

TRULY DEVI
MATCHMAKERS

The
Virgin &



THE LAID-BACK BILLIONAIRE



OLIVIA SINCLAIR

Author's Note

Instantly get a free story when you sign up for my newsletter: [Free Book](#)

Mika

My gut is churning behind the demure navy linen of my simple shift dress. Not only am I about to meet my best friend's beloved older brother, but I'm going to find out what crazy, hair-brained, anxiety-inducing thing she wants me to do to honor her last wishes.

I promised.

That's what I remind myself as I stand outside the office building in the small but bustling business district of Destiny Bay. The building isn't locked, but my knees are. I don't know why I'm hyperventilating — I've known this day was coming for the last year. Longer really, since Caitlyn was already sick when I met her on the first day of our freshman year in college. She warned me later, with glee and excitement from her hospital bed, that she had big plans to finally get me out of my shell.

I'm fully expecting something like having to audition for one of the big televised talent shows (news flash, I have no talents that would qualify) or worse, that she's already arranged for me to make a guest appearance. Oh God, she would do that, wouldn't she?

"I promised," I whisper to myself as I tug on the long vertical steel bar that forms the handle of the main door. I'm

already a minute late for my appointment and I don't want to take her brother away from his job for longer than necessary.

His instructions were to simply go up to the reception desk on the nineteenth floor and tell whoever is there my name. So I do. But not before silently gaping at the thick pile of the gray-blue carpet that makes my approach absolutely soundless.

The woman behind the desk is also wearing a navy shift dress. But hers is silk and shows off her absolutely perfect size two figure. Her black hair is equally flawless, swept up in a chignon that sets off her dainty chin. But her smile is warm and her voice kind when she gestures to the door behind her and tells me, "You can go right in, he's expecting you."

I gulp and give her a weak smile in response. Then I sigh and force my feet forward, pushing open the opaque glass doors as I go.

The room on the other side is a spacious office with floor to ceiling windows that showcase the bay and the craggy mountain range beyond. There's a seating area to one side and a large desk positioned to face the door but also take in the view. It's the occupant of the desk that grabs my attention and has me swiveling back the way I came because surely I'm hallucinating.

"Mika?" a deep male voice calls after me with puzzlement. I stop in my tracks and turn back.

"Everything okay?" The man I've idolized since my first class in cultural-economic development asks with a quizzical expression.

"Um. You're Tanner Finlay. I'm supposed to be meeting with Dan?"

"Ah, so Caitlyn never explained that?" He must be asking himself because I've no idea what he's talking about.

He stands and my mouth goes dry. I knew he was gorgeous. Hard not to when I had his Time Magazine cover under my pillow for at least six months (until I ironed it flat

and put it away for safekeeping). But when he moves around the desk with deliberate grace, I'm transfixed.

He appears mildly amused and gestures towards the white leather seating area in the back corner. "Mika? Why don't you have a seat? I think we might both need a soothing cup of tea for this."

I'm shocked out of my stupor by one of the world's wealthiest men saying something so... so ordinary. Something my grandma would say before going over my near perfect report card, knowing I was beating myself up for not meeting my self-imposed standard of perfection.

Tanner Finlay waits for me to be seated and then vanishes through the narrow door in the back with a soft click of the latch. He must be worried I'm going to flake out on him, but my brain is too busy trying to figure out what he has to do with Caitlyn. She knew I hero-worshipped him freshman year and just rolled her eyes. I moved on to slightly more realistic crushes by the time we roomed together our sophomore year and she never brought it up. Did she remember?

Tanner

God, she's achingly gorgeous. And terrified. Of me or Caitlyn's plot to terrorize the world from beyond is hard to tell. I need a minute to get myself under control. This is the last of my baby sister's bequests I have to handle and she insisted on that order and this specific date, probably so as not to interfere with Mika's graduation.

Fuck, graduation! She's practically a kid. Possibly even younger than Caitlyn, who had to slow her schoolwork because of her heart condition.

I stare blindly down at my hands while waiting on the electric kettle. It's not right that someone as full of life as Cait should get so little of it. But fuck, she crammed as much teasing and joy into what she had as ten people. When she got

the crazy idea that she could build all these plots that would kick off after her death, she lit up like a firecracker. I blame the hospital chaplain.

Caitlyn couldn't be bothered worrying about her soul or what came after death. She'd been sick as long as she could remember. But when that man asked her about last wishes and final bequests, she started interrogating him. I'm just hoping she didn't send him into a crisis of his own after that. He'd probably been thinking along the lines of a scholarship fund or something.

Most of her plots were relatively simple. Some required my money, which was a no brainer. She sent her favorite nurse on a cruise through the Mediterranean along with a trunk full of trashy romances and a computer. And sent the struggling medical resident to cooking school — the hard part was convincing everyone to give him a month off. But Cait was right, and he left for Paris and is still there as far as I know.

I'm not sure what she has in store for Mika, but it's probably big. Cait loved her like the sister she never had. Carrying the two cups of tea into my office, I can see Mika is frozen on the couch, every muscle tight like she's fighting fleeing out the door.

“Here, this should help. I'll get the paperwork.” I gently set the tea down on the coffee table, the smell of the chamomile wafting through the air, before hurrying to my desk. I'm more than convinced if I handed it to her, the hot liquid would end up in her lap. She's that tense. She gives me a slight nod. I figure the best thing I can do now is put her out of her misery.

The sealed envelope is waiting in my top drawer. I hand it to Mika before sitting down in the adjacent chair. She's frowning as she slits the envelope and takes out the single sheet of folded paper with Cait's familiar crabbed handwriting. A brief smile hovers over Mika's face before she blanches white and then flushes red. She briefly glances up to meet my gaze with horrified eyes and then hurriedly looks away again.

“How bad is it?” I inquire as casually as I can manage. My little sis loved stepping right over everyone’s boundaries. But she did it so cheerfully and with so much love, she almost always got away with it.

“Oh, um. I... I mean I want to, but I wouldn’t even know where to start!” she wails in a faint whisper, her cheeks going pink again.

Hmm, I may have to intervene on this one. I haven’t invaded Cait’s privacy up to now, but Mika is agitated and I’m finding it impossible to see her that upset and not try to fix it. With a gentle nudge, I hold out my hand, palm up, and she places the letter there. It’s only as I’m reading the first paragraph that she realizes what she’s shared and gasps.

But I’m already standing out of her grasp when she tries to snatch the paper back. And now I see what has her twisting in her seat.

Mika

I knew Caitlyn would push me out of my comfort zone. That was a given. But she wants me to *seduce her brother*? And I have six weeks to do it or else? Naturally, she didn't reveal the consequences of failure, nor did she give me any hints as to how to go about it. But she did reveal that she knew all along about my crush and she thinks we're perfect for each other.

Gulping some of the tea, I'm kicking myself for handing over the letter to Tanner, whose eyebrows are climbing ever upward as he reads. On the other hand, maybe he'll show me the door and tell me never to darken it again, in which case I'm off the hook. Although I wish I was the kind of woman who could take on this type of challenge with a throaty purr, and pull him down by his tie onto the couch. He's a lot better looking in person and he wasn't ugly in the photos.

Tanner finishes reading and observes me with a considering expression. His face is implacable and impossible to read, but he doesn't appear angry or disgusted. I stare at him, waiting for a clue as to what I should do next. I'm sure I resemble a deer in the headlights. And now he knows I had a crush on him as a teenager. I still do, but at least Caitlyn didn't drag on about it.

His lips quirk ever so slightly before he says, “I have a question.”

My heart skitters and I force myself to spread my fingers on my knees to keep them steady. I nod, unable to look away from his piercing gaze.

“What did you mean when you said you want to? Were you simply referring to honoring Caitlyn or were you talking about... me?”

I glance frantically around the room for something to rescue me, but the office is silent, no hint of a phone ringing or someone coming in to save me.

“Mika?”

“Yes.” I answer simply.

His eyes soften. “Yes, to what?”

I sigh. Apparently, I’m doomed to survive this, painful as it is. “Both, okay? But it’s obviously not going to happen so...”

He approaches slowly, as if I’m a wild animal that might bolt. He sits back down in the chair next to the couch, close but not too close, and rests his elbows on his knees.

“Why do you say that?”

I stare at his folded hands. They’re broad and capable, the kind of hands that know how to swing a hammer effectively.

I wave one hand around, indicating the room. “Because you’re... you? And I’ve never seduced anyone, or even tried, ever?” I grimace, thinking that never covers a broader net than just seduction.

Tanner seems amused. “So you’re just going to give up?”

I gape at him in astonishment. “You *want* me to?”

He nods slightly, a devilish twinkle deep in his navy eyes. “I’d prove it to you, but I’m worried you might faint.”

He’d prove it to me? How could...? Oh. Of course, my eyes are drawn like a tractor beam to his crotch, but he’s still

angled forward so I can't see anything. Hurriedly I avert my gaze, but I can feel fresh heat creeping up my cheeks. Maybe that wasn't what he meant at all...

"If Caitlyn wasn't dead, I would so kill her right now," I mutter and then realize what I said and who I said it to. "Oh, fuck. I'm so sorry! I didn't mean..."

His arm reaches out and grips my upper arm in a gesture I'm sure is meant to soothe, but the electric shock straightens my spine.

"Mika, it's okay. In fact, it's good."

I stare at him in disbelief, still horrified at my gaffe.

"You knew I'm a lot older than Caitlyn, right?"

I give a half-nod in acknowledgement.

"Fifteen years, to be exact, so by the time she was old enough to tease a sibling, I was already out of the house. But she didn't want to miss out on anything, so she doubled-down whenever I was home. She'd save up every knock-knock joke and stunt she learned at school and unleash them on me all at once. She could be a terror, but she had so much fun. The things people tell you when a family member dies, they're the same everywhere you go. And could apply to anyone. Your reaction right now? That was what Caitlyn lived for. So as awkward as this might be for you, you've given me back my baby sister for a few minutes and I appreciate it."

My smile is a bit wobbly, but I feel slightly better knowing we truly have Caitlyn in common. But what now? Before I can even ask, Tanner is throwing another curveball.

"There's one more thing I think you should know before we proceed, Mika." He takes my hand and gently straightens each finger as if he can see the tension radiating.

"What's that?" I ask in a whisper, my brain focusing on escaping to safety while my body is fascinated by his touch.

"You need to know that if you participate in Caitlyn's version of extreme matchmaking, there's no going back."

I can tell he's choosing his words very carefully, but I'm more confused than ever. I shake my head slightly to clear it. I'm still not sure what he's getting at.

Tanner lets out a heavy sigh. "To put it more bluntly, little one, if my cock gets even the slightest taste of you, I'm keeping you. Forever."

I squeak. I can't help it. Intellectually I'd processed what seduction meant, but I hadn't had the image of his big lean body over mine before, pressing me into a bed. Sinking into me. There's a new kind of tension in my body now and a sort of eager anticipation.

"You don't even know me," I finally utter.

"I suspect I know you better than you think. But we'll fix that, anyway. You do have six weeks, after all." He grins like he's enjoying the game.

"What happens then? Caitlyn didn't say," I mutter.

He shrugs slightly. "No idea. There's another letter, though. It's addressed to me with a date six weeks out. No conditions came with it, so I'm guessing it's something that won't upset you too much either way."

I'm not so sure about that. "And you won't open it early?" I'm ambivalent if I want him to, frankly.

He shakes his head with a small smile. "I have zero doubt Caitlyn is watching with eager anticipation. I don't want to spoil her fun."

Tanner

There's no doubt in my mind that Mika has had more than enough thrown at her for one day. I need to tread carefully here to not make it worse before I can make it better. "So are you in, at least for the moment?" I ask quietly.

She seems unsure, but eventually she gives me a weak nod, her eyes wide.

"Relax, Mika. Nothing's happening that you don't want. Remember, *you* are supposed to be seducing *me*."

She offers me a genuine smile for that and a barely there nervous giggle.

"I'm going to steal you away with me to my lake house, so let's go get you checked out of the B&B."

Mika surveys my office like she's only just realized we can't live here for six weeks. I mean, technically we probably could — there's a full bathroom and a kitchen, but I've zero interest in getting her naked behind glass doors.

I grasp her hands and pull her up from the soft cushions of the couch. Stopping by my desk, I scoop up my phone and guide her out past reception. "Melissa? We're out of here. Make Dan earn his paycheck if there are any problems."

Melissa smiles and nods. I know damn well she'll sort out anything that comes up, but she enjoys the pretense, having

already turned down a management job because she thought it would interfere with her gaming life. “Have a good vacation,” she calls after us.

But Mika has frozen in place, her brow furrowed. “Dan? But that’s... I don’t understand,” she moans with a deep sigh.

Ah. I steer her into the elevator, the metal walls cool to the touch as I press the button for the garage. “Dan’s name really is Dan. Caitlyn called me that because she couldn’t manage her t’s when she was little and it sort of stuck. When she got to high school, it became essential because that way nobody associated her with me.”

“But she adored you,” Mika says, clearly still confused. I knew she was a keeper.

“Because I’d made my first few million by then and lots of people were scouting for an edge to get close to me.”

“Oh.” She pauses to think that over. “That sucks.”

“It did. But Dan was free to be her big brother, no strings attached.”

“I wish she would have told me,” Mika says quietly, but I can tell it’s bothering her.

“Knowing Cait, I’m guessing she didn’t want to spoil the surprise. Although I’m eager to hear all about this crush you had whenever you’re ready.”

Her cheeks flame again and she glances away.

If I didn’t already know that Mika came with Cait’s seal of approval, her reaction to my car shouts loud and clear that she’s no gold digger. Before I start the engine, I glance over to see her holding her elbows like she’s afraid to mar the surface of the door. “Mika?”

She brings her gaze up to me. “It’s just a car. You won’t hurt it, but even if you did, I’d rather you were comfortable.”

I pointedly stare at her arms, and she follows my gaze. “Oh!” She laughs self-consciously. “I didn’t want to hit any

buttons accidentally. This is more of a spaceship than a car.”

“That’s why it’s fun.” This vehicle was my mid-life indulgence. It’s not the most wild and crazy thing out there, nor does it shout desperate like a red convertible, but for the first time in my life I didn’t calculate the cost per mile first. It’s technically a hybrid, but electricity isn’t free either.

Mrs. Holst at the B&B is as gossipy as ever. Not that she says anything, but her eyes are sparkling with excitement when I enter the reception area with Mika. “Mrs. H., good to see you looking well. Can you check Mika out while we get her bags?” I don’t wait for a reply, simply steering my girl towards the stairs.

Mika still seems in a bit of a daze, but she’s sharp enough to note as she slips her key into the lock. “You seem awfully familiar with this place.”

I smirk. In this case, a little hint of jealousy is a good sign. “Mrs. Holst was my third-grade teacher. I helped her with the financing when she wanted to open this place after thirty years of teaching. But that won’t stop her from telling everyone far and wide that we came up to your room together, so let’s get a move on.”

Mika looks amused but dutifully scans the room for any missing items while I check the bathroom and gather up her cosmetic bag. She’s left everything essentially packed, so it only requires slipping a few things into her one suitcase and zipping it closed.

I carry the bag down for her and slip Mrs. Holst my credit card before Mika can protest. I was going to pay for it anyway, even before I knew she was being sent for me. Now I can see that spoiling Mika with outrageous, frivolous things will keep me entertained for years.

Mrs. Holst is fit to bursting with questions and since I’m feeling generous, I tell her, “Mika and I are headed to the lake house for a month. Something of a pre-honeymoon, so let me know if she left anything behind.”

I know perfectly well she didn't, but this way the town won't speculate about our relationship, just the size and color scheme of the wedding while Mika has her way with me at the lake. If I can get her past her nerves, that is.

Mika

The strangeness of the day catches up to me about an hour outside of town. Tanner asked me before we left if I wanted to detour for an early dinner, but I honestly thought my stomach would rebel all over his perfectly detailed car. So I said no.

But now that I'm blinking awake in the darkness of the countryside, I'm ravenous. I glance over at Tanner. The dim lights of the dashboard are illuminating his chiseled features, making him resemble something out of a really good science fiction movie. Or one of those action thrillers where the hot guy saves the world through mental brilliance and superhero driving.

"Are we getting close?" I ask quietly, not wanting to startle him. He glances over with a slight smile.

"About thirty minutes. Need to stop?"

I shake my head. "Just starving."

He nods. "The chef at the lodge stocked the refrigerator this morning, so there should be plenty to choose from."

"Lodge?"

"One of those mountain resorts, full of rich people getting back to nature from the hot tub on the chalet deck," he says ironically.

"You own it, don't you?"

"Yep."

I smile into the darkness. I expected to like Caitlyn's brother. She talked about him all the time. But I didn't know that I would like mogul Tanner Finlay as a person.

The lake house turns out to be more of a mini resort of its own. It's several stories, with many peaked roofs and walls that are almost entirely windows. It is a lake house, seeing as how the lakeside end is actually built on piers over the water. All of this I can see from the darkened car as we park in the driveway because lights are everywhere. They're in the landscaping. I think there are even some underwater flood lights illuminating the dock leading out into the still water.

"How many people live here?" I ask nervously. I'm not sure if being alone with Tanner will help or hinder my anxiety, but it will definitely put a hold on any PDAs.

"Just us. There are housecleaners that come through periodically, but they live in the staff cottages nearer the lodge."

"It's beautiful," I say with all sincerity.

"Thanks. Let's get you fed."

Tanner comes around and opens my door like an old-fashioned gentleman before I'm awake enough to realize he's turned off the engine. He doesn't let go of my hand as he leads me into the house and straight to the kitchen that I swear I saw on some TV show or other. It's huge and gleaming with stainless and marble, but the dark teal cabinets and polished slate floor give it a cozy feel.

Food in the form of a roast beef sandwich appears like magic in front of me. "Chef left some ready to eat. Or there's ham if you'd rather?"

"No, this is perfect." At least I manage to say that much before stuffing the croissant full of thinly sliced beef and cheese into my mouth.

Tanner disappears with a gesture I interpret to mean he's going back for the bags. So I take a minute to really absorb my surroundings from my perch on the bar stool at the center island.

I can see into the sunken living room that is surrounded on three sides by water. I'm excited to see what that's like in the

daylight. I still can't quite comprehend how I'm 'vacationing' for a month with a billionaire. One that I'm supposed to seduce. But the more time I spend with him, the more confused I am by that.

Tanner still isn't back yet, so I take some initiative and open the refrigerator to grab another sandwich. It will help me think. But the interior of the appliance has me transfixed. There are containers of fresh mango, raspberries, and strawberries. All absolutely perfect, like they're waiting for a high-end wedding. And foil wrapped containers labeled in French. It's spellbinding. Hurriedly I take one more roast beef croissant from the tray lined with a doily (in the refrigerator!). That's when Tanner steps back into the kitchen.

"Want something to drink with that?"

"Um, water will be fine."

He looks amused but fills a glass from the dispenser. "Stressful day, Mika?"

I nod. "Apparently, I'm supposed to seduce this really reclusive billionaire. Any tips?"

His eyes crinkle at the corners, but the rest of his face remains impassive. "What's worked on you in the past?" His tone is mild, but there's nothing idle in his question.

"Nothing," I confess, feeling like that paints me as more of a hardass than selective.

His gaze sharpens as he leans in, bracing one arm over my head against the fridge door. A finger lifts my chin so I'm forced to meet his eyes. "Mika, are you saying you've never...?"

My blush must be enough of an answer because he lets go of me in favor of propping both arms above me. In theory, I could escape to the side, but I'm too fascinated by his approaching mouth, which halts just shy of mine.

"Then I think we'd better conduct a little test," he says tightly.

I blink. His eyes smile again, and he taps a finger against his cheek. “A kiss, right here.”

That I’m able to do, assuming I can reach. I stretch up on my tiptoes and press my lips where he indicated. His skin is warm and slightly sandpapery with evening stubble. He smells absolutely delicious.

He taps his nose and I drop a quick peck there. Then it’s his chin, his other cheek, his jaw. I know where this is heading, and I let each kiss linger just a little longer than the last. By the time he places his finger on his lips, I’m feeling needy. I want his arms around me, holding me tight against his hard chest, but he’s still loosely caging me in against a kitchen appliance, not touching me at all.

I seal my lips against his, trying not to show exactly how much I crave it. But either he figures it out or he takes pity on my amateur efforts. Before I can pull away in embarrassment, he’s lifting me up by my waist and holding me against the cold steel. The heat of his mouth against mine is a delicious contrast to the chill against my back. Tanner sucks gently on my lower lip before lowering me down. His hands remain on my sides while his heated gaze sweeps over me. I feel like I’m the complete center of his attention.

“Pretty sure you’re halfway there, sweetness. But I need you to promise me now that you won’t do anything you don’t want to do wholeheartedly. No virgin sacrifices for the sake of honor or friendship or even just not wanting to say no to me. You can always say no. About anything. Understand?”

I nod, my head still spinning from the sensation of his kiss.

Mika

Sadly, that PG-13 kiss (there wasn't any tongue involved) was the full extent of Tanner's experiment. After I was done eating, he showed me to a beautiful guest room overlooking the lake and pointed to the room next door. "I'm just there if you need me. Or simply want me." I had to search for the twinkle buried deep in his eyes to know he was teasing me gently.

Now I'm lying in the most luxurious bed underneath an open window with birdsong filling the air. The sheets are silky and the majority of the shock from yesterday has worn off. It was mostly a dream, right? I'm sure when I re-read the letter from Caitlyn I'll realize I jumped to some embarrassing conclusions and this will simply be a fun adventure.

Then I remember kissing Tanner and I rethink that. My legs scissor in response, probably trying to carry me away to safety, but that's not going to work until I'm vertical. And my purse with the letter and my phone is still downstairs, so time to get up, I guess.

I take an unusually prolonged shower, relishing the water cascading over my sensitized skin. The bathroom is stocked with three kinds of shower gel, two shampoos, and a gazillion spray combinations on the two showerheads.

Deciding to let my curly hair go crazy, all I have to do is slip on underwear and a pretty sundress before heading downstairs.

The house is blissfully quiet, so I assume Tanner is still in bed or out doing something. I'm excited to raid that refrigerator after the fabulous nibbles last night, so I hope that's not rude by billionaire standards.

Then again, maybe it is, because when I enter the kitchen, it's to find a mini buffet lining the island counter. There's a covered pan of bacon and scrambled eggs, a pot of steel-cut oatmeal, more croissants, muffins, and a tray of the beautiful mixed fruit. The last of which is decorated with slices of star fruit. Not only is it enough to feed twenty people, but it's too pretty to disturb.

I'm standing there scanning for something I can eat without destroying the arrangement when Tanner wanders in from the deck, wearing shorts and a shirt he hasn't bothered to button.

"Problem?" he asks with a raised eyebrow.

"Is there a party? I'm afraid to touch anything."

"No party, a celebration of sorts, yes. The staff, namely Chef and the head housekeeper, are excited to have you here. They want you to feel welcome, so don't hurt their feelings by eating anything less than half of that food." His dry humor is contagious, and I can't help smiling.

"So nobody is coming, I can just dive in?"

He nods. "You can and you should."

I don't think twice, but load up the waiting plate with a little of everything. It barely makes a dent. I sit down at the big table in the windowed alcove and try to decide where to start.

"You want any coffee or tea with that?" Tanner asks.

"Coffee please."

A steaming cup appears at my elbow and I sort of gulp to realize that a multi-billionaire just poured me coffee. A gorgeous, dressed to pose on a beefcake calendar billionaire.

I really need to re-read that letter before I think I get to catch and keep him.

Getting up to retrieve my purse from the credenza in the kitchen, I have to sidle past Tanner lounging against the entrance to the alcove. He doesn't move out of the way, letting my body brush against him. And he simply directs an inquiring gaze my way when I return a few seconds later. Deciding to ignore him for a minute, I unfold the letter and load my fork up with the fluffiest scrambled eggs to ever see a griddle.

In the calm light of day and a fresh morning, Caitlyn's letter is just as alarming. She did tell me to seduce her brother. But yesterday I missed the phrase about needing to be yanked out of my overgrown shell with a crowbar. And that her brother is just like me, so we can either cuddle up in one shell together or go out and see the world, finally.

I glance over at Tanner and find him still watching me. "Are you stuck in a shell?" I ask, unconvinced.

He shrugs. "According to Caitlyn. I hate yacht parties, don't do charity galas. All they want is my check, so I'm perfectly willing to mail that in. No need for me to stand around in tight shoes making small talk."

I can practically feel Caitlyn yelling in my ear. "Networking. It's about the networking!"

"This will sound weird, but I hear your sister shouting 'networking'"

Tanner seems amused. "She would say that. Do I look like I need more business?"

It's a rhetorical question so I don't respond. Instead I read the last section that I missed most of yesterday. Caitlyn suggested some books and articles to get me started. I bring one up on my phone and burst out laughing. *Ten ways to catch*

the attention of a rich man. Lip filler and sky high heels are the top suggestions. Surprising him in his office for a blow job at lunch finishes the list. I shudder.

Tanner plucks my cell out of my hand, glances at it, then turns it off. “One of my sister’s suggestions?”

I nod. “I hope you’re not waiting for that. It’s not happening.”

“Good.”

“Tanner...” I flutter my hands in the air, not quite sure how to voice my disquiet. “Is this really something we should be doing? I mean, would you even notice me if Caitlyn hadn’t dumped me in your office?”

His gaze is considering, then he says slowly. “Mika, a man nearing forty has no business gawking at beautiful young women barely out of school.”

So basically no, but he’s smooth enough to turn it in to something of a compliment. I frown anyway.

“But I am noticing now and in a rather twisted way, I’m looking forward to being reluctantly chased by you. But no lip filler or high heels,” he gives a shudder, “you’ll have to work with what’s already in the cottage.”

Tanner

I already think of Mika as mine. Mine to cherish, to protect, to *love*. But I'm also starting to see why Caitlyn sent her on this ridiculous quest. She's feeling out of her depth, a bit shy, and reluctant to move past her inexperience. Like it somehow means something is wrong with her instead of everything being absolutely right.

If I swoop in and shower her with attention, I run the risk of overwhelming her to the point where I won't know if she even wants to be with me.

This way is better, but it's becoming almost painful. Walking around with a semi all day could be awkward. A week might make me lose my temper over something that usually wouldn't even catch my notice. But I grit my teeth and show Mika around the house, all the places she can amuse herself with gadgets, like the hot tub and the shady spots for stretching out. I only see her eyes light up with delight when I show her the library, full of at least three generations of vacation reads. Most of them make me shudder. On the rare occasions I have time to read, I prefer a cutting edge thriller but Mika looks like a kid in a candy store so I think I'll leave her here until lunch.

Not surprisingly, when I exit the beach house and start up the path to the lodge, I'm almost immediately ambushed by

the dynamic duo of Chef and Mrs. Donnelly. “Tanner, is this serious? Can I start working on the table arrangements for the reception?” Mrs. Donnelly grabs my arm in her enthusiasm, her faded blue eyes sparkling.

“It’s Caitlyn’s final campaign,” I announce slowly. The light in her eyes dims a little at that. She adored Caitlyn, but then her spine stiffens. “Then I’m sure it’s a great one. What can I do to help?”

“Just let her be. I know that’s hard, Mrs. Donnelly, but it’s got to be her choice to stick.”

She sighs and releases my arm. “You’re right. But I’m ready now! We could have a fall wedding with the leaves falling on the veranda.”

Chef jumps in at this point. He has a name, but absolutely no one can pronounce it to his satisfaction, so he insists on going by the title. “Did she like the food? Any allergies? What did she enjoy the best?”

“She loved the food, Chef. If anything, it was too good. I found her staring at the breakfast spread. She was too afraid to touch it.”

Chef beams with pride. “I will try to make things less intimidating.” By the way his chest is puffed out, I frankly doubt it, but he’ll enjoy the challenge.

“Anything need my attention in the big house?”

“No, no. You get back to your girl. Don’t let her think you’re bored with her already.” Mrs. Donnelly turns me around like she did when I was ten and pushes me back in the direction of the lake house. I go, but with an eye roll and a small smile. I don’t want to be gone for too long. I enjoy watching Mika watching me.

Mika

I fall asleep midway through *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*. I remember reading it as a kid at my grandma's and being terrified. It's still got a hardcore gothic vibe, but as an adult, I'm considerably less afraid of being left in the hands of a sadistic headmistress. It's comforting in a way to set aside the fears of childhood. So I settle in on the library sofa for a brief nap, the sound of the water just outside the window lulling me to sleep.

I wake up to the sensation of eyes on me. I pry my own open to find Tanner sprawled in a nearby armchair.

"Hey, Sleeping Beauty."

I frown. "You didn't wake me with a kiss..." I point out.

"That's your job, sweetness. You're supposed to be kissing me." He's teasing, I can tell. Or sort of.

"So you were just watching me sleep or...?"

"It's time for lunch, but you looked so peaceful. I figured I'd give you a couple extra minutes."

I sit up and stretch my arms over my head, forgetting the top I have on rides up if I do that. I'm reminded by the way Tanner's gaze zeros in on my midriff. I pull everything down immediately and stand up. Tanner sighs dramatically. I drop an equally silly kiss on his forehead as I move towards the door.

Lunch is another spread, maybe a tad smaller than breakfast but with just as many choices. There's a cold cucumber soup, tiny finger sandwiches with pretty fillings, fruit salad, and dainty sugar cookies. Tanner picks up one of the crustless triangle sandwiches and eyes it with misgiving. "I think Chef is trying to win your heart before I can."

That makes me giggle. "I thought I was supposed to be winning yours?"

Tanner's gaze is steady. "That's a means to an end, Mika love. You've got all the power here."

I do? I gulp at the seriousness of his tone. But he lets it go, popping the bite of bread and crab into his mouth before

loading up a plate with about twenty of the tiny sandwiches, along with what I swear is an eye roll.

Grabbing a little of everything, I watch Tanner as I eat. I think I might need to go have a chat with Chef. Clearly Tanner knows him well, so maybe he can clue me in on some of the most fuzzy areas.

“So, what’s the agenda for the afternoon?” I finally ask, trying to figure out when I can sneak away.

“Fishing on the dock. I always try to get that in on the first full day. You’re welcome to join me, but if that’s not your thing, you don’t have to.”

I nod, understanding more than he thinks. That was always a Tanner and Caitlyn thing. Something they would do together to re-cement the bond of siblings with such a big age gap. I don’t think he’s ready to have someone else join in.

“I thought I might take a walk, do a little exploring.”

He nods. “Just stick to the paths and you should be fine. Don’t wander into the trees after a cute bunny, though. It’s easy to get turned around in there.”

“Right. No cute bunnies.”

After lunch Tanner lingers, but when I’m done and stand to put my plate in the sink, he’s still sitting at the table. “Go,” I order him softly. “Caitlyn’s probably waiting for you.”

He glances up, startled, the harsh lines of the billionaire CEO fading away to the grieving brother. “Yeah?”

I nod, prodding gently. “Go and see.”

Leaving him to move at his own pace, I go upstairs to put on shoes and brush my hair. When I come down again, he’s gone and I head out on the path that seems like it ought to lead to the lodge.

It does, but there’s probably a more efficient route. I don’t mind the extra time in the sunshine. It seems like forever since I had an afternoon with no particular agenda. As I approach

the giant timber and glass building from the rear, I think I spy the service door, most likely to lead to the kitchens and Chef, I should think.

I pull it open, but it's heavy so I'm breathless as I slip into the corridor. Maybe this isn't it. There are laundry carts lined up and cleaning supplies. A little further on, though, I catch the tantalizing scent of chocolate and orange. I follow my nose. Straight into a stalker man of about seventy who's watching me with twinkling eyes.

"You must be Tanner's girl," he states in a heavily accented tenor.

I blush and hunch my shoulders. "I guess? I'm Mika and you're Chef?"

He bows and pronounces with great drama, "I am Chef Bronisz Bozdankiewicz."

"Chef Bozdankiewicz, it's a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for all the beautiful food."

He looks overcome with delight, practically dancing in place, and then rattles off a question in Polish. I have to shake my head. "Sorry, my grandma didn't learn enough to pass on to me. Just pronunciation."

"Ah well, it's clearly a sign you are meant to be here. Wait until I tell Mrs. Donnelly. Now, are you hungry? Can I fix you a plate?"

I have to laugh. "How could anyone be hungry after that beautiful lunch? No, I came to find you so that maybe you could tell me about Tanner. I... I can't quite figure him out."

"Hmm. That boy has always kept things too much to himself, but maybe I can shed some light. But for this, I think we need wine. Yes?"

Without waiting for an answer, he leads me by the elbow past the busy kitchens and into an alcoved sitting room with a bench seat under the windows and a small coffee table. "This is where Mrs. Donnelly and I meet to discuss the business of

the day. And sometimes to gossip.” Chef slightly resembles an impish gnome as he confesses and immediately I feel like I belong. He hands me a stemless wine glass full to the brim with a lovely fruity white wine that’s dry initially and then explodes with flavor.

“Oh! This is really good.” I eye the glass with surprise. Chef nods. “That is the wine that first put Finlay Vineyards on the map. Now, what else is confusing you about Tanner?”

“Well, you heard that his sister sent me on a quest?”

Chef appears slightly confused but then nods. “But it’s not like Tanner and I know each other and he’s not... he tells me it’s up to me, but I don’t know...”

“You don’t know what you want?” Chef quizzes me gently.

I shake my head vehemently. “No, I’m pretty sure I know what I want. It’s just...” I let it all out, “I don’t think I can have it. Not really.”

“Ah. That is a difficulty.” We’re both glum as we sip the beautiful wine.

“When I have these sorts of problems, I find that cooking helps me think. Have you ever experimented with spun sugar?” he asks kindly.

I shake my head no.

“Then I think it’s time you learned. Sugar often holds wisdom.” His blue eyes twinkle with kindness, so I eagerly follow him into the kitchen for a dose of sugar therapy.

Tanner

Mika was right. Caitlyn was waiting for me at the dock. Not a ghost exactly but all the memories of her as a scruffy six-year-old, a wan eleven-year-old, and the feisty teenager that couldn't do a quarter of the things she wanted because of her heart condition. But fishing always moved past all that. We were both shit at it, but then neither of us really tried either. Sitting at the end of the small pier, her health didn't matter, the years between us didn't either. Settled there with my unbaited line drifting on the water, I feel like I can finally say goodbye. I've been avoiding the lake house and the dock for the last year, stopping in at the lodge only briefly when business demanded it because I didn't want to face this.

When I've had enough, I head in, but Mika's nowhere to be found. I check the library again, but that's empty. Maybe I shouldn't have told her to explore the trails. There aren't that many, so she should have been back a while ago. I'm starting to think I should go search for her when I hear the rumble of the farm cart that gets used to move around the grounds. Chef uses it once a week to stock the pantry when I'm here, but mostly he walks over to lay out the meals. Something I've told him over and over he doesn't need to do, but he won't delegate — particularly not when he's hoping to gather intel ahead of Mrs. Donnelly. Maybe I'll borrow the vehicle to find Mika.

But I don't have to. She's in the cart perched next to Chef, carefully balancing a plate with a glittering tower of spun sugar dusted with gold flakes currently catching the sunlight. She's also beaming from ear to ear.

"Look what I made!" she announces with pride as soon as the cart comes to a halt.

"Stunning," I murmur, my eyes on her face, but I still catch the pleased little hum from Chef that says he noticed. I can't pull my eyes away from her. Mika is pure sunshine and movement as she sets the plate carefully down on the kitchen counter. She's no longer anxious, her nerves apparently having disappeared as she turns to help Chef with the bins and boxes that must be dinner (for six weeks).

"Don't ruin this, Tanner. You won't get another chance with someone as special as that," Chef murmurs, jerking his round chin in her direction as he skillfully lays out the meal.

I hold up my hands innocently. "I'm doing my best, Chef."

"Try harder. The way you run an empire, you should know how to make her think she's making the decisions."

I frown at that. "She needs to want it, want me, without manipulation."

Chef snorts. "You can damn well show her something worth wanting."

I gape at him. I think I've heard him swear twice in my life and the last time there was spurting blood. He gives me a last warning stare filled with direful threats, pauses briefly to kiss Mika on both cheeks, and then departs.

Pulling Mika closer with one arm around her waist, I plant my own kiss on her forehead, needing to stake a claim of some kind. "So do we get to eat your masterpiece, or is it only for show?"

She sighs happily. "Chef made me promise to crack it this evening. He said nothing worth having should be delayed longer than necessary."

I can't resist. I back her against the counter and lean down, my lips only millimeters from hers. "Is that so?"

Her eyes flare wide and then out of nowhere, she stretches up and touches her lips to mine in the most fleeting of kisses. "Yes." And with a giggle, she ducks under my arm and snatches a plate. "Including dinner."

She's laughing at me and I can't say as I blame her. Grabbing a piece of celery filled with some herby yogurt shit, I watch her dive into her food with enthusiasm.

Mika glances up. "Aren't you going to eat?"

"Later," I mutter, hungry only for that phantom kiss that didn't happen. Her dark blue eyes twinkle and she looks almost as pleased as she did arriving with her sugar creation.

Mika

Chef was right. Sometimes you have to stop thinking and just go on instinct. Tanner's face is impassive but the way his hands are gripping the counter, defining the muscles in his arms, is making me shiver. With delight or trepidation, I'm not entirely sure.

When I carry my plate in, he takes it from me, sets it on the opposite counter and then hoists me up without any warning. Now his hands are curled around my hips instead of the counter edge.

His gaze makes my mouth go dry, and I can't look away. "I'm going to finish that kiss you started. Any objections?" he growls. My eyelids flutter as my hands land on his broad shoulders.

"No?" I quaver, not at all sure what he's intending if he feels the need to warn me.

Ever so briefly his lips curve at the corners, but then they're on mine and I lose all sense of time. He doesn't move fast, but he goes deep. There's nothing tentative about Tanner's kiss. It's commanding and encouraging at the same time. He waits for me to catch up, stroking his tongue over the seam of my lips until they part out of necessity. Then he teases my tongue with his, gently letting me know he's in control. Meanwhile, one of his hands has migrated from my hip to the back of my head, holding me firmly in place for his delicious onslaught.

When he finally pulls back, I sag against his broad chest and he rests his chin on the top of my head. "There, that will hold me for an hour or so," he growls again. I squeak in alarm. I'm not sure I can survive too many repetitions of that. I feel the laughter rumble through his ribcage. "Relax, Mika. I've got you. I'm not going to let you fall."

I raise my head and squint at him, my skepticism palpable. "I thought I was the one doing the seducing?"

He nods, then his lips quirk to one side. "It's working."

And that is the extent of our conversation. Still perched on the counter, I smash my spire of sugar with a spoon. It has the same spike of excitement as knocking over an immense tower of blocks as a kid. At least Chef let me take a picture of it before we left the kitchen, so I have some proof of my new powers.

Then, as if by instinct, Tanner and I feed each other small filaments of spun sugar dipped in the raspberry chocolate sauce in the bottom of the plate. When a single drop of chocolate lands on my chest, just above the neckline of my blouse, Tanner stares at it for a full minute while I sit frozen and rather breathless. Then his head lowers, and he licks it off.

But he doesn't end there. He sucks sharply on the spot until I feel a bolt of electricity shoot straight down to my toes. I jerk in shock, and he lifts his head. His eyes are hooded, but his expression remains fierce. "You're mine, Mika. Take all

the time you need to come to my bed, but stop having doubts that's where you belong.”

I stare at him in surprise and, oddly, relief. I can't imagine anyone of my acquaintance saying that. But the complete certainty of his tone, the lack of a question mark anywhere, makes me quit worrying about misreading the situation.

I almost blurt out that I'm ready right now. But oblivious to my inner voice, Tanner lifts me off the counter and pushes me gently towards the stairs. “Get some sleep. You may need it tomorrow.”

And on that cryptic note, he turns back to the kitchen and starts putting containers back in the fridge, munching on a few bits and pieces as he goes. I stand there watching him for a minute before deciding that regrouping and maybe a long soaking bath might be a good idea.

Mika

I wake up in the middle of the night to find my teeth chattering and my body curled futilely into a fetal position. It's freezing! Well, not literally, but it's considerably cooler than the muggy summer weather I went to bed with. Hurriedly I turn on the bedside light and that's when I realize it's raining outside and there's enough wind to blow the water in through the screen. Crap.

I get out of bed to shut the window, but then I can't figure out how to work the mechanism which is all fancy gizmos and LED indicators. But I don't have any warmer clothes with me and have no idea where they keep the blankets. Not that more covers are going to fix wet sheets.

Shivering, I mince my way down the hall on frozen legs and tap on the door. "T-T-Tanner?" I manage to get out through my chattering teeth.

Almost instantly, he's filling the doorway, his warm hands on my shoulders. "Fuck, you're freezing, Mika. What the hell happened?" He's pulling me into the room and bundling me under his much thicker covers as he asks. His room is dark, so I can't see where he is. Not until I feel the bed dip with his weight and suddenly he's tucking me close against his naked chest. My eyes close in the bliss of all that heat. But they pop open again when he nudges me. "Baby?"

“I can’t figure out how to close the window,” I confess.

Tanner growls and reaches down to rub my feet. “We’ll fix it in the morning. Let’s get you out of these wet clothes.”

I squeak in protest, but I’m too late. He’s already efficiently swiped my shorts and t-shirt off my body and presumably dropped them on the floor. Then he rolls me half under him, his hands tucking my arms and legs up against him. Finally he brings the blankets up over both of us and tucks them in. I’m in a special Tanner cocoon and almost instantly warm.

I give a little instinctive wiggle when I realize just how much of my skin is touching him. Tanner hums lightly, then nips my shoulder before growling, “Go to sleep. Or you’re going to be meeting with Mrs. Donnelly in the morning on the wedding arrangements.”

I still while I try to work out that cryptic statement. Oh. He told me before we left the city if we did ‘it’ he was keeping me. But he didn’t mention marriage then. My mouth opens to ask him questions, but just then his breathing deepens and his broad hand, spread against my hip, loosens imperceptibly. Not enough to slide out from under him, but I guess my questions can also wait for morning.

Tanner

I basically warned my subconscious of dire consequences if I didn’t wake up before Mika, so I’m not surprised when my eyes blink open in the pre-dawn light. She’s still snuggled in tight against me, her dark hair fanned out across the pillow, but her nose is tucked against my shoulder. Fuck, she’s sweet. And she fits against me like it was meant to be. I breathe her in for just a moment before sliding out of the bed. I’m careful to replace my body with a pillow and to tuck the blankets in around her so she doesn’t get cold again. She murmurs slightly and turns her head face-down on the pillow, fisting the corner.

I head down the hall to deal with my blue balls so I won't wake her up. I'll examine the window in her room later. They're supposed to close automatically when the temperature drops, so something must have malfunctioned. Doesn't matter. Mika clearly belongs in my bed and I plan to keep her there from here on out.

Sipping coffee downstairs, I almost choke when Mika pads in wearing my old college sweatshirt. She's my every teenage wet dream come to life and I'm instantly painfully hard.

"Is it okay if I borrow this? I didn't bring any clothes for cooler weather. This seems old." She plucks at the ragged hem nervously.

"It is old," I manage to get out. "But it looks better on you than it ever did on me. You should wear it every day, no matter the weather." Maybe it's the way my eyes can't seem to move from the shadowy apex of her thighs, but she rather deliberately (and cruelly, in my opinion) lifts the hem to reveal perfectly modest cotton shorts.

I sigh, and she laughs. Then she saunters over and drops a kiss on my head. "Thank you for keeping me warm last night."

Snagging an arm around her waist, I bring her in for a proper kiss that leaves us both gasping for air by the end. "You're welcome, and you can repay me by returning this evening."

Mika narrows her eyes at me. "Is that so?"

I nod emphatically. "I won't be able to sleep if I'm worrying about you."

Her face grows serious, and she traces the line of my jaw with an absent finger. "Tanner... in your office when we met you mentioned keeping me if we, uh, you know..." I do know. I've been thinking of nothing else since, but I bite my tongue to let her finish. "And then last night — you mentioned planning a wedding. What did you really mean?"

I pull her down on my lap so I can meet her gaze without craning my neck. And so I can keep her from running away, at

least until I explain.

“They’re the same thing, sweetness. And it’s a question of when, not if. Keeping you means marrying you, holding you every night, loving you endlessly and hoping to God you feel the same way and will still do twenty years from now.”

“Oh.” She’s quiet for a long moment, her finger absently fiddling with one of the buttons on my shirt. “But...”

“But what?”

“I’m not billionaire wife material.”

I growl at that. She’s perfect, and even she’s not allowed to say otherwise. I get a wan smile in response. “Tanner, I can’t walk in high heels without tripping, and I never know what to say to people in small talk and am almost always saying something I shouldn’t.”

“So you’d rather stay home?” I ask, trying to keep the eagerness out of my voice. For Mika, I would endure a few galas and balls if she wanted to experience the glitz.

She nods, her expression apologetic. I give her a smacking kiss. “Excellent. You really are perfect.”

Mika appears taken aback, so I tug her closer against me. “Baby, if I wanted a woman to trot out on the red carpet or show off at dinner parties, I’d have one by now. They’re a dime a dozen in certain circles. Really not that hard to find. But a woman that slides into my heart while actively trying not to, doesn’t give a damn about the money and reaches for the oldest shirt she can find in my closet is a one in a million.”

“Oh,” she looks shyly pleased. “But...”

“No buts. Do you have a large family?” Mika blinks at my sudden change of subject.

“No, I uh, I’m pretty much an orphan now. Both my parents were only children, and they were killed in a car accident my senior year of high school. That’s why I started college a year late, but at least the insurance money paid for it. I have an older half-brother, but he’s mad at me for not giving

him the money.” She shrugs like it doesn’t bother her, but it obviously does. “My parents marked it specifically in their will. If they died before I had my degree, it was to be used for that purpose.”

And more puzzle pieces click into place. This is a big part of why she took Caitlyn’s request so seriously.

“Mika?” I hesitate, not entirely sure how to phrase this.

“Hmm?” Something outside the window has caught her attention, but her gaze swings back to meet mine.

“If other circumstances had landed you on my lap right now. Say Caitlyn was still alive and brought you here on a visit and I scooped you up just as you were tripping over your tongue at the sight of so much male magnificence...”

Her eyes are laughing, but she’s pursing her lips, trying not to smile. “Go on.”

“Would you still take a risk on me? Come to my bed tonight simply because I asked you to?”

She taps her chin like she’s not entirely sure of the answer, but there’s a gleam in her eye that warns me of a surprise coming. Finally Mika angles forward and places a sweetly gentle kiss on my lips as she moves out of my arms. “Guess you’ll have to wait and see? I’m going to fulfill Caitlyn’s final request this afternoon.” She gives a little bump of the shoulders like that’s no big deal and gives me a little finger wave. “See you later!”

Mika

I don't know when exactly I decided Tanner was mine, and I decided to keep him. I think it was probably building from the moment I entered his office. But this morning when he slipped out of bed and took his hard cock with him, I wanted to protest. Loudly. I wasn't faking sleep, but I was just awake enough to be aware of him poking me and thinking about all the ways that could play out. His leaving the room wasn't one of them. But it was sweet.

He's as worried about me wanting to be with him as I am about him. So maybe Caitlyn knew more than both of us. I know she adored him, so she wouldn't do this just to tease.

My plan is to lure him to the hot tub on the upper patio after lunch. It's covered by the overhang of the floor above, so it should be sheltered from the rain, which is still streaming down outside and it's heated. And very private. It's on the opposite side of the house from the path and practically in the woods. With the rain, it's highly unlikely any people or even deer are going to be wandering around.

I'm nervous but excited. My gut is settled, though. This is the right choice for me. Strangely, seducing Tanner doesn't need much preparation, so I stop by the library and gather up an armload of romance novels for inspiration and head to the small tower room armed with a cozy blanket. I'm sort of

hiding. Not really, but I want to stay out of Tanner's way, so he has something to look forward to. The 'hey, fancy doing it now?' approach seems entirely too casual for something so momentous. But if he called out for me, I'd hear him from here.

By the time I've skimmed through four of the romances, I'm rolling my eyes. These are no help. For one, half of them require equipment I don't have (and don't want). And two, these heroines already know what they're doing. They're just doing it even better with the hero.

In book five, I hit pay dirt. A young woman set on convincing her dad's best friend that she's all grown up and there's nothing to worry about. Her virginity is only for him to take. I lick my lips and sink into the story with a grin. I pause to write a few notes on a scrap of paper I find in a drawer and then lose myself in the couple's back and forth teasing.

Tanner's voice floats up the stairs from below. "Mika! Lunch!"

"Coming," I respond absently, because I still have twenty pages to go.

When I guiltily head downstairs, Tanner simply raises an eyebrow in question but doesn't say anything. He's got a full plate of lasagna, so I can't say as I blame him. It smells heavenly.

I load up my own plate and sit down opposite Tanner. Now that I'm here, my inspiration from the tower might not be such a great idea after all. But I plow ahead anyway. "So you know how I was late for lunch?"

Tanner looks confused. "There's no set time, Mika. I didn't want you to experience Chef's lasagna cold for the first time, but it reheats okay."

I roll my eyes. "But I was late and you should probably teach me a lesson."

"Huh?"

“Work with me here, Tanner!” I grin and then give him a pin-up pout. “You should really remind me that you’ll lay down the law with all those big strong muscles if I don’t follow the rules.” I lick my lips to clue him in.

The light dawns. “Ah.” His tone is rueful and his stern face relaxes into a small grin. “Like that, is it? Am I allowed to ask some clarifying questions first?”

Tanner

Mika looks downright impish as she nods in assent, her messy bun sliding to the side. She’s surprised me again, and while I’m somewhat dubious as to where she’s going with this, I’m also very, very curious.

“So, how far are we going?” I ask her quietly.

“All the way?” Her voice squeaks at the end. She sounds mighty doubtful.

“Exactly how far is all the way?” I press dryly.

“Um. You know... what you said the other day. About stuffing me full?” She flushes adorably.

“You want me to stuff you full of my cock, but you don’t want to say the words?”

She nods, the embarrassed smile still teasing her lips.

“And you think this should happen after I punish you for being late for lunch?”

This time, she just shrugs indifferently. “Or whatever? It seemed the obvious choice.”

It doesn’t, but I still have more questions. “And what form should this punishment take? Spanking, whipping, withholding orgasms, what?”

She pales slightly and bites her lip. “Oh, um. That wasn’t in the book. I thought you could just...” Her body slumps a little and her sparkle dims. “I’m really crap at this, aren’t I?” she says glumly.

I make a decision and get to my feet. Mika rather listlessly eats some of the lasagna. I whisk her plate out from under nose. “Stand up,” I order her sternly.

She gulps and does so, but I can see her fingers twisting nervously. Lifting her chin with a finger, I stare into her eyes until she tries to break her gaze. “Mika, I don’t give a damn about when you eat lunch, but I will not have you putting yourself down. Nobody puts my wife down. Including you. So how am I going to make sure you don’t forget that?”

A little bit of sass comes back into her expression. “I’m not your wife.” Maybe it’s my imagination, but she sounds a bit sad about that.

“You are. We just haven’t done the paperwork yet. We’re sure as hell about to consummate the marriage. After we see to your lesson. Come with me.”

I tug her behind me, trying to think fast on my feet. Clearly I have some reading to do, God help me. Meanwhile, I need something that won’t scare her but lets her know I’m taking over and she can stop worrying about it.

I halt abruptly in the hallway and Mika squeaks again as she runs into my back. “Did you bring any toys with you?” I ask her.

“Toys?” She sounds confused. She really is an innocent.

“Sex toys, a vibrator or something.”

“No!”

“Don’t sound so shocked, sweetness. I’ll just have to hunt around.”

“You keep sex toys just *around*?”

That makes me laugh as I turn to face her. “No, Mika. I’m not quite that wild. But over the years, your best friend liked to send gag gifts in an attempt to shock me when I was on vacation. They’re around here somewhere. Unused.” I clarify because I can’t count on her putting all that together. Her belief that I’m some sort of sexual beast is stroking my ego nicely, though.

Mika

Maybe I shouldn't have run with the inspiration from that romance novel. *After all, it was fiction*, I think to myself as I stand blindfolded in the middle of a small office on the third floor while Tanner rummages in the closet. Before he opened the closet door, he insisted on wrapping a silk tie that was hanging over the chair around and around my head. So he wouldn't shock me, he said. But of course now I'm getting nervous as he hems and mutters to himself.

"Ah-ha! Knew it!" he finally exclaims. Before I can ask, he's picking me up and flinging me over his shoulder. When I go to pull the blindfold off, he swats my rear lightly. "Uh-uh. Blindfold stays on. We're moving down a floor and I don't want to trip on it."

I gulp, which is surprisingly hard to do upside down. Tanner whistles cheerfully as we move down the stairs. Then I'm on my feet, still none the wiser. Except there's a breeze as he whisks the old sweatshirt over my head. He mutters something unintelligible as he unfastens my bra. But he pulls my hands down when they instinctively come up to cover myself.

"Mika. All that is mine." He's trying to sound stern, but I hear the smile in there. I think. Then my shorts are gone too, but I still hear more clothing being removed. Is he?

Yep. The next thing I know, the backs of my knees are up against a mattress, but Tanner is holding me up. He hands me a plastic bottle with a pump top like for hand soap.

I frown in puzzlement, trying to figure out his plan. But I sense the mattress dip as Tanner lays down with a grown. “Now, Mika, to make it up to me for insulting my wife, I’m expecting a full massage. Front and back. Every single inch. Understand?”

“A massage?” I squeak in dismay. That seems both better and worse than I expected. “Why am I naked?”

“Because that is an erotic oil that will make whatever it touches tingle and throb. But you don’t get to cum until you’re done with my massage, so be careful with how you move. Got it?”

Not really, but I am intrigued. “But I have to do this blindfolded?”

“Yep.” He sounds very pleased with himself.

I take a deep breath to steady myself and then lift my knee onto the mattress. I stretch out to find Tanner and encounter what I think is his calf. A little tentative exploration confirms. I might bite back a tiny smile at the way he sucks in his breath. Might as well start here.

Immediately when I pump a small amount of the oil into the palm of my hand, I feel the heat. It’s a mild tingle until I rub it against Tanner’s skin and then it expands, not unlike stinging nettles but more pleasant. Tanner said every inch, so I make sure to get down to even the soles of his feet before moving up.

My fingers itch in a way that has nothing to do with the oil when I trace the curve of his hard ass. He has yet to say a word, but his muscles are tight and my struggle to loosen them doesn’t seem to do much. Attempting to move past his waist, I now see a problem. He’s too broad to reach properly from where I’m kneeling. I’ll have to straddle him.

When I do, the oil on his skin comes in contact with my inner thighs and I instinctively sit down, giving the same tingle to my butt. Tanner chuckles.

“Tell me about my wife, Mika,” he orders.

“What do you mean?”

“I want to hear how wonderful she is, what she hopes to do with her life, her fantasies about her husband. You can talk and rub oil at the same time, can’t you?” he chides gently.

I’m not sure I can. My thighs are on fire and when I lean forward to get his neck, my breasts catch it too.

Tanner

Sweet torture. So good, I’m not feeling any guilt over tricking Mika about what she’s spreading on me. She did ask to be taught a lesson. I simply went for the one that might truly teach her something and not just redden her ass. She is taking her assignment very seriously.

When she reaches my ears, I roll over. My cock is happy to have more room, but it’s also aiming for Mika’s sweet heat like a guided missile. Now that I can watch her, the way she’s biting her lip in concentration makes me fall all over again.

I’m desperate to move to the final act, but half of this was in aid of getting her familiar with my body. Her delicate hands measure and span my pecs, then move down. I bite back a groan when she scoots farther down the bed bumping my cock as she goes. A rosy hue spreads across her cheeks.

“Um, do you want me to...?” I nod enthusiastically, but then remember she can’t see me. “Yes. Every inch, Mika.” I close my eyes to endure and practically shoot my load when she slides her fingers back and forth.

“Isn’t that going to... um, won’t that be...” Her voice trails off with a whimper while I try to fit the pieces together. Oh, she’s probably thinking my magic oil will transfer to her sweet

pussy. I should tell her. But then again, it could help with her nerves.

“How does the oil feel to your skin, Mika? Where it’s touched you?”

“Tingly, warm. It’s like it’s waking up my nerve endings.”

“But it doesn’t hurt?” I’ll stop this now if she’s feeling real distress.

“No. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Hmmm, good. You’ve done such a good job oiling my cock that I think you’d better skip my legs. Hand me the bottle,” I order her as sternly as I can manage. She extends it blindly and I take it from her, dropping it on the floor where she won’t be able to see it until later.

“Alright, you can take off the blindfold now.”

“Really?” I can’t tell if she’s excited by that or not, but she does it, blinking at me for a few seconds before becoming transfixed by my cock, which grows even harder under her gaze.

“We’ll take this slow, Mika, I promise.”

She licks her lips. Then I realize she’s going to need direction. “I want you in control, baby, so you don’t take more of me than you can handle. Okay?”

She nods, but seems confused. “Come back where you were, one leg on either side of my waist.”

Mika slowly moves into position. Trying not to startle her, I slide one finger through her slick folds. She sucks in her breath and I’m wondering if she’s still feeling the tingle she described. She’s sopping wet and as ready for me as she can be. Still, I rub that finger over her clit, watching her throw her head back with a soft keening cry.

“Mika? How does that feel, sweetness?”

“Like I’m going to explode. But also like it hurts because I’m empty.”

She's panting slightly, so I part her folds over my cock, letting just the tip taste her heat. Then I grip her hips gently to keep her aligned.

"Sink down just a little, Mika. There. That's good for now. Get used to being stretched by my cock. Feel how your pussy is molding to fit me. You were made for me, weren't you?"

She nods frantically, and I let her descend another inch. "Need more, Tanner," she mutters, trying to push past my hold.

"All in good time, sweetness. You still haven't told me how wonderful you are."

"I'm fucking fabulous, okay?" Her sarcastic tone makes me grin, so I'll let it slide this once.

Mika sinks midway down my cock, and I can feel her muscles tense with the invasion. "Tell me more. Tell me how this feels, Mika."

"So full, Tanner. But it burns too."

I take one hand off her hip and use my index finger to tease her clit lightly, distracting her as gravity brings her down more fully on my cock but also easing the tension holding her body. She's fully seated on me before she realizes, then she squeaks with delight. "Oh!"

Continuing to rub her clit lightly, I can feel her experiment with her inner muscles, learning what it means to be stuffed full of my cock and how much power she has over me there. "You ready, Mika?" I ask her frantically, not sure I'm able to hold out for much longer.

Mika

“Ready for what?” I ask Tanner, my brain too full of all these new sensations to even guess what comes next. That, and I’m clueless, apparently. I thought I knew what I was missing, or skipping out on, and clearly I had no idea. At all.

“For this,” Tanner growls and rolls us over. He’s buried so deep in me all I feel there is a delicious sensation of sliding briefly against my sensitized nerve endings. I bring my gaze up to find him watching me, a concerned expression on his face. “How you doing there, baby?”

“I’m good. Can we do the rest now? There’s more, isn’t there? I need...”

He has the nerve to look amused. “Yes, there’s more. You aren’t hurting?”

I shake my head violently, desperate for him to get on with it. “I’m good. Really.”

And with that, he takes over completely. Showing me just how much restraint he was using earlier. Pulling out of me slowly and then surging back in, the tug on my womb so strong I can feel my nails digging into his shoulders as I try to hold him in place.

With each thrust of his hips, the pressure builds, filling all of my body with coiled energy. Then he lights the match by

reaching down and pinching my clit. I jerk and explode. It's a good thing the weight of his body is holding me down because I'm thrashing uncontrollably with the surge of raw sensation. Tanner pauses ever so briefly to drop a kiss on my forehead and then with a roar he surges forward, plundering my depths with his cock.

His hot cum fills me up, adding to the pressure while soothing my inflamed flesh at the same time. Instinctively, my inner muscles milk his cock, determined to get every last drop. Tanner groans as he briefly collapses on top of me before leveraging himself up on his elbows. Half-lidded eyes scan my face.

"My wife." His voice holds wonder, pride and dare I say it, love?

It emboldens me enough to waggle my left hand in front of his face. "I don't see a ring on it."

Tanner growls and leans down to nip my chin. "We'll fix that when we go into town to get married legally. Unless you were hoping for Vegas?"

My wrinkled nose makes him chuckle. "Exactly. I think the county courthouse is probably more our style."

I snuggle down underneath him. His cock is still buried to the hilt and my skin has a warm glow. From him or the massage oil, I can't be sure. "So, how long does this oil last?" I ask curiously. Suddenly bit by jealousy that he's had this experience with someone else.

Tanner grimaces and then smiles. "Well, since I've got you where you can't run away and hide..." I frown at him, beyond confused.

He reaches a long arm over the side of the bed, pressing me into the mattress as he does so. Then he hands me the amber plastic bottle with a black pump top. *Jojoba Oil*, it says on the front. It's organic. That's nice, but it doesn't explain anything. I rotate the bottle to see the ingredients — nothing but jojoba oil, which I know is as neutral as neutral can be. I

raise a questioning and increasingly suspicious gaze to Tanner. He looks slightly sheepish.

“You did say I ought to teach you a lesson.”

“I know, but...”

He takes the bottle from me and tosses it to the ground. Then he rolls us over so I’m draped on his chest. I wriggle a little to get comfortable in this new position. Tanner stills me with one hand on my rear. “Slow your roll there, Miss Sexpot. I think you’d better take a break before round two.”

I’m confused again until I feel his cock twitch in my pussy. I grin and clamp down on him, just for fun. “About that lesson?” I say as archly as I can manage.

“I merely planted the suggestion and your brain did the rest. Better than I expected, really. Which is why, and incidentally, the lesson I thought you needed, you shouldn’t put yourself down even inside your own head. You’re mine, Mika. That’s a fuck ton more important than whether you think you can walk in high heels or not or know ten ways to punish your partner.”

He’s growling again, but it’s making me all warm and fuzzy. Although I still can’t believe I got all that from phantom massage oil. “This one time, I’ll forgive you,” I announce.

Tanner swats my rear lightly. “Brat. Now, nap or bath?”

I weigh that serious decision for a long moment. “Are you going to stay with me?”

“If you want me to.”

“Nap then.” And as if my brain is set to respond on a trigger, I yawn, making Tanner laugh.

“Right. Let’s get you more comfortable first.” He ignores my pout as he pulls out of me and rolls me to my side, pulling me tight against his chest and wrapping his arms around me. “No pouting, Mika. You’re going to be sore as it is. No need to make it worse.”

I sniff at his highhandedness, but honestly, I'm suddenly too tired to argue.

Tanner

Holding Mika while she sleeps is humbling. The way this tiny smile plays across her bow lips makes me feel ten feet tall. So does knowing she's full to brimming over with my cum. When she's deeply asleep, I slide out of the bed and fetch a hot washcloth from the bathroom. With just a nudge, she opens her legs with a mumble and I wipe her skin gently — much as I hate to remove the visual signs of her taking me into her body with such enthusiasm. When she's clean, I pull the sheet up over her and sit down in the nearby armchair to watch over her.

My life is about to change dramatically. I don't mind, but it's going to take some planning and delegation. I make mental lists as Mika sleeps. God knows I won't want to leave her like this in the morning to go into some dead office just to generate more money. I'd rather be making babies. Which makes me wonder if I already planted one in Mika's belly. I doubt she was on the pill for birth control purposes, not like she knew she had a seduction assignment ahead of time. But I suppose we should talk about that later. I can't help hoping she wants a baby now, if for nothing else, but that I like the idea of working hard to make that happen. My cock twitches at the thought, already willing to volunteer for anything involving Mika.

She stirs, stretching her limbs out languidly before her beautiful eyes pop open. "Mm. Tanner? What time is it?"

"A little after five. Why?"

She yawns, then laughs. "No reason, except I'm ravenous."

"How about dinner in the hot tub? I think you should relax your muscles with a good soak as soon as possible."

She casts an amused glance my way. “Why do I get the impression that suggestion comes with the assumption that I’ll be naked?”

“Because it only makes sense? I already texted Chef not to come this evening, so we’ll have to make do with the metric ton of leftovers in the fridge.”

“Hmm. That sounds perfect. But then I’ll have to get up, won’t I?”

“Or I can carry you.” I try not to take it personally when that seems to spur her to her feet.

She pauses to press a kiss to my cheek. “I don’t want you to strain anything. I’ll need you in tip-top condition for later.”

“Did you just call me old?” I call after her as she floats out of the room, naked.

“Only if you act like it!” she answers from afar.

I make sure I don’t groan as I get up and follow her downstairs. Mika is pulling things out of the fridge but I still her hands after I set the controls for the hot tub, which are conveniently located inside.

“Go get settled in the warm water, baby. I’ll bring food out.”

“And wine?”

“And wine.” I nod affirmatively before pushing her gently towards the door to the back deck.

I’m momentarily delayed when the phone line from the main lodge rings. Mrs. Donnelly only uses it when something major has occurred, like a guest being found dead in the pool. Which thankfully hasn’t happened yet, but also why I don’t hesitate to pick it up. “Everything okay, Mrs. Donnelly?”

“You won’t believe it, Tanner! Remember that mystery reservation Mrs. Henderson made? The one with no specific date because it required her grandson finding a woman he thought was good enough to marry?”

I groan. I do. No business wants an open gift card floating out there for years, with no hint as to when or if it will ever be redeemed. But Mrs. Henderson was practically family, best friends with my grandmother's sister, so nobody dared tell her no. Least of all me.

“What about it?”

“It's been claimed! He's coming here with his wife tonight! Can you believe it?”

No. Nor do I particularly care now that I'm sure it's not an emergency. “That's awesome, Mrs. D. I know you'll make them feel welcome. Tell me all about it in a few days?”

She chuckles with glee. “Tell you what, Tanner. I'll dish on Mrs. Henderson's grandson when you tell me all about Mika and your wedding plans.”

“Goodbye, Mrs. Donnelly.” I hang up without waiting for a response, but I'm smiling just like I know my pseudo grandmother is. And now she'll be able to solve one of the big lodge mysteries of the last few years. Exactly what it takes to capture the interest of Destiny Bay's police officer voted most likely to remain single forever.

Mika

I feel happy. And loved. You'd think that would be a good thing, and basically the end of the story. But I'm not used to it and it's going to take some adjusting to this new way of being. And honestly, a big part of me is sure it can't last.

Sinking into the bubbling water, I try to set the worry aside and simply relax. To live in the moment because, damn it, this present is worth savoring.

Tanner comes out so silently that the only clue to his presence is the soft clink of the shatter-free glasses on the tiled rim of the tub. I take the proffered glass of wine with a smile of appreciation.

"How are you feeling?" he finally asks me in his low, growly voice.

I scrunch my shoulders up. "Fine? I don't feel sore."

"Mmm," is his only response, which I'm not sure how to read. I reach my hand over to grab a handful of the little cheese cubes he put on the plate along with some other goodies. I eat them and then take a bunch of fat green seedless grapes. By the time those are gone, Tanner seems lost in thought, staring into the middle distance and only occasionally taking a small sip of wine.

The silence is beginning to feel awkward when out of nowhere he plucks the glass from my hand, setting it to the side, and then tugs me onto his lap. When the waves subside from my sudden displacement, he wraps me tight against him and nuzzles my neck.

“That’s better. I was attempting to leave you alone, but it just doesn’t feel right.”

“Then don’t do it again. I like this better too,” I say softly, trying to read his expression. “Tanner, what happens now? That was special and amazing and I’m proud of my pseudo seduction powers,” I add wryly, knowing full well who was in charge up there and it wasn’t me.

“Told you we’re getting married.”

I brave poking the bear and pinch his side. “I got that. But that’s an hour at the most. Where are we living? Are you going to be traveling a lot? I don’t have a job or even a car!”

Tanner is staring down at me quizzically. “You just keep getting more adorable, Mika. I’m telling you now, if I have to teach you how to spend my money the hard way, I will do it.”

He pulls me up higher on his lap with his hands cupped under my ass. “I tried to get you to tell me earlier what you wanted to be doing, but you were too busy seducing me to answer. So why don’t we start with your dreams, baby? I’ll fill in any necessary gaps.”

How can he be so perfect? I think that’s one of the things that makes me nervous, like there’s a giant shoe ready to fall and spoil everything. And maybe I just need to say that.

“First, what’s your secret flaw, Tanner?”

He looks amused, and then he soberes. “I take things way too personally too often. I started a company to save my baby sister and didn’t manage to do that. Sometimes it feels like I didn’t do anything more than make money with it. If anything ever happened to you...” His hands clench painfully on my hips like he’s going to keep something scary from stealing me.

But now I can see it. He is human, an over-protective, not perfect man who would bend over backwards to put me first.

“In my ideal world, I would travel to interesting places for a year, not too fast but moving on when things got too familiar, and then go back to graduate school for cognitive psychology,” I muse.

Tanner leans down to kiss me just as thoughtfully. “That sounds perfect. So a year-long honeymoon? I assume I’m invited?”

I pretend to think about that for a long minute, making him growl.

“I suppose,” I sigh begrudgingly before laughing at his expression. “But only because I might want your cock here and there along the way. I don’t want you to get a swelled head.”

“Too late,” he mutters, pressing my hips tighter against him so my pussy comes into contact with his growing erection. He stops me from repositioning myself to sink down on him again. Instead, wrapping my hand with his around his stiffening length. “Not tonight, baby. You can touch all you want and when we go back upstairs, I’m planning to eat you out until you cum at least twice, but nothing more than my tongue is touching that pussy until tomorrow.”

I pout, but I’m also intrigued. He’s going to go there — with his *tongue*?

“One more thing, sweetness,” Tanner waits until he has my full attention. I confess I’m trying to figure out if he has an unusually long tongue, but I still don’t have a clue. “We didn’t talk about birth control. I’m assuming you’re not on the pill?”

I nod, uncertain all over again. I should have thought of that, but I also wasn’t worried about it because a mini Tanner? My ovaries are exploding just at the thought.

“If you want to go back to school, maybe we should...”

I press two fingers to his lips. “I don’t want to wait. I can take school slower if I need to, but didn’t you just finish telling me I should be spending your money like there’s no tomorrow? I’m assuming I’m allowed to spend it on child care? ‘Cause if not, it’s probably about time you learned to change a diaper, mister.”

“Thank fuck,” he mutters before claiming my lips with possessiveness. “I think I knocked you up already, Mika.”

“How on earth can you tell that?”

His face is sheepish. “I can’t. It’s just a feeling. Not one I’ve ever had before. So we might have to do that year of travel in sections, just so that you see a doctor when you need to.”

I ignore the oblique reference to his past experience and decide to focus on more important things, like kissing the man that’s willing to rearrange his life to satisfy my dreams.

Epilogue

Tanner

A month later and I've got my new wife right where I want her, thoroughly fucked and languidly lying in the middle of the bed with a satisfied smile on her face. We leave for Paris in the morning so I'm making an executive decision and letting her open Caitlyn's last letter two weeks early — in part to make up for having to skip all the French wine. Mika is most definitely pregnant, if not from our first time together, then damn near close to that. She's happy, but I can tell she's a little miffed about the wine. Less so about having to miss some of the cheeses as well. I offered to switch our itinerary around and go somewhere both wine and cheeseless, but she said she wanted to be fucked in Paris before she was too big to enjoy it.

Which is nonsense because I will find a way to put a smile on Mika's face, no matter the obstacles.

Handing the sealed letter to Mika, I turn up the lights so she can read it more easily.

“No, no, no, and double-no!” she mutters, sitting up and folding her legs under her. The sight of her glistening pussy, still dripping with my cum, has me getting hard again.

“We are not having six kids. I don't mind the dog, but we can have two or three plus the dog and be fine.” She's glaring at me, so I hold out a hand for the letter. I have a sweet moment of nostalgia when she again places it in my hand

without thinking. This time, though, she doesn't try to reclaim it.

Hi Guys!

I'm so glad you're together now. I'm kinda bummed I didn't get to see it in person and I thought about introducing the two of you earlier, but I didn't want grief to drive you apart. This way I get to supervise (evil grin). Don't worry, I won't stick around for the naked stuff. Not even dead people need to see that.

Mika, if I've had any say in the matter, you're already pregnant. You need to get started early because I need a horde of nieces and nephews to entertain while you two stick in the muds read books. Seriously, the two of you are perfect for each other (eye roll).

So here's my last request. Okay, it's not really a request because I'm going to make sure it happens. Maybe it's more of a warning? But I didn't want there to be any confusion about the names because I've already picked them out. And saved you all that arguing because neither of you would pick cool names and then my nieces and nephews would rightly blame me for not intervening. So here goes:

Connor

Aislin

Ian

Thane and Leo (twins, how exciting!)

Ysabel

Nigel (he might be a German Shepherd, I can't quite tell)

Just remember, don't do anything I wouldn't do! Seriously, get out there and enjoy life. Do it for me, if staying in and organizing your sock drawer really appeals. (I would definitely NOT do that!)

Love you both to pieces,

Caitlyn

Glancing up from the note, I see that Mika has brought the fluffy blanket from the foot of the bed up and over her. It's hiding her pretty pussy, which makes me frown.

"You cold, baby?"

She shrugs and her cheeks pinken. "Not really, just had a sudden chill and maybe it's just the letter, but it felt for a moment like Caitlyn was here."

I nod. It's strange that it doesn't sound weird at all. "I didn't tell you this because I wanted you in my bed anyway, but when I checked on your window, the mechanism had been disconnected."

Mika furrows her brow. "What does that mean? Your sister is a poltergeist?"

That makes me smile because Caitlyn would be delighted at that idea. "Unlikely, could have been Mrs. Donnelly. Seems like the only person that didn't think you should be sleeping with me was you." I let a little accusation bleed into my voice.

Mika groans. "I changed my mind, didn't I? But I'm not changing it about six or seven kids. That's a whole lot of pregnant."

I grin. "And even more fucking. Maybe start thinking now about how I can make it up to you. I'm not sure this is entirely in our hands. Did you notice the names she picked out spell Caitlyn?"

“What?” Mika holds her hand out for the letter. I pass it to her and she rereads it. Then frowns and laughs before groaning and flinging herself back on the bed. “Fuck!”

“Anytime you’re ready, baby.” Slowly, I pull the blanket away from her and she brings her knees up.

“So pretty,” I murmur before teasing her with two fingers either side of her clit. “You want this time fast or slow, sweetness?”

Her legs wrap around my hips as I settle over her, poised to plunder her depths.

“Just want you, Tanner, always.” Her smile is warm and open and I need to feel it from the inside in the worst way. I sink into her and feel her body welcome mine. This isn’t ever going to get old, but I’d better get a lock on the door if I want to have my wife to myself with that many kids in our future.

Curious to know if Caitlyn got her way on the kids? Find out in the bonus content available only to [newsletter](#) subscribers! And remember the mysterious Mrs. Henderson’s grandson Mrs. Donnelly was so excited about? His story is next. Read the [The Virgin and the K-9 Cop](#)

About

Great things can happen when Truly Devious
Matchmakers step in!

The Virgin and the Laid-back Billionaire

[The Virgin and the K-9 Cop](#)

The Virgin and the Head of Security

The Virgin and the Navy SEAL

The Virgin and the Patient Professor

The Virgin and the Other Brother

And if you haven't been introduced to the [Men of A Corps](#) yet,
well... there is always something special about your first
(series)!

There's also the Navy SEALs of [Team Delta Tango](#), ready
when you are!

Thanks for Reading!

If you loved this story and can take a minute to leave a review, you will help others find it.

About Olivia Sinclair

I write steamy romance that's safe, funny, and totally over the top. My heroes are always alpha males because the stronger they are, the harder they fall. Luckily the smart, sassy heroines know how to catch them and make everything better!

I never get tired of believing that love can show up unexpectedly and with determination. That it can find you anywhere, even curled up on the couch, in your jammies, while eating ice cream and binging romance novels. Then a knock on the door reveals your gorgeous new neighbor that you didn't even know had moved in... or maybe it's that hot friend of your dad's you only know through photos...

Possibly the HEAs come easier because my home and office are in a romantic clearing of giant evergreens in the Pacific Northwest. Think Snow White without the Dwarves. But I do have a bounty of wild animals that come to visit. There's even a resident nuthatch that talks to itself (constantly)! And there are currently seven chickens in the henhouse...

You can find me and my books along with lots of fun extras on my website: <https://oliviasinclairbooks.com> or email me directly at oliviasinclairbooks@gmail.com. I love to know who my readers are and what you love to see in a good story!

Author's Note

© Copyright 2023 Olivia Sinclair

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons or animals, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. This book is covered by copyright and it or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.