did the same. Dammit!

Karma screwed with her this morning. The first time she decided to go wild, look what happened. What were the odds of getting into the elevator with Bo and his brothers? She just watched as her sisters continued to do mental inventory on the situation as the elevator continued to descend. She was trapped. Trapped on the elevator with her one-time lover, her nosy-ass sisters, and his bigmouthed brothers.

Bo must have realized the panicked look in her eyes. A slow, sexy grin crossed his lips as he ignored their curious siblings and reached out a hand to her. Without hesitation, Spring placed her hand in his and walked into his embrace. She wished she could have ignored him. She wished that after one night it would have remained one night. She wished she would not have run into Bo the rest of her trip. But none of those things were possible.

Spring wrapped her arms around his waist and buried her head into his chest. It was like coming home. He smelled so damned good. Every naughty act she shared with Bo came rushing back. She belonged there with him, and yet, she knew this would not last. Spring knew that when it came time for them to part ways, it was going to hurt like hell. But for now, right now, she embraced everything Bo offered her. She pressed her ear to his chest and let the pounding of his heart calm her, tune out their siblings.

“Awwwkward,” May, Spring’s other sister, mumbled.

The elevator dinged, and luckily for Spring and Bo, his brothers saved the day. If only momentarily.

“How about you three ladies have breakfast with us, on us, and let these two do...whatever.” Vance smiled at his brother while Cade smacked him on the back. They were clueless just like the sisters, but they would give Bo whatever he needed. And right now, he needed to be alone with Spring.

Calling for reassurances as they stepped out of the elevator, Summer turned to Spring, who had now turned to them. “We will see you at breakfast, right?”

Spring couldn’t help but laugh. Summer, always the big sister, no matter how old they got. “Yes, Summer. Just give us a few minutes. Okay?”

“Don’t be long.” Spring could see the worry in her sister’s eyes. She nodded her head as the elevator closed once again.

Spring turned to Bo and watched as he swiped a card across the panel where the buttons were located. The elevator stood motionless. When the phone inside the elevator rang, he quickly picked it up and spoke into it.

"Hit the camera and give me twenty, okay?"

Apparently, whoever was on the other end didn't put up a fuss. He gently hung up the phone and turned to Spring. He ran the pad of his thumb across her lips and grinned. "You gave me your real name."

That hadn't been the first thought to cross her mind, but she smiled at the statement. "I did. And so did you, Bo." Her grin was just as wide as his. She watched as his pale blue eyes twinkled and darkened as he leaned down towards her.

"You snuck out of my suite."

She didn't expect that to come out of his mouth. Frankly, she thought they should have avoided that topic altogether. She looked down, because she couldn't look at him and think of a lie. She did sneak out. What was she supposed to do? Instead, Spring said nothing.

Bo's hand went to her cheek. Instinctively, she turned into it with her eyes closed and kissed his palm. The intimate gestures should have unnerved her, but they didn't. It only made her womb tighten at his every touch.

"Spring," he whispered as he tipped her chin up and once again held her gaze. "What is this? What's happening between us?"

"I-I don't know. But I don't want it to stop." Had she said that out loud?

"Me neither." He held her head in his hands and ran his tongue across her lips just before she parted them. He welcomed the silent invitation. His tongue slid past her lips and instantly tangled with hers. The deep sigh from Spring simply encouraged him to kiss her with more passion. The desire for her burned deep in the depths of his soul. He couldn't part with her. He growled in her mouth as hands skated all over her body. She moaned at his touches and moved in impossibly closer to him. Breaking their kiss first, he stared at her with lust-filled eyes. Panting as he tried to catch his breath.

"Wish number two, *please* fuck me now." Oh, dear God, she didn't even recognize the sound of her own voice. Where had the confidence come from? She just begged a man to fuck her in the elevator where anyone could hear or see them. And all Spring could do was concentrate on not coming before he touched her.

Bo only arched a brow at her request. "Minx, take off your panties before I rip them off."

There was no smile on his face or in his voice. His face had gone stern, determined, and his eyes darkened even more. Spring had never moved so fast in her life. This is what she wanted, what she craved. A man that knew what she needed and what she craved. Sometimes Spring wanted soft and

gentle and sometimes...sometimes she just wanted her brains fucked out. The desire for this man made her insane. The throbbing of her clit couldn't be ignored. After slipping her panties off, she tossed them to the floor and looked up at Bo. He had already removed his hat.

"You are so damn sexy." He grabbed both of her arms and linked them around his neck. She hadn't even realized he had already unzipped his pants and had his cock out, bobbing and ready to make her scream his name.

His hands slowly caressed down her body until they found her naked pussy and slid two fingers inside of her. She was soaked. Bo removed his fingers and grabbed handfuls of her dress and pushed it up to her waist. "Are you ready, minx?" He did not bother to let her answer. It would not have mattered either way. She was always ready for him.

He took her mouth in such a rough kiss it took her breath away. When her knees began to melt at the sheer force of it all, Bo cupped her ass and lifted her off the floor as if she weighed nothing. "Lock your legs around me," he whispered against her lips.

Spring did as instructed. She immediately felt the cold surface of the elevator wall at her back. He was going to use it for support. She felt his fingers glide down the crevice of her rounded cheeks and dip into her saturated pussy. Her juices were everywhere. They had coated her tender folds as well as her clit and inner thighs.

"Mmmm," he murmured against her ear. "All for me."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement. A statement she wouldn't dare argue against. A statement she wholly agreed with. A statement she wished could last past her vacation. A statement she would hold on to as long as possible.

"Bo," she groaned as she tossed her head from side to side against the elevator wall. Her hips moved of their own free will. She had no control over her body. It only seemed to respond to Bo and his ministrations.

No words were uttered by him. Only the delicious haze of desire and hunger for Spring shone brightly in those stormy, ever-changing eyes of his. He aligned her sheath with his dick and slowly sank into her to the hilt. His come boiled, ready to burst through his slit. The pressure was insurmountable. He watched as Spring squirmed and moaned, but he held her firm and controlled every stroke.

"Bo, I-I won't last. You have maybe sixty seconds." She closed her eyes. Embarrassed by the admission.

"Look at me, Spring." He began slow, deep thrusts as he spoke to her. When she opened her eyes and looked at him, he continued to talk. "I will be right behind you, baby. Let go. Come for me, minx."

His words were like an aphrodisiac. Spring tightened her legs around his waist and gripped him harder on the shoulders. Her clit became so sensitive to touch that when Bo thrust into her, just the light strokes of his curls were enough to send her over the edge. Spring was by no means quiet when she came.

Bo latched on to her mouth and swallowed her cries. He melded her to his body as he thrust harder into her. His fingers dug into her bottom as he fucked her. He was so deep inside her, he couldn't tell where he ended and she began. All he could do was enjoy her sheath tightening and sucking at his spent cock. When he slowed his strokes, he called her name and waited for her to, once again, open her eyes.

"You're mine, Spring." One slow stroke in and out. "You are mine. No matter what." Another slow stroke as his cock went soft. "I don't know what this is, but I can't let you go." His cock slipped out of her, but he still held her firmly against his chest and the wall.

"Don't do this." Tears filled her eyes, but she did not look away. She couldn't. The sincerity and uncertainty in Bo's eyes held her gaze. Her fingers found their way into his hair. She had to touch him. Anything to keep from letting those tears fall. "This was supposed to be a one-time thing." She wanted to believe that, but she could no longer hold on to that thought any more than Bo could. One night was all it took to confuse the shit out of both of them.

"Baby, you already staked your claim on me, remember?" Bo pulled one of her hands free of his hair and pressed it to the love bite she had given him last night. He smiled and moaned at her touch. He did not want to continue to focus on this. "Let's get you cleaned up. I'm sure your sisters are looking for you and driving my brothers insane."

Chapter 8

On the verge of hyperventilating, Bo was relieved when the elevator doors finally swung open. He kept his hand firmly attached to Spring's lower back as they headed to the only restaurant serving a breakfast buffet. He tried to focus on anything other than the events that had taken place over the last fifteen hours. What alternate universe had he stepped in? When had he ever gone around claiming women?

Bo held on to Spring's waist a little firmer than necessary, but it was either hold her or freak the hell out. She melded to his side and smiled up at him. Her smile could make his heart beat double time. She was beautiful. There was something about her that brought out his protective instincts. Hell, he wanted to kick someone's ass when he woke up to find her gone.

He had barreled out of his bed and stalked the halls looking for her. He inadvertently woke his brothers, but he didn't apologize. Once he realized her clothing was gone, as well as his shirt, he grabbed the hotel phone. Bo called his sister Sloane. She was one of his relatives who actually lived in Las Vegas and helped to run the *Three Wishes Casino*. Bo could not believe the request he made to his sister. He had asked his sister, Sloane, to run the tapes to find out where Spring went after she left his room. He wanted her room number, her name, and any other information Sloane could find.

After long minutes of laughter on his sister's end, she told him no. Hell no. She reminded him that the hotel had a reputation to uphold, and if she went around giving her brothers information about other hotel guests, they may lose business. Bo knew he would have to break down and tell his sister the truth. At least she was a romantic.

Bo told his sister everything. Well, everything but the utmost intimate details. He knew Sloane would be just as surprised as he was by his behavior. She then congratulated her younger brother on finally growing up and turning into the man she knew he could be.

Sloane would only divulge that the woman he had spent the night with was in fact named Spring and what room she was in. She wished him luck and hung up the phone a bit more cheerful than she had been when she first picked it up.

Bo had showered and dressed faster than necessary. Then he went to the other bedrooms once again and told his brothers to get dressed so they could have breakfast. He wanted to talk to them. After many beloved curse words were thrown in his direction, Bo waited downstairs as patiently as possible. Pacing and yelling.

He didn't expect to see Spring so soon. When she and her sisters stepped on the elevator, he had all but forgotten how to breathe. The sight of Spring in the thin, red, cotton sundress, caramel skin glowing and flawless from their all-night sex fest, and her hair flowing in soft curls over her shoulders and back, caused his cock to stand at attention. He witnessed the exact moment her nipples pebbled at the sight of him. Dear God, he had never been so tied in knots over a woman. He watched as the woman Spring called Summer eyed him *and* her. Apparently, not much got past her. He could tell she knew

something was up. And it didn't help matters when his bigmouthed brothers became the overly sarcastic duo.

Bo was becoming more attached to Spring, and taking her in the elevator did not help matters at all. There was no way he would be able to walk away from her after this weekend. He didn't know where she lived and didn't care. The only thing that mattered was keeping Spring in his life. He would not, could not give her up by any means. Yep, he had definitely flipped his lid.

He needed to talk to his brothers. He definitely needed the advice of his sister, Sloane.

* * * *

Spring located her sisters engulfed in loud, boisterous conversation with Bo's brothers. They had found a table towards the rear of the restaurant with plenty of privacy and seating. When they spotted her and Bo, his brother Vance waved them over. They quickly made their way over to the table as five curious sets of eyes stared knowingly at them.

Bo pulled out the chair for Spring and then sat in the empty chair next to her. He was grateful for the fact that she had worn an easy-to-maneuver dress and had her hair down. She was stunning.

His heart had almost pounded out of his chest when she began chatting with her sisters and unconsciously linked her right pinky with his left. She did it with such smooth familiarity, like they had done this a thousand times.

The simple gesture didn't go unnoticed by anyone at the table, but no one was brave enough to comment on it. Bo mentally shrugged his shoulders and wondered how he could tell Spring, she had insinuated herself in his heart, and he wanted to keep it that way.

"I have to ask, ladies, is having flecks of gold in your eyes that resemble a star an inherited trait?" Bo wondered. It was one of the first things he noticed about Spring. Her eyes were nothing short of astonishing when she had an orgasm. The flecks became brighter and his cock would get harder. When he saw her three sisters, it was obvious they were related. It was hard to look away from a woman who literally had stars in her eyes.

"Our parents could never explain how it happened. It was an anomaly for them as well. A simple and sweet statement was made up for us instead. They left us with the tale that we were four special daughters. Hence the names: Summer, Spring, May, and April Showers," Summer responded as she grinned at Spring.

"Yeah, we were teased a lot when we were young," Spring added.

“Ha! You mean we got into a lot of scuffles when we were young,” May added.

“Those two,” April pointed to Summer and Spring, “they like to forget about that part.”

The three men burst into laughter. There sat four innocent and sweet-looking women who used to fight in defense of their names when they were younger. It was amazing. And Bo thought his upbringing was different. It was kind of sexy knowing his woman could handle herself when necessary.

“I would imagine so.” Bo held Spring’s gaze for long moments.

“So what do you ladies have on the agenda for today?” Vance asked once the table seemed covered in silence while his brother Bo made goo-goo eyes at Spring.

“We have lots to pack in today. It’s Friday morning...” April, the baby of the family, responded. She pulled out her small to-do list. She had listed every activity and show in case they changed their minds and wanted to do something different. “After breakfast we are going to hit the Fashion Show Mall. After we do damage at the mall and drop off our packages, we will head over to our Stripper 101 class. I tried to get us tickets to the bull rider competition, but it was a no go. So instead we will go see Thunder Down Under, and then end the night on the mechanical bull over at the saloon bar on the opposite end of the casino.”

Spring felt a gentle tug on her pinky from Bo. She looked up to meet his eyes. “What? What’s with the silly grin?”

“Stripper 101?” Bo arched a brow.

“It’s Vegas, baby!” May, the party animal chimed in.

“That it is.” Cade shook his head and smiled back at May.

“Are you ladies serious about wanting to attend the bull-riding competition?” Bo removed his hat finally. He hadn’t realized it until Vance nudged him. He slowly ran a hand through his hair with his free hand when he caught Spring’s baby sister staring at him.

“April, are you okay?”

“Holy crap.” April looked from his brothers and back to him. She didn’t wait for anyone to question her stares or comment. “I finally realized why you look so familiar. Wow.” Her grin was damn near blinding.

Bo and his brothers exchanged weary looks. April sounded like a fan. Dear Lord, please don’t let him have fucked her in the past.

“Where do you know him from, April?” Spring asked with an almost weary voice. Bo watched Spring while all eyes were on April.

April's eyes became big as saucers as all of her sisters turned to her. She cocked her head to the side and stared at Spring, a bit dumbfounded. "Y-you mean you don't know? He didn't tell you? What the hell did you two do last..." April rolled her eyes before continuing. "Never mind. Bo was the bull-riding champ for five years in a row, until he retired last year. As a matter of fact, don't the three of you own this hotel?" Surprised gasps were shared among the Showers women.

Bo felt Spring tense up, but he wouldn't budge. He continued to hang on to her pinky even as she tried to pull away. He watched her as the reality of the night before hit her. She didn't do a great job of shielding her ever-changing emotions as she let the newfound information sink in. They had agreed to one night, no shared information. She couldn't possibly get upset with him for keeping this from her. Could she?

That was one of the main reasons he was instantly attracted to Spring. She wasn't money hungry. Even after stepping into his hotel suite, she didn't ogle and hang on his every word. For once, a beautiful woman wanted him. Just Bo. Not what the Durden family name stood for. Nothing had changed. At least, not for him.

Spring sat silent for long moments. It felt as if the bottom had fallen out from under her. When she felt Bo tug at her pinky, the bottom slowly returned. The outburst from April was astonishing, but Spring had to remember that they had agreed to first names only, and even those were not supposed to be real. It was a lot to swallow in one sitting.

She sat looking off into space, barely listening to her sisters and Bo's brothers talking about bull riding. Spring turned to find Bo carefully watching her. He looked nervous. Her silence probably made him that way. What could she say? It was only for one night. It didn't change anything. She had sex with Bo, not his money. She wanted Bo, not his...his hotel or championship status.

"Hey," she whispered for his ears only.

Bo leaned in closer to her and answered. "Hey, minx." Damn, he had never felt this nervous in his life. Would this small unveiling scare her away? "You wanna go somewhere and talk about this revelation?"

Spring thought about the offer, but what would be the point? She tugged at his pinky a little for good measure, mustering up her best nervous smile. "We set our own rules last night, remember? It's a lot to swallow, but I don't really care. I got what I wanted last night. You. Let's just enjoy breakfast together. Just Bo and Spring."

Hot damn! Just one more reason he wanted to keep her. Spring had somehow reversed the roles in the situation. She was right. They had set their own rules. But, she also said she got what she wanted, which was him. The look on her face when her sister revealed who he really was, was genuine. Spring did not have a clue.

His thoughts were interrupted when his brother Vance changed the subject once again.

“How about checking the front desk when you ladies return from your Stripper 101 class. I will wrangle up some tickets for the bull-riding competition.”

“Oooh, I like the sound of that.” April beamed from ear to ear.

“Me, too,” May and Summer chimed together.

“Spring, do you want to go?” Bo asked.

“Sounds fun. This means we need to cut the chitchat and get up there to the breakfast buffet and dig in.” She could hear the growls coming from her stomach. All the exercise she had gotten the night before had drained her.

“Good thinking, minx.” Bo could tell she wanted to get past the awkward revelation and move on. He could deal with that. A woman who didn’t want to discuss money. A woman who wasn’t a tad bit curious about how much he had. Spring was one damned sexy conundrum. This was the best visit to Las Vegas he had ever had.

* * * *

Bo had managed to get some work done while Spring was off with her sisters. He didn’t know if she thought of him, but there wasn’t a moment that went by that he wasn’t thinking of her. Hell, his brothers had managed to poke fun at him at every turn. He had never zoned out because of a woman, and yet he kept doing it while they were making preparations for the bull-riding competition later that night. Eventually, both his brothers had sidelined him. He was useless most of the day.

It could not be helped. He kept replaying over and over the indescribable night he and Spring had shared. The way her skin glistened beneath his fingers. The way she responded to him. He had never made a woman come so many times in one night. Shit, every time he thought of Spring, his dick got hard.

How had Spring become more than just a one-night stand? How was he supposed to let go of her? He couldn’t, wouldn’t. He knew nothing about Spring, and yet he was absolutely fascinated with her. He needed to be honest with himself.

He had fallen in love with her. The moment she smiled at him, he was gone. Bo knew he only had one more night to think of something, but was stumped. It would be rude as hell to intrude on Spring and her sisters’ vacation. But he didn’t expect to meet her nor feel so strongly for her after just one night. As crazy as it sounded, Bo had fallen for Spring Showers, and he was determined to keep her.

The sex with Spring was off the charts, but that wasn't the only thing that had instantly attracted him to her. It was the woman. The way she carried herself. The way she sat alone at the bar, drawing. He wouldn't forget how she didn't bat an eye when she heard he had money. She was beautiful, and he wanted to get to know her better. Hell, he wondered if she would be willing to visit him on his ranch in Colorado.

Everything had happened so fast. He couldn't believe how absurd his behavior had been.

Nonetheless, Bo was as excited as a schoolboy when it was time for the bull-riding competition to begin. As promised, Vance had rounded up some prime seats for Spring and her sisters. He was not able to get to the stands to talk with her, but it was probably for the best. Bo did not think he would be able to stay away from her.

Cade designated himself guardian over the women. He kept an eye on them, escorted the women to the concession stands and restroom, and kept other men away. The only man that managed to get past Cade was their cousin, Dalton, another bull rider in attendance. Other than Dalton and Summer sniping at each other most of the night, Cade didn't have any other problems.

Once the competition came to an end, Cade brought the women down to Bo and Vance. They had left another one of their trustworthy employees to handle things while Bo and Vance went over to speak to Spring and her sisters. It was only a few moments, but once again, it was more than enough time for Bo to long for her once she left the arena.

Chapter 9

The men had been intent on heading back to their suite to shower and hit the sack, but with a little goading from Vance, they headed to the saloon-themed bar located in their hotel. That grabbed

Bo's attention quick, fast, and in a hurry. He remembered Spring's sisters talking about heading there later tonight. All of a sudden, going to bed seemed like such a stupid thought.

There were three dance clubs in the casino, and they all seemed to have no problems pulling in customers. Outside the saloon, there was a line that seemed to go on forever. Being an owner had its perks. Once inside, Bo almost immediately spotted Spring and her sisters drinking and cheering on a woman who was riding the mechanical bull. The women were boisterous and having a damned good time. It made Bo smile, and at the same time, it made him very aware that other men were watching her as well.

He wanted to drag Spring away from everyone and kiss her, keep her all to himself. Slide his hands underneath that short black leather vest to cup her soft, perky breasts. Thumb and tug at her nipples and watch her eyes roll back from the pleasure. He would not excuse his thoughts. Hell, he wanted to act on his thoughts. The woman was a walking wet dream with the leather vest clinging to her, snug, low-riding jeans, and well-worn cowboy boots. He couldn't help but grin. She was no fragile flower. His thoughts were interrupted by his brother Cade.

"Well, brother, it looks like you have fallen for her. Big time." Cade smiled as they stood against the bar and watched as Spring walked up to the mechanical bull for her turn.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Cade." Oh, dear God, how long was he going to hold on to that lie?

It was like watching a women's empowerment posse. Most of the women there didn't even know one another, but no one would have known the difference as they circled around the front of the bull pen chanting her name. The men proudly stood back and admired the crazed women in action. Bo kept his eyes plastered on Spring. He did not know if she had ever ridden a mechanical bull, but he would haul ass through the crowd to catch her if she fell. He was certain she wouldn't like that, but he didn't care. He would do anything to keep her safe, even from herself.

Vance handed them each a beer. They stood against a post along the side of the room. They were standing strategically out of visual range from Spring and her sisters. Bo wanted to keep an eye on her, but not ruin her fun.

"So is this the game we're going to play tonight, Bo?" Cade gave him a sideways glance. "You think I suggested this place for kicks? I remembered the women saying they were coming here at the end of their night."

"We are here for your ass, you dick. You think we can't tell what's going on between you and Spring?" Vance added.

When the hell had his brothers become so observant?

"Look at you, man. Even as we speak, you can't take your eyes off of her," Cade said as he took a swig of his beer.

Denying it would be useless. His brothers were right. He couldn't take his eyes off of her. Bo watched as one of Spring's sisters helped her onto the mechanical bull. She secured one hand around the rope and raised the other to signal she was ready. Her thighs tightened as she braced herself. Spring was doing good so far. But it did not stop the urge to stomp across the wooden floor into the bull pen and yank her off the mechanical bull as it started up with a slow buck and spin.

"How often will we meet a woman who is not fascinated with our money? And in Las Vegas of all places. Hell, Bo, she's gorgeous. And look at her damn sisters. They're hot! She didn't even blink when she found out about our family. From what Cade had learned earlier, all the women have successful careers."

Oh boy, Vance was going for a casual intervention. Bo should have stopped them right there, but all he could do was focus on Spring as he half-heartedly listened to his brothers. He watched as she yelled for them to speed it up.

The women continued to cheer her on as her thighs tightened a little more on the mechanical bull. From the way she held on to the mechanical bull, this was not her first time. She looked sexy as hell, and he was beginning to get pissed off. Every time she bucked, that damn vest tugged at her breasts. A woman couldn't help but look mouthwatering on a mechanical bull.

"What do you want me to say?" Bo asked his brothers, never taking his eyes off of Spring.

"Admit what we already see. Admit what Sloane's already telling the family." That got Bo's attention. Cade grinned when he turned to face him.

"Damn, am I that transparent?"

"Hell yes!" Cade and Vance answered in unison.

"I love her." Bo took the longest swallow of liquid courage when both of his brothers stared at him. He was not sure if it was the quiet admission or the fact that it came out of his mouth so easily. Bo ignored their stares and continued. "Only a few hours in her presence and I fell in love."

"So what's the problem?" Cade asked.

It took a moment for Bo to answer Cade. At that exact moment, Spring yelled for them to speed it up again, and all the women cheered louder. What the hell was that all about? Was she out of her mind? Did she want to get thrown from the mechanical bull? He didn't know what he would do if she got hurt.

"For one thing, I've never been in love before. And second, I don't think you're supposed to try and turn one-night stands into something more. That defeats the point of calling it a one-night stand." Bo huffed as he watched Spring smiling ear to ear as she bucked on the mechanical bull. Her long, dark hair was tousled, and her face was flushed. She looked as if she was having the time of her life.

“Well, bro, if that was the case, you and Spring already broke that rule by the actions you took *after* your one night together.” Cade, the ever-so-clever one, made a good point.

“Don’t forget the big-ass hickeys you two plastered on each other. If that’s not putting your claim on each other, I don’t know what is. But, you know what is truly interesting? Not once since we have seen her today has she tried to cover it up. Look around, Bo. This place is crawling with eager beaver, horny ass men, and not a one will step near Spring. Nor has she shown even a flicker of interest in anyone, but you. Even back at the arena. The opposite sex was invisible to her, until you came up to see her.”

When did Vance become so fucking smart?

“And let me add just a little more insight. I hate to burst your little self-doubting bubble, Bo, but back at the arena, whenever Dalton and April told her about some of your bull-riding days, her face simply lit up. She hung on to every word. I am talking about genuine interest. I can’t say for sure if it is love, but she is not far from it. I could see it in those beautiful star-shaped eyes of hers.”

Bo grinned. He listened to his brothers, but he watched his minx ride the hell out of that mechanical bull. That damned vest of hers looked as if it would pop a button at any moment. She looked as if she were enjoying herself. The speed was safe, and she was yelling her head off. He fought the urge to rush the ring and take Spring back to his bed. He needed to control the possessive side of him. It was time to leave the saloon and let her enjoy her night out with her sisters. He had to remember that this was her vacation.

“Look, I don’t plan on making any life-changing declarations tonight, so let’s just get the hell out of here before I make a fool of myself.” Bo placed his empty bottle on a nearby ledge. “I’ve got one more day to figure out how to spend time with her before she leaves. Let’s get out of here.”

* * * *

It had been a hard day and an ass-kicking night. Saturday had been the busiest day for the bull-riding competition, and Bo never had a chance to run into Spring. He had to arrive at the arena early and had only just set foot in his hotel room thirty minutes before the hotel phone rang. His sister, Sloane, called to tell him, *remind him*, it was his last night to spend with Spring, and if he wanted just a moment with her, he’d better get his butt in gear. She was with her sisters in their dance club.

Bo was dressed and downstairs in record time. He was hard pressed to contain his excitement. He didn’t have a game plan. He just knew he wanted Spring all to himself. His brothers said they would occupy the sisters, so they could leave together. It wasn’t as if spending time with any of the sisters

would be a great burden for them, the women were beautiful. Bo could only grin and thank them all. He just hoped a plan would form in his mind. And fast.

Luckily for Bo, he did not have to do this on his own. His brothers and cousin had gotten together and come up with a plan. His cousin Dalton decided to go with them to the dance club. It gave them an even advantage. Four men, four women. Sneaking off with Spring would be a lot easier if *all* of her sisters were distracted. Even though Dalton and Summer seemed to want to do battle whenever they were near each other. Bo couldn't let that worry him. This was his last opportunity, and he would not let it slip by.

The music was pounding when they stepped through the soundproof doors. The entire place was a dance floor, and they had fashioned a path that led straight towards the outdoor patio. There was an abundant amount of seating, which was difficult to find because it was packed shoulder to shoulder in the dance club. The lights were dim, but somehow Dalton had found the women out on the patio in record time. Damn. And Bo thought he was on a mission.

Bo literally ran into the back of Cade when he caught sight of Spring. No other woman mattered to him. He had tunnel vision. Her skin had that familiar glow. She glistened. Fuck! He wanted to lick every inch of her. He'd bet it was salty and sweet. Her hair framed her face, and her cheeks were flushed from the heat. That's probably why they were on the patio with water bottles in hand.

She wore a blue top that barely covered her breasts and a matching low-rise flowing skirt that stopped right above her knees. Her pink diamond belly ring was hard to miss even by his brothers, but they quickly averted their eyes when they saw Bo watching them. The silver flat sandals blended in well with what she wore. Every time he saw her, she managed to take his breath away.

"Hey, fellas!" Summer was the first to speak. Then quickly rolled her eyes at Dalton.

"Ladies, you're looking sexy tonight." Cade stepped in before Summer clawed Dalton.

"Drinks, dances, and maybe even a late-night meal all on our dime if Summer promises *not* to harm Dalton," Vance prodded. He knew getting the other two women to gang up on her would help them on their quest to get Bo alone with Spring.

April and May flanked Summer and looped an arm through hers.

"Oh, Summer *will* behave. This is our last night." May answered first, not giving Summer a choice in the matter.

"Let's head to the bar, ladies," Cade said as he walked ahead, and Dalton and Vance followed behind the three sisters. Leaving Spring behind with Bo.

"You look beautiful," Bo said to Spring as he pulled her closer to an empty spot on the balcony. He left nothing to chance. There was no point in holding back now. He cupped her face in his hands and

kissed her. Her lips instantly parted on impact. The kiss was sensual, deep, passionate, and straight to the point. She belonged to him, and he was hers. There was no doubt about it.

Bo broke the kiss with a barrel of reluctance. "Come with me." He watched Spring as her eyes floated over to the direction of where her sisters stood at the bar with his brothers and cousin. "They are in good hands, Spring. I just want an hour or two with you on your last night." He kissed her gently on her lips. "Please."

"Huh. You sure can scheme." She smirked at him and placed a hand on her hip.

"Not so much a schemer as I've got great relatives. They knew I wanted to see you, be with you. There was no way in hell that would happen if your sisters were constantly worrying about you. So, can we leave now?" He could see the tension leaving her body as her nipples pebbled at his caress. He let his fingertips dance along her nape and shoulders, down her arms until he reached her hands. What he would give to taste those right now.

"Okay. Let me tell my sisters I'm leaving for a bit, and we can go wherever you want." Spring leaned in and nipped his lip. She tugged him by the hand and led the way toward her sisters.

The sisters did exactly what Bo expected. They threatened his life and his balls if Spring wasn't returned in one piece by the *next* morning. The last part was unexpected, but he smiled and thanked them nonetheless. He didn't linger; he wasn't a complete idiot. He grabbed Spring by the hand and skirted out of the club. He had no idea where they were going or what they were about to do, but somehow they found their way into an empty elevator. Again.

When the doors to the elevator shut behind them, Spring slammed Bo against the back wall and kissed him. It caught him totally by surprise and was a complete turn-on. When they finally pulled away to gulp in air, Bo looked up into the camera and made a cut-off motion. Almost immediately, they felt and heard the elevator shut down and the beep from the camera indicating it was shutting off.

"Spring, where in hell did you get that top?" he asked as he flipped it down past her breasts and immediately dipped his head to suck in a nipple.

"Ahhh." She tossed her head back. "I take it you approve?" Her body instantly went up in flames. She couldn't ignore the way he made her body feel even if she wanted to.

Bo wrapped an arm around her waist and another splayed out along her back for better balance. They were not going to make it any farther than the elevator. He unlatched from her nipple only to turn her around until her back pressed up against the wall. He unveiled the other nipple, pushing both nipples together, and sucked them over and over until she squirmed and begged. When Spring began pulling at his hair, he knew it was time.

He reluctantly calmed his assault on her nipples and skimmed her thighs until he reached the hem of her skirt and yanked it completely off her body in one strong tug. Her surprised smile and

immediate fixation on his mouth only encouraged him. As Spring unabashedly kissed him, Bo thumbed her panties and pulled them down her legs. He didn't want to ruin them just yet.

Bo's hands went to his sides as he felt Spring's fingers fumbling then successfully unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his jeans. He stood stock-still when she broke their kiss to push his jeans over his taut hips and ass and followed them down his legs until she stopped at his calves. On her way back up his body, she held eye contact with him as she licked the tip of his cock, taking in the pearly substance resting at his slit.

Bo sucked in a breath as his hips jerked at the flick of her tongue. He threaded his fingers through her hair and stared down at her. "No, minx. I won't be able to hold on. Not even for a moment. Get up here. Let me fuck you, baby."

Chapter 10

Without another word, but with added torture, Spring flicked her tongue one more time for good measure and then stood back up with a silly pout on her face.

"I'll never get enough of that pout, minx," Bo said as he slid his fingers between her thighs and first teased her clit. Her hips jerked as she widened her stance, wanting more. He tugged gently at her clit and then moved on to her slit to see if she was ready for him. He should have already known the answer to that question. Spring was soaking wet. "Dammit, minx, look how wet you get for me."

He could not control the words that flowed from his mouth. He saw how they made her eyes water. He felt the same way. Bo picked her up, and she instantly locked her legs around his waist. He was unable to move. Damn. When did he become so emotional? He laid his head on her shoulder and felt Spring thread her fingers through his hair as she placed soft kisses along his temple.

He heard her snuffle. It was soft and low, even for the elevator. "Bo." Spring didn't try to disguise her tear-laden voice. She pulled his hair tighter, pressing his face into her shoulder. He could hear the hiccups in her throat and felt the first tear drop on his temple.

Bo slowly lifted his head and stared into a pair of wet, golden star-flecked eyes. She was beautiful even when she cried. This was it. This was their last night together, and there was no way around it. What happened after this? Was there an after? He held the cards. And it was time to put them on the table.

"I love you, Spring." As much as he wanted to hear her response, he wouldn't wait for one.

Bo gently covered her mouth with his and entered her sheath in one slow, smooth stroke. She was tight and fit him like a glove every time. It was like the first time every time with her. He would never get enough of her. He loved the way she smelled, her scent was so intoxicating. How was he supposed to go on with his life like he had never met her? It just was not possible. No woman would ever be able to replace her, *his Spring*.

He couldn't take much more. He had to feel every inch of her pussy, memorize it. He wanted to feel her milking his cock within an inch of his life. If this had to be the last time he saw Spring, touch her, make love to her, be inside of her, then he would memorize every inch of her. The elevator was just a start.

Bo had never told a woman he loved her. Never. He was afraid for her to reciprocate, if that's what she intended to do. What if she didn't? He could feel her tears falling on his face as he kissed her. They seeped into his mouth. Salty and Spring. He felt the exact moment his gut sunk to his feet. He was absolutely in love with her. Spring already owned his heart. She'd owned it the moment they stepped on the dance floor Thursday night. And now, now she had his soul. He would never be the same.

When she came, she broke their kiss. She wanted to climb the walls. He held her tight as her body convulsed from the impact. Bo stared into her eyes as he watched her cry and come.

It was sexy, and it twisted his heart. "Dammit, Spring," he said as he watched her come.

Spring gripped Bo's shoulders so hard she was afraid she may have broken his skin. She couldn't believe he told her he loved her. This was their last night together, and he said he loved her. She thought she was crazy for harboring those exact same feelings. But now she knew she wasn't alone.

She cried because she was happy. She cried because she'd just had another off the charts orgasm with this man. She cried because their night would eventually have to end. She cried because she didn't know what she was going to do.

"I love you, too, Bo."

He gripped her so tight he made her gasp. He thrust hard. His thrusts became rough. He couldn't be gentle. They shook the elevator, and yet he couldn't stop. He couldn't control himself. Spring had

that type of effect on him. He had never experienced anything on this level in his life. He wanted this every day. Unfortunately, Spring interrupted any further thoughts after he came down from his orgasm. She finally unlocked her legs, and he placed her on her feet. He held her for a few moments until they were both more stable.

"I don't know if you had anything planned for our last night, but how about, instead of ending the night feeling melancholy, let's go someplace where we can talk and laugh without yelling over the extremely loud music. Get to know each other better. Maybe we could plan to visit each other. Anything, Bo. Please. I don't want to cry anymore." She talked into his chest. "I know we are doing this backwards, but I'm not ready to part ways just yet."

He lifted her chin and traced her lips with the pad of his thumb. Bo leaned down to give her a quick kiss. "Stay just like that, minx." He pressed her back up against the wall. Bo quickly pulled up his jeans and buttoned and buckled them. Then he reached down and found Spring's panties on the floor and smiled. He was glad he didn't rip them. He found another use for them instead. He gently cleaned her up with her panties and then placed them in his front pocket.

"Pervert," Spring said as she smiled down at him.

"This pervert belongs to you." He let out a small chuckle as he placed her skirt in front of her feet to step into. Once he pulled it up to her waist, he let her finish adjusting it. When Bo straightened, standing to his full height once again, he smiled down at Spring and helped her with her top.

"I have an idea. I know a fun place we can go where the atmosphere is guaranteed to be happy, there's impromptu dancing, drinks are overflowing, and we can talk all night long."

"Oooh, I'm game."

Bo pulled out his cell phone and dialed Sloane. "Can you turn the elevator back on?" He didn't wait for Sloane to respond. There wouldn't be much to discuss at this moment, and she knew Spring was with him. She could drill him later. After a few moments, the elevator was up and running and the camera light turned back on.

"So, Bo, where are we going?" Spring asked as she watched him press the button for the third floor.

"We are going to the event they are having on the third floor. It's one of the biggest tourist attractions here besides the bull-riding competition. It's called The Wed-A-Thon."

* * * *

"Where the hell is that son-of-a-bitch?" Sloane didn't bother knocking on the door. This was *her* hotel. She was on a fucking mission. She couldn't believe this shit! He had totally lost his mind. Her brothers had a tendency to stay an extra day, and today, she was grateful that they had. When her secretary placed the message and paperwork on her desk only thirty minutes ago, Sloane thought she would bash in her computer keyboard. Bo's name was all over the paperwork. It was definitely something for the record books.

"Bo Reed Durden! Get your ass up now!" Sloane stomped up the stairs and banged on every door she passed. She knew exactly where Bo was, but she needed an audience for this little revelation. She couldn't wait to see the look on her other brothers' faces.

"Sloane, what the hell?"

Vance. She knew he always slept light. She chose to ignore him, he would follow. Now she just only needed...

"Fuck, Sloane! It's too damn early for this shit!"

Cade. Instigator. Attitude problem. He would definitely go crazy. Just what she needed.

When Sloane threw open Bo's bedroom door, she was astonished at what she had found. It was as if a hush fell around them. The drapes were drawn, the jazz station was playing, his clothes were strewn everywhere, and he had the nerve to have a pillow pulled over his head. This was not the Bo she knew. But, the papers she held in her hands were just as confusing. He still needed a firm hand. And she couldn't wait to rip him a new one.

"Don't you dare try and drown me out! Get your ass up! Now!" she screamed. Sloane walked further and cautiously into the room, still trying to hold on to her anger as she watched him slowly stir. Her tirades never did scare him when they were younger. Cade and Vance quietly followed Sloane. She was the oldest of the brood and had the tendency to instill fear in her big burly brothers when necessary. Except for Bo, obviously.

"What, Sloane?" Bo's voice cracked. "What could you possibly do or say to make me feel any shittier than I already do?" He sat up and rubbed at his tired eyes.

She had never seen anything like it in her life. Bo's eyes were red along with the rims. He was trying to hide what Sloane had already figured out. Her brother had been crying. His nose was red, and his face was flushed. The more she thought about it, Sunday morning he had been hungover and nearly passed out in his room. She thought it was a good thing, because he and Spring had a hard time parting ways and must have gotten plastered. And the hangover would possibly explain...Oh. Dear. Lord.

"I'm going to eat crow for this, Bo." With shaky fingers, Sloane handed over the papers to Bo. She watched as her two brothers dove onto the bed, nearly knocking her over to get to Bo's side to see what she had given him. "Just so you know, I'm telling Mom."

After a few moments, he finally spoke. "Sloane, this better be some kind of joke." Bo spoke through gritted teeth as he looked over the papers she had handed him.

"Do I look like I'm intimidated? That doesn't look official enough for you?" Sloane started picking up his clothes. She knew exactly what he was going to do once common sense and reality set in.

After long, silent moments he finally spoke. "S-Sloane, what the hell? I don't remember anything like this taking place. How the hell did this happen?"

Her brother was crying, and she didn't think he realized it yet. Sloane needed to gain some control and get Cade and Vance out of there before they started asking too many questions. She knew her parents had raised them to understand that it was okay to cry, but she had never seen any of her brothers do it. And now was not the right time for either Cade or Vance to point that out.

"Cade, go get your crap packed and call for a car. You know the number. Vance, same deal, but prep the pilot." Both of her brothers kept looking from the papers to Bo and then to her. And repeat. They were just as dumbfounded as she had been and, apparently, Bo. "Cade, Vance, now please." She shook her head slowly at them. They knew that meant "no questions." She had to get a handle on Bo first. That would not be accomplished with those two around staring at him as if he had grown a second head.

"Sloane?" Bo's hands were shaking. They were shaking so bad the papers were snapping back and forth.

Sloane slowly retrieved the papers from Bo and placed them on the bed. "I don't know if this is good or bad news, little bro, but it's definitely true. Spring Showers is now your wife."

Chapter 11

Spring's hands shook uncontrollably as she finished buttoning her shirt. The fluttering in her belly had been nonstop ever since the phone call she had received earlier in the day when she was still at her art gallery. It had been two of the longest weeks of her life. Two weeks of sadness, crying, loneliness, and longing. And it was all because she was too stubborn to pick up the telephone. Luckily for her, Bo was not as stubborn as she was.

When Spring had returned from Las Vegas two weeks ago, she was a different woman. According to some of her friends, she looked livelier, happier. All of those things were true until reality started kicking in. She had professed her love to a man she had only spent a few days with. You can't build a relationship off of that, or at least, that is what she told herself. She did not know how she would get through the empty days and lonely nights. She still had no memory of the last night she spent with Bo. It was a complete blank.

Spring remembered waking up early Sunday morning in her hotel room with Bo holding her close to his body. She had shared the room with her sister, Summer. Thankfully, Summer gave them privacy and slept in the adjoining room with their two younger sisters. It had been the most difficult parting of ways she had ever experienced.

Spring and Bo had sex in the bed and again in the shower. They had exchanged contact information and shared a tearful goodbye. Once he left, Spring and her sisters packed their bags. They had a flight to catch. The women were surprised to find a limousine waiting out front to take them to the airport. Courtesy of Bo. He must have known they wouldn't have time to eat and had the limousine stocked with fruit, pastries, bagels, juices, and water bottles.

Spring's first week back home had been a difficult adjustment. She cried her eyes out. She avoided phone calls from her sisters. Embarrassment wrapped around her like a warm unwanted blanket. She was a bundle of confusion and harbored conflicting feelings. Spring was damn certain she did not regret one sexually fulfilled moment she had spent with Bo. She had opened herself up to him, shared in naughty acts she had never participated in with another man. Somewhere during that weekend, Spring had lost her heart to a man she had barely known.

When the second week rolled around, Spring's days were filled with regret, and she cried herself to sleep at night. She could have ended the torment by calling Bo at anytime, but she couldn't do it. She wondered constantly if she had made a fool of herself. She had admitted feelings for Bo. No. She admitted she loved him. Now she was doubting his feelings. Did he say it just to get what he wanted from her? Had she been foolish enough to believe something could really develop after the weekend they had spent together?

She couldn't debate his feelings for her because he had admitted that he loved her first. He didn't wait to see if she reciprocated. All she had to do was call him, and she would have gotten the answers she was looking for. Being a coward was a bit more comforting and yet completely depressing, especially after she had searched his name on the Internet.

It turned out that Bo had more money than she thought possible. Not only did his family own the casino, they had several multimillion-dollar firms, and they were all located in Colorado. Even with the knowledge that Bo lived over an hour away from Spring, she could not muster up enough courage to drive the distance. She no longer felt she was suitable for him. She was just a measly college instructor and owner of an art gallery. Spring had given up before she had even tried.

Thank God, Bo had not. After his surprise phone call earlier that day, they had agreed to have dinner at her house. She wanted him all to herself without waiters and passersby interrupting them at every turn. Spring was unsure what to expect, but she knew she had better calm her nerves or she would never make it through the night.

The doorbell interrupted all other thoughts. When Spring opened the door, she wanted to cry because she was so happy to see Bo, yet she could not make a fool of herself. Not again. Not tonight. Bo had not given her a specific reason for his visit. She didn't want to assume anything.

Her breath caught in her throat when she eyed the rugged-looking man standing on her porch. Her body tingled instantly at the sight of him. He was just as tall as she remembered, but the slight waver of sadness in his eyes was new. The snug, low-hung jeans and button-down shirt did nothing to mask the muscles she knew lay beneath. Spring smiled brightly as she moved aside to let Bo enter her home.

"Hey, you." She almost missed the gift bag he had in his hand.

"Hey, beautiful."

Bo stepped inside, brushing up against her arm. The moment Spring shut the door, he was on her. The bag he was carrying slipped out of his hand. He took her mouth with a carnal hunger he had no intention of suppressing. Spring moaned and melted into his arms just like old times.

She managed to lock the locks without removing her lips from Bo's. He picked her up by the waist. She wrapped her legs around him. He nibbled on her lower lip. The simple movement caused Spring to grip him tighter. Her lips parted on a moan, and Bo slid his tongue into her mouth and explored each and every inch of it. His need to touch and taste her was overwhelming.

Bo could not believe Spring was still this responsive to him. He figured they would have to wait and talk for a while before they moved to this point. He had braced himself for any reaction but this one. It had been two weeks, and he had failed to contact her. He was still coming to terms with the idea of being married. He figured Spring would be a little distant and cautious of his actions. At the moment, neither of them had a care in the world. Their only focus was each other.

Every worrisome thought he'd had flew out the window the moment Spring opened her front door. She was even more stunning than the last time he had seen her. Spring had answered the door in a sheer red blouse with a matching red lace bra underneath. Her cream pants clung to every curve of her ass and thighs. Her hair hung in soft, loose curls around her face and fell down her back. How was he

supposed to function after seeing his minx standing in the door looking mouthwatering? Seeing her in that shirt blinded him, pushed aside any hesitations he may have had.

He had finally scrounged up the courage to face Spring and show her their marriage certificate. He was extremely afraid of what her reaction would be. They had drunk so much that night that he didn't realize they had participated in the Wed-A-Thon. During all of the time that had passed, he hadn't heard from Spring and could only assume she didn't know about the marriage.

Bo wanted to assume she would be overjoyed, but he knew that was reaching. Hell, he had been reduced to crying when he saw the paper. He had mixed emotions about it. They had proclaimed their love for each other after meeting a few days earlier. That didn't mean Spring wanted to be married to him. He couldn't think about any of that now. Bo was too eager to be buried balls deep inside of her.

He had to have her now. There was one thing that tugged at him. He broke their heated kiss and breathed out heavily. "Is there anything cooking on the stove right this minute?"

Spring looked at him with confusion. It took her a few moments to register what Bo had said. She blinked slowly a few times before she came out of her sexual haze. "Everything is ready. Why?"

Why? She couldn't be serious. It had been two of the longest weeks in his life, and he couldn't wait another moment to touch her, taste her, and make her his all over again.

"We can talk later. I have to have you now, minx." It was as if those words had lifted an invisible barrier from her shoulders.

"Okay." That was all she could manage to utter before Bo attacked her mouth again.

There was a ripping sound as well as the sound of buttons flying all over the wooden floor of Spring's foyer. Another shirt ruined. Spring tore her mouth from Bo's and laughed.

"You have got to stop ripping up my shirts," she said as she placed nipping bites along Bo's jaw and neck.

"Ummm. I'm sorry, minx. I'll buy you as many shirts as you'd like." He tunneled his fingers through her hair to cup her head and brushed a kiss across her lips. "I need to be buried inside of you right now, baby. Where's your bedroom?"

Spring wrapped her arms and legs tightly around him. "Last door on the left." She buried her face in his neck, licking and tasting him as he strode down the hallway towards her bedroom.

Bo wasted no time stalking down the short hallway and into Spring's bedroom. The only illumination in the room was from a small lamp on the nightstand next to her bed. That was all the light he needed. Bo pushed the door closed with his elbow and then made his way over to the bed. He placed Spring on her feet and stared at her.

“What?” She smiled nervously up at him as she rubbed her palms up and down the sides of her thighs. “What’s wrong?” Spring reached up to stroke the side of Bo’s face.

He turned and pressed his lips to her palm instead. “I’ve missed you, Spring. Just let me look at your beautiful face for a moment longer.”

“I’ve missed you, too, Bo.” Spring pulled her hand away and pulled the ruined red blouse off of her body. As she unfastened her red lace bra, she spoke again. “Nothing has changed for me. I still love you.”

She watched Bo’s eyes grow darker when her breasts fell from her bra. She let it slide to the floor while continuing to watch Bo watch her. He groaned at the sight before him.

“Do you like what you see, Bo?” she teased as her fingers rimmed the top of her slacks.

Bo wanted to rip all of her clothing off. She tested his patience. He was a walking time bomb waiting to get inside of her. But the sight of her teasing him as she undressed made it worth the wait. “I love you, too, Spring. Get those damned clothes off.”

Spring laughed as she unbuttoned her slacks and let them pool at her feet. She stood in front of Bo wearing only a red lace thong. And from the look in his eyes, he was going to eat her alive. She slid backwards on the bed as she watched Bo lick his lips in anticipation. She couldn’t believe she had avoided him for two weeks. She had to be nuts.

Chapter 12

Bo thought he would come in his pants at the sight of Spring in the red lace thong. It was so low on her it barely covered anything. What purpose did those things serve besides torturing the hell out of him? He began removing his clothes quickly as he watched Spring slide back onto the bed. When she turned over on her stomach and positioned herself on her hands and knees, he thought *his* knees would buckle.

Holy shit! He knew thongs slid between a woman's bottom, but this thong was a sight to see. Bo couldn't believe he was looking at a string of pearls sitting snugly against the folds of her sweet, wet pussy and between her luscious cheeks.

"Oh, woman, you will be the death of me." Bo's voice was low and husky as he'd finished shucking the last of his clothing. "Damn, that is one beautiful sight."

"I wore them just for you."

"Good, because I have got to taste your pearls, minx."

Bo stepped up close to the bed and ran a finger up and down the length of the pearls. He smiled when he heard Spring suck in a breath. He leaned forward and spread her cheeks apart and ever so slowly ran his tongue from her clit, where the pearls began, to the crack of her cheeks.

Spring clenched the covers for a moment and moaned. "Do that again."

"Hmmm. How did that feel, Spring?" he asked as he caressed the pearls and her folds with his fingers.

"It...it was surprising. Your tongue caused the pearls to massage my pussy and clit just like you would with your fingers." She rocked her hips, trying to get him to lick her again. But Bo seemed mesmerized by the pearls. He kept stroking them. She needed him to stroke *her*.

Without any warning, Bo ran his tongue the entire length again. She was still just as responsive as the last time they had been together. As much as he would like to play with her pearls, he had to get them off of her. They were blocking his path. He had to touch, taste, and feel her heat with his fingers and tongue. He couldn't wait to fall deep into her slick, overheated pussy. Two weeks had been too damned long. He pulled the thong down her hips and thighs.

"Turn on your back, baby."

"Okay," she whispered. She knew what was about to happen.

Bo finished removing the thong and tossed it to the floor with the rest of their clothing. "Move to the middle of the bed, Spring."

"Okay." She was barely breathing. Her body was on fire, and she could only remember the word "okay." She could feel her juices flowing past her folds. How was it possible for her body to instantly

burn and prepare itself for him? She knew the answer to that question. She belonged to him, heart, body, and soul. There was no point in denying it.

Bo climbed onto the bed. He positioned himself in front of Spring. He parted her legs, cupped her ass, and brought her pussy quickly to his mouth. He knew the move surprised her, and yet, the way her nipples pebbled let him know that she was just as turned on as he was. He watched her as his tongue reacquainted itself with the feel of her folds. She smelled sweet as honeysuckle and tasted even better than the last time he'd made love to her.

Bo wanted to take his time and relish every inch of her body. His cock, on the other hand, had different ideas. He held on just a little longer. He had to taste her. Bo used his thumbs to open her folds, watching her juices flow.

"Touch your nipples, baby."

Spring didn't say a word. Her eyes were glued to Bo's. She simply put her hands in motion until she found her breasts and thumbed her stiff, sensitive nipples. She couldn't help but squirm at the sensations flowing through her body.

He lapped at her opening, enjoying the taste and scent of her. So focused on her sweet taste, Bo almost missed her low moans of approval. Almost. He had to hold tight to her bottom to keep her from squirming out of his grasp. She was about to have an orgasm. Her first one of the night.

"Are you ready to come, baby?" He knew she was. He saw it in her eyes.

Spring licked her lips as she began squeezing the tips of her nipples. "Yes."

"Mmmm, I've missed this, sweetheart. You get so wet for me. I can't wait to feel you coming on my tongue."

Spring let out a soft moan as she stared at Bo.

Moving her bottom back down on the bed, Bo moved to his stomach for a better position. Spring wasn't the easiest person to hold on to when she came. He spread her legs out further. He brushed his thumb over her clit and relished in the sight of her hips thrusting upward from the caress. He wrapped one arm firmly around her waist. Bo sucked gently on her clit once more and then pushed his tongue inside of Spring.

He fucked her with his tongue as he thumbed her clit. It didn't take long before Spring dropped her hands to the bed and clawed at the sheets. She rode his tongue as she cried out. Bo replaced his tongue with two fingers when Spring began to slow her thrusts as her orgasm calmed. Once she loosened her grip on the sheets, Bo kissed her wet pussy and slid up her body. He placed butterfly kisses on her stomach.

Once he reached her stiff nipples, he sucked one into his mouth as his hand stroked the other. Spring arched her back, pressing his head closer to her breasts. He sucked harder. She burned his body with her moans. He switched to the other nipple before sliding up to greet her lips.

Spring smiled up at him as he hovered over her naked body. "Hey," she whispered.

"I love you, minx. You know that, right?"

"Yes. Can I have your cock now?"

Bo laughed hard. Spring could lighten the mood and turn him on all at the same time. "I will give you whatever you want, minx." Bo pressed his cock against her entrance. "Take what you need, baby."

Spring wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him into her. It wasn't slow or gentle. She wanted rough and hard. She wanted to be able to remember this. She wanted to wake up the next morning and still feel him inside of her. She screamed when she had pushed him completely into her. This time Spring did not wait to adjust to him. Spring began thrusting her hips up and down on his cock.

"Dammit, minx. You're going to make me come too soon." Bo kissed her deeply and passionately. He thrust his tongue into her mouth and tangled with Spring's tongue. He knew the moment she tasted herself on him. She moaned and grabbed hold of his shoulders tighter. It was as if she was afraid he would leave at any moment. He would remedy the situation.

Without pulling out of her or breaking their kiss, Bo wrapped his arms around her waist and rolled over until he was on his back and Spring was on top of him. Apparently, she agreed with the new position.

Spring sat up on Bo and grinned like a kid in the candy store. "I've got you now, Bo."

He grinned right back her. "I'm all yours. Take what you need. I'm just along for the ride." Bo caressed her back with both hands. He watched her as she moved up and down on his cock. "You are so fucking beautiful."

Spring leaned down and kissed Bo. She sat back up and placed his hands on her breasts. "Keep them there, okay?"

"You're the boss." Bo was enjoying this. He had a feeling he was going to be in a bit of pain after this, but he did not mind whatsoever.

Spring rode Bo's cock like she was on a mechanical bull going full speed. She let any and all inhibitions fall to the side. She held Bo's gaze as she screamed out her orgasm. As she felt another one coming her way, she reached behind her and caressed Bo's balls. He opened his legs wider for her and thrust into her as hard as he could. Her hair bounced up and down, blocking her view of Bo. He yelled her name and pulled her to his chest.

Bo fucked her harder and deeper as he came, wrapping his arms snug around her back, holding her in place. It felt as if he wouldn't stop coming.

"Oh, God, woman, look what you do to me!"

Spring could only brush her lips against his and hold on for the ride. As Bo began coming down from his powerful orgasm, he pushed one more out of Spring. She collapsed on him in exhaustion. Bo's arms spread out beside him, spent.

Chapter 13

Spring stepped out of the shower with the biggest grin on her face. She couldn't help it. While she showered, she had flashbacks of what had taken place in her bed.

Apparently, they had fucked themselves into exhaustion, and she had fallen asleep on top of Bo. His semi-soft cock still rested inside of her. A few gentle caresses across his eyebrows and lips, and he awoke, ready to go again.

They had made love two more times before they finally cuddled in each other's arms and fell asleep. They never got around to eating the dinner Spring had prepared. It didn't matter to her. Their lovemaking had been off the charts. Now it was early morning, and Spring could not lie in the bed any longer.

She dried off and slipped into one of her sleep shirts. She brushed her hair and teeth and stepped out of her bathroom to find Bo sprawled out on his stomach, still fast asleep. Spring grinned as she tiptoed out of the room, gently closing the door behind her. As Spring made her way to the kitchen, damn near skipping along, a realization hit her. Hard.

They hadn't used a condom once last night.

“Oh, hell, the elevator,” she whispered to herself as she walked over to the stove. She placed both hands on the counter as she tried to remember it all. “Shit.” There were several times they had had sex in Las Vegas and didn’t use a condom.

Silent tears fell down her face. She couldn’t believe how reckless and irresponsible she had been with Bo. It was bad enough that she had fallen into bed with him so fast, and now she realized they hadn’t used condoms any time they had sex last night.

“We have to have a talk when he wakes up,” she told herself. Talking to herself out loud made her feel a little better. Spring wiped the tears and tossed last night’s dinner. There was no point in crying now. The damage was done. Now she would have to worry about a possible life they may have created. Shaking her head, Spring pushed the thoughts to the back of her mind.

Spring walked out of the kitchen and into her living room. Something sitting by the door caught her attention. It was a bag. The bag Bo had when he walked into the house. Spring smiled and picked it up. She figured he must have bought her a present. She hadn’t gotten a chance to look at it considering they’d jumped each other at the door.

She walked over to her sofa, plopped down, and set the bag on the floor. She opened it, and there were several things inside. There was a folder pressed against one side and something soft wrapped in peach tissue paper from a very exclusive department store that she frequented. Spring picked up the item wrapped in tissue paper first.

Inside the tissue paper was a replica of the silk peach shirt she wore when she had first met Bo in the restaurant in Las Vegas. He’d bought her a new one, just like he said he would. Spring could only smile as she felt a tug at her heart. He really was a sweet man. She dropped the tissue paper back inside of the bag, folded the delicate shirt, and placed it on the coffee table in front of her.

Next, she pulled out a leather folder and opened it. The first thing Spring eyed was a Nevada marriage license. She was about to close it and place it inside the bag. Maybe Bo dropped it into the bag by mistake, she thought, until she caught sight of her name.

“What the hell?” She kept her voice low as she looked over her shoulder towards the hallway that led to the bedrooms. Once she realized the coast was clear, she turned back around and read the license carefully. After two more times, Spring realized this was not a joke. It was a legitimate marriage license. There was even a copy of the application inside of the folder. She was stunned. How the hell had they gotten married and she not remember? When was Bo going to tell her? Anger boiled up inside of her, replacing the happy emotions she had been carrying around.

When Spring placed the two pieces of paper down beside her, that’s when more paperwork inside the folder pocket caught her attention. She slammed the folder shut instantly. She wanted to scream, but she couldn’t. She had to read the papers that were still inside the folder. Spring once again opened the folder and pulled the papers out.

What type of asshole brought a marriage license and divorce papers to another person’s home?

Spring was so engrossed in reading every line of the divorce papers that she did not hear Bo walk into the living room.

“Shit.” He groaned as he shoved his hand through his black curls.

Spring jumped up from the sofa, sending the papers falling to the floor. She turned on him. Her anger flared.

* * * *

“Spring, let me explain.” He padded around the sofa barefoot with just his jeans on.

Bo saw the hurt and anger in her eyes. He knew he was screwed. He wanted to have a talk with her first before they got to this point. But now, he knew it would be useless. She had come to the wrong conclusion, and he was positive of it. How was he supposed to defend himself when it looked as if he had already lost her before he truly had her?

As good as he looked, Spring wanted to kick his ass. “I think this is self-explanatory.” She put her hands on her hips and stood her ground. “Let me get this straight. We’re married?”

“Yes, but...”

She put out her hand to stop him. He was standing so close to her, when she stuck out her hand, it landed on his bare chest.

“Only answer yes or no.” He nodded his agreement. Spring began again. “According to the marriage license, we married on that Saturday night.”

“Yes.”

“At the Wed-A-Thon?” She held her ground, but she was weakening. What the hell happened that night?

“Yes.”

“Why can’t I remember any of this?” Her hands began to shake, and she ran them up and down her arms.

Bo took a step forward, and Spring took a step backwards. She watched as he raked his fingers through his hair. She didn’t want him touching her. Shit.

"According to secondhand information, we got pissy drunk that night. You're not alone in this, Spring. I still can't remember any of it."

Spring held Bo's gaze as another thought occurred to her. "When did you find out we were married?"

Fuck. He knew he was in trouble now. "The Monday after you left Las Vegas." He told her how he had found out from his sister, Sloane. Exhausted, Bo slumped down on the sofa. He realized Spring had seen her present. But she still had two more. If he could get her to calm down for a moment, he could turn things around.

"So let me get this straight. I don't hear from you for two weeks. You finally call me because your ulterior motive is to get me to sign divorce papers?"

Damn! He knew she had jumped to the wrong conclusion. "Spring, let me..."

"You don't need to explain anything, Bo. I can damn well read. You show up at my house, fuck me, and then *fuck* me again with divorce papers. You could at least have had the decency to tell me I was a married woman."

He couldn't get a word in edgewise. Spring had begun pacing back and forth, yelling and crying all at the same time. If she would just let him talk for a moment, he could clear this all up. If he could...

"You came to tell me we were married and ask for a divorce all in one smooth swoop. Did it occur to you that I might want to stay married to you? Or that I might want to try to see if we could make a go of it?"

"Spring..."

"Shut up, Bo. I'm not finished yet."

Was he in the twilight zone? She was asking questions, but she wouldn't let him talk. How was he supposed to clear things up if she wouldn't let him talk?

"You come into my home and fuck me senseless, and what? You were going to slide the papers on the bed in between orgasms?" She paced back and forth. Her mind reeled.

How dare he come into her home and not talk to her about this. She was in love with the man, but clearly this had been one-sided from the beginning. He didn't love her. He never had. If he did, he would not have brought divorce papers. They could have talked about this civilly and then taken action either way. At least she should have been given the option.

"Minx, I had no intention of doing something so shitty."

"Don't call me that. Never again." Spring spun around to face him. She had to get him out of her house. She couldn't stand to look at him. She wanted to throw up. She didn't want to say something she would truly regret. Spring knew that words could hurt.

"I want you to leave." Her hands shook as she spoke. She really wanted him to stay and hold her, but he was the reason for her behavior. He had to go.

"No. You need to let me explain." How the hell was he going to make her understand anything if she would not sit her pretty ass down and listen to what he had to say? Spring was wrong, and he had to speak his piece. It was only fair.

Spring's eyes grew wide. "What the hell do you mean, 'no'? I want you to leave. I don't want to hear what you have to say. You knew we were married and said nothing. When I finally see you, you have divorce papers in hand. I believe everything has been made clear, Bo. You didn't love me or care about me. I was a fool. A silly fool to believe you in Las Vegas." She plopped down in an oversized chair across from the sofa and covered her wet eyes with her hands.

"I should have known better. This is all my fault. You cannot build anything from a one-night stand. I can't believe I told you I loved you, only to have you lie to me. I will sign the papers and mail them back to you, so you can sign them as well. Please leave, Bo. *Please.*"

Bo sat quietly on the sofa as anger began to boil inside of him. It was his turn to be upset. Spring wouldn't let him speak. She didn't want to listen to what he had to say. Well then, fuck it. He was done with this bullshit. Bringing the divorce papers was a good idea after all. He had only brought them because he was afraid she wouldn't want *him*. Unfortunately, he was correct.

He rose silently from the sofa, retrieved his clothing from the bedroom, and returned. He watched Spring turn her red, wet eyes on him, but she didn't speak. Bo stalked across the room and paused when he reached the front door. He turned to find Spring standing behind him.

"When you get off your fucking high horse, Spring, try looking inside the bag one more time. If you would have taken everything out of the bag the first time around, none of this would have happened. You won't hear from me again. I promise." Bo turned and left without another word, closing the door softly behind him.

Chapter 14

Four weeks after shoving her foot down her own throat, Spring choked and cried and wished she would have looked in the damned bag. She had royally screwed up. After Bo had left her house that crappy Saturday morning, she went over and looked inside the bag. Under the discarded tissue paper, she had found an envelope addressed to her that had *Read Me First* written on it and a baby blue box. She was beyond confused by the two items.

Of course, she opened the baby blue box first and found an enormous platinum and diamond engagement ring inside. Tears had instantly welled up in her eyes followed by more confusion. Spring opened the letter next and concluded it was handwritten by Bo. The letter had explained literally everything Bo had not been allowed to say.

The letter Bo had written explained how he had cried tears of excitement, confusion, nervousness, and anger when he found out he was married to her. He had even gone as far as to get a copy of their application just to be sure it was legitimate. Although they had drunk a lot that night, they were still of sound mind to get married. And afterwards, they celebrated even more with the other newly married couples at the event.

The letter had explained how Bo had at first assumed it had been a trap. That Spring was a gold digger who had managed to bypass all of his barriers and tricked him into marrying her when all others had not been able to. After a short debate with himself, he had realized that she wasn't like that. That was not her style. Before he confronted Spring, he wanted to make sure the feelings he had for her, the love he had professed to her, was still true. And indeed it was.

He was afraid of what her reaction would be when he showed her the marriage license. He had had the divorce papers drawn up in case she wanted a way out. Bo didn't want Spring to feel obligated to stay married to him. If she felt they should have left their encounter in Las Vegas, he would not stop her from signing. Bo wanted to make sure Spring understood her options when he presented them to her.

If Spring wanted to give their relationship a chance, date and see if they really did have a chance, he would welcome her with open arms. He loved her and wanted to be with her. But if she decided that she did not want to be married for whatever reason, he would hand over the divorce papers and gracefully accept her rejection. He was leaving the fate of their marriage in her hands.

Now, four weeks later, she sat behind her desk at the art gallery miserable as hell. She still had not signed the divorce papers. And not once had Bo called looking for them. She had picked up the telephone several times to call him but was too afraid of what he would say. Would he take her call?

After thinking about all that had happened in her home, Spring realized how unfair she had been to Bo. She had never let him speak. Never let him defend himself. He had intended to leave the fate of their marriage in her hands. Let her decide how things would end up. And, in the end, she had hurt them

both and ruined everything. There was nothing else to debate. Her life was a disaster, and yet she still wasn't ready to sign the papers. She wanted to be with Bo, she just needed to figure out what to do.

Finally fed up with the mental debate, Spring began looking over schedules. The new semester was just around the corner. She needed to get her schedules coordinated. She was elbow deep in paperwork when she heard a knock at her office door.

"It's open." Spring looked up as her assistant, Dana, stepped through the door.

"Hey, Spring, there are clients out in the gallery requesting to see you if you have a moment."

Spring stood up. She wasn't expecting anyone. "Is there a problem, Dana?"

Dana pushed the door closed behind her. "Spring, they aren't complaining. Actually, the woman in the gallery was smiling when she asked for you. She's with two big, strapping older gentlemen. Gorgeous as hell."

Spring smiled. Dana was checking out the men in the gallery. "Dana?"

"Sorry, Spring. When you see those men, you will stop in your tracks just like I did. Heck, even the woman with them was beautiful. Anyway, they just requested your presence out front."

Spring brushed her hands down her slacks and adjusted her blouse, making sure she looked presentable. She gave herself a quick once-over in the full-length mirror that stood in the corner. Happy with her appearance, Spring left the office to greet her clients.

* * * *

"It sure looks like him," the tall man in a checkerboard shirt with dark, curly hair said to the woman.

"Definitely. But I'm not certain." This came from the other tall man in a blue polo shirt with similar dark, curly hair.

"I would know my son anywhere. I don't need to see his face to know it's him. You two ought to be ashamed of yourselves." The woman grinned at both the men and shook her head.

Spring was frozen in her tracks as she listened to the conversation being held only a few feet from her. The woman and two men were standing in front of a painting she had done of Bo the morning of their big blowup. He was strewn across her bed, dark curls astray, muscles abound.

The two older men had their backs to her, but for a moment, she could have sworn one of them was Bo. But it couldn't be. The woman standing between the two men called the man in the painting her son. Spring did a quick recollection of conversations she had had with Bo. Holy hell. These were Bo's parents.

Spring had recalled him telling her that he had an unconventional family. He was raised with two fathers and one mother. Spring didn't know how to take that statement, but quickly realized that they had more love in their home. Her parents were dead, and it was just her sisters. They did not have any other family members. Bo had three parents, and Spring had none. She shook off the small wave of jealousy and cleared her throat.

"I see that you are enjoying my painting?" The trio turned around, and Spring stuck her arm out to the older woman first. "I'm Spring Showers, owner of this little gallery. Thank you for coming in."

The woman shook her hand, covered it with the other, and smiled wide. "You, my dear, are absolutely beautiful, and this is a wonderful gallery. We looked around first before we asked for you. My name is Lily Durden, and these are my husbands, Adam and Josiah."

Spring noticed the intentional pause Lily made when she gave her introductions. And, through it all, she held on to Spring's hand, not squeezing, but just a friendly, comforting embrace. Luckily for Spring, she already knew about Bo's family. She smiled and, with laughter in her voice, said, "What brought Bo's parents down to see me?"

"Hmmpf, I like her already. Getting right down to the meat of things," Adam, the man in the blue shirt, said with a grin.

Spring could not help but stare at the men in front of her. Bo looked just like them. Considering he had told her that Adam and Josiah were brothers, Spring saw the resemblance. They all shared the same sky-blue eyes and dark, curly hair. But Bo's smile and dimples came from his mother.

"She's a little spitfire, Adam. He needs that. It'll keep him in line," Josiah said with approval.

Lily cleared her throat, grabbing her men's attention.

"It's okay. I don't mind being teased. But you should know Bo and I are not together. We are getting a divorce."

Lily stroked Spring's hand again, her left hand. She turned it over so Adam and Josiah could see. "Sweethearts, does this ring look like the ring of a single woman?"

"Nope," the proud, grinning men said in unison.

Spring opened her mouth, but nothing came out. She was embarrassed to be called on it. No one had made any comments about her wearing the engagement ring Bo had bought for her. She wanted him back, but he had made it clear that she should not contact him. The engagement ring, the marriage license, even the divorce papers were all she had to remind her of him. Even the painting was

created because she missed him and wanted to hold the last happy memory she had of him on canvas. Tears pooled in her eyes.

“Oh, my dear, I know love when I see it.” Lily pulled Spring in for a much-needed hug. “Do you have somewhere we could all sit down and talk for a moment?”

Spring sniffed and wiped the tears that escaped her eyes. She stood up straight, gathering her wits. She brushed a hand over her hair and flashed a weak smile at Lily, Adam, and Josiah. “Please follow me.”

Chapter 15

Spring sat at her desk and admired the trio sitting on the oversized leather sofa in her office. Lily sat in between her two men, but she watched Spring with kind eyes.

“Spring, just so you know, Bo does not know we are here.”

“Why not.” She was surprised at the admission.

“Our son can be an ass,” Adam said with sincerity.

“A stupid ass, that one.”

“Josiah, stop that.” Lily turned her attention back to Spring. “May I ask you a truly personal question?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Spring, we are related, since you didn’t sign the papers. At least, not yet. You can call us Mom or Dad if you like,” said Josiah.

"Thank you." Spring was getting nervous. She started playing with her fingers.

"Spring." Lily waited until Spring looked at her. "Why haven't you signed the papers or contacted Bo?"

Spring wished she could have been pissed at the intrusive question, but she wasn't. They deserved an answer. Bo deserved an answer. "I don't want a divorce. I messed up big time. I just want him back, but I don't know how. I hurt him really bad, but I want my husband. I want to try and see if we could make this work. I read the letter he had written, and I placed the ring on my finger trying to figure out a way to talk to him. I love him. I fell in love with him almost the moment we met."

"Lily, I think we got the answers we were looking for," Adam said as he kissed his wife on the cheek. "What do you think, Josiah?"

"She's perfect. She will keep our son on his toes."

"You three don't mind that I'm the woman Bo is married to?"

Lily, Josiah, and Adam all exchanged puzzled looks before turning their eyes on Spring. Lily spoke first. "What are you talking about, Spring?"

"I'm...look at me."

"Spring, dear, I see a beautiful woman with the most captivating eyes. You have managed to capture my son's heart. No one else has ever done that. He has been a miserable walking disaster ever since he left your house."

Josiah placed his hand on Lily's. They shared a look, and then he spoke. "Spring, my brother and I can't handle a lot of sentimental stuff, so I have to ask one last question, and then we will be on our way."

"Okay."

"Do you want your husband back?"

"Yes. Yes, Mom and Dads, I want my husband back." She didn't even have to think about that question. That ring was not coming off of her finger. She wanted Bo back. And she knew she would have to be the one to make the first move.

"Are you willing to fight for him? Make him understand that you two are meant to be together?" This from Adam.

"Yes. He's not getting rid of me that easily." Spring had to laugh. This was a very protective family.

Adam placed his arm around Lily and grinned. He couldn't believe Spring had called them Mom and Dads. "Good girl. You are invited to Sunday dinner at our house. The entire family gets together every Sunday, and you are family, Spring. Come on Sunday and claim your husband."

"Please take him off of our hands, spitfire," Josiah teased.

Spring wanted to jump for joy, but she blushed instead. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, dear." Adam stood first and turned to help Lily stand. Josiah kept a hand to her back until she stood erect. Then she continued. "Come claim your husband, daughter." Lily cried tears of joy as she embraced Spring. She had hoped that Spring had still wanted to be with Bo and that was the reason for failing to sign the divorce papers. Now that she knew that was the case, she couldn't wait until Sunday to see the look on her son's face.

* * * *

Stunned. Yes, Spring was still stunned after the surprise visit and conversation she had had six days ago.

She shook her head and grinned to herself as she made the turnoff at Lily's Lake and drove up the winding driveway that led to the huge mansion nestled deep in the woods in the small town of Whispering Mountains.

Spring had been given six days to digest the conversation she had with Bo's mother and two fathers. She knew he had a close-knit family. But she did not expect them to show up at her art gallery with open arms of acceptance and concern. Nor did she expect the dinner invitation.

One would be hard pressed to be angry with the impromptu visit from Bo's parents, and she couldn't be. Not after Bo's parents left her with an invitation for dinner and a few things to think about. When Spring walked Bo's parents out, she had been instructed to think about everything that she felt for Bo, everything she had experienced over that weekend, and everything she felt after she returned home.

Even how she felt after their argument and breakup on that unfortunate Saturday. Did she still feel the same way? Was she in love with him? Was she willing to try to see if being married to him could work even if the route they took wasn't the one she imagined?

And last, but not least, was she willing to fight for him?

At first, Spring didn't know what to do. Her world had been turned upside down. She was married. And Bo, her husband, had not told her immediately. That was the one thought that fueled her

fire. He had not told her. Whether she turned him away or accepted him with open arms. He didn't tell her.

But she had to remember that she had been completely unfair when she had found out they were married. She didn't give him a chance to talk. That's where the final blame lay. She should have been fair. Through the anger, she should have listened. Spring refused to sit on her ass and twiddle her thumbs any longer.

The visit from his parents lit a fire under her. She was going after him. Bo had better be ready, because she wasn't leaving his parents' home without him. She turned off her ignition as she sat in his parents' driveway and laughed.

Bo's parents were sneaky. When they had shown up at her gallery, they told Spring that they had welcomed her the moment they heard about her from their other children. She was good for him, they said. Instant acceptance. No questions asked, race irrelevant. They had invited her to their Sunday family dinner. Every one of their children would be there. And they had invited Spring. Their daughter-in-law. It was only appropriate she show up.

Spring took a few deep breaths as she rang the doorbell. The rustic mansion didn't seem out of place nestled in the woods. It was stunning. The two-story home boasted of massive log beams and huge windows.

From what Bo had told her, Spring knew that none of his siblings lived in the main house with their parents. They all gathered there for dinners on Sunday. She wasn't sure what to expect. The humongous driveway was filled with cars, SUVs, and four-wheel drive trucks. She had no idea which one belonged to Bo. At this point, she didn't care. It had been a month since she had seen him, and she wanted only Bo. Thought of only Bo. She was coming to claim her husband.

When the front door swung open, Spring was surprised to find a goofy, grinning Cade standing on the other side. *Oh, boy.* Of course, he must have known she was married to his brother. Did he know that his parents had visited her? Did he know why she was here?

She couldn't sweat the small stuff. She was invited, and she was not turning tail now.

"Hey there...sis." He grinned, loving this a little too much. Cade stepped aside and ushered Spring in and motioned for her to follow him. "Not surprised to see you. How was your drive? Good? Great. Don't kill him too bad."

All was said as he walked ahead of her towards the loud, cheerful conversations. It was as if Cade was enjoying it all. He was answering his own questions with laughter in his voice and shielding her presence as he walked.

"Who was at the door, Cade?" Lily, their mother, asked. She knew who it was. But Spring was still shielded by Cade, so no one could see her. "Well, Mom, it seems Bo has a surprise guest. Or shall I

say, he forgot to invite a very important guest.” Cade was enjoying this entirely too much. He slid to one side so everyone could see Spring.

Holy hell. The room went so silent, she swore she heard her stomach knot tighter. She knew Bo had a lot of siblings, but this was a basketball team. Spring cleared her throat and stood a little taller as she zeroed in on Bo, whose mouth literally dropped open. She would not let nine pairs of eyes, ten when she included the sheriff, who happened to be married to one of his sisters, stop her from accomplishing her goal.

“Hello, everyone. I don’t mean to interrupt, but I was invited to dinner.” Spring stole a quick glance at Bo’s parents and was greeted with encouraging grins. She continued on. “I’m here to claim my husband.”

As Spring continued to focus on Bo, trying not to faint from all the strength she had mustered, she couldn’t help but grin at the sounds of whooping and yelps from around the room. His brothers, sisters, and even the sheriff were cheering her on.

“I told you she was something special,” Lily whispered to her two husbands.

“She’s got fire,” Adam, their father added.

“Oh, I love a woman with spunk,” Josiah, their other father, tossed in.

“Look at that ring on her finger,” someone towards the end of the table whispered none too softly.

Spring’s lips twitched, but she said nothing. She watched Bo as his gaze diverted to her left ring finger and then back up to greet her.

He didn’t know what to do. Stunned would be a better description of how he looked at her. She wasn’t backing down. For six days, she had replayed the conversation she had had with Bo’s parents and thought about how she felt about him.

That weekend in Las Vegas had been the most unbelievable time of her life. She had fallen for Bo like a ton of bricks. She couldn’t even bring herself to look at another man when she returned to Denver.

And thank goodness she hadn’t. Hell, she was a married woman. It may not have happened the way she had wanted, the way she dreamed her wedding would be. Heck, she never even thought about being married before meeting Bo. But the one thing Spring knew without a doubt was that she was in love with Bo. He owned her heart, and she didn’t want it back. Not without him. Just Bo.

“Bo?” Okay, she was losing some of her gusto. He was staring and not speaking. His family looked as if they had no intentions of leaving the room, and Bo looked flat-out dumbfounded. She walked around the dining room table and stopped when she stood at his side.

Everything around her disappeared except for Bo. God, she had missed him. She didn't realize how empty she was until this moment. He looked up at her with those sky-blue eyes and pressed his head to her stomach. Spring wrapped her arms around him. Wanting to hold on to this moment. There was no way in hell she was leaving this house without him.

"I missed you so much, minx. I love you," he murmured into her stomach, finally wrapping his arms around her and squeezing a little too tight.

Spring threaded her fingers through his hair. They needed to resolve some things before they went any further.

"Bo?" She caressed her fingers through his hair a few times until he looked up at her again. "I'm here to claim you, baby. I love you. We still have one wish left, remember?"

Bo stared at her for a moment longer. Then he slowly stood, never breaking eye contact. He cradled her face between his hands and kissed her gently. "You're claiming me, minx?"

"Yes. You got a problem with that?"

"No, I'm proud. Now tell me about this third wish of ours." He pressed his forehead to hers.

"Forever."

"Forever?"

"Yes, Bo. I want forever, with you. What do you want?"

"Mmmm." He leaned down once again and kissed her. He knew they still had an audience. But it was passionate enough to get his point across. "I want forever with you, minx."

Spring stood on tiptoes and kissed Bo again. She knew they had an abundant amount of things to work out, and they would. Somehow, she couldn't be bothered with it at the moment.

She had her cowboy, and forever was the agreement.

THE END

www.kortnyalexander.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm an addict for books. I love to read. Trust me when I say you don't want to be around when I'm reading a series. I forget to eat, forget to feed the kids, forget doctor's appointments...It can get ugly.

I live in Georgia with my two extremely cool sons. They are not as addicted to reading but they are not too far behind. They both are writers as well. They rubbed off on me.

In all seriousness, it started off as a simple email to one of my favorite authors. I was instantly hooked on this vampire series and emailed the author, kindly demanding to know when the next book would be coming out. She emailed me back and told me I would have to hold on until next year. So the next email I sent, I teased that I guess I'd better start drawing my own conclusions and writing my own version to keep me busy until then. She told me that would be an interesting idea.

The next morning it was as if a flood gate was opened. Story ideas bombarded me until I started writing them down. It's been a non-stop fun journey every since.

Thanks to the love I receive from my two very, very patient sons, my awesome brother and my wonderful mother I have been able to write to my heart's content. I love them, and I love what I do!

I hope you will pick up one of my books and join me on an erotic fun-filled adventure.



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