

BREE KRAEMER

FALLING

OVER YOU



Falling Over You

by

Bree Kraemer

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Falling Over You

Bree Kraemer

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Falling Over You

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Chapter 1

Eve

It was bad enough that Eve had to come on vacation with her whole family. It was even worse that they'd chosen to do it over Christmas.

But the worst part was that they'd chosen to go skiing.

Fucking skiing.

She didn't hate skiing, it was actually the opposite. She loved it and was good at it. Great at it, really. The problem was that no one else in her family was any good other than her dad. As luck would have it, he didn't ski anymore. Hell, her sister Mackenzie had only ever been on skis one other time in her whole life.

What this meant was that instead of spending quality time with her family, she was alone, staring down the mountain from the largest hill at the lodge.

She'd tried to stay with her family, telling them she didn't mind doing bunny slopes, but they weren't having it. They insisted that she go and enjoy herself.

As if that could happen when she was the lone wolf while they were all paired up.

The trip consisted of her mom and dad, her sister Skylar and her husband Peter, and her sister MacKenzie and her wife Juno.

She was the only one without a partner.

Which was made even slightly more ironic because she was also the oldest sibling. At thirty-one, she never once thought that both her sisters would be married before her. The joke was definitely on her.

Not that she wanted to get married. She liked her life. She liked her job as a curator at a museum. She had friends and a

bountiful social life. The only thing she didn't have was someone to share it with at night, when she went home alone.

Was that really such a bad thing?

Who needed a man when she could have the whole bed to herself and not have to worry about someone hogging the covers?

As for orgasms, she'd become proficient at giving them to herself. Which was more than she could say for a lot of the guys she had dated over the years. It seemed it was her fate in life to not be able to have an orgasm during sex. Oral sex, yes. Penetration, no way, no how.

Oh, she had tried.

After college, she'd basically gone on an orgasm hunt, searching them out night after night. She tried different guys, different positions, and different scenarios. It had been her mission to find the big O with a guy. And yet, it never happened.

Eventually, she'd given up and taken her orgasms where she could get them. In the last two years, that was from her trusty rabbit that never failed to get the job done.

Deciding she'd stalled too long already, she placed her goggles back over her eyes and took off down the hill.

The thrill that skiing down a mountain gave her never got old. Her dad took her skiing just once as a teenager and she'd taken to it easily. Quickly, she'd outgrown the easy slopes and moved on to the harder ones. Her dad had been so proud of her and loved that she enjoyed something he liked. Over the years, they'd skied together many times, until his knee had decided no more. Now, he stayed on the bunny slopes with the rest of the family while she was left to race down the mountain on her own.

There were very few people on the hill so she didn't need to worry about anything but the rush. She flew, enjoying the feel of the wind against her face and the sun rising in front of her. She was just about to the bottom when she saw another skier pass her on the right. They were both going full speed

and there were a few other people at the bottom of the hill. She pulled right trying to avoid them but the skier who passed her pulled left at the exact same time.

Because, of course, he did.

They collided, hard, both of them toppling over with her falling over him and landing right on top of him.

Both of them groaned.

“What the hell.” His voice was deep and strained with just a hint of pain. “There’s no way you didn’t see me.”

“I could say the same for you.” She tried to sit up but their skis got even more tangled.

“For the love of God, stop moving.” His hands grabbed her hips, presumably to still her movements.

“I’m trying to get off you.” She lifted her head for the first time, ripping her goggles off and coming face to face with what can only be described as the most beautiful man in the world.

Strong jaw, deep blue eyes, and cheekbones that defied nature.

Was she dreaming? She had to be dreaming. No man looked this good.

“If you’d just give me a second, I think I can get us untangled.” His voice had changed, gotten several octaves lower, if possible, and his eyes never left hers as he worked to move his legs from hers. Several seconds later, one of her skis popped off and they were immediately untangled. “There,” he said.

She easily rolled off him, immediately missing the feel of his strong body under hers. “Uh, thanks.” When she tried to sit up, she groaned at the sharp pain in her side.

“Are you okay?” His voice held concern as he also sat up and started looking her over. “Did you hurt yourself?” His hands were touching her everywhere and, even through her heavy coat, she felt the imprint of them on her skin.

She waved him off. “It’s just my side.” She tried to stand, but the pain was overwhelming, forcing her to stay seated.

Just fucking great.

“Shit, you need medical attention.” He unhooked both his skis and then scooted in front of her and took off the one she still had on. He moved effortlessly as if he did this all the time.

“I’ll be fine,” she said, wishing like hell he’d just leave her alone. She was already embarrassed. She didn’t need the hottest guy she’d ever laid eyes on feeling sorry for her.

“You’re not fine and I’m not leaving you until I know you’re okay.” Then, in the craziest and hottest thing she’d ever seen, he scooped her up in his arms.

“What are you doing?” She struggled to get him to put her down but that only made her side hurt worse.

“Stop wiggling,” he said in a demanding tone. “I’m just carrying you inside so I can check you out.”

That sounded dirty and also like something she absolutely wanted. Wait, no, she didn’t even know this guy. She should not be having dirty thoughts about him checking her out. “I can walk.”

“You probably can, but this is easier and quicker.”

They entered the lodge and, instead of taking her to the medical staff on hand, he bypassed them and kept walking.

“Where are you taking me?” It was just her luck that she would be murdered by a hot guy.

“I want to look you over but I thought you might appreciate me doing that with some privacy.”

She’d heard enough. “Listen, buddy, you can’t kidnap me and think that no one will care. People saw you carry me in here.”

A deep chuckle vibrated through his body, one she could feel through both their layers of clothing. “Calm down, I’m not kidnapping you.” They entered a room that looked

suspiciously like an office. There was a man sitting behind the desk. A man who looked vaguely familiar.

“You know this is my office, right?” the man said with a raised eyebrow.

“Don’t just sit there,” the man carrying her said. “Move this stuff so I can set her down.” He indicated with his head to the couch where there were boxes covering every inch.

Her mind finally started working and she realized the man was Gordon Kincaid, owner of the lodge they were standing in. “Mister Kincaid, I’m so sorry about this.”

“How do you know my name?” the man holding her said, a look of complete confusion on his face.

That had her furrowing her brow, but before she could speak, Gordon answered.

“I believe she’s talking to me, jackass.” He started moving the boxes. “Miss Stanley is one of our most frequent patrons.”

“You know my brother?” the man holding her asked, staring down at her face.

She nodded as the reality of what he said hit her. “Gordon is your brother?”

“I am,” Gordon answered for him. “I take it you didn’t introduce yourself before you carried her into my office for who knows what sort of shenanigans.”

“It’s not like that,” she protested, as the hot guy finally set her down on the cleaned off couch.

“We sort of collided at the bottom of the hill,” the hot guy said to Gordon before looking back at her. “I’m Theo. Theo Kincaid.” He removed his gloves, hat, and coat.

She looked up into his deep blue eyes and, for a second was lost, before finally opening her mouth and speaking. “Eve Stanley.” She was already getting warm, partly from the heat in the building and partly from this Theo guy.

“Why’d you bring her in here instead of the medical offices?” Gordon asked.

“She hurt her ribs and I thought this might give her more privacy.”

Gordon sighed. “You’ve been here one day and you’re already messing with my lodge. We have the medical room for a reason.”

“You and I both know that I’m more qualified to look after her than the people you have in there.”

“Excuse me,” Eve finally said, interrupting their brotherly quarrel. “I’m perfectly capable of looking after myself. I’m not that hurt.”

“I beg to differ,” Theo said, kneeling down in front of her. “If I had to guess, you have a bruised rib and I know for a fact that hurts like a bitch.”

“Just who are you and why would you be better qualified than the medical staff that Gordon has on hand?” She had no plans to go see the medical staff but that didn’t mean she didn’t want to know why Theo thought he was better qualified.

“He’s a doctor,” Gordon supplied.

“A doctor?” she asked, looking between Gordon and Theo.

“I have my own practice, but before that, I worked at the hospital in my town.”

“Oh.” That really did make him more qualified than the nurses the lodge staffed for emergencies.

“I thought I could look you over and make sure you were okay,” he said sheepishly.

“I guess that’s the least you can do since you ran into me.”

He raised an eyebrow. “I’m pretty sure you’re the one who ran into me.”

“Wrong. The other skiers were to my left so I pulled right to miss them.”

“I pulled left to miss the guy who was on my right.”

Was it her imagination or was he enjoying arguing with her? “I didn’t see anyone on your right.”

“That doesn’t mean he wasn’t there.”

“Can we all just agree that you both tried to avoid other people and move on with this,” Gordon asked. “I do have work to do that I can’t do with both of you in my office.”

“I’m so sorry, Mister Kincaid. I’ll get out of your hair.”

“Call me Gordon, and really, you should probably let my brother here check you out. Mostly because I really don’t want to be sued.”

“I would never sue you,” Eve said. “I’ve been coming here for years. You own my favorite ski lodge.”

“If you two are finished flirting,” Theo said with an edge to his voice, “I could check you and make sure there is no real damage.”

Gordon laughed. “Brother of mine, you wouldn’t know flirting if it hit you on your head with a ski.” He turned back to his desk. “I will give you fifteen minutes to do what you need to do while I do my walk-through.” He gave Eve a small wink. “Be gentle with my brother. He doesn’t go out in public often and we wouldn’t want to scare him back into his cave.”

Gordon exited the office, leaving Eve alone with his handsome brother.

Yes, he was handsome. Which was obviously part of her problem. If a hot guy was going to put his hands all over her, she’d prefer it be for other reasons.

Reasons that led to orgasms.

“Do you think you can remove your top layer?” It came out as more of a demand than a question.

“Since you asked so nicely?” She rolled her eyes and started to remove her fleece zip-up that she’d worn under her coat, but when she moved, the pain in her side was worse than before. “Ouch.” She winced in pain.

“Dammit,” Theo said, moving closer and stopping her movements with a firm grip on her arm. “Hold still.”

“You know you keep saying that to me and it’s starting to grate my nerves.”

“If you’d listen, I could stop you from having pain.” He slowly and very methodically began removing the garment.

She inclined her head to look up at him. “Oh really? You’re that good of a doctor that you can stop my pain completely?”

He didn’t look at her but she saw a tinge of pink on his neck and cheeks. She’d embarrassed him. “Pain can be controlled if people would just listen.”

“Well then, control away.” As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she realized how they sounded. It was too late to take them back so she sat silently while he painstakingly removed her fleece jacket.

Once it was off, he sat back on his heels, giving her a questioning look. “I need to lift your shirt up.”

She nodded. “That’s usually how an exam works.” She didn’t mean for the words to come out sarcastically, but somehow they did, and she inwardly cringed. This man brought out the worst in her and she didn’t even know why.

Oh, wait, yes she did. He was hot and broody. That was definitely her type.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I was trying to be polite.”

“Can we just get this over with so I can go back to my vacation?”

She saw him reach toward her, knew he was going to touch her, and still there was a jolt when his fingers grazed her skin as he lifted her shirt. Her breathing sped up at just the small touch.

“Shit,” he said under his breath.

“Nice bedside manner, Doc.” She tried to conceal the desire that was coursing through her body at just that one touch.

He seemingly ignored her comment. “It’s already bruising.” Using one hand to hold her shirt up, he pressed on and around her ribs, making her wince in pain. “Sorry, I know it has to hurt.” His voice was softer, more sincere than it had been previously.

She tried to ignore the pain and instead focused only on how good it felt to have him touching her. She needed a distraction. “What did Gordon mean when he said you don’t go out in public often? If you’re a doctor, don’t you see patients?”

He flicked his gaze up to hers and for a second, she thought he might not answer her question. He lowered his eyes back to her ribs. “He thinks I don’t have a life outside of my practice.”

“Is he right?” She was starting to like the sound of his voice when it wasn’t telling her what to do. Although, if he wanted to use that authoritative tone on her when she was naked and in bed, she probably wouldn’t mind.

Damn, her mind was all over the place with sexual thoughts. It might be time to end her sex drought.

“Probably.” His fingers prodded her skin gently and instead of feeling the pain, she was getting more turned on. “After working all day, I have no desire to go out and socialize. Which means I go home and spend that time with my cat while we watch an enormous amount of television.”

“That explains why I’ve never seen you here before. I come here a couple of times a month in the winter. Although, it does explain why you ran into me.”

“I’m pretty sure you’re the one who ran into me. Otherwise, it would have been me plastered on top of you out there.” He lowered her shirt and she already missed his touch. “I think you’re good. Nothing seems broken, but it’s pretty deeply bruised. You’re going to need to ice and rest for a few days.”

She groaned, dropping her head back on the couch. “Just fucking great. How in the world am I supposed to get through

this family vacation if I can't ski?"

Could her life get any worse? She was at the ski lodge for a week and this was only day two. She loved her family, truly she did, but spending a week with them and barely getting a break might kill her. Being able to ski was the only reason she'd agreed to come on this trip.

With that gone, she was going to have to socialize with them.

She was starting to see why Hot Doctor Theo spent every night with his cat.

Chapter 2

Theo

His hands were shaking.

His fucking hands were actually shaking.

All from touching this woman. Albeit, a beautiful, feisty, out-of-his-league woman.

When she'd fallen over him at the bottom of the hill, he'd been pissed. The second he took his goggles off and saw her, that had changed. She was gorgeous. Rosy cheeks from the cold and sensual lips just made for kissing. That was all before she took her own goggles off.

Seeing her eyes had floored him. Bright blue and full of rage and annoyance. Was there anything hotter? He didn't think so.

The urge to protect her and make sure she was okay had taken over. He might have come off a little demanding and forceful, but he needed to make sure she wasn't hurt.

Being in her presence for the last ten minutes only made him want to stay by her side longer. His brother wasn't wrong. He rarely came out of his cave. But for Eve, he'd willingly change that.

"Aren't family vacations usually spent doing things together?" Not that he would know. His mom and dad were always trying to get him to join them on trips, but he always turned them down. Gordon was the only person who could drag him away from his work, and even then, it was a couple of days at most. And that was because he only lived two hours away and he loved to ski.

"If that were true, I'm not sure I would ever vacation with my family." She sighed and closed her eyes, giving him a moment to study her without her looking.

Her skin was still flushed, this time from the warmth of the lodge instead of from the cold. Her brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail, but he could tell it was long, with shades of red scattered throughout. She was tall, something he knew from carrying her, and also curvy in all the right places. When he'd had her shirt lifted to look at her bruises, he'd ached to raise it just a little more and get a good look at her tits.

Shit, he was a fucking pervert. He should not be thinking about her tits. Or her ass. And definitely not her pussy.

He cleared his throat making her eyes pop open. He needed to talk about something or else he was afraid he'd do something stupid like blurt out how much he was dying to kiss her. "You said you come here a lot. Do you live in Pine Cliff?" Pine Cliff was where he'd grown up and where Gordon had decided to use his inheritance from their grandparents to open a ski lodge. Theo had gone the other direction and used the money to open a practice. But not in Pine Cliff. He'd wanted some distance from his family and had chosen to live in the city two hours from his hometown.

"I live in Roanoke, but this is my favorite ski spot, and has been for years." She sounded wistful, making him want to ask all sorts of follow-up questions.

The first was wondering if he'd heard her correctly. "You live in Roanoke?"

She nodded. "Yeah. My dad and I used to come here when I was a kid. Back before your brother owned it. When it closed, I was so sad, but then a few years later, Gordon got it back up and running and my happy place was back." She looked up at him. "Do you live here in Pine Cliff?"

He shook his head. "Uh no. Oddly enough, I also live in Roanoke."

Shock covered her face. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"Wow, that's a strange coincidence."

She wasn't wrong. Here was a woman he was interested in, for the first time in forever, and she just so happened to live

in the same city as he did. If he believed in something as crazy as fate, he'd think this was it.

An awkward silence fell over the room. "I should probably go find my family and let them know what's going on." She stood up, struggling, just a little, with her bruised side.

He wanted to reach out and help her, but he also knew that touching her again was a bad idea. "You need to ice your ribs and maybe wrap them."

"I can grab what I need from the medical staff." She had taken a few steps toward the door but turned to face him again before opening it. "Thanks for all your help."

Something in him told him not to let her go, to beg her to stay, but he didn't listen. "Anytime."

"Let's hope I don't take you up on that." She gave him an adorable, yet sexy smile, and then walked away.

What was wrong with him? He was letting a woman who intrigued him walk away. He might be on the verge of being a recluse when it came to anything but work, but that didn't mean he wanted to be alone. He was just choosy and Eve made him feel like he hadn't felt in, well, forever. She made him willingly want to be social.

He was just about to go after her, and say what, he had no idea, when the door to the office swung open and Gordon stood there staring at him.

"I see you ran Eve off. I know you don't interact with people who aren't sick very often, but you could have been a little bit nicer to her." He moved to his desk, slapping down the papers that were in his hands. "She's one of my best patrons. I can't have her bad-mouthing this place."

He hated when his brother was right. He shut the door that Gordon had left open and sat down in the space on the couch that Eve had just occupied. "What do you know about her?"

Gordon raised an eyebrow. "This is interesting."

"Can you maybe just answer the question and not be a fucking ass?" All around him was the lingering smell of Eve.

Apples.

The damn woman smelled like apples.

He loved apples.

“Eve was one of the first people who gave me a chance when I opened. She talked this place up and thanks, in no small part because of her, this place is thriving. I can’t have you messing with that.”

“First, you want me to get out more, and now, you refuse to help me when I need you. You can’t have it both ways.” He ran a hand through his hair, frustrated at both his brother and these strong feelings for Eve.

Gordon stared at him for a few seconds before sitting down in his chair. “I can see why you like her. She’s exactly like you. People say opposites attract, but I’m not sure that’s true.”

“This is not helping.” It did make him wonder how they were alike.

“Alright, here’s what I know. Eve Stanley is an avid skier. And she’s good. Maybe better than you, and that’s saying something. How you two ever collided, I have no idea. Up until a few years ago, she and her dad used to ski together all the time. Now she mostly comes alone. Until yesterday, I hadn’t seen him in a couple of years. From what he told me when I checked them in, his knees are getting bad, and skiing anything more than short runs or small hills causes pain. Which explains his absence. This is the first time I’ve seen Eve’s whole family here, and from what I can tell, none of them ski. Just her.”

That explained why she was annoyed with being hurt. If she couldn’t ski, she’d have to hang with her family. “Does she get along with her family?”

“I know she and her dad are close, but I have no information on the rest of them. I can tell you that both of her sisters brought someone with them, and Mr. Stanley introduced them as his daughter-in-law and son-in-law.”

“Older sisters?”

“From what I remember from a few years ago when Eve mentioned it, they are both younger. Why would that matter?”

“In my experience, when younger sisters are married before older ones, it can cause animosity.”

“In your experience doing what? Watching television with Selena?”

“Hey don’t bring Selena into this. She’s the best cat in the world. You’re just jealous she’s not yours.”

“You named your cat after Cat Woman, who’s a fictional character, when I’m out in the real world dating actual women.”

“When was this alleged last date of yours?” Gordon may talk a big game, but he wasn’t much better than Theo was when it came to leaving work behind and being social.

“As a matter of fact, I went on a date last week.” He frowned. “I guess it technically wasn’t a date, but I took a woman to Ray’s for dinner while she waited on her tow truck.”

That had Theo interested. “Excuse me?”

Gordon sighed. “I was driving home from the store when I saw a car stranded on the side of the road. I pulled over to help and it turns out her car had died. I offered to drive her home, but she refused to get in the car with me. The only option was to walk to Ray’s and wait for the truck.”

“You could have left after she got to Ray’s. There was no need for you to stay and wait with her.”

“I wasn’t going to leave her alone and hungry while she waited for Carl to come to tow her car. I could tell from how she was acting that money was tight.” He shrugged like it was no big deal, even though Theo saw something more in his expression. “She also needed a place to stay while she waited for her car.”

“Let me guess, you gave her a room here?”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing, if you’re doing it out of the goodness of your heart. But, I sort of get the feeling there’s something more here.”

“How did we get the focus on me, when I distinctly remember us talking about you and this weird obsession you have with Eve Stanley?”

“I’m not obsessed with her.” Total lie. Since the moment she’d fallen over him, he’d been in a haze of lust. He’d never had strong feelings like that for anyone in his life. It was sort of ridiculous, and if this were happening to anyone else, he’d absolutely think they were going insane. There was just something about her that made him want her fiercely.

“Tell that to someone who doesn’t know you as well as I do,” Gordon said.

Theo shook his head, but resigned himself to being honest with his brother. “Have you ever just met someone and known they were going to be important to you?”

Gordan scratched his beard. “Uh, yeah, I have as a matter of fact.”

Theo wasn’t going to interrogate his brother yet, but he had a feeling the woman he picked up on the side of the road might be who he was talking about. “That’s how it is with Eve. There was a click the moment I met her. I can’t get her off my mind, and all I want to do is touch her and be near her.”

“If that’s the case, what are you still doing in my office?” Gordon raised an eyebrow at him.

“She thinks I’m nuts. You saw the way I was acting.”

“Like a caveman? Yeah, I saw it. Although, I’m not sure she’d be as averse to it as you think.”

That had him sitting forward. “Really? Why?”

“Because, in all her years of coming here, Eve gets hit on a lot, but she never, and I do mean never, flirts back. She was flirting back with you.”

That had his mind whirling. Was she really flirting back? Should he go find her? Ask her to dinner?

“Stop overthinking this. Go talk to her. Have a conversation. Be charming. You used to be charming.”

Theo stood up quickly, not at all sure what the plan was. He just knew he wanted to see her again. To be near her. “I’ll catch you later.”

Gordon laughed. “Yeah, somehow, I seriously doubt that.”

Theo practically ran from his brother’s office. After quickly changing out of his ski boots, he went in search of her. He had no clue where to find Eve, but started in the most obvious spot—the lounge.

The lounge was the gathering spot for skiers and boasted a huge fireplace, a fully staffed bar, and plenty of comfortable seating. Normally, when he came skiing, he avoided it at all costs, not wanting to interact with other people. Today was different. If Eve was there, he’d sit his ass down and talk to her all day, if she allowed him to keep her company.

He didn’t have to look for her long when he scanned the room. She was seated on a large chair next to the fireplace. Her feet were up on an ottoman and she had her head back against the chair with her eyes closed.

Damn, she was gorgeous.

He approached her carefully, so he didn’t scare her. As if she sensed his presence, she opened her eyes when he was only a few feet from her.

“Oh, of course, it’s you.” She sighed, her body stiffening just a little.

“Is it okay if I sit here with you?” He pointed to the chair next to her.

She nodded. “It’s a free world.”

He sat down, turning his body to face her. “Did you talk to your family?”

That had her rolling her eyes, something he found adorable. Since when had eye rolling become adorable?

“My sister and her wife were here when I walked in. They offered to stay with me but I sent them on their way. I don’t need to be taken care of like a child.”

“Are you sure that’s what they were doing? Maybe they wanted to stay with you because you were hurt and they care about you?”

She pursed her lips, shaking her head. “They’d rather be out having fun than sitting in here.”

He looked around. “I don’t know, this looks like it could be a good time. There’s a bar and games. I bet a person or group of people could have a blast here.”

“Are you trying to tell me I was wrong?”

He laughed. “Not at all. I’m just saying there’s no reason why you can’t still enjoy your vacation.”

“I wanted to ski, not sit around. Which is, what I assume, you wanted to do when you came here.” She tilted her head, looking at him. “Why are you not back out on the mountain?”

“I can ski anytime. Literally. Sometimes, Gordon lets me come in early and ski before he opens the place. I have the whole mountain to myself.”

Her eyes held excitement. “That sounds amazing.”

The desire in her voice had his dick getting hard. Sure, it was for skiing on the mountain while no one was around and not for him, but soon, he wanted her to sound like that for him; preferably while naked and riding his cock.

He was in fucking deep.

“What if I make you a deal?”

She narrowed her gaze at him. “I’m sort of afraid to ask but what kind of deal?”

Here went nothing. “Hang out with me today. We’ll play games and drink the world’s best hot chocolate, and maybe even have fun. Then, when you’re feeling better and not in pain, I will bring you with me to ski one morning before the slopes open.”

She bit down on her bottom lip making his dick jerk in his pants. She was silent for so long that he thought she was going to turn him down. Then she surprised him. “They really do have the greatest hot chocolate here.” Her eyes lit up with excitement.

He wanted to fist pump the air but stopped himself. “I’ll get us some right now. You pick a game.” He was up and moving before she could change her mind.

If she was willing to spend time with him, that was a good thing. Now he just had to use that time wisely to make her fall for him. He knew what he wanted, and it was her. Nothing was going to stand in his way now that he had a goal.

All he wanted for Christmas was Eve. In his life and in his bed.

In which order, he didn’t care.

Chapter 3

Eve

Theo Kincaid made her insides feel like there were a thousand butterflies flying around.

He was sexy in a way that she'd never known. Almost like he had no clue how good looking he was. From his unruly black hair to his deep, dark eyes, that reminded her of a storm rolling in, she was in trouble. As if those weren't enough, the man had carried her in his arms and made her feel cherished and cared for.

It was all overwhelming.

She'd gotten away from him as fast as she could after his hands had practically tortured her when he'd checked on her bruises. Seriously, her damn panties had gotten wet at just that touch. It was either flee the room or push him down on the floor and climb on top of him.

Her hope was that walking away from him would clear her mind. That hadn't happened. She ran into Mackenzie and Juno, who'd offered to stay with her, but she'd turned them down and settled herself in front of the fire, trying like hell to calm the storm that was raging inside of her.

All thanks to Theo.

She'd never had this kind of strong reaction to a guy before. The kind where her whole body shook when he was near, but also when he wasn't. It was like she was having withdrawals.

For a second, she wondered if she'd hurt more than her ribs when she'd fallen over him. Maybe she'd hit her head. That could explain these strange feelings.

Now, apparently, she'd agreed to play board games and drink hot chocolate with the man.

Let's just hope she could keep her hands to herself.

"Here we go," Theo said, placing two steaming mugs of hot chocolate on the table between them. "Did you pick a game?"

Uh no, she'd been too busy scrutinizing how hot he was. She turned to the stack of games on the shelf by the fireplace, scanning them quickly. "What about Scrabble?"

He shrugged, moving toward the shelf and grabbing the Scrabble box. "Works for me." He sat back down, placing the box next to the hot chocolate. "I should probably warn you that I'm sort of amazing at this game." He didn't say it with any conceit, only confidence.

Which was sexy.

Shit.

She was in real trouble.

"I've been known to be pretty good too." She and her sisters used to play all the time as teenagers, and even though Skylar almost always won, Eve had gotten really good at coming up with obscure words that were worth a lot of points.

Theo opened the box, pulling out the board. "What is it you do in Roanoke?"

She started pulling tiles out. "I'm the curator at the Roanoke History Museum."

His eyes widened. "That's really cool. I haven't been there in years."

"A lot of people are like that. They figure they've been once, they don't really have to go again. What they don't realize is that we change exhibits constantly. Sure, some stay the same, but we get new stuff all the time." She was passionate about history and tended to be judgemental when people weren't as interested as she was.

It was not a good look.

Her rants had ruined more than one date over the years.

It might be a good way to make Theo run for the hills. Then she could have all the dirty thoughts about him she wanted without having to deal with him.

“People are sort of like that with doctors too. They come once and then never come back.”

Well shit, now they had something else in common. First skiing, then living in the same town. This was getting ridiculous. “What kind of doctor are you?”

“A general practitioner. I have a small family practice on the north side of town.” His hair flopped over his eyes as he leaned down to grab tiles from the box.

Her fingers itched desperately to touch it.

Was it getting hot? She had a feeling it had nothing to do with the fire in front of her and instead was from the fire burning inside of her. All due to Theo.

Lifting her cup, she took a sip of her hot chocolate, savoring the delicious taste. Theo stared at her, his dark eyes going even darker.

Was that desire she saw? It couldn't be, could it?

Lowering her cup, she licked her lips, scooping up a little whipped cream that had landed on her lip.

What sounded like a groan came from Theo as he leaned toward her. “You have a little right here.” He lifted his hand, and swiped his finger across her upper lip, making her insides go wild once again.

Wait, had they even stopped?

Then, he did the most erotic thing. He lifted his finger to his mouth, sucking the whipped cream off with his eyes trained on hers. Heat and desire pooled in her belly. And somewhere slightly lower.

Her body shivered and she was pretty sure one touch to her pussy would have her coming. He might just be the man to make her come during intercourse.

She swallowed her fears and said the thing she'd been thinking since she'd fallen over him outside. "You're so fucking hot." As soon as the words were out, she regretted them. But it was too late to take them back.

His eyes never left hers and, in fact, they got even darker, if that was possible. "I could say the same about you." His voice was deep and seductive and made her press her thighs together to ease some of her discomfort.

She cleared her throat hoping her voice would work when she spoke. "We should play the game." She reached out, shuffling tiles.

His hand landed on top of hers, stilling her movement. "Is that what you want to do?"

The roughness of his voice had her mesmerized. No, she did not want to play Scrabble when there were so many other fun things they could be doing. But, playing Scrabble was the smart choice. She always made the smart choice.

What if she didn't? What harm could that cause?

"Eve," he said her name, and her pussy throbbed. Jesus, his voice, low and deep, might be her new favorite thing.

She bit her lip, and then, without thinking at all, went for it. "I don't want to play Scrabble."

His eyes bore into her and the heat she saw there mirrored her own. This man wanted her.

Oh yeah, this was happening.

Christmas was about to come early.

"Then what the fuck are we still doing here?" His words were punctuated by him standing and pulling her up off her chair at the same time, albeit somewhat gently due to the bruising of her ribs.

She almost fell into him but he caught her with his hands on her arms. His touch seared her skin through her clothing, and all she wanted in the world at the moment, was his hands on her naked body.

She looked up at him. “I guess that only leaves one question.” She didn’t wait for him to answer before going on. “Your room or mine?”

His fingers tightened on her arms and she moaned at the pressure. “Mine.” It came out as a growl and before she knew what was happening, he was pulling her through the lodge.

She went willingly and couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled out of her at what was going on. She was about to have sex. Hot, sweaty, very dirty sex, if she had anything to say about it, while her family was out on the slopes.

It was comical.

Theo pulled her around a corner, pushing her up against the wall. “I need to kiss you,” he said desperately. He pressed his face against her neck, his breath tickling her skin. “I’ve wanted to taste you since you were lying on top of me.”

She moaned, knowing exactly what he was talking about. It had been the same for her. “Then kiss me.” Her words were choppy, thanks to her racing heart, but she didn’t care.

He lifted his head to meet her eyes, staring deeply into hers. For a second, she thought he might not go through with it. That he might stop this before it went any further. She waited, not wanting to push him if he didn’t want this.

She got her answer when he lowered his mouth to hers, ever so slowly, until his lips were a hair’s breadth away from hers. “This is only the beginning,” he whispered, the words washing over her skin and through her body like the fucking sun on a warm summer’s day.

Then he kissed her. Urgently, desperately. Like it was imperative that he do this and nothing else at that moment.

It was heady and luxurious and so fucking perfect. Was there ever a more perfect first kiss? She didn’t think so. He was gentle and demanding all at the same time, and she had no problem finding the rhythm and joining in.

She liked kissing, or had, when she’d done it. This wasn’t merely kissing. This was Theo consuming her and she was all for it.

His lips left her mouth, trailing across her cheek to her ear where he took her earlobe in between his teeth and bit gently. "I need you."

Hello, she felt the same way. "Then what the hell are we doing in this hallway when we could be in a bed?" Her fingers slid into his hair, gripping it tightly, looking for anything to ground her to this moment and not let her feelings take it any deeper.

This was sex. Hopefully amazing sex, but nothing else.

He stepped back from her, grabbing her hand again and pulling her once again down the hallway. They'd passed the elevators so she assumed his room was on the first floor. When they got to the end of the hallway, he opened the door that went outside.

"Where are we going?" Oh hell, was he a murderer? Was this a scam he ran all the time? Had she fallen for a guy who was going to kill her?

"Right there." He pointed to the small cottage that was nestled behind the lodge. She'd seen it many times, always wondering what it was. "It's where I stay when I come here. It used to be Gordon's, but he built himself a bigger place over there." He pointed to the larger home to the left.

She'd forgotten all about Gordon. That relieved her nerves a little. There was no way Gordon had a murderer for a brother. "You have your own place here?"

He shrugged as he started walking again. "He rents it out sometimes for bigger groups who want to stay together, but otherwise, it's mostly mine."

This was even better than a room in the lodge. In the lodge, she'd have to be quiet. In this adorable little cottage, she could scream as loud as she wanted.

And boy did she want.

"Move faster," she said, shivering a little as they walked through the snow.

He chuckled. “You say that now but when I have my head between your legs you’re going to be begging me to go slow so you can savor every second of it.”

She was outside in the snow where it was twenty degrees and her panties just melted.

He was right. She would be begging and that was about to happen any second if they didn’t get naked soon. Her only hope was that he would be the unicorn. The one man who could make her come with his dick. Man oh man, did she want to come with his dick inside her.

Once inside the cabin, she didn’t waste any time. She turned, pushing him up against the now closed door. She pressed her body against him, needing to feel him. And boy, did she feel him. His dick was long and hard, hitting her so close to where she was aching the most.

“Shit, you feel so good.” His hands wrapped around her body, gripping her ass, pulling her even closer. He dipped his head, his lips taking hers in a savage kiss.

She held on for dear life and let him take what he wanted. She wanted the same things and that made her wild, and also, a little afraid. She wasn’t into one-night stands anymore, hence, her lack of sex in the last few years. Maybe that’s why this felt so out of control.

“You’re wearing too many clothes,” she said when his lips trailed down her neck. She tugged his shirt from his pants, letting her fingers touch his bare skin.

He groaned at her touch. “So are you.” He nipped at the skin on her neck as his hands worked to get her shirt off. When his fingers pressed a little too hard into her bruised ribs, she cried out. “Shit, shit, shit,” he swore, lifting his head. “I forgot, I’m so sorry.” His touch softened.

“I’m fine.” Now that they were apart, she used the space to pull his shirt off his body. As soon as his bare chest came into view, her mouth salivated. “Jesus, you’re built.” She ran her hands over his chest and down to his six-pack abs. “How is this your body?” She was in awe. She wasn’t sure when the

last time was that she'd been with a guy who had muscles like he did. Maybe college.

He moaned at her touch. "I spend a lot of time at the gym." His hands were gently touching her ribs. "As much as I want to stay right here and let you have your way with me, I don't want to hurt you. Let's move this to the bedroom."

She groaned but dropped her hands. She might hate it, but he was right. There was a fair amount of pain in her side and what they were doing was only making it worse.

It amazed her that she barely knew anything about Theo and yet she was perfectly comfortable with him. During her early twenties when she'd opted for one-night stands over anything else, she'd couldn't say she was ever comfortable with any of the guys. She never wanted to touch them other than sex, and she definitely never thought about sitting down and having a meal with any of them.

With Theo, she wanted those things. He made her want more than just this one night.

As they entered his bedroom, he turned to her before she could go any further. "We don't have to do this." He lifted a hand, grazing his fingers over her cheek. "I don't want to hurt you any more than you already are."

His concern was sweet and only made her like him more. "I'm okay, I promise." She stepped closer to him, pressing her body up against his, feeling his naked chest. "I'm right where I want to be."

A groan coursed through his body as his arm snaked around her and held her tightly against him. "Thank God." He lowered his head, his mouth trailing kisses and love bites down her neck. "I was willing to stop, to do the right thing, but that's not what I wanted." He ran his tongue over a particularly tender spot on her neck before sucking the skin for a few seconds. "This is what I wanted. You moaning and begging me to take you higher and higher until the pleasure is so big, that you fall over the edge and take me with you."

His words were so hot and had her squirming to touch more of him. She needed this man like she needed water or air.

It was a must. He was a must. That thought was a little scary and one she wasn't going to analyze, yet. Maybe when she was alone in her room with nothing but her memories of their night, she'd do a deep dive into why he was the one who made her feel this way.

A way she'd never felt before.

"On the bed," he demanded, sending a thrill up her spine.

She did as asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed. He surprised her by kneeling in front of her and removing her shoes. When they were off, he helped her get her pants down her legs leaving her in only her sports bra and boy shorts. Neither was fancy, both were made more for support and function, rather than seduction.

From the heat in his eyes, he didn't seem to mind.

"You're better than I thought." His eyes raked over her body from head to toe several times as he worked to remove his own shoes and pants. When he stood, he was in black boxers that were barely containing his very impressive erection.

"I could say the same." His chest was defined with lean muscles that lead to a toned stomach and strong legs. In the middle was a cock that stood out among the ones she'd seen in her life. She licked her lips, the anticipation of feeling it inside her body making it hard to think.

If she couldn't come with his dick inside her, she was broken.

He leaned over her, his lips connecting with hers in a punishing kiss. She moaned and writhed under him, doing anything to try and get him to lower his body against hers. But he had other ideas. He lifted her up just enough to pull her sports bra from her body, his hands gentle and soothing. Her breasts were pretty normal. Not big and not small, but still perky at thirty-one.

“You shouldn’t hide these.” He cupped one in his large palm, his thumb rubbing over her nipple gently. Her body shivered at the contact.

“Theo,” she moaned his name, wanting more.

He smiled. “You like this?”

“Yes.” Like wasn’t a strong enough word.

He switched over to her other breast, giving it the same attention. Her body was pulsing with need and she wanted him to keep going, to do more. Then she got her wish. He lowered his head, taking one tight hard peak into his mouth.

She screamed in pleasure.

He chuckled against her breasts but didn’t stop what he was doing. In fact, he went up a notch, biting down on her nipple, gently at first, but when she urged him on with moans and incoherent words, he did it again, only harder.

Her body shook and the dampness between her legs grew. He was making her feel things she hadn’t in a long time.

Things she’d missed. Things she’d craved and dreamed about.

Things she wasn’t sure she could live without again.

Chapter 4

Theo

There was perfection and then there was Eve.

She blew what he thought he knew how sex should feel like out of the water.

And they hadn't even had actual sex yet.

That's how fucking good it was.

How good she was.

It might have felt ridiculous at the time, but when she'd fallen over him, he'd known she would change his life. It was as if the universe placed her there at the perfect time. He had a good life, but if he was being honest, he was lonely. He was sick of going home alone to his quiet house. He wanted someone to share his life with. The problem was, in order to find that, you had to go out and meet people. That part didn't appeal to him.

Lucky for him, she'd literally fallen in his lap.

And now she was naked under him, moaning his name while he sucked her tits.

Life was pretty fucking good at the moment.

"Theo, please." Her voice was hoarse and sounded so fucking sexy when she begged.

"Please what?" He lifted his eyes but kept his mouth on her breast, continuing to tease it with his tongue.

"Touch me. Make me come." She was grinding her pussy against his leg and he could feel how wet she was through her panties.

He was going to lose it when he saw her bare and damp in front of him.

Needing her just as much as she needed him, he moved down her body, kissing and licking each and every inch of her skin. He slid off the bed, pushing her legs wide so he could be between them. His hands gripped her thighs as he got his first look at her covered pussy.

The fabric was drenched.

“Theo,” she practically purred his name. Never had it sounded so good.

He lifted a hand, gliding one finger down her center. “You’re so damn wet.”

She moaned. “More.”

Her hips were gyrating and pressing down looking for any sort of friction. It was time he put them both out of their misery.

With the force of a man possessed, he pulled the sexy boy shorts down her legs and off her body before diving into heaven. His first taste of her was electrifying. She tasted better than he ever could have imagined, and if he could, he’d stay between her legs forever.

She bowed her back, her hands digging into his scalp. “Oh yes!” He loved how vocal she was and how she let him know how good he was making her feel.

He licked and sucked like a man on a mission. A mission to make her come all over his face. He wanted that. He wanted the evidence of her release all over him. And then he wanted to do it again and again, until she couldn’t move.

“Oh yeah, right there.” Her body shook and her hands tightened in his hair as her first release tore through her body.

He slowed his pace but didn’t stop. When her whimpers died down, he slipped a finger inside her as his tongue lapped up her juices. He fucked her furiously with his finger before adding a second one and driving into her hard.

“That’s it, ride my fingers, baby.” It took all his power not to reach down and grip his cock. As it was, he was going to

embarrass himself by coming quickly as soon as he got inside her tight heat.

Her second orgasm was more powerful than her first. Her legs clamped his head like a vise and her nails dug into his scalp.

He loved every second of it.

Breathing was overrated when you had pussy this good in your mouth.

He sat back, looking at her glorious pussy and how swollen and wet it was. His cock was leaking from being so turned on. It was a miracle he could still think straight. He was about to have sex with a woman he'd met a very short while ago.

It had been more than a year since last having sex, and that had been a two-year relationship. One that had ended pretty badly when she'd thrown a plate at his head after screaming at him that he never wanted to do anything but stay home and watch tv. She hadn't been wrong, but she'd never complained, until that day. If she didn't like it, she should have said something sooner.

He would have broken it off and they could have gone their separate ways without him needing to buy new dishes.

He worried a little that Eve would feel the same way. That after a few weeks or months, she'd get bored sitting at home with him every night.

Something inside him wanted to be different for her. He wanted to give her anything she wanted, and if that meant socializing, he would do it.

Standing up, he removed his underwear while she watched. When his cock bobbed against his stomach, her mouth made an O shape, but no sound came out.

“Scoot up.” As she moved up the bed, he reached into the bedside table, grabbing a condom. Thank god he'd had the forethought to leave a few in there. He wasn't sure what he'd do if he couldn't get inside Eve very soon.

Her eyes took in his every movement as he rolled the condom down his length. “Hurry,” she whispered and he was pretty sure his dick grew even longer and thicker at that one sultry word.

“Is that what you really want?” He raised an eyebrow. “For me to hurry?” He leaned down, kissing her lips hard, but slowly. “Wouldn’t you rather I take my time?”

She shook her head several times. “No, I want you to fuck me and fuck me hard.”

His breath caught, and again, he thought how perfect she was.

For him.

She was his and somehow he had to make her understand that.

Because he desperately wanted to be hers.

At the first touch of his dick to her pussy, she moaned and wiggled to try and get him to move. He held her off with a forceful grip on her hip. “If this hurts your ribs, you need to tell me.” He looked down at her as she gazed back up at him.

“It won’t hurt.”

“You have to tell me. I’ll stop.” He didn’t want to hurt her. Not now, not ever.

“Theo,” she reached up, cupping his face, “it’s sweet that you’re worried about me, but if you stop fucking me for even a second before I come all over your dick, there will be hell to pay.”

He groaned, loving how demanding she was. She knew what she wanted and wasn’t holding back. Talk about sexy.

He pushed forward, feeling her stretch around him. Her eyes glazed over and she murmured his name, which was so damn hot. He was the person making her feel this good. Making her eyes roll into the back of her head.

“More,” she said, her voice full of heat and need.

Going slow was getting hard when all he wanted was to be buried deep inside Eve's body. Inch by inch, he pushed in, until finally, he was fully seated inside her.

Nothing had ever felt this good.

He was pretty sure nothing ever would again.

His hips began thrusting back and forth, their bodies moving together perfectly. Her hands were on his shoulders, her nails digging into the skin as she urged him on with her sexy moans and murmurs. He was careful of her side, but other than that, he fucked her hard and relentlessly.

She took it all and begged for more.

When he pulled out and rolled over to his back, she shouted out at the loss of him inside her.

“NOO!”

He laid down next to her. “Get on top. I want you to ride me.”

That had her smiling like a Cheshire cat as she sat up, lifting one leg until she straddled him. “You just want to watch my tits.”

“I want to do more than watch them.” He leaned up, taking one hardened nipple into his mouth. She cried out at the contact but easily slid herself down on his waiting cock. With her tit in his mouth and his cock in her pussy, he was in heaven.

Eve was what he needed in his life. He wasn't sure how he knew, but he did. She awoke all the things in him that had been dormant for some time. Things he didn't even know he was missing out on. He wanted to talk with her and laugh with her. Come home at night and make dinner together. He even wanted to go out in public with her, something he rarely wanted to do.

He definitely wanted to have more sex with her. So much more.

She was grinding down on his cock, gyrating her hips looking for her release. At the same time, she was driving him

close to the edge. Careful of her ribs, he slid his hands down her sides, gripping her hips in his hands.

“God, yes,” she moaned, throwing her head back.

“Fuck me with this sweet pussy,” he said, his mouth full of her generous tit. “I want to feel you come all over me.”

She moaned louder and her body shook on top of him.

Their movements were frenzied and out of control, but he felt the moment she came, her pussy gripping him like a vise as she screamed out his name.

Hell yeah, he could get used to this.

The feeling of her coming around his cock had his own release barreling through his body. There was no way he could stop it. There was no way he could control it. There was no way he could slow it down.

Seconds passed with both of them breathing heavily before he finally came back to reality. She was looking down at him with a smile on her face and happiness in her eyes, and he never wanted that look to go away.

“That was a first for me,” she said, her smile growing even bigger.

He wasn't sure what she was talking about because she definitely wasn't a virgin. “Sex with someone you just met?”

“No, well yes, but that's not what I mean.” She bit her lower lip. “I've never been able to have an orgasm during sex.”

He felt his eyes widen. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “I knew the moment I met you, somehow, you'd make it happen.”

He wasn't sure what to say, and in the interest of keeping it light, said, “I guess we'll see how many times we can make it happen this week.”

Her eyes narrowed and her smile disappeared. “This week?” she said slowly with wonder in her voice.

“Yeah, this week.” There was no way they weren’t going to do this again and again. But something in her tone told him she hadn’t been thinking that.

“Oh, I thought this was just a one-time thing.”

He laughed because what else was he supposed to do? It was absurd if she thought he was letting her go after this. “This is more than one time. We are more than this week. You have to know that.” She held his gaze for just a few seconds before sliding off of his cock and laying down next to him. He quickly took care of the condom before turning on his side to look at her.

“I didn’t know that you wanted more than this week,” she said shyly.

He hated the uncertainty in her voice. “Do you really think I go around sleeping with women at my brother’s ski lodge and don’t want more from them?”

“Are you saying you do this all the time? Or you don’t do this all the time? The way you formed your question, I couldn’t really tell.”

He chuckled because she was right and also because her quick wit was one of the things he’d immediately liked about her. “It did come out wrong. I don’t do this all the time, in fact, I don’t do this ever. I’ve never picked up a woman here at my brother’s lodge and I never intended for you to be different.” He lifted his arm, swiping a straight piece of hair off her face. “The moment I saw you out there on the hill, after you landed on top of me—a top moment in my life, if you must know—I knew there was something about you that called to me and I couldn’t stop myself from wanting you.”

Her face softened. “I feel the same way. A small smile appeared. “It just seems so fast. Doesn’t it seem fast?”

“I guess, but I’ve never felt like this before. I’m not gonna let something like time get in the way. I want to be with you. I want to see where this can go. I want to spend time with you and I hope you want those things too.”

Eve turned onto her back, groaning. “This is all so crazy. I don’t even know what to do with this.” She moved her hands erratically above her head. “One minute, I’m out there skiing and the next minute, I’m laying next to you, wondering if you can see into my soul. How am I supposed to react to this when I came here for a family vacation? Not to meet a man who makes me feel things I’ve never felt. I came here to get away, then I found you. It’s just,” she paused, looking at him, “a lot.”

“It doesn’t have to be a lot. It doesn’t have to be anything if that’s what you want.” He was panicking that she’d leave and he’d never see her again, but her words gave him hope. “We can just see where it goes.”

She sat herself up, leaning against the headboard and pulling the covers up holding them above her chest. “I can’t believe I’m laying here at,” she turned her head, looking at the clock on his end table, “eleven thirteen in the morning, having just had the best sex of my life, and contemplating whether or not I’m going to do it again for the next week.”

This made him laugh. “I didn’t realize that the time made a difference.”

“Oh, it doesn’t, really, it just seems so weird to be doing this at eleven o’clock in the morning.”

“Would eleven at night be better? Because I’m game to do it then if it’ll help ease your mind.”

She laughed. “You’re such a guy.”

“I’m pretty sure we already established that while you were riding my cock.” He scooted up the bed, joining her and leaning against the headboard.

“What now?” she asked with a small shrug of her gorgeous, naked, shoulders.

He leaned his head down, kissing one bare shoulder gently. “Well, we can get some food, maybe play another board game.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Another implies we actually played a board game. If I recall, we never made it to the playing stage.”

“Okay fine, we could play the board game we never started playing.” He was enjoying their banter almost as much as he enjoyed fucking her.

“I wouldn’t say no to food,” she said, just as her belly growled. “As you can tell by my rumbling stomach, I didn’t eat breakfast this morning before I went out to ski.”

“Then let’s go. We’ll get some food and see what else we can get into and just take this one day at a time.”

She nodded in agreement. They both got out of bed, working to find their clothes and get dressed. When they were both decent, they headed out the door of the cabin and back into the lodge. They were almost down the hallway to the lobby when a couple stepped in front of them.

“Mom, Dad,” she said with shock in her voice.

“There you are, Eve,” the man said, holding out his arms for a hug. “McKenzie said you had gotten hurt this morning and your mom and I wanted to make sure you were okay. We’ve been looking all over for you.” He looked from Eve to Theo and then back to Eve.

“I was sort of busy.” Theo saw her cheeks redden from her embarrassment.

Her dad looked at him, narrowing his eyes. “I can see that. Are you going to introduce me to your friend?”

“This is Theo Kincaid. He’s Gordon’s brother. Gordon who owns the lodge.”

Her dad’s eyes lit up. “Oh, wow, it’s very nice to meet you, Theo. I didn’t even know that Gordon had a brother. I’m Del Stanley and this is my wife Janet.”

“It’s nice to meet both of you. Gordon likes to keep me hidden under a rock so I don’t embarrass him.” If there was one thing he was good at, it was keeping things light. He did it all day with his patients. Nobody wanted a doctor who gave them news badly. He’d learned early on that a smile and a joke went a long way.

Now, if he could just use that life skill to get Eve's parents to like him. Technically, he should start by getting Eve to agree to more. But, he wasn't against using whatever he could to make that happen.

"What are you guys up to?" Eve asked.

"Oh, honey, we were just gonna relax and maybe grab some food," her mom said.

"You should join us," Del said. "Both of you." He looked to Theo for an answer.

This was not his place and he would not be making this decision. If Eve wanted to have lunch with her parents, with or without him, he'd make it happen. If she didn't, he'd also be fine with that.

Eve turned to him, her eyes asking him if it was okay. He'd known her only a couple of hours and could already read her. "I'm not sure what we have planned."

He went with his gut. "We can have lunch with your parents if you want."

"Are you sure?" She looked back up at him and then back to her parents.

"Absolutely," he said, meaning it. If he was going to be with this woman for the rest of his life, which he definitely planned on, he might as well get started knowing her parents and her family.

"Great," Del said. "We'll go get a table. You guys meet us when you're ready." They turned and walked away, leaving both Theo and Eve staring after them.

"You didn't have to agree to this," she said. "I should probably go, even though I really don't want to eat with my parents. I'd rather just eat with you."

"I think I probably do need to do this." He moved a little closer to her, taking one of her hands in his. "After all, if we're

going to get to know each other, this is probably a good way to start.”

“You don’t understand,” she said, “My parents are good people. Great people, really. My dad’s amazing and my mom’s awesome. Dad and I have always gotten along and been practically best friends, but I’m different from my sisters. They’re both younger than me, and somehow, they both fell in love and married before I did. Since then, It’s like that’s all they can talk about. How I’m not married and what they can do to help.”

Thank God they hadn’t succeeded in their endeavors, or else she would never be there with him. “Don’t worry about it, Eve.” He squeezed her hand. “I can handle your parents.”

“And you won’t get all weirded out if they start asking you about your future?”

“Not in the least.” That was the truth. Hours ago, it would have weirded him out. Not any longer. Eve was going to be his future. He just had to convince her of that.

Chapter 5

Eve

This was possibly the stupidest thing she'd ever done. She could still feel where Theo's dick had been inside her while they'd had sex, and now she was sitting at a table with her whole family while they made small talk.

What had she been thinking? She'd much rather go back to Theo's little cottage in the snow and have another round of hot sex where he'd somehow been able to make her orgasm, but no, she was stuck having lunch with her mom and dad where they were grilling Theo about his entire life. Although to be fair, it wasn't so bad because now she got to find all the things about him that she wanted to know without actually asking him herself.

"So you're a doctor," Mackenzie said. "What kind of doctor?"

"I have my own practice. It's just family medicine. Adults and kids and everything in between. Whoever wants to come."

"That's got to be pretty exciting," her mom said. "Is it a big practice?"

"Just me and one other doctor. We take turns seeing patients and being on call when needed."

"That has to keep you busy," her sister Skylar said.

"It does, but I'm willing to make time for things when they're important." He turned his face to Eve and a shiver went through her whole body at the heated look. Was he trying to say she was important to him after three hours? Maybe not even three hours, maybe two hours. Can somebody become important to you after just two hours? Was that the way it worked and she'd just been living under a rock this whole time? Could you fall in love with someone after only a couple of hours? Surely that was wrong. Maybe she should do some

searching online. Maybe she'd been spending too much time in the museum with inanimate objects and stories of history instead of out in the real world. Were her friends lying to her? When they went out, they complained of not being able to find dates. Or so they told her. Was it really easy to find someone who wanted to spend the rest of your life with you? Yeah, she was going crazy. It was official. That's what happened when she had lunch with her whole family.

"So guys," she said, trying to change the subject. "How are the slopes this morning?"

"They were good," Peter said. Peter was Skylar's husband. "We met some new friends out there and I think we're having dinner with them tonight." Peter was a nice guy and loved Skylar to pieces. She was glad her sister found someone so great but it also hurt just a little whenever they were together.

Why had she not found someone great? Why was she alone?

She didn't mind being alone. In fact, she liked it. Most of the time. It was times like this, when her whole family was together, that she wished she had someone to share her life with.

Today, she did.

She had Theo, who was talking to her dad, about lord only knows what, while her mom tried to get more information out of her.

"Theo is very handsome," her mom leaned in and whispered.

"Oh my God, Mom," Mackenzie said loud enough for them to hear, but not loud enough for Theo. "Leave her alone. She doesn't need you butting into her love life every second."

Eve was shocked. Mackenzie had never really come to her defense before when it came to their mom hounding her.

"I just want her to be happy."

"I think Eve can figure out what she needs without us telling her."

Eve gave her sister a small head nod in acknowledgment. “I am happy, Mom. And yes, Theo is handsome and I like him.” She more than liked him. That’s what worried her.

Juno, Mackenzie’s wife, leaned around her sister and whispered, “He’s nice too. Sometimes that’s more important than being handsome.”

Eve agreed. Although she was secretly glad he was both handsome and nice.

“Well, group, what do you say we get back outside for some more fun?” Her dad glanced at her and gave her a wink. He’d always been the best dad ever, but this secured his spot there for eternity.

He knew she wanted to be alone with Theo and was making it happen.

After many minutes of goodbyes, they were finally gone, and it was just the two of them again.

“I’m so sorry about that. A family lunch was not what you signed up for.”

Theo turned in his chair, his knees touching her thigh. “I didn’t sign up for any of this.” He took her hand in his. “I came here because Gordon pestered me to get out of the city. I thought I’d ski, drink a few beers and spend some time with my brother. Then you fell on top of me and everything changed. Now, all I want to do is spend time with you. Even if it means having lunch with your family. Who are very nice, by the way. Not only that, but they are very protective of you. Your dad basically threatened to cut off my balls if I, and these are his words, ‘didn’t treat you like the queen you were’, and Peter told me that you were the glue that held the family together.”

That had her eyebrows raising. “They said those things?”

Theo nodded. “They love you very much.”

That gave her pause. She loved her family, and she and her sisters were close, but only as sisters. She’d never really considered them friends. Perhaps she’d been wrong. Maybe they were actually her best friends.

Theo leaned in, his forehead pressing against hers, his eyes telling her he wanted to get out of there just as much as she did. "Let's get out of here."

She licked her lips and heard him groan as his eyes darkened. "What did you have in mind?"

She knew she was teasing him, but it was just so damn fun.

"Anything that has you naked and screaming my name works for me."

Uh yeah, that worked for her too.

They practically ran from the dining room, laughing as they went. When they stepped into his cottage, they tore at each other's clothes, undressing as fast as possible.

"I want you to sit on my face," Theo said as he trailed kisses over her neck and collarbone. "I want to feel your weight above me while I eat your pussy."

His words were so dirty and so fucking hot that her clit pulsed at just the image he presented.

She wasn't about to deny him. Not when she wanted the exact same thing.

Somehow, they made it to his bedroom, their mouths and hands never stopping their explorations of each other's bodies. He fell with her onto the bed, pulling her on top of him, although careful of her ribs.

His desire for her never seemed to outweigh his need to take care of her and make sure she was okay.

And that was fucking hot.

"Get up here," he growled and pulled her ass up his body. "I need you on my tongue."

Was it possible to come from words alone?

She shimmied up his body, using the headboard to grip onto, as his tongue plunged into her already wet and waiting pussy. She cried out and held onto the headboard as he ate her with enthusiasm and determination.

His sounds were obscene and she couldn't hold back from begging him to tongue fuck her.

“Yes, yes, more. It feels so good.”

She gyrated her hips looking for the perfect friction but his hands dug into her hips holding her still. “This is my show,” he murmured against her pussy.

He zeroed in on her clit, flicking it over and over again, until she exploded.

That wasn't the end, though. Theo devoured every drop of her orgasm, licking her until there was nothing left, her body already starting to dampen again from the pleasure.

“On your hands and knees,” he growled, but just like before, gently helped her into the position. She heard the crinkle of a condom being opened, and then seconds later, he slammed into her hard, his dick bottoming out inside her.

She screamed his name.

“That's the sound I love to hear. My name from your mouth as I fuck you.” He pulled all the way out, her body sad at the loss of him. His palm came down hard on her ass right before he slammed back into her body.

So many sensations were happening and she wasn't sure if she wanted to beg him to stop or beg him to do it harder.

“Jesus, you feel so fucking perfect.” He slapped her ass again, not as hard as the first time. “I never want to stop.” His fingers dug into her hips and she relished the small amount of pain.

“Don't stop,” she begged.

He fucked her relentlessly, but also with gentleness and affection. When he gripped her hair pulling her back up straight, he did it slowly so as not to hurt her ribs. It was the same when he pushed her back down and pressed her face to the mattress. He might want to fuck her, but he also wanted to make sure she was okay.

Those conflicting actions sent her spiraling out of control, another orgasm rolling through her body. His thrusts sped up

and on a shout of her name, he came right after her.

Her name from his lips as he released was a sound she never wanted to forget.

“How is that possible,” he said, breathing heavily.

“How is what possible?” She turned her head to look at him behind her.

He pulled out of her body, leaving her feeling empty. She fell flat to the bed as he dealt with the condom. When the bed dipped, she turned her head to face him.

“That it was even better this time.” He finished his thought.

She reached out a hand, pushing his hair off his face. “I have no clue, but I’m not complaining.” No way was she complaining when she’d been searching for the elusive orgasm during sex for so long and here he was giving them to her like it was no big deal.

“Oh I’m not complaining, I’m just wondering what the next time is going to be like, and if I will survive.”

She rolled, groaning a little as she did, from the pain in her ribs. She trailed a hand down his very defined and sexy chest. “We could find out.” She raised her eyebrows at him seductively.

He gripped her hand, stilling her movements. “As amazing as that sounds, I think you need a relaxing bath and some ice on your ribs.”

She pretended to pout.

“Doctor’s orders.”

“You’re no fun.”

He rolled so he was on top of her, but was careful to not put his weight on her body. “When you are healed, I will fuck you all day and you’ll be begging for a break, until then, you need to rest and ice.” He gave her a quick kiss before rolling again and hopping off the bed. “Come on.” He held out his hand and she reluctantly took it as he helped her to her feet.

She knew he was right, but that didn't mean she had to like it.

The bathroom wasn't huge, but it held a large enough tub for the both of them. "Are you going to join me?"

"Are you going to be good?" He questioned as he turned on the water and tested the temperature.

"I'm always good." She gave him her best innocent smile.

"That I already know." He slapped her ass. "Let me get you some ibuprofen and a glass of water for the pain, and then I'll join you."

She stared at his firm ass as he looked through his medicine cabinet, and when he caught her eye in the mirror, he laughed. "In the tub."

She chuckled, but slipped into the warm water, moaning at how good it felt. "This is the one thing this lodge is missing. Tubs. I hate taking a shower after a day on the slopes and would much rather soak my body." Not that she'd done any skiing on this trip other than the one time where she'd fallen over Theo. It was still nice.

"He's been thinking about remodeling a few of the suites to add tubs." He sat down on the edge of the bathtub, handing her a glass of water and a few pills.

She took both from him, quickly swallowing down the pills. "Are you happy, doctor?"

"Very." She had a feeling he wasn't talking about her taking the pills, but she wasn't going to think too much about that yet. "Scooch forward." She did as he asked and he slipped in behind her.

She leaned back against his chest, his hands coming around her waist. "Now it's even more perfect. Tell Gordon that every tub should come with a hot guy to lean against."

He nuzzled her ear sending goose bumps over her skin. "The only hot guy you're going to have in a tub with you is me."

She wished that were true. He might talk a good game but they both knew what this was. This was them being together while they were there and nothing more. When their vacations ended, they'd each go their separate ways and probably never see each other again.

But, for just a few minutes, she closed her eyes and let herself think of what it could be if it was more.

Before she knew it, two days had gone by and they'd spent almost all that time locked away in the cottage. It wasn't just all sex either, although there was a lot of that. They cooked together, watched television, talked about their lives, and laughed more than she could ever remember laughing.

She was getting attached and that was a bad thing. Because when the week ended, she'd be left heartbroken and alone.

She needed to put some space between them. "You know," she said as he rubbed her feet, "you can go skiing if you want. I can go visit with my family." She did sort of feel bad about missing time with her family, but both her sisters had texted her to have fun and not worry about hanging out with them. It seemed Theo had made a good impression on them, and they both thought he was perfect for her.

Little did they know this wasn't what they thought it was.

"If you want to go spend time with your family, we can do that, but I don't want to ski when I can spend time with you."

When he said things like that, it made her think maybe this could be more than just these few days.

She bit her lip, unsure of what to say. She went with the truth. "I do sort of feel bad for ignoring them, but I'm having fun with you and would rather stay here."

He pulled on her leg, maneuvering her until she was sitting on his lap. "I'll do whatever you want as long as I get to spend time with you." He kissed her deeply, his lips strong and demanding against hers.

She gave into the feelings he set off inside her and threw her arms around him. Their kisses turned frenzied as his hands kneaded her ass.

“I can’t get enough of you,” he murmured against her skin.

She loved how he let his lips trail over every inch of exposed skin. When he was kissing and touching her, it was like he couldn’t get enough. She felt the same way about him. It had been three days and she was pretty sure she’d never get tired of touching him.

“Theo,” she practically purred his name. “I need you.” She was rocking against his cock, loving how big and hard he was between her thighs.

“Fuck, you drive me crazy.” He buried his face in her neck, his mouth sucking against her skin. She already had love bites all over her body. What was one more?

She lifted up just a little, shimmying off her lounge pants. After their first day together, she’d made a run to her room for her luggage so she had everything she needed. Theo preferred her to be naked, but she refused to run around without clothes. She’d compromised by forgoing underwear.

Something that drove him crazy.

With her pants off, she reached inside his gray sweatpants and pulled out his dick, rubbing it between her legs.

“Jesus, you’re so wet.” His mouth never left her neck, his tongue and teeth doing wicked things. “There’s a condom in my pocket.”

She let go of his dick to search for the condom, finding it, and quickly opening the package and rolling it down his length. Before she could slide down on him, he pulled her sweatshirt from her body.

“I want your tits in my mouth as you ride me.” He wasted no time latching onto a nipple.

She cried out in pleasure as she lowered herself onto his dick. “Oh God, yes.” She loved to feel him stretching her wide when he first entered her. There was nothing better.

She rode him hard, holding onto his head as he teased and flicked her nipples. If his mouth was on one, his fingers pinched and twisted the other, giving her constant stimulation. Her ribs were still sore from her fall, but she felt no pain from them as she rode him hard.

“That’s it, baby. Fucking come for me. I want to watch you come all over me.”

His words spurred her on and in record time, she came, throwing her head back and screaming his name. Her little problem of not orgasming during sex was long gone. With Theo, it was an afterthought. Her body craved the release only he could give her.

His strong arms gripped her around the waist as he pumped into her furiously, his own orgasm barreling through his body. He kept thrusting until the last of his release left his body, both of them sweaty and breathing heavily.

He leaned his head against hers, kissing her sweetly. Something she loved. He might fuck her hard, but afterward, he was always gentle and loving.

Was it loving if it wasn’t love?

She wanted to ask. She might be bold when it came to her life, and even her family, but with Theo, she was afraid to ask if maybe he wanted more than this weekend. If he said no, she’d be crushed.

She wasn’t sure her heart could handle that.

Chapter 6

Theo

Eve was everything he wanted. She was funny and sweet and so damn sexy. She made him laugh and made him think. She challenged him in a way no one had in a long time.

The best part was that she had no desire to leave his cottage. She was just as content as he was to stay inside and enjoy their time together.

He knew that would change when they got back to the city. They both had jobs and she had friends she'd told him all about. Not to mention her family. That didn't mean they couldn't spend some of their time locked away, making love for hours on end.

First, he had to convince her to take a chance on him. He had a feeling that would be the hard part. She kept making comments about this being only a week or while they were at the lodge. He'd counter that with comments of things they could do when they went back to their normal lives hoping she'd get the hint.

She hadn't.

Something was stopping her from taking a chance. He knew this had happened fast, but he wasn't going to let that stop him from pursuing her. If she wanted to take it slow, he would do that.

It might kill him, both the days without sex, and the dates he'd take her on, but he could do it. He could do anything if, at the end of the day, it meant Eve was in his life.

It was Christmas Eve and as much as they both wanted to stay in their sex bubble, they'd agreed to dinner with her family. To even the odds a little, he'd somehow talked Gordon into joining them.

“Are you sure about this?” Eve asked as she brushed her hair. He’d had his fingers tangled in that hair more than a dozen times and knew exactly how soft it was.

“I’m sure.” He came up behind her, taking her in his arms and nuzzling her neck. “I like your family.”

He could see her eyes roll in the mirror. “That’s because you don’t know them well.”

“You know, the sooner we meet them, the sooner we can get back here and into bed.”

“Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you when my family drives you batty.”

They threw on coats since it was snowing, and ran from his cottage to the lodge. They shook the snow from their bodies as they walked down the hallway to the restaurant. As soon as they entered, he had the shock of his life, when her family was standing and shouting happy birthday complete with balloons and signs.

“It’s your birthday?” She’d let him walk into a birthday celebration ambush with her family, instead of telling him it was her birthday.

She sighed, her eyes holding regret. “Because I hate my birthday. Being born on Christmas Eve sucks. I get overlooked every year thanks to Christmas.” She pointed to her family. “For some reason, this year, they decided to actually care that it’s my birthday.”

Before he could tell her that he’d never forget her birthday, and he’d always put her first, her mom was pulling them into the fray of her family. Thankfully, Gordon was there.

“A little warning that it was Eve’s birthday would have been nice,” Gordon said.

“I didn’t know either.” He watched her family fawn over her and wondered how this same family could have ever forgotten her birthday.

His eyebrows raised. “She didn’t tell you. What the hell have you two been doing locked in that cottage?” He put up a

hand. “You know what, forget I asked.”

“It doesn’t make any sense,” he said, more to himself than to his brother. “They really seem to love her, but she says they always forget her birthday.”

Gordon looked over at the group who were all shoving gifts at Eve. “I see a lot of families come and go, and I have to agree, they seem like good people. More than once this week, they’ve asked me about you, like they were trying to figure out if you were good enough for her.”

When he got her alone again, he was going to find out what was going on.

“Theo,” Eve’s dad said loudly. “Let’s get you a drink.”

Theo followed him to the bar where he ordered a beer. “I had no idea it was Eve’s birthday.” Talking to her dad might be a good place to start with getting information.

He shook his head. “Eve is so hard-headed. She got it in her mind when she was a teenager that her birthday being on Christmas Eve was a pain for all of us and she never let us celebrate.” He took a sip from his glass. “Those first few years, we tried, but she always shut us down and said she didn’t want any sort of celebration. It broke her mom’s heart. Mine too. Eve is our first child, and we cherished celebrating her birth.”

“Why would she tell me that you guys forget her birthday if she’s the one who doesn’t want to celebrate?”

“She did what?” Her dad’s demeanor changed. “We never forgot her birthday. We send her gifts every year and call and try to get her to celebrate. She always turns us down.” He looked to where Eve was talking with her sister Skylar. “We are getting to the bottom of this now.”

Del stormed over to Eve, Theo hot on his heels. “I didn’t mean to cause issues.”

He waved him off. “Nonsense. Eve is so damn strong-willed. She thinks she doesn’t need anyone’s help or love. What she doesn’t understand is that none of us can make it through life by ourselves. We all need someone.”

Eve and Skylar stopped talking when they approached. “Hey, Dad,” Eve said.

“What’s this I hear about you saying we forget your birthday?”

Behind him, he heard a gasp and turned to see her mom with a hand over her mouth. “Eve, what is he talking about?”

Eve looked around the room, her shoulders sagging just a little. “You guys never want to celebrate. We never get together on my birthday.”

“We ask you every year what you want to do,” her mom said, pushing her way toward Eve. “You are the one who says nothing and refuses to come to dinner.”

Eve bit her lip and Theo could see her eyes tearing up. “I heard you. When I was thirteen, you and Dad were talking about how hard it was to have my birthday so close to Christmas. You said you wished it was in the summer.”

“That’s where this is coming from?” her dad said. “Eve, that’s the year I got laid off during December. Your mom and I weren’t complaining about your birthday because we hated it being on Christmas Eve. We felt bad because Christmas was slim that year. We had to scale back and we wished you weren’t the one suffering.”

Eve shook her head. “No, that can’t be it.”

“Sweetie, it was,” her mom said. “If you remember that year, you wanted all kinds of things to redecorate your room. Months later, when money was good again, we gave your room a whole makeover.”

Theo hated seeing her like this. Hated that she’d misunderstood, and that for years, she’d thought her family forgot her birthday. He wanted to take her in his arms and never let go.

“Can you guys give us a second?” Theo said to her family. They agreed and walked away, leaving just the two of them. “Talk to me.”

“I didn’t know.” She stared into his eyes. “How did I not know? Why didn’t I see?”

He took her into his arms, hugging her tightly. “We don’t always see what’s right in front of our faces.” That was true in more ways than one. She definitely didn’t see that he loved her and would do anything for her.

“I feel like a terrible person. I pushed my family away, and it was all a misunderstanding that could have been fixed, if only I’d have paid better attention.”

He pulled her away, looking into her tearful eyes. “Your family loves you and I think you love them. You still have plenty of time to change things.”

“It was you, wasn’t it? You figured it out, didn’t you?”

He shrugged, not sure if she hated him for it or was thankful. “All I did was ask your dad a question.”

“I think I’ve been stupid in more ways than one.” She looked around and then grabbed his hand and pulled him out into the hallway, stopping when they were alone. “I don’t want this to end when we go back to our normal lives.” Her eyes held his and what he saw in them was the truth.

He was pretty sure his heart stopped beating.

“In fact, I don’t want to go back to my normal life. I want my life to include you.”

Everything in him settled. Like it had been waiting years for her to say those words. “Me neither. I’ve been trying to drop hints, but I thought you weren’t getting them.”

“I was, but I thought for sure I wasn’t hearing them the way you were meaning them.” She took a deep breath and then smiled, a huge, beautiful smile. “That day I fell over you was the best day of my life.”

He grabbed her around the waist, pulling her into his body. “So you finally admit it. You’re the one who fell over me.”

She laughed and it was the most beautiful sound in the world. A sound he wanted to hear forever.

“I guess we’ll never know.” She pulled his head down, pressing her lips against his.

She might have been the one who fell over him, but he was the one who fell head first into love with her.

Epilogue

Eve

If someone would have told her that she'd go on a family vacation and find the love of her life, she'd have laughed in their face.

Not anymore. Now she believed in things like fate and love at first sight. All thanks to Theo.

They'd been back in Roanoke for three days, and in those three days, they'd spent every night and a good part of their days together.

He was her future, and tonight, she planned to tell him that she loved him.

It was New Year's Eve and she wanted to start the new year out with him knowing the truth.

They'd toyed with the idea of going out. He'd been willing to go out, even though she knew he'd much rather stay in. Every night, he asked if she wanted to go out, and she told him the same thing each time. She was happy staying in and being alone with him. Yes, there would be times she wanted to go out, but for the most part, she loved when it was just the two of them.

This night was no different.

They'd made a great meal and planned to watch movies on his couch until it was time to ring in the new year.

"Have you seen Selena?" he asked, handing her a fresh glass of wine.

"I'm pretty sure she's snuggled on my side of the bed." They'd been spending every night at his place thanks to his cat, and somehow, Selena had decided that Eve was her new favorite person.

“That cat is a goddamn traitor.” He sat down next to her, propping his feet up on the coffee table. “I feed her and care for her and this is the thanks I get. Loving you more than me.” He turned his head to look at her, a smile on his handsome face. “Although, I get the draw.”

Her breath hitched. Was he saying he loved her?

“You know I love you, right?” He leaned his head against the couch, smiling from ear to ear.

She should be mad. He’d stolen her moment. But, how could she be mad when he was telling her something she wanted to hear so badly? She followed his lead, dropping her head back against the couch while looking at him. “I love you too. So much.” Saying the words after holding them in for days, felt so freeing.

His smile grew, if that was even possible, and for long minutes, they just stared at each other smiling like goofs. When his smile turned more heated, she slipped down to the floor, between his legs.

“Eve,” he said her name as a warning.

“Theo.” She flicked her gaze up to his. He rarely let her suck his dick for more than a few seconds because it always made him so hot. Not tonight. Tonight, she wanted him to finish in her mouth.

She worked to lower his sweatpants, his eyes never leaving hers the whole time. When his cock sprang free, she gave him a sexy grin. “You are going to sit there and take this. No pulling me onto your lap, or flipping me over the table.”

One of his hands reached out, this thumb running over her bottom lip. “You want to suck my dick?”

She nodded. He was so good at giving orders when they had sex. It made her hot and turned her into a mad woman. She wanted him to tell her what to do.

“Lick the tip.” His voice was gravelly and it made her feel like a queen.

She darted her tongue out, licking the moisture from the tip.

His hissed. “Fuck yeah.”

She smiled and did it again just to tease him. When he cursed a second time, she took him deeper into her mouth. His hands tangled in her hair, pulling tightly. That only spurred her on more. She began sucking in earnest, taking him as deep as she could and then backing off and licking the tip. His moans and groans had her pressing her legs together to relieve the ache that grew. She’d love to just give in and ride him, but she also wanted this. She wanted him to break with her mouth on him.

“That’s right, suck my cock,” he said in a rough voice, the hand holding her head now pushing deeper onto his dick.

Her hand worked his base while her mouth bobbed up and down on his shaft. She didn’t stop or back off and when he tried to tell her he was coming, she latched her mouth tighter to him and relished in the feel of him coming down her throat.

When she sat back, wiping her chin with the back of her hand, she watched his glazed eyes taking her in.

“That was so fucking sexy.” He was as relaxed as she’d ever seen him, and that was all because of her. She was pretty proud of herself.

“Maybe now, you’ll let me do that more.”

He grabbed her, hauling her to his lap. “While I love having your mouth on me, I’d much rather be deep inside your pussy, making you scream my name.” He kissed her hard, moaning into her mouth.

“Your name is one of my favorite things to scream.” Together they removed her sweats so she was bare and his already hard dick was lined up to easily slip inside her body.

They’d forgone condoms after they’d left the lodge since she was on birth control. There was nothing better than not having to worry if they had a condom when they were so desperate for each other all the time.

“Maybe this time,” he slowly entered her, “when you come,” he pushed even deeper, “you can shout how much you love me.” He settled himself all the way inside her.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her forehead against his. “I think I can make that happen.”

Thank you for reading Falling Over You. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it. A huge shoutout to Pat Johnston and Paula Evans for all your help. I couldn't do this without you.

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Cooper

Sweaty, sore, and completely exhausted was an everyday occurrence for Cooper Holland. He loved playing soccer and the fact that he got to do it for a living, when most schmucks had to put on suits every day and go into an office, was a gift. One he'd never taken for granted.

His body was not in agreement most days.

Everything hurt, all the time.

At thirty-five, his body couldn't take a pounding like it had at twenty-five. And yet, he wouldn't wish to be twenty-five

again. Not even for a day.

The guys in their twenties were good guys...mostly. But they were cocky and unhinged at times. They didn't care about anyone but themselves.

For instance, training was over and while he was standing on the sideline signing autographs, a good portion of the younger guys were already back in the locker room. They only cared about the fans when they needed something from them.

Cooper had been the same way at their age. As he'd gotten older, he'd learned that the fans were all that mattered. Not the owners or the money or the sponsorships. The fans made the game.

As a bonus, it felt really good to have people yelling your name, trying to get your attention.

"Big crowd today," Dallas, the team's starting midfielder said as he too signed autographs.

Dallas was only a few years younger than Cooper and even though he'd only been on the Strikers for a couple of years, he'd been in the league almost as long as Cooper had.

"We have young Bradley to thank for that. He's wanted to give the fans more access to us for years but his dad always said no. Now that he's in charge, he's changing things up."

Shane Bradley was the new owner of the Valley Falls Strikers. He'd inherited the team from his dad, Stephen Bradley, when he passed away six months ago. Stephen was an old man, in his late eighties, and had lived a long, happy life as the original owner of the Strikers. Shane had been a late-in-life baby for his dad and mom, so at only thirty-four—a year younger than he was himself—he was the new owner of the team.

It wasn't necessarily a bad thing. Stephan had been a good owner. He loved soccer and did everything he could to make the players happy. But as times changed, he had a hard time keeping up with new ways of doing things. Shane had tried to get his dad to make changes, but he was stuck in his ways.

Now that Shane was in charge, he had implemented a lot of new things.

Interestingly enough, Cooper and Shane had become friends throughout the years. Shane, like his father before him, loved soccer. He'd grown up on it and lived it every day of his life. Not on the field as a player because, really, he was a shit player, something old Bradley hated. When Cooper got picked up by the team as a young twenty-two-year-old, he'd been clueless about what to expect or how to act.

Shane was the one who helped him and made him understand how a large team operated.

They'd been friends ever since.

“Does it ever bother you that it's always you and me out here and barely anyone else?” Dallas asked.

Cooper looked over to Dallas. Weeks ago, he'd gotten a wild hair up his ass and shaved his head, so his normally longish hair was all gone and in its place was a very shiny—thanks to the sweat—bald head. “Hell no, it doesn't bother me. They chatter on like teenagers and complain about everything. But if I had to guess, it won't just be us much longer.”

Shane had big plans for the team and part of that plan was making the younger guys engage with the public. Valley Falls was a soccer town. It was the oldest team in the league and the club had won nine championships over the years. The most of any team. The town didn't have a baseball team, football team, or basketball team. Soccer was Valley Falls.

And Shane Bradley wanted every player involved in the town in some way.

When the last of the autographs had been signed, Cooper and Dallas headed into the locker room. There were still a few guys hanging around but most had already showered and taken off. Cooper took a quick shower then headed for the training room for a massage. At his age, he needed to do everything possible to take care of his body.

Derek, the team's physical therapist, was waiting for him when he walked into the room.

So was Shane.

While it wasn't unusual for Shane to visit him in the locker room after practice, he—along with everyone else—knew to leave him alone during a massage. It was his time to decompress.

“Has the world fucking blown up?” He asked his friend as he lay down on the table on his stomach.

“Depends.” Smug as always, Shane crossed his legs and leaned back casually in the chair. “If you think your sister calling me to ask if you really have a date to her wedding is the world blowing up, then yeah, that's what happened.”

He groaned. His fucking sister was really getting on his nerves with this whole wedding date thing.

Not that he didn't love her and wasn't happy for her.

He was.

Aside from soccer, Callie was the only thing that made him happy. His mom and dad were great and he loved them, but Callie was his baby sister and he'd been wrapped around her petite fingers since the day she'd been born.

“She fucking called you?”

“She's worried about you. She said all you do is play soccer and sit in your house. And like her, I agree that it's not healthy.”

Cooper flipped him off.

“Is that any way to treat the man who writes your paychecks?”

“I go out.” Sometimes. If once a month was considered sometimes.

“Like hell you do.” Shane shook his head. “Come on man. You're a huge fucking star and all you do is hide out. When was the last time you got laid?”

It felt like years when in reality, it was probably only eight months or so. “Why does that matter? Since when is sex the meter for how much of a life I have?”

“Because if you were having sex, you would have had to go out to meet this person.” Shane shook his head in exasperation.

“Shows how much you know. There are apps for that now.” Not that he’d ever used one. One day, one of the younger guys was talking about it and he’d paid attention just because it sounded interesting.

He’d even downloaded the app. Then promptly deleted it.

There was no way he could meet someone online and just bang them. Wasn’t his style. It had barely been his style when he’d been younger.

When he’d first come up in the league, he’d had a girlfriend. A pretty serious one. They’d met in college and dated their senior years and then his first two years in the league. Nothing horrible happened to make them break up. No one cheated or anything like that. They just grew apart. She hated that he was always on the road and when he was home, he wanted to chill at home, not go out and deal with fans everywhere he went.

She started to resent it and him, and in the end, it was better to just break up.

He always figured that if he’d loved her like he was supposed to love her, he wouldn’t have let her go. He would have worked to change.

“I know you well enough to know that you would never use a dating app. Hell, you won’t even let me set you up.”

He scoffed. “The women you want to set me up with are only interested in me for my money. They are uptight with their power suits and hair that’s pulled back too tight. How you would ever think that’s my type, I will never know.”

“I won’t lie to you and say they aren’t uptight because they are. Which is exactly why I don’t date most of them. But there’s a few who I think you’d hit it off with.”

“No. Just no. If I’m going to date anyone, she needs to be sweet and nice. The girl next door type.”

“So I should, what, go to a library and see if the old lady who works the desk is available?”

He knew Shane was joking but Cooper would prefer that to any of the other women who hit on him or the women people tried to set him up with. “It’s preferable to anyone you’ve ever sent my way.”

“Jesus, Coop, you have to stop this. Callie expects you to have a date at her wedding and I’m assuming it’s because you told her you’d be bringing one. Why you did that, I have no fucking clue.”

He sighed. “She caught me at a weak moment. I was sick of listening to her complain about odd table settings if I came alone, so I lied and said I was bringing someone.” Him and his big mouth. All he wanted was to watch his baby sister get married in peace. Instead, he was going to have to entertain a woman he barely knew.

Just fucking great.

“You got yourself into this, so I’m going to let you get yourself out.” Shane stood. “Dinner soon?” Once a week, Shane invited him over for dinner, and then after, they played a few video games. It was one of the only things he liked to do and that was because they were inside a house and not in public.

“Count me in.”

Shane left without a backward glance, leaving Cooper to his therapy.

While Derek worked him over, he couldn’t help but wonder if he’d become too set in his ways. Shane and Callie weren’t wrong. He did spend most of his time inside his house. He rarely, if ever, socialized with his teammates outside of the locker room or on the field.

Maybe he needed a kick in the butt.

Or maybe he should keep doing what made him happy and fuck everyone else.

But if you never tried anything new, how did you really know if you're happy?

That thought had him grabbing his phone and opening the team group chat. He was pretty sure he'd remembered them talking about going out that night and grabbing drinks. He could join them for a quick drink and then go home and be alone, like always.

Sure enough, the guys were meeting up at Offsides, a local bar that was across from the stadium.

He'd join them for a quick drink, talk to a few people, and be home within the hour.

When his therapy was finished, he grabbed his bag and walked across the street to Offsides. The team liked to go there, one, because it was right across the street, and two, because practice ended at three and it was mostly empty.

Of course, word had gotten out a few years ago that it's where the team hangs out and now, more and more people came by to chat up players. A lot of those were women who were looking to land a soccer player in their bed.

Part of the reason he never went.

Laughter and noise filtered out when he opened the door and everyone in the place looked in his direction.

"Coop!" Several of the young guys yelled.

While he wasn't the type of guy who liked to hang out outside of training, he did like most of the guys on the team and he spent a lot of time helping them acclimate to the big leagues. As the captain, it was his job to make sure the team got along.

"Am I asleep?" Edwin Boyle asked. Edwin played on the left-wing and was one of the best in the business at passing the ball to the exact spot it needed to be.

At Cooper's raised eyebrow, he went on. "You never come out, so I figure I must be dreaming."

"There's a first time for everything." Cooper shrugged and kept walking toward the large group of guys.

All of them said hi or slapped him on the back as he passed. At the bar, he ordered a beer and then leaned against it while he waited.

Dallas strolled up to him. "If I'd have known you were coming, I'd have dressed up more." He was wearing shorts and a t-shirt with flip flops. "Special occasions call for special outfits."

"Have you always been an ass, or is it just since you started getting old?"

"You're one to talk, old man." He saluted Cooper with his beer, taking a long pull from the bottle.

The bartender dropped off his own beer and Cooper took a sip. If he was going to socialize, he might as well start with Dallas. While he knew everything about his teammates on the field, he barely kept up with their lives outside of soccer. "What's going on with you? Anything exciting?"

Dallas seemed to ponder that before speaking. "Not much. My mom and dad finally retired and I'm trying to talk them into moving here to be closer."

"Don't you have brothers or sisters?"

"Nah, it's just me and while I know I could be traded, I would get to see them more if they moved here. They don't love the idea of Michigan winters."

Cooper knew that Dallas was from Arizona and he could see why his parents wouldn't want to move. "Maybe they could keep their home and live there in the winter."

Dallas' eyes widened. "That's a great idea. The best of both worlds."

Cooper smiled just a little. "Glad to be of service." Maybe going out wasn't so bad. He could solve a few problems, help some guys out, and feel good about himself.

"Come join us, Coop!" one of the young guys, Anders, shouted. Anders was from Sweden and while he spoke decent English, he still had a thick accent.

Cooper figured what the hell, and made his way to the table, finding a seat. All the guys started talking at once, asking him questions about his life. He was a pretty private guy and kept his personal life out of the locker room.

Somehow, though, being surrounded by all these young guys who looked up to him, made him open up.

“My sister is getting married in three weeks and I promised her I’d bring a date.” He wasn’t sure why that was the first thing he said, probably because it was weighing heavily on him.

The replies stemmed from “You have a sister?” to “You’re Cooper Holland, you could have anyone you wanted.”

“I don’t want to just take anyone. This is my sister’s wedding. I don’t want to deal with a clingy chick all night who only cares about being there with me and not at all about the fact that this is a family event that I want to enjoy.” He was getting annoyed just thinking about it.

“Maybe we can help you find someone,” Charlie, one of the midfielders, said. “What kind of girl do you like?”

He let out a pent-up breath of frustration. “I just want someone nice. Someone who is sweet and friendly and who isn’t going to post to social media all night. A girl next door type.”

“I know a girl next door,” Anders said, all excited in his thick accent from across the table.

“This is a serious conversation, Anders,” Edwin said. “Leave it to the adults.”

“No, really,” he said, adamantly. “Mae is a girl next door.”

Mae. Cooper let her name run through his mind. The name sure sounded sort of like a girl next door. “Tell me about her.”

“She’s got dark hair and is very pale.”

“Nice fucking description, Anders,” Dallas said, shaking his head. “What does she do?”

“Oh, she does something with kids.”

Someone threw a balled-up napkin at him and yelled, “You’re horrible at this!”

They weren’t wrong. “Anders, can you give me any more details?”

“She’s the girl next door, that’s what you asked for. What more do you want?”

Cooper couldn’t really argue with that logic. “Fine, give her my number.” What the hell. What’s the worst that could happen?

He hung around more than he’d originally planned and even had a second beer. If he thought about it, he’d actually had fun. For a couple of hours, he’d let himself go and enjoyed himself. Maybe it was time he started doing more of that.

Just when he was about to lie back in his bed, his phone dinged with a new incoming message.

Unknown:

Hi, this is Mae, I got your number from Anders.

Okay, that was fast. Had Anders told her he was a soccer player? Was she a groupie?

He thought for a second and then typed out a short message.

Cooper:

Hi. Thanks for reaching out.

He wasn’t sure what else to say.

Mae:

I guess maybe we should get to know each other a little. Here are a few questions for you that I’ll also answer. How old are you? What do you do for a living? What are you looking for out of this? As for me, I am thirty-two, a speech therapist and I’m not sure. If I’m being honest, I’m just sick of going on bad dates with guys who only want one thing.

Wow, she was straightforward and seemingly honest. But did she really not know who he was?

Cooper:

What did Anders tell you about me?

Mae:

Nothing, really. Just that he had this friend who he thinks I'd hit it off with. How do you guys know each other?

Cooper:

Do you know who he is?

Mae:

I'm really confused by this conversation. Should I know who he is?

Was she being truthful? Did she really not know anything about the Valley Falls Strikers Football Club? The town lived and breathed soccer, so it just didn't make sense.

Cooper:

Anders plays for the Valley Falls Strikers

Mae:

As in the soccer team?

Cooper:

Yes.

Mae:

I had no idea. He just seems like a nice guy.

Cooper:

I also play for them.

Mae:

Okay, wow. I feel like I should explain to you that I haven't lived here long. Only about a year and I'm not really a sports person. I know this town seems to be all about soccer.

Cooper wasn't sure what to think. She could be lying but it really didn't seem like it. He was willing to give it a chance.

Cooper:

To answer your questions, I'm thirty-five, I'm a defender for the team and I'm really not sure what I'm looking for. For starters, I need a date for my sister's wedding in three weeks and I don't want to take a groupie.

If she could be honest, so could he.

At least, he hoped she was being honest.

Mae:

I like your honesty. Let's start with dinner and then we can talk about the wedding.

Cooper:

I can't tomorrow, we have a match. What about Thursday?

Mae:

Sounds good. Pick a place and I'll meet you there.

Cooper:

I'll let you know.

Cooper set his phone down and just stared at the empty wall in front of him. That was the strangest conversation he'd ever had with a woman, and that was saying a lot. When he was younger, women literally came up to him and handed him their panties. And yet, this still felt more awkward.

But also nice.

It had been a long time since someone in Valley Falls hadn't known who he was.

He'd grown up in this town and since he'd been a high school standout, people had known who he was. When he'd left for college, it was a shock to walk down a street and not have people say hello. Not that he needed it or expected it, but it was different than what he'd ever known. He'd immediately been picked up by Valley Falls and had been there ever since.

His whole family still lived close by and like the rest of the town, soccer was the most important thing.

It was refreshing to talk to someone who had no clue of his past or who he was. Hopefully, she wouldn't Google him and

find out. Going in blind could be a good thing. Not that he had skeletons in his closet.

He'd never been arrested or done anything remotely bad unless you include tripping guys on purpose while playing.

That was a regular occurrence.

Shutting off his bedside lamp, he slid down his bed until he was flat with only his head propped on the pillow. This had been the most interesting night he'd had in a while. Hopefully, it continued when he met Mae.