



A  
MOORE FAMILY  
NOVEL

3

LESS IS

*Moore*

ANNA CASTOR

# LESS IS MOORE

MOORE FAMILY 3

# ANNA CASTOR



# CONTENTS

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[A note to readers](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Want FREE Anna Castor books?](#)

[Also by Anna Castor](#)

[Iron Vikings MC](#)

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[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

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This following story is a work of fiction intended for mature audiences only. Please do not buy if strong sexual situations, drugs, violence, and explicit language offends you.

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*This book is dedicated to  
everyone who had to pick themselves up  
and fight inner battles*

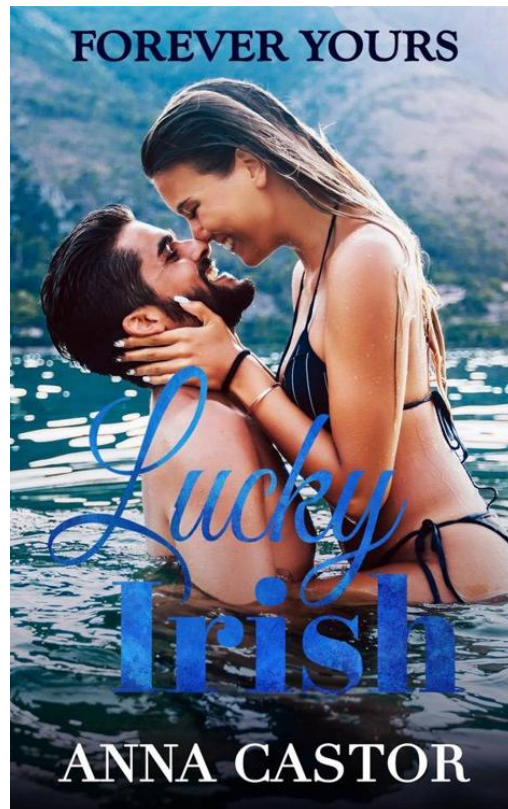
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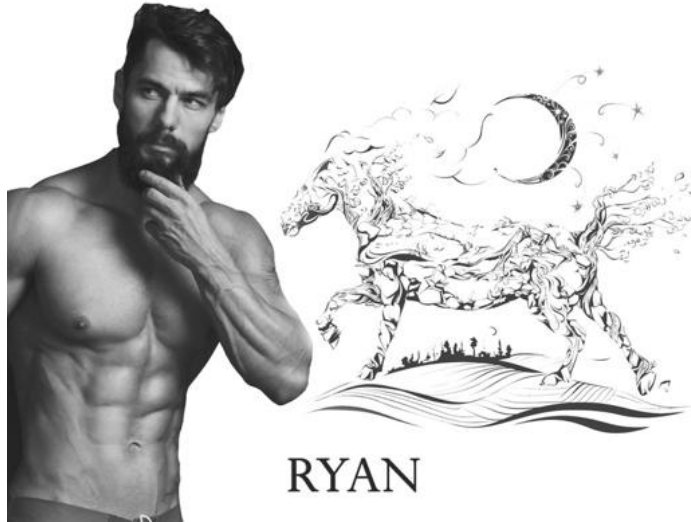
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### **A NOTE TO READERS:**

The story of Ryan and Megan is a quick, fun and very sexy read. I'd like to warn readers that the chemistry between these two characters is smokin' hot from the start.

Please do not buy if you're not into the Insta-Love trope. This story contains BDSM and spanking.

I loved writing Ryan; the bossy and grumpy farmer who carries the weight of the world on his shoulders. When Ryan Moore finally falls for a woman, he falls hard.

Megan Carlisle is certainly a great match for Ryan since she'll not let him get away with things and her sunny side is a good counterpart to his boorish behavior.

This third book of the Moore family series can be read as a standalone. It isn't necessary to read the previous books first, but it will give you a great insight into the Moore family.

You can read the previous books of the series for free in Kindle Unlimited.

*Enjoy, xo Anna*





MEGAN

## CHAPTER ONE

Megan bit back the tears while brushing her great-grandfather's gray hair from his sweaty forehead.

"Mommy, can we play outside?" Ava said.

Megan peered through the smudged bedroom window, eyeing the endless green fields before she spotted a pond tucked away behind some trees.

"You and Abby can play on this floor in the other rooms, sweetheart. We'll go outside later."

Her great-grandfather opened one eye. "You and your girls shouldn't hang around an old dying man."

Megan shook her head in denial, the prickling tears finally leaving the corner of her eye.

"I've just found you and now you're..."

Unspoken heavy words hung between them like a fire blanket, smothering the erratic hope that they would have time.

"The farm is yours, Megan."

Megan dropped her hand from his forehead and reached for the towel next to her great-grandfather's bed.

"W-what? But... how? Why?"

Her great-grandfather's frail hand covered his ashen face while a nasty cough escaped his lips. Megan watched the home health nurse walk out of the bedroom with the empty glass from his bedside table.

“If it weren’t for that stupid fight over twenty-three years ago, your mother wouldn’t have snuck away from this farm. But now it’s too late and she’ll never know how sorry I am.”

Megan used the rumpled end of the towel to dry her tears. She’d wasted years begging her mother for answers about her family. After her mother passed away from cancer two weeks ago, her will revealed the information Megan desperately craved through the address of one Vic Carlisle, who turned out to be her great-grandfather and only remaining relative.

“You’d make me so proud if you’d keep the farm in the family.”

She brought a hand through her white blonde hair in despair. “But I know nothing about farming!”

Vic’s watery eyes glistened. “Keep that fire, sweetheart. You’re gonna need it. The animals aren’t the only ones testing you at first glance around these parts.”

“They call me The General back home,” she said with half a smile, since she didn’t really have a home at the moment.

Megan earned the nickname ‘The General’ after single-handedly throwing out a drunk that kept trash-talking Ivanka in her first week on stage at the Vegas strip club where Megan worked. Megan shared a sisterhood with most of the dancers since she couldn’t dance to save her life and always worked behind the bar.

The girls at the Puffy Lips urged Megan to pack all her things and start over on a Texas farm. Her best friend, Ivanka, even said that she wouldn’t think twice if the opportunity would present itself for her to leave Vegas.

Vic held out his hand for the glass of water the nurse brought back from the bathroom.

“General, eh? Good. Rocket definitely needs a general.”

“Rocket?”

“He’s a mighty fine stallion, although a bit... headstrong.”

The idea of handling a headstrong stallion made her head pound. Megan was a city girl through and through, but she had

her two girls to think about and would just have to deal with this ‘Rocket’.

Megan took in the dusty ranch bedroom with the dark wooden furniture, the reddish stained carpet and the brown flowery curtains. Moving from town to town, Megan and her mother didn’t have a whole lot.

Megan had slept on the couch in the two-bedroom apartment she shared with her mother and Ava and Abby. Moving into this farmhouse meant that her five-year-old twins would have their own room. Megan would finally have a bed to sleep in and also a room all to herself where she could shut the door, sit down on her own bed and just... breathe.

Megan was under no illusion, however, that she would catch her breath while running this farm. The great responsibility of honoring her great-grandfathers dying wish mixed with the idea of managing those guys in the fields, handling the animals and repairing this old house made her hesitant.

How did her great-grandfather figure she could take over and handle all of this?

“I don’t know what to do.”

Vic huffed. “You know exactly what to do. You’ll take over this farm, move in with your pretty girls, and you’ll make this old man proud.”

“I can’t tell your staff—”

“Farmhands.”

“See? I don’t even know what they’re called.”

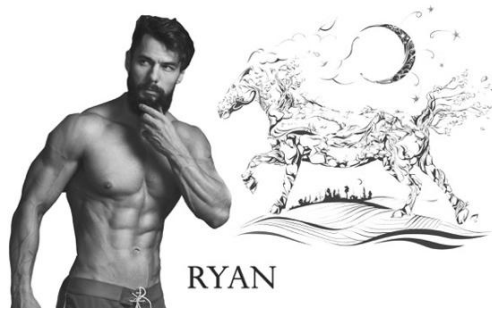
“You, Megan Carlisle, are a smart cookie. You’ll figure it out.”

She watched her great-grandfather close his eyes again before resting his head back against the pillow.

“Don’t... Please... I need you. We have so much more to talk about.”

Vic opened one eye and whispered, “Just don’t ever sell the farm. Ask the next-door Moore family for help if you must.”

She had no clue what family her great-grandfather talked about, but she would find out soon enough since Vic Carlisle just blew out his last breath.



## CHAPTER TWO

Ryan took in his parents on the other side of the kitchen table as they lifted their glasses in memory of Vic Carlisle, the old hermit living in the dilapidated farmhouse on the next-door plot.

“He might have been a loner, but he was a good man,” his father, Roger, said after swallowing his whiskey.

Ryan’s mother, Shauni, nodded before taking a sip.

Ryan put his beer down on the table and cleared his throat. There was no time like the present to address the pink elephant in the room.

“We should go over there tomorrow and talk with his family about—”

Roger clanked his glass down. “No. We’re not bothering the man’s family. We’ll handle things. No need to tell the world about our problems.”

Ryan shared a look with his mother, who shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

Shauni tried to reason with her husband. “Darlin’, maybe \_\_\_”

Roger shook his head. “No, honey. You know how things work. If the wrong people find out we’re three months behind and that we’re askin’ people to buy some of our horses, we’ll be flooded with men who know more ways to take our money than a roomful of lawyers.”

Ryan sighed.

“What?” Roger said.

Ryan shrugged. “I know this is still your farm and that you only want what’s best for the family, but it’s been months and we’re still not any closer to finding a long-term solution for our lacking cash flow.”

“I already told you we’re not signing the farm over to you as long as we’ve got this debt hanging over our heads.”

Ryan looked up to the ceiling, counting to three in his head. Ryan knew he’d inherited the same stubbornness from his old man, but things were getting out of hand.

“Okay, spit it out,” his father said.

“The longer we wait, the bigger the debt will become. If we wait any longer, you’ll never sign the papers. That’s just stating facts.”

“Your mother and I have worked decades to make sure you and your five sisters had a roof over your heads, clothes on your backs, and food in your stomachs. We didn’t slack for a day to make this farm one of the greatest just outside Austin, Texas.”

Ryan rubbed his forehead. “I know, Dad. And you and Mom have done a great job.”

“Why are you pushing us, then?” Roger asked.

Ryan’s heart skipped a beat. “From the moment I could walk and talk, you’ve always said that I was to take over one day. I’m thirty-two now and I’m willing to take over this farmhouse, the stables, the fields, Emmy’s vegetable gardens and even this debt that’s been hanging over your heads, but you’ll just not let me.”

“It’s just because we know what such an enormous responsibility does to a person,” his mother said.

“Don’t you think I’m not lying wide awake at night? I’m just as invested as you are,” Ryan said.

His mother rested her warm hand on top of his on the kitchen table.

“We know, darlin’.”

“You’ve molded me into your successor. Don’t you think it’s time for the next step?” Ryan said as he eyed his dad.

“I know I’ve always said that you should take over at your thirtieth birthday, but things have been messy around here, son.”

“Let me handle all that shit. You know I can do it,” Ryan said and held his father’s eyes.

Roger’s eyes watered. “I’m sorry for not keeping my earlier promise about signing the papers two years ago.”

Ryan stood from his seat and clasped his hand over his father’s shoulder. “It’s okay, Dad. Do whatever you think is right. I don’t want to push you. Because when I do take over, we both know that I’ll need to be the one in charge. We can’t have two captains on one ship. Things would get messy and we all know it.”

Roger stood from his seat, extending his large, calloused hand. “Give me a few days. After the dust is settled, we’ll talk again. Okay?”

Ryan accepted his father’s hand. “Okay.”

“What in the world am I walkin’ into?” Ryan’s grandfather, Pops, boomed after entering the kitchen with their family dog, Rudy, hot on his tail.

“Rudy, out!” Roger shouted.

The mixed breed instantly turned and pushed the screen door open before running back out onto the wraparound porch.

“Hi, Dad,” Shauni said as she kissed her father on his rosy cheek.

“Yer talkin’ mighty serious. What’s wrong?” Pops said in his Irish drawl before plunking down at the kitchen table. His belly almost didn’t fit in between the table and chair, but the old man was too damn proud to move his chair.

“We were discussing the farm,” Roger said in a tone that would leave no room for anyone to think he wanted to discuss the farm with his father-in-law.

“What about the farm?” Pops said before accepting a glass of whiskey from his daughter.

“We’re discussing the timeframe for Ryan to take over,” Shauni said.

“I’m at the stables if you need me,” Roger said before sticking his feet back into his dirty boots that stood next to the screen door.

“Okay, sweetheart,” Shauni said.

“I’m sorry, Pops. I just need a moment,” Roger said.

Pops gave his son-in-law a smile. “No problem, son. I’ll be here, drinkin’ yer whiskey.”

Ryan laughed. “You’re staying upstairs again?”

“Yes. It’s no fun living alone.”

Ryan gave his grandfather a warm smile, since he understood how Pops missed his former roommates. Pops first shared his apartment above his grandson’s Brennan’s Irish pub with Ryan’s youngest sister Teagan and later with Ryan’s sister Emmy, who just a few months ago moved into a house they built on his family’s land.

“You’re missing the girls, Pops?” Shauni asked.

Pops nodded in silence.

“Maybe one of our other girls will want to move in? I think Tara—”

Pops’ belly moved as his laughter filled the kitchen.

“Tara Moore? She doesn’t want to live with this old man.”

“Why not?” Tara said as she entered the kitchen.

“Because yer always spendin’ time with hoodlums.”

Ryan chuckled, loving how his grandfather wore his heart on his sleeve.

“I’m just a tattoo apprentice downtown. It’s not like I’m shanking anyone in prison,” his twenty-three-year-old sister said.



Known for having a soft spot for spitfires, Pops' eyes twinkled since Tara Moore was exactly that. Perhaps that's why he baited her.

"Isn't that tattoo parlor a hangout for Devlin's gang?" Pops asked.

Ryan's sister Teagan married Devlin, a member of the Iron Vikings MC. It was quite a shocker for their family, especially after everything they'd been through with his youngest sister.

"I think it's a great idea for Tara to move in with Pops. He can keep an eye out," Ryan said, knowing that Tara was thinking about moving out and finding a place somewhere in the city.

Tara rolled her eyes. "Who said I need anyone keeping an eye out on me?"

Shauni sighed. "Darlin'..."

"What?" Tara asked as she crossed her arms in front of her tattooed chest.

"If you're so dead set on leaving the farm, why don't you move in with Pops? Your sisters loved it there," Ryan said.

"I know we would have fun, grandpa. But—"

Pops gave his granddaughter a warm smile. "Damn straight."

"But I don't know if I like the idea of you reporting everything back to my parents."

Pops snorted. "I never told on yer sisters, now did I?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Shauni said with her brows furrowed.

"My lips are sealed," Pops said before he gave Tara a wink.

"Are you for real?" Tara asked.

Pops nodded. "Sure am."

"Wow. Okay."

"Just think about it, fine thing," Pops said.

“I will. Thanks, Pops,” Tara said before kissing her grandfather on the cheek.

“Where are you going?” Shauni asked her daughter as Tara headed towards the screen door.

“My colleague Mia invited me to a party.”

“From that tattoo parlor?” Ryan asked. Even though he knew that none of his five sisters wanted him to butt in, he still couldn’t help looking out for them.

Tara gave him an exasperated look. “Yeah. She’s my colleague. I already said so.”

“Do you know any of her friends? Where’s that party?” Ryan asked.

“Mom, can you tell Ryan to stop babying me? I know that there are only three sisters left in the house, but—”

Ryan ignored his sister’s objections and said, “Are you driving?”

“Yes, I’m driving. And I’m not drinking.”

Ryan nodded. “Good. Text me the address. And call me when you get there.”

Tara waved a hand in the air. “Fine. See y’all tomorrow. Bye, Pops.”

“Bye, lass.”

Ryan took another gulp from his whiskey after the screen door slammed shut.

“I don’t envy ye, boyo. I know what it’s like to have a daughter, but five sisters...” Pops blew out a big breath.

“Oh, I think the girls are doin’ just fine. Teagan and Emmy are married now and even starting families of their own,” Shauni said with a pride smile.

“I’d like to think I had a helpin’ hand in those relationships. Maybe if you’d send Tara to old Pops, I’ll get another one of yer lasses married. Heck, I think I can even find a match for you, Ryan.”

Ryan laughed. “Good luck with that.”

Pops lifted his half-empty glass. “I’ll accept the challenge.”



### CHAPTER THREE

Megan stuffed the last bit of casserole into her mouth and stood from her great-grandfather's kitchen table. Unknown neighbor after neighbor had brought tins and dishes of food to the farmhouse in the past few days.

The funeral had been sober since Megan, Abby, and Ava were the only one attending. Apparently, Vic Carlisle wasn't really big on socializing with his neighbors and he also didn't have any friends. It made Megan hesitant about these people showing up out of the blue, acting like they gave a damn about her great-grandfather.

She still needed to check the books and had to wait and find out what Vic exactly stated in the will, but her gut told her that these people figured Vic had some dough stashed somewhere since it obviously hadn't been used on this farmhouse.

The hard wooden floorboards creaked as Abby chased Ava around in the living room.

"Gotcha!" Abby yelled.

"Girls, please go upstairs to the first bathroom. I'll be up in a second."

"Yes, Mommy," Ava said before she yelled, "I'll race you upstairs!"

Megan smiled as she finished washing the dish with the ugly brown leaves. She had no idea which dish or tin belonged to which neighbor, but she reckoned they would all show up soon enough.

She dried her hands with a towel before heading up the stairs to her twins. She couldn't believe they actually had an upstairs. Megan ignored the cracks in the wall and the missing curtains from the hallway windows. The house was really hers and would be Ava and Abby's one day. Megan never had much left after rent was due, let alone something to actually leave her daughters.

"Mommy, Ava is smearing snot all over the tub!"

Megan rounded the corner, finding her two blonde girls in the cramped bathroom.

"Girls, stop telling on each other and stop smearing snot all over the place. It's gross."

"I didn't—"

Megan interrupted Ava and said, "We're not getting into who did what just before bedtime. Head in the shower, please."

Ava lifted her arms in silence, giving Megan room to undress her. Megan threw Ava's dirty shirt in the laundry basket with a watery smile. What a shame Vic wasn't here today to find Ava hugging that baby pig in the pen.

"Are you going to dream about Peppa tonight?" Megan asked.

"Hm-mm," Ava hummed.

"And you, Abby?"

Abby shrugged.

"Are you okay?" Megan asked.

"Why can't I tell you about Ava's boogers?" Abby said before she pouted her cute face.

"We're not doin' this, sweetheart."

Megan wanted the twins showered, their teeth brushed and dressed in their PJs within the next ten minutes. She knew this was highly ambitious, but she needed time for herself for just a few hours before she needed to show face bright and early tomorrow.

Instead of getting into bed after a shift at the Puffy Lips, she now had to set the alarm at five in the morning. And instead of her mom helping her out with the twins by bringing them to school so Megan could sleep a little longer, she now had to talk to the farmhands, take care of the first few chores, make the girls breakfast and bring them to school in a nearby small town before heading back to the farm and get the rest of her chores done.

Megan finished helping the twins getting ready for bed and crawled into the queen-sized bed with her daughters. She rested the back of her head against the headboard and opened the girls' favorite book while they leaned against her, since she sat in the middle.

“Mommy, when will we go back home?” Ava asked.

Megan's throat tightened. “This is our home now, sweetheart. We're staying here with the pigs, the horses and Jimmy, Joe, Patrick and Axel.”

The four farmhands who had been a fixture at her great-grandfather's farm had welcomed Megan with open arms. Megan still wasn't sure if she could trust any of them. It wasn't in her nature to trust easily since she'd learned from her mother from a very young age to solely rely on each other.

Working at a shady strip club right off the Strip also didn't help in restoring her trust in strangers. She'd seen enough during her bartending shifts to write a book about lost and lonely people, but also dishonest and downright crooked lowlifes.

“I miss Gigi,” Ava said.

Megan kissed the top of her daughter's blonde head. “I know, sweetheart. I'm sure your friend misses you, too.”

Ava's bottom lip wobbled. “And I also miss grandma.”

Megan swallowed back her emotions. She also missed her mother, but she couldn't afford to let thoughts about her mother run free. Megan's anger about her mother keeping so many secrets with her to the grave was about to overflow any day.

If she'd known about her great-grandfather sooner, she would have visited Vic and she would have surely befriended him. Megan couldn't believe just how lonely Vic was while Megan had begged her mother for years and years to tell her about her family.

Vic shouldn't have died without ever seeing his daughter again. Megan didn't know why her mother was so mad at Vic that she never contacted him again, but she'd heard the pain in his voice that day she'd met him.

She didn't want her girls to know just how upset mommy was with their beloved grandmother and said, "I miss her, too."

Perhaps if Megan had more time with Vic, she didn't feel so blindsided by inheriting the farm and the lands. She could have asked him for help. He could have told her exactly whom to trust and what to do.

Her great-grandfather's last words popped up into her head.

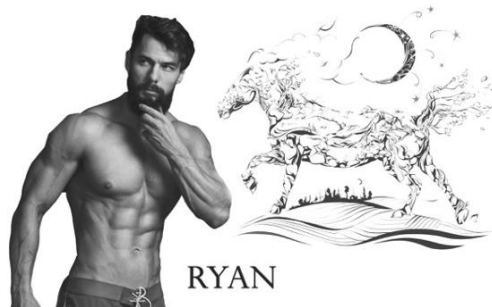
*"Just don't ever sell the farm. Ask the next-door Moore family for help if you must."*

If Vic trusted the Moore family, then so should she. Maybe she should visit them after driving the girls to school.

"Mom. We're waiting..." Abby whined.

"Sorry, sweetheart."

Megan started reading and soon fell asleep in the bed between her girls.



## CHAPTER FOUR

**O**n his way over to the outer fields of his parents' farm, Ryan Moore found his sister and her husband, Kieran, kissing in the middle of the small dirt path behind the farmhouse.

"Get a room. Didn't we build you guys a house further down?" Ryan joked, walking up to them.

Kieran broke the kiss first and said, "We were on our way home, but I just had to kiss my girl."

Ryan watched his sister's eyes lit up as Kieran's hand rested on her rounding belly.

"Everything all right?" Emmy asked.

"Sure." Ryan gave his sister a smile that hopefully convinced her that everything was fine. While, in fact, his head still pounded from the phone call he'd received three hours ago. While his parents told him not to worry, Ryan knew it would be just a matter of time before they needed to sell one of the horses to get some immediate cash.

"Can I help you with the fences?" Kieran asked as they walked over the narrow dirt path, Emmy following them closely.

Ryan was grateful for his brother-in-law helping on the farm since, as a firefighter, Kieran wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty.

"Nah, we're almost set for today. But thanks, man."

Kieran pulled a brow. "*You* might be almost set, but where's Olly?"



Ryan blew out a big breath. "I left him at the stables, talkin' to Fianna."

Olly could afford a short break as one of the most loyal, hardworking farmhands.

"Does he have a death wish or something?" Kieran asked with a chuckle, no doubt referring to Fianna's man, Ronan, who used to fight in an underground fight club for years.

"You know Olly. He could talk the legs off a chair," Ryan said.

Kieran laughed. "Knowing Fianna, she'll set him straight soon enough."

Ryan wanted to make a smart remark, but a horse stormed up their way as it barreled over the green hill.

Ryan shouted, "Watch out!"

Kieran got to Emmy first as he engulfed her from behind and carefully pulled her back into the foliage.

Ryan watched the beautiful black stallion race past them, the wind blowing his mane tight against his corded neck.

"Is our little one all right?" Kieran asked, with his hand resting on Emmy's belly.

They had found out four months ago that his sister was pregnant. Ryan couldn't believe that someone would leave that stallion to run wild. Anything could have happened with his sister and his niece or nephew. That horrid thought angered him immensely.

Emmy nodded and said, "Yes, we're okay."

It did not appease Ryan since things could have gone terribly wrong and he lost it on the unknown blonde that ran up to them from the same hill that stallion appeared from.

"Oi! Was that your horse?" Ryan roared.

"Which way?" the blonde asked as she stopped running, her hands at her sides as she heaved a breath.

"That way," Ryan said as he pointed his thumb.

“Okay,” the blonde said before walking in that direction.

“Wait a damn minute! Your horse almost knocked my pregnant sister over. Do you have any idea how dangerous—”

“Look, I’m truly sorry,” the blonde looked directly at Emmy, before she turned her attention on Ryan again and said, “But I don’t have time to bicker with you. I have to go get Rocket.”

Ryan snorted. “Fitting name. And do you also have a fitting name?”

The blonde narrowed her bright blue eyes. “I’d like to think so. My nickname is The General.”

Emmy busted out laughing. “Oh, I like her.”

The blonde winked and said, “Congrats on your pregnancy. If you need anything, I think I still have a few boxes stored with stuff from when my girls were still in diapers.”

Ryan heard her talk, but the words didn’t really register since he couldn’t take his eyes off this charismatic blonde.

Without knowing her, Ryan just knew that she’d put on a front about that nickname. With her shoulders straight and her wide blue eyes seeing right through him, she seemed confident, but not like an over the top bossy General. And if she thought she was, Ryan would love to tie this General up and have her beg for mercy before he would make her come all over his tongue.

“Do you and your husband live nearby?” his sister innocently asked.

Just like Ryan, the blonde wasn’t easily fooled, knowing exactly what Emmy’s intention was.

The petite blonde smiled. “To answer your real question: I’m a single mother of two twin girls who recently turned five-years old. I’m not looking for anything and I just moved in at my late great-grandfather’s farm next door.”

Old Vic had passed away a few days ago and even though Ryan had listened to his mother by giving Vic’s family some

time to grieve, there were things they needed to discuss.

“Ah, we should talk about fixing those fences, then.”

The blonde pursed her lips and Emmy placed a hand on her brother’s arm, stopping him from also asking her about the use of her pond.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” Emmy said while her fingers wrapped around Ryan’s arm.

“Thank you,” the blonde said with half a smile.

“I’m sorry for your loss. I’m Kieran, by the way.”

The blonde nodded. “Thank you. I’m Megan.”

Ryan tested her name on his lips. It didn’t go unnoticed by Megan, who tilted her head as she held Ryan’s eyes.

“Right, I’d better find Rocket,” she said after a pink blush crept over her cheeks.

“I’ll help you,” Ryan said.

Megan waved that idea away. “That’s okay. I’m sure you have better things to do...”

Ryan wasted no time and said, “I do.”

He quickly added, “But we can’t have a stallion running around our meres.”

“Okay, let’s go then,” Megan said.

Ryan bowed and said, “After you Madame General...”

She ignored him in passing.

“I’m Ryan Moore, by the way.”

She still ignored him. Kieran and Emmy snickered as they watched them walk down the dirt path to the other side of the Moore farm.



MEGAN

## CHAPTER FIVE

Megan followed the handsome farmer, Ryan Moore, hoping that he wouldn't see right through her. From his boots to his jeans to his flannel shirt and his cowboy hat; Ryan Moore fit the bill of every cowboy fantasy she'd ever had.

Those strong, muscular arms popping up from underneath his rolled-up sleeves were deliciously naturally suntanned and waiting to be licked. Megan quickly blinked her eyes to come to her senses.

This guy was a grumpy brute. She shouldn't have these naughty thoughts about her neighbor who clearly didn't give a damn about her great-grandfather's passing since he immediately wanted to talk shop just like the rest of the neighbors had while bringing their casserole over at the house.

Megan couldn't believe she'd let Rocket knock the fence wide open and let him ran away. Not that she could have stopped the black stallion, but Jimmy had warned her about Rocket and his wild temper. Even Vic had warned her about Rocket. Why couldn't she get the hang of working with the horses?

It had been five days since she'd moved into the farmhouse. Tidying up and repairing some small stuff around the house had been therapeutic in taking her mind off things.

She'd even smiled when the pigs greeted her at first daylight this morning. But those enormous teeth-showing beasts in the stable? She gave them all a wide berth until now.

Jimmy's wife had called him in slight panic after her water broke, and Jimmy's father Joe drove him to the hospital. She couldn't ask Axel to take the horses back to the stables, since he'd already left for a family reunion. And Patrick told her on her first day at the farm that he would handle any chore, except for anything that involved Rocket.

Megan cursed herself for allowing Axel to head home earlier today. Just because the guys seemed all right, she still needed to manage things and needed them to work with the horses. Especially Rocket.

"What happened?" Ryan asked, bringing her out of her thoughts.

"Happened?"

"With Rocket. Why is he running over my farm?"

"Is this your farm?"

A cute blush crept up from under his beard. "It's my parents' farm, but I'll take over one day."

She couldn't read him, but she thought she'd hit a nerve by asking him about running the farm. She left that topic for what it was and thought about other things to ask this seven-foot, muscular hunk of a farmer.

They walked in silence for ten minutes straight since she couldn't think of anything to say and the man in question probably didn't want to talk to his new neighbor, who didn't seem capable of handling her stallion.

They passed a grand looking stable and at first glance, not one nail or one straw or haystack was out of order.

"This looks amazing," she said without thinking.

"Thanks."

He didn't hold her eyes as he thanked her, but she noticed his upper lip pull in a somewhat proud smile. They walked over a small dirt path, surrounded by wide-open green fields.

"How many horses do you have?"

He suddenly stopped walking, and she almost bumped against him. It made her realize just how short her five foot five felt next to his seven-foot frame.

“Why do you want to know?” he asked in an accusing tone of voice.

“Just making conversation. Forget about it.” She turned on her heels and passed him. She figured Rocket went to those outer fields with the yellow leaves of the redbud tree standing proud against the luscious green hills.

Megan suddenly felt very conscious about openly fangirling about the man’s beautiful lands as Ryan’s eyes pricked in the back of her head. The hair on the back of her neck stood upright as she glanced over her shoulder and found him staring at her jean-clad ass.

She didn’t know why his blatant interest made her smile, but it did. Megan spun her head when his eyes locked on hers. She took a first step into the foliage, but Ryan suddenly grabbed hold of her arm and stopped her.

“What—”

“Shhh.” Ryan put a finger against his lips and she instantly stopped talking.

She let him maneuver her towards the redbud tree and out of the open field.

“What’s wrong?”

“Flint’s here.”

“Who’s Flint?” Megan furrowed her brows as she took a step backwards, her back hitting the unforgiving bark of the tree.

Ryan turned around, his back towards her as he seemed to protect her from this Flint person.

“Calm down, now. We’re not here for you,” Ryan said in a calm but clear and resolute voice.

She tried to look past him, but his broad back made it hard to see anything in front of her. Megan held her breath, trying

to hear any response or sounds that could help her find out what the deal was.

“Easy now. My sister will kick my ass if I hurt you and your gang of ground damaging assholes.”

Megan held Ryan’s sides as he stepped closer to her, trapping her against the tree.

“Hold on, darlin’. I think Flint is in a bad mood.”

Although he surely tried to comfort her, she felt anything but comforted.

“Ryan! Please let me go!”

“Sorry, sugar. I’m not letting you run through this field when a wild boar is gonna chase your fine ass.”

“You think I have a fine ass?”

Ryan gave her the side-eye.

“Sorry,” she whispered.

“He’s staring at us, trying to decide if we’re threatening him or not. We need to stay put.”

“And *your* fine ass is making it hard for me to breathe,” she said as his firm ass pressed against her stomach.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” she whispered.

“I forgot you’re a frying size.”

She giggled, and he gave her a stern look over his shoulder in return.

“Sorry,” she said as their eyes locked.

“Can you just stop giggling and stop feeling me up?” he said.

“I’m not feeling you up!”

Ryan quickly checked Flint’s reaction. “Stop shouting. You’re not helping here.”

She huffed a breath. “It seems like I can’t do anything right.”

Ryan stuck one hand behind his back and he gave the side of her ass a friendly pat. She jolted and took a firmer hold of his sides.

“Christ. Stop doin’ that!”

She clucked her tongue. “Look who’s shouting now?”

Ryan sighed, but his hand still rested on the side of her butt cheek.

“You enjoy copping a feel?” she said. She just had to goad him. He was supposedly annoyed with her hands resting on his sides while he was touching her butt.

“This is nowhere near copping a feel, darlin’.”

“Oh? Could have fooled me.”

Ryan turned around before he palmed her cheeks.

“You want me to feel you up? Is that it? Are you intentionally riling me up so I will lose my cool and take you up against this tree?”

Megan’s eyes widened. She had no idea that she wanted exactly that.

Ryan must have read it in her expression as he groaned. “Shit. Tell me to get lost because your baby blues are begging me to fuck you long and hard.”

She stared at him in silence.

One of his hands fell from her face and explored the bare skin between the open buttons of her white dress shirt.

“Silly girl, dressed in white while working on a farm...”

She hated how she arched her back as his large hand engulfed her heavy breast, especially since he’d called her silly.

“You’ve ever been fucked out in the open?”

Megan closed her eyes as now both of his hands palmed her breasts.



“Tell me.”

She opened her eyes when she felt his warm breath tickle that yummy spot behind her ear.

“Oh, God...” she moaned when he licked her there.

“You like that, darlin’?”

She bit her bottom lip, but nodded.

“If I push my hand down your jeans, would I find you wet for me?”

She moaned but refrained from answering his lewd question. Megan was suddenly aware of standing in an open field with a total stranger who felt like he could feel her up all he’d like.

“I need to find Rocket,” she said.

“Rocket is probably fucking one of my meres right as we speak.”

Hearing him whisper ‘fucking’ against her ear made all of her nerve endings come alive. She dared to move her hands on his side and slipped them under his flannel shirt, touching his warm, bare skin right above his jeans. She slithered one hand to his front, finding a little happy trail.

“I can’t wait to taste you,” he said.

Her knees almost buckled. It had been ages since a man had gone down on her. Six years, maybe? It had to be the girls’ father during their one-night stand, since after him she’d only had sex four times, and none of those guys had taken care of her in that way.

“You want your pussy licked? You want me to lick you all over before I stick my tongue deep inside your pussy?”

“Oh, God...” She felt the wetness pool between her legs as he talked about his plans for her.

“I-I don’t even know you.”

His lips kissed the side of her throat while his hand pulled her white dress shirt from the top of her jeans.

“Maybe we’re just two strangers, dealing with a lot of shit and in need of a little stress relief.”

“I’m a mother. I can’t—”

Ryan stopped unbuttoning her jeans. “Tell me to stop and I will.”

She watched him take a step back, and she immediately regretted her decision to stop him. When would she ever be able to fuck such a handsome man again? With all the things she needed to deal with on the farm and with the responsibility of her two girls, she would have zero time to go out and meet someone.

After losing her mother and great-grandfather in a matter of a few weeks, and after starting over with the twins on a farm in the middle of nowhere, Megan could use the stress relief. She could use... Ryan Moore.

“Just this one time?” she asked.

Ryan scratched his beard as he held her eyes. “You sure? I’m not looking for anything serious.”

“Me neither,” she said before she jumped from her spot and into his arms. He instantly held her by slipping his hands underneath her ass.

She pressed her lips against his, since she didn’t want to waste any time, as she needed to pick up her girls in two hours and find Rocket before that time.

Ryan instantly opened his lips and greeted her with his tongue. The soft, sensual strokes made her even hotter. She loved kissing and was happy to find their rhythm matching.

“You’re making me so fuckin’ hard.”

She giggled but suddenly remembered the reason they were stranded in this field near the redbud tree.

“Is Flint gone?”

He chuckled. “You’re asking me, now?”

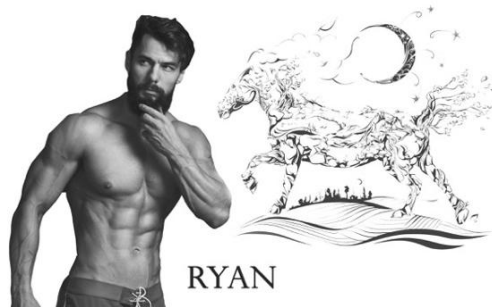
“Well, is he?”

“Yes. He left to give us some privacy.” His damn cute smirk made her almost sigh. Ryan was just too good to be true.

She understood she needed to make most of this encounter, since he would probably have a fully booked rotation of girls warming his bed.

Megan couldn't care less. She needed to forget her troubles for just this moment, and Ryan was just the right guy in the right place.

“Good. Now fuck me,” she said before she kissed him again.



## CHAPTER SIX

A few things happened today that Ryan hadn't expected when he jumped out of bed this morning. He hadn't expected to find a black stallion named Rocket running around his family's farm, and he sure as hell hadn't expected a little spitfire to jump him and ask him to fuck her.

Ryan was always fully in control whenever he fucked one of his dates. They all knew that he wanted nothing long term, and they all enjoyed the same kink.

From what he could tell, Megan wasn't afraid to ask for what she wanted. But would she want the same things as he did? He hated he didn't have a rope at hand to test his theory.

Even though she'd said that this would be a one time only thing, he wanted her writhing underneath him as he would have her tied to her bed with no escape, while he would make her come after she'd begged him for it.

He broke their sensual kiss and said, "Jump down, sugar. Let me roll those jeans down for you."

She did as he asked and he did as he'd promised while holding eye contact the entire time. He went down on his knees and slipped his hands around her ass before he ripped the little scrap of lacy fabric from her body.

"Ryan!"

He smirked against her bare pussy before deeply inhaling her sweet, tangy scent.

"Fuckin' perfect."

She raked her hands through his hair, holding on tight when he kissed her pussy.

“Let me help you take off your boots.”

He helped her as she held on to his shoulders. With her boots gone, he yanked her jeans down and threw it in the grass behind him.

“Turn around,” he said, his voice hoarse.

She made a gorgeous sight, resting her hands against the redbud tree, her firm ass sticking out right in front of his face.

“Open your legs wide. That’s right. Lower yourself. Show me that wet pussy.”

She watched him over his shoulder and sighed when he licked her lower lips. His tongue explored between her lips, finding her slick and ready. He entered her with his index finger and she welcomed him by immediately pushing back.

“Yes. Show me you want me. I like that. Give me your finger, Megan.”

“Why?”

He pulled a brow, and she sighed. “Okay.”

She dropped a hand from the bark of the tree and rested it on her lower back. Ryan took her index finger into his wet mouth and sucked her digit deep inside.

He circled her finger with his tongue before he let go with a wet pop.

“Stick your finger inside your little hole, darlin’.”

“W-what?”

“You’ve never done this before?”

She shook her head.

“That’s okay. We’ll take it nice and slow.”

He spread her cheeks in front of his face before diving back in with his tongue. He would save ass play for another moment. Ryan couldn’t wait to explore her body properly when they wouldn’t be standing out in the field.

He moaned against her pussy as his tongue lapped at her. He added another finger, curling them against her upper wall.

“I need more.”

He pulled a brow. “What do you need?”

“More fingers.”

He smiled. “Whatever pleases Madame General.”

He chuckled when she narrowed her eyes at him over her shoulder.

“Don’t give me that look, darlin’. You were the one who told me about that nickname.”

“Stop talking. I don’t have all day.”

He couldn’t believe she actually said that. Ryan wasn’t used to such a bossy lover. He normally liked his dates compliant and begging for more. His feisty neighbor turned him on in ways he’d never held possible.

Ryan leaned in and marked her left cheek with a fine little love bite.

“Ah! Ryan! Stop biting me!”

“Stop bossing me around, sugar. I’m in charge. Not you.”

She yelped when his hand smacked against the rounding of her other cheek.

“Hold still and take what I give you.”

“It hurts,” she said with a moan as he swept the pad of his thumb over her reddened skin.

“I’m goin’ to ride you so hard you’re gonna see stars.”

“Oh, God.”

He felt her dripping around his fingers. They both were ready to take things further as his dick grew painfully hard behind his jeans.

“I’ll tie you up and gag you with my cock.”

She suddenly raised her upper body and said, “I need to go. I need to find Rocket and—”

Ryan stood from the dirt ground and rested his hands on her shoulders.

Talking about tying her up and spanking her without checking with her first was a rookie mistake. He'd lost all reason when he heard her erotic moans and felt her pussy walls clamp around his fingers.

“Shit. I’m sorry. I should have asked about a safe word and about any—”

“Forget it. Forget about everything. I don’t even know why I’m standing here like some kind of slut.”

Ryan grabbed her hand right after she picked up her jeans.

“You’re not a slut.”

She rolled her eyes but said nothing.

“I mean it, Megan.”

“Well, okay. Thanks.” She couldn’t sound more sarcastic if she tried.

Ryan was always in control. Always. He couldn’t believe that he’d got carried away and somehow misread her signals.

“This has nothing to do with being a slut, Megan. I took things too far, too fast. And I’m truly sorry.”

She held her jeans against her chest. “It’s not your fault. I told you to fuck me.”

“I know. That was so fuckin’ hot.”

Megan’s baby blues rolled again, and he said, “Roll those gorgeous eyes one more time and I’ll bend you over my knee. Right here. Right now.”

He liked how she opened her mouth to respond but closed it again while watching him closely as a sweet blush crept over her chest and over her cheeks.

“You ever been spanked?”

“Why are you asking me these stupid questions? I wanted you, but you’re into things I don’t want any part of. I just wanted a quickie.”

He didn't know why he got his feelings hurt. Perhaps it was her admission of only wanting a quickie. Or maybe because she'd just told him she didn't share his kink and things weren't as perfect as he'd imagined.

"Maybe we could take this to your place so I could take my time to show you how heavenly it would feel for you if you let me worship you in my kind of way?"

Megan instantly shook her head. "No. And definitely not at my place."

"Okay. We can get a room in a—"

She hopped into her jeans. "I need to go."

"Megan, please don't leave. I feel bad about—"

"It's fine. You did nothing wrong." Megan got her second boot on.

"You have Vic's number?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Call me if you find Rocket. I need to go."

He couldn't believe she would leave Rocket behind, but then again, he also couldn't believe she would leave him behind like nothing they'd just shared mattered.

He'd felt her arousal and heard her moan after he'd spanked her, even though she said she wasn't into it. He wondered if there was a story there.

Madame General truly was a tough nut to crack and he couldn't wait to get behind those defensive walls.





MEGAN

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Megan had been on edge all afternoon, even after picking up the twins from school. Flashbacks from Ryan going down on her in that field while she rested her hands against the redbud tree pierced her brain every two seconds.

She picked up the last plate to dry as she peered out of the kitchen window and watched Rocket galloping over the hill with Ryan sitting firm and proud on his back.

She almost dropped the plate on the floor since Jimmy and Joe had told her that nobody ever dared to sit on Rocket's back.

"What's wrong, Mommy? Who is that man?" Ava asked.

She wasn't aware that she stood frozen to her spot like she'd seen a ghost. Megan gave her daughter a smile.

"Nothing's wrong, sweetheart. That's our neighbor, Ryan. He's bringing Rocket home."

"Was Rocket out on a field trip?" Abby asked.

Megan chuckled. "Something like that."

She recognized Ryan's deep voice as he talked to Patrick right in front of her porch. She took a deep, calming breath before opening the screen door.

"Ah, there she is," Patrick said.

"Thanks, Patrick. I'll take it from here."

"Yes, ma'am."

After Ryan watched Patrick walk away without Rocket, he gave Megan a look that instantly rubbed her the wrong way.

“If you’re only here to tell me how to do my job or how I should manage the men around here, you can turn your fine ass around and walk straight back over that hill.”

Ryan rubbed Rocket’s neck, leaving Megan speechless as she watched the stallion whinny softly.

“He’s never made that sound before. Well, at least not in the past few days I’ve been here.”

“Maybe he misses Vic.”

She nodded. “I miss him, too.”

Ryan stopped rubbing Rocket for a second and asked, “I never knew he had a great-granddaughter.”

“We just recently found each other. It’s a long story.”

Ryan hummed and continued rubbing Rocket’s neck. The gentle whinny sounded strange coming from this robust and wild animal.

“He likes you.”

“Is he the only one?” Ryan’s smirk made her belly flutter.

She glanced over her shoulder, seeing her girls standing behind the screen door, watching them closely through the screen.

“Yes. He’s the only one here, I’m sure.”

Ryan laughed, and his deep rumble made Rocket bristle.

“Shh. It’s okay,” Ryan said as he rubbed Rocket’s back.

Rocket rewarded Ryan with a soft, somewhat guttural sound.

“What have you fed Rocket on your farm? He’s acting like a sweet pussycat.”

“I’ve been known to—”

She blew out a breath. “Oh, please. Don’t even say it.”

He chuckled. "I was going to say that I know my stuff about horses. I would be happy to work with Rocket for you. See if we can make him more... manageable?"

"What does this sound mean?" she asked, ignoring his offer since she had absolutely no interest in seeing Ryan after today. The way he'd made her feel in that field earlier had scared the shit out of her.

She was like putty in his hands, ready for this stranger to do with her whatever he pleased. Megan had her girls to think about. She couldn't afford to be the talk of the town just because she'd been caught in a vulnerable moment.

"It's called 'bubbling'. Usually it's an invitation to come closer. Especially if you come baring gifts like food."

They shared a smile.

She dared a minor step closer, but immediately backed away when Rocket stomped his foot.

"He loves gettin' a reaction out of you."

She tilted her head. "Him and you, both."

Ryan's bark of laughter made Rocket snort loudly.

"Can you please take him?" she asked as she nudged her head towards the stables.

"No problem."

She pivoted and walked up the porch. She held her daughters' eyes and said, "You can have thirty extra minutes of screen time, sweeties."

Megan smiled as the squealing girls ran to the living room sofa and turned on the television as if they had done it a million times before.

Megan walked up to the stables with a warm feeling in her stomach. Maybe if she could find a way to work with Rocket, she could do most of the farm chores herself and would be less dependent on the farmhands.

Ryan just finished locking up Rocket and turned around when she entered the stable.

“Thank you for all your help, Ryan. I don’t know what I’ve done if you hadn’t—”

She swallowed the rest of her sentence as he strode up to her, his dark eyes taking in every inch of her. By his hungry stare, she knew exactly what went on in his head.

“Oh... eh... this is not...”

Ryan picked her up by the back of her thighs and walked her towards the back of the stable, while kissing her senseless. She knew Patrick was heading back to the outer fields since he was supposed to repair Rocket’s demolished fence, but her girls were alone in the house.

“I can’t stay out too long. My girls are in the house watching television,” she whispered against his lips.

Ryan entered the last stall, obscuring them from any onlookers as he rested her back against the wooden wall to the side. The smell of horseshit filled her nostrils, but even that couldn’t take her out of her high as Ryan sucked the skin of her throat into his skillful mouth.

Her fingers slithered through his thick, raven hair before hanging on for dear life as he pushed his hardness between her legs.

“Ah!” she shouted, riling up the four horses in the other stables.

“You’re scaring the horses, darlin’.”

“You can’t push that thing of yours against me without getting some kind of reaction, Ryan.”

His arrogant chuckle made her pull back and narrow her eyes at him.

“We have ten minutes left. Make it count.”

Ryan held her eyes and said, “Promise me that this isn’t just one time.”

“W-what?”

“I want to give you so much more pleasure than what we shared in that field earlier, and now in just ten minutes.”

She hesitated to commit to his terms, but when he twisted her nipple through her white dress shirt and bra, she moaned, “Yes...”

“I couldn’t get you out of my mind all afternoon. I know I fucked things up earlier. And here I am again, running after you like a dog in heat.”

She giggled and liked how his eyes lit up at the sound.

“You think that’s funny? I’m dead serious.”

“Shut up and kiss me.”

His full lips engulfed hers as their kiss quickly escalated in a heated kiss, where they both raked their hands through each other’s hair. She rocked her core against him, shamelessly dry humping like there was no clothing between them.

“I need you inside of me,” she whispered.

“I need more time than eight minutes.”

She giggled. “You’re keeping track?”

“Damn straight. I’ll have to wait to feel your warm pussy around my dick, but I’ll take care of you, sugar.”

His Southern drawl, when he called her sugar, made her skin prickle with excitement. His large hands sat her down again before he opened the top of her jeans.

She helped him roll her jeans down.

“You’ve put on new panties?”

She smiled at his cheeky grin. “Looks like it, cowboy.”

He yanked her panties down before his thick fingers probed her wet entrance. When he curled two fingers inside, he found the exact spot that made her instantly see stars.

“Oh, Ryan. Yes. Right there.”

He tortured her by rubbing his calloused thumb against her clit.

“Yeah, baby. Ride my fingers.”

She closed her eyes, losing herself to the tingling sensation of Ryan's fingers fucking her hard enough to fill the stall with her wet, soppy sounds.

"Beautiful," he whispered.

She opened her eyes, directly staring at Ryan, who seemed to memorize every inch of her face as she came around his fingers.

She bit back a cry, but Ryan said, "Don't hold back. Tell me what you feel."

"So good... I'm almost there again..."

"I know. I feel your tight, greedy pussy begging for more. You want more, sugar?"

She moaned in response.

"Tell me."

Megan swallowed her dry throat as her chest heaved. Her second orgasm was just out of reach, torturing her in the most pleasurable way.

"Don't stop. Don't. Fuckin'. Stop."

"Let go, darlin'. Scream my name. Let all the horses, every damn farmhand and every man in a mile radius know that it's Ryan Moore who's giving you this pleasure."

"Yes! Yes! Ryan!"

She fucked his hand like she actually rode him. His thumb made her dizzy as her most sensitive part of her body surrendered to his touch.

"Oh, I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"Say my name, Megan."

She rested her head against his chest, whispering, "Ryan..."

He pulled her closer with one arm as he kept fingering her with his other hand.

"Give me one more."

She shook her head against his chest. “I can’t.”

“Oh, I think you can. Let me help you out.” He went down on his knees, just like he did earlier in the field.

He opened her lower lips with his fingers before he sucked her clit.

“Ryan! You can’t just do that without warning!”

She felt him smile against her before licking, sucking and kissing her clit. She looked down at this larger-than-life man, feasting on her like his life depended on it. Maybe she could get used to this.

His slick finger went to her backside before he slid it through her cheeks.

“Can’t wait to fuck you here, sugar. I’ve pictured my dick inside your tight little hole a dozen times in the past hours.”

She loved how unapologetic Ryan told her in what ways he wanted her.

“Lick me. I’m almost there.”

“I know. You like me talking about fucking your sexy ass?”

She arched her back, a shiver running up her spine as his finger circled her rosebud.

“You want me to stretch you there? Let me fuck you slow until you beg me to fuck you hard and fast?”

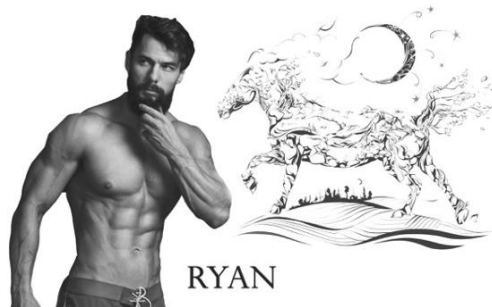
“Yes. I want it,” she said without thinking.

“Good girl.”

She clung to his shoulders as a tidal wave of ecstasy crashed over her.

“Perfect,” he whispered before he leaned in and softly pressed his full lips against hers.

Somehow, that little kiss felt more intimate than everything they’d shared earlier today. She didn’t want to think about his promises, but in the back of her mind, she hoped that Ryan Moore would be a man of his word.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

Ryan Moore stepped out onto the porch of his parents' ranch and took a deep breath of the warm Texas morning air. Normally, he would find a sense of peace in starting his day before everyone else when the first rays of sunlight bathed the outer fields of the Moore Farm in a balmy orange yellow hue.

Not this morning, though.

Thoughts of roping a certain blonde spitfire had kept him up all night. He couldn't believe that old Vic had left his great-granddaughter the farm, and she now had to deal with everything on her own while also taking care of those cute blonde girls he saw staring at him through the screen door.

How in earth would Megan fix up that old, rotten farm on her own? And those farmhands had walked all over Vic when the old hoot was still alive and now that ass Patrick refused to help Megan out by taking Rocket to the stables.

His hands itched to help Megan in every way possible, but he knew she wouldn't just accept his help. He needed to go about things like some stealthy ninja, offering help without being too obvious.

Ryan entered the stables and found Fianna combing her fingers through her horse Stormchaser's raven manes.

"Mornin'," Ryan grumbled.

Fianna pulled one of her perfectly styled brows. "What got your tail up this morning?"

"Nothin'."



Fianna snickered. “Oh, I know! I heard about the girl that called herself the General.”

“Weren’t you already here yesterday to see Stormchaser?”

“Just because I practically grew up on this farm and we’re family now that I’ve married your cousin, doesn’t mean that I accept your boorish attitude.”

Ryan sighed. “Sorry.”

“Tell me what’s up. Maybe I can help?”

“I had a talk with my parents about taking over the farm.”

Stormchaser moved around in his box stall when he noticed Ryan approaching. Ryan weaved his hand through his raven mane while Fianna rubbed Stormchaser’s neck. The regal animal wasn’t too fond of people, but Fianna and Ryan could always come up to him without a worry.

“I can imagine that things weren’t easy to discuss.”

Ryan nodded. “Yeah.”

“Is it your dad?”

“Yes. He has it in his head that every single detail needs to be perfect before I can take over. But you and I both know that things never will be absolutely perfect around here. It’s a farm, for Christ’s sake. Things never go according to plan. If the animals ain’t acting up or getting sick, it’s the staff around the farm messing up schedules. And don’t get me started on the suppliers and buyers that are slicker than a boiled onion. Forget about nature making this the driest season in history, leaving us with extra costs and extra worries.”

Fianna hummed in agreement. “And you want to take over... why exactly?”

He cocked his head. “You know why.”

“Actually, I don’t know many people our age that would take on such a responsibility.”

“Megan just took over Vic’s farm, and she has zero experience whatsoever.”

Fianna smiled. “Megan? So the General actually has a nice name?”

“Get lost,” Ryan said, while Fianna chuckled.

“I’m in awe of anyone brave enough to deal with all the headaches,” Fianna said.

“Megan also has twins to take care of.” Ryan knew he was boasting about his new friend, but he didn’t give a shit.

Fianna rubbed her very pregnant belly. “Oh? What age?”

“Five-year-old girls.”

The glint in Fianna’s eyes gave nothing away about her having a boy or a girl.

“Are you excited?” he asked.

“Yes. We both are. Ronan has been beside himself these past seven months. I don’t even want to know how he’ll react when the baby is finally here.”

He watched Fianna kiss Stormchaser’s neck while they’d safely tucked away the rest of the stallion behind the half-open stall doors.

“You’re probably eager to get back on this fella?”

Fianna smiled. “Yeah. I trust him, but you can never be sure.”

“It’s good seeing you again, Fi. We all miss your smart mouth.”

She busted out laughing. “Thanks, I guess...”

“Say hi to my cousin for me, okay? Oh, wait. I’ll see Ro tonight at Lucky.”

Ronan entered the stable and asked, “What’s tonight?”

Ryan bumped his fist against his cousin’s outstretched fist.

“You’re up early,” Ryan said.

Ronan wrapped his arms around Fianna from behind, resting his hands on top of her belly. “I can set my alarm if that’s what it takes to make the missus happy.”

“I wanted to see Stormchaser while it’s still quiet at the farm. I don’t want to risk it after yesterday,” Fianna said.

Ryan understood her concerns, especially since that runaway stallion scared the crap out of his sister just yesterday.

“Good choice, Fi. If there’s anything we can do to help or make things easier for you, just let me know, okay?”

Fianna gave him a warm smile. “I knew you always thought of me as one of your sisters.”

“He’d better,” Ronan grumbled.

Ryan shook his head, laughing. “I’ll go start my rounds. I’ll see you tonight, Ro.”

“I’m stayin’ home tonight, Ry. I feel like cuddlin’,” Ronan said before kissing the side of Fianna’s throat.

Ryan fought the urge to roll his eyes. “Why is it that only the single cousins are joining me tonight for our monthly cousin night out on the town?”

“Hey, I join you plenty of times. Just not tonight.”

Ryan just knew that if only the three Mills brothers Aiden, Liam and Roarke would attend tonight, he would be the odd one out.

Aiden and Liam made it their life goal to fuck around as much as possible, seemingly not having a care in the world while Roarke resembled Ryan the most, but he was almost ten years younger than Ryan.

“Maybe I’ll skip it too.”

Ronan furrowed his brows. “Why?”

Ryan shrugged. “I’m not really in the mood for the Miller boys.”

“Oh, that’s right. I’ll bet you’re in the mood for a petite blonde that just moved in next door.”

Ryan wanted to knock the stupid grin from his cousin’s face.

“Who’s telling y’all this gossip crap? Is it Emmy?”

Fianna zipped her mouth shut, but Ronan said, “I just overheard some stuff when I walked into the kitchen.”

Ryan needed to nip this in the bud immediately. “Who was there?”

“Your mother and Pops.”

Ryan pinched the bridge of his nose. “Great. Just the two biggest village criers of Austin, Texas and its surroundings.”

Fianna giggled but said, “Now, that’s no way to talk about your family.”

“It’s because they’re my family that I can give it to them straight. They know exactly how I feel about the two of them scheming and plotting.”

Ryan didn’t feel like walking into the kitchen and getting ambushed by his mother and grandfather. He already knew what the talk of the day would be on this farm: Megan Carlisle.

Ryan didn’t know what it was about Megan that all his good intentions flew out the window the moment his eyes rested on the sexy blonde, but for some reason, he couldn’t stay away from her.

Perhaps he had to face reality and admit to himself that this could be more than just a strong physical attraction. Instead of going out for his monthly cousin’s night out, he would pay Megan a visit tonight.



## CHAPTER NINE

Megan opened Vic's laptop and waited on Ivanka's face to show up on her screen.

"Hey, lucky bitch. You miss me already?" Ivanka asked with a loving smile.

From all of her friends from the Puffy Lips, Ivanka had been one of the few staying in contact after Megan quit her job almost a week ago.

"I do miss you! How are you?" Megan asked.

"Fine. We've got some new guys in town. A group of bikers comes in every night, spending top dollar."

Megan could use some top dollar right about now. This afternoon, she'd heard from the executor that Vic had left debts with almost everyone. And this meant that now Megan was in debt to almost everyone, since she'd promised Vic to never sell the farm.

Even with these worries about keeping her head afloat, she'd come to see that she actually didn't miss her old job for a second. Nor did she miss the vibrant but raw and often ugly city of Vegas.

She missed the jokes, the stories and the sisterhood with some of the dancing girls, but Megan came to realize in the past few days that this new start was actually a blessing for her little family of three.

Megan would be damn sure to make this farm thing work—even if she had to ask a certain hot cowboy for help.

"How about you? You look... rested?"

Megan snorted. She knew she looked horrible in her stupid onesie.

“Is that a nice way of telling me I look like the dead? Because you’re absolutely right: I was born tired and I’ve since suffered a relapse.”

“Are you hittin’ me with Texas sayings already?” Ivanka asked while back combing her gorgeous natural red hair.

“What time do you need to be on stage?”

Ivanka popped her bubble gum. “In five.”

“Did Jake easily find a replacement for me?”

Ivanka rolled her eyes. “Yeah. This chick is so slow, she pours drop for drop.”

Megan laughed out loud.

“It’s good hearing you laugh again. I know things have been hard after your mother died just two weeks before finding and losing your great-grandfather on the same day.”

“Thanks. I’m actually starting to feel like this is where the girls and I should be.”

“Good. Even though we all miss you; you’re better off far away from this joint.”

Ivanka turned her head and talked to somebody off camera.

“I need to go.”

Megan smiled. “Go get them.”

“You know I will. Give the girls a kiss for me,” Ivanka said.

“I will.”

Megan blew her friend a kiss on the tiny laptop camera before shutting it down.

She took out a bottle of white wine from the refrigerator when she startled at the porch light switching on, right outside of her kitchen window.

Even though she'd locked all the doors and windows, it was still just Megan with her two girls out on this farm with no next-door neighbor in sight. Maybe she should ask Ryan for his number so she could at least call him in case of an emergency?

"It's me," Ryan said from the other side of the kitchen door.

She let out a nervous breath and unlocked the door after checking through the window if Ryan was alone.

Ryan entered the kitchen and turned around to lock the door behind him. For some weird reason, she didn't feel unsafe with him trapping her inside. She wondered what was so special about Ryan Moore.

Sure, he was hot. And very skillful with his tongue and fingers. But normally, that wouldn't be reason enough for Megan to trust a guy straight off the bat.

"I'm coming back tomorrow with a puppy," he said, like that was a normal thing to say or do.

"Huh? Wait. What?"

Ryan sat down on one of Vic's old wooden chairs at the kitchen table as he took in the cramped, old kitchen.

"Our mixed breed Rudy fathered six puppies. They're almost ready to leave the nest. A guard dog could help certain people skip your farm."

"I can hardly take care of all the pigs and horses around this place. I'm not adding a dog into the mix."

"We've never had a puppy!" Abby whined from the top of the stairs.

Megan gave Ryan an apologetic smile before exiting the kitchen. She held still underneath the stairs and said, "Didn't I just kiss you goodnight, young lady?"

Megan cringed at the sound of her 'mom-voice' but figured that since the girls were the biggest part of her, Ryan should also see this side to her if he really wanted to keep coming around.

“Why can’t we have a puppy?” Ava asked from behind Abby.

With those pleading blue eyes pulling on her heartstrings, Megan took too long to shut down their hopes.

“We’ll take good care of it, Mommy.”

Megan smiled at Abby. “I know, sweetheart.”

“So can we?” Abby asked.

“We’ll talk about this tomorrow.”

“That means no,” Ava whispered to Abby.

Abby whispered back, “That’s not a no. That’s a maybe.”

“It’s not a no and not a yes,” Megan said.

“See? It means maybe,” Abby said.

Megan smiled at her girls as they dissected her words.

“Head back to bed, girls. I’ll wake you tomorrow for breakfast.”

“Goodnight, Mommy.”

“Goodnight, girls.”

Megan reentered the kitchen and found Ryan pouring them both a glass of the bottle of white wine she’d taken out of the fridge before Ryan startled her.

“I hope you don’t mind?” he asked.

She sat down next to Ryan, feeling awfully self-conscious as she was dressed in her hideous onesie that made her look like a brown bear if she pulled up the hood over her head.

Her mother gave her and the twins matching onesies just four weeks ago. Megan blinked away the sudden tears pricking her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Ryan asked.

She accepted a glass and gave him a watery smile. “I was thinking about my mother giving me this God-awful suit. I think she already knew at the time that she didn’t have to look at it for long.”



Ryan's eyes widened for a moment. "She passed away recently?"

"A few weeks ago. Cancer."

"I'm sorry," he said.

She rested her hand on his muscular arm on top of the kitchen table. "Thanks."

Ryan glanced down at her hand resting on his arm before he said, "You're looking mighty fine for a grown ass woman stuck in a bear suit."

She giggled before taking a gulp of wine to give her extra confidence for her next words. "You ever fucked a woman in a bear suit before?"

Ryan pushed his chair back from the table and turned the chair, facing her.

"I don't think I ever had that pleasure."

She couldn't read him and waited for his next move.

"I didn't come over tonight to get you into bed, darlin'."

She pulled a brow. "You didn't?"

"I wanted to see what you were up to and if I could offer you my help."

His dark eyes searched her eyes for something she wasn't sure about.

"Like offering us a puppy?"

The fine lines around his eyes deepened as he smiled at her. "Yeah. Something like that."

"I don't think I can say no to a puppy after they'd overheard us. I'll come over tomorrow with the girls and pick one out if that's okay?"

"I'd love to show you my farm. There are a lot of things to do for kids."

She loved how he involved her daughters and asked, "There are?"

“Yes. My sister Emmy has a vegetable garden where visitors can pluck all kinds of fruits and veggies. We have several horses that are trained for horseback riding and we have a small playground in the back, next to the stables.”

“It sounds awesome. I’m sorry for running off on you yesterday. I think I would have enjoyed a tour around your farm.”

“That’s okay, sugar. I’ll show you around tomorrow. Now stand up so I can unzip that ugly thing.”

“Excuse me?” she said while she tried to sound appalled instead of instantly aroused.

“You heard me right. Let me free your heavy tits so I can take them in my mouth.”

She held on to the kitchen table as she lifted from her seat.

Ryan’s big hands grabbed her by her ass before he pulled her closer and in between his legs as he sat in front of her.

“Maybe it’s better if you’d unzip it,” he said.

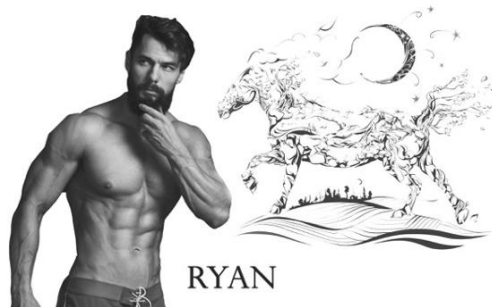
“Why?”

“Seeing you strip would be like a fantasy come true.”

She found the zipper right beneath her chin and lowered the zipper with a trembling hand. She didn’t know why she felt nervous. It wasn’t like this was the first time she’d let him touch her.

“Don’t be afraid, Megan. I would never hurt you.”

“I don’t know why, but I believe you,” she said before she lowered the zipper.



## CHAPTER TEN

Ryan took in Megan, who looked absolutely stunning with her hair piled up on top of her head, her face clean from make-up and her banging body hidden from the world by a weird bear suit. Ryan swallowed his dry throat as his hands itched to weigh her heavy breasts in his hands as he found her naked underneath the suit.

“No bra, I see. What about panties?”

“I always wear panties. Unless some brute tears them off of me.”

Ryan furrowed his brows, not wanting to hear about her sex life before him.

She giggled and said, “I was talking about you in that field?”

“Oh!” he exclaimed, feeling like a dumbass.

Megan wormed her arms out of the suit, letting the brown sleeves fall down to her thighs. Her nipples instantly hardened as Ryan stuck out his wet tongue and traced the areola briefly before suckling her tit.

“That’s so good,” she softly moaned.

“I’d loved to make you scream my name but your girls are probably wide awake, talking about getting a puppy, am I right?”

“They’re sound asleep.” She nudged her head toward the video screen of the baby monitor standing on the kitchen counter.

He spotted two small figures curled up into tiny balls under the covers of a queen-sized bed.

“We’ll hear them the second they wake,” she said.

“I want to fuck you on this table, momma bear.”

She busted out laughing. “That’s *so* not sexy.”

“No?”

She shook her head. “No. Let me be Megan tonight.”

Ryan pushed the suit from her hips, letting it pool around her bare feet.

“Take off your panties. Show me your pretty pussy.”

He watched her hook her thumbs inside the black lacy fabric before pulling it down. She wiggled and kicked her underwear to the side.

Ryan padded the tabletop in front of him. “Hop on.”

She shook her head. “Not where I’m eating. That’s gross.”

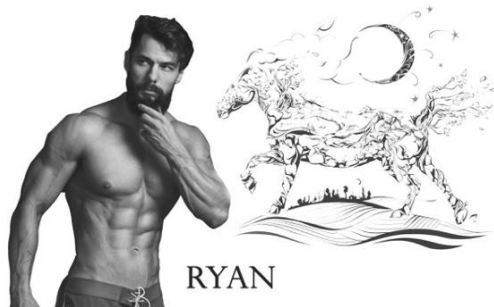
Ryan laughed. “We’ll clean up after.”

“It’s not that I don’t like being adventurous... It’s just that I haven’t had the luxury to experiment while my girls and mother slept in the same two-bedroom apartment while I slept on the couch every night.”



MEGAN

## CHAPTER ELEVEN



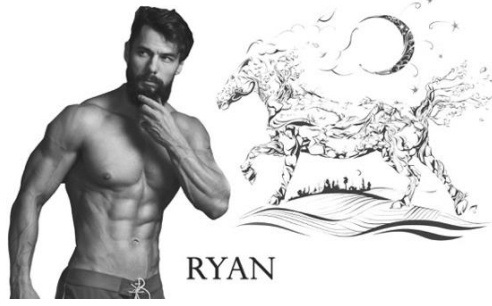
RYAN

## CHAPTER TWELVE



MEGAN

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN



RYAN

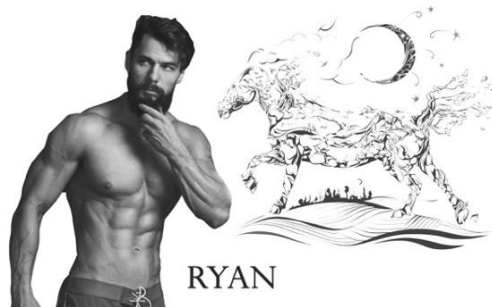
## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN**





MEGAN

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN



RYAN

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

\* \* \*

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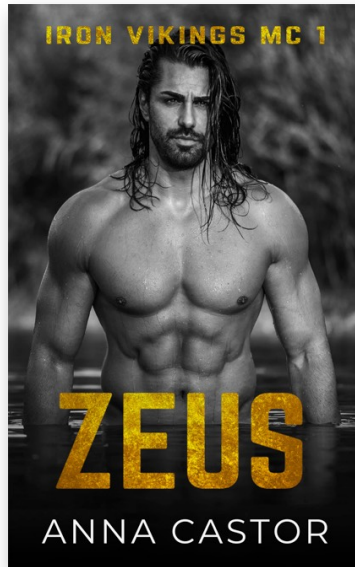
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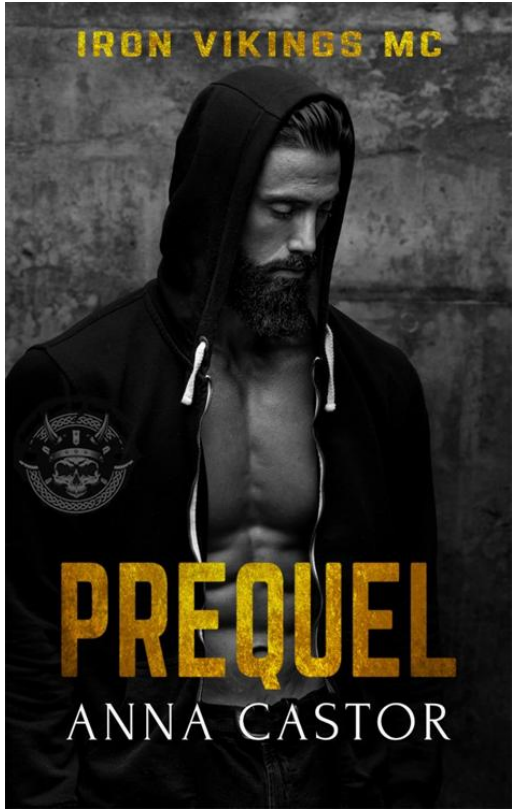


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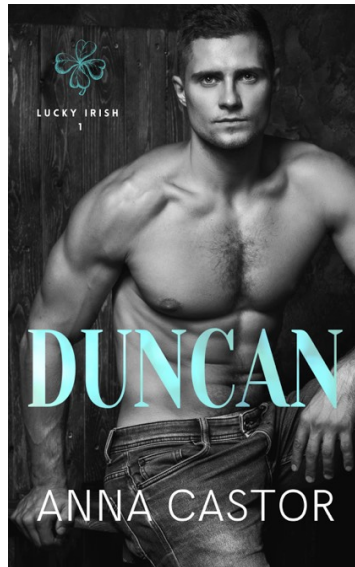
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IRON VIKINGS MC

PREQUEL

ANNA CASTOR

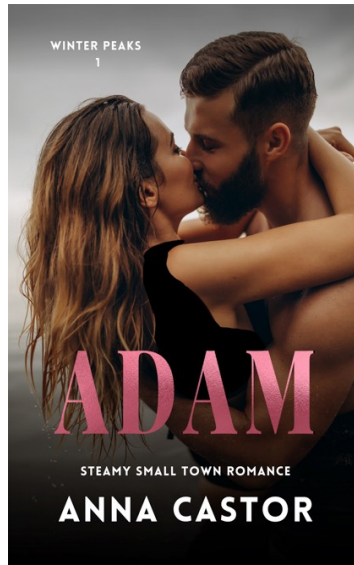


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**Winter Peaks series:**

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College graduate **Adela** crawls over the beach of a tropical island in the Pacific Ocean after a horrific storm wrecked their rented catamaran for a weekend getaway with friends.

Out of the five girls on board, only Adela and Camilla wash up at the deceptively beautiful pearly white beach with the coconut trees. They trek across the island in search of Raven, Liv and Hailey, hoping that their friends are lying on a daybed with a Mai Tai in their hand, wondering what took them this long to get there.

Unfortunately, after trekking through the jungle for a full day, they don't find their friends. But what they do find will change their lives indefinitely.

Wildland firefighter **Jack** shouldn't be sitting in a cramped life raft at his friend's bachelor party. After a brutal storm that sunk their boat to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, Jack and his five friends are adrift until they see a massive fire on a beach and they finally find land!

But that's not all they find...

There's an instant attraction between Jack and Adela, but surviving the island comes first. Realization slowly sinks in that they will not be rescued any time soon. In their search for

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*This action & adventure romance story is about letting go of the past, forgiveness, and finding inner strength not only to survive the island but also to surrender yourself to love.*

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A huge thank you to the amazing readers and fans out there who took a chance on reading one of my books! I'm so excited to share my books with you!

Thank you to all the reviewers, ARC readers and bloggers who've helped me to get the word out! I'm so grateful for all your support!

To my three daughters, you give me so much inspiration on writing about family and strong-willed heroines in particular. Every day, you make me feel so loved, and I can only hope I'm making you proud.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



### ANNA CASTOR

Anna Castor is the author of the Lucky Irish series, Moore Family series, Winter Peaks series and Iron Vikings MC series. She loves to write heartfelt & sexy romance series with close-knit families, strong heroines & alpha hotness.

She has a soft spot for sexy small town romances, sports romances and motorcycle romances.

Favorite things to write are the banter between siblings but also the real talk that comes with family. There's no hiding from a nosy Pops.

Anna lives in a small town near Amsterdam, The Netherlands, with her three daughters. When she's not writing and has some time left between bringing her kids to school and picking them up from play dates or volleyball practice, she's glued to her e-reader.

Some weird facts about Anna: every time she takes a piece of chewing gum; the mint makes her sneeze. She prefers writing in English instead of her native language (Dutch). She's addicted to licorice. She once thought it was cool to chop her bangs, and cut straight into her eyebrow.

**Anna loves to hear from her readers <3.**

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