

ALL THE *Tingle* LADIES



Roped
BY THE
COWBOY

TAMRIN BANKS

ROPED BY THE COWBOY

ALL THE JINGLE LADIES



TAMRIN BANKS





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Cover Design: Last Chapter Press LLC

Editing: Last Chapter Press LLC

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ROPED BY THE COWBOY INFO

Mistletoe

My parents' loss gave me no real choice where my future lies.

Luckily for me I was born to run this ranch.

Unfortunately for me, I'm now being blackmailed by the grannies to spend time with my nemesis.

My best friend from school, Sebastian gave me both the best and worst memories of my life.

Sebastian is the cowboy that has me running to keep away from him and just live my life.

Our grannies are insistent that I need to corral that cowboy before he gets away.

Is there any way I can forget or forgive the way he embarrassed me and left me broken hearted at sixteen?

Sebastian

My life as a rancher is my dream, but there's one dream that's eluded me - the love of my life.

One stupid mistake at sixteen and Mistletoe has spent the last ten years torturing us and ignoring me until I ache for her.

I've got a secret weapon though - two grannies almost as desperate as I am to get us together.

They've managed to get us to have to work together, but Misty is fighting tooth and nail.

When it comes to the grannies, Misty's outmatched in stubborn and persistence.

Misty gives in. And now's my chance.

We continue our bickering over the miles keeping us occupied even as the grannies work to make it permanent.

Most people want to kiss their soulmate, but I want to absolutely wallow in my Mistletoe.

How do I convince her that unlike the boy who kissed her at sixteen, the man in front of her wants a never-ending

future with her for the rest of our lives?

CONTENTS

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Epilogue

CHAPTER 1



MISTLETOE

THERE IS NO DANG WAY THAT THAT MAN IS OUTSIDE MY DOOR.
Just no way!

I stomp over and swing the door open, growling under my breath. “What the hell do you want, Sebastian Rowe?”

The smirk on his full lips is enough to make a normal woman melt. But I’m no normal woman. I know exactly what this man can do. And I don’t trust him as far as I can throw him.

He leans his long, lean, muscular body against the door frame and grins at me, no shame in his golden-brown gaze. “Why do you think I’m here? Your grandma sent me to get the list of all the businesses to contact in town about our auction for the kids’ club.”

“She could have gotten that later. None of that has to be done until the end of the week.”

He holds his big, tanned, rough hands up and shoves his black cowboy hat to the back of his head, leaving a lock of thick brown hair falling over his tanned forehead. For just a minute, I struggle with the urge to push that soft, boyish lock out of his face.

I jerk myself back in line and glare at him.

“Hey, don’t shoot the messenger. Natty told your grandma that she needs it tonight. Something about one of the businesses that she desperately needs to contact tonight.”

I roll my eyes and grunt. “Yeah. I don’t think that’s the case. I think this is another bullshit stunt from the grannies to try and get us to talk.”

“So what’s wrong with that?” He shrugs. “I don’t have a problem talking with you.”

“Too bad. I don’t want to talk to you. I don’t even want to see your stupid face.”

A hellish look of glee crosses his face. Then he shoves it down. “Not my business. But I need that paper. You got it?”

“I’ll get it.” I slam the door in his face, cringing a little. I know I shouldn’t yell at him and slam the door in his face. It makes me look petty. But I just really can’t stand being around him.

I search through Granny’s desk and find the paper, turning back to the door and opening it. I shove it at him and try and close the door again.

“Here.”

He sticks his big, booted foot in the door to stop me from closing it. “Seriously, Mistletoe? You can’t even be nice enough to say have a nice night or something?”

I shake my head. “Nope.”

“You know, what happened isn’t entirely my fault.”

I glare at him. “I’m sure. But it doesn’t matter. I’m done with this conversation.”

I eye his booted foot and nod my head at it. “Could you move that, please?”

“You mean my boot? I don’t think so.”

“Fine. I’ll just break your foot.”

He growls and pushes his way inside the door while I back away from him, eyes wide.

“I don’t get why you have to be so antagonistic to me, Misty. What the hell happened?”

“Maybe it’s being manhandled and pushed around,” I grit out between clenched teeth.

He rolls his honey gold eyes. “Please. You are not some little prissy girl, Misty. You push back when I push. There’s no way that you’re intimidated when I do something like this.”

He stalks closer and I fight the urge to run. The wild look in his eyes tells me that he wants me to. Wants the chase.

I lift my chin and glare at him and he smirks. “That’s exactly what I said. You’re not afraid. So tell me what your problem is!”

“None of your business, Sebastian. I’ve got things to do now. I hope you can see yourself out.”

I turn my back on him and shuffle down the hall to the office. I’ve got numbers to crunch for the feed shipments and a lot of other shit to take care of and I really don’t have time for grannies’ interference.

I hear the door slam down the hall and slump over, my head on the desk. Relief and sadness all kinda coalesce in me.

Until I feel that zapping electricity in my body and I just know. I don’t want to lift my head.

His deep voice grits across my bones like gravel, skating along my nerves and heating up my core.

And that’s the problem. We were friends. We were great friends. And then we weren’t. I wanted more and we kissed on my sixteenth birthday. It was amazing, life changing. Everything I dreamed of with him.

Until he pulled away from me and my eyes opened to the guilty look that he couldn’t hide. His firm yet soft mouth tightens and he says, “I’m sorry, Misty. I shouldn’t have done that.”

And just like that, my teenage heart broke and nothing since then has managed to feel right.

I open my eyes and lift my head. The usual sly, laughing look is gone from his face. I haven’t ever seen him look so serious.

“Misty? What went wrong with us?”

I shake my head, tears stinging my eyes. “It doesn’t matter anymore, Seb. It’s been too long and we’re too far away.”

“You’re right here in front of me. Just tell me what to do to fix us,” he pleads.

“There’s nothing.” The sad look in his eyes hurts my heart but I can’t be around him. Can’t want him like I do and just be friends. It’s just not possible. I tried.

His chin firms and the stubborn look that I know so well settles on his handsome face. “I’m not giving up on us. We were great friends. I just don’t know what happened. But I feel like whatever it is, we can overcome it.”

I shake my head. “No. Stop playing along with the grannies when they start this stuff. There’s no way that we can go back to what we were.”

No matter how much I wish for those simpler times.

CHAPTER 2



SEBASTIAN

I STAND OUTSIDE HER DOOR AND LEAN A HAND ON IT, FEELING the electricity of her behind it sliding through my veins.

I am an idiot. I really thought that when I told her that I shouldn't have kissed her we could go back to being just friends. I thought it would all work itself out.

Only to get the biggest kick in my ass when I realized two years later, when we graduated, that I'm in love with her. Probably always have been. I know damn sure I always will be.

But we didn't go back to being friends after 'the kiss'. Instead, she ghosted me. Every damn time I tried to talk to her she made sure that she had something else to do. Somewhere else to be. And I swear to God she enlisted all her girlfriends to help her stay away from me.

I fought tooth and nail which just seemed to piss her off. Now she can't even be in the same town as me without spitting like a fucking cat in my face.

Sighing, I turn away from the door and head out to find the grannies and hand over the goods. I know they don't really need it tonight. But I also know that they want us together as much as I do. It helps to be around them, knowing that they're in my corner. Our corner, if only she'd admit that we're meant to be.

I find them exactly where I left them. In the diner eyeing the other people sitting around in the booths. Nothing makes

the grannies happier than trying to play matchmaker. The whole damn town is their playground.

I kiss my grandma's cheek and smile at her but she sees right through it and rolls her eyes, patting my cheek. "Oh, shit. Should I even ask?"

That's Granny. She always cuts right to the heart of the matter. My heart. My woman.

I shake my head and hand her the papers, flopping down in the booth next to her. "She still won't talk to me."

Misty's Grandma smirks. "Told you she was gonna be stubborn about this. That girl of mine is a pistol."

I raise a brow and sip at the lemonade in front of me that the waitress just dropped off. "Yeah. Maybe you could sound a little less proud of that, Granny. She's busting my ass so hard, it's like she's trying to put me through a shredder. I just don't get why she's so hostile, dammit!" I slap my hand on the table and both of them crack up. "What?"

"You broke her heart, you dumbass! There she is, a soft-hearted teenager with all that hope in her heart and then, after what I'm assuming is a pretty damn good kiss, you apologize and say it should never have happened. You broke her. She hasn't even dated since then."

I had a feeling but hope rises in my chest when she's never been with anyone else. The thought of my best friend, my Misty, being with any other man makes me want to hunt his ass down and fuck him up bad. So bad that he's never able to eat except through a straw. No man should ever touch what's mine.

The grannies must realize why I look like I'm sucking on a lemon instead of drinking the best lemonade in the world. Both of them chortle gleefully, rubbing their hands and staring at me.

I roll my eyes. "I know I shouldn't say this to you two, but what should I do?" I hold my breath. I'm desperate. It's been so long. Ten years of radio silence. Ten years that I never thought would happen.

Her Grandma Louise laughs. “Well, she’s stubborn. So she isn’t going to just listen. She needs to be wooed. Seduced.”

My face heats up when she says seduced. All I can think about is slamming her into the closest wall and kissing her like I should have ten years ago. When I was a dumbass pussy who apparently didn’t know anything about girls. Or at least his best friend.

Lesson learned. Don’t tell a girl you regret kissing her. Even if she is your best friend.

“Not that kind of seduced, you idiot!” Louise groans. “You can’t just grab her and kiss her. And whatever else is going through your head while you’re flushing like it’s ninety degrees in here instead of seventy.”

My Granny just smirks. “Your granddaughter is stubborn as hell. I say we keep that in mind as a last resort.”

Louise cocks her head and gives me an evil grin that makes my balls practically shrivel up. “I don’t think you want to know what she might do to you if you take that route, my boy.”

I cross my legs and grit my teeth. “Yeah, I don’t think so.”

“But I’ve got an idea. All she needs to do is remember that you’re a good guy. That you’re fun to be around.”

My eyebrows climb and I groan. “She won’t stay in the same room. That’s like an impossible task.”

“She will if it’s important. If it’s for a good cause.”

I’d like to think the fact that I love her desperately is a good cause. Maybe even that I don’t want my dick to fall off from lack of love. That’s a damn good cause.

But I have a feeling that’s not what Louise is talking about. “What are you thinking, you old bat?” That’s my Granny. She doesn’t have any patience at all.

That explains where I get it from.

“Okay. This is what we’re going to do.” We all lean in and I listen to what has to be the worst or best idea I’ve ever heard.

When she's done, I sit back and smirk. "I can't decide whether that's genius or just terrible."

She preens, ruffling her leathery fingers through her short lavender curls. The woman's a unicorn that's for sure.

My Grandmother laughs. "That's how you know it's good, Seb. She might kill you or she might kiss you. It'll keep you on your toes!"

She's kept me on my toes for the last ten years. I'm here for it believe me.

I just want her to quit running away from me. I need some time with my heart. Some time to wallow in my love and prove to her how much she means to me. Every damn day. Even fighting with her makes my whole body light up.

"Let's do it." I hold up my glass of lemonade and wait until they hold their coffee cups up then tap them together.

"Damn straight," the grannies laugh and I hope I'm doing the right thing here. But I'm going crazy. I need my heart with me instead of stuck down the road from me like it's been for so long.

You can only breathe so long without your heart with you. And mine's been gone for way too long. I'm suffocating out here. I need my Misty back.

And this time I'm not gonna be such an ass that she runs. This time I'm all in.

CHAPTER 3



MISTLETOE

“HELLO, MISTLETOE!” MY GRANNY’S CHEERY VOICE MAKES me grit my teeth. My eyes are half-closed and dry as dirt from crying and lack of sleep and it’s all her fault.

“Don’t shout!” I groan and fall into the kitchen chair, staring out the back window. The Hangup Mountain rears up into the clouds out that window, big and wide and dangerous.

“What’s the matter? Tied one on last night?”

I groan and shove my hand through my tangled brown curls. “Yeah. And it’s all your fault.”

“Humph! Not my fault you decided to get blitzed off your ass. That one’s on you.”

“You’re the one that sent that man here.”

“And you decided to get drunk to forget about Sebastian? Why don’t you just admit you still like the boy and go talk to him?”

“Never!” I hiss, drowning my sorrows in the lukewarm cup of coffee she shoves at me. The rich, dark aroma clears my head and has me almost forgiving her for what she did.

Almost.

“Granny. I love you but you need to let this shit go. Sebastian and I aren’t even friends anymore. Let alone anything else. Stop trying to throw us together.”

A guilty look creeps across her face and the lines in her face deepen as she frowns. “I know you’re going to think that I

did this on purpose, but I really didn't. It just happened. So don't kill the messenger."

Oh shit. I don't even know what's coming next but I already know I'm not gonna like it. "What did you do?"

"Ummm. I really thought you two could handle things like adults and there wasn't anyone else volunteering."

Her hemming and hawing have me even more worried. "Just spit it out. That way I can tell you that there's no way in hell I'm doing whatever you volunteered me for and we can just move on."

"You'd take that away from the kids?"

"What. Did. You do." My words are clear and concise. Unlike my mind which is currently spinning out of control wondering what the hell she's gotten me into.

"Well... you see." I make a "come on" motion with my hand and she grumbles but finally blurts out. "There wasn't anyone volunteering to get what we need for the auction. You know for the group home. The kids need that space. That building is important. And it needs so many updates before the kids can move in. Margot and I volunteered you to get what they need for that scavenger auction that we're running."

"Scavenger auction? I don't remember hearing anything about a scavenger auction?"

"Yeah. We're doing a scavenger auction where we will be doing the twelve days of Christmas theme. Everyone will be donating to the cause but only if the people doing the actual scavenging can find all the stuff in the song."

I eye her in horror. "How the hell am I supposed to find twelve maids a milking and eleven lords a leaping. Is that what it is?" I cock my head to the side, suddenly wondering if I'm remembering it right. Panic flares in me. "I don't know if I remember the damn song!" A sudden bout of terror washes over me. This is a pain in the ass but I have a feeling there's more to it than this. "There's more, isn't there?"

She won't meet my eyes and I groan and drop my head to the table. "What is it?"

“Well...Margot volunteered Sebastian too. You two need to work together to get all the items.”

“Oh, hell no!” I jump up from the table, pacing back and forth angrily. After that little bit of drama last night, there’s no way I want to be shoved together with Sebastian again.

If I get too close to him again, I think I might go crazy and lose my control. And I don’t want to see what’s going to happen if I lose control.

“There is no way that we can work together. It’s not gonna happen. We haven’t been alone together since high school and we just can’t do it.”

Her jaw firms up and there’s a hard look in her tired blue eyes. “Well, you’re going to have to. We have to have someone do it and nobody else will. You’re our grandkids and you should want to help us! Help the kids who go to that place. Or at least they will. If it gets done.”

Raising a brow, I cross my arms and try to keep my ire. I feel like I’m about to lose this argument right now. And if I do, I’ll have to do what she needs. Because she’s important to me and if this is important to her, then I need to help.

“Guilt, Granny?”

She gives me a smug look and I know I’m about to lose. I sigh and hang my head, giving in. “Fine. I’ll do it. But I still don’t think it’s necessary to be with him.”

“Stop being such a pain in the ass, Mistletoe! It’s been long enough. Let it die!”

Tears spurt into my eyes and I push them back, sniffing. “It hasn’t been nearly long enough to forget about all that.”

My Grandma shakes her head. “Fine. Don’t forget it. But at least move on. You can’t keep living like this. You don’t go out. You don’t date. You’re too young to live like a damn hermit!”

“I’ll work with him and I’ll look into dating someone. But I will definitely never forget what happened.”

She sighs. “Well, I suppose that’s better than nothing. I wish you’d just forgive him and talk to him but as long as you do the charity and don’t stomp off in a huff if he actually has the nerve to talk to you, I guess I’ll accept it.” She stomps off, muttering, “That’s what’s wrong with kids now. They just can’t let stupid shit from when they were a kid go.”

I wish she was wrong.

CHAPTER 4



SEBASTIAN

FIRST NIGHT'S WORK. I CHECK THE LIST AND GROAN. THERE are two things we have to get today. And I've done my research and know exactly where to go. There's a little shop in the next town over from Hamilton and it's got a gorgeous crystal figurine with a partridge sitting in the branches of a soft green pine tree with Christmas packages under it. You might not think that's unique but since it's a three-foot-tall tree made out of crystal and with a partridge in a pear tree for Christmas, you gotta love it and it's perfect. We'll pick it up and everyone who made donations will get a shot at winning it and all of the money goes to the home because we're trying to have all of the prizes be donations.

I'm pacing and fussing when I feel her behind me. I told the grannies to have her meet me at the cafe in town. Coffee Habit is my favorite cafe ever. They've got the best lunch sandwiches and the coffee is perfect. Even if you just like plain old coffee.

I've already had two coffees sitting here waiting for her because I wanted to be early. Now I wish I hadn't had them. My heart is racing so fast that it feels like I could have a heart attack right here and now.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath before I turn around. Lord, it's like a gut punch every time I see her. Her mouth is tight and she's glaring at me like I just kicked her dog.

"Hi, Misty." I have to force the words out through my suddenly dry throat.

“Yeah. I’m not gonna act happy to get conned into this, Sebastian Rowe. So you can tuck that cute-ass smile of yours away for the next girl that you’re looking to charm. That’s not me.”

A slow smirk creeps over my face. “You think I have a cute smile?”

Huffing out a frustrated breath, she sinks into the book, ignoring me. “Out of everything I said, that’s what you get stuck on?”

“Yeah. All the rest of it is just noise. But that’s important.”

Her dark brow lifts. “Why? I don’t care about it why do you?”

“If you didn’t care about it, you wouldn’t have mentioned it.”

Her blue eyes roll dramatically and her red lips purse. I love it when she wears that red lipstick. She’s always been partial to it even when she’s riding horses. Rounding up cattle. Doesn’t matter. She often has it on, and it makes my dick hard as a fucking rock.

“I didn’t mention it because I care. It is what it is.”

She waves at the waitress, Stephanie and nods at the coffee cup in front of her. She smiles and brings her over a cup. At the first sip, she sighs and I smile. Misty’s always loved her coffee. As much as she can get. You don’t talk to her in the morning unless she’s had her morning cup of Joe.

“We’ve only got to get through this, Sebastian. I don’t intend to have a bunch of chit chat and we don’t need to make friends and all that other shit.”

I sigh. It’s too soon and I knew it. We need to get to know each other again. I’ll push all my feelings down and wait until she feels more comfortable with me. “We have to drive to Hickory tonight and pick up the first item.”

“You already found it?” She sips her coffee and watching her soft lips curve around the top of her cup is both distracting and aggravating. Aggravating because it’s distracting. Because

my dick is banging on my zipper like he's knocking on a fucking door.

“If you already found it, why do I need to come along? I'm sure you can handle this all by yourself.” She goes to stand but I grab her hand and jerk her back into the seat, grinning when she glares at me. Don't know why it turns me on when she's pissed but it does.

“Don't touch me!” she snaps.

I hold my hands up and grimace. “Sorry. But it's not little. The damn thing is three feet tall and crystal. I need a little help to make sure it makes it in one piece.”

“Fine. I suppose that makes sense.”

I let her finish her coffee in peace, my eyes roving over her pretty face. It's been so long since I've been alone with her. I didn't think it would ever really happen.

“Hey, baby. You done?” I throw a couple of bills on the table and stand when she takes her last sip.

She stands and tugs her coat back on. “Yeah. Let's get this over with.”

I zip my lips and follow her out to my truck, my eyes watching the soft sway of her hips.

Like a swing side to side and it's addicting. She turns around quickly at the door and I look up, flushing when she glares at me again. “Do you want to drive or should I?”

We've both got our trucks here so either of us could drive. But I want to be the one in control this first time.

“I'll drive,” I say and steer her over to my truck. She huffs and ducks away from my hands.

“I can walk, Sebastian Rowe.”

She climbs in and I get into the driver's side. “Why do you call me that? You always used to call me Seb.”

“That's when we were friends. We are not friends.”

“We could be.”

“Not in this lifetime.”

I groan and growl under my breath. “You are a very stubborn woman, Misty.”

“Yep. Let’s get going. I’ve got a bunch of stuff to do in the morning and I don’t want to be out all night.”

“Fine.”

I pull out and head down the road, breathing in her soft peppermint scent and wondering if it’s just a body spray or if all of her smells like that. Does she use a scented body wash? Because if she does this is cruel and unusual punishment. I love candy canes and she knows it. She shouldn’t have worn that shit. I want to lick her all over and then toss her over my shoulder, drag her to my ranch and tie her to the bed until she agrees to stop this damn horse shit.

Half an hour later we’re pulling up to the store and I’m so damn hard that it hurts to climb out of the truck. But I climb out and shift my damn jeans on the sidewalk where she can’t see me. Hopefully.

We push the door open and I step in front of her when I see a huge, bearded guy standing just inside the door.

“I was just about to close up,” he rumbles in a harsh, ragged voice. I recognize it from the phone and relax slightly.

“I’m here for the donation to the charity in Hamilton. The group home addition one? The crystal partridge in a pear tree.”

“Ah.” He nods and leads me to where he has it standing. It’s even bigger than I expected.

“Whew!” I tip my hat back and scuff my boots on the floor. “That’s big.”

The big man nods. “And very delicate. How are you planning on transporting this?”

I nod to the front door. “I’ve got my truck out there. I was going to put it in the back and tie it down.”

The man sighs. “I’ll help you, but you might want to have someone sit in back with it to keep an eye on it.”

“That can be you,” Misty immediately volunteers me.

Glaring at her, I growl, ”Nice.”

She shrugs. “It’s winter. I’m not riding in the back of a truck. And this is your fault.”

The guy eyes us carefully and then he leans around me and takes a good, long look at Misty which immediately sets off my radar. “You two together.”

I start to shake my head no but Misty laughs. Loudly. “No way!”

He chuckles at her and holds out his big, meaty paw. “I’m Hendricks. Rusty. Nice to meet such a pretty little thing.” Misty flushes and ducks her head, her brown curls falling in front of her bright, smiling blue eyes.

“Thank you,” she whispers. A little trickle of unease goes down my spine.

Oh hell no! I turn and walk over to the big piece of crystal, walking around it. “We better get this show on the road. I think that Mistletoe has to get up early in the morning. Probably has to take care of the hogs or something.” I laugh roughly. “Remember when you fell in the pig trough that one year? You were covered in water and food bits. It was so funny!”

I laugh loudly and slap my thigh. She glares at me and then turns back to Rusty with a smile. “I do have to get up early so we should get going.”

He smiles at her and there’s something in his pale green eyes that I don’t fucking like. “How would you like to go out next weekend? There’s a Christmas movie on at the theater. It’s my favorite. That one about the dude with the family coming to visit and everything that went wrong.”

“Oh, I love that one!” she breathes. “I’d love to see it.”

He hands over his phone. “Can you put your phone number in? I’ll call you to iron out the details next week.”

She gives him the number while I gnash my teeth and try not to picture the two of them kissing.

That's not fucking happening.

CHAPTER 5



MISTLETOE

THE NEXT MORNING, GRANNY CATCHES ME BEFORE I GO OUT the door to take care of the chickens and horses. “How did it go? Did you get the prize?”

I smile. “Yep! And I got a date!”

Her eyes widen and her crocodile grin should have been a warning but I still almost fall over in shock when she says, “You already agreed to go out with Sebastian? Wow, he’s good. I thought it would be a lot longer before he got a date.”

“I’m not going out with Sebastian! The man that runs the store was a really nice guy and he asked me out.”

Her mouth falls open. “Why would you go out with someone else when you’re in love with Sebastian and you have been forever?”

“I’m not in love with him!” My mouth falls open and I stare at her, surprised.

“You are so!”

“I am not! Is that why you guys volunteered us for this? You thought you could get us fixed up and we’d fall in love?”

“Yes. I mean, no.” She sputters. “You can’t just go out with a stranger! He could be a psycho!”

“You’re the one that told me that I need to get out there and start dating! So I am!”

“But what about Sebastian?” she wails.

“There is not now and there never will be a me and Sebastian so you might as well just give it up.”

“I can’t believe this! What the hell is wrong with this younger generation?” she mutters, stomping out of the house and slamming the door.

Shrugging, I grab some coffee and sip it slowly. My phone rings and I don’t bother looking just pick it up. “Hello?”

“Misty?”

I spray coffee and groan. “I haven’t even had my coffee yet, Sebastian! What the hell do you want?”

“I need your help picking up the second item. Two turtle doves.”

“Seriously? It can’t possibly be as big as that one last night!”

“No. It’s not. But it’s a little unusual.”

“What the hell is it, Sebastian? Spit it out!”

“It’s a mailbox that looks like two turtle doves wrapped around each other.”

My mouth drops open. “You cannot be serious. Where are you finding these things? Is there a site called Weird R Us? All we need is two turtle doves. There must be a million smaller figurines around here. Why are you dragging somebody’s old mailbox here?”

“We need to make this interesting. I could just find a bunch of weird paintings and call it a day!”

“Yeah, you could and then we’d be done with this farce.”

“It’s for the kids.”

“I’m gonna really start hating that phrase if people don’t stop saying it,” I grit out through my teeth.

“Are you gonna help me or not?”

“Where is it?”

“Hartsell.”

“That’s two hours away!” I yell.

“Yeah. So? The kids aren’t worth a little drive?”

“Fine!” I throw my hands up in the air and growl when my phone flies out of my hand and hits the floor with a thud.

I pick it up and growl when I hear Sebastian’s deep growl asking what’s wrong.

“Every damn thing possible. When do you want to go?”

“This afternoon?”

“Fine. Let’s get this over with.” I hang up the phone and slug back the whole cup of coffee in one go. This is going to take at least one pot dealing with this horror show.

At three, Sebastian’s truck pulls up outside and I slog out there, dragging my booted feet. “Let’s go,” I open the door and flop on the seat, ignoring him otherwise.

“Nice to see you too, Misty.”

I don’t bother answering. Just nod my head and he sighs and pulls out. It’s the longest two hours of my life and when we pull up at the little farmhouse, a nice lady comes dashing out.

“Hi! Are you here with the charity?”

Sebastian nods his head and steps out of the truck. Her brown eyes widen and she pats her blond hair into place. “Well, well. It’s so nice to meet y’all.”

He grins at her and holds out his big hand which she takes quickly, her smile getting even bigger.

“I’m Sebastian Rowe and this is Mistletoe.”

She shoots me a double take at the name and then her smile dims. “Are you and he...”

Her voice trails off and I smile. “Ummm. No. No we are not.”

Her smile gets bigger. “That’s great. It’s so nice to meet y’all!” She moves closer to Sebastian and he grins bigger, puffing out that big, dumb chest of his.

Her eyes dart down to his hands and she searches for a ring. I roll my eyes. Really? She couldn't be more obvious if she tried.

“He's not married,” I growl and cross my arms over my chest. Which is probably about half the size of hers. The woman has a perfect figure and she can't stop smiling. She's too damn sweet.

“That's wonderful!” She has her eyes laser-focused on Sebastian and I don't think she even remembers that I'm there.

“We really need to get going!” I groan, trying to get her attention. She barely nods.

Sebastian just smiles bigger and traps one of her hands between both of his. “Did you give me your name, darling?”

Her free hand reaches up and fluffs her hair. “It's Abigail. Abigail Swank.”

“What a pretty name for a pretty lady.”

I swear I almost gag. “Sebastian!” I spit out. “We need to go!”

He smiles at her and then bows slightly. “It's been a pleasure but we really do need to be going.”

She smirks at him and he holds his arm out for her to slip her fingers in between his arm and his side.

“Ugh! I think I'm going to be sick” I growl.

“What was that?” The smirk in Sebastian's eyes says he knows exactly what I said.

“Nothing. Let's go.”

He nods but he chit chats with the merry widow while we're walking and then while I and a neighbor grab the mailbox, he talks lightly with the woman.

I have never wanted to slug someone in the face as much as I have right now.

But I hold myself in check. I cannot say anything in front of her because sure as shit, Sebastian would make me suffer.

And I still don't have a clue why the fact that he's literally charming the pants off of this woman should bother me at all. But it does.

And that's a terrifying thought.

CHAPTER 6



SEBASTIAN

OKAY, SO MY EGO IS A LITTLE PUFFED UP RIGHT NOW. NOT that I really intend to call the woman that pressed her number into my hand last night. Not at all. The only woman for me is Misty so there is no other option. I need Misty.

But the whole ride home she never said one word. And it's another damn day. Another day that I don't have my Misty.

And I'm really starting to get impatient.

But today is two things. I found three French hens and four turtle doves.

I call Misty, knowing that she's gonna have a shit fit. She doesn't pick up the phone though. Over and over it just keeps going to voicemail.

I hit up my favorite coffee shop and grab coffee for both of us and then head out to her ranch.

I wish her parents hadn't died the year we turned sixteen. That's part of the reason that I regretted kissing her. She was still working through their loss, and it broke my heart to see how sad she was all the time. Her usually bubbly smile was gone. She was just a shadow of herself. I didn't want to think that she kissed me just because she needed anyone. I was just a warm body to comfort her.

I didn't like thinking that but you better believe I did. I thought about it every day for the next two years while we were in school and she was avoiding me like the damn plague.

She made new friends and they kept her so busy. And far away from me. She didn't date anyone, but she hung out with so many different guys that I could picture trying to kiss her. I wanted to beat the hell out of all of them.

But especially Jimmy Hunter. He hung around her the last year in school and he was so annoying. Always smiling at her and talking to her. I don't think they ever went out but they might have. If I hadn't hunted him down the one night and given him an ultimatum.

Leave my girl alone or I will make mincemeat out of you. And I meant it. I seriously think I would have killed him. I almost did when he laughed and said he wasn't really interested in her. He just liked the fact that she seemed into him.

Fucker! Everyone in school wondered how he got the black eye and busted-up face but nobody could ever drag it out of him.

My lip curls up into a vicious grin. I threatened to oust him for a little bit of mischief that he'd done the year before. He broke into the school and made a mess out of one of the classrooms because he was pissed at the teacher.

He was a sorry piece of shit, and I don't regret it at all. Don't blame myself for the fact that he ended up in jail two years after we graduated either.

I pull up on her ranch and eye the buildings, noticing the peeling paint and the signs that she's running into a little trouble. I'd gladly help her. If she'd take it.

Her slight figure comes out of the barn and she's wiping her hands on her jeans as she walks up to me, grimacing. "What are you doing here, Sebastian?"

"Where are your hands, Misty?" I ignore her question and hand over the cup of coffee which she grabs out of my hands like a greedy toddler at Christmas.

She takes a huge sip and sighs, her rosy lips pulling into a tight smile. "They've all been poached by that new place on

the other side of town. Offered them full benefits and higher pay. I couldn't afford to compete with that."

I push my way out of my truck and slam the door shut with my boot, dragging my hat off my head. "Are you trying to tell me that you've got no help out here at all?" I don't think I've ever been this livid. How can all of them have left her high and dry?

"No," she scoffs. "Of course not. I've got Granny!"

My head reels and I lean back against my truck door. "Your Granny can't help you with half the stuff around this place. I meant help with the animals and stuff." I study everything closer.

"Where's all your stock?" I have a bad feeling I know the answer. But I wait impatiently to find out if I'm right.

She huffs. "It's really none of your business, Sebastian." She kicks at the dirt with her booted foot and I know I'm right.

"You sold them." My voice is low and final. She doesn't bother arguing.

"I had to. I didn't have enough help to take care of everything."

"Fine. I'll loan you a couple of my guys until you get back up and running."

"I can't afford to pay them."

"Perhaps you misunderstood me. I didn't mean you're paying them. I am."

Her cheeks flush red and she bites those tempting rosy lips. Full and sweet and I'm just dying to get a taste. "There's no way that I'm letting you do that, Sebastian. This is my place. It's my responsibility."

I stand up straight and grab her arms, dragging her up against me, smiling when she goes rigid and her eyes heat up. It might be anger, I don't know. But it's something hot enough to burn up the air around us like a fucking four-alarm fire.

“I didn’t ask you for your permission, Misty. You’re taking the help. I’ve been patient here but I just don’t think you’re getting it.” I lift her up until her toes are dangling off the ground and then turn to push her into my truck and tuck myself up tight against her. Her sapphire blue eyes widen and then her pink tongue darts out to trail along those lush lips. “You’re mine. You always have been. No other man will ever have you. Not Rusty, not anyone else. So get used to it.”

She shakes her head and the coffee drops from her fingers, splashing all over the dirt under our feet. “No,” she breathes out roughly. “That’s not happening.”

“It is. I’m not going away this time. And I’m not letting you run any more. We’ll do this dance a little longer. Sure, we can do that. You’re going to be my wife, so I’ll gladly let you play around a little bit. Let you get used to the idea that we belong together and we always have. But I’m not backing off this time. You take me as I am. I’m not your best friend, I’m not your fucking enemy. I’m your whole fucking world, baby girl.”

And I slam my mouth down on hers when her lips part in shock. I close my eyes and breathe in the scent of her. She’s soft and sweet under my hands and the fucking peppermint scent that always clings to her now envelopes me like I’m living in a damn candy cane. And I love it. It’s addictive and I’m all in for it. All in on this.

I pant and drag her closer and her legs come up to wrap around my hips, opening her rounded thighs in her rough jeans up to my body. I can almost feel her wet heat right up against my skin and it’s too much and yet not enough. It will never be enough. I’m going to be craving this woman until the day I die.

I pull back and stare down at her flushed face and I almost howl with desire when her blue eyes open up all slumberous and needy.

I palm her cheek and she just stares up at me. “Now... we’ve got some French hens and turtle doves to hunt down. Let’s get this show on the road.”

CHAPTER 7



MISTLETOE

I SMILE AT THE NICE OLD LADY AS SHE HANDS OVER THE FOUR turtle doves on the weathervane. Each direction has a turtle dove at its end.

I honestly don't know how the hell Sebastian is hunting this shit down but each thing is unique. The three French hens ended up being yard ornaments in neon paint. I've never seen anything like them.

And now this weathervane? It's perfect.

"Thank you, Mrs. Collins. This is just perfect for the auction."

"Oh, that's all right, dear. I wanted to find a nice, new home for it anyway."

Sebastian grins back at her as he settles the carefully wrapped package in the back of his truck. "It's so nice of you to donate it for the kids. I know it will go to good use."

"It's my pleasure. I grew up in foster care part of the time when I was young. Until my parents adopted me at fifteen. It's important that neglected kids have somewhere to go to help them."

I lean forward and hug her. "Thank you so much. I hope that we can help a ton of kids out there. It's so important."

She laughs and hugs me. "You better believe it! I know you two will do good things."

I nod my head and Sebastian hugs her as well before we both climb up into the truck. I wave as we pull out and head back to Hamilton. Mile after mile disappears under the tires and I can't wrap my muddled head around this morning. I don't know what to say or do around Sebastian now. I don't want to presume that he meant any of what he said. It could have all been because he was muddled from kissing me. Or wanting to kiss me. I know my own desire had me so fucked up I still can't remember what I said to any of his declarations. I don't think I said yes but I'm just as sure I didn't say no. I think it was all just too much.

Finally, I can't stand it anymore. "You don't have to do any of that stuff that you said earlier. I know that was probably just lust talking."

I whip around in my seat when he growls and then jerks the wheel, my body hitting the side of the door gently at the abrupt move. If I hadn't been wearing my seatbelt it would have been a lot less gentle.

He turns to me and his amber gaze is glittering with anger. "I wasn't kidding, Misty. I've never been kidding. You are my whole damn world and I've let you push me away for too damn long. I can't do it anymore. Whatever it fucking takes, I will win you for my own. That is my promise. And you can take that to the fucking bank."

"I thought you were just being... helpful because of the hands and stuff."

"Oh, I was being helpful alright. To me. And I intend to help myself to a lot of things real damn soon."

His gaze burns with fire and lust and my clit throbs so hard that I almost feel like I could come just from that look.

But then he reaches out and unhooks my belt. My eyes dart back and forth on his face and I'm struggling not to cry out. Not to lose my head. I still feel like this is a trap somehow.

"It's not a trap. It's our future." My cheeks burn when I realize that I said it out loud.

“I love you, baby. I love you so much that I ache from it. It’s been battering at me for years. But I will go slow and I will wait for you to catch up to me.”

“What if I don’t want to wait?” I whisper wickedly, unable to look away from the rough planes of his tanned face. The sparkle in his amber eyes. The wide width of his shoulders as he reaches down and tugs me over his lap.

“You’ll wait,” he insists. “Because I’m not gonna rush you. But I’m damn sure gonna seduce you so fucking hard that you know exactly how much I want you. I need you.”

His big, warm hands run up and down my sides and I pant with lust. I want the man so damn bad. I need him. I yearn for him.

Which is weird because I swear just the other night I wanted to kill him.

Now I’d give anything to get him alone and feel him plowing into me.

His mouth hits mine and his teeth jam hard into my mouth and I can’t breathe, clutching his shoulders, sinking my fingers deep into the rounded, bunched-up muscles under my nails. It’s rough and wild and just plain crazy. And I like it!

Then he pulls back and I’m gasping for air, unsure where the hell I am and what’s happening right now.

He picks me up like I weigh nothing. Which is not even remotely true. I have curves for days. I’m not a lightweight anything.

“Now. I’m gonna drive us straight back to your place and then I’m gonna kiss you until you can’t stand up straight.” Disappointment lances through me. “And then I’m gonna walk away and let you get a good night’s sleep and I’ll be over here first thing in the morning. And I will make sure that you are taken care of. So don’t worry about a thing, pretty girl.”

“I’ve got you. And I’m never letting you go.”

He pulls the truck out and this time, the interior of that truck is just about boiling with lust.

And I'm not confused at all about what I want right now. I want Sebastian.

I just don't know if all the years and other issues will push us apart or if this is forever like I'm thinking I want it to be all of a sudden. We've got two separate ranches.

We're competitors. What's happening here?

CHAPTER 8



SEBASTIAN

I'M HAVING A HARD FUCKING TIME KEEPING MY EYES ON THE road. My whole body physically aches with the need to have her. The need to hold her and fuck her until it's a god-damned heavenly experience.

But I just sat her and told her I was leaving her tonight. Margot and Louise are off on a trip so when I drop her off there's not gonna be anybody there to see what we do. I could throw her over my shoulder and then run up into that house, throw her against the nearest wall and just eat her up until she's a puddle of melted lust on the floor.

"That's what I should do," I mutter under my breath. Instead of just dropping her off, that's what I should do.

But it feels too soon. I don't think she really believes me when I say that I'm not going anywhere. Maybe because I always said that when we were kids and then with one stupid kiss, I wiped out her trust in me. Wiped out the years of friendship and made her wary and angry.

It's my mistake and I'll have to live with it for the rest of my life. I took ten years of us away and I'm getting too damn impatient to get to the next ten years.

We're almost to her place and I still don't know how the hell I'm gonna walk away from her tonight. My body is hard as hell and it needs her with me to breathe, to live. It haunts me how much I want her.

But she's here and it's hard to keep from doing something desperate.

I pull into the drive and drive round to the entrance of the house, slowing to a stop. It's dark and the light from my headlights barely cuts into it, making it feel like we're the only two people left on the planet.

I huff and she sighs next to me. I can barely see her pretty profile lit up in the dim light.

"Let me walk you up to the door, Misty. Then I'll leave so you can get some rest."

She nods and then shakes her head.

"You don't want me to walk you to your door?" This hurts. It feels like we're backing up a step and I thought we were moving forward.

"No. I mean yes," she huffs.

"What do you want exactly, Misty?" I hold my breath, praying that she gives me a chance.

"I want you to come in with me, Sebastian. I don't think I can stay away from you anymore."

My heart thunders in my ears. I can't do anything but grip the steering wheel. "Are you sure?"

"I'm so damn sure. Come in with me, Sebastian."

"I won't be able to stop with just a kiss." I close my eyes, wishing I'd just shut my damn mouth. I keep giving her every opportunity to say no and run again.

Her head shakes and I see it move in the dark, feel the air shift. Feel my heart rate kick up like a stampede about to flatten everything in its path.

Because I should but I just can't say no. I need this woman. For now. Forever.

I push the door open and drop to the ground and stride around the front quickly. Then I open her door and hold out my hand to her, helping her out.

"What about the prizes?"

“They’ll be fine in the truck.” My voice is raspy and hoarse with the love and desire that’s choking me.

I walk as slow as I can considering I want to grab her, haul her over my shoulder and hit that damn door running.

But I’m a gentleman. Kinda.

I walk her up, holding her hand and stop at the door.

“Are you sure?” I ask her, drinking in her blue gaze in the porch light and shuddering at the desire in them.

She can wreck me. Or she can build me up. I just hope that I can keep her after this.

Hell, if she doesn’t want me, I’ll park my ass on her doorstep until she does. I’m not letting her go. And I’ll do everything in my freaking power to take care of her. Help her with the ranch. Even if I have to enlist the grannies to do it!

“I’m sure, Sebastian. For fuck’s sake, will you quit asking me like I’m a little girl! I’m a woman and I know what I want. You. And stop trying to convince me that you’re not still the caveman that I know. You’re no gentleman. I want the real you. All of you.”

“You asked for it!” I grab the key out of her hand and dip, jamming my shoulder into her belly and flipping her over.

“Sebastian!” she screams. And then fucking laughs like a wild thing. It’s been so long since I heard that laugh. I love it!

But I barely pause as I run in the door and right down the hall to her parents’ old room.

I slam the door open and then push it shut with my booted foot. “I got you, baby.”

Then I stride across the room and throw her on the bed, pulling at my shirt like it’s physically hurting me to be covered. “I need to feel you, Misty. Need you so bad.”

She scrambles up and she wrenches wildly at my belt and jeans, whimpering when she finally manages to pull them down and I kick them away, wearing just my boxers which are obscenely tented.

Her eyes widen to dark sapphire pinpoints lost in a sea of black pupils. Her lashes flutter as she stares at me, her mouth falling open, faintly stained with the last remnants of her scarlet lipstick.

“Fuck, I love that lipstick. I want to see your lips wrapped around my dick.”

Her little hands wrap around me inside my boxers and as she tugs my dick out, I can't help the strangled groan that wrenches from my throat. “Damn, that feels so good.”

We wrestle together to shove my boxers down my thighs and she grasps me hard. I lift her head and she licks her lips and I swear to God, I think I've died and gone to heaven when her lips move closer and she wraps them around my dick.

“Oh fuck! That is so pretty.” I want to throw my head back and howl with how good it feels but I can't look away from her as she closes her lips around my shaft and then jacks the part of my dick that she can't get in her mouth as her full lips move up and down.

Slick, warm and so damn hot that my dick stiffens to a fucking steel rod. She moans and her lips slide around me as she moves her head. Her tongue drags along the top and down the length of me.

“That feels too damn good, baby. If you don't stop, I won't be able to hold out and I intend to have that pussy tonight.”

She shakes her head and suction even harder and I groan and tug at her hair as the sizzle moves along my spine.

She whimpers as I pull her off. “Uh-uh. I've dreamt of this for so damn long. You look so fucking hot taking my dick like a good girl but I need all of you. You're mine.”

Her swollen lips curve as I tap the middle of her chest and push her back onto her back. She crosses her long legs, moaning, begging.

I stand back and drink in how damn sexy she looks. And she's mine. All mine.

“Open those pretty thighs, Misty. Let me see what you’ve been saving for me.”

I can’t breathe, my breath panting out of me like a dog in heat. She flushes and bites her lip but then she opens her legs and I finally get to see how pretty she looks.

“Look at you,” I coo. “All pink and pretty and just dripping for me.” I reach out a shaking hand and run it through her juices, lifting it to my lips for a taste. I close my eyes and run my tongue up my finger, watching her the whole time.

She shivers and her eyes darken even more. “So damn good, baby. I can’t wait to taste it right from the source.”

And I lean in and drag my tongue up through her swollen pink lips like a hungry bear.

“Hmmm. So good,” I mutter into her pussy, blowing on her clit and watching her jump.

Smiling, I lap at her little bundle of nerves, smirking as she moans desperately.

“Don’t play with me, Sebastian. Please.”

I look up at her from between her thighs and grin. “I’ve waited too long for this and it’s too good. I don’t intend to rush it.”

Then my tongue taps at her clit and my finger pushes inside her wet heat, groaning at how tight she is. Almost too damn tight. I’m gonna have to work her over pretty good to get her ready for me. I’m not a little guy.

I push two fingers inside her and chuckle when she grinds up into my face, the sweet perfume of her arousal all around me.

“Let’s see how long we can drag this out, Misty.”

CHAPTER 9



MISTY

“OH HELL, SEBASTIAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?”

The way he teases me is enough to drive a sane woman over the edge. His tongue should be illegal in at least forty states. But I can't hold out and it feels like I'm standing on the edge of a huge, yawning cavern looking out into space and holding my hands up to jump.

His finger slips inside me and he rakes his teeth over my clit. It feels like a bomb goes off in my body, shattering me and blowing away all of my last inhibitions.

“Oh, oh! Yes, Sebastian!” A huge wave of pleasure rips through me, sending pulsing waves through my belly that spread out until I'm shaking and writhing under him.

“That's my girl,” he whispers.

He starts to crawl up over top of me and as he does, we both freeze. A door opens and closes.

“Misty? Are you in here?”

“Oh shit!” I go pale and shove him off of me. “Get under the bed! Go, go, go!”

He stares up at me, his brown eyes still half-dazed. “What! Why?”

“That's Granny! You've got to hide.”

His mouth thins and he sits up on the floor. “Why?”

“For one thing, you're not wearing any clothes!” I say and toss his clothes back at him, running around the room and

struggling into my own clothes as I toss his at him. His jeans hit him in the face and he growls, yanking them down.

“Stop that, Misty! What the hell? We don’t need to hide what’s going on between us! This isn’t just some one-night stand.”

“I don’t want to talk about this right now! Just put your pants on and hide!” We can hear her footsteps in the hall.

“Misty?”

I turn to him, my eyes wide. “Please...please, Sebastian. I’m not ready to say anything about this. Not to Granny.”

He stills and his hawkish eyes study me critically. “When will you be?”

“I— I’m not sure. I need a little time. I’m just so confused.”

“Confused? I’ve made it very plain what I want. But it sounds like you still don’t believe me. Or you’re already sure that I’m going to leave you. Either way, you don’t trust me. Which is why I thought you needed more time. And now I know my answer. My question is... will it ever be enough time for you to trust me? Or will you spend all your time worrying about when I’m going to leave you?”

I can’t even answer him. Because I don’t really know. I wish I didn’t wonder. Wish I was sure of him. Was sure of our love.

“I— I wish I could answer you. But I simply don’t know. I want to believe every word you say. But I find myself wondering if there’s going to be something that I do, something that pisses you off so damn bad that you just walk away.”

“Wouldn’t happen, baby. You’re it for me. But I do understand that you might not immediately believe me. I just don’t want to spend our whole life together wondering if you really believe me or you’re just waiting for the other shoe to fall.”

“I don’t want to live like that and you shouldn’t either. I refuse to spend all my time hiding how I feel about you.”

I growl under my breath and stare at his proud face. We’ve had this whole conversation quickly, short bursts of whispered accusations and fears. It feels like this is it. This is where everything falls off the rails again.

But I don’t want it to. I want him to be here forever. But I’m not ready to face the grannies. They’ve managed to push us back together again, but I’m about done with interfering relatives right now. Even if it was for my own good.

Because I never fell out of love with Sebastian. It’s haunted me for years, an endless yearning ache that settled in my bones like a disease.

Which is not a nice way to describe love. But it didn’t feel nice either.

“Mistletoe! What’s going on?” I jump to my feet and run for the door, hoping to cut off the embarrassment of her coming in here and finding an angry, hurt, half-naked man standing in her room.

“I’m coming, Granny!” I pelt through the door and hit her at about fifty miles an hour, almost taking us both to the ground.

“Oof! Jeez, Mistletoe! Where are you going, girl?” Her old eyes try to peer around me into my bedroom but I yank it closed. “Is Sebastian here with you? I saw his truck outside.”

I close my eyes and take a deep breath, stunned at how stupid I’ve been. The damn truck! It’s a small town and everybody knows everybody’s business. So they sure as hell know what Sebastian’s truck looks like. Especially since it’s got his ranch logo on the side.

My head whips around and I groan when the door flies open and Sebastian comes out, rubbing his dry hands on a towel from my bathroom.

“Thanks for letting me get cleaned up. I don’t know what I got on my hands from those donations, but I’ll check it out when I get home. Oh... hi, Louise! I didn’t hear you come in.

Must have been when the water was running.” He stalks past me, tossing the hand towel over his shoulder. “I’ll have Granny give this back to you after I wash it. It’s a mess. See ya!”

And that’s the last thing he says as he hits the door at a dead run and stomps out, slamming it behind him.

Granny’s brows raise and she turns to study me like I’m an interesting new bug specimen she’s never seen. I flush and shuffle my feet, knowing that there’s no way she’s going to buy that pathetic excuse that he came up with.

Her shrewd gaze stays focused on me as she says, “Well, that was interesting. But I hope you don’t expect me to buy that load of horseshit!”

I turn back into my bedroom, hoping to hide long enough to get my emotions under control. I feel out of control and there was so much buried pain lacing Sebastian’s words that I can’t breathe. Feel like I may have screwed things up myself this time.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

She stomps in after me, ignoring my muttering, “I’m trying to go to bed, Granny. I just got home and I’m tired.”

She rolls her eyes. “I don’t believe that either. What the hell happened with you two this time? I swear you two just can’t seem to get out of your own way!”

Flinching, I flush and chew on my lip. “It’s personal, Granny,” I protest.

“Yeah. I can tell how personal it got... considering that you’ve got lipstick smeared all over your face and you’re beet red.” Her eyes narrow and slide down my body like she’s got a built-in lie detector. “Your clothes are all rumpled and your hair is a rat’s nest. Should I go on?”

I shake my head, flushing even redder. “I’m sorry. I just don’t want to get into it tonight. I think this time I might have messed up.”

She comes to hug me as tears spurt to my eyes. “Now that can’t be true. He’s probably just upset at getting caught making out by your old Granny. He’s a big boy. He’ll get over it.”

I shake my head and lean into her shoulder, breathing in that soft lily of the valley smell of the perfume that she always wears. Letting it wash over me like a warm cocoon.

“I messed up. I knew it as soon as I said it, but I just didn’t want to get caught... ummm.” I stop and close my eyes.

Granny chuckles. “Did a little more than kissing, huh?”

Now I can’t look her in the eyes for the rest of my damn life. Her old eyes seem able to look right through all my defenses.

“What happened, Mistletoe?” Her voice is softer, gentler than I’ve heard it in a long time. Not since the night she told me my parents had died.

Tears immediately slip down my red cheeks and it feels like I can’t catch a breath. Years and years of pain and sorrow seem to flow over me like a flash flood taking my legs out from under me.

She catches me and helps me sit on the floor. Then, grunting and groaning about achy old legs, she sits beside me and we both lean against the mattress.

“What happened?”

“I— ” I glance down at my twisting hands in my lap and wonder how the hell to say this.

She groans and rolls her eyes. “You were having sex. I get it, Mistletoe. You think I’ve never had sex before. Where the hell do you think your father came from?”

I suck in a breath, strangling on a laugh. “Jesus! Try not to kill me, Granny! I don’t want to think about you having sex. Or my dad. Ugh!”

She flaps her hands. “Finish it.”

“I told him to hide and threw his clothes at him. He said that he didn’t want to be my dirty secret. He told me that he wants to marry me. But he said he wasn’t gonna sit his whole life and wonder when I was gonna decide something like the other shoe dropping.”

She huffs and pulls me in for a hug as I sniffle into her shoulder. “You two are ridiculous. You’ve been in love since you were practically babies. You’ve wasted a shit-ton of time messing around with hurt feelings and you seem like you just can’t stop! If you love him, then you go tell him that.”

“I can’t. What if he says he’s sorry and it was a mistake again? I can’t hear that again. It hurt so much then and if he did it again, it would kill me.”

Her eyes roll again. “I’m gonna get a headache from all these eye rolls. You two need to learn to talk without the past sitting there messing with your heads. Have you even talked about why he said that all those years ago? Because I damn sure know that he was in love with you!”

“No,” I whisper.

“Then that’s where you should start.”

“I can’t. He hates me. Didn’t you see it on his face?” I wail and she sighs again, hugging me harder.

“He doesn’t hate you. He’s just disappointed and afraid to get burned again. Whether you think it or not, I’m sure he was hurt when you guys were sixteen. I never understood it all. But it doesn’t really matter. It’s in the past. Leave it there and move forward. Quit being a child and go out there and get your man.”

But I close my eyes and sob, my heart broken.

How the hell do I do this?

Prove that I’m not ashamed of what we are? Prove that I’m in love with him and always will be.

Maybe I should ask the grannies? That almost makes me laugh. God knows what they’d say to do!

CHAPTER 10



SEBASTIAN

I KNOW I'M BEING AN IDIOT! I KNOW IT. MY GRANNY KNOWS it and she's about to tear my head off my shoulders and roll it across the floor to rearrange my brains, according to her.

"I'm not being stupid! She told me to hide and then get out. There's no mistaking what she said. She's ashamed of what she was doing. I'm nobody's dirty little secret," I grumble into my book, avoiding her measuring eyes.

"Oh please! She just didn't want to listen to us pecking at her. It's not that she was ashamed but you have been absolutely intent on getting her for the last ten years. She's been just as intent on staying away from you and not getting hurt again. You can't expect her to do a complete one-hundred-eighty-degree shift just because you got her alone and managed to seduce her into bed? You didn't really expect it to be that easy, did you? I mean, you're cute and everything, kiddo. But she's still got those old scars and sometimes they don't heal as well as you'd hope and the littlest thing can reopen them."

I scrunch my nose and keep reading. Until she whips the book out of my hand and I eye her warily.

"Stop being so damn stubborn! You said just yesterday that you'd do anything to be with her and then at the first sign of a little speed bump, you take off like a grumpy old dog with its tail tucked between its legs. Grow a backbone and get your ass over there! Prove that you're hers!"

“How?” I ask her, sitting up and wondering what the hell is wrong with me.

I want her. I know she wants me. She waited for me. She was willing to be with me last night. She just didn't want us to get caught like a couple of teenagers making out on the back porch. I shouldn't have gotten so pissed off and I sure as hell shouldn't have run out of there.

But she's right. Those old fears clicked in my head and all I could see was that she was pulling back again.

And that hurt. I was there and totally open and she was running again.

I need to grow a pair and get my woman. And this time make sure she can't get her feet under her to run again.

I sit up and then stand, stalking back to my bedroom.

“Where are you going?”

“I'm going to get cleaned up and then I'm going to get my damn woman!”

“Beautiful! But watch your mouth, honey!” she calls after me.

I just snort.

She's got a worse mouth than me any day of the week. Her and her best bud are like a pack of sailors when you get them together.

I jump in the shower and clean up quickly, not letting my mind wander to dangerous territory. I can think of her sexy body later. Hell, maybe I'll throw her in the shower with me.

Now's not the time for that though. I've got to get her out here.

I stomp out and put my best button-down on and my nicest pair of jeans. Pulling on my good black felt Stetson and my favorite pair of boots, I walk down the hall and grab my coat.

“I'll work on the donations another day. I'm gonna be busy today. And maybe you and Louise could disappear. Just for a while. I'm not taking no for an answer this time.”

My jaw is set and she eyes me up, chuckling. “Finally got your head out of your ass, huh? Good for you.” Her face gets serious. “Make her happy. That’s all you need to do. Just make her happy.”

I stop at the door and turn and look at her. “I intend to. For the rest of our lives.”

“Good. I love you.” She smiles at me when I walk out the door.

“I love you too, Granny!”

And with that I head out to my truck, making one little detour to my barn. One of the guys eyes me with a smirk.

I tip my hat and he grins, shaking his head but he’s wise enough not to say anything.

Tossing my stuff into the truck, I hit the gas and peel out of there, impatient to get to Misty.

Impatient to end this right now.

It only takes a quick ten-minute drive to get to the ranch next door but by the time I’m turning off into the long driveway, there’s a text on my phone and I grin when I see that Louise and Margot have been busy.

“All clear.”

Nodding my head, I can’t help the little smirk that tugs at my lips.

Now I just have to catch my pretty prey by surprise. Most guys wouldn’t do this this way, but I’m desperate to end this weird part of our lives and get to the good stuff.

I pull up to the ranch and look around. I see that the barn door is open and nod my head. She’s in there.

I grab my supplies and tuck one thing in my pocket, the other I keep in my hand.

Then I quietly make my way to the barn, surprised that she didn’t hear me pull up.

But I understand why when I cross the threshold and see her wearing a pair of earbuds and singing in that God-awful way that happens when people sing with headphones on.

I wince when she hits a particularly high note and her voice breaks, struggling to hold back the laugh that's choking me.

I eye the dimensions of the barn and know it's gonna be a little tough to make this shot but since I'm a rodeo grand champion... I know I can do it.

Holding it in a narrow circle, I twirl the rope and then swing it out quickly, snapping it when it sails over her unsuspecting head. The rope goes taut, and she shrieks, dropping her pitchfork and trying to swing around.

But I've got her caught fair and square and I run at her, grabbing her up and swinging her over my back. Her earbuds fall to the ground and she snarls, "What the hell?"

Then she stills and her body goes rigid. "Sebastian."

I don't say anything. Just haul her cute ass outside and dump her in my truck, pulling a smaller piece of rope out and tying her hands in front of her. Her eyes widen and she glares at me.

"Have you lost your mind?" She turns to jump out and I tie another piece around her feet, swinging them back inside the cab.

"Nope," I drawl. "Just found it and my balls apparently. According to the grannies."

"You're crazy!" She breathes, her cheeks flushed.

"Nope. I'm not. I just needed time to figure out how to handle you."

Her brows lift. "And you thought rope was it?"

"Yep." Then I slam the door and shut in her protests. After I hop up in the cab, she starts to open her mouth and I can tell she's about to tell me off. I hold up my hand.

“Don’t make me gag you. We’re gonna work this out. I’m not putting up with this shit anymore.”

She turns with a jerk and stares out the window, ignoring me.

“You can do that now. But we’re finally gonna talk.”

Ten minutes of silence gets us back to my place and I see that most of the guys are gone. Ricky is getting into his truck to leave and my cousin stares at me as I haul Misty, tied, out of the truck. He laughs so loud that a pair of crows fly away with a squawk.

Slapping his knees, he wipes the tears out of his eyes. “Bout damn time!” He hollers and then he drives off, still laughing his fool ass off.

I get her inside the house and then slam the door, jogging upstairs to my bedroom and throwing her on the bed, grinning when her tousled curls barely hide the flames in her blue eyes.

She says with chilling coldness in her voice, “I cannot believe that you just kidnapped me and then dragged me, tied, past your cousin! What the hell is he gonna think?”

I laugh. “He’s gonna think I finally found my balls after all these years. Half the town thinks you’ve got them in your purse. You’ve had every part of me since we were barely able to say sex, let alone do it.”

She flushes and I see that coiling heat from last night in her sapphire gaze. “You don’t know what you’re saying,” she mutters, tugging at her hands. “Do you mind untying me?”

I cock my head. “I don’t know. I think it might be more fun to keep you tied up for now.”

“Untie me, Sebastian.”

“We need to talk first.”

“We can talk when I’m untied.”

I kneel in front of her and my hands start tugging at the knots. I look up into her flushed face and her fingers trembling under my hand.

“Misty?” Her breath catches softly. My hands still. “I love you, Misty. I always have and I always will. I’m so sorry that I did what I did all those years ago.”

Her blue eyes lift to mine and I can see the buried hurt in her gaze. “I never understood why,” she whispers.

“I knew you were still hurting and upset from your parents’ death. I felt like I was taking advantage of your shock and pain and it made me sick that maybe you didn’t know what you were doing and I was pressuring you. I wanted you to have time to grieve and time to really consider what we were doing. I never thought that you would stop talking to me. I never thought that it would hurt you so badly.”

Her eyes soften and her voice is husky and gentle. “I’ve always loved you too, Sebastian. Even when we were kids, I knew that there was something special between us. I knew in my heart that I was yours and you were mine.”

I lift my hands and caress her face, cupping her cheeks. “God, I love you. I love you so much. I have needed you for so damn long. It’s killed me that you wouldn’t talk to me.”

Her lips curl and she smiles. “What happened to Jimmy Hunter?”

I squint and my mouth falls open. “What?”

“What happened to Jimmy Hunter?”

I sit back on my heels. “Why do you need to know that?”

“Call it curiosity?”

Groaning, I stand up and run my fingers through my hair. “Shit! Fine! I beat his ass. He ran his mouth about you and I beat his ass and threatened to kill him if he ever went near you again.”

“I knew it!” She crows, “I knew that you did that!”

I kneel at her feet again. “You’re not mad, are you?”

She shakes her head. “Naw. He was a jerk. I should have never gone out with him.”

I sit back again and fury rages through me. “Did he touch you?” I start to jump to my feet. “I’ll kill him.”

“Nope!” She grabs at my arms and holds them in her tied hands. “I don’t want anything to do with that guy and you shouldn’t either.”

“Okay. What do you want?”

“I want you to untie me, kiss me and make love to me like we should have all those years ago. And then I want to fall asleep in your arms because I didn’t get shit for sleep last night. I missed you and it... it hurt when you left.”

“I want that more than anything. Not the hurt. Fuck, I wish I’d never done that. But I didn’t mean to. I just wanted to make sure that you didn’t get hurt. And instead, I hurt you worse.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“It does. But I swear I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you.”

I stand up and then pull the little box out of my pocket. “This was my mother’s ring and I’ve been keeping it at home, waiting for our reunion. Because I knew that I couldn’t live without you. I knew sooner or later that I would win you over. It had to happen.”

Her eyes tear up, sparkling with happiness. “You want to marry me?”

“I intend to marry you. I’m not asking. I’m telling you that we’re getting married. It doesn’t have to be right away. But I’m going to marry you. As soon as you’re ready.”

“Christmas Eve!” She holds out a shaking hand. “I want to marry you on Christmas Eve with the grannies there and all our friends and family.”

“That’s only a week away?!”

Her eyes dim. “You’re right. That’s too much work.”

I stand up and pull her into my arms, her bound hands in front of me. “Nope. I think that’s workable. And I want to

marry you as soon as possible. Let's get married in a week."

Her smile comes across her pretty face like a sunrise coming up over the mountains around us. "I would love that." Her blue eyes look down at her hands and she smirks. "Could you please untie me so you can slip the ring on my finger and then make love to me properly?"

"I think I can manage that too."

With shaking fingers, I set the box on the ground and then untie her hands, kissing them lightly, staring into her eyes and relishing the look of love and longing in them. "We can wait if you want to?"

She shakes her head and pulls her hands free, lifting them to wrap around my shoulders, playing with my hair, sending shivers down my back. "I don't want to wait. I've waited long enough."

I lean down and my lips catch hers delicately, sipping from her mouth until she moans and opens her lips, her tongue melding with mine in a sensuous mating dance. I bend down and pick her up fully, feeling her settle into me and then her legs wrap around me, grinding into me.

She pulls her lips free and moans. "I need you, Sebastian. I've needed you for so long. I've waited for you."

I desperately run my lips up and down her throat, nibbling on her ear as I lean over the bed and gently settle her. "I've waited for you too. I couldn't ever want anybody but you, baby girl. It's always been you."

It's like our clothes melt off. One minute we're fully dressed and then we're both flinging shirts and jeans left and right, ripping seams and rubbing each new piece of bare skin against each other.

Her back bows when my lips close on her bare breast and suckle her soft nipple. Her soft moans and her clinging fingers driving me crazy. There's a tense buzz that's building in my back and tightening my balls and I'm frantic to claim her, own her.

Her nails scrabble at my back and shoulders, seeming just as frantic for me. I need her so much that it feels like I can't breathe.

She shifts her hips under me and I feel her slick heat cradling my cock. I hiss out a breath as her hand slips in between us and her delicate fingers touch my steel-hard length.

"Oh, baby. Please don't touch me or I'm gonna explode all over your fingers and I want in that sweet pussy that you've been saving just for me."

She smiles a sexy little smirk and I can't wait any more.

I still. "I don't want to hurt you ever again but this is probably going to hurt."

"I don't care. I just need you."

I nod and line my cock up to her weeping slit and then push inside one inch, closing my eyes and groaning when her wet warmth surrounds me, holding me tight. So damn tight that it's hard to move.

"Fuck. You are damn tight, baby girl. I can barely move."

"Don't stop." Her jaw is tight but her eyes are resolute. Determined. "I don't want you to stop. Keep going."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You've got to rip off a band-aid, Sebastian. Rip it off!" And then her hips slam up into me and she shoves my dick as far inside her as she can, shrieking when her body rebels.

I hold myself still and close my eyes. "Dammit, woman! You have to push everything, don't you?"

Her eyes open and the blue is slightly marred by tears but her smile is happy, her body relaxed and pressed into me. "It's been ten years. I didn't want to wait anymore. You know I'm not a patient woman!"

I chuckle and I feel her body twitch under me, still adjusting to my size. "I do know that you're not patient."

She starts moving under me and I groan. Then it's like a fiery burst of frenzied lust rolls over me and I slam inside her, loving her gasps and moans, needing them. My finger slips between our bodies and grinds on her little clit, working it, feeling my own orgasm barely being pushed away.

I need her to come before I do. I push and grind and then lift her leg, pushing to another spot in her tight core and feeling her body tense and then her low moans become a guttural wail as she tenses and then collapses, her little pulses dragging me deeper inside her. My control snaps, sweat dripping down my brow as I slam into her over and over again, dragging both of us back up the mountain to ecstasy. Her nails dig into me, and she goes off like a bomb just as I still and jets of my seed spurt inside of her.

I drop down to my bed and cuddle her to me, exhausted and out of breath.

She giggles. "I didn't know that it would be that hard."

My brow lifts as I look down at her. "Yeah. I'm always hard around you, Misty."

Her brow clears and she lifts her fingers up, pressing them to my lips. "I love you so much. I wish we hadn't messed this up for so long."

"If only I'd just roped you and kidnapped you all those years ago."

She snorts. "I was sixteen. I'm pretty sure Granny would have said something about that."

"She might have helped. You never know. Those two ladies are nuts."

"She might have." Her cheek settles on my chest and I smile, running my hand through her soft brown curls.

"I can't believe it's finally here. Finally, the day I've been waiting for my whole life."

Her smile brushes my chest and I shiver, still half-hard. But I know she's sore and I'm not gonna go there. Not for a little bit.

“Those two are gonna be so full of themselves after this.”

“That’s alright. If I have you, nothing else matters.”

Her head lifts and she brushes my lips gently. “You have me. You’ll always have me. You always did. And I’m sorry that I didn’t make up with you sooner.”

“That’s alright. I’ve got you now. And if you try and run anymore, I’ll just get out my rope and lasso you again. Drag you back to my lair and make love to you until you can’t even walk, let alone run.”

Her smile is more radiant than a midday sun in the mountains. “Let’s try that sometime.”

I throw my head back and laugh. “You’re insatiable, woman!”

But I love it. Love her so much that I can barely swallow when I think about her. It’s welling up in me like a spring rising, overtaking everything around me. It’s not small. Not growing. It’s already too big to be contained.

She curls into me and I sigh, happy and relaxed for the first time in years.

I can picture the family we’ll have, the life that’s in front of us. This is forever. She’s my home. Everything else will work out. If I have my safe place, my love and my family. I’m a happy man. And I always will be.

EPILOGUE



MISTLETOE

CHRISTMAS. I SMILE AT THE HUGE TREE THAT SEBASTIAN'S dragging into the house. This is the first Christmas that I haven't been able to go with him to pick out the tree. For a damn good reason.

Our four-year-old daughter Evie is bouncing around at my feet and I rub my swollen belly. The babies are due in six weeks, and I've been told to rest as much as I can. But that doesn't mean I can't do anything.

Turns out... that's exactly what that means.

Sebastian glares at me. "Granny!" Her head pops around the corner of the kitchen and I groan. Another matching lavender head pops out two seconds later.

"You play dirty," I grumble to him as two grannies come bustling up, griping and grabbing Evie's hand, shuffling me over to the couch like a damn invalid.

I'm shoved down and told to stay put by three annoyed voices. I huff as they toss a blanket over my toes and fluff up my pillows. I roll my eyes.

"You know, I'm not sick. I'm just pregnant."

"You're supposed to be on bed rest," Sebastian grumbles as he sets up the tree in the stand.

"Not bed rest!" I swat at the fussy old hands trying to push every square inch of my skin under the quilt they've got thrown across me. The fire's burning in the huge fireplace with

five stockings hanging on the heavy wood mantel. “He just said to rest. Not bed rest.”

“He specifically said that you should stay down as much as possible so these little ones have more of a chance to bake.” Granny glares at me, shaking her finger in my face like I’m still Evie’s age.

“You people need to stop being so silly. I’m fine. Except for the part where I’m desperate to do anything. Except sit in a damn bed.”

“Lie in one. Not sit. You need to lie down.”

“For heaven’s sake. I’m calling Dr. Peters. He’ll fix all of you.”

I pick up my phone and dial it, waving all of them off. “Dr. Peters? Yeah, this is Mistletoe Rowe.” I stop when I hear him chuckling under his breath. I glare over at Sebastian when he grins. “I should have kept my own name. I sound like a damn cartoon character. Anyway,” I huff. “I am being driven nuts by my husband and the grannies. They said I’m supposed to be on bed rest. I just need to rest more not do bed rest.” He answers me and I crow in triumph.

I point at all of them. “There you go, bitches! He did not say bed rest. He said more rest.” I switch back to the phone and smile. “Thank you. They are driving me crazy. I just want to help decorate the tree and do some Christmas cookies. That’s not too much is it?”

“Absolutely not,” he says. “Just as long as you’re not having any contractions or anything.”

“Nope! So I can go ahead and help with the tree?”

“Yeah. But stay settled until it’s set up. Sebastian can handle all that.”

“Thanks, Doc. I really appreciate you setting them straight.” I take him off speakerphone and point at all of them. “There you go. Just like I said. Now you fun police can just leave me alone. I intend to have at least a little Christmas cheer.”

“That’s what I’m here for,” Sebastian whispers in my ear. “I’ll show you my yule log later.”

“Ugh! That’s terrible.” He opens his mouth and I hold up my hand, closing my eyes. “Please don’t repeat it.”

The tree is standing up straight and proud right in front of the big picture window in the huge great room. Sebastian has already pulled a ton of ornaments from both families out and I hold out my hands, which he grabs and carefully pulls me to my feet.

“Now, let’s get this tree all pretty.” I smile at my little daughter, and she shoots me a gap-toothed grin.

“Pretty, pretty!” She yells and throws garland in the air like it’s confetti.

Sebastian grabs hold of her and lifts her up in his big arms. He’s the best dad in the world and my pregnancy hormones are double revving, driving me crazy every time I look at him. He looks sexy when he’s all shaved for a meeting. He looks even sexier on the weekends after he comes home from a drive with days-worth of scruff on his face, tired and smelly as hell.

I never thought I’d get turned on by the smell of man and horse but there you go... I’ve got it bad.

Unfortunately for me and my hormones, the one thing the doc did say in front of Sebastian at the last appointment was that he thought maybe we should lay off the sex for a little bit.

My mouth falls open and I seriously could have strangled him. How dare he! I need sex more than anything right now. And my damn gynecologist cock-blocked me! That’s not right.

My frustration is pretty bad right now because as per usual my hubby is following the instructions to the letter. He’s annoyingly excited about rules. Even when it means he doesn’t get any.

It’s disturbing.

But when we’re done decorating the tree and Sebastian is sitting behind me where I’m lying on the couch that night, his bulging arms wrapped around me. I sigh and sink into his

arms. He kisses the top of my head and I lean back into him, relishing the feel of his warm body behind me. The lights on the tree dance and twinkle like colored stars in the dark room and it feels magical. Like we're the only two people in the world right now.

Five years since I married my best friend and the love of my life. Five years since we finally pushed all the pain and bad decisions of the past behind us and started living in the present.

Our hands rest together on my huge belly, and he rubs it absently, smiling slightly when one of the boys pushes and runs his foot over my belly, making it ripple and roll.

“Can you believe this is our life?” He asks me, sighing and holding me closer.

I shake my head and turn my face into his throat. “No. I can't. It's pretty dang near perfect.”

“Not just pretty dang near. This is perfect. I have the woman I love more than life itself. My love, my heart, my best friend. You're everything to me. I love you, Misty.”

Tears tingle in the corners of my eyes. “I love you too, Sebastian. You're the best decision I've ever made. I just wish we hadn't waited so long.”

“Doesn't matter. We have each other now.”

“Hell yeah, we do.” I turn into his big, husky body and settle my aching body against him, feeling my muscles relax. The shadows dance around the room and the fire burns hotter and brighter before it settles into ashiness.

That will never happen to us though. Our fire will never burn out and it makes me smile. We've got everything we need. Everything we could possibly want.

A past that made us stronger and our love burn deeper, a present that is like heaven for two lonely souls who found each other after too much time and a future that burns brighter every single day we have together.

I rub my face on his soft flannel shirt and breathe in that scent that is only him and know that this is where I'm meant to be. Where I will happily fall when I'm crying and let him comfort me. And where I will hide when I need some time alone. Where I will happily grow old and watch our children grow up together.

He sighs, obviously thinking along the same lines as me. "I've finally got my girl right where I want her. Wrapped up in my arms like the prettiest little Christmas present ever."

This. This is what we should have always had. And now that we do... this is heaven. The best possible Christmas and life ever!

Thank you for reading. We'd love to hear what you thought in a review! [Roped by the Cowboy](#).

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Click the picture to find out more about the next in the All the Jingle Ladies series!



Genie

When a mysterious job offer brings me back to my hometown, the last person I expect to see is my former fiancé.

Turns out he's behind the company that wants to bring me on board — but he also wants to rekindle our relationship.

I'm still drawn to him, but I don't know if I can trust that he won't hurt me again.

Grant

She's the only woman I ever loved — and the only one I've ever left.

I've thought about her every day since, and I'm desperate to win her back.

Getting Genie to give me another shot will take a Christmas miracle.

But I'll do whatever it takes to bring her back to me.

If you enjoy safe reads with instalove perfection, strong men, spicy scenes, and a solid happily ever after with no cheating or cliffhangers, then this series fits your wish list.

Grab a mug of hot chocolate and settle into your favorite reading place to fall in love with *All the Jingle Ladies*.